

All L. personnel:

12-5-84

Now the line is tested.

It is the theory of who will throw the first stone. The idea is not who is first, or even if it's rocks or expressions.

This goes to all personnel and it is my Christmas Wish

(hence the green and red pens) so that

or you it gets read by all  
by them. <sup>(2)</sup> Not that  
it has any value or  
urgency (so you don't  
have to skip from here  
to the end of this  
letter); it's (I have  
to take a break now  
to watch "Facts of Life."  
You guys may not know  
it, but, not only Blaire  
and Joe, but Nat and  
Toody, have tits. That  
is good literature. 0904  
PT, Costa Mesa, Ca.) that

(3)

I'm sentimental. how  
what the hell does  
that mean? As you

all know IHTH said

(ital) I was a Joker & De-  
grader. (Tn) He was half

right, at least some  
of the time. I admit  
to being a joker, but  
not all the time. I

surely can't be (I mean  
is an SP or SP all the  
time?) joking while I'm  
asleep? With on Hubbard-

son imagination (6 Facts

of Life" (4) just ended.)

I suppose, I could  
be carrying out all  
the other nefarious  
actions of the SP:

generalizing, suppressing,  
being psychotic, making  
others PTSD, specializing  
in injuring or killing

persons or damaging  
their cases, rewarding  
only down statistics,

automatically ord  
er immediately will  
ing cure any better -

(5)  
ment activity into some-  
thing evil or bad, etc.

It could be Hubbard  
viewed himself as good,  
or, worse, better. Add  
up to that a "Big Berz"™  
theory, and you've got  
someone who must, in  
order for his theory/ies  
to hold water, per-  
ceive evil and enemies.  
The guys who don't  
perceive the place, or  
as you Scientologists (and  
I don't say that dis-

(6)  
paradoxically) say reality,  
or evil, and don't  
see the world full  
of enemies, are out  
of step with Hubbard,  
and hence Scientologists.  
The guy had some set-  
tremely wrong theories;  
things that resulted  
in some fairly traum-  
atic effects in not  
a small number of  
Scientists or family  
or friends; et. seq.



(7.)


But I am not  
after L.H. I am  
after, as I've said  
from my first contact  
with you, global  
settlement.

So what happened a  
couple of days ago?

My horoscope read:

**HOROSCOPE**

**SYDNEY  
OMARR**




Monday, December 3

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): Time is on your side — backstage meetings take place and you are major subject of discussion. Past efforts, contacts will now pay dividends. You could be offered a lucrative agreement or contract. Capricorn plays dynamic role.

(8.)

On Tuesday it read:  
("Mission Impossible"  
has just come on  
and I'm gonna take  
a break. It continues  
on from yesterday: I've  
got a lot at stake).

**HOROSCOPE**

**SYDNEY OMARR** 

**Tuesday, December 4**

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): You'll learn more about resources of others, you'll gain confidence of individual who could help you attain necessary finances. Dig deep for information, realize horizons are broad and that opportunities will soon abound.

Today it's:

**HOROSCOPE**

**SYDNEY OMARR** 

**Wednesday, December 5**

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): Emphasize independence, creativity, willingness to get to heart of matter. What had been a financial complication will be corrected. Member of opposite sex figures prominently; you'll learn more about love.



By 1700 today I'll have tomorrow's.

First, some loose ends:  
1. By "sentimental" I meant "resulting from or colored by emotion rather than reason or realism." But only at times; nothing lasts forever; and that's good news.

2. JPH is maximally right 50% about me being a joker and degenerate. And at least 50% wrong. I'm not a

degrader. <sup>(10)</sup> But I don't  
really care much any-  
way; it does get us  
through ten pages.

3. When you see someone  
as dangerous — to you,  
"the Tech", mankind (someone  
said not long ago, "the  
enslavement of man is a  
different window on the world  
from clearing the forest),  
or to anything else you  
value (your body) — you  
have to have assumed  
you're vulnerable or  
beatable. You're then

(11)  
threatened by people who  
are not your enemy and  
don't see you as their  
enemy. Then we're out  
of step. Someone who is  
out of step is looking for  
enemies and using some  
kind of a pet logic system  
(in this case data, answers,  
stats, who's, who's, gimmicks,  
bright ideas, sites, Out 2-D,  
outpoints, out-ethics, in-  
tech, Dev. 7 counts, auth-  
metic, multiple reports,  
single reports, products,  
charisma, money; ad inf.)

(12.)

But when all is said  
and done; you get the  
letter because I'm a  
letter writer. It may  
not be the best letter  
you'll ever get; and I'm  
making no claim whatsoever  
that it's from the best  
person. Writing it is  
for me useful and profit-  
able. I sell the original  
handwritten pages for \$15.00  
per page if signed; \$30.00  
unsigned. This page is  
signed.



You are being given a photocopy. Obviously someone will make a decision to show it or not to all the personnel. I admit there are security and first strike considerations; in fact, ego aside, these form the conflict in any situation in a subject such as ours.

I do this because, frankly, I think, among many other thoughts, the pages look so damn good.

I was told last night my services were no longer required. I had answered a question wrong; it sounded like I had been caught in a lie. (You see, you only attack people you think are dangerous.) I was told too, I had become angry at the wrong time. I was told that you wanted action, not words, and that words are cheap.



