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BOOK EXTRACT

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INTRODUCTION

There have been many books written on me, but none of them were 100% me. This one is 200% me. No ghost writer. It's yours truly - me. I'm about to take you on the maddest journey of your life. By the time you get to the end of my story you won't know whether you want a good shit or a good wank (or both). Loonyology is a word I created. It just came to me. It's basically how I see the entire legal and penal system: MAD. It's a mad, mad fucking mental world of loonies. From the tea boy to the Home Secretary, they're all caught up in the bollocks of life.

Me - I'm just a pawn on the chessboard of life. They move and push me into battle. You'll never see me back away from a battle. Fuck the consequences. I go forward with dignity. If it's a war worth fighting, then a man must give it his best and, believe me, this is a bloody war. How the fuck I'm still alive is beyond me. Sure I'm a lot older, but I'm also a lot wiser. My war now is COURTS. I'm gonna fuck this system by law. I'll do it with a pen and my brain. I'm turning the tide. If my lawyer Giovanni Di Stefano (I call him the Master Lawyer) can't get me my freedom, then nobody can. I'll either walk out a winner or be carried out in a body bag. It's as simple as that; no in between. But it's time for the public, the real people, to decide if enough is now enough.

I say it's got to stop now. I've had enough. It's now become POLITICAL. The system wants to make an example. Charlie Bronson is for once the victim. Let's stop all the red tape and excuses. Let's for once lay this case on the table for all to see. I'm the fucking hostage and their demands are insane. They want me to grow a pair of wings, lick some official's arse and scream how sorry I am.

Hell, I've not survived 3½ decades of torture to get on my knees and humiliate myself for anybody. My freedom can never be won by begging. If it is to be a victory, it has to be won with dignity. For what it's worth, I am sorry for some of my past crimes and truly sorry about the people I hurt, but how many times have I got to say I'm sorry? I'm getting sick of saying it. I was a nasty bastard and I deserved all I got, but isn't 3½ decades of punishment enough to pay for my crimes?!

I'm now a 55-year-old man; I was 21 when I got put away. Since 1974 I have been in maximum security for all but four months of freedom. Yeh, I've had four months of freedom in the past 33 years. Think about that. You just stop and wonder how it's been for me! I've been to hell and back so many times that it's now just normal to me. Hell's a blessing. It's heaven's that's the problem. Does it exist?!

So let me tell you some true-life crazy things, stuff that's gonna rip out your soul and chew your heart up. Here we go.

Enjoy!
Charles Bronson

CHAPTER 1

THE BADDIE DADDIES ... 'RESPECT'

On Saturday 17 February 2007 Ray Kray, a solid, staunch mate of mine, visited me with his wife Emma. Ray's loyalty is second to none. He's even climbed roofs in protest to get my campaign highlighted. He did one with my son Mike at Westminster, where they scaled that church roof next to Parliament. Armed Old Bill were soon on the scene. That's loyalty at its finest. They could've been shot, but they took the risk for a buddy. Ray went AWOL from the air force just to be at one of my trials. Yep, that's my buddy Ray Kray!

Anyway, on Saturday 17 February he was up to see his old china. It was a good meet up and lovely to see Emma. I'm actually godfather to their son Aiden.

After the visit, I got back to my special cage - I call it the Bronco Zoo - and was told that Joe Pyle had passed away. My whole world fell in. It was like losing my dad all over again. How many more family and friends have I got to lose on this fucking sentence? And, to top it all, I still can't go to a funeral. I'm still Cat A. I'm still public enemy no.1. After all this time I'm still wearing that 'mad' label and it sticks like shit to a blanket. It's there till the day I die.

To say I'll miss Joe Pyle is an understatement. He was a true friend. "Hey, get on this, 'my dad was Joe Peterson'." Note JP - Joe Pyle. JP Joe was a second dad to me and he looked after bits of biz for me. When I needed something sorting it was done. Nothing was too much for Joe - nothing! Any problem, no matter how big or small, he would sort it out for me. Why? Well, he was Joe Pyle, the true governor. Hey, and don't let anybody tell you different. Cos I'm now telling you - he was the Daddy of ALL Daddies. I'm not interested in the Mafia or who or what it represents. But Joe Pyle to me was the ORIGINAL Godfather - the best the UK has ever seen and will ever see. And I feel fucking lost without him. My brain has shrunk. I think my soul's been grabbed by Lucifer and chewed up. It's now all gone bollocks.

Things have gone downhill. Some men have taken serious liberties - one or two against me. Names will not be mentioned, but as sure as bears shit in the woods I'll be banging on doors later. Nobody on this planet rips me off or disrespects Joe Pyle's name. It's always the same when great men die: the parasites crawl out of their holes. Well I'm the guy to push 'em back in their holes. It's just a matter of time with me, and I've got plenty of time. All I do is train for freedom. I'm the strongest, fittest 55-year-old man you'll ever see, that's who I am - THE SURVIVOR.

Joe was born in 1935 and he survived till 2007, and boy what a journey he had for 72 years - the best. He lived every day how he knew - like the man he was, with pride and dignity, and he helped plenty on the way. He had a few falls and he done a bit of porridge, but even in jail he walked tall. Men like Joe Pyle don't ever weaken. He was a born fighter - at times ruthless; at times kind. But you never cross men like Joe, or you only do it once. Now that he's in his coffin some clever fuckers take the piss. Some did it with the Kray twins. People wait till people die and then get brave. So who's gonna piss on my grave?! What slimy snake's gonna sell a story to the *News of the World* about me when I'm rotting with maggots? Do it now, you traitors. Do it now, you cowards. Let's all dance with the devil. Let's all bleed together. Lovely jubbly.

The Joe Pyles of this world are a dying breed of men. Please believe it. Fortunately, we still have some left! But not too many. I've been sent a pair of Joe's gold cufflinks, which I'll wear with pride once I'm free, along with Reg Kray's tie and the twins' pocket watch and my dad's ring. (I'll be a fucking walking part of history!)

Let me leave you with a Joe Pyle bit of philosophy, which was on his funeral brochure for all to see:

'LIFE' BY JOE PYLE

*What we get in life is the way we live
but we make a life from what we give.
Life's so short that we shouldn't care
for we only live once and we don't have a spare.
Try to ignore what life owes to you
And remember the debts that you owe too.
For it's best to live life poor and be healthy
Than to live through sickness and then die wealthy.
Now when you judge others be sure to be wise.
Look first with your heart and then with your eyes.
And stand by your morals and reach for the heights
As you win when you lose when you stand by your rights.*