

Dart Smohen: The Real Story

by
Dart Smohen

Additional Commentary
by
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This eBook has been—and is being—compiled and edited by Paul Adams from public posts made to the Ex-Scientologist Message Board by Dart and Alan with their permission. Many people have expressed a desire to see all Dart's important posts concentrated in one place. Here it is.

A PaulsRabbit eBook

Who the fuck is Dart Smohen?

Welcome to ESMB¹ Dart Smohen!

I've seen the name Dart Smohen before - any significance to this?

- ACW

In late 1967 or early 1968 LRH wrote a secret EO² on Xenu³ (or Xemu, as you wish).

In it Hubbard refers to the events he described at the time. He states that at the time he was operating a doll-body⁴ and his identity was DART SMOHEN. His post at the time was TREASURER.

The R6⁵ implanters⁶ operated as The Brightenden (or Brighton) Film Company and Xemu was entrapped in an electronic mountain trap on an asteroid/planet a long way away.

As far as I remember, only a few people had seen the EO. It was always kept locked away.

That should piss the cult off, one of their great secrets now in the public domain.

1 ESMB: Ex-Scientologist Message Board at <http://forum.exscn.net>

2 EO: Ethics Order. An issue binding on members about someone's good or (usually) bad standing with the cult

3 Xenu: Galactic ruler according to Hubbard responsible for killing forever 13.5 trillion people 75 million years ago, whose souls today infest everyone on Earth except for certain cult members who have exorcised their load

4 Doll-body: Mechanical body used by a spiritual being instead of the meat bodies in main use today

5 R6: Routine 6. Here used to mean Incident 2, the 75 million year old catastrophe Hubbard described

6 Implanting: Overwhelming a being with force and installing ideas he can't easily get rid of

A Note from the Editor and eBook Creator

All bar one of the chapter titles match Dart's original thread titles. The exception is the *Odds and Ends* chapter, which mostly contains articles written by Dart on others' threads.

The changes to the text have been very minor, mostly in order to correct typos. In addition, headings, footnotes, and an alphabetical index have been added. If there is any question about the text, simply take the phrase you are checking, or one adjacent to it, type it into an Internet search engine, and refer to the original thread and post on ESMB.

Alan's contributions are each marked in the index at the back as "ACW comments".

In PDF format, *Dart Smohen: The Real Story* is relatively easy to change. If you find any errors or omissions or have suggestions for improvements, feel free to contact me at ESMB on the *Dart Smohen: The Real Story* thread or by private message. Alternatively, email me. I'm easy to find.

Dart told me today that he has finished adding to his story for now, so apart from very minor changes you can consider this a done deal.

Paul Adams
3 December 2008

DISCLAIMER: Needless to say, neither this document nor the original posts have been endorsed by any raving nutjob UFO cults that demand their best (i.e. highest-paying) customers exorcise dead space aliens daily for an average of ten years or more.

Table of Contents

Table of Contents

A Note from the Editor and eBook Creator.....	3
Table of Contents.....	4
Chapter 1: The Sea Project - How the Adventure Started.....	10
Saint Hill - November 1966	11
Leaving for a secret destination	11
Arriving at dreary Hull.....	11
Preparing the ship to leave.....	12
The "Black Gang" arrives.....	12
The Sea Project compared to the Sea Org.....	12
Chapter 2: The Journey to Las Palmas.....	14
The voyage begins.....	15
Leaving Hull.....	15
Around the English coast.....	15
All at sea.....	16
Force 13 storm.....	16
Auditing at sea	17
Arrival at Las Palmas.....	17
Hubbard as a seaman.....	17
Chapter 3: The Sahara Campaign.....	19
Las Palmas - late summer 1967.....	20
Chapter 4: Corfu.....	22
Corfu - Part 1.....	23
Hubbard's auditing and training of others.....	23
Corfu.....	24
Fun, on liberty too.....	24
Hubbard's tears of despair.....	24
The Class 8 course.....	25
Plagiarism re drug release rehabs.....	25
New tech introduced.....	25
Hubbard's "exterior perception".....	25
The ship work goes on meanwhile.....	26
Disaster strikes!.....	26
Upgrade to non-existence.....	26
Deck force shenanigans.....	26
Under scrutiny.....	27
Unfriendly press in mid-60s.....	27
AO Greece opens.....	27
British and Greek Intelligence.....	28
Hubbard's ups and downs.....	28
Hubbard's disappointment with son, Quentin.....	29
Corfu - Part 4.....	29
Financial Planning.....	29
The Naming Ceremony.....	30
Christmas approaches.....	30
Dart seals his fate by shouting back.....	31
End of the story of the Sea Project.....	32
Chapter 5: Alicante.....	33
Alicante - 1968.....	34

The AO moves ashore.....	34
Chapter 6: The Liability Cruise.....	36
Royal Scotsman assigned Liability.....	37
James Byrne gets deflated.....	37
Fun and games as long as you aren't on the sick list	37
The Liability Cruise - Part Two.....	38
Auditing Joburg security checks.....	38
Learning basic seamanship as the Spanish Navy spies on us.....	38
Arrested and under armed guard.....	38
Rampant "taking of siestas".....	39
Drugs on board?.....	39
The cruise ends.....	40
Chapter 7: The Overboard Ceremony.....	41
Corfu, autumn 1968.....	42
The first hint.....	42
The first overboard.....	42
Can't swim? Tough. Make it go right!.....	42
With students gone it gets worse.....	43
Standing up to Hubbard.....	44
Chapter 8: Something Smells.....	45
Hubbard very sensitive to smells.....	46
Cooking oil putty works fine!.....	46
Instant coffee stains wood great but.....	46
Chapter 9: Loot.....	48
Treasure hunting.....	49
Preparing for a heist using lead ingots.....	49
Mission Into Time.....	49
What were we thinking?.....	49
RPF in the UK in the 70s.....	50
Hubbard's R/Ses.....	51
When R/Ses became discreditable.....	51
Russell Miller (Author of Bare-Faced Messiah).....	51
Hubbard auditing others.....	52
Chapter 10: The Rhodesia Story.....	53
Hubbard believing he was Cecil Rhodes.....	54
Hubbard dresses in a kaftan.....	54
Hubbard kicked out of Rhodesia.....	54
Alan confirms the kaftan story.....	55
Chapter 11: Sea Org Uniforms.....	56
Various uniforms.....	57
Dramatizing the "whole track".....	57
Space crew uniforms.....	58
Chapter 12: Ethics Conditions - The Full Story.....	59
The savagery of the original Lower Conditions.....	60
Non-Existence.....	60
Liability.....	60
Upper Conditions.....	61
Hubbard bursts into tears again.....	61
Attestation line comes in.....	61
An amusing Ethics episode.....	61

In summary.....	62
Chapter 13: Was Hubbard a Racist?.....	63
Few people of colour.....	64
Hubbard was complex.....	64
Chapter 14: What Made Hubbard Go Ballistic.....	66
Examples of Hubbard exploding.....	67
Seething with bypassed charge.....	67
Chapter 15: Hubbard Didn't Like It When You Shone.....	68
Hubbard never shared the limelight.....	69
Beth Fordyce destroyed.....	69
John MacMaster destroyed.....	69
Successful mission holders destroyed.....	69
Bill Robertson got rid of.....	69
Otto Roos got rid of.....	69
Others too.....	69
First Clear world tour.....	70
Release of Clearing Course, OT2 and OT3.....	70
Instead of OT2, process pc on what comes up.....	70
Audit the pc in present time.....	70
LRH and Games Packages.....	70
Chapter 16: Crimes We Have Committed.....	71
Specific crimes.....	72
World Health Organisation theft.....	72
UK Immigration.....	72
Currency smuggling.....	72
Others?.....	72
WFMH.....	73
Vast majority are decent.....	73
Codes of silence.....	73
Chapter 17: Basic Pay.....	74
SO pay buys a bottle of rum, ciggies, a good whore and a bowl of soup.....	75
Guardian Office hate for Sea Org.....	75
Las Palmas whores.....	75
Chapter 18: The Defining Moment in Scientology.....	77
Saint Hill 1963-4.....	78
Saint Hill HGC formed.....	78
Power Processing and the Grades introduced.....	78
Solo Auditor Course for non-trained Scios.....	78
All completions by examination only.....	78
Saint Hill Clear Check.....	78
Release of OT1.....	79
Release of OT2 - First completion is Mary Sue.....	79
Attestation Line is introduced.....	79
False attests.....	80
The Clear Check.....	80
The OT2 check.....	80
CBR suggestions re OT2 platens.....	80
Saint Hill standards.....	81
Learn to audit by co-auditing 1,500-2,000 hours on SHSBC.....	81
Hubbard on homosexuality.....	82

Chapter 19: The Power of Source.....	83
Hubbard and music.....	84
Alan confesses.....	84
Chick Corea and Hubbard.....	84
"Source" in the album title.....	84
Chapter 20: The Route In.....	86
Purification Rundown.....	87
Happiness Rundown.....	87
Valence shift on Happiness Rundown.....	87
False Purpose Rundown.....	87
Personal experiences.....	88
Chapter 21: Power Processing.....	89
Background.....	90
Why they work so well.....	90
Are they a Grade?.....	91
Power made Hubbard lots of money.....	91
Technical aspects of Power.....	91
Did John MacMaster develop Power?.....	91
The story continues.....	91
Presence.....	92
Alan chips in.....	92
How to program a robotic zombie.....	93
Examples of successful processing.....	93
SOURCE.....	94
Pr Pr 4 - The commands and how to run them.....	94
The End Phenomena.....	95
EXISTENCE.....	96
Pr Pr 5 - The commands and how to run them.....	96
CONDITIONS	97
Pr Pr 6 - The most potent Scientology process ever used.....	97
SP = still stuck in a long-ago overwhelming incident.....	97
Auditor requirements to run.....	97
The commands and how to run them.....	97
Power: The best process in Scientology but still eclipsed by Alan's development.....	98
Chapter 22: The State of Clear.....	99
Clear.....	100
State of Clear can occur outside Scn.....	100
Dart - technical authority?.....	100
Chapter 23: Knowledgism, Freezone, Scientology The Primary Difference.....	101
Auditing someone on what YOU think they need is implanting.....	102
Meters are over-rated.....	102
Auditing the client where his attention is at.....	102
"Codes" and confidentiality.....	103
Chapter 24: The Personality Test.....	104
Oklahoma Capacity Assessment.....	105
OCA good for marketing. And for case assessment if.....	105
Chapter 25: Taking On an Identity.....	107
What happens when a being takes on an identity that is too big for them?.....	108
LRH flips to the dark side.....	109
The Stanford Prison Experiment and the Milgram Experiment.....	109

Identity as a co-creation.....	109
Chapter 26: An Incredible.....	110
Have you ever experienced an Incredible?	111
Mary Sue Hubbard.....	112
Chapter 27: Odds and Ends.....	113
A cleared Arab is a.....	114
Ribbons and bows.....	114
OT III: Where DID those cherubs come from?.....	114
Hubbard really was on drugs at the time.....	114
Were you a "Loyal Officer" too?.....	114
Which came first - the chicken or the egg?.....	115
More on the Class VIII Course.....	115
Recordings of the lectures.....	115
Original Class VIII Course an implant from beginning to end.....	115
The Foundation Chaplain.....	116
The day the gas man came.....	116
Infiltration.....	117
The Anonymous Effect.....	117
Hubbard's Other Children.....	118
Missing money?.....	118
Chapter 28: Anecdotes.....	119
London.....	120
The London ACCs.....	120
37 Fitzroy Street.....	120
My first week on course.....	121
Saint Hill.....	121
The first St Hill party.....	121
Early observations of the SHSBC.....	122
Hubbard devastated.....	122
On the SHSBC in 1966.....	122
Parties and sex.....	123
Amnesty and Ethics.....	124
Clears.....	125
Returning to St Hill in 1970.....	125
The Stables.....	125
Stonelands.....	125
Stuffing Parties.....	126
Stat Psychosis.....	126
It is time to go.....	126
Alphabetical Index.....	127

Chapter 1: The Sea Project - How the Adventure Started

In response to the several PMs⁷ I have received and the general requests for more historical info, here is the start of the adventure.

Saint Hill - November 1966

In November 1966 a memo was posted on the Reception Notice Board at St Hill. It asked for volunteers who had nautical experience. The notice was taken down within the hour, but a few of us had seen it.

Leaving for a secret destination

The OT Central Committee met in the Manor basement in great secrecy. Joan Thomas (later Robertson) was committee chairman. Some of us were called in and interviewed. We were told to keep silent about this and not discuss anything. We began to notice that certain staff members began disappearing from post. I was working in Div 4 at the time and received a call from Joan asking if I would be interested in a "confidential project". I was told I needed a passport and to prepare a suitcase should I be required.

There were specific requirements: you had to be Clear, a SHSBC graduate, had worked on staff and had proven upstats.

I received a phone call one morning soon after and told I was going away. My family had no idea what was going on. I was not allowed to tell them. I told the Tech Sec, Alan Ferguson, that I was leaving to go in a project. He informed me I could go only once I had found a replacement for my post and trained them. So I went to HCO, took the Personnel Officer by the hand, led her up the hill to the Castle and sat her at my desk, telling her she was my replacement. Alan Ferguson got very upset about all this and began threatening me with all sorts of Ethics conditions. I picked up the phone and called Mary Sue and explained what was going on. Within three minutes she swept into the Tech area and proceeded to rip Alan a new butt. Problem solved.

I had to wait at the back door of the Manor, my suitcase out of sight. I remember chatting with Roger Buckeridge and Thok Sondergaard, you know, general chat, how's the weather, what did you do at the weekend, that sort of stuff. There was no way I could tell them what was going on.

Joan Thomas collected me and we went by taxi to the station. "Where are we going?" I asked. "Cannot tell you yet" she replied. We took the train to London and then the tube⁸ to King's Cross⁹ for trains going North. She still would not tell me where we were going. We boarded a train heading for Hull. It was only after the train had started off that she admitted Hull was our destination.

Arriving at dreary Hull

Hull was (and probably still is) a dreary seaport on the East Coast. Once there we took a taxi to Victoria Docks. Joan said "Well, there she is". There was nothing to see. "Look down there" she said. I did so and saw a dingy fishing vessel with a series of scruffy people running around in blue boiler suits.

A few of them waved. Then I recognised Wally, Joe & Jill, Yvonne, Phoebe and several others, all of them key execs from St Hill. The sign on the gangway said HUBBARD EXPLORATION COMPANY. I went down and joined the crew. I went to the fo'castle and picked a bunk.

That night there was a fearsome storm. At around midnight there was a loud banging on the fo'castle door. I got up and opened it. Standing there in the downpour were Roger Buckeridge and Thok Sondergaard !!!

Such was the secrecy that none of us had any idea the other would be there. Thok and Roger did not know they were travelling on the same train. It was only at Hull station while waiting with their escorts for a taxi that they met.

7 PM: Private message (on a message board)

8 Tube: London Underground, Metro, subway

9 King's Cross: London railway station

Preparing the ship to leave

Our job was to stow essential equipment that Ron Pook and John Lawrence had purchased from ship scrapyards. This was going to be installed at our final destination. We were not told where we were going. None of us had any sea experience. Frank McCall was the Supercargo. We had a ticketed master and an engineer.

Our water supply was limited and in order to flush the "heads" you first had to throw a bucket over the side and haul it up with water to flush with.

We had to have various inoculations. The doctor who gave me mine was very dodderly. He gave my smallpox jab in the arm and in passing me back to his desk he managed to stick the needle into my hand. This led to a swelling and me suffering from cowpox for a few days. Any chance of rest and recovery? No chance!

By this time we had our first insight into Hubbard's work on OT3. A confidential Ethics Order was issued on John Lawrence stating that he was no longer the person we thought, having been taken over by other beings, which accounted for his suppressive nature. It all seemed strange to us as we all liked John. We asked questions but were told we would learn more when we reached our final destination (wherever that was).

We had a dispute with the ship's chandler who was short delivering our supplies. We would not pay them and they told Customs they suspected we had drugs on board.

The "Black Gang" arrives

Next morning the "Black Gang" arrived in a transit van. There are the most feared of all the Customs teams. They wear black overalls and have unlimited powers of arrest and detention.

We were all confined to the ship whilst they carried out a minute and detailed search. We discovered parts of the ship we had no idea about. Finally at the end of two days searching they concluded that it was a false alarm and we

were allowed to depart.

That is the next part of the story (See Chapter 2: *The Journey to Las Palmas*).

The Sea Project compared to the Sea Org

The concept of the Sea Project was totally different to that of the Sea Org.

Our members (with the exception of one) were all technically trained, Clear, had worked on staff and experience in working together.

The Sea Project had nothing to do with any involvement with the CofS. We were doing our own thing, preparing for nautical activities and investigation into past events and ancient civilisations.

We had a VERY high level of confront, high MEST¹⁰ handling abilities, high ARC¹¹ (the ARCXs¹² could be violent - knife fights etc.) We were turning on some remarkable abilities. Hubbard, in his drugged and self-medicated state was incapable of doing this. It really set him off, the idea that other people could be more able than him.

Then came the realisation that the org systems were collapsing at the top due to taking away the key execs.

The Sea Project was not the vehicle to handle the management of the CofS.

Hubbard decided to create the Sea Organisation. He was back in the org business. He hated the idea, it was NOT what he wanted to be doing. He wanted us all to sign billion year contracts. Several of us would not bend to his new strategy and we left. Those who remained signed up and this became the start of the Sea Org.

Hubbard needed a much larger vessel to accommodate the crew he needed, so the Royal Scotsman was obtained.

10 MEST: Matter, Energy, Space, Time, usually used in the sense of physical "stuff", articles, gear, objects etc.

11 ARC: Affinity, Reality, Communication

12 ARCX: ARC Break, a sudden drop of ARC; upset

Hubbard also opened up eligibility to all and sundry. This fulfilled two goals, firstly it diluted the exclusivity and uniqueness of what the Sea Project had created and secondly it gave a quick fix input of new bodies to work the ship. He allowed families, children and all sorts to sign up. The children really drove him mad. They were only tolerated as long as their parents were able to produce.

Part of his "pissed-offness" was to decide that the orgs were no longer going to take responsibility for its product. That is why the attestation line was introduced prior to the release of OT3 and above. From now on, everyone was responsible for their own condition. If they thought they had finished then fine, attest. If you got it wrong then you got an ethics condition.

The two things a being craves most are status and identity. This way he got to ensure that these two goals were made very easy for anyone to claim. I remember one guy attesting his way from OT1 through OT5 in one day. Did he make any advance in his spiritual abilities? I seriously doubt it, but he WAS an OT5 and could let everyone know about how "important" he now was.

It also meant that the floodgates could open on cash coming in, a matter close to his heart when you consider how strapped he had been a few years earlier.

In a way this could be considered an evolution, but to those of us on the Sea Project, the S.O. was a complete degrade.

Chapter 2: The Journey to Las Palmas

The voyage begins

Getting ready to depart Hull was fairly traumatic. None of us had any idea what it was going to be like. I had crossed the Irish Sea and sailed to Isle of Man in some rough crossings, but nothing like what we were preparing for. We were putting on some brave faces and whistling a lot.

Leaving Hull

I was assigned as an aft line handler with a tall laconic New Yorker (who wishes to remain anonymous). Our steel cable had broken, so we created a sort of “granny” knot and called it a Schultz knot.

Much to our horror the hired captain decided that would use our line to “spring” the bow out. We had seen what happens when a steel cable parts. The end flays open and can be very dangerous. Joan Robertson was on the fo’castle when a line split. It flew past her face, missing by inches. Had it hit her, it would have slashed her face into ribbons.

Anyway, our cable starts to tighten and vibrate under the strain. The two of us quickly ducked around the corner in case the line parted. Our knot had held. As the boat began to ease out, the line went slack, the loop was thrown from the dock and we hauled the line aboard.

Victoria Dock, where we were moored, had a lock gate in order to keep the water levels high inside. Ships move in and out of the dock all day with comparative ease. Not us! We managed to give the wooden side struts a good clout as we tried to ease our way into the lock combination. The Harbour Pilot on board was making some rather pointed remarks at the captain. Once out of the lock, we were in the river Humber. The pilot departed and we were on our way and on our own. We had been told our destination once the gangway had been brought on board, so no leak could be made. (Secrecy was paramount).

We made our way toward the river mouth at Sperm Head and the seas were becoming much more choppy. The tide was against us and we were rocking along. Most ships left WITH the tide, not us!

Around the English coast

I remember as we sat down for our first meal, Hank Laarhuis standing by the porthole and saying in his monotone Dutch voice “Look at the waves, they are going up and down, up and down”. Phoebe, who was only just holding on to her stomach screamed at him to shut up and sit down.

Our mess table was supposed to be fitted with fiddles to stop things moving about too much. Not us! We had forgotten. There we were, plates in one hand and the other trying to fend off two large jars of pickled onions and chutney that kept shooting all over the place. The captain (a born-again sadist) came in and loudly asked “Did anyone fancy a nice greasy pork chop, or maybe a couple of cold fried eggs?” There was a sudden rush out to the ship’s side. (Golden rule: NEVER puke out over the windward side!)

We sailed down the East coast through the night and pulled into Harwich harbour as the weather was cutting up really rough. We anchored in the bay and had to scramble up in the early hours as we were dragging our anchor. Some moored barges had broken loose and were threatening to collide with us.

Steering was rather difficult to get used to. The compass was positioned above your head, so you ended up with your neck bent looking up at it, rather than where you are going. In order to make up for lost time, our captain took us across the infamous Goodwin Sands, graveyard to hundreds of ships. I remember the captain telling me to steer “No error to Starboard course” as we passed by the masts and funnels of sunken vessels sticking out of the water.

We came around into the channel, the busiest shipping lane in the world. There were plenty of naval vessels around and the protocol was that,

as a British registered vessel, you dipped your ensign in respect. The Naval vessel would reciprocate. The trick was to do it at the last moment, which meant that a navy seaman had to scurry aft on his ship to reply before we were too far away. That used to really piss them off.

Our Supercargo, Frank McCall, used to try and pretend that he did not get seasick. When we were on the bridge he would come out of the chartroom say he was taking a sighting and disappear around the side. Then there would be the most hideous retching sounds. The bridge crew just looked at each other and shrugged. The guy was as batty as a fruitcake anyway, so why worry. McCall would return to the chartroom and a few minutes later come out "Oh, damn, what was that reading again?" and disappear outside again to the same loud retching.

We pulled into Falmouth Harbour in Cornwall. A pretty place, steeped in Naval history and smuggling. We were welcomed, but quickly blotted our copybooks. There had been a serious tanker oil spill a few months previously, hundreds of miles of coastline polluted. Falmouth had escaped, mainly due to vigilant work keeping any oil at bay. However, in refuelling, we managed to dump some oil right in the middle of the harbour. The clean-up boats were out very quickly and we were told to clear off. In the haste to depart we failed to secure the anchor home tight, so as we sailed along, it regularly banged against the fo'castle bulkhead. This went on all day and night

Our engineer was a slob. He used to turn the flywheel that directed the propeller direction by slapping his belly up against the wheel and turning it by an obscene gyration. He had dozens of cans of beer stashed in the bilges keeping cool. He was forever trying to hit on some of the female crew: fat chance of that happening.

