

We Are the Free People

BY L. RON HUBBARD

We are the Free People.
We have grown up.
Grown up to Freedom
Not senility.

We are the Free People.
The Scientist
Has left
Behind the claws
And barriers
Of miscontrol.

We are the Free People.
Grown from out
The mud and jungle rot
Of fear,
Our unchained minds can reach
Afar and grasp
The idea of ultimate Freedom.

We are the Free People
In whom the whims
Of "I'm supposed to"
Has no rule,
On whom the scientist
Can blunt
His weighty arguments
To prove
We are not Free.

Be glad, they said
Before we came,
That you are mad, insane,
For *there* is genius,
So they said.
You cannot change.
Our brand on you is fixed

Your brain is all you are
And fixed like clockwork
In a robot head.
So think, they said,
As we have said,
To think
For thought is our own
Chain and
Your ideas nil.

Die, they said,
And live no more
And become dispossessed
So we can own.
Fall down, they said,
And worship clay
Or maybe space,
But of course wrath
And sing
Lugubrious songs
To fear or maybe
International cults that
Specialize in slaves.

Believe, they said,
That Man is just a slimy
Thing
Well meant
To die
Beneath the pounding of
Their bombs,
The mightiest God
They knew.

The flesh, they said,
is All and you
Are but a decay

Of yourself.
And so they barriered
All men.

The witch and the pot
The test tube and the scope
The cell and the club
The textbook and the lies
Control!
Control them or we die!
Beat them or they win!
Starve them or we shrink.
We are afraid, afraid,
Afraid!
They said, in that old age
We killed.

Freedom beckons
And we,
Now laughing at their lies,
Went free.

Scientology
The
Road
Sign
Out.

We are the Free People.
We LIVE!
We're Free!

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