



# inside scientology

BY ROBERT KAUFMAN

HOW I JOINED  
DIANETICS/SCIENTOLOGY  
AND BECAME SUPERHUMAN

## **Inside Scientology/Dianetics**

### **How I Joined Dianetics/Scientology and Became Superhuman**

**by Robert Kaufman  
(1995 revision)**

The first work ever to disclose the secret Scientology materials.

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*Robert Kaufman died of cancer on 29 July 1996. During the final years of his life, Robert Kaufman revised the manuscript of his book, *Inside Scientology* (published in 1972), but could not sell it to a publisher. (The extent of revision may be roughly gauged by comparing the Tables of Contents.) In late 1995, with his health failing, he gave a copy of the WordPerfect files to Keith Spurgeon <spurgeon@is2.nyu.edu> for distribution on the Internet. In August 1996, Keith emailed the files (which are in somewhat haphazard form) to Dean Benjamin <drb@cs.cmu.edu>, who edited the manuscript and formatted it for the World Wide Web in November 1997. Robert Kaufman was eulogized on [alt.religion.scientology](http://alt.religion.scientology) by his friends Paulette Cooper and Monica Pignotti.*

# Foreword

## Son of Scientology

### (Life May Get Even Stranger When You Write an Expose)

This is my account of my several years immediately following breaking with a cult group, focusing especially on events about the time of and subsequent to my publishing a book about my experiences in the group.

Definitions of "cult" abound. The word began to undergo some change in usage several decades ago. At one time it suggested a rather innocuous interest in or adherence to some subject or belief (though even then there was, typically, a charismatic leader on the scene). Nowadays, "cult" implies something onerous, sinister and threatening. Anti-cult factions sometimes use the epithet "destructive" with "cult," just to make sure that it isn't the old relatively easy-going groups under consideration.

The anti- (counter-) cult associations of the past few years have identified many signs and symptoms of "cultishness." Organizations such as C.A.N., the Cult Awareness Network, often refer to the revealing list of cultish qualities drawn up by Professor Robert J. Lifton, in his *Thought Reform and the Psychology of Totalism, a Study of Brainwashing in China*, such as a propensity to distort language and to limit probative thinking.

For me, the word "predatory" says a lot about destructive cults; the organization, or guru in charge, exacts money, administrative services and sometimes sex from its members.

An all-influencing leader (guru) is practically a requisite of these groups. As good a short definition as any is framed in *The Guru Papers* by Joel Kramer and Diana Alstad (Frog, Ltd., Berkeley, California, 1995): "(cults are) authoritarian groups with a leader who has few constraints ... is unchallengeable and considered infallible."

Around the early summer of 1968 I flew to England to take the so-called Scientology secret processes. I had just turned age 35, what may seem like an advanced age for such a dubious adventure, and my course from being totally ignorant of Scientology to pursuing it's founder and leader L. Ron Hubbard's "stratosphere" was wayward. I had first heard of Scientology from friends in the mid-'60s, and later befriended and came under the influence of "franchise owners," who ran their own auditing establishment, though still affiliated with the central organization, who guided me through Hubbard's elementary courses while seeking to avoid the excesses of what they freely acknowledged was a fanatic group. Somewhere along the way I got "hooked."

The Lower Grades, the Scientology pathway I traversed in '67-'68 in New York, are rather innocuous, dealing with earthly fodder, such as problems, guilt and communication. It was only after I'd passed through all five Grades, and was taught to draw other people to the Franchise and audit them myself (act as a Scientology practitioner), that the cultist's bug bit me, and I was persuaded by my "in" friends that I should seek the Golden Fleece, specifically the "Clearing Process," then available only at a training school not far from London.

My experience with the Scientologists, both in England and later in Edinburgh, Scotland, was a disaster. (I've described it in detail in my book *Inside Scientology/Dianetics*, also available on The Internet.) The powerful suggestions I was given via Hubbard's tapes and bulletins advising me that

Scientology was my only hope for happiness were at odds with the frightening things I observed around me. After just two weeks in England, a violent struggle ensued within me that I kept submerged out of my awareness, causing me sleepless nights, bad nerves, and a touch of paranoia (which runs strongly in Scientology and I suspect other cults as well). When my better senses, or guardian angel, warned me I was wasting away, I managed to break from the group and return to New York ("escape" would not be inappropriate, since my return flight ticket was being held as "security" and I had to pass through a gauntlet to get away).

I did not recover once away from the group; my symptoms persisted unabated. My New York Scientology friends tried to help me, but their efforts, consisting largely of more auditing, only had the effect of keeping me stuck to Scientology concepts -- like using a poison as an antidote to itself. After a few weeks back in New York, I became so scared, depressed and suicidal that I presented at a psychiatric ward, where I stayed for five more weeks.

Out of the ward, I took up with the same nonsense once again, letting my friends audit me on the latest techniques they'd picked up while I was institutionalized. Just when I was about ready for more incarceration, I visited an M.D., a regular internist, who I hoped would give me a sleeping potion. Unbeknownst to me, he happened to be a "Doctor Feelgood," who solved all of his patients' problems with injections of methamphetamine (liquid speed) and vitamins, a highly addictive and dangerous concoction. The doctor stayed open seven days a week, and had a nurse on duty most of the time to administer the shots. He would never inform me what precisely he was giving me. When I did find out about a year later, from a magazine article about "fashionable doctors," it took me no great leap of reasoning to conclude that my doctor was about as wicked as L. Ron Hubbard himself. However, my drug addiction did pull me away from Scientology. With the relief from the injections, I lost interest in auditing, and my mind was free to scrutinize it.

My big jump towards a measure of freedom occurred when two friends, not in any group, convinced me to write up my Scientology story from beginning to end. I embarked on this task with fervor, since it seemed a way to exorcise the demons that were lurking just below my drug-induced feeling of security. As my friends put it, "There's a lot there hiding beneath the surface and you've got to get it out of your system." At first I didn't think I had enough material for more than an article; once I'd made an outline, however, I knew I had the makings of a book. I was soon carried away with the compulsion to speak my mind, for I felt that my right to free speech and thought had been denied me for the three months I had spent at Scientology headquarters in Britain.

I barely started the text, using a kind of speedwriting system, when it was announced that the ballet company I played piano for was going on their summer tour. Terrified, I pleaded with the doctor to give me a syringe and injection ingredients to take with me on my travels. He steadfastly lied, insisting there was nothing wrong with the injections, and that I didn't need them.

I'd discovered that if I went without a shot for one day I had withdrawal symptoms that probably made heroin seem like cottage-cheese. As the ballet company flight descended to the Vienna airport, demons sprang in my mind and body. I spent the next ten days in that lovely town with nothing on my mind so much as getting a flight back to the States and visiting the doctor's. What kept me going was my job and writing my book. I'd awaken each morning unable to go back to sleep, so I'd take my manuscript to a coffeehouse and work on it. Several times I fell asleep during the day; our orchestra conductor told me later he'd been quite worried about me, though somehow I was able to get through the performances. At night the withdrawal generally lessened, allowing me fond memories of the Viennese cuisine and the amazing roller-coaster at the amusement park.

The last day of that stay, I started feeling human again, both because the drug was wearing off and,

conflictingly, because I knew I'd soon be back in New York for more shots!

In retrospect I believe that my tribulations were no more due to the dosage I was receiving than to the unresolved Scientology-induced conflicts that the drug masked.

I went to the doctor's four times before the troupe was to leave for their major stint out West. The handwriting was on the wall then, because we would be out of New York for ten weeks. I went through another withdrawal, this time mostly at a summer rehearsal facility near Tacoma, Washington. Performances began for fair in Seattle. I will never forget waking up in my hotel room with the symptoms -- fear, depression, and a great gaping urge throughout my whole body for the injections -- *gone*.

Throughout these drug ramifications I kept plugging away at *Inside Scientology*. I must have decided at the start to tell my story as a straightforward narrative, that the strength of the story lay in an unadorned account with very little interpretive elaboration. I also realized that I was paranoid about the manuscript itself. (Of course, Scientology taught us to be paranoid about their "confidential materials" and in Great Britain ordered members to carry them around in locked briefcases.) It seemed inevitable, integral to my project, that I divulge these "secrets" for the first time. Whenever I would leave a hotel room on tour, to eat or perform or whatever, I *hid* my notebook behind the drapery or a chair. I had no reason to believe that the Scientology organization knew anything about my book; nor did I have any inkling of what they might do to critical authors. (Had I known about the latter, I would never have applied the pejorative "paranoid" to myself, since the risks were real, not imaginary.) Paranoia was engendered by the organization; fear was a significant element of the atmosphere. At that time it was still too early for me to stop holding the cult in awe. It wouldn't have occurred to me that Scientology wasn't capable of achieving its goal of world conquest. The group was to loom for a further period of my life like a ubiquitous voodoo threat.

I typed up a manuscript from my speedwriting notes, and hired professional typists to clean up the job (you can imagine the terror of carrying that stuff around on the subway). It was now fall of '69. The whole writing project had taken only a few months.

Now I needed a publisher, since I felt that revealing what I knew about Scientology was vital to the world at large. A friend of mine brought me into contact with a big person in publishing, who told me he liked the book and thought it important, but couldn't get his sales department to accept it. However, his wife, a literary agent, agreed to take the book under her wing.

While she was trying to sell my manuscript, I went directly into rewriting. My instincts told me that the first time around I'd packed the book with unnecessary detail, including an over-abundance of Scientology terminology, and I should cut it down and, in particular, dejargonize, since much of the Hubbard gobbledygook was not directly germane to the story.

Each time I returned to the book my memory sharpened. Allowing what I "knew" inside to come out on paper was cumulatively a revelation. Seeing my auditing sessions before my very eyes gave me ever-increasing acquaintance with how I'd gone along with things, accepted flagrantly erroneous suggestions and got myself pulled in.

My agent failed to sell the book, and after a year and a half returned it to me. I quickly found another agent. During this rather long period with the agents several authors beat me to the punch publishing books about Scientology. All of them were negative about the group. None of them contained much about the "secret materials," so I didn't feel their books and mine were competitive.

In fact, the appearance of these other books was good for me, and I was happy to see their publication. That more than one person was willing to take on a powerful organization (powerful, if not omnipotent, to a recent defector such as myself) had a very supporting effect, and took some of the pressure, real or imagined, off myself.

The first book I saw was George Malko's *Scientology: The New Religion* (Delacorte, New York, 1970), an outsider's journalistic account of Scientology. Next came Cyril Vosper's *The Mind-Benders* (published in England around 1970). Vosper had been a member for many years. His account includes friction within his own family caused by Scientology.

I corresponded with Vosper, and he told me that something was "out to get him," and since he knew of no alternative, apparently Scientology was making reprisal against him for publishing his book. The incident I recall -- by all odds the most memorable one -- occurred when Vosper was vacationing in Spain. Person or persons sent the local police a trick photograph purportedly made by Vosper showing Generalissimo Franco sitting on the toilet. Vosper had some trouble staying out of a Spanish jail.

This was perhaps the first time I heard of the real possibility of Scientology's committing vengeful acts against critics. This, and the similar stories I was to hear later, proved to be a favor from the organization to me: physical acts in the real world whittled down the voodoo threat and fear of paranoia, and put the matter on a simple physical level. If the organization had to resort to dirty tricks "in the real world," its members surely possessed no special, or occult powers.

Around that time, '71, I met Paulette Cooper, a New York writer, who was also the victim of dirty tricks, including nuisance lawsuits, because of a magazine article she'd published unfavorable to Scientology. She was working on a book, *Scandal of Scientology*, and we gave each other our manuscripts to look at. Hers was more direct and hard-hitting in its criticism than the previously published books, and she also got my permission to insert one of the most chilling incidents from my own book. So caustic was Cooper's book to the organization that for years she suffered more of their enmity than just about anyone else.

When my second agent told me she'd done her best, I decided to sell the manuscript myself. Within a few months I found a publisher, Olympia Press. This firm had a long and thorny history in the business. Its head was Maurice Girodias, a man of Greek, Jewish and French background. Olympia had its beginnings in France, where it was first known as Basilisk Press. Those readers who go back to the age of censorship may remember books with olive-green covers, by literary forces such as Henry Miller, Vladimir Nabokov, Samuel Beckett, W.S. Burroughs and the dual authors of *Candy*, Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg, being smuggled into the U.S., where one couldn't publish a dirty word at that time. Maurice Girodias/Olympia Press was reputed to have been sued by most of these great figures, presumably for non-payment of advances and royalties.

Girodias was a neat, not very large man of great Continental charm and persuasion. It didn't take a stretch of my imagination to view him as a person who could get people into deals they regretted later. Girodias had had to leave France, perhaps for the controversial-at-the-time works he published, and by the time we met maintained Olympia offices in London as well as New York. He was then publishing high-toned erotic literature -- I read some of the stuff, and what I saw was written by talented people, and too good to be called "smut" or "pornography." Girodias confided in me that he was making a comeback from erotica by publishing two new books, mine, and the memoirs of a speed-freak. I always enjoyed visiting his offices, because he peopled it with engagingly bohemian-type characters just at the time when bohemianism was becoming scarcely a faded memory.

I was living in one of the large residence hotels that used to flourish on the West Side of Manhattan -- several corridors, or "units," to a floor, with eight or ten roomers on each sharing kitchens and bathrooms. One afternoon the hall phone rang, and I found myself talking to a James Meisler, who called himself a "Reverend in the Church of Scientology." The organization had apparently spotted an announcement of my forthcoming book in a trade paper such as *Publishers' Weekly*. Meisler demanded a copy of my manuscript so that "corrections" could be sent to my publisher by his "Church." When I replied that I refused to hand over my manuscript, he said, "It's your neck," and, "We've got you covered on all fronts."

This was my first encounter of that sort; afterwards, I felt shocked and lame, and wished I'd just told him to go fuck himself.

One evening around that time, I was nursing a pina at a Broadway taco place when I was approached by a short, chunky blue-eyed fellow with a mustache who introduced himself as Larry Tepper, and told me he somehow knew who I was and that he, Tepper, was going through a rough period trying to decide whether to stay in Scientology or not, a phenomenon known in Scientology as "Condition of Doubt." I learned eventually to suspect anyone who approached me of being a Scientology agent, or spy, but at the time was so freshly out of the group, and also single-minded about getting my book out, as well as preparing to give a piano recital at Carnegie Recital Hall (now called Weill Hall) that dangers facing me, such as agents, weren't on my mind, and I was shamefully defenseless against them. As another demonstration of this, I played my recital for Tepper, naively supposing the performance might impress on him that a dissident who could create something artistic was not "evil," and thereby ingratiate him into leaving the group once and for all.

Tepper said he needed to know something about Scientology from an "outsider's" point of view, and if I had written anything on the subject it would help him a lot. I was unwilling to give him my entire manuscript, but I did lend him a copy of the first hundred pages or so, which related the beginnings of my involvement in Scientology, stopping short of any "secrets."

I had dinner with Tepper one night at a Spanish restaurant, a meal that I wound up paying for, in keeping with my obfuscated state of mind. As we were eating, a salamander-like individual dressed in clerical garb confronted me at the table and ranted for several minutes. It was the "Reverend" James Meisler. Typically, it was only later that I wished I had called the police on him for harassment.

A photocopy of the section I'd given Tepper arrived at Olympia Press a few days later from Scientology's Los Angeles headquarters, making proposed "corrections" to my text. Again, I never got around to telling off Tepper, or worse; I was still too much in a fog.

Shortly afterward, Maurice Girodias called me excitedly to tell me that proofs of the sections I had withheld from Tepper had been stolen from Girodias' printer in Connecticut. A man had come to the plant late at night, told the watchman that he was an Olympia editor from New York, and got away with the juicy part of the book. These pages also came back shortly with "corrections."

During the warm spring of '72, as my piano recital drew near I began to consider the possibility that Scientology might try to abort it. For no logical reason, I focused mainly on the possibility that an agent would do something to the hall's sound system, creating enough temporary disturbance to ruin the concert. I asked several friends to keep their eye out for this type of dirty trick.

The night of the concert, I walked down Broadway to Little Carnegie, stopping on the way to enjoy

an espresso. The scene when I arrived at the hall was mad. Dozens of people milled about on the sidewalk in front of the hall, many of them frantically rushing over to me when I appeared. My father was among them, weeping because he thought I'd been kidnapped when the hall doors were found to be locked, with no one at the ticket window.

I got the night manager of the large Carnegie Hall next door to open the doors, and I gave the recital. The next day I got the story from Little Carnegie staff. The afternoon before the recital, a man had telephoned the hall, identified himself as "Robert Kaufman," and canceled the concert because he "had to leave town to attend a relative's funeral." When my audience found the hall locked, many left. The *New York Times* review of the recital had it right, noting objectively that the performer had played the first half of his program somewhat aggressively.

(Several years later the FBI raided Scientology centers on both coasts and confiscated thousands of documents allegedly stolen by agents of the Guardian's Office -- Scientology's "enforcing arm" -- from government and law enforcement offices around the country. Two of my anti-cult friends spent several hours in a Washington, DC office xeroxing documents under the Freedom of Information Act. In one of the cartons was an empty folder labeled "Carnegie Hall Incident." I'll have more to say later about some of the other documents.)

It was reasonable to me and my publisher that the organization would seek to enjoin my book in court. Girodias' aide-de-camp for this contingency was a Brooklyn attorney named Lawrence Cohen. One may think of Brooklyn's "Court Street lawyers" in connection with slip-and-fall, or negligence, litigations -- not your super-smooth corporate Wall Street lawyer type; but Lawrence Cohen was competent and knowledgeable about literary matters, and I felt confident having our cause in his hands. Cohen asked me intelligent questions, for example how to deal with the Scientology allegation that I had stolen their confidential materials. After a little thought, I wrote him a few paragraphs about these materials: "Secrets" that I had paid the organization for were essentially contained in Hubbard's early Scientology writings, such as *History of Man*, and later renamed, repackaged and sold at astronomical prices as "OT Levels."

I visited Cohen's office on Joralemon Street, near the Brooklyn courthouses, to give the lawyer what additional help I could. Cohen flipped through the proofs and said, "Some of this is pretty far out. What exactly are these 'GUPPEMS'?"

"For crissake, Larry, it's not 'GUPPEMS,' it's 'GPMs.'"

"Well, what's that?"

"'GPMs' stands for 'Goals-Problems-Mass,' which is part of Ron Hubbard's old line-plots for the construction of the 'reactive mind,' which he claimed is the ruination of anyone who hasn't attained Scientology 'clear.' But really, now that you brought it up, I don't have the goddamnedest idea what it means!"

Scientology did in fact attempt to enjoin my book, in New York, Boston and London. All these attempts were dismissed, Cohen handling the U.S. part of the motions, and we were ready to publish.

Girodias and I were also alert to stories of Scientology stealing critical books and articles from stores and libraries; but we didn't think we could do much about that.

Once the book was published I set about trying to collect money Girodias owed me for my advance.

He had a financial manager or accountant at the time, an Englishman named Henry Baker-Carr, who had a habit of looking up at me from his desk and saying dryly, "Well, we don't quite have the funds to pay you just yet."

Once I entered the Olympia lobby and was flummoxed to see a smashing-looking young lady wearing purplish mod clothes at the receptionist's. I hustled in to Maurice exclaiming, "That new receptionist: A friend of mine and I saw her on Broadway the other night, and he said she was a Scientologist but now claimed not to be. This is no coincidence. She's got to be one of their spies."

Girodias said, "Don't you know, Kowfman, that any self-respecting place of business has to have at least one Scientology spy?" The man had a way about him.

Some weeks later, the young lady disappeared, and along with her, Girodias' file on my book and several hundred book jackets.

Girodias didn't owe me a lot of money -- after all, advances were not terribly large to begin with -- but as a matter of principle, or curiosity, I continued to ask for it. Once I got Girodias on the line and thought it would be novel to hypnotize him into cutting the check: "Your arm is heavy, Maurice. Your hand is drifting over to your checkbook. You are going to take pen in hand, and I believe the amount is still \$300."

I don't know if it was my powers that did it, but within a week I did receive the money.

I still worked away at rewrites, because Girodias had told me he wanted to put out a softcover edition, and I thought I could make further improvements. I actually got paid for the softcover version (this may've been the time I tried hypnosis), and was sorry that it never came out, but also proud that I had accomplished something the literary giants had not, by collecting what Olympia owed me and then some. I felt no remorse about the "and then some," since Girodias, as I had expected, never gave me any sales reports and perpetually maintained that *Inside Scientology* was not selling and making us any money.

To this day, I don't know if that was the truth. I don't think the book sold a lot of copies, that there was adequate written fanfare or distribution. Looking ahead a year or so, the book was quickly to become defunct (as Olympia itself would). I have been pleasantly surprised at the number of people who have read or heard about *Inside Scientology*. People have told me, "Why, I spotted your book in the Achefalecha Library." Reviews were favorable, and lengthy articles were written about it. It's well-known among counter-cultists and probably attained the status of a hot underground item in certain circles. I am delighted to put it on The Internet, where I believe it will be widely read. I have always wanted to republish the book. It is a blunt fact in the publishing industry that rarely will a cult expose make it to the shelves, especially if the cult is Scientology. There's no margin in it; a certain amount of money must be apportioned for legal defense against the inevitable Scientology litigation. Nonetheless, I persisted through perhaps nine rewrites, on the assumption that someday Scientology would achieve such newsworthiness that publication of my book would come about regardless all obstacles.

As always, rewriting brought about fresh insights on the cult experience. Oddly, again, although memory often tends to distort, my memory got sharper each time I took up the subject. The transactions between a cult group and its enthusiast are, after all, not so very complicated, but I wanted to get my story as accurate as possible, both for my own internal housecleaning and as an aid to ex- or potential members needing information. We all have our own leanings and capacities - - not everyone, for instance, is the "writing type"; but I recommend to people who've undergone

traumatic phases, notably ex-cultists, that they clean out cobwebs by getting it all down on paper, or computer -- preferably more than once. I know of several ex's who have done just that -- most notably, accounts available on The Internet by Margery Wakefield and Monica Pignotti -- and believe the project always of benefit to its author, even one who is already sufficiently definite about their condemnation of cult methods or policies.

Girodias was sued for publishing *Inside Scientology*, and I was named co-defendant. This enabled me to countersue for damages I sustained in Great Britain. I was not so avid to win a lawsuit (more and more ex-members have become so over the years, however); I was more interested in keeping the organization at bay. This the countersuit accomplished. I know of no other consequences of my countersuit, and after a given time it may have been removed from the court calendar.

But Girodias was having more serious troubles. A monstrous sneak attack against Olympia was waged in England. Hundreds of Olympia letter-head stationery were stolen from the London office, and phoney letters went out to Olympia dealers and distributors throughout the British Isles that the publishing house had gone bankrupt and to send all Olympia books back to the warehouse. Then, hundreds of letters, likewise phoney, from "enraged citizens" complaining about Olympia's "pornography" were sent to Scotland Yard and the Home Office. The Olympia goods -- which I've heard comprised 200,000 volumes -- were thereupon seized by the authorities and sequestered at another warehouse. Olympia took court action to get back their books, and won their plea. However, in Britain in such a case the *winner* has to pay a desequestration fee to have whatever was seized returned. Olympia London couldn't afford the fee, so it lost the books and was totally wiped out. (I believe Girodias chronicled these happenings in a magazine article to the effect of "Someone or Something is Out to Get Olympia.")

Even more bizarre developments were in store for Girodias. Maurice had moved his New York office, and I dropped by. First he looked up at me with his wry little smile and said, "You know, Kowfman, with all due respect and no wish to offend, I must tell you in all sincerity that since the day I met you I've been roo-eened." The man had style. He then told me the story in detail.

An exotically gorgeous woman, very tall, about six one in heels, paid him a call at his office. They got chummy, and she said they could have dinner, but first he should accompany her on an errand to her uncle's boat at the "Newark Boatyard." (Maurice claimed he checked for such a place later and found it didn't exist.) He found himself in a scruffy field with her, somewhere in the Jersey meadows. Suddenly she grabbed him in a violent embrace. His suspicions aroused, he tried to break it, but she was too strong for him. At that moment a man with a walkie-talkie in some type of uniform stepped up out of nowhere, frisked Girodias and found an ounce or two of marijuana that had been planted in his overcoat pocket.

Girodias managed to avoid jail, but first, he told me ruefully, as a requisite in local drug cases, he had to spend three days sitting in Family Court, for him below any level of Hell described by Dante.

Though Girodias harbored no doubt that the British attack on Olympia was engineered by Scientology, he couldn't be that certain about the female agent and dope frameup.

I liked Girodias (deceased for several years) enormously; he was a lot of fun and, in his own way, impeccable. With all his faults (he had creditors up to here), he did a lot for Literature; he was an excellent judge of writing (I sometimes felt, self-disparagingly, that he had chosen my book not for any great literary merit but for its potential as a money-making expose); when I used to visit him in his office he would sit at his desk almost unconsciously proofing a manuscript. But he was constantly under some siege or other. Of course, usually over money. But he told me that one

reason he felt that not *all* of the strange things that were happening to him -- notably the "Newark Boatyard" incident -- were the work of Scientology was that he must have made some enemies emblazoning the cover of one of his books with a trick photo of Henry Kissinger in jockey shorts in a cheesecake pose.

Interspersed with these Girodias foibles, I received a letter from Sterling, Scotland from a Roy Wallis, a Professor of Sociology at the local university. Wallis (deceased late '80s) said he had published an article about Scientology (no doubt a scholarly sociologic study) that had brought down the Church's wrath. Strange things had been happening to him, and he wished to compare notes with me, whom he knew to be an author on Scientology.

By now I was wary of people popping in on me, but Wallis soon convinced me he was not a Scientology spy. He sent me a copy of a letter left somewhere conspicuous on his campus. The typescript was a replica of the sharply individualistic one Wallis used. The letter purported to be from Wallis to a male lover, containing intimate homosexual sentiments and reference to a drug cache on the campus. The letter was forged with an excellent likeness of Wallis' signature.

I became good friends with Wallis over the years. Scientology was only one of his interests; he was an expert on several groups, which he called "new religions," and I read many pages of Wallis' splendid material. In 1977, Wallis published a book exclusively about Scientology, *The Road to Total Freedom*, (Columbia University Press, New York), which remains one of the deepest-probing and best-balanced books on the subject.

In 1973, Dr. Christopher Evans, an English scientist and fine anthologist, now deceased, published an entertaining account of Scientology in his *Cults of Unreason* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, 1973). Counter-cultists have not placed Evans' account in their "Hall of Fame" of Scientology exposes, because Evans found some mitigating factors about the group. But I consider his account a good, temperate, and in places quite funny word on the subject.

More recent books on Scientology are Bent Corydon and L. Ron Hubbard, Jr.'s *L. Ron Hubbard: Messiah or Madman* (Lyle Stuart, Secaucus, New Jersey, 1987); Russell Miller's *Bare-Faced Messiah* (Key Porter Books, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 1987); and Jon Atack's *A Piece of Blue Sky* (Carol Publishing Group, Secaucus, New Jersey, 1990) -- all informative and worth reading, of these books the Atack carrying the more recent data on Scientology enormities.

Getting back to the early 1970s, as with Roy Wallis, some chickens were coming home to roost for Paulette Cooper, author of *Scandal of Scientology*. I'm afraid I may've had something to do with this. Girodias had received a long letter from L. Ron Hubbard's eldest son, L. Ron Hubbard, Jr., called "Nibs," castigating his father and the organization, and offering to help Olympia promote my book. Nibs showed up in New York, and we had dinner together. He was a homey, affable man, red-headed and beefy but other wise not resembling his father physically.

In time, I introduced Nibs to Paulette Cooper, and over a period of several weeks he visited her apartment several times and made use of her typewriter. Cooper and I found out later that over the years Nibs had ping-ponged back and forth between loyalty and disloyalty to his father, always needed money, and could not be trusted. But it was too late. Things exploded. One morning, FBI investigators came to my rented room and interrogated me. Reverend James Meisler had received three anonymous bomb threat letters. Each was written to suggest the work of one of the group's top New York enemies: Paulette Cooper, myself, and a dissident franchise holder named Bernard Green. I was summoned before a grand jury, where I averred that Meisler had written the letters to himself to frame the Church's enemies. The questioning was predominantly about Paulette

Cooper. Her fingerprints had been traced on the particular anonymous letter phrased to most resemble her style. Cooper could ascertain only one way the organization could have got her fingerprints on that piece of paper: Nibs Hubbard, acting as a double agent, had snatched it from her apartment.

Cooper had to spend vast sums on lawyers and take lie-detector tests to avoid imprisonment. Altogether, she went through years of torment from "strange happenings." Word was spread around her building that she had venereal disease; she got threatening phone calls; a threatening stranger posing as a messenger showed up at her apartment door. Later, again through the Freedom of Information Act, Scientology documents were found that referred to a plot called "PC (Paulette Cooper) Freakout," the plot's object to get Cooper incarcerated in either a jail or a mental institution.

Scientology is known to abuse the court system, instigating meritless lawsuits to harass enemies. Cooper was hit with many, something around twenty lawsuits, it seemed from every localized Scientology church in America. She countersued, and eventually received a cash settlement from the organization.

Maurice Girodias hired a woman named Betty Marks to help promote my book (I cannot provide an accurate chronology for these events). She did her job well, and got me on the radio, mostly noontime talk shows, about a dozen times and on TV once. When it came to presenting my side on the media I was extremely inept.

The TV presentation was a debate between myself and, of all people, the Reverend James Meisler, who was the org's public relations person at the time. Meisler used Hubbard's prescribed technique for media encounters; each time I opened my mouth he cut in with a diatribe about "those who oppose freedom of religion." The technique is called "jamming." While Meisler was keeping me muzzled, a cadre of Scientologists in the studio audience chortled every time I did get in a word. (Years afterward, a defector told me that during the program the Scinos in the audience visualized me with my mouth full of stones; they believed this kept me from speaking!)

Confronted by Meisler, after my initial shock, I decided that it would be best for my cause to just let him bulldoze on and dig his own grave. Apparently this strategy worked; after the show several people told me that I had impressed them as a well-mannered sincere guy while my opponent was an obstreperous bully.

Life is strange, but it can get even stranger. I was telling the world about Scientology on a mid-day talk show; the MC said it was time for call-ins. One of the callers said, "I was a male nurse at the mental institution where Mr. Kaufman spent some time. I happened to see his diagnosis, and it was `paranoid schizophrenic with homosexual tendencies.'" To be honest, I had to conclude that, since the organization had known about my institutionalization from the book *Inside Scientology*, and correctly named the hospital over the radio, the caller or a confederate had traveled Upstate to the hospital, strolled, or snuck, into the hospital records room, got my actual diagnosis and aired it on the talk-show -- a diagnosis that either paints me as a severe mental case, or the mental-medical profession as total nincompoops in assessing a patient.

As Paulette Cooper was showing strong signs of proving her innocence in sending anonymous bomb threat scares, the heat must have been growing for the Reverend James Meisler, whom Cooper and myself felt had masterminded the frameup. We heard that Meisler was being shipped to a Scientology org in Australia, to get him away from the scene. I immediately wrote him a letter, care of the New York Org, congratulating him on his forthcoming trip to Down Under, where he

would be the proud auditor of the World's First Kangaroo Clear. I also sketched in a music staff, with the words "I'm going to sit right down and write myself a letter."

Such is Scientology's high dropout rate that I haven't been able to find out whether or not James Meisler is still in the group. I spent my brief time in Scientology in 1968; I have heard of only a couple members from that period -- practically nil -- who stayed on. Perhaps someday I will learn of Meisler's defection. Whether we have a beer and a chuckle over "the old days" is another matter.

A Ghanian fellow rented a room down the corridor from mine. He frequently had countrymen over for gatherings, and one afternoon, when there was a bunch in the hallway, I was introduced to a young American Black named Jerry. Jerry was neat, good-looking, pleasant, and played jazz drums, very well, as I was to find out. He visited the Africans periodically, and stopped by my place several times to chat. He needed a cheap room, and three weeks or so after we met I introduced Jerry to the landlord, who rented a room to him.

From that time forward, Jerry and I often breakfasted together; he would knock on my door around nine a.m. and we usually went to a Cuban place where they served fresh orange or grapefruit juice and cafe con leche. We went to jazz joints two or three times. I was still steamed up over Scientology, and read Jerry articles I wrote about it. He listened impassively. For some inexplicable reason, I never let my guard down with Jerry enough to mention Paulette Cooper and her legal battles with the Church.

One week I rented a small biofeedback device that worked on finger temperature, not so dissimilar to the Scientology E-meter, which works on the principle of galvanic skin response. I let Jerry try it. He was marvelously adept at getting the device to read favorably, and I had to adjust the "start again at a new level" button repeatedly. This could have made me somewhat suspicious of Jerry, for the somewhat vacuous mental state which may bring about alpha readings or other favorable signs in conventional biofeedback training is just what the Scientologist learns to achieve at will, over the course of time, to "pass" the various processes and "gain" the various abilities touted by the organization.

I took Jerry to my swimming pool on a guest pass. He started coming to the health club with me regularly, though after our initial visit he had to pay a fee each time. I suspected this was a hardship for him, for he told me he was pulling in barely enough money driving a cab to make do. He told me he had a girl friend across town, and for her or other reasons, he occasionally left our building for several days. Then he would appear again, and we'd have breakfast and go swimming together.

After several pool visits with me, Jerry showed me two combination locks which he said he'd got for us because he didn't trust the locks supplied at the pool. I found mine a bit cumbersome, but, in deference to my friend's thoughtfulness, memorized the combination and began using it. On one of our swims, Jerry mentioned a girl he knew he used to see, but now they were platonic. He felt that she and I might have something in common, and that I should take her along to the pool.

Rosalyn was a superbly built, very attractive light-skinned Black or Latino young lady. We all swam, and had dinner near the club. Jerry told me a few days later that he thought Rosalyn was interested in me and would go out on a date if I asked her.

She picked me up in her car one night, and I went with her on the strangest date of my life. We sat watching a movie; I took her hand, and there was neither resistance nor positive response. We didn't talk much before and after the film, but talking to her was like holding her hand: nothing wrong and nothing very right, a lack of communication of any sort. Rosalyn wanted to visit some

friends who worked in a disco, and I hung around the joint, which was located on Times Square, for the better part of an hour while she talked to people running the records and the lighting. It was still fairly early in the evening when she drove up Riverside Drive and let me off near my building.

Not long after the date with Rosalyn, Jerry said he had to go out of town for a week or two, was letting a different young lady stay in his room while he was gone, and he'd be grateful if I'd go up and introduce myself to her and help her in any way I could. I didn't visit Jerry's room; I was probably miffed at any further of his suggestions about his lady friends because of my weird experience with Rosalyn. In the course of a couple of weeks, the young lady left two notes on my door, asking me if we could meet. I paid no attention.

A few more days passed, I got bored and curious, had a change of heart and went up to the eighth floor to make her acquaintance. To visit someone in those old residential hotels, one usually went to their unit, or corridor, and rang the front bell a number of times corresponding to their room number inside. No one answered my rings. I persisted, and one of the other lodgers in the unit opened the unit door and let me take a look at Jerry's room and leave a note if I wished.

Jerry's door was open a few inches. I entered, starting to get an eerie feeling. The room looked like someone had left it in a hurry. A window was open, and the weather, which had turned significantly colder within the last two days, sent a chilly breeze into the room. The record player was on; the turntable drifted slowly around, but no sound issued from the speakers. I saw no man's or woman's clothing lying about, and the place appeared to have been cleared out. I don't remember whether Jerry's drum set was still there, but it looked like whoever had been tenanting the room had left it on the run.

I shut off the record player, closed the window and turned to leave. Something took a hold of me and drew me to the corner closet, my flesh creeping. It, too, had been cleaned out, except for a couple sports jackets, but there was an object in a corner at the back of the closet. It was a brown valise. I reached inside; there was only a small notebook in it, which I pulled out and opened randomly. The first thing I saw was the combination of the lock Jerry had given me for the safety of my possessions at the swimming pool. I flipped the pages and read, "Twigs still doesn't know I'm a Scientologist." Simple enough. Paulette Cooper, Scientology's arch enemy, was ultra petite, hence "Twiggy." I was also an enemy of Scientology and a friend of hers, hence "Twigs." I left the room, clutching the spy log-book, and back in my own lodgings read with chilling fascination how I'd been followed and tracked for the past few weeks, and how difficult it was for Jerry to conduct this "mission" (as an espionage or sabotage assignment is called in Scientology's Guardian's Office) while he was driving a hack around New York trying to pay for his room rent and visits to the health club with me.

Weeks passed. One morning there was a knock on my door. Jerry had shown up again. As we sat at the counter having a Spanish breakfast, I said, "Man, I know all about you; I know you're a Scientology spy."

Jerry's air of innocence was superb. I learned later that Guardian's Office people are given special training to lie while keeping a straight face. Jerry wanted to know what made me think he was a Scientologist. Of course, he'd found his spy log-book gone, had had to relate that fact to his superiors, possibly during a "security check," and was under pressure over giving himself away with me. He had probably suffered Ethics Penalty, such as three days' work around the org with no sleep.

I steadfastly refrained from mentioning the log-book; and I must have increased Jerry's discomfort

by telling him that I knew a spy was coming to my building long before he'd ever arrived there in the first place.

The patience, planning and elaborateness of the Guardian Office's snooping freaked me out. Agents had had to scrutinize my unit -- I've never found out how they accomplished that -- and contrive a way to get Jerry and me together through the friendly Africans. Another agent would then have had to join my health club (no mean amount to pay for dues!), and used my combination to get into my locker and make impressions of the keys in my pants pocket. This would enable Guardian's Office personnel to enter my room and examine my address book and writings-in-progress. That must have been the reason for Rosalyn; my three or four hour date with her would be a sure time when I'd be away from my room long enough for the break-in and search.

Again, my education came later: I was shown Hubbard documents claiming that anyone who attacks Scientology will be found to have a criminal record -- and if a search, which could include scanning of any existing "confidential" auditing reports, fails to turn up a criminal record, the Guardian's Office will create one for the enemy! Looking back on the Jerry episode, I can't conceive why so much trouble was taken with me. I was by then far down on the "Enemies list," not much had happened with my book, and I was no great threat to the Scientology organization. I can only view these events as hinting at the extent of Hubbard's paranoia.

I was to discover in books on Scientology years later that at the time of this espionage, Hubbard himself was in hiding in a modest apartment in the New York City borough of Queens, disguising himself in a wig and killing time by fiddling with his cameras and presumably plotting "missions" for his Guardian staff.

I never saw Jerry after our confrontation in the restaurant. He took off again, this time not to return.

Some of the documents my friends brought back from Washington, DC, courtesy of the Freedom of Information Act, had bearing on the "Twigs" plot. Included was a file on Twigs. My haunts and habits were described in burdensome detail, down to the way I twirled my pipe-cleaning tool. There were lists of friends of mine going back two decades. Obviously Hubbard's stooges would go to bizarre lengths to gather and store information about those who criticized Scientology or its leader. Hubbard predicated that getting into someone's personal papers, keeping a tail on them, and scrupulously examining their private auditing reports (if the person happened to have been a member), for example, would provide the desired knowledge of the enemy's weaknesses and foibles, good material for blackmail, extortion or besmirching of reputation. I have heard that this obsessiveness about offenders also involves their "whole track," the totality of an individual's history *including "past lives."* And again, I must wonder what all this is in aid of, what it accomplishes.

As time went by, I recognized that I was getting over my own obsessions about Scientology. A kind of breakthrough for an ex-cultist, not necessarily a pleasant one, occurs when he/she is sorely vexed by something other than their former group. Perhaps trouble on the job; a medical bill; a dunning notice from the IRS; unruly neighbors; something in their personal life -- whatever it happens to be, the "ex" might think, "Well, I haven't felt this for a while, but such-and-such is about as much a pain as Scientology." The "ex" is then putting the cult in a bit more perspective, part of the entire world and not so unique and separate from everything else. I believe this type of insight is not uncommon among ex-members, but a natural development in their weaning away from the group.

There was still the odd incident. This one I'll never figure out. I was playing piano for ballet

performances at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC, and didn't have much to cover in the orchestra score, so on my frequent days/nights off I'd take train or bus back to New York City. Once, entering my rented room, my eye caught something rustling in the breeze on the windowsill. It was the stub of a Metroliner ticket to Washington -- and I had never taken the Metroliner so it couldn't have been my stub!

Every so often during the '70s I got a letter from a total stranger expressing their concern about a family member who had joined Scientology, and asking me what to do about it. Or sometimes the letter-writer had left the movement and was undergoing problems. Paulette Cooper's disasters with spies and my own encounter with Jerry made me increasingly wary of messages dropping in on me from out of nowhere. There were also pleasant instances, where the correspondent checked out and I could help another soul in their defection from the group.

I've also contacted several people I met in Scientology for whom I felt special warmth (I've never felt anything but that the majority of Scientologists are as decent and law-abiding as most non-members, and often exceptionally nice.) This has had mixed results. There have been some non-replies -- which could simply mean poor mail delivery. Some people had quit the movement; one individual had stayed in but had nothing against me for my negative opinions and writings, and we enjoyed discussions about Hubbard's theories. Three of those I contacted slammed the door. Two -- one of them an old friend -- wrote "disconnect letters;" the third gave me hell over the telephone (this happened to be the very person who had first introduced me to Scientology!) For the most part their message to me was that I'd attacked something that had saved their lives -- mankind's only hope for survival -- and I was a naughty, or evil, person.

Several years after publication of *Inside Scientology*, two members of the New York org invited me to meet them at a Bagel Nosh to talk about selling the Church the rights to my book. They waved a check for five thousand dollars in front of me. I told them it would take a lot more than that, if I'd even agree to it with any kind of inducement.

A while later I was sent a letter from Scientology lawyers in California claiming that the organization had obtained the rights to my book. I knew this to be a lie. However, sometime later the matter of who had the rights became academic, because of newer-vintage exposes of Scientology appearing in the media.

*Inside Scientology* has been out of the bookstores now for many years. However, I, and many others, believe that the book has qualities above and beyond an expose, and will live on.

Negative comment on Scientology has been wide-ranged and intense. But perhaps the best way to know what's wrong with Scientology is to read Hubbard himself (a good fount of information *about* Hubbard is (aforementioned) Russell Miller's *Bare-Faced Messiah* -- a neat play on "Liar" -- if you can obtain the book.)

Hubbard was a prodigy; I am always amazed by him. Some years after his death I became aware that, with all his con-man-ship, perhaps his greatest hoax is the use of the "E-meter" in Scientology auditing. The point about the E-meter is so obvious that it's befuddling why more people (including myself) didn't seem to "get it" during their first auditing session, or certainly soon after leaving the group.

Simply stated, the E-meter is a biofeedback device; that is, it furnishes moment-to-moment information about a physiologic process, in this case response/resistance of the subject's skin to an electric circuit. Hubbard's program was that skin reaction indicates "charge from the reactive

mind." The fact is that responses, and consequent reads on the electric device, occur because one hooked up to biofeedback apparatus *quickly forms a relationship with the equipment*, an inner "biofeedback sense," based on motivation, or system of rewards (such as the wish to succeed in auditing and justify the advance payment), the general environment and one's emotional state, including rapport or lack of it with the "trainer" (auditor).

To suggest to a Scientologist that working with an E-meter actually constitutes biofeedback training would be heresy; *yet the "preclear," once on the machine, soon learns subliminally how to get reads in his or her favor to achieve their objective, Hubbard-driven incentives*. We may talk about punishments, extortion of monies and services, the Sea Org, the Guardian's Office (now called the Office of Special Affairs). But for me the essence of hoax and folly begins right with Day One of auditing, when the "preclear" is "put on the cans."

I wish to emphasize to defectors that they may not be able to turn feelings about Scientology, or whatever cult, on and off at will after leaving the group. It would not be unnatural for them to remain "in the experience," perhaps for what seems an inordinate length of time, referred to as the "twilight zone," an element of which is to hold the entity that attained such control over them in considerable awe. One's reasons for joining the group in the first place may require working out. Then, too, indoctrination may be sly and insidious, or mercilessly brutal and intimidating, or both. It doesn't necessarily follow that upon leaving a group one's image of it as something inexorably vast and powerful immediately loses its grip. The defector may feel, "Anyone or anything who did this to me is a force to be reckoned with and a threat to the world."

It took me quite a while to restore my sense of balance and bring Scientology down to size: as a fairly well-peopled and very well-monied organization that would like to take over the world but doesn't have the slightest chance.

I've written in the preface to *Inside Scientology/Dianetics* that I "deprogrammed" myself writing the book. This isn't entirely accurate, though the effort of going over and over the events through several rewrites, doubtlessly benefited me, and again, I would recommend this to ex-members of any group.

It's struck me forcibly over the years how many people leave Scientology because of Hubbard's fierce policies and the organization's application of them, but still retain faith in Hubbard's so-called "technology." (Many of these individuals, still believing Hubbard a genius, and continue to practice some form of auditing. The organization calls them "squirrels.") These worthies insist that they actually use the "tech" in their daily living. I have yet to elicit from any of them just how, precisely, they are able to!

The investment in Scientology is so great, in funds, time and emotion, that it may well happen that an ex-member will not give up his or her vested interest, but continue to entertain a nebulous concept of having gained something valuable from their experience -- and I'm referring mostly to the training. Again, the exact nature of such would be difficult, if not impossible, to elicit.

One may, of course, gain some backbone *getting over* the experience.

"Dis-" or "reindoctrination," "deprogramming," if you will (or call it acquiring good sense), is not such a fixed commodity that we can refer to an individual as "deprogrammed once and for all." The person may reject Guru X and his teachings, but reindoctrination can never be said to reach a final conclusion, but to continue always. This is both because there is never any end to what one may learn about one's experiences, and also because indoctrination reigns in our world, everywhere, in

countless and varied ways, whether or not one would ever join a group, in the form of authoritarianism, bureaucracy, muzzy thinking, superstition. (Read *The Guru Papers*, by Joel Kramer and Diana Alstad, Frog, Ltd., Berkeley, California, 1993). It might be fair to say that to be human is to be immersed in dogma of one sort or another.

Re cults specifically, if we help an ex-member to say, "I hate Guru X, his teachings are clap-trap and I was brainwashed," we are still, in a sense, fomenting dogma, just different-sounding dogma. The "ex" is returning to the rest of the world's, our world's, dogma, the dogma outside the cult. Exit counselors (the current term for "deprogrammers") like to think they truly help people. I don't disagree with them; yet it's also true that they are reasonably likely to ease passage for a borderline member from one set of dogma to another. (Gregory Bateson wrote in *Steps to an Ecology of the Mind*, (Ballantine Books, New York, 1972, page 269): "We social scientists would do well to hold back our eagerness to control that world which we so imperfectly understand.") Ironically, the "joiner" originally chose to abandon "our world" for the cult, *the other side of* switching from one set of dogma to another. Perhaps we need new words for this phenomenon, such as "trans-" or "cross-indoctrination."

To complicate matters, as it's also well-known, a "deprogrammed" individual may choose to return to the group -- obviously to the great consternation of the exit counselor(s); but, then, we are simply viewing the interactions between those two sets of dogma, the cult's and our world's. And are we so convinced as to the superiority of our realities to those of the cult that returning an individual to the latter is by its very nature an act of grace?

Although I use the terms "deprogramming" and "indoctrination," and will continue to use them, the game of cultists vs. counter-cultists of necessity embodies "We Against Them." Counter-cultism may display as much intolerance as cultism, for example by imputing cultism -- viz., in this setting, evil -- to an innocuous group because of differing beliefs. It might be closer to the truth that the cult is simply a part of our world, that cult and non-cult are not opposites, uniquely separate and distinct, but related elements in the same machine (as Kurt Vonnegut wrote to a Calypso beat in his *Cat's Cradle*:

Nice, nice, velly nice,  
So many different creatures in de same device.

*SHALL we try to understand each other?*

Robert Kaufman (1995)

*The compulsive quest for certainty is not the expression of genuine faith but is rooted in the need to conquer the unbearable doubt.*

Erich Fromm

**"INSIDE SCIENTOLOGY," ROBERT KAUFMAN'S UNDERGROUND CLASSIC, IS BACK!!!**  
GREAT NEWS FOR SCIENTOLOGY WATCHERS!  
NOW TITLED "INSIDE SCIENTOLOGY/DIANETICS"

The work has drawn the highest praise from other eminent writers on Scientology:

William S. Burroughs (*Naked Lunch*): Robert Kaufman has shown great courage in writing this book.

Roy Wallis (*The Road to Total Freedom*): One of the best accounts ... is Robert Kaufman's amusing, poignant and marvellously insightful account of his experiences in Scientology.

Jon Atack (*A Piece of Blue Sky*): Kaufman was the first who dared to publish details of the OT levels, and his book remains the best description of the Scientology experience.

Colin Wilson (*The Outsider, Encyclopedia of the Occult*); I thoroughly enjoyed your book on Scientology, which I thought was witty and brilliantly written as well as being very informative.

Christopher Evans (*Cults of Unreason*); I have read your extraordinary book. I thought it was brilliantly written, witty and alarming. I think it also an important social document as it gives the views of an `insider turned outsider.'

## A message from the author Robert Kaufman

Perhaps, reader, you are one of those who have been bombarded with a TV and billboard campaign promoting the book *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*, by L. Ron Hubbard. *Dianetics* contains information that will bring freedom and self-fulfilment, say the ads. What the ads don't tell you is that Dianetics, a "fringe" therapy that first appeared in book form in 1950, is really a "hook" to pull people into the Church of Scientology, a powerful hydra-headed international organization that extracts money and services from its members through its control of their minds and pocketbooks. Scientology (the collective term for the teachings, techniques and network of church corporations created by the late L. Ron Hubbard) sells "mental processing" that bears little resemblance to the book *Dianetics*. However, Scientology, for reasons my own book makes clear, uses Dianetics to lure "raw meat" (non-Scientologists) into its thought-control machine.

The words "Dianetics" and "Scientology" are built on Greek and Latin roots and sound "scientific" and innocuous. Dianetics and Scientology are not sciences, and they are anything but innocuous. Deceptive use of the name "Dianetics" is typical of Scientology's operations. The organization has much to hide. Scientology and its other "fronts" such as Dianetics speak of freedom. But what kind of "freedom"? I am one of those who spoke out about Scientology. Agents devised a way to enter my home and photograph my papers. A piano concert I booked to play at Carnegie Recital Hall in New York City was canceled at the last moment by a man identifying himself as "Robert Kaufman." My publisher was destroyed in Great Britain by a massive campaign of theft, forgery and poison pen letters.

Scientology tried to steal my freedom of thought and speech, both when I was a member and after. That has only made me want to speak out all the more. In doing so, I have *your* freedom in mind also. You are about to enjoy a true science fiction adventure in "another world here on earth." Entertainment, yes. But I also wish to share with you -- perhaps with an intensity you haven't known for a while -- the preciousness, the blessedness, of our right to think and speak as we choose.

Your freedom. My freedom. Our freedom.

# A Letter in Scientologese

Below is an imaginary letter from one Scientologist to another, written in "Scientologese." (An English translation is provided in Appendix B.)

*Dear Dimitrius thetan-exteriorized,*

*It's about time I acked your last letter. This is my first moment's respite in the year AD 21. Here's the R-Factor I promised you. Lots of wins at the AO. Fast-flow is In, many PCs with F/Ns and OT Releases. Expanded Grades and NOTS have made the difference. I'm now on Class VIII and it's the greatest ever -- more COGS even than SBC. I've been totally keyed-out since my New Power. Last night I left the body behind for three hours. Dissem is effortless when you're not bogged down with PTPs and MEST. We have our Postulates In to get Ethics, Tech and Admin In and Clear the Galaxy.*

*Not to enturbulate our comm lines but something is definitely Out at the org. I've cognited that the D of T is pulling it in. I haven't seen his case review on Upper Levels, but a while back he had an ARC break, started nattering from the bank and blew the Hill. Well, they got him back all right, pulled his withholds and put him through a Joburg and an S&D. He disconnected from the SP but that didn't end cycle. More recently he's been Q-and-A-ing, complaining of SOMS after a rehab and is coming on PTS again. Qual put him in lines and gave him a green-form and a by-passed charge assessment. He had a few falls and a rock slam before his meter packed with high TA. There may be a false attestation somewhere -- EWs or perhaps an unflat service fac. The guy may even be stuck in inc I or II. In any event, the poor bastard's spinning and we have to clean it up if it takes Ethics landing him a Doubt and sending him to the boat.*

*I don't wish to overrun you; I'm back in my yenta valence again. So long for now -- I'm going across the road to do TR-O on a cow. Talk to you soon, man.*

*With ARC,*

*Louise*

*P.S. I'm signing a billion year contract next week.*

# Preface

To its devotees Scientology is a religion and an applied philosophy (Scientology devotees, past and present, include movie stars John Travolta, Tom Cruise and Karen Black, entertainers Sonny Bono and Priscilla Presley, football great John Brodie, jazz pianist Chick Corea and EST guru Werner Erhard, as well as convicted murderer Charles Manson). To many "wogs" (Scientology jargon for "outsiders") Scientology is a cult or a con game. To me Scientology is science fiction come to life. In fact, Scientology is the creation of a (now-deceased) "wog world" science fiction writer, an American named L. Ron Hubbard -- Mr. Scientology. In 1947, just before he first publicly entered the mental and spiritual sweepstakes, Hubbard asked an assemblage of his science fiction writer colleagues, Why write for a penny a word when the way to make money is to start your own religion? Hubbard went beyond what purports to be a religion to create his own world, a colony of followers on earth whose purpose is to "Clear the Planet" -- meaning seize it from the "wogs."

After twenty years' familiarity with Scientology I'm still awed that one person wrought this bizarre, colorful, complex world-in-itself that incorporates:

- a powerful indoctrination machinery for implanting "Tech," an unlikely mixture of pop-psychology, biofeedback and secret processes;
- a maze-like bureaucracy of rules and ranks, rewards and punishments, implemented by a system of classifying everything in the universe according to Scientology standards;
- a language of its own which I call "Scientologese."

Hubbard's guru venture reportedly brought him over one billion dollars, in foreign bank accounts, a fleet of sailing vessels that included a "flagship" to float him about on the Mediterranean, multitudinous branches of his parent organization worldwide linked up by a vast telex system, and control over thousands, perhaps millions, of lives. Hubbard was genius, lunatic, businessman, charlatan, saint, despot -- or some combination. The Scientology organization promulgates an "official" biography of Hubbard, most of it apparently written by Hubbard himself. Wog chroniclers have found a lot of holes in the Scientology version. Areas of Hubbard's life now and perhaps always will remain in shadow.

So omnipresent is Hubbard, still, in Scientology that my capsule definition of Scientology remains "Hubbard's world," and of a Scientologist "One who believes everything Hubbard said." His followers consider him superhuman, his origin not Nebraska circa 1911 but another planet trillions of years ago.

In the late '60s I was involved in Scientology, for about one year on the fringes of the group, then for several months in Great Britain at two Scientology headquarters to receive the "secret processes." My account of the involvement was published in 1972 under the title *Inside Scientology* (Olympia Press). I wrote the first drafts to cure myself of the sickness and confusion I suffered from the experience, in effect deprogramming myself before "deprogramming" became part of the language of defection from cults, or new religions. The present volume is essentially the same story, what I believe to be the first disclosure of the secret Scientology processes, including "clearing" and the "Upper Levels."

During the story two themes intertwine: the sequence of increasingly freaky Scientology "processes," and my passage to a different world and back, with attendant skepticism, then belief, then disenchantment. Through the narrative form I believe I have captured more vividly Scientology's unique atmosphere, or "feel," than the "wog" accounts.

I've changed the names of most of the characters, both Scientologists and wogs. It should be kept in mind that dollar amounts are at 1968-9 worth, much greater than today's.

Since Hubbard's "Tech" is the be-all-and-end-all of Scientology,[•] I have reconstructed processing sessions as "scripts," to bring it right to the reader, and have adorned the story with direct quotes of Hubbard as well as indented sections, my own paraphrases of his message. You may enjoy imagining these quotes and paraphrases delivered in a rich baritone, husky yet mellifluous, at once ingratiating and commanding: the voice of Mr. Scientology.

[•] *Footnote:*

I don't believe the methods are intrinsically different today.

# Introduction

## Dianetics, the Ultimate Do-It-Yourself Book

*The Creation of dianetics is a milestone for Man comparable to his discovery of fire and superior to his inventions of the wheel and arch ...*

L. RON HUBBARD

I first heard of L. Ron Hubbard in the early 50's, as author of the book *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*. I was studying music then in my hometown, Rochester, New York, and spotted *Dianetics* at a local bookstore. Its green jacket blurbled that Hubbard had found "the hidden source of all psychosomatic ills and human aberrations ... and skills for their invariable cure." This was the kind of stuff I liked! I took home a copy and read it in a day or two.

Hubbard derives the word "Dianetics" from the Greek *dianoua*, meaning "thought." "Dianetics is an exact science," he writes, "and its application is on the order of, but simpler than, engineering." The principles of Dianetics are, as Hubbard says, easy to grasp, though the book runs to several hundred pages of spacy jargon, mostly common English words which Hubbard bends to his own use.

The Dianetic model of the human psyche actually consists of "two minds," the analytical, or conscious thinking mind, a flawlessly performing portable computer, and the reactive mind, or "stimulus response mechanism," an unfortunate remnant of cavemen days. The analytical mind records every moment in its possessor's life in full stereo, visual, smell and touch, and files the recordings, which are then readily available in the "memory bank." However, should pain, shock or anesthesia "fuse out" the analytical mind (render the individual unconscious), the reactive mind takes up the recording process, still in full detail, only in such instance a traumatic incident is filed away in the reactive mind, where it is no longer available and has destructive effect. Hubbard calls reactive mind recordings "engrams," and claims that engrams are "the hidden source of all psychosomatic ills and human aberrations," the cause of human affliction from minor neuroses to sickness, war and insanity.

Engrams are "restimulated" in present time by something in the environment that resembles one or more of the sensory imprints -- sight, sound, etc. -- in the engram, and make their professors suffer a full array of psychosomatic, neurotic or psychotic symptoms. The verbal content of engrams is particularly insidious. The reactive mind cannot "think"; it takes words literally. Hence, words recorded during a painful incident become commands (such as "Stop!" yelled during a car crash) that cause sickness and irrational behavior through an entire lifetime.

A person may have hundreds of engrams. Everyone has at least one -- birth. But there are also prenatal engrams, writes Hubbard. When Mother makes love, bumps into the bureau, or attempts an abortion by flushing, scraping, or sticking the fetus with knitting needles or bent hangers, recordings are imprinted in the "fetal reactive mind." According to Hubbard, attempted abortion is much more common, even in the best of households, than many people might suppose.

The notion of words recorded during sexual intercourse must have evoked fabulous vistas for prospective engram-hunters. Indeed, I learned much later that by the time I read *Dianetics* the book had won a nationwide following and become something of a fad.

Hubbard's cure for the world's ills, called "auditing," is equally rudimentary. An "auditor" puts the

subject into "Dianetic reverie" with a short countdown, and directs the subject to recall painful incidents in the past and relive them in full detail. Reliving is also called running, like a film take. Memory of an incident is not enough; the subject must "relive" it in present time, with all sensory perceptions, most importantly pain. Repeated running (rerunning) is usually necessary. At some point the subject suddenly feels relief from his symptoms. He may break into laughter or tears. The auditor then knows that the engram has been erased, and with it its harmful effect.

Now Hubbard's jackpot. A person who runs and erases all his or her engrams is now a clear, free from aberration and psychosomatic symptoms, gifted with total recall, higher IQ, and greater overall capability. A Clear would be the first fully autonomous being on our planet, the happy occupant of a shining world, thus fulfilling mankind's age-old dream of achieving a state something "above human." All one needs is the book "*Dianetics*" and a partner with whom to take turns auditing.

I found all this immensely appealing. Of course, even self-help books not as sweeping as *Dianetics* can make a carefree person suddenly aware of personal weaknesses. I hadn't even finished the opening chapter before I realized that all I had needed was a "cure" for my laziness in practicing the piano, unsensational results with women, and resentment for my parents. Dianetics seemed logical and consistent within its own context, though repetitious. I noticed similarities between Dianetics and psychoanalysis. Both methods call for journeys into the past, and Hubbard's mapping out of the psyche strongly resembles Freud's.

However, in auditing, the subject's trouble spots -- engrams -- are not discussed or analyzed. The material is summoned up from the "memory bank" in a computer-like fashion and treated as a "computation" by the auditor, a distinctly modern concept.

It was Hubbard's style as much as his ideas that convinced me. He is superconfident, brash, grandiose. He attacks the established healing professions with swash-buckling gusto, claiming that a few hours of auditing will achieve much greater results than twenty years of psychoanalysis, which produce, at best, a "well-adjusted neurotic."

Hubbard was the underdog, the precocious upstart, the test pilot, the whizkid in the attic saving his country with a marvelous invention in the nick of time. Why, maybe Hubbard was right! There was something heroic about this thing.

I broached Dianetics to a friend in one of the practice rooms at the Eastman School of Music. This bull-session fell in easily with our regular pastime of brainstorming quick ways to master piano playing. My friend was willing to give auditing a shot. Perhaps engrams were causing his marital problems. I made him an outline of the Dianetic procedure, and a few nights later we began auditing sessions in a garage apartment that smelled of cat droppings.

First I was the auditor. My partner lay on a couch, according to Hubbard's instructions, and soon after a short countdown to get him into "Dianetic reverie" he seemed to be in a car crash of a dozen years ago. I directed him through the incident several times, and he began to speak in the present tense, an indication that he was "reliving": "It's late at night ... I'm riding home from a party ... I feel the motion of the car ... the tires screech, we hit something, I'm flying through the windshield ... I hear someone yelling in the distance ... I'm waking up in some bushes ... they're scratchy ... I'm bleeding ... people are running over, helping me up."

I directed him once more to the beginning of the incident to rerun it. This time he heard words spoken while he was lying in the bushes, but could not identify them. When three successive runnings failed to add details, I "brought him up to present time" and ended session with the word

"canceled."