All at sea

Our course was set for us to proceed west until we came to the longitude that lead due

south to Las Palmas. This was fairly easy sailing, calm seas and lots of sunshine. That was, of course until we hit the Bay of Biscay.

Our strategy had been that when we went to sea, you rigged for the worst possible conditions, even if it was hot and sunny. Lifelines were rigged between the fo'castle and the bridge structure. They ended up saving lives, literally.

Force 13 storm

That night a force 13 storm hit us like an express train. A couple of us, making our way to the bridge to stand watch were hit by huge seas breaking over the vessel as we made our way aft. If it had not been for the lifelines we would have been lost. We had ropes tied around our waists, a length of line went over the lifeline to make a loop and you held your loop in both hands. Put it this way, we were almost horizontal in the wall of water, the force of it ripped a Wellington boot off one of us as we made our way along.

On the bridge we were soaking wet. I was on the helm and it was not a case of simply steering, it was a matter of holding on to the wheel. The force of the sea on the rudder was transmitted back through the hydraulic system and spun the wheel, with me clinging on. I crashed into Thok who himself had been thrown against the bridge casing. It was all we could do to hold on. Fortunately, the vessel was designed to withstand all the Atlantic fury and was virtually unsinkable.

We had waves breaking over the TOP OF THE FUNNEL. If you read the definition of overwhelm in the dictionary, you will know what I mean. We had 10ft of water rushing across the deck. The boat was pitching around like a cork in a bath. After about four hours the storm started to subside and it took several hours before any hot food could be prepared.

After that, the rest of the journey was a doddle.

Auditing at sea

I remember having to give a session to one of the crew. He had been “rollercoasting” a bit, (No! I hear you say). We sat in the aft heads (toilet and shower room), a tiny space located right above the propeller. We had a short plank across the toilet seat. That is where he sat. I sat on a stack of crates of oranges with another plank across two other stacks of fruit boxes. That was the table. The air was humid, it was very hot, there were minuscule fruit flies buzzing around and I had to do a Remedy A¹³, Remedy B¹⁴ and 3 S & Ds¹⁵, all of them listing actions with the meter. Being at the very back of the boat, the pitching up and down was exaggerated as compared to being at the middle. The poor chap was being bounced up and down on his seat, I had to try and hold on to the meter and he had to try and answer the listing questions. We muddled through and got a result.

It is funny, you get used to the sea swell after a while (sea legs). We learned to put fiddles on the table, keep the number of jars to a minimum, how to eat with a spoon as our food was usually hot, wet and runny, and to keep hold of our plates when the ship gave a sudden pitch.

Arrival at Las Palmas

We made landfall at Grand Canaries one evening. It was a gorgeous sunset, the stark landmass being silhouetted by the setting sun behind it. The next morning we slowly steamed into the harbour under a local pilot. Hubbard came on board, all dressed up in his denim jeans and jacket, peaked cap, trying to look every inch the sailor. He was strutting about the place expounding all his wealth of naval knowledge (none of us had any, so it was all rather interesting – that is until you read his real history, much later).

After getting a briefing from Frank about the

13 Remedy A: Auditing procedure

14 Remedy B: Auditing procedure

15 3 S&Ds: Auditing procedure

trip down, Hubbard went into a real tantrum at the captain for not following his precise navigation instructions (keep well away from the Bay of Biscay) and promptly threw him and our slob of an engineer off the ship.

We had arrived at Las Palmas.

How we did not have any fatalities is beyond me. Mind you we did have some serious injuries. In Valencia, John Bragan as an aft line handler grabbed the cable to try and straighten it around the bits, just as the tug took up the strain. He lost two fingers as a result.

My mother was public in the AO on board at the time, She had been a nurse and looked after him. Hubbard didn't want John going to hospital as it would have caused a "Shore Flap" and sparked an investigation. Thanks to my mother's ministrations, John recovered, infections and swelling finally reduced. John was on the Liability Cruise and became known as "Three finger Pete".

A girl was standing with her leg inside the loop of a cable. Fortunately one of the guys knocked her over and out of the way as the line tightened.

Hubbard as a seaman

We learned quite quickly. Necessity prevailed. Hubbard was about as much use as a chocolate fire guard in these matters. He was no Horatio Nelson.

The problem for me was that we never ever went to sea with him. I have heard a few comments from those who did sail with him, but my experiences were on vessels where he was not sailing, i.e. Avon River to Las Palmas, Enchanter in Las Palmas. In Corfu we were in harbour the whole time.

From my own experiences with him both in Valencia, Las Palmas and Corfu he was very "control-freaky" and tended to determine progress through a series of tirades.

Maybe that was because we still had a large number on board who were, in effect, potential

liabilities when it comes to running and operating a boat which was about 100 yards long.

Alan was on the pick-up crew for the Royal Scotsman. They embarked at Southampton and had filed their destination as Brest. They never went there, heading for Gibraltar instead. Captain Hubbard was in charge of the ship for that journey.

Hubbard was somewhat glib about accidents at sea. He used to say that the reason only a few ships ran into each other was that the sea was so large!

Chapter 3: The Sahara Campaign

Some of you, who were early SO members might have come across something that was referred to as "The Sahara Campaign".

Las Palmas - late summer 1967

This took place in the late summer of 1967 in Las Palmas.

The Avon River had been up on the slipway for a while and Hubbard wanted to make some major improvements. The wooden mizzen mast was removed. This was a very funny episode. We had Spanish artisans working on the ship and one of them was on top of the mast unbuckling some metal shackles. His mate was on the deck with a saw trying to cut the mast down. The guy up top started yelling at him and probably used some "industrial language" because the guy below furiously got to work with the saw. The guy up the mast began throwing tools at the guy below, who responded with greater effort to topple the mast. We were in helpless laughter at this until we realised that the mast could fall anywhere.

We wrestled the sawman away and allowed the guy up the mast to climb down, at which point, screaming (apparent) obscenities at the sawman, grabbed a hammer and began chasing him around the deck, down the gangway and off up through the yard.

About the same time Hubbard wanted the ship to be sandblasted down to bare metal. This took some weeks. We lived amid piles of gritty sand that got everywhere. It was VERY hot during the day and at night several of us simply slept among the sand.

Hubbard said he was going to commission a medal for those who had endured the event. It was to be in the shape of a camel, attached to a ribbon.

The men doing the sandblasting were not particularly concerned at how they aimed the nozzles. If you got a blast on your leg or arm it really HURT. They took the entire hull and superstructure down to bare metal.

John, Chief Officer, was not too bothered

where and when he "took a leak", especially at night. Rather than make his way down the long ladder and into the shower/toilet block he would simply relieve himself over the aft side.

Hubbard, on conducting a tour of the freshly sandblasted ship noticed streaks of rust down the aft side. John, who was with him on the tour, was asked what he thought they may be. Talk about a MWH! John, who looked exactly like Bluto from the Popeye comic series was a sight to behold. Several of us who knew what had been going on were "hanging around" listening. It was hysterical. John was trying to be blasé about it, promising to investigate the matter and Hubbard looking directly at him asking if he was sure he had no idea how they got there.

Several of us used to go out to the bars and nightclubs after 10:30 at night. When we stumbled back on board, you never who you might trip over sleeping in the deck among the mini dunes.

After the sandblasting was over we had to clean the ship. Hubbard called for a white glove inspection. Those who passed got a 24 hour liberty. Those who failed got to do extra work. It was clear that if Hubbard did not want you to have a liberty he would find some way of failing you.

Bob Smith, who had started a relationship with the office girl from the boatyard office had the Bosun's locker to clean. Hubbard, having expressed his disapproval over the relationship (Bob and the girl actually got married) went to extraordinary lengths to try and find some way to fail him. Finally he found a pulley block that had a little dust deep inside the wheel. His face was beaming that his efforts had produced some dust on his glove.

Virginia Downsborough was the cook. Her cleaning station was the galley. Virginia ordered Smokey Angel to clean her galley for her (as well as doing her own cleaning station). Hubbard came in and found a whole panel covered in grease. "Flunk" he said to Virginia. This was funny because Smokey passed her

own inspection. Virginia could hardly say that she had ordered Smokey to do hers as well.

The time spent in Las Palmas was one of the most exciting times I can remember. It was a tremendous time of personal development and experience. We were turning on all sorts of abilities, which, of course, was the real reason why the Sea Project was closed and the Sea Org formed.

Chapter 4: Corfu

Corfu - Part 1

Before I start talking about Corfu, I should detail the origins of the changes.

It was really in Valencia in early 1968 where Hubbard started the process of developing a crew. He had allowed a whole bunch of people to join the newly formed Sea Org. A few were quite remarkable, the vast majority were there just for the experience. The trouble was that virtually the entire lot were completely unhatted in aspects of seamanship.

Hubbard's auditing and training of others

There are two comments to make about Hubbard: whilst he was a flawed multi-personality person, when he processed you he ALWAYS wanted you to win BIG. The second thing was that when he trained you he did not "namby-pamby" around with study and checkouts first, you went straight in and did it. If you fucked up you might get a condition, but you learned as you stumbled along.

Alan covers it in his Zones¹⁶ stuff. You start off in the Red zone, all fingers and thumbs, then as you practice it you move on up to the yellow zone etc. Well, it was like that for us. I was the primary helmsman, not because I had been word cleared on the terms, but because I learned how to steer by taking the Avon across the Goodwin Sands and again across the Bay of Biscay in a storm. That was learning as you went.

It was the same for the R3R Dianetics when it came out. Here is your co-processor, here are the commands, sit down and START.

So it was that Hubbard had to do something with his motley crew. There were all sorts on board, old, young, children, even a couple of pets.

Personally, I do not think he expected people to attest so quickly to the OT3 and other levels.

16 Zones: Part of Knowledgism

He was getting more and more frustrated with the clownish activities, mostly well intentioned, that were going on around him. Yes the income was rolling in, which was music to his ears, but the array of idiotic things that were going on were sending him up the wall.

I have previously mentioned Sam, a heavy drug case, working on the deck of the Avon. He was assigned to hose down the decks. Unfortunately Sam connected the hose to the fuel line and began spraying the deck with fuel. There was a lot of smoking going on on-board the ships, including Hubbard. Had any of that fuel caught alight, the Avon would have gone off like a bomb and it would have closed the port. No wonder Hubbard went absolutely loopy.

At the same time, the Royal Scotsman had to move her berth to make way for an American warship on a publicity visit. In moving the vessel, the bridge crew managed to back the ship across the harbour and into the outer harbour wall, damaging one of the propellers.

He decided to move the Advanced Courses onto land whilst he sorted out the ships. He sent missions out to find suitable premises and settled on a holiday apartment block in Alicante. (See chapter *Alicante*).

In the meanwhile he assigned the ship a Liability condition and the crew were made to learn the basics of seamanship. (See chapter *The Liability Cruise*.)

Hubbard was looking to get to the USA a lot sooner than he did, but both the ship and the crew were unprepared for such a journey. His frustrations grew daily to the point where he would explode at the slightest instance. He became disenchanted with Spain, under Franco, and decided to move the AO back to the UK.

In the meantime, after the Liability Cruise, the ship was dry-docked and repaired. Hubbard set about training the crew after he had offloaded a lot of families and small children. He went from Valencia around to Lisbon, along the North African coast and ended up in Corfu some 4 months later.

Corfu

I arrived back on board in the late summer and due to a "misunderstanding", in Edinburgh, I was on the deck force. Within a very short time I became Bosun and quickly conspired to have the 1st Mate, Joe, removed. Joe was a nice guy, but a real shit to work for. So I got all dressed up and happened to "bump" into Hubbard on the A deck. Joran Robertson, who was MAA and wanted to become 3rd Mate was also along with me, all dressed up. Hubbard looked at us and knew something was going on. He said "Well, what are you after?" I said he needed a good 1st Mate. He asked if I could do it and I said yes. He turned to Joran and said "Well, what is your pitch?" Joran said 3rd Mate. Hubbard asked what would I do with Joe, so I told him to put him on the Missionaire Unit. He chuckled and told us we had the jobs.

Fun, on liberty too

It is important to comment on the crew. We were a great bunch. We had FUN. It was exciting, it was like being on the start of a great adventure.

As 1st Mate I was head of Port Watch. Ron Pook, 2nd Mate was head of Starboard Watch. Our duties were 24 hours on, 24 hours off. My deputy, and junior, was Norman Starkey. When we summoned the watch for muster, out of 102 people, we usually had 100 turning up. Diana was on my watch. The Aides were usually excused muster, but often took part. We did drills, practised damage control, fire drills, collision drills, learned navigation and generally became less of a liability at sea.

When we took liberty, quite often 70-80 of us would book into a hotel and take it over. We ate in the restaurant and took over the band. Norman got the drums and we has a real bash. We were fond of smashing crockery and it was hilarious to see the waiters flying around totting up the plates, cups, bowls that got thrown. At the end we would ask for the bill and between us we would settle our account. They loved us coming.

Most of the crew got laid, most got really drunk, there were no real upsets and we got it all out of our systems. The next morning we trooped our way back on board and got on with our work.

Alongside all of this was the work necessary to prepare the ship for an Atlantic crossing. The first big problem was one of fresh water. Hubbard had initiated the "Tank Project" before I arrived. Here crew were forced to lay on their backs, in quite claustrophobic conditions and chip the salt water tanks to prepare them for conversion to fresh water. This was quite an ordeal for them and many suffered terribly. Hubbard was uncaring, he wanted the job done. A contract crew came in and sprayed a plastic coating on all surfaces. Unfortunately, they did a crap job and the plastic began to fall off. I was the one who had to tell Hubbard.

Hubbard's tears of despair

I remember going into his office and he was sitting at his breakfast side-table with a bowl of coffee. He didn't use cups as this cooled the coffee more quickly. I had worked out a plan to repair the tanks at a reasonable cost. When I showed him the plastic Hubbard burst into tears. He cried like a baby and was in complete despair. I showed him the material I had on how to fix it, presented my report which he instantly approved, wiped his eyes and switched back into "Commodore" mode.

As 1st Mate, I was responsible for the ship's hull and structure. We had a whole raft of job to be done, including the building of a chartroom (see chapter *Something Smells*). Hubbard was still fixated on discovering buried treasure and we had two landing sleds on the Aft deck for such activities. (See chapter *Loot*).

On several occasions Hubbard would sit down with me on the life rafts on A Deck where he would chain smoke his ciggies and we would talk all night. He had the duty messenger standing out of earshot and he outlined his goals and dreams. Hubbard often said that lying was havingness. He said this on Level 2 of the

Briefing Course. Whatever Hubbard yarned on about, you had to be prepared to take it with a pinch of salt. He would rip someone's character apart when they were not there and be absolutely charming to their face. I have no doubts at all that he really slagged me off after I left the ship to return to the UK.

Hubbard had been deeply upset by the mauling in the press, the British Government's banning him, his humiliation in Rhodesia and a non acceptance by those he considered his peers.

His attitudes changed, both toward the crew, the public and the rest of the world.

I will cover these in the next part.

About this time we began to prepare for the new Class 8 course.

The Class 8 course

In about June 1968 I was in Edinburgh helping Bill Robertson set up the AO. Hubbard had originally asked Otto to prepare the materials for a Class 8 course. This was never completed and Hubbard had Otto pass it up the line to me, as senior tech terminal, to complete. I must admit I did not have a great deal of interest in doing this. I had always declined putting my name to any tech materials and told Hubbard that I felt it should come from him. He accepted my point, but was still a bit pissed off at me for passing his hat back to him.

Plagiarism re drug release rehabs

Around August, Hubbard received reports from Pam Kemp concerning innovative rehab procedures they had been doing on people with drug highs. Coupled with this was the emerging influence of drugs and their apparent effect on case gain. Hubbard gaily took Pam's work and subsumed it into his own creation. This was a common thread with Hubbard: receiving info from someone and calling it his own development. I remember Alex Sibersky telling me later on, that at dinner one night, Hubbard

proudly told them he had made an amazing breakthrough on the subject of drugs. Alex and the others were dumbfounded as they all knew it was all in Pam's report, but who was going to contradict Hubbard?

New tech introduced

In addition to this, Hubbard introduced new review procedures for upper levels, a new "Green Form", assessment lists, a rewrite of the listing procedures and addressing former practices. These were some of the new tech introductions. We prepared a course space and materials got in for the students who had been summoned to the ship. Hubbard decided that all the students should wear bright green overalls, brown, open-toed sandals and wear a rope cable tow around their neck. (This last being a masonic symbol).

What I can tell you is that these students were continually in a state of fear. At the end of the course there was an exam. However Hubbard ruled that two students would, for their exam, C/S a case file and deliver the C/S to successful completion without any flubs. John Parselle and James Hare took up the challenge and both passed.

I have covered a lot of the detail and the overboard procedures in the chapter *The Overboard Ceremony*.

Hubbard's "exterior perception"

The tech trained members of the crew attended the live lectures along with the students, which were held nightly in the B Deck Lounge. I remember Hubbard going on about how exterior he was, how he could see the harbour, how clear it all was. In the meantime, those of us who were sitting there, looking through the windows behind him could see this dirty great ship passing by VERY close to us!

The ship work goes on meanwhile

While this was going on, we continued working on preparing the ship for its eventual voyage. The chartroom was built, CIC¹⁷ was floored and rigged out for command use, storage cages constructed for crew baggage, the fresh water tanks prepared and many other tasks undertaken. The ship was moored in a snug corner of the harbour.

We had a phone line stretched across the dock to the ship and one night a worker on a motor scooter ran into the line, taking him across the throat. We dashed out onto the dock and administered what little first aid we knew. Fortunately he came around and with a wad of cash pressed into his hand, he decided not to complain.

Disaster strikes!

One night (on my watch), disaster struck. A large ship entering harbour too fast sent out a bow wave that smashed us against the side of the dock. Even the rubbing strake along the side could not prevent us hitting the dock. The result was a buckled hull plate and the salt water intake pipe to the cooling system sheared off in the engine room. Hubbard went crazy and as I was the officer in charge, I and my deck crew got assigned Liability.

We were given the task of constructing three large camels (fenders) and to lay out the aft anchor chain - without moving the ship! We worked for three days and nights and this is probably the best example of the crew's interaction and spirit.

We got truck tyres and with a heated rod we made holes in them, threaded them into a row, lay heavy chain through the middle, packed them with wood and secured them to the dock. In order to do this we had a fire going on the dock. Hubbard would look down from the upper deck to see we were working and the

moment he went, out would come a jug of coffee to be put by the fire and a plate of meat cubes which we threaded on baling wire and cooked over the fire. One time Hubbard came by. He could clearly smell meat cooking. However, a couple of the crew appeared in front of him and began giving him all sorts of irrelevant information about something, leading him away from our fire. Everyone looked out for everyone else.

Upgrade to non-existence

We hired an old landing craft and lowered the aft anchor onto the lowered ramp, then backing away and paying out anchor chain, we got some way out before the weight of the chain almost sank the craft. The restraining lines got chopped, the anchor splashed into the harbour and we were able to use both the fore and aft anchors to hold ourselves off the dock. Hubbard pronounced himself satisfied and upgraded us to Non Existence.

Deck force shenanigans

Our deck force was a law into itself. I had a bosun, a very dour Yorkshireman, Mike Stainforth, who used to be cashier at St Hill. However, he had a very wicked sense of humour. We were forever "borrowing" tools from the engine room and Malcolm, Chief Engineer, sent David K. an effete voice coach from Boston to demand the return of a particular spanner.

Mike looked at him and told him that we had hidden it in a large can of red lead paint and if he wanted it back he had to put his hand (and arm) in and recover it. David hummed and hawed for a while and rolled up his sleeve and put his arm in. It was not there. He was dripping red lead and we wrapped his arm in paper. We then told him it must be in the white lead can and amid much high-brow cursing, he put his other arm in to retrieve it. It was not there either, so with both arms covered in paint and wrapped in newspaper we "remembered" that the spanner was on the bench in front of him all the time. He was sent off, clutching his spanner

17 CIC: Command Information Center, kept statistics etc.

and under dire warnings not to drip any paint on his way back to the engine room.

In the next instalment I will cover the political, intelligence and development of the secret AO Greece project.

Under scrutiny

Our ship's agents at the port were the Patras brothers, both of them fully qualified ships captains. They were our link with the rest of the outside world. All our telex traffic was sent via their office and they received and dispatched our mail packets, although on frequent occasion these were sent by courier.

Hubbard relied on the agents to facilitate his attempts to break into the upper echelons of Corfu government and administration. Both the brothers were friendly, approachable and happy to assist.

Unfriendly press in mid-60s

Up until about 1963 Hubbard had no real problems with authorities, the media or his public. His affairs were "swept under the carpet" and he was well loved by his followers. However, his first real attempt to cosy up to the press, a revealing guard-down interview that was based on his work to show that other living forms (tomatoes) had feelings, was smashed by the ferocity of the article. "Are You a Boo-Hoo?" ran the headline. Hubbard was absolutely devastated. He had sought acknowledgement from the media and his peers. He desperately wanted to be taken seriously as a true research pioneer. His attitude to the media changed overnight. Gone was the open and welcoming approach. To him they were "Fair Game". They were not to be trusted.

His humiliation in Rhodesia followed, in 1966, where sought to set up a friendly country where "OT's could work together", Hubbard and Scientology began to run into scrutiny from the British government. The Victoria Enquiry did a huge amount of damage to Scientology's

credibility and this reflected on the subsequent bans on individuals coming to the UK to enrol on Scientology services (and spend lots of cash doing so). Hubbard had taken to the sea where he could stay out of reach of authority and the media in general. In late 1967 Hubbard and a squad of Sea Project members made a furtive visit to the UK to collect the Royal Scotsman, a former Scottish cattle ferry, and quickly decamp from Southampton before the authorities knew he was back in the country. (He had been barred from re-entering).

It was thus that Hubbard chose Corfu as a possible destination for his next project and after some months meandering his way around the Med, including North African ports, he finally made his way there.

AO Greece opens

The Advanced Org had been set up in Edinburgh and an offshoot subsequently set up in LA, following the ban on Scios visiting the UK, Hubbard decided to set up an AO in Europe and Corfu was chosen. It was designated AO Greece, a highly secret project to be put in place under the noses of any potential opponents. Thus the importance of the Patras brothers in making the necessary introductions.

Hubbard was a brilliant networker. He could enter a room and charm all there. The first stage was a PR offensive. We held Open Days so that locals could visit the ship and tour all over. The idea was to show we were just a bunch of friendly hard-working regular people who were absolutely no threat at all. The ship was all decked out and we had signal flags dressed out as bunting. I remember the local Greek Naval guys having a real laugh because they could read the message spelled out on the bunting. Hubbard and the rest of the crew just thought we had strung up flags to make the ship look pretty. (The message read "I want to f**k you). No, we never told a soul, especially Hubbard. The Patras brothers were smiling and quietly asked me if I had arranged the message. My look of complete innocence convinced them I

knew nothing about it.

