



# *International* **Viewpoints**



Denis Seigne: A Clear Planet  
(seen from space)

**“May the *Tech* be with You!”**

# *The last Ivy Magazine for now*

## *There are no more editions planned*

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### **Aims of IVy Magazine:**

Updated September, 2008

"To provide an independent publication and forum to the meta-scientology community."

The meta-scientology community, sometimes called 'the Freezone' or 'the independent field', comprises people interested in the technology and philosophy of L. Ron Hubbard and the application thereof. A part of the community is working on new developments in this field of self-improvement and IVy covers that as well. We embrace Hubbard's original work, including the axioms, the basic teachings and the technology, but see the subject as a developing field of applied philosophy and spiritual technology.

IVy has no affiliation to the current CoS, nor has it any economical affiliations to any independent tech delivery group. IVy stands for freedom of speech and accurate, reflective reporting. Community members are free and most welcome to present their diverging views; that is part of the IVy mission. As long as a contribution is based on fact or personal experience, and likely to be of interest to the community, it will be considered for publication.

Our three main activities are:

- 1) The publication of the subscription magazine 'International Viewpoints' (IVy). This magazine will be in electronic form and appear at least 4 times a year.
- 2) maintaining the website IVyMag.org
- 3) Conducting online discussion forums – open to subscribers of Ivy.



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We have reached the the end of 2010 and as said in IVy 108 I will be retiring as editor-in-chief.

The board has not found a replacement so the sad story is that there are no more issues planned of Ivy the Magazine.

The other activities of the Ivy community will continue. That is the internet discussion group, moderated by Antony Phillips; and our annual European Conference in Copenhagen will also be held in 2011 and beyond. It has in many ways been two interesting years as editor. I have made many new contacts and received many interesting articles from our contributors and I hope you have enjoyed reading them as well.

Unfortunately for the magazine format, the internet has taken us to places where a magazine that only appears 4 times a year cannot keep up as being a source of news and it has also been difficult to maintain status as a main channel of information as most of my work has been trying to catch up with what is already on the net.

My personal plans are to continue to contribute to the Freezone in other ways. As an active auditor and also as a tech writer and promoter. The very last item in this magazine is a poem by Per Schiøttz called "Death." In the poem the author points out that spiritual life continues regardless of death. So I want our readers to read that last and remember Ivy by it. We will go on to new games and conquer new challenges.

Retiring Editor-in-Chief

Rolf Krause,  
Denmark



*Rolf K, Editor-in-Chief*

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# Talking to New People

*By Todde Salén, Sweden*

Dear IVy Editor,

I don't know if you know that I devote a lot of time to people, who have never been in contact with SCN.

From these communications I have learned a few things:

One of the most important lessons from these communications has been that "normal human beings" are not conscious about the words of normal language that symbolize spiritual ideas. They seem to believe that spiritual experiences are the result of brain cells exchanging chemicals or electric currents.

I have very often been forced to give up in my efforts to "make them realize" that there is another world existing outside the MEST universe. Lack of time (for me or both of us) or lack of interest has been the reason for giving up.

However, lately I have had some success by slanting the communication towards the meaning of words and by avoiding some of the more confusing spiritual words. First of all I have been able (quite easily with those, who are not as stuck in materialistic thinking) to get them to agree that one of the most common reasons for argumentation is the misunderstanding of words. I.e. if two persons put different wordings on the same phenomena, they can indulge in endless argumentation as long as they do not realize that their ideas are basically the same.

Once I have come this far, I start discussing the concept that each word represents an idea. Usually they agree easily on that idea. Then I continue and get them to see that the words originate from air vibrations that reach the ear, where the words are translated to ideas. Different languages have different vibrations of

air, yet the individual transforms the different vibrations of different languages into the idea that the various sounds represent in that language. So obviously it is not the vibration that creates the idea in the mind. It is not easy to get into agreement on what it is that creates the idea out of the air vibration. I have a harder time to make them see that the ideas that the individual has created from hearing vibrations belong to the "world of ideas", which is a spiritual world. But sometimes I succeed quite easily with it.

At other times I have made progress by introducing an idea of a "world of thoughts". If so the idea that just as you have learned to see, hear and walk by practising, you can learn to orient yourself in the "world of thoughts" by practising in that world seems to often get accepted. From that point it is possible to introduce the idea that you can learn to think by practicing (which you can do by [answering questions](#) that make you think unusual thoughts – i.e. auditing.

So my most recently learned lesson is that the concept of a "world of thought and thinkingness" is an idea about the essence of a thetan, which ordinary human beings who are interested in philosophical discussion are willing to accept. I will continue to explore this possibility of assisting "normal humans" out of their unawareness of the theta universe.

ARC/KRC

*Todde Salén*  
DUGA - Sweden



# Everyday Miracles 2

By Agnes Araujo, Canada

ONE OF THE WAYS I supplemented my income when I was doing graduate studies in English literature at Simon Fraser University (SFU) in Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada, was to tutor students of all ages.

During this particular era, my youngest student was six years old and the oldest 72. Some of my students were university students, others were businessmen and women, and still others parents. This enterprise was additional to my teaching at the university as a teaching assistant. The professors' idea of "assistant" meant that I did all the teaching and the marking of student papers, and the professors did all the talking in huge lecture halls seating 500 students! I was one TA (Teaching Assistant) among several for each course.

## Using Study Tech

I didn't mind teaching in the least. By this time I had learned about checksheets, the barriers to study, and Method 9 word clearing from the courses I was taking in the evenings at the Church of Scientology. I had completed the Student Hat course whilst at university.

University campuses are idle places, and I had a lot of time to do other things, one of which was to take courses at the church. I lived on campus, and "other things" included the invitation to participate not a few times by enterprising men to do something - a word with a few letters. That was completely out of



*The Simon Fraser University at BC is a major Canadian university with 10,000 enrolled students.*

my curriculum.

### My Time at the Convent

I had just barely left the convent which I entered in 1966 and left in 1976, not because I had a conflict with celibacy, but because I had questions embracing the big picture of Life.

The question I had researched whilst in the convent was: *"What does it mean to be a religious in the modern world?"* I went to great lengths to test that empirically, even quitting teaching and setting up my own job at a parish short of priests so that I could be as close to the upper echelons of the Catholic Church as possible while offering them an excellent plan to execute the intentions of the Vatican after the Ecumenical Council of 1965. The proposal I submitted was to open up pastoral ministry in South Jamaica, New York, where there was a high population of Portuguese bereft of spiritual guidance. That I was a woman and a nun was perfect! I even established a small school where children could learn Portuguese and pick up their studies when they returned to Portugal without having to repeat a grade. My superiors did not quarrel with my having left their prestigious school and good income for them because I made them all look good and trendy.

### Discovered Dianetics and Scn

In 1978, I read *Dianetics* and discovered the Church of Scientology. I bought courses right away: Communication Course, HQS, and the Student Hat.

My approach to new ideas is to test them, and so I set to work for five consecutive semesters at SFU to see how the study tech worked in the context of the university. I prepared worksheets for the courses and instructed all the students on the importance of full understanding of their texts which meant looking up the definitions of words they did not understand. (A frequent activity I do with all my classes to this day, is to clear all the meanings of the word "study". The therapeutic effects are always visible.) I also had each one of my students sign up for an interview with me wherein he/she was to bring one of the novels we were studying with him or her. What I did

with each one was to Method 9 word clear the first paragraph of the novel. I indicated that I would stop him or her at the first hesitation. In this wise, I gave my students the tools to become careful readers of subjects they wanted to learn. Then I would have each one open the palm of his or her hand, and I would place an imaginary key there. Students and I would often laugh over this.

One of my brightest students wrote to the Dean and described my methods, and how helpful they were, especially the checksheet which kept her organized. At the end of each term, I collected success stories from my students, all of which I still have hidden in a box tucked away in the bowels of my workshop/garage. The most delightful memory of that period is that of a student who shouted down the hall to get my attention. She did, and she showed me a very dog-eared dictionary.

"That's a well-loved dictionary!" I said looking at the dog-eared book sticking out from her bag.

"Oh, yes, and the key to my success. I have all A+ grades in my courses this term." She just had to give me that news, and I was very, very glad to hear it.

She opened her palm and showed me the imaginary key I had put there when we had done Method 9 wordclearing at the beginning of the term, and we burst out laughing!

### What Does it Mean to be a Thetan?

I left the university, and eventually I went back to the classroom which I had abandoned when I was in the Catholic Church to research that "little" question mentioned above: "What does it mean to be a religious woman in the modern world?" The irony is that I found another Church and realized that my original question was still valid and unanswered. When I had acquired more scientological knowledge, I realized that I needed to recast the question more precisely. "What does it mean to be a religious in the modern world?" became "What does it mean to be a Thetan in the MEST universe." I have found my answer. Many thanks to LRH and to all those who helped me along the way.

### Appreciative Students

In conversation a year later with a new acquaintance who was at SFU (Simon Fraser University) at the same time I was, I learned that I had a reputation at the SFU campus. The word was that I made students work, but that if a student really wanted to come out with knowledge of literature and how to approach it, my seminar was the best of the lot. That made me happy, and I thanked the person who gave me the feedback with great enthusiasm. The study tech made a huge difference in teaching my students, and they were not indifferent or unappreciative. I was satisfied that the study tech was effective. When

students discover that it is their approach to studying which is wrong and not themselves or their minds which are wrong or deficient, this realization is of no small relief. Mounds of invalidations blow off right away.

In sum, the study tech made me a better teacher, produced much better students, and Scientology answered a very important fundamental question and value in my life.

This was a productive and interesting period of my life. There are more stories to come from other times.



*Word Clearing can save lives*

# **Scientology Publications Department/Organization (1)**

*By Antony Phillips, Denmark*

On December 31st, 1967, I was a member of the Saint Hill Organisation which was a Seven Division Org at Saint Hill, East Grinstead, England. At that time there had been formed a second organisation at Saint Hill called World Wide. Things seemed stable (relatively). I was Mimeo-in-Charge in the Saint Hill organisation, with Saed Mirza helping me. and we handled duplicating and printing for the whole of Saint Hill (except new issues from Ron); we had some equipment, and filing cabinets full of individual mimeo issues, (there were no printed books of policy and bulletins then), and stencils.

On the 1st of January, 1968, the shock came to the whole organisation. Ron wanted a Publications Organisation created. He did it by giving the job to David Ziff, who, I suppose, had the title Director of Publications WW. Ron gave David Ziff carte blanche to take anybody from anywhere in the Saint Hill organisations and put them on the org board of his

Department of Publications World Wide.. David issued an Executive Directive under Ron's name. There must have been 30 or so names, mostly I suppose from Saint Hill. I was named to become Mimeo World Wide. Saed Mirza was not named. What about the equipment and files, we both worked with? Where were we to work? Not a word on that, and there was similar confusion from all the others who had suddenly been uprooted. It seemed that the decision was left to me. I decided that Mimeo World Wide was more important than Mimeo Saint Hill which Saed Mirza now was running single handed, with no MEST!, and the mimeo files, possibly containing the only complete set of Bulletins and Policy Letters stencils on the planet, must obviously go to World Wide (me). So I took them and the space they occupied, leaving Saed Mirza and the Dissemination Secretary, Herbie Parkhouse, with ....nothing!



*Thisle Street Lane,  
Edinburgh*

"The entrance to the four story factory building which was Pubs Org Home in Edinburgh, Taken from Jeff Hawkins Blog site: <http://counterfeitdreams.blogspot.com/> "



The big game seemed to be expansion. Scientology was expected to expand, and for that lots of books would be needed. I was given staff. I remember Rosemary Delderfield came to Mimeo as Mimeo Typist. This was before the days of computers, and she was a pearl. We had an old time Scientologist who had retired and wanted to donate his last days to Scientology. There was a young boy, Graham Lawrence, son of the woman who had been Personnel Procurement office under me, when we had both been comm eved for failing to get enough staff for Saint Hill, who left school before time to work for this marvelous thing, Scientology. We were found space, amongst other things, in some garages some of which were used for the "Sea Project," forerunner to the Sea Org, which for some reason I never got to hear about at the time.

### Org Exec Course materials

Ron was away pioneering the Sea Org. Remember, at this time there was a vast "treasury" of Policy Letters and Bulletins, about 1,000, and none of it was in printed book form. And Ron suddenly wanted, it seemed, all the Policy Letters in order to run for the Sea Org what he called an Org. Exec. Course (OEC). He needed, I think, 25 copies of each, made up into packs. And we, Mimeo in Publications Department WW, were the only people who had the stencils to them and additionally Pubs Department WW had been granted a monopoly on all printing in Scientology. Scientology orgs throughout the world had to get their printing from Publications Department World Wide. We, (my little mimeo department), had to produce them. And it was an LRH Order. Those words "LRH order" came to mean that everything else had to be dropped, and that any promises made were of course broken.

So we had to work our guts out producing these packs. We were excused everything else, including staff training, and were treated like special people, working to our own schedule (over time, of course!) At that time Saint Hill and World Wide started getting Missions from the Sea Org. (I later learned they were unpleasant, if not abusive), but we were spared that, and I heard nothing of it until afterwards, though we got the new issues that came out, and I remember

one "green-on-white" (Policy Letter) coming out about Awards and Penalties, mentioning that one penalty was that you must not leave the premises, or have a bath or change of clothes. I was aghast. I did not really believe it, but yet it came out "green-on-white" looked exactly like standard Policy Letters, so I speculated (long) on whether Ron was having a joke, yet I could not believe he would abuse his carefully set up Bulletin and Policy Letter line that way. It was a puzzle for me for some time.

### Promotion

For me the Organisation was in chaos. There seemed to be loads of staff rushing around. The Department of Publication was divided up a little like a Tech Division in an org. (At some time it evolved from a department into a Seven-Division org). That meant there was a Production services Department, a Department of Production (Oh dear, I've forgotten), and a Department of Production Manufacture.

It was rather nicely made up in that the Department of Production, (I've forgotten), concerned itself with designing new things (creation), and the Department of Production Manufacture concerned itself with "mass production" (duplication). Mimeo, of course, was in the Department of Production Manufacture. Promotion (getting a higher position on the org board) was the order of the day, together with expansion, and you were not worth looking at if you did not get into power, and power change and get promoted. So I got Promoted to Director of Production Manufacture. That meant I had under me all the "mass production" part of the org consisting of:

Printer Liaison, who handled outside firms printing books.

E-meter production (Barry Penberthy handled the making of e-meters by two outside firms, and testing and dispatching them).

Tape department (they just made copies of Ron's tapes though there was also an activity under Production (I forget), which prepared tapes for reproduction; I heard that they edited Ron's tapes, and I was aghast, until I asked and was told that all the editing consisted of was taking out any cough or splutter Ron made which was not connected to a word.

Mimeo, my former section, led now (I now cannot think why) by the "schoolboy", Graham Lawrence, who I got to hear treated the elderly man in an arrogant manner.

I had read some Policy Letters on being an executive and tried to follow them. Additionally a new Policy Letter had come out about Executive Inspection where the head got hold of one of the people under him or her, and went round with that person to all the areas that person controlled with all the seniors.

Thus, for example, when Pubs became an organization, the Executive Director, went round with the Org Exec Sec and the Production Secretary, and the Director Production Manufacture (me) to all the workers in the Department of Production Manufacture, and asked them each about their jobs. It became an enormous waste of time, with the necessity of doing it when all the people on the chain of command were free to participate. I was not built for (or trained or experienced in) that sort of work. I was good at producing something, like mimeod or printed materials. But the reality was that one should rise in rank. Now I was capable of supervision Production Manufacture (sort of!) so I managed to cope somehow with that post. But the pressure was on me to become Production Secretary which was also responsible for the rest of the production Division, and I did not have a clue on art work, or making books and magazines, and the job was sheer murder for me just continued stress and unhappiness.

## Auditing

There was interest in staff members "going up the bridge" and somehow I had come to complete my OT II. I had a 2½ year contract which paid well at that time, with a six-day week. With a contract you could get OT levels (or Clearing Course) at half price and one level on credit. I owed for most of my OT II.

The position at that time was that Saint Hill organisation offered all services, that is auditing and training up to OT II. OT III was considered too dangerous to be offered on land. Looking back, you can think "how insane can you get," but you have to

bear in mind that OT III was very new, and Ron apparently had had a very rough time researching it; and it was supposed that you could go into something called a freewheel on it, where you just went round and round in the OT III incident and could not get any sleep and eventually died. What a myth! All very dramatic. So the first people ran OT III on Ron's "ship" somewhere in foreign waters; there was great secrecy about the location. However, in 1968 when the ship was touring around the Mediterranean, for some reason the AO (Advanced Organisation) which had been on the ship, was offloaded to the Spanish Port of Alicante. Not only that, but apparently they needed students, so a plane was chartered to take students to Alicante from England on the day before Easter in 1968. And they needed to fill the plane with people ready for an OT level!

The long and short of it was that the Executive Director of Scientology Publications Org, as it had now become, Judy Ziff, put her attention on me, my next step being OT III. She wanted me on that plane. Why? Well of course because I was up stat (nice to have that told me, after all my trials and tribulations in a very confused org), and my next step was OT III. Anyone who knows Scientology will know what I mean when I say "pressure was brought to bear" on me. Suddenly I was an important person, granted a lot of beingness, rather than a small cog in the Pubs Org machine. Looking back, you could possibly say I was not clear, for I certainly did not see what was going on, or examine the situation calmly. I still owed for most of my OT II. "Oh, that is no problem, you are so up stat that we will award you the balance of your OT II." The long and short of it was that I was on that plane for Alicante after having signed a new 2½ years staff contract. My father drove down to East Grinstead to bring me some money arriving just before a bus drove a number of people to Gatwick Airport. He had had a stroke, and you could see that he was partially lame on one side; touching parental support. (My gain from all this fuss of going to Alicante was not case gain, as expected, but experinece.)

Thinking about it, the following was so unbelievable that many with later experience of Scientology (and particularly of Case Supervisors) will not believe it. But here it is.