I had tried to run the session according to method, but he was upset that he hadn't gotten the words and was left "stranded in an engram" -- meaning that I'd violated one of Hubbard's auditor's rules.

We tried several more sessions, dividing our time equally as auditor and subject. Nothing really noteworthy happened, though at times we both felt we were close to something significant. Auditing held a hint of promise. It was just too time-consuming. Hubbard states that it might take hundreds of hours to audit someone to Clear but doesn't mention that anyone has ever made it. What with the time element and the obvious danger of things getting out of control when running heavy incidents, we stopped experimenting.

I saw none of the reviews or critiques of *Dianetics* at that time. In the mid-50's I read another Hubbard book, *Science of Survival*, and was disappointed to find a proliferation of jargon and complicated-looking charts that I couldn't relate to my understanding of Dianetics. There was MEST -- Matter, Energy, Space and Time, the physical universe; and enMEST, MEST in a state of turbulence. Also theta, the spiritual, and entheta, "enturbulated" theta. Subjects slept off the effects of engram running in periods of grogginess called "boil-offs" which lasted up to 30 hours.

I wondered why Hubbard innovated so soon after proclaiming the original Dianetics unfailingly successful. An ad in the book announced the establishment of a Dianetic Research Foundation in Wichita, Kansas, where one could be audited for a fee.

By 1960 I was settled in New York, still single, playing piano in ballet rehearsal studios and orchestra pits for a living. I heard nothing of Hubbard for several years, except for a rumor in a magazine that he had spent time in a mental hospital. Occasionally I read Eastern philosophy, and dabbled in mystic ideas -- never for very long; there were always other systems that "almost worked" to experiment with. At times I wished I could find a commitment, a goal to stick to, but I had pretty well learned to accept my lack of it.

For the most part I forgot about L. Ron Hubbard and Dianetics.

## **PART I: The Franchise**

*We use on him the exact button he came to us on so he's never dismayed at any change of tack on our part. Then we interest him in clearing.*

L. RON HUBBARD

# Raw Meat

My reacquaintance with the world of L. Ron Hubbard commenced sometime around 1965 on a subway platform in Manhattan. A young lady I knew from a ballet orchestra job (I'll call her "Joan Porter") called over from the opposite platform, "I've found it! Scientology! It really works!" Further knowledge of what she had found was cut off by the downtown express.

The next time I ran into Joan we went to a coffeeshop on upper Broadway. She started talking about Scientology right away, crediting it with her new-found abilities to communicate, solve her personal problems and play her cello better. Scientology was apparently L. Ron Hubbard's update of Dianetics, and of course this mention of Hubbard immediately recalled to me my frustrating late-teens auditing experiment.

Now talking to Joan, Scientology was a further letdown even than the book *Science of Survival*, a further corruption of Dianetics. At least Dianetics had been simple, understandable and inexpensive. Joan had to pay cash in advance for her auditing, at local Scientology headquarters, a suite of rooms in midtown Manhattan called by the strange-sounding abbreviation "the org." During her sessions Joan was hooked up to a small electric box called an "E-meter" which the auditor used somewhat like a lie-detector to locate hidden problem sources, or "areas of charge." A science fiction note had crept in. Auditing, or "processing," as it was now also called, tended to bring subjects back to "past lives" -- perhaps on other planets. Such incidents were duly "dated" and "verified" on the E-meter. Hubbard had replaced the relatively straightforward routine of running people through traumatic incidents to a state of "clear" with an elaborate-sounding sequence of "Grades" and "Releases." Joan didn't mention "clearing" -- if in fact it was still part of the scheme of things. Instead she spoke of the "thetan," Hubbard's term for "soul."

Clearly, Hubbard, not satisfied with the royalties from *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*, had changed the name of his product, thrown in some new gimmicks and started a pseudo-therapy mill. The name "Scientology" sounded phoney, contrived to impress sloppy thinkers that something precise was being administered at the "org." The whole thing gave the lie to Dianetics -- which had obviously never worked. Nor would Scientology work either.

However, I was curious about Joan's cello playing. Here was something tangible. But as it happened, when we got together a week or two later to play duos, I thought Joan played just as well as ever but she seemed more concerned about how she was doing than what she was doing, her chief music-making problem since I'd known her. I heard nothing that day to substantiate the exciting breakthrough she claimed she owed to Scientology.

Not long after that, I discovered that another old acquaintance, Morton Morvis, had "found it." Like Joan, Morton was fascinated by the electrical device. When he was being interrogated with the E-meter, he told me, he felt compelled to reveal to the auditor his innermost thoughts, no matter how outlandish or self-incriminating they might be; and strangely, rather than feeling embarrassed, he relished these exchanges, especially when the auditor happened to be an alluring young female (for some unknown reason he always seemed to get that type of auditor at the New York Org).

Morton was also enthralled by the powerful personality of L. Ron Hubbard, as transmitted to him via lecture films at the org. To Morton, Hubbard was a self-made man, the supreme pragmatist who would succeed at any endeavor and who had drawn on many fields of knowledge to create Scientology. Hubbard was indeed something of a magician, who reached into the air and grabbed

fistfuls of physics and engineering with which he plotted the human mind with scientific precision. For all his prodigiousness, Hubbard was down to earth and seemed to speak directly to Morvis, who described Hubbard's presence on the screen as that of a "combination pro football coach, corporation executive and Roman Emperor," who chatted like a Dutch uncle about the whole universe.

Another aspect of Scientology made it, for Morvis, even more enticing than the "processing" with an electrical apparatus -- which made the org sound a bit like a meat-packing plant. He enjoyed entertaining me with tales of the auditor's training course he was taking. One of the skills a prospective auditor had to learn was how to keep a straight face when confronting a "preclear" (one not yet clear). An auditor had to have the self-control not to flinch at the most preposterous irrationalities issuing from the preclear's "reactive mind," Hubbard's older Dianetics term for the part of the psyche that housed the trouble spots. To help the trainee acquire this ability, Hubbard had devised a drill in which a coach played the role of a preclear, rampant with reactive mind and out to shake up the auditor in any way possible. Hubbard called the drill "bull-baiting."

Many coaches tried to make the auditor-in-training laugh. Morton described to me one such session. He and his coach sat in chairs facing each other, the coach almost on top of him with his knees tightly pinning Morton's together. The coach then set out to find Morton's "buttons" -- subjects that would break him up and divert his attention from auditing a preclear. He began with the premise that Morton had a "Jewish button" that needed "flattening" (it happened that most Jewish people had such a button).

"Mister Morvish," crooned the coach, "mosht pipple leff at me ven I szing, but you von't leff et me ven I szing, vill you, Mishter Morvish?" With that, the coach cleared his throat and went into repeated choruses of "Tzum golly golly golly." Other trainees around them took up the refrain, until the tune reverberated in various voice registers, throughout the room. A basso did the "Tzums" like a bullfrog out on the lily-pads; an ingenious girl added as counterpoint *Theme from Exodus*: "Dai dai ... dai dai ... dai dai dai dai dai DAIEE ..." The org resounded with the music and Morvis' gasps of laughter. Just when he had calmed down a little, a newcomer stepped into the room and announced, "I've just come from the planet Ginsberg in the galaxy Sholom. Did you ever see a thetan wearing a yarmulka?", and they were off again. All told, it took six hours to "flatten" Morvis' Jewish button.

The sexual side of life was often a heavy button also, and this gave Morvis his chance to get back at the young lady who had sung "Theme from Exodus." She couldn't keep a straight face when he bull-baited her with, "I'd love to run my tongue around the area between your cunt and your asshole," the remark delivered with appropriate licking motions. She had the last laugh however -- or, rather, he did -- when she got another turn to bull-bait him. She found that he still had an "unflat button" -- flatulence -- and kept him in convulsions for several more hours with a vocal assortment of blasts and repercussions.

It developed that Joan Porter and Morton Morvis knew each other, either from the org or from the music business. The three of us got together several times, and their relationship intrigued me as much as their stories about an orgful of spaced-out Scientologists breaking each other up with their own training rites. Joan considered herself a more serious and dedicated member than Morton, who was taken above all else with the zanier antics at the org. She thought him frivolous; Morton, in turn, teased her for being uptight, with an "unflat button on Scientology itself." Their semi-playful poking at each other's supposed weaknesses was like a bull-baiting session carried outside the org, with an added element of flirtation. There was something new also in their attitude towards me. Though it was for the most part unstated, I knew they thought I needed auditing (true, along with every other "preclear"), and that it was only a matter of time before I joined them at the

org. They would say, "You'll never understand Scientology until you've experienced it." Silly souls! It was inconceivable that my old friends had become regimented -- brainwashed; they were just going through a stage. I would touch fleetingly upon something newly different about them. The next moment they would be quite the same people I had known for years.

Several months after first hearing of Scientology, I knew little more about it than I had before.

Through Joan I met Felicia Lancia, a professional auditor. Joan took me to her apartment one night, after convincing me that Felicia had other interests besides Scientology and wouldn't harp on the subject. Felicia Lancia was a slender attractive woman with magnetically compelling eyes. She and her husband Renzo were also musicians and we hit it off immediately. The Lancias impressed me, in a quiet way. Neither of them was irritatingly demonstrative about Scientology; in fact, Renzo was much more caught up in his composing. Felicia, though more enchanted with it, had kept her balance, I felt, better than Joan Porter had. The Lancias seemed to get along well together, despite Felicia's deeper immersion in the group.

True to Joan's word, no great pressure was put on me to join, though Felicia didn't try to hide her interest. When I played the Lancias' piano, she discerned an esoteric message in the performance and used still another term, "ARC," for the vibrations she received from it. Clearly she meant this as a compliment. Joan called my attention to the luxuriant growth of the plants in the apartment. "Plants need to be Validated the same as people," she said. "Give them plenty of ARC -- Affinity, Reality and Communication. Touch them, compliment them, and they'll flourish for you." I thought this made sense. However, "ARC" sounded a lot like plain old "TLC" -- Tender Loving Care.

Felicia had me try a drill in which I imitated motions of her hands. Only a severely handicapped person would have flunked it. Then she had me direct Joan to walk around the room and touch walls and objects. I was to acknowledge Joan's obedience each time she carried out an order with a "Thank you" or "Good." This quickly got boring. The young ladies thought I did very well at these drills and would make a fine Scientologist someday. I left the Lancias' thinking that if it wasn't Scientology it would be something else.

The next week, Felicia asked me to meet her at the New York Org. As soon as I entered the place I was directed to Reception, a stunning blonde whose job, I discovered, was to get visitors to sign up for auditing and courses. Reception wanted me to start immediately on the Lower Grades. As she fixed her gaze unyieldingly on me, I began to get squeamish and tried to avert my eyes from her consuming stare. I told her I wished to hold off for a while to think it over. Hearing that, she launched an attack. It was obvious, she said, that I had problems I wasn't facing up to. Scientology was the only way to Total Freedom and I was sinning against myself by waiting.

I was repelled by her. Breaking away from her penetrating eyes, I located Felicia and took her downstairs for coffee. "I never should have brought you here," she said, smiling. "You're too individualistic for them. Don't blame Reception -- she gets extra credits for anyone she signs up. But it does get to be a bit heavy at times. I'll audit you privately at our place, away from the gung-ho fanatics."

I didn't accept her offer. As much as I liked Felicia, I just wasn't interested in Scientology. I still didn't really know what it was; my friends had never given me a coherent explanation of how it brought the claimed results. Since my Dianetics experience, my mystic leanings had been more towards Eastern thinking, and I had learned to indulge them at little cost in an easy chair at home with the radio on and a paperback by Krishnamurti or Suzuki. Scientology was my friends' elaborate toy. If they felt it helped them, fine. They didn't push it the way the org folk did. As long as none of us tried

to impose our own trip on the next person we all got along beautifully. I started seeing the Lancias regularly.

In the fall of '66 I began six months of bus touring with a musical production. It was the worst job I'd ever had. I returned to New York feeling washed-out, not sure what I wanted to do. At that point Felicia reiterated her offer, this time making it more attractive. She would audit me through one grade, which she called a "release," at a lower price than the org's, on an approval basis. I was to continue only if I felt benefit from it.

This might be just the diversion I needed. "Grade 0 Release" would take only an hour or two, she said; and since I had saved money from my last few music jobs, \$125 (the org's price was \$150 for the grade) would scarcely make a dent. Further, the fee would go to someone I knew and liked, not to the org, poetic justice for the bad time Reception had given me.

There was a muted note of sexual excitement in the prospect of being audited by Felicia. I was to take the passive role in a game of "doctor-and-patient" -- in this case an attractive female doctor -- the feeling of childlike conspiracy heightened by my anticipation of unusual happenings during the sessions. It would be a piquant, novel form of intimacy, with Felicia acting as ringleader. I had no naive hopes of working out my life, solving problems and gaining abilities through auditing, no intention of going beyond the one initial "release." Primarily, I wanted to be a good sport. It would be a lark.

It was April, 1967, perhaps two years after I had first heard of Scientology on a subway platform, that I agreed to let Felicia audit me privately, a harmless little pact that set me apart, I imagined, from those whose involvement with Scientology had been swift and total.

# Preclear

I sat across a small table from Felicia. The E-meter, about the size of a large cigar box, was propped up on the table at a forty-five degree angle, its face turned so that only Felicia could see the workings of the needle on the dial. Two tin cans, which formerly might have borne soup labels, were connected to the meter by cords and lay on the table within my reach.

Felicia smiled and explained that we would be doing a process on "communication, the ability to talk to others." She adjusted several small knobs on the box and said in a firmer voice than usual: "Pick up the cans, please ... thank you."

The cans were tarnished with use. I relaxed my grip on them until it felt comfortable. Felicia looked directly into my eyes and said: "This is the process. What are you willing to talk to me about?"

"A lot of things," I said.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll repeat the auditing question. What are you willing to talk to me about?"

"Music," I answered.

"Fine. What are you willing to tell me about it?"

"Anything I know."

"Thank you. Is there anything more on that?"

I told her there was nothing about music that I wasn't willing to talk to her about.

"Thank you," she repeated. "What are you willing to talk to me about?"

"People," I said.

"Good. What are you willing to tell me about them?"

I started thinking. This was a very broad subject; I'd have to do some figuring-out. Felicia's gaze was direct, as if to draw out my response.

"Anything I can."

Gradually I loosened up. I mentioned various subjects. Each time Felicia asked me "Any more on that?", I would answer "No" or make a brief comment, and she would thank me. After a while, Felicia -- or the machine -- seemed satisfied on that question.

"What are you willing to talk to me about?"

There it was again. There must be some simple trick to this, leading me towards an obvious conclusion. There wasn't much of anything I wouldn't be willing to talk to Felicia about. I hesitated. There was something. I winced in instant recognition of the thought that had shot into my awareness, lighting up my brain like a red flare.

"I'll repeat the auditing question. What are you willing to talk to me about?"

"Oh, a lot of things. Just about anything, I guess."

"The needle is reading on something here. What do you think it could be?"

The meter had detected it. I hesitated.

"That -- that!" she cried, spotting reads.

As I sat there clutching the tin cans, I had a sudden urge to really talk to her for the first time, to tell her everything.

"I have this thing about women's asses."

"Thank you. What are you willing to tell me about it?"

"I have this infernal obsession about their asses."

"Thank you. Any more on that?"

"I've always had it."

"All right. Anything more you're willing to tell me about it?"

"That's just it -- I don't know. It's something to do with 'looking inside,' but I don't know what it is or why. It all seems silly."

"Fine. If you were to look inside, what do you think you might see?"

"A hole ... a passage ... a tunnel."

"Thank you. Anything else?"

"An elevator shaft, a dishwasher, a green Mercedes," I said, getting into what I hoped was the spirit of it.

"Good. Let's take a look at this. Just keep going. We'll make up a list of all the things you might see."

Feeling somewhat dense, I continued to free associate, adding to the list of everything I "might see," Felicia duly noting each item on a sheet of paper. At one point I felt myself getting closer to the core of the mystery and the reason for my obsession, but the feeling vanished. Felicia urged me on and I kept adding to this list.

When I spoke the word "funnel" I reached it. Something started changing inside my head, bringing a physical sensation, a gentle, probing relaxation, carrying with it a hint of memory of a long-forgotten pleasure. As in a vision, I was looking down into a vortex.

"Maybe I'm reliving something," I said, and as I tried to describe it to her it shaped itself into a cornucopia winding down into the middle of my head, unlocking lost sensations.

"Thank you. Go on."

"It's getting weaker."

"All right. Anything more on that?"

"It's gone now."

Our last exchange of the session occurred shortly after that:

"What are you willing to talk to me about?"

"Anything."

"What are you willing to tell me about it?"

"Anything you want to know."

Felicia smiled and said, "Thank you. That's it for now. What gains have you had from the session?" I was slightly taken aback and told her I hadn't had time to find out.

We met for the next session two or three days later. Nothing had happened in the interim to suggest any "gains" or to throw any light on the "vortex in head" experience. I hoped to explore the "vortex" further; it tantalizingly evoked something from my early childhood -- perhaps to do with my eyesight; I had worn glasses from age eleven and had probably been nearsighted long before that. The only other thought that I remember having right after the first session might have been occasioned by Felicia's auditing mannerisms -- her concentrated gaze and numerous "Thank you's." The thought was that never before in my whole life had I received such pure attention from another person.

Felicia directed me to pick up the cans. Her first question was, "What gains have you had from the previous session?" I replied, "None as yet, but the session itself was interesting."

"Thank you. I'm going to ask you some questions about people you might find difficult to communicate with. This is the process. If you could talk to a policeman, what would you be willing to talk to him about?"

"Whatever wouldn't get me arrested."

"Thank you. If you could talk to a judge, what would you be willing to talk to him about?"

"Anything that wouldn't put me in contempt of court."

"Thank you."

Whenever Felicia was satisfied, she would go on down her list.

"If you could talk to your mother, what would you be willing to talk to her about?"

"I couldn't. She died several years ago."

"All right. Any more on that?"

"She didn't die peacefully."

"Okay. If you could talk to your mother, what would you be willing to talk to her about?"

"I'd tell her I was sorry."

"Thank you. If you were talking to her about being sorry, what would you say exactly?"

"Well, I couldn't be talking to her, really."

"All right. Put down the cans a moment. If it was merely your consideration that you couldn't talk to her, maybe you really could talk to her. I want you to just go along for a minute or two with your mother being here so you could communicate with her. Pretend if you have to."

I gripped the cans again and told my mother that I wished I'd been a better son to her.

At session's end Felicia asked me for my gains. I had none to give her.

About one hour into the third session Felicia started to lean toward me, with the rapt look of a bird-dog sniffing the air. My responses were coming quicker now, and her eyes glowed as though an awesome event was unfolding.

"If you could communicate to anyone, what would you be willing to talk about?"

"Anything. Anything at all."

Felicia spotted the E-meter read she had been looking for and announced: "Thank you. That's it! Put down the cans. Congratulations, Bob, on your Grade 0 Communications Release. Now tell me your gains from the process."

This little speech and especially the question annoyed me. I didn't need an auditor and an electric box to teach me how to communicate. I had paid \$125 for an ability I had always possessed, and was now told I had achieved something great.

Even if Felicia were right, it would take me some time to find out for myself -- to see if I were any different, if my life opened up in any way. But there was Felicia with her "gains" again. I had none to report.

I didn't mention to her my annoyance, despite my "communications release" (in fact, I was less outspoken than I might have been before!), but told her I would let her know within a week about taking the next grade.

I would have been happier if the second or third session had brought back the "vortex" experience, yet Felicia was perfectly content with my "release." I didn't understand that. Apparently I had some misconceptions. I did feel there was something to auditing; it had immediately plucked mysterious chords in the past. My relationship with Felicia was also intriguing. It was a kind of challenge. She thought highly of me. Surely nothing could happen on one more grade to lower that opinion.

The following week I made advance payment for the next grade, Problems.

Renzo Lancia told me he was not ecstatic about his wife's "open-house" for her Scientology friends. As a "Scientology widower," he welcomed our music sessions and long walks. Most of Felicia's circle were musicians, but even their professional shop-talk was larded with Scientology jargon.

Joan Porter lived near the Lancias and dropped by most evenings. She habitually spoke in the lingo, taking it into her own airy speculations. This drove Renzo up the wall. Renzo liked to think that Joan's prattle had little to do with the "real Scientology." Surely Scientology had a dignified side, and Joan's flightiness was her own aberration which would be "audited out of her" if she stuck with it long enough.

A guest Renzo found particularly abrasive was Marty Moussorgsky, a non-musician, veteran Scientologist, and one of Felicia's first auditors, who was known in her circle for his knack for auditing preclears to speedy releases through his own free-wheeling departures from Hubbard's Standard Operating Procedure -- a practice the org people would have called "squirreling" had they known about it. Renzo described Marty Moussorgsky as solidly built, blue-eyed and pockmarked, with rough, handsome features and a lot of wavy brown hair. Renzo thought him obnoxious.

I met Marty one evening at the Lancias. Joan Porter and I soon started arguing over how to learn a piece of music. This was typical of our recent exchanges. I made a provocative remark about "the pain certain people come to expect when practicing their instrument." Marty, who was across the room ostensibly in another conversation, bellowed, "And what makes you think you know anything about pain -- or pleasure? You should be able to have or not have both before you go shooting off your mouth."

I discussed the incident with Joan when I saw her home. "Marty always has good reasons for the things he says, even if he seems off-the-wall," she said, "and he's helped a lot of people." "Have" and "Not Have" proved to be Scientology concepts, but this didn't help me to understand Marty's diatribe.

Felicia informed me that she planned to go to England soon for clearing. Because the process was so costly, Renzo would be getting only his "Power Release," a preparation for clearing. Marty had already been over for the Power Processing -- which helped to explain his high stature in Felicia's circle -- but he was forbidden to divulge anything about it to those at lower stages. All processes above the Lower Grades, including clearing, were "confidential" and given only at Scientology central headquarters, located near the town of East Grinstead, Sussex, England.

This raised some questions in my mind: How did Scientology clearing differ from Dianetic clearing? What was the secret method? Had Hubbard discovered something about the mind that made him change Dianetics? Whatever the answers, Felicia was excited about her forthcoming trip. I was curious to see what she would be like after clearing. It made me feel a bit nostalgic to know that clearing had its place in Scientology after all. I'd always wanted to see England. If the process proved stable over the next few years, I might toy with the idea of going to England to try out clearing again. On a lark.

*You, as a theta being, may or may not have seen Greece or Rome.*

L. RON HUBBARD

"This is the process. Tell me a problem."

"Sometimes living is a problem."

"Fine. If living is a problem, how would you solve it?"

"I don't know."

"Thank you. I'll repeat the auditing question. If living is a problem, how would you solve it?"

"In a lot of ways. In fact, too many ways."

"Fine. What do you consider 'too many ways' could be?"

"Be active, be passive, fight it, avoid it, work like hell, be a bum."

"Good. Just give me all your possible solutions."

"Get better jobs, live in an apartment instead of my furnished room, get married, study something new."

"Thank you. Any other solutions?"

"Exercise, stop smoking, eat right, meditate."

"Thank you. Tell me a problem."

"My music."

"Thank you. If music is a problem, how would you solve it?"

"Practice the piano, give a recital, compose, write a book about it ... Something just occurred to me, but it doesn't seem to have anything to do with this subject. I'm getting a funny feeling."

"All right. What do you consider it could be?"

"I have a mental picture of Afghanistan. I'm in a tent. There are green fields, flags, horses outside."

"Fine. When is this?"

"The first thought I get is the fifteenth century."

"All right. Is that when it is?"

"Yes, I guess it is."

"Thank you. Anything else on that picture?"

"Yes. I was in Afghanistan on a music tour once. But this is strange. I saw flags and fields last Sunday at a rally in Central Park."

"Thank you. Anything else?"

"There's something different about this. I think there are fires burning, torches sending out clouds of smoke. This is funny -- I don't really believe it, but it's like I've been in that scene."

"Thank you. Anything more on that?"

"I just don't know if this is an actual reliving or a dream or fantasy. I'm sinking deeper into it. This is making me very uneasy. I'm being held captive in the tent."

"Thank you. Anything else?"

"I want to get out. I'm right in that tent imagining I'm outside seeing those horses. They're having a race or a contest or something."

"All right. Any considerations on that?"

"You know, maybe that's what the problem is: They're keeping me inside that tent and I want to get out."

"Thank you. If that were a problem how would you solve it?"

"I can't solve it. I'm stuck in it. I'm a tiny, helpless baby and I can't do anything -- it's all being done to me. I'm not responsible for what's happening."

"I got that! What are your considerations on 'responsibility'?"

"The word has unpleasant connotations for me. I associate it with guilt, shame, being told to do things I don't really want to do and being blamed if I don't do them."

"All right. Put down the cans a minute. Here's a standard dictionary. Look up 'responsibility' ... Okay, so what does it mean?"

"Yeah, I had it all wrong. 'Blame' isn't in there. But I just don't like the word. Something about it rubs me the wrong way."

"I want to make sure you know what the word really means, because one of the goals in processing is to raise your responsibility level so you can accept responsibility for your past."

"Do you think that was a past life I just described?"

"I can't evaluate for you. Please pick up the cans. I want to check something on the meter. How do you feel about responsibility now?"

"I guess I've been reading things into the word that aren't there."

"All right. I'll repeat the question. How do you feel about responsibility now?"

"I don't know where I got that idea. I was never overburdened with responsibilities."

"Thank you. Anything more on that?"

"The word means what it means."

"All right. I'll repeat the process question. If that were a problem, how would you solve it?"

"By being responsible for it."

"Thank you. Tell me a problem."

"Having problems."

"Fine. And how would you solve it?"

"By not having problems."

The auditing sessions I depict here are not verbatim accounts (if they were, I stand guilty of possessing the total recall that L. Ron Hubbard ascribes to a Clear). They are reconstructions, encapsulating in short sequences the key events of several hours of auditing. Felicia's gaze was alert and steady, a stare, but for her quick glances down to the meter dial; her "acknowledgments" of my every response -- "Thank you," "All right," "Good," "Fine" -- rang sincere, as though she were saying, "There! I received your thought and it's all right that you had it and told it to me." Unlike so much of human communication -- whether in psychotherapy, as I imagined, or in everyday life -- in auditing there was no analysis, interpretation, reasoning, comparison, judgment; in fact, very little discussion, since the preclear's responses were simply "computations" registered on the E-meter. The auditor, with her electrical device, did not rise to the colorful, the sexual, the "interesting." The things I considered of possible significance -- memories, emotions, hints of psychic phenomena -- were nothing more to Felicia than flashes of rapidly passing scenery, or perhaps obstructions on the path to a completed process.

This odd blend of the personal and the impersonal somehow provoked surprising responses -- which made me think that auditing did relate directly to me.

An old music school friend phoned me from the West Coast. She asked me about Scientology, which I had mentioned in a letter.

"I don't intend to go very far with it," I said, "but auditing is interesting."

"Do you think it can rid me of guilt, like they promise?"

"It's possible."

"I'm going to try it," she said. "I've got to do something with my life. My marriage is on the rocks and everything is a mess. I'm about ready to crack up."

"But are you sure it's right for you?"

"They claim it works for everybody. I read one of Hubbard's books and some of the things he says I've known all along. I've always believed in reincarnation."

"You know it costs a lot of money."

"I can work on staff here at the local org until I've earned the Grades," she replied. "I've got to try it. It's my last hope."

I felt funny after the conversation and wrote to her the same night: "I'm being audited by friends, not at the central org, and I'm only doing it for kicks. Don't make a commitment yet. Give yourself a little time to rediscover your old self, to feel as you always used to, that life is beautiful just as it is, without these promises of self-fulfilment."

"This is the process. What have you done?"

"I get a strong feeling on that. It calls up all the bad things I've ever done."

"Thank you. I'll repeat the auditing question. What have you done?"

"I've done some good things too, but right now I associate the past with wrongs I've committed. I hear the question as 'What have you done wrong?'"

"Fine. Put down the cans a moment. On Grade II we deal with overts and withholds. I want you to look the terms up in this Scientology dictionary."

An "overt" is defined as "a harmful or contra-survival act," a "withhold" as "an undisclosed contra-survival act."

"All right. I'll repeat the auditing question. What have you done?"

I told her some of my "overts" -- harmful acts -- over the years. She took it all down in her report.

"Thank you. Anything more on that?"

"I still feel guilty about something."

"Thank you. What are your considerations on 'guilt'?"

"There's certainly no reason for it. None of the things I've done are cardinal sins."

"Thank you. Any more on that?"

"This is absurd. I shouldn't feel guilty about any of the things I've ever done. It's all in the past anyway. Say, I wonder if I committed those 'overts' because I felt guilty to begin with? I think we're on to something now."

"Good. Is there something you haven't said?"

During the next few seconds my thoughts returned to our first session. There was still something I hadn't told her -- perhaps something to do with sex -- but what? No, there was nothing left. I was chasing figments!

Now I was getting the knack of being a preclear and quicker at recognizing these fresh choices as they came up in session. I did have a choice; and my choice made the E-meter read one way or another. But now that I spotted the choice could I make it that easily about something so incomprehensible yet so crucial, just to cooperate with Felicia -- (Felicia, intently scanning the meter, was smiling) -- when all my life I had been introspective, preoccupied? But Felicia was already confirming my release.

Joan Porter, who had been in the kitchen studying, came out and gave me a warm congratulatory hug. This would have struck me as ludicrous just a week or two ago. But during this session I had been aware of the choice. Now I had earned their applause.

Being audited felt much more natural now. Felicia's friendly but penetrating eyes no longer

intimidated me. At the outset I had averted mine, but now, as Felicia triumphantly pointed out to Joan, I could look her directly in the eye.

I didn't feel pressured or coerced when asked for "gains," either. Still somewhat haltingly, I replied that I knew auditing was helping me, even though I wasn't sure how.

# Marty

I subleased the Lancias' apartment for the few weeks they planned to be in England, and had just settled in and started preparing a piano recital when Marty Moussorgsky phoned me. Marty lived in Queens with his parents and made daily forays into Manhattan carrying his E-meter in a valise. Felicia had told me he was a crack auditor, so I should think about completing the Lower Grades with him while she was away. I wasn't enthusiastic about the suggestion, but I trusted Felicia. It wouldn't hurt to try one grade with him as long as I didn't let him make the Lancia apartment his own *pied-a-terre*.

Grade III deals with personal upsets, called "ARC breaks." Marty had me run through unpleasant encounters I had had with an assortment of people, going back to my earliest childhood. He dated each incident on the E-meter.

Marty audited with dash and verve, as if he were stock car racing, the E-meter his controls. He acknowledged my responses with a terse "All right" accompanied by a snide curl of his upper lip that made me wonder if it was indeed "all right." He interrupted the session several times to volunteer explanations that only made the proceedings less fathomable than before. One interruption was a dissertation on "flinching," an aberration, according to Marty, typical of a person with a reactive mind (apparently I had "flinched").

"Say you're sitting at your piano trying to practice and you keep thinking you see an alligator. `There it is again -- it's coming up through the floor! WHO? WHA ...?' Sometimes you wonder what the fuck's going on. If you stop to think about it, most people go through their whole life like that."

Marty's auditing style seemed to veer him away from the process itself into diversionary improvisations. During the first session he did a "Search and Discovery," to ferret out people in my past who had "suppressed" me. I came up with a grammar school teacher and two bullies in my old neighborhood. Halfway through the second session Marty decided I needed -- another surprise -- Dianetic auditing! (I had thought Dianetics was supplanted by Scientology.) The present Dianetics was much lighter and quicker than the 1950 version. Now only a few engrams were run. Marty directed me through two preliminaries -- a drill on recall and an incident of loss, called a "secondary"; then two childhood engrams -- an ear-lancing and a pleurisy operation. He proclaimed me a Dianetic Release and said I owed him \$150 for the additional auditing. I told Marty it was unfair to demand an extra fee on the spur of the moment and I wouldn't pay it. He took my stand so calmly that I got the impression extra fees were just something he took a shot at when he thought there was a chance to collect.

During the next session Marty blew up at me -- for what reason I don't remember; perhaps he thought I'd asked a stupid question. "I'm not going to audit a wise-ass like you!" he yelled, and packed up his meter and auditing reports. I sensed that he wasn't really angry but playing some kind of game. He hesitated at the door, valise in hand, and made a mollifying remark. I was prepared to await Felicia's return from England to finish Grade III, but Marty said, "C'mon! I'll finish the process," got the meter back out and resumed session as though his outburst hadn't occurred.

Renzo told me later that these scenes were typical of Marty's personalized auditing approach; he was known to throw tantrums with preclears just to provoke "ARC breaks" -- personal upsets -- for him to audit out at a subsequent session.

Marty audited me through Grade III to its conclusion with no further histrionics, by running a few more ARC breaks, including the one we had just had.

It's possible that we went on to the final grade in the series that same evening. I don't remember. Nor can I reconstruct why I continued on with Marty. It wasn't because of "gains"; my "releases" hadn't brought any benefit that I was aware of. Felicia and Marty of course wouldn't have agreed with that, and the "progress" I made was also noted, on the perimeter, by Joan and Renzo. I was delighted that they were delighted, and that was really the extent of my "gains."

Whatever made me go on with it, nothing outrageous Marty did interfered with my "progress." Processes were run and "release points" reached.

In other words, I had learned to be a good preclear.

Grade IV was quite different from what preceded. Marty explained that we were going to find my "service facsimile," defined in the Scientology dictionary as "a computation generated to make self right and others wrong, to dominate or escape domination and to enhance own survival and injure that of others. Will cause the individual to deliberately hold in restimulation selected parts of his reactive mind to explain his failures in life." Most service facsimiles are found to consist of a single sentence.

Marty, for what purpose I couldn't guess, asked me to name a few things I'd like to do after the session. He began making up a list. Some of my entries were: eat a steak dinner; eat a girl's ass; go to the movies. When nothing more occurred to me, Marty started reading back the items in a mechanical tone. I could see him jotting down X's and slashes as he moved down the list, nulling out non-reading items, X-ing others and repeating these, always in the same metallic tone of voice:

"eat a steak dinner	// X
"eat a girl's ass	///
"go to the movies	///
"eat a girl's ass	/// X
"go to the movies"	////

I don't remember what the final item was. (After the session we went out and ate spaghetti.)

Next Marty had us make up another mysterious list, "girls I've liked." This ran more or less chronologically, starting way back with a babysitter, and proceeding on up through movie queens and high-school sophomores to recent acquaintances. The "most highly-charged item" Marty found on the list, via the E-meter, amazed me: It was "Betty Grable."

Marty finally arrived at the question, What method have you used in life to make others wrong? I tried various words and phrases, as Marty X-ed and /-ed, like a negotiating session with the electric box as mediator. After about an hour of listing and nulling, we arrived at this sentence: "I was deprived and nothing can be done about it." This was the protective mental mechanism I had borne through life like cumbersome armor plating. I had used this phrase to justify my laziness and rationalize my failures, and when I repeated the words they had a nasty familiarity.

I was quite satisfied with the denouement, and this time expected some real gains. True, they wouldn't be firm gains until I had experienced out in the world-at-large what it was like not to have a service facsimile -- an exciting prospect even if it might take several months for the new developments to surface.

I liked that Scientology could involve thought and meaning after all. At last, with the service facsimile, there was a causal connection between reactive mind material and aberrated behavior. The concept reminded me of a book I had read by Dr. Albert Ellis, whose psychotherapy aims at exposing and challenging patients' faulty thinking patterns. Scientology, in fact, had its own word for half-baked thoughts, a word used frequently by Felicia and Marty in session: considerations. Although both Hubbard and Ellis might object strongly to each other's company, this possibility of a linkage with non-Scientological thought gave Scientology some weight, making it intellectually interesting to me for the first time. I didn't pay much attention to a major discrepancy: In Ellis' or other cognitive methods, the therapist encourages the patient to challenge his faulty thinking in real life situations, while in Scientology the preclear is taught that a disclosure which produces the right E-meter read signifies the end of the process -- and by implication, automatic results.

Even with these half-digested morsels, Grade IV didn't make me a believer. I felt I had done well getting through two grades with Marty behind the meter; and in a way glad to be through with auditing.

At that point I could have quit perhaps slightly ahead.

# The New York Org

*India and "join Nirvana" has given us techniques WHICH ARE GUARANTEED TO GLUE A THETAN TO A BODY AS THOUGH RIVETED AND TIED WITH IRON BANDS.*

Marty arranged to me to go to the org to get my grades *rehabbed* or checked, and a certificate attesting to my release on Grade IV. The New York Org had expanded and now occupied most of the second floor of a midtown hotel. The reception room was dominated by a book counter and an enormous godlike portrait of L. Ron Hubbard ("god's" face, raised at a visionary angle toward the horizon, looked rather bloated and truculent). The place seemed a bit mad, with young people dashing about in the cultists' peculiar state of militant ecstasy.

A young auditor came over and escorted me to a cubicle. He started to rehab my Grades, checking out on the meter the moments of release. His machine-tooled mannerisms put me off. He had only one way of acknowledging, a buttery, unctuous "Thank you" in a light, nasal voice, each "Thank you" an insincere-sounding replica of the last.

Facing him in the cramped cubicle, I had difficulty remembering anything about my previous auditing. He seemed to be running into sticky action on the meter. I hadn't wanted to go to the org in the first place, and the machine was probably registering that fact. After twenty unpleasant minutes, the auditor led me to a room not much larger than the cubicle. A sign above the door said ETHICS. A girl with pigtails and a businesslike air sat at her desk fiddling with an E-meter.

"Pick up the cans. I'll have to do a Search and Discovery," she said brusquely. Presumably I had done something wrong.

"Are you connected to a suppressive person?"

"No," I replied. How could I be? I'd already been through that process with Marty.

"Thank you. I'll check that on the meter. You don't have to reply. Are you connected to a suppressive person? That's clean. Are you connected to a suppressive group? There's a read on that. What do you consider it could be?"

I didn't know what was causing the read but had no intention of trying to get by Ethics with the naive hope of fooling the meter. I searched my brain for an answer. "I used to go to a Zen center for meditation."

"Thank you. Is this the suppressive group?"

"I do a little yoga occasionally."

"Okay, put down the cans," she said. "You'll have to stop mixing practices as long as you're being audited."

"Why should I? I don't do that much meditation or yoga anyway. What harm could they possibly be?"

"Look, when you're finished auditing you can stand on your head if you like, but not while you're being processed. I don't want you doing anything that'll confuse you about what you owe your gains

to. Meditation is a kind of looking into your mind, isn't it?"

"Maybe when you've done it for a while. But I haven't."

"You're mixing practices. You'll have to promise to give those other ones up if you want your Grades rehabbed."

"What a minute. `Practices' could apply to a lot of other things. We'd have to go over my whole day from morning to night to figure out what I can do and what I can't. But I'm willing if you have the time."

"Say, are you going to stop mixing practices or aren't you?"

"I'm not giving up anything without a better reason than that."

"Okay. Then we'll just have to chuck it."

"Great," I said, getting up to leave.

"It's just too bad you choose to give up Total Freedom," Ethics said vindictively as I went out the door.

Marty phoned me to see how things had gone. When I told him of the disaster, he asked me to write it up so he could launch an investigation of Ethics at the org. I sent him an account, concluding with "Certain people within the organization itself are abusing Scientology and using Scientology to abuse others." I never heard further of my visit to the New York Org or of Marty's "investigation."

In October of '67, while the Lancias were still away, I gave my Town Hall debut. The attending music critic, as music critics will, wrote some favorable comments, phrased so that my performance came off as rather undistinguished. Next day, a cousin of mine, who had come to New York for the recital, related a strange story. During intermission, a man approached him and his party and said, "That pianist owes this concert to me and the group I represent." My cousin's description of the man fitted Marty Moussorgsky.

Marty himself showed up at the Lancias' apartment a couple nights later. I confronted him with my cousin's story, and Marty -- always ready to whip out his E-meter -- audited me on my "possible ARC break" with himself and my "definite ARC break" with the music critic. He charged me no fee for this.

Several nights later, Marty phoned. "Look, there's still charge on your concert," he said. "Take a cab up to Empress Green's -- Felicia's friend's -- apartment. Be there in twenty minutes. I have to catch a plane." Within half an hour I was seated in the kitchen of an apartment near Columbia University, being run through an impromptu, or "coffee-house," session, again at no cost. Marty decided that my Dianetic levels weren't "flat." I don't recall the engrams I obligingly served up for him except that even at that time I thought they sounded like sheer fantasy. It wouldn't have been a real "Marty session" without some craziness, and by this time I felt like making my own contribution.

I enjoyed Marty's free-wheeling spirit, in an unusual sort of way.

# Saint Hill

Renzo Lancia returned to the States minus his wife, who was still doing the Clearing Course. She was taking so long at it that Renzo thought she might be having trouble going clear. The process was a closely-guarded secret, and Felicia had told him only that it had to do with "goals" and that one audited oneself through the course. This suggested that clearing, unlike the Grades, involved some inner struggle.

The Lancias had stayed at a manor called Fyfield, near Hubbard College, Saint Hill, and while Felicia was at "the Hill" taking a preliminary course in self-auditing, and then in their room behind closed door wrestling with the clearing materials, Renzo was free to hang around the manor reading, composing, or strolling in the nearby forest.

Hubbard College was situated in the midst of radiant English countryside. A prospectus Renzo brought back included photos of a splendid acreage with stately manorhouse and bungalow-style classrooms. Here happy, carefree preclears tripped the road to the State of Clear. Prices were given for the courses and processes, along with an imperious-sounding invitation to come to Saint Hill for the "Safe, Sure Way to Total Freedom."

The prospectus announced that now there were new Upper Levels beyond the State of Clear. A Clear, divested of the reactive mind, was like a newborn babe, and still further processing was required to stabilize and reorient him. These higher states, eight in number, were called the OT (Operating Thetan) Levels. There was a drawing of an eight-runged ladder with benign-looking baby ghosts hovering in the air or balancing on the rungs. No hint was given as to the actual content of the Upper Levels. Renzo and I conjectured as to their effects. Perhaps an Operating Thetan would be a citizen of the universe, above sectarianism and drawn to philosophy, the arts and the furthering of world harmony. Renzo had met some Scientologists at the Hill who considered themselves human beings first and Scientologists second. But there were others who sounded like Fascists. To these, the poor and oppressed of the world, the dwellers in mud huts and ghettos, were hopelessly enslaved by their reactive minds and getting exactly what they deserved. The South African Scientologists Renzo had talked to were in favor of apartheid.

A frantic obsessiveness at Saint Hill had made Renzo avoid the place once he had attained his Power Release.

"They jam Scientology down your throat," he said. "If you don't go along with it you're declared suppressive. They've alienated the town of East Grinstead by putting up 'declare notices' on bookdealers who won't push Hubbard's books. It's kind of ominous."

Renzo was unhappy about another thing. It had taken him just twenty minutes to complete his Grade V Power Release, at a cost of \$1,000. Instead of experiencing gains afterwards, he had gotten sick and spent most of that night vomiting off the terrace of Fyfield Manor.

## The OT II

*A preclear is in better condition and will audit better exteriorized than "in his body."*

L. RON HUBBARD

Renzo got a telegram from Felicia: "CLEAR!!!" Her follow-up letter told him that she would be traveling in France and Italy for a few weeks to unwind. Renzo was uneasy. I knew that Felicia wouldn't have any money left for a vacation, but I didn't probe.

When Felicia returned, I was invited over for my first look at the new Clear. She did seem different, more self-possessed and knowing than before, the privileged holder of a beautiful secret she hoped we would all eventually share.

Felicia had brought with her from England Gerald Tyber, an OT II Class VII Auditor. OT II was the second "Upper Level" above clear and VII was the highest class of auditor. Gerald proudly introduced himself as "the only OT II Class VII alive and well in the Western Hemisphere."

There was nothing noteworthy about Gerald Tyber's appearance, save that he was on the rotund side and his eyes were so often half closed in mirth that tiny crinkles had formed at the sides which made him look much of the time like a contented suckling infant. His manner was a quaint blend of old-fashioned graces and glib familiarity that I took at first as a put-on. He treated everyone in the room as co-conspirators in his friendly banter, while putting such gusto into common courtesies -- "please" and "thank you" -- that I remember thinking "He can't mean it, but it's charming and flattering." He spoke of his arrival in the States as if it were a game. He seemed above petty upsets; even an unpleasant encounter at Customs hadn't ruffled him.

Gerald had come to America to open his own Scientology franchise, with Felicia as his partner. Scientologists with certification from Saint Hill could establish their own auditing enterprises, provided they followed Hubbard's Standard Operating Procedures and sent him ten percent of their take. Only a few did this (at the time there were only about four franchises in New York City); most Scientologists earned their living doing other things or worked at an org for low wages. Without quite saying so, Gerald managed to convey that the org members were poor business people with somewhat masochistic tendencies. While looking for a suitable apartment for the franchise, Gerald would be sleeping on the Lancia living room sofa. This arrangement struck me as peculiar, but by this time I was reluctant to harbor any "considerations" on the behavior of Clears and OTs. I was enormously impressed by Gerald. There was a world of confidence behind his hail-fellow manner and rich, meaty laugh. Here he was, just starting a new business in a foreign country, having as it were just dropped in with his overnight bag, acting as casually assured as the man in the white apron tossing dough in the pizza parlor.

Renzo was out when I stopped by the next day, and Felicia told me that their marriage was breaking up -- and Renzo didn't mind. I assumed that Felicia's clearing had something to do with it; a Clear would see things afresh and have the freedom to make long-put-off decisions. I had had no inkling of any marital trouble until Renzo's solitary return from England.

Later that day, Renzo told me that the breakup had been inevitable and he concurred with it. Unbeknownst to their friends, the marriage had been stormy, and now that they had decided to part their relationship was friendlier than it had been for years. But just in case Renzo felt any rancor over the turn of events, Gerald Tyber had offered to give him extra auditing -- called "review" -- at no

cost.

Gerald suggested I also have review, at \$25 an hour.

I was all for it. When I'd heard that Gerald gave "review sessions," I realized I had had some doubts about my previous auditing, especially Marty's disjointed late-night sessions. An OT II Class VII was just the person to straighten it out.

I immediately liked Gerald's auditing. His acknowledgments sounded as gracious as they did out-of-session. By comparison Felicia's auditing technique was scratchy. Being auditing by Gerald was like cruising in a Rolls-Royce equipped with bar, stereo and oriental rugs.

I mentioned a possible lingering ARC break with Marty. Gerald ran a Search and Discovery process which revealed Marty as "suppressive" to me. Also unearthed as a suppressive was the doctor who presided at my birth. In the incident I saw contrasts of light and dark. Then I recalled an incident at some unknown time when I felt I was out of my body, or "exteriorized." I had floated into a room and was hovering over a sofa.

"He's screwing her," I said.

"Fine," said Gerald. "Go through the incident."

"That's all there is to it. I see a man and a woman screwing on the sofa."

"All right. Anything more on that?"

"I don't know who they are, but I think I'm being suppressed in the incident."

"Thank you. I'd like to indicate that the meter has validated that you are being suppressed in the incident."

Gerald rehabbed my Grades, beginning with Marty's Dianetic auditing and on through Grades 0 through IV.

"I'd like to validate that 'I was deprived and nothing can be about it' is your service facsimile," he concluded his summary. "All right, sire. You have a beautiful, clean floating needle. That's it!"

We had been at it for four hours. It didn't seem to matter whether I'd really been out of my body or whether such possibility explained my recurrent dreams of disembodied wanderings. By now I was fully into the routine and willing to forego any questioning in favor of swift progress through a session. When Gerald asked, "What gains, your honor?", I told him with conviction that I felt lighter and freer.

# The Dianetics Course

*I would not give you this data unless it can be demonstrated on any preclear with ease. And I would not give it to you unless you needed it.*

L. RON HUBBARD

Felicia and Gerald rented a large penthouse apartment on the Upper West Side and announced a course in Dianetics at a cost of \$500. The status of Dianetics in Hubbard's newer system was a mystery, but he had made the Dianetics Course a prerequisite for clearing. I had not decided to "go clear," but signed up for the course anyway because I liked being around Gerald. Before I would lay down the money, however, I confessed to Gerald that I was annoyed about paying him so much for review.

"I gave you a very good deal, your honor," Gerald said. "The Search and Discovery alone would've cost you \$100 at Saint Hill. The only way to handle it is more review. C'mon. We can clean this up right now."

"Are you kidding?" I said. "We've already done four hours."

"It's obviously not complete if you don't feel totally right about it. What can I tell you?"

Within moments I was seated at the auditing table gripping the tin cans. We reviewed Gerald's first review and spent more time on Marty to remove any residual charge from the ARC break.

"There's something else bothering me," I said. "I still have this thing about women's asses."

"Thank you. What are your considerations on women's asses?"

"Every time I see an attractive woman, or sometimes maybe not so attractive, the very first thing I want to gape at her ass."

"All right. We're going to run a process on ass. What does ass mean to you now?"

"You want my first thought? Money. Irritation over money."

Gerald repeated the question "What does ass mean to you now," pencil in hand to list my answers.

"I'm thinking of this guy I knew from South Carolina who used to say, 'Ah saw this gal today, man, you sho' woulda dug that l'il ayee-uss.'"

"Thank you. Repeat that phrase."

"Man, you sho' woulda dug that l'il ayee-uss."

"Fine. And again."

"Man, you sho' woulda dug that l'il ayee-uss."

"Good. What does ass mean to you now?"

"I took a prostitute home last night. This morning I felt guilty about it."

"Thank you. Tell me about it."

"I didn't really want to go with her. I would've preferred another one, who wasn't around."

"Thank you. Any more on that?"

"I felt sorry for her."

"Thank you. Any more on that?"

"You know, I don't think I feel guilty at all. It's just that I wasn't that keen on spending my money on her to begin with. Realizing that makes me feel a lot better."

"Thank you. What does ass mean to you now?"

"Ass is ass."

Gerald thanked me for my *cognition*. Review had gone over three hours and to make it an even four Gerald threw in the Money Process, which he said would "blow off" any considerations I had on money. Certain preclears had told Gerald that once they had had the process money began rolling into their pockets from unexpected sources.

The process question was "How would you waste money?" Gerald listed my answers, and I had another cognition: I didn't waste money; I wasted myself when I regretted spending money. Gerald indicated that the meter showed a "clean, free floating needle," and thanked me for the cognition. The review was over. I felt a sense of well-being. Gerald had audited me to insights that made me feel on top of things. I had no reservations about the grand total of \$200 for review, and the next day cheerfully gave him \$500 for the Dianetics Course.

The class was small: Renzo, Felicia's sister and her husband, two middle-aged women, and myself. Felicia and Gerald kept things casual. Students could arrive late, leave early, or miss classes with impunity, and the class met only once or twice a week. Our first assignment was to listen to twelve lecture tapes on Dianetics and Scientology, and this project stretched on to several weeks. Of a typical night, Gerald would set a ninety-minute tape on the machine, go into the bedroom to audit a preclear -- Felicia was generally auditing in another room -- and return later to deliver his own lecture, which he called a special bonus of the course. The tapes sounded like re-recordings and the acoustics of the penthouse living room were abysmal, so that many of the words were blurred. The voice that came out of the speaker was friendly, folksy and confiding, with a punch to it like a freshly-opened can of coffee. It belonged to L. Ron Hubbard, whom the Scientologists called simply "Ron."

*The capabilities of the theta being cannot at this time be set down in a full sweep of data .... It would be unfair to tomorrow to detail them in writing.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The thetan is pure spirit and has no mass, energy, location, or wave-length except as it postulates them. Thus the thetan is not a thing but a creator of things, a static which creates with its own postulates the physical universe of MEST -- Matter, Energy, Space and Time.

The thetan can be inside and outside a MEST body at the same time (its ideal location is near a body and in control of it). A thetan does not die. A thetan is telepathic, can move objects without touching them with MEST and is

unbounded by any MEST limitations. Theta beings are sociable, have a high sense of justice and are interested primarily in esthetics.

You are a thetan. You are not your mind or your body or your name. You are You. In your original state you possessed total awareness of yourself as an immortal spiritual being. You possessed the ability to create your own universe, your own world, and your own body.

Margo Zumbrich, one of my classmates, was usually in session with Gerald during the running of the tapes. Gerald had recently audited her to Grade IV Release, but her new awareness proved painful to her, and she was nervous and depressed. Numerous review sessions with Gerald brought her only temporary relief. Gerald confided to me that he had had misgivings about auditing her to begin with. Many years before she had received shock treatment for an emotional breakdown following her release from a Nazi concentration camp, and such cases were classified "inauditable."

Renzo was also having a rough time. He came to one or two Dianetics classes, then dropped out. Gerald told me he had started giving Renzo the free review he'd promised, but Renzo sometimes failed to keep their appointments. Gerald felt that Renzo was stubbornly clinging to a state of apathy.

Empress Green, a tall, amply-built woman with an abundance of teased hair, was the only student other than myself who consistently showed up for class. Sometimes we kidded around while listening to Hubbard's tapes. There was irritation behind our levity. It was draining to be bombarded for ninety minutes with words we often had to guess at while being tossed like flotsam about the dimly-lit room by that pounding voice. Empress and I sat side by side on the sofa, through the hours, straining to hear Ron's message.

*... for by just that much could he be predicted and brought again into a low state.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The trouble with a thetan was that it could deteriorate. From its static state it began to create MEST, as a game, because it was bored. It created itself a MEST body. Fine! Then what socked it down-scale till it fell out the bottom? Why, it forgot it ever created! It denied any responsibility (and there were plenty of malicious beings in the universe to help it along in this), and in so doing it became Effect rather than Cause. Having given up its spiritual identity, the thetan was trapped, hypnotized to a state of total unconsciousness, and enslaved.

A thetan can be reeducated to be again AT CAUSE. We now have the only technology which will restore you to your former high estate, a technology so swift that you will climb the series of Grades to the Upper Levels in a few hours. Then you will be capable of changing your present MEST body -- its weight, its height ... its appearance.

When the lecture was especially muffled, Empress and I might doze off. Once we were awakened by Gerald entering the living room to give his lecture. Gerald was always bouncy and exuberant, whether he was lecturing to two people or to twenty, as he might do on a guest night. He was generally coatless and tieless at the beginning of class. By the time the tape had played out he would have put on the tie and blue jacket that Felicia affectionately called his "lecture clothes."

"You're looking well, your most royal majesties," he would begin, smiling at each member of his audience in turn. His voice carried well, and he paced about the living room as he spoke. If he felt one of us wasn't giving him proper attention, he'd stop in his tracks, and, eyes and mouth drawn back in slits of mirth, address the offender: "Are you with me?" Gerald's lectures were lively and entertaining. He had a graphic skit about the reactive mind, or "the soobconscious," as he pronounced that word, which I asked him to repeat on several occasions, the way a child might beg to hear a favorite Mother Goose rhyme. He likened the reactive mind to a tiger which is methodically destroyed by Scientology processing. On the Dianetic levels the tiger is caged, and observable at a distance. On Grade 0 we draw closer and cut off its left front claws, on Grade I the right front; the

grades through IV and the preliminaries to clearing dispose of the hind claws and leave the animal toothless and tailless. Now we are ready for clearing, the total obliteration of the tiger. I was particularly enthralled when Gerald, to conclude his demonstration, jumped violently about the room, his paunch joggling, hacking away at the hapless beast with an imaginary machete.

Another of Gerald's patters that I especially liked was on a reactive mind mechanism called the *missed withhold*.

"A withhold is an attempt to hide an overt, or harmful act," he explained. "Usually when you've committed an overt, you go out of your way to avoid telling anyone. That's a withhold. Now, a missed withhold occurs when you think someone may have found out about your withhold, or, really, your overt. Something makes you think they're on to you, but you're not quite sure and you go nuts wondering whether they actually know or not. For example, you come home late at night, you've cheated on your wife, you're coming in through the kitchen door, and the dog looks at you kind of funny. He's wagging his tail but he's looking at you kind of funny. And you kick the dog. That's a missed withhold.

"And now I'm going to tell you one of the innermost secrets of existence, your assembled highnesses. If you fully digest this, you'll understand human behavior." He winked. "If anyone ever criticizes you a little too harshly for some unknown reason, you know one thing for a fact: He's done something to you. He's committed an overt on you, and he has a withhold on it, and a missed withhold, he's not sure whether you know or not. That's why he attacks you -- to justify his original overt. Don't let him get away with it. Make him sit down and face you, and say to him, 'What did you do to me?'"

"Out of a clear blue sky?" asked Empress.

"Exactly. Don't let him off the hook. 'Now come on, be honest, tell me what you did to me,' looking him dead in the eye. Don't stop until he gives it to you. Then he'll feel better and you'll feel better and you'll be friends. He'll thank you the rest of his life for what you did for him."

"How true," I thought, "how profound. This explains a lot about human behavior." I could hardly wait to apply Gerald's technique in the world outside the franchise. Unfortunately, for the week or so that the missed withhold was strong in my mind, no one criticized me unfairly. An ideal test would have been to confront a young lady who had said what I thought were some strange things a few years previous when we were breaking up our relationship. If I could get her into a coffeeshop I would fix my eyes on hers from across the booth and demand, "All right. What did you do to me in 1960?" Since there was no way short of kidnapping that I could bring about such a confrontation, I never found out if Gerald's strategy would work on her.

Every Sunday evening was guest night at the franchise. Gerald would give an introductory lecture that began with "Scientology's origins in Eastern thought," and included a standardized speech on the benefits his listeners would receive if they signed up for the Grades: ability to communicate freely, ability to solve problems, freedom from guilt, freedom from personal upsets, and development of talents to the fullest. He also touted the Dianetics Course, "which will show you how to understand your own mind and deal with the reactive mind in others." Felicia would unfold a large chart showing the sequence of Scientology training and processing by a network of columns, boxes filled in with Scientology terms, and arrows pointing upwards, which to the uninitiated might have resembled a buried treasure map on another planet.

Gerald used the scattergun approach in building his practice. More than once he urged me to bring

as many guests as I could, and he wanted me to make him up a list of my friends' phone numbers. This type of promotion annoyed me. I brought people on a couple of evenings but was embarrassed when Gerald mispronounced certain words and repeated his major points several times as though he were addressing mental incompetents. Gerald was also guilty of maudlin sentiments (this had particularly appalled Renzo): "Always remember that you are really very beautiful beings, and look for the beauty in others. People are basically beautiful and good. Cultivate the roses, not the thorns, be willing to Grant Others Beingness, and you will walk out of the black night of misery into the green fields and blue skies of serenity."

Of course, a lot of people just weren't interested in Scientology, or considered the cost of processing outrageous and Gerald a pushy salesman out for a quick buck. Yet Gerald always had a steady flow of preclears arriving at the franchise.

I didn't stop attending the Sunday night lectures until long after I knew in advance everything Gerald would say. I started to enjoy the repetition. Gerald's constant recitation of gains began to have a pleasing effect on me. Previously, the only grade that had "caught me" was IV, the service facsimile. The umpteenth time I heard Gerald's recap of the Grades my gains became real to me. It was *my gains* Gerald was talking about -- Communications Release, Problems Release, and the rest.

I thought back to my piano recital: the incentive to rent Town Hall, practice all summer, make my debut as I'd intended for years; my ability to communicate to a sizeable audience. It was plain now that my recital had been a result of processing after all. Though I had resented Marty for saying so, I owed it to Scientology.

*This is useful knowledge. With it the blind again see, the lame walk, the ill recover, the insane become sane and the sane become saner.*

L. RON HUBBARD

There were about thirty bulletins in the Dianetics study pack, each running from one to four mimeographed pages stapled together and bearing a date in the range of 1962-67. This presentation suggested that Hubbard had dashed off articles over the years and selected from this material when he decided to make up a course.

The bulletin "Healing, Insanity, and Troublesome Sources," emphasized that "healing" refers only to "the relief of difficulties from mental or spiritual causes," and that the org should direct a preclear seeking physical relief to have an examination by a medical doctor. If his condition does not prove to be unarguably "physical," it is presumably "mental or spiritual in origin," and he could be processed. A similar clause provided for preclears with a mental record: A person who has no history of "deserved institutionalization" is classified "auditable."

The "Healing and Insanity" policy gave orgs and franchises plenty of leeway in signing up preclears. I was sympathetic to this. Obviously every preclear needed to cure *something*. I agreed with the not-so-subtle suggestion in the policy's wording that whatever needs curing is probably mental or spiritual in origin; and that Scientology held more promise of cure than the doctors, with their tranquilizers, unnecessary operations, shock treatment, and patients rotting away in mental wards.

Certain types of individuals considered "inauditable" were called PTS (potential trouble source): those who have ever threatened to sue or embarrass Scientology; those collecting information for a magazine or newspaper article on Scientology; those who wish to judge Scientology; persons with a criminal record; those who are curious, just want to see if Scientology works. I smiled at

"curious"; I had had "PTS tendencies" until quite recently and my Scientology friends had either not noticed or not cared.

There followed a description of the suppressive, also called the "antisocial personality" or "anti-Scientologist." The suppressive speaks in generalities, such as "They say"; changes any news he passes on to others to bad news; doesn't believe people can be helped to get better; attacks wrong targets -- if a suppressive's car breaks down, he beats his wife. A preclear who is "connected to a suppressive" doesn't hold his auditing gains. The auditor runs a Search and Discovery; when the suppressive is detected, the preclear is ordered to write him or her a "disconnect letter."

I doubted that anyone in Felicia's immediate circle had ever written a "disconnect letter," and neither Marty nor Gerald had asked me to disconnect from suppressives. Hubbard, in equating people with suppressive characteristics to "anti-Scientologists," had apparently reverted to his science fiction and adventure writing of the '40s. Felicia and Gerald confirmed their casual attitude toward "suppressives" by giving me a cursory checkout on the bulletin, after which I felt I could forget the whole matter.

A chart called the Tone Scale listed in numerical order the states of being of the thetan, or spirit. Between 0 and 20 lay "apathy," "covert hostility," "grief," "fear," "antagonism," "boredom," "cheerful enthusiasm," and "exhilaration." "Raising the preclear's tone level" was indeed one way to define the purpose of Scientology training and processing.

