

READER

LOS ANGELES'S FREE WEEKLY

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Personals

READER

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DEAR RON: I loved your "Flagpole" bulletin. It seemed uncharacteristically frank of you. What happened? Blow some circuits? Some BT's, get loose! Love, Xemu.

ASKING L. RON Hubbard and the Church of Scientology to stop lying is like telling a man with a drop of honey on his tongue not to swallow. They can't resist.

YOU WOULD THINK that L. Ron Hubbard would be content with the millions he has stolen from his church, but noooo! Now he has to inflict on the world those long, boring sci-fi novels that make the label on a catsup bottle look like literature. Give us a break, Xemu, find another planet to suppress!

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Personals

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RUMOROLOGIST: The issue isn't persecution of the individual by society, its persecution of society by the individual: Charlie Starkweather! L. Ron Hubbard! Jim Jones! You! Cheers, —Gurgie

TO WHOM IT MAY Concern: He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool, shun him. —Obnois

Friday, November 1, 1985

I AM SICK and tired of people taking cheap shots at me. The crude electronics that exist on this planet prevent me from doing the job right, even the suppressives that I use are strictly third rate. They are not like that old gang of mine. So give me a break. I am doing the best I can. Love, Ron.

I WAS CASUALLY hanging around with my pal Jim at UCLA when we spotted this guy on a diving board just outside the sculpture gardens. He was clad in swim trunks, hooked up to this huge machine and bouncing up and down on this diving board. He stops, people applaud, and then he pulls out a pair of scissors and proceeds to chop off his hair. For the grand finale, he rubs black dirt all over his body—then he just walks off. Was this a mid-term or an act of insanity? (You think you've got problems Xemu?) —Alli

YOU CAN EXPLAIN not own, control, copywrite, or exploit spiritual freedom. Those who try will end in confusion and madness. This is the road to hell. Ask L. Ron Hubbard.

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DIARY OF A MAD PERSON. Part Two—"Corn Cob in the Sky." Overpopulation. You think it's bad now? Imagine trying to live on a planet with 250 billion fucked-up people. That's a real scary thought. Don't dwell on it too long or you'll go crazy. But just think of all the money you could make selling oxygen to humans.

75 million years ago I figured out the perfect solution to overpopulation on the 90 planets of this Galactic Confederation. I rounded up hundreds of billions of humans, froze them in an alcohol/glycol solution, and shipped them to Earth/Teegeeach, where I blew them up with H-bombs on all the major volcanos. A real wall of fire! The sky was burning! Then I captured all their souls with electronics and stuck thousands of them together in Clusters and brainwashed them with Christianity, God, the Devil, sexual perversion, Western Civilization, etc.

So if you ever suspect that your actions and motivations are pre-determined, that your life is following someone else's program and the controls are beyond your reach, just blame me, because I designed your Operating System. And if you ever get weird ideas in your mind which don't seem like you own, it's because they're not—you have thousands of other beings stuck to you.

So in one fell swoop I solved both overpopulation and loneliness in this sector of the galaxy. Yet all I get is slander and smear campaigns—not a word of thanks from anyone. And some of you ungrateful swine are trying to screw things up. You selfish bastards want to have one human meat-body all to yourselves, instead of being civilized and sharing it with other disembodied spirits. If you morons keep exorcising all those other beings, they'll just go and create more meat-bodies and soon there'll be 250 billion humans on this planet again, and it'll be Teegeeach all over again. The New Improved Wall of Fire. This time I'll do it right. I'll make sure you scumbags never get out of this Universe alive.

Some of you may be wondering why there aren't hundreds of billions of 75-million-year-old fossils lying around all over this planet. Good question. After I was captured and imprisoned in a wire cage with an eternal battery (I hope you guys didn't lose the Guarantee Certificate) inside a mountain top, my agents sent a clean-up crew to this planet to destroy all the human remains and replace them with dinosaur skeletons and T-Rex skeletons, etc. This was part of a clever scheme to confuse future generations of humans so they wouldn't be able to remember what happened on this planet, and anyone who accidentally stumbled upon the truth would be called a paranoid schizophrenic or a science-fiction cult leader, or perhaps just a common thief with a good angle to sucker the marks. So I hope this clarifies things for you, because it's not just another "Shore Story." Love, Xemu

WHEW! —E.Z.