We flew over Thursday on the evening before Easter (Easter Public Holiday is and was Friday to Monday in England). The AO was land-based, and in a hotel, and I got a single room. When we got there, there was some excitement. First, we were told that some non-Sea Org people had run the AO, and they had made a real mess of it, so now the Sea Org was running it. Sea Org members could get all their auditing for free, and the big topic of conversation when we got there was that one Sea Org member had done his Clearing Course and all OT levels to VI that day, and was somewhat disappointed that the lines had closed before he could get round to attest to OT VII, the highest available at that time; the levels were different from now.

Sounds peculiar? Yes. The clue is that the whole thing was run "fast flow." There were no tests, and in fact no course. When you were satisfied that you had understood the materials, having studied them alone in your room, or achieved a level, you just attested. No questions asked. Just congratulations all round.

Furthermore there was no help. If you had a question on the materials, there was no one to ask. (No one to say "What does it say in your materials?" :) ) The rather important idea of a Qual and a Department of Exams was not to be seen anywhere.

We had had a fair amount of publicity on OT III, calling it "the wall of fire", and got the idea that it was a bit much to confront. Now I had to confront it alone! I guess that nowadays everyone, whether they have taken OT III or not, knows roughly what it is about (excepting those still in the "Church" who have not got that far. I didn't have a clue. On the Friday morning, after breakfast, I went and got the materials issued, and went to my room to study it. That was an enormous shock. I had previously, from LRH lectures, got the idea that there were possibly thetans without bodies hanging around in the room, but that did not bother me much, as I was not aware of them. If they were there, they minded their own business, and I minded mine no interchange or communication. But now I learned that (evaluation, I suppose) there were thetans stuck to my body, and I had to audit them - alone! Talk about a steep gradient! We were told the contents of an incident

they were stuck in, and I had to run that incident on them. No explanation! I did know about engram running. However I do not think I had done it at that time, as it had gone out of fashion.

I was quite shaken. A number of times that weekend, I was more or less at the end of my tether, and went out walking about the streets of Alicanti to try and regain some composure. And I did have a problem. I was due back on post on Tuesday at 9.30 A.M. And I "knew" I could not leave before I was OT III. I had not thought of that when I agreed to come.

Mostly because of time pressure, I finally decided to attest to knowing and understanding the materials. It was just an attestation, and no one had the slightest interest in whether I actually had any problem about it.

So now I had to audit them. An even bigger problem. Spent some more hours walking around the streets of Alicanti. In the end I sort of fumbled my way through trying to push some imagined thetan through the incident that had been explained in the material (the fact that it was evaluating for the preclear did not enter my head, and I just, to the best of my limited ability, did what the materials said). I think I just did it once. At any rate I now had the problem of: was I OT III? More walking the streets of Alicanti, till finally, because I had to be back at work on Tuesday, I attested. I had not been told, or asked about the flight back to England. Somehow I thought it was a two-way charter flight; (how unclear can you be?).

I booked a flight, and traveled back to Gatwick, airport near East Grinstead, with an impressive certificate saying I was OT III, in time to be on post Tuesday morning after Easter.

I was a real good Scientology robot. With a somewhat limited understanding of Scientology! For shortly after this, I went around the Org at Saint Hill saying to various staff members "I am an OT III. What is needed and wanted?" A procedure which I had recovered from the non-existence formula from the ethics conditions. A few years later it was realised that I was not OT III, and in 1979, 11 years later, when NED for OTs came out, I finally got a new OT III certificate.

### Visiting a real printing works

This was an interesting occurrence. Probably when I was on the post of Director of Production Manufacture, and thus responsible for book production, I and other Pubs Org Executives visited the firm that printed our books, the Garden City Press, in Letchworth, north of London. About four Pubs Org executives went, and were treated like royalty, and given lots of data and shown some very large printing presses. I had a great interest in printing, and was fascinated. We were told that books were proofread about seven times, and still mistakes were not discovered. The general (Scientology) cry to Pubs Org was that Scientology was going to expand enormously, and we (Pubs Org) must make sure that there were enough books. We must not be guilty of slowing down Scientology expansion (the only way the world would survive), as books were the backbone of expansion. So while we were at the printing company which also bound books, we were told that we could print a very large number of books, but they would initially bind only a limited number and store the printed sheets (large with maybe forty-eight pages on each sheet) until we needed them to be bound. At the time, I was getting normal (good) wages as agreed in my (second) two and a half year contract. A year or so later wages stopped (see later, when we were in Denmark), finances were terrible, and I now believe that this was partly due to ordering far more books than we could sell.

### Selling books

While we were still at Saint Hill, and I think I was in mimeo, there was a special operation, possibly instigated by Doreen Casey. Staff members had to drop their work (most staff, on one day), travel up to London and go to assigned areas of London to sell Scientology books to booksellers in their area. I was assigned to a part of London totally unfamiliar to me, in or near Watford. I failed to sell any books. (I think Jeff Hawkins, who joined Pubs Org when we were in Copenhagen, explained why we failed in his Internet page and book, which I strongly recommend). The penalty for failure was to be put in a low condition, involving penalties and unpleasantness.

Despondent (unsuccessful, really because my communication level was very low with non-Scientologists and as a salesman), I somehow chose to visit my former employer in Clapham, a south London suburb, Alfred McConochie. I do not know how he experienced it from his side (much is forgotten), but he apparently wanted to buy some books for his friends (or something), and relieved me of the books I had with me - and of the penalties! I wonder now whether anybody sold their books to a bookseller, but at that time I was thoroughly introverted, self-invalidated, and had no idea of asking how others got on.

### To Scotland!

The grounds and buildings of Saint Hill Manor were not enough for all the Scientology activities. We were all expanding. There were three organisations: Saint Hill, World Wide, and Scientology Publications Organisation. Which of them must move out? The choice fell on Pubs. Where should we go? We should probably go to a place where there was a Scientology Service Org. Edinburgh had a Class IV Org, called HAPI (Academy of Personal Independence) ) and an Advanced Organisation (AO). So we must move to Scotland. HAPI was placed on a rather prestigious square (which I can't remember ever seeing) and connected to it and behind it was a factory building, with an address at North East Thistle Street Lane. That is where we went.

One weekend the whole of Pubs Org staff except me, went up there to clean the place up. I had to stay behind because some important confidential material had to be mimeographed (or printed). I had to stay behind (I was OTIII so could be trusted with confidential material) and do that. A weekend or so later, the org staff went up again, I with it. I can remember having to set our Production Services person, a sweet young girl from Sweden, Ragnhild, in a low condition, so she had to stay on the premises all the time and work out her condition. She looked so sad when we left. (I think she was alone, and she had to clean all the windows everywhere or some similar drudgery operation).

We then moved up to Edinburgh a whole organisation. It took a week or so, and during that



week no work was done, no inquiries handled, which produced an enormous backlog.

The building was a four-story factory building, pretty austere, with concrete floors, and a gap of about 6 inches between the floor and the side walls. Our Commanding Officer at that time was Doreen Casey, and our finance department was still down at Saint Hill, and for some reason were controlled by Herbie Parkhouse. And there was money trouble (lack of money). Doreen phoned Herbie about it a number of times, and shouted at him so loudly that, with help of this little gap between floor and wall, we could hear her, all over the building. From that data, you can perhaps see that the fashion of using force to get something done was extant at that time 1968.

### Demoted again

When we moved up to Edinburgh, I guess I was Director of Production Manufacture again. (I cannot remember how I came to be demoted from Production Secretary only that the post was totally beyond me). We had at Saint Hill an able middle-aged man who was Printer Liaison under me. I can't remember much about him, except that he presumably managed the (to me) very difficult task of talking to a load of outside printers about printing jobs, getting quotations from three printers for each job, and getting one approved by Financial Planning, and then making sure the goods were delivered correctly. Unfortunately he chose not to travel with us to Scotland. I have no idea why, but he seemed to be an ordinary middle-aged man, with probably a family, not at all a typical staff member, and it seems to me possible that he was not a Scientologist. That meant that I, his senior, had to take over his job. All I can remember was a smallish room where the four walls were plastered with different printing jobs that had to be done. Apparently among them were two which were special orders of Ron Hubbard. All I can remember now was that I was removed from the post, (actually the post of Dir. Prod. Man., the senior post I was holding), because of the dreadful sin of not taking care of two LRH orders. No mention made of all the other orders I did not have a clue about. I was put back as mimeo-in-charge.

I guess that the Printer Liaison after that became the

young (about 18 year old) Graham Lawrence, whom I had had in Mimeo when Pubs was at Saint Hill. He blew (left the org without agreement). Sometime later I met him, I can't remember how, and heard his story. On a Saturday he was ordered to get back from a printer the original art work for some job (I think it must have been an LRH order!). He had two hours to do it; otherwise, he would be placed in a condition of liability. Somehow he got access to the printer's business (closed on a Saturday), only to learn that the art work was locked up in a safe, and the only man who had access to the safe had gone to a wedding (or something) a lot further south in Scotland. Under those circumstances it would have been impossible to get the art work in the time he was allotted, and what he told me was that hours later, he "came to", finding himself walking the streets in some part of Edinburgh.

### Mimeo running on "wog" labour

What I remember was that there was loads of work. When Pubs Org was set up, it was made a monopoly and, (unless they did it illegally) all organisations worldwide had to get their Publications work done by us. One instance of this was that Saint Hill, (to preserve the image of Scientology as a religion), held "Church Services" every Sunday. They distributed a flyer (leaflet), and every week this flyer, which had the date and details of the Church service on it, had to be printed by Pubs Org. The order for me to print it had to go "through the lines," that is get approved by appropriate bodies, with the result that when it arrived for me to print, it was out of date. I felt it was silly to print it, with a date on it that had gone by, but was nevertheless told to print it.

The mimeo section had a lot of work to do, and two or three local young ladies were hired for the job; I know not details of what they got paid. Because of the backlogs throughout the org, an order was issued to the effect that, anybody throughout the org who had a post or juniors who had a backlog, was to be declared in non-existence until the area had no backlogs. Non-existence meant that you were not allowed to leave the premises. In this case, the condition lasted four weeks when I did not leave the org, and wore house shoes. Somehow it was lifted, and did my feet object to wearing outdoor shoes! As for my female staff who were not Scientologists, the

idea of not leaving the premises until the backlogs were handled, was quite ridiculous, and they left, never to be seen again, by me anyway.

### Accommodation

Accommodation was found for me and two or three others at the house of an elderly Scot. Because of the backlog situation, the Commanding Officer, Doreen Casey, handled the backlogs by demanding that we all work until she said we could stop. So after about 7.00 PM, I was always waiting for the call to go through the Org "The CO says go home." Mimeo work (and probably other areas) had jobs which could not really be left in the middle of a cycle of action. We never knew when we could go home. Consequently I was very reluctant to start something new. (As I write this, it occurs to me that Pubs Org then was far from the stable environment one would expect from Scientology, and I wonder why I did not protest, but then I had a contract, and was pretty beaten down by the treatment of the times). Sometimes we would go on till after 11.00 P.M. We were supposed to be back on post at 9.00 A.M. next day, and on the occasions when we had to work after (about) 11.00 P.M. we would usually also get the message: "You need not start tomorrow until 10.00 A.M."

Staying at the same house as me was a very pleasant fellow from USA (name forgotten), an auditor, (we did not have many of those). He had a post something like staff staff auditor, and as part of that (and probably as an unusual solution to the org's money problems), everybody was to be run by him on a money process (which probably has helped me ever since, though I don't think I have had a money problem the whole of my life). I remember my gratefulness to him, and his commenting that I had been an easy case to handle. He came to a "sticky end". Somehow or other he got declared a Suppressive Person (where he was fair game, and you could do anything destructive against him), and some staff member took into his head to spread our staff staff auditor's personal belongings from the room he rented around in a field near where we lived. Our landlord, a friendly bearded elderly Scot, was very puzzled, at seeing our very unhappy staff

staff auditor frantically going around the field searching for his belongs. Our friendly Scottish landlord was unsure what he had on his hands with this group to whom he had rented three of his rooms.

### My auditing

You must understand that for the eleven years from when I started OT III in Alicanti, to when I went on to NOTs (NED for Ots), new things were being added or changed to OT III. I ran some OT III when I was at Pubs Org Edinburgh (being C/Sd from the nearby AO), and I (forty years later) do not remember why I was doing it. Anyway, I audited it on Pubs Org premises which were generally an open space with no separate rooms. So I was allowed to use "The Office of LRH" to audit this confidential material in. It was a rule, and also a holy act, for every org to have an Office of LRH "in case he dropped by". I was not a good solo auditor. One day, quite unexpectedly, I was summoned, and taken in a car with the CO, and a lady staff member (Judith is the name I remember), to the AO. No explanation. When we got there, we all three went into the ethics officer, and the CO threw down a piece of paper on the ethics officer's desk, stating it was found in the room I audited in after I had audited.

The piece of paper was a sheet of the handwritten (by Ron, photocopied) material for OT III. I was in the soup. I was quickly assigned the condition of doubt, which involved three days and nights working without sleep. I expect I had got a bit of a mimeo reputation for I spent the next three days and nights sorting the mass of loose papers that accumulate in a mimeo department with overworked or ineffective staff. I remember it a number of times finding I was asleep with a bit of paper in my hands.

While I was at Edinburgh I did two other bits of auditing. Apparently a new OT I had come out. On the clearing course I had gone through the Clearing Course material four or five times before I decided I must be clear, at which point I got a thorough clear test, and they said I was clear (I remember Linda Nausbaum checked me, mocking up objects and keeping them from going away and making them more solid, etc.). So that time at Saint Hill I went on to OT I and was I disappointed when I found out that OT

I was my running the Clearing Course materials one more time! Now, while I was in Edinburgh, they came through with a new OTI, and I was to do that. And as I had done it once, it was for free. This time it was a solo walkabout process, and I don't remember details.

I was still considered to be OT III, and somehow I got onto OT IV. I know I did not pay for it. I was still owing the OT III, so I imagine I was awarded it. (As I write this and can't remember much, I feel like I ought to have a hundred hours of prepcheck on Scientology Publications Org. :-() While the org was overworked and chaotic, I was put on leave with pay again and did OT IV at the nearby AO (Advanced Org). But we ran into a bug, something to do with being exterior. There was a rule then that you must not audit someone who was exterior. And years ago (1955), I had got auditing from Ray Kemp, and he had run some of the processes from that time for exteriorising people, and the one, where I just shut my eyes, and said aloud to my body "Hello X" produced the phenomenon that I heard my body's voice from in front of me. The phenomenon has occurred many times since, often as an End Phenomenon of a process. And it happened while I was part way through OT IV. I told the auditor. And I suppose he reported to the c/s. After that, I was refused further auditing. And there I was, on leave with full pay until I became OT IV! Mad! It was about Christmas, and I took the bus (long journey) from Edinburgh to London and spent Christmas 1968 with my parents.

### The CO says "speed up"

A funny incident: The Commanding Officer, Doreen Casey, had a 5 or 5 year old son, Christopher Casey. He was with us in Edinburgh. And I imagine they did not quite know what to do with him. He was a sweet, innocent, and lively child. In those days the Sea Org was looming in the background, and it was fashionable, especially in Pubs Org, to do what the Sea Org did. As, I suppose, an emblem of authority, a Sea Org Quartermaster (apparently equivalent to an Ethics office), carried a short wooden baton. Christopher went around the four-story Pubs org building, running from person to person, shaking or

pointing a Quartermaster's baton at each person and saying cheerfully "The CO says speed up!" and then, without waiting for a reply, speeded on to the next person on his route. He turned up about every twenty minutes.

### "Overboarding" - two baskets

There were two other "Sea Org" practices we tried to take over. Probably all who read this know of the Sea Org practice of throwing people overboard. We of course had to follow suit, but being away from the sea, how could we? Well, we had a flat roof to the factory. When somebody had to be "overboarded" we all went up to the roof with buckets of water, and threw them at the victim who was fully clothed.

In Scientology we had what was called the three-basket system. Everybody had on his or her desk three baskets, marked from top to bottom "In", "Pending" and "Out". Ron tended to try all new ideas out at the place where he was. He was now (precise whereabouts unknown) in the Sea Org. There was also rampant at that time the sort of motto "Do what Ron would do." The rumour came through that in the sea org they only had two baskets, In and Out. Although it still said in Policy that one should have three, Pubs Org had all their "pending" baskets removed.

### Fleeing from Great Britain

When I came back from my "Christmas leave", unable to continue my OT IV because I was exterior, and on leave until I was OT IV, I decided that I was not really exterior, which the Case Supervisor accepted, so I went back to getting auditing, but only for a short time. A minister in the British Government issued a decree (a few years later found to be illegal) forbidding people to come to Britain to study Scientology. It seemed this put L Ron Hubbard into a state of panic. He had, in the fifties, experienced the Washington DC Scientology Organisation (known as "the Founding Church", or FC) being raided, and meters and books confiscated. Apparently he was scared of that happening again, but to Pubs Org, and we had many books, ready for the great expansion that was expected, so an LRH order

came through: Pubs Org was to be out of Britain within 24 hours with all its books. My leave was cancelled although I had not achieved OT IV! We did not know where we were going, but I, knowing it would probably be on the continent where English was not the major language, and I managed to get out and buy two books *How to Learn a Language*, and *How to Learn Danish* (Denmark and Sweden seemed the most likely places, as Denmark had two Scientology Orgs and Sweden five; I don't think any other continental country had a Scientology Org at that time).

I suppose a minor miracle happened, but a miracle with hard work. The contents of a four-story factory building had to be out of the country within 24 hours. No idea as to where. The executive council worked on it. Containers were ordered, and preparations made for them to be dispatched to the continent from the South East English port of Felixstowe. Naturally all other work was stopped. A number (at least seven, possibly ten or more) of containers were ordered, and we worked full time filling these containers. Full-time meant that when there was a container out in the narrow Thistle Street Lane, we were busy filling it. The statistic I remember was that at one point I worked for about six hours, then got four hours sleep because there were no containers waiting, and then worked next to nonstop the next twenty four hours and this was no light work, like my three days and nights sorting mimeo issues!