The public days were very successful, lots came and we developed a good rapport with the locals. All the officers on duty had to be in uniform and on one occasion, Richard Gorman was standing on an upper deck away from visitors, looking over the side. I waved for him to come down but he refused. He looked very smart, complete with braid and cap. So I went up to find out why he would not come down. He was wearing his shirt, tie, jacket and ... pyjama bottoms! He could not find his uniform trouser but was determined to do his bit to help, that was the crew spirit we had.

There were VIP cocktail parties for local dignitaries. We had champagne and caviar by the bucket load. Senior officers (at least, those who would not scoff all the caviar in the first five minutes) were in attendance and we had to circulate and mingle with the guests. Hubbard was at his best form and really got across to these people. They really welcomed him. At least, that is what he thought they were doing.

British and Greek Intelligence

The trouble was that we were under constant but discreet scrutiny from the Greek Navy, the British Consulate and British Intelligence. There was nothing overt, but as doors seemed to open, they quietly closed again. Hubbard was becoming more and more frustrated with these perceived blocks to his plans. The building we had rented for the AO was suddenly subject to certain planning application problems, meetings with key parties became deferred and the general feeling Hubbard had was that this was Rhodesia and the UK all over again.

One evening Frankie F. and myself went off on a liberty trip to the casino where we won some money. Frankie, being an ex-Vegas croupier knew all the various moves. We went to dine and about 30 minutes later, Hubbard appeared with guests, also to dine. He threw us a quizzical look but said nothing. The next day in the local paper it was reported that Hubbard had dined out with the Mayor and other

dignitaries and that he had his bodyguards sitting nearby. He was quite tickled by that.

Of course, the overboard ceremonies had quite a negative impact on our PR program. Questions began to be asked about this strange routine of throwing people, sometimes blindfolded or tied up, into the dirty harbour.

Hubbard's attitude to the crew had begun to change. He became more controlling, with heavier ethics punishments, more degrading work for them to do, a ban on casual relationships (it never stopped it happening), a more driven targeting for all the orgs and an increase in our own undercover programs.

The telex traffic between MSH and Jane Kember, Guardian, was obviously being monitored. A series of disinformation telexes used to be transmitted back and forth. In the title numbering sequence, if the letter "X" appeared, then it was a spoof message designed to mislead those monitoring our traffic. Missions were sent out with clear criminal intent. The justification was always that it was for the greatest good of the greatest number and that we were dealing with SP groups, so our cause was just. One of these missions was to break into the WHO¹⁸ Headquarters in Switzerland and copy any documents pertaining to Scn. I will not name the missionaries. (See chapter *Crimes We Have Committed*). All of this behaviour was a preamble to the subsequent Operation Snow White episodes.

Hubbard's ups and downs

Hubbard became more and more vicious with the staff, there were people put in the chain locker, people sent up the mast for hours, heavy Liability Conditions, comm ev's and a sadistic approach to punishment. Hubbard used to record the overboard ceremonies on his cine camera which was set up on a tripod on the aft A deck. His face became contorted with glee as people went over the side.

His behaviour was becoming more and more

¹⁸ WHO: World Health Organisation

polarised. One minute he would be all charm and smiles and instantly switch into fury and hatred.

Yet at night time we could sit and talk for hours. He was very perceptive and could tell if you were not being totally open with him. Then he would smile and punish you hard. It was during these talks that Hubbard opened up about his long term plans. He wanted to return to the USA. That was where the Scn boom was taking place. The ship was being prepared for the Atlantic crossing and being a flat bottomed vessel, needed the calmest of seas to go across.

He had somewhat resigned himself to the failure of AO Greece. He wanted to get away from the watching eyes, particularly the British interest in the boat and what we were doing.

Hubbard's disappointment with son, Quentin

The other matter that upset him was his son, Quentin. Hubbard's eldest son ought, in his mind, be the one who took after him. His previous son, Nibs had turned against him after being a loyal supporter for many years. Quentin was a gentle soul, completely fixated on all aspects of flying, was not very tall, rather skinny. He took very much after his mother, not Hubbard. Quentin was a dreamer. He was well liked by the crew, yet never seemed to fit in anywhere. He didn't have a girlfriend (he was still a young teenager) and was allowed to simply "do his thing". I think Hubbard was hugely disappointed in the way Quentin was turning out. I never saw Hubbard ever display any affection toward Quentin. Diana, on the other hand, held a senior post and was very much a part of the overall scheme of things. I am sure Hubbard selected Jon Horwich as a suitor for Diana and facilitated their getting together.

In the final part I will cover a lot more of the developments.

Corfu - Part 4

Financial Planning

Each week the Div Heads would sit down in the B Deck Lounge and the FP¹⁹ would take place. We had a fixed amount of \$5,000 to cover everything. Our weekly requirements far exceeded this sum, so we developed strategies. If I simply turned up with requirements for about \$300, this would invariably get cut down. So, I would bring a whole sheaf of proposed purchase orders, possibly \$12-15,000. Some of the Div Heads simply did not get the picture. They ALWAYS got cut down to zilch. The starting total would be around \$35,000, mostly packed with BS PO²⁰s. As the round of cuts started, so I would drop some of my (unnecessary) PO's, providing others also made cuts as well. Qual²¹ and Div 6²² were the usual losers. They would start out asking for two filing cabinets, this got cut to one, then a half of one, then a quarter and finally we would tell them there was no chance, so drop it.

We needed essential supplies. Hubbard set a FP sum and was simply not interested in how the budget got spread. You could not use the excuse that there was no funds to get the job done, if you failed (thus non-complying with his order) you got busted. It was a tough time.

However, being the Deck Force, we had our own cunning plan (as Baldrick²³ would say). In the hold we had a lot of surplus junk, - we had brought a lot of doors, hatches etc. down from Hull on the Avon, which were not used in the Las Palmas refit. So, I got the Patras brothers to find me a local scrap dealer. He came on board, inspected the stuff, agreed a price (in cash!) and we hoisted the stuff over onto the back of his truck.

Some stooge told the Finance Aide what was going on and she came running after us, just as

19 FP: Financial Planning

20 PO: Purchase Order

21 Qual: Qualifications (Correction) Division

22 Div 6: Public Division

23 Baldrick: English TV comedy character

we were heading for the dock entrance. She demanded the money. What money? We all looked so innocent. While the guys were delaying her, two of the "deckies" got away and spent the money on the essential stuff we needed. We did give her the receipts though. My reward was being thrown overboard.

The Naming Ceremony

As part of the ongoing PR offensive, Hubbard decided to turn the renaming ceremony into a big event. This being a special event, we put in for quite a large budget of materials and this was approved without question.

The ship had been moved up into the corner of the dock, so the dais for the VIPs would be head-on. The bottle would swing on two ropes and strike the bow, which was about 6 inches wide. We had an Aussie, Bill, who was a carpenter. He built the platform where Diana would stand and cut the string to release the bottle.

What really pissed us off was the continual stream of CS²⁴ Aides and Commodore's Messengers coming down to demand to know if everything was going according to plan. They wanted assurances that the bottle would hit the bow AND break.

So, we decided to wind them up. Up in the bowhead we would slightly shorten one string and lengthen the other. Then at the "test" run, the bottle would swing.... and MISS! This really got them worried. They would rush back, write up their report and inform Hubbard about the failed test.

Next test we rigged it so it would miss on the other side. Again they were almost ill with anxiety. We kept this up until late one evening before the actual event Hubbard came along alone, which was quite unusual. He stood on the dais and smiled. "You have been winding them up deliberately, haven't you?" I did my usual "What?, Who? Me?", Bill turned away shaking with laughter. Hubbard smiled, nodded and said

24 CS: Commodore's (Hubbard's) Staff

"You are a right pair of bastards", laughed and walked away.

On the day of the ceremony the entire crew were assembled in watches along the side of the dock. Ron Pook, Malcolm, Chief Engineer, and myself stood at the front. A velvet cloth, (weighted down with one of the Engine Room's crowbars we had acquired) covered the name. Des Popham hid in the bow with an axe to cut the name cloth and a spare bottle to smash if the real one didn't break.

All the local VIPs were assembled, I could feel Hubbard's eyes fixed on me. Diana stepped up, cut the string and the bottle swung. I swear to God that the bottle exploded about 3 inches in front of the bow! Down came the cloth, straight into the harbour and the ship was named. It was a runaway success. There was a cocktail party on board and Hubbard was completely radiant. He was so pleased with the way it had all gone I am sure he would have drunk his own bathwater!

After all the guests had gone he said "Well, I didn't think for one second that it would work". (Thanks, Ron!). He assigned the ship a condition of Action Affluence. We were really on a roll. It was like a HUGE ascension experience. The trouble is that it always results in a "crash and burn".

Christmas approaches

As Christmas approached, Hubbard was getting more and more frustrated. Despite his PR efforts, he was not making the inroads into the Corfu society and administration he desired. In hindsight, I am sure that the British Consulate and their Intelligence agents were setting up the blocks. There was a Greek Navy vessel in the dock and they were forever keeping an eye on us. Mind you, we got along very well with them. One night they invited a group of us to come on board for a meal. They had caught an octopus and whilst we were eating (it) they described how they rub it on the dock to get the tendons to relax. Poor Joan Robertson, she almost passed out at hearing

this.

We invited them back to the ship for a meal. It was a great evening. One of the Greek officers had a table fully laid for four people lifted up. He placed a leg into the pit of his stomach and held the table by gripping the corner with his teeth. Then he started to slowly spin around and around. It was amazing. Nothing fell from the table, no glasses fell over. At the end his buddies simply lifted the table off him and back on the floor.

The atmosphere on the ship was changing. Hubbard was becoming very dichotomous. On one side he was friendly, outgoing and perceptive, on the other intolerant, vicious, domineering and increasingly more and more upset. Overboard ceremonies were filmed on a daily basis, punishments more harsh, people being put in the chain locker, yet we carried on in Action Affluence.

On one occasion he got upset over a construction delay. I wrote to him and told him it was not the deck force's fault. He wrote a reply: "If my crew let me down the way your crew lets you down, they would be in Treason, not Affluence". This is about guys who had given him 110% of effort.

We had a great Christmas party that year. Hubbard gave \$500 to the kitty and Bill Howey and myself set off to town to buy the booze. We went to the Vassilaki Brewery where we sampled a very large number of items and returned in the back of one of their trucks with all the booze we had bought. Hubbard expressed his displeasure at us for the state we were in.

He tried one last attempt at a PR exercise, arranging for gifts to a local orphanage. It went down well, being Christmas, but in PR value it was a bust. As the New Year approached, it was clear that changes were about to happen. Hubbard had stepped up the covert missions, telex traffic (including fake messages) were flying back and forth, Hubbard was becoming more and more paranoid about being spied on by the Greeks and the British. His demands for

jobs to be completed got louder and he descended into black moods most of the time.

Dart seals his fate by shouting back

As the New Year arrived, the ship and crew were put into Danger Condition. He called me to his office and started shouting and screaming at me. Something snapped. I shouted back at him. I told him he had no reason to be upset with me, we had done our projects on time and within budget. As with most bullies and cowards, if you stand up to them they back down. He did so with me. He respected me for standing up to him, but I knew my days on the ship were numbered.

I was transferred to the Missionaire Unit and within 48 hours sent on mission to the UK. That was the end of my time on the ship. Early January 1969 Felice and myself left the ship to head for the AO in Edinburgh. Plans for departure from Corfu were well advanced and I understand they left soon after. The plan was to travel along the North African Coast and wait around Morocco until the good weather came so they could cross the Atlantic.

I saw the Granada²⁵ TV program that was filmed in North Africa. Why Hubbard did it I don't know. He knew that it would be a hatchet job, yet still did it.

What shocked me the most was seeing the crew in the film. They looked beaten and cowed, undernourished, all the sparkle had gone out of them. I guess it had become a very unhappy place to be.

In the UK we had a good time. We had fun, we created a great group spirit and enjoyed life. Our move from Edinburgh to St Hill was quickly done and we settled into life in E.G. This, again, was a springboard for making some great games and organising lots of travel. We were well away from the life of the ship, only to be occasionally inconvenienced by missions arriving. Even these we survived. That is what a thetan does.

²⁵ Granada: UK TV company

End of the story of the Sea Project

This concludes the story of the early days of the Sea Project and the Sea Org. There will be a small handful of people left in the cult who went through this. They have probably had the spark driven out of them and are now existing in their twilight years, waiting for the inevitable offload.

I was fortunate in being one of the very youngest members of these events. Many who I shared these experiences with have since gone. I do not think any of the later SO members have even the remotest idea what we did and what we achieved. Almost none of them have any experience of being on a ship. They have no concept of the dangers that lay there.

The Sea Org of today is a mirror of previous fanatical groups that brainwash their captive members into a false group belief system.

If only they had any idea how it was and the things we did. There might be some pride in the uniforms they wear.

Chapter 5: Alicante

Alicante - 1968

The Royal Scotsman was berthed in Valencia harbour whilst the AO was on board. A planned visit by the US navy required that the ship be moved from its berth alongside the main dock.

The manoeuvre to shift the boat went disastrously awry. Leon was Captain at the time. What happened was that as the ship reversed, orders communicated between the bridge and the aft crew got garbled, the result being that the ship backed into the outer harbour wall, bending one of the propeller blades.

Hubbard was on the Avon River screaming and swearing in fury as the Royal Scotsman drifted past her into the wall. Hubbard's temper was not helped by one of the Avon's deckhands (Sam) trying to wash the deck with fuel oil, rather than sea water. (He had connected the hose to the wrong hydrant connection). I do not think I have ever seen Hubbard quite so upset and incoherent, he was ready for the Funny Farm!!

The result of all this was that Hubbard decided that the AO needed to be moved off the ship into a land base. The ship needed to be repaired.

The AO moves ashore

A mission was sent to find suitable accommodation and several floors of a holiday apartment block were secured. This was the Residencia Reyca in Alicante.

The AO technical crew were rounded up and ferried down by cars to take up residence. The public were taken down by bus.

The first change to procedure was that whereas on the boat we had a "fast-flow" security check, in Alicante, every new arrival got a full Joburg.

The layout was very functional. Coming out of the lift there was a wide stone foyer with two wings off to the left where the bulk of apartments were. It was the same layout on each

floor. At night there was restricted communal lighting, so the foyers were pretty dark.

Existing AO public were moved along and a stream of new public began to arrive. I remember one guy, he said his name was Rock Woolf. He came in wearing designer jeans, high heeled boots, bouffant hair, medallion, fur jacket, designer sun-glasses and an obvious fake tan. He sat down and picked up the cans. I picked up his routing form and said, "So, you are Rock Woolf?" "Sure am" (manly smile). I told him we were going to do his arrival sec check.

One of the first questions was "Have you told me your real name?" CLAAANG!! went the needle as it tried to wrap itself around the side pin.

I smiled and looked at him quizzically "Well, have you?"

He started to squirm and sweat. I just sat back, folded my arms and invited him to tell all. It turned out that he was dreadfully embarrassed by his real name (Marvin Tannenbaum - {close enough}) and didn't want anybody to know. Once he was assured that I would not broadly divulge this - and that I liked Southern Comfort, an accommodation was reached.

Alicante was about 60 miles from Valencia where Hubbard was staying, so there was only a remote chance he would ever turn up.

There used to be weekend social gatherings in the foyer area and a bunch of young Americans formed a folk song group entitled the "The Thetaboppers".

Virtually every person on OT3 copped a Liability Condition for false attest, so this group composed a ditty about it. They were standing in front of the lift doors and had reached a crescendo on the lyrics:

"And we kiss the ground
as we do OT3 the second time around"

When the lift doors opened and out stepped Hubbard and his entourage!!

The word "shock" does not come remotely

close to the looks on their faces as they turned around to face Hubbard in all his fury. You have never seen people scatter off to their rooms so fast in all your life. Hubbard was screaming and shouting, cussing and swearing for all he was worth.

The poor kids all got assigned very low conditions and Hubbard stormed around the foyer shouting for various staff to come to see him.

The one good thing about the place was it had some great back street cafes where we could nip off to, especially on a Sunday lunchtime.

All of a sudden a group of us were told to pack our stuff together and were driven back to the ship. On the way back David Mayo forgot he was driving on the right and had a head-on smash with another car. Stan Levy suffered a broken collar bone.

Back in Valencia we could see the Royal Scotsman moored away from the dock. There was a dirty grey rag tied around her funnel. We had come to take part in the Liability Cruise.

That is another story.

Chapter 6: The Liability Cruise

Royal Scotsman assigned Liability

This was one of the more memorable episodes in the S.O. history.

Hubbard, in all his "majesty" had decided that the Royal Scotsman ship was in Liability. A large dirty grey rag was tied around the funnel!

A crew was needed to fulfil Hubbard's instructions. Mary Sue was appointed Captain. Hubbard often stated that he was worried about her safety as captain. Don't worry, Laffy baby, Mary Sue didn't want to be there either!

Some of us from Alicante had been "selected" to be part of the crew. I think Hubbard was pissed off at me because word had got back to him of an "unfortunate incident" and a "regrettable occurrence" which had involved a rather fetching young lady, some beer, a raucous party and jar of Vaseline. (No. Don't ask!!).

Anyway, we turned up at Valencia Docks. The security guard at the gate (whom we knew well) ushered us through and we prepared to head out to the ship.

At this time Hubbard had a local lawyer, Mr Serna, acting for him on certain matters. He had a daughter, Maria, who had taken a shine to me. This was considered very unacceptable by Mr Serna's family and I got the "private word". Nevertheless, there she was, waiting to see me at the dock. I remember having to scurry down the quay to avoid her. You know the expression "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned?" Well, I got it in spades! She told her father, he told Hubbard, Hubbard told Mary Sue (all this took about one hour) and I was standing there facing a sour-faced, hissing and spitting Mary Sue. What a great start to the cruise!

There were certain prerequisites that had to be achieved before we could take the ship out of Liability.

Each crew member had to have a full Joburg²⁶ (There's a surprise.)

Everybody had to have done (or redone) Staff Status 1 and 2.

Everybody had to have completed S.O. Staff Status.

James Byrne gets deflated

We arrived on board in the early evening. Those who had travelled up from Alicante were tired and hungry. The entire crew were mustered in the tween decks area and a pompous little James Byrne stood up on a desk to give us "the lecture". He had been assigned as Chief Officer and was there on Hubbard's instructions to "whip us into shape". Otto had raided the galley on the way through and was standing there eating a piece of cold chicken. The greater majority of the crew were looking at Byrne with a "Yeah, right!" attitude. As he reached the climax of his pep talk he waited for the applause he expected. There was absolute silence, followed by a deep, long and loud fart from one of the crew. That said it all.

Fun and games as long as you aren't on the sick list

Actually we had a LOT of fun on that cruise. We sailed North to Segunto and Burriana (?) an old Roman port, and South to Benidorm. We sailed right across the restricted waters where Spanish submarines and warships carried out manoeuvres and were regularly tracked by them.

We has a South American kid as cook. We called him the "Yellow Peril" because he had this obsession with saffron. We had yellow potatoes, yellow meat, yellow vegetables.

Our top-up supplies came via the local pilot's boat. I remember Robin Peglar standing on the deck of this small craft which was pitching about like a cork in the bath. We had the side cattle doors open and Robin was throwing food across to us to catch. Unfortunately the pitching

²⁶ Joburg: Very thorough metered security check

was so wild that the packets arrived at different heights and one poor lad got distracted for a moment and caught a frozen chicken right in the side of the head.

My post on board was Fourth Mate. I was also the Medical Officer which meant I had to be on duty at 8am for sick call. This did NOT fit in at all with my plans, so the first morning I had three patients. The non-scio engineer had sprained his arm, someone else had a headache and another had some minor ailment.

Each patient was given a salt tablet, a vitamin B pill and a 5 grain Cascara tablet.

You know, after that there was absolutely no one reporting sick for the rest of the cruise. I became known as Herr Doktor.

The story gets better and better - in part 2.

The Liability Cruise - Part Two

Now, where was I? Oh yes.

Auditing Joburg security checks

It was pretty tough going at first, We had to do all the Joburgs. I remember having to do one on Jerry MacDonald, who had just come on board. Jerry was a larger than life customer, a smuggler, hard case and general crook.

I started his Joburg. Questions like "Have you ever stolen anything?" answers were "Oh yes blah blah blah", needle moving freely, absolutely no response at all. So I decided to run a reverse Joburg.

"Have you failed to steal something?" BANG CRASH the meter went. Boy, was there ever some charge on it. Times he had the chance to steal and failed to do so.

It took HOURS to run it, there was SO much stuff. All sorts of things came up, many that would have seen him serving life sentences. Anyway, I did the job. We were good friends after that.

Learning basic seamanship as the Spanish Navy spies on us

All the while we had to learn and train the crew on the basics of seamanship. We needed to practice docking the ship. Remember, this boat was about 100 yards long and weighed about 4,000 tons.

We also had to repair any non-working parts. The foghorn did not work properly. Gerry was sent up the mast with a spanner to loosen off the bolts and clear it out. I saw him up there and pulled the horn cable. A stream of filthy water spewed out over him, followed by the horn working at full blast - just a few feet from him.

He came down the rung ladder, soaked in dirty water with a determined stride in his step and a very reproachful look on his face!

We could not call into ports and practice, so we would sail out of sight of the coast, lay a poly line attached to floats on the sea surface and practice docking, using that as the dock.

All of the time we were being spied on by the Spanish Navy.

Bill Robertson was there to try and teach us about celestial navigation, a subject VERY few mastered. I remember one day sitting on the Aft deck, Mary Sue beside me and Bill droning on and on. Mary Sue was nodding off and Bill suddenly asked her "What is that?" pointing up in the sky. Mary Sue looked startled nudged me and looked at me for help. "Venus" I whispered. She loudly proclaimed it was Venus. Bill looked up and said "No, that is a plane". She bashed me on the arm as the whole group fell about in laughter.

Our visits to Segunto and Bizerte were great boredom breaks. We could not leave the ship. Only a couple of nominated people were permitted to go and purchase food supplies.

Arrested and under armed guard

One day Bill decided we would undertake some short missions. Four boat crews were selected and we set off to row lifeboats to the rocky shoreline and using lead weights loaded

with wax, find out what the sea bottom was. The trouble was that we only had a few people in each boat rowing and the boats were riding high in the water. This made them act like a sail and we were being blown toward the rocks. We all decided to head for a small sandy cove nearby and beach the boats until we could row back. I was in charge of one boat, Baron Berez another, Otto Roos and I cannot remember the last one. We had a couple of kids with us, Janice Gilham was one of them.

All the time Bill was sending morse flashes to us ordering us to return immediately, something we could not do.