Below zero on the Tone Scale chart were several states of being denoted by minus numbers, among them, "hiding" and "needing bodies." I asked Gerald to explain.

"It's very simple, your honor," he said. "The scale above 0 represents the gamut of human conditions, and one can go the range from apathy to exhilaration in seconds. The scale below 0 brings in the total spiritual condition of the thetan, which has much greater depth. Of course, death of the physical body doesn't mean the extinction of the thetan -- although most people who are ostensibly 'alive' are somewhere on the lower part of the chart when it comes to awareness of their own awareness, if you know what I mean, sire. In other words, below death ..."

*Bluntly, auditing can't be at optimum without an electropsychometer. An auditor auditing without a machine reminds one of a hunter hunting ducks at pitch black midnight, firing his gun off in all directions.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The face of the E-meter was topped by a thin layer of glass. Its most conspicuous feature was the large needle dial running about two-thirds its width. During a session electric current passed through the preclear's hands, forming a circuit with the meter, and needle action was said to be caused by the preclear's reactive mind just below conscious level. A smaller needle dial, reflecting the preclear's moment-to-moment state during auditing, was called the tone-arm, perhaps to avoid being confused with the Tone Scale -- general states of being not "read" on the meter. Tone-arm numbers ranged from 1 to 7; between 2 and 3 was considered the ideal area, above 4 denoted tension.

Drills using the E-meter were part of the Dianetics Course. E-meter technology helped to make Dianetics much simpler than in 1950. It was no longer necessary to run a preclear's every engram (incidents which could be quite hideous). The auditor ran just one "chain," watched the large dial for a "floating needle," and when the needle drifted about in a lazy, gliding motion with "Good Indicators in" (preclear cheerful and having cognitions) and the tone-arm number not too high,

announced end-of-process. Two preliminary processes gave the preclear (and the auditor) an even softer time of it: ARC Straightwire, a drill on recalling communications, emotions, and "real things"; and Secondaries, the running of one or two moments of loss.

Another bulletin advised auditors to "put in an R-Factor" before each process, a brief explanation of any new Scientology words or phrases. The "R" stood for "Reality."

Margo Zumbrich, who had finally completed her review with Gerald, was my training partner in a series of drills called *TRs*. These covered the basic auditing skills: looking in the preclear's eyes, giving auditing commands, and acknowledging responses, all while "keeping in ARC (Affinity, Realty and Communication)." A + R + C equals understanding. To a non-Scientologist, ARC might seem to mean a pleasing personality; to a Scientologist, ARC was part of the mystique of auditing. Through much repetition, the names of the training drills -- TR-1, TR-2, etc. -- acquired a distinctive usage: Students and auditors not only *practiced* TRs, they *had* TRs ("Her TR-4 is beautiful").

Margo and I began with TR-0 in the privacy of the franchise master bedroom. Our task was to sit face-to-face, quite still, looking into each other's eyes and simply be *there*. Movements of the face or body, excessive eye blinking or apparent wool-gathering would draw "Flunk!" from the partner playing "coach." To pass the drill we had to sit motionless yet with no appearance of rigidity for two hours.

After a few minutes of staring, our eyes started to water. Despite our efforts to prevent blinking we had fits of it, with copious discharge of tears. The desire to swallow was a problem, and in trying not to gulp, our faces tensed up. Persistent looking into each other's eyes numbed us.

Periodically Gerald came into the room to coach us: "Flunk her, Bob. Don't you see her neck stiffening on the left side?" or, "Flunk him, Margo. His face is registering Grief. He's getting low-tone."

Margo and I spent an entire evening and part of another doing TR-0 before Gerald checked us out on it. By the second evening we were quite used to staring at each other.

We went on to "bull-baiting." Margo worked the button "Why hasn't a nice young man like you found a wife?" Then she played a nymphomaniac trying to seduce me. Gerald came in and told us to switch student-coach roles, and I made Margo laugh by imitating a baby gorilla bouncing a new rubber tire.

Gerald whispered in my ear, "There's a lot more to bull-baiting than laughs. Work her on the button not there for a while and you'll see what I mean. Tell her `You're not there.'"

I taunted Margo: "You can't confront this. You want to escape into your thoughts. You're not there."

Her expression changed to anguish. I kept at it. Gerald chimed in, "Good! Keep it crisp. She's coming a helluva ways up the Tone Scale. There! She's more alert now."

Other TRs taught us to confront preclears' eccentricities, to repeat a phrase over and over in the same tone of voice, and to acknowledge responses. TR-4 is a combination of all that precedes; it is almost real auditing. The student has to get answers to his questions in spite of distractions thrown his way by the coach. The patter runs something like this:

"Do birds fly?"

"What kind of birds?" (coach evades answering by asking a question)

"I'll repeat the auditing question. Do birds fly?"

(Coach flaps arms -- now he is bull-baiting)

"I'll repeat the question. Do birds fly?"

"No." (an answer)

"Thank you. Do fish swim?"

"Say, I had an illuminating experience last night ..." (etc., etc.)

(Auditor listens) "Fine. I'll repeat the auditing question. Do fish swim?"

The TRs reminded me of the components of an assembly line, at the end forming the final product. L. Ron Hubbard had evidently devised this mode of instruction, fun, for the most part, and easy to follow, to make auditors out of persons of average intelligence -- or perhaps not quite at that level.

One of the bulletins tells how to proselytize. There are four steps in a proper dissemination: Contact -- approach the subject; Handle -- soften any objections to Scientology; Find subject's "ruin" -- everybody has a major problem or weakness; Bring subject to an understanding -- indicate that Scientology can solve the subject's "ruin" and take him in for processing.

Disseminators are not to take no for an answer, and to pass the "dissem" drill I almost had to use physical force on Gerald, who took the role of a homosexual alcoholic plying me with drinks while steering me towards the bedroom. In Gerald's preclear days, students who were critical of dissemination or poor at it were suspected by the others in the group to be hiding something -- perhaps suppressive tendencies. Gerald himself had been a daring and relentless disseminator. He once grabbed a man by the arm on a London street corner, shouted "You'll do!" and dragged him to the nearby org.

Gerald made ARC, the TRs and the rest of it sound like simple common sense. The point was to let the preclear talk, get things off his chest. Hubbard called criticism of Scientology "nattering." A nattering preclear had "considerations about Scientology" and should be encouraged to talk until he "got them off." If a preclear seemed nervous or preoccupied, he might have a present-time problem. Again, a sharp auditor "got some charge off" before starting a process.

Gerald, who was proud of his ability to "crack any case," told me a story about his encounter with an "inauditable preclear": "When I was an intern at Saint Hill I was given a preclear who was one of the biggest fanatics in the place but never held his gains. He claimed the only reason he went on with auditing was his utter faith in L. Ron Hubbard. The staff busted their humps on him. I was known as the acme case-cracker at the Hill, and they finally turned him over to me.

"I audited him a total of thirty hours and just as I was about ready to give up I had an inspiration. I said to him, 'I've just received a message from Ron,' pulled out a blank piece of paper and pretended to read it to him: 'I, L. Ron Hubbard, hereby confess that Scientology is all a hoax. I created it to amuse myself, as well as make a buck, and every morning I wake up laughing to know that I've perpetrated the biggest con job in history.'

"I'd been watching the needle out of the corner of my eye. The first sign that anything was happening was a blow-down of 1.5 on the tone-arm dial. Then my preclear shouted, 'I knew it! I knew it all along, but I didn't have the guts to admit to myself that it's a big crock. Ron Hubbard is full of shit. I'm a free man!'"

"With that cognition, he had a floating needle, and I had wrapped up another 'impossible case.'"

I made up a list of possible preclears. Several of my friends were obliging; though not attracted to Scientology, they were willing to receive free auditing to help me pass the course. First I did a practice run with Margo of a light moment of loss while Gerald stood by prompting. Afterwards, I remarked to Gerald that she seemed a lot more cheerful than when I had met her. He agreed that she was now "well up on the Tone Scale and starting to think gains."

Renzo Lancia was not doing as well. He was still depressed and hadn't come to the franchise in several weeks. At his apartment I lectured him on "looking at the bright side," and tried to get him to resume review sessions with Gerald. This provoked a tirade:

"Those Scientologists live in a world of make-believe. Felicia went ape on it -- that's really what ruined our marriage. After she started hanging around the org I couldn't get her to go to the dentist with her mouthful of cavities. She believed that when she went clear all the decayed teeth would drop out and she'd grow new ones. When she was auditing you she probably had an aspirin sitting on her tooth.

"And that guy Marty -- he actually audited me over the telephone one night. He happened to call and I made the mistake of complaining of a headache. He said, 'Hold on. I'm gonna put you right into a session.' I protested. He yelled, 'Will ya shaddup! Just do what I ask for one minute. What's the first date that comes into your head?'"

"'1845.'"

"'All right. Now what's happening?'"

"'It's a hanging. It's me, they're hanging me ...'"

"He ran me through it a couple times, rang off to watch TV and left me right in the middle of it. When I got up the next morning I thought my neck was coming apart."

Renzo was discouraged about his case. "The Saint Hill auditors screwed up my Power Processing. That's why I got sick right afterwards. Besides all the money for Power, then I had to shell out a couple hundred for extra review auditing, and now Gerald wants me to go back to the Hill to straighten things out because they won't let him rehabilitate Power here in the States."

I discussed his situation with Gerald and he agreed that there was an "Outness" on Renzo's case.

"But I don't think he can afford to go back to England now," I said.

"Have no fear, your honor. I'll contact the Hill and request special permission to help him. In the meantime try to cheer him up, and for godsake get him to come and see me."

Then Renzo told me what bothered him most: With all the other men in the world, his wife had left him for Gerald. Renzo had tried to hold the marriage together through Felicia's Scientology craze by

going along with it and even looking for the good in Scientology. Now a roly-poly OT II had set up housekeeping with his wife and as the crowning mockery tried to mollify him with free auditing.

I had thought Renzo had accepted the breakup, but obviously he had "considerations." Now I began to get suspicious. He had gotten his Power Release, yet professed that Scientology hadn't helped him. Bitter and self-defeating, he disdained free review. There must be something basically wrong with him. Perhaps Renzo was a suppressive.

But Gerald repeatedly averred that people were basically good, that one should look for the roses, not the thorns. Renzo had never actually warned me not to go to Saint Hill. He had been pleased when I reported gains, and months ago his idealistic projections about Scientology's future had helped influence me to take auditing more seriously.

No, Renzo was good, he was my friend, and there was still hope for him. He had a negative streak which brought on his troubles. Only a fanatic would call that a "suppressive characteristic." Still, I would have to be careful not to let him pull me down to his low tone level.

# Auditing Live Preclears

*The Dianetic clear is to the current normal individual as the current normal is to the severely insane.*  
L. RON HUBBARD

Before I could get my first preclear on the tin cans and into session, he volunteered that he was so disturbed by a personal problem that he was afraid he'd be a poor auditing subject and create a no-win situation for me. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness and asked him if he wanted to discuss anything, then see how he felt about proceeding. For almost an hour he talked about his "present-time problem." After several years of a supposed ideal marriage he had fallen in love with another woman and was contemplating ways to make his wife think he was homosexual because that might hurt her less than the truth.

After our chat he felt relieved enough to let me audit him. Everything went smoothly. Within two hours I spotted floating needles on recall, moments of loss and engrams, and called Gerald in to check out the releases.

Some of my other preclears were not successes. Two women had sexual problems they wouldn't divulge. Another woman wouldn't abstain from tranquilizers for 48 hours preceding session, per Hubbard's instructions. A young man I was congratulating for his release on engrams told me he had been stoned for the last week. Gerald was able to check him out -- a close call. Another man broke a lamp in the franchise living room before session and had such a big ARC break with himself, or the lamp, that his tone-arm needle "stuck" and I couldn't run the process. However, I audited several other people to Dianetic Release without any difficulty.

My last preclear had already been audited by Gerald but was still low-tone. I felt highly complimented when Gerald turned her case over to me. He advised me that she had floating needles with the tone-arm below 2 and "Good Indicators Out," an indication of "lack of responsibility." She had managed to avoid confronting highly-charged engrams and moments of loss, and I was "not to let her off the hook even if she twisted for a week."

I ran her down a series of marital quarrels. She went back to past lives to evade present-time charge. I directed her to her first quarrel and made her run it over and over again. She went up and down the Tone Scale, weeping at the lower numbers. Well into our third evening, we reached the basic engram, in which she was a baby lying next to her mother, who was screaming in pain. After repeated runnings she became cheerful and the needle floated with the tone-arm now between 2 and 3. I jubilantly summoned Gerald. He congratulated me on winning this Dianetic Release and said I was a great auditor.

Auditing a preclear was even more rewarding than being one. It gave me a feeling of benevolent power to question someone and obtain his or her responses -- often intimate disclosures -- while watching the action on the machine. Especially the last preclear, who had in a sense allowed me to perform a delicate and risky procedure when I had barely learned the rudiments of auditing! There was something irresistible about this whole arrangement.

Gerald had said that when it came to awareness most people were below death on the Tone Scale. True. After auditing a few individuals, I saw life from a new perspective. It felt good being around Gerald and Felicia. The atmosphere at their penthouse was gay and effervescent, the world outside shrouded in futility. What did most people have to look forward to?

# A Scientology Party

*... to bring an individual into such thorough communication with the physical universe that he can regain the power and the ability of his own postulates.*

L. RON HUBBARD

As I was the first franchise student to complete the Dianetics Course, Gerald threw a party in my honor. About thirty people showed up. Gerald called for everyone's attention, announced my graduation and presented me with a blue certificate. Then, as he had forewarned me, I was expected to make a "success speech." For some reason at that moment I lost the spirit of celebration. I felt embarrassed and slightly dazed, and had trouble controlling my voice. To make it worse, several org people were present.

After my "speech," one of them, a young man, approached me. He fairly bristled with TRs (training-acquired skills), fixing me with an aggressive stare and acknowledging my end of the conversation with abrupt "Goods" and "Fines" that smacked me in the face like a wet fish. He wanted to know when I planned to go to Saint Hill for clearing. I hesitated. Perhaps he thought I lacked funds for processing -- a clinging aberration -- for he hit me with a particularly strong dose of TR-0 and said, "You'd better Put in your Postulates to go Clear."

Aside from eye-lock and acknowledgment, the org people's most notable mannerism was their speech patterns, almost another language in itself. Of course by this time I had had ample exposure to Scientology jargon, but the org members seemed to be trying, as faithful disciples, to outdo their leader himself, combining usages from Hubbard's writings and tapes into an "L. Ron Hybridization" of English.[•]

[•] *Footnote:*

Appendix N contains a Dictionary of Scientologese.

Late in the evening as the party wore on Gerald and I took refuge out on the terrace. "You know, your honor," he said, "being a Clear and an Operating Thetan isn't always easy. At times I feel that I have few real friends, and I get rather lonely. With all my training and auditing experience I see through people immediately. I see their reactive minds at work and I know what they're going to say ages before they get it out of their mouths. I have almost no one with whom I can discuss the Sublimities of Beingness and the Beauty of Esthetic Vibrations."

I felt a little sorry for him, and also wondered if this was the kind of enlightenment I was seeking. "Don't worry, Gerald," I said. "When I come back from England a Clear we'll have a ball together."

My decision probably surfaced in such a conversation with Gerald and/or Felicia. Inner events leading up to it remain hazy. Somehow over that winter of 1967-8 I came to disassociate clearing from the odious aspects of Scientology and envisage it as the portal to a new life.

At some point after Gerald's review sessions I had started cogniting on my own. I knew then that I could create my own gains and transcend auditing. This realization brought a momentous, freeing, "eureka" feeling. Scientology was now in proper perspective as a middle chapter in my life. Gerald had been an ideal guide for a time, the catalyst for my ever-expanding thoughts. Now I was ready to come into my own and fulfill my vision of the future -- as soon as I was free from the reactive mind.

Hubbard had made an apt analogy: A person with a reactive mind was like a calculating machine with a stuck key that fouled every operation. I was still crippled by that "bug" in my mental machinery, still affected by things around me, like a piece of lint blown about on a windowsill. Cleared, I would enjoy the full power of my own postulates, a resurgence of my true abilities, and success at schemes both long-frustrated and yet-to-be-conceived.

I had no fear that clearing would erase anything I wished to keep. I wasn't so sure that Scientology itself -- even Felicia's and Gerald's saner, milder version -- would not be erased by the process! Through one of life's ironic twists, clearing might prove to be the "final fix." No longer needing Scientology, I might choose to be done with it for good.

## Life on the Outside

Lack of funds was not in fact what made me postpone my trip to England. I had invested in a stock which a broker advised me would soon double or triple in value. Just after I bought it, however, he said it might not make its move until summer, but then it would increase to eight- or nine-fold. I decided to hold on to it. After the Money Process I felt omnipotent in the world of finance. I considered getting a bank loan, or selling some other shares, most of which I'd bought on margin, to finance the trip, but finally arranged to leave my investments intact by cleaning out my bank account. A ballet company offered me an orchestra position on a tour of Japan. I turned down the job and, way in advance, booked flight to London for early May, 1968.

During the weeks before departure I approached still more people about auditing. Those in therapy couldn't be persuaded to try something else, and none of my Dianetic Releases ever returned to the franchise. One of the Releases had as his "ruin" homosexuality; he wanted to be "straight." I tried to convince him that with more processing he might make the conversion. Gerald had informed me that such results were quite possible. Conversely, certain cases became homosexual after processing. It was an individual matter, *Up To One's Own Certainty*.

"Your sexuality is only an apparency," I told my friend. "Read Hubbard's *Fundamentals of Thought*.' He talks about 'apparencies,' conditions that only appear to be true. For example, Hubbard shows that even destruction is part of creation, and 'destruction' as most people use the word is only an 'apparency.'"

This was one of the few passages that stuck in my mind. Periodically I took a crack at Hubbard's books. I liked the metaphysical tone of certain sections. However, each time I thought I was getting a glimmer, Hubbard shifted into unfamiliar terminology or auditing and E-meter technicalities. I remember thinking that when I was a Clear I would be able to understand Hubbard's writings and share in the intellectual banquet. Perhaps I wished to compare Hubbard's ideas with the philosophies that had attracted me in the past. If so, I didn't have enough of a handle on Hubbard to make such comparison. And I had also forgotten the message of books I had once admired.

One of Hubbard's books contained some terms that struck me as especially odd: ridges, pressors, tractor-beams, implosions. There was a reference to the Fifth Invader Force. I leafed through the entire book but found no explanation or further mention of it.

Some people I approached about Scientology were outspokenly skeptical. I couldn't bring myself to call them "suppressive." For instance, Vreymouth Manteag, who was in *The Work*, a consciousness-raising group started many decades ago by the mystic George Gurdjieff. He told me a story to demonstrate the absurdity of Scientology:

"Last winter a few of us from *The Work* went to a Scientologist's apartment to find out what they were raving about. We asked very direct questions, and our hostess and her friends were quite evasive. They bragged about their 'gains' but couldn't really explain how they'd gotten them. Our hostess claimed that processing had 'erased' all her anger -- she never got mad anymore! At that point, one of our group, Hepzibah Colloran, who has the upper-body build of a ditch-digger, stepped quickly across the room and stunned her with a left hook to the face.

"'Are you mad now?' she screamed. The hostess was blinking and the side of her face was red. 'Yes, I'm mad, but only because I choose the emotion appropriate to the situation. At this moment

I'm Postulating anger!"

Alan Ottoman, a close friend who had refused Dianetic auditing, was very critical. He was being psychoanalyzed, which I more than once told him was a complete waste of his time and money.

"I'd like you to just explain how you work all these miracles," he said. "Frankly, I don't understand anything you've said about it."

"There are some things you just have to experience," I said. "Processing rids you of the horrifying incidents in your past lives that are causing your confusion."

"I don't believe in past lives."

"That's a dead giveaway. There's something back there you don't want to confront. There are killer engrams on your Time Track that twenty years with Freud himself wouldn't erase."

"Nothing is ever erased, unless you do a lobotomy."

"That's what the psychiatrists want you to think -- and they love lobotomies. Auditing can change your life in a few hours. Alan, you think you have to analyze everything. You go to your shrink and thrash around on the couch. When the fifty minutes are up nothing's been resolved. He leaves you dangling, and you go home and wallow in your problems some more until the next visit. The reactive mind is like a box of cables" -- here I went to one of Gerald's favorite routines -- "the shrink only restimulates your reactive mind, he pulls out these wires, they're all around you!" -- I flailed my arms like some unfortunate wrapped in the coils of a giant anaconda. "The thing is, Alan, you don't really want to change."

It wasn't that I didn't understand people like Alan and Vreymouth. I too had once debated with myself about life. And scoffed at Scientology.

Gerald got permission from the Hill to straighten out Renzo's Power Process. The review didn't lift Renzo's spirits. I attempted to "salvage" Renzo one Saturday afternoon as we walked half the length of Manhattan, by lecturing him on treating life, and Scientology, as a *game*. This only made him criticize Felicia and Gerald in further detail. Gerald was a consummate phoney masking his greed with oily flattery, and affecting an English accent when his parents had come from Eastern Europe and raised him in Dublin, Ireland. Gerald chain-smoked, stuffed himself at the table and knew nothing about art and philosophy. Worst of all, Gerald introduced himself to guests as "Dr. Tyber," which sounded like a Ph.D. but was merely the "Dr. of Scientology" Gerald had obtained at Saint Hill. Gerald had become Felicia's father figure. After clearing, Felicia was deeper in fantasy than before, and scared of the real world. She rarely left the penthouse.

I defended them as best I could. Except for Felicia, Gerald was alone; he needed and wanted friends. Teaching, auditing and promoting Scientology for years, he had developed stilted mannerisms. Behind this veneer he was a warm, genuine human being who had probably helped me more than anyone else ever had.

I knew Renzo hadn't told me everything concerning Felicia. As he would have it, she had wrecked their marriage. But he must have been guilty too. He was concealing his overts, the wrongdoings he had committed against his wife. His fault-finding reminded me of the protagonist in Gerald's sketch who came home late at night and kicked the dog. Renzo needed a strong Reality-Factor on his marriage; he needed to Take Some Responsibility for it.

I prodded him for his hidden overt, asked him point blank, "What have you done?" He squirmed. I knew I was on the right track, but to the end he would not admit his part in the breakup. It was still all Felicia's fault.

In retrospect, I've wondered how Renzo and I were able to stay friends through all this.

That spring (1968) I lived in a golden haze. I took no music jobs, rarely played the piano, read very little, had almost no physical exercise. The burden of mental life -- analyzing, second-guessing myself, what Ron Hubbard called "figure-figure" -- had been lifted, and I saw clearly that the compulsion to think and delve stemmed from the reactive mind.

One of the few things I remember doing in the world outside Scientology was to send a tape of a piece I had played in Town Hall to a concert manager. "Your playing is good enough," he said when we met, "but what makes you think you have a right to perform? You haven't studied with anyone in years and you've got only this one review to show for yourself. You haven't earned a career."

I quelled an urge to tell him off.

Weeks later, watching a sunset over the Hudson River from my furnished room, I thought of other times I had squelched my anger. I would write to the manager -- a nice letter, not a nasty one, would be the best way to get it out of my system. As the walls of my room took on the color of gold, then pink, I wrote:

"Though ostensibly we don't agree, I feel that we can communicate with each other. I know we are both doing the best we can and making progress in our own separate ways ..."

I worked on the message, writing and rewriting it, until the sky turned dark. It didn't quite satisfy me. Still feeling a twinge of animosity for the man, I slowly tore the letter to bits and threw it in the wastepaper basket.

A few days later, I started jotting notes for a book on teaching and learning to play the piano. Hubbard's ideas, such as ARC and the Tone Scale, influenced me strongly; also, his disdain for other people's methods. I planned to dedicate the book to Ron and send it to him for his approval.

I had dinner with Five Brooks, a musician I had met on a traveling job. He had recently joined the New York Org, and was scrimping to save up the money to go to England at some distant future date. Five had gone through intense emotions during his first weeks at the org, with confrontations at the Ethics Office followed by soul-searching early-morning meanderings in Central Park. His gains had a way of evaporating, and there had been a suppressive to disconnect from. He had finally completed his Lower Grades, and was now convinced that Scientology was mankind's last hope for survival.

Dinner with Five was uncomfortable. His TRs were in every second, even with the Chinese waiter. He kept his eyes glued to mine as we talked. I had difficulty eating my food and slopped sweet-and-sour sauce on the tablecloth. Five acked (acknowledged) and validated my every word with relentless zeal and expected my complete reciprocation. If he didn't get my ack in turn, he would say, "Okay?" or "Do I have your Agreement on that?" while staring into my eyes over an unwavering jack-o'-lantern grin that made him seem frightened. I was relieved when we said goodbye and went off in opposite directions.

Five verified something I already knew: that I was worlds apart from the org members, who had to

take dogma as gospel and bow to authority, when I could do things my own way -- like Gerald.

# An Evening at the Franchise

*Done, a thetan can do anything a stage musician can do in the way of moving objects around.*

L. RON HUBBARD

On my last visit to the franchise, we talked late into the night, growing more expansive by the hour. Gerald wanted me to work with him when I returned from England. The opportunities seemed endless. We would set up franchises in Switzerland or on the Mediterranean, or both, and buy land on a Greek island, where we would establish an International Cultural Center. However, we would have to find a better way to present our product than as "Scientology"; we all agreed that "Scientology" was a silly name for anything. We would still have to send ten percent of our take to the Hill if we continued to use Hubbard's material. I asked Gerald what became of all the money sent to the Hill from franchises and orgs. He replied that it was used for Hubbard's research and voluminous mailings, mostly advertisements. Presumably, anything remaining went to Hubbard's private account.

Hubbard stayed on a large yacht -- its location at any given time "somewhere on the Mediterranean" -- one of several vessels that made up the Scientology fleet, and headquarters for the Sea Org, an elite security force whose "crew" was sent on "missions" around the globe to police the various orgs. Aboard his Sea Org yacht, Hubbard was currently at work on Operating Thetan Levels VII and VIII, the culmination of processing, advertised as "Total Freedom and Total Power." Scientologists were very excited about these levels. Upon their completion no ability would be unattainable, *even the power to create matter.*

We speculated about the spiritual meaning of the Upper Levels. I had never considered "total power" a spiritual goal; Gerald said he never had either. Felicia surmised that Ron Hubbard had a personal hangup on "power," never cleaned up on his own case, which was causing his delay in making the final levels available.

"He's an egomaniac, isn't he?" I asked.

Gerald's face puckered good-naturedly. "I agree with you, sire. But in view of what he's done for the world we can allow him that. I've had a few beers with him and he's actually a very nice guy. In any case, your highness, you'll be an enlightened man when you come back to us. You won't forget your old friends when you're clear, will you? A Clear remembers everything, you know."

"Will I remember how I fell into my unenlightened state?"

"You'll be enlightened -- what more do you want to know? Another thing: Before I was processed I wore eyeglasses an inch thick. On Grade IV I started getting weaker prescriptions and wound up throwing all my bloody specs away. Now I can spot meter reads in the dark and I've been checked out at better than 20/20."

"I had the same experience," Felicia added. "The optometrists in East Grinstead love being near Saint Hill because so many people come in for weaker lenses."

They warned me that Saint Hill was even more of a menagerie than the New York Org. Gerald himself had been involved in bizarre happenings. His wife had declared him suppressive because he was constipated for several days -- illness or irregularity being an invalidation of Scientology --

and her boyfriend had slugged him one evening as he entered his own house. Then, as a penalty, the organization had held him prisoner in the basement of The Castle, a small tower to which Hubbard had connected some training shanties to get around local building restrictions.

"It's really wild over there," Gerald said. "Take a look at this letter I just got. This is from one of my best friends, mind you: 'I want you to raise those stats immediately' -- statistics means everything to them -- 'and send me a full report on your operation. If you don't comply you will be declared again.' They really love to throw their weight around."

Gerald particularly warned me not to let anyone talk me into going on staff at the Hill. The organization was, after all, merely Ron's expedient to get his methods into quick effect world-wide. I would best go to England and capture the Golden Fleece without getting involved with this crazy organization. I would have to be rather careful what I said over there. It might be a tough siege, but the prize was worth it. All I had to do was play their game for a while.

Having given me his version of the faults, frailties and absurdities of the organization at Saint Hill, Gerald cautioned that I must "talk myself out of it" afterwards. I duly made an entry in my date book for the following September: "Talk yourself out of it."

# Scientology Cognition

*Things are as you consider they are.*

L. RON HUBBARD

When I left the penthouse that night I felt euphoric. Broadway stretched ahead of me like a wide pathway to a shining friendly world. Power Processing, or certainly clearing, would rid me of my eyeglasses, lack of direction in life and less-than-optimal sex patterns. Anticipation of the forthcoming adventure was almost enough reason in itself for living. The very word "clear" had a dry, rarified quality. During the process my last remaining considerations would be erased and replaced by Postulates; and having "blown my mind on the clearing course," as the Saint Hill advertisements phrased it, I would return to New York free to do all the things I'd thought about doing for years.

Projects bubbled into my mind like spring-water. I would launch a concert career. I would get rich; with the money my investments would bring in, by next winter I would be in position to indulge freely in stock-market speculation, which -- in conjunction with a system for playing the horses -- was going to raise my assets to six figures.

I would also become an auditor. A traveling auditor. I would take the Special Briefing Course, auditor's training, and then spend a week in London auditing a couple I knew to release on the Lower Grades. Back in the States I would audit friends in several cities. The world-at-large, the multitude of souls that had never been audited -- what Hubbard called raw meat -- was waiting for me. Auditing them would fulfill my desire to help and instruct people, lead them to the truth. I would be an authority. As an Upper Level Scientologist, I would win more recognition in one month than I had gotten as a musician in ten years. A Clear or an OT was almost god-like. There was the danger of using this new power to lord it over other Scientologists. I would have to steer a course between the two extremes of status-superiority and false modesty -- not an unpleasant prospect. Several times lately I had caught myself imitating Gerald's repetitious courtesies and flattery. I realized what I was doing, but it made people feel good and it was for an altruistic purpose. Besides, it worked well. Altruism and opportunism needn't be in conflict. I could play it both ways.

Scientology would be the means to my liberation because it was quick and easy. I would get what I wanted out of it, using it for my own purposes as Gerald used it for his.

In a sense I was using Gerald also. Gratifying as it was that he wanted me to work at the franchise, be another partner, as it were, I intended to go along with him only if there were enough money in it and time to do other things. And I had never mentioned to Gerald that I might leave Scientology someday.

I was well aware, too, that I was being used. With my new credentials and old acquaintances, I would bring a lot of business to the franchise, perhaps draw preclears away from the New York Org. I fit into Gerald's and Felicia's plans nicely.

We were fairly matched. Using people was only immoral if the using were weighted to one side, not if all parties concerned acted in balance and without harming each other. There was such a thing as "enlightened selfishness." It was like a game.

With these thoughts I felt I had penetrated to the essence of Scientology and found there my own

vision of the truth. In a flash of illumination I recognized as Scientology Cognition, I saw the full beauty of it: One created one's own truth -- with a little help from Ron.

My father came to New York to visit me. I hadn't seen much of him for the last dozen years. With five Grades of auditing behind me, I welcomed this chance to communicate with him fully perhaps for the first time. I was also worried. A Scientologist was supposed to disconnect from a parent who didn't approve of Scientology. As we were getting ready to go out to dinner, I told my father of my trip to England.

"I've never heard of Scientology. What is it exactly?" he asked.

Standing at the bathroom door of his hotel room, I was suddenly at a loss. The E-meter and the auditing table seemed far off somewhere, lost in the scratching of his razor and the traffic noises below.

"I can't explain the whole thing now, but it's restored my ability to communicate and face problems."

My father stopped shaving for a moment, a pained look on his face. "If you say it's helped you, I can't say anything. But haven't we always been able to communicate with each other?"

"I didn't mean it like that, Dad," I said.

Felicia, Gerald and I planned a magnificent bash to celebrate my last evening in town. Earlier in the week, I'd called the Cafe Chauveron, one of the finest restaurants in New York, and booked a feast for a party of four. The fourth was Dag Lildberg, one of my close friends and Dianetic Releases. We ate and drank to about a hundred dollars apiece, and dawdled at our table for several hours in near-stuporous satiation.

Felicia told us a Scientology story. There was once a man known as "the auditor's poison" who traveled around the country receiving auditing at the various orgs but never reporting any gains. He was well-to-do and spent a lot of time at this pursuit, getting nasty kicks from foiling his auditors. Finally he turned up at the New York Org, leaving a trail of disgruntled auditors behind him, and was given to the org's case-cracker. After several days of difficult sessions, the auditor spotted a floating needle, stood up at the table, extended his hand and said, "Congratulations! You are now a Grade 0 Communications Release. You have the ability to talk to anyone about anything at any time."

Whereupon the man looked up at him and said, "Go fuck yourself!"

At closing time we staggered out into the night air. Gerald wanted us to go up to Harlem to dance at Small's Paradise. We started uptown in a cab. I told Gerald I would be getting out on the West Side to try to pick up a woman -- that was how I wanted to end my last evening in New York. The whole ride he exhorted me to come with them. I almost gave in to him, but at two a.m., somewhere on upper Broadway, I said goodbye and got out of the cab.

I saw a young lady looking at a menu in a restaurant window on the corner of 92nd Street. I said to her, "The food here is very good, but the place doesn't open until noon." She smiled. I asked her to come home with me, and she did. She was not a hooker and her easy acceptance surprised me. Then I remembered that I was a Communications Release. As she was leaving my room several hours later I told her I would write her from England with information on the Lower Grades and the franchise address.

By late-afternoon I was still wide-eyed and alert, transported in the electric drunkenness induced by the multi-course meal, the wines and cognac, and the surprise affair. I called Dag Lildberg from the airport. The warm ambience of the previous evening had ended in his suspicions of Gerald. "Look how he tried to get you to come with us uptown," Dag said. "He wouldn't stop trying to persuade you -- he didn't even hear anything you said. Gerald's a manipulator. He's only interested in getting others to do his bidding."

I felt it was a bit late for me to pay any mind to other people's considerations.

## **PART II: The Hill**

*One does not look for such enslavement to occur, for you are reading the pages and the technologies which can and will defeat it.*

L. RON HUBBARD

# The Manor

I took the train from London to East Grinstead, a modest-sized town about halfway to Brighton, and from there a cab five miles through country to Fyfield Manor, the Scientology habitation where the Lancias had stayed. Fyfield was a large dun-colored house hidden from the road by trees and wild-growing hedges, with a backdrop of heights about half a mile beyond.

The man who answered my knock had a kind, homely, boyish face and looked to be in his late 50s. Introducing himself in an Australian drawl as Edward Douglas, a resident of the manor, he invited me in to wait for the landlord, who was in town buying provisions.

I immediately felt an authoritative presence behind Edward Douglas' cozy appearance. As we chatted, his childlike hazel eyes peered levelly into mine as though we shared a deep understanding. He showed me around the ground floor of the old house, guiding me through the various rooms as though presiding at a mystical initiation. In the main hallway I noticed his clear and OT I success speeches on a bulletin board.

The living room was large, sparsely furnished and ill-heated. Edward Douglas and I spent the rest of the afternoon huddled near the fireplace with an American named Sam Veach, who appeared to be recovering from an illness. The two of them talked softly to each other or wrote letters while I waited. Through the large windows on three sides I saw in the dull late-afternoon light portions of the manorhouse grounds and green fields extending off to the distant heights. The quiet house and its surroundings were in a suspended state. I felt drugged by the heat of the fire.

People began to arrive for dinner. About twelve of us sat down to soup, salad, roast beef with potatoes, something called "summer greens," and a dessert concoction I'd never encountered before. Contrary to everything I had heard about English cuisine, the dinner was excellent. I was pleased that table conversation didn't dwell on news events or other "inconsequential."

Richie Blackburn, a rough-edged young Australian, filled me in on Sam Veach, who hadn't shown up at table. Sam had been classified at the Hill as PTS-3, a difficult-to-handle and sometimes violently disturbed type of Potential Trouble Source. He had a history of shock treatment back in the States, and had cracked up just after going clear a few days ago. If I'd arrived at the manor one day earlier, I would have witnessed the climax of the drama. Sam had thrown a fit in the dining room and smashed some soup plates. He was now under twenty-four hour surveillance until he could be taken to the Hill and given a Search and Discovery to find his suppressive. By the time I'd met him he had calmed down and, PTS-3 or not, seemed mild-mannered and likable.

After coffee, most of the diners went to the living room to sing, dance, and play the piano. The gaiety reached a high pitch, partly, I supposed, as a way to keep warm. Edward Douglas and a gray-haired lady hurled themselves from corner to corner in a wild tango while onlookers giggled and clapped. The highjinks at the manor ran far into the night, except for a ten-minute hiatus when the lights blew out.

By the time I went upstairs to bed, somewhat warmed by the exertion and conviviality, I'd lost the feeling that I'd entered a strange alien world. The landlord, Ralph Wilkins, had put me in a room with two brothers, also Australian, and in those cramped quarters there was barely space to stash my clothes. I managed to squeeze my suitcase between two of the beds, placed my coat and bathrobe over it and draped my jacket, shirt and pants over a chair. It was freezing cold in bed, and

after a few minutes I jumped out and donned my clothes once more, including the coat. The warmest way to sleep was on my side, knees drawn up in the fetal position.

# The Power Process

*But this isn't attained by holding one's breath or thinking "right" thoughts or voting Republican ...*

L. RON HUBBARD

At eight a.m. Richie Blackburn came in and shook our beds. It was time for me to put in an appearance at the Hill.

A big English breakfast was served. Edward Douglas and I poured each other several cups of Nescafe. Juanita Wilkins, the landlord's pretty wife, sat with Sam Veach, PTS-3, stroking his hands tenderly while peering deeply into his eyes. I'd rarely seen anyone talking so sweetly and soothingly to someone so in need of such care. Watching her lovely dark face, I considered "going PTS" myself.

The drive to the Hill wound through pleasant woods and pastures. Six of us were taken in a van by Ralph Wilkins, including Sam Veach, who was going in for his Search and Discovery. The college grounds were dominated by the manor Hubbard had occupied before moving to his yacht. I went directly to Reception, where I was handed a printed form to take around to various offices to be checkmarked as I completed each step of enrollment. This procedure was known as going through lines. Reception sent me to Registration, Registration sent me back to Reception, who then sent me to Accounts. The cost for Power Processing had just been raised. I gave Accounts the equivalent of \$1,200 in pounds.

At the Director of Processing Office I was given a slip to pin on my lapel bearing the words I Am On Power Processes. Please Do Not Ask Me Questions, Audit Me, or Discuss My Case With Me. A petite young American lady who had picked up an English accent led me to a cubicle that contained two chairs, a table, an E-meter, an English dictionary and a Scientology dictionary. She told me to pick up the tin cans and she would ask some questions to prepare me for the Power Process.

One of the first questions was "Is there a withhold?" Immediately I was aware that I had god knows how many! The regimented going through lines carrying a checkout form, each step beginning and ending at Reception, had given me some trepidation. It made all the poking fun at the organization come to mind, and now I wondered if I would have to tell the auditor about the hilarity at the franchise such a short while ago.

"There's a read on that. Is there an ARC break with the environment?"

"I guess I'm nervous. Everything is so different here."

"Thank you. Any more on that?"

"I almost froze to death in bed last night."

This cleaned the needle, at least temporarily.

"Have you come here with any hidden standards?"

"No."

"That reads. What do you consider that could be?"

"I still can't take my eyes off women's asses."

"Thank you. In regard to 'I still can't take my eyes off women's asses,' have you failed to experience a gain?"

"Nothing has changed."

"All right. That reads. Any more on it?"

I winced. The needle was probing deeper. "I want to rub my organ there and come all over it."

"Thank you. That's clean. What would have to happen to make you think Scientology works?"

"Oh, it works."

I got through the remaining questions, some of them about "money," without having to go into my major withholds. She ended the procedure and directed me to wait near Reception for another auditor. During the wait, Reception put me to work in a small canteen across the walkway, stuffing envelopes addressed to people all over the world with the latest Scientology advertisements. The woman directing the project told me to "Put in your Postulates with each one."

My next auditor, this time a young Englishwoman, led me through a procedure she called "clearing the commands." She asked me to define "source," "tell," "no," "condition," and "existing," one word at a time, and to feel free to consult the English dictionary if I was unsure about a definition. When she was satisfied that I understood the words, I was taken to a third auditor, another young Englishwoman, who administered the "Power commands."

"This is the process," she said. "Tell me a source."

"The sky."

"Thank you. Tell me about it."

"Rain falls from it."

"Fine. Tell me a no-source."

"Nothing is a no-source."

"Thank you. Tell me about it."

"Everything is a source."

"No-source" bothered me. Clearing the commands hadn't satisfied me as to its meaning.

"Tell me a source."

"A cow."

"Thank you. Tell me about it."

"It gives milk."

I was running out of responses to the alternating questions, especially "no-source."

"Tell me a source," repeated the auditor. At that moment I got a "buzz" in my head and an intuition that I was going to say something crucial and inevitable.

"Myself," I replied. "I'm a source."

The auditor indicated a floating needle.

I got quick floating needles on the other Power commands: "Tell me an existing condition. How have you handled it?"; "Where have you been?"; "Whom have you known?"; "What subjects would you like to know more about?"

As I was listing subjects, the auditor informed me that I was a Power Release. The whole thing had taken an hour and a half. I was proud of that, and having sped through the process, not in the least irritated over the cost, as Renzo had been. However, I was loath to spend money on possible "extras." On my way back to Reception I gave wide berth to a truck, parked near The Castle, that several times a week brought vitamins from an East Grinstead pharmacy. On the bulletin board at the manor I had seen Ron Hubbard's warning to preclears to take daily dosages of vitamin E and a mixture of several other vitamins he called a "GUK bomb," to counteract the effect of charge being blown off the reactive bank. Vitamins seemed an unnecessary expense.

Reception sent me to Success, where a young man with an intense TR-0 asked me my gains from Power. I didn't wish to tell him there weren't any as yet. "I feel real good about it," I said. "I anticipate many gains, and that in itself is a great gain." "Beautiful," he exclaimed, and recorded my words in his ledger. He directed me to the next desk, where another young man wanted to sign me up as a Field Staff Member -- which would entail my agreement to bring in a certain quota of recruits, for which I would receive commissions or credits. I felt an ARC break looming. Felicia and Gerald had warned me to avoid anything to do with staff. I told the young man I'd rather hold off decision until I had read some literature on the subject. He gave me the *Field Staff Member Manual*, but seemed unhappy with me and didn't want me to leave with my checked lines slip until I promised to return soon with my decision.

On my way to Reception I thought over the situation. Should I go back next day and refuse him, or just let it go? I was furious with him for provoking these thoughts at the very moment I had wanted to start enjoying my Power Release. I had also noticed his minor panic when he saw he was failing at his assignment. His anxiety was contagious; I was beginning to feel it. I knew that the Saint Hill staff worked all day and into the night for a pittance, trying to earn enough credits to get their first release or two. Perhaps I had dimmed his modest hopes by holding out.

I had to get the Field Staff Member business out of my mind for a while, because the next item going through lines was a security check. A business-like woman scanning an E-meter asked me intimidating questions such as, Are you here to sell confidential materials? Having just attained Power with no hitch, I wasn't nervous and got through the check in time to get back to the manor for dinner.

Sam Veach came to the table in a lighthearted mood. He had had a successful Search and

Discovery and now knew for certain that he was a Clear. His eyes moistened when he told me that he was flying back to America to propose to the woman he had loved for many years. His victory over a troubled past and the affection he exuded were touching. After dinner he embraced each of us and left in a taxi.

I got off a quick letter to Felicia and Gerald asking them if I had done the wrong thing with the recruiter. By nightfall I had put the episode out of my mind. Curled up in bed in my igloo sleeping position, I felt the presence of something new, the Power coursing through my body, connecting with greater sources in the dark sky and forests out in the Sussex night.

# Solo Audit Class

Lines. Reception, for the checkout form. Accounts, to pay over \$700 for the Solo Course. Housing, where I told the Housing Officer that I had already found accommodation at a Scientology dwelling. The bookstore, where I bought an E-meter for \$150. The clerk persuaded me to also buy some of Ron's writings that I had already purchased in New York. As he handed me the receipt my "money considerations" screamed inside. He had talked me into buying the books just to raise his stats.

Director of Training, a matronly woman with an Eastern European accent, asked me if I knew why certain materials were classified "confidential." "Because," I stumbled, "if non-Scientologists get ahold of them they'd misuse them?" "More than that," she said. "Seeing these materials can severely damage anyone not ready to confront them through proper auditing preparation. Such a person can get mentally and physically sick just looking at them."

A staff member ushered me into the Solo classroom. The Instructor gave me the course checksheet and a small stack of bulletins called "Saint Hill Orientation Pack," and told me to find a vacant spot at one of the folding tables.

A bulletin listed "Formulas for Ethics Conditions."

The "Conditions" are Hubbard's system of classifying everything in the universe. They apply to individuals, organizations, governments, households, even animals or objects -- but most crucially to oneself. Each Condition is defined by a Formula, a succession of steps leading to the next higher Condition. One's Ethics Condition is determined by the Formula he appears to be following. For example, when one starts a new job, he is in Condition of Non-Existence: (1) find a comm line; (2) make yourself known; (3) discover what is needed or wanted; (4) do, produce and/or present it.

The execution of this Formula leads up to the Condition of Danger, where the key step is by-pass the junior normally in charge. Above Danger are Condition of Emergency (basically, promote), and Normal Operation (don't change anything). Higher Conditions are Affluence and Power.

Below Non-Existence are the Lower Conditions: *Liability*, *Doubt*, *Treason* and *Enemy*. Even people in the Lower Conditions are not beyond redemption, through declaring their allegiance and making reparation.

The checksheet called for students to make clay demos of the Ethics Conditions which had to be passed by the Instructor. A bulletin described clay demos as extremely beneficial to students, as they give physical reality to Scientology words and concepts. Demos show the "glib student" for what he is: one who talks convincingly in the abstract but doesn't really comprehend. When confronted with the clay and directed to make a demo, the glib student "generally panics." The meaning of a clay demo must be easily graspable. Each component of a demo is labeled, and another label for the whole demo is turned face down. If the Instructor knows immediately from the demo what the concealed label is, he passes the student on it.

The Instructor, a short English OT I, announced coffee breaks by shouting "That's it!" and resumption of study with "All right -- START!" He exhibited his dry English humor whenever he came by to check out demos. If he couldn't identify a demo he would, straight-faced, ask slyly ridiculous questions about it. A demo of a Condition of Ethics has to illustrate each step of the particular Formula. Since there are as many as eight different steps to a Formula, we had to mould forms so

tiny they were almost unidentifiable. It taxed my resourcefulness to render in clay a concept such as "Don't Change Anything." It took me the better part of two days getting checked out on the demos.

# The Tapes

Mornings, I generally got a ride to Saint Hill with Max Dinmont, who was an OT VI, the highest Level then available. Max always left right after breakfast, and had no sympathy for those who missed their ride. Two women on course were resentful whenever he drove off without them. There would then be squabbling and name-calling -- "Dimwit Dinmont" -- in the evening. Ralph Wilkins, the landlord, drove another shift over in a small panel truck a few minutes after Max, but this meant sitting scrunched up in the van with at least six other people.

One way or another we would get to the Hill and scramble for tape machines. A dozen machines had to serve the entire class of around thirty people. If I was lucky enough to get a machine that worked, I would listen to tapes all day, with a half hour sandwich break at the canteen at noon.

Ron Hubbard's presence was all-pervasive in the classroom: in his books and pamphlets lying on tables, his slogans on the bulletin board, and his large portrait on the wall near the Instructor's desk. Most of all, Ron was a voice on tape.

Among the forty or more tapes on the checksheet were eight on Study. Hubbard's simplistic teachings had me enthralled. "To study something is to look at it, observe it, find out about it." Ron advised that when learning about, say, tractors, "one should have a tractor on hand to study." Why hadn't that basic concept ever occurred to me before? It was so simple, so direct. Ron scorned traditional schools' ignorance of the true purpose of education: to teach a person to be able to apply data. Of course! All those years I had wasted in school! But now with this clear presentation in mind I could remedy the error.

According to Ron, there was nothing complicated about knowledge. Even his own methods, which were based on laws of physics and engineering, boiled down to this type of formulation: "If we take a brick and put another brick on top of it, we then have two bricks, one brick on top of another brick." From time to time, the lecture audience could be heard in the background on the tape guffawing as Ron toppled idols to the ground.

Ron was by turns rambling and succinct. On some tapes he chatted for ninety minutes on subjects seemingly unrelated to his lecture topic or even to Scientology, and suddenly whipped everything together on the last few feet of tape. I marveled at his broad scope as he held forth on subjects as far-flung as small boat navigation and the city morgue.

He began each of his lectures with the date "In the Year of Dianetics." For example, "1963" came out as "AD 13." This had a strange effect on me and I would find it difficult to concentrate on what immediately followed. Then he would pull my attention back with a comic anecdote. In one sequence, on the herd-like quality of the masses, Ron made his point by uttering the word like a sheep: "The MA-A-A-SSES." In another, he told of a man he had known in New York in the good old days who had a phobia about being seen naked in public. One morning Ron saw him on the subway rushing down to Times Square to pull off all his clothes. There was a lesson here, a cosmic law: You get what you resist.

I tended to remember these sections more than the others. Occasionally I heard the chuckles of classmates at nearby machines, and once several students in a row broke into laughter simultaneously at Ron's remarks on their respective tapes.

The class was often interrupted. Once a week the room was darkened for the showing of Ron's film-lecture on the reactive mind, and students working with tapes, bulletins or clay had to move to other rooms or out onto the lawn near the tennis courts. A good part of every Friday afternoon was taken up by a Success program that everybody had to attend, held in the Chapel, which was actually the ground floor of the Castle, called "the Chapel" once a week for the occasion.

And during each day students who had completed their Solo Audit entered the classroom to receive our collective acknowledgment. The Instructor would shout "THAT'S IT!" and we would drop our work for a moment while the new Releases gave their Success Speeches. Then our applause, "START!", and we would attack our studies again.

Once we were interrupted by a woman coming in to make a special announcement: The Scientology organization was going to be much stricter about nameplates. All persons on the grounds were expected to wear one, including visitors and taxi drivers coming in to pick up fares. It was everyone's responsibility to report persons not wearing nameplates, even the taxi drivers. Students and staff members might incur Ethics penalties for being caught either not wearing a nameplate or for failing to report someone else not wearing one.

I decided to keep my nameplate on at all times. This was somewhat oppressive, but would save a lot of pinning and unpinning.

What with the lack of decent facilities and the numerous interruptions, it was impossible to stick to the schedule I'd set out for myself. Many of the machines were defective, and the tapes had worn thin. Even with much jiggling of the start-stop button, whole sentences remained elusive. Some of the headphones were broken and had to be held manually. The incessant straining to hear Ron's message left me groggy. As an escape, I would plan my Success Speech or look around the room to see if my eyesight was improving. Sometimes I would start to nod; then the noise of the headphone hitting the table would bring me around again. On and on I listened. It seemed as if even when I dozed off I could hear Ron's voice, a rich baritone that was gravelly yet mellifluous, at once ingratiating and commanding.

Scientology is the study of Knowingness in the Fullest Sense of the Word. Scientology is not a healing science like Dianetics. Dianetics heals the sick and cures the insane. Scientology frees souls.

There has been a notable lack of Knowingness in the Western World. When you stop to reflect that there are fifty thousand some Oriental books on Knowingness that haven't been translated into the English language, you begin to get the idea why we are not famous for Knowingness. The scientists, the "Great Authorities," have done nothing to change this deplorable condition. To the contrary, they are bent only on keeping thetans in a hypnoid state. They use various methods, but in particular are partial to electricity to keep thetans tractable. Thus do they dramatize what they cannot confront on their own Time Tracks.

The doctors can go right on as they have through the ages, hacking, sawing, poking into the brain, discharging electricity into the insane, pumping the sick full of drugs. It is only their ignorance; but this monumental ignorance has plunged the world into a race between destruction and survival. You have a choice: Scientology or the hydrogen bomb. I am giving you the tools to better yourselves and save this planet. For Ron's sake, get busy and win this race!

# OTs and Other Superhumans

*The body is a vegetable ... and, like any vegetable, one way or another, it gets used by others.*

L. RON HUBBARD

Hubbard had made it known from *Dianetics* on that persons who had been audited, especially Clears and OTs, could not be judged by "human" standards. Superhuman or not, the Upper Level people at Fyfield Manor impressed me in strikingly different ways. Edward Douglas and Max Dinmont -- respectively OT I and OT VI -- were kind, unostentatious gentlemen with evident strong inner qualities. Edward was like a large, benevolent elf. Never in enough funds for all available processing, he had over the years steeped himself in Hubbard's writings with such scrupulousness that even people on higher levels than his respected his authority on Scientology fundamentals. Somehow Edward wordlessly conveyed to me the feeling that he surveyed the manor and its surroundings from a non-physical vantage point.

Certain other OTs made it a point to be all too human after all. Richie Blackburn referred to one of them, a voluptuous OT VI named Olga O'Brien, as "an easy lay." The afternoon Olga arrived at the manor with her eleven year old daughter, she made a "between the bodies agreement" with another new arrival, a Sea Org recruit enroute to Ron's yacht, reported to be off the coast of Spain. The daughter disliked her mother's lover, and the three of them, indifferent to others present, hashed it over the next day in the dining room. This dispute over Olga's amours seemed to be only the latest in a series. Olga upheld her end of it with Scientological-sounding principles of Self Determination and Personal Responsibility. There was something spiteful and vindictive towards the little girl in Olga's carryings-on, but I tried to take her remarks at the table at face value. The recruit was around for only a day or so. Then Olga moved into the room of Mike Glassman, a recently attained OT VI, a fleshy, pompous man of about fifty who gave off no spiritual waves whatsoever. Richie Blackburn told me that Olga had managed to fit him, Richie, in for a between the bodies agreement also, between her bouts with the others, and "Why doncha get in on the fun, Bob? All's you got to do is say 'Hallo' to her." Richie's credibility got a boost early the next morning when I went downstairs to find Olga on the living room couch with Juanita Wilkin's steady lover, whose frequent presence at the manor didn't seem to disquiet Juanita's husband, Ralph, the landlord.

Juanita's "human" behavior was not so puzzling, however. She was only a Grade IV Release.

Ralph Wilkins, OT I, tall, rangy, and thirtyish, didn't act superhuman either. Some of his lodgers looked down their noses at his apparent vicarious delight in the naughty bedtime frolics at the manor, his wife's included. They put it that "His Ethics Are Out."

Within recent years, Hubbard himself, concerned over reports of Second Dynamic Out-Ethics (sexual promiscuity), had issued a Policy Letter directive prohibiting such activities amongst staff members and students. However, it was then reported to him that people were still doing it anyway; and as they showed no sign of ever stopping, Hubbard revoked his order and fornication was reinstated at Saint Hill.

Ralph Wilkins was scraping to finance his next Upper Level with profits from the manor, but he was extremely disorganized about it. The house was deteriorating, especially the plumbing, so that Ralph had to keep his rents at rock bottom, hoping to make up for it in volume. Some nights he had an overflow crowd sleeping on the living room floor and down in the basement, rather sinisterly

called "the Dungeons."

An inexplicable but pleasing aspect of Ralph's mismanagement was his over-generosity about food. Snacks were available round the clock for a pittance in the makeshift kitchen canteen. For breakfast guests could enjoy cereal, eggs and bacon. For dinner Ralph unvaryingly provided plenty of red meat or poultry and vegetables, and enough butter to smear on every morsel in sight.

At one meal, I noticed a boy of eight or nine eating at a small table off to one side. At first I thought he was alone; then Richie told me he was one of the children of an American couple who were on the long Special Briefing Course, who *acked* (acknowledged) everything said to them as though they were conducting an auditing session, with sonorous "Okays" and "Thank yous." His mother had found in a Search and Discovery that their son was suppressive to her -- perhaps she didn't want him in the first place -- and she had then had to disconnect from him, so he was placed away from her at his own table. Now and then she ran over and gave him a love-pat, because, as she explained, "I can really only half-disconnect from him." He was the saddest little boy I'd ever seen, his pinched, bewildered features in complete contrast to those of his sunny little sister, who always sat with her parents.

There was also a teen-aged girl who stayed in the attic and showed up for meals only on rare occasion, humming to herself. Richie described her as the Planet's First Dianetic Baby, the result of Ron's experiments with "engram-less birth." "I'm not so sure it worked out all that right, mate," he said. "She's really a bit weird, ya know."

Students and staffers at the Hill were predominantly from England, America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Scandinavian countries, where English was a second language. Men and women were in about equal ratio. Their ages ran from twelve to octogenarian, though most were young adult to middle-aged. Many of them were in great haste to get through. Pressure from the organization to ascent the Scientology ladder, and the attendant general financial pinch, tended to make the students' self-interest aggressive and unconcealed. I had first observed this during the backbiting rides over to the Hill and the daily stampede for tape machines.

I also sensed their fear. Something could happen to Scientology before Ron pulled us out of the Trap he had languished in for billions of years. Scientology had been attacked in the press and by several governments. It had survived for almost twenty years; Ron was confident about "the next billion." Yet the total picture was hardly reassuring, and the bustling surface at Saint Hill did not hide the fear.

Despite these undercurrents, there was much that pleased me about Saint Hill. I was learning to crack down for the first time in my life. The discipline would be in the long run as beneficial as clearing. It was a relief for a while not to have to make constant decisions involving several variables. My route was set out for me, and I could put all my energy into following it. Here was purpose, goal, intention.

At this point, I was closer to becoming one of them than I would have thought possible just two weeks previous.

# Solo Packs A-D

Instructors at the Hubbard College may not interpret or evaluate Hubbard Bulletins or Policy Letters.

When a student asks a question it is permissible only to refer him or her to whatever document contains the correct data.

Any other action will land the Instructor a Condition of Liability and Ethics punishment.

If a student receives any answer to a question other than the citing of a Bulletin, he must report the Instructor to the Ethics Officer.

Failure to do so makes him subject to Ethics punishment also.

Instructors must know the day, month and year of each Bulletin and Policy Letter so that they can properly reply to students' questions.

The bulletin packs were kept in a locked drawer. Students logged them out and carried them around in locked briefcases. Several of the packs were not considered confidential, and dangerous. Those dealt with auditing in terms I was already familiar with -- with one crucial difference: When eventually I audited myself on the Solo Process I would be my own preclear and accountable for carrying out the detailed instructions ... on myself.

Dozens of bulletins gave the rules of correct auditing, and their infractions. All auditing is based on the *Comm Cycle*: ask a question, get an answer, and ack (acknowledge) the preclear. *Comm Cycle additives* -- an auditor's extraneous words, inflections or gestures -- are infractions. Also *chopping the preclear's comm* -- acking (acknowledging) before the preclear has completed his response. *Chopped comm* might not offend *wogs* (non-Scientologists) -- who are thoroughly used to it -- but in auditing it disturbs the ritualistically measured flow of the Comm Cycle. Auditors should never Q and A with preclears while in session, that is, engage in a series of questions back and forth without acking. Q and A is auditing *Out Tech*, reminiscent of much of the conversation in the *wog world*.

"Hi, Charlie. How are you?"

"Fine, Bill. How's your wife?"

"Swell. Hey, I went fishing Sunday."

"Yeah? I saw the game on TV. Say, I like your tie. Do you think it looks like rain?"

Warnings about chopped comm and Q and A would not apply to self-auditing, I surmised. However, other bulletins, describing Auditor's Goofs and Difficult Preclears, made the self-auditor in his dual role doubly culpable.

Overwhelmed by the tremendous inflow of material, I cross-referenced terms and instructions as a study aid, and made up two hundred questions to test my memory.

On a Saturday night a dozen of us from the manor sat at a table at a roadhouse near East Grinstead. Juanita Wilkins was in the local annual beauty contest. I thought her a shoo-in for first. Juanita was not only blessed with the dark beauty of an Arabian Nights princess and a bubbly personality, but she was also a Communications Release.

During the floorshow, which featured a comedian perhaps hired from London, Juanita giggled nonstop and seemed as relaxed as she was around the manor. But when it came her turn at the mike she was shy and awkward.

"And where d'ya work, me lovely?" asked the MC.

"Ahh ... umm ... oh yes," she gulped, "in East Grinstead -- uh, at a stationer's."

She came in only fifth out of a field of eight. "I cawn't understand it. She must've been a trifle nervous," said a deflated Ralph Wilkins. "Anyway, we all know she was far and away the best."

The sun shone the next morning, and I took my bulletin packs and list of questions out on the terrace in back of the manor. David, one of my roommates, sat on the flagging, studying his Special Briefing Course material. I sat down a few feet away from him. After taking notes for a while, I made a trip inside to the toilet. When I returned, Richie Blackburn was pacing up and down the terrace. He approached me, glowering.

"D'ya know watcha just did, mate? Ya left your confidential materials laying around out here. Ya should know better'n that!" He thumped a truncheon-like fist against his thigh. "If I were you I'd go straightaway to Ethics and report it."

I gaped at him. "But Richie, Dave's right here and I was only gone a moment."

"Ya 'eard me. Davy's on Special Briefin'. 'Ow d'ya know 'e's reached your stage yet? What if 'e saw that stuff? I could do something about it, but it's your responsibility. Ya's better go clean it up at Ethics tomorrow. It'll all come out on your next *sec* (security) *check* anyway, that's for dead cert."

As Richie turned and strode back into the house, I felt an ominous gnawing in the pit of my stomach.

"Don't worry," said David. "'E gets a little gung-'o at times."

"But did I do anything wrong?"

"That's up to you, Bob. It's all the way you feel about it. If you think it was okay for you to leave your stuff around and go take a leak, then it's okay. You 'ave to 'ave *your own certainty on the matter*.

# Bruce

I didn't report my possible wrongdoing to Ethics. The incident bothered me for a couple of days; then I forgot about it.

