All L. personnel:

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 paper.

This goes to all personnel and it is my Christmas wish (hence the green and red pens) so that
it gets read by all you by then. 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
I'm sentimental. How what the hell does that mean? As you all know SFT said I was a Joker & De-
te Grader. 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 an Hubbard for imagination ("Facts")
of Life” just ended.)
I suppose, I could be carrying out all the other nefarious actions of the SP: generalizing, suggesting, being psychotic, making others PTS, specializing in injuring or killing persons or damaging their cases, reward only down statistic, automatically and immediately will it cure any better.
ment activity into something evil or bad, etc.
It could be Hubbard viewed himself as good
or, worse, better. Add a gift to that a "Big Ben"™
theory, and you’ve got someone who must, in
order for his theories to hold water, perceive evil and enemies.
Perceive the Place, or the guys who don’t
as you Scientologists (ad
I don’t say that di-
Paraphrased, say really, it's evil, and don't see the world full of enemies, are out of step with Hubbard and hence Scientologists.

The guy had some let-the-guy-hold-some-let theories, remedies wrong theories, things that resulted in some fairly traumatic effects, not abreaction effects, in a small number of Scientologists or family or friends; et. seq.
But I am not sure if I am
afte. I am after, or he 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.
On Tuesday it read:
(Mission Impossible has just come on and I'm gonna take a break. It continues 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.

**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 be tomorrow's.

First, some loose ends:

1. By "sentimental" 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. ARH is maximally right 50% about me being a joker and deluder. And at least 50% wrong. I'm not a
degrader. 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 paid not long ago, the enslavement of man in a different window on the world, from clearing the planet), and to anything else you or value (your body)—you have to have assumed you're vulnerable or beatable. You're the
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 many some
kind of a get logi system
(in this case data, smers,
state, why, who, gimmicks,
- bright ideas, sit, Out 2-1,
outfunds, out-ethics, int-
tech, Dev. 7 counts, auth-
tic, multiple negate,
single negate, products,
charisma, money; ad inf.)
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 profitable. I sell the original handwritten copy for $15.00. The copy if signed is $30.00. This copy is unsigned.
You are being given a transcript. 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 wrongly; it sounded like I had been caught in a lie. (You see, you only attack people you think are dangerous.)

I was told too, that I had become angry at the wrong time. I was told that you wanted poetry, 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, in which my dismissal was housed, 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 action on trust.) So you learned that I could be trusted and now I'm gone.
I am not now upset. It is a great burden on me because I had begun to care, I suppose. I was upset; because she in fact, when I began this letter I cried. I even had a shitty sleep last night. I'm free now, and I'm free.

It was a bit of a kiss to be told you're a fuck-up (talk about black pots) without a word of thanks for, if
nothing else, taking some
risks myself. Even all
the driving, the hard, the
laughs, the tone, the legal
forms, the fucking Shore
accusation, the fucking Shore
bill; all nauseating.

Not being a Scientologist,
in the current sense
of the term, I have heard
about to me the possibility
that everything is right.

Oh, don't worry, so do
Scientologists; I was just
gulling you, fool. A
joke, but not really
a degrader.

So why send this?
Perhaps because I think it would be a lot of fun to, not only have you 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 nibbo writes me.
This is fun, right? It must be psychology, 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 boot one day to run into the baffled recipients. You all know me. To negate, what the fuck do you want? You know what you all could do? Form a club.

I also think, ad nauseam, I must qualify that with, among other thoughts, that
...continuing on.

...In this case, it is not clear if the people or the director have compulsion, and so it could be a lot of...

...to make something; and that is what the people or friends...

...the demonstration...
...... and on, and on.
Like it or lump it, and we can dodge it or lump it, but any way you slice it, and whatever it takes to see it, this gets down to L. Ron Hubbard and the crew acknowledged and the crew acknowledged that he fucked up that he fucked up that they're 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 organizer is desperately trying to have things remain the same but by his own philosophy, by the very basis of the whole shebang, his own shebang, nothing remains the same.
But even that, like the knowledge that whatever you do is exactly what you should be doing is no reason to do anything.

1320 PT
Ch, 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 followed the thought that they now see me again as an enemy.
But I have no more interest in that game. What's done can't be undone. You get a photcopy of this letter; or you don't. Write's here; spring can't be far behind; the summer and next year I'm going to spend a bit of time in some beaches. My case will come up sometime in the not too distant future. I'll continue chugging along women (could it be the male members got upset when I demanded to have Carol be the
runner.) I'll continue to carry with attorney, rebels and shut disturbers. I will travel, and sometime I will die; unless I find out whether God supposed to sooner.

There's a lot more to be said.

Rednecks' necks are red.

The gun sighted, his eyes so wide,
"Better red than dead."
Merry Christmas

This speaks for itself.
No response requested.