

Introductory note

To my Brothers and Sisters:

Very few words of Charlie's truth have been printed, and, as the machine gets more desperate to hold on to what it has, it's getting harder and harder for our words to get through to each other. Even some of the so called underground presses have shut us off. We are all under investigation; now is not the time to break down. Since so many of us are already in hiding, open letters are the only communication we have left open to reach each other. We must reach each other now and clear up all misunderstandings the establishment has tried to put between us. Brothers, we must all be together NOW against the beast. They've tried in every way to separate us, to get one faction fighting against another. That's the way they control, by dividing. If we don't help each other fight this holy war together we'll all fall. We're all too small alone. So many people say they don't believe the establishment presses and yet they turn around and form opinions of Charlie. "Oh, that Charlie, he's a racist . . . that Manson guy he thinks he's a big leader and those people are his slaves and on and on . . . BULLSHIT . . . Where did they form those opinions? From Life magazine? From the Herald Examiner? No one will print Charlie's words. What dummies they all are to fall right into the establishment's trick. You listen to me . . . Charlie has been your servant, your slave; he's spent every second out of jail cleaning up your mess . . . his life he's always given. In his heart you are all his children, and he would die for you with peace and total contentment. The earth is being destroyed faster than you want to look at it. My God, man, can't you see your brother standing in front of you giving all?

Probably by the time you print this letter we'll all have come out of hiding, x'd ourselves, and will be standing in front of the Hall of Justice. Standing day and night or be taken to jail . . . It's all we have left to do is to die in front of the whole world so you can see the way. They'll take the rest of our brothers to jail immediately; they're all wanted. The most beautiful, strong brothers, without fear, willing to die for each other . . . We're all out front now . . . hiding does us or anybody no good, so we're coming out. That will leave just a handful of girls (Some of the girls with hanging charges will be carted off; some will stay; some are pregnant. The only strength is our inner strength, our love, and to give our lives. Look at us, my brothers, and come to us. We'll stand day and night to die or get our father out of the tower. They made the whole world fear him; they did it; now we can all use that fear back on them. Listen to me. With Charles Manson out of the jail, chaos would prevail and the revolution would be on. He is the key to unlock the timebomb. He's died for you. X'd young are standing and walking into the jails to testify to the world. They're dying for you. Will you give all for the beast to fall? Heed the call!

Oh love, I love. Look at your call.

Rise; let us see you; dawning is the day

X

P.S.: If you print this open letter, you may be the only one who does. Many seem to sense that all will come down fast when Charlie is heard. They profess to be for the downfall but they're not willing to give up their petty luxuries to save their mother earth and her children. My own I give you all.

P.S.: Hey you guys, get San Quentin, Soledad, L.A. County Jail and Cybal brand and all the rest while you're at it; that's where your army is. Many in there are x'd and ready to bring justice to this world. You need those brothers in there. Get it on!

Nancy Davis



An open letter to Tim Leary from Charles Manson

'Revelation brings blood, love knows no sin'

General Tim Leary (Sunstone):

So I hear your call to arms to face the fears mad dog of suppression. My soul cries from a misty grave as I've always lived in this tomb of living dead. I've cried so long for freedom until becoming one with self is like to unwinding a top. I see only through the madness of mad men who try to kill soul and trap freedom in the name of peace, misusing the words love and god. Must I lay in giving again, I have always gave all for my loving and now as you see the grave will open. Will I stand alone, face myself and bring an unjust world to justice. I have cried for you brother. Guns are what people get killed with. Their fear is your strongest weapon. People who are afraid of dying carry guns because they are afraid to face death. When a man can face his own death and looks in the face of some man who can't face his own death, strange power is no power had love to stand and reflect no fear and all who are afraid will fall as fear brings to now awareness completing one with itself. Love will look at death and welcome a look into itself. Love will stand in their courtroom and judge its own for all to witness. The truth is as it has always been "my" love can get out of this coming slaughter, by looking at it and learning to live with and welcome fear. My fear is my awareness. Guns are like guitars there's always one if a song should be played but don't move until judgement day. Man has his son on trial and I think everyone should get in on it although it may be messy. Coming away from the cross is just as sloppy as going to it. If you can go to a cross and love the men who put you there and see no wrong or bad, so then can you come from one and see no wrong or bad if the Romans take their turn. I've had my turn now it's yours. Love is my judge as my love will judge them as my love judges me. The judge is not even a man. His woman sits in the third row and tells him and has told him even through his kids, she speaks in his ear. He like most men who place themselves above others and judge others aren't men, but reflections of a discontented wife or mother. No school left me dumb. I never learned what I didn't know and no mother or dad left me open to be the son of all men. Many things happened to leave