What the fuck did  
 you want? I asked  
 what I could do.  
 I was told, at the  
 last visit, on which my  
 dismissal is based,  
 that all that meeting  
 was about was to see  
 if I could be trusted.  
 (Scientology is, in my  
 opinion, predicated on  
 distrust; there are people  
 who base their actions  
 on trust.) So you learned  
 that I could be trusted  
 and now I'm gone.

I am not now upset.  
 left It ~~is~~ a great burden ~~on~~ <sup>from</sup>  
 me because I had begun  
 to care, I suppose. I  
 was upset; ~~became sad~~  
 in fact, when I began this  
 letter I cried. I even  
 had a shitty sleep last  
 night. I'm fine now; and  
 I'm free.

I'm a bit of a  
 pissier to be told you're  
 a fuck-<sup>er</sup> (talk about  
 black pots) without a  
 word of thanks for, if

(17) nothing else, taking some  
risks myself. Even all  
the driving, the earlier notes,  
the time, the laughs,  
the facts, the legal  
acumen, the fucking Gore  
bill; ad nauseam.

Not being a Scientol-  
ogist, in the current sense  
of the term, I have avail-  
able to me the possibility  
that everything is Perfect.

Oh, don't worry, so do  
Scientologists; I was just  
pulling you leg. A  
joker, but not really

a degrader. (10)

So why send this?  
Perhaps because I think  
it would be a lot of  
fun to, not only for you  
to all read it, but, to  
scare the shit out  
of everyone else along the  
way.

If you think this is  
crazy, you should see the  
letters Ribbo writes me.  
This is fun, right? It  
must be Scientology, by  
definition.

I also write because  
 it is so damn stupid  
 and flat-earthish that  
 you are not allowed  
 to communicate to me.  
 And I think it will  
 be a good one day to  
 run into the baffled  
 recipients. You all  
 know me. To repeat, what  
 the fuck do you want?  
 You know what you all  
 could do? Form a club.

I also think, and again  
 I must qualify that with,  
 among other thoughts, that

it could be a lot of  
 fun to make something  
 decent of Scientology; and  
 have the people or friends,  
 but I have no compulsion  
 in that direction. In fact,  
 this is all ready merely  
 a voliant demonstration  
 of no compulsion.



Continuing on . . . . .



(21.)

..... and on, and on.

Like it or pump it,  
and we can dodge it  
or pump it, but  
any way you slice it,  
and whatever it takes  
to ice it, this gets  
down to J. P. Hubbard  
and the crew acknowledged-  
guy that he fucked  
them over. Then they'll  
either forgive him or not,  
and in so doing move  
onto whatever the next  
level, or cognition, or  
thing or whatever.

The organization is  
desperately trying  
to have things  
remain the same  
but by his own  
philosophy, by the  
very basis of the  
whole Heberg, his  
own Heberg, nothing  
remains the same.



(23.)

But even that, when  
the knowledge that  
whatever you do is  
basically what you  
should be doing is  
no reason to do  
anything.



1320 PT  
Ckr, Ca 92627.

Any of you can call  
or write.

I think part of it is  
 the thought, among  
 many others, that for  
 a while there was  
 a handful of people  
 who, although they  
 worked for it, while  
 working for it did  
 not actually seek  
 my destruction. This  
 generally follows the  
 thought that they now  
 see me again as an  
 enemy.

But I have no more interest in that game.

What's done was done.

You get a Photocopy of this letter; or you don't. Write's

here; spring won't be far behind; then summer, and

next year I'm going to

spend a bit bit of time on some beaches. ^

My case will come up sometime in the not too distant future.

I'll continue choosing

women (could it be the male members got

upset when I demanded

to have Carol be the

runner.) I'll continue  
to cavort with attorneys,  
rebels and shit disturbers.  
I will travel; and some-  
time I will die; unless  
I find out whatever I'm  
suggested to sooner.

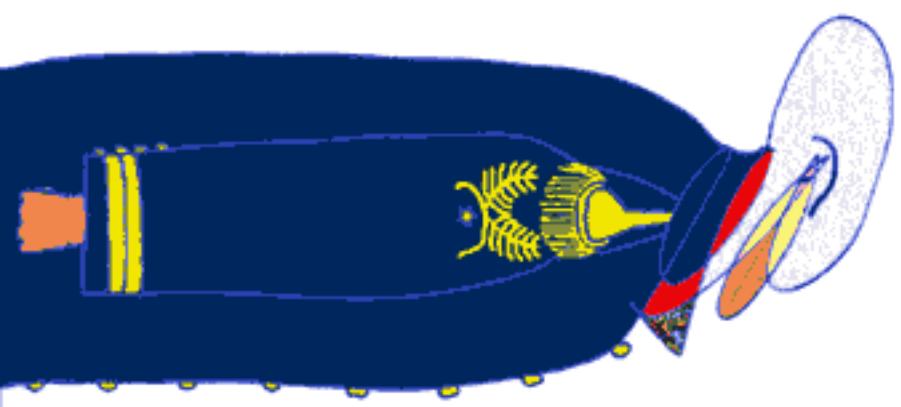
There's a lot more  
to be said.

Rednecks' necks are  
red.

The gunn sighed,  
his eyes so wide,  
"Better red than  
lead."



Merry Christmas



This speaks for itself.  
No response requested.