When the factory Building was emptied everything sent away in containers, including "my" Gestetner printing machines, most of us were flown to Denmark. We landed at London Airport (Heathrow) on the way, and I was able to ring my parents with the news that I was moving to Denmark. We had an Australian on staff, John Smith I think, who, so far as I remember was traveling around the world in a minibus, when he discovered Scientology in the form of Pubs Org, and joined staff. He drove to Denmark in his van which was very useful to us in Denmark.

This was the end of my life in Great Britain, though not the end of my Pubs Org career, and my Scientology Story still goes on. So perhaps moving to a new country is an appropriate place to end. Writing this installment has been difficult. I have had

trouble remembering it, and there are still names I can't remember. For example, production Division had a Department of production services as the first department, and Department of Production Manufacture as the third Department, but what was the name of the middle department, where all the creative work was done?

It is also clear, very clear, that conditions were chaotic and stressful, and I am led to wonder whether this description is, first, intelligible, and second conveys a proper idea of the formation of what are now two fairly large Scientology organisations. I would recommend for further reading on Pubs Org after I left it in 1970/1 the Home Page (and the amplification in a book) of Jeff Hawkins, who was in Pubs Org during my last days there. An IVy reader, Beth Guest, wrote this :

Jeff Hawkins was in the church for 35 years but came out five years ago. At that time he was 58 and luckily had a bit of money. By reading up and sending out carefully written CVs he did manage to get a job and now runs his own marketing business.

It seems that in the church he was involved in marketing for most of his SO life. I understand that in the USA in the 1980s there was a boom in book sales and DMSMH went on the best seller list. This was largely due to Jeff's ideas. He surveyed the potential purchasers carefully and set up adverts accordingly. He was commended by LRH.

### More to come

Well, my Scientology Story is not finished. I am still alive and kicking, and although I have severed all connections to the "official" Scientology bodies, I still have "faith" in some Scientology principles, and have made my own (I believe self-determined) choice where I see conflict. So there is more to come, and if IVy magazine does not continue in 2011, you will nevertheless be able to see it (God willing I ain't a going to write more for a few months) on my Internet Site at [www.antology.org](http://www.antology.org).

*Antony Phillips*





# DEEP Processing

## And the GPM Case

By Rolf Dane, Denmark

(DEEP= decisions, energies, emotions, polarities)

### Introduction

We as spiritual Beings have played an almost infinity of different games and roles in this universe. The reason to join in games in the first place was basically to experience engagement and excitement. To play a role in a game seemed better than just "sitting on a cloud" in a serene and ideal state and listen to the whisper of eternity. The motto we follow now seems to be "There must be a game" and "Any game is better than no game." We experience engagement, fun and the full range of emotions from playing games. Unfortunately, "All games are aberrative." Since a certain type of game (say, "to teach," "to have a family," "to fight for justice") tend to deteriorate over the eons, Beings become more and more aberrated by keeping playing them. Yet, they hold onto all the experiences they gather but in a reactive way. They keep it so they know what to do next time that game comes around. But they also accumulate reactive experiences and behavioral patterns that may take control in very irrational ways. In this manner the Being accumulates what is known as the GPM case.

### Stuck Identities

The GPM Case is basically conflicting identities and the efforts, emotions and impulses of these identities the Being is stuck in and still exerts in some form. The mental masses and energies that is the record of these conflicts make up complex unresolved problems of very long duration on the case. The Being, from ideally being a Static (or a free spirit) capable of being anything at will, has become a fragmented and complex Being, a congregation of stuck viewpoints out of alignment and somewhat short-circuited. The efforts exerted by these conflicting and colliding identities (or stuck roles in games of the past) build up mental masses and tensions that can result in all kinds of unwanted sensations, pains, etc. This can result in physical illness in some cases. The ideas and patterns engraved in these masses can result in aberrated ideas and behavior, even insanity.

We define "Identity" this way: It is a way to organize skills and experience, so they are instantly available to the Being when needed. Before the identity was formed there was a goal expressing the "want to succeed" (or sometimes "want to have" or end product) in a certain area. A doctor would have a goal

like "to heal people," (by end product: to make healthy people;) an architect a goal like "to build houses." (By end product: to make nicely built



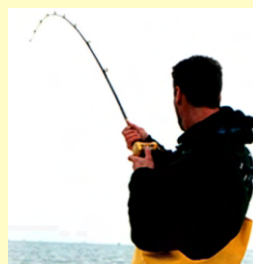
*The GPM case exists as potential ridges and energies in and around the body.*

houses.) So there is a basic goal and an identity that go together and they define the game and the role to play. An identity is obviously also a substitute for the Being. From a free Being's viewpoint, an identity is a piece in a game (as for instance a piece in a chess game) he controls and identifies with.

## Hats and Characters

A fully analytical identity is called a Hat. Wearing one's hat means one knows one's business and is competent in that area. The Being is a competent player in that particular game. "The wearing of one's hat" is wearing all the skills needed to perform a certain job or function competently. There is no need to consult books, etc. When one knows the hat fully, one can "instinctively" and instantly execute the job competently. One is a competent player in that game.

A more reactive identity is called a Character. It contains impulses, emotions and ideas on how to handle a certain type of situation or opponent. It is mainly that kind of identities we are interested in in DEEP processing. Characters are viewpoints split off from the main Being at some point. They are substitutes for the Being. They contain much reactivity in the form of efforts, impulses, emotions, feelings and strange ideas.



*A basic unit of the GPM is the goal and the identity that executes it. In DEEP we use the terms "Main Effort" for goal and "Character" for the ID. Identities with the goal "to catch fish" can be very different based on culture, technology and personal traits; the word Character reflects that. In DEEP we are mainly interested in the characters as they contain all the mass while the goals derive from a non physical decision or postulate. Still, getting the goal /main effort of a Character is of vital importance. The goal is actually the life force that accumulates the mass.*

DEEP processing clears up the reactivity and all the irrational automatic impulses one acts on in handling situations, other people and life. Once again these cut off viewpoints become integrated into the Being as free life-force under the Being's control.

## Fragmentation and Integrity

When the person first comes in for processing the case state he or she is in could best be characterized with this word: Fragmented. We are not talking about "multiple personality" except in very rare cases. We are talking about ordinary people and we find that their life-force is locked up in the identities the person has been in past games, lives and scenarios. The free life force is also locked up in identities the person has fought. These identities have since been reduced to small packages and the Being has put a lid on it all. From being a life size drama it has been reduced to an ambivalent attitude towards certain subjects or persons; to an occasional headache and odd and inexplicable impulses. Through DEEP processing, the locked up life-force becomes once again freed up and at the Being's disposal in present time. The person can as a result be exactly what is needed in a certain situation using "fresh" life-

force and without being caught up in all the odd and old identities and characters who offer complicated solutions in various life situations – solutions and

circuits that most frequently are completely out of date and inapplicable.

## GPMs a Bureaucracy of the Mind

The GPM case is basically built on goals. A goal is a long term strategy or solution to a life situation. It is a statement of something desirable or wanted one is striving to obtain. All goals, thus, have in common to be decisions of creating a future and thus time. These GPM goals, as they now exist, contain a lot of effort. They express themselves in somewhat obsessive and automatic actions and behaviors. We are often dealing with a system of pulling and pushing in opposing or conflicting directions. It has become a system of "bureaucratic solutions" to life situations that existed. By bureaucratic solution is meant: Each element (consisting of a goal and its identity) was established as a routine practice at some point. It was left in place even after the life situation shifted completely. Now it keeps nagging the person as efforts and impulses that don't apply to his/her current situation. As you see in groups that have decayed and fragmented, the different members of the group fight each other, each holding a stuck viewpoint and incapable of seeing the viewpoints of the other members. Sometimes these conflicts are overruled and swept aside by a "strong man" or dictator, but the underlying conflicts still exist in suppressed form and steal maybe 90% of the power or life-force available.

Each of these once long term goals started out as a bright strategy or solution to a life situation. A better future was postulated. Over time the goal

deteriorated to less and less ambitious expectations and eventually got abandoned – or they became irrelevant as life situations changed. The life energy that got fed into them was reduced, yet it works as a secret leak or nullifying of power or life-force. (In a malfunctioning bureaucracy you often get a clear illustration of how this infighting results in nullification of power.) The goal decayed and became total automatic routine; it sort of petrified. From being an alive decision and strategy for a better future it became a potential heavy effort out of control.

A main goal (as found in a profession, career, lifestyle, personal or social ambition) was the basic

force and power behind the forming and building of the identity. As mentioned, an identity is a handy way to organize relevant skills and experiences in order to survive and thrive along a certain goal line. As time went on, incidents and experiences added mass to it. It accumulated negative and traumatic experiences, adding more mass and aberration. Over the long career of the Being in this universe, many identities were formed this way, typically one at the time. That was what the Being was living. He spent a life as a baker and formed an identity as a baker with all the skills, experience and knowledge that takes.

## GPMs and Roles

A Being can be anything and it seems most Beings have tried just about anything. A Being could have been a police man for many lives, then robber for several lifetimes, then a career as a judge over several lives, then a jail keeper or hang man career, then a role as victim of crime, then returning to a robber career once more, etc., etc. These identities or roles all exist in rudimentary form around the



*A bureaucracy operates on a fixated set of goals. It does not on its own adapt to new situations. The typical bureaucrat takes no-nonsense from anyone as he **knows** he does what he is supposed to. This is very comparable to the characters and their main efforts we find in the GPMs. Each character operates in a mechanical mode. The bureaucracy as such, without any outside help, becomes a non viable system of circuits and machinery.*



Being as fragments in conflict or fragments nullifying each other in what is perceived as mental ridges. These identities could also be considered a resource and data base for handling just about any situation and that is probably why the Being holds onto all this. As all these identities and experiences added up and never really got sorted out, the Being got absorbed in complexities. One identity (such as robber) got hung up against other identities (such as police man, judge or victim) and formed what is called a GPM – or as we prefer to call it – a goals identity super-problem (GISP).

## The Running of DEEP

The way DEEP processing works is to isolate one character (ID) and its main effort(goal) and run it; then find the main character or effort in conflict with the original one and in turn run that one out. The processor asks for certain types of polarities involved in such a character as well as emotions, supporting efforts, decisions and thoughts that all are part of the identity package. Sometimes the one side can be handled completely and the other side seems to have faded away in the process and lost its influence on the case. The End Point of any such action is that the split off fragment or identity once again has become free life-force at the Being's disposal. The Being can now at will **be** that character and hat when life situations call for it. When one keeps up handling all available identities and polarities a whole layer of conflicting efforts and conflicting characters can be run out on the case and by then one has gotten rid of the accessible part of the GPM case (the GISP case.)



*A Being has tried just about anything in terms of identities. Therefore when playing a game, such as being a robber, the opposing side will often get triggered, such as being a jail keeper. With a few associated but conflicting goals and their identities in play, we soon have a Goals Identities Super Problem (or GISP), the DEEP term for GPMs.*

What the Being will experience after such processing is a much greater ability to grant beingness to others. The life force locked up in these old goals and identities has, once again, been reunited with the Being who created them. This means more life force available and a tremendous move up the tone scale. The Being will see in himself a much greater ability to adapt his own beingness to difficult or new situations.

Instead of his mind and spirit being a split up conglomerate or a fragmentation into a big malfunctioning bureaucracy of old solutions, the mind and spirit will consist of free life-force and constructive imagination, images and thinking made in present time and resulting into the ability: at will to be anything the situation requires and with great compassion be able to permeate opponents and enemies and get the opponent to brighten up and self-determinedly change his stubborn and uncooperative ways.

There are a number of ways to get started in finding one side of a goals-identity super problem (GISP). Once that is found and run, the other side will usually be

easily available. One can then find other layers (polarities) related to the same goals and identities or find something else that now is available. We have found with this technique the risks are very minimal. You run what you find and flatten it and something else will offer itself to be run.

Some of these goals and identities will be central pieces of the case, others may be marginal and only in play as synthetic identities. That is fine. That is also how it works in life. Not all polarities found are basic conflicts of archetypical dimensions. That is fine too. It all serves to unburden the basic goals and



conflicts that have had defining importance to the Being's career in this and earlier universes.

What is run out directly in DEEP processing are the characters (IDs) that are built around one particular goal or strategy and its contributing efforts. There is a main effort (the goal) and a long series of contributing efforts (the organization behind effectively executing the main goal or effort.) All these efforts are considered "character traits" as they add up to what we call a character. They add up to the hat that is being worn in order to succeed at a particular goal. The contributing efforts we are looking for make up an organization board of sorts.

In order to catch fish (main effort, goal) and be a good fisherman (character, ID) there are many functions that need to work. The fisherman is dealing with all kinds of forces, tools and practical problems; cultural factors and prevailing fixed ideas and must have a set of responses in place in order to be successful as a fisherman. Since these hats routinely are way out of time and place there is a lot of aberration contained in them.

The problems involved can also be compared to an old sleepy (or angry and infighting) bureaucracy where the one officer is unaware of the others. The bureaucracy has fragmented. Each single bureaucrat knows that **he** is right and he knows that he must carry out his duties regardless of any opposition. It is this fragmentation that nullifies old bureaucracies' power and it is a similar simmering of old forgotten conflicts that nullifies a Being's power.

There are different entrances into DEEP Processing. Each way of entering can be organized into a rundown. At this time, one uses the approach that is most appropriate to what the person offers next. The most obvious starting point is to take a list of individuals that are perceived as troublesome or hostile to the person. These are in some way in

opposition to the person (or perceived to be) and thus make good processing material as counterpoles. When doing that, the "other side" of the polarity is often perceived as self in a special capacity or situation.

In addressing this, we address two main stumbling blocks to case progress:

- 1) We handle any ongoing conflicts with the upsets, problems and guarded secrets involved (out rudiments.)
- 2) We handle any ongoing suppression on the case, also known as PTSness, at its root cause.

The main difference between running this action and other actions of DEEP is in how you go about getting into the technique. Therefore there will be some unique steps, mainly at the beginning of an action, for the different rundowns.

What is taken up as the first action is individuals in the person's present time the person has difficulties with, meaning lots of problems, conflicts, upsets, personality clashes, etc.

This can be expanded to troublesome individuals the person has encountered earlier in life.

Also, scanning the person's history for old conflicts and major upsets will reveal much material.

*"What the Being will experience after such processing is a much greater ability to grant beingness to others. The life force locked up in these old goals and identities has, once again, been reunited with the Being who created them."*

The best introduction to this can be found at <http://rolfdane.com/deep.htm>  
New clients should be coached through this write-up and any questions answered.

Rolf Dane,  
Class 8



# Misunderstoods and CoS' Troubles

*By Bernie Wimbush, Class 8*

I am a Class VIII auditor and a graduate of the Organization Executive Course. I also have many years of experience in these fields. I know tech and I know admin. I did OT 3 at St Hill (where I did many hundreds of hours in the HGC as a review auditor). I can make the tech work and hence I have no need to alter that which works.

So what follows is an explanation of how the Church could eradicate the vast majority of external attacks on it. In fact, theoretically remove them all. And it is, after all, LRH's policy that will need to be followed. "The Real Why" when found will cause the unwanted situation to ease. For too long the Why has been the psychiatrists. The situation still exists. It may have been true in the early days, but not now.

## **What is the real Why?**

It starts with Keeping Scientology Working, the famous policy included on all courses. LRH says in that policy that "first the tech goes out and then

you see other problems."

Every course I ever did had that PL on it. Still, I could see the attacks. The two facts, the KSW datum and the attacks, were never connected to each other by anyone. I did my stint as cramming officer and then Qualification Secretary at Steven's Creek Mission. I was responsible for the technical quality there. I was able to get the tech in to a point where the refund amount dropped dramatically. [A

significant lower number of dissatisfied public, leading to very few asking for their money back.]

A major Why [a major reason for this drop] was that we stopped accusing PCs of having a Present Time Suppressive connection when it in fact was a Known Before restimulation. In other words, the apparent suppression in present time resolved when they were audited on it and the real source found. That got rid of all attacks. Our field were getting results and they



***Bernie Wimbush***

appreciated it.

Had we used the correct term instead of “de-dinging” we would not have been attacked. And the correct term? False data stripping! But that’s another story.

### **The challenge is to find the ‘Out Tech’!**

In the auditing session, there are so many checks and balances and it is so powerful in itself that it will produce results. The outpoints must be elsewhere. Many people will say of Scientology “Tech is Great, it’s the admin that is the problem.”

I believe the out tech can be understood by understanding Missed Withhold phenomena [A withhold is something the PC does not want known; the Missed part is when the auditor fails to find out what is going on or is being withheld. Red.].

The belief is that all upsets are caused by missed withholds. And the upset person is subjected to withhold pulling in one form or another to cure this situation. That’s one of the areas that is a cause of the out tech. LRH did a lecture in the 60’s called ‘The Missed Missed Withhold. In it he explains that it is the auditor that is responsible, not the PC. Latter HCOBs and correction lists handle this phenomena by questions like ‘Have I misunderstood anything?’

### **Have I Misunderstood Anything?**

On an org basis, it is not an underlying overt, but a staff member’s failure to understand, that is the MWH. It’s the mystery sandwich. Does he or she know? Running overts occurs in the condition of Danger. A person in an upset is already in Enemy and running overts means he will now dramatise the danger condition as well. That’s out tech!

Because I have observed this misunderstood

word, it will take a campaign to get ethics officers and indeed anyone who handles upset people to listen to that lecture and bring them to the understanding of the solution to upsets. Eradicate upsets and you have changed the world.

Lawyers use games conditions to get their clients to pay more money. They run on a win/lose game.

I believe that properly handled communication is more powerful than lawyer tech and can eliminate them altogether as vehicles for handling upset members. Instead of accusing members of having withheld overts, an effort to discover the misunderstood communication would save money and heartache, and costly legal problems.

### **False SP Declares**

And next comes incorrect declares. An SP is not someone who causes some minor problems for the group. That is a PTS (Potential Trouble Source). There is a world of difference between the two. And a world of difference between the handling. Is it a “known before restimulation” or a person who is actively suppressing or a concerned parent trying to protect a rebellious child? Once the real Why is found and handled, the upset goes away.

But declare as Suppressive someone who is not will inevitably cause trouble. A wrong indication will cause the person to dramatise it and act like one. And this will cause the mother of all upsets and eventually legal problems.