Within a short while armed members of the Guarda Civil arrived and accused us of illegally entering Spain. There were about forty of us, all under armed guard. We tried explaining what had happened but they were not interested.

As the afternoon wore on it began to get colder. Nothing had changed. We had no money on us (except for Otto and he was not going to put that into a pool). An old metal sided truck arrived and we were herded into it and driven to a local beach cafe that had been closed for the season. We spent the night there under guard until the next morning. Once again we were herded up and taken back to our boats. By this time a tug had been hired and the four lifeboats towed back to the ship.

Bill was livid. Why had we disobeyed his orders? Why had we not returned immediately? A quick look at our faces told him he was heading for a good thumping, so he changed tack. Mary Sue had been worried sick for us and was overjoyed at our safe return. We had had nothing to eat or drink for almost a day.

Rampant "taking of siestas"

Certain parts of the ship were off limits. The B deck cabins included. I had a pass key and one Sunday afternoon I retired with Frannie for a "siesta". After an hour or so there was a tannoy²⁷ announcement "All hands Docking Stations".

²⁷ Tannoy: Loudhailer

Mary Sue had decided to call an unscheduled drill. I was the Condition One²⁸ Helmsman and my place way up on the bridge.

I grabbed my shirt, trousers and shoes and dashed out of my cabin - only to find LOTS of other people dashing out of other cabins!! I thought I had the only key and was the only one there!!

Bert Rossouw, our engine Room Machinist had a side business in making pass keys!!

A few of us raced up the stairs, past Hubbard's office, out onto the A Deck and up onto the Sun Deck where we got dressed, snuck along beside the funnel and onto the Bridge.

I took the helm. Mary Sue was there smiling quietly. (She MUST have known what was going on). She walked around to the front of the helm turned and looked directly at me "What have you been doing?" she asked. "Why, nothing" I replied. So she went over to the Starboard lookout (who was peering intently outwards) "What have you been doing?" she asked. Again, a denial. She went to everybody on the Bridge crew and pointedly asked them the same question. By this time she was really enjoying herself. "Well, an awful lot of something has been going on" she announced. We all focused fully on our tasks and squirmed inside.

Drugs on board?

People ask if there were drugs on board. Well it turns out there was some. We did not appreciate it at the time but it became obvious later on.

Joke Reder was engaged to John O'Keefe and she came on board late into the cruise to get married. The ceremony was held in the A Deck Lounge and Bill performed the ceremony. A select group formed a semi-circle in front of Bill and John and Joke came in. They were clearly "stoned". Bill was trying to add levity to the occasion (he could do 'pompous' better than anyone I know). John and Joke were sort of

²⁸ Condition One: All hands ship evolution

'grooving', Mary Sue had a fit of giggles and was holding on to my arm, Berez was sort of looking vacant, the looks on some of the other faces showed they just wanted to get it over. It was bizarre.

The cruise ends

On our return to Valencia we were dogged by one particular ship that insisted on sailing very close to our stern. As the Royal Scotsman had been designed to travel both fore and aft, she had a bow rudder and a secondary helm aft for when she returned down a river. This meant we also had two sets of running lights, one for each direction. I was getting fed up with the following ship so as it got dark, I threw the switch. All of a sudden, the ship behind us was facing directly into the lights of a ship coming directly at them. You have never seen panic like it in all your life! They violently altered course, blaring their horn at us, sailing close to us, swearing at us, our guys smiled back and gave them the finger.

Our cruise ended. All the crew had completed our tasks. The ship was upgraded and I had the job of steering her into the drydock in Valencia.

Bill and I left to go to a beach hotel and prepare to take the AO to the UK.

Chapter 7: The Overboard Ceremony

Corfu, autumn 1968

I suppose there has already been some stuff written about this, but I thought I would fill in some of the early details.

We were in Corfu, autumn of 1968.

The first hint

Sitting in Diana's office with Hana, Hubbard came by. He was quite chatty and looking forward to the forthcoming Class 8 course. During the conversation he said "Well, whenever they flunk a session, we will throw them overboard". We all laughed, but Hubbard never laughed with his eyes. It left us with a question mark over the statement. Was he kidding? Or was he serious?

Funnily enough, in the same conversation, I remarked about some members of the public simply joining staff to get free processing and training and then leaving. I called them Freeloaders. Hubbard said that was a good way of describing them and he would use it.

Sorry, folks!

Anyway, the Class 8 course had 3 MAA's, Craig DeFan, Ollie Budlong and Rod Taunton. They were photographed and featured in an Auditor²⁹ edition at that time.

The students, having been summoned to the ship were in a range of emotion from indifference to outright terror. They were made to wear bright green overalls, brown open toed sandals and had to wear a running noose around their neck.

As an indication of how cowed down they were, an old friend from St Hill, Fred Fairchild - he had come from Detroit Org, had a beard. I happened to remark that I thought he looked much better without the beard. The next morning he came down clean shaven. I asked what had happened to the beard. He thought that my friendly and innocent enquiry was an instruction, so he had shaved it off.

The first overboard

The MAAs went right into the Nazi identity. The next morning all the students were mustered on the aft well deck. A name was called and the person stepped forward and told he/or she had flunked a session. They were bodily picked up and thrown over the side. It was about 30ft drop into the harbour.

A mantra was shouted "We commit your errors to the deep and trust you will arise a better person."

Whilst the overboard ceremony was going on, Hubbard was two decks up recording the incident on his cine camera.

The same ceremony was applied to the staff as well, usually for some (heinous) transgression such as ordering some equipment without FP approval.

Along the side of the ship was a rubbing strake. The person had to be thrown out sufficiently far as to avoid it, or it could easily result in death.

There was a rule, If the overboarder touched the side of the ship on the way down, the Officer in charge of the ceremony immediately got thrown overboard too. Therefore you tried to hit out with your hand or foot so you could get that bastard thrown over as well.

Can't swim? Tough. Make it go right!

There were degrees of overboard. Firstly there was simple overboard. Then we had overboard blindfolded, there was overboard with either feet or hands tied. The most extreme was being tied and blindfolded going overboard.

It didn't matter if you could swim or not. You were screamed at to "make things go right". You made your way along the side of the ship and clambered in through the cattle door at the side.

I have seen people in absolute terror, panicking in the water. On a couple of

29 Auditor Magazine, issued monthly to Scios

occasions we defied the MAAs³⁰ and dived in to rescue the person. The punishment was a double overboard, one after the other.

The most disorienting one I had was being thrown over blindfolded. You could not accurately anticipate the moment of impact.

And of course, Hubbard was up there, every morning watching and more often than not cine recording it.

When the Class 8 course finished, the students returned to their various orgs. They adapted the overboard ceremony according to local conditions. This could be immersing them in a cold bath to putting their head down the toilet and flushing it. Students had to wear green vests and a rope noose.

With students gone it gets worse

Once the students had departed, Hubbard got really vicious with the overboards. John MacMaster, the first Clear and a real international celebrity was on the ship. Hubbard clearly saw him as a threat to his own self-importance. John was a charismatic speaker. He could talk about affinity to a whole theatre of people and there would not be a dry eye in the house. John was a superb auditor and was responsible for the development of Power Processing.

The problem was that John was gay. Hubbard had an absolute loathing for any homosexual man or woman (or coloured person in fact) and set out to destroy John. He assigned John as a galley hand, clearing up the aftermath etc. He has John thrown overboard blindfolded and his feet tied together, on more than one occasion.

More than one of us have heard Hubbard say "I hope the damn faggot drowns" as John went over the side. I spoke with John years later, before he passed away. He bore Hubbard no grudge for the inhumane way he was treated.

I trust that this fills in some gaps for you on what you might have heard about these events.

There was an even more sadistic premeditated plan - LRH made sure the persons best friend or spouse was one of the people who helped throw the person overboard!

- ACW

[Concerning the "Operation Clambake Presents The Sea Organization" photograph at <http://www.xenu.net/archive/so/>]

The officer is Joran Robertson, I think the other guy is Ollie Budlong, The guy posing to be thrown over is a Swede, his surname is Anderson and he is the brother of Malin Gelfan. The photo was taken in Corfu. It was posed for the Auditor magazine.

One of the funniest sights was seeing the Class 8 students all lining up on the deck in the morning. One guy was quietly emptying his pockets, passing stuff to those around him slipped his shoes off waiting to be called forward. His name was never called.

Talk about a MWH³¹! He had to gather his stuff back just as quietly, get his shoes back on and make out like nothing was amiss, in case the MAAs saw what was going on.

The most popular overboard I saw was Peter Warren. He was Course MAA and he was scheduled for an evening overboard. Well, being such a detested creep, virtually the whole crew crammed the side, on every deck space available. So keen were the "overboarders" to throw him, he never got the chance to take his glasses off. There was a HUGE cheer when he went over.

I guess there was some feeling of justice.

BTW I was wondering if the cult kept any of Hubbard's cine films of people being thrown overboard, or did they destroy them as part of a cover-up?

[Fred Fairchild and I probably came through](#)

30 MAA: Master at Arms = Sea Org Ethics Officer

31 Missed withhold - is what you're not saying known?

the original Class VIII course, better than most.

We twinned together - had a fun time.

Both he and I would take a two hour nap during the day - that way we kept ourselves fresh. (Of course if found out - we would have been thrown overboard. The *In Session* sign on the door kept people away.)

The course day was long ... started at 8.00 a.m. where would line up to throw the flunking auditors overboard. Then onto course until 11.00 p.m

Both Fred and I were original SHSBCs and had done 1,000s of hours of auditing so we had built up a lot of auditor violations over the years - Fred and I Sec Checked each other on the Auditors Code - we flew through the course!

- ACW

[In response to a comment that overboarding should be fun]:

Have you ever been thrown over the side of a passenger ship into a filthy harbour?

I can ASSURE you that the word fun doesn't come into it.

Especially when you have a nutter like Hubbard happily cine recording the proceedings.

Having been thrown overboard blindfolded as well, the encounter is all the more daunting.

Then again, seeing a person who could not swim panicking and going under the surface also is not a pleasant sight.

And again, when you dive in to rescue them, you get a lower ethics condition for interfering.

Such events tend to harden your resolve to survive and stand up to the bullies.

Standing up to Hubbard

I stood up to Hubbard on three occasions and each time he backed down.

First time was when we were doing arrival sec checks. I had done one fast-flow, the person

had a rockslam³² and I had ringed it and passed it to the Qual Sec for handling, which was what we were to do. Hubbard saw this and started screaming at me, telling me I was in Treason. I stood up to him and told him I was NOT in Treason³³ and that I had done EXACTLY as he has instructed the Qual Sec to deal with these matters. He backed down and said I was in Liability. I told him I was not in Liability. He said ok. Instead he had the Qual Sec handcuffed to the bulkhead in the tweendecks.

Second time I was top auditor, he picked up a folder and said a list was incomplete. I told him it was listed according to his bulletin. His Aides were aghast! He asked which bulletin, so I showed him. He said the bulletin was written by Jenny Edmonds and he had never seen it. He ordered about 100 tapes on listing to be added to the SHSBC Level 3 checksheet.

Third time was when I was 1st Mate. He called me to his cabin and started screaming at me about some small matter. I told him not to shout at me as I had done nothing wrong. He accused me of betraying his instructions, so I showed him his own handwritten instructions which had been followed exactly. Again, he backed down and apologised.

The result was that I was transferred to the Missionaire Unit and a couple of days later sent to the UK.

You have to realise that most bullies are cowards. I had known Hubbard for a long time and was not going to take any of his rubbish.

³² rockslam: discreditable meter read

³³ Treason: Ethics condition meaning betrayal after trust

Chapter 8: Something Smells

Hubbard very sensitive to smells

Dear old "Laffy" was paranoid about smell. He had a very finely tuned nose and was quick to tell you that these was a smell about something, paint, putty, oil, anything in fact.

He would not permit perfume or cologne to be worn around him.

In 1967, in Las Palmas, his shower room on the Avon was being refurbished. Putty was used to seal the gaps (as you do). He came to inspect and promptly went ballistic (No! you say, surely not!).

It was a Sunday morning and I was dispatched to the local hardware store to find non-smelling putty. The owner was getting ready to go to church with his family and whilst I tried to explain the urgency of the matter in halting "dockyard" Spanish, he made it clear that God was more important than "El Capitaine".

Cooking oil putty works fine!

I had to return and tell Hubbard the news. I must say, he took it quite well, only a medium hissy fit. The next morning I was dispatched again to purchase putty based on linseed oil (non-smelling). I came back with some, this time Hubbard became rather abusive. Linseed oil had a slight odour. I pointed out that a form of oil was necessary to make putty. John, our Chief Officer (he looked just like Bluto) ventured a suggestion that perhaps we could make our own putty with cooking oil. Hubbard looked at him, unsure if he was being serious, or quaintly just taking the piss.

Anyway, we used the putty, painted the shower with odourless paint and that was that.

On the Royal Scotsman, in Corfu, Hubbard wanted the Bridge repainting. Of course, odourless paint had to be used. It was painted, he came to inspect and went ballistic (What? I hear you say. Again?)

Hubbard was convinced we had used the wrong paint. We showed him the tins, clearly marked as odourless paint. No, they were obviously an inferior make. We had to find the absolute top of the range (and most expensive), have it flown from Germany to the ship (not cheap) and repaint the bridge.

Now he was happier.

The funniest episode came when he ordered a chartroom to be built on the side of the bridge. Seasoned wood was used and this needed to be stained.

The guy doing this was called Steve Koffee (apt, as you will see). Steve was a bright, innovative guy who simply got on with whatever task he was given.

As usual, Hubbard wanted things done immediately, so Steve, whilst staining the woodwork to a rich mahogany colour, ran out of stain.

Instant coffee stains wood great but...

In order to improvise, Steve made up his own stain...by using instant coffee!

He experimented on spare pieces of wood until he hit the right colour and proceeded to stain the rest of the chartroom...with coffee.

Hubbard came to inspect the work and asked who had been drinking coffee in his new chartroom. Steve, possibly hoping to score brownie points for his ingenuity, stepped forward and gaily told Hubbard about his innovative steps to complete the work.

Krakatoa doesn't even come close!!

Those of us who knew what was coming quickly stepped out of sight. Hubbard's bulging eyes, the neck veins swelling, his momentary gob-smacked silence were all clear indicators of what was about to unleash. Poor Steve simply did not know what was about to happen.

You have never heard anything like it before, the screaming, cursing, he tried to throttle Steve, all of this could be heard 100 yards away. Hubbard's blood pressure must have gone

through the roof!

The recriminations were legion. Everyone, even remotely connected got waylaid. He turned on me, as 1st Mate. I quickly produced the written instructions I had from the Chief Officer (always carry a "Get out of Jail" card). He got busted from post.

I was given the job of repairing the work. (Always prudent to nod your head vigorously on such occasions).

On reflection, these episodes were indicative of early stages of Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder. Later on he would insist his plates and clothes had to be washed and rinsed many times. The story goes that in his final years he developed a "Howard Hughes" syndrome. I don't know. I was not there for that, but it has been told several times.

Chapter 9: Loot

Treasure hunting

In 1967 Hubbard had the Enchanter yacht up on a slipway in Jolly's boat yard in Gran Canaria.

Preparing for a heist using lead ingots

One of the jobs being carried out was to replace the ballast on board with about 200 square lead ingots. The reason for this was that Hubbard wanted to sail up to the Med, go ashore on an island, break in to a museum and swap these ingots over for a stack sitting in the museum.

According to Hubbard, the museum ingots were gold bars encased in lead.

The Enchanter had been refloated and it was for Robin Lindsell (still a "lifer") and myself to ferry the ingots out to the yacht. That sounds simple in itself, but when you appreciate that the weight of the ingots on the deck of the small cutter we were using gave us about 2-3 inches of freeboard. We were REALLY down in the water. Thankfully the harbour was like a millpond as we stood stock-still, gingerly making our way over to the yacht.

Hubbard was standing there on the yacht's deck supervising the passing across of the ingots. Unfortunately someone dropped one overboard. Hubbard went absolutely ballistic. Screaming and cursing, he looked like a marionette being jerked by strings.

Mission Into Time

In early 1968 Hubbard went off in search of hidden treasure in the Med. He came back and gave a talk entitled "A Test of Whole Track Recall". According to one senior person on that trip, it should have been called a "A test of whole track bullshit"! Passing a landfall, Hubbard would say things like "Do you see that rock outcrop there? Well, there is a spaceship buried under that".

On the Aft deck of the Apollo³⁴ he had two wooden sled boats which were to be used in running ashore on a beach, raiding a stash of ancient treasure and running off with it. Of course, the theory was grand, but perhaps he had not taken into account that with the sled boats being run up onto the sand, such a weight of loot, as he described, would simply make the sleds too heavy to get back to sea, considering they were only powered by a couple of outboard motors.

He even bought some small parcels of land on some of the islands, stating there was buried treasure there. Well, nothing was ever found. His answer was that someone had beaten him to the treasure, hundreds of years ago.

Clearly his delusions were starting to get the better of him. After this he set out to try and turn Corfu into a safe haven. He wanted to open an AO Greece there. Unfortunately for him, he managed to piss off enough people to result in the boats having to depart the islands for good. Of course, it was never his fault. It was the British Government, the CIA, Old King Cole, Do-lally Tap and anyone else you can think of who were to blame.

What were we thinking?

We were young, somewhat impressionable. It was all a great game. Some took their role VERY seriously, others, like me, were able to remain detached a bit.

A typical example was enforced evening study. Quentin, Jon Horwich and myself were all plugged into a reel-to-reel tape recorder listening very intently, nodding at each other, clearly very impressed with what we were listening to. The Course MAA was walking around with his clipboard and happily noted our enthusiasm, What he did not know was that we were listening to Peter Gabriel's album "Salsbury Hill".

Hubbard may have been a big lying crazy bastard, but he was OUR big, lying crazy

34 Apollo: Royal Scot(s)man, same ship

bastard.

I suppose it was the fact that there were several different Ron Hubbards. One was a very caring and compassionate man, another was a gruff "Commodore", another was a big, smiling showman who everybody knew could spin a yarn, another was a twisted and vicious monster who had a mouth on him that would make a crow blush, another was the smug, smiling sadist who liked to push people as far as he could to see how far they would degrade themselves. I remember a couple of his CS³⁵ team coming up to me after evening dinner (he usually dined with them), he had told them a story and they knew what he had been saying was patently untrue. They were in a bit of a quandary. After all, they could hardly tell him he had just told them a bare faced lie.

Hubbard originally gave Otto the job of designing the Class 8 course, but as I became the senior tech terminal I was asked to take the project over. I mulled it over for a few months and wrote back telling him that I was not the source of the tech and that I thought it should come from him. He wrote back thanking me for what I had put in and that he had indeed developed some new material that would be the basis for the course.

Now, one of the key items was drug handling. Hubbard had come out with a bulletin saying how he had made a major breakthrough on drugs etc. What he forgot to mention was that a month or so previous he had received a very full report from Pam Kemp in Orange County which outlined actions she and her staff had developed in rehabbing highs people were getting on drugs, plus a whole lot more.

It was all a question of taking the flow and turning it to your advantage. When a heavy mission hit the UK I made sure I got sent off on a reg tour. I got sent to Denver, Hawaii, Boston, Toronto and other lesser places.

RPF in the UK in the 70s

Lastly I suppose a thumb sketch of our RPF might explain our attitudes.

Hubbard personally ordered me to the RPF for involving the org in a commodity options scam that was running at the time. Certain public had got many others, including senior GO staff to invest. I simply got a few public to invest so they could be regged from their profits.

Anyway, I quickly became bosun. We decided what work we were going to do The CO Estates knew better than to argue with us. If it was a nice day we went down to the lake and pulled reeds out, tidied the place up, we did see the public services were kept clean. At our living base, when the crew ran out of butter and sugar, we always had some. We ate exactly what the crew ate, none of this degraded shit about eating their leavings. The cook, Robin Scott, always cooked an extra tray of stuff for us. We had regular study and processing time, regular sleep. When we walked through St Hill people got out of our way. We slept with our wives at the weekends and when someone graduated, we had a party.

Unfortunately, one evening, the crew had been served macaroni cheese. After they had returned to work, we had steak, chips, mushrooms, the full monty. Bruce, Ivis, and a few of the other execs went tits up over this, they wanted us to get an extra 3 months on the RPF. Unfortunately for them, we had purchased the food ourselves and had receipts to prove it. That, and a quiet word in a few ears about what could and would happen if any such imposition was applied quickly eased the matter.

When we came to graduate, we had to take a petition around to all the staff to sign. Everyone signed approval, except one, so I told him that when his fall came, (i.e. a Comm-Ev) I would ensure I was on the committee and nail his arse. Every time some poor sod got comm-ev'd, this guy was always the first witness in and he always set out to trash the interested party.

Spookily enough, within the month he was

35 CS: Commodore's Staff = Aides

facing a comm-ev. I was chairman and we declared him SP and kicked him out.

I know it all sounds rather cavalier, irresponsible and completely out-ethics, but that is the way we dealt with matters. When Judy Thierry and her "friend" Gwen North came on a management mission they told me they were going to ensure I got declared SP. I simply told them to go for it as Hubbard would not let that happen. (See my reply to Alan's ESMB thread on overts LRH committed. You will understand why.)

Hubbard's R/Ses

Firstly, Hubbard wriggled out of the R/S thing when he announced that any R/S on an OT was "Invalidation".

Well, this gave the rest of us a cop out. Any time there was a R/S, all you had to do was say "That is because I was invalidated".

Secondly, Otto told an Independent meeting a few years ago that had he actually marked Hubbard's R/S file as R/S (Special Reads) he might well still be in there. (What a lucky escape.)

In the early days of R2-12 and Goals finding there was no stigma attached to Rock/Slams, other than they were highly charged items.

It actually denotes a locked in long term mortal combat Red Zone destructive games condition with someone or something in present time.

Actually easy to undo - with the right procedure.

Ron got hung by his own evil petard of bogey-men creation when he designated R/Sers as SPs.

Now he could not get relief from his own locked in mortal combat Red Zone destructive games condition with someone or something - which was almost everyone and everything in PT in the end!

When R/Ses became discreditable

They were hinted at on a gradient - it nearly always meant some kind of continuous PT overts being committed.

But they became more and more discreditable around 1965-66 - they became bogey-man designation during the Class VIII course.

Dart may have more specific data.

- ACW

Russell Miller (Author of *Bare-Faced Messiah*)

I remember when Miller came to see me when he was gathering data for his book. Jon Atack had put him on to me. I was not too impressed with the guy and found his attitude rather condescending. He was looking for anyone who would "dish the dirt" on Hubbard, rather than info that would present a balanced view.

Hubbard did have an obsession for power and fortune. He also had a very vulnerable personal side.

When the "Tank Project" had been completed, contractors had been brought in to spray the tank surfaces with a plastic coating so that they could safely be used for drinking water.