My roommates left to rent a flat in town. One bed was immediately filled by an unhappy-looking man in his early forties who perpetually wore on his sweater the sign *I Am On Power Processes. Please Do Not Ask Me Questions, Audit Me, or Discuss My Case With Me.*

Bruce Perkins was a short Englishman with heavy ape-like shoulders, sensitive features and thick eyeglasses. He felt he was being taken for a ride at the Hill and was eager to talk to me about it. Bruce had left a soured marriage to give Scientology a try, having saved up the necessary funds during two years work on construction jobs in Africa. After several weeks at the Hill he still hadn't gotten through Power.

Bruce was a Difficult Preclear. He had no rapport with certain of the auditors, and the Hill's practice of changing auditors for no apparent reason kept him *ARC-broken*, necessitating review sessions at extra cost and further auditor changes, causing further ARC breaks, a Catch-22 catastrophe. Bruce had moved to the manor from a flat in East Grinstead to cut his living expenses. He was nearly out of cash and thinking of selling his car.

Bruce doubted and resented Scientology but still considered it his final hope. Playing the role of helper, I tried to persuade him to brave things through and complete his Power, limiting my encouragement to generalities, because *discussing case* was an infraction that would put us both in line for Ethics penalty. I was worried that I had let Bruce say too much already, and cut him short whenever he started going into the details of his review sessions. The sign he wore at all times made me jumpy. I was afraid I would forget and ask him a question.

In class one morning my heart took a leap when I realized I'd said the wrong thing at breakfast; I had asked Bruce, "Would you like more coffee?" Surely the question was innocuous, and yet the sign unmistakably forbade asking its bearer any questions. Ron Hubbard must have a specific reason for the injunction. I had erred, and would have to stay more on my guard with Bruce in the future.

One evening when I went up to our room, Bruce was sitting on his bed strumming feebly on a guitar. He told me of his lifelong sorrow at not being able to make music or express himself in any other way. For the next hour he related -- most expressively, I thought -- stories of his life in Africa. Filled with the wonder of exotic places, I was also saddened at how wrong Bruce was about himself. Not only could he transport me to the Dark Continent in a flash; he was also a caring and considerate gentleman. Communications Release that I was supposed to be, I never told him how highly I thought of him.

## Twin Checkouts

Students formed pairs, called "checkout twins," to test each other on tapes and bulletins. The Solo class went by *attestation system*. After a checkout the "coach" attested with his initials and the date on the checksheet, that his twin understood a tape or bulletin.

Ron's checkout procedure was almost as regimented as an auditing session. TRs had to be In, and the coach announced "Start!" at the beginning and "That's it!" to take a break or end the checkout. I covertly thought all this unnecessarily burdensome. With the wrong person coaching, checkouts were more of an inquisition. To make swift progress one needed the right twin. Some individuals got quickly to what seemed to be main points; others bogged down the procedure with apparent trivia, expecting verbatim knowledge of potentially useless material, that is, not germane to the Solo Process -- despite Ron's admonition to select only salient passages in starred bulletins. But on the longer bulletins it was hard to tell what was salient. The dozens of bulletins were in no obvious order. Silly questions might be confused with *nattering*; if students were perplexed they kept it largely to themselves. But I overheard a heated argument about whether we were supposed to memorize all material in capital letters or only what was grouped into numbered sentences.

In the checkout procedure bulletin, Hubbard demanded that whatever material was picked by the coach to examine on had to be mastered one-hundred percent for a pass. But one never knew exactly what was required. There was a sign on the Solo classroom wall: ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU ARE GOING TO RUN INTO RON ON THE SAINT HILL GROUNDS AND HE MAY CHOOSE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION.

Two Danish ladies, new on Solo, asked me to coach them on the study tapes. They picked me up in their car at the manor one night and drove me to their hotel in town, where they treated me to a steak dinner with wine. We got chummy and slightly giddy, and went upstairs to their room to do checkouts.

The prettier of the two was the brighter one also and I quickly passed her on the tapes. The other had less command of English and couldn't retain the material. I took her slowly along a gentle gradient, practically feeding her the right answers. She continued to falter. I got impatient with her and tried to prod her into the correct responses. My voice became edgy.

As I pounded away at her I saw that she was flustered, reeling from the questioning, her eyes glazed and her normally rosy cheeks pale, and I realized what I was doing to her.

"That's it!" I exclaimed. "Let's take a break."

The three of us sat looking at each other dumbly, in stunned embarrassment.

"I'd love to pass you on this," I said, "but I can't. You know I wouldn't be a good coach if I let you through without the data."

# The Bank

*This work is honest research, done with considerable care.*

L. RON HUBBARD

After two week of listening to tapes in class and studying bulletins in my room at night, I began to suffer the cumulative effect of what the Scientologists called "too much in-flow." Ron talked on and on about everything from pipe organs to obscure photographic techniques. I respected the man's range of knowledge and experience, but could relate little of what he said to the Solo Course, and had become somewhat addled by the voice ringing in my ears day after day.

Finally I got to see Ron in action in his film on the reactive mind. There was the familiar pouchy face, now in animation on the screen, breaking into quick smiles at intervals, as if its owner thought the whole thing a big joke.

Ron stood over a clay table on which rested a model of a chain of barge-like objects each packed tightly with clay balls in two rows of about six balls each. Parts of the soundtrack were inaudible.

The core of the reactive mind is called *the bank*. It may surprise you to learn that the bank consists of word-phrases called GPMs (Goals-Problems-Mass) placed there to confuse the thetan. Here we find the cause of aberration. In this demo each container-like object is a GPM (Goals-Problems-Mass) and the clay balls represent its verbal content, phrases which are arranged by plus or minus charge, on one side of the GPM the positive phrases, on the other side the negative, and these together form pairs. More on that later.

So you know, the bank is not a chaotic jumble of memory and emotion but a precise series of phrases. Quite an amazing phenomenon. Keep it in mind.

Don't think it was all that easy to find this out. I had to get the exact number of GPMs, and -- oh yes -- the number of Reliable Items, the various conflicting phrases of a GPM. The Reliable Items long remained a mystery. Likewise the fact that a GPM contains weight and significance, and that the bank occupies a space roughly fifteen feet in front of the preclear. When one stops to reflect that none of this ever occurred to the psychiatrists and other "scientists," one wonders, one wonders ...

The end of the series of GPMs runs into the beginning at a place called *present time*. Incidentally, there are only two infinitives running throughout the GPMs: TO CREATE and TO DESTROY.

I was growing excited about Ron's unfolding of the inner structure of the mind; the deepest mysteries would soon be revealed. But I was caught between elation and bewilderment. Ron had imparted that the structure of the bank was orderly, and identical in each person -- an apparent revision of the original Dianetics theory -- but not how many GPMs and Reliable Items comprised it. It was a part of my own mind I was about to erase. I turned to Hubbard Bulletin Packs E and F, which were classified secret. These bulletins gave figures between one- and three-hundred. There were also instructions for several complicated processes, with no explanation for their being in the pack, and diagrams called *line plots* began appearing, consisting of many coined words, unheard-of nouns ending in "ness." These "ness" words stood for the Goals of the GPMs (Goals-Problem-Mass). There were hundreds of them connected by zigzag lines, with crossovers where the "plus Goals" became the "minus Goals." "*Opposition terminals*" were at either end of each diagram.

I glanced through page after page covered with verbs turned into grotesque nouns. It was a nightmarish word-game. I spent several fruitless evenings trying to figure it out, and developed a bad headache.

Some of the E-F Packs bulletins were of a different nature.

As we are now well aware, the thetan had assistance in its fall into degradation. After it let itself become soft, corrupt beings finished it off by loading it with incidents and facsimiles of an electrical nature or otherwise. Such forcible affixations on the Time Track going as far back as trillions of years are called *implants*. Some of this material was laid in at implant stations by invader forces from an ancient intergalactic confederacy based on the planet Helotrobus, who were bent on creating hypnotized slaves and colonists. Thetans were occluded with the goal To Forget. Most of these implants have now been dated in research working with an E-meter. The implants, by the way, are quite varied:

Helotrobus Implants	38.2 trillion years ago to 52 trillion years ago.
Aircraft Door Implant	216 trillion years ago to 315 trillion years ago.
The Gorilla Goals	319 trillion years ago to 83 trillion years ago.
The Bear Goals	83 trillion trillion trillion trillion years ago to about 40.7 trillion trillion trillion trillion years ago.
The Glade Implants (formerly called Black Thetan)	40.7 trillion trillion trillion trillion years ago to 5.9 trillion trillion trillion trillion trillion years ago.
The Invisible Picture Goals	5.9 trillion trillion trillion trillion trillion to a date not fully determined.
The Minion Implants	Not yet determined.
The Story of Creation Implants	70 trillion trillion trillion trillion trillion trillion trillion years ago.

The Aircraft Goal was given in the mocked up fuselage of an aircraft with the thetan fixed before an aircraft door. The Gorilla Goals were given in an amusement park with a single tunnel, a roller coaster, and a ferris wheel.... The symbol of a gorilla was always present in the place the goal was given. Sometimes a large gorilla, black, was seen elsewhere than in the park. A mechanical or live gorilla was always seen in the park. This activity was conducted by the Hoipolloi, a group of operators in meat body societies. They were typical carnival people. They let out concessions for these Implant "Amusement Parks." A pink-striped white shirt with sleeve garters was the uniform of the Hoipolloi. Such a figure often rode on the roller coaster cars. Monkeys were also used on the cars. Elephants sometimes formed part of the equipment. The Hoipolloi or Gorilla Goals were laid in with fantastic motion. Blasts of raw electricity and explosions were both used to lay the Items in. The Black Thetan Goals were given in a glade surrounded by the stone heads of "black thetans" who spat white energy at the trapped thetan. The trapped thetan was motionless.

# The Sea Org

The Sea Org descended upon Saint Hill. They wore white sweaters, white slacks or skirts, white shoes and stockings. They came to see that Ethics was In and stats (statistics) were not lagging. Many of the Hill staff began wearing dirty gray rags tied around their upper arms, denoting that they were in Condition of Liability and working their way through the Liability Formula. Staff members were placed in Liability for breaking a rule, showing poor stats, or making a clerical error. They were at such time considered a deficit to the organization, and made amends by working a straight twenty-four hour shift. This meant their not leaving the grounds for one or two nights. If they ran out of work to do, they could grab some sleep on an office or classroom floor. Such was the case with the Instructor, who was penalized on enough counts to have red-rimmed eyes for days on end.

Sea Org officers placed an order for students to send out several dissemination letters each week. Blue airmail stationery was provided by the Instructor. We had to leave the letters unsealed in a basket on his desk. I wondered if they were read by the officers to see if their tone was enthusiastic enough. I had plenty of people to write to. One was Renzo, whom I still hoped to persuade to come to England before his vacation was over. I wrote to Dag Lildberg, who taught yoga: "Man! You won't find enlightenment sitting on a mountain top in the lotus position. Come to Saint Hill. It's all here! With ARC ..." I entreated other friends as well to get their Grade IV Release at the franchise so that they could witness, as I was about to, the total unveiling of the human mind.

The Sea Org threw all staff members into a frenzied book-selling campaign. Staffers were ordered to lug heavy book crates to East Grinstead after finishing work at night, to catch trains for neighboring towns. Some were put on two- and three-day missions.

Hekla, a Swedish woman staying at the manor, was dejected. She wasn't making enough money to live on doing clerical work at the Hill, and was afraid she would be put in Liability for not selling her quota of books or for letting her other stats drop while she was out canvassing (pay was automatically lowered during a Liability penalty). Hekla had received no auditing whatsoever as yet. She had hoped to return to Stockholm a Grade IV Release, better equipped to cope with an unhappy marriage, and wept to see her goal slipping out of reach.

Dexter, a likeable, long-haired guitar player from the North of England, was working around the clock at the Hill to collect credits for Grade O. He had been in and out of Liability for minor offenses, and had had to take a *Joburg*, a sec (security) check that dug deeper than the other checks, devised by Ron when members of the Johannesburg, South Africa Org mutinied against him several years back. One was lucky to get through a Joburg in three hours. Each of its 150 questions had to read clean several times -- questions such as "Are you a pervert?"[•]

[•] *Footnote:*

Security checks are in Appendix I.

I was saddened to see my new-found friends under penalty, and I encouraged them to try to hold their lowly stations until they received processing. I was spared their heartache only because I had the funds. My involvement with the Sea Org would remain peripheral. I would get what I had come for and leave.

The Solo Course End-Word Process prepares you to deal with the highly-charged core of the bank on the Clearing Course with minimal danger.

Each Reliable Item, or phrase, in a GPM (Goals-Problems-Mass) contains a verb in the infinitive plus a noun object of the infinitive, called the *end-word*. The end-word is not the most highly-charged part of the Reliable Item, since there is only one per GPM. The verb, though, may occur in several or in all of the GPMs. It is highly-charged and will bunch up entire sections of the Time Track if restimulated. I have made a sincere effort on the Solo Course study materials to avoid any *restim* of words in the bank that will spin you in on the GPMs. You must do likewise. When I give you illustrations of end words or you make clay demos, you must use unrestimulative words. To Catch Catfish illustrates such a Reliable Item, with infinitive To Catch and end-word Catfish, innocent words not in the bank. During the actual process you will get most of the charge off your real end-words. Here is it:

Set up your E-meter and your report sheets, take up the single tin can in one hand, a ballpoint pen in the other, and ask yourself the question: WHAT AM I DRAMATIZING? The answer must be in the form of an object noun, i.e., an end-word. If the word is not a noun, add *ness* to it. For example, if it occurs to you that you are dramatizing being accident-prone, try Accidentness, Accidentingness, Accidentiousness or some such. If this is one of your end-words it will read.

When you find an end-word, register it on a small filing card with the date and the meter read. Then find its opposite. End-words come in pairs in a GPM, plus and minus, dichotomies like Tallness and Shortness. The prefix *un-* may be attached to the first end-word to get its opposite: *Unaccidentingness*.

When you find the opposite (it must also read), completing a pair, note it to the left of its mate on the first card, and in turn register it on a second card with date, read, and first end-word next to it. Place the second card on top of the first and clip them together.

There is no trick to any of this. Use a dictionary or book or synonyms when necessary, register all pairs you find, and throw the clipped-together cards on top of the growing pile. Keep complete reports. That is the whole process: finding pairs of end-words. There may be dozens.

Do not mull over the process in your mind before doing it. If you catch yourself thinking of dramatizations, say "That's it!" and go back to whatever business at hand.

The End-Words Process will put an end to any lingering pains you may have. It's an easy process. Done correctly, *it's just a walk in the park*.

I realized what I had done. There was nothing about line-plotting or Gorilla or other implants in the process instructions, and the hours I had spent on the E-F Packs were wasted time. Evidently, the E-F Packs had been supplanted, their inclusion in the course materials for historical completeness only.

I had to forewarn my other new roommate, a South African wool dealer named Radcliff Jones, who had a deadline to meet and couldn't afford to waste any time. Carefully avoiding the slightest hint about the process itself -- Radcliff hadn't yet seen the confidential packs -- I reminded him that he need spend his time only on starred bulletins.

How stupid I had been to exhaust myself to the point of illness in the labyrinth of confusing diagrams and nonsense words! It occurred to me that the Solo Course was poorly organized, yet some students breezed through it in a couple of weeks. There was some trick to finding the pertinent data amidst the millions of words Hubbard had written and spoken through the years. But why was it necessary? Did Ron deliberately place obstacles in our path?

There was another possibility. Ron might not know everything that was going on at the Hill. He might be shocked to hear of the punishments being meted out. In fact, Ron himself might not have made up the Solo Course. *Somebody else* had put together the tapes and bulletins. *And included the E-F Packs*.

I continued to knuckle down hard on the bulletins I thought were crucial, never going anywhere on weekends -- not to London to visit my friends there, or to Brighton for a look at the beach. I got no exercise, not even much walking; my legs felt weak. The lovely terrain abutting the manor house grounds was a forbidden delight, receding into the distance in enchanting patterns like the

chessboard Through the Looking Glass. I had had no sexual urge since my arrival in England, though I didn't have to stray from the manor to find attractive lonely women. "If I'm still like this when I get back to New York I'm going to have to start worrying," I told myself.

At last on a Sunday I took a break to walk around the manor and admire the trees and the fields. Then I spent a couple of hours playing the grand piano in the living room, and happily discovered that my fingers still worked. Richie Blackburn was captivated by a Strauss waltz arrangement -- which put me in solid with him again. He spoke of his home town in Australia, where women were called "Sheilas" and the black aborigines "boongs." He wanted to hear the waltz again. Curvy and available Olga O'Brien sat near the piano gazing dreamily into space as though she was sharing in a mystic ritual.

After dinner Edward Douglas joined us as I played the waltz for Richie for the fifth time. "Oy used to love to sing," he said. "But somehow it just didn't seem to work out. Oy haven't stretched me vocal cords for twenty years." Once again I was in the encourager's role, and insisted he start singing again -- immediately. He went to his room and brought down a pile of quaint old Australian sheet music. What he did with these songs was barely discernible as singing, but I was rather moved by it, applauding each selection: "That's great, Edward! Keep it up, you really must" -- while inwardly surprised that with all his years in Scientology he needed such validation. After a while tears came to his eyes and I let him stop.

A pleasant young lady from California was my checkout twin. We took two afternoons away from the Hill for the bulletins, under an old shade tree on the back lawn of the manor, making trips back to the kitchen to refill our teacups. The first day we went over some material I had already been exposed to on the Dianetics Course in New York and passed over lightly in England, including the Characteristics of the Suppressive.

Next day we examined each other on the End-Words Process, firming our knowledge of the data as we went along. We finished our checkouts aglow with the feeling of mastery, and set out, briefcases in hand, on the pathway over the soft meadows. I had never been this way in my life. My body was a vehicle with me in control, making it step along in any manner I liked, shedding my glasses to marvel at the tiny blue and lavender flowers near our feet with eyes that seemed to get sharper with step, and speaking to my companion in a voice so relaxed it seemed an octave lower than usual.

I knew that *this was it*. The words sang through my being: To be clear is just this ... all the time!

# Albert Ward

*A raving made thetan is far more sane than a normal human being. But then as you audit, observe it for yourself.*

L. RON HUBBARD

A sinister-looking man of about fifty sat down to dinner with us one night at the manor. I got the story on him from Richie Blackburn. A *PTS-3* (an extreme case of Potential Trouble Source), Albert Ward had cracked up while doing the Clearing Course and was under twenty-four hour watch. Richie and two staff members from the Hill had been assigned to guard him in shifts. Albert Ward was not a tractable *PTS-3*, like Sam Veach. He sat quietly at the table, not talking to anyone and not looking at anything in particular, his mouth fixed in a smugly defiant expression, as though he were confirming to the world, "I was right all along." He appeared to be insane.

Richie told me that Albert Ward wished to return to America, but the organization were loathe to let him leave in his present condition. Ralph Wilkins wanted Albert to move to a hotel in town, but hadn't been able to arrange for a place where he could be guarded. Ralph was sick of the organization imposing *PTS-3s* on him for their own convenience, and some of his boarders were disgusted at seeing the place used as a dumping ground for the mentally disturbed.

After dinner I sat with several of the others in the kitchen while Richie prowled the corridor near Albert's room or tagged along behind him in the woods when Albert went out for a walk.

There in the kitchen I heard OT VIs Olga O'Brien and Mike Glassman discussing the OT III process, the third level above clearing. They referred to it as *The Wall of Fire*.

"It's like walking a tightrope over Hell," said Olga. "One slip and you're in it."

"I bet when Albert Ward was doing the Clearing Course he kicked in something from up ahead on OT III," Mike said. "Ron softened the original process because so many people were freaking out on it. Even the one we did was a revised version. There's still enough on it to drive some people insane."

The following night, Ralph Wilkins wanted to take Albert Ward to town but couldn't get the *PTS-3* to leave his room. Mike Glassman stepped confidently down the hallway and gave Albert commands in a Tone-40 voice, a penetrating bark used by auditors to express Ultimate Intention to troublesome preclears. Albert wouldn't budge. Olga tried soft cajolement. But neither she nor anyone else could make Albert get into Ralph's van, and no one wished to use physical force on him, though Richie had a baseball bat ready if clubbing proved necessary. Richie was red-eyes and irascible after two sleepless nights on guard duty, and felt that Albert or the organization or both had some sort of vendetta against him.

Next morning I was informed that Albert Ward had left in a taxi by himself at one a.m. I never found out what became of him.

To conclude the theoretical part of the checksheet, we did clay demos of the End-Words Process. According to Ron, demos sharpened knowledge in an almost magical way, but I never got much out of them; a verbal exposition would have saved a lot of fuss. However, it felt good to be in a standing position for a change, playing with the mushy clay. Models of a GPM were required. I

glanced around at other students' demos. All looked similar to Ron's model in his film: clay balls loaded on barges. A demo of a Solo Audit session had to include a small figure seated at a table with E-meter and an "auditing comm line" running from the figure *back to itself*, since *self-auditing* was our context. Labels bearing auditing questions were spaced along the comm line. All of the Solo Audit demos I saw looked like clotheslines.

While making up my demo, I had a dim recollection of something disturbing in the E-F Packs, one of the crazy implants of a bear or a gorilla ... or was it a spider? The material eluded me. I left the clay table and signed out the E-F Packs. If I could just find the bulletin and read it a few times the thought would stop bothering me. I couldn't find it, and still feeling uneasy returned to the clay.

To illustrate end-words I moulded two figures of a man, one propped up on his feet labeled Standingness, the other flat on the table, Lyingness. I motioned to the Instructor that I had a demo ready for his inspection. He took one look at the labels and blew up at me. "Man, those are highly-charged, restimulative words! They might even be in the bank! Use your head, forcrissake. Don't ever leave stuff like that lying around again!"

Later that afternoon I took sick. The clay table was in a strong draft. I felt flushed and feverish, and by six o'clock I wanted only to get into bed, and retired without any dinner.

I awoke early the next morning and couldn't get back to sleep. Something like a malevolent force kept me awake mulling over the coming Solo Audit. I lay shivering under the covers, thinking of all the words for what I was dramatizing. They ended in "-ness." One of them was Unhappiness. I had been in Sussex for several weeks, with perhaps moths to follow, away from city streets and old friends, subjected to discomforts and discipline which left me with no time to myself. I had denied myself what I considered "living" as a test of my determination. Now in the early morning hours it struck me that my life had become forlorn.

As light began to brighten up the room and the first birds of the morning shrieked in the treetops, a vibration shot through my stomach like a charge of electric voltage. It was fear. I lay huddled around the shock, repulsed by the feel of the sheets against my body. I was aware of the sharp, antiseptic smell of the English coal-tar soap on the windowsill above my head, and the shrill buzzing of an electric-razor converter under the bed just below my pillow, sound and smell that keyed in primitive terror from the bank.

I needed a smoke and rummaged in the ashtray for a cigarette butt. I tried to sleep once more, but ended up going downstairs to the dining room, where there were unemptied ashtrays on the table from the night before. At six o'clock I got dressed and made myself a cup of tea. In my clothes and fully awake, I was able to identify the trouble. I was getting close to the reactive mind, was in fact at the very edge of its core and the chasm lay beneath me. I remembered the phrase "fighting the tiger." The words were now more deeply meaningful to me than ever. I was fighting the tiger of the reactive mind. Ron held that a thetan was basically superior to the bank. It would take a struggle to go with little sleep until Solo Audit and perhaps clearing, but eventually I would tear the claws from the beast and put an end to my fear.

# Practical Drills

The Instructor gave me his permission to go to the Office of Certs and Awards and attest to checkout on the tapes, bulletins and demos. Certs put the date on my checksheet and gave me a certificate qualifying me to begin the practical drills, many of which were repeats from the Dianetics Course in New York. I found a partner, a Southerner named Jim Fergus, and we sat facing each other to do TR-0, which was simply to look at each other and *be there*.

When we got to bull-baiting, I broke Jim up by mispronouncing his name in various dialects. He on the other hand couldn't make me laugh; I was in far too serious a mood. I began to feel sorry for him.

"Do birds flah?" he intoned for the twentieth time in his East Texas drawl.

"No," I responded.

"All right. Do fish swi-yum?" Suddenly with cheeks sucked in, lips quivering and eyes bulging out, he thrust his face near me. Gill-like lines appeared at the corners of his mouth. "Ah'll repeat the auditing question. Do fish swi-yum?"

I started to gasp. "Do fish swim?" echoed students from nearby tables. They began to drift over to me. Soon I was surrounded by a sea of gulping mouths and bugging eyes.

"Stop it, Jim. You win!" I choked, as I gave in to the relieving laughter erupting from my stomach.

That night at the manor, I asked Edward Douglas, who was famous for his TR-0, to coach me. Edward took me into his room and closed the door. I helped him move books, lamps and suitcases around to get table and chairs into auditing position. Edward plodded about the room for another several minutes getting things just right, his roundish elfin features set in a sober expression. Next he scrupulously adjusted his E-meter; the meter was not used in the drill but gave it the feel of an actual auditing session.

Edward did not bull-bait, but focused on keeping me alert and in quiet ARC with him. "Flunk for confronting me with your left ear," he said at one point. "Flunk for letting your being leave this room." I asked him what these corrections meant. He explained that he had perceived my attention straying to a part of my body or to some other time and place, and he wanted to make me aware of it. "Misattention comes from the bank," he said. "TR-0 pulls you into present time. Oy must see that you confront me *with yourself and with nothing else*.

Jim Fergus missed his family, was in a big hurry to finish Solo Audit, and wasn't getting much sleep either, he confided. We agreed to meet each night and on the weekend, hitching rides to the Hill for our get-togethers if necessary.

Both of us were familiar with some of the E-meter drills. It was annoying to have to repeat #1, the title of which, "Touch and Let Go of the E-meter," strongly suggested its tediousness. #2, "E-meter Familiarization," was a long series of coach's commands to move the various knobs on the device, repeated until the trainee executed flawlessly. We spent an hour on a drill in which the coach playing the preclear yawned, stretched, squirmed, changed his grip on the tin cans and shifted his feet -- its purpose to teach us to distinguish *body reads* from *bank reads*.

A *read* was defined as any change in needle action -- a stationary needle starting to move, or a moving needle changing direction or speed. Eighteen types of needle action were listed: Stuck, Null, Fall, Change of Characteristic, Rise, Theta Bop, Rock Slam, Free Needle, Stage Four, Rocket Read, Clean Needle, Dirty Needle, Tick, Speeded Rise, Speeded Fall, Slowed Rise, Slowed Fall, Stopped. These were largely related to aberrations stemming from the preclear's bank:

1. A Fall: Losses, lies, present time problems, locks, and disagreements with a reality.
2. A Rise: Non-confront, an ARC break, restimulation, unreality, out-of-sessionness, fear, irresponsibility, identification, elsewhere-ness, dispersal, and confusion.
3. A Stuck Needle: Betrayal, anger, stopped or stopping, hate, fixed attention, failed help, refused help, terror, and failure.
4. A Theta Bop: Exteriorizations, operations, desires to leave anything, violent injuries, and shocks.
5. A Rock Slam: The consideration of committing overts.
6. No Reaction: Anything which has been destimulated or discharged or which is inert.
7. A Change of Characteristic: Any of the above.
8. A Free Needle. Demonstrated by elimination. If the student auditor has been able to produce any of the above need actions, then the needle was not a free needle.

Withholds or charge on an item caused a network of tiny stitches on the dial known as a *dirty needle*. If a dirty needle wasn't cleaned, it rose slowly towards the left on its dial, requiring tone-arm knob adjustments to the right to center it; hence, the tone-arm needle also rose, passing 4 and 5 on its own dial, until the "read" needle stuck rigidly or pulsated in minuscule ticks like a throbbing nerve-ending.

If instead the large needle veered to the extreme right as though pulling itself off its dial, a load of charge had just blown from the bank. An adjustment of the tone-arm knob, now to the left, centered the needle again. The concomitant leftward movement of the tone-arm needle was called a *blowdown*.

Through their absorption in the data on meter reads, tone-arm and charge, the students soon learned to identify their own and other people's mental/spiritual state with what the E-meter told them.

To produce reads, the coach went down lists provided in *The Book of E-Meter Drills*, one of which contained Scientology terms and organizational titles. Hubbard and his wife, Mary Sue, were on the list.

There were also list of countries, trees, fruits, vegetables, flowers, herbs, animals, musical instruments, nonsense phrases and creatures such as "tarantula," "silverfish," "octopus," "hookworm," and the "elephant's-trunk snake." That last item provoked me. I doubted the existence of such a creature, but got a big read when Jim Fergus read it off to me in his amiable drawl.

The final meter drill was called Track Dating. One of us would write a date and time on a slip and

hold the tin cans. The other then asked questions dealing with increasingly smaller "orders of magnitude" until by spotting reads he arrived at the date and time noted on the slip, down to the second. The drill was designed for past lifetimes. The dates we used were in the hundreds of trillions of years ago.

During lunch break I noticed a man without a nameplate standing near the Castle. When I reminded him of the rule, he said, "I don't attend here. I'm just waiting for my mother to leave her class." I said nothing more and went to the canteen. I had hesitated before turning away from him, although I didn't think anyone was watching us. Was this out of a sense of duty, or a fear of punishment? I wasn't sure. I touched my own nameplate. I had worn it faithfully for several weeks. Something was happening to me, but there was no time to think about it. I'd be leaving soon anyway.

## Final Preparations and Solo Audit

Each morning I awoke at three or four and lay under the covers in a state of terror. A new symptom augmented the electric tremors: pain shooting through my head and converging to a point behind the right eye, like a jabbing icepick. My broodings on dramatizations became farfetched, in keeping with these symptoms: Stabbingness ... Voltageness. I tried to stop this madness with the command "That's it!", repeating this phrase innumerable times. Occasionally I would leave my bed to forage for cigarettes. I looked forward to seven o'clock, when Marilyn, the cook, could arrive to start breakfast. Marilyn was working to support her husband through Special Briefing Course. She was from Australia, and a warm and gracious person, the only one to whom I ventured to speak about the actions of the Sea Org crew, however avoiding outright criticism. I didn't mention "fighting the tiger" to Marilyn, although she must have gleaned from my early-morning visits to the kitchen that I wasn't sleeping properly.

At breakfast, Edward Douglas habitually downed vitamin E and a large pill called a "GUK bomb." Perhaps I had made a crucial mistake not to have done this from the first. I chose to tell Edward about my sleeplessness and ask his advice.

"It's the Trap," he said, peering steadily into my eyes. "The bank puts up a stiff fight to keep from being destroyed. You're getting real close now, mate. Oy sure as 'ell want to be around when yer go clear." He broke into a smile and clapped me on the shoulders. "They'll be able to 'ear you play your pianner all the way to New York!"

I began to lean on Edward. On seeing each other we would exchange significant looks, followed by smiles and pats on the back. I sensed that my struggle was very meaningful to him, that my success would be a win for him also. It was unfair, in a way, that I had the money I needed to take the Upper Levels while Edward was sweating it out, waiting for funds to arrive from Australia, where he had put his house up for sale. He was growing deaf, and there was still a chance, I thought, that when he could afford Level II or III (The Wall of Fire) his hearing would be restored.

I also sought comfort from Max Dinmont, the OT VI, who drove me to the Hill most mornings. I felt that I needed someone on an even higher Level than Edward to confide in, and told Max I had been having a rough time of it in the early morning hours. He smiled and said, "All right, you haven't been sleeping in the morning." The smile was *unrestimulative*. It seemed to say, "I am not allowed to tell you all I went through on my way to the top, but I understand your struggle and smile knowing the higher state of being you are so close to." His smile wiped away my misery for the moment, and we hugged each other and went out to his car.

That night after dinner I overheard an exchange between Max and Mike Glassman about Mike's girlfriend, Olga O'Brien. "Couldn't you wait sometimes when Olga's a couple of seconds late and give her a ride to the Hill," Mike boomed in a voice of powerful command.

"I leave every morning at exactly 8:40," replied Max in quieter but equally impressive tones. "If's she's downstairs, I'll be glad to give her a ride. If she's not, she'll have to find another way just like anyone else."

"I GOT THAT," acked Mike. Their statements were crisp, measured, and as incisive as speedballs, so that I could almost feel the impact of the energy and mass being hurled about the dining room. The air vibrated with the force of these OT VIs, who, though observing out-of-session auditing

conventions -- TRs and acks -- plainly disliked each other.

Max told me afterwards that Mike was full of bluster and good for a laugh, a sucker for Olga's charms and now playing the role of her sugar-daddy. Max made it sound as if their quarrel were merely a game they enjoyed playing with each other on occasion.

Another incident that week increased my admiration for Max. He had to stop abruptly near the Saint Hill driveway to avoid hitting another car, and we received a sharp bump from the rear. A beefy, red-faced young man stuck his face up to Max's window and shouted, "Stopped a bit short, eh guv'nor?"

Max waited a moment, letting the exclamation ring in the air and die down, then said very levelly, "I don't think so."

This remark was so clearly etched and separated from everything around it that the young man, looking as dazed as a cow stunned by an electric concussor, turned and went back to his car.

Max was quite human, in a nice way, for all his OT qualities. He liked to tell me about his daughter in California, the good ARC he had with his car, and his experiments with fad diets and fasting. One morning I asked him to check my E-meter. When he picked up the cans, I was astonished to see his tone-arm climb to 4, an area of tension. He yawned, stretched, rotated his shoulders, gulped and opened and shut his mouth convulsively. These contortions failed to bring down the tone-arm needle.

After the practical drills I was on my own. I went to Certs to attest to checkout on the drills and began the final preparations for Solo Audit: making out sample auditor's reports and doing Solo Assists -- drills on cleaning my own dirty needles, present-time problems and ARC breaks. I had no trouble with the assists. To lower the tone-arm, I directed, "Get down, you motherfucker!" and the needle responded with a long fall to the right, immediately bringing the tone-arm from 4 to 2.5, a *blowdown*.

The summer influx was well underway at Saint Hill. Fyfield Manor was crowding up more than ever. Besides housing several on course, it was a stopover for recruits heading for the Sea Org boat, still reportedly moored off the Spanish coast. One night there were a dozen people in sleeping bags or on mattresses on the living room floor. Some of the regulars were miffed at the presence of these transients, and complained to Ralph Wilkins. Also to Ethics. Ethics sent someone over to report on the Ethics Condition of the manor. And the East Grinstead Board of Health paid a call, to ascertain its Health Condition.

Some news caused a stir at the Hill. An Advanced Org United Kingdom (AOUK) had just been established in Edinburgh, Scotland, operated exclusively by Sea Org personnel. Two of its white-clad officers canvassed the Hill one afternoon for advance payments on Clearing and the Upper Levels. Those students who were able unhesitatingly signed up for clearing and all eight OT Levels, though only six were currently available, at a total cost of about \$4,000. I, too, signed up for the whole package, but without making payment, because I planned only to go clear -- and also OT I. Word had got around that OT I was "a must, to stabilize the state of clear."

*MEST beings, incapable of regaining a theta state in the absence of Dianetics, dislike theta beings.*  
L. RON HUBBARD

Many of the students on Solo were getting nervous as they approached the culmination of weeks of study and perhaps sleeplessness. The outer layers had been stripped from the core of the bank;

the last stretch before the process was almost unendurable. Several people at the manor were sick. I couldn't tell if it was the same sickness I had; they called it "a touch of flu" or "an upset stomach." Concern over money was more pressing than ever, with the word out on OT III. Something terrifying lay ahead on The Wall of Fire, and there were people who had come to England only for clearing who now needed additional funds to brave OT III and break through their sickness.

I heard muttered speculation at the manor about the outbreak of illness. It was like a curse; somebody or something must be causing it. Ron's instructions had been altered by incompetent or malicious underlings, and the group was suffering for it. Or perhaps Ralph Wilkins' Out-Ethics in taking contaminating PTS-3s into the manor, especially Albert Ward, who was a malignant omen. Proximity to East Grinstead was another Trouble Source. Felicia and Gerald, back in New York, had told me of Scientologists confronting locals on the street with books and pamphlets. Many of the citizens thought the Scientologists mental, with their hectoring dissemination, carefully guarded briefcases and signs ("Please Don't Ask Me Questions ..."). At the franchise we had had a good laugh over the story about a town wag who had managed to get "Saint Hill" entered in the local telephone directory under "Zoo."

The Scientologists in turn were indifferent to the townspeople, or derisive, referring to them as "wogs" and labeling the whole town suppressive. To many Scientologists there was something defiled and diseased about these people. "Suppressive" suggested the stench of evil.

I brushed aside such notions. The evil influence was not emanating from the distant town or even from suspect people who had one lived among us. The Trouble Source was now within the walls of the manor itself. I looked to the others. Simple enough. As they drew near the core of the bank, they had gotten overwhelmed and had dropped on the Tone Scale, lowering their own resistance to illness. But I was on to this; I was fighting the tiger, sick as I felt.

But there was still another possibility. *It might be Edward Douglas.* A friend and admirer could drag one down far deeper than could the most malicious enemy. There was something ominous in our relationship. He wanted something from me and I didn't know what it was. I began watching him more closely. Now that I had allowed myself to think of it, I realized that his slowly spreading smile and meaningful staring into my eyes were contrived. He was grimly serious about Scientology, and this wasn't what Ron wanted at all -- pagan Ron, chuckling his way through the tapes. Edward must be concealing something. He was very clever about disguising his suppressive tendencies, his childlike bulbous face in reality a devil's mask...

At six o'clock the morning of my Solo Audit, I walked down the dirt driveway at Fyfield. This was better than lying in bed trying to ward off the terror springing at me from unknown forces. On either side of the drive were the massive trees, solid and peaceful, with pink and white blossoms shimmering in the early morning air. Cars and trucks passed by on the highway going to London. I watched them disappear over the hill, and for a moment I thought of leaving. I could pack my bags and be out there thumbing a ride in twenty minutes -- no one would stop me. Instead, I turned and walked slowly back to the manor.

I stayed on after breakfast to be alone with my meter.

When almost everyone had gone I went upstairs to my room, closed the door after me, and set up the necessary articles just as I had gone over in my mind so many times: report forms and worksheets on one side of the desk near the meter; an assessment sheet, in the event of a dirty needle, on the other side; an English dictionary and a thesaurus of synonyms on the bed within

easy reach. I set up and turned on the meter, filled in the heading of the report form, tested the single tin can used in Solo, centered the needle, and took the first tone-arm reading. Now for the process.

"*What am I dramatizing?*" I asked myself. "*Fear*" was the immediate rejoinder. I spoke the word several times, got a flicker on the dial, and registered Fear on a card.

What was its opposite, *Unfear*? The item didn't read. I reached for the book of synonyms, looked under "confidence," and called out several of the entries. Nothing read. I uttered "Unfear" again and this time got a small read. I registered the word on another card and clipped it to the first.

For my next end-word I tried *Anxiety* and got a read. Again I had trouble finding the opposite. The needle was dirtying-up -- which called for an assessment. I went down a sheet of questions such as "Have you gone past a correct end-word?" Doing an assessment on myself was nerve-wracking. I had covered too much material in a short time and couldn't remember the data on reads. Pressure started building in my forehead.

I managed to get one more pair, *Unhappiness* and *Peace*, scarcely antonyms but both read. *Tension* read. "*Relaxation*," I exclaimed, and, failing to get a read, wrote up the Summary Report, packed up my things and hitched a ride to the Hill.

The Instructor looked over my reports and snorted, "Damn it, man, you've got several EWs (end-words) right there! Go back and complete your pairs."

When I resumed auditing myself, *Unanxiety* read. That gave me another pair, and I needed only a mate for *Tension*. I found myself somehow associating the word with "closing."

"*Opening*," I cried, and the needle swiftly hove to the right, practically falling off the dial. When I nudged the tone-arm to center the needle, it went into a series of surging motions in which I thought I spied a floating needle.

It was late in the afternoon when I got back to the Instructor's desk. I told him I was worried about *Opening*, since that word can be a verb form as well as a noun. Perhaps it wasn't a proper end-word; I wished I had tried "*Openness*."

He exclaimed, "What do you want, man? The word read? Then it's an EW! Go attest and get started on out-going lines."

My head was still pounding, but leaving Saint Hill would doubtless put an end to that symptom, as well as to the sleepless mornings.

Reception handed me a form setting out the order of progress from office to office. This orange-colored sheet would be traveling with me to Scotland on a comm-line between the out-flow of the Hill and the in-flow of the AOUK, the new Advanced Org United Kingdom.

After attesting and receiving a certificate, I went to Success to record my gains. My true gain was knowing that I would soon be leaving Saint Hill, but rather than putting things that way I stated, "Complete satisfaction with the Solo Course." Success asked me to send him more details when I got to the AOUK, and directed me out to the garbage dump to burn all the notes I'd taken while on course.

That evening when I went to the manor's kitchen commissary for a cup of tea, there was Edward, looking like anything but a suppressive. When I told him of my Solo Release he gave me a bear-hug and danced me around the kitchen table. I had the impression that my release meant much more to him than it did to me.

# Out-Going Lines

*He is guilty of more overts than he is telling the auditor ...*

L. RON HUBBARD

Out-going security check was administered by Mike Glassman's young son, Danny, who was working on staff. Danny slid into his chair and revved up the meter like an air ace in his cockpit. He was unsmiling, and had a squint that unnerved me. The questions were much like those of the incoming sec check, but this time something was drastically wrong with the needle.

"There's something Out," Danny snarled. "I'm going to have to check each question twice. Is there a withhold? I have a read on that. Something's wrong here and I'm going to find out what it is."

With that my heart slid into my stomach.

"C'mon, what is it?" Danny hammered. My brain scurried desperately for wrongs I had committed.

"I was kidding around about the Sea Org."

"All right. Any more on that?"

"About the book-selling mission."

"Right. Who with? I said WHO WITH?"

"With Marilyn, the cook at Fyfield Manor, where I've been staying. But she didn't say anything, just listened to me."

"Okay" -- taking it all down -- "I'll check that on the meter. Is there a withhold? That's clean. Are you here for the wrong reasons? I'm getting a read on that. Look, there's something here and I'm going to get it if it takes all day. Now GIVE! It's better you clean it up now. Do you want me to have to put you through a Joburg?"

I didn't know what was causing reads at this point. I was packed and ready to leave, my friends were expecting me in London, and this teen-aged bastard had to louse it all up -- *he* was what was dirtying the needle.

"I had a funny feeling about my Solo Audit."

"Okay. What about it?"

"I wasn't quite satisfied with one of my EWs."

"All right. Why not?"

"One of them could be either a noun or a verb. I may've made a mistake."

"THANK YOU. Put down the cans. Now, you've invalidated yourself by questioning your Solo Release. You are a Solo Release, right? If I hear you invalidating yourself again I'm sending you

straight to Ethics, is that understood? If there's anything else, out with it or it'll go a lot harder for you in the long run."

There was something else, the question of the gruff but well-meaning Instructor's competence. Hadn't he on more than one occasion broken the rules by volunteering his own opinion, saying more about a Hubbard Bulletin than merely citing a page in the permitted way? I managed to jam that thought so far down into my system that it didn't come close to the surface again. Apparently I'd gone through enough to loosen the needle and get through the remaining questions.

As I left the cubicle I was close to numbness, with only my queasy stomach to remind me that I had betrayed Marilyn. I went into lines and began the long wait for another, briefer, out-going sec check, this one at Auditing Worldwide. I stood in line while the Worldwide Ethics Officer rapidly checked preclears out at her desk. This Ethics lady's face wore a dolorous expression. She looked exhausted. In a flash of intuition, I perceived that she might be Gerald Tyber's ex-wife, who had put him through so much trouble.

As I stepped up to her desk, she turned away from the E-meter for a moment to look at me. Perhaps my nervousness reminded her of her own experiences going through lines.

"Pick up the cans, please." She looked into my eyes and the faint sweetness of a smile softened the corners of her mouth. "Are you here to steal confidential materials?"

"No."

"Thank you. That's clean," she said gently. She smiled again, ever so slightly, and a warm current ran through my body.

"Are you a member of a suppressive group?"

"No."

"Good. That's clean. Okay, that's it."

She had spotted the floating needle. The security checks were over and I was on my way to the Advanced Org in Edinburgh.

*The intent of other beings was to make this preclear into a willing or unwilling but at least obedient slave.*

L. RON HUBBARD

When I got to my friends' house in London, where I was going to spend the night, the first thing I wanted to do was get into a warm bed for a couple of hours. Ann and Nicholas Dalmas sensed that all was not well, and gave me a hot-water bottle to take with me. After my nap we played with their two little girls and had dinner.

It felt strange being with non-Scientologists. I was relieved to be away from the manor but my nerves were still jumping. I tried to act carefree. When the children were in bed, Ann, Nicholas and I sat in the living room talking. Ann was worried.

"I've read about these Scientology people in the newspapers. They've got some sort of large boat and a girl who went aboard it disappeared."

"Look, Ann," I said, "Scientology has always gotten a rotten press in England. These stories are based on rumors. I can probably piece together what really happened and give you a very good explanation for it. Now, this girl who 'disappeared' probably left her parents to join what's known as the Sea Org, the crew on Ron Hubbard's yacht. During her training, her parents were found to be 'suppressive' to her -- that is, they held her back from her own goals -- and she disconnected from them. They haven't heard from her since, and they're naturally worried. Simple enough, isn't it?"

"I don't know," Ann replied. "I think it's awful -- taking children away from their parents. There's something sinister going on. This Scientology sounds dreadfully like brainwashing. Bob, I think they're trying to snatch your brain. I'm very frightened about what's happening to you."

"Now, Ann," Nicholas put in, "Bob knows what he's doing, and it seems to be precisely what he wants to do."

"Wait," she said, "let me read you both a story I wrote just a few weeks ago."

Ann got her composition book and read us a horrific tale about beings from another galaxy who came to earth and enslaved us -- worst of all, with our own full cooperation. Parts of her story were remarkably similar to certain details in the E-F Packs. How could Ann have known of such things?

In a panic, I spewed out the benefits the Lower Grades had brought me in New York. Ann impatiently waited for me to finish.

"For God's sake, Bob, don't go on with this thing. Stop now while you're still safe. You can stay here with us for a while. The music life in this city is fabulous and I'm sure that Nick, with all hisconnections, can help you find work right away."

I didn't know what to say. What did I really know about Scientology when thus far I had been only at the Hill? The people I'd dealt with were merely on the periphery of the group. In Edinburgh, I would be with members of the inner ranks who would know how to guide me in my struggle with the reactive mind.

Ann was looking at me as if she were searching for the words or gestures that would reach me. I was very fond of her, yet now she was taking on the characteristics of a suppressive.

The three of us went into Nick's music study, where I played a classical work and some comic improvisations on the piano. This failed to lighten the atmosphere. I could feel Ann's eyes on me. She had said she feared I was being drawn deeper into a trap, one from which I might never escape; but from what I had learned at the Hill, she was the entrapped one, seeking to pull me into the depths with her. Nicholas was quiet. He wished to be fair and impartial, but his wife's distress had unmanned him.

We retired at midnight. When I awoke the sky was barely light. I smoked, and heard on the sidewalk below my window the footsteps of people on their way to early morning jobs.

At breakfast, Ann was still uneasy but had given up trying to dissuade me from going to Scotland.

"I guess you could tell I was in some sort of a jam leaving the Hill," I said, "but really, it's all straightened out now."

"Come back to us, Bob, when you're finished with this," she said.

I left for Edinburgh on the ten o'clock train with the lunch Ann had packed. Across the aisle from me sat a young woman of about twenty. I stared at her legs now and again during the five-hour train ride. She was just a wog girl with a vacant expression on her face ... probably suppressive to someone.

## **PART III: The AOUK**

*This is a cold-blooded and factual account of your last sixty trillion years.*  
L. RON HUBBARD

# The Upper Levels

I rented a room in a quiet neighborhood and went out for a walk around the downtown area. After dinner I bumped into a young man who had completed Solo Course just before I did. He was now an OT IV. From the avenue he pointed out the location of the Advanced Org, in a row of old buildings across a large bridge. I saw the shapes of towers looming over the embankment., silhouetted against the night sky. He noted my hesitation and said, "Come on over. The sooner you start the sooner you'll be OT."

We walked across the bridge, which spanned the Edinburgh railroad yards, stopping briefly to lean on the parapet and watch the switching operations below.

The Advanced Org was two blocks down from the bridge on a main thoroughfare. There was a single white door with a rim of blue painted around the frame and a sign above it: HUBBARD COLLEGE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT. We climbed a long, winding staircase and he left me at Reception, an aperture in the wall of the foyer, near the stairs, that had been in former days the registration window of Suttie's Hotel, what must have been a rather seedy lodging situated above some small shops.

All I could see from Reception was a small anterior lobby, a few closed doors, and a corridor. There were clashing odors from a defective gas heater and the white paint newly splashed on every wall.

It was 9 p.m. and the AOUK was quiet. There were a few men sitting in the outer lobby, subdued-looking and motionless. One of them, Jim Fergus, got up to shake my hand and let me know he had made OT II. He looked weary and his eyes had a faraway glint. Another, an OT IV, appeared somewhat wilted. I glanced at the others. Their eyes were glassy, their faces transfixed, as though they were exteriorized from their bodies.

I went to Reception to start lines. The portable nature of the Sea Org was in evidence. The AOUK had been in operation only a week or two, yet all of the Scientology machinery was there: bookstore, offices, and lines. I signed up for the Clearing Course with Registrar, and gave Accounts \$760 in pounds. Then I registered with Housing, who took my passport as "security."

AO students were restricted to lodgings that were registered at Housing as a Safe and Secure Environment. This meant that the house had already been a haven for at least one Scientologists, and that one's room included a locking cabinet or closet for the security of the confidential materials. I was the first Scientologist to ever rent a room at Mrs. Blake's, but while unpacking I had noticed a key in the cabinet door, and Housing allowed me to stay there, at least temporarily.

The man who gave me my incoming sec check was, like all Sea Org personnel, dressed in white from head to toe, except for his black boots and thick black belt. He was serious and methodical about his work, taking his time to adjust the E-meter precisely, making me think of a surgeon about to probe a patient's vitals with a delicate instrument. The questions were of the same sort as on previous sec checks. I quaked inwardly throughout the ordeal.

"Is there anything you should tell me that you haven't?" he probed, dropping his eyes to the meter face like a destroyer commander scanning the surface of the water for ripples. "That reads. What do you consider it is?"

"I don't know," I said. There was something wrong with my needle again.

"Look at it," he urged. "There it is -- that!"

"I'm nervous about being here."

"All right. Any more on that?"

"No."

"It reads."

"I had a lot of trouble at the Hill while I was on Solo." My eyes watered with this disclosure.

His face softened into a half-smile. "Got you! Is there anything you should tell me that you haven't? That's clean now. Have you tried to keep anyone from being audited? Clean. Has anyone tried to keep you from being audited? That reads. What is it?"

I saw my father's face, the faces of friends in New York. None of them had the suppressive traits listed in the bulletin.

"I can't imagine."

"Fine. Has anyone tried to keep you from being audited? Big read. Better have a look at that."

Suddenly I came to an understanding. "Ann ... Ann didn't want me to come here."

"Thank you. Any more on that?"

"She and her husband Nicholas are friends of mine in London."

"Thank you. Any more on that?"

"In Granleigh."

"Thank you. Anything more?"

"Fleetwood Crescent ... number 53."

"Thank you."

Before receiving the Clearing Course instructions, I sat with several others in a small room watching Ron Hubbard on film. Ron demonstrated an actual Clearing Course session, with E-meter and worksheets. In one sequence he showed us how to record reads. We viewed on the screen the face of a meter, with worksheet beside it and a fleshy hand holding a ballpoint pen poised above the paper. Ron explained that since he was not going to divulge the secret items just yet, he would identify them by number only and get his reads simply by thinking of them.

"You'll get big reads on this material," he said. "It's all highly-charged ... there's a fall now" -- as the needle scooted two inches to the right. The pen jotted an "F" next to the item designated "1."

"There's a long fall" -- and "LF" was placed after the "F." Next came a short fall, "sF," and a very long fall, "LLF," covering half the dial. Soon Ron had a column of numbers, each followed by various-sized reads.

Each read was charge blown off the bank, and when we were given the secret materials we would take up each item in proper sequence and get off all reads, all charge, until he had erased the reactive mind.

Ron's face flashed onto the screen to give us a final word. His features were more toad-like than I had remembered them.

"The clearing process is just a matter of routine, good hard work," he advised. "Think of it as digging a ditch."

Leaving the AOUC with a large envelope the Director of Processing had given me, I thought about the film. The conclusion was inescapable: Not only the structure but also the content of the bank were identical in every pre-clear. In the Clearing Course materials Ron would reveal to us what lay in the depths of our minds and the minds of every other uncleared human being. By erasing these items we would erase our old goals.

The Clearing Course, then, was unlike anything I had been led to believe. In Ron's Never-Never Land one never knew down which passageway one was being led. As I mused on the irony of it, the hours I had spent at the Hill studying data I was never to use, a further implication -- that Ron would soon have the power to replace our old goals with *something else* -- was lost on me.

In a coffeeshop, I ran into Richie Blackburn, just up from Sussex and in need of a lodging. I took him to Mrs. Blake's, where he rented a room on the ground floor.

Behind the locked door of my room, I found that the large envelope contained a pack of bulletins and a booklet of final instructions.

#### BEHAVIOR OF CLEARS AND OTs

Those who have achieved these higher states must be genned in on the tremendous responsibility they face. They have far greater power than a human being and must learn to use it not for selfish purposes but for the betterment of this planet.

I gaped at the next bulletin.

#### PENALTIES FOR LOWER CONDITIONS

One in Condition of Liability must work 24 hours straight for the organization plus another 8 to get through Condition of Non-Existence.

One in Condition of Doubt must work 48 hours straight, then 24 hours more to get through Condition of Liability, and another 8 to get through Condition of Non-Existence.

During a penalty one is not allowed to sleep, bathe, or leave the premises.

This order applies to everyone at the AO, visitors as well as staff.

I read the next clause over and over, turning back to stare at it several times that night.

One in Condition of Enemy is classified Fair Game; may be deprived of property or injured by any means by any

Scientologists without any discipline of the Scientologists. MAY BE TRICKED, SUED, OR LIED TO, OR DESTROYED.

Between 8 and 9 the next morning Richie and I met the other three boarders for the first time in the lounge-breakfast room. They were university students, holding night jobs to pay their room and board, and they came to the table one at a time, looking tired and wasted. Richie tried to raise the breakfast-time tone level by proselytizing Scientology. The boarders were indifferent. At that hour I was scarcely in the mood to hear talk of "goals and gains" either, but, wishing to avoid a confrontation with Richie, I prompted him from time to time when he turned to me for support. After breakfast I went to my room to read the final processing instructions.

#### INSTRUCTIONS FOR CLEARING COURSE

*Theta clearing is about as practical and simple as repairing a shoelace.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The Clearing Course material is in five parts:

- I. The 7s
- II. Basic End-Words
- III. Confusion GPMs (Goals-Problems-Mass)
- IV. The Objects (hollow)
- V. The Objects (solid)

The whole set occurs ten times in the bank, so you run them ten times. If you don't erase all the material on the first run you will need additional runs. You must stay in the correct run at all times.

Whenever you run an item spot yourself as a thetan at the earliest moment in time. This is called, simply, "spotting." Don't make a big fuss about "how to spot." Just *do it* -- it's like pointing to something and saying "There!"

You must keep accurate records of your auditing sessions. It is crucial when you start a session that you pick up exactly where you left off in the previous one, neither skipping items nor going back too far and repeating previously-run items.

Mark a rerun item with a slash in your report. If that item doesn't read, go back still farther. Then place a number of slashes corresponding to the number of rerun items. This leaves a record of how far you went back. When the non-reading item is again reached this time it will read. Never go past a non-reading item. An item doesn't read generally because there is still charge left on a previous item.

The Objects are spotted coming towards and going away from you at about shoulder height. You will spot The Objects appearing and receding to your left, to your right, to the front and back of your head, and finally in all four directions simultaneously.

Periodically there is a light. It occurs at the end of each of the 7s, the middle of the Basic End-Words, and at several other places. The light was used to daze the thetan. It is spotted by looking a few feet ahead and slightly to the left. It is not so much "seeing" the light as *realizing it is there*. Plenty of reads will be gotten off this. The light should be treated as an *item*. You will be penalized for by-passing a light.

If you are not clear by ten runs go back to the beginning and do as many more runs as necessary to erase the material.

If you get sick on course you have made some blunder in running the items.

If your eyes tear on course you are invalidating yourself.

When you finish a session drop the matter and get on with the business of living.

Remember, *it's all in your mind*.

The AOUC worked by *fast-flow system* to churn out new releases. Students no longer had to check each other out; they simply wrote their attestations on forms. Films were viewed and attested to;

process instructions were carried home in locked briefcases, studied and attested to; even releases were attested to. Release on the Clearing Course was left solely up to One's Certainty on the Matter.

I attested to the instructions and took the Clearing Course envelope back to my room.

Next to the window was a bureau with a large mirror. Not wishing to see my own image in the glass while spotting the thetan, I pulled the end-folds of the drawn curtain over the mirror, pinning the fabric against the bureau with a chair. Leery of glimpsing the secret material out of proper order, I opened the envelope, removed the lists of items on sheets that Ron called *platen*s, and quickly covered them with the envelope.

At the top of the auditor's report form was printed "Preclear ... Auditor ..." I wrote my initials after both, the date, and the place on the Clearing Course I was starting with, Part 1, Item 1. I turned on the meter, adjusted it, noted the time, picked up the single can and took my first tone-arm reading. Now I could have a look at the first item. I slid the envelope down the platen a fraction of an inch:

*Part 1. The 7s: BE*

Another fraction:

*1a. to be nobody*

I spoke the item softly, my eyes glued to the needle. Nothing happened. I called the item again, and tried to visualize the thetan at the earliest moment in time. The needle quivered. I called and spotted again and got a half-inch fall to the right. I wrote "1a. sF" -- for "small fall" -- on the worksheet.

Gradually the needle warmed up. I started getting reads both on calls and between them. The reads got larger and more frequent. After a few minutes they covered several lines across the page. When their size dwindled to several consecutive "sFs," I inched the envelope down another fraction:

*1b. to be everybody*

A series of short falls and tics prompted me to return to "1a." and place a slash there to mark my backtracking. I was greeted with a falling needle on my first call; there was charge left on the item. When the reads tapered off I resumed "1b." and now it read, just as Ron said it would. I got long falls, long long falls, and small blowdowns.

Whenever the needle action slowed I went back and milked "1a." for more reads. Within an hour my notations covered half the worksheet.

I slid the envelope down a fraction:

*2a. to be me*

*2b. to be you*

After a few reads on these items I ended session, switching back to the auditor's report form to note my stopping place and the time and tone-arm reading.

Under the printed heading Goals and Gains, I wrote "to finish the 7s," said "That's it!" and turned off

the meter. My only remaining tasks were to make out the summary report -- I observed that there was "good needle action" and that "the preclear is doing fine" -- and fill in a green time slip.

I stuffed the reports and platens into the envelope, sealed it and locked it up in the briefcase, which in turn I locked up in the cabinet. Then I went downstairs to find Richie, who had also just completed his first session, watching TV in the lounge.

Next morning I got up at 6 and immediately went into session. Again it took a while for the meter to warm up, but I went backwards and forwards on the platen until items read. After breakfast Richie and I agreed to audit in our rooms until about 11, then take a break together.

That day we each had several sessions, punctuated by short walks to the shopping street in the neighborhood for coffee and snacks. After supper we got in yet another session and took the mile walk to the AO to turn in our green time slips before closing of lines for the night. On our way back Richie and I kept a long stride, to more choruses of "Lay down your head, Tom Doo-oo-ly" than I would have liked.

The rest of the week followed the same pattern. My miseries of Fyfield Manor were forgotten. Each morning at 6 I bounded out of bed, businesslike, to continue "digging the ditch." Richie and I would breakfast at 8, and at 9 put do-not-disturb signs on our doors and go back into session. We generally ended our stints at about the same time, met in the lounge and went out for a snack or meal. Our appetites were insatiable, "because," Richie said, "so much mass is coming off the bank."

Richie was not expecting a protracted stay in Edinburgh. Of course, it was forbidden to "discuss case," but on one of our strolls he gave me to know he was on the verge of going clear. A few blocks later he admitted to wondering how he would know when he had gone clear, then reversed himself again, asserting that he'd know for damn well and sure.

Richie had brought up something I hadn't really wished to think about: Whatever else was included in the Clearing Course Instructions, there was no mention made as to how a preclear would know when he or she was a Clear. The end phenomenon might be the usual floating needle; then again, it might not be -- nothing about a floating needle appeared in the instructions. Moreover, since the AO fast-flow system permitted students to attest unchallenged, there was no examination or checkout to confirm the validity of a release -- or otherwise. Was it possible that there were Clears walking about Edinburgh who were not really clear at all?

I wished to hear no more about Richie's dilemma, preferring to leave release up to my own certainty at some future moment, and I asked to shut up about the Clearing Course. The "ditch" Ron spoke about was a thousand miles long. I marveled at the number of reads I was getting each session. My stack of reports had swollen till rents appeared at the sides of the envelope. I ended one session with surges on the large dial that might have been a floating needle but for the high tone-arm. An enormous amount of charge was blowing off the bank. I constantly craved food.

Richie, still maintaining he was on the brink of going clear, wanted to discuss some further confusion about the process. I was beginning to find these out-on-the-street exchanges distasteful. I sensed the danger. Richie's weakness was leading us into forbidden territory, and a little voice told me to protect myself, not to get involved in his problems. As we neared Mrs. Blake's one afternoon, he confided that the light troubled him. I dutifully referred him to the instruction booklet -- by then I could cite specific pages -- and insisted that it seemed straightforward enough to me. He cajoled me into going with him to his room to point out the particular passage about the light.