The true suppressive should be disconnected from, but this means left alone and not communicated to. Sending out “Missions” to stir them up and attack them starts a new

game and it will only result in costly problems. And don't think that Scientology is the only one with SPs. Every business has them. I am reminded of an old bank manager of mine who ran the biggest bank in our area. He told me that every 6 months or so he would get a list of all the troublesome customers and then he would work on upsetting them so that they would leave and join his opposition. He would then go chase his oppositions' best customers while the opposition ran around trying to handle the troublesome customers he had just got rid of.

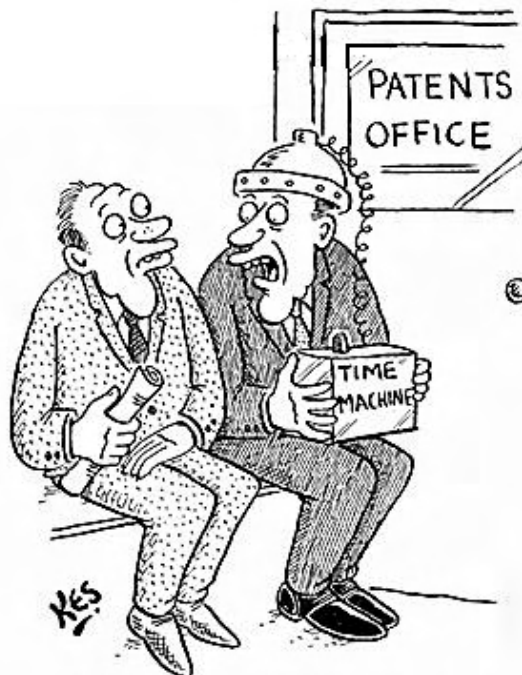
### Are the Public the Enemy?

And then there is the matter of how the "Church" treats the public non-scientologists. If you look at objectively it is obvious that the Fair Game Law is applied. The public are lied

to, sued and generally treated as the enemy. Guess what they become?

A fundamental cause is the lack of study. It has been a while since I worked in an org and things may be different, but my observation of staff is that they are largely untrained and so follow verbal admin as I have outlined above. And here comes another one. So often the incorrect handling is justified with the phrase "He or she just pulled it in." But that is not what LRH's tech says. On the Class VIII course he points out that you can be hit for no reason just as you can commit an overt and get away with it. He points out that the very first overt hit someone who hadn't committed an overt. Just think about it.

*Bernie Wimbush*



"Don't get too excited. Your idea never really gets off the ground."



# The Intangibles of Processing

By Alan C. Walter

(Republished from Ivy #40, January, 1999)

Over the years, I have always been somewhat amazed how some processors almost always get high quality results on their clients, whilst others, though running the same process only manage mediocre, poor or no results.

The differences between each type of processor can be summed up with having a masterful communication cycle that contains the quality and excellence of the following three attributes and four intentions.

## THREE ATTRIBUTES:

1. DYNAMIC PRESENCE.
2. CARING.
3. FRIENDLINESS.

## FOUR INTENTIONS:

1. THE WILLINGNESS TO HAVE THE CLIENT WIN BIG. (Helping the client to be able to own more and more of him/herself, the client's own universe and all aspects of the games he/she is playing.)
2. THE WILLINGNESS TO KNOW ALL, AND TURN ON FULLY ALL THE FORCE AND CHARGE..
3. THE WILLINGNESS TO PERMEATE ALL, PLUS TO HELP THE CLIENT AS NEEDED TO ERASE THE UNWANTED FORCE AND CHARGE.
4. THE WILLINGNESS TO LET THE CLIENT HAVE FULL AND COMPLETE OWNERSHIP OF THEIR OWN WINS.

## A Collision of Realities

The first time I became aware of my lack of depth as a processor was in March, 1963. I was in England studying. The Guru I was studying under sent a message asking to see me in his office the following afternoon, at 3.00 p.m.

His office was in a manor house, the office was very large, the furnishings somewhat ordinary, nothing lavish, but of good quality.

Needless to say I was somewhat anxious about the meeting. He greeted me warmly and asked me to sit alongside of him at his desk. I noticed he didn't look too good, his eyes were surrounded by dark circles, and when I spoke, he seemed to wince.

I asked him: "Are you all right?" He answered: "Well I've got this splitting headache."

I asked: "When did it start?"

He answered: "Last night about an hour after Mary-Sue

and I finished session."

"What happened?" I again questioned.

"Well I suppose it could have something to do with the session." He replied.

I had noticed a meter was on his desk, so I indicated to him, would he mind picking up the



Alan C. Walter

cans, he smiled and reached for the cans and handed the meter over to me.

I said, "Start of Session" quietly.

"Now tell me what happened?" The meter tone arm was at 4.7 and the needle was stuck solid.

He told me he and Mary-Sue were doing some Goals-Problems-Mass running and they had found a new truncated pair of items. The meter tone arm was still stuck at 4.7 and the needle was still stuck solid.

I asked, "Was there something not quite correct about the items?"

"Weeeeell" in that long drawl voice of his, "It kinda invalidates the other set of items that we had found earlier." - long pause - "also it puts two different GPM goals into present time." The meter tone arm was still stuck at 4.7 and the needle was still stuck solid.

I was beginning to feel out of my depth, "what do I do now?" Terror was beginning to gnaw at my stomach. "Jeeesus!" Why did I do this?"

Suddenly he looks at me. "Inwardly stark terror turns on!" "I'm losing it big time." I think.

He asks "what's the meter doing?" I tell him. "Hmm!" then silence.

"This is not going right!" I worry.

So I mumble: "Maybe you've hit into a glum area?" Recalling high tone arm often means an area of problems surrounded by service facs.

"Huh!" he said contemptuously. Definitely withholding a snarl.

I sink lower into my funk. I'm now totally at effect. In complete overwhelm.

"Weell - what do you know! - there is a whole package of service facs here, they are - he lists out several - he quickly runs them - the tone arm begins to blow down - the needle swings free - he starts to brighten up. He then begins to re-align several of his previous items and GPM goals.

Talk about operating in uncharted, unmapped territory. I didn't know half of what he was covering. I just wanted out of there. Suddenly the room went almost completely dark. I thought a cloud had gone across the sun. I reached over to turn on the lamp on the desk, only it was on. The blackness was being generated by him. He started laughing. "Wow! I sure got this area in a

mess. This set belong here and this set belong with this goal, this serv fac belongs to this GPM. These items are no my items!"

He ran chains of harmful acts in seconds. The blackness just dissolved.

I asked: "How is your headache?"

"Better." "Okay if we end here?" he asked.

"Sure." I answered. (THANK GOD!!!)

The session lasted about 45 minutes, though to me it seemed like an eternity. To me this session was a total disaster. This was before the days of locate and indicate. I had evaluated, put the clients attention on the meter. Gone totally into a weak valence. Turned session control over to the client. Let the client end session on his own determinism. Gone into uncharted, unmapped territory.

He asked me to come back the same time tomorrow as he had a 3.45 appointment. I agreed, of course.

That night he gave a lecture. Just before he started the lecture, he looked at me, tapped his head, smiled and made a circle with his finger and thumb, indicating he was okay.

For me I was in a complete funk. I was completely accessed.

What had happened?

I had run into more knowledge, velocity of force and charge than I was willing to handle or for that matter capable of handling. The client was able to run his case far better and deeper than I could process. Now I had to meet him again.

## The Next Meeting

Again he greeted me warmly. This time he went straight to business. He wanted me to graduate.

I said, "I'd love to but I hadn't gotten what I came for. The ability and certainty to process anyone, at anytime, on anything."

He was somewhat taken aback by this. We talked some more. He asked how the research we were doing on the Heletrobus Implants was going.

I answered: "There are quite a number of off-beat implants in that area that are interfering with handling the area."

"Such as?" he asked. I told him.

He nodded okay. Then reached for the meter and cans, handing me the cans.

He gently said: "Start of Session."

It was then I was hit with the most amazing, vast, powerful, effective communication cycle I had ever experienced. It contained

**the three attributes:**

1. *Dynamic presence.*
2. *Caring.*
3. *Friendliness.*

**The four intentions:**

1. The willingness to have the client win big. (Helping the client to be able to own more and more of him/herself, the client's own universe and all aspects of the games he/she is playing.)
2. The willingness to know all, and turn on fully, all the force and charge.
3. The willingness to permeate all, plus to help the client as needed to erase the unwanted force and charge.
4. The willingness to let the client have full and complete ownership of his/her own wins.

As his communication cycle impinged on me, I could see my tone arm, it started at 2.8, as soon as that communication cycle hit me, the tone arm started soaring. It shot up to 6.5 and the needle stuck solid.

He gently asked: "What did you just look at?"

I hummed and oohed around, to be honest I didn't really know. I mumbled "its some huge mass."

"Tell me about it."

So I described it. Big, black, highly charged.

"Any idea what it contains?"

I started laughing. "Yeah! All the unconfronted masses and charge from the **processing** I've had over the years." The mass just started to disintegrate. My tone arm blew down to the 3.0 range and the needle went free.

I ita-ed: "The problem I ran into in previous processing, was that the processors couldn't confront the force, charge and masses."

It was years later I realized that his communication cycle allowed the full force, charge and masses to come to view and run out. He ended the session. We chatted some more. He okayed my staying on the briefing course until I achieved my goals of **processing** anyone, at

anytime, on anything."

## A New Level of Excellence and Mastery

Instead of being empowered by this experience, I came away very overwhelmed. The level of force and charge I was willing to handle left much to be improved upon.

What was more embarrassing was the fact, at that time I was one of the highest trained processors in the world, plus all my **co-processing** was with the best of the best. If I had not received such a demonstration of mastery and competence, I would still be in a state of "I didn't know, I didn't know." That meeting set a whole new level of excellence and mastery of what was needed to have a masterful communication cycle.

There was a vast difference between his communication cycle and mine. Mine was like a little squiggly line and his was an 80 lane highway that could comfortably take any force or charge along it. More than that, his intention was to know all.

But what impressed me the most was his intention for me to win big.

It is the communication cycle that is the basic reason that causes **processing** to work. If the communication cycle is faulty or weak, the charge and force cannot be dissipated. What makes this so difficult to observe or correct is that it is a telepathically projected 3 dimensional holographic spiritual manifestation.

With a masterful communication cycle in place, processes magically work. If it is faulty too much force, charge and mass will be by-passed. If this faulty communication cycle goes on too long the client will build up too much by-passed and unhandled force, charge and mass and will be difficult to get in session or will quit getting processed altogether.

The resultant by-passed and unhandled force, charge and mass will compress the beings ability to create and control space, and time into a tiny area, sometimes as small as a dot, thus effectively inhibiting the client's ability to Be - Do -

or Have in present time. This compression phenomena is not tangible, it usually manifests in having little or no time, no space, no reach, no wins in life and living.

The best way to remedy this condition is to rehabilitate the being's communication cycle. That takes effective **processing** and excellent training.

*Alan*

(First posted to the internet newsgroup ACT, October 17, 1997.)

### ALAN'S REPLY TO AN INQUIRY

*Inquiry: Why don't you mention his name? I don't see that you use Hubbard's name. Why is that Alan?*

*Tracy S*

The who is not the message. It is the tech.

LRH didn't discover the educative communication cycle, it has been known and documented for 1000's of years. Certainly since the Greek's, Socrates, etc.

The first time I became aware of a superb comm. cycle was at the age of 12, when I met Lawrence Olivier at a party in London. I was awe struck at his ability to command attention and enthrall his listeners with 3 dimensional holograms by his communications.

Those who have an idea about LRH knew who I was talking about, those who didn't could focus solely on the 3 attributes and 4 intentions.

You seem somewhat fixated on LRH. He was a brilliant genius, but he did not source all the Scio Tech., far from it.

Jack Horner sourced the repetitive commands Tech.

Dick and Jan Halpern sourced the TR's and Objectives Tech.

Ava and Chuck Berner sourced the study and misunderstood word Tech.

There is much earlier history in this area.

Ben Franklin sourced the Good and Bad indicator list, with a little alter-is from me.

The Locate and Indicate Tech [finding and

indicating bypassed charge. Red.] came from the work I did at St. Hill.

LRH expanded on it brilliantly, but Scio was a collaborative effort of many hundreds of people.

If you limit that only LRH can be source, then you are denying each and every other being from being a source. Maybe on the lower levels this will work in a limited fashion, but if you want to get all the way out, you had better become aware of what you sourced. For only you have the answer for your case and your lives and livingness, past, present and future.

At best a source can approximate some of the areas common to all, but in processing several hundred veteran tech people over the years, I can assure you each case is totally different. My guess is 95% of the upper universes Tech. is unmapped, and unchartable as it is so different for each being.

The mechanics are fairly consistent from being to being, but how they interconnect and their cause and effect are virtually infinite.

Following an individual Guru's path is bound to fail. Sure, learn how to process superbly, develop a comm. cycle that can allow any amount of charge to travel along it that processing or life presents, learn how to handle by-passed charge, but I'm sorry to inform you, only you can take you all the way out. Only you have the map of your case.

A Guru at best can give a right answer for some and generally a wrong answer for most others.

One of the marvelous aspects of the freezone is the depth of knowledge and the vast expansion of sources available.

For the freezone to explode, we need 10,000's of effective processors. Not millions of processes that because of weak comm. cycles most cannot get to run. Hell, most of the freezone is so overwhelmed or engulfed by daily life and livingness they can't even get in session. Let alone process their fellow man.

How many processors have you made lately?

*Alan*







# A Between-Life Experience

*By Scott Douglas*

*This is the result of a session on July, 22, 1998. My objectives for the session were to relive my last lifetime's death incident and address the ensuing between-lives experience.*

*I have provided two ways for you to explore the results of the session:*

*A synopsis of session;*

*a transcription of a session audio tape.*

## Synopsis

*In session, I recall the last day of my last life, the incident of my last death, and the experiences immediately after death. I then proceed to an environment in which I have a discussion with a being about Life.*

## Resumé of Life

That particular lifetime began in 1925 in the Chicago area. Little of consequence occurred until 1939, when I decided to enlist in the marines at the age of 15. I was big for my age, and it's highly likely that I lied about my age to get into the marines. I served in the Asian war theater during my entire stint. When I left Chicago for boot camp, I left my girl with a friend and asked him to take care of her. I never saw her again.

## Hostile Encounter

During this session, I went to August 1945, the last day of that lifetime. I was on an atoll [coral island]. There were 2-3 islands nearby. The job of the crew I was with, was to clear the island of any Japanese soldiers still holding out and clear the way for our landing force. We arrived the day before and had taken care to bunker-in [digging fox-holes] before clearing the island. We had done this exercise before. We decided there were Japanese holding out on the other side of the island. While searching for them, we walked right into an ambush. In the first two minutes of the firefight, our sergeant and medical person were taken out. In the next



*WW2 soldier in the Pacific digging a foxhole*

few minutes, we were down to me and one other badly wounded enlisted man. Having heard about how the "Japs" brutalized prisoners, I decided to pick up a heavy machine gun (designed to be used with a stand) and take out as many enemy soldiers I could before I was killed. I believe, I killed a few before being shot to pieces myself. After I dropped my body, I became aware of someone else who had dropped his. I also became aware, the Japs were as afraid of us (if not more so) as we were of them.

### The Death Incident

After rising into the air to see the island from above, I became aware of a hissing noise that began changing into a higher and higher pitch. A tunnel then appeared. I became engulfed in the tunnel; but rather than rising up, I noticed that I was going sideways (parallel to the surface of the earth) and ended up on an island off the coast of Chili. I since looked in an atlas. The only islands I could see in the approximate area, are the Juan Fernandez Islands.



*An atoll is an island that started as a coral reef. Once vegetation takes hold, it can become habitable for animals and humans.*

I went into a between-lives processing plant inside a mountain cave in which I was placed into a series of electrical and electronic paths and told things about my location which were not true (such as I was rising through the atmosphere and flying past the Moon, not going to Mars but rather to Venus). During this process, I was hit with a very high frequency energy and directed to my next life, which I was told would start in May (birth). I was also told, I would know my mother from 3 lifetimes ago. I became completely mesmerized by this energy. Some phrases I remember are: "We are returned. You are not needed here. I cannot be consumed at this time." Quite simply, it was an electronic implant.

I break out of the pattern of the implant and start observing the environment. I see some beings (aliens) at the other end of a cavern, but they're different. They're drones and very skinny. I merge with them to find out who they are and discover a world of one consciousness with multiple bodies. While moving through this collective consciousness, I discover a hierarchy which I begin moving through. The hierarchy feels like lines of control interfacing at key points. The drones I first observed had no awareness of these lines of control. At one point, someone asks me if I would like to read the Akashic record which I decline. I decide to try to get out of this (organic) environment. I was told the lie that if I get out, it will be difficult to get back in. I then get the impression that a contact has been made outside of this environment and my wishes will be accommodated.

### Exterior to the Physical Universe

I suddenly appear in space. At first, I was the size and shape of the solar system; then I start to grow into a spherical shape. I get tired of this and ask to be exterior to the physical universe. I exteriorize and become aware of a group of beings (implementers) who are praising God. This group gets very small. I become aware of a presence. My awareness changes dramatically as I become aware of this being. I am much more aware of the structure of Life: something always greater than me, something always smaller...at least that's the model I became aware of. I became aware of a Life model that showed ridges and flowing rivers and streams, apparently all inside of one body. The portion of the universe we know at this time is a very small portion of that body. (The body represents all of which this Being is aware.) I was told, there are multiple universes that we all get to explore. The being and I discuss this exploration. I ask, "Why? What if I don't want to?" (explore these universes). The being replies that I will then evolve into a dead, living soul. When I say that I want a choice, I become enturbulated with random thoughts. That's when I realize I can emulate harmony or not. I indicate that I want a third choice: I want to create my own universe. I want to decide what will be in it, how it will be modeled. I was then provided with the advice that it's the game, the interactions that make life interesting.

The being and I begin conversing on multiple levels as I begin to regain more of my self-assurance. We have had these discussions before. I realize by my willingness to explore my last death, and my desire to fully experience life, I have become aware of some of the essence of life and an awareness greater than I would normally know. When I ask him his name, he provides a frequency and then goes on to tell me each person has a frequency (identification). Although the frequency changes as different experiences occur, once you know an ID, the being can be contacted by going to that frequency you know and then following it to what it presently is (sort of like infinite call forwarding).

