

Dear Jerry,

August 8, 1982

It was good to talk with you the other day. I'm not entirely sure why, but somehow it just felt very good, very stabilizing. I think perhaps you've been put through the mill with all that has happened, but it seems that you've come out whole--which of course is what is important.

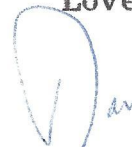
I suppose for myself what most disturbs me now about the church is simply the cost. I look around, see many truly sincere people who want what ever^{is} that Hubbard has, want it very much, and what^{are} they told? Twenty thousand, fifty thousand. I mean really, it's criminal.

Looking back on the year, looking back on what you represent I tend to think that in the begining I wasn't sure you were totaly right. I thought, 'Ah, well I'll get Jerry back in. I'll convince him that in the end S~~ci~~entology is really the only way.' And now look at me.....I honestly think that you're right. I'm still not certain why the church is after you, but I imagine they must have something to hide. That is to say, I know you, Jerry, and you're okay.

I know this guy in the GO. I saw him the other day and was almost going to ask him about you. I don't know why really. I just wanted to hear it, just wanted to hear this robotic little man tell me what it was he was afraid of. Maybe I'll do it. What the hell?

Apart from all that, however, things are comming along. The Prince of Berlin is now entering the 100th page. (Note of no small importance.) I've had this typewriter about five years and I've never, until now, had a chance to use the "th". I mean that's something. th th th ½ ¼ ¾. Pretty neat, huh?

Love,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'Dan', written over the word 'Love,'.

PS:

That guy I was going to interview about is apparently leaving town for awhile, or maybe he's just chickened out. Anyway, I'm not sure when I'll be down, but I don't think it will be too long.