I went down into the tanks with Hana to inspect the work and it was a botched job. Piles of rust had not been cleared away and the sprayers had simply sprayed over them. The coating was also peeling away. I was faced with the task of telling Hubbard.

Before I went to see him I researched different methods of sorting the problem out and came up with a far simpler (and cheaper) solution.

Hubbard was sitting in his office having his coffee. He never drank from a cup, preferring to have coffee served in a bowl so it could cool

faster. I explained what we had found and showed him a piece of the coating that had fallen off. He sat there and cried like a baby. He was in despair. "What are we going to do?" he wailed. His face was blotchy and puffed up from crying.

I presented him the CSW on how to solve the problem which he approved on the spot.

Having seen a way out of the problem the old Hubbard came back. "We are going to get those damn SP's who did this". He quickly became vindictive and was looking for payback. Messengers were summoned, our Shore Agent, Mr Patras, was called from his office and revenge plans hatched.

I could have told this story to Miller, but decided he did not need to know.

Hubbard auditing others

There were some tapes of him auditing which were part of the SHSBC.

When you listen to them he was really quite appalling, lots of evaluation, lousy comm cycle, etc.

During the 62-63 SHSBC Ron did about 30 hours of auditing on closed circuit TV, on different students.....plus several sessions with Mary-Sue.

Most people today would be shocked at his TR's - but he was very relaxed - made the pc feel safe. The pc's were usually very nervous as well as being audited by Ron they were also being watched by about 90 to 100 students.

Some sessions were rough, but most were pretty good.

The TV studio was quite noisy, plus had lots of electronic zaps and noises - these were back in the old vacuum tube days.

- ACW

Chapter 10: The Rhodesia Story

Hubbard believing he was Cecil Rhodes

This was told to me by the brother of the guy who was in Rhodesia with Hubbard in 1966. As to whether it is totally true or not, I will never know, but the two brothers were very dour, humourless management consultants from Manchester. I cannot think of any reason to doubt their story.

As you know, Hubbard was usually very down on anyone who thought they had been a famous person in a past life. Except him, of course.

Hubbard firmly believed he was Cecil Rhodes in his previous life. In fact, one of the main reasons he went to Rhodesia was to try and discover where Rhodes had hidden his treasure. (This treasure hunting was a theme through Hubbard's later life).

Cecil Rhodes was an outrageous homosexual in his day. In order to get into the "mindset" of Rhodes, Hubbard had to take on his attributes. This is rather ironic, considering Hubbard's intolerance of gay men and women.

He got a house out in the bush, very near the Rhodesian side of the Victoria Falls. The brother in Rhodesia (We shall call him JOE) was conscripted as Hubbard's gofor. There was no telephone and one job Joe did was to arrange a land line to be installed across 40 miles of open bush.

Hubbard was networking very closely with the Rhodesian Government, led by Ian Smith. Hubbard was looking to create a safe territory for Scn.

Hubbard dresses in a kaftan

In order to get into the part of Rhodes, Hubbard apparently used to dress up in a kaftan, turban, embroidered slippers and used a long art-deco cigarette holder. He also apparently used face rouge.

Joe drove down to the house one day and

Hubbard opened the door.

Joe was gobsmacked. He suddenly remembered something in the car and was around the side of the house doubled over with hysterical laughter. Christ, what the hell is going on here!!

Anyway, Joe composes himself and tries to go back in again. It took three attempts to control the laughter.

In the house Hubbard is mincing about the place and Joe is ramming his nails into his hand to stop bursting out laughing. Hubbard is talking about his plans to find the treasure and also how his networking is going.

After a while Joe has to leave and quickly drives away, only to stop about one mile up the road, convulsed in laughter and now becoming rather worried about what he has become involved in.

A few days later Hubbard is in Bulawayo meeting with top officials and meets up with Joe. Everything is normal. Nothing is said about the incident.

This goes on for a few months, Joe down at the house, Hubbard all dressed up, still no idea about where the treasure is buried. Interestingly enough, nothing was ever mentioned to me about any drugs or stuff. There was plenty of drinks, also no reference to any upper level research. Hubbard invited dignitaries down to the house on several occasions, where he entertained them well.

However, one day one of Ian Smith's men called by unannounced. Hubbard, decked out in all his finery, opened the door.! The look on the man's face must have been priceless!!

Hubbard kicked out of Rhodesia

Within a couple of days Hubbard's visa was revoked and he was out of the country. He arrived back at London Airport to an organised welcoming crowd.

It was not long after this that the troubles started with Scientologists coming into the

country.

Ian Smith had been in secret talks with the British Government over the resolution of Rhodesia's breakaway independence action. I personally have no doubt that Hubbard's escapades in Rhodesia were fully mentioned at that time and that they may well have triggered the government clampdown on Scn activities in the UK.

Hubbard gave a talk on Rhodesia. Obviously he said nothing about what really went on. Instead he went on about OTs needing to work together, how they could not succeed alone. For Hubbard, the Rhodesia incident became a closed book.

I asked Joe one day about Rhodesia and all he would say was "Don't get me started on that" (said laughingly).

Alan confirms the kaftan story

I had heard about this Rhodesian episode from two other sources - a fairly high up GO person who had to try and help LRH stay in the UK - and someone who had audited one of the brothers. I had to clean the auditor up (coffee shop) as what came up caved him in!

Apparently Ian Smith the then Prime Minister of Rhodesia was still in talks with the Prime Minister of England Harold Wilson and the subject of LRH came up that started a whole chain of events - which eventually led to LRH forming the SO and also led to him escaping arrest for deportation at the last moment - when we stole out of Southampton in the middle of the night on the Royal Scotsman's maiden voyage.

Ah! The good old days! - Such intrigue, such adventure and such comedy!

- ACW

Chapter 11: Sea Org Uniforms

Various uniforms

Dear old Ron had some really weird ideas about what his staff should wear. The descent downhill matched his growing paranoia, delusions and drug insanity.

The very first insignia we wore was in the Sea Project. Our "uniform" was a boiler suit.

Our first few officers had a cap badge was an "O" with a "T" inside it.

When Hubbard set out from Gibraltar, back to the UK to collect the Royal Scotsman, he has his accompanying squad all wear "sailor boy" outfits, complete with "pork pie" hat. Some of those poor sods still cringe with embarrassment when they think about having to be dressed like that. Thank God no one they knew ever saw them passing by!!

The Sea Org badge was a star enclosed by two laurel branches. We wore naval type uniforms with black rank badges in order not to contravene the law about falsely wearing military or naval insignia (a point that seems to have been forgotten).

On the ship we wore (usually) light blue shirts and blue trousers. Rank was a peaked cap for officers and a yellow lanyard. For lower ranks it was a piece of brass toilet chain worn in a similar manner.

So far, so good. Nothing too contentious, nothing too outlandish.

In late 1968, the Class 8 course students were made to wear bright green boiler suits, open toed brown sandals and a rope noose around their necks.

At Edinburgh the AO crew wore (at least supposed to) white turtle jumpers, white trousers or skirts, white berets, white belts, silver buckles and silver painted boots.

When Bill Robertson took half the staff off to LA to set up the AOLA, his crew had to wear white overalls, white painted German helmets and white belts.

Later on he brought in the idea of staff

wearing military style decorative ribbons as symbols of missions etc. These, of course, closely resembled normal military decorations. It is illegal to falsely wear a military decoration unless you have been officially awarded it.

I remember seeing some of Hubbard's CMO teenage girls wearing more ribbons and medals than Idi Amin ever wore!

Hubbard was really into some serious delusions and nuttiness with this stuff.

He was clearly quite PTS, bordering on Type 3. What this sort of activity did was to call his mental state into question. Once you question that, you now have to question the content of what he wrote and lectured on.

A lot of what he wrote about has value. He was smart enough to draw on many sources for his materials (and then claimed copyright). The trouble was that the continuing drug and alcohol abuse finally took its toll.

He went from a virtually omnipotent position in the early 1960's to a delusional, drugged fugitive hiding in North California when he finally died.

What does that say about his technology?

Dramatizing the "whole track"

Yes, that is exactly what he was seeking to copy. By the way, it was Richard Gorman who created these book images, based on instruction from Hubbard.

Hubbard had decided that the best way of restimulating the public was by the use of evocative book covers, hence the volcano on the front of Dianetics.

For me, the most potent book cover was the tree on *Science of Survival*. Richard had designed this one himself and submitted it to Hubbard (so I understand). Hubbard decided to go with it rather than the planned "space opera" one.

The "dramatization of whole track" was built around Hubbard's delusionary state. After all, he had been a Sci Fi writer.

The previous image of a bearded wise old man, with the by-line "Scientology is here to rescue you" had a negative impact.

Space crew uniforms

Our boots were slip-on Chelsea boots that were painted silver. James Fuller oversaw this activity. Our belts were, essentially, fashion accessory types, wide, white leatherette with a large round silver buckle.

The boots, for me, lasted about three hours. I went to the back stairs and kicked the heel off. Also, the white berets made excellent one-way frisbees.

Merril Mayo measured the ladies for waist and skirt length. James decided that they were all being rather vain about their measurements so he added at least one or two inches to the waist and length measurements before he ordered them. Unfortunately Merrill was accurate in her measurements. The women were NOT amused to have to wear these loose fitting "bags".

Chapter 12: Ethics Conditions - The Full Story

The savagery of the original Lower Conditions

In October 1965 (or thereabouts) Hubbard gave a lecture entitled *The Five Conditions*. Actually it was a very good lecture and the data he imparted is as valuable today as it was then.

However, in Las Palmas in 1967 we began to develop and apply the Lower Conditions, this was something NONE of you would ever want to experience.

I should say that with the extreme savagery of the Lower Conditions applied, the proportionate amount of rewards were bestowed if you hit the upper conditions (trouble is, no one ever did).

Non-Existence

This was exactly as the term implies. You did not exist. You had no rights at all. You could not have a right to a bunk or bedding, you had no right to any of the food, you had no right to any liberty, you had no right to ANYTHING on the ship. This included water.

If the cook felt compassionate, she might round up some plate scrapings (literally) after the rest of the crew had been fed. You worked your normal shift hours, 08:30 to 22:00 hours, after which, in your own time you had to perform an amends project. This usually meant chipping and repainting a small room, a task that would take 6-8 days. You did this in your own time, so you could expect to go without sleep and any proper food for that period.

I am not joking or exaggerating any of this. This is the way it was.

However, Hubbard did not take into account the number of ways intuition and necessity came in so that we could survive. Usually there were only one or two people in Non Existence, the rest of the crew sometimes sliding into emergency or Danger.

Roger Buckeridge and myself were assigned

to chip and repaint the aft "head" (toilet). Well after an all-night session of work and another full day of toil (115 degrees at noon), we decided to give some payback. So we waited until the officers had gone to bed and the ship settled down (we were up on a slipway) and we got some chipping hammers. The head was right above the officers ward room. BANG BANG BANG we started. After about 30 seconds someone screamed up "Go to bed!" So we got some sleep. The next night we did the same. Again same result.

Yvonne Gillham had been assigned Non Existence and was in a fairly distressed state. Her partner Haskell had been the one who had assigned her that condition. Her job was to chip and repaint an old rib-style radiator. All she had was a file and it was going to take weeks to do. So, we got her to sit at the top of the gangway leading to the officers' quarters and take the file and rattle it back and forth along the ribs until she was told to go to bed.

I remember one night sitting there in the early hours in all the dirt, dust and heat, working with Roger. All of a sudden, out of the gloom came Virginia Downsborough, the cook, with a covered tray. On it were a cold roast chicken and four cans of Tab, nicked from Hubbard's private stores. It was an iconic moment.

Liability

Only one person ever got assigned this condition. That was Anton James. He was thrown off the ship along with all his possessions and had to build a shelter on the dock, just like the homeless. He lived under a makeshift tent cover made from old canvas scraps. When it rained he had to shelter in the toilet block. He was ostracised, denied any and all contact with the ship and given a monumental amends project that took him several weeks. He had no money and had to beg from the local dock workers for food and water.

Hubbard soon realised that this sort of treatment could not be handed out to the org

staff or public, so he decided to water it right down to where it was in the 1970s.

Upper Conditions

If a person was assigned affluence, then they were promised a brand new uniform, pay bonuses, lots of liberty etc.

Power³⁶ was never really discussed, but I think some of the crew thought a new car might be the reward.

Why did all this happen to those on the Sea Project?

We all worked and lived at a very high action level. We were turning all sorts of abilities. I remember Payer moving his hand across the table and making a peseta coin move. Others could drop a ping-pong ball and make it veer off, just by intending it.

Hubbard, of course, addled by his chemical ingestion could not do these things and seeing people exhibit abilities far beyond his, he went absolutely nuts.

We had nothing to do with organisations, having left them behind to be run by a management staff.

Hubbard bursts into tears again

As the first reports came in from the first mission sent out (to St Hill), Hubbard burst into tears. He realised that his long time confidante, Reg Sharpe had refused to put up with Hubbard's insanities any more and had spoken out against him.

Hubbard then had to destroy the Sea Project, so he created the Sea Org which let in all and anyone who wanted to join. The Sea Project was an elite group. All were Briefing Course grads, all were Clear (except one), all had worked on staff and had a proven record of success on post. Membership was by invitation only and all details were kept secret.

Attestation line comes in

Another thing that came out of this was Hubbard's decision that the orgs should no longer accept any responsibility for their product. Up until then, before a person could complete an action, it had to be checked out on Qual.

After this, with the advent of the OT3 - OT6 courses, the attestation line came in. That is where the whole show, that was already on the slide, really came off the rails.

The Lower Conditions were dished out like confetti. Dealing with them was an easy process and one sure way of ensuring a quick lifting of a condition was a trip to the registrar.

To say that that period was a harrowing time would be an understatement. However, we survived and won at it. We defeated the insanity and made huge personal case gains from prevailing.

An amusing Ethics episode

I had become Foundation Ethics Officer. This enabled me to carefully scrutinise my own Ethics files (there were several) and see who had been "dishing the dirt" on me. A small but select list of names for retribution was prepared.

Hubbard had issued an Amnesty, declaring all previous ethics actions cancelled. So, Otto got a wheelbarrow and we loaded both our ethics files into it and took them to the tip and burned them. This freed up about one and a half filing cabinet drawers. The HCO Sec went mental (Ivis often did) as we were only supposed to put a card in front of the last chit. We were not supposed to destroy the files. Yeah, right.

It became known that I had a list of who had sneakily written libellous reports on me. It was amazing how co-operative these people became when I needed something doing. (Ah, life in Scn was good in those days.)

36 Power: The highest condition, above Affluence

In summary

Is it any surprise that the way the cult has lurched toward ethics control in order to keep the faithful in line?

For those of you newer to ESMB, that is a write up I did on the original ethics conditions which we piloted in the Sea Project.

Hubbard realised that there was no way this level could be applied to the public at large.

However, as time has gone by and Hubbard passed on, it would seem that the small group running the cult have tried to apply the same levels, but without the essential ingredient.

Perhaps they have forgotten the maxim on which the ethics conditions were based: REASON, and the contemplation of optimum survival.

Chapter 13: Was Hubbard a Racist?

Was L. Ron Hubbard a racist?

Few people of colour

Well, in the 30 year period I was involved in the cult, most of that time in the UK, but having travelled to the USA, ANZO, Europe and Africa on behalf of the cult I can only remember three people who were not white.

One was Benny Da Costa, an Indian from Goa who was our DTS³⁷. He was great, very full of life. He later left and set up a successful business.

There was Eunice Ford who came from Washington DC Org at the behest of Hubbard. Some say that she was Hubbard's "bit on the side". She was a tall, elegant woman who was HCO Exec Sec WW. I am sure others can elaborate on that aspect.

The main person I mention was Lensworth Small. Lensworth came across from the West Indies in the 1950s on the banana boat passage (literally). He worked by day in a factory, by night he was on the ³⁸ Course and also studied law. He was a very spiritual person and had a lot of power. One evening on the HPA Course he suddenly stood up, pointed at the two nearest light bulbs and they exploded.

Lensworth was dedicated to Scn and Hubbard. He established his own law firm in South London and became an influential local figure, especially during the unsettled times in Brixton.

Hubbard used to refer to Lensworth as "My pet nigger". Any time there was a question raised about race or the lack of anyone other than white people the GO trotted Lensworth out to "Dead-agent" the story.

Lensworth was a fun guy and a true friend. He had a passion for philately, especially stamps from the West Indies. He also liked to bet on the horses. I remember in 1966, a group

of us had worked out the best way to pick a winner was to assess the runner's names on a meter until you came up with one horse. We all bet on it and guess what? IT WON at 8/1.

The next week we all gathered again. This time there were several more joining in. The list was assessed and the horse picked. We all plunged on it.

Guess what? IT LOST! There were heavy recriminations, accusations that the person assessing the list didn't know how to read the meter. It was crazy, but looking back, it served us right!

Lensworth became more and more mired in the cult. He began to draw on the firm's funds to pay for Flag services and in the end got into so much trouble that he was "struck off" as a solicitor.

Demands were made by the Receivers in Bankruptcy that the cult repay end monies paid across to Flag.

Lensworth was now "persona non grata". He used to spend his days going to St Hill and sitting on the grass bank looking at the Castle. He died a broken old man.

Hubbard was complex

Hubbard was many people in one body. There was the public persona, the great thinker, the visionary who collected many strands together and called it *Scientology*.

Then there was the hidden side, the side that those of us who were up close who saw different aspects. These were not honourable, they were fraudulent.

Think of a swan gliding majestically along. That was the public side. Below the surface there was a lot of commotion and furious paddling to maintain the visual appearance. That was the hidden side.

It is not simply a question of liking him or not.

When he did good things he was great!

37 DTS: Director of Technical Services, an admin post

38 HPA: Hubbard Professional Auditor

When he did bad things he was really quite nasty about it.

I suppose what he was having to deal with eroded any bonhomie he had left. His continual frustration at not being accepted as the person he believed he was must have left him pretty sour. This had been a continual battle from even when he was in the Navy.

He became obsessed with the accumulation of wealth and power. He demonstrated his power to himself through increasing acts of savagery and harsh ethics imposed on his followers.

In essence he moved from being in a fairly omnipotent (but relatively poor) position in the early 1960s to a point where he died, a wanted felon, living in hiding (but very wealthy), addled with drugs and unable to control what he created.

Surely there is a moral in that.

Chapter 14: What Made Hubbard Go Ballistic

We were naïve. We were uneducated in maritime procedure and protocol.

Examples of Hubbard exploding

Hubbard did try to keep control of his short fuse, but when matters cropped up, he exploded.

A bit like an American version of Victor Meldrew.

Examples were Sam washing the Avon deck with fuel, Leon backing the ship into the harbour wall and Steve staining the chartroom wood with instant coffee (See earlier historical threads).

Here were a few more examples of "howlers".

In Valencia, Hubbard was touring the engine room where he saw a Donkey Pump leaking water out the side. Herman B., a German who was working as an engineer saw it and in front of Hubbard threw a sack over the pump. "I don't see any leaking pump" he exclaimed. The resulting explosion registered on the Richter Scale at 7.9.

On another tour of the engine room, Hubbard went to inspect the electrical power section. Bob P., a tall ex-Guardsman was the ship's electrician. As part of the safety protocol, breaker switches were engaged to prevent any power overloads and thereby causing a fire. Hubbard looked closely at one of the main breaker switches and his eyes grew very large. Gurgling sounds started to emanate from his mouth. Everyone took a step back. Bob, in order to save himself the trouble of having to come down to the engine room to reconnect the breaker switch when it popped had simply shoved a couple of penny coins in to jam the switch open. He told Hubbard that this was to stop the damn thing popping all the time. This managed to register about 8.3. Bob seemed to walk with a slight stoop after that.

In Corfu, we had built CIC in the old cattle hold. Steve P. (given to flights of fancy and sometimes a Type III) was CIC I/C. The

protocol was that EVERY person coming into CIC had to sign in. Hubbard wandered in one day. Steve, being a good robot, told Hubbard that unless he signed in, he had to leave. Just before the explosion, Hubbard asked Steve what condition he was in. Steve replied Treason??. Hubbard said, "Oh no, much lower than that" and then went really ballistic.

Hubbard had ordered that a bitumen flooring be laid in the between deck area. I was given the job to do it. I had no idea what a bitumen covering looked like, so I asked around. What I learned was that it required tar, gravel and sand covering. So, we ordered a delivery of stuff and laid it in the area. We used a roller to tamp it down and covered it in sand. We brought all the furniture back in and set it all up again. Hubbard came down to inspect. The desks and chairs were sinking into the flooring. Hubbard looked at it, looked at me and said "DS, you know what we have here? It is a goddamn ROAD"!!

"Dig it up". My eyebrows eventually grew back.

Seething with bypassed charge

Hubbard was not the only one!

On the basis that seriousness equals mass, the way the whole tone level of the SO group deteriorated from 1969 onwards resulted in a very overcharged body of staff. Hubbard handled his charge by blowing off into hiding.

The way the cult is coming apart right now, Hubbard would have gone into meltdown. (Even more than he actually did).

What is left? A suffering group of robotic slaves, incapable of lifting their heads and seeing what is going on. The last cry of a thetan before they expire is "I was right". All these guys are clinging on to is the ingrained belief that they are in the right and the rest of the world is wrong.

No wonder people feel relief when they finally break away from all that.

Chapter 15: Hubbard Didn't Like It When You Shone

Hubbard never shared the limelight

The one thing Hubbard could not stand was if someone displayed abilities or was successful to a point where they "dimmed his own light".

Beth Fordyce destroyed

In about 1966, Beth Fordyce submitted a report on her use of "Book of Case Remedies". This was highly acclaimed, Hubbard awarded her a Doctorate of Scientology and there was a front page spread all about her in the Auditor issue. Beth worked at an EUS org and her fame grew as she was acknowledged far and wide.

Hubbard was clearly upset by all this praise for her and set about undermining her and destroying her reputation. Within a couple of years she was a declared SP.

John MacMaster destroyed

John MacMaster, the first Clear, was hailed everywhere he went. He enthralled and inspired audiences all over the world. He was a huge Scientology celebrity. Hubbard saw him as a threat to his own "aura" and set about destroying him. He was, of course, declared SP.

Most of the Sea Project crew in 1967 were far more able and spiritually aware than Hubbard was, especially as he was handicapped by the wide array of drugs he was taking. His answer was to disband the Sea Project.

Successful mission holders destroyed

Later on, people such as Alan Walter, Carl Barney, Dean Stokes and others had set up multiple missions that brought in the bulk of Scientology's income. At one time, over one third of all the public at St Hill came from Alan's centres. Once ASHO was set up, it was the same there.

What happened? They were systematically got rid of and their missions stolen from them. They are no longer a part of that group.

What about the first 1,000 Clears? How many of them are still in the cult? Probably no more than a small handful. Again, if they became too bright and successful they got chopped, one way or the other. Those left in the cult are probably "low wattage" anyway.

Bill Robertson got rid of

Bill Robertson was the finest missionary we had. He had presence and charisma. He had a position and spoke with authority. We know what happened to him.