I ask him about his communication with others. He indicates, I should talk to others on my level (human?) and he does talk with others but it isn't on the same basis as my communication. At his level, they merge to communicate. And, this basis of communication is repeated infinitely. I then move back into this time stream, realizing I have reinforced our communication and broadened the basis for communication.



### ***The following is a verbatim transcription of the session's audio recording***

*(My session partner's occasional queries have been italicized.)*

I'm with a bunch of guys. It seems like a work detail...shovels involved. We're all in a jungle. I'm very aware of the water. It's August, 1945.

*Session partner: Now, how old are you?*

I'm thinking 19.

*Partner: Okay. And what are you doing with these men in this jungle?*

Well it's a crew. It looks like we're digging trees out, making space for a road or some sort of improvement.

*Partner: How do you know it's August, 1945?*

The date just occurred to me.

*Partner: OK*

It's hot. It's a mainly sunny day. We're an advance for a landing force. We are digging fox holes... are what we're doing, and improvements. We're supposed to clear out the forest from any leftover Japs. Now, we're going on to (unintelligible). I'm not directing things. I'm not the sergeant. I'm just a worker bee. We go into the forest and start cleaning out underbrush. I think there's an infestation of Japs over the ridge. Grabbing our rifles...our weaponry...we trudge off. (There's some mass building up in my mind. I'm resisting going there.) We walk well into the forest. It's late afternoon. We were sabotaged. The Japs opened up fire. The pinned us down. We're behind some logs (fallen trees). They got three. They got the gunny. He's hurt and bleeding bad. We have a medic. Medic was hurt. I'm trying to patch up and trying to stay out of the fire. The Japs get behind us. And there's no way to hide, except down in the dirt underneath the log. It's happening real fast now. I can almost see the bullets as they slip by. And I've got the heavy gun. It's a machine gun that was supposed to be on a stand, but we're carrying it. I must be hurt because I can feel pain in my face. Everything else seems to be fine. I fell down on a tree is what I did. We had to give up our position. But we can't move...too many are hurt. Can't get us out. We don't have effective return fire. Everything seems to be moving slowly now. A lot is happening, but it's slowing down so you can see it. I really don't think we're going to get out of there. I mean 90% of our people are dead. I think I've got one buddy that's not. Bill, that's his name.

*Partner: What's your name?*

Witowski.

*Partner: What's your first name?*

Samuel. And I'm a dumb shit for joining up in the first place.

*Partner: So where did you come from?*

Chicago.

It was the right thing to do at the time. That's what I'm thinking about... is Chicago and a girl I left. Probably married to someone else by now (Note: in 1945).

I've been hit evidently. I've lost a lot of blood is what's happening. My body is beginning to shiver. I'm either exterior and watching my body doing it or somebody else is doing it. They're trying to get the gun up, then they're shot down trying to return fire. And I just grab the gun and figure, I'll do as much damage as I can. And start spinning around in a circle without looking for a target...just spraying. 'Cause all our guys are down. Not going to hurt them at all. And they finally hit me. Neck. Shoulder's blown out I think.

I'm exterior now. I don't know if the body's dead yet, but I'm exterior. Feels a little better. I'm looking at the Japs and realizing they're even more scared than we are. I hit a couple. One guy...he's right beside me now. I realize I don't want to go back to Chicago. I want the whole thing to be over with.



I'm looking down at the island now. It's actually a couple or three islands there. It'd be pretty now. Looking smaller. There's a whirring. It's almost like mechanical, then a higher and higher pitch. And then a tunnel. It's a white tunnel with black streaks. I'm going slowly up. Actually it seems like sideways to me. It is sideways actually to earth. I'm being drawn to an island west of South America. I've visited there before in this lifetime. Multiple levels there. I'm being told this is fun. I'm looking at a contraption. It's got multiple tubes in it. Twisted around. It's actually electricity. It's electricity without wires. Funneling from one container to another. I'm just trying to get the feeling of the electricity. It's finer than electricity now. Electricity is real crude. This is finer...much finer. I'm trying to find out which station I'm going to. The moon flashed. I thought of Mars. Could go to Venus. I'm trying to bring into focus the structures on Venus. Some of them appear to be physical, some of them not. The important structures aren't (physical). They look like bubbles. I'm inside one. I guess maybe they're energy force fields. I don't know. I'm looking for people. I'm going into a briefing. I'm being briefed. I'm not being debriefed. The energy is shooting at me in broad band, not small bands. (Note: broad band = wide frequency range, large vector; small band = narrow frequency range; small vectors) It's a broad spectrum of energy. I'll be dipped. It's a very similar, if not the same energy, that I had when I went to the doctor when I was a young boy. It looks like these people are using (or in my case anyhow) doctors as reinforcements for these instructions. I'm trying to figure out what their instructions are. Asking for help to understand this. Recyclable. Being repeated over and over again. We are returned. You are not needed here. I cannot be consumed at this time.

I'm getting an impression of being told I'm on Venus when I'm in a cavern; inside a mountain; on an island; in the Pacific. And I'm being told I'll be born in May. I know my mother. From three lifetimes ago. I'm completely in tune with this energy force thing now. I'm in harmony with it. Either that or I'm trapped in it. (chuckle) Or both.

Now I'm either becoming smaller or the cavern is getting bigger. I see some movement at the other end. Some light. They're either seriously underweight or they're very seriously skinny. They're worker bees. They're drones. Their bodies perform functions, but they're not thinking individuals. They're part of a greater collective. They can think individual thoughts, but choose not to. Their actions, their motives can be controlled from afar. (What I've just done is move from one end of the cavern down to the other and took their viewpoint. And now I'm discussing this with them.) I'm asking for his boss, the management. He doesn't know what that means...explains greater collective. And I know he'll do what I mean.

Going into the collective. Moving through it...mentally, spiritually. It's like one body with multiple cells. You can see through the various eyes at the same time. You can feel their motions...their individual body motions. It's a hierarchy, but they're not aware of it. Trying to find my way...my path. I can feel the interface. It's like roots going into the ground. I have no idea why, but Milk Duds...the thought just occurred to me. It takes time and I have patience. Someone asked if I want to read my book. I said no. I know what's in there...in the Akashic record. I get the feeling this is a garden. It's all organic. And I wanna get out of the organic. I'm being told that if I get out of the organic...the body...that it will be difficult to get back in. I'm looking at...I get the impression (unintelligible). Wait awhile and slip back.. I'm being told that accord that will be extended. That's not usual.

I'm outside. Existing. I'm as big as the solar system. I was flat and now I'm becoming spheroid. I'm asking to get out of the physical universe...to become unaware of that...exteriorized from it. I'm collocated with it now. I've become aware of a group...coordinators...implementators. I praise god there's so much. (just ran through my mind) The (unintelligible) just got very small and then disappeared. Somebody just asked me if I wanted a presence to speak. Yes. I ask, "How are we

doing?" Just went well.

Then I realize, we are the middle of creation. There is always something larger or greater above us which we are part of and there's always something smaller which is a part of us. And we are always in the middle of an infinitely complex, yet extremely simple, creation. Simple as one thought. We are one thought...we and the rest of creation...one thought, of one being for a fleeting moment of time. How grand it is. I'm looking at a graphic. It's in motion as a movie. An ocean. You can see ridges, rivers, streams flowing. It's apparently the inside of a body. And the portion of the universe, as we know it, is a very small and minor portion of that. There are multiple universes creating a hole... or a hole is creating... is creating multiple universes. And I'm being told we get to explore them all. And I say, "Why? What if I don't want to?" The response is then you become a dead, living soul. If I had my choice...at least I can choose. With that, I'm floating in enturbulance. Randomized thoughts. Un-thoughts. Non-thoughts.

And then I realize I can be harmony or not. (This is a discussion.) I say, "That's your two choices. My choice is to be able to create my own universe...in due time." As a response. There is no time's mind. That too is a lie. To order imagine my... There is no time. There is no energy. There is no space...unless I say so. And the response is, "If you want no space or time or energy, you can have it." It's the game, the interactions that make life interesting. The woven rug. The interactions. Then the comment comes back to me, "You...I am...I like talking to you." It's like two fingers, like the finger and the thumb, being held as function which makes sense and it's natural and it's talking to me in terms that I understand, not that are necessarily whole...good...yet all truths. It knows that I know and it knows that I know.

I'm out of my depth but I have a feeling. An expansion. Now it's like re-inflation of re-expansion...an inflation to realms that I created at one time to healthy. Now he's telling me it's good to have me back...that he enjoys these discussions. But he's telling me that now. I am what I am in 1945, but there is no time, so it broaches time. So he's talking to me then and talking to me now. Observing what we had talked about, knowing that we were going to have this conversation. "Highly probable." he tells me.

I just asked him what his name was...how people referred to him. And it was all vowels. I could see vowels. I couldn't hear it. And he tells me I couldn't hear because I can't pronounce it. It's a warbling change of frequencies is as close as I can get. It's his ident (identification). Everyone has one. It changes. But if you identify somebody at any point in time, you can travel through his time stream or streams and converse with him at any level. Because his consciousness is in existence through a changing frequency no matter when he is existing. You can communicate to the future within time....to the past or now as well as. His later levels of consciousness up to the godhead. "Is having this discussion...normal." "It's highly unusual." Now I will be in touch with him forever, because he is I and I am him. It's much easier to communicate when my attention is not on the physical universe. I ask if he is with me on a nightly basis. He said, "Yes." He repeats, "I am you and you are me." I ask if we will be able to do this again and says, "Yes sir." I ask him if there is any such thing as future and he says, "Yes, from your viewpoint." I ask him "Is there such a thing as choice?" and he says, "Yes, that what makes parallel existence (I'm trying to get the concept) and probabilities of existence over a particular time constraint. I ask if he talks to others. He says, "In which direction?" (Communication is going very fast now.) He says I have to talk to others on my level. They are all he. He does talk to others on his level. But they are all...they meet at...I'm looking at the concept of a point but it's not at a juncture. It looks like the structure is repeated infinitely in both directions. He says it's time for me to come back into my own time-stream. I have reinforced the communication and broadened it.



# Reminiscences.

## The Early Days of Scientology

*By Dennis Stephens*

*A transcribed tape recording from 1993.*

Hello Greg, this is Wednesday, the 10th of February 1993 and, as requested by you, I'd like to give you a resume of my Scientology reminiscences.

First off we'll start off with part one, this tape will be, this cassette will be part one and this will be named the early years. I realized at the outset that this whole project is quite meaningless without some... a listener to the tape... having some understanding or some knowledge of me as a person so I'm going to give a few personal details.

I was born on 3 February 1927 in London, England in the suburb of Tottenham, N 15 and I was the only son of two working-class parents. At that time, the suburb of Tottenham was a slum or semi-slum area on the northern part of inner London, you might say. It had been in its time, 30 or 40 years earlier, it had been quite an affluent suburb but had gone downhill rather badly and when I was born into it, it was definitely a slum, semi-slum area. My earliest memories as a child, as a young child, was of other children who always seemed hungry and always seemed badly clothed and badly housed. And they all seemed to come from enormously large families. Nobody owned their houses, the whole block, the whole area where we lived was owned by the local bedstead factory or the local laundry, they owned all the property and all the houses were out on rentals.

It's difficult for us to understand these days the grinding poverty which was rampant in that area at that time. It was the sort of area where the girl next door, every Monday morning would take her father's Sunday suit, which he wore all day Sunday and got out of it Sunday night, and she took his Sunday suit in a wheelbarrow down to the local pawnbroker shop before she went to school on Monday morning and hocked it for five shillings and there it would stay all week until father got paid on Friday, when he came home on Friday he would pay his wife the housekeeping money and on Saturday morning the girl would go down

with a wheelbarrow with six shillings and hand them over to the pawnbroker and reclaim the suit and then her father could wear his Sunday best suit again. It was that sort of grinding poverty.

All the children I knew seemed to be parts of large families. I seemed to be the law that makes the exception, I was the only child. My father, both my parents were working-class, my father had a regular job in a factory. He didn't earn all that much money, he didn't earn any more money than the other men did, but what made him a cut above the other men financially was that he only had one child to support and also he didn't smoke and he didn't drink and he otherwise saved his money. So we were never grindingly short of money although we were never, never affluent. The landlord always made sure of that. I suppose the main thing I learned from those first 11 years of my life living in that slum area of Tottenham, was to give me a deep and abiding hatred of capitalism because I only saw the evil, the evil face of capitalism. I saw the rich going past in their big cars and I saw the grinding poverty of the poor and I used to think when I got a little older, I used to think, "God, there's got to be a better way to do this". But evidently, here we are 60 years later, we still have our slums and we still have the rich going past in their cars and mankind still hasn't found a better way to do it. It's difficult for us today in the 90s to understand the world, in London, of the early, early 30s when I was a young child. There was no electricity for example, in the row where we lived, although you could buy radio sets. You had to have them run on a battery and dad used to have a battery operated radio set which had a massive... batteries... which had every two or three weeks... spent half a week in the local store being recharged up. So our radio was a rather chancy affair. Dad used to tinker with it and so on.

Most of the people didn't have a radio. I think it was only two or three other houses in the whole street that had a radio, it was quite rare. There was no electricity. We had gas. All the

lighting was by gas. Motorcars... well nobody in the street, the whole street, nobody owned a motor car and one shopkeeper who, he didn't live there, he used to park his car outside his corner shop, on the corner of the row, and that was the only car we ever as children... we never had a chance really to examine. We used to go and walk around this car and have a look at this remarkable object, this car. You could go up to the main road and see plenty of them going past, but none of them ever seemed to stop in the slum area.

It simply wasn't an area where people owned cars, they simply hadn't got the money. When I got to 11 years of age, we upped and left the area and dad bought a house in Edgware which is 10 miles to the northwest of London. He'd saved up the 30 pounds deposit for the new house for mom and I and himself. 30 pounds doesn't sound very much these days but the average wage, the wage he was earning which was about the average wage for a factory worker, was about 2 pounds a week in 1938. So it was 15 weeks wages, the deposit was, on the house. Well today the average wage is about \$500 a week in Australia, so 15 x 500, it's about \$7500. It would be the equivalent of a man saving up \$7500 these days for the deposit on a house while carrying a rental and raising one child family. Took them a few years to save it nevertheless. Most of the people in the row never managed it. Their families were too large, they drank too much beer. They simply never managed to get off the treadmill of the landlord. To that I say, dad did and we got the house in Edgware.

I was always rather bright at school, I was usually near somewhere near the top of the class. I was above average intelligence as a lad. I passed my 11+ examination and very soon I was alright (?) and was headed off towards the local grammar school, or the county school as they used to call it in those days where I resided until I was 17. And I was all set to go onto a career where I would get a degree in science and mathematics, they were my interests. At least the teachers told me that's where I would be going and it seemed all right by me, but a hiatus occurred when I was 15 years of age when I suddenly developed a great, a great yearning, a great love of playing jazz on the clarinet. And I wanted be an Artie Shaw and a Benny Goodman. Dad very generously forked out the money to buy me a clarinet and he paid for my lessons to learn to play the instrument. Of course, all the time I spent learning to play the instrument... that was the end of my academic expectations. They went out the window in favor of... I simply didn't spend enough time on my studies, my school studies. I ended up at 17 1/2 as a better-than-average jazz clarinetist and saxophonist but rather poor academic prospect for a science degree.

Now, regarding my personality, I suppose I was being regarded as a rather backward, shy person. That was always the main characteristic... mom always said you are

more shy than most boys, and I was rather shy and backward... and thoughtful, a great reader. But shyness, nervousness in public was my great thing. She always said, mom, that you'll grow out of it, but I never did. When I went through adolescence my shyness got worse and worse and worse and it gave me... I started to study psychotherapy and got read all the works of Freud. I knew there was something not quite right inside the mechanism of my mind somewhere and I was trying to figure out what it was. Since my interests, my own shyness gave me a tremendous interest in psychotherapy. So I left the county school at 17 1/2 - that would've been at the end of the war. We didn't, we weren't affected all that much in terms of bombing by the war in northwest London. It was too far, it was the far side of London, away from where the bombs were being dropped. We had less bombs dropped in the Edgware region than almost any other part of London. If we had stayed in Tottenham, of course, we would have been blasted out of existence because soon after the war I cycled back to the row where I was born in and the whole estate simply didn't exist. It took me almost half an hour to even find where the row was. It was just a mass of weeds and overgrown bomb wreckage. There was absolutely no sign of the house where I had lived in. The whole thing had just been bombed into complete oblivion by the German Air Force.

So I left school and got myself a local job. I was never particularly interested in business. As I say, my hatred of capitalism I just didn't care for business, I didn't care for capitalism. My childhood influences there... I had seen too much of the bad side of it. I was simply, I was not interested in capitalism and the business that goes with capitalism. I was more interested in music and I wanted to go in and become a professional musician. Unfortunately I probably could've become a professional musician, but unfortunately when I was a baby, I'd had a mastoidectomy and it had left me... I was in... hospitalized when I was three months of age as a baby with a mastoidectomy. And the operation to both my ears had left me with only about 60% hearing. There was absolutely nothing could be done about that. That was the way it was, I mean, the whole of my life as far as I can remember I've never had more than 60% of normal hearing. So that put pay to my aspirations to being really a professional, a top flight professional musician because one thing a professional musician, instrumentalist, needs, he needs absolutely spot perfect hearing. He can get by with bad eyesight but he can't get by with bad hearing. So I was pretty well doomed to a semiprofessional role and that's exactly what I did from 1940s, in late 1940s I was working in a dead-end office job in the daytime, and in the evenings I was out two or three nights a week with my saxophone and clarinet playing in dance bands. I was earning a lot of money. I was earning money in the daytime, I was unmarried and I was saving a fair bit of money. It was after the war and there was nothing



much to buy, there was nothing in the shops and I was just stacking the money away.