Richie had managed to draw me into a discussion. Actually, any "discussing" had been on his part alone -- I had merely referred him to authority in the prescribed manner -- but he had made me a party to his uncertainties, and this sort of thing was contagious! To add to it, Richie disclosed his uneasiness about the Sea Org, with its militaristic uniforms, chain of command, and Ethics. He had heard a chilling tale of punishment aboard Hubbard's ship. A crew member who was declared in Condition of Treason was kept in the chain-locker for three days on bread and water, with the anchor chain whizzing inches away from his head at ninety miles per hour.

*Aside from inaccessible persons and psychotics in general, most cases should become MEST-clear in a few weeks of hard auditing.*

L. RON HUBBARD

I was getting impatient to finish the course. Several students who had watched the training film with me had already attested clear, and I was still on Part I. Once the initial excitement wore off, the Clearing Course was plain drudgery. Constant alertness was necessary to keep spotting the thetan while calling an item perhaps for the twentieth time. Each spotting called for a kind of mental contortion to make the needed effort. Reads were innumerable and each one had to be caught and noted on the worksheet. I also did a great deal of backtracking, covering the sheets with slashes next to rerun items. I began to wonder if I was committing technical errors, and reread the instructions several times.

Richie had infected me with doubt. His outpourings had made me aware of my own uncertainties about the Clearing Course. There was the light, for instance. During one session, spotting the light had been painful, producing eyestrain, and with no good reads. Determined to do the net light correctly, I spotted for twenty minutes, and felt the mass building up in my forehead as I stared at a point a few feet in front of me and slightly to the left. Suddenly I had a vision of a flashing bulb -- immediately the needle sheered violently to the right. Then I had to leave off because of pain behind my right eye.

That night I managed to finish the 7s: *to be, to do, and to have*, seven pairs of items for each. I went quickly through the next part, eighteen Basic End-Words: *the now, the past, the future, the time the space...*

Richie knew I was auditing late at night, and accused me of violating a rule of the Auditor's Code: Do not process a preclear after ten o'clock at night." He said, "After all, you're the preclear." I argued that the time slips we took to the AO each night were our auditing states; he should know that eight hours of auditing a day was Condition of Normal Operation, six hours Condition of Emergency, and less than six Condition of Danger. Richie suggested auditing 6-8 and 9-11 a.m., and 1-3, 4-6, and 8-10 p.m. "That's enough to raise us to Condition of Affluence, and if we stop spendin' so much time on meal breaks we'll go into bleedin' Condition of Power!"

Part III combined the Basic End-Words with the verbs *to create* and *to destroy* in peculiar pairs called *Confusion* GPMs:

*1a. creating to destroy the now*

*1b. destroying to create the now*

These items read so poorly I returned frequently to Part II, marking my trail of reruns with a welter of slashes. However, the Basic End-Words had also stopped reading. I pounded away at items for minutes at a time, getting only a couple of short falls or less. I went back still farther, finally electing

to rerun the entire Part II. Part III still wouldn't read. The material couldn't be flat; the tone-arm was getting higher each session, the needle harder to move. I obsessively searched to instructions for clues.

When nothing read anymore, I decided not to do any more auditing until I found out what was wrong. I went over the thick pile of worksheets for the place I'd stopped getting good reads. The number of possibilities confounded me. Due to my many rerunnings -- hundreds of slashes covered my worksheets -- I couldn't find the original sequence. In order to retrace my path through the materials I would have to start way back, perhaps at the very beginning, and pursue each read on each item in its given order on the sheets. But the task of working through the maze of reads and slashes, the goings-ahead and back, the picking up of threads, would be almost impossible. Although I thought I had followed the instructions faithfully, the worksheets were as tangled looking as piles of knotted twine, and my own notations swam before my eyes.

Trivial things started worrying me. I was afraid I would run out of ink, and rushed out to the avenue to buy four ballpoint pens. I got compulsive about recharging the E-meter and plugged it into the wall socket every few hours whether it needed it or not. The tin can had gotten rusty and my hand bore marks from it that wouldn't wash off. I spent an hour rubbing the can with scouring pads, trying to get it back to its original state. The process was constantly on my mind. Out walking or lying in bed at night, I stewed over my lost location amongst the items.

Maybe I'd done the whole thing wrong! I would have liked to return to the first item of Part I and do the course all over again, but was reluctant to ask the Director of Processing for this special privilege. Perhaps the only solution would be to rewrite the entire batch of worksheets! There might be a way to track the reads with colored pencils. This would take several days, and my poor auditing stats would put me in Liability. I pored over the worksheets far into the night, trying to find the missing thread.

I selected a place on the platens at random and went into session. The strain of conjuring up the thetan and spotting the light, the very act of auditing, filled me with disgust. I had become quite dazed at this point, and somewhat unhinged, with the apprehension that if I continued to audit I would damage my mind. The mind was put together in a precise order, as given on the platens. Mistakes could have horrendous effect.

I would have to take all of the Upper Levels after all. The price was \$3,200 and the organization offered a package deal of \$2,800 to those who paid in advance. I called my broker across the Atlantic. My stocks hadn't risen, and some were lower, but I directed him to sell every share.

Richie called me into the lounge to watch a science fiction story on television. The black and white images on the screen terrified me, keying in something in the bank which irresistibly pulled me down the Time Track to a loathsome incident. I felt myself sliding and had to leave the room, Richie shouting after me, "Hey, mate, when we go in tonight I'm gonna attest!"

Richie stood near Reception. "I've 'ad it," he rasped in my ear. "They've put me in Liability. They looked over me worksheets and found out I skipped a light. I'm in for it now."

I was petrified at the thought of similarly incurring a long penalty while adrift in the materials, and, back in my room, tackled the worksheets again. I had to find the mistakes lurking among my notations and face up to them, if not to the organization then at least to myself. I took a clean sheet of paper, wrote the heading "Possible "Mistakes," and quickly listed "too much backtracking, too quickly going ahead, too many reads between calls, not enough reads on the light, too many small

falls and other poor needle action, possibly getting into a wrong run." Further scrutiny revealed that on an early rerun I had completely missed a light, the same goof that had undone Richie. Then I found an even worse error. Several times when a few item hadn't read, I had jumped to the next one to loosen the needle. I had gone past non-reading items.

This realization made me want all the more to do the whole course over again. If I could get a few reads and make it through The Objects, I could start at the beginning again, this time as the second run, although my location in the materials might still be suspect and punishable because of all the errors.

As I walked through the streets near Mrs. Blake's bed-and-breakfast, I thought of my Scientology friends in New York. Suddenly I flashed on it. I'd reached this state of confusion because of them! I was afraid to go in for review and the help I needed because of the withholds I had against the organization, withholds acquired at the franchise: our late evening discussions, our poking fun at other Scientologists. I'd been covering up for Felicia and Gerald. I knew I could not withstand the compulsion to tell the auditor the very things I wished to conceal; I would betray them as I had betrayed Marilyn the cook and Ann and Nick Dalmas.

They would deserve this. They had spoiled me with their lax instruction, their failure to observe Ethics at the franchise. They had sent me to England ill-prepared, and I had been paying for it ever since. My trust in them had been misplaced. Perhaps they were not real friends after all. Still, I didn't wish to betray them. I would go in for review -- after giving them warning.

I placed my call for 7 a.m. New York time, from the local branch of the Edinburgh Post Office.

"Gerald!" I shouted into the mouthpiece at the drowsy auditor. "I'm in a real mess. I'm going in for review."

There was a pause, then, "So you're going in for review."

"But there's more to it than that. I'm afraid for your sake. I don't want to give away your withholds on the organization."

"I don't have any blinkin' withholds on the organization. You can say anything to them you damn well please."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure. In fact I'm positive. I have nothing to hide."

Reception made out a form and took me to Qualifications Office, where the review auditors were given their assignments.

The Examiner at Qual that day was a short, stocky, hazel-eyes young man who kept a Buddha-like composure and smoked miniature cigars. He looked through my worksheets.

"You've done some nice work here," he purred. "I tell you what: I'm going to give you a List L-7 to do on yourself to get off all the by-passed charge." My morale seeped back at the prospect. "You've just raised my tone level ten points," I said.

List L-7 was three pages and eighty questions long. The questions dealt with ARC breaks,

withholds and the technical aspects of the Clearing Course, mercilessly pinpointing the dozens of things that could go wrong on the process, for instance, Did you get into the wrong run? Seeing these in boldfaced print made me feel more culpable than ever. I hurriedly went down the list with my E-meter, and wrote up a summary which I took back to the Examiner.

"Look, this is a by-passed charge assessment," he said. "When you get a read on a question you have to get off your considerations. Where are your considerations? I don't see them on your worksheets. Like here, it says, Do you have an ARC break with auditing? You had a read on that, but you didn't do anything to get off the by-passed charge. Go home and run L-7 again. This time get off all your considerations and write them down on your worksheets."

Now all my withholds would have to be pulled. By me. Chains of forbidden thoughts bobbed to the surface. It was agony writing them down. They looked dreadfully awkward and incriminating on the worksheets, and my voice sounded whiny as I repeated them to myself. The most innocuous questions called forth self-reproaching statements. I would appear obsessively guilty in their eyes. My hands started to tremble, making writing almost impossible. I stopped looking for reads and poured out about Felicia and Gerald.

The Examiner took one look at my L-7 worksheets, locked up my confidential materials and sent me to Reception. I gave twenty dollars to Accounts, and settled down in the review waiting room, which served as "ship's mess" during crew dining hours. The room was crowded; review that night was out of the question.

I got back to Mrs. Blake's at eleven o'clock. Richie's door was open. He was lying half on, half off his bed. His clothes were filthy.

"Richie," I shouted. No answer. I smacked him on the face several times, pulled off his boots, hauled him under the covers, closed the window, through which a grim breeze was blowing, and shoved a coin in the electric heater. "Richie, you old bastard, say something, anything -- just say 'hello.'" His eyes half opened. "Hallo," he said.

Mid-afternoon the next day, a jovial-faced young woman crooked a finger at me and led me into an auditing cubicle, where she gave out such rays of warmth that my troubles dissolved. She read down L-7, or a similar list. Some of the questions made my stomach sink, but there were only a few embarrassing reads. Halfway down the list she said, "You have a floating needle. That's it!" and, "Has the review been complete?"

"Oh yes!" I replied gratefully, and went to attest that fact at Certs and Awards, my mood considerably lightened. My auditor ran past me to get to the Certs desk; she was handling that post that day also.

That evening Richie informed me that he had just attested clear. He had gotten a good sleep, washed up and changed clothes, and remedied the damage on the course. He told me about the penalty he had received for Out-Tech.

"Those bulletins ain't kiddin' -- I never worked so 'ard in me life. I painted rooms and scrubbed the 'ole fuckin' front staircase. I was so beat when I got through I didn't think I'd be able to make it back. Thanks for puttin' me in bed, mate."

Richie still had an undercurrent of doubt running through his soul. "I just can't believe it. Am I really a Clear, Bob? Is it really true? Do I look any different?"

This annoyed me. I had been going through L-7s and paying extra for review while he was blundering his way to the prize. I repressed the impulse to tell him about my struggles; even if such confessions were not forbidden, I didn't want to mar his beautiful moment. He was just a young punk who didn't know his own luck -- and he did look different; his usual combative expression had softened into the bewildered radiance of a shipwrecked sailor in an old movie cast up on a strange shore. He needed validation now and I gave it to him: "Of course you're a Clear, buddy-boy. Sit back and enjoy it."

"I just can't believe I finally made it. Now I can go back to Austraylia without a reactive mind."

"Right! Dig it, man. Live it up. It's all there, and you know you earned it!"

I felt ambiguous about this exchange. As far as Richie was concerned, our friendship had deepened; he looked to me with puppy-like trust. But I wondered why he couldn't accept his win without the validation of another. I suspected, as I humored him, that I was also condescendingly, even a bit maliciously, "pushing his buttons," as though in pampering and praising him somehow I was covertly getting back at him for the case of the jitters he had caused me.

We were joined at a coffee house by Radcliff Jones, the South African, who had completed his Solo Audit on schedule and just arrived from the Hill. We walked about town, Richie still evincing post-clearing trauma, Rad and I repeatedly assuring him that he "looked beautiful," and stopping every few blocks to slap him on the back and exclaim, "*You're clear, baby, really clear.*"

The Objects were geometric figures, ranging from simple triangles to polyhedrons and coils. The preclear spotted them first as hollow, then as solid, trying towards or away from his head in various directions. I tried a few of them and got only small falls on the dial. Imagining objects around my head moving simultaneously in different directions produced a strange effect, an alternating expansion and contraction of something in my head. I was quite conscious at this point of mass building up in my head. I was sick again. Another review would be humiliating as well as costly, but perhaps unavoidable.

Sea Org posts had rotated once again. The Qual Examiner that afternoon was a bosomy, down-to-earth redhead.

"Let's see ... you've already had one review." She thumbed my worksheets. My mistakes were transparently visible, but she wasn't going to be too rough on me to start with.

"Robert, I don't want you to keep coming in for review. That wouldn't be good for you or for us. Now, what are we going to do?"

I hoped she wouldn't declare me an Ethics case. "I don't know. Everything was fine for a while after the last one."

"All right. This means business. You're going to have a Search and Discovery. Let's get this thing straightened out once and for all."

I stood up to leave for Reception. "Don't worry," she added. "This'll be an Upper Level Search and Discovery. You're going to get some high-power stuff that'll take you way back on the Time Track."

I gave Accounts \$100 for a Search and Discovery.

A cuddly-looking brunette beckoned me out of the waiting room. It was Third Mate, the crew member who had put Richie in Liability.

Third Mate was a whiz auditor, toying with her meter and reports like she was playing a game of mah-jongg.

"What are they trying to do to you?" she asked, her warm brown eyes dancing delightfully.

"Make me afraid," I offered, as she began making up a list. "Make me sick, lose sleep ... give me headaches ... make me dislike auditing ... make me dislike Scientology ..."

She nulled down the list, looking for the item.

"Good," she said, after several minutes of x-ing out items. 'Make me dislike Scientology' is your remaining item. I'm going on to the next part. Who or what is trying to make you dislike Scientology?"

The item might possibly turn out to be a friend or family member in present-time. I flinched at the threat of having to disconnect from someone close, but names were already erupting in my brain.

"My father," I blurted. "My sister. Anita. Alan. Lynn."

"Good!" Third Mate exclaimed. "Any more on that?"

"Radcliff, Richie, Bruce, Gerald, Felicia, Marty, Olga, Danny, Edward, Max ..." I spewed out names of preclears and Upper Level Scientologists alike.

"Fine. Any more on who or what is trying to make you dislike Scientology?"

I remembered an unpleasant feeling I had once noticed in my chest on hearing some bad news.

"A black lump," I said.

"Thank you. Is the list complete?"

A picture came to mind.

"I see a man walking down a sidewalk on a nice spring day."

"Fine. What date is this?"

"It's ... 1870."

"Thank you. Now tell me everything that happens."

"He's walking along ... there are trees blossoming ... he's about to enter a house and go up the stairs ... there's a porch with a glider, like the place my grandparents used to live."

"Okay. Any more on that?"

"Yes. There's something very sympathetic about him."

"Thank you. Tell me about it."

"That's all I can give you on that. I feel a kind of warmth for this guy walking down the street. He reminds me of a character in an old comic strip -- it's Poppa Jenks in 'Gasoline Alley.'"

"Fine. Let's call this item 'The Man in the Picture,' okay? Is the list complete?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good. Then I'll assess it on the meter." She went down the page, x-ing and /-ing the items. My heart jumped when she repeated the names of loved ones, but they all nulled out on second or third calling. Only two items were left, "The Man in the Picture," and "The Black Lump." My feeling was that our quarry might be "The Man in the Picture"; there was something in the incident that I couldn't quite place.

She called that item and decisively placed an "x" next to the row of slashes. "The Man in the Picture" had nulled out!

"There's your item!" whooped Third Mate. "It's 'The Black Lump!'"

I gazed at her in stupefaction. A black lump, not a person, had been behind the recent disasters.

"But what is it?" I asked.

"I don't know. I mean, I can't tell you."

"You mean, you have an idea what it is?"

"I can't say one way or the other," she said impishly.

I was totally in the dark, but happy with the results of the Search and Discovery. Surely we had found the correct item, and nobody was suppressive to me, there would be no disconnection. It had been a black lump all along.

I was limp with relief. Third Mate contentedly watched the tension ooze out of me. She smiled at me across the table.

"God, it's fantastic," she mused, "Ron's Tech is so incredible!"

The glow of her eyes warmed me; tears flooded mine.

"You're great!" I squawked blissfully, and headed down the hall to tell the Examiner, "Do you know what it was all along? A black lump!"

The Examiner smiled at me knowingly. A black lump just carry some special import for Upper Level Scientologists. They knew what it was all right. But I would just have to wait for the next level -- or the next after that, if necessary -- to find out for myself.

I told everyone I saw at the AO that day that the Sea Org auditors were sensational, and could be relied upon all the way; one should never hesitate to seek help from Qual Office when they might need it; those Sea Org members would really see one through. Of course, I disclosed to no one the

precise nature of the item that was found; only that it was not a person. Richie informed me, "It's nothin' unusual to get a 'thing' on a Search and Discovery. Me mother 'ad to 'ave on last year and 'er item turned out to be a *giant yewcalyptus!*"

The E-meter was jammed again. I just couldn't finish the Clearing Course. Something was wrong with my Ethics Condition. It seemed fated that I work through a Liability penalty before the machine would function for me again. Indeed, I didn't have to wait for Ethics action; *I was already in Liability, having put myself in that Condition.* Through one's own foibles one came to a true understanding of Ethics. One placed oneself in a Condition, Higher or Lower, at all times, whether or not he or the organization knew and acted upon it. Certain folks at the AO were extremely conscientious about this and whenever they realized they were in a Lower Condition reported themselves to the Ethics Officer. Then why in Ron's name didn't I go in and take my punishment? Was it a lingering, foolhardy desire to be different, the death-throes of a haughty ego struggling to remain above the rest, that kept me from turning myself in? Or was it simply fear? I didn't think it was the latter; Richie had survived his penalty in fine shape. But something inside me resisted being pigeon-holed under their Conditions. I had done my best to follow instructions, and was doing everything I could to straighten myself out. There had to be a difference between their Conditions and my condition. I would present myself at Qual once more and let my fate be decided there.

I saw Third Mate in the hallway. "How's it going?" she asked, no doubt referring to our incredible session of just two days ago.

"I don't know what's happening anymore. I'm stumped. I was just on my way to see the Examiner."

"I know what to do. Come with me and I'll fix it up."

She peppered me with questions from a green-colored form. auditing at top speed, she soon came to a question I'd never heard before.

"Are you a *former release?*"

She sat back in her chair watching me. "There was a big read on that," she said. I didn't comprehend. Her enigmatic expression slowly changed into a beatific smile and the meaning of the question and read finally dawned on me.

"A former release ... does that mean ... I'm clear?"

She continued to gaze at me, her smile widening. She couldn't evaluate a read for me. I had to grasp this thing myself. It was up to me to drop my uncertainty that very instant and accept the fact that I was clear.

I hesitated a long moment, not wishing to think, to add anything to the simplicity of my choice.

"Well, I'm not going to fight it," I said feebly, and at this, my acceptance, the currents passing between Third Mate and myself filled me with such warmth that I felt drugged and weak. We rose from the auditing table simultaneously and I collapsed into her embrace.

"You're beautiful," I murmured.

"You're beautiful," she replied.

We stood in the auditing cubicle holding onto each other, my legs barely supporting me.

"Just one second," she said, interrupting the delicious interval. "I want to check one more thing. Sit down a moment and pick up the cans. Now, when did the release occur?"

Something shot into my awareness. It was that session almost two weeks ago when the needle had surged on the dial and I'd felt so on top, and afterwards Richie and I had walked down the street towards the glorious setting sun without a care in the world, in quest of coffee and cakes. The tone-arm at end-of-session had been a trifle high, but where in the instructions had Ron said anything about tone-arm? It was also possible that the tone-arm was out of alignment, my meter in need of adjustment. If so, there had been an authentic floating needle.

Whatever about the needle, at end-of-session I had been clear. In fact, I had been clear for well over a week without realizing it!

"Okay, that's it!" Third Mate warbled. "Let's go over to Qual. Then you'll go and attest."

"Review is complete," Third Mate told the Examiner. "Like WOW!"

"I had a feeling something was going on in that cubicle," said the chesty, redhaired Examiner. I put my arms around her shelteringly, barely touching her, as though she, not myself, were the newborn Clear. A world of tenderness -- strange, these embraces had a new, totally satisfying quality. My skin, my body, felt new, everything felt new.

The Examiner led me to Certs and Awards, where I attested and received a certificate. She marched me into the foyer and cried jubilantly, "Now hear this, now hear this: Robert Kaufman ... CLEAR!"

There was applause from all sides. Several students stuck their heads out of the nearby classroom to see who had been released from the bank. I hadn't recovered from the shock yet. It had all happened so suddenly. Now I was in the Director of Processing Office adding my name in big letters to the rapidly growing list of Upper Level releases.

I wanted to rest for a couple of days, wallow in the state of clear, see more of Edinburgh, take a bus ride to Saint Andrew's to see the historic golf course. But the Director of Processing handed me the OT I Pack. There was to be no time out. Ron wanted the planet cleared soon, and the organization needed OTs to help things along.

On the walk home, explanations for the past week came to mind. With the tremendous number of reads I had got for a while, I had taken off enough charge to go clear within a few days. Then, due to that old uncertainty, that universal character flaw, self-invalidation, I had gone right past the moment of release with a floating needle at or near 3 with all Good Indicators In. Of course everything after that had been a maelstrom. Small wonder items stopped reading; there was nothing left to read! For more than one week I had been *overrunning* myself on the process. *Overrun* means trying to clean something that has already been cleaned -- in the vernacular, *cleaning a clean*. The preclear who overruns past a release point *recreates the material he has just erased*, and the process boomerangs on him. Overrun makes the preclear disgusted with auditing and perhaps physically and mentally ill.

Back in my room I was amazed to find the Clearing Course Instruction booklet in the OT I Pack. Since it was, if anything, over-familiar to me by now, I decided to glance through it just once, have a

good dinner, and return to the AO for the OT I materials. I no longer dreaded auditing. OT I will be fun, I thought -- like the words of a jingle. I was only sorry that Richie had already left for Australia so I couldn't fill him in on the tragi-farcical happenings and happy conclusion.

The full glory of the state of clear was beginning to manifest itself. I had my choice of restaurants, and this having-to-choose was wonderful. I took off my glasses and details around me popped into focus. The sidewalk paving -- I had never noticed before -- had a texture, a grain to it. It was beautiful, and I was seeing it for the first time.

I must have a steak to celebrate. I drifted into a restaurant, one I'd never been to before, a comfortable dining room with tablecloths, carpet, and fireplace. The act of seating myself was slow-paced, deliberate, each movement separate and distinct, with no semi-conscious fidgeting. Whenever I wished to move a part of my body the idea transmitted itself with miraculous ease into the desired action. *A Clear is At Cause over MEST -- Matter, Energy, Space, Time -- His Own Physical Universe*. I asked the waitress for a newspaper. The front-page turmoil struck me as a mildly ludicrous, poorly-played game. Each morsel of my dinner had a separated quality, each cut of the knife was detached from the other. The strands of meat were an attractive mosaic.

I had always wanted to be like this. Now it was here, without effort, thought, desire. My Clear Speech began to take shape. Next Success Night at the AO I would tell an eager audience in the waiting room-cum-chapel about the patterns in the sidewalk, the help of the devoted Sea Org crew, and, above all, the staggering, Heaven-shaking Technology of L. Ron Hubbard.

*The OT I materials consisted of the Clearing Course platens*. My last batch of worksheets was included in the envelope. An "unnecessary correction" -- my rerun of Part I -- was circled in pencil. This made it obvious why OT I, as rumored, was a necessary follow-up to clearing. It was a way to double check that all charge had been removed. The preclear went over whatever he had missed on the Clearing Course, starting at the right lace, eliminating any doubt that the items were erased. Fantastic! This was what I'd wanted to do anyway! The discrepancy between this repetition and the warnings about the danger of overrunning a process eluded me.

The Confusion Goals-Problems-Mass stared me in the face. I worked quickly through several items, not minding the scarcity of reads, and went to bed to sleep the sweet, untroubled sleep of a Clear.

At 7 a.m. I headed down the hall to take the first Clear leak of my first Clear morning. As I straddled the toilet bowl, the state of clear vanished. Panicky, I looked around at walls and fixtures, but it wasn't like the night before. I was *trying* again.

I breakfasted with Radcliff Jones, who had taken Richie's old room, acting as light-hearted as I could ("Do I look any different today, Rad?").

The Objects wouldn't read. After two sessions I accepted the non-reads as the *end-phenomenon* of the process and, leaving OT I with a high tone-arm, went to the AOUK to attest. It was out of my hands now. I shook as I stood in Qual Office. My clear state had evaporated like a dream, and now I was to be impelled on a dizzying climb through the Upper Levels.

The Examiner sent me to Certs and Awards with no questions asked, and I took the OT II Pack home with me.

The envelope contained the familiar Clearing Course Instructions once again, supplemented by

two bulletins. One, titled "Whole-Track Implants," delineated the first ten parts of the OT II materials. Included among the fanciful headings were *The Electric GPMs* and *The Tocky Player-Piano*. The other bulletin was a warning to the auditor *not to run himself on a bombing incident or on the question of his identity*. Any injury done himself by violating this order *would be patched up by the organization only upon payment of a \$2,000 fine*.

*What does it take to aberrate a thetan? Thousands and thousands of volts ... poured into destructive wave-lengths and thrown straight in his face. What does it take to get him into a position where he can be aberrated? Trickery, treachery, lies.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The OT II materials were as thick as the Edinburgh telephone directory. In removing the platens from their envelope, I inadvertently glimpsed the words *rivers, lakes, and islands*. These must be some of the items. A single page preceding Part I, *The Electric GPMs*, provided a further note of instruction: When the word *shock* appears next to an item *the auditor is to think or feel shock*.

I turned over the instruction sheet to the first platen, covering the items carefully with the envelope, and pulled the envelope slowly down the page:

*1a. creating to destroy (shock)*

It was uncanny. A violent shock passed through my upper body, and the needle almost tore itself off its pins as it rocketed across the dial towards the right.

*1b. destroying to create (shock).*

I reeled with the force of the shock that racked my body.

Ninety minutes later I stopped getting shocks and reads. The tone-arm needle was stuck high on its dial and I felt tingly from the electrical impact, but I could do no more on the process. With a fuck-it-all attitude, I went to the AO to attest to my third Upper Level in as many days -- disappointed at having finished too soon to run the rest of that novel material: the *lakes*, the *rivers*, the *islands*, and that *Tocky Player-Piano* banging away through the light years of a Whole-Track implant.

I hereby sign this waiver to the effect that neither the Scientology Organization, its branches, churches and members, nor L Ron Hubbard are responsible for anything that might happen to my mind or body on OT III, The Wall of Fire.

I signed the form. Then, smiling her solemn mystical smile, the Director of Processing placed the instruction pack on my upturned palms.

### OT III INSTRUCTIONS

Here you encounter *body thetans*, leech-souls that have affixed themselves to your body. While they are not outright malicious, you are MUCH better off without them. You get rid of them by auditing them through two incidents (incs) that occurred billions or trillions of year ago.

First locate a body thetan and run it on inc I. If that doesn't do the trick, run it on inc II. Do the identical with the next body thetan and the next and the next until all body thetans have left (there may be hundreds of them).

If a body thetan turns suppressive on you, audit it through Power Processing. If you are not qualified to audit Power, then go to Qual Office for review.

If you find yourself in the middle of an inc, you must run it on *yourself*. Always be sure you are auditing only one body thetan at a time. You may make the mistake of starting with one and kicking in another during the running of

an inc. Another mistake would be not to notice that a body thetan has left during inc I and to run it on inc II.

The consequences of such mistakes are severe. You may suffer from lack of sleep, contract pneumonia or die.

I blinked at the page. The instructions were written in a forceful but clumsy longhand which somehow made me think it was L. Ron Hubbard's. Some of the words were illegible. I locked the instructions in my briefcase and headed for the AO and the Cramming Office.

I must stay in Cramming until I fully understood about body thetans. As things stood, the process was a blur in my mind. It would have been humorous if it were a science fiction tale and not something happening to me in real life.

Cramming was a small room containing several chairs, a selection of Ron's books, and three folding tables covered with oilcloth for clay demos. There was a nominal fee for a day in Cramming -- about eight dollars. I had heard that Cramming was a good place to avoid. One could send a whole day there trying unsuccessfully to get one's questions answered.

I sat in a corner to wait for the Cramming Officer, being careful not to let others in the room spot a stray word of the OT III Instructions. Cramming that day was the jolly young woman who had given me my first review session. She had little time to spend on us, since she was also auditing and wearing the Registrar's hat that day. After lunch break she finally got around to me. There were no offices available in which to discuss highly dangerous data, so we used a bathroom, Cramming perched on the edge of the tub, myself astride the throne.

"What don't you understand about these instructions?" she asked.

"I can't even begin to tell you. For one thing, it says, 'First locate a body thetan.' Now, how in hell do you locate a body thetan?"

She told me to do clay demos. I spent the rest of the afternoon at that exercise, using my body as a screen to hide the volatile material from the gaze of others. I rolled out a figure of an auditor, with a lump of clay squashed on his back to represent a body thetan. Comm-lines and labels indicated the running of an engram.

The next morning Cramming took me into the bathroom again. I asked her how I could be sure I was auditing the correct body thetan. The demos hadn't given me a glimmer on what one said to these creatures, or on how to run the process. I began to wear her down with questions.

At last she said, "It's not that difficult. Why don't you go home and tackle it?" She sounded as if it were a challenging game that might be fun to try. In any case, little was being accomplished by our discussions. I signed out of Cramming and went to the Director of Processing for the OT III materials. At least I knew now one thing I hadn't known before. I had managed to find out that body thetans were located while watching the E-meter. I was to mentally scan myself until I got a read. And at that part of my body was a leech-soul...

*Few are the preclears whose bodies do not react vigorously to the suggestion that some of these incidents may exist, so violent is the charge.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The two incidents were written out in longhand. One was the bombing incident. I visualized my face, scanning it up and down in my mind's eye while looking for read on the machine. At the area of my right eyebrow I got a read. I wrote on the worksheet "body thetan over right eye," and directed the

thing to the beginning of inc I.

inc I occurs at the beginning of the time track -- it is dated at 405 trillion years ago:

there is a snap -- a chariot appears -- turns right -- then left -- and vanishes -- a cherub carrying a horn is seen -- he raises it to his mouth and blows on it -- he advances getting closer and closer -- suddenly he whirls around and retreats -- there is a volley of snaps -- blackness falls on the scene.

I ran the body thetan through the incident several times. The picture on my mental screen kept changing. On one run the chariot careened across a dusty field, on the next a grassy meadow with tapestries of flowers, and on others the horse winged through a cloudy sky, in the dark of night or full sunlight, like Pegasus. The cherub's horn call sounded in various registers, high and low. Once it gave out a Bronx cheer, resembling a fart.

I wrote down everything on my worksheets. Suddenly it occurred to me that I was mocking the whole thing up ... a cognition! The body thetan was free to leave -- had indeed left already. I made a notation to that effect and located another one on my left side between the ribs. After a few inc Is it stopped reading. I hunted about for another but I was uneasy. Suppose the last one were still around? There had been no cognition, no unequivocal sense that it was gone. Was the body thetan playing hide-and-seek with me?

The next body thetan was just above my left eye. I ran it on inc I a number of times. For a moment I suspected that I was imagining the process. However, this thought struck me as abstraction, not vivid, unmistakable cognition. Unconvinced that the creature had departed, I ran the inc repeatedly. Needle action dwindled; the inc must be flat by now.

A list of volcanos was included in the materials, divided up into two columns, one for each hemisphere. I got a read when I called "Eastern Hemisphere," went down the column and got a read on "Java." I addressed the body thetan above my left eye -- "Are you the body thetan I've been auditing?" -- got a read, and reached for the bombing incident.

35 billion years ago an evil prince named xenu solved the problem of over-population on another planet by taking two billion thetans to earth which was then known as teegeeack -- very space opera -- he stuffed them into hydrogen bombs which he dumped into volcanic craters and exploded -- the thetans were blown up into the air attached to electric bands -- then they were implanted with the bank loaded on an airplane and dropped back on earth -- the worst possible disasters came to anyone who attempted to detect this plot until ron managed to expose it -- ron nearly came to a terrible end himself but somehow survived though very whacked-out -- xenu was punished for his crime by imprisonment in an electric box which was stored inside a mountain somewhere in the western part of the north american continent where he has remained to this day -- the body thetan is freed on the cognition of seeing a grinning airplane pilot saying 'he's mocking it up' -- if the body thetan isn't gone by then there follows a thirty-day run of pictures of gods devils and the whole bank.

I directed the body thetan to the beginning of inc II, checked it on the meter to see that it was still there, and told it to go through the incident to the end.

Inc II didn't run well; maybe I shouldn't be on it, having gone on to it prematurely. After a few runs I went back to inc I to make sure it was flat. It was balkier than when I'd left it before. I tried flattening a list of *buttons* which Ron had supplied with the instructions in case the incs didn't run properly.

"Is there an effort to *stop*?" I called, reading from the list. "Is there an effort to *avoid* the incident?"

By now I had run inc I at least thirty times. The tone-arm was getting higher and my head was splitting. Several times as the chariot raced by I caught a glimpse of the driver. As he frenziedly whipped the horses forward his face swiveled towards me in a fiendish, cannibalistic grin. Once I

thought I saw the pilot in his cockpit taxi-ing down the airstrip. I was concerned over the body thetan's whereabouts; perhaps it had gone many runs ago and I had summoned it back. I called out buttons in profusion. Music was playing in my head, I noted on my worksheet. I slogged through one run after another until the meter was completely packed.

I had done 63 runs. This was impossible; no engram could require that many. Feeling ill, nauseated with what I'd been doing, I ended the session.

Early the next morning I awoke with the frights. The thought of further auditing was unbearable. Maybe the same thing that had happened on the Clearing Course was happening now, and I had overrun the process. If so, the body thetan that I had freed in the first session was *the only one*. I would not make the same mistake of continuing on for days past a release-point, overrunning a process and making myself sick to death.

The Examiner, now, by rotation of posts, the hazel-eyed young man again, went to a filing cabinet and got out all my worksheets for clearing, OT I and OT II.

"Hmmm. You know you left I and II with a high tone-arm. Now, what does the tone-arm indicate?"

"The mass of charge supporting the needle?"

"Good. And what does leaving a Level with a high tone-arm mean?"

"That I left it with a lot of charge."

"Fine. Now I'm not going to invalidate your Levels I and II -- you've definitely completed them, you've attested to that -- but I notice here at the end of Level II you also went past some non-reading items. On I also, as a matter of fact. Whatever made you do that?"

"Just stupidity, I guess."

"Okay. But you know that stupidity isn't any kind of reason for *misduplicating* Ron's instructions, it's not a valid excuse. You're a member of the group and you must Put In Your Postulates. What you do to your preclear affects the group. Your Ethics are Out. I'm going to have to assign you a Condition of Liability for Upper Level Out-Tech."

It was almost a relief of sorts to have the long-dreaded punishment meted out at last. With the premonition this might occur, I had been wearing wash-pants and an old shirt for the past few days. The Examiner wrote out a Liability order and sent me to Ethics, a ravishing blond, who tied a dirty gray rag around my right upper arm and sent me to the scullery.

The Steward, a former British naval officer, handed me the scullery *hat-book*, a complete coverage of the post. Among the duties set forth were dishwashing and bringing up coal from the cellar bin to stoke the oven fire. The hat-book went into maddening detail, including a diagram of the tiny scullery and a directive about the correct detergent to use.

The AOUC as a unit was in Condition of Normal Operation that day, so my shift was to last only twelve hours. I washed dishes, set the Sea Org table, scoured pots and pans, toted coal, and carried a garbage can labeled "pig food" down to a side exit where it would be picked up in the morning by the "pig man."

The Steward was a kind soul. He carried out his duties quietly and humbly, as though seeking redemption, perhaps, for sins he had committed while in the British Navy. I was wary with him at first, but after I had conscientiously carried out several chores I could feel him warming up to me, and towards the end of the stint he treated me to coffee, sweets and cigarettes.

Starvation was not part of the penalty; a plate of hot food was served on the back stairs leading to the garbage dump. At night I cleaned all the bathrooms and laid bright blue carpets in the new Qual Office upstairs. The only remaining task then was to help the Steward set late tea.

Being assigned the correct Condition was supposed to bring a members Good Indicators In. One came out of a penalty more "beautiful" than when one went in, and the harsher the penalty the deeper the cleansing. One of the top-ranking Sea Org members was known to go through all the Conditions, from Enemy up to Power, mentally, each day before breakfast, as a spiritual exercise. I had heard several people aver that while working through a Condition they experienced cognitions about the Ethics system, the organization and L. Ron Hubbard. I enjoyed no such revelation, but merely relief at being put to some physical activity for a change.

My penalty ended at 1 a.m. I spent the rest of the night stretched out on the floor of the front waiting room, because of the rule prohibiting those in Liability from leaving the premises until they had a petition okayed by Ethics and had then worked through Condition of Danger to Condition of Non-Existence. Sea Org members began leaving their rooms on the upper floors at 7 a.m. I had my petition ready for signing. Having seen and signed several petitions during easier times, hanging around the lobby, I knew how one should look:

I, Robert Kaufman, having been assigned Condition of Liability for Upper Level Out-Tech, have applied the Liability Formula as follows:

- (1) I realize that Ron is my friend;
- (2) I have delivered a paralyzing blow to the Enemy, in this case my own stupidity and inability to duplicate instructions;
- (3) I have made reparations to the group by working twelve hours in the scullery, the bathrooms, and Qual Office.
- (4) I now ask the permission of the members of the AO for me to rejoin the group.

One of the first I approached for a signature was the fetching blond, Ethics for that day. "You're not giving people any choice," she said. "Draw a line down the middle of the page and make one side for the `yeses' and the other for the `nos'."

Petition in hand, I hovered in the foyer with a young man who had just come off a three-day Doubt penalty and was practically asleep on this feet. We met students at the top of the stairs with, "May I have your permission to rejoin the group?" Some grabbed the petitions and affixed their names without so much as a glance. Others read the Formula carefully. No one placed their name in the `no' column.

I entered the office of the Commander of AOUK to get his signature. He pointed at the pencilled line and said, "What's this?"

"Ethics wanted me to include a column for possible `nos'."

"That's total invalidation! Scratch that column. Do you wish to Put In Your Postulates for *no*?"

The consenting vote of every member of the group was required by rule -- the Conditions Board in the main corridor included about 200 crew members and visiting students -- but Ethics accepted my petition at 60 names. She went to the Conditions Board, moved my nametag up to Non-Existence, and sent me to Central Files for four hours to work up to Danger, the next Condition. I passed the Steward standing in the hall, a padlock chained to one of his wrists. The padlock was part of a new Sea Org crew Doubt Penalty Formula tacked up on the bulletin board. I wondered what the Steward had done since I'd last seen him a few hours ago.

After a penalty one hour of review and a day in Cramming were mandatory. I gave Accounts \$28 for both, and went to the review waiting room. It was a depressing place. Morose preclears, Clears and OTs studied Ron's Conditions Formulae bulletin or stared into space. Conversation was sparse. Periodically an officious young woman, determined to raise her stats, came by and dropped stacks of envelopes to be stuffed onto our laps. That day the only person in the room with a happy face was the young man who had just worked three days up from Doubt. From time to time I glanced up at him from my envelopes and painfully returned his smile. During a security check he had confessed to false attestation of an Upper Level, as well as an Outness all the way back on his Solo Audit. This meant that he would have to do everything from and including Solo all over again, as cost. Now that he had been found out and had started making reparations to the group with his 72 hours of straight work, his face held a look of dopey contentment. As he put it during one of our exchanges of smiles, "I've never felt better in my life."

Some of the people had been sitting there for days. The only ones showing their impatience were a few chain smokers. We would wait there for as long as we had to for review. The next session might be *the one*. The auditor would finally ask the question that would resolve everything. And auditing was communication not to be found elsewhere. Pure communication -- question, answer, acknowledgment, controlled gaze -- that spread through body and mind like a candy-sweet narcotic. No matter how lonely and alienated we felt, for the brief time we were being audited, we belonged. For those of us who had known the unspeakable disillusionment that clearing and the Upper Levels brought no gains and Scientology might never work, auditing itself was now the main fix.

*Scientology accepts to free. That which one cannot accept chains one. A ruler's motto could be 'make them resist' and his people would become enslaved. Resistance and restraint are the barbed wire of this concentration camp. Accept the barbed wire and there is no camp.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The Org Board stretched across the corridor wall near the waiting room door. It was an enormous chart giving the Scientology chain of command. Directly below *L. Ron Hubbard, Founder and Commodore*, was Hubbard's wife, *Mary Sue Hubbard, Guardian Worldwide*. Further down was *Commander of AOUK*, and lines branching down to the various *hats*, or posts, of the Sea Org crew members -- *First, Second and Third Mates, Bosun, Steward, Purser, Cook*, and so on.

Ron had designed the Org Board not just for AOUK but for the total population of planet Earth. In volumes of Policy Letters he delineated the structure and functions of this mind-numbing creation.

Changes of post, known as *rotation of hats*, occurred frequently. Crew members ordered to wear two or three different hats at once had to dash around the AO to cover all of their responsibilities; but the regulations forbade one person from carrying out a task assigned to another, regardless of how minor -- an infraction that Ron termed *wearing another's hat*, or *Dev-T (developed unnecessary traffic)*. Deviations from proper order in going through lines were also classified Dev-T. Ron claimed to have traced Dev-T to suppressive "outside forces" who had eventually succeeded in

infiltrating and destroying every great civilization of the past.

To join the Sea Org one signed a *billion year contract* with the Scientology organization. No one made these people sign. They chose to be pinned up on the Org Board. Thus they were spared the torment of having to think for themselves, and no longer had any problem filling in the hours, finding companions, making decisions. Their living space was meager. I saw some of their upstairs rooms when I was working out of Liability. The rooms were barely large enough for upper and lower bunks, a change of white uniform and small foot-lockers containing personal effects wedged under the bunks.

There was always plenty of work to do for Ron; no one could ever really do enough. Each morning at 9:30 when I arrived at the AO, Sea Org members were just leaving the Academy classroom, having already put in an hour or two studying tapes and bulletins; and when I left late in the evening they were still busy with paper work, auditing, or fixing up the old hotel.

I felt the threat of danger in the Org Board, sharpened by the disquieting presence of certain crew members. One was the Commander of the AOUK, a tall, broad-shouldered man with a crewcut, who barked orders in military fashion. Another was a cadaverous man who was conducting sec checks that week. With fierce mustache on weaselly face, he was the last person I would want to have interrogating me over an E-meter.

The most frightening crew member, though, was an OT VI who was called *Master at Arms*. He was at least as tall as the Commander, and heavier, well over 200 pounds, with tiny mustache on deficient upper-lip, pouting, surly lower-lip, jowls, and malignant little brown eyes. His presence smacked of physical peril.

With all my shrinking revulsion at what I had found at the AOUK, I also felt the compelling attraction of a microcosm whose smallest detail and most menial task had a crucial significance often lacking in the *wog world*, the world outside Scientology.

Wog-like incongruity occasionally obtruded on this rarified atmosphere. One episode stands out in my memory, the appearance of a fat, sleek franchise holder from Chicago, who looked like an ex-professional wrestler, and had just completed OT VI. Following at his heels and acting as his stooge was a diminutive OT IV Britisher. I liked them both on sight. I was in the large front office paying Accounts for review when the pair strode in and looked around the room.

The large OT addressed everyone at once in a loud horsefly voice: "I got a great one for ya. Why do turds pop out in cylinders?"

The little OT who accompanied him giggled deliriously. Sea Org members at their desks and students standing in lines made valiant efforts to hold their TRs; no one wished to invalidate the certainty of an OT. It didn't work. The big man was too much for them. Some vestigial memory of their former wog lives betrayed them by the expressions on their faces. There was silence. The big man looked leisuredly around the room again at each face. Several heads lowered, several mouths uttered "Why? Why do they?"

To the coyote's refrain of his sidekick's lunatic laughter, the big man slammed home his punchline: "Why? So your asshole won't bang shut!"

The Sea Org faces banged shut. There was another stunned pause, then general confused scurrying as the crew got back to its paper work and lines.

After I had waited another day, an auditor put me through the green-form, and Qual Office sent me to Cramming. The task awaited me of sorting out body thetans.

"It's not as difficult as you're making it," said Cramming. It was late in the afternoon, and we had barely scratched the surface of my confusion. I was now most in the dark about the buttons. The working of the instructions seemed ambiguous. Did one make the incs run by flattening one button at a time or by calling all of the ten buttons on the list without interruption? And how could simply calling a button flatten it?

I had no more confidence now in my ability to audit body thetans than when I first saw the instructions. The instructions didn't cover how to talk to a body thetan or how the self-auditor knew which one he or she was talking to. Those sounds and visions: Were they "real"? I might have imagined them. Ron had suggested that the whole thing was a *mockup*. *Did the pre-OT pretend that it was real until he got bored and admitted to himself that he was merely imagining the lethal scene as he'd been told? Or had there really been a bombing incident...?*

I didn't ask Cramming such questions, and the ones I did ask she couldn't answer satisfactorily without breaking the rule by adding her two cents to the instructions. The data I needed weren't there and Cramming couldn't help me. The OT III process was dangerous, whether "real" or "mockup." I looked at Cramming imploringly. She had done all she was allowed to do for me, and now her eyes were half-closed with fatigue.

"Do you know what you're doing?" she said. "You're trying to gain from me the certainty you lack. I can't give you that certainty. You'd better go talk to the Examiner."

The Examiner stared at me. "You still don't know how to do the process?"

"Maybe another day in Cramming."

She eyed me ominously. "Robert, you've been in Cramming two solid days now. We can't do your Upper Levels for you. There's one thing you'd better realize about OTs: They're the bravest people in the world. They have guts. Getting to be an OT isn't easy, and if you think it is then you're never going to make it. We're going to teach you to toughen up here. You'll be grateful for it later. NOW GO HOME AND AUDIT!"

I slouched out of Qual and went down to the street. Out in the fresh air my spirits made somewhat of a recovery. How could I have made such a shameful spectacle of myself before the very souls who were trying to help me? I must make my mind up. I would not embarrass myself again before the Examiner, even if I fell into The Wall of Fire.

Hell-bent and out of control, I returned to my room to plunge into the nightmare waiting on OT III.

While getting meter and reports set up, I concentrated on keeping my determination to get through the process, but a new paralyzing confusion assailed me. Not only was it a mystery which body thetans had gone and which still needed auditing. I was no longer sure who the preclear was. *Was I the preclear or was it a body thetan?* I had written "Preclear: Robert Kaufman" on my auditor's report forms. But how could I still be a preclear after I had attested clear? Then again, if a body thetan, not myself, was the preclear, if I didn't set it free then I was the one who must suffer, not alone from the guilt of leaving the preclear in the middle of an engram but from acute physical and mental pain as well. And if more than one preclear was involved, the pain was compounded.

That body thetan over my left eye: I'd left the preclear stranded. I called to it. There was a faint rustling on the meter -- the thing was still there. I felt compassion for the creature. It had meant me no harm to begin with. Was it suffering as I was?

"Go to the beginning of incident I and go through it to the end," I commanded. Nothing moved. I called one button after another. Still nothing moved. The needle was frozen in the middle of the dial. The tone-arm was stuck fast at 4.5. The meter had packed. I turned it off and wrote up a summary report. The session had lasted ten minutes.

My thoughts raced. I must get away from this, go out for a walk or a movie. But driven by self-destructive madness I went back into session moments later.

The needle tugged laboredly towards the left. The tone-arm climbed to 5 as I felt the pressure building up in my head. After a few minutes I had to stop. I paced up and down the floor.

Darkness. It was late in the evening. I lit a cigarette. Why not smoke while auditing? Whatever happened in session, I would be soothed by tobacco. I whipped into session, the cigarette between my lips.

So I wasn't sure about the body thetans. All right, then I must find one I can be sure of. I will scan my body until I get a definite read which leaves no doubt.

I sat at the meter for twenty minutes, in a trance, smoking and scanning, as my body gradually turned into a field of electric charge and my head bloated with the pressure. The body thetans were there now. I had left several of them restimulated in prior sessions and at last they were rebelling. I was kicking them up all over me, making them crawl around on my skin and inside of me.

I stopped looking at the dial and continued to sit there, clutching a tin can and a ballpoint pen, methodically destroying myself. I keyed in devastation in every area. After a while the leech-souls were swarming in and out of every particle of flesh in my body.

The tone-arm reached 6. The machine had turned despicable. It was persecuting me for the wrongs I had committed. Of course: The loathsome material was housed in the E-meter! From Solo Audit on it had been traveling through the tin can into my hand and thence to my brain. Now it was inside me. The E-meter was the nasty little storage box for all the offal of the galaxy. The implants were locked up in the electric box until the outcome of procedures designed to test the worthiness of a thetan. Only one who had learned of the implants from Ron was infected with the vile material; only one who was pure in his devotion to Ron escaped the havoc. That explained those irremovable rust marks on my hand. Session after session I was being branded. And somewhere in the back of my brain was the echo of a shattering hydrogen bomb blast deep within a volcanic crater billions of years ago...

I was an OT III casualty, as described in the bulletin, in line for complete case-review. The Sea Org must find out what was tearing me apart and patch me up again.

The young man with the hazel eyes and the miniature cigar gazed lovingly at me. "How much sleep have you been getting?"

"About two or three hours."

"That's not quite enough. Before you can have review you must go to where you're staying and get at

least four more hours."

I winced. "That's impossible. I couldn't sleep now."

"You know it's in the Auditor's Code that anyone who hasn't had enough sleep can't be audited. It's 10 o'clock now. Go and rest. Even if you can't sleep, lie in bed. Then get something to eat -- that's also in the Auditor's Code. Have yourself a good meal. You can come back late this afternoon."

I took a cab to my room and huddled up in bed trembling, my traveling clock nearby where I could stare at it as the minutes went by. At 1:30 I went to an Italian restaurant downtown. I had been taking most of my meals in cheap, self-service places. Here, a boy in livery brought me bread and butter and water. I was the only customer in the restaurant. The waiter, a warm-eyed little man, seemed pleased about giving a patron special attention during the off-hour. He placed an old 78 on a gramophone next to the espresso machine. The music started up with a scratch. A tenor sang "Martha." It was Caruso. I had never heard anything so beautiful in my life and began to weep.

Third Mate reached for the green-form. I got reads on innocuous questions. None of them gave me that sick sensation in my stomach; I no longer cared what I said, what they found out. We toiled down the form.

"Has a withhold been missed? There's a read on that. What do you consider it could be?"

"I don't know."

"It's reading. That ... that!"

"I'm afraid I'm dying."

"Thank you!" piped Third Mate. "You had a floating needle on 'I'm afraid I'm dying.' All right, that's it!" She smiled warmly. "Is the review complete?"

"I'm not sure. I feel very strange."

"Okay. Sit still a moment. I want to have a talk with you. You know, your trouble right along is that you haven't had enough training. You don't know how to audit. Do you realize that the Special Briefing Course used to be a requirement for the Upper Levels? Ron softened that rule to Get Fast-Flow In. He thought students would be able to Duplicate and make it through to the top. You didn't take the course, and it's showing now. You want to be a great auditor, don't you? You want to Get Tech In, Be At Cause Over Your Case and audit yourself through to OT, don't you? Then go and sign up for the Special Briefing Course immediately!"

This would mean leaving the preclear, or preclear, stranded in the Wall of Fire for several months.

"There's no question about it, you've got to learn how to audit to do the Upper Levels," she concluded, wrapping up her argument with a triumphant smile. "Come with me. We'll go see the Examiner."

"It's really the only thing for you," said the Examiner, who in the space of a few hours, due to rotation of hats, had metamorphosed back into the buxom redhead, over whose face incomprehension was now spreading that I hadn't already rushed to sign up for the endless course. I had nothing to say. I wished to sort out the situation, but I needed some time to myself for that. I stood at the desk

gawking at her.

She smiled. "Come! I'm taking you to Registrar!"

With that she sprang out of her chair, hooked her arm in mine, and half-pulled me down the corridor.

I stood in the large office that might once have been the hotel main lobby and now accommodated Registrar, Accounts, and Certs and Awards. People congratulated me from all sides of the room. Cramming smiled contentedly at me from her desk at Certs and Awards. Another auditor was in the making.

# The Special Briefing Course

*Now we're going to make you into an expert auditor no matter what happens. We'd rather have you dead than incapable.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The SBC produced Class VI auditors, qualified to process preclears through Grade IV Release. There was a sign over the Academy door, THROUGH THESE PORTALS PASS THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, OUR FUTURE AUDITORS.

I was introduced to the Instructor, a soft-spoken empathetic Australian. Haggard, sunken-chested and slightly hump-backed, he seemed in physical distress, coughing repeatedly in a well-mannered little bark. I thought he might be consumptive.

The Instructor informed me of the class hours, 9:30 a.m. until 6 p.m. seven days a week. I could stay on until 10 each night if I wished -- they didn't play around at the Academy. He pointed out on the wall the Conditions Board, on which I was to place my stats each day, one point for reading a bulletin, five points for a checkout, and so on. Then he sent me on my first task, filling in a sheet of questions about the AOUK premises -- Where is the Galactic Control Room? How many steps are there in the front staircase? -- an inane exercise, I thought.

The Academy was furnished with a few tape machines, dozens of chairs, and the ubiquitous folding card tables. It was hopelessly crowded. Students frequently had to step over other students' legs or make circuitous trips around the room to get to their places. There wasn't always a vacant space at a card table; one would then have to sit on a stool near the Instructor's desk.

Radcliff Jones met me that night after class and took me for a drive in his rented car. Rad was a good-hearted person. He knew I had been going in for review, and always looked for ways to try to cheer me up without "discussing case." He gave me pipe tobacco, which was at a premium in Great Britain, luxury cigarettes from South Africa, and rides home from the AO. Rad also had his perplexed moment and had fallen behind his schedule. That day he had finally gone in for review and attested to OT IV.

"God, man," he said, in his relief his face almost as red as his hair, "when you get to know what this Level is all about you'll have to laugh!"

"It'll be some time before I get to do IV," I said, trying to smile back at him. "I just went on Special Briefing Course." I sketched the events of the day for him as we drove around the city.

"It must be the right thing for you at this stage. Telling me about it brought in your Good Indicators," he said. He pulled in at a fish-and-chips shop in the suburbs where young people of Edinburgh were queuing up after the movies.

After we had ordered, he went on above the racket. "You know, all this ties in closely with Ethics. I just don't buy that Ron ever intended Ethics to be stern and punitive, as some people must think. The other day one of the old-time Sea Org crew showed me a diagram he put together. He had managed to impose the Conditions Formulas over a chart of all the Grades and Levels. And it worked! I don't remember now exactly how he did it, but it lit the whole think up like a neon light!"

For a moment Rad's exuberance came home to me and I imagined that I, too, could understand Ethics. I saw a glimmer of the benign in a world that I had once felt myself drawing closer to. For that few seconds I recaptured what I had once envisioned the true essence of Scientology.

*Thus you may find your preclear stuck in incidents of great age and fury.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The first person I befriended at the Academy was an American in his early fifties with a hangdog look, who was also starting the SBC. We grinned at each other several times the first couple of days. Soon it seemed natural to save each other seats in the morning.

He had been in the middle of OT VI when yanked off of auditing and placed in the Academy. This I surmised because his name, William Burgmuller, was registered under the OT Vs on the board in the hallway.

I was bewildered by this man. For an OT V he had little confidence in himself. He appeared beaten-down, despondent. His forehead bore thick worry lines, his eyes peered out at me from deep caverns, hinting that he had been caught in a crushing engram far back on the Time Track.

He had been a railroad engineer in the Midwest for many years, sometimes parting from his family and job to follow Ron on the quest to establish a permanent Dianetics Center. I had taken to the fellow immediately, but under these circumstances wasn't too happy having him for a partner. Being around a down-stat person was not the way to proceed swiftly through the almost endless course to the certainty I needed.

Class knocked off at noon for an hour break. There were dismal lunches with Bill Burgmuller. We were both on a budget and almost invariably had fish, mashed potatoes in gravy, and cabbage, finished off by a coffee or two and chocolate-covered wafers, all of which we wolfed down so we could get at our cigarette butts -- Bill and I both smoked our cigarettes in two or three instalments.

Bill was lonely and wanted to room with me. I kept putting him off. He needed a cheaper lodging and seemed helpless about getting started finding one. I got hold of a map of central Edinburgh and a list of rooming houses from a tourist bureau and tried to help him organize himself by showing him how I might circle the locations of cheap rooms if I were seeking one.

*The search of this track began some years ago and was conducted sporadically on many preclears.*

L. RON HUBBARD

Due to the difficulty of getting tape machines, Bill and I sometimes sat at a card table studying bulletins. In the old days of Dianetics, he told me, things were a lot rougher. Preclears were sent back on the Time Track, with no preliminaries, to terrifying engrams that had them bouncing on the couch and clawing at the wall. It was possible, I thought, that people had died or become permanently deranged. Certainly, auditing was much smoother now, although there was also the possibility that in another decade or so Scientologists would refer back to 1968 as "the rough old days." In fact, Ron had stated that a thetan might pass through a state of insanity on his way to the top -- a condition far superior, however, to "the sanity of a human being."

Whenever I got a tape machine I managed to break the earphones. The connection between cord and listening device was so delicate that a turn of one's head could snap it -- and because of the many new releases announced in the foyer, and other interruptions, one was frequently tempted to

turn one's head.

There was a rule on the Academy bulletin board: Any MEST Damaged In The Academy Must Be Fixed Or Replaced By The Student Who Damaged It Before He Or She Can Continue On Course. This was a tough regulation for those of us who were sick or caught in the middle of an Upper Level and in a panic to get through. The Instructor was understanding, and gave nervous students all the leeway he could if they broke something. On three occasions I got his permission to leave the classroom and take the equipment to a shop a half a mile away that had a soldering iron.

Most of the Academy students were from the States. Americans, as a rule, were likeliest able to afford extended training on top of the processing. However, once on SBC everybody was together in the same arena. The fight for Certainty was fierce. To an extent this was because there was no live instruction, other than the checkouts. The Instructor did not "instruct"; if he did he would incur a penalty. Students had to glean everything from the tapes and bulletins -- which were a maze. Some bulletins appeared to contradict others, and one had to twist and turn through dozens of them, seeking the path to Certainty. This often involved sifting out the data that bore the latest date. Ron insisted that every word he ever wrote held just as good today as when he wrote it; nothing he ever said needed changing. Veteran Scientologists claimed that if one dug deep enough into the material one would understand the profundity of that remark. It was an unspoken truth, however, that on any question involving apparently conflicting data, the bulletin with the latest date took precedence.

There is absolutely nothing concealed from the student. There is no *hidden data line*. Everything that is known about Scientology is available to him. All data is to be found on tapes and bulletins. The data, properly studied and digested, is applicable as *Standard Tech* -- the right way to run a process. Studying and applying Hubbard Bulletins correctly is called Duplication. Anything other than Duplication is Out-Tech. Plainly the cause of auditor failure is Out-Tech, the inability to Duplicate.

In-Tech and Duplication glistened in the distance like a mirage. There was only one way to be In-Tech, but countless ways one could mis-Duplicate and be guilty of Out-Tech and subject to Ethics punishment. Sometimes innocuous remarks I heard around me in class would make me return obsessively to a bulletin that seemed clear and logical only an hour ago. I would study every clause, trying to figure out how I had been mis-Duplicating. The same bulletin might appear, on successive readings, succinct and straightforward or muddy and labyrinthine.

The SBC was purported to be a fount of revelations, Cognitions popping up at every turn. Such were denied me. It heightened my feeling of deficiency to hear some other student say, "Wow! Did I ever Cognite on such-and-such last night!" I wondered how some of the others were so easily able to digest the data. There was a basic flaw in my makeup, a lack of faith or character that kept me from Duplicating. The SBC was going to take much longer to get through than six months. Perhaps a year, endless time, and an ocean of data on which to drift ...

... and you would do well to know that there are suppressives within the group itself. Take a gander around your org. Have individual and group stats been foundering? Have communications got mysteriously "lost"? Has there been a decline in raw meat brought in for processing? By this shall you know them -- those who "just can't follow instructions, just can't learn the data."

The suppressive always gives himself away. The point about a suppressive is he's afraid. He reacts in present-time as though he were stuck in a past life. He's literally back there trillions of years ago going through all the terror as he screams his way down the Time Track.

Our orgs must provide a Safe, Secure Environment, free from enturbulation and Dev-T, where Tech is Duplicated and preclears climb swiftly up the ladder to Total Freedom. We can do this only if you Know Tech, Know that It Works, Infallibly, on Everybody, Apply it Correctly, Close the Door on Mis-Duplication, Stamp out Dev-T, and eliminate those who would gleefully destroy us.

As I listened to tapes and studied bulletins I kept thinking *case*. Each scrap of data held a personal taint. I tried to shape Ron's words into a diagnosis. If he were discussing engrams, then I was in an engram; if he mentioned the Time Track, I perceived sections of it bunched up and laden with charge; if he were writing about ARC breaks, present-time problems or overts, then these were the cause of grief.

I read with particular intensity the bulletins on Potential Trouble Sources and Suppressives. I saw in myself characteristics of both. Perhaps I was suppressive to myself. These anxieties made me spend more time on a bulletin than the other students would. I would sit fingering a page for long moments, in a daze. At interludes there would come a shout from what seemed far away, "Now hear this!" as some fortunate one attested to another level.

*That every MEST body had a decayed thetan in it was unknown until now.*

L. RON HUBBARD

Something was incurably wrong with my inner being. A new bulletin was tacked up on the board in which Ron lashed out at those who falsely attested to Levels they hadn't rightfully attained. I took this deeply, for I didn't feel like I was a Clear, an OT I or an OT II.