Otto Roos got rid of

Otto Roos was a top auditor and exec for many years. He did a study of Hubbard's folders and compiled a list of "Rock Slams". He was screamed at, abused and thrown off the ship.

In later years he became a successful businessman. He ruefully said one day that if he had called them "Special Reads" he might still be in the cult (Boy, does fate have a way of saving your ass).

Others too

I have seen MANY good, decent and successful people be broken down by the cult regimes.

There seems to be an underlying equation: If we cannot have anything, then why should you?

This was a mindset that Hubbard engineered in place. Do not let anyone rise above the dross. That way only he can be adored and venerated.

It was amusing to think back to scenes in the Registrar's office where a couple of execs and the reg, who didn't have two pennies between them to scratch their arses with, hypocritically hectoring some poor schmuck because he would not sell his house, give his money to the cult and join staff.

There are many, many others who have been destroyed by Hubbard and his goons. Perhaps you might know of some and tell their story too.

First Clear world tour

John McMaster, Clear 1, John Imburgia, Clear 2 and I, Clear 8 did a world tour in late 1966 - early 67 as the first Clears.

Release of Clearing Course, OT2 and OT3

OT II was finished in 1964 (Jack Horner and I did a lot of the preliminary research - we did tell LRH that it was implant material - LRH finished it later that year). It was not issued until mid to late 1966.

OT III was handwritten by LRH, run off and issued in mid-Jan 1968.

The Clearing Course was released around March (?)1965 - most of us were on it about a year before we completed it - we took the material home with us in those days.

John McMaster was "Clear #1" for about a year before Hubbard released OT 2.

During our Clear Tour we ran into a lot of clears, "Route 1" OT I's that had caved in - we sent the data to LRH.

OT II was about to be released around that time.

Very charged times - LRH was beginning to act very strange (violent mood swings) during that time.

Instead of OT2, process pc on what comes up

Someone asked why I don't recommend OT 2. I just process what comes up.

I've found that the "case" or "game" the person is playing just unfolds naturally if you follow where pc's attention is, interest line, wants and goals line.

Audit the pc in present time

Rarely do I need to push the pc earlier - best processing is pc stays in PT and the past or

future comes to view naturally.

I have all the other tools, plus many more - but they are only used as needed.

Most people's difficulties are in PT - having an F/Ning expanding PT is marvellous.

Auditing in many cases is used to hide or get away from the fears of PT.

What happens is the pc's PT space expands as the charge is taken off - thus the past just blows to view.

LRH and Games Packages

If you really get the full concepts of Universes, Games and Identities and how they are formed and how they degrade - you can actually see that when LRH was making his affirmations, he was in fact activating all sides of the Games Packages.

In '63 he started going more and more to the negative or dark side.

As time wore on you could observe him "flipping" from one side or the other and ranging from the most powerful top identity opposing powerful opterms to the bottom type drug/alcohol-addicted identities opposing victim-type identities.

I was too naïve in those days to fully observe this...but I did observe some of it.

When he was just being himself - he was incredible, brilliant, huge, warm, fun, joyful and incredibly adventurous. Alas that was rare.

The whole thing was very confusing...apparently I tended to put him in the power identities...but that too was a trap - as soon as you walked way he would "flip" and begin to unmock you.

Very complex - the best and worse of man.

Brilliant and brilliantly stupid!

- ACW

Chapter 16: Crimes We Have Committed

I think it would be a good idea if we took a look at criminal acts we carried out on behalf of Scn, Sea Org, GO, or any other management body.

I will start off with two of them and I invite anyone else to add what they did to this thread.

Specific crimes

World Health Organisation theft

Firstly, in late 1968, in Corfu, Hubbard directed that a mission be carried out to break in to the World Health Organisation in Switzerland to discover what files they had on Scn.

Two officers were selected and briefed. They were very apprehensive about carrying out this act. However, they went to Switzerland and infiltrated the building and stole the materials. Hubbard personally oversaw the mission and was delighted with the results.

I will not name these two individuals as they are still rather paranoid about this story coming out.

UK Immigration

Next one: a well kept story that very few people knew about. We were at Edinburgh. Bill Robertson was the CO. At that time there were difficulties for people coming to Britain to study Scn.

So, we organised a "Flight to Freedom". We chartered a Boeing 707 from Caledonian Airways and we arranged for people to board at a NY airport. However, a block on visitors coming to do Scn services was now in place. The airline cancelled the charter and returned our payment.

Now the fun started!

Bill set up a phone line operation where several staff members would phone up Immigration at a major airport and say "This is the Windsor (or any town name) Scientology Centre. We have three students coming in on

flight xxx from xxxx. Will they be stopped?"

The Immigration Officer would then say "What are their names?" We would reply "Sorry, I cannot tell you that, in case they are stopped".

Well, the whole plane load then went through a full investigation at Immigration. Everyone got backlogged.

This was done to every major airport in the UK. People were held up for hours and hours. The airports almost ground to a standstill. There were thousands and thousands of passengers waiting to be grilled about why they were coming to the UK.

The holdups hit the news, the Immigration Services were going frantic, trying to cope, After all how could you tell who was a Scientologist and who wasn't. We jokingly said that they disguised themselves as human beings and it became difficult to spot them.

In the end Bill realised that this was getting out of hand and that we could expect a lot of trouble if this got traced back to us, so it was called off. It took days to clear the backlogs and at the end of it all, they found no one who they could say was coming to the UK to do Scn.

Currency smuggling

I know there are some "lurkers" out there who can tell us about currency smuggling out of NZ and Oz in violation of their exchange controls. I "assisted" in a little of this, but perhaps some of you can tell your story.

Others?

Also those of you who carried out burglaries, breaking and entering, fraud etc. on orders from the GO or management. I look forward to hearing your stories.

WFMH

At the time there was a certain amount of action going on with the British Government and the Mental Health Association. The

Chairman of this group was a member of the House of Lords and there were close links to the WFMH base in Switzerland.

We are all aware of the conspiracy by the GO and MSH, codenamed Operation Snow White which resulted in several key GO staff being extradited from the UK to face trial and jail in the USA.

Apart from the run-of-the-mill everyday crimes like breaking and entering, phone tapping, post intercept, trashing a person's name with their bank and business associates, third partying to local neighbours etc., I have heard of some very serious crimes committed, including murder.

I do not have the evidence to hand that would allow me to post such information, but I am SURE there are people out there who know some of these things and might be willing to tell what they know. From a wide range of such sources we can put together a picture of some of the more serious crimes committed in the name of Scn and Hubbard.

This is a tough call. I know that there is concern about being implicated, but I believe the truth ought to come out. It is up to you.

Vast majority are decent

I did not, nor do I wish to imply that the vast majority of ex-Churchies / ex-Sea Org / ex-GO / ex-Scientologists committed any such offences.

The fact remains that there were many crimes committed by individuals or missions acting directly on instructions or mission orders from the hierarchy of Scientology.

Those who carried out these actions are a minuscule number, compared to the rest of that group. I personally suspect that several such people are "lifers" within the cult as they are somewhat trapped by what they have done and fear exposure if they left.

Perhaps I should have been more clear in what I was asking. I am sure that some of the

list participants have knowledge, either direct or indirect, concerning activities carried out in the name of the cult that broke the law.

Such matters can be discussed in many ways without implicating the writer.

The huge majority of people, both public and staff who got involved in Scn are decent, ethical people who probably had not even the slightest idea about any such goings on. There will be some who, against their better judgement and under orders and threat, carried out certain actions of this nature that they did not feel good about.

Then there the tiny minority (say, 2.5%) who regularly performed such activities, all "for the greatest good of the greatest number of dynamics".

This itself can be a powerful absolution.

Codes of silence

Keeping quiet about the crimes of Scientology, keeps in place the Codes Of Silence!

Scientology has many factions - CMO - OSA - SO - INT - WISE - Etc.

Each of those many factions have their own Codes of Silence.

In legal terms it is called: Obstruction of Justice.

Speaking up breaks the Codes of Silence and allows justice to take place.

A Code of Silence is a mutual very destructive withhold - a mutual destructive agreement to let the harm continue! - ACW

Chapter 17: Basic Pay

The Sea Project pay was set at \$10 per week.

This was based on what we needed in Las Palmas in 1967. (This was a tax-free haven.)

SO pay buys a bottle of rum, ciggies, a good whore and a bowl of soup

For \$10 you could get a bottle of Bacardi, a carton of ciggies, a good whore and a bowl of soup.

Even on the ships in Valencia in 1968, we got by on \$10, although not so far.

By the time that there were land based staff, this went nowhere at all.

Perhaps it might explain some of the reasoning behind how any why the orgs paid so little in wages.

Some posts paid small bonuses. Tours Org were probably the best off, financially as it was possible to "adjust" one's expenses.

Tech staff and registrars pulled in bonuses, but it all depended on the gross income as to whether or not you got any money at all.

I am sure that in later times staff got better paid, but it was the underlying mentality behind it that was interesting.

Negotiations over meal tickets and other "rights" did not occur in the early Sea Borg.

You worked hard and you got your pay and liberties, no question.

The "victim valence" was not an option.

[Responding to a comment about Herbie Parkhouse cutting pay]

Guardian Office hate for Sea Org

Herbie wasn't the only one who hated the SO. I remember Jane saying (in her best sarcastic

voice) "Tell me, Dart, how are the boys in blue?"

The whole upper echelon in the GO were very down on the SO. I guess it stems from the first mission to WW in 1967 which scared them shitless.

One time, someone in the SO contracted a "social infection". Kember ordered a complete flow-chart drawn up of who slept with who? It looked like an absolute jumble. Those of us implicated had to go to hospitals in distant locations to get checked out, in case there was a "shore flap".

Of course, this didn't apply to anybody from the GO who got hooked up in the threads.

Mind you, we had our own ways of "returning the flow".

Hubbard became so concerned about the in-fighting between the two groups that he sent telex instructions all over the place to cool it. He reckoned there was a "third party stirring it". He didn't reckon it was the GO themselves who were creating the problems. (Mary Sue saw to that.)

Las Palmas whores

[Responding to a comment that in Las Palmas only the regular sailors got the local whores]

Au contraire!!

[Two posters] clearly draw on their own experiences of paying whores for services.

In 1967 we were there for several months.

You have absolutely NO idea what we got up to.

There were a couple of whore houses where we would occasionally visit. It was only by being there for some time and being "introduced" by a reputable local, that you ever found about them.

These were not expensive and had some quite classy women working in them. You could not simply bang on the door and demand to be let

in. You had to be invited in, having been screened by the madam. If she did not like you, you did not get in.

(You would never take one of the "street whores", the ones the stupid sailors would go with).

Chapter 18: The Defining Moment in Scientology

Saint Hill 1963-4

In 1963-64 a few events were unfolding. Hubbard was working on the Goals Technology. The St Hill Special Briefing Course was running in the Pavilion and Chapel at St Hill, Hubbard was enjoying his bottle of Irish whiskey a day and he was developing his research on plant responses to emotion and stimulus.

What he craved more than anything was acknowledgement and recognition from those he considered his peers. He invited a journalist team to come and conduct a full interview with him, complete with photos. This was going to be a showcase of his studies.

I should say that what he was working on had merit and has been borne out in subsequent times.

However, what came out in the press was a highly derogatory article entitled "Are you a Boo-Hoo?" (in reference to his ramblings in History of Man).

Hubbard was devastated. It destroyed him. It certainly coloured his approach to the media from then on.

Saint Hill HGC formed

Up until then the basic premise for processing was handle what the person wants to handle. Hubbard decided that a different approach needed to be taken. He formed the Hubbard Guidance Centre where processing would become a primary source of income. This was out of necessity as he was pretty well broke at the time.

In late 1964 and into 1965, John MacMaster, as one of the lead auditors had piloted an executive review process program that was producing excellent results. It was decided that this should be marketed as Power Processing.

Power Processing and the Grades introduced

At the same time, Hubbard came up with the Grades processing. This was an arbitrary arrangement. After all, why should you handle problems before O/W or before ARC Breaks. There can be many points of view on what should come first, but it is all rather like "Stone-Paper-Scissors".

The one advantage those on the early Briefing Course had was that they had had hundreds, if not thousands of hours of processing. They had run Objective processes until they were blue in the face, O/W, havingness, goals, the lot. They were well prepared for Power Processing.

Solo Auditor Course for non-trained Scios

The next vital step was that the student had to run R6EW. I kid you not, this is a powerful solo processing action.

Hubbard brought in the Solo Auditor's Course for those who wanted to get onto the Clearing Course but did not want to spend the time training first. Personally I thought it was a pity to shortcut matters, but needs must and there was the growing income stream to consider.

In early 1966 Hubbard decamped to Rhodesia. What he got up to there and the outcome well, that is another story.

All completions by examination only

All the while, the orgs were maintaining their integrity by examining and validating each completion as they came up. Qualifications Division was the most important division as it was responsible for review, corrections and results.

Saint Hill Clear Check

Nothing was more important than the procedure for announcing a person as Clear.

The Clearing Course Supervisor, Jenny Edmonds, would send the solo processing file to the Qual Sec. It was Anton James. He would review the folder and call the person forward. Together they would walk down the drive from the Castle to the Manor. If you saw him walking with a person down that way you knew it was another Clear Check. Word spread like wildfire. It was a really BIG DEAL.

In the Manor basement, in a room with a specially calibrated E-Meter the Clear Check procedure would take place. Once the Clear checker, the student and the meter were in agreement that the person had achieved the result, the Clear Checker would say "I congratulate you on achieving the State of Clear".

The two of them would then return on the walk back up from the Manor and in the Qual room the announcement "Now hear this, XXXXXX has achieved the State of Clear". The place, already being packed, in anticipation would erupt.

Those of us who had been through that procedure will never forget it.

Every time a person completed something, there would be an examination of the work, courses required a written exam with a 100% pass mark, the result would be announced and a certificate printed and issued.

Release of OT1

In late 1966 OT1 was released. Those embarking on it were very disappointed.

The CC required you to run through the materials ten times. People were often going Clear on the first run yet had to complete one run at least. OT1 was the instruction to complete the rest of the ten runs. This met with some groans.

Release of OT2 - First completion is Mary Sue

By this time sufficient numbers had completed the Clearing course and done some

on OT1 as to allow the release of OT2. The solo auditing techniques were almost the same for this as for the CC.

The first person to actually complete OT2 was Mary Sue. She did it in Las Palmas. I completed shortly after, I was sitting at a table in the open, under a shade and Hubbard came up behind me and watched me solo'ing for about 15 minutes or so and tapped me on the shoulder and told me I had finished the level. It was on my subsequent return to St Hill that John MacMaster carried out the OT2 completion check. It was a very exhaustive test and took about three hours. I was announced in Qual.

We were waiting for OT3 to be released. We had purchased the Royal Scotsman with the express purpose of taking students on board, sailing away around the Mediterranean for a month or so while they processed, away from any and all distraction.

Now came the moment in time when that integrity and responsibility got thrown away.

Attestation Line is introduced

Hubbard decided that the org was no longer responsible for the product produced. The Attestation Line was introduced.

The first students had set off for Valencia to join the ship, ready for OT3. Within 2 days the stunning news had come back that a South African had attested OT3 complete. Everyone was in shock. All of a sudden there was a stampede of people to get to the ship to sign up for the OT levels. People were signing up and attesting complete on several levels in a single day. One person (who really should have known better and is still in the cult) attested complete on OT1-5, all in a single day.

THE HUGE LIE THAT WAS INTRODUCED WAS THAT THE OT LEVELS WERE WHERE YOU GOT YOUR CASE HANDLED.

The OT levels were never, never, ever intended for case gain. They were for thetan

rehabilitation. True, you made case gain whilst doing them, but your real case gain was to have been made on the Grades and lower levels, on training etc.

It was right after this that we got into the stat psychosis, the rush to bring in money, it didn't matter if the person attested after only a few minutes, they now had the status and we had the money.

False attests

When the person fell on their head, one of the first questions asked in a review session was "Did you falsely attest?" ANY read on the meter and the person was assigned Liability and given an amends project.

I remember a very wealthy Jewish lady from N. London, wearing a mink coat, dirty grey rag tied around her arm standing with a bucket and mop, cleaning the ladies toilets. She was holding the mop handle as if she was holding a snake. I happened to be the one who assigned her Liability and as she was a close friend of my mother, both of them never let me forget what I did.

From there on out, the whole process of Scientology began its downward track. The whole atmosphere became more and more crazy.

The vast majority of you out there will have no concept of the enormity of Hubbard's action in dumping the org responsibility for it's product. Floating needles are really an irrelevance. Has the person made the requisite case gain commensurate with the stated aims? Can they adequately demonstrate the abilities that you are supposed to have achieved?

In essence, have you attained the ability to communicate on any subject with anyone else? If you have, then you are a Comm Release. If you still have ANY communication hangups, there is more work to do.

Quite simple, really.

The Clear Check

On the Clear Check you had to have a continuous floating needle or Tone Arm. You were told to mock up some mass, hold it and then discharge it. Then the checker called off items from the CC platens to see if there was any reaction. This could take some while. So long as there was no reaction and the needle continued to float uninterrupted then you has passed.

Not all Clear checks were successful. This was the great thing, the org took it's responsibility for its product very seriously. Sometimes the person needed a short review to clean something up, then re-checked.

The OT2 check

The OT2 check took a lot longer because there was so much more material. To have run it all would have taken about 5 times longer than the CC. So, what the checker did was to go over platens of GPMs that you may not have run and see if there was any thing reading on them. We were also asked to perform some mental exercises, mocking up huge balls of mass until your TA rose by at least one division, then discharge it, back to its original position. We also had to direct and project intentions, the meter being observed while this was carried out.

I remember John MacMaster sitting opposite me carrying this out. He was absolutely serene, validative, caring, really wanting this examination to succeed. In the end he said "I concur (with Hubbard), Congratulations on achieving OT2."

CBR suggestions re OT2 platens

Bill had his own ideas about how the upper levels should be run. Personally I think he was trying to achieve honest results for his groups. As to whether or not this was the right course to take, you cannot fault him for wanting people to achieve the stated aims as described on

Hubbard's Bridge.

The only trouble was that the materials Hubbard produced are factually incapable of achieving those stated aims at the end of the bridge. Maybe Bill had a point.

Saint Hill standards

It was a very supernatural time.

The SHSBC during that period was the gathering of giants.

There were so many Tech masters, the Berners, the Gilhams, the Mayos, the Thomas's, the Kembers, the Kempes, the Angells, Horner, the Williams, Maura Chamberlin, Bob Didiago, Louis Jordan, to name but a few. These people each had audited and been audited for 1,000s of hours.

I had experienced pressure and terror playing football in front of crowds up to 80,000 and national TV audience of 5 million people, but it was nothing compared to the pressure and terror of being a newbie on the SHSBC.

For true case and life gains - nothing since that time - 1961-62-63-to mid 64 remotely comes close to the purity of the path.

It was totally designed to produce masters of the technology. For it followed the interest, wants and goals lines of the pc and auditor.

Learn to audit by co-auditing 1,500-2,000 hours on SHSBC

The way you learned to audit was to audit - most people spent 10 to 14 months on the course - you co-audited a minimum of 3 hours each way, daily and if you finished your check sheets - 5 hours each way co-audits - that meant at least 1,500 to 2,000 hours of delivering and receiving processing over the time you were on course.

You get pretty good - with that much application.

When I came onto the SHSBC there had only been 12 graduates. If you failed too often - you

were sent back to a lower Org to be retrained.

Many failed to meet the standards.

Ron, Mary Sue, Herbie Parkhouse, Reg Sharpe, Brian Pope and Fred Hare were the principal Course Sups (there were a couple of others who came and went) - their check outs were ferocious - everything was Star Rated. All tapes and lectures were Star Rated.

It was incredibly challenging - but you knew you knew your material - the SHSBC auditor was taught to a level of knowingness.

Ron during those days was at the top of his game - his was a massive presence - with an incredible desire and intention for you to be great - as were all the rest of the staff.

I was one of the first 50 graduates - each graduate when they went back to their orgs produced amazing results in their areas.

This gave the SHSBC a great reputation.

I was on the my 2nd SHSBC when Joe Van Staden audited me

Alas economics and public apathy (or fear) would destroy this Mecca of mastery.

It was the right place at the right time to be.

It was indeed a supernatural time.

There was a "sea change" in 1964.

If people could read the actual Clearing Course and OT 2 materials (not a watered down version), they'd have a better idea of the mix of truth and arbitrary significance that these contain.

The truth, dichotomies, etc. and others things, are a kind of mental exercise.

The arbitrary significance - that is slipped in - yet is no less essential to ones "survival," as in "Your next endless trillions of years," is the trick.

The trick is that the person "floats" on both.

The preoccupation with "floating needles" and "floating Tone Arms" - particularly with

material, given to the person from another, containing some truth but containing arbitrary significance, is almost hypnotic, and I seldom use the word.

Again: If those who haven't seen these materials could see representative parts - at least - they'd have some idea.

You can take any charged word or set of words and run repeater on them - on most cases they will run deeper and deeper - until all association, charge and mass runs off them - you can then do creative processing with the word or sets of words - that is mock them up and unmock them at will - done properly you can move the tone arm up and down 1 or 2 divs.

If you have truly done your Objectives - then all life process cycles will actually run out in PT all earlier similar life process cycles - life then becomes your main processor.

It is all quite simple - providing you get your lower level basics in - which are really the true OT levels - for they will lead to effortless remote viewing and effortless remote influencing as the charge and masses erase.

Become a master at picking up physical manifestations - and give it a lifetime or two and all will be well.

- ACW

Hubbard on homosexuality

No doubt his attitude was coloured by Quentin's sexual orientation.

Hubbard wanted a son to follow in his footsteps (Nibs had already blown out) and when Quentin did not match the precepts Hubbard had about a son, his disappointment and fury no doubt became focused on those he considered depraved and disgusting. (See his comments from his early writings).

No wonder he took great antagonism at John Mac. He set out to destroy him.

To Hubbard, a gay person or girl was, at best,

a 1.1. There were a few gays and lesbians on the ship and his lip did curl at the mention of their names.

Chapter 19: *The Power of Source*

Hubbard and music

Back in the early 1970's Hubbard expanded his delusion that he knew anything about music, in fact I would probably consider him to have been tone deaf.

His sycophantic entourage worked with him to produce a record album, a howling cacophony of noise, an absolute load of drivel. Musical celebs were coerced into performing on it, they **INSISTED** that their names be excluded from the record sleeve (for contractual purposes?).

At St Hill, the execs were ordered to play the record **DAY AND NIGHT**, outside the Cashier's Office. We could not escape the bloody row. Frequently someone (unknown) would come along and stab the record with a knife, or grab it and throw it like a frisbee down the drive. There were frequent Boards of Investigation into who was doing such a suppressive act.

Members of the public were "urged" to buy their own copy, after all, it was going to be a classic album. It was, a classic piece of sh*t.