It all came in very useful later, this money did, I'll explain... the other great love of my life at that time was science fiction. In fact, almost the only fiction I ever read as an adolescent was science fiction. I was introduced to it at school and it was a great rave amongst all us lads at school. Many of us were great science fiction fans and it stayed with me after I left the school. I loved the Astounding Science Fiction which later became Analog and all the science fiction magazines and all the books on science fiction. L. Ron Hubbard was one of my favorite authors and Isaac Asimov, Theodore Sturgeon. All the boys who were writing good stuff, good stories of science fiction, they were really the Golden years of science fiction was round about the 1940s and 50s. And I used to just gobble this stuff up. I had at that time, I had an air mail subscription to the Astounding Science Fiction magazine in New York. So, in May 1950, when the article on Dianetics came out in the Astounding Science Fiction magazine, I got it a few days after it was released in America. The book was air freighted over to England and I read that article by L. Ron Hubbard avidly and I was hooked, unashamedly, hooked unashamedly from the word go. This, when I read the article, I thought, well this I've read a lot of psychotherapy, I've read a lot of psychology, but this looks different. This is written by an engineer and here is an engineering approach to the subject of the mind. My own studies in mathematics and science and so forth had given me an appreciation of the engineering approach and I thought that was the way to go about it. And so I instantly got in touch with my local bookseller and got him to arrange to... for a copy of the book to be, to be sent over to me pronto. To be in my room as quickly as possible, no expense spared. There were some delay on the subject of the book, I never got it as quickly as I was hoped I could get it. But it was round about September 1950 before I actually got the book after a few delays. None of which were my fault, it all had to do with the bookseller.

But it was September 1950 when I got the book... read the book. One weekend I got it... he phoned me up, the bookseller, on a Saturday morning and said the book's here, if you can collect it or I'll post it out to you. So I got on... it was right on the other side of London, I remember, got on my motorbike and went all the way across to Stoke Newington on a Saturday morning and got back in time for lunch with the book in my hot little hand and spent the whole weekend reading Dianetics., the Modern Science of Mental Health and finished it late on Sunday night. There would be no exaggeration to say that I was in a whirl. My head was an absolute whirl when I read that. It was a milestone in my life. I could hardly wait to get started but before I could get started I needed a co-auditor.

I needed somebody to audit me and I needed somebody to be able to audit. So looking around me to find a co-auditor. That meant somebody else who had to have read the book. And I had the only copy of the book. There was no way that anybody else would get the book quickly so it was a question of lending out my copy. So I went around to all my school friends, my old school friends who I had stayed in touch with, it was about half a dozen of them, we used to go out drinking in my spare time.

One by one I approached them on the subject of this book and lent them the book. I was absolutely amazed and disappointed at the cool reception that I got. There was only one fellow, Nobby, one of the half-dozen, who was interested. He read the book and was impressed by the book. And he had a few psychological problems of his own and he was willing to have a go. Of course, I was very young at the time, very inexperienced, and what I didn't know was that, something I have learned since, that the vast majority of the human race, have a built-in objection to anyone tampering with their mind, whether it's done by a qualified psychiatrist or whether it's done by a rank amateur. They simply will not have anybody tamper with their, tinker with their mind. This is a most peculiar state of affairs when you look at it objectively because the same person who will not have, under any circumstances, have anyone tamper, tinker with their mind will quite happily go to a doctor, to a surgeon and be put under an anesthetic and have their carcass opened up and all their innards spread out on an operating table and examined and some repair made to the heart or to an artery somewhere or some complex operation or to their intestines system and have it all put back in and it will all be sewn up and they'll come out of the anaesthetic and recover and say, well they don't think there's anything odd about this at all. In other words, they don't think there's anything odd about a surgeon going in and tinkering with the innards of their body but the idea of somebody asking them a few questions about their mind and about their memories and their past and so forth, no, they will not have that. Now that's a peculiar state of affairs when you look at it quite objectively. It's a peculiarity of the human species because objectively it makes absolutely no sense whatsoever.

There's very few people who can grasp this... but I can grasp it... I grasp it objectively. If you look at it objectively it's most peculiar this strange rejection so it was not unusual that a sample of six young men, there, who were introduced to Dianetics in 1950, only one of the six was interested to follow through on it. Even he wasn't wildly enthusiastic. He was much more cautious than I was. But anyway, Nobby and I got... he read the book thoroughly from cover to cover and we compared notes and so forth and decided on a co-auditing program. We got underway towards the end of September 1950, got our co-auditing under way. I didn't

know it at the time, but we were almost certainly the second co-auditing team to start in the United Kingdom. There was nothing being done, the only earlier ones than us was George Wichelow who started auditing a preclear... his first preclear he put down into therapy was in early September and he knows of no one else that was auditing in September except himself. By October of course it was different.

There was many that were starting up, but almost certainly Nobby and I were the second co-auditing team in the whole of the British Isles. I've certainly... I've looked into this enough... I've never come up with anyone who was auditing earlier than that except George Wichelow who was auditing in early September. But more about George Wichelow later.

As soon as I got book 1 of course, there was a little card in there which you returned back to the publishers in America for further information on the subject of Dianetics. I filled that card in and air mailed that off to America. A few weeks later I got a letter from the Dianetics Research Foundation in Elizabeth, New Jersey. That was Ron's organization, giving me, you know, up to date data and so forth, and also giving me the names and addresses of half a dozen Dianetic groups that were already formed in the United States. It's almost impossible for us to realize at this time that the wild enthusiasm that there was in certain quarters, in America particularly, with Dianetics. It literally took that country by storm. And by October, September - October 1950, there was Dianetics groups springing up all over America. And two or three months afterwards, by October - November, they were springing up in London too. The book did go to the top, it was a bestseller and it was a wild... people were... those who were interested were wildly enthusiastic and there was no holds barred, no holds barred on the communication lines.

Nobody was withholding communication on the subject. Every communication was welcomed. And I got in touch with the American groups... every address I was sent, I wrote to and got replies back from. Some of them already had got newsletters starting up and I became a sort of a, you know, a communication terminal. They were writing... there was only George Wichelow at that time who also knew auditing. And now there was Dennis Stephens in Edgware. And miles of stuff started turning up in my mail. The groups in America were telling other groups in America that there was a guy over there called Stephens who's interested in America, in England. And so miles of staff was turning up in the mail from the various groups and so I was spending a hell of a lot of time writing, writing off to these groups in America with my own experiences and enjoying reading their newsletters and so forth. And one of the other things I got back from the Elizabeth foundation was the address of George Wichelow in northwest London, and his

phone number. And he had his address and phone number, and when I phoned him up, of course, there was already a group going in Wealdstone in northwest London, which was about halfway between Edgware and central London. It was about 5 miles away from Edgware going towards London so it wasn't difficult for me to get there. There was already a flourishing group under George Wichelow. And so by October, the middle of October, it would have been my first appearance at the Wichelow group one Sunday evening when they used to hold their Sunday evening group meetings. Well I turned up there and met George Wichelow and we were underway and things were moving. Nobby was never all that keen, he never did appear at the group meetings. He was quite happy to continue on with our co-auditing but he never took part in any of the public activities at all.

It must be realized from my rather sheltered background in my life, and I wasn't very old, that I was entering really a new world when I entered the Wichelow group because the first Sunday I went down there there was about 40 people there, and many of them were eminent psychologists, the medical profession was represented and there was a bit of the lunatic fringe and there was George Wichelow, who was quite a character was George, he was a man of about 45 to 50 and he was a professional magician, professional conjurer, professional strongman. He was a naturopath. He could do a few things with bones to, a bit of an osteopath. There wasn't much George Wichelow couldn't do... he could even audit as well. So I was quickly made very welcome as another book auditor. And I discovered that there was other groups in London starting out. There was a group in East London by, run by a fellow called Stanley Richards. I got the address of Stanley Richards and wrote to him. There was another group in Battersea run by Nan Walker, the Battersea group. And there was a central London group, I forget who was running that but I wrote to all of them. I was such a good communicator that George Wichelow immediately, well, within a couple of weeks, he elected me secretary of the group. I was the group secretary. I was the group communicator of the Wichelow northwest London Dianetics group. George also, great character that he was, George, there was one thing he was very bad at, and that was his tech. Tech used to go in one ear of George and out through the other. But that didn't stop him from being a great auditor. He had a natural flair for auditing even though he couldn't impart the skills of it, the tech of it, to other people. He simply was a very, very poor teacher. He couldn't hold the tech but he could do it himself. It was a peculiar state of affairs. And as there was always so many technical questions on the subject of Dianetics to be answered of the group, and George quickly found out that I was, even in those days was showing the characteristics of being an encyclopedia on the subject. I had no such limitations on my knowledge of the tech and understanding and grasp of the tech. And he quickly was fielding the

technical questions over to me in the group meetings.

Meanwhile our auditing with Nobby was going on very, very well, I was making marvelous gains. My shyness was vanishing almost visibly yet there was no specific engram that we ever contacted that was to do with my nervousness or shyness, but the more prenatals I ran and the more late life secondaries I ran, the less shy and nervous I became. It was just lifting accumulated charge. Nobby too was making good, if slower gains. I realized, soon realized, that he was a much heavier case to audit than I was and he had much more deeper, deeper psychological problems than I had. He had some rather deep-seated sexual problems, did poor old Nobby. He wasn't a sexual nut or anything. He wasn't any form of sexual monster. He wasn't a homosexual or anything like that. He just had a few very deep-seated sexual quirks, that was all. He was quite natural, his instincts were quite natural towards the opposite sex but he was almost totally inhibited from doing anything about it by his quirks. But to jump forward into the future, Nobby did finally... well, ...Sigmund Freud always used to say that when a person can't marry, can't get along with the opposite sex and can't get married and goes into therapy, that one thing that signals the success of their therapy is when the person ups and gets married, and that can be taken as a successful therapy. And Freud would be absolutely right when he made that remark. And Nobby, in the middle of 1951, about a year after we started auditing, he came in and announced to me one day that... I knew he was going around with this girl, he announced that he was engaged and would soon be getting married. And that of course really did terminate our auditing because at that point on we had no more time, once he got married, to engage this activity. So, we can say, that the auditing I gave Nobby was successful. It was a success but he didn't make anywhere near, in my own estimation, in his own estimation, he was quite happy with the results he got, but in my estimation I got much more out of it than he did.

The response of both our parents and our families was fascinating. Both my parents considered the whole thing was mumbo-jumbo, highly dangerous and if we weren't careful we'd drive each other mad. And his parents shared the same attitude, all of our parents, both parents and both families thought that we were quite insane to even attempt such a project of this and they, of course, were quite, you know, they took the conventional view, thou shalt not tamper with thy mind or thy will go insane. That was the view they held. But after a few months of therapy my parents had to admit that I was more alert, and more spark and far less withdrawn and nervous than I had been previously. Both of them did acknowledge it and admitted that it did seem to be doing me some good, although dad was rather doubtful whether it would do me any good in the long run. He was very pessimistic, was my dad on the

subject. Another big case again I made in my Dianetic auditing with Nobby was that I had been a black case when I started my auditing, I was a black case and about two or three months after I started, roundabout Christmas 1950, I was in session with him one day and I remember it very, very clearly that I had this, I was in a road... and I knew the road very well near my childhood home, and there was a front door in front of me and I needed to know the number of the house. Well I knew the number was on the front door. Though I couldn't see the number on the door, I knew the number was there. See, case wise I had accurate impressions, accurate sonic mpressions and accurate visual impressions but I was black, I never saw anything.

I was a black case. I had no actual visual field, or to put it another way, I had a black field. Whichever way you like. I was what was known as a black case. But anyway, in that session there suddenly I said to myself, the hell with this, I want to see what that number is on that door and I started to mentally look at the number on the door and suddenly a chink appeared in the blackness and the blackness started to move away and there was the number. There was the door, there was the road, there was the pavement, there was everything just as I'd remembers it, just as I knew it was as a child. There was the street, there was the memory in complete technicolor. My blackness disappeared. By the end of the session I could move up and down my time track in full technicolor visio. The blackness had just gone instantly. It was just my... I realized many years afterwards it was simply my power, my intention to see the number on the door. In other words, it was just the power of the spirit. I was intended to see, to break the blackness and I broke it. It was my blackness and I intended to see through it and I saw through it and got rid of it. I didn't need it anymore.

Looking back in retrospect, I realized I've never had any need of pictures in my mind as a child and so I've never looked at my past properly. I could always recall what I wanted to recall and I've never actually had a need to look at things in great detail in my past and so, of course, I've never had the ability to do so. I'd never cultivated the ability. When I got into Dianetics, I needed that ability and so I created that ability to do it and I broke the blackness and started to see in full technicolor which I could have done at any time if I had really put my mind to it. I firmly believe that all black cases are of that nature. They simply have never learnt the ability, they've never needed the ability. If they really... could be guided to break the blackness any time they want to.

Anyway in later years when... I became quite an expert on black cases because of my subjective experience of being a black case when I started off in therapy and breaking my own occlusion gave me... I was an authority on the subject, the black case. There was no other Scientologist I knew in

London who had been a black case and had broken his blackness. I was the only one so I was quite justified in calling myself an authority on the subject of black cases. But one should not take away the good auditing I got from Nobby because without that auditing I would have never broken through that black field. So one cannot detract from the fine auditing I got from my co-auditor. He made it, he really did make it possible even though in the final instance, of course, it was the preclear that did it, so the acclaim must go to the co-auditor, to the auditor in the session who did it. So it was a positive mark for my auditor, Nobby, who broke through my blackness for me.

Another sign of my considerable case gain was that in group meetings I was able to actually... George would often just simply give me the floor, you know. He would call me over to the front table at once for a technical question and walk away and leave me there handing me all the technical questions for the whole group for half an hour at a time.

Now, six months before... before my Dianetic auditing, I would've just run away from a crowd like that. I mean, there I was confronting a whole crowd of people. There answering rather involved technical questions on the subject of Dianetics and not batting an eyelid and not feeling a shred of nervousness. It was a signal success of my therapy, that was. Although I didn't know it at the time, what was happening was, I was simply becoming more causative as a being over my life and my environment. That was all that was happening to me so of course, the nervousness was falling away.... I took on another chore, I took on... well, not a chore, but another activity I took on at the group meetings was the subject of auditing demos. There was always a difficulty in a group meeting, newcomers always wanted to see a demonstration and it's a very difficult thing to select a subject for the demonstration. Although we had plenty of, plenty of group members who were in therapy, most of them had heavy cases and it was not easy to put them into session and be able to run something and get it all cleared up in 20 minutes or half an hour, which was the only time we had for the demonstration. We didn't like leaving group members stuck in heavy, heavy engramic material for shortage of time. Two or three group members got stuck on it or caught on this and eventually they settled on me.

They found out that I could, because of my nature as a person, because of the nature of my bank, it was quite okay to put me into session. I could go into session quite easily. I could go into a prenatal engram, even one I had never come across before and run it, and come out the other end of it and I could run it to the clock, you know. The auditor had 20 minutes to go, he could run me through it and when the time had come... at the end of the demonstration he could simply fish me out of it and get me into present time and I needed hardly negligible stabilization in present time and

had no ill effects whatsoever. This was a peculiarity that I had. I had always had that. I had that right from the beginning of my therapy was that .... it was only many, many years later that I understood the mechanism that causes it. You see, the heavier a case is, the more he's... the bits of his bank get connected up to the other bits of his bank. It's the old  $A = A = A$  mechanism that Hubbard spoke about in Dianetics... the more his bank is reacting against him, the more, every part of his mind is connected to every other bit. So you put him into therapy and tackle and jangle one engram, tackle one engram, that engram jangles, and that jangle is connected to something else and the next thing you've got half a dozen engrams jangling.

You see what I'm getting at?

This sort of preclear is not suitable for a 15 minute, 20 minute demonstration. You need a preclear where you can go in like a surgeon, you know... you can make a quick incision... go in, run a quick engram, and get out. And you can only do that on a high level preclear. A pre-clear who was not carrying much charge on his bank. So, although I never realized it at the time, I was always a rather easy running preclear. I had very little charge on this lifetime. There was very little trauma in my childhood, you know. I was an only child that led a rather sheltered life. Nothing of any great horror had ever happened to me of any great significance. So I had very little charge there. So that allowed me to go into session very easily at these group demonstration meetings.

George pounced on this because he was very concerned about putting people into session for demonstration purposes and having them feeling a bit swiffy the following day but he found that he could do it with me... he found that he could do almost anything with me in therapy and it didn't mean a thing, you know. I could get the case gains and stabilize in present time almost instantly. This had some rather peculiar effects on me as an auditor afterwards which I won't mention at the moment because it would be out of sequence. Various people at that group became quite well known in the early days of Scientology in the UK, Dennis O'Connell, he was a member of the group, and his girlfriend Olive, she never became particularly active in the HASI, but Dennis O'Connell was very active in HASI. George Wichelow himself became very active in HASI and I of course, became very active in the London HASI. So quite a number of members of that group became very active. Early in 1951 a fellow strolled into the group by the name of Ray Reeves and he was an electronic wizard. And we were all getting... I'd written over to America... Volney Mathison had dreamed up the first e-meter circuit and Ron was raving about e-meters. I'd written over to America and got the electronic circuit of an e-meter over from one of the groups and I handed it over to Ray Reeves in mid-1951,



this was.

He took it away and built a beautiful e-meter in a case, in an attaché case. It was a power meter. It was a beautiful little job with a light on it and everything and called it the Emodet. I fell in love with it right away and realized its immediate use, and he used it. So I immediately ordered one from him and he built an exact replica for me. At that time Ray and I, we had the only, really the only decent e-meter's in London. Eventually others started to come over from America, the Mathison meters started to come over and become more used, but they weren't as good as the Ray Reeves meters, the Emo... he called it the Emodet, emotion detector, the Emodet. He only made about three or four. I don't know what happened to them. They were still... I'd love to have gotten the circuit he used. I never did get the circuit he used. I never did bother to ask him for it. It wasn't quite the same as the Mathison circuit but it was a very, very fine circuit he built there.

