

Ian Fraser

THE EXCERPT IS BELOW THIS RESUME

Theater Plays Staged.

In USA

'CAT AND GOD'

(published by One Act Play Depot, Canada)

'Yours Till the Cows Come Home'

staged reading, Fusion Theatre, NM

Dogs of the Blue Gods

To be staged by the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh Theatre, WI, **2008**).

Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.

Staged by the Village Playhouse of Wauwatosa, WI, 1999. (Won First place at the Wisconsin State AACTFest).

Blitzbrecker and the Chicken From Hell

Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.

In South Africa

The Accidental Antichrist

(Special FNB-Vita Award for 'Most Outstanding New Production.'

Nominated for FNB-Vita Award for 'Playwright of the Year.' South Africa, 1994).

The Sugar Plum Fairy

(Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival. South Africa, 1993).

Sleeping Chickens (South Africa, 1993).

Heart Like a Stomach

(Winner of the Amstel Playwright of the Year Award. South Africa, 1992).

Butterfly Jam

(Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. South Africa, 1991).

Like the Pyramid on the Camel Packet

(Officially staged by the Performing Arts Council Transvaal. South Africa, 1991).

The Gospel According to the Mafia

(Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival. South Africa, 1991).

Blitzbreker and the Chicken from Hell

(Officially staged by the Cape Performing Arts Council. Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival, South Africa, 1990).

Dogs of the Blue Gods

(Tonight AA Life Vita Award for Comedy. South Africa, 1990).

(Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.
The Village Playhouse of Wauwatosa, WI, 1999. (Won first place at the Wisconsin State AACTFest).
To be staged by the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh Theatre, WI, 2008).

Charles Manson

(Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. South Africa, 1989).

Lenny Bruce Live

(Best Cabaret 1988, The Argus newspaper. South Africa, 1988).

Bring Me Gandhi (South Africa, 1987).

Publications

My Own Private Orchestra, Penguin Books 1993.

(Nominated for 'CNA Literary Awards,' Debut section, 1994)

Journalism

The Star, Johannesburg, South Africa. 1994 –2002
Internet technology columnist.

Mail & Guardian, Johannesburg, South Africa 2002-2006
Columnist, "Fraser's Razor."

Voice Work

South African Broadcasting Corporation/TV 2 2004 – 2006
Johannesburg, South Africa.
Contracted voice talent for on-air announcements and movie promos.

Voice Work

Products & Campaigns Worked On: KFC, Microsoft, Hewlett Packard, Visa, Pizza Hut, Schick Razors, Red Bull, Agfa, Pringles, Kellogg's, EMI, Sealy Posteurpedic, South African Airways, Greyhound Bus, Nu Metro Film Distributors, Ster Kinekor Film Distributors, FinWeek Magazine, UIP-Warner, MNET TV, Tusk Music, Southern Sun Hotels, DSTV Multichoice, Pedigree Dog Food, Nedbank, Engen, CAN, Yokohama, assorted Ads-Up TV, Tiger Wheel and Tyre, Independent Newspaper Company, MNET Sound Check, Bruma Flea Market, Volkskas Bank, 'Green Machine,' Pampers, Castle Lager, PG Glass, MNET Multichoice, Standard Bank, Sun International, Financial Mail, Zappa Sambucca, Berocca Calcium, First Bowring Insurance, , Out There Magazine, Ithuba

CHARLES MANSON

by Ian Fraser

AWARDS

Nomination: The 'Amstel Playwright of the Year' Award.

SYNOPSIS

The piece was staged successfully to critical and commercial acclaim, and used the simple premise of allowing the character of Manson himself, to be placed on a stage, fully self aware of being a 'character' in a play - and then to allow him to both tell the factual story of The Family, and the Tate murders - as well as to slowly hypnotize the audience into accepting his point of view.

Have a real character do his skilful best to lie to the audience directly, and try to work his 'magic' on them. Persuade them round to his point of view - and in so doing, demonstrate, using the audience themselves - how the real Manson operated.

By making an audience 'agree' slowly but surely with the presentation and the logic, one then demonstrates quite clearly just how the original Manson was able to persuade others, into committing murder.

I deliberately chose not to have a curtain call for this production, so as to leave the audience in a very unsettled and uncomfortable state - by giving them no 'closure' to mentally pigeonhole the performance as being just a 'performance' or 'over'.

The piece had no business or particular relevance being done in South Africa, where it was written and staged - but I was interested in Manson, and the subject of Mind Control, and felt it would be an interesting theatrical experience to combine these interests, and go beyond the standard clichéd 'crazy hippie cult leader' imagery, and mess with an audiences mind, as a great learning experience for them.

SET

A bare stage. Some candles. A chalked pentagram on the stage.

WE BEGIN IN DARKNESS.