We used to have photos of Hubbard sitting at two organs, pretending to play, giving the impression that he was a real maestro. Well, if the noise he produced on that record was anything to go by, as a representation of his musical acumen, then he was a complete flop.

Mind you, people who have heard the band play live, the Apollo All Stars, say they were pretty good.

One day, one of the band turned up at St Hill. "Hi, I'm Kenny" he said, grinning, expecting adoration from all around. "Kenny who?" was the reply.

"Kenny C.....man, you know, Apollo All Stars?"

About four voices replied at once "You bastard! You are one of those responsible for that f**king row we have been subjected to all day and night"

Needless to say, this response did not go down well with the management.

Even today if the record is mentioned, it elicits cringing shame that the person had actually bought a copy, or anger at being subjected to the noise.

That is how it was received in the UK. I wonder if the same reception greeted it on other continents.

Alan confesses

Oh! Gawd! Now there is an overt LRH did to us!

Now I gotta confess I bought 50 of those *Power of Source* albums - I listened to the first one for a couple of songs - opened another album because I thought that I had a bad pressing - it wasn't so - I immediately took all 50 albums and disposed of them "utterly" - in the trash container outside.

- ACW

Chick Corea and Hubbard

I do not think they ever officially collaborated. Chick played under sufferance on the *Power of Source* album, ensuring that his name never got appeared on the credits.

Chick remains a loyal cult supporter, working on the FSM lines.

He is a nice guy, I used to audit him when he came to St Hill.

"Source" in the album title

I think you will find that the alluding to Source in the title refers to Dept 21 of the Org Board. It is a positioning spin.

The main theme of this thread is the awful series of music and cheesy messages that were put out in an attempt to enhance the public perception of Hubbard and Scn.

For me, the best one done was in the late 1960's where they got Charlton Heston to read "My Philosophy". That was impressive.

I used to play poker with Fred Hare and the idea of him trying to sound warm and meaningful³⁹ is hilarious. No wonder it didn't work. This was the man that Hubbard had selected to go to the USA in 1968 and train as a psychiatrist in order to infiltrate the AMA.

As for some of these "pronouncements" by G. Filbert, the kindest thing we can say is that everybody has an opinion and is entitled to it.

39 For the *Can We Ever Be Friends?* cassette

Chapter 20: The Route In

Have you ever wondered about the reasoning behind the intro steps of the Purification Rundown, The Happiness Rundown and the False Purpose Rundown? At the end of this last step you have a member who is totally committed, enslaved, in fact.

Purification Rundown

Let us start with the Purification Rundown.

This is a very laudable step. What a great idea to cleanse the impurities out of your body so that you are no longer the effect of them. I am sure many people will affirm that they got great results out of this and I am sure they did. After all, there would seem to be no down-side to this action.

Well, let us look more closely. First of all, normal exercise will and does achieve exactly what the Purif sets out to deliver, but without the expensive procedures and the enormous amounts of vitamins, niacin and minerals that you ingest.

I do not know where Hubbard picked up on the emotive datum that LSD and other drugs get stored in the fatty tissues of the body, maybe it is true, maybe it is a fabrication. You decide for yourself.

My brother-in law was head of biochemistry at a leading North East hospital. When he heard my wife has tried the purif out he laughed and said "Hullo Zombie".

What did he mean? Was he simply having a dig at the philosophy behind the Purif, or was he making a professional observation?

I asked him to explain his comment. He told me that when you take such large amounts of vitamins and minerals, the body simply expels what it cannot process, but the remaining stuff needs to be assimilated. In order to do so, the body draws on essential amino acids stored in the fatty tissues of the brain.

What is wrong with that, I asked. Nothing at all, except that as a result of the sudden drop in levels of amino acids, the person becomes more

compliant, more obedient and responsive to commands.

Happiness Rundown

Having attested complete, the person willingly signs up for the Way to Happiness Rundown. Here they study and take on board the rules for happiness that Hubbard sets out for them. It doesn't matter if they have their own cultural or personal rules, these are the rules you live by. The end product is that the person has a valence shift.

Are you following this?

The person has started off as a fully self-determined person and has moved on down to become other-determined, heading toward robotic.

Valence shift on Happiness Rundown

The point was that if you dropped your own codes of conduct and took on board Hubbard's rules for happy living, that itself was a valence shift. You were no longer acting as your own self.

False Purpose Rundown

Now we come to the False Purpose Rundown. Here the person is persuaded that any critical thoughts they may have had about any aspect of Scn, Hubbard or any of the other elements of the cult, were not their thoughts, but something said by another person, a SP or such.

The end result is a person who is totally on-board, a committed Scientologist who simply follows the party line, who is programmed to yap and snarl at the merest hint of criticism against the cult.

If you want to see some very good examples of this product, have a close look at the behaviour of the OSA and security goons. They have been completely programmed. This is repeated conditioning with rewards for compliance and penalties for failure to obey.

A downward spiral from self-determinism down to fully robotic.

Is there an underlying evil purpose being carried out here by the cult?

Or is this just a weird coincidence?

Each of us has our own point of view on this.

What is yours?

Personal experiences

I did the Purif at St Hill.

I based my comments on the HRD upon observing several public undergoing the rundown. They seemed much more robotic and "on purpose" than before. True believers.

Maybe I got it wrong.

The FPRD was just coming in when I left. I saw a few "dedicated" public members who had done the rundown and in each case they went into psychotic fanatical outbursts about SPs and the "enemies" lurking out there.

Uniformly, their lives turned to sh*t, they mortgaged their properties to the hilt, paid their money across and died soon after.

As for staff, I remember being down in East Grinstead one day and encountered an old friend, someone who had a lot of shared happy times. He completed the FPRD and had joined the Finance Police. His face was contorted in fury, he screamed that I was a F***ing SP, spittle dribbling down his chin. I laughed and told him he would probably feel better when he got back in valence. Not a good move, he was now so pent up in his rage, bile and hatred that I thought he was going to have a coronary.

This did not leave me with a positive impression.

Chapter 21: Power Processing

Background

Back in about Autumn of 1964, Hubbard was running the St Hill Special Briefing Course at St Hill Manor. He had students from all the various organisations around the world. There were several non-staff public who also enrolled.

There was a HCO staff at the Manor who ran the various orgs and carried out tasks for Hubbard. ALL of these staff were on the course as well, a few had completed it, but every person there was engaged in extensive co-processing, particularly on goals running.

This group was very diverse in its make-up. Amongst an active body of very capable and aware people, you had a fair smattering of nutters, rogues, glad-handers, franchise holders and dyed-in-the-wool staff members. What they all had in common was they were 100% true believers.

The vast majority of them were financially strapped, living on a shoestring, trying to complete the course so they could return home. The staff members there were mostly supported by their staff pay, which wasn't that much and their financial position was reflected by the range of clapped-out old bangers they drove in and out of the manor. In fact, I remember on one occasion, when visiting my mother, getting a lift from a Canadian, John Farrell, when going down the short hill into St Hill Green, a rear wheel overtaking us, rolling down the hill, before the car slewed around and crumpled by the kerb.

I remember the three persons in the car getting out, gathering their stuff and running toward the manor as they were going to be late and would incur an "infraction thesis" (for their overt of being late).

In this organised madhouse, Hubbard began to notice that individuals were not able to stay fully in PT, would "snap", snarl back, physically blow from course (several were actually collected off aircraft at Gatwick and Heathrow and brought back). They were all trying to run powerful GPM technology without

any safe space to run it in. It was rows of couples co-processing and occasionally someone would scream, kick the table over and make a bolt for the door where the supervisors were waiting to catch them.

What Hubbard began to see was that individuals had incidents in which they had been overwhelmed and taken on the winning identity. He concluded that every person had such an incident and unless this was resolved, they were never going to be able to be in PT.

Despite having engaged in hundreds, possibly thousands of hours of processing, VERY few of them had even come close to addressing their wants. As a result, there were a lot of over-restimulated and unhandled cases thrashing about the place, with no real end of the road in sight.

Several had alcohol problems (Well, Hubbard had a fondness for the bottle too), medical, prescription and street drug problems (Hubbard could relate to that too) and some very highly polished ser facs with which to make others very wrong.

By 1965 he had developed certain procedures to remedy this situation and started applying it to his own Executive staff. He trained John MacMaster and JJ Delance in how to deliver the processes. That is how they began.

Why they work so well

The clever thing Hubbard did was to avoid dragging these remedies into the "Earlier similar" twaddle. You will see in Knowledgism that charge can ONLY be dealt with in REAL TIME. So it was with these processes. They are run until specific phenomena occur in real time, that what was there is HERE RIGHT NOW, RIGHT NOW HERE IN THE ROOM.

The result is a person who can be (once more) fully in PT.

Are they a Grade?

NO THEY ARE NOT !!!

They are a remedy that can be run at ANY time if required. I have run them on "OT"s, people off the street, anywhere they need running.

Power made Hubbard lots of money

They were highly successful. Hubbard saw an opportunity here. He was financially in dire straits, so he set up the HUBBARD GUIDANCE CENTRE (HGC) where these could be delivered to the public (for a fat fee). There was no such thing as "Grade V" or "Grade Va". Instead, on completion the person was presented with a lapel pin, showing "Power Release" or "Power Plus Release".

Hubbard drafted in staff from every org to train them on Power Processing. They were kept on course delivering processing for many months. The criteria for graduation was "Three perfect completions in a row". You could have two completions and the third does not run smoothly. Tough. Back to square 1.

This ensured that there were lots of interns there to deliver Power to the flood of people incoming from all over the world. Hubbard's coffers were filling up fast.

Power was a block of 50 hours processing purchased. Once you had achieved the EP, the rest of the hours were classified as "used". So, if you finished in 3-5 hours, you got the EP you paid for, the remaining "hours" no longer existed.

Of course, if you went over the 50 hours, and some did, you got the opportunity to purchase 12.5 hour intensives. Again, if you completed within the first hour on the extra hours, tough, the hours were gone.

Next I will cover the technical aspects.

Technical aspects of Power

Did John MacMaster develop Power?

As with any collaboration between Hubbard and others, Hubbard takes the credit. The same was with Alan. He developed the data on Bypassed Charge, but Hubbard wrote the bulletins.

I have no doubt that John Mac was instrumental in pioneering and piloting power processes, I don't believe John actually thought them up. Had he done so, Hubbard would have viewed him as a threat and done him in. With Alan, there was no way Hubbard could dominate him.

Perhaps if you go back to the development of the Org board, which was the subject of a lecture in 1965, The awareness levels for the Executive Division are SOURCE, EXISTENCE and CONDITIONS, which are the subject of address in the Executive Remedy known as the Power Processes.

The story continues

Some of you have logged on to the Prometheus Report, a website run by the Freezone which lists the commands for Power Processing. The problem is that they do not have all the commands exactly correct and judging from the way they try and run the processes, they may achieve some limited success, but all in all, they will just produce a mundane result. Finally, there are several errors in their statements and if "The Pilot" and "Geoffrey Filbert" are their source references, the less said the better!

In 1965 Hubbard began piloting these remedy processes. He C/Sed a number of folders, the bulk of which serve as the basis for the Class VII internship. Hubbard was not very flattering in his comments about the cases he C/Sed. "Toughest case in the UK" was one C/S comment.

Whilst John Mac and JJ Delance were helping supervise and run the initial internship, Hubbard wrote bulletins outlining the processes

and procedures.

Interns studied and then processed paying members of the public.

Small garden sheds were set up as auditing rooms. Most of them were near the Chapel, some were off-site in houses at St Hill Green. The on-site ones had microphones in them so the Director of Processing could listen in and evaluate the auditor's TRs, how the session was going etc.

I should say, that the D of P never made any notes of session data he had heard. Instead he would, if necessary, send the auditor to cramming if an error was noted, particularly if the error was not recorded in the session report!

A classic case in point being when the D of P was listening in and the auditor gave the command, got an origination in response and then said, " I will repeat the auditing question - Do birds fly?"

Who were the students?

This leads me to the next point: who could do the course?

The course was not open to the public. It was only for contracted org staff members who had successfully completed the SHSBC and were to sign a fresh five year contract. Hubbard did not want this material getting into the hands of the public.

Why? It was a real money spinner. It was important to have staff from all the outer orgs trained in this in case one of their local people who had been to St Hill needed a review session.

If an org had two trained CI VII staff, then they were allowed to run their own org staff on it.

The other reason was that there was no relevant place for Power on the technical line-up. Hubbard brought in the "Bridge" to kick-start the failing orgs and Power was placed at Grade V & VA, meaning that lower orgs could not deliver it.

As Alan points out, Scientology had

"plateau'd out" and many of the old time Hubbard supporters were drifting away. The Bridge was, I suppose, the first of the "Golden Era of Tech" wheezes that were concocted. This was marketed robustly and a new public were recruited.

The other main reason why public were not allowed to enrol was, frankly, their standard of training necessary to run power was simply not good enough.

Presence

Next I will deal with the essential missing ingredient vital to producing spectacular results. A few, actually VERY few auditors have this ingredient and once you understand what it is and why, a lot of your own processing will start to make some sense.

Alan chips in

I sent over 300 people from my Dallas and St Louis Centers to do the Power Processes over a period of 18 months - about 100 stayed active with Scio and 200 went about living life.

BTW the true key to Power Processing working well is most likely PRESENCE.

PRESENCE = You spiritually fully here and now in the present!

By having the ability to being fully PRESENT one also has mastery over the space, time, energy, form, of the subject or area.

For a fully present pianist one does not just have attention on the piano - one can play the greatest compositions with the piano - one can fill the room or theatre with ones own originated music!

- ACW

True enough.

Have you ever noticed when a person walks into a room, all the attention goes on them. Some may call it charisma, but the real answer is PRESENCE.

So, what is presence?

Presence is simply being totally there for the client, unconditionally. Including them in your space and being completely willing to be at complete effect so that the client can totally deal with whatever force/mass is in real time being handled.

It sounds oh, so very simple, doesn't it ?

Well it is, providing you are operating in a completely safe environment.

YOU DO NOT LEARN THE VALUE OF PRESENCE IN SCIENTOLOGY.

How to program a robotic zombie

Scientology training has TRs (Training Regimens). These do NOT teach you how to be present, or how to process.

TR-0. The great bedrock of all Scientology training. This comes in three phases.

First there is two hours of just sitting there with your eyes closed.

Then there is two hours of sitting there, silent, eyes open. Some poor sods had to do two hours of UNBLINKING. That was nothing but sadistic torture.

Finally there was Bullbait. The purpose was basically to "flatten" any obvious buttons you may have that might get triggered by the client.

Well, NONE of this taught you anything about presence, or even "being there".

In fact, you will find, almost universally, the processor may have parked their body there but were thousands of miles away. The LAST place they want to be is THERE, especially when you have some psychotic supervisor doing anything they could (and they often did!) to break you down.

The actual outcome is a fix-eyed, emotionally desensitised drone who will robotically run a repetitive process on a client.

And so it goes on and on.

On TR 1 and 2 you learn how to mangle and

butcher a comm cycle and TR 3 and 4 you learn how to robotically run a repetitive process, completely blanking out any client originations and getting them to obey you (answer the command).

You come to the "Upper Indoc" TRs. Here you are physically manhandling the client back and forth to carry out your commands.

Wait a minute, isn't processing supposed to be FOR the client, addressing THEIR wants?

So, what on earth are they doing learning how to manhandle a client into submission and obey their commands?

I suppose that TR-8 produces the most change in a processor. After all, screaming at an ashtray can be considered quite therapeutic. It does bring home to the processor that force and intention are completely unrelated.

In Corfu we did drills over a distance of 100 metres where we ran this drill, with some interesting variations. The purpose was to teach officers on the bridge how to communicate with crew on the fo'castle when the intercom was broken. You would be amazed how giving a command in a normal voice could be understood and complied with over an extended distance.

That basically covers why Scientology could not and did not produce real processors.

The real successful auditors were those who were willing to have their clients win BIG. It was unconditional.

Here are two actual examples.

Examples of successful processing

Terry was a taciturn Kiwi, he did NOT suffer fools gladly. He did the SHSBC in 1965 and joined the Sea Project in Las Palmas. There were a couple of occasions when Hubbard was screaming at all and sundry about some trifling point and Terry had to be quietly nudged away before he told Hubbard that he (Hubbard) was a fucking idiot.

Anyway, at St Hill, our "low-wattage" senior C/S decided Terry needed a full CS-1. Remember, Terry was a SHSBC grad who had done lots of processing.

Terry was asked "What is an ARC Break?"

At this point, Terry's eyes hooded over and he quietly said, "Perhaps it would be easier if I demonstrated one."

At which point he flung the cans at the auditor (who was cringing and cowering) and tipped the table over on top of him and stormed out the room.

I was given the job of running the next session.

So, I drew a line through the proposed C/S instruction and wrote a new one "2WC with pc."

I sat down with Terry and said, "OK, what do you want to look at in this session?"

Terry said "What??"

So I told him it was his session, he was paying for it, so was there anything in particular he wanted to look at.

Terry burst out laughing and said "Fuck me! Real processing at last!"

Terry went to the examiner telling them it was the best session he had ever had.

I got a cramming order for failing to follow the C/S instructions.

The other example was a young 14yo lad who was considered borderline catatonic. He had not spoken to anyone for years.

So we sat down in an auditing room. I didn't bother with a meter and the two of us sat there not saying a word FOR FIVE HOURS.

Finally he made a few mumble type comments and then the dam opened. He talked non-stop for about 30 minutes, all sorts of things, anything and everything. I didn't bother writing any of it down, I was just THERE for him.

After the session he went down the stairs and

said to his parents "Are you ready?" They said yes and set off. After about four paces they realised that he had spoken to them!

I mention these two cases to show what presence is all about.

Some experienced processors have developed some level of presence, but for the delivery of Power, there were very few who had it. John Mac certainly did. A few of the 1966 interns could really deliver, but in the main, when you were processing in an environment and your own baggage is up front and in the way, you will not achieve for the client the wins they richly deserve.

Next I will deal with the processes themselves.

I should say, at this point, what I am about to discuss is data that is freely available in the internet and thus is considered to be in the public domain.

SOURCE

This is the first of the Power Processes.

Pr Pr 4 - The commands and how to run them

The commands are VERY simple, but within them lies a whole ball of wax.

TELL ME A SOURCE

TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME A NO-SOURCE

TELL ME ABOUT IT

It looks soooooo easy, doesn't it ?

However, if you, as the processor, are not fully present, your processing space is not completely safe and the client is not completely wanting to do the process, then any results will be muted.

What you are running is a repetitive process and if you are going to try and run it in "TRs

mode", you will possibly miss some of the key elements of the action.

Operating within the environment of the cult, your auditor will have several stress levels being applied. First there is the unsafeness of the environment itself, then there will be the production push, on top of this is the ethics penalties for "down stats" and lastly, but most importantly, the "baggage" the auditor brings into the session with them.

There is the cult mantra that "an auditor has no case". What complete bollocks. When was the last time an auditor was kept cleaned up?

Finally, on top of that, if the auditor has no idea HOW or WHY a process works, how can they possibly deliver it in a masterful fashion?

Anyone (well, almost anyone) can be schooled in the method of robotic auditing. For decades the cult has produced drones, incapable of original thought who systematically deliver pre-programmed processes as laid out in the "Bridge".

Anyway, I digress.

The ONE key element in this process is the full and comprehensive clearing of the terms SOURCE and NO-SOURCE.

A starting point is NOT a Source point.

And when some half-wit thinks it is funny to classify ketchup as a source, refrain from happy-slapping then!

What you want is a place from which something emanates, flows forth, originates.

A No-Source point is a place from which nothing emanates or flows forth.

You can put your own words or such to define these terms, but the concept remains the same.

The next KEY word to thoroughly clear is "ABOUT". This is almost universally skipped and both the auditor and client "assume" they know what it means.

We are asking the client to tell us their views on the answer they have given.

THIS IS THE VITAL, VITAL STEP AS THIS IS WHERE THE CHARGE FORCE AND MASS IS LOOKED AT AND BLOWN.

So, you have Source on one hand and No-Source on the other. What you are doing is looking at one viewpoint and then the other.

Also, what you are REALLY doing is holding two terminals apart.

If you are bothering to use a meter, this is a process that does produce TA action. As charge gets looked at and blows, so there will be meter reactions.

The End Phenomena

This process has a specific EP. However, this can and often is messed up by the auditor.

As charge is looked at in real time and blows off, new awarenesses come to the fore. There will be a new awareness, sometimes expressed as a cognition, but invariably by a comment that the room seems brighter, clearer, something along those lines.

You may well find that the client starts to focus their attention on a particular object in view, probably in the room, or maybe outside.

If this happens, you, as the processor have one thing to do and only that. What you do is SHUT THE FUCK UP. Do NOT say or do anything.

Processing is for the client, allow them to have that moment of dawning. When they do bring their attention back to you, but possibly have not voiced the EP as described, you may gently ask "Did something occur?" If they have achieved the desired EP and gained new awarenesses, then they will readily voice what had happened.

Too many cult processors have been far too keen to jump in and ask if anything had occurred, without allowing the client to themselves be the source of the origination. Such things do mute the outcome.

Very occasionally you get a situation where the process runs on and on without any

discharge of force, mass or charge. What this means is that the client is not really "in session" and probably has their attention units wrapped up in some problem or something.

There is a remedy process that can be run to unblock this.

Well, that is how and why we run SOURCE. No doubt there will be some curious fellows out there itching to try and run it, either on themselves or a partner. But, like I said, it looks a lot easier than it is.

Wonderful description Dart!

- ACW

EXISTENCE

Pr Pr 5 - The commands and how to run them

The commands for this process are:

WHAT IS?

WHAT ISN'T?

Again, very simple commands, but do not be fooled into thinking it is all so easy. This process is like a bear-trap and if you do not run it exactly, in accordance with the requirements for the rest of these processes, you can and will end up in a real mess.

The words to clear are IS, ISN'T and, most importantly WHAT.

A common failing is to assume you know the meanings of these words, but such assumptions can lead you into addressing the wrong concept.

I cannot stress this point too much as the liability is you can crush the client into GPM masses if you misrun them.

The purpose of the process is to blow those forces, charge and mass that pull the client out of present time.

What you are looking for in an understanding of the commands is for the client to be able to tell you something that exists right now in present time and something that does not exist right now in present time.

Like the previous process you are looking at two opposites and are holding them apart.

As you run the process, the client will begin to cycle in time, naming things that are not existing now as being in PT. It is this cycling in time you are looking for as the EP for the process.

As the client starts to view things, they separate from the mass, charge and forces that cause them to consider out of PT things as being in real PT. There will be some new awarenesses voiced and this should signify the end of the action.

HOWEVER, on the rare occasion, should the client start to voice concepts (e.g. Love, Fear, etc.) as answers rather than specific things, then recognise that they are voicing END WORDS (words from GPMs that express the GPM content, e.g. "To create ANGER", "To have LOVE"). At this point stop the process.