And he was a bit of an expert on e-meter's, Ray Reeves was. He was a qualified electronics engineer. He was a first-class man in his field. He taught me an awful lot about meters and so forth and eventually I became quite an authority on the subject of a good e-meter. There never was... HASI never did build a... good e-meters. All the best e-meters ever built were built by people in the field. Ron was not a good judge of an e-meter. He was not a good judge. So he was unable to evaluate the meters that were being sold by HASI. There were far, far better meters... more cheaper than we used to make. They were available in the field. It always was that way in Scientology and it's still that way today.

Towards the middle or end of 1951 I was a busy boy, a very busy boy. We had the group there and was still carrying on my auditing. Although, of course, Nobby was... we had finished... I'd finished with Nobby. He'd gone off and got married and Ray and I were co-auditing, Ray Reeves and myself, we were co-auditing now. I was progressing with my case gains and I was getting stuck into Ray Reeves' case. He lived in Southhall, in Middlesex and we used to have two sessions, a couple of sessions a week. I was still keeping my dance band work going, ...my daytime job. I was a very, very busy boy. But then in the late summer of 1951 a guy called Jack Horner turned up, an American auditor, turned up in London to give a Congress and he brought with him his clear and... dear Jack!... he was a great guy, Jack. He wasn't physically a big man, but he was a (?) psychologically. I liked Jack Horner but a lot of people didn't care for him very much.

He had a number of weaknesses, Jack Horner. One was that he was a great one for the women. We found out later

that this idea of him turning up... he had been turning up all over the world with clears. All these clears had two things in common. Every clear he ever turned up with was a beautiful girl, that was number one, and number two was that she was sleeping with Jack Horner. Well, this would have been quite all right except Jack Horner had a wife back in California. You could see that he was somewhat mixing business with pleasure, Jack Horner was. But nevertheless, he turned up with his beautiful clear at the Congress, but it was a memorable Congress for me, that one he held in 1951.

That was the first Congress ever held in London.

All the group people turned up there. The people who I'd been in contact with who I'd met. Stanley Richards I'd phoned up and spoken to on the telephone, we'd written to each other but we never actually met. We met at that Congress in mid-1951. The first morning of the Congress I was sitting there in a chair and a startlingly beautiful auburn haired woman walked across the floor and I just went, my God, what a gem, what a beautiful woman. I made some discreet inquiries and found out that her name was Anne Walker. That was the head of the Battersea group. The funny thing is that we'd spoken over the telephone, Anne and I, and we'd written to each other on more than one occasion but we'd never met. So she was as surprised to meet me as I was to meet her. We got on absolutely famously together. We went out and had lunch that day and, boy, things went on from there and we subsequently got married and never looked back. It was love at first sight for me when I saw that startlingly beautiful auburn haired woman walk across the floor. The great thing about it was, our relationship was, that she had a family of children, a marvelous family of two young children who weren't all that young. There was a 13-year-old and an 11-year-old, 13-year-old boy, a strapping young lad of 13 and a delightful 11-year-old daughter. I love children but I was never keen on young children, babies, and I think that's a lovely age to inherit a family... to go in and get a family of 13 and 11. We were great friends and always have been all down the years, with Anne's children.

I never came the heavy father on them and made it quite clear from the beginning that I was not their dad. And I was just Dennis and I've always been just Dennis to them. I've never imposed on them on any way whatsoever. I just took the relationship as it came and it's worked out very, very well. So it was a marvelous thing right from the word go, that was. The next thing of real import to happen was in August 19... late August 1952, when I got a phone call one evening from George saying that Ron Hubbard's in town, in London.

He'd arrived unexpectedly and that there was every

chance that he would be at the Wichelow group meeting that following Sunday. Wow! Our spirits went through the roof. Here was the master himself who had turned up and he was going to visit the various groups. And the first one on his itinerary was our group, the Wichelow group. We were the first one he was going to visit on a Sunday, then he was going to visit the central London group and so forth if he had time. but he was certainly... George was very optimistic as he had spoken to Ron, he was very optimistic and Ron had given his word that he would be there and George had gotten everyone in sight to come. So, with bated breath we all went down there that Sunday evening to George's front room. He had a big front room there, a big Victorian house. It was a large front room but we were quite used to having 30 people in that room, even 35 or 40, but when I got there, there was already 60 people there, about 60 people and they were beginning to hang from the chandeliers. I thought, this is going to be quite an evening, this is. And there was the room there... we had run out of chairs. It was standing room only. They were sitting on the floors, they were sitting on the side boards... it was... no Ron had turned up yet. We were just beginning to wonder whether he was ever going to come and George had gotten the proceedings underway and about 8:30 in the evening, there was a knock at the door and the great man entered. That was my first sight of Ron Hubbard, a rather large man, imposing psychologically.

You could never miss Ron Hubbard's presence. When he walked into a room you turned, whether you were facing him or not you knew someone had come in. He was an impressive man. And impressive physically and impressive psychologically. He was a big man, about 200, 240 pounds of Ron and 6 foot, and big physically to match and big psychologically. And in those days, he had a massive, flaming red hair. In 1952 he was in his prime. He was 41 years old, Ron was. He was in his physical prime. Although, Mary Sue had arrived in London with him, he never brought her to the group meeting, he turned up by himself. He quickly took over the whole of the proceedings and started... gave us a talk. We just sat there rapt. He started talking about exteriorization. We'd heard about exteriorization from the groups in America but none of us knew very much about it. We just heard that there was such a thing as exteriorization and he started to talk about exteriorization and he kept us enthralled there for about an hour.

And then suddenly he stopped and said, I need a subject, he said, for a demonstration on the subject of exteriorization. He said, it's no good me talking about it anymore. I want to demonstrate it to you. You'll see it for yourself. And so he said, anyone like to care to come forward for a demonstration. And I thought to myself, well, I'm the pet guinea pig of the group. I thought, well, I'll let

somebody else go on this one. They'll all want to go forward. And there was a dreadful silence. So I looked around. There wasn't a hand up in sight. Even George Wichelow wasn't game on this one. So my hand shot up. He looked at me, Ron did and grinned. What's your name? ... introduced myself... and he said, come and sit down over here... sat down at the table and he popped me into session and my life was never the same afterwards.

He just got me to communicate with my foot and give my foot a command. And then he asked me to contact the comm line between the... on the command going between me and my foot... and what color was it. I told them it was a bit murky. And he said, turn it white. And now get your foot to give you a command, and what color is it? A bit murky, or turn it white. And the next moment I was flying around the room. There was this great big table that George had in the room, a big circular oriental table. It was a masterpiece. It was very old, very, very valuable. And it had a very complex mosaic, oriental mosaic pattern in brilliant technicolor on the top of it. And you can imagine this situation, there's Ron sitting at one side of the... not at this table... the table was almost in the middle of the room. In the corner of the room there was a smaller table and Ron was sitting on one side of it and there was me sitting on the other side of it with my head slumped forward and Ron was auditing and I was sitting up on the ceiling. And in full Technicolor, much more brilliantly than I had ever seen before in my life was the technicolor of the mosaic on this table. And he asked me what I was looking at and I told him, and he moved me around the room and I was up in the ceiling looking down at all these people. And it was the wildest scene. There is me looking down on these people sitting there and they're all looking at my body sitting in the chair at the table and there is Ron there, sitting on there, and they're all looking at the body and I'm up on the ceiling looking down at them. And he moved me around... moved me out into the road, and he moved me... stabilized me in present time and got me around back behind my head and then he said, in his drawl, he said, well, where would you like me to... where would you like to be when we end the session? I said, well, I'm quite happy here Ron. He said, well, that's fine, he said and that's where you shall be when we end the session. So he ended the session off. And it was absolutely incredible. He answered a few more questions and I went back to my place. It was getting on towards 10:30 and I was already in danger of missing my last transport. The group pretty well quickly broke up and we all went away. And I walked home and I was about 19 foot tall! I was still exteriorized.

I got the last bus up to Edgeware, up the Edgeware Road, got off at Edgeware, and I had about a mile and a half to walk. I'd missed my last bus to where we lived. I had to walk about a mile and a half and it was the most incredible... I was still exteriorized. When I closed my eyes I could see

just as clearly, or if not more clearly with my eyes closed than I could with my eyes open in present time. Incredible perception I had, absolutely incredible. Clear detail. Never known anything like it through vision, through my eyes.

And I was walking along the road in the dark and there was street lights there and I was behind my head. And as the street lights would move along as I was walking, and as the streetlights passed they would come out of the shadow of my head, they'd shine on me.

Well I was exteriorized behind my head and I would be startled by the bright light of the streetlight appearing around the side of my head and I wondered what the hell it was. So I closed my eyes and I realized I could walk quite... just as comfortably along the road with my eyes closed so I walked nearly half a mile along that road with my eyes closed with the body walking in front of me. It was the most incredible experience I've ever had in my life. I got indoors, I got into bed and exteriorized around the room doing... giving myself the commands that Ron had been giving me. And went out into the garden and got off onto the roof and eventually sat out on the top of the lamp post there, on top of the electric light bulb and there was one solitary moth. I'll always remember it, it was very late in the year for a moth, there was one solitary moth fluttering around the electric light bulb.

And there was me watching this moth go around this electric light bulb. I'm sitting out there and I stayed out there and I must have drifted off to sleep because when I woke up in the morning I had come back into my body again. So I went to sleep sitting on top of the lamp post. But I felt absolutely incredible. I was absolutely a new person. What I didn't know at the time, what Ron, what Ron grasped in me, he seemed to sense this, that there was such a thing as a theta clear... that when you took a person and exteriorized them, that you could clear them. It was a clearing mechanism. I don't think it was... maybe Ron really understood it but, a lot of us never really grasped it. What was going on was that we didn't really know this about... all that much about clearing in those days, was that clearing isn't really a matter of how many engrams you run or how much charge you take off the bank, clearing is really an attitude of mind. It's getting the person, bringing the person up to a point where he realizes that he can handle his mind and handle his life and that's all clearing is there. It's not a question of engramic charge, it's a question of being able to handle things and position things in space and in time and so forth. As that ability, that confidence comes up that one can do this, one becomes more and more clear. One gets more and more case gains. And that's the inner secret of the inner secret.

That's why exteriorization is a clearing phenomenon. You can exteriorize a person, they immediately feel free because they can now move away from the center of their

bank. They now can move, you see, where before they were trapped and now you've given them a freedom so you've now given them back an ability which they didn't have before and so now you've changed their state of case. So exteriorization is a clearing procedure and I didn't realize it. What I hadn't known up to then was that, the auditing I'd had, I was already a low level clear from the auditing I'd had. That was demonstrated by the fact that I could do these group demonstrations... you know, it was almost impossible to throw me case wise in a group demonstration. They could throw me into session, run an Engram and take me out of session, bring me into present time and it was, you know, I was quite okay. There was no other member of the group they could do this on. I thought it was odd at the time. I thought it was just a natural ability I had. But then as the years passed, and looking back and in retrospect the reason I could do it was that I was clear.

And exteriorizing me had cleared me even further. And I was in pretty darn good case shape at that point in time. Incredible case shape. The exteriorization perception never maintained, it never held, it faded. Well, it couldn't have held... I mean, it was so brilliant that I would have had to put bandages over my eyes, you know. I couldn't have lived, couldn't have lived with it. I think I shut it off to stay human. It was so incredibly bright, the perception was. And it validated everything Ron said about exteriorization, about the thetan. There was no doubt of what he was talking about... I mean, Ron wasn't making this up... there was such a thing as a Thetan. People were just what he says they were, you know. I mean, this wasn't just a figment of his imagination. Here was me experiencing it exactly as he said it and there couldn't be any other explanation of what I was experiencing. It was exactly as he said it was. So that was a turning moment in my life, that was, was that group meeting... in late, late August 1952 with that demonstration session there. That's when I became clear.

A few years afterwards when some auditor put me on an e-meter and asked me when was the last time you went, when was the first time you know you went clear. It always ticks on that demonstration session that Ron gave me when he exteriorized me because that was the first time I was absolutely certain... although I'm now looking back further, I realize that even before that I was clear... but that was the certainty came to me, that I was clear at that point when he exteriorized me. There was another incredible thing about it was when looked at it in retrospect too, that, of all the people in that room, I don't know whether there was any, there couldn't have been many he could have done that with.

He could have exteriorized quite a number of them with the techniques he had at his disposal, but I don't think there was any he could have done it with whose cases were in as good a condition as my case was. You see, the thing was,

the better condition, case condition the person was in, the better they responded, and the more benefit they got from the exteriorization procedure. You see, the thing was cumulative. The worse off the case was, the less benefit they got from the exteriorization procedure. I was in good case shape, I was probably in better case shape than anybody else in the room. It just so happened that when he asked that I volunteered. But I gave everyone else in the room the chance to volunteer first to be the subject of the demonstration and nobody took it. I happened to be the best case shape in the room. I put my hand up last and got the benefit, got the case benefit. Now isn't that interesting? Did Ron know this? You know, one can speculate this thing backwards and forwards forever. He got the best result possible because he audited the case that was in the.... the person that was in the best case shape in the room. But the person in the best case shape in the room gave everyone else the chance to take part in the demonstration and none of them took the opportunity. Now isn't that interesting? It tells you something very interesting about the engram bank if you think about it.

Well, from this point on was things moved rather rapidly. I was at work a few days afterwards and I couldn't get down to the London group meeting where Ron turned up. He did turn up at the London group but I couldn't manage it because I had a dance band job. It was on a Wednesday evening and I had a dance band job that evening and I couldn't break the appointment. So I had to turn up to do my dance band job so I didn't go down to the London group but apparently, he did an auditing demonstration there on exteriorization and it was a complete washout. He got absolutely nowhere with the person. He obviously, and I don't know who it was, but he picked someone whose case was in far worse shape than mine and he just didn't have any success. But anyway, I didn't attend that one but a week or so afterwards, I was at work one day and Dennis O'Connell... he was... I mentioned his name... he was already one of the group members, and he phoned up, he said, well, he said, Ron's starting the HPA course next Monday.

Next Monday? This was a Thursday. He says, next Monday it starts. I said, where is it being held at? And he said, in my flat! I said, you're joking! He said, no, I'm not!, he said. And I've offered my flat to Ron. Ron's got no other place to run it. And I said, well, where the hell are you going to live? I said, you've only got that one room. You see, Dennis and Olive lived there in that one room flat. It was a big room there, but it was just the one big room with the kitchen attached and that was their living space and the toilet and bathroom was outside which they shared with other members of the... of the people who lived in the house.

They only had that one room. I said, hey, how long does the course go on for? He said, eight weeks. I says, you won't

manage it mate. I says, you're going to have to go live in a hotel. Oh no, he said, we'll struggle on. So he said, well we start next Monday. He said, can we put your name down? Well, I said, how much is it? He said, well, hold your breath, he said, just hold your hat on, he says, 125 pounds. And he said, worst is to come, he says, batten your ears back, he says, its cash on the barrel. He says, you pay the money before you start. I said, what the hell is going on? He said, well, Ron needs the money. He wants to open up a HASI in London. He hasn't got any funds. All his funds are apparently tied up in America and he's got no ready cash and he's got to run this course and he wants the money to put the money down to start the organization in London so he can't give terms at this stage, he said. But he said, anyone who does this course, he said, will be assured of a future. And I said, well, I'll have to think about it. I mean, 125 pounds doesn't sound very much these days but the average wage in those days was 8 pounds a week. I was earning about 8 pounds a week and... well, you divide... it's about 16 weeks wages. In 1993 the average wage is about \$500 a week and if you multiply \$500 by 16 you end up with 8000. So I was virtually being asked on a Thursday afternoon, to get \$8000 in my hot little hand and arrive with that amount of money on the following Monday morning at an address 10 miles down the road you know. It was quite a large sum of money to part with. I said to Dennis over the phone, I says, it's a lot of money. He says, yup, he said, but there is a lot signing up. Richards is in, Stan Richards is signing up. He reckons he'll have to sell his shirt, Stan does, but he's going to be there next Monday morning. And he said, well Olive and I will be there naturally. But we're getting the course, getting a reduction, he said, because we're letting him have our flat. He said, we couldn't afford it otherwise. If we're letting him have our flat and he's giving us a good reduction, that's the only way we can get on the course. So that's why he let them have the... let Ron have his flat. It was the only way Dennis and Olive could get on the course. George will be on it, he said, George Wichelow will be on it. A lot of the old... all the old hands were going to be on it. Anne wouldn't be on it, she couldn't afford it. So I thought to myself, well I'll have to let you know Dennis, it's a lot of money. Although I had the money.... I had thought to myself, what am I going to do with it. So after he rang off I thought, well, what the hell, I might as well. I'm not getting anywhere with this day job. I might as well become a professional Dianeticist, a professional Scientologist and throw my hat into that area. I'm getting nowhere here fiddling about with my dance band work in the evening. I might as well, might as well take the plunge. So I phoned him up that evening, you can count me in. He said, oh marvelous, he said, I'll be there on Monday morning.

He said, don't forget to bring the money with you, he said. Ron's not joking. He said, if you don't, if you don't bring the money, he said, you won't start. So, over the weekend I went down to the post office and drew out 125... 125



smackers, put them in my pocket, told ...gave my notice in... instantly and... that cost me a weeks wages... and Monday morning told my parents that I was going to take this course and they thought I was mad. And anyway, Monday morning found me there on the HPA course. And Dennis was absolutely right, there was about 20 staffers at nine o'clock in the morning... no, about 24... I think I counted, about 24... and Ron gave a little introductory talk... no, it was about 10 o'clock we started, it wasn't nine, it was about 10 o'clock was the starting time. Ron gave an introductory course, answered a few questions and we had an early lunch. Mary Sue came around with her hat in her hand and she wanted the money. And I parted with my 125 smackers. After lunch there was only 16 of us left. There was eight would be hopefuls who had come down on the odd chance that they could start. They'd gone in the afternoon! It was cash on the barrel. No cash, no start.