Another new bulletin described a Condition lower than any Ron had previously discovered: *Degraded Being*. Though I wasn't sure this Condition applied to me, still I would have to remain in the perdition of the SBC until I could return to self-auditing, get the preclear or preclears out of The Wall of Fire, and earn the right to call myself by those Levels I had attested to.

My pattern of a typical morning was to wake up around five and futilely try to get back to sleep. At seven, I would waken Radcliff Jones and wait for him to get shaved and dressed and come to breakfast. Seeing the morning newspaper at the table was a strange experience, and I rarely got past the front page. The events of the world were taking place on another planet -- a lurid and unfrontable reminder of the extent to which I had lost touch with my former reality.

I had been in Great Britain just a little over two months now.

At the AO, as at Saint Hill, there were many interruptions. One evening each week there was a so-called religious service in the Galactic Control Room -- actually the front waiting room -- which for that one hour was renamed the Chapel. One of the Sea Org crew would read the Scientologists Credo, which espoused tolerance for religions and everyone's right to free speech and individual thinking.

More precious study time was lost one morning when male students were conscripted to move mildewing furniture and mouldy bedding down to strata of the old hotel beneath the basement proper. I pitched in for two hours, hauling the decaying objects down from the upper floors into the dank chambers, our only illumination a single bulb on an extension cord several hundred feet long. Deeper and deeper we went, down black stairways, whistling and joking and cheering each other on with "What's a little dirt to a thetan?" I was worried about the Instructor, who directed the work crew. The dust from the dim rooms sent him into paroxysms of coughing. He was wasting away before our eyes.

Marty Moussorgsky, my old auditor from New York, visited the AO that day. Over lunch he told me of life aboard the Sea Org yacht. Marty had been on the first crew, when none of the members knew the slightest thing about running a ship. Ron decreed that they would best spend their time navigating the vessel up and down the Mediterranean. The Scientology cycle of action was applied

on these maneuvers: Start -- Continue -- Complete. This meant that the boat was put in motion, sailed for a few miles, then stopped as abruptly as possible. The procedure was repeated, over and over, every day for several weeks. From time to time mistakes in navigation occurred, such as a near-crash into the docks at Tunisia, a goof that occasioned Ron to place the boat in Condition of Doubt.

Each evening at six I went to dinner with Edward Douglas, who had finally made it up from Sussex for his OT II, and Elisabethette, a willowy OT V from Holland. We were often joined by Bill Burgmuller or Radcliff Jones. Elisabethette was attending the Academy for a course on needle-reading before chancing the stratosphere of Level VI -- but I suspected she had already started that Level and fallen into trouble, as I guessed was Bill's torment.

We were a close group, though our fondness for each other was tempered with the poignancy of unuttered questions. Oddly, by own situation brought out my affection for others, and Elisabethette, Edward, Bill and Rad seemed more lovable than I had ever known people to be. It may simply have been loneliness; our dinners together were the closest thing to companionship I could hope for until I got back to New York. With frustrated yearning to tell someone of my suffering, I imagined a wordless communication among us. "Are they going through this too?" I pondered, as I gazed into their kind faces, smiling, hoping I wasn't looking at them too beseechingly, with eyes as unyielding as a stuck needle and the fever of charge running through my body. Did they see it? Did they know something was Out on my case?

I cut short these times with the others to get back to the tapes and bulletins. The one moment of relative peace I allowed myself was at midnight when, back in my room at Mrs. Blake's, I would lie on my bed studying Hubbard's Axioms. The Axioms reputedly held the innermost kernel of Scientological truth. They dealt with the nature of the thetan, and its relationship to the MEST world. Though I didn't understand these abstractions, they gave an impression of vast, quiet expanses that had a lulling effect on me. I could imagine Ron in his captain's hat, seated at a large desk in a room decorated in nautical motif, working at his charts, calculating the precise interactions of these spiritual properties. When one read the Axioms one might arrive at a Cognition at any moment.

Bill Burgmuller and I checked each other out in class on tapes, bulletins and Axioms. We had both decided to study Dianetics all over again. His knowledge of the subject was far superior to mine, but his general uncertainty was undermining. His faltering, somewhat pathetic manner turned the simplest bulletin into a potential booby-trap. He would look up at me and say, with a sheepish grin, "I'd sure like to be Certain about that, old buddy!" I couldn't help thinking how much I would have enjoyed being with him in a different setting -- he was ingenuous and likable. I didn't want him to know that he depressed me, but whenever he invalidated himself blatantly my irritation slipped out. It didn't seem to make any difference. He was already punishing himself for something.

His most oft-voiced anxiety concerned floating needles. "After all this time," he would sigh wearily, "I'm just not sure about spotting the goddam things." When I had heard this for the fourth or fifth time, I threatened to report him to Ethics for self-invalidation, trying to mask my genuine annoyance by putting it in a joking manner. He brought out all my own uncertainty on that subject. In New York I'd seen needles that drifted lazily about the dial for minutes on end, while in Great Britain floating needles appeared and vanished in seconds, as elusive as eels slithering through the rushes.

At such moments I squelched a wish to shake Bill by the shoulders and tell him that everything was going to be all right anyhow. Instead I contended myself with visualizing what he would be like when he completed OT VI; or how he used to be. I pictured him as he might have looked on his old job, riding the cab of a locomotive as it hurtled down the flat, the wind rushing by, his eyes, unafraid

then, scanning the distant reaches of the plains, as he patiently contemplated his next adventure with Ron Hubbard, far from the world of cornfields and semaphore signals.

There was an old, out-of-tune piano in the Galactic Control Room, and nobody objected to its being played. A teenaged South African thumped out a kind of music I had never heard before, some not-really-Spanish paso dobles and un-Germanic waltzes. I was familiar with a wide range of music, and could only conclude that this was "Afrikaner style," if such existed. I never asked.

A young American fellow occasionally beckoned me out of the Academy to hear his improvisations. He would look raptly into my eyes as he played, murmuring about ARC and Flow.

Heinz Migdahl, a recently-attested OT VI, sometimes played the opening measure of the Grieg Concerto. He said he hadn't touched a piano in eighteen years -- he had given it up for abstract painting, which he did well -- but now played better than ever. "On OT VI I discovered that my old keyboard technique was a machine, a part of the reactive mind that puts you on automatic," he said. "Now I'm starting from scratch to learn to play as myself. I've already eliminated all excess motion." A musical illiterate could observe that he swiveled his body and threw his arms around -- a lexicon of excess motion -- but I didn't challenge him. At any rate I'd found out what was causing the music in my head, a marching band that struck up every morning on my walk to the AO: a machine.

Another OT VI pianist also claimed he owed it all to Scientology, but he wasn't referring to lack of excess motion. He told me that he had almost attained a permanent state wherein he no longer felt his MEST body while at the keyboard. "I'm so close to it now I can almost taste it," he told me.

During a coffee break I sat down at the old upright. I could barely play. My arms felt weak and I couldn't remember the pieces I had played at Town Hall last October. I recalled a happier summer many years ago and a variety show at a music camp, where on another beat-up piano I had played, as a stunt, the "Etude on the Black Keys" of Chopin by rotating an orange in my right hand -- a fragmented memory of the power and joy I once felt playing the piano.

Across the aisle from me, a young American named Frank bull-baited a middle-aged lady. He stared at her over his memorably long nose, his mouth fixed in a smirk. The button he was flattening her on was "penises," and he carried on about "a sixteen-inch pecker peeking out at her from some guy's fly." I couldn't concentrate on my bulletins with this going on, and watched the pair for twenty minutes, as at a floorshow.

In another part of the room, one of Frank's roommates was exploiting someone else's Jewish button: "Take 23 -- 'Dish ish Moishe Menehan of Tel Aviv Radio Station K-I-K-E. Ve are bringing you ...' Flunk for laughing. Start! Take 24 -- 'Dish ish Moishe Menehan ...'" Late in the afternoon they had got up to Take 58, the button still unflat, the bull-baiting victim still laughing hysterically.

Frank, now bull-baiting a young lady, was working the button 'old.' "You're so old, so o-o-o-old, my dear," he repeated, as she laughed uncontrollably. Just when this button was flattening, the hulking Master at Arms entered the Academy, and, squatting down beside Frank, started in on her in his British accent: "You're aould, me dear, sao aould. I wonder if you've ever considered the fact when you looked in the mirror that there wasn't just the slightest chawnce, the tiniest infinitesimal little possibility that perhaps -- that maybe -- you Put In Your Pawstulaytes that you ... might ... be ..." (here Frank joined in "aould, me dear ... sao-o a-o-o-o-o-ould!")

Paradoxically, some of the most effective bull-baiters employed Scientology terms. Master at Arms was a virtuoso at this. He would go on about a student's "by-passed chawge" and "withhaoulds"

until he had them howling with laughter.

I did TR-0 with Frank. We sat at a table looking into each other's eyes. That day TR-0 locked my face in a vise. I was well aware that my features were fixed in pained, angry confusion, opening my inner state of being to detection, and I feared that someone would say, "Why, I see through him. He's sick, he's not showing any gains, he's repudiating Scientology by his failures. He's a suppressive." Nothing of that sort occurred. Frank only observed that my face looked tense. He switched to bull-baiting. To my own amazement, he couldn't draw a chuckle out of me. A young lady tried her hand at it. She, too, failed. Finally Edward Douglas, the old maestro, got into the act. He leaned forward, puckered up and kissed my cheek. When that didn't crack my expression, he jumped around the table like a baboon. By this time there was a ring of onlookers. Most of the Academy were watching to see if anyone could make me laugh, not knowing that I couldn't have laughed if I'd wanted to. As from a distance, I saw myself sitting there like a ghoul. Stuck in the middle of this grotesque scene, I peered across the table at Edward with eyelids like steel sheets and head bound in brass.

I got in review lines at Reception. I had held off for two weeks. While waiting in the Galactic Control Room for the Examiner to see me, I read of copy of the Scientology Wedding Service, a version of the marriage ceremony revamped into Hubbard's jargon. This, the once-a-week Success Service and an occasional clerical collar was the only evidence I saw at the AO to support Scientology's claim that it was a religion.

Heinz Migdahl came in and with excess motion banged A minor chords on the piano. Edward moseyed up with a back copy of The Auditor Magazine, and showed me a photo of Ron standing next to a model of a GPM. There was the "Top secret data" popping out at us from a world-distributed periodical!

"Oy wish Oy'd seen this staring me in the face a few years ago," Edward chortled. "It sure as 'ell would've saved me a lot of torment."

I thought back to the Solo Course, with its data on line-plots, crossovers, and opposition terminals which we were almost certainly never to use. Then I remembered Gerald's story about the inauditable preclear whom he had finally "cured." Was Scientology Ron's joke after all?

Whenever I was in the Galactic Control Room, the young crew members making up their stats charts would ask me for my Success Story. Customarily one submitted a testimonial for each release and always after clearing. I had presented nothing to them as yet -- it would have been an outright lie -- so I would grin ruefully and mumble, "Not just yet. I'm working on it. Please wait a day or so."

The Examiner's eyes widened. "Do you know what you're doing? You're running away from class! Ron has a name for that. You're rabbiting!"

But I'm hardly sleeping and I haven't moved my bowels for two weeks."

"We can't do it for you. You have to work for these Upper Levels. Ron has a new policy, Get Tough! Better Get That In. It'll make up an up-stat person and then you can move your bowels all you like. Now stop rabbiting, stop coming here, and go back to your class."

"It's not that I'm rabbiting," I shot back.

"Don't you dare raise your voice to me!" Then, softening, "I didn't mean you're a coward." She wrote

something on a slip. "Here. Take this to Ethics."

Ethics looked at me with good-humored pity. "You're rabbiting? Go back to your class and get through your course. The Way Out Is The Way Through."

"I had to come in for review. where else am I supposed to go for help?"

"We learn to help ourselves. No one else can do it for you." She smiled, her eyes widening, and said in a Tone-40 voice, "Now go back to your class!"

I moved down the hall towards the Academy, stopping on the way at the Galactic Control Room. Among the newsletters and advertisements on the center table was Ron's new Policy Letter, "Get Tough!"

So you feel that you've taken on too great a load, that you're doing far more than you should and couldn't possibly do more but should be doing less? Then immediately double what you are doing! You may be surprised to hear this, but it is in fact an accurate appraisal and a solution to your problem, whatever that may be.

Astonished, I reread the article. On second reading I began to see some truth in it, and on third I thought, "My god! He's right -- and he's speaking directly to me."

The Sea Org knew me. They saw through me as no one had before. All my life I had got through on facile talent. I had never had to show real grit. Soft and spoiled, I'd spent a good part of my time hatching grandiose schemes, never putting in the sweat to finish anything I started. I had to admit that Ethics and the Examiner were right. This was not so terrible to confront once identified. They were offering a chance for redemption, and firm hands to pull me through my resistance, my childish weakness. To be charming, interesting, a "nice guy" meant nothing to them. I was a spirit, a thetan. Here was no escape, no evasion of responsibility. I must finish what I had begun. It was for my own good ... and it was too late to stop.

To graduate SBC, students audited preclears to releases on the Grades. It was getting time for me to scout up a preclear. Since I knew practically nobody in town but Scientologists, I would have to go out on the street and disseminate. I cringed at the prospect. I had seen too much tasteless proselytizing, and I knew how it could turn people off. The AO had not as yet alienated itself from the community. The good citizens of Edinburgh were considered far less suppressive than those of East Grinstead. In fact, the Scientologists thought the Scots as a whole nicer people than the English. But sooner or later suppressive orders would be placed on the bookshops that chose not to carry Ron's writings. The shop owners would react. There would be further ill feeling, perhaps incidents.

Moreover, in disseminating, I would be selling something which hadn't as yet brought me any lasting benefits. Fortunately, I'd only be pushing the Lower Grades, which had produced significant gains in New York. I would have to conquer my humiliation and take the plunge. I got the Instructor's permission to go out on the street, and, fighting my shame, I approached my first raw meat near the blue-rimmed door of the AO.

I soon learned to be selective about whom to buttonhole. A Class VII Auditor, like Gerald, could detect a suppressive walking by on the street. If I were unlucky enough to bring to the AO a suppressive or a Potential Trouble Source, there would be a big flap at Qual Office. Although it went against my grain to label anyone suppressive or PTS, certain individuals acted dimwitted or surly; so I kept my dissemination to alert, cheerful Up-Stat-looking citizens, preferably younger ones -- they tended to be more open-minded. I fell into a routine. I would accost people near the AO, point

to the sign above the door, and burble, "Do you know about our college?" I would go on to mention the special process they could have done on them at no cost, and one or two of the other wonderful things that went on upstairs. I made no attempt to "find their ruin," as in the dissemination drill. I simply wanted to get them into the Academy to sign the Preclear Logbook on the Instructor's desk and perhaps buy something at the bookstore.

Within a few days I succeeded in logging in several names. My only unpleasant street encounter was with a confident young man who proclaimed that Scientology was no damn good, Jesus Christ was his Savior.

I didn't ring any doorbells -- though some of the disseminators weren't above doing that -- with one exception. I tried a house down the street from Mrs. Blake's, where I was told several AO students had stayed until recently. I introduced myself to the landlady as a roomer at her neighbor's. Before I could start my patter, she said, "Isn't that where some of them crazy Scientologists are staying? I just asked three of them to move somewhere else. They'd lock themselves in the bathroom for hours on end having their godless sessions."

I enquired about a fictitious lodger, and left.

My dissem at my rooming house was unsuccessful. Mrs. Blake was wary about going downtown and walking through the blue-rimmed AO doorway. One of her boarders, a young math student who worked a full shift as a bus conductor to finance his education, was neither for nor against Scientology. We had several discussions about it at night, when Mrs. Blake set late tea. Ian was a gifted fellow and the questions he asked were pointed and a bit unsettling. I wanted him to try at least one process. He didn't show up for breakfast one morning and Mrs. Blake reported that he had been killed in a highway accident while riding his bicycle home from work, and his parents would be coming from their village to take his possessions. During lunch break at the AO I told Edward Douglas about the tragic accident.

Edward looked at me sagely. "'E knew 'e could 'ave auditing and went ahead and left the body anyway." His eyes saddened. "Well, Oy guess 'e made 'is choice, didn't 'e."

I was spending half my lunch hour approaching people on the street and still hadn't obtained a genuine, living, breathing preclear, only a bunch of names in the log book. I had finished running the Dianetic Levels on a rag doll, making out full mock reports, the final preparatory exercise, and was checked out and ready to audit.

Everything was so much more complicated than at the franchise in New York. Before auditing the preclear on Dianetics we had to fill out a Preclear Assessment Sheet, four pages of questions about the preclear's background, some of an intimidatingly personal nature. Needle action and tone-arm were recorded next to the preclear's responses. Another added step was the Beginning Rudiments, or The RUDS, six questions put to the preclear after the Assessment which were supposed to handle present-time problems and ARC breaks. I had never done such a thing to a preclear in New York. If a preclear seemed unhappy about something (which had been the situation with my very first preclear), Gerald taught us that it was best to get him into a casual conversation in which he might talk himself into feeling comfortable, which would make him auditable. In contrast, The RUDS were blunt and intimidating. I asked the Instructor if we really must subject raw meat to this list of highly-charged questions. He gave me the best answer he could, since apparently there was no bulletin or tape he could cite on the subject.

"Ron put that step there for a reason," he said. Nor was he totally satisfied on this point himself. He

went to ask the Director of Training about The RUDS and was nearly placed in Liability for "not knowing what reply to give a

*In general you will find the preclear has been subjected ... to enormous invalidation of all his force, power and natural attributes.*

L. RON HUBBARD

I entered a coffee house in search of a preclear. I slid into a booth opposite a tall, slender young man and introduced myself as a trainee at the Hubbard College two blocks away. The young man put down his newspaper and made some remarks about the class struggle and life in general that struck me as perceptive, although it had been so long since I had been exposed to such talk that it also sounded quaint.

This young man was an interesting person. His eyes were tired, defeated, crafty, yet empathetic. His manner was courteous, his mind lively, as he communicated to me a bittersweet regret over the things he had missed and would no doubt always miss in life. He alerted when I broached a foolproof method of self-improvement. In short, Alistair McKenna seemed the ideal preclear.

I led him upstairs, proudly introduced him to the Instructor, and logged him in. On the way out I showed him the bookstore, a niche off the corridor leading to the back offices. He selected two of Ron's slimmer volumes, Fundamentals of Thought and The Problem of Work, and we waited in the line at Accounts. When Alistair reached the desk and was told the price of the books he was put off. I asked him to take only one if that was all he could afford. No change was ever returned at Accounts; one either wrote out a check, had the exact amount in hand, or the excess credited to his accounts. Alistair didn't have the right amount for the book, so I lent him the difference. When we got down on the street he immediately repaid the loan, in paper and change that he had had all along, with the explanation that he trusted me but was leery of the organization.

We had the session at my place. I faced the unpleasant task of putting Alistair through the Preclear Assessment Sheet. He was already nervous from his experience at the AO, when I began with the easy questions about his education and medical history. Then I got to his relationship with his mother. He faltered -- I already knew he was still living at home. "Well, let's just say we don't get along ver-r-a well."

Next came questions to elicit any record of criminality or insanity. Alistair's needle was rising. "I guess you might say I have a criminal record."

"Can you tell me about it?"

"When I was eleven years old I broke into a saloon after closing, stole some empty beer bottles and sold them for a few pence. I got caught."

"Fine," I acked, noting it all down with the tone-arm read.

It suddenly dawned on me that a preclear with a criminal record might be a Potential Trouble Source and I'd be a fool to handle his case. I took another good look at Alistair, trying not to make it too noticeable.

"I'm really sorry, but I have to go back to the college and find out whether I can audit you. Just so you won't be in the dark about this, it's your criminal record. I know this happened years ago, and it's probably okay -- it certainly is with me -- but I don't want to do the wrong thing on my training. I'd

better go downtown and ask the Instructor."

"Why don't you telephone him?"

"Hey, you're right, you're one hundred percent right! Why didn't I think of that?"

The Instructor got on the line. "Eleven years old, eh?" he said drily. "That should be all right. Go ahead and audit."

I returned with Alistair to the wobbly table in my room.

"We only have a little more to do on the Assessment. What are your goals in life?"

"That's ver-r-r-ra easy. To have money."

I was stumped. Just a couple hours ago he had spoken of his frustrated hopes for a better world. Now he was coming on PTS again. I was aware that the Assessment had put him in a negative mood. I fished around.

"Would you say, then, that you're interested in improving your life?"

"Oh definitely. And the best way to do that would be to get my hands on some money."

I prompted him with, "Can I put it down that you wish to enhance your ability to do the things you like doing?"

"Yes, I guess that's one way of putting it."

"Anything else? Any other goals?" My mistake; I was slightly ahead and should have dropped it.

"Well, I'd like to get in the position so that other people don't have the upper hand over me."

Pencil poised: "You mean you'd like to advance yourself in the social and business worlds?"

"Sure."

"Good. How about the spiritual world."

"Yeah. Naturally. Whatever that is. Any world."

With apprehension growing that this wasn't the fresh, glowing preclear the AO wanted, I sketched out the auditor's report for the ARC Straightwire Process. Then I remembered with a jolt that I had to do The RUDS. On the way to Mrs. Blake's I had given Alistair a good Reality-Factor on the Dianetic Levels. I had forgotten to prepare him for The dratted RUDS.

"Are you upset by anything?"

"Yeah, I guess I am."

"Fine. What do you consider it could be?"

"Those questions you just asked me were kind of personal."

"Thank you. Any other considerations on that?"

"No."

"Okay. Do you have a present-time problem? That reads."

"Money. Also, I'm ver-r-ra nervous."

"Thank you."

When we got to overts, the needle tightened up. "What do you mean, `overts'?" he asked.

"Oh I'm sorry. That means something you've done that you consider wrong."

"I see." He thought for a moment. "Well, I'm beginning to regret coming here."

"Thank you. Now we'll start the process I described on the way over."

I cleared the commands with English and Scientology dictionaries, another recent requirement, and sailed into the familiar ARC Straightwire commands.

"Recall a communication."

Alistair nodded.

"Good. What was it?"

"A phone call."

"Fine. Recall an emotion ..."

On went the process, with the tone-arm lurking around 4, an area of tension. For a brief spell Alistair's Good Indicators came In. He recalled pleasant letters, holidays, and emotions such as love and happiness. Had I missed that all-evasive fucking floating needle? Why, the bloody thing could come and go in a split second -- it took Scientologists years to spot one properly. Now the needle was dirtying and Alistair's responses were bogging down. We had been at it a long time. Several columns of worksheet were filled with my notations. Something had gone wrong. Perhaps I never should have audited this preclear in the first place. I had had enough warning signs, but I'd allowed my desire to help both Alistair and myself sway me. I would have to show up at the AO with all the evidence of having audited a PTS. Alistair looked dazed.

"Recall something real."

"Um hmm."

"Good. What was it?"

"A fight I had when I was sixteen."

"Fine."

I'd been pounding away at the process for an hour. I was killing him. This mustn't continue. The session would have to end unflat.

"Recall an emotion."

"Uh huh."

"Good. What was it?"

"Hate."

"Thank you. Okay, Alistair, now we have to go back to the College and have my reports looked at. Nothing you've done wrong, I assure you -- it's been good of you to help me train -- but the process I've been running isn't finished yet. It's probably my fault; I'm just a novice at this. My supervisors will tell me what to do next. Can you wait five minutes while I write out a summary?"

While doing that I came about with a start. "Shit! I thought, "I forgot to include in my R-Factor the possibility of review or Ethics action."

On our way to the AO, I explained that my superiors might want him to have an additional session with one of their auditors -- inwardly resolving to make up to him any cash he might spend at the AO.

The Instructor glanced at my report while Alistair waited in the Galactic Control Room. "Hmmm, I see you got in your RUDS. You may've gone past a floating needle. Towards the end there your preclear's responses were pretty low-tone. We better 'ave one of the more advanced students rerun 'im on the ARC."

This was a relief to me, but for the preclear the proceeding had turned into an inquisition. I remembered my first auditing; I'd been well-greased beforehand by friends and then processed by one of them in a cozy apartment.

A young SBC student took Alistair up to the third floor and brought him back twenty minutes later, a Straightwire Release. The preclear's Good Indicators were not In. Before he could go to Certs and Awards he had to see the Examiner. After five minutes in Qual, a red-faced Alistair trotted through the foyer and disappeared down the stairs.

"What's the matter with you anyway, bringing a preclear like that in here!" said the buxom redhead.

"What do you mean? He seemed perfectly fine to me."

"Do you know what he had the gall to say to me? He said he *hadn't got any gains from his auditing!* He's an ignorant suppressive creep! Don't you ever drag someone like that in here again!"

I left Qual Office. I didn't think the outcome was entirely my fault, and I talked it over with the Instructor.

"Oh, she's all right, that gal," he said. "I've known 'er for years."

"But the guy seemed like a nice person to me."

"She's OT VI. You're got to figure she's probably right about 'im."

Angry and confused, knowing that Alistair thought I had betrayed him, I took out a tape, slammed it on a machine and promptly broke the earplugs. I couldn't let the Examiner get away with invalidating me like that. This time she had gone too far.

She eyed me as I neared her desk. "It's about this afternoon," I began. "I don't feel that we left our talk on a very constructive note."

"What do you mean?"

"I haven't felt at all right about it afterwards. I did the best I could with that preclear."

"Couldn't you see he wasn't the right material?"

"I really thought he was terrific. I had a long chat with him over coffee. He seemed to be reaching out for help."

"It's okay." She regarded me drolly. "Forget about it and go out and audit preclears."

There was a long pause during which we stared deeply into each other's eyes. Suddenly her face glowed, her eyes twinkled. "And ... I shouldn't have yelled at you that way. I apologize!"

We reached for each other over the desk as again the waves of tender compassion bathed me.

"It's beautiful!" I gasped, holding her as gently as if she were a gigantic puff of meringue.

On the way out to fix the earplugs, I made the "everything's all right" circle with my thumb and index finger, and called over to the Instructor, "You were right about her."

Betty Buchanan, a saucy blond divorcee who wore no-nonsense plaid outfits, arrived to do the Upper Levels. She was South African, like Radcliff Jones, and they immediately started a flirtation in the form of a mock "battle of the Levels." The winner would be the first to attest to OT VI. Betty had the advantage. She had the money to take *preferential review*. Anyone paying double, \$40 an hour, could see an auditor with no waiting.

I never saw the friendly opponents, Betty and Rad, touch each other, though there was definitely an attraction there; nor could they say much about their "battle." Instead they discussed such topics as how to run a business using Ron's Ethics system, or Betty's ambition to confront the Prime Minister of South Africa with strong TRs and the Four Steps of Dissemination.

It was from Betty that I first heard of *Ethics households*. "They have Ethics In at orgs, don't they?" she said. "This is a logical extension. You keep hat-books and Conditions charts on a bulletin board where you live. Children love it too; they always know just where they stand."

She went on to describe Ron's plans for a secret Ethics training camp for Scientology offspring in Rhodesia.

These conversations were held in coffee houses late at night after closing of lines. Betty and Rad

took me along, I suspected, as a chaperon. I'd sit with them over tea and shortbread cookies, with my briefcase, now bereft of confidential materials but, through obsession or force of habit, under the table near me and still locked. I always kept one leg pressed against the side with the lock.

One night Elisabethette gave Edward and me a lift home from the AO. Edward was staying at a boarding house on a hill overlooking a large park. Elisabethette dropped him off, drove up the winding street a few hundred yards and parked. I seemed to be looking not over the treetops to the sparkling lights of Edinburgh but on a hill in my hometown many years ago with my young love.

Elisabethette was near the bursting point with her case. Of course she said nothing about it, but I could sense it. I struggled against the urge to take her in my arms and beg her to tell me about her suffering. We turned to face each other and were silent for a moment.

Then I said, "Look, Elisabethette, this isn't secret stuff or anything. Maybe you can tell me why Ron put The RUDS after the Assessment Sheet instead of going right into ARC Straightwire."

I had been in Great Britain close to three months and my visa was up for renewal. My passport was to be sent to the British Home Office in London, but the Sea Org had it locked up in a drawer at Housing and I was able to obtain it only in exchange for my return air ticket.

Two days later the British government passed an edict prohibiting foreigners from entering Great Britain to study Scientology, and stories denigrating Hubbard and his ideas appeared in the newspapers. There was a great uproar at the AO. People thronged the lobby and the Galactic Control Room, vilifying the British as suppressive, and comforting each other with predictions of the horrible things that were going to happen to Parliament. Several of the inflammatory news articles were tacked up on walls under signs proclaiming We Have Nothing To Hide. Many of the students were sick with anxiety. We were now classified "undesirable aliens" and measures would soon be taken to get us out of the country. Most worried were those now on crucial Upper Levels who had travelled halfway around the globe and spent almost their last cent.

By evening Ron had come through. Rapture spread throughout the AO as Master at Arms announced to the crowd that a brand new AO had just been opened in Los Angeles, the *AOLA*. Some of the Americans, including Bill Burgmuller, were glad to be returning home to their families sooner than they had expected. I didn't know what I would do. Air fare from Scotland to L.A. was expensive, and the cost of living in L.A. was rumored to be about twice that of Edinburgh. With all the review I had had, I was running shy of ready cash. And getting out of the stock market at a bad time, I had lost heavily on my investments.

Many of the staff had already departed for L.A. Due to the mass upset and the lack of auditors, review lines were swollen. The waiting line spilled over into the Galactic Control Room, and there was barely enough space, even then, for the overflow. Most of the Qual people I'd been dealing with had left. I would make one last attempt to get review.

Master of Arms was the Examiner that day. He eyed me balefully. "Why are you here" Why aren't you in class?"

"I can't work properly. I'm sick."

"Get back to your class," he growled. "Stop rabbiting and get back to your class."

I melted under the intense heat of his stare. Something inside me gave way again. I grimaced

approvingly. "Thank you -- oh thank you for that." Wincing with gratitude, I grasped his beefy hands. He didn't move or speak, just continued to stare at me with a quizzical look on his face.

Edward and I stood near the curb after dinner discussing the recent crisis. He was worried and depressed.

"This could be another Austraylia all over again," he mumbled wretchedly. In the mid-60s Scientology had been outlawed in Edward's province and he had had to save money for three years for the trip to England. "Oy just don't know if Oy can go through the 'ole thing again."

I felt sorry for him. Why couldn't Ron let a loyal follower like Edward take the Upper Levels on credit? This time it was my turn to bolster him. Shaping my mouth into a grin, I said, "It'll be okay, Edward, just wait and see. Everything's going to work out beautifully for you."

"Oy suspect as you're right. Oy 'ope so."

"And Ron's bound to do something for people in your predicament," I added, as we exchanged meaningful looks as we used to at Fyfield Manor. "He'll make Parliament revoke the law, or he'll arrange some way to get you to L.A. Don't worry, Edward" -- I mustered up as close to a Tone-40 voice as I could -- "RON KNOWS!"

*When Mrs. Pattycake comes to us to be taught, turn that wandering doubt in her eye into a fixed, dedicated glare and she'll win and we'll all win. Humor her and we all die a little.*

L. RON HUBBARD

A mousy little gray-haired lady from Iowa, who was taking a short course on self-auditing between her Clearing Course sessions, asked me to coach her on the TRs. During a lull she confided that there were certain aspects of the Clearing Course she didn't understand. I told her it was all there in the instructions.

"But I've been over that instruction booklet a hundred times and I just don't get it," she whimpered. She leaned forward and lowered her voice. "It's that spotting. How in the world do you spot?"

"Look in your instructions," I replied. "Everything you need to know is there."

"But do you actually look at something? Are you supposed to keep your TRs In when you spot?"

I'd never thought of that. Now I began to get concerned. Perhaps having my TRs In on the Clearing Course would have made the difference. But how would I have done that?

"Look, when you spot something, say that wall over there, you don't mull over it, do you? You just say, 'There it is.' Nothing more to it than that."

"But with the wall, *at least you know it's there.*"

There was something pitiful about the woman. Suddenly my stomach did a dive as I saw the trap. I'd let this sweet old lady draw me into a forbidden discussion! But how bad had it really been? I tried to reconstruct it in my mind, not listening to her bewildered prattling. Finally, not sure of what I'd done, I snapped, "Excuse me. I have to handle something," and left the Academy.

"I'm putting myself in Liability," I told the gorgeous blond Ethics Officer, "for listening to somebody's

questions about the confidential materials."

"Where is this person?"

"She's in the Academy."

"Good. What's her name?"

"Lucille Warburton."

Lucille was brought to the office in tears. She came over to me. "I'm so sorry. I never dreamed of what I was doing. Oh look," she turned to Ethics, "it was all my fault, not his."

Ethics sent her out to don a gray arm rag and start her work penalty. Ethics smiled warmly at me. "Do you really feel you're in Liability? You did report the matter. Aren't you perhaps only in Non-Existence?"

"I'm in Liability. I listened to her."

"Okay, then. I'll have to give you the same punishment. After all, no one knows better than you what Condition you're in."

A young student staying in my neighborhood had been borrowing my room during daytime hours for her self-auditing; her place wasn't secure, she said. I returned after my penalty the next night to find my window open and the room freezing. The OT I materials were lying on the dresser. The front page looked different from what I had seen, the one with the Clearing Course materials repeated. Here, there was something about "auditing outdoors." Afraid of seeing more of this version, I threw a coat over the pack, grabbed a cab for the AO, and reported the incident to Ethics just before the closing of lines, in the nick of time to keep from incurring my third Liability penalty.

I could no longer apply myself to a bulletin or tape. I had given up hope of finding another preclear; people on the street were now evasive or hostile. I left the Academy every few minutes to loiter in the hallway and smoke half a cigarette.

I stared at the bulletin board in disbelief.

Richard Stiles has been declared in Condition of Doubt which carries a 72 hour work penalty for having seizures in public thus invalidating Scientology. If there is any recurrence of this behavior either consciously or unconsciously on his part he will be placed in Condition of Enemy and declared Fair Game.

By Order of the Third Mate

During coffee break, Dennis McClain, a quiet, courteous veteran Sea Org member, discussed music with me. I told him of my New York piano debut and the less-than-pleasing critique in the newspaper.

Dennis said, "The next time you give a concert find out in advance who the critic will be."

"Critics probably aren't assigned until the day of the concert."

"Nonetheless, if you really want this information you'll get it. Once you know who the critic will be you

can find a way to sabotage him."

"Why?" I asked, dreading where this might be leading.

"You know he's out to get you before you've even started. He's a *critic* -- he's out for your blood. A critic damaged you before and he'll do it again if you let him. Get to his car and screw up the motor so he can't drive to the hall."

Dennis was talking to me as calm and friendly as usual. I sensed the danger. I couldn't let him suspect I thought anything was wrong with what he was saying.

"How would I find out where the guy lives? Besides, we're talking about New York. He probably takes a cab to the hall."

"There's a way if you just Get the Data In and Apply It. Yes. Have a friend of yours phone the hall just before concert time and have them page the critic, who's to be told that his wife has just been murdered in cold blood or had a heart attack or the like. If he doesn't have a heart attack himself, he'll certainly leave forthwith, and then no one can harm you. You can play away to your heart's content in a Safe, Secure Environment."

"But Dennis, how do we know he's got a wife?"

I was starting to wonder if one could take a music critic out of action so easily in New York City.

"You'll have to work the details out yourself, of course. Just remember what Ron says: When you know in advance that someone is out for you, don't be a fool and sit on it. *Attack, man, attack!*"

DON'T BE "REASONABLE"

No civilization has ever survived for more than one billion years -- and only one ancient intergalactic kingdom lasted that long. It was eventually weakened and destroyed, as all civilizations before and since have been, because beings were "reasonable." We intend to create an organization that will flourish forever, bringing Peace, Sanity, and Freedom to this and all other planets of the galaxy.

Ron has taken on a staggering load. He is ultimately responsible for the entire organization, everyone in it, every branch of it, and every scrap of data, every process, every Tech specification, every Ethics Policy, every Admin Policy, every punishment, every bulletin, every tape -- EVERY WORD. ALL EMANATE FROM HIM. YOUR CONSIDERATIONS ABOUT *SOURCE* WERE PLUCKED FROM YOUR REACTIVE MIND IN POWER PROCESSING. *RON IS SOURCE.*

Some have not shown Ron the gratitude that he deserves. Suppressive and Degraded Beings of the galaxy have conducted a conspiracy against Ron and Scientology. In time the world shall know them for their crimes. Behind every attempt to discredit Scientology lies a degraded mind. Behind every attack on Ron is someone with a criminal record.

An Operating Thetan should be grateful for what Ron has given us. He must be willing to submit to Total Control. HE CANNOT HAVE TOTAL FREEDOM IF HE IS NOT WILLING TO BE TOTALLY CONTROLLED. THIS TRUTH IS INSTILLED IN HIM FROM THE TIME HE RECEIVES HIS FIRST AUDITING COMMAND.

Ron has set things up so that thetans will be freed from the Trap they've been in for trillions of years. There is no other road to Total Freedom. A yogi or a Buddhist may only temporarily key out the Time Track. *One has to be too good for too long to get rid of all one's karma.* Ron has given us the only Safe, Sure Way to Total Freedom and Total Power. Do nothing to damage your only chance.

DON'T BE "REASONABLE."

Funeral services for Richard Stiles will be held next Friday at 3 p.m. at Municipal Crematorium. All students wishing to attend may request a pass from the Director of Training."

I wanted to rush to the Instructor and ask him how Richard Stiles had died. With a wrenching effort I pulled my mind away from this. It wouldn't help a dead man to put the Instructor on the spot and give myself away as well.

Later that afternoon, Richard Stile's widow, having just attested OT II, victoriously received the applause of AO members in the foyer.

All of Mrs. Blake's rooms were now occupied by Scientologists. One of them, a middle-aged South African gentleman, was in the custom of knocking on our doors at five in the morning to bring us tea. No one complained; Releases were not supposed to need a lot of sleep.

On a Sunday morning, Mrs. Blake's visiting aunt and uncle were having their breakfast in the lounge. A young lady with heavy TRs began giving them a zealous dissemination. The aunt, an elderly lady whose wrinkled face had undoubtedly seen a lot, looked up from her plate and said, "Why do you have such unnecessary notions when life can be so simple and good as it is?"

These words called forth within me a shattered image of my former self. With a sense of self-loathing, I swallowed the rest of my coffee and left the room.

Frank told me there was an opening at his flat. His roommates were on Special Briefing Course also, and Ethics was really In at their place. It sounded like an economical arrangement, so I agreed to join them.

I was to share a room with a young man H had never liked, Nash Rabinowitz, whose scraggly beard and phlegmatic eyes made him resemble a Barbary goat. I scuffed about to find space for my clothes and books.

The flat at 20 Argyle Street maintained rotating hats, hat books (instructions) for cooking, dishwashing, laundering, etc., and a Conditions Board for the household in toto. My first hat was cook's. When I changed to another hat at the end of the week, I would be expected to write a few comments in a special book, not the hat book itself but a separate collection of added instructions the boys thought up, along with nostalgic reminiscences of their stay.

Heinz Migdahl, pianist and painter, was the senior member of the household. He gave unreservedly of his knowledge and experience as an instructor at the New York Org. When I had finished unpacking I watched him coach two of the younger students on a drill in which the auditor gently but with Strong Intention took a preclear who had "become disturbed during auditing" by the shoulders and led hi back to the chair he had just bolted from. They plodded slowly up and down the hallway as though run by machine, far into the night, covering miles of maroon carpet.

I placed a bowl of oranges and apples on the kitchen table and prepared a breakfast of sausages and eggs. Heinz had his own special breakfast, consisting of toast, which he doctored with sugar in an eccentric manner, and Nescafe, which he spooned in meticulous measure into a cup into which he directed me to pour boiling water up to a specific mark.

A strange atmosphere prevailed at the table. Each of the roommates had his individual joy or sorrow -- though not a word was said about the "sorrow" end of it. Two of the young men, the ones doing the midnight drills, were training twins, worked well together and romped through the course.

Nash was preoccupied. He had had trouble running Straightwire on one of the locals, I'd overheard him telling the Instructor, and wasn't too certain about E-meter reads, especially the mercurial floating needle. Frank had completed OT III. His dead seriousness at all times, even when bull-baiting, impressed on me that he was going through his own private hell. Heinz, the benevolent authority, sat at the head of the table keeping close watch over the household.

At nine o'clock Frank, Nash and I set out on foot for the AO. It was a twenty minute walk through a lovely park and an interesting part of the downtown area. We were silent for a while. Then Frank addressed Nash: "Do you know the folding table was left out in the living room last night?"

"That's not my hat," replied Nash defensively.

"Fine. Are you wearing the Ethics hat this week?"

"Yes."

"Good. What are the duties of Ethics as defined in our hat book?"

"To Check the House for Cleanliness and Order, Write Out Chits for Violations, and Keep the Living Room Neat."

"Thank you. Then is it your duty to fold the table and move it over against the wall?"

"Somebody must've left it out after I went to bed."

"Okay. Did you notice it out this morning?"

"That's not my hat." Nash was sulky, beaten down.

I wanted to scream, "Will you cut the fucking nonsense? Can't you enjoy the scenery?" I lurched ahead so I wouldn't have to hear any more of this.

Hold on, I told myself, Think it through. I liked Frank and thought Nash obnoxious. Now I found myself sympathizing with Nash. Whom should I like or dislike?

You're missing the point, man, You're forgetting what this is all about, I told myself, *now nearly one of them*. Ron says Ethics must be for the betterment of the Group. Open your mind to it. Can you confront it? Can you rise above your petty likes and dislikes and *help get Ethics In on this planet?*

Over lunch Heinz Migdahl and I compared great pianists. Our conversation turned to Ferruccio Busoni, one of the immortals, whom I had heard one of the other AO musicians praise for the luminous, "exteriorized" quality of his playing on old records. The description had stayed with me.

"Busoni surely could have been an OT," I said lightly.

Heinz stared at me, the whites of his eyes prominent. "You mean he had qualities that might remind one of an OT ... don't you?"

By the way he was looking at me he could see the taint, the corruption, the lack of true faith. I had finally done it. Heinz now knew the truth about me.

As I entered the AO, two of the Qual girls were chatting in the foyer, and I lit their cigarettes for them. As I headed for the Academy I heard them snickering behind me. When had they first viewed me as an object of contempt -- and as dispensable as Richard Stiles?

*A public couldn't stomach what really went on before Earth. Your preclear isn't able to stomach it -- that's why he's forgotten it.*

L. RON HUBBARD

When I left the AO at ten p.m. a girl was handing out dissem leaflets for distribution. I didn't relish the activity at that hour, but when she thrust them towards me with a determined smile, I didn't refuse.

I walked in the direction of Argyle Street, chucking the adds into mailboxes along the way. Arriving at the flat, I slumped down in a chair in the living room. There was a selection of Hubbard's books on a nearby shelf. I picked up *The History of Man*. The book contained a depiction of incidents Ron claimed to have discovered in research on preclears' Time Tracks, many of which involved *thetan traps*, devices by which thetans were jerked, bounced, spun, hit from every angle, packed in ice cubes, stuck in gummy material, and reeducated to be a type of thinking file card system. One of the incidents was *fac one*, a machine called the "Coffee Grinder," which laid in *baps* on the pineal gland and other areas.

I came to a passage on the many forms through which the thetan had evolved on the way to its present meat-body. The room, the book I was holding, were in a haze. I seemed to be reading about the death of giant clams with hinges that couldn't shut.

I could no longer deny to myself that I was PTS. As an Ethics case I could by-pass the Examiner.

Ethics that night was a young Englishman, dressed in white and neatly groomed. His wistful blue eyes and dreamy expression made him appear to be in a trance. I proceeded with my plan to get review. "The thing I wish to tell you is I've been *roller-coastering*."

"Pick up the cans, please. Are you connected to a suppressive?"

"No."

"Thank you. I'll check it on the meter. Are you connected to a suppressive? That's clean. Are you connected to a suppressive group?"

"No."

"Thank you. I'll check it on the meter. Are you connected to a suppressive group? That reads. What are your considerations on that?"

"I don't know what group it could be. The only group I'm in is Scientology."

"All right. I'll check it on the meter. Are you connected to a suppressive group? There's a read on that. I'd like to indicate that you are connected to a suppressive group and are PTS. Please go to Reception with this slip of paper."

I read the slip on the way. My reads were on it, along with instructions that I be put in lines for a Search and Discovery.

The Galactic Control Room was still crowded. Some of the Upper Level students who had got sick when the government edict was announced had been waiting for review for over a week. The AO was short on staff and had sent to Saint Hill for extra auditors to handle the overflow. We were told to keep our vigil even after the closing of lines.

I waited all that day and into the next night. Elisabethette sat next to me -- she had been there for three days. I wished we could talk to each other. Still, it was comforting to be near her. I snuck into the scullery and cadged two cups of coffee. We waited together side by side, sipping coffee, rarely speaking.

A young lady motioned me upstairs. Before I could have the Search and Discovery, I had to be put through another green-form. In response to one of the questions I mentioned OT III. Her expression flickered.

"Aren't you at least a III?" I asked her.

"No, I'm only a II. If you're going to go into that, you'll have to go through lines again and wait for another auditor."

Late in the evening I lay collapsed on my bed. My roommate strummed on his guitar and sang to himself, almost inaudibly. He hadn't been well lately either. As the music tolled on through the lonely room, I felt it tugging at me. "Oh play it, Nash, it's beautiful, so beautiful," I heard myself whisper. "Sweet sounds, wind softly around us thetans and bring us peace."

I awoke the next morning with the thought that I would have to kill myself. Dim light outside the window told me it was dawn in Edinburgh. I pondered the matter of my death carefully as Nash lay snoring a few feet away. Where had the thought come from? I'd never had it before. But I had damaged myself beyond repair on OT III, and even the Sea Org with their Search and Discoveries couldn't help me. The next step was suicide. I could jump off the bridge into the Edinburgh railroad yards. But by so doing I would invalidate Scientology. My name would go up on the bulletin board. I couldn't bear the shame of knowing what would happen after my death.

Nash began to stir in his bed. I got dressed and went to the kitchen to wear the cook's hat.

That night, after another day of waiting for review, as I left the AO and was crossing a street an inner voice whispered to me that I had an alternative to dying. I could leave the AO for good and return to New York. It wasn't until I'd come here that I had ever thought of taking my own life. Scientology had done this to me. I would finish my review and fly home again to stay.

A surge of joy overcame me at the thought of returning to my crazy, blessed old life in New York.

Sitting by Elisabethette in the Galactic Control Room, I continued my musings. Once I got back to New York I would do what I should have done from the beginning: stick to playing the piano. Scientology was not my goal in life, no, nor had it ever been. My goal was to make music. *Goal?* I felt the GPMs, the Goals-Problems-Mass, churning in the depths of the bank. Was I Creating piano playing to Destroy it or Destroying it to Create it? The phrase "piano playing is my goal" was a dense, heavy glob that stuck in my chest. Perhaps I had never really wanted to be a pianist; *that* was my GPM. The materials had clotted; they were choking me, coating my insides with something warm and disgusting I couldn't vomit up.

Then it hit me that conjecture about my life was meaningless. *What ever made think they would let*

*me leave?* For a moment I was paralyzed. Then adrenalin flooded my body and I had the urge to hurl myself down the stairs and out onto the street, appealing to the nearest passerby for help. I shook with the immediacy of the danger. How hopelessly stupid I had been to think they would let me walk out of there with their innermost secrets!

Paranoia. I must stop this, pull myself together. If I had to brave it out with Master at Arms and his pair of brass-knuckles, I'd do it.

At 10:30 p.m., well after the closing of lines, an auditor approached and asked, "Would you like to be audited?" A few moment later I was in his tiny bedroom on the third floor being worked through a green-form. "Has a withhold been missed?"

"Yes. I've been thinking about killing myself."

"All right. I'll check that on the meter."

I was *nattering*, talking from the bank, that much I knew from my training, and I admired the auditor's TRs as he handled my responses. Moreover, he was dead tired, having been auditing several days and nights straight, and was yawning and bleary-eyed.

"I'm trying to make it was interesting for you as I can," I said, as he failed to smother a formidable yawn.

He slumped back in his chair with an exhausted grin. "Gotcha! I dig ya, man!"

He continued down the list. "Is there something that somebody nearly found out about you?"

"Yes. I want to leave this place and to back to New York."

"All right. That's it. You had a floating needle on `I want to leave this place and go back to New York.'"

I smiled at him wryly.

He said, "There's one other process I could do on you if you wish. I was thinking I might give you a Purpose Search and Discovery -- that's to find out what you really want to do."

What did I have to lose? I'd already paid for a Search and Discovery. I asked him if he could just do it immediately.

"I guess I could, but first I must show the Examiner my report and get his consent," he said.

He left the room and returned a moment later. "The Examiner wants to see you."

*Don't invalidate somebody as a theta clear just because he doesn't act like a saint -- he might even be more devilish than ever!*

L. RON HUBBARD

Master at Arms' little eyes scanned my face spitefully. "Why are you in review?"

"You know why I'm here."

"Well, if you daon't gao back to your class tomorrow you can forget the whaole thing."

This was what I'd been hoping for. "All right. Then I'm leaving."

"What? You'd give up Taotal Freedom? You're a fool!"

I stared at the ultramarine carpet I'd tacked to the floor while working through Liability.

"This life isn't for me. I just want to go back to New York to the way things were before."

"Gao back?! You're fooling yourself! *You'll never make it in the wog world!*"

"I'm leaving," I repeated numbly.

He wrote something on a slip, and dropping it on the desk as if he were shaking a gob of mucous off his fleshy hand, said in a colorless tone, "Here, take this to Ethics and when you're through with that gao back to your class."

Ethics read the note and looked into my eyes. "Is this something you'd talk to me about? Why do you wish to leave?"

I told him of my morbid thoughts of the past few days and went back to how it had all started at the Hill. "I have to leave," I concluded. "I'm going to die if I stay here."

He looked at me searchingly, as though just awakened from a strange dream. Perhaps he had been told to use the gentle approach.

"Please. This is too good a thing to give up like that. We all have to go through our ups and downs. I've been through all the Conditions myself -- more than once. Don't leave, man. Don't fuck yourself out of this."

I was slowly being drawn into his hypnotic stare. I struggled to keep my resolve. "It's no use. I have to go. Maybe this is too good a thing for me now. I don't have any business being here. I want to go back to New York."

"Man," he muttered sadly, "don't blow it. Don't fuck yourself out of this."

His eyes never left mine for an instant. I could feel myself wavering again -- should I give them another chance? I dug my fingertips into my palms.

"You're speaking from the reactive mind. You've got to understand that." Having attained clear, I was no longer supposed to have a reactive mind. "I tell you what. Go across the hall and make me a clay demo of your whole situation. Make a good one with labels and everything -- you know how to do it. I'll come and see it in a little while."

Detaining me at Ethics and assigning me a clay demo was a stalling maneuver to keep me at the AO until other arrangements could be made: a revolver, a club or a hypodermic needle, then chaining me in one of the rooms below the first basement. I bristled as terror seized me again. I might have to jump out a window onto Southbridge Street. It was a good three stories down and I would break my legs, even if the fall didn't kill me. At this late hour there were few people on the street to save me before the Sea Org reached the bottom of the stairs ... and they had my airplane

ticket. I'd have to chance the clay demo. I knew the kind of demo he wanted. It would show me fighting the evil that was plaguing me, thetan versus the bank. Then, by the use of the *Solutions to Preclear Problems* from Ron's *Case Book of Remedies*, he would audit me out-of-session to the inescapable conclusion that I could resolve my inner conflict only at the AO. He might then try to tempt me with the offer of more review. I must stay alert to these traps; I must not make the kind of demo he was anticipating.

Ethics would be upstairs now with Master at Arms plotting the best way to get me under control without making too much noise. With a quick glance out the window to gauge the drop, I turned to the desk and rolled out a pitifully awkward demo. It was a series of human figures, the first on its belly, the second crawling, the third kneeling, and the fourth upright with arms outstretched towards the sun. There were no labels; I didn't know what call it.

Minutes ticked by. Surely the Sea Org was coming for me. I peeked out into the corridor. There was a short lineup outside the Ethics Office, and Ethics was back at his desk. I motioned to him that my demo was ready for inspection.

"But I don't understand this. What is it supposed to be?"

"There's a man lying down, crawling, kneeling -- "

"I know. But how does this demonstrate your case?"

I fumbled for an acceptable explanation. "It represents the human spirit struggling up from the darkness into the light."

I was getting impatient with Ethics now. The procedure was leading nowhere. And Ethics was still looking at me. In the depths of his eyes were vistas of a world of outer space slowly receding into a boundless, timeless heliotrope. Again I felt myself being slowly overcome by that unearthly zombieish stare.

"I've made up my mind," I said. "I'm leaving."

"I simply don't understand it," he said. "I don't even know what Condition you're in. If you blow the AOUK I'll have to place you in Doubt. Then anytime you wish to return all you'll have to do is work your way out of that Condition and the others, up through Non-Existence ... but I just don't understand. Are you in Doubt?"

"No, I'm not in any doubt," I replied, playing on his words.

His voice was chilly. "I wonder if perhaps you're not in a lower Condition than Doubt." I shivered. Enemy. The Fair Game Law.

"No."

"Well, I'll put you in Doubt, then. When you wish to come back you'll be welcome here. You know you're a very beautiful being."

We looked into each other's eyes for a long moment. "Michael, I said, calling him by his name from his former life, "will you still like me when I'm a wog?"

My question put him at a complete loss. It wouldn't do to answer yes, but neither did he wish to say no. The situation was preposterous; I had managed, with no premeditation, to embarrass him. This business with me was weighing him down. I could sense his brain bogging. At last, having no other way out, he nodded.

I gripped his shoulders. "Can I really come back whenever I want to?"

"The AO door will always be open to you, remember that."

"Maybe if I go home, rest up for a while, give a piano recital, I'll come back and work up from Doubt."

"That's be great, man. Come back soon. We'll be waiting for you." He began writing up an Ethics order placing me in Doubt.

"Would you do me one more favor ... Michael? Would you give me a copy of the Conditions of Ethics Bulletin to take home with me?"

"Sure, man, I was going to do that anyway. Now tack up this order on the Conditions Board, get your stuff out of the AO, don't hang around the place and don't speak to any Scientologists."

Cramming was ready to close Housing for the night. "I'm leaving, old pal, and my return flight is here."

"You're leaving?" She rummaged in a drawer for my ticket. I opened the sealed envelope, peered inside to make sure there was no slip-up.

"So long ... Hester."

"See you around, Bob."

I passed the weary Instructor in the corridor; he was finally getting to bed. "I'm leaving ... Neil. You've been great," I said, extending my hand.

He took it in his and gave me his pained little smile. "I'll see you again," he said.

As for Elisabeth, Edward, Rad and Bill, they wouldn't know I'd gone until they saw my name on the Conditions Board. They might never know what had really happened. I would probably never see any of them again. I went down the long winding staircase to the street.

I still had to get out of Edinburgh. I'd been lucky. Michael had doubtless put himself in trouble by letting me go. It was one a.m. I needed sleep and headed for Argyle Street.

Frank was in the living room studying. "I'm in Doubt and I have to leave you fellows. Is it okay if I grab a few hours sleep before I go?" I asked, ready to spend the night in the railway station if need be.

"Sure. Get some sleep and leave in the morning."

Rather than linger in bed when I awoke at five, I packed immediately. I would take the E-meter and most of my books; perhaps I could sell these articles in New York.

Nash rolled over and opened his eyes. "What are you doing?"

"I'm packing. I'm in Doubt and I can't stay here. Do you want these blank auditor's report forms?"

"No."

"Then how about some unused preclear assessment sheets?"

"You're in Doubt. I can't talk to you."

As I was leaving the flat, Nash yelled, "Hey, wait! You owe us advance payment on next week's rent." That was one of their rules. I was also breaking another rule by leaving without having found a replacement boarder. I heard Nash waking up Heinz and consulting with him in the other bedroom. Frank mumbled sleepily, "It's all right, Bob. Take care."

I went out into the Edinburgh early morning.

I still had a few pounds on deposit at a local bank. I took a cab to the railway station, checked my bags and had breakfast. The bank opened at nine, and as I had plenty of time, I took a long way there via the bridge. I paused halfway across to look down at the steaming locomotives and say to myself, "There! If I'd really wanted to jump I would have done it just now."

At ten o'clock I boarded the fast train to London.

## **PART IV: In the Wog World**

*The present life is always of considerable interest to the preclear.*  
L. RON HUBBARD

# Scientology Sickness

*This is a universe of force. It is not a universe of reason. Brutal, unthinking, without decency or mercy, MEST force awaits with punishment any being with a weakness.*

L. RON HUBBARD

Only when the train pulled out of Edinburgh Station did I allow myself to think forbidden thoughts, feel the resentment and disgust. I wanted to heave their lines, their ethics, their stats up in one big ball.

Ron's bombastic voice still filled my head -- Source, who had nothing but contempt for the world and had taught me to see only danger and ugliness. Did I forget something? Say the wrong thing? Leave my briefcase unlocked, unguarded? And fear: fear of not escaping the Trap; fear of not being able to afford auditing; fear of sec checks, the soul stripped bare by the meter; fear of being down-stat, subject to ethics penalty; fear of destroying the preclear and myself; fear of the unfrontable wog world.

Ron's followers were not spared his contempt. I had been seared by it when I split myself into a pathetic creature called "auditor-preclean."

I had hammered down my feelings, paralyzed myself with fear whenever my mind tried to tear itself free. How many times I'd shuddered as I was about to think what I shouldn't, and intercepted and aborted the thought; how many times I had said "Yes, oh yes," and felt the horror. Horror at myself, my own voice whispering, "Why, this is wrong, all wrong."

As the train carried me away from the AO and my Doubt penalty, I took out some notebook paper and started to write. I had denied myself self-expression for three months that seemed like three years. The notes I wrote were criticisms of Ron, Tech, the Sea Org.

That night I shared a hotel room in London with a salesman from the north of England whom I'd joined up with near the railway station to look for a cheap lodging. He wanted to know what had brought me to Great Britain. When I told him Scientology, he showed surprise, since he had read scathing articles about the group.

My indoctrination took over; I rose to the defense. "Those articles are slanted to appeal to the public's sensationalistic taste. Don't believe everything you read in the newspapers."

"But the Minister of Health said that Scientology breaks up families, damages minds."

"That gentleman has an axe to grind. We don't know what his real motives are, do we? 'Damages minds' -- that's a consideration on his part."

"Well, what do you yourself think of Scientology? How did you like it?"

"I got up to one of the highest levels they have."

I asked the location of the Home Office from a Londoner wearing a bowler hat. He walked me almost to my destination. The wog world was inexplicably buzzing along as usual; my courteous guide, the buses and trucks and flocks of people. Return to the wog world seemed unreal.

A woman handed me my passport and consulted a list. "I see that you're in Scientology. I must inform you, if you don't already know, that you're classified as an undesirable alien now."

"I know. I've left the group and I'm going back to the States today."

I tried calling the Dalmases for the tenth time. No answer. I was worried about them, but perhaps they were simply out enjoying the countryside for a day or two.

Before checking out my bags at the railway station, I had the urge to pick up some reading material. I hadn't read any of my old friends, the Oriental sages, in many months, and, feeling an intense longing for something other than Scientology, purchased a translation of the *Tao Te Ching* and a book of essays by Krishnamurti.

I chatted with the middle-aged couple seated next to me on the plane. I could disagree with anything they said, turn my head away whenever I pleased; I didn't have to keep my eyes frozen on theirs while acknowledging everything they said. I let some of their remarks dangle in the air unacknowledged.

I needed a place to stay in New York, but great caution was in order. I was carrying the confidential materials around in my head, like the OT III bomb, and my presence might harm others. The truth was sickening and degrading. Those close to me must be spared such awakening.

I called Dag Lildberg from Kennedy when I deplaned around 10 p.m. Dag was a serious student of yoga; he had once hinted of methods for warding off evil forces, and I could be near him with minimal risk of causing damage.

When I entered Dag's apartment, he looked at me strangely. "What that funny odor?" he asked.

"Sweat, I guess."

"No, it's not like ordinary body odor. For crissake, it's fear. I smell fear coming out of your pores."

I told Dag I was through with the organization, omitting any details of my experience. We talked into the morning. I lay down for a long-awaited restful sleep. I awoke three or four hours later in terror. The "thing" had followed me to New York! But now I could tell someone about it. I woke up Dag and begged him to talk with me.

Dag knew something about inner fear. At divinity school he had become disenchanted and had gone through a long period of spiritual unrest. Through the months of soul-searching he had gradually grown stronger, and his eventual victory over the negative forces was a turning point in his life. Dag's story struck a distant bell. His desire to help me was unquestionably sincere, and I stretched my mind to identify with his experiences. After two more wretched nights, over his protests, I called the franchise.

*A theta being produces considerable voltage and amperage, enough to give somebody a very bad shock, or put out his eyes or cut him in half.*

L. RON HUBBARD

"I just don't get it, your honor," said Gerald. "You graduated the Dianetics Course here, and you were happy and healthy and a terrific auditor. Now you seem rather caved in, sire."

Felicia remarked that my "powerful negative flow" almost knocked her down when I entered the penthouse.

"I'm in Doubt, but they may have placed me in a Lower Condition by now, and I'm sure I'm either an Enemy or a Degraded Being. Do you think they'll do anything to me?"

"I never heard of them actually doing anything -- maybe a little harassment at worst," Felicia replied. "But don't get yourself Declared unnecessarily. A girl I knew did , and she's never been the same since. Anyway, cheer up! She smiled. "I don't think you're a Degraded Being!"

I gave them a history of my case, stopping short of OT III. Gerald had a theory. "You know, you were probably clear long before your Solo Audit. In fact, when you left New York last May you must have been close to it. I took off so much charge in those review sessions that you were in really great shape, high on the Tone Scale and almost Thetan Exterior. There's a good chance you pulled in the Upper Levels at Saint Hill before you ever did them -- OT III and beyond, maybe everything up to OT VI and god knows what else! You're probably an OT III or higher right now. Why don't you go into the bedroom, give yourself a rehab and see where you stand."