FX ON SOUND TAPE WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A GONG STRIKE ONCE.
FX THEN WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A BABY CRYING PITIFULLY-
FX WE HEAR THE CHANTING OF THE REAL LIVE 'FAMILY', *AND THE WAVES OF SOUND RISE AND FALL HYPNOTICALLY, IN THE DARKNESS.*
WE THEN HEAR ON THE SOUNDTAPE, CHARLIE SPEAK LOUDLY

FX VOCAL

MANSON (ON TAPE)

I, AM THE GOD, OF FUCK.

LIGHTS SNAP UP, AND WE SEE CHARLIE, FROZEN IN PLACE, STARING AT US WITH AN AMUSED EXPRESSION-

WE SEE ON THE STAGE, A BLACK MAGIC PENTAGRAM SCRAWLED IN CHALK, WITH LIT CANDLES ON EACH STAR POINT- COPIES OF "THE SATANIC BIBLE" AND "DIANETICS" LIE BESIDE THE PENTAGRAM.
CHARLIE UNFREEZES FROM HIS POSITION-

MANSON

Yeah I thought that'd get your attention.

I mean - you can lead a horse to water but it's still a major thing to get it to drink, ya know?

Well - not too major. Ya just pull its head down under the water an punch the fucker.

Then it'll drink. Then it'll drink.

Either it drinks or drowns.

At least then its life is decided. Its life comes to a firm conclusion.

Not like others. Not like some. Not like me.

Nineteen ninety five, an I'm still stuck in here..

But I'm not complaining officer - I'm the model prisoner, dig?

(Can you see where the pieces are joined together?)

(Got any glue to stick 'em?)

That's not so funny. That's not so funny. I wish it was, but it aint.

Falling apart into chaos is the natural order of things - but I'm outa the rythmn.

But what's it like, not to be watched? Choose to go someplace and then just go?

I've forgotten what that's like.

Gotten used to the big ole eye in the peephole in the middle of the door.

Watching.

Watching everything.

Watch me sleep, watch me jerk off, watch me shit. Hm - aint it groovy?

My country pays some poor asshole to stand and watch me shit.

Twenty four hours a day.

Probably a little hidden bell somewhere, and everytime my ass hits the seat.

A light goes on - and the guards say:

"That Charlie sure is crapping a lot lately"

"Yeah we better go an check it out"

Then they descend on my cell and trash the place, like the mean pigs they are.

You know?

Ah - pigs is pigs is pigs is pigs.

They cant change what they are.

As long as they're consistent in their "pigness" - then it's cool, I guess. I guess.

They've got the guns. They've got the power round here.

Once upon a time, things were kinda different. Now it's back to the same old mouths and asses, day after day - an you know how boring that is. I mean, that's killing. That's truly death, you know?

Me I get so bored sometimes, can hardly keep it up - an me I used to be in pussy up to my eyeballs. Could click my fingers an say "strip an suck" an have half a dozen willing mouths all eager to be of service, all eager to be of service to the Son of Man, dig?

That's me. That's my role role in this scheme of things.

A prisoner.

Tried, convicted, condemned.

I been paying a long time - and it doesnt seem to be over yet.

But one day the movie's gonna change - shit - could do with something different. Same ole faces an asses is a real downer...

Used to pick up a chick, rap at 'em till they're wet - an then fuckem into the ground. Well that's all it takes, an then you gottem - got their minds, got their souls. An it works for boys too. Tell someone you love them, an watch those lonely eyes just light up, then they're just like an open book, waiting to be written on.

People's education's so fucked up..they can tell you, who signed what when where an even give you dates, but as far as living in the real world goes - they cant do it. They cant cope, so they lie.

But all it takes is for one perceptive person to cut through the bullshit...and you got 'em.

You can collect them, like I collected the Family. My Family.

Oh they were beautiful, all the empty headed children of the American middle class, walkin around with flowers in their hair. It was the Sixties - the dawnin of the New Age. Dawnin' of the Age of Aquarius. Hm - never saw shit like that when I was growin up, I can tell ya. Children walkin around in the streets, sleepin' in the parks. Having "love-in's". An me - I'm walking around in my prison issue shoes an I cant believe this shit ya know? Assholes with long hair an beads are takin over everywhere!

I talk one chick into taking me back to her place, an while I'm fuckin' her, I'm thinking to myself Charlie-boy, this is your Time..

A few days earlier, wuz thinking about death, an dying, or maybe getting a job. But there's like hundred and thousands of all these little children, all with their cute smiling catchphrases-

"peace" "far out" "groovy" - an I figure, this is some kinda weird destiny, ya know?

San Fransisco was where it was all happening.

Haight-Ashbury was where it was all "at"...

THE LIGHTS DIM, AND A STROBE LIGHT COMES ON, FLICKERING - CHARLIE PEERS UP INTO IT, AND THEN CONTINUES TALKING TO THE AUDIENCE.

They let us watch movies in here sometimes.