So the 16... on the Monday afternoon, the 16 of us that were left were starting the first HPA course. There was a number of professional hypnotists, the odd psychotherapist, a guy called Oscar Collistrom and his wife. Both carried doctorates. I don't know whether they were doctors of science or whether they were doctors of... they weren't medical doctors, I think. I think Jean Collistrom was a Dr. of Science but the other guy, her husband, who looked just like a total rendition of Sigmund Freud complete with beard, he was in. He was a decent enough guy. He was a professional psychoanalyst. Been practicing in London for years, one of.... I found out later he was one of London's better-known psychoanalysts. He was Freudian enough up to his ears, up to his eyeballs, was Oscar. He was in. There was a lot of people from the London, central London group that were in. Stan Richards turned up, still got his shirt on, but he turned up. Georgie Wichelow was there. I don't know what George had to sell, to get rid of, it might be he sold his table. I never did see that table again. He must have sold that table. But anyway, George was there. I mean, this course we were doing was intensive. It was nine o'clock in the morning and it would drag on. We would have the classes and lectures with Ron. Then we would do some auditing in the afternoon. And then Ron would be back in the evening and we'd be lecturing again. And two evenings a week he used to let the public come in. And anyone could come in for the public lectures by Ron Hubbard. And poor Dennis and Olive, I remember once or twice I said, how the hell are you getting on in the middle of the course? How are you managing? He said, it's awful. He said, we can't even get into bed, we have to look under the bed before we get into it. There might be a couple of students under there doing a bit of auditing. He said, it's awful!

I don't know really how they managed but they survived it somehow, the two of them. Rarely was that place empty before midnight. They couldn't have gotten to bed till after midnight and they had to be out of bed again and get the place all ready for the course by nine o'clock the following

morning. God knows how they lived during that period but they managed it. Anyways, Ron was as good as his word, while the course was going on he was investing the money that he got and the next thing we knew was that he got some premises, he rented some premises at 103 Holland Park Ave.... 163 Holland Park Ave. That was about 400 yards, a quarter of a mile from the Holland Park Ave. station on the Bayswater and Holland Park Ave. road, Bayswater, continuation of Bayswater road there, 163 Holland Park Ave. on the corner of one of the side turnings. And that was London's first HAS, Hubbard Association of Scientologists, and halfway through the course one evening Anne phoned me up, of course I hadn't seen much of Anne, I was so damn busy on the course. She phoned me up and said she'd thrown her job in. She'd been in touch with Ron and he needed someone to look after the office down there.

He picked on her right away because she had... she was a trained secretary and had excellent typing skills. She could do shorthand and what have you. And he said, just the person I need. You can look after the office. And so she chucked her job in and got a much higher, more highly paid job with Ron at 163 Holland Park Ave.. so while the course was finishing off, Anne was already working down at 163 Holland Park Ave.. She was the office staff. She was all of it! Keeping everything going down there. Keeping the place warm for when the rush would start after the course was finished. Ron... one had to admit that Ron Hubbard was a man of action, that once he got this mockup going he didn't hesitate. He wasn't a hesitator. He was a man of action. Things were moving. They were moving fast in October, November 1952. Of course, as soon as I got a bit of time and saw a bit of daylight, towards the end of the course and things began to ease off a bit, I was seeing more of Anne. She was avid for all the data. I was spending hours teaching her all the data I was learning on the course. So she really didn't miss anything. She got it all from me. She got to the whole can lot of it from me. She was a wonderful learner.... data, she only had to get it once and she had it. So she really didn't miss anything by not being on the course. She was still auditing in the evenings, but very little of it because she was so damn busy down at HASI. The course ended and I used to go down to, down to the HASI to... in the evening to pick up Anne and take her home. Or sometimes we used to go out for a meal and then go home.... there was the children, and so forth.

One evening I was sitting there about 6:30 waiting for Anne to finish off a bit of typing, we usually hoped to get away about seven o'clock and suddenly the door burst open and in came Ron, breezed in, looked at me up and down and he said, you are the new London ...you're London's first Director of Processing, Dennis. I said, am I.? He says, yes, he says, I said, you've just been elected. I said, well, thanks very much Ron. What do I have to do? So, the first thing you can do, he says, is to give these damn new HPA students some auditing. I said, what HPA students? You don't mean

us? He said, no, no. He says, you are ex-HPA students. You've finished, he said. But next Monday morning, he says, you've got an HPA course starting next door. Dennis O'Connell is going to be running it. He said, were going to use the tapes that I've been cutting with you people. He said, I've got some more tapes coming over by air mail from the states. O'Connell's going to be the instructor, he says, and those poor students are going to need some good auditing, he says. We're going to give them quality auditing. Every student who does that course is going to get at least five hours of top quality auditing, he said, and I can't think of a better person to give it to them than you. So he said, you are the new Director of Processing and your first job is to give each one of those students who starts next Monday five hours of auditing. I said, good on you Ron.

And I was London's first D. of P., first Director of Processing. And then I walked out with Anne that evening, down to the bus stop to get home and I said to Anne, I said, (?) marvelous, a director of Processing, I said, I'm a company director. I said, I'm only 25 years of age, I said, company director, I said, soon it'll be cigars and a Rolls-Royce car, cause I'd always imagined a company director, you know, you get a Rolls-Royce car and you got a seat on the board and you smoke cigars. I said, here, I'm only 25 and I'm a company director. And she laughed at me and she said, don't you believe it, she said, it doesn't mean the same in America as it does over here. She said, a director in America is just somebody who directs a Department, she said, which like we say, somebody who would direct the traffic. She said, you know, you're just a manager Dennis. She says, you are not a company director. Now I know I'm a company director, but it turned out that Anne was absolutely right. I wasn't going to be a company director, I wasn't going to be a director of HASI, the company, I was only going to be a manager. Ron used the American term, director. In America it means just what Anne had said it meant. So clearly, the time had come for me to leave home and so I said goodbye to mom and dad and got myself a flat in Notting Hill Gate. I had to have somewhere to audit these students. So I got a flat in Notting Hill Gate. Stan Richards started looking for a place in town too. He lived out in Ilford. He needed to get more central for his preclears. Most of them were in London so we teamed up together and got this flat in Notting Hill Gate. He used to use it during the daytime to audit his preclears. He was building up his practice. And I used to use it in the evening for auditing the students. They were on course during the day. I couldn't get to them during the day but every evening I'd have a couple of them come in and I used to give two sessions an evening between 6:30 and 8:30 and 8:45 and a 10:45.

Fit two sessions in in an evening. So it went on, meanwhile George Wichelow who had been... he was on staff, he'd come in what was called Director of the V staff, the

voluntary staff, V for voluntary, voluntary staff, Ron had this beautiful mockup of a voluntary staff. There was one staff member paid, that was George, whose job was to go out and enlist other people to come in and volunteer to do the work, do some work for nothing and they'd get paid by having some free auditing or free training. And George was just the man for this and George was going to handle the V staff. George was a superb promoter. That was his real strength. George was a superb promoter and he proved it. I mean, we always knew he was good but the man was brilliant. There have been some very brilliant promoters in Scientology over the years but I've never met anyone who was in George's class. Once he got the job, George was down to Hyde Park corner with his soap box, took it with him, on the bus down to Hyde Park corner, set it up at four o'clock in the afternoon and started talking to the passers by about Scientology and Dianetics until he got a little crowd around him. And then at seven o'clock in the evening, 6:45, he would say, right, come with me, we're going to take you down and give you a little talk and show you the premises and learn some more about this subject. And he would just take them out of Hyde Park, what he'd collected, pick up his soap box and the whole lot of them would get on the bus. He'd bring the whole lot of them back into 163 Holland Park Ave. and by eight o'clock that evening, he'd have a class there of newcomers into Scientology sitting there, listening to George Wichelow talking about Dianetics and Scientology and they'd be buying books, and getting pamphlets, and that was George! He was an absolute godsend to the organization that man was. I knew of no one else who could anywhere near do what he was doing. None of us were capable of doing it, but to George it was absolutely natural. And he did it absolutely perfectly. He could do it time after time after time. Night after night after night. The only nights he couldn't do it was when it was raining and there was nobody in Hyde Park corner. But any fine night, if the weather was fine, George could go down there, come back with somewhere between 10 and 20 newcomers. He could do it anytime he wanted to. He was an incredible promoter, was George Wichelow. And when he died in 1958, he died fishing off the rocks in Point Corbiere off the southwest coast of Jersey by the side of the lighthouse. A big wave came in and swept him away and his body was never even found.

It's one of the most dan... I know the point well there, I know well that Point Corbiere and it's one of the most dangerous spots of... dangerous spots on the whole Jersey Coast for fishing, very, very dangerous spot. But George... even though George was a powerful swimmer, he was a physical culture expert, he was a powerful swimmer, he would have stood no chance if he got carried off on those rocks. And as I said, they never found the body. It was a great loss to Scientology in 1958, was the death of George Wichelow because he was the promoter. He was the greatest

promoter I'd ever met in Scientology and I've never heard of anyone else who'd met a better promoter of Scientology. Even Ron Hubbard couldn't promote like George Wichelow could.

Things settled down to somewhat of an even keel. The premises at 163 Holland Park Ave. weren't very big. There was just the front office and there was the lecture room and there was one other room which was sort of an intermediate size you could use it for a bit of auditing or you could use it for a small class but it was one of those in between sized rooms. And then there was the toilet and the washroom and that was it. There wasn't anything else there. And it was very, very small premises for what was required. So it was no surprise that Ron was soon looking for more premises. He needed a place for a clinic. It was all very well me doing the auditing in my own flat there but he realized it was only a stopgap measure and that sooner or later that he would need a clinic. There was also of course, this matter of me being the Director of Processing of the organization and.... at that time it was an unpaid position. I was expected to audit these students, give them each one of them five hours of auditing and I wasn't getting any money from the org there, I wasn't a staff member of the org. There was just this tacit understanding that if any inquiries came into the organization for auditing, until such time that the clinic was properly set up, that I would actually do the auditing and I could charge the preclear the auditing fee. This was reasonable because it was my only means of earning a living.

Obviously I couldn't go on auditing the students for nothing forever and I had to have during the day, I had to have some means of earning some money and so it was tacitly agreed that this was what would happen. So we sort of went on along those lines but it was not a satisfactory arrangement. I would have far better preferred to have gone on to a salary basis like Dennis O'Connell was on and Anne was on and audited the.. and then the preclears who came in to HASI, paid their money to the HASI, and I would have audited them as a staff auditor, I would have much preferred that even though I probably would have been financially out of pocket. I was probably doing better financially on the existing arrangement. But anyway, Ron was quite happy with the arrangement as long as I audited, gave each student five hours of auditing and got their case rolling. Also he made it clear that if the preclear, if the student was in very bad case shape that they ought to be encouraged to have some more auditing. There was that understanding too.

But the whole thing was to get some new premises and get a clinic under way at the time. And there the matter was left in 1953, jogging through 1953 and Ron disappeared out of London. He took Mary Sue with him and the whole lot ... they all disappeared. There was some crisis in the

American organizations, we lost Ron and we went immediately, went on an extended comm [communication] line to Ron which was never the best. While we had a close comm line to the old man, we could work with him, but on an extended comm line we began to get misunderstandings on the line and so forth and things got, started to get strange because he was getting wild reports of all sorts of the lunatic fringe about what was going on in HASI and all it was quite untrue. It was just business as usual in the HASI. Anne was doing a fine job. She was virtually the administrator. And technical was being looked after by O'Connell during the daytime and Stan Richards doing the evening courses, evenings and weekends and I was looking after the auditing side of things. And it was good roads and good weather. Everybody was getting a good service. The students were getting trained. The preclears were getting audited and the bills were getting paid and Anne was working herself into the ground as the administrator looking after everything else. And that was the way the org was running. Oh, and George was running the PE courses and doing his V. staff and so forth and giving us a supply of new people. The mockup was running, it was a stable going concern. It was, you know. But we knew that in the org...we knew that there was a fair bit of entheta going to Ron from various sections and some of the other auditors in London weren't happy with this arrangement.

They knew that HASI was getting inquiries for auditing from the general public and they knew that these auditing inquiries were being farmed out to me. And they of course knew of the relationship between Anne and I ... even though I kept it no secret from anyone and the org never kept it a secret that I was the Director of Processing of HASI, and that I was a staff member that ... they didn't think it right that I should be doing the auditing up there and so on. Somehow they got to know, it got, the secret got out, the word got out that I was charging these... that the money was going to me and not going to the organization. Even though I was telling people that I'm not... my position with the organization is unpaid. I'm not drawing a salary but I do hold the position with the organization and as soon as we get a clinic I'll be taking up my full-time post as Director of Processing as a salaried staff member. Because that was as far as I knew what was going to happen. But it still wasn't good. There was a lot of ill feeling about it. There was one hell of a lot of auditors who were getting trained and were quite unwilling to get off their back sides and go out and get themselves some preclears. That was the simple truth of the matter and so they were casting greedy, envious eyes upon me who was doing a lot of auditing because the org was passing me preclears. And they didn't understand the position there... that there was... the org were putting their preclears out to the best auditor that they knew, that was me. That was Ron's instructions. They were putting them out to me because they could rely upon me as an auditor. You couldn't tell this to the other auditors you see so you...

there was naturally a fair bit of entheta going backwards and forwards there and Ron was evidently believing some of it and there was a lot of other lies going on at the time too. As I say, while we had Ron local and handy, we could handle it and we could remain in communication but once we got on an extended commline when he was in the United States and it was all in air mail letters, then the lies started to get to Ron and he being the man he was he started to believe the lies. At this time of course, the little group of Georgie Wichelow, Dennis O'Connell, Stan Richards, Anne and I, we'd been together working with HASI now for some months and we'd been developing a considerable amount of affinity for each other and a great understanding of each other's modes of working and so forth. We were developing into a very, very efficient team. Very, very efficient. And I think that, looking back in hindsight, I think that also contributed to the difficulties that occurred immediately afterwards... that Ron got wind that we were becoming a closely knit team and he, because of the personality, the type of person that he really was... that he couldn't tolerate that.

He felt that that was a danger to him, that his staff might one day gang up on him... the London staff might one day gang up on him and try to take the org away from him or deprive him in some way of his own organization. Remember, he always was slightly paranoiac, Ron, he had marked paranoiac tendencies, more over the years I knew him. And so we would expect such paranoiac behavior from such a man, and in no circumstances, it wouldn't be unusual for a person with paranoiac tendencies to experience some trepidation at his own staff members getting on so well together and working so well together as a team.

But anyway, the crash came around about some time in April, May 1953 there. An air mail letter came over from the old man. Anne was sacked. And my services were no longer required. And this threw the whole place into a pandemonium. I wasn't in the org when... Anne read the... she picked up the mail. She read it. She spoke with Dennis O'Connell. He was there during the day course and he immediately phoned me. Stan Richards was in on it and that very night there was a whole... George Wichelow came along too, and we had a sort of council of war. The rest of them were ready to throw in their resignations for Anne and I.. said that either, you know, if you sack Anne and I, you sacked the rest of us too. You've lost the lot if you sack those two. But Anne and I said, no, don't do that. There's a misunderstanding. It will come back right. And we didn't understand Ron at the time. We didn't know about his paranoia. And we thought it's simply a misunderstanding here. It'll all blow over. So we pacified Dennis O'Connell and George Wichelow and Anne and I pacified the other staff members down and we left it at that. But I do know that

they all three of them wrote stiff letters to the old man saying that this was a gross injustice... that breaking the team up... and that neither Anne or I had done anything to deserve being fired. But nothing came back on the line from the old man.

Nothing came back at all. But what did happen ... I think this happened on the Thursday or the Friday we got the letter, and what did happen was that, on the Monday morning... meanwhile Dennis O'Connell got a... he was a senior tech staff there person, he got a letter from, a personal letter from Ron, an air mail letter from Ron saying that the new administrator will be coming in on Monday morning and his name was Reg Gould and he will be taking over... I forget the post he... Ron granted him some grandiose title and he will be taking over Anne's old job plus lots of more responsibilities, will be looking for a new building and will be virtually in charge of the place and will be senior to O'Connell and senior to Stan Richards and senior to George Wichelow, which put their backs up immediately because they were all tech staff and they hated the idea of an administrator being put senior to them, particularly when they found out that nobody had ever heard of Reg Gould and that as far as we knew he had no training. He was a completely... he was a completely unskilled person in the subject of Dianetics and Scientology. Anyway, he turned up on the Monday morning and, by lunchtime Dennis O'Connell phoned.... meantime I'd left the flat, I'd let the flat go. I don't know whether Stanley kept that flat going in Notting Hill Gate for long. I think he let it go too after a while. He held it for a while but he couldn't hold the rent, the rental on it and he let it go. I don't know quite where Stan lived after that but I went and lived in Battersea and Anne and I got married soon afterwards. But anyway, that's all really beside the point. On the Monday lunchtime, Dennis O'Connell phoned me and said that the worst... this guy... he knows nothing of Scientology. He supposedly read the book but he's an absolute horror. I made a point of going in. I wasn't auditing that day. I made a point of going in that afternoon, strolling in and talking... into the org... and talking to Dennis and strolling into the office to meet Reg Gould. And of course, he'd heard of.....

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Thanks to Manuel Robalino for doing the transcription from tape.





# Death, a new beginning

By Per Schiøttz, Denmark

Come play with me - there is no loss  
Why fight it now - why do be cross?  
Why fight a war - already won?  
Free yourself - and lose a ton  
Let them go - those chafing bonds

Need no more - survival funds  
Be a Being - go be free!  
Free yourself - from eternity  
Don't count the losses - look anew  
They ARE Beings - all like you  
They don't have time - but only love

Or bodies, no - they are above  
Playing then - a greater game  
Freedom to - a higher aim  
Creating now - again a Rock?

Maybe you like - to be a wog  
Spirit novice - oh no my friend

New life again - will not transcend?

Oh brother, come - my sister, too  
There is no change - was always you

The knowing You - just played a game

The real You - come, light your flame  
Regain your knowledge - with no fight

You my love - just pure delight  
You will decide - a better game  
It never will - be just the same

But will be ours - without no-know  
Our creation - with no forgo  
The utmost joy - and happiness  
Will now be - self made bliss

Don't fear it now - we will be fine!  
Your greatest love - is just divine  
And all, they add - their love sublime  
And now again - a new playtime

Is this then new - this very freedom?  
No my love - you are a phantom  
Play this game - forever more  
Just have wins - and please, galore  
When you decide - we meet again  
In our own - dimension then.

August 8, 2010 - Per Schiøttz