Holding the single tin can, I asked myself, "Are you an OT I? II? III? IV? V? VI?" and got floating needles on all but VI. I wondered how the meter knew all this when I'd never seen the IV, V and VI materials.

"Now that you're definitely a III," said Gerald, "you can go to the new AO in Los Angeles and get everything straightened out. Whenever you attest to an Upper Level you're automatically in Condition of Affluence, by-passing Doubt or any other penalty."

"I don't think I ever want to see them again."

"Well, in that case, my good man, I'll do what I can to help you."

"You mean review?"

"Precisely -- and it's on the house. But you mustn't breathe a word of this to anyone. It could get pretty hairy for me if they ever found out."

*Rehabilitate the thetan and the entity problem vanishes. Start auditing entities and they increase in power.*

L. RON HUBBARD

Gerald wanted to check OT III. I was reluctant to divulge the secrets to him, but he assured me that, since he had done a lot of research for Hubbard, he knew the basic idea behind them.

I described the body thetans and the incidents. "You know," he said, "these body thetans are really much the same thing as the Genetic Entities Ron wrote about in his *History of Man* in the early '50s. This is nothing new to me a-tall, a-tall."

He checked the body thetans I had run so exhaustively. "Did this body thetan leave you at any time?"

"It could have. I had a hunch it left on the seventh or eighth run."

"Now that's very interesting. I'll check it on the meter. Did the body thetan leave on the seventh run?"

The eighth? Wait a minute. Just how many times did you run it on the first incident?"

"About 63 times."

"Good lord! Thank you. Your needle is floating. That means you overran yourself on the incident about 56 times. Put down the cans a moment. In my experience as a Saint Hill intern, I saw this happen time and time again. You know Edward Douglas, the Australian? That poor old bloke did a hundred runs of the entire Clearing Course, over eighty of them unnecessary. He was on it for months. I thought they'd carry him away in a basket. As for me, I overran clear, OT I and OT II. I was on II for weeks on end and feeling worse and worse. One night I got fed up and guzzled down almost a litre of Scotch while I audited myself on II, and staggered in to attest at noon the next day with the king of all hangovers. The young snot-nose Examiner tried to tell me I couldn't possibly be an OT II in the state I was in. I screamed at her, 'I don't give a flaming fuck what you say. I'm an OT sodding III!' Now, pick up the cans, your majesty. I want to try something else."

Gerald gave me a Search and Discovery. We quickly got to the suppressives: Scientology and Ron Hubbard.

"That's pretty funny," I said.

"Why, not at all. Ron often shows as the suppressive on Search and Discoveries. Won't you write him a disconnect letter?" He handed me pen and paper.

"This is silly. I don't need to 'disconnect' from anybody." I wrote on the sheet a simple "Fuck you, Ron."

As I was leaving the franchise I saw on the hall table the latest edition of *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*. On the jacket was a colorful picture of an erupting volcano. Was this another one of Ron's jokes?

I stayed at Dag's for two weeks, then got a furnished room, and a music job.

I had thought that in New York the old me would return with loving familiarity and I would make a quick recovery, but, despite Gerald's review, the sickness lingered. I inhabited two worlds simultaneously, and thought the wog world seemed much the same as before, I had changed.

Only a few friends guessed that something was wrong. Renzo Lancia sensed right away that my trip had gone badly, but didn't try to probe, to get me to talk about it. Alan Ottoman was more outspokenly against Scientology than ever. Dag Lildberg insisted that Scientology had nothing to do with spirituality because "they scare the shit out of people."

Morton Morvis was still saving up his money to go clear. I had to warn him about the organization. He listened to me as unevaluatively as a Scientologists should, carefully observing tenet number ten of the *Scientologist's Code*: Engage in no unseemly disputes with the uninformed on the subject of my profession. I pleaded with Morton to reconsider. He thought I was *nattering*, and suggested I write a letter to Hubbard telling my story. There was a box near Reception at every org for communications addressed to Ron, and all letters were supposed to reach him sooner or later.

I felt stupid. I should have known better than to try to talk to Morvis.

Restful sleep remained unbearably elusive. I awoke around six each morning, regardless of how

late I had gone to bed. The bed itself seemed cursed, and I couldn't find a comfortable position. After a while, the "charge" would come, a pillar of vile substance running from my head down through my neck, casing the nerves with fiery entities. I would jump out of bed as though possessed, pull on some clothes and walk slowly down the avenue, keeping my eyes on faces, traffic and window displays. Sometimes while waiting for a light to change, a pressure would quickly mount in my head, threatening to topple me over. I could resist it only by taking small steps in place. Sometimes I felt about to rise off the pavement, or that my mind was going to disintegrate and fly off into space in several directions at once, like The Objects on the Clearing Course.

At the ballet studios, the rehearsal music looked strange, and I cringed at some of my own sounds on the piano. In the orchestra pit at night, I fought the dizziness that made me feel like falling off the piano bench during the performance. After the show, I would slowly walk uptown, tingling with the fear of waking up with the "presence" still there. The fear crescendoed as I unlocked the door to my hallway. I might find a suppressive order in the day's mail on the table just inside. One night as I entered my room I felt that something was dreadfully wrong there, and looked around. It was the Scientology books still sitting on a shelf. I grabbed them and threw them into the garbage can in the kitchen. I had already torn some bulletins into shreds in a minor ritual performed at Dag's apartment.

I would put off going to bed, in the hope that this would somehow make me wake up later. When I finally retired, I would lie on my back, spread-eagled, and imagine I was opening myself to the blessed forces that would come during the night to heal me.

Time was an enemy. There were hours to kill each morning before rehearsals began, and a free day each week to survive. To keep active, I started writing an arrangement. My music notations looked as blurry as fronds in a dirty aquarium. I reread a few of my old notes on piano playing and was saddened and ashamed at the bravado I had once affected. I put down the notebook, overcome by memories. After that I gave up working on projects in my room.

I thought back further to those happy months before my departure for England. I had disseminated Scientology to friends, hoping they would share my vision of an expanding world; and had given a piano recital, expecting success to follow automatically, like the gains from auditing. When the concert came to nothing, I had dropped my music plans. I hadn't admitted to myself that I was discouraged and disillusioned -- as I was now -- that my life during those months was basically no different than before Scientology.

I stared at the entry I had made in my datebook just a few months ago at the franchise: "Talk yourself out of it." I must cure myself. The sickness was emotional; the cure lay in identifying and understanding my emotions. I had enough information. Failure and loss were involved. I had spent my savings and submitted to numerous indignities to find a solution to my life. I had failed, proven myself a weakling, and was now punishing myself, siphoning up an inner reservoir of guilt, humiliation, self-hate. I searched for the key that would unlock the sickness. But the feelings weren't really "mine"; they were mixed in with Scientology, and I had never yet made the separation.

I must take an objective look at Scientology itself, sifting out from its components -- Ron, Tech, Ethics -- the true and the false. However, I was still too fettered by my indoctrination to step outside for that kind of look. My "scrutiny" consisted of posing a few questions within the Scientological context, always in *their* terms: Why were the Lower Grades so structures, engrams, then communications, problems, etc.? After overts, withholds, present-time problems and ARC breaks were released on the Lower Grades, why did these trouble spots reappear on clearing and the Upper Levels, to be dealt with again and again on green-forms and in review sessions? And why

were there "incidents" on OT III when the bank was presumably "erased" on the Clearing Course?

But there was something I was missing, even with these questions.

Ron, with the overts and withholds, had smeared everyday human occurrences with a sordid coloration. I dimly recognized Ron's own "overt." It appeared in vague form, immense and unidentifiable. I knew only that Ron repudiated the human spirit in its unaided state; he had maligned the world with all its good people and lovely things. His creation was a blasphemy.

I often thought about Felicia and Gerald. Thus far they were the only ones I felt completely safe talking to. Yet there was an ambiguity about them, something I couldn't place. They straddled a gulf. They never challenged anything I told them, or criticized me. I could confide my worst fears to them and they did their best to comfort me, treating my most extravagant delusions with gentle, sympathetic humor -- like parents quieting their child's fears. Gerald stressed that the secret materials were nothing but a bunch of words on paper and could only help or harm one who gave them the power to do so by believing in them.

But just as they would not "invalidate" me, neither would they invalidate Ron's Tech and the Upper Levels. To do so would have compromised their own long commitment and the good living they were making at the franchise. They wanted me to think of my symptoms as a "sign of progress," and that once I got over the shock of my OT awareness, I would start enjoying it. Felicia had herself suffered post-clearing effects -- floating sensations, difficulty getting about on public transportation, and the constant runny-nose peculiarly known as a "clearing cold."

Then, chameleon-like, they would about-face, admitting that my story had cast a shadow over Scientology, causing in them such disturbing doubts that they were close now to cutting their connection with the organization. Something had gone horribly wrong. Had Hubbard or the organization gone mad? Perhaps, like other great teachings throughout history, Hubbard's message had been warped by followers. Or had Ron disappeared and someone else taken over? Of course, the Founder and Commodore was not above suspicion either. Just who was this man Ron?

I went to an M.D., who gave me a physical exam and ineffectual tranquilizers. Then I visited a chiropractor I'd last seen in 1966, who was a devout follower of a Middle Eastern holy man. As he adjusted my spine, he said: "I don't know what you did over in England but you've abused your nerves and glands terribly. You're not the same person you were before you went over there for "Sky-entology."

"Its *Scientology*. It come from a Greek word meaning "to know."

"I know. I had one of them in here the other day badgering me for an hour. Well, what's this 'Sky-entology' all about, anyway? I couldn't get it out of him. What's their main idea, their pie-in-the-sky?"

"That man is basically a spirit, an immortal soul. Scientology restores his soul. They have another name for 'soul.' They call it the *thetan*."

"'Thetan.' Now, that's funny. Sometimes the mind hears the things it wants to hear. Just then I heard you say the word I was thinking all along. I heard you speak with a *lisp*. I heard you say SATAN."

*This very instant I know of three cases with whom I am in daily contact whose lives would be*

*changed by finding and running the incident necessary to solve their case.*

L. RON HUBBARD

I was stuck in OT III, beyond help. I had ruined myself self-auditing while out of my senses, opening myself to the noxious material. I had seen the reads, felt the charge, the electricity, even as I did now. There was still an unflat engram, the incident that would resolve my case, the one only Ron himself could find and erase.

I had been an intruder in the group, concealing my selfish motives, caring nothing about Clearing the Planet, feeling covert pleasure when others rejected Scientology. I had given myself away because I couldn't audit myself properly.

I remembered with dread the assumed understanding. I feared the looks the stares, their insane longing to make me one of them. They would never stop wanting something from me. They would never let me go.

The Sea Org was on the move. New orgs were springing up, thousands joining. It was spreading like a malignant tumor. I recalled Ann Dalmás' tale of zombies sent from another galaxy to enslave earth. They would take over our planet. Dressed in Sea Org white they would come to claim me, one of their own.

*Your preclear has been guilty himself of any crime or action he protests occurred to him -- for by his worry he confesses that whether or not it happened to him, he did it to others.*

L. RON HUBBARD

I had tried to bring others into the group. Innocent, lovable wogs. The knowledge of what I had done, what I had given myself to, made my whole former life suspect. I had been living in a dream. How sick at heart and in need of punishment I'd been, how little I'd known about myself -- my very existence an attempt to hide from the fact that there had been something radically wrong with me -- jobs, schemes, romantic feelings, every waking moment an escape from this awful truth ... my whole life was spinning around me.

We had something in common, Ron and I. He too was afraid, and his fear had taught him how to ensnare us. Beyond the dream of infinite love was Ron's hatred, as scorching as the OT III hydrogen bomb. With brutal contempt he milked his slaves of all they had. But that was not enough for him.

I was getting close to Ron's overt. Along with everything else in Scientology, the overt came from Source. Ron had created the overt. And the withhold, the Time Track, the charge, the implants, the body thetans, the Degraded Beings of the universe whom even Scientology couldn't salvage -- all a world of his own crafting. It was Ron who had created the reactive mind. He played with us as he played with his pack of creatures, and the evil he accused others of was his own creation. I had trusted him and become sick and loathsome in my own eyes. A thetan was not a human being -- to be human was to be corrupt, contaminated. I had been betrayed by this man whom I had seen only on film.

With self-hatred gnawing at my insides, I identified my foolhardy mistakes with Ron's crimes against humanity. His sin was of such magnitude that I did not comprehend it until in my morbid state, as in a vision, I finally beheld the astounding power of Ron's overt.

The vision came to me with the memory of premonitions I had had as I sat in my room in

Edinburgh, calling and spotting the thetan: the bulletins on implants, beings from the outer worlds, their enslavement of mankind, and the thetan's fall.

It had been Ron all along, claiming that his own deeds were committed by others. He told us what we were, erasing our old identity and implanting a new one. At his command we caromed off of stars, or slithered down into the sinewy gray coils of the Time Track. Ron was an amorphous thing, creating thetans by enslaving human beings, then eating their minds and souls, engorging them back into Source, bloating himself with thetans in his insatiable craving. This was being At Cause. This was the grotesque culmination of our noble, naive desire for freedom.

The creature was inside me now, the thing Ron had taught me to create by spotting. When I perceived the world around me, the people, the buildings, the vehicles, about to split and fly apart, it was the thetan, created and warmed by false love, trying to pull itself away and fly back to Source.

The act of creation was hideous because of what I had helped to create. My fanciful ideas of my former life, of what was lofty and pure, were tinged with the repugnancy. The love, the beauty had been a grandiose delusion, the attempt of a foolish, obstinate soul to clutch at things.

Ron said in a bulletin that a thetan would do anything to prove itself right. I had had to create to justify my own existence and fill in the dreaded void. Like Albert Ward, sulking at the table at Fyfield Manor, like Richard Stiles, burnt to ash in the Edinburgh Crematorium, I was a bitter, fallen thetan blown about the universe.

I wanted to thank Ron for this awareness he had given me of my true self. He could never accuse me of being one of the ungrateful ones.

The visitations appeared more frequently. I often caught myself hallucinating. My mind was damaged. Something had been taken away and something put there. At times I could feel the thing in my head trying to eat its way out. Once I had the notion that my brain was quicksand, with a puckered hole through which it sucked itself down with gurgling noises. Once it was a hole in a sofa, left by a burning cigarette, the faint trickle of smoke wafting up through charred shreds of fabric.

My perceptions carried to me a profound disgust: colors, thoughts, memories, passing faces -- infected with the disease. I was aghast at the power of Ron's creation, as I began to see things with his mad vision. A street corner recalled to me a past life on another world. Time and proportion had lost their meaning. It was the same -- our beloved earth and another beloved planet. A great ache welled up in me as I saw a vivid green meadow and a spaceship departing into an alien sky with my loved ones aboard.

The sickness was wearing me down. It was harder to get through each day. I longed for sleep and sometimes dozed off on the subway. I had no strength left to fight. Finally I gave way to the depression. I awoke each morning disconsolate. There was nothing I wanted to do anymore. The wog world had no more meaning. I walked on Broadway weighted with the sorrow and futility of everything around me.

I used to pray that I could be as I'd been before, full of weaknesses and hopes, never knowing what I was doing. My crazy, blessed life, stumbling about, planning, whoring, wasting time. I observed with clarity the things my brain was doing, and remembered the way it had worked before -- its first thoughts in the morning, the way it responded to sights and sounds. I couldn't bring it back and I missed my beloved old brain. I envied most people for their earth-bound consciousness, their

everyday cares. I had thought I would be different from them. Why hadn't I just been thankful for what I had?

These were my thoughts during the week or two before I decided to take my own life, and as a last gesture on my own behalf committed myself to a psychiatric ward in Rochester, New York, where I joined the nerve-ridden and depressed people of the wog world.

## Beyond the Wall of Fire

The hospital treatment took three forms: talking therapy, drug therapy, and activities. Each day I looked forward to the half hour with the psychiatrist assigned to me. This seemed to hold the only hope for change. I liked my psychiatrist, a red-bearded Australian (apparently Australians played an obligatory role in my life that year), who looked as though he carried the sufferings of the ward on his shoulders. However, since there was no particularized treatment for post-cult syndrome at that time, the doctor turned my overtures to discuss Scientology back to my childhood: "I wonder what your feeling was when you were a little boy about being controlled by others."

To help the doctor grasp my situation, I wrote up a brief description of the confidential materials and gave it to him, after warning him about their danger. He would be the first non-Scientologist I told. I was surprised to see him the next day strolling down the corridor with his usual careworn expression but evidently unharmed.

"You've read my report?" I asked him. "You don't seem affect by it."

He replied, "Yes, I'm all right. But I understand better now why you were disturbed by this."

The hospital staff obligingly let me spend every possible moment at the one activity I could tolerate, painting in oils. After about two weeks they gave me afternoon passes to go to my father's apartment and practice piano.

The hospital provided temporary safety but little towards a cure. I was discharged after five weeks and went to stay with my father. I did almost nothing at his place except learn some piano pieces. Weeks dragged by, then months.

Felicia phoned me from New York. She and Gerald had visited the AO in Los Angeles and were now OT VI Class VIII Auditors; also man and wife. Class VIII was a new elite auditor's course, much of which dealt with OT III. There were lots of casualties on III, and Hubbard had made at least one major change: OT IV was no longer self-audited but administered by Class VIII Auditors.

Felicia was enthusiastic about my coming to New York. "We've got the answer to your trouble now, and we can remedy it. What's more, we can audit you through OT IV if you need it."

I told her I wanted to return to New York but had had enough of Scientology.

"But we were almost ready to chuck Scientology because of what happened to you," Felicia said. "Then Ron gave us a special dispensation to take the Class VIII course free -- otherwise it would have cost us \$1,000 each. But we really went to L.A. for more than any other reason to find a way to get you out of whatever you fell into."

The moment I rang off I had second thoughts. Hubbard had admitted that Tech was imperfect, and had made the needed changes. Perhaps he wasn't really such a monster. I had gone the establishment route at the hospital, and I was still despondent most of the time. The doctors had advised me to forget my experiences in Great Britain -- which were now somewhat repressed by tranquilizers. The Tybers might still get results where the wog world had failed. In the security of their penthouse, I would triumph over my fear of auditing and the E-meter and let the new Scientology cure the old.

I also wanted to give the Tybers a chance to vindicate themselves. They felt responsible for my trip to England, and I knew Felicia was sincere about their going to great lengths to help me. We would be good friends again.

Besides, I was curious.

"One of the things Ron discovered," said Gerald, putting in an R-Factor, "was that many Upper Level students were auditing themselves over ARC breaks, present-time problems and withholds, such as in your case, where you spent weeks auditing with all your withholds and had a drastic ARC break with everything from the time you got to Saint Hill. So a Class VIII Auditor cleans them all up at the beginning of each session."

My only new withhold was my written account of the Upper Levels I had given the doctor. Gerald was concerned that it might be used by the American Psychiatric Association against Scientology. I replied that the ravings of a mental ward patient would scarcely be considered incriminating evidence.

Next, Gerald checked for lingering body thetans. "Remember that part about the `days of pictures of gods, devils and the bank' that Ron calls the *thirty-day run*? That's precisely what happened to you, sir; you fell into the thirty-day run."

*A person is "packed-in" with other souls ... placed in a ring and hammered by electronics to get them to fuse.*

L. RON HUBBARD

"Ron has just discovered there can be a whole bunch of body thetans in one location. He calls that a *cluster*," Gerald continued. "I'm going to check for clusters. Is there a cluster? I'm getting a read. How do you feel about that?"

"I guess there's a cluster, then," I agreed.

"All right. We're going to run it on inc I."

We went at it for a while, looking for more clusters, and running them through the incident.

I was bored to the point of giddiness. "Gerald, there aren't any more body thetans. In fact, I never had any. I don't even believe they exist. It's a load of crap."

"Your needle is floating on `a load of crap.' Maybe it is a load of crap, your honor. I just want to make completely sure there are no more around."

After repeated checking and recurrent floating needles, Gerald concluded, "Now we've proven you're and OT III beyond all doubt, we're going to make you an OT IV beyond all doubt."

*The specific incidents you must run ... are directed solely, at this stage, toward attaining a voluntary and controlled separation between the MEST body and the theta body. This is much easier to do than you would at first believe.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The OT IV materials began with more rehab or releases and cleaning up of possible ARC breaks, present-time problems and withholds since the last session. The Level proper consisted of a

detailed search for engrammic recording. Gerald read down a list of types of engrams, scanning the machine for reads.

I said, "There aren't any engrams. I got rid of all my engrams ages ago -- if there ever were any."

"I just want to be absolutely sure."

"Gerald, there are definitely no more engrams."

"Are you perfectly sure."

"Positive."

"Then I ask you: Where are you right now?"

I thought about it. He had some reason to think that I was exteriorized, but I had no reason to think so. "I'm not sure. I don't feel too bad at the moment, but I think that I'm most likely in my body."

"Well, I have on the dial what's known as an exteriorization needle. It's a dial-wide float. Are you exteriorized in your own universe?"

"I don't know what that means."

"I have every indication," he said, "that you are already an OT IV. How do you feel about that?"

"I'm willing to accept it if that what it is."

"Great! You're exteriorized in your own universe at this moment and the rest will come in time. Congratulations, your most royal highness. I'd like to validate the fact that you're really, truly and absolutely an OT IV!"

The Tybers and I had a victory celebration at a French restaurant. Over our second bottle of wine, Gerald fractured Felicia and me with stories about his recent experiences at the AOLA. A Class VIII Auditor could handle any preclear in any situation at any time, and Gerald had encountered some dillies. One was a man who had got into difficulty on OT III. When Gerald gave him the first command, "Locate a body thetan," the man leered and said, "How can I when there is no `I'? The `I' went away during an incident. I'm one of *them*! HAHAAHA!"

"Were you able to patch him up?"

"Why, certainly. I just ran incs I and II on him till I cracked his case."

Gerald's masterpiece involved none other than our old friend Marty Moussorgsky. Felica and I listened raptly as Gerald regaled us with all the details.

"Mary was almost impossible to audit. There was no one left at the AOLA who would handle his case. They pleaded with me. I said not on your life, but finally relented out of sheer compassion.

"Marty kept breaking out-of-session to criticize my auditing technique; I could see why the other Class VIIIs refused to audit him. After several hours I was just beginning to make some headway when Marty slammed his fist down on the auditing table and bellowed, `I've got it! I finally know what

past-life I'm dramatizing. I'm a LION! BWAAA!

"Thank you. I'll repeat the auditing question -- "

"BWAAA!"

"Good. I'll repeat the auditing question -- "

"At this point Marty got down on the floor on his hands and knees and went `BWAAA!"

"Fine. Pick up the cans, please."

"BWAAA!" Marty roared, circling the auditing table on all fours."

"Did you ever get him out of that?" I asked weakly.

"Oh sure. Same thing, incs I and II," said Gerald, lowering his voice because people at other tables had turned to peer at us.

We sat around after dinner drinking brandies. Felicia suggested we have a little sport with the other diners. "You can expect to start turning on to your new powers any time now," she said. "You're At Cause other things. Put your awareness on that woman in the red dress over there. I bet you can make her scratch her leg."

I furrowed my brow. The woman picked up a menu.

"You see that? She moved! Soon you'll be able to narrow it down till you can -- would you believe this? -- make her have ... Gerald and I have been fooling around with this lately. We project MEST body feelings, if you dig what I'm getting at."

"You don't mean a th-theta fuck, do you?"

"You've got it."

"And you can actually do this with people?"

"Not people. One person. Gerald and I have been faithful to each other."

*The pictures, by the way, are simply generalized views, stills of vacant lots, houses, back yards, of a recent Earth period...*

L. RON HUBBARD

The next morning I awoke with the fear. A few hours later I went to Gerald for review. We agreed it would be convenient to use the word "It" to represent my negative emotions.

"I want you to close your eyes and make a mental facsimile of `It,'" Gerald said.

"How do you mean? Imagine `It'?"

"Any way you want, okay. Got it? Now make another facsimile of `It' -- and another and another and another. Good! Now lump them all together into one. Now destroy it.

Now bring it back. Now destroy it again -- any way you want, throw it off the terrace, flush it down the toilet, I don't care, just destroy it." He had me repeat this several times.

"Why are we doing this?"

"You're creating something, the thing we choose to call 'It,' compulsively. You have no control. This process restores your ability to destroy as well as to create. You must possess both abilities, you know."

I was creating compulsively even as Gerald spoke. During the first part of the session one facsimile had stuck in my mind, a snow-capped mountain, ponderous in its evocation of immovable mass. At opposite sides of its base were positive and negative poles, with charge winging back and forth between them like tracer bullets. Then the image had merged into others, which were now exploding in rapid sequences like sees in an accelerated filming of the growth of plants. Then there were pictures of rooms in various countries, in small towns, where people sat, isolated, waiting through the billions of years, encased in the mustiness of the furnishings and their own loneliness.

*It is nothing to do with hypnotism, charlatanism, monkeyism, or theosophy.*

L. RON HUBBARD

"Put down the cans a minute. How are you feeling right now?"

"Very shaky."

"Okay. Next, I want you to go out on the street and as you see people coming towards you imagine that 'It' is passing from you into them. Do that for an hour or so."

"I'm sorry, Gerald. I can't do that."

"Why in heaven's name not, man? It's for your own good."

"Maybe it s, but I wouldn't want to project what I'm going through into anyone else."

"This is perfectly harmless. It's simply to give you more control over your own universe. You won't harm a bleedin' soul doin it."

I hesitated. There was something diabolical about Gerald's suggestion. It sounded like black meditation.

"I just can't do it. Maybe it's harmless, as you say, but I won't risk it."

"Fine, Bob." He thought I was nattering from the bank. "If you won't do it, you won't do it. How about doing it on that wall over there? You can't have any objection to that."

He had me project "It" into the wall a dozen times.

*The behavior of the thetan ... was often copied after something he took from the entities ... Insane people are found to be running on their entities, not their thetans.*

L. RON HUBBARD

"One thing has impressed me throughout this whole affair," said Felicia. "You seem to be dramatizing the two opposite poles, positive and negative. Sometimes everything is fine, other times it's like a different you. There may be two yous. If you don't mind we'll take a look at this. Let's make a list of qualities, and we'll call some of them 'the positive you' and the others 'the negative you.'"

She started listing in two columns. "The first column -- happiness, cheerfulness, confidence -- that's what you postulate, isn't it? That's the real you. Now doesn't it strike you that these qualities in column two that you dramatize at other times are coming from somewhere else, that you're stuck in somebody else's *valence*? I want to find out who or what you're dramatizing when you're column two. Can you think of anything? Who in your life has any of the characteristics in column two?"

"Some of the women I've known."

"So you've known several women you associate with the negative list. You mean they're afraid or depressed."

"Sure, at least part of the time. I mean, none of them has always been totally positive."

Felicia's eyes widened. "I've got a hunch. Maybe you're acting out a composite, a *cluster of women!*"

Felicia had conducted an informal Search and Discovery and found an item. Her item; the "cluster of women" was her brainstorm, not mine. If she had been on the tin cans, her needle would have floated off the dial.

*The auditor should not be startled when, for the preclear, large chunks of the Environment start to disappear.*

L. RON HUBBARD

Felicia had another brainstorm. She asked me if I knew the term *As-is-ness*. I remembered it from Hubbard's *Axioms* as the concept underlying the crux of processing, *erasure*. When the preclear relived an engram or called an item, he or she made a *mental image picture* of it -- in the vernacular, "*As-is-ed*" it. This made the engram or item *disappear*. I had heard Scientologists talk about "As-is-ing away" colds and headaches. In Hubbard's cosmos this extended beyond one's own symptoms or the reactive mind. Hubbard postulated that one could cause matter -- the entire MEST universe -- to evaporate.

Felicia said, "I think you've been As-is-ing positive states. You are so eager to cling to the good moments that in effect you are making mental copies of them and *they disappear*."

"How can I stop As-is-ing?"

"Let the good times roll, then forget about it. By the same token, you're *Not-is-ing* -- you remember that part of the *Axioms* -- the bad moments. You can't stand them, you're over-anxious to not have them, and consequently you *pull them in*. You must allow the negative moments the right to exist. Grant Them Beingness. When 'It' appears, say 'Hello, It,' acknowledge 'It,' greet 'It' like an old friend. If you resist 'It,' it means you can't *have* 'It' -- and you must be able to have and not-have something to have it under control, if you know what I mean."

Before I left the penthouse, Gerald put me on the meter and asked me how I felt.

"Felicia just gave me some advice, but I'm not sure I can follow it. It reminds me of positive suggestion. Is that all Scientology finally boils down to?"

"You're not completely off base. There is a certain amount of suggestion to it."

"Gerald, where do we stand? I feel as if we're not getting anywhere."

"We haven't even begun this review yet, your majesty! Don't be discouraged. I've handled over 2,000 preclears and never failed to crack a case."

He gave me a technique to do at home. I was to sit in the center of my room, close my eyes and try to hold the eight corners of the room in my awareness for at least a half hour. Hubbard called the technique *anchor points*. When I tried it, it felt so much like spotting the light and The Objects on the Clearing Course that I had to quit after a few minutes.

That week Gerald brought up an unpleasant subject: money. "I hate to mention this, old man, but I need money occasionally and I've given you quadzillions of hours of auditing time. Can you possibly pay for it soon?"

"Didn't you tell me that this review was free?"

"My god, man! That was way back in September. You can't expect me to do all this for nothing! I've prepared a bill. Here."

On the slip he had listed the hours on OT IV, as well as subsequent review up to the present week.

"I've given you the best deal I possibly could, half price for OT IV with a discount thrown in. Review I've kept at \$25 an hour, even though we've double our fees this year." The bill was for \$700.

"But I've already paid for OT IV in Scotland, and I paid for all the other Levels too. You don't want me to pay twice, do you? If you need the money, don't you think you should get it from the AO? They're the ones that got it from me."

"You know how they are about money. They wouldn't give me a subway slug. I've put in the work and you should think about paying me for it."

"I don't know, Gerald. Let me sleep on it. Maybe I should pay you for the review but not for OT IV. Don't worry. You'll get something for your trouble."

Our next review session was late getting underway. The Tybers were entertaining a visitor who was dressed in the clerical garb of the Church of Scientology. I was bitterly annoyed. However, I could see why it would have been shortsighted of Gerald to interrupt the drinking and socializing. The visitor was John McMaster,[•] famed throughout Scientology as the First Clear in History and for his dissemination in every part of the globe. Gerald was trying to inveigle McMaster into working for him, a plum that would put the franchise far ahead of the org, his chief local competitor.

[•] *Footnote:*  
Real name.

McMaster was excited. With exaggerated gestures and face flushed to a cadmium-dark, he was describing his spiritual moments.

"What a joy to see thetans, thousands of them, all over the place -- in stones, in wood, in little pieces of carbon. They've been trapped for billions of years because they didn't have the awareness that they could be free, and now I have the power to give them this awareness. It's like a new release for me each time I release one of them.

"Not so long ago I was walking in a beautiful forest. I felt the love all around me. I'd never been so happy in my life. Total Freedom. Suddenly I knew I could contact Lyndon B. Johnson and audit him telepathically. And I did, I audited him through his Power Release. And you remember how he just decided not to run for re-election..."

After an eternity McMaster left and review was resumed.

*You can almost break a preclear's spine by asking him to contact his own tractor around his own body and yet withhold the pressor against his spine.*

L. RON HUBBARD

The deathly gray of late afternoon filtered through the window. I'd thought I was finished with engrams; the idea of running another one sickened me. But as Ron's saying goes, The Way Out Is The Way Through.

I was in a stone cell. A noose was being placed around my neck. I got down on the floor still holding the cans and started choking. My head jerked in spasms until I thought it would tear itself from my neck. My body went into convulsive tugging movements like a marionette jerked on a cord till its spine snapped. I gagged and turned over on my stomach, wanting to vomit on the rug. I retched. All that came out was a thick gob of spittle. I twitched for a while. Then I stopped moving and lay exhausted on the floor.

Gerald ran me through the incident again, but there wasn't much left to it.

"Congratulations, your highness. Now no one can ever try to tell you you haven't been run on an engram! How are you doing?"

"Freakishly awful. I hardly know where I am. I don't know what I'm going to do when I leave here."

"Your most royal highness, I want you to know one thing: I'm going to get you through this. You can rely on me. You have my word as an auditor and a friend. I'm going to stick by you until you come out of it. I don't care what I have to do. I only want you to get well."

I stood at the door and begged Gerald not to make me wait until the next day for more auditing.

"There's nothing more I can do for you today. I have a preclear coming in a couple of minutes. You've got to refuse to be bothered by engrams. Say 'To hell with them! I'm not going to get a lousy little engram spoil my day.' Be above it, man. Be happy, put a smile on your face, laugh, joke -- okay?"

"Jesus, I -- "

"Good! Now stay happy and keep laughing and I'll see you tomorrow."

*Rule out, auditor, any mumbo-jumbo of mysticism or spiritualism or religion.*

L. RON HUBBARD

"Can you think of anyone who'd want to put a curse on you? We mustn't overlook that possibility. Don't scoff, sire. There's a lot of things under the sun, Horatio -- and there are such things as spells and witchcraft. I know. I was into black magic before I ever heard of Scientology. And so was Ron Hubbard, by the way."

"Is this one of Ron's processes?"

"Well, yes, in a way. It's all very much the same thing, whether you're talking about body thetans or valences or dramatizations. This is just my own approach to it. We can call it *Para-Scientology*, or better yet, The Tyber Effect. Now, can you think of anything?"

"Just a moment ago, as you were saying 'Don't scoff,' I had a thought about someone putting a curse on me. I've felt that way since last summer. It's crazy, and yet -- maybe one of those women ..."

"Is the item 'one of those women'?"

"No."

"All right, sire. Now, is there anyone who's dead who might want to be near you?"

"Sure. My mother."

"Ah hah, your mother. Were you with her when she died?"

"No. I was on the opposite coast, about 3,000 miles away."

"All right. Did you happen to experience anything unusual at the time?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact; it's something I'll never forget. A day or so before my uncle phoned me about her death, I had a sort of waking dream about her."

"Did your mother enter your body at that moment?"

"How could I tell? I don't really think so."

"I wouldn't suggest anything to you. I'm just going to offer -- for whatever it's worth, as a distant possibility, as a fascinatin' theory -- that your mother entered your body during the vision. Can you accept that for a minute or two, just to see what develops?"

"Why not. Fire away."

"Good. Now, is there any reason why she should want to enter your body? I don't mean in order to harm you in any way, but with the best intentions?"

"I don't know."

"But why would she enter your body when she died? Keep it in mind, I'm not trying to plant any suggestions."

"I'd been away from home for over two years. She missed me."

"Very well, your honor. I want you to contact your mother telepathically, and when you've done so I'm going to audit her on the Grades straight up through Power Release and free her from having to be near you. Okay? We'll start directly with ARC Straightwire."

During the auditing that followed, Gerald addressed my mother. I answered the questions without hesitation, all thinking shut off. A floating needle terminated the Straightwire process after a few questions. On the next part, I -- or my mother -- gave the loss of a ring and was released on Secondaries. The engram in the following sequence was a sharp slap her mother gave her when she was a little girl.

My mother was quickly released on Communications, Problems, and the lot. I mouthed her problems, ARC breaks and overts, all of which issued forth as spontaneously as though I were the channel through which psychic contact flowed. In "auditing my mother," Gerald was as scrupulously polite and solicitous as ever, acting in his best manner and softening his voice sympathetically, almost lugubriously, as though we were amidst the heady-smelling flowers at a funeral parlor.

How far am I going to go along with this? I asked myself. Am I willing to try anything, lower myself to any depth, if there is a chance it might help my case?

"I'd like to indicate to you that you are Power Release," Gerald told my mother. "What gains have you experienced from the process?"

"I feel happier and freer."

"Fine. Then I'd like to ask you, are you indeed free now to leave your son, knowing that you don't need each other any longer, that he'll be all right without you and you can be serenely off on your own?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. Then I'd like to indicate to you, Bob, that your mother is indeed free to leave your body and go her own way in peace. Has she done so?"

"I think so."

"Okay. That's it!"

Out in the living room, Gerald gave Felicia a knowing look to signify that he had had an extraordinary session. Over a festive luncheon at a nearby restaurant, I made a tasteless remark about a table-setting for my mother.

"You're not feeling too well today?" asked Gerald. "We're going to do something brand new." He rubbed his hands together ebulliently. "Ron's just come out with completely new material on the Grades. He's made it mandatory to rerun all of them through Power. He discovered that in addition to the two flows in some of the processes -- you know, doing something to someone, and them doing it to you in return -- there's a third flow, someone doing it to someone else. This *Triple Flow Process* has just been incorporated into all Grades, and all Scientologists must have it."

"That means that every Scientologist has to get to an org and pay to have it done? Even if he's in Samoa?"

"That's exactly what it means. You're lucky. The others are paying \$800 for it."

"But why should those poor slobs pay an extra \$800 for something Ron found lacking in his original Grades."

"Auditing time, I suspect. But it's worth it, sire. This process is fantastic! Felicia and I have already audited each other on it. The whole point of Triple Flow is that it remedies any lack of gains. After you've been run on it you'll start realizing your gains immediately."

We barrelled through the new process without stopping, Grade by Grade, rehabbing the two flows and adding the third flow with commands such as, Tell me a problem someone else has. After each Grade, Gerald asked me how many times I had been released. I didn't understand what it meant to be released on a Grade more than once, and picked numbers at random.

"113."

"More than that?"

"167."

"Thank you. The meter confirms that you've been released on Straightwire 167 times."

Some of the numbers were even larger. Communications, for example, registered several thousand releases.

When we were through, after less than an hour, Gerald wanted to know how I like the Triple Flow Process. I said I thought it might have helped. Before turning off the meter, he asked me if I were exteriorized.

"I'm not too sure."

"Well, how many times have you been exteriorized?"

"706 times."

"All right. Any more on that?"

"900 and something ... no, less than 900. Let's make it 873."

"Are you positive on that?"

"871."

"Good. Your needle is floating. I'd like to indicate that you're been exteriorized 871 times."

I didn't recall any of these exteriorized moments, and archly asked Gerald whether it would be required to rerun my mother's Grades on the new Triple Flow Process.

Review had been going on for about three weeks now.

*The E-meter is never wrong. It sees all. It knows all. It tells everything.*

L. RON HUBBARD

I awoke at six a.m. with a bad case of 'It,' went to the franchise and woke up Gerald after ten minutes of banging and ringing. He was furious. I'd never seen him angry before. I pleaded with him to audit me. He refused to take me before eleven, and I left feeling almost as bad as when I had committed myself to the mental ward.

A little later I visited an East Side doctor who was known to practice vitamin therapy, hoping he would give me something for sleep. Instead he injected me with vitamins laced -- without his informing me -- with methamphetamine. The shot was immediately effective. Too effective. The doctor had me back the next few mornings for his "treatment," and within a week I was hooked. By then I was suspicious that the shots contained more than vitamins and calcium, but the doctor denied it. (I remained in the dark about the injections until I withdrew three months later.)

Ironically, this misadventure signalled my return to the wog world. Whatever was in the shots, they eliminated my symptoms. If I missed a visit, the demons pounced. This put life on a new basis: The shots worked; the latest Scientology techniques, administered in a benevolent, relaxed setting, did not. Scientology had been replaced with almost farcical ease. With the ascendance of a new and more powerful witchdoctor, Gerald Tyber was no longer a significant force. I would take command of my life once more -- and perhaps do a better job of things this time around.

For several weeks I frequented both the Doctor of Medicine and the Doctor of Scientology. Feeling quick relief from the very first injection, and pleasantly high, I had called Gerald later that day. He seemed to have completely forgotten the early morning rift, and invited me right over for auditing.

At that session and those that followed, Gerald, having run out of novel ideas, resorted to the old standbys -- overts, withholds, present-time problems and ARC breaks. He kept his auditor's poise, but I knew he was at a loss, and began to see him not as an OT VI Class VIII Auditor but as a human being with his own foibles and frustrations. His methods were powerless to "clean" the "ARC break" I still felt over his dunning me for money and his early-morning rejection when I thought I needed him most. To resolve that would have required *human communication and understanding*. It had been misguided loyalty, faith in him as a friend and healer, plus a touch of nostalgia for the old times, not lingering faith in Scientology, that had kept me coming back.

The E-meter indicated none of this. Those last sessions were replete with floating needles, and I found that I could predict them. At one point I got a floating needle when I whimsically said "windowshade." I started responding freely with that word. If I didn't get a floating needle by the third question, I would raise my eyebrows, pause portentously and announce, "windowshade." This never failed to produce the float. *The preclear actually learns to control the needle.*

Disdain for floating needles was my opening for an "outsider's" look at auditing. The E-meter was the foundation of Ron's mystique, the "proof" of his theories. But a person might have floating needles while severely disturbed -- not in theory but in my own personal experience. I had got too many floating needles at such moments to believe they meant much of anything. If the mind were an iceberg, the E-meter reflected only the negligible portion above the waterline. All hell could break loose beneath the surface, but the meter wouldn't know the difference. The needle would go its merry way, drifting lazily about the dial, fooling auditor, preclear, and perhaps L. Ron Hubbard himself, alike.

Scientology was crumbling like a tissue paper castle.

"Are you still letting Gerald audit you?" asked Renzo Lancia, long finished with Scientology.

"I've been letting it run its course," I replied, "but I may be joining your ranks any day now, my fine suppressive friend."

"Oh Most Exalted OT IV, you know that your leader can do a lot more for you than god himself," said Renzo. "God only says, 'I'm putting you here on earth, Brother. Now try to follow the road.' Ron says, 'Forget that long hard road and come with me down my little alley. It's Safe, Sure, and Inexpensive when you compare it to the cost of a moon rocket.'"

"You should ask for your money back from the organization," said Alan Ottoman.

"Maybe I should," I said, "but I was equally responsible for what happened. If someone gives you a bag of candy and you gorge yourself sick, you have yourself to blame."

"If what they're offering you is what they say it is," Alan said. "If the candy contains strychnine you're only responsible for gluttony and they're responsible for murder."

"Why don't you write a book about your Scientology experience?" Alan's wife, Brenda, suggested. I hadn't considered that before. Several neat bourbons had preceded my telling the couple about the AOUK, still excluding any "secrets." They had noticed my voice tightening when I spoke about Ethics.

"But Brenda, there isn't really that much to write. Maybe enough for an article at most."

Her response was one of the nicest things anyone ever said to me: "You can try. When you get home make a start. I have a feeling there's a lot more to this, and you've got to get it out of your system."

It took me two days to make an outline. Then I knew I had enough for a book. I knew also what a precious gift Brenda Ottoman had given me. I now held the cure in my own hands and would soon stop seeing Gerald and eventually the doctor. The cure was direct action. As I wrote, through the weeks or months it might take, things would fall into place. I would relive the experience -- not Ron's way of reliving but my own way. Then, if I felt like getting my book published, there was no one on earth who could tell me I was not free to try.

I get sentimental when I recall my reemergence as a true wog.

# Life in Present Time

*I concluded, therefore, that the relatively sane are capable of accepting evidence, and the insane are not.*

L. RON HUBBARD

Gerald must have felt a burden lifted when he realized he had been replaced by the doctor, but, to his credit, he urged me to get off the shots.

During what was to be our final session, I found it hard to focus on his auditing. Recently I had allowed myself my first look at wog exposes of Dianetics and Scientology. The auditors held the E-meter in low esteem as a precision instrument. The E-meter is a galvanic skin response (GSR) device, basically a well-known elementary circuit called a Wheatstone bridge, around for about the last hundred years. GSR devices in general are looked upon by biofeedback experts as perhaps the least reliable in their field. Even in its role in a lie-detector polygraph -- actually an array of biofeedback devices -- it has drawbacks, the major one of which is that *one may learn to beat the machine*.

The E-meter's current diminished as its batteries wore down, and there were internal variances amongst individual machines. It cost \$15 to make. To add insult, there were also variances amongst the soup cans plugged into the meter, which happened to be manufactured at several different can companies.

The wog critics called Scientology "dangerous quackery." Had I bothered to read such opinion in 1967, I still might not have been dissuaded from being audited. Now it helped me to this conclusion: A "dangerous quack" is unscrupulous, but the people who go to him or her for treatment and get worse are merely misguided. I would never again be beholden to L. Ron Hubbard for my sins. I could live with my own mistakes, blameworthy unto myself for my own reasons, not his.

Scientology hadn't worked for me; and apparently not for a lot of people who still thought it worked for them. I would approach it with the assumption that it didn't work until I satisfied myself as to why it didn't work.

In this spirit, I took another look at Hubbard's writings. A year ago I had thought them valuable, sought to understand them, and searched for meaning that wasn't there. Now it was only fair to start to pull them apart in support of my new approach.

This wasn't difficult. Most of Hubbard's metaphysical arguments wind back to the presumed efficacy of auditing and the E-meter. Without the "cure" context there is very little theory.

Hubbard sets forth various processes, many of them for clearing. There are striking similarities to the E-F Packs on the Solo Course; and to the endless review lists to handle Upper Level mishaps; and to the "expanded" processes now in operation -- a succession of "corrections" and rejected material going back to, and including, Dianetics 1950. Failed attempts. Not because "clearing" ever existed. Hubbard rejected his material as he went along for another reason.

I began to view Scientology 1968-9 as Hubbard's latest control system, a more efficient way to "stretch things out." With the Grades and Levels Hubbard had devised an expedient method for

herding preclears quickly through lists of questions, demarcated by increasingly costly stages and "releases." His intent was to hook the preclear on the auditing habit like a drug pusher -- like my medical doctor -- and keep on maintenance.

When I read Hubbard's books afresh, they were, at last, an education.

Then there was my own book. I had got up to my first session with Felicia. It is so thoroughly ingrained in Scientologists that auditing dehypnotizes them that they would snigger at the mention that they were subjecting themselves to hypnotic suggestion from the moment they picked up the cans. Yet there was the auditing ritual on paper in my own scribbles: "This is the process"; the uncompromising gaze; the repeated question, each in the same tone of voice; a small reward called "acknowledgment" for each response, and a big reward of approval at each "release"; "That's it!" to end the session, like the hypnotist's snap of the fingers. Later, doing TR-0, my training partner and I had stared into each other's eyes for hours, methodically deadening our minds to a semi-torpid state. Still later, on the Clearing Course, Hubbard had us spot an imaginary light, like the candle the hypnotist holds before the subject's face.

A preclear who is conditioned to be tractable in session will do what he is told out of session: pay for more Scientology, bring raw meat in, and perhaps join the org and work for Hubbard far into the night for a pittance.

Felicia had played her auditor's role with the purest of motives. She had had it done to her, believed that it helped her and wished to spread the blessing to others. She had gained some measure of control over her preclear even before the advent of my "heavy," Gerald Tyber -- duly piloting me through several stages to fixed destinations. And my passage to Ron's Never-Never Land had begun.

However, these fixed destinations, the "release points," are far from what Hubbard claims they are - - "key out of the reactive mind." The "release" is an ordinary function of the mind, part of life's normal ebb and flow. Unless a person is terribly sick or preoccupied he or she might have several "releases" during a typical day. That first cup of coffee may produce a "floating needle," or getting to work in good time -- as registered, perhaps, on a more accurate instrument than the E-meter. Some people have "releases" many times a day (they might be the last ones to pay for auditing).

There is precious little connection between the preclear's "release" and the material he is "run on." The preclear brings his own physiology with him to the auditing session. The auditing format of "restimulative questions" admirably fits his natural brain cycle into the deception. The preclear feels the *angst* of the questioning for a while, then relaxes his mind, stops thinking -- and something lifts a little. Alpha-waves register on a biofeedback device. The "session release" is just as fleeting as the "cup of coffee release." All the hocus-pocus about "communications," "problems," "charge building and blowing," etc., gives a common phenomenon meaning it doesn't possess, but nevertheless bolsters the preclear until his next "release."

To further manipulate the preclear, Hubbard has the auditor reward him or her for *evading* real problems, and "confronting" old or imaginary ones. The E-meter is used as an evasion tool. Over several hours of auditing, the preclear learns to control the needle enough to get a "release" when he thinks he "deserves" one -- just as people have learned how to beat lie-detectors (so that polygraph readings have limited value as evidence in courts of law), and produce alpha-waves ("floating needles") on other biofeedback devices. Rather than having to face his problems, the preclear quickly discovers that he can easily revert to a distant memory or a "past life." Having successfully avoided a real trouble spot, the relieved preclear "blows off charge" and "produces a

floating needle with Good Indicators In." To make the procedure conduce even more to *evasion*, the auditor never "evaluates" for the preclear -- that is, never discusses or challenges the evasion -- but *rewards* the preclear for it!

Felicia, Gerald and Marty never asked me about the meaning and chronology of so-called "recalled events." I supplied all the material. The preclear hangs himself.

The preclear is not the only one taken in by the meter reads. Again, the auditor is merely Hubbard's dupe, believing that the E-meter, quite the opposite of an aid to evasion, guides the way to the preclear's troubles and accurately registers their "erasure."

It was easy to see that personality, another distinctly woggish element, has a decisive influence on the preclear. Certain individuals are esteemed as "great auditors" -- even at the AO. Those are the ones with warm, congenial, "validating" personalities. For example, Gerald, the amiable case-cracker, knew how to treat a preclear. People felt at home with him; they could be themselves. In fact, preclears do much better with people they *like*, making the needle respond like a dog wagging its tail at hearing a friendly voice.

The growing rapprochement between auditor and preclear -- sitting to front and back of the E-meter, the dispenser of judgments and gifts -- is a tragi-comedy, neither having any idea of what is actually happening, neither aware that the machine is their masturbation toy.

The deception and the self-deception deepen when the preclear audits himself. Upper Level material, "implanted past lives," *is* the process. Hope, fear, pride, belief, move the needle. And Ron's commands. The self-auditor goes on "erasing" Hubbard's science fiction. But the earthly "problems," "withholds," "ARC breaks" of the earlier stages keep cropping up time after time. Because they have never been resolved -- much less "erased."

There are no "Grades" or "Levels", apart from Hubbard's concealed programming, his calculated exploitation of preclear credulities, his "hidden stages" that lead further into his trap. The "hidden stages" run an easy gradient. First the raw meat is shown something vaguely feasible that he might buy. He might not pay thousands of dollars to foil the evil plot of Xenu on another planet, but he might snap at "improving his memory and problem-solving ability" for a few hundred. There follow everyday upsets and guilts -- nothing too arcane as yet. Power Processing is the first "secret," the stage that breaks earthly bounds, the crossover into Never-Never Land. On Power the preclear may reach the "cognition" that he is a "source." But *Ron* is Source. Once the preclear accepts this incongruity, he is ready to be trotted into the Upper Level madness, where he will feel electric shock on cue and exorcise alien souls ... including his own. "Spotting the thetan" is subliminally, for the indoctrinated Scientologist, equivalent to *erasing himself*.

Once the raw meat makes his initial mistake of trying a beginning stage, the gradual impingement on his mind of Scientology concepts, terminology, auditing control methods and group pressure draw him as far into Hubbard's world as his finances will permit.

In the wider context of the wog world's power/money games, Hubbard has been outstandingly successful, creating his own world and persuading thousands to inhabit it and act out his fantasies. For one who has left that world behind and, looking back over a distance, views it as but an episode of Earth's true science fiction, Hubbard's landscapes have lost their mystic gloss; and the thetans, the bomb in the volcano and the allure of exteriorization are seen for what they are: a commercial.

Gerald had just started into another commercial, yet another Search and Discovery.

I reflected for a moment on a possible suppressive. It wasn't Ron; he had covered that ground before. Nor Gerald, just another opportunist and now fairly boring.

"There is no suppressive," I said. "There never was a suppressive. All those Search and Discoveries were a crock."

Gerald thanked me for my response and checked the question of unnecessary Search and Discoveries on the meter.

"I'd like to validate that there is no suppressive, there never was a suppressive, and all those Search and Discoveries were a crock."

Like other demagogues, Ron has to have scapegoats. He is more inventive than most, conjuring up the suppressive, the reactive mind, engrams, charge, withholds, GPMs, implants, body thetans, the unnamed beings who trapped thetans with sticky tape. All something to blame.

I told Gerald that I saw through it now and there was no longer anything in it for me. I had spent a good part of two years seeking scapegoats, chasing after Ron's carrot. If the dream didn't materialize at one stage it might at the next.

Gerald checked the meter and, ever the punctilious auditor, validated that I "saw through it now." We had shared the final outlandish irony, the E-meter invalidating Scientology truth!

The session was ended. We got up from the auditing table. I had left many sessions feeling sick, and was still not as I used to be. It would take a while to recover from attaining OT IV.

Gerald had been asking me for money again, and I had given him \$250. My savings were just about gone: \$8,000 to Scientology, much of it to "process out" a sickness I'd never had prior to joining; thousands to the hospital for treatment of the sickness; round trip plane fare to Great Britain and living expenses there; the sizable amount I had lost in foolish investments after several months of pollyanish Scientology processing and training.

I had thrown away this money, along with such reason that I possessed, and very nearly my own identity, because I had wanted a new life. somewhere along the way I had confused freedom with escape -- like the Sea Org crew, that colony of human ants eagerly escaping from a nonconfrontable world to a "freedom" more like enslavement. No army or police force, no torture or drug, did this to us. We did it to ourselves. For a while I hadn't been able to live with this hard awareness.

The strong urge for self-fulfilment -- through some form of escape -- is the common thread connecting so many "joiners," the key to the baffling contrasts in personalities I observed on two continents, the disparate nature of the Scientology group. How easily noble motives are distorted: to use others and be used in turn, pursuing our vision of freedom until we find ourselves in chains. It's paradoxical how we may lose ourselves seeking ourselves. It sounds like a word game ... shades of Ron Hubbard's dichotomies on the Clearing Course, Create-Destroy.

Ron, too, hungers for freedom. His dozens of processes and millions of words written and taped define his efforts to cure himself; his microcosm, the organization over which he is absolute monarch, another attempt to solve his own life.

He will go on and on with it, fated to fail, and, rich and powerful, he will remain trapped in his own device more securely than any of his followers.

One may describe exteriorization and immortality as "spiritual," as an alternative to being a decent, caring citizen of the wog world. The price for both giver and receiver in this transaction is costlier than any money involved.

Truth exists elsewhere, in simpler things. To be fully human, not "superhuman." To be with life as it is.

Life in the wog world is often disheartening. We try one substitute after another for the magic of childhood. The promise we started with fizzled and we found ourselves impelled not towards our beautiful dreams but into an automated world of semi-enslavement. Science fiction writers, including L. Ron Hubbard, have depicted, along with outer worlds, our own sense of alienation.

I will feel sadness at parting from my delusions and facing what I tried so hard to escape. It will not be easy starting all over again to learn to deal with the same old life, the same old problems, without the soothing belief in shortcuts. But I survived my self-deception. I can put my survival instincts to further good use immediately by spending every dollar Gerald wants from me on some new clothes.

I stand in the living room chatting with the Tybers. They are in the throes of giving up their two to three daily packs of cigarettes each. They are both ready to climb the walls and take turns snapping at each other. I have to smile. I know why it is so trying for these clear, Upper Level Scientologists to kick the habit: They're no goddamn different from anyone else.

I walk out into the cold Manhattan night. The streets of the wog world still look strange. They may look strange for a while. But I'm over my recent delusions.

Mass. Charge. Spaceships.

*There is no symptom, mental or physical, that cannot be produced by shattered reason crying out in protest ... or by fear.*

## Postscripts

"Joe Thetan, Scientology Student," alias Five Brooks, musician, visited me at the ballet rehearsal studios. He wanted to help me resolve my problems; since he hadn't heard from me in months, he'd deduced that I was on the outs with Scientology. I was extremely nervous in the presence of this blend of good will and TRs, especially since a draft of this book was next to me on the piano bench, covered only by a thin glass ashtray. I had no trouble diverting Joe Thetan's gaze from the bench, however; he kept his eyes fastened on mine like meathooks on a haunch of beef.

"I guess you'd rather not tell me what Level you're on or what happened to you," he said, "but did anyone try to monkey around with you before you went to England?"

"What do you mean, `monkey around'?"

"You know: invalidate you, minimize your gains."

"Why, no."

"Well, I just wanted to let you know, there's a lot happening, man. Ron's come out with something. They're doing Dianetics different now. It's like it originally was in 1950. Now-you-can-go-up-the-Grades-as-a-thetan-from-the-very-beginning."

In other words, "Scientology" was "Dianetics" once again! I had seen posters of the familiar multi-colored volcano on billboards in subway stations, and had wondered why "Dianetics," not "Scientology," was being advertized. Perhaps the government was looking into Scientology, and Hubbard, wishing to avoid trouble, had changed the name back again, just as he had changed a healing business into a "religion." In any event, Ron had found another cure-all for mankind's ills.

I didn't disclose these thoughts to Joe Thetan. He was earnestly trying to help, and for a moment I reexperienced the fear of hurting someone by "invalidation." We talked until the rehearsal started. During that interval I saw the uncertainty on his face. A long-lost voice from his past, when he was a human being, was whispering to him that I was sad, in mourning for the old Five Brooks. He never quite heard the voice. Our meeting ended on that strange, incomplete communication.

"Have you heard," asked Dag Lildberg, "about the Scientologists picketing a psychiatrists' convention in Miami? In fairness to the shrinks, we ought to picket *their* headquarters."

"The org?"

"Sure. Get a lush and hand him a bullhorn and a couple of bucks to stand outside the place and shout `Ron Hubbrd ish a boddy thetn!'" said Dag, slipping into "valence."

"You're right! I can just see it: The Commander rushes out onto the street yelling `What was that you said?'"

"I shed, Ron Hubbrd ish a boddy thetn. Gimme a quarter."

# Dramatic Personae Update

Many if not most of the characters in my story have contributed to Scientology's high attrition rate.

John McMaster (real name), recently deceased, the "World's First Clear," and for years Scientology's major spokesperson, left the group in 1969, appalled at Hubbard's policies.

Joan Porter, who introduced Scientology to me, is, miraculously and loyally, still in the group. She takes a dim view of me for writing this book (though she's never read it!).

Felicia and Gerald Tyber left Scientology shortly after John McMaster did, and got a divorce several years later. Felicia is deceased.

Renzo Lancia is happily remarried, and of course out of the group.

Morton Morvis is out.

Marty Moussorgsky stayed with the group a long time. Current status unknown to me.

Empress Green and Margo Zumbrich of the franchise Dianetics class are out.

Five Brooks ("Joe Thetan") is out, bless his Blues in Bb.

Edward Douglas presumably is still in, if still among us (he didn't reply to my letter addressed to him in Australia).

I enjoy exchanges of Christmas greetings with Bruce Perkins, who is resoundingly out.

Radcliff Jones visited me in New York for several days in 1989. He avowed his belief in "Tech," but enjoyed discussing it in a non-fanatical way. Rad was killed in an auto accident in South Africa in the early '90s.

I exchanged letters with Elisabette, who is still in and saving her money for further processing.

Frank of the Special Briefing Course may very well be out: one of his relatives is out, and this is contagious.

The Commander of AOUK when I attended is out, and was running a "squirrel" (auditing not sanctioned by Scientology) group until his recent death.

The fearsome Master at Arms is out, and "squirreling" (the organization better not mess with *him*, though).

Cuddly Third Mate left, also the buxom redheaded Examiner; as well as other Sea Org crew members less prominent in the story. Certain others are a question mark. Some of them are Britishers, Australians or New Zealanders, whom I've inquired about by word of mouth only, with no luck. Bill Burgmuller I've failed to trace through rural Illinois telephone directories.

## Appendix B

# English Translation of "Scientologist's Letter"

Dear Dimitrius, immortal spirit emancipated from your body, thanks to Ron Hubbard,

It's about time I replied to your last letter. This is my first respite in 1981 (31 years after the book *Dianetics* was published, viz., "anno Dianetics"). Here are the facts I promised you. Lots of wins at Upper Level Scientology headquarters. We're making rapid strides. Many individuals who have purchased Ron Hubbard's consciousness-raising techniques are getting reads (FNs = floating needles) on a biofeedback indicator that they have passed these drills, or have even attained the ability to leave their bodies and return to them whenever they like. Ron's rehash of his old material, including his emergency treatment for fully-restored souls like yourself, (but who need help despite their superhuman abilities) has made the difference. I'm now taking an advanced training course, and it's the greatest ever -- even more mental orgasms than the course preceding it. I've been totally free from the negative influence of my subconscious mind since I got the favorable biofeedback signs on my answers to several simple questions put to me by a Scientology practitioner. Last night I left my body behind for three hours. Proselytizing Scientology is effortless when you're not bogged down by personal problems (PTPs = present-time problems) and physical limitations. We intend to take over the planet (Admin = Administration) as well as anything else we find out there on our mental space missions.

Not to bring up an unpleasant subject, but something is fishy at local headquarters. I've had a flash awareness that the Director of Training is to blame. I haven't seen all of his records of treatment on the most advanced drills, but a while back he was upset about something, started falsely and irrationally criticizing the way Ron wants things run, and left English HQ at full steam. Well, they got him back all right, got part of his story out of him, and put him through a long lie-detector type of test and some additional interrogation to find out who's been putting him up to his subversive behavior. He finally divulged the person's name, renounced him, and made it official by writing the culprit a letter stating that he would have nothing more to do with him. But that didn't end the matter. More recently he's been jabbering like one of those idiots who hasn't joined our group, complaining of pains (SOMS = "somatics") even after we checked out his performance on every drill he's done so far, and he's again behaving so erratically that he could damage our operation. The routing office got him back in the swing of things, and ordered him to go through two different sets of troubleshooting questions. He got so tense he had violent reads that finally blew out the machine. At some point he may have made a sham of our honor system by lying about his progress -- perhaps false statements concerning his competence at doing the drills by himself -- or else at an early stage he misrepresented his understanding of one of his neuroses. The guy may even now be reliving a past life in which he was hydrogen-bombed in an exploding volcano. In any event the poor bastard's flipping out, and we must find out who or what's to blame and fix it. If necessary the enforcement unit will have him work three straight days without sleep and send him to Ron's boat, where he'll be kept in strict compliance.