The prison authority like to find something to occupy us, apart from the fucking an sucking that being in prison's all about. So I guess the people in charge werent thinking too hard - which is normal - when they chose some ole vampire movie to show us.

We all file in, the guards tellin for us to shuttup, an then the movie starts. It's beautiful.

I recognize it straight off.

The screen is a blue colour - the sky - and this drop of blood appears an starts falling.

And it splashes - and, there's her name - Sharon Tate.

And the blood keeps falling, and his name comes up - Polanski - the Fearless Vampire Killers.

An I leaned back and watched dear ole dead Sharon splashing in her bath, red eyed vampire watching her through the window, an I thought to myself, I thought-

Maybe we shoulda cut your baby outa you, before you died, like you asked us to.

Then I got lost in my own thoughts.

LIGHTS COME BACK TO THEIR REGULAR STATE

Happens now and again. Like falling down one long tunnel after another.

You think of this - and it leads to that, and that leads onto two other things, an then you

split up and keep falling for ever and ever.

All at the same time, I'm up on a ridge above the ranch, holding Doris Day's telescope, and checking out the area for niggers. Hmmm - Doris Day's boy - Terry Melcher, talked real fine and fancy at the trial, sayin'

"Lordy lordy, I wuznt hardly ever there with that nasty Charlie, I's a good boy your Honour!"

Terry's trip was like a lot of the others. Join up with us for a taste of freedom but as soon as reality started intruding on his rich kid slumming act - off he went.

The ranch was up in the hills. Santa Susanna mountains - had to go overland to get to the main part. Still a few bodies out there no one ever found. And my guitar.

Fuckit, I had a beautiful guitar. It's still out there. Wrapped in plastic an three feet down in Death Valley.

One day when I get outa here -I'll go fetch it..

Ah Christ you know - there's only so much reality one can cope with, stuck in this shit hole. In an outa cells all my life. Some cells are bigger than others is all.

Before the Family started, I was heading for the good old traditional suburban

prison, with a fat wife and a steady job. It's incredible how things change - the endless variety of choices and chances taken - pick this card, end up in a war with your legs blown off in a place with a name you can't even pronounce - that card, you die unnoticed, unknown.

But I confiscated all the glasses from everyone in the Family. Told them, you been talked into believing that you're weak, so you're weak. Like all the assholes in the world, suckin on their asthma pumps, spraying water down their throats thinking it's medicine, meantime, all it is is bullshit from their parents, whizzing around inside their heads. Handcuffs from Mommy, special delivery and one size fits all you know?

Old George - George Spahn - the old man supposedly running the Ranch, him sitting in his rocking chair with his dark glasses on and I told him, I said "you not blind, you can see plain as the next man, you just let your mind get sloppy, is all". He always used to freak me out, sitting there, looking all smug, and - blind. When he wasn't - he'd just been talked into it by his nieces and nephews who'd come to the Ranch and try and talk him into kicking us out. That's one of the things the women came in handy for - they took it in turns, cooking ole Georges food and, keeping his dick so well greased he aint never gonna wanna kick that out..

You know, I've lost count of the number of reporters who've come in here, looking for something - sleazy bits of stories - something to reaffirm whatever basic prejudices they've got, stuck in their furry little heads-

Tell us the story Charlie. Tell us in your own words. Tell us your words!

I aint got no words. Christ, no one owns words. Things is what they is, I talk - and depending on your political viewpoint - you see me as this thing, or that, or some other. Fuckin reporters.

You know, the media is like a little baby girl, sometimes you gotta just let it cry. Two thousand years of getting more like sheep so when someone comes along who can communicate, whoa! This time everyone gets scared. Watch everyone run for cover, watch 'em try an confuse the issue- "look out, here comes the mad hippie"

They did the same thing with Hitler, said he was mad, epileptic, had VD - sure he had VD - VD, the Vision Divine ya know?

And that scares people. Mister and missus average Normal don't want anything to fuck up their routine, they want everything to stay just like it was. But nothing is ever as it was - everything changes all the time. Intergalactic wars can be fought and won in the time it takes to open a door yet people still have the nerve to say they get bored?

But the child is the perfect state. Little children never get bored, lessen you lock 'em up in a house so they can't move. Little children see more clearly than you and I. But people always wanna follow.

Head after anything that moves in a spontaneous direction. You think Hitler just appeared and people said okay yup let's follow him?

Although he sure as shit levelled the karma of the Jews...

I was the Messiah once, did the whole crucifixion number, me and the Family. All of us dressed up for the part. Squeaky as Mary. All of us out of our tree's

on acid...

They tied me up on the cross, and the wind was blowin, and I looked down at my disciples, and the soldiers, and Mary, weepin and wailin. Us inside this big circle of rocks out in the middle of nowhere. And the acid's makin the rocks elongate out of the ground and up at the sky. .