me open, open to love, open to truth, never learning outside my own understanding. I am of truth and left to judge myself in a prison cell 23 years. What man does not see is that he don't keep me here in this courtroom. God put me here and he will do what he does. The judge thinks he got me but he don't know I got the truth on my side. It will judge them. The judge will be judged. Words don't mean much so I'm just gonna give all as I always have. Anything you could tell me I know already. As you know what I'm-a-sayin'. But maybe someone who reads this will be a little more confused. As your heart beats your soul knows of my love its your love as I call it, this world will come to peace and no price is too much to pay, for the reward is in the giving. I am calling all to bring down this tower in Babylon where the beast keeps me in a cage in the name of justice. When we all come together in the name of one God, love and peace each one with himself, ready to face judgement day for man, standing with our hearts and lives in our hands, giving all, facing ourselves for what we have done and help me stop what man is doing. The last battle is up on us. I've seen it coming for the last ten years, only the men who will face their own destruction look at it coming faster and faster, tune with it. Face the blood and death as the wild life does. I am told not to kill and they kill me, not to steal and they steal me from the sunshine. I'm told I have rights and live in a free country. They have all the rights to do what they want to me and freedom they have taken away from this world in their words they have themselves tricked into believing their own lie, locked in fear of death, running from the crosses they pray to. I'm calling to the cross the iron the steel cross of City Hall, calling my love to come put my mark on their foreheads and die. Black men are marked from birth, Mexicans also. As I the bastard son of a beast who has murdered the world in my name is now marked. I am ashamed to show my face and until this house is clean I must run from Gods sunshine house in the night take up arms and fight, like a mad dog devil that I must face and put him out of his misery. God is not in the church! Money and the gold catikisism in the sky rule and people look

to governments as their gods and Nixon holds hands with the preacher while the pope buys slave girls for the convents. They have blinded the children, laced their brains with word confusion, marred their souls with fear of fear, painted their faces, covered their bodies with shame, programmed to the grave. I am no more than you let me be. This is the last time around and if you believe in yourself, believe in me, for I am in you as you in me. My word is the word as my truth is the truth as my faith is my faith. My world is my world I give it to you as much as you give it to you. Put your faith in yourself and know I love you for me and find it growing bringing my happiness closer. Circles complete, love and I'll see you in the street, now is now is then. Only the free in soul are without sin. Give up the time, come to me. Now as I come to now to be. Always has one been. Revelation brings blood, love knows no sin. Don't take something from someone unless you can give the same. My love is and has always been your love. I love and will bring peace as the wind brings clouds and rain makes the world new so God speaks and calls me to now soon, you and your love are invited to the end of mans son. I stand with no hate in my heart, only understanding in my soul for what must be done. I pick no man to fight. Man has picked me. The only thing I can do is what you said. . . fight to live. I have no choice for this machine shows me no truth; nor will it let me speak any truth. Their justice is a face used to trick poor people. This machine has murdered the world and wants me to go to the gas chamber for the lie they live. My brothers and sisters, you must open your eyes, step from the time and money world, face the end and begin again with a song of freedom in your hearts and a prayer to love on your lips. Your blood will flow as a river in the new world. Stand and face the end, let God be your judge. He gives you life and only he can take it. Give back to love what it gives you, and take all questions from your mind, love has no question. Love is as its always been the beginning and the end. Complete your circles, make ready to face me. All words are without meaning. The thought has always been yours as I am.

MANSON