I don't wish to go on too long about this; you must think I'm still playing the yenta. So long for now. I'm going across the road and kill a couple hours staring into the eyes of a cow, haha. Talk to you soon, man.

With a Universe of Understanding and affection,

Louise

(That the English version of the letter is longer and much more cumbersome at last gives me something to admire about Scientologese.)

## Appendix C

# Scientology Today

I doubt that anyone can provide an accurate figure for Scientology's membership worldwide (churches and orgs in at least thirty countries). Such is the constant ebb and flow in and, I believe it's accurate to state, especially out of the group, it is unlikely that the organization itself has any idea of what its membership is on any given day. In my opinion membership has waned since about 1970. Scientology has had stiff competition from other cults, modern religions, New Age groups. Many of its staunchest members have left, and ever more of the raw public are reluctant to become involved. Among the reasons for this reluctance are:

- an enormous increase in prices starting in the '80s, as always payment in advance;
- written and televised exposes of enormities and harassment perpetrated by Scientology/Scientologists;
- conviction of nine top-ranking Scientologists, including Hubbard's wife, of theft of government documents, and other crimes;
- the Church's policy of nuisance lawsuits against its critics, including authors and their publishers;
- published, verbal and Internet accounts of black-magic-like processes;
- Hubbard's reported wealth and power, physical and mental ill health and mysterious death;
- the sometimes obnoxious on-the-street confrontation of Scientology proselytizers;
- leading Scientologists' poor showing in TV and radio debate with wogs;
- the struggle on the Internet between Scientology and its detractors, the latter often using satire, a strong tactic against authoritarianism;
- the speech mannerisms and zombie-like wide-eyed stare of some Scientologists, which may create the impression that something sinister is going on behind org walls.

But Scientology keeps rolling. If their membership is down, still they have managed to find more affluent people, on the principle that you may enlist either one thousand people who pay \$1,000 each or, just as good, one hundred people who pay \$10,000 each or ten people who pay \$100,000 each.

Scientology has scored points with the media with their "Celebrity Center," which hosts famous entertainers and sports stars in the group.

And most importantly, Scientology was awarded a favorable decision as a non-profit organization in United States Tax Court, and can now legally call themselves a religion in this country. However, there have been strictures against Scientology in several other countries.

# Appendix D

## The High Cost of Infinity

Declining membership is perhaps what has made the Scientology organization push the book *Dianetics* so heavily, and caused L.Ron Hubbard to restructure his stages and courses, call his program "The Bridge," and raise his prices astronomically.

How high? The E-meter I bought in 1968 for \$150 cost \$831.59 in August of 1984, the '84 "Mark V" model, in steel blue, peacock blue, beige or gray sold for \$3,019.39, in black \$3326.30. The black leather "limited edition" cost \$5,745.24. All of these prices are probably substantially higher at the time of this book's publication more than a decade later.

In 1968 I purchased softcover books, such as *E-Meter Drills*, for about \$1.50; in August 1984 the same book, and a softcover of similar length, *E-Meter Essentials*, went for \$26.34 and \$34.46 respectively. In the '60s, hardcovers such as *Science of Survival* and *Phoenix Lectures* were in the \$4-5 range; by August '84 their respective prices had risen to \$79.76 and \$65.25.

It is fair to say from these figures that Scientology's rate of inflation far exceeds the wog world's.

The August 1984 prices appear in *The Auditor*, a monthly journal, Issue 192, under the heading "Complete your L. Ron Hubbard Library Now!" Prices are also given for hardcover books, cassettes and "Course Packs." There are 21 softcover books, at a total cost of \$531.23, which averages \$25.25 per item; 36 hardcover books at a total cost (omitting any titles that are also available in softcover) of \$5,938.51, which averages out to a few pennies short of \$165 per item; 13 cassettes, total cost \$3147.03 -- some of these items are sets, such as *Philadelphia Doctorate Course*, which comprises 76 tapes, thus making the average price for all cassettes on the list probably only around \$25 per; 32 Course Packs, total cost \$2191.97, averaging \$68.50 per item -- the figure is brought down by eight items under \$10.

The total cost of all 103 items on the August 1984 price list, using the lowest figure for an E-meter, is \$12, 646.33, for an average of \$122.78 per item. Note that this hasn't yet got us any actual auditing or training, let alone "secrets." For these, let's turn to a price list called *Flag Services, Accommodations and Bookstore Donations Fall 1987*, sent out by the organization in a mailing. ("Flag" refers to Hubbard's "flagship." The "land base" is the Fort Harrison Hotel in Clearwater, Florida.)

The following entries, given here in toto, do not include cassettes and most of the books, which were discussed above, details about room accommodations at the hotel, or clauses about discounts for payments far enough in advance:

### FLAG SPIRITUAL COUNSELLING SERVICES

12 1/2 hours Regular and Confessional Auditing	8,000
Purification Rundown	2,662
5 hours Clear Certainty Rundown	3,200
12 1/2 hours Clear Certainty Rundown	8,000
Sunshine Rundown	1,300
New Hubbard Solo Auditor Course, Part I	2,900
New Hubbard Solo Auditor Course, Part II	1,900
New OT I	2,000
OT II	3,900

OT III	6,500
New OT IV OT Drug Rundown (per 12 1/2 hours)	9,000
New OT Audited NOTs (per 12 1/2 hours)	10,200
New OT VI Hubbard Solo NOTs Auditing Course	11,000
New OT VII Solo NOTs Auditing plus 6 month segments for C/Sing (case supervising)	3,000 1,400
Power (Grades V and VA) Processing Grade VI	15,300 3,700
Clearing Course	5,300
Introspection Rundown	16,000
New Vitality Rundown	13,800
Case Cracker Review (per 12 1/2 hours)	10,000
Student Booster Rundown	10,000
Doctorate Series Course for OTs	6,800
End of Endless OT III Rundown	3,980
L 10, L 11, L 12 Rundowns (per 12 1/2 hours)	12,500
Note: Each L requires a minimum of 25 hours.	

*Author's note:* Some of the entries bear a tiny "r" in a circle. The author does not know what "L" or the various "Rundowns" are. Hazzarding a guess, the Rundowns might be the equivalent of the old "review," which cost \$20 an hour in 1968. "Purification Rundown" entails sitting in a hot-box, at 120-180 Fahrenheit, for hours or days, after which the "rundownee" presumably will never return to drug abuse. I'm inclined to agree. I wish I knew the nature of the other Rundowns, especially "End of Endless," and "Introspection Rundown," which sounds like a Duke Ellington composition but costs more. "Counselling Services" is processing. "NOTs" means "New Era Dianetics (or NEDs) for OTs." This process exorcises "dormant beings," similar to body thetans but trapped in *matter*.

The total cost of these 25 items is \$172,342, averaging \$6,893.68 per item. Grades 0 through IV do not appear. They might be included in "12 1/2 hours Regular and Confessional Auditing." Here are a few more:

#### TECHNICAL REFERENCES

##### Research and Discovery Series

Volume 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 (each)	100.00
Volume 8,9 (each)	155.00
Technical Bulletins Volumes (set of 12)	1,200.00
Individual Volumes	100.00
Dianetics and Scientology Technical Dictionary	50.00
Primary Rundown Glossary	12.00

Nothing is said in the price lists and promo about the redundancy aspect. The effect of this is to *raise* the average cost per item, since a student who purchases several courses or Packs may be paying two or three times over for the same material. And more:

"Joy of Creating" framed poster	47.00
"Professionalism" plaque	94.00
"Code of Honor" plaque	94.00
Small LRH (L. Ron Hubbard) bust	1,395.00
Large LRH bust	5,000.00

There follows a list of accommodations, starting from around \$300 a week at the "Sand Castle," running to \$3-4,000 a week for a suite at the Fort Harrison Hotel in Clearwater, Florida.

A note at the bottom of the sheet says: FEES PROMPTLY REFUNDED TO ANY DISSATISFIED STUDENT OR PRECLEAR. A REFUND OF CONTRIBUTIONS WILL ONLY BE PAID SUBJECT TO THE POLICY OF THE CLAIMS VERIFICATION BOARD.

A stupendous chart, called "The Bridge To Total Freedom," shows the new structure of processing and training. The author of the book you're reading got as far as OT IV, by way of the Grades, Power, Solo Clearing, OT I, II and III, and a couple of courses, at a total cost of about \$8,000. The "Bridge" has added Purification Rundown ("if necessary"), Objectives Processing, Drug Rundown (includes medicine and alcohol), New Era Dianetics ("refined spiritual healing technology"), Sunshine Rundown ("confidential") and OT Preps ("advanced religious counseling").

The total price for the listed items is \$59,762. OT V, VI and VII cost an additional \$24,200. The latter two Levels are called "NOTs, advanced spiritual training and technology for OTs." OT VIII through OT XII are available, but I don't have the prices. XIII through XV are "not yet released." All OT Levels except II and III are designated "new."

"Clear" is redefined as "a being who no longer has *his own reactive mind*" (emphasis added -- I believe they mean here not the reactive minds of "body thetans" and "dormant beings").

So far I've stuck to only one half of "The Bridge To Total Freedom" chart, "New Streamlined Classification, Gradation and Awareness Chart of Levels and Certificates." This is something to behold, about two feet high and one foot wide, jam-packed with print, some of it microscopic, fit into boxes. The other half of the chart sets out the "Bridge" for training, which ascends to Class XII "gold belt flubless auditor."

I've talked to knowledgeable ex-members about the prices. The drastic increases had made me wonder if the organization was trying to phase Scientology out. The ex-members' replies were always the same: Quite the contrary; people are indeed paying these prices.

## Appendix E

### Processing Revisited

*One difficulty which faces anyone concerned to obtain a comprehensive picture of Scientology is that since 1956 no attempt has been made to produce a comprehensive and unified thesis on the theories and practices of Scientology ... There exist in an uncodified or unclassified form tape recordings which are said to contain 30,000,000 words spoken by Hubbard and writings by Hubbard which run into the tens of thousands of pages. The Herculean task of reducing to manageable size the content of these Hubbardian emanations must await the labours of a dedicated Scientologist with the time, money, capacity, and compulsion to undertake such a useless exercise.*

Kevin Anderson, Queen's Counselor, Australian Board of Inquiry into Scientology

QC Anderson wrote his report in 1965. That gave Hubbard two decades more for making tapes, and writing not only Scientology material but also a ten-volume legitimate science fiction series commencing with *Battlefield Earth*, his ultimate goal apparently not so much to clear the planet as to inundate it with words (note that I'm referring, as I believe QC Anderson was, only to Hubbard's published or widely-distributed writings and tapes, not to his inter-organizational communications, private journals, notes and discarded material, if any of the latter. It is rumored that the unpublished writings would stack up to the height of the Eiffel Tower).

From 1950 until his death in January of 1986, Hubbard "expanded" processing with the comfortable regularity of bird migration. The "new" processes strike me as remarkably similar to those of the '60s, which in turn hark back to Hubbard's early '50s books, available at any org bookstore (one exception I'm aware of is the "Purification Rundown" -- the "hot-box"). They are now renamed, laden with the latest jargon, fitted into the "Bridge" chart restructuring and sold at the astoundingly higher new prices.

Each innovation is touted as definitive. As soon after my own involvement as 1970, *The Auditor* Issue 56 heralds, "The Scene Has Changed," and that '69 marked the achievement of "Complete Dianetics" and '70, "Complete Scientology." There are new "Expanded Grades" and "New Power." "Full Tech From 1950 Is Back In Use," Issue 58 proclaims; "OT III Expanded" and "Now you can get HOURS OF AUDITING. Orgs no longer sell *Grades Packages* or single grades. They sell HOURS OF AUDITING. And you get ALL those hours of auditing you pay for, too. No more 'quickie grades.' Get some charge off your case! Buy a 25, 50, or 75 hour intensive at your local org today ... You don't have to decide anything ... except to get some auditing ... CONTACT THE REGISTRAR OF YOUR LOCAL ORG NOW."

In 1968, per my story, six OT Levels were available and Ron was working on VII and VIII. In the early '80s Hubbard was rumored to project future Levels as high as OT XXX.

An older process, probably an early version of clearing, is described in Hubbard's 1952 book *Scientology 8-80*:

"Actually alternating current running. There can be DC running or chain fission running but these are very experimental at this writing." The preclear is told to "flow agreement, then disagreement" on dichotomies such as "Survive-Succumb, Beauty-Ugliness ... He flows a feeling, a thought (NEVER THE PHRASE!) ... until it turns smoky gray or white, when black ... As the preclear continues to run, after minutes or many hours, he begins to run faster, then faster and faster until at last he can keep a flow blazing and crackling ... It is well to GROUND your preclear by using an E-meter or letting him hold a wire in each hand which is connected to a bare water pipe or radiator."

Other of Ron's creations I'm grateful not to have encountered are "between-lives implants," "deds" and "dedexes," "demon circuits," "Black Dianetics," and the creature we were eons ago in past lives, when we were low on the "Genetic Entity Line" and spat out attacking waves on the seashore -- called "the Weeper," also known as "the Grim Weeper" or "Boohoo."

# Appendix F

## A Message from L. Ron Hubbard, May 9, 1984

To each of you this 9 May A.D.34 -- Hello!

Another Dianetics anniversary has arrived and we are celebrating a year that has seen one stellar tech breakthrough after another.

It all started with *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health* in 1950 and it continues with Dianetics today.

Dianetics Clears that had been stalled on The Bridge have been pried loose and are now flooding up through their OT sections with lightning speed with one rave success story after another.

I've also released tech developments for New Era Dianetics for OTs (NOTs) that deliver another powerful booster rocket to that star-bound tech.

And at this moment, as we celebrate the 34th anniversary of Dianetics, yet another technical breakthrough has been achieved that finds and addresses false incidents on the track, that cracks cases and changes one's life as the being is freed from delusion. That will be coming to you soon as an entire new, exciting rundown.

Meanwhile, technology that handles nonsurvival considerations and uninhibits the full power and potential of a being has been restored along with new discoveries that allow people to reach and have with their fullest potential.

Yes, this is a year of startling and exciting technical breakthroughs and developments.

What is on the "other side"?

The chaos and confusion that created this trap still beckons to some while we, with our tech, soar above them and beyond where even the stars seem small.

Yes, the future is ours and never was it brighter, more real or more within our grasp than today.

The galaxies are warned.

Here we come!

Agreed?

My love and appreciation to each and every one of you.

Love, Ron

## **Appendix G**

### **From Hubbard's *Axioms***

Axiom 1: Life is basically a static. Definition: A life static has no mass, no motion, no wave length, no location in space or in time. It has the ability to postulate and to perceive space as a viewpoint of dimension.

Axiom 5: Energy consists of postulated particles in space.

Axiom 10: The highest purpose in this universe is the creation of an effect.

# Appendix H

## Success Stories

(from *Advance 7*, 1969, in *AOUK Magazine*):

Clear. To be born again -- things are fresh; the colors and hereness of things ... I'm like an ageless infant with a wind body -- no, a spirit, a little afraid, but ageless and will grow. I'm so I ...  
(name and Clear number)

Clear is like moving through outer space. No particles push against you. No friction ... It's still a little strange not to be getting stopped but to continue flowing.  
(name and Clear number)

Right after Clear I hit a keyed out OT state and could change my body size about 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 inches in height by actual measurement ... The ability was under control and I would do it at will.  
(name and Clear number) OT VI

November 1969. We are in Florence having left our bodies halfway around the world ...  
(names of two OT Expanded students)

Wow -- I feel like someone turned on the SUN and STARS and PLANETS throughout the universe. I feel like I can have almost anything -- I love everyone -- I can't think of one person who CAN'T be beautiful and CLEAR! Clear is just that -- everything is so Clear. For the first time in Trillions of years I can see. I'm CLEAR.  
(name of Clear)

On a Clear day ... WOW! Free at last from the dark well of lifetimes of imprisonment. A continuous search for knowledge put me deeper and deeper into the well. I am out! Pavlov's Dog is no more. Clear to reach the highest level of Beingness.  
(name of Clear)

Being Clear is like coming back home again ... and guess who's there to greet you at the door? YOU ARE! Smiling and happy after billions and trillions of years of waiting. I'm me -- I'm FREE!!!  
(name of Clear)

# Appendix I

## Security Checks

### Security Check Children

Bulletin September 21, 1961

The following is a processing check for use on children.

Be sure the child can understand the question. Re phrase it so he or she can understand it. The first question is the most potent.

Children's Security Check Ages 6 - 12

What has somebody told you not to tell?

Have you ever decided you did like some member of your family?

Have you ever taken something belonging to somebody else and never given it back?

Have you ever pretended to be sick (ill)?

Have you ever made yourself sick (ill), or hurt yourself to make somebody sorry?

Have you even wanted something every much, but never told anybody about it?

Have you ever gotten yourself dirty on purpose?

Have you ever refused to eat just to worry someone?

Have you ever remembered something about yourself and not told anybody, because you thought they wouldn't believe you, or be angry at you?

Have you ever refused to obey an order from someone you should obey?

Have you ever told another child something that wasn't true, just to frighten or upset him?

Have you ever bullied a smaller child?

Have you ever deliberately got another child, or a grown-up, into trouble?

Have you ever pestered grown people, who were trying to work?

Have you ever been mean, or cruel, to an animal, bird or fish?

Have you ever forgotten to give food or water to a pet entrusted to your care?

Have you ever broken something belonging to someone else?

Have you ever deliberately spoiled clothing of yours because you didn't like it?

Do you have a secret?

Have you ever noticed something wrong with your body that you were afraid to tell anybody about?

Have you ever done anything you were very much ashamed of?

Is there anything about you your parents could not understand, even if you told them?

Have you ever failed to finish your schoolwork on time?

Have you ever flunked an examination at school?

Have you ever deliberately given a teacher trouble?

Have you ever tried to make others dislike some teacher?

Have you ever tried to make another child unpopular?

Have you ever broken, damaged, or taken, any school property?

Have you ever lied to a teacher?

Have you ever been late to school, or late to a class?

Have you ever stayed away from school, when you could have gone??

Have you ever cheated by copying someone else's work, taking notes into an examination, or looking up answers in a book when you weren't supposed to?

Have you ever spoiled things for somebody?

Who have you made guilty?

Have you ever done something you shouldn't when you were supposed to be in bed or asleep?

Have you ever told others bad stories about someone?

Have you ever tried to make others believe that your parents, or teachers, were cruel to you?

Have you ever offered as an excuse for something you have done wrong that you are only a child, or that you haven't grown up yet?

Have you ever felt that your parents and home were too good for you?

Have you ever felt that your parents and home weren't good enough for you?

Is there anything you should tell your parents, and never have?

Have you ever done anything to some else's body that you shouldn't have?

Have you ever told anyone that you did something, when you hadn't really done it?

Have you ever told anyone that you hadn't done something which you really had done?

Have you ever ganged up on another child and made fun of him because he was different from the rest of you?

Have you ever made fun of another because of the way he looked?

Have you ever decided never to talk to someone again?

Have you ever made your parents or teachers work harder than they should?

Have you ever decided that you were too bright, or too smart for the other kids?

Have you ever annoyed an adult by something you did or said?

Have you ever hurt a child?

Have you ever made a child cry?

Have you ever made a child sulk?

Have you ever kept another child from having something that really belonged to him?

Have you ever found anything and failed to return it to its owner?

Have you ever told stories about someone behind their back?

Have you ever lied to escape blame?

Have you ever not told the whole truth about something so as to protect someone?

Have you ever felt ashamed of your parents?

Have you ever disappointed your parents?

Have you ever run away when you should have stayed?

Have you ever felt sure your parents wouldn't understand something that had happened in school, so you didn't tell them?

Have you ever not told teachers something about your family because they wouldn't understand it?

Have you ever failed to keep another child's secret?

Have you ever felt it was just no use talking to someone?

Have you ever hurt someone you didn't mean to?

Have you ever been sloppy about your clothes or possessions?

Have you ever cried when you shouldn't have?

Have you ever been a coward?

Have you ever made too much fuss over a little hurt?

Have you ever tried to make your parents believe you were doing better in school than you were?

Have you ever told on anyone?

Have you ever teased younger children?

Have you ever made a mess and not helped to clean it up?

Have you ever broken or damaged something and never told anybody it was you who did it?

Have you ever let someone else get punished for something you did?

Have you ever cried till you got your own way?

Have you ever decided "Someday, when I'm grown up, I'll get even"? If so, with whom?

Have you ever picked on someone smaller than yourself?

Have you ever upset anyone by throwing a temper tantrum?

Have you ever hurt anyone by telling them you didn't love them any more?

Have you ever made out that you were more badly damaged than you were in order to make someone stop picking on you?

Have you ever pretended to like someone that you didn't like in order to satisfy your parents?

# The Only Valid Security Check

Policy Letter May 22, 1961 (Amends all existing data on Security Checks)

Since a Security Check failure can compromise or injure a person's position or economics, and because *we are not moralists*, it is better to be more positive on the subject of a Security Check failure, leaving no part of it up to judgment.

The question of what constitutes a Security Check failure has now troubled enough people to make it necessary to lay down the following policies.

A Security Check to be used for any organizational reason must be made on a Hubbard Communications Office World Wide form.

There are only three ways a Security Checker may flunk any person.

1. The Security Check may be considered flunked if there is *no* needle response of any kind to any question with meter sensitivity even at extreme high. Rise as a reaction is ignored throughout a Security Check. A rise is not a useful reaction.
2. The Security Check may be considered flunked if any compromising or important question still persists in getting a consistent reaction (not a rise) even after the Security Checker has done his best to get the person being checked to clear it by answering truthfully.
3. Refusal to be checked.

Lie reaction failure may no longer be considered a flunk. Important questions always have enough charge on them to cause a reaction even on bad criminals and the reaction will continue consistently or sporadically if the person is still withholding information.

The question of something reacting because of past life crimes is ruled out it, when a question fails to clear, the Security Checker adds "In this lifetime?" to or in the question and works on that question continuing to use that added phrase. Reactions by reason of past lives tend to drop out and clear if this is done.

The task of the Security Checker is to carefully question and clear if possible changes of meter needle behaviour caused by the question. Plainly note any level that failed to clear. This fails the person.

The lie reaction questions were originally used in Scientology only to study the needle pattern of the person being checked so that changes in it could then be judged in their rue light. Some preclears, for instance, get a slight reaction every time *any* question is asked. Some get a reaction only when there is heavy charge. Both can be Security Checked by studying the common pattern of the needle demonstrated in asking the Lie Reaction questions. The purpose of the Lie Reaction questions is returned to the original intention.

A totally stuck needle can be freed by processing, or by getting off withholds. If a person is flunked by reason of 1. above, they require auditing before another check is taken, the auditing to be taken at the responsibility of the person being checked.

*All Security Check sheets of persons Security Checked should be forwarded to Saint Hill, complete*

with all markings and the reason why the question would not at first clear, if important, or the drop marked which would not clear and whether or not the person was passed or failed.

Nothing in this Policy Letter changes the responsibility of the Director of Training in preventing Scientology from being taught to persons who would use it in violation of the Code of a Scientologists.

In reprinting this check sheet leave all directions as part of every sheet.

... The following statement should be read or quoted to the person being Security Checked:

"We are about to begin a Security Check. We are not moralists. We are able to change people. We are not here to condemn them. While we cannot guarantee you that matters revealed in this check will be held forever secret, we can promise you faithfully that no part of nor any answer you make here will be given to the police or state. No Scientologist will ever bear witness against you in Court by reason of answers to this Security Check. This Security Check is exclusively for Scientology purposes. The only ways you can fail this Security Check is to refuse to take the test, to fail to answer its questions truthfully or if you are here knowingly to injure Scientology. The only penalty attached to failure of this check is processing or our refusal to employ you or issue you a certificate, and this will only happen if we find that you trying knowingly to injure Scientology. You can pass this test by (1) agreeing to take it, (2) answering each question truthfully and (3) by not being a member of a subversive group seeking to injure Scientology.

The first questions are null questions to determine your reaction pattern.

...  
Are you sitting on a chair?  
Are you on the moon?  
Are all cats black?  
Am I an ostrich?  
Is this Earth?  
Have you ever drunk water?  
Are you holding up a tree?  
Am I an elephant?  
Are you a table?  
Is this a Security Check?

...  
Have you ever lived or worked under an assumed name?  
Have you given me your right name?  
Are you here for a different purpose than you say?  
Have you ever stolen anything?  
Have you ever done any shoplifting?  
Have you ever forged a signature, cheque, or document?  
Have you ever blackmailed anybody?  
Have you ever been blackmailed?  
Have you ever cheated?  
Have you ever smuggled anything?  
Have you ever entered a country illegally?  
Have you ever been in prison?  
Have you ever tried to act normal?  
Have you ever indulged in drunkenness?

Have you ever done any reckless driving?  
Have you ever hit and run with a car?  
Have you ever burglarized any place?  
Are you guilty of anything?  
Have you ever embezzled money?  
Do you have a secret you are afraid I'll find out?  
Have you ever assaulted anyone?  
Have you ever practised cannibalism?  
Have you ever been in jail?  
Have you ever told lies in Court?  
Have you ever been Court Martialed?  
Have you ever deserted from a military service?  
Have you ever illegally prevented conscription?  
Have you ever been a mutineer?  
Have you ever had anything to do with pornography?  
Have you ever committed arson?  
Have you ever been a drug addict?  
Have you ever made anyone into a drug addict?  
Have you ever peddled dope?  
Have you ever PDH'd anyone?  
Have you had any dealings with stolen goods?  
Have you ever divulged government secrets for pay or political reasons?  
Do you have a police record?  
Have you ever raped anyone or been raped?  
Have you ever been involved in an abortion?  
Have you ever committed adultery?  
Have you ever committed bigamy?  
Have you ever practised homosexuality?  
Have you ever practised or assisted intercourse between women?  
Have you ever had intercourse with a member of your family?  
Have you ever been sexually unfaithful?  
Have you ever practiced sex with animals?  
Have you ever publicly exhibited yourself sexually?  
Have you ever hidden to watch sexual practices?  
Have you ever practised sodomy?  
Have you ever consistently made a practice of sex with a member of your own sex?  
Have you ever slept with a member of a race of another color?  
Have you ever committed culpable homicide?  
Have you ever committed a justifiable crime?  
Have you ever bombed anything?  
Have you ever murdered anyone?  
Have you ever hidden a body?  
Have you ever attempted suicide?  
Have you ever kidnapped anyone?  
Have you ever done any illicit diamond buying?  
Have you ever acted as an informer?  
Have you ever betrayed anyone for money?  
Have you ever betrayed a trust?  
Have you ever betrayed an employer's trust?  
Have you ever speculated with somebody else's funds?  
Have you ever knowingly implicated an innocent person?

Have you ever withheld a communication concerning a crime or misdemeanor committed by another?  
Have you ever threatened anyone with a firearm?  
Have you ever been in illegal possession of firearms?  
Are my questions embarrassing?  
Have you ever been paid for giving evidence?  
Have you ever acted as an informer?  
Have you ever injured somebody's reputation by knowingly spreading lies?  
Have you ever injured somebody by spading tales you knew were true?  
Have you ever destroyed something belonging to someone else?  
Have you ever plotted to destroy a member of your family?  
Have you ever had a member of your family in an insane asylum?  
Have you ever been pronounced insane?  
Have you ever been a spy for an organization?  
Have you ever looted any place?  
Have you ever stolen from the armed forces?  
Have you ever conspired with anyone?  
Have you ever had anything to do with Communism or been a Communist?  
Have you practised fraud?  
Have you ever been a newspaper reporter?  
Are you hiding anything?  
Have you ever had intercourse after placing another under alcohol or drugs?  
Have you ever used hypnotism to procure sex or money?  
Do you collect sexual objects?  
Have you ever ill-treated children?  
Have you ever practised sex with children?  
Have you ever practised masturbation?  
Have you ever taken money for giving anyone sexual intercourse?  
Have you ever sexually coerced a servant?  
Do you have any bastards?  
Are you withholding anything?  
Have you ever had any connection with a brothel?  
Have you ever coerced anyone into giving you sex?  
Have you had anything to do with a baby farm?  
Have you ever killed or crippled animals for pleasure?  
Have you ever crippled a person?  
Have you ever been a spy for the police?  
Have you ever pretended a disability?  
Are you afraid of the police?  
Have you ever committed a misdemeanor?  
Have you ever committed a felony?  
Have you ever committed a capital offense?  
Have you ever done anything you are afraid the police may find out?  
Have you ever falsified the books in any firm you worked for?  
Have you ever criminally avoided taxes?  
Have you ever counterfeited money?  
Have you ever fraudulently altered or issued certificates or documents?  
Have you ever obtained money under false pretences?  
Have you ever done anything your mother would be ashamed to find out?  
How could you help yourself generally?  
What represents yourself?

How could you help your family?  
What represents your family?  
How do you feel about sex?  
What represents (the Org (others (a group to you?  
How could you help (the Org? (others? (a group?  
How could you help mankind?  
Have you ever controlled people?  
How do you feel about being controlled?  
What is Communism?  
Do you feel Communism has some good points?  
Have you ever been a member of the Communist Party or any associated group?  
Have you ever been a member of any group with similar ideals as the Communist Party?  
Do you know any Communists personally?  
Have you ever injured Dianetics or Scientology?  
Have you committed any overts on a Scientology Organization?  
Have you wronged anyone in a Scientology Organization?  
Have you ever stolen anything from a Scientology Organization?  
Do you have anything in your possession that you shouldn't have?  
Do you have any overts on L. Ron Hubbard?  
Have you ever had any unkind thoughts about L. Ron Hubbard?  
Do you have any overts on Mary Sue Hubbard?  
Have you done bad things to leaders in Scientology or Scientology orgs?  
Have you withheld anything from executives in Scientology?  
Have you sought to get any staff member dismissed?  
Have you knowingly planned not to do your job?  
Have you ever had any unkind thoughts about Mary Sue Hubbard?  
Have you ever injured any Scientologist?  
Have you ever had any unkind thoughts about Scientologists?  
Have you ever betrayed Scientology?  
Do you know of any secret plans against Scientology?  
Do you plan to steal a Scientology Organization?  
Have you ever taken money to injure Scientology?  
Do you deserve to be helped by Scientology?  
Have you ever used Dianetics or Scientology to force sex upon anyone?  
Have you ever falsified a claim for money to be repaid to you or to be paid you?  
Do you know of any plans to injure a Scientology Organization?  
Do you know of any plans to injure a Scientologist?  
Are you upset about this Security Check?  
What question in this check shouldn't I ask you again?  
Have you withheld from answering anything because it might injure someone?  
What unkind thoughts have you thought while I have been doing this check?  
Have any of your answers here been designed to injure another?  
Are you upset about this Security Check?

# Security Check of Scientology Students

Policy Letter, June 29, 1961

Are you coming on this course in order to get away from someone or something?

Are you here to get into something? to find out whether Scientology works? to prove that Scientology can't help you?

Are you coming on this course with the intention of killing off your body? with the intention of spinning? or going insane?

Are you presently taking tranquilizers? drugs? or medication of any sort?

Have you had sex with any other student? a staff member?

Are you trying to get another student to have sex with you? or a staff member?

Have you coughed or distracted others during a lecture?

Have you criticised this course, or the organization, verbally or in writing to non-Scientologists?

Have you been thinking unkind or critical, thoughts about your preclear? L. Ron Hubbard? your instructor? your auditor? other students? staff members?

Are you in disagreement with any of the stable data of Scientology?

Have you secretly violated any course rule, or regulation? passes on restricted data of Scientology to unauthorized persons? tried to give Scientology a bad name?

Are you making any Scientologist guilty of anything?

Have you done anything that would discredit Ron or Mary Sue Hubbard, or your instructors, by reason of their having trained you?

Is there anything that L. Ron Hubbard, or your instructors should mistrust you for that you haven't told them about?

Are you in communication with someone who understands more about Scientology than L. Ron Hubbard?

Is anyone hostile to Scientology assisting you financially on this course?

Is anyone here counting on you to keep a secret for him?

Have you any feeling of "injured innocence" at having been asked these questions?

Have you been critical of the data or quality of the tapes?

Have you ever written and then destroyed critical messages addressed to L. Ron Hubbard?

How do you feel about these questions?

# Auditor's Sec Check

Policy Letter July 7, 1961

- Have you ever permitted a preclear to take control of the session?
- Have you ever startled a preclear when he was on a comm lag?
- Have you ever permitted a preclear to have secrets from you?
- Have you ever blamed the preclear for running over time?
- Have you ever blamed the Director of Processing or L. Ron Hubbard for your preclear's case not advancing?
- Have you ever failed to flatten a process when it was still biting?
- Have you ever jammed a preclear into a one-way flow and left him stuck there in it?
- Have you ever audited badly?
- Do you regard auditing as a punishment?
- Do you feel that auditing is too good for psychotics, or cripples or criminals?
- Have you ever been distressed because of a preclear's physical or mental pain under auditing?
- Have you ever stolen from a preclear?
- Have you ever stolen another auditor's preclear?
- Is there any question the Director of Processing or L. Ron Hubbard should have asked you and hasn't?
- Do you hope you don't be found out?
- Have you ever avoided receiving auditing yourself?
- Have you ever mistrusted your E-Meter?
- Is there anything mysterious to you about an E-Meter?
- Have you ever let a preclear control you?
- Do you think selling auditing is really a swindle?
- Do you think there is anything wrong with having your own privacy invaded?
- Have you ever sought to prove that auditing would not work?
- Have you ever done anything to slow down L. Ron Hubbard's research?
- Have you ever wasted auditing time?
- What do you wish you hadn't done?
- Are Scientologists', or Ron's goals really false?
- Are you upset by this security check?

# Appendix J

## The Clearing Course Materials (1968 and Perhaps Subsequent)

Wog experimenters, forget it! You not only need an E-meter; you cannot negotiate this process solely on this book's instructions and without the requisite Scientology training.

PART ONE: The Sevens: BE

light (front, left); spot thetan

- (1) to be nobody  
(spot thetan)  
to be everybody  
(spot thetan -- etc. do this on each item)
- (2) to be me  
to be you
- (3) to be myself  
to be others
- (4) to be an animal  
to be animals

light

- (5) to be a body  
to be bodies
- (6) to be matter  
to be space
- (7) to be a spirit  
to be spirits
- (8) to be a god  
to be gods

light

The Sevens: DO

- (1) to do nothing  
to do everything
  - (2) to do much  
to do little
  - (3) to do it all  
to do not any
- light
- (5) to do more  
to do less
  - (6) to do splendidly  
to do awfully
  - (7) to do wisely  
to do foolishly

(8) to do right  
to do wrong

light

The Sevens: HAVE

(1) to have nothing  
to have everything

(2) to have much  
to have little

(3) to have all  
to have none

(4) to have hugely  
to have poorly

light

(5) to have greedily  
to have pickingly

(6) to have mightily  
to have sparsely

(7) to have magnificently  
to have tawdrily

(8) to have totality  
to have negativeness

light

The Sevens: THE STAYS

(1) to stay everywhere  
to stay nowhere

(2) to stay here  
to stay there

(3) to stay near  
to stay far

(4) to stay up  
to stay down

light

(5) to stay out  
to stay in

(6) to stay back  
to stay forward

(7) to stay earlier  
to stay later

(8) to stay present  
to stay absent  
light

PART II: BASIC EWs (end-words)

- (1) the now
- (2) the past
- (3) the future
- (4) the time
- (5) the space
- (6) the motion
- (7) the energy
- (8) the masses
- (9) the self
- (10) the others
- (11) the life
- (12) the existence
- (13) the conditions
- (14) the effects
- (15) the pictures
- (16) the mind
- (17) the histories
- (18) the reaction
- (19) the goal
- (20) the chaos
- (21) the universe

CONFUSION GPMs (goals-problems-mass)

light

- (1) creating to destroy the now  
destroying to create the now

(NOTE: There follow twenty more pairs, each with the "creating to destroy" and "destroying to create" combined with the BASIC EWs of PART II.)

PART IV: The Objects (hollow)

(Sixteen "objects" are given. Each is "spotted," or visualized, as moving towards and away from one's head at about shoulder level, first one at a time, the in duplicate, triplicate and quadruplicate. At the most complicated stage, then one spots the object moving towards and away from oneself on all four sides. First he imagines the objects "hollow." With all combinations of direction, there are 128 items run.)

- |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| (1) triangle    | (9) prism          |
| (2) circle      | (10) cylinder      |
| (3) square      | (11) rectahedron   |
| (4) oval        | (12) flat cylinder |
| (5) tetrahedron | (13) pyramid       |
| (6) sphere      | (14) coil          |
| (7) cube        | (15) diamond box   |
| (8) egg         | (16) oval coil     |

(Pictures of these forms are provided in the materials.)

PART V: The Objects (solid)

(Same procedure, with objects above visualized as solid. 128 items.)

## Appendix K

### A Tempered Word for Scientology

Christopher Evans, a non-Scientologist, wrote in his *Cults of Unreason* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1973): "Vast improvements in personality, intellectual ability and general human effectiveness can be brought about by sharpening up the individual's talent for communication, and thus introductory Scientology courses concentrate heavily in this area.... From a psychological point of view it must be admitted that exercises aimed at inducing introverted individuals to become more 'outgoing' could be of real value. For many a lonely, shy and mildly neurotic individual the introductory Communication Course might work wonders, and no doubt has done."

Evans speculated that Scientology might in time become an established "respectable" religion. I will quote him here also, since, again, he was nowhere near being a Scientologist himself but rather a bemused chronicler of "man's attempt to fit technology to a religion-like belief":

"Scientology, even in its present confused state, seems to offer a real and, to a certain type of person, entirely plausible alternative to either psychoanalysis or orthodox religion.... There is nothing that the unsettled souls of our society require more desperately than the personal, unqualified, unjudging attention of another human being.... The point I am making is that despite all its faults, Scientology is making a serious bid to become one of the significant religious movements of this decade, perhaps of this century."

## **Appendix L**

### **Whither Scientology?**

The history of religion (for purposes of this discussion include Scientology if one accepts it as a religion) is turbulent. Religions whose existence we now take for granted suffered severe growing pains and were quite possibly, at their beginnings, considered as unlikely to endure as today Scientology may seem to its critics. Certain of these religions, in their gestation states, like Scientology, brought down upon themselves storm and controversy by their own excesses and abuses.

By eliminating its worst aspects (of course, it could be hotly disputed whether there would then be anything remaining of the movement!), Scientology might indeed be on the path towards ensuring that its members may continue their practices "for the next billion years," as they have every right to do. In deference to the law-abiding kind-spirited vast majority of Scientologists the world over, I hope that this comes to pass.

## Appendix M

### Scientologese

George Orwell, author of *1984*, knew well the insidious uses to which language may be put.

Robert J. Lifton also writes tellingly on this subject in *Thought Reform and the Psychology of Totalism*.

Anthony Burgess contrived a bizarre language in *Clockwork Orange* to tell his story of the frightening future superstate.

With the creation of what I call "Scientologese," L. Ron Hubbard took the traditional despot's lies and threats into a subtler realm. Hubbard did not employ the brute force of a militia to enslave people, rather, his own pseudo-scientific creation, the terminology of which proved a powerful vehicle for his purposes.

"Subconscious mind" and "abreaction therapy" are English terms. "Reactive mind" and "Dianetic auditing" are Hubbardian terms, quite similar in meaning to the former but usable only in his context -- what Robert J. Lifton calls "thought-terminating phrases." They are cornerstones for Scientologese, a distortion of the English language that has distorted many minds.

I don't surmise that Hubbard had diabolical intent with language when he wrote *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health* almost half a century ago. Innovative language is bread and butter to science fiction writers; and in Hubbard's case, also necessary to support his conviction -- megalomaniacal, if you will -- that his material was unique. Later, Hubbard must have realized, or intuited, that changing the language in other people's minds was central to his increasing control over them (Lifton: "thought reform"). Hubbard's empire expanded concurrently with the development of Scientologese. Like other cult leaders, tyrants and con artists, Hubbard became hypnotized by his own words. And the newcomer's acceptance of and identification with this new language is a giveaway that he is buying a ticket for an extended stay in Hubbardsville.

With the exception of a few vintage words, Scientologese does not consist of exotic items but, rather, common English words redefined or combined in phrases so they relate to auditing and the reactive mind ("auditing" and "reactive mind" themselves illustrate such usage!). Other, non-technical, words are given mystic overlay, esoteric import ("Handle," "Communication," "Intention," "Flow"). Grammar is changed. A verb becomes a noun ("overrun"). In *Dianetics*, Hubbard bludgeoned "clear" (an adjective or verb transitive) into a noun, "Clear"; and shortly thereafter "overt" (adjective) and "withhold" (verb transitive) also into Scientologese nouns.

Prepositions get a workout in the idiom: Grades, Postulates, Gains, TRs, Ethics, etc. are In or Out. "On" and "At" suffer: On Course, At Cause. There is a deluge of abbreviations and acronyms.

Scientologese may, of course, be used in discussing any topic. Scientologists sometimes kid around with it (ex-members kid around a lot with it) to relieve their nerves from the cumulative pressures of the org and their "case."

Apart from the Scientologist's Letter at the beginning of this book -- which approaches the extreme -- I limited the language here to what was essential to the events (thus obviously excluding the profusion of post-'69 jargon that probably dwarfs the pre-'69!). I also used restraint with acronyms,

choosing, for example, "preclear," "Suppressive," "Director of Processing," "Director of Training," "Search and Discovery," "tone-arm" and "Reliable Items" over the acronyms that Scientologists are much more apt to use: "pc," "SP," "D of P," "D of T," "S & D," "TA" and "RIs." Nor did I use a small circle with a line through it to represent "thetan."

For these reasons, this dictionary is much abridged. A comprehensive glossary of Scientologese would be a book in itself.

# Appendix N

## First Abridged Unapproved Dictionary of Scientologese

[A](#)|[B](#)|[C](#)|[D](#)|[E](#)|[F](#)|[G](#)|[H](#)|[I](#)|[J](#)|[K](#)|[L](#)|[M](#)|[N](#)|[O](#)|[P](#)|[Q](#)|[R](#)|[S](#)|[T](#)|[U](#)|[V](#)|[W](#)

- A -

ACK:

*n.* Acknowledgment; thank you. *v.* To acknowledge; to thank.

AFFLUENCE:

One of the higher Conditions of Ethics.

ANALYTICAL MIND:

The thinking, computing mind; term used chiefly in Dianetics.

AO:

Advanced Org(anization).

AOLA:

Advanced Org Los Angeles.

AOUK:

Advanced Org United Kingdom.

ARC (A=Affinity; R=Reality; C=Communication):

Understanding and/or affection.

ARC BREAK:

An upset with someone or something.

ARC STRAIGHTWIRE PROCESS:

A memory drill.

ASSESSMENT:

The reading of a list to locate the most highly-charged item on that list.

ASSESSMENT, ARC BREAK:

An assessment to locate the cause of upset.

ASSIST, SOLO AUDITOR'S:

A process the auditor runs on him/herself to prepare for self-auditing.

ATTESTATION:

An oral or written statement that one has completed a course or stage or understands a set of instructions.

AUDITING:

The administering of a Scientology process by a Scientology practitioner.

AUDITING COMM CYCLE:

Asking a question, getting an answer and acknowledging the answer.

AUDITING COMMAND:

An auditing question or instruction.

AUDITING QUESTION:

An auditing command.

AUDITOR:

A person trained to administer Scientology processes; "one who listens."

AUDITOR'S CODE:

Nineteen do's and don'ts for the auditor to observe when auditing.

AUDITOR'S REPORT:

A record made by the auditor during the session of the beginning and end of the session, and the major events of the running of the process during the session.

**- B -**

**BANK, THE:**

The reactive mind, or stimulus-response mechanism.

**BASIC:**

The earliest and most malignant engram (traumatic event) on a chain.

**BASIC EWs (END-WORDS):**

A series of words found in the reactive mind.

**BLOW:**

1. To disperse charge, tension, trauma; 2. To run away from auditing, Scientology, an org.

**BLOWDOWN:**

A rapid and significant discharge of tension, as indicated by an E-meter.

**BODY THETAN:**

An alien soul affixed to a person's body.

**BULL-BAITING:**

A drill that teaches an auditing-in-training to confront a preclear.

**BUTTONS:**

Words, subjects or gestures highly-charged to an individual, upsetting him or making him laugh.

**BY-PASSED CHARGE:**

Charge, or tension, missed in previous auditing.

**- C -**

**CALLING:**

Reading out loud an item from the Upper Level materials.

**CASE:**

1. One's state of being vis-a-vis Scientology. 2. Inner trouble, from mild quirks to violent mental or physical disturbance.

**CASE, TALK:**

To discuss one's own processing, or mental or physical symptoms, out of an auditing session.

**CASE BOOK OF REMEDIES:**

A handbook that lists every type of preclear disturbance, diagnoses it, and gives a counteracting technique.

**CASE REVIEW:**

A comprehensive examination and checking out of all the processing a preclear has had to date.

**CAVED-IN:**

Sick; overwhelmed; cracked-up.

**CERTAINTY:**

1. Confidence in one's understanding of Scientology data, or of the running of a process. 2. Faith in L. Ron Hubbard.

**CERTS AND AWARDS:**

The office at an org that gives out certificates for completions of Grades, Levels, courses and review sessions.

**CHARGE:**

Harmful energy of the reactive mind.

**CLASS VI AUDITOR:**

One who has completed the Special Briefing Course and is qualified to audit preclears to Grade IV Release.

**CLASS VII AUDITOR:**

A Class VI who has done internship at Saint Hill, Sussex, England.

**CLASS VIII AUDITOR:**

At the time of this book, an elite Upper Level auditor. (Now superseded by Classes IX, X, XI and XII.)

**CLEAN:**

v. Destimulate; discharge tension. *adj.* Non-reading, flat. *n.* A question or area with no charge.

CLEAN NEEDLE (or CLEAN QUESTION):

No reads, or a floating needle.

CLEAR:

*n.* A Clear; a person who no longer has a reactive mind. *v.* To erase the reactive mind. *adj.* The state of being clear.

CLEAR SPEECH:

A testimonial.

CLEARING THE COMMANDS:

Looking up words in the English and Scientology dictionaries before processing to make sure that the preclear understands the auditing commands to follow.

COGNITION:

*n.* An insight.

COMM:

Communication; the "C" in "ARC."

CONDITIONS (OF ETHICS) (FORMULAS):

See ETHICS.

CONDITIONS BOARD:

Shows the Ethical Condition of the students, staff, Sea Org members at an org or Scientology dwelling.

CONFIDENTIAL MATERIALS:

Auditing or study material from Grade V on up.

CONFUSION GPMs (GOALS-PROBLEMS-MASS):

A series of phrases in the reactive mind.

CONSIDERATIONS:

1. Thoughts, ideas, notions, opinions. 2. Criticisms of Hubbard/Scientology.

## **- D -**

DATA:

1. Facts, reality, truth. 2. Scientology information; that which emanated from Hubbard's mouth or pen.

DEGRADED BEING:

The lowest Condition of Ethics.

DEV-T:

(developed unnecessary traffic):

Deviation from correct procedure for lines, hats, policies.

DIANETICS:

The locating and erasing of unconscious trauma.

DIRTY NEEDLE:

Erratic, traces jagged patterns.

DISCONNECT:

To cut off all communication with one who has been found to be suppressive.

DISCONNECT LETTER:

A written statement that one is disconnecting from person, family or group.

DISSEM (DISSEMINATION):

Proselytization of Scientology.

DOUBT:

One of the lower Conditions of Ethics.

DRAMATIZATION:

Aberrated behavior stemming from the reactive mind.

DUPLICATION:

Correct carrying out of Hubbard's instructions.

**- E -**

**E-METER:**

A portable electrical device that gauges one's mental state and its moment-to-moment changes. The E-meter is based on a Wheatstone bridge, which measures differential resistance in an electric current, and has dials, knobs, and needles, and two empty tin cans, clamped to wires connected to the box, which are gripped by the preclear during an auditing session.

**END-PHENOMENON:**

Termination, or release point, of a Scientology process; floating needle.

**END-WORDS (EWs):**

Highly-charged words that describe a preclear's dramatizations.

**ENEMY:**

One of the lower conditions of Ethics.

**ENGRAM:**

A mental image picture, memory or recording of an incident containing pain and unconsciousness.

**ERASURE:**

Elimination of the charge, or harmful effect, of an incident or an item.

**ETHICS:**

1. A system for classifying one's moral or spiritual state at any given moment. 2. A system of rewards and punishments.

**ETHICS CHIT:**

A written reprimand.

**ETHICS, CODE OF:**

See ETHICS.

**ETHICS CONDITIONS (in ascending order):**

Degraded Being; Treason; Enemy; Doubt; Liability; Non-existence; Danger; Emergency; Normal Operation; Affluence; Power.

**ETHICS CONDITION FORMULA:**

A series of steps followed to arrive at the next higher Condition than one is in at the moment.

**EVALUATION:**

Judgment, appraisal, opinion.

**EW:**

End-word.

**EXAMINER:**

Determines the course of action to be taken on one's case; found in Qual Office.

**EXTERIORIZATION:**

The state of being out of one's body.

**- F -**

**FAST-FLOW:**

Attestation, or honor system.

**FLAT:**

Charge removed; unstimulative.

**FLOATING NEEDLE:**

Release point, as indicated by the E-meter.

**FRANCHISE:**

A private auditing business run by professional auditors.

**- G -**

**GOALS-PROBLEMS-MASS (GPMs):**

Word phrases that make up the core of the bank (reactive mind).

GREEN-FORM:

A list of questions that customarily begins a review session.

**- H -**

HANDLE:

To do something in a Scientology way.

HAT:

Job; post; duty; chore.

HAT BOOK:

Detailed written description of a hat.

HIDDEN STANDARDS:

Considerations, or preconceptions, about what Scientology processing should accomplish.

**- I -**

IMPLANTS:

Words or incidents imprinted on a person's Time Track eons ago by malicious beings bent on overwhelming, suppressing and controlling him.

INCIDENT:

An engram or secondary.

INTENTION:

Determination; decision; postulate.

INVALIDATION:

Criticism, denial, rejection, suppression, lowering, putting down.

ITEM:

1. An entry on a list made up by the preclear in response to an auditing question. 2. An entry provided by Hubbard in the confidential materials.

**- J -**

JOBURG:

A lengthy and particularly intimidating security check with the E-meter.

**- K -**

KEY IN:

*n.* A moment of restimulation *v.* To bring restimulation

**- L -**

LIABILITY:

One of the lower Conditions of Ethics.

LIGHT, THE:

One of the items in the Clearing Course materials.

LINES:

Strictly defined procedures for operations at an org.

LISTING AND NULLING:

An auditing technique used to locate the most highly-charged item on a list concerning a specific subject or question.

**- M -**

MASS:

The actual mass of thought.

MEST:

Matter/Energy/Space/Time; the physical universe.

MISSED WITHHOLD:

A wrongdoing that was nearly found out.

**- N -**

NATTER:

1. Picayune chatter emanating from the reactive mind. 2. Criticisms of auditing, the auditor, the E-meter, Hubbard, Scientology.

NON-EXISTENCE:

One of the lower Conditions of Ethics.

NORMAL OPERATION:

One of the Conditions of Ethics.

NULLING:

See LISTING AND,

**- O -**

OBJECTS, THE:

A section of the Clearing Course materials.

ORG:

Scientology organization headquarters in a given locale.

ORGANIZATION, THE:

General term for the executive element of the Scientology movement, with its various branches and powers.

ORG BOARD:

A chart giving the chain of command at an org.

OT (OPERATING THETAN):

A person who has been spiritually restored through Scientology processing, and possesses superhuman abilities.

OT LEVELS:

Upper Levels; the stages about clear.

OVERRUN:

*n.* The running of a process past the release point; "cleaning a clean." *v.* To run a process past the release point; to clean a clean.

OVERT:

*n.* Wrongdoing in present life or a past life.

**- P -**

PACKED METER:

Totally unresponsive needle.

PC:

Preclear.

POSTULATE:

*n.* 1. An intention. 2. An intention in accord with Hubbard's wishes. *v.* To arrive at or hold an intention.

POWER:

1. The Grade V Power Process. 2. The highest Condition of Ethics.

PRECLEAR:

1. A person who is not clear. 2. A person self-auditing or being audited.

PROCESS:

*n.* A set auditing command, or series of commands, that culminates in a specific release. *v.* To audit.

**PROCESS QUESTION:**

An auditing command on a given process.

**PROCESSING:**

Auditing.

**PTS:**

Potential Trouble Source.

**PTS-3:**

A severely disturbed PTS.

**- Q -**

**Q-AND-A (QUESTION AND ANSWER):**

*v.* To deviate from the auditing comm cycle. Colloquial: chatter; argue; talk like a wog. *n.* "He left home because he couldn't stand all that Q-and-A."

**QUAL (QUALIFICATIONS):**

Review department; a preclear goes there when having trouble self-auditing or being audited.

**- R -**

**RAW MEAT:**

A person who has never been audited.

**REACTIVE MIND:**

A stimulus-response mechanism that robs the individual of his/her volition, awareness, rationality and health; the bank.

**READ:**

*n.* E-meter needle action on a question or item. *v.* To read.

**REALITY:**

1. The "R" in "ARC." 2. A person's subjective reality. 3. Scientology data; that originating with Hubbard.

**REHAB (REHABILITATION):**

A checking out, or revalidation, of a preclear's releases, using an E-meter.

**RELEASE:**

*n.* 1. A degree of freedom from the reactive mind; the culmination of a Scientology process. 2. A person who has completed a Scientology process.

**RESTIMULATION:**

A stirring-up of the reactive mind.

**REVIEW:**

An extra help auditing session, from a booster to emergency treatment.

**R-FACTOR (REALITY FACTOR):**

Scientology data; fact; reality; truth.

**ROCK SLAM:**

A violent needle movement on the E-meter.

**ROTATION OF HATS:**

Systematic shifting of posts at an org or Scientology dwelling.

**RUDIMENTS (RUDS), THE:**

A brief series of questions to get, or keep, a preclear auditable.

**RUN:**

*n.* One repetition of the Clearing Course materials during self-auditing. *v.* To do a process (example: to run an engram) or an assessment.

**- S -**

**SEARCH AND DISCOVERY:**

A process designed to locate a suppressive person, group or object.

SBC:

Special Briefing Course.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S CODE:

Eleven rules governing conduct away from the auditing table.

SCIENTOLOGY:

1. A money and power game created and formerly conducted by L. Ron Hubbard. 2. The study of knowledge in the fullest sense of the word.

SEA ORG:

One of the nuclei of Hubbard's die-hard followers; the enforcing branch of Scientology.

SEC CHECK (SECURITY CHECK):

A set of questions, monitored by the E-meter, designed to: 1. Detect those who have evil intent, ulterior motive. 2. Relieve the typical uneasiness of one entering an AO, or exposed to confidential materials for the first time. 3. (in some people's opinion) gather information for the Scientology organization to use against the person sec checked if such need is deemed to occur.

SECONDARY:

A mental image picture of an incident involving loss.

SELF-AUDITING:

Like auditing, except that auditor and preclear are one and the same person.

SERVICE FACSIMILE (SERVICE FAC):

A computation that makes an individual right and other wrong. Example: "They'll never let me succeed so I won't even try."

SEVENS, THE:

A section of the Clearing Course materials.

SOLO AUDIT:

The End-Words process.

SOLO COURSE:

Grade VI.

SOURCE:

L. Ron Hubbard

SPECIAL BRIEFING COURSE (SBC):

Qualifies a person to audit preclears through Grade IV Release.

SPOTTING THE THETAN:

Visualizing oneself, during the Clearing Course, at the earliest moment in time.

STATS:

Statistics.

SUCCESS SPEECH:

Verbal testimonial

SUCCESS STORY:

Written testimonial

SUMMARY REPORT:

A brief account of an auditing session, written up by the auditor or self-auditor just after end-of-session.

SUPPRESSIVE:

*n.* 1. an evil person. 2. a person who is against Scientology or L. Ron Hubbard. *adj.* 1. evil. 2. against Scientology or L. Ron Hubbard.

**- T -**

TA:

1. The tone-arm, a knob that centers the needle on the large dial of the E-meter. 2. The tone-arm numbers, lowering of which signifies charge blown from the bank.

TECH:

Hubbard's technology; the methods of auditing, processing and training.

TECH, IN-:

Correct application; duplication of Hubbard's instructions.

TECH, OUT-:

Mistakes, misduplication.

THETAN (from the Greek letter *theta*):

The immortal soul.

TIME TRACK:

A recording of every moment lived by an individual during present and past lifetimes.

TONE-ARM (TA):

Knob used to center the needle on the meter.

TONE-40 VOICE:

Voice of powerful command.

TONE LEVEL:

Gradient on the TONE SCALE.

TONE SCALE:

Graded list of emotional states, from negative to positive.

TRAP, THE:

1. The totality of what keeps an individual in spiritual degradation, unaware of himself as a thetan. Implications of karma, illusion, samsara (Oriental), and The Fall (Occidental). 2. Resistance to Scientology; rejection of Hubbard; the voice from the bank.

TREASON:

One of the lower Conditions of Ethics.

TRs:

1. A set of training drills that teaches students how to audit. 2. One's presence; ability to confront another person, or hold an eye-lock.

**- U -**

UNFLAT:

Has charge remaining.

UNRESTIMULATIVE:

Won't bother you.

**- V -**

VALENCE:

Role; unwitting imitation of another's characteristics from this or past lifetimes.

VALIDATION:

Approval, encouragement, acknowledgment, recognition of a person as worthwhile, beautiful, a thetan, a Scientologist.

**- W -**

WHOLE TRACK:

The Time Track, especially past lives.

WITHHOLD:

*n.* 1. Something a person is unwilling to reveal. 2. Concealment of an overt.

WITHHOLD, PULL:

Find out, clean up, get off, blow a withhold.

WOG:

A non-Scientologist; a square; a tolerable fool, a contemptible idiot; a Neanderthal.

WOG WORLD, THE:

The world outside of Scientology.

WORKSHEETS:

Blow-by-blow account of what is happening in an auditing session.

# EULOGY

From: paulettc@aol.com (Paulettc)  
Newsgroups: alt.religion.scientology  
Subject: Re Bad news: Bob Kaufman died  
Date: 1 Aug 1996 06:45:03 -0400  
Message-ID: <4tq1rf\$sle@newsbf02.news.aol.com>

I am sorry to come here to a.r.s. today with bad news. Bob Kaufman, author of "Inside Scientology" died. He was 63 years old.

Bob was the first person courageous enough to reveal the upper level materials. For this, he was terribly harassed and his dreams of a concert piano career shattered. When he gave a recital at Carnegie Hall more than 20 years ago, the Scientologists found out in advance and called the ticket taker and told them to tell people he was ill and the concert was cancelled.

Almost everyone was turned away, and as Bob looked out at an almost empty audience, and realized what must have happened, he lost it and his fury crept into his music. Later, the Times review would complain that he played as if he was angry.

But Bob remained cheerful no matter what happened to him. And he had so many other wonderful qualities as well: he was absolutely brilliant, very funny, empathetic, quick, talented, versatile, kind, concerned, etc.

He was also an extraordinary friend to many anti-Scientologists, including myself, Monica, Nan McClean, John Atack, Roy Wallis (when he was alive), Margie Wakefield, and others.

Many of you out there helped make him happy without your realizing it. Once upon a time, there were happy days at a.r.s. -- actually less than a year ago--where critics, instead of attacking each other, frequently wrote funny songs and posted humorous parodies.

I would download whatever humor I could find from a.r.s. and the web pages, and I would sing often these songs to him, or read him the funny anti-Scientology posts that you all wrote. And that's how several of you really cheered him terrifically during his many surgical procedures, hospitalizations, setbacks, and chemo. So thank you all for him. He really loved it.

And those of us who had the opportunity to really know him loved him as well. He will be sorely missed.

Paulette Cooper

Subject: Monica's Memories of Bob Kaufman  
From: gemmamp1@aol.com (GEMMAMP1)  
Date: 1996/08/04  
Message-Id: <4u31rt\$7eg@newsbf02.news.aol.com>  
Newsgroups: alt.religion.scientology

As was stated in an earlier post by Paulette Cooper Robert (Bob) Kaufman passed away on Monday, July 29, 1996. He was 63 years old. Bob was the author of the book •Inside Scientology•

and was the first person to ever publicly reveal the OTIII materials, which he did in this book.

Bob was a man of many talents and a wonderful friend of mine. It's too bad he never got set up on the internet, because he would have had a lot to contribute to this newsgroup. In addition to his book, he wrote an excellent article about the E-Meter called Scientology Auditing and Its Offshoots. He also had a wonderful sense of humor and wrote a very funny book about gurus towards the end of his life, which was, unfortunately never published.

Aside from his writings on Scientology, Bob led a very rich life. He often told Paulette and myself that we were spending too much time on all this anti-cult stuff and that he felt people should go on with their lives, which he had done. Bob did get to give a wonderful piano recital last May where he performed to a packed audience. Paulette, Henri, Keith Spurgeon, Maureen and myself were among those in attendance. Immediately after this recital, he started planning another one, which, unfortunately never happened. Once a friend of Bob's who is a member of the Julliard String Quartet told me that the kind of musical talent that Bob has is very rare and he would be happy if he had just a fraction of the talent Bob has.

Bob was also a fighter against injustices in this world. Just a few weeks before he went into the hospital for the last time, he invited me out for a beer and showed me a legal case he was preparing where he was taking his landlord to court for failing to maintain the premises. He was trying to organize the passive tenants in his building to fight for their rights. He had meticulously organized his papers and evidence and had a very solid case prepared. He would have made a great lawyer. Bob was not one to stand by and let people take advantage.

Bob was also a very loyal friend and a very intelligent person to talk to. One thing I could always be sure of when we got together was that there would always be interesting conversation. He had dabbled in all kinds of mysticism, but towards the end of his life he proudly called himself a Skeptic and I believe that's how he'd like to be remembered.

I consider it a real privilege and pleasure to have been his friend and I will miss him greatly as will all of his many friends.

Monica Pignotti