The reason for this is that there is some former activity or practice they have been involved in whose precepts are impinging on the client.

This can be dealt with by the particular remedy process, details of which I will cover later.

Once that matter is handled, return to the Existence process and it should easily come to completion. It might help if a gentle two way comm about the existence process took place as it might be that the processor may have missed the End Phenomena.

Both this and the SOURCE process are case openers for the final process.

CONDITIONS

Pr Pr 6 - The most potent Scientology process ever used

Commonly referred to as PrPr6, this is probably the most potent process ever employed in Scientology.

SP = still stuck in a long-ago overwhelming incident

If you go back to the original description of a Suppressive Person, it implied that the person was stuck in a past incident, overwhelmed by what they encountered and in present time were reacting to everything around them as if they were still in that incident.

The number of people Hubbard reckoned were "suppressive" was about 2.5%. The rest of us still had stuff that was impinging on us, but were not so far gone.

Unfortunately, the "modernising" of Scientology has meant that definitions have been changed to fit in with the present management mindset, so if you even look sideways at a senior exec, you get declared SP.

Being declared SP used to be a REALLY big deal. Anyone connected with the cult was required to disconnect from you. You were shunned by all and barred from the premises. It was all about protecting the group from a dangerous individual.

However, this became more and more of a political weapon, to the point where there were so many people being declared SP, it has become almost a badge of honour.

Just like the Catholic church. Originally, to call someone a "Christian" was an insulting statement. It transmorphed into being a statement of honour for Catholics.

Anyway, what this process can and does do is break the person out of the overwhelming incident and allow them to operate in real present time again. In short, it "un-SPs" them.

Auditor requirements to run

In order to run the process to its full EP, you need a processor who is fully present, can grant complete beingness to the client, has a mastery of the comm cycle, is there unconditionally for the client and is willing to be at total effect so as to allow the client to fully duplicate what they are dealing with.

Problem is, there are not too many auditors around who fulfil those requirements.

As the client encompasses the force, mass and charge that they have been the effect of, the reactions can be shockingly violent, loud, highly misemotional. It requires a processor being completely at effect to allow all this to happen. This is a very essential part of running this process and a failure to do so can end up with the client having a muted EP and some BPC hanging around.

I have had clients go stiff as a board, fall on the floor unconscious, screaming under the table, but it was the one who suddenly hunched his shoulders, rolled his eyes, crumpled the cans in his hands (he was a big bloke) and began reaching out to strike me that really tested my willingness to be at complete effect.

To be fair, that was when we were piloting the use of this procedure in dealing with suppressive beings - a review action for people on OT 3.

Don't even think about trying to run this on specific beings. It simply will not run properly and may well end up leaving you in a right mess.

There is a highly specific procedure for doing this action and after piloting it in 1968, I decided that there were no auditors out there capable of running it.

The commands and how to run them

I looked over some of the material around in the FZ and it is clear that they do not have the correct commands, or have no concept of what is required to run this.

The commands are:

TELL ME AN EXISTING CONDITION

TELL ME HOW YOU HAVE HANDLED IT

The first command is fairly straightforward. You want the client to relate to you a state of beingness that is here, in real time, right now.

It is the second command that is most frequently misunderstood. The word "handled" basically means = terminatedly taken care of. It is a done deal.

The key word here is HAVE. In other words, there is this existing condition, you have tried to handle it but it has not been handled.

What happens when you fight against something and fail? You become the EFFECT of it, don't you ?

So with this process you are looking for something that the client perceives as existing here, right now in PT, that they have tried to resolve but have failed as it is still here. That they have been trying to handle this condition previously means that it happened before now but is still with them NOW.

Which is what describes the situation a SP is in.

As you run this process you will find charge and mass blowing off. The client will start to cycle up and down the mood levels, perhaps getting quite misemotional. This indicates that you are getting close to the actual incident, or condition.

All of a sudden it is like you suddenly have an elephant in the room with you.

The client encounters the incident that they were overwhelmed by. Force, charge and mass will blow off. You never know how the client is going to express that charge. It could be a screaming fit, bursts of laughter, a simple shrug

of the shoulders, but you MUST be willing for the client to do or say anything.

Having gone through the REVIVICATION of the incident (living it again in PT as if it is happening right now) you run the process for a few more commands until the client is completely here in PT with you. They probably will want to tell you what happened, their new awarenesses etc. Let them. It is their session and they have unpinned some major charge.

Power: The best process in Scientology but still eclipsed by Alan's development

Well, there you have it. When you have run as many people successfully through Power as I have, you are prepared for anything.

Power Processing is the most complete, the most rewarding processing that ever existed within the Scientology play book. However, NOTHING out there even comes remotely close to the GAMES MATRIX PROCESSING that Alan developed.

The Power Processes were designed as remedies. They have no location on any "bridge". They can be run on any person at any time, no matter what "level" they think they are.

Enjoy.

Chapter 22: The State of Clear

Clear

This is a well commented on subject.

The tech dictionary (as I remember it) describes Clear⁴⁰ as "Being at cause over mental matter, energy, space & time".

On looking up "at cause" it said: Able to create or uncreate.

The state of Clear occurs when the person realises that they are mocking it all up.

State of Clear can occur outside Scn

There is NOTHING in Scn materials that stipulates this can only occur whilst engaged in Scn activities.

This leads, of course, to heresy of Olympic proportions.

I have successfully rehabbed⁴¹ many people's state of Clear where they were doing a wide range of activities: TM, yoga, presence drills, aikido. It does not matter a jot what the person is doing, it is the fact that they have achieved that realization.

Many cases got "parked" because they were denied the truth of this.

It is funny to watch cult fanatics try and grapple with this datum. They go quite demented in trying to enforce the Scn connection with the state.

I am sure many readers out there can connect with this. If you went Clear doing something other than Scn, then acknowledge it.

Enjoy.

Rehabs [of such states obtained in other practices] are no longer done, AFAIK.

Once the genie is out of the bottle, the game is blown open. A person goes Clear when they go Clear. To contain this to within the limits of

⁴⁰ Clear: Scn label for a desirable state of being

⁴¹ Rehabbed: Rehabilitated, regained a state for a person they had lost

Scn and Dn should be regarded as a rather suppressive act. But I suppose they are quite ok with that.

Does it really matter where and how the person has the "Clear cognition?"

In the late 50s there were several "old timers" around the London org who were Clear. Several in America too. One only had to meet them to know there was something about them that was alive, electric, joyous. People like Wing & Smokey Angel, Mike Furse, Mike Pernetta, just to name a few. When the Clearing Course came in (invitation by payment) the former state of Clear was redesignated as "Release".

Seems a shame. These were some really great people.

Dart - technical authority?

I have NEVER claimed to be any sort of authority on the tech.

Threads I have written are there for open debate and discussion. If you find points I have raised, then you are welcome to question them. Your points of view are yours and you are welcome to share them with the rest of us.

What I have written about are events that occurred and technical matters that deserve airing.

Your views are welcome too.

Chapter 23: Knowledgism, Freezone, Scientology The Primary Difference

The rowing events at the recent Olympics bring this to mind.

The Scn cult boat has developed several leaks, it has a psychotic, screaming and abusive cox, ranting and bullying the rowers, who, in turn, are busy shouting at each other, writing reports about the poor rowing, sec-checking each other, trying to stop others from trying to dive overboard and swim to the shore and generally abusing the one poor sod who has lost his oar and is splashing his hand in the water.

On the shore are the fanatical team cheerleaders who are instructing their captive public when to clap, give all their money for watching this performance and generally trying to ignore the growing crowds of ex-supporters and anons who stand back, waving, smiling, offering cake and encouraging the cult crowd to get into comm.

Now we have the boats from the others. They are pretty well relaxed, they are in comm with each other, they have a good idea what is expected of them, their cox's have a plan and have, at least, told their rowers what they will be doing.

The funny thing is that between the Freezone crews there is actually no contest. No one is trying to outdo the other, they are all there to enjoy the event.

The cult boat, however, has threatened dire consequences if they do not win. Their cox will not take any blame but will punish the rowers.

Sound familiar?

Auditing someone on what YOU think they need is implanting

In running a session, the moment you cease to address the client's wants and start to run what you think is "the next step", e.g. a grade or an action directed by the C/S or Ethics, you are implanting the person.

Scientology is an implant technology. Clear and simple.

It is as basic as that.

A program drawn up by another for the purpose of the client achieving a stated goal (e.g. grade) is an evaluation and is implanting.

Also the reliance on a meter to "guide" you.

Meters are over-rated

All these meters are vastly over-rated. The best and most reliable meter there is, is the client themselves.

OK, so you say the meter "reads" below the level of consciousness of the client and this gives the auditor an item to look at.

Well, that is pure and straight implanting.

The very fact that it is below the client's level of awareness proves that it is not the NOW area they have their attention on. It may well come up soon after, but at that moment in time it is NOT where the client's attention is at.

Auditing the client where his attention is at

The role of the auditor is to be there with the client and for the client.

The client brings something up. That is where his attention is at. There is some force, mass or charge present, or he would not have mentioned it. You can use your skills to work with the client in blowing that charge out.

Having handled that to the point where the client is back at cause, you see what his attention is on now. That will be the next piece of charge in presence time. If there is nothing he has his attention on and is really blown away, then you end off and come back into session when the client has some area they have their attention on.

This is processing for the client.

It is not rocket science.

The vast number of people who experienced Scientology have constructed, for themselves, a "comfort zone". They have assumed that what

was run on them was for their benefit. In fact many of them will say how much they gained from these actions. But, at the end of the day, what real benefits did they gain? Oh, some will say their lives changed for the better. I have no doubt they did. But for the majority the outcome was one of heavy expense, personal humiliation, broken families and marriages and a feeling that they had to start all over again.

No wonder there are many very pissed-off folks out there, ready to put the cult to the sword.

A study in California in the 1970s into many "ologies" and "isms" came up with a startling finding. The actual procedures were irrelevant. What gave the client the case gain was having someone there they could communicate with.

That is what an auditor is: someone who is there, unconditionally, for the client.

"Codes" and confidentiality

The Knowledgism Codes procedures are confidential.

The reason is that once you have found your positive code, the negative code kicks in and unless you are skilled in the procedures, the outcome is that the client will fall foul of this.

What happens is that on finding your positive code, you have experienced a whole spiritual expansion and what you run into is the same reason why you crashed in the first place.

Thus, we keep these procedures confidential as the processor needs to be ready to deal with the EXACT item that crops up.

However, in saying that, Alan has made several major technical developments over the years and we tend not to run the codes procedures now, unless the client specifically wants the address that area.

This is all part of working with the client to handle what their attention is on.

I know when I did my Codes, it made a huge difference to my outlook and life.

The Codes are not marketed as "confidential". We don't market them at all. They are specific tools for dealing with specific situations and only if the client has their attention on this area, do we handle it.

There is no mystery about the Codes at all. You are running into the basic goals of the client and need to be skilled to handle them.

No one is being asked to confront or look at any area that they have not expressed an interest in addressing.

Chapter 24: The Personality Test

I do not know if this has been written about, but here is some background on it.

Oklahoma Capacity Assessment

In the 1950's, two psychologists, Ken & Julia Salmon, working on DC staff (I believe) introduced Hubbard to the OKLAHOMA CAPACITY ASSESSMENT. This was a series of questions requiring a yes, maybe or no response.

Hubbard, being based in England at the time, decided that the title needed to be something more substantive, a title that would command respect internationally. He came up with the OXFORD CAPACITY ANALYSIS.

OCA good for marketing. And for case assessment if...

Hubbard quickly realised that this could be a useful tool, both in marketing as well as assessing case progress. The trouble was that Hubbard had no real understanding about how to clinically evaluate the findings. He developed a rather hotch-potch way of using the graph, but still did not really know how to use it to gain real insight into the case.

The graph, when answered by the general public formed, what is known in Psychology, as a "Bell Pattern". However, with the way the graphs were drawn it looked more like a Dalek⁴².

The first three points would usually be very low, the middle three high and the last three very low.

Hubbard's general determinism was that if the first three were low then you were CRAZY, if the last three were low, then you were OUT OF VALENCE⁴³.

This meant that the vast majority of people taking the test were crazy and out of valence (maybe some truth in that).

42 Dalek: Squat mechanical alien machine from TV programme "Dr. Who"

43 Out of valence: Unknowingly being someone else mentally, not yourself

There was one person who probably understood the art of graph evaluation better than anyone. That was Tom Morgan, Div 6 Auckland org. He wrote a book on how to evaluate graphs. He was very accurate in interpreting the trends and meanings. The trouble was that it made Hubbard look like a fool and at St Hill, at least, the use of the book was considered "squirrel".

I remember some of the pompous exec prats saying "We only use LRH tech".

Nevertheless, this marketing tool has been used for decades to hook public into buying services.

Whatever the graph displays, the person sitting in front of the Registrar is AT EFFECT. They are being told things that the graph says is wrong with them.

After all, this person must know more about me than I do.

You can say anything you like, just point to the graph and say this or that point confirms this. I was a big fan of Tom's book and used it to properly evaluate a person's wants and also in case supervision.

I remember being used as a "tag" when the registrars had a "difficult" client, (someone who was not completely ready to hand over all their cash), One person, a Swiss guy had a graph that had a graph which was high in the first 4 points, very low on the next and again high on the last ones. It was a clear "V". So, in a moment of inspiration, I asked him "Are you a vegetarian?"

Well he almost fell off the chair. "How on earth did you know that?"

I simply said, "Your graph tells us". He signed up for a load of services on the spot, paying thousands of pounds across.

Often the person filling out the questionnaire simply answers how they think you want them to answer. In this case, the graph is right along the top. So, how did we evaluate it? We simply turned the graph upside down, implying that all the points were along the bottom and the person

was in real need of processing & training.

This personality test has been the mainspring of public and staff recruitment. Whatever the graph shows, there is ALWAYS some way of telling the person that there is something wrong with them and processing and training will resolve it.

It is an obsolete procedure, long since superceded by others who have a real understanding of how the mind works.

Unfortunately, the loyal Scn member firmly holds to the belief that they are the only ones who have all the answers and that they are the authority on the mind.

What is this authority based on?

The addled views of a former science fiction writer who had no grounding or training in scientific methodology within this field.

Hubbard regularly had other psychological and educative materials employed. There were the peg tests, reaction tests, IQ tests, just to name a few. He never gave any acknowledgement to anyone else for their insight or contribution. On the odd occasion when they did help, he might well publicly acknowledge them, but afterwards would destroy them and declare them.

Even to this day there are drones standing outside orgs trying to get members of the public in to do a personality test. The public are becoming more and more aware of the liability they take on when they walk through that door. Some quickly escape, some don't.

Chapter 25: Taking On an Identity

What happens when a being takes on an identity that is too big for them?

We have seen this through history.

The person usually goes quite psychotic and becomes very destructive.

Caligula? He was a somewhat sensitive and shy person until he became emperor and was now regarded as a living god.

Hitler? He won the Iron Cross as a soldier in WW1 but he was a paper hanger by trade. He became a despot.

Himmler? A chicken farmer who took over as head of the SS.

Pol Pot? A farmer who became a murderous tyrant.

Mugabe? An educated and sincere reformist who decimated his country and his people.

If we look at the evolution of Scn, we have interesting parallels.

A young, impressionable boy, ill educated and of diminutive physical stature is suddenly found in the spotlight. He takes over as the head of the organisation. What does he do? Well, we all know what happened next.

The problem comes when the post carries much more power than the individual assuming that post. Look at the police. A policeman has enormous power over the population they administer to. The power is in the post. Once a policeman steps off duty then he reverts to being just another person. As an individual, they have all the charismatic impact and ethics presence of a wet sponge. But, in the power identity, they can wield enormous effects.

We have seen this with Hubbard and with individuals who have gone on missions. Hubbard, as a person, was a really nice guy (at least when he was in his nice identity). But when he became Commodore, he changed. He was ill suited to the identity. Essentially, it was not him.

Bill Robertson is another example. When he was himself he was a shy, easy going person, funny and a bit "all fingers and thumbs". But when he wore his "Captain Bill, 2nd Deputy Commodore" identity he changed completely.

During the Sea Project Hubbard made three of the crew officers. They were given peaked hats, that is all. The change was remarkable, they began to scream and shout at the rest of the crew. This did not last as they were soon told where to get off! Joe was parading around the deck, looking terribly impressed with himself. We had persuaded Yvonne to go up to him and treat him like an ice cream salesman by asking for two strawberry and one vanilla ice creams. We could hear him screaming at her from 100 metres away.

However, when this was launched on an unsuspecting public the effects were devastating.

When the first Sea Org Mission was sent to St Hill. Joe and Jill Van Staden and Fred Payer were nice people, pleasant, nothing exceptional to make them stand out in a crowd, but when they were given full Ethics power they were totally out of their "comfort zone" and became a trio of absolute vicious thugs. They arrived at St Hill, no one had any idea what to expect. In the Manor they screamed at everyone to stand up when they entered a room. People looked at them with alarm. Here was Joe, Jill and Fred, everyone knew them from their time at St Hill, All of a sudden they were these demonic bullies.

Reg Sharpe, Ron's oldest (and probably only) friend remained sitting. He lit a cigarette and just looked at them. Fred stepped over and smacked it out of his mouth. Reg just looked at him, stood up, put his coat on and walked out, never to return. Fred was screaming at him to remain but Reg simply walked away.

The thing was, Reg was a very wealthy businessman who employed hundreds of people in his insurance business. He was a big being who filled his very big identity very well, was well suited to the position he commanded in

life. He saw through the "Sea Org" identities of the missionaries and was not going to be cowed by them.

I was standing on the deck with Roger Buckeridge when Hubbard received the telex reports from the mission. Tears were streaming down his face. He swore about Reg, accusing him of betrayal. Ron said "Goddamn it, it looks like we are back in the org business again". He had hoped that the Exec Secs WW would carry on running the orgs, but with the pinching of key staff to man the Sea Project, he left them short of trained people.

And so the trend continued. Missions were sent out. The missionaries taking on identities far beyond their own scope. Doreen Casey to ANZO for the 1968 book mission. People still loathed her years after. Cathy Cariotaki, a nice lady, came to St Hill. What a monster. Fred Hare came. He insisted everyone called him "Sir". So I called him "Sir Fred". At the end of the mission he reverted back to being just crazy old Fred. We went to London to play poker at a club.

Alex Sibersky⁴⁴. Does that name ring a bell?

From some of the posts, James Byrne did a mission to PAC⁴⁵. What was that like?

And so it continues. The same psychotic behaviour induced by the adoption of an identity beyond the capacity of the individual.

Where will this lead them? It looks like, for the cult at least, it will all end in tears.

LRH flips to the dark side

I visited with Reg Sharpe in 1980, he told me the full story - it was as you wrote - that incident occurred in Oct 1967 - but the earlier story was when he saw LRH flip into the dark side in June of 1964.

Reg told of how LRH suddenly changed from

44 Alex Sibersky: Sea Org officer who created the infamous 1974 "Battle of Britain" fiasco and other heavy missions

45 PAC: Pacific Area Command - SO base in Los Angeles

the somewhat friendly person to a dominator - Reg told me they were at a circus, taking pictures when Ron turned to Reg and said "I have just worked out a way to take over the world and make us the most powerful and richest Organization on earth!"

Reg said: "The look on Ron's face scared the bejesus out of me! - He was like another person. From that moment on Ron changed dramatically - I knew something bad had taken place - it put a terrible fear in to me in the pit of my stomach!"

It from that point on that Scio became a different subject.

The Stanford Prison Experiment and the Milgram Experiment

These experiments are similar to the Original Class VIII Course and the Original FEBC⁴⁶ Course, the RPF, GAT, and most other Scio courses, etc., etc.!

Or how to be created as "someone's idea" of what you should become.

Identity as a co-creation

An identity really is not just your creation - in most cases it is a cumulative co-creation involving millions of co-creators and millions of co-contributors.

Of course if you're totally pissed off and hate the world - then you are the identities' only creator!

- ACW

46 FEBC: Flag Executive Briefing Course

Chapter 26: An Incredible

Have you ever experienced an Incredible?

An Incredible is something that happens which you cannot tell anyone because you know that no one is going to believe you and if you do say anything, you are going to end up in DEEP sh*t.

I had a few during my time in Scn, the Sea Project and the SO, as well as some later on.

Here is an example: In 1986, I was involved in managing athletes. One day I walked into the changing room and a former Olympic Gold Medallist looked up at me in horror as I observed him injecting himself into his calf.

Who do I tell? What do I say? Who is going to believe me?

The trouble is you are stuck with it.

In Scn it becomes the withhold you cannot tell. What happens if you divulge it in session? You know you are heading straight to Ethics.

In 1968 on the Liability Cruise, we had a party in the A Deck Lounge. It was after John and Joke O'Keefe had got married. We were all having a great time, listening to music and dancing. In the end it was just MSH and myself dancing together. It was dark, the music was slow and the next thing I know MSH has wrapped her arms around my neck, her tongue is in my ear and she is grinding herself into my crotch.

I was 21 at the time. Fortunately for me, that is as far as it went. However, who could I tell? Who in the hell would believe such a story? I was stuck with an Incredible.

I know of two other guys with whom matters went a lot further. (Alan knows about them too).

That incident NEVER cropped up in any session or discussion again. MSH remained a very close friend. She never mentioned it again either (as far as I know).

Another incident occurred whilst on the RPF

in 1973/4. One evening we were sitting in the basement studying when some headlights swept by. We saw them through the air vent. They were silent. We thought nothing of it, thinking it was the crew bus coming back a little early.

A few minutes later some of the children came running downstairs telling the nanny that a strange man was looking in their window.

The only problem was that their bedrooms were on the first and second floors!!

A couple of us ran outside to the back courtyard and looked up. We saw a human figure in a grey suit hovering outside an upper floor window. All of a sudden he took off over the roof. We ran through the building out to the front and there was a VERY bright light at something took off from a grassy patch near the lake. We went down and there were three distinct depressions in the grass and a burn mark.

The three of us looked at each other and decided that this was something we were NOT going to talk about as a) who would believe us b) can you imagine the amount of psychotic behaviour that would follow and the outside intrusion into our activities would not be appreciated.

We simply grabbed some brooms and rakes and worked over the depressions.

Nothing more was said. The kids told their parents about the strange men, but this was played away as a fairy story. The kids knew something had gone on, so did we.

This became a group withhold among the RPF group. It was our secret and no one else's.

To this day I do not know if the other two have ever said anything. They are both DEEP "lifers" in the cult, one on staff, the other a field FSM.

I am sure that some of you reading this will treat it with great scepticism. Well, that is up to you. The events did occur as I have described.

It feels kind of weird, having written this. It is as if something has "gone".

Dart was getting off his own withhold of an incident that occurred with MSH.

Often when an "incredible" occurs it acts as an enforced withhold...it obviously had quite an effect on him at the age of 21.

I find that it is hard to write about a lot of the early days because of the ridges and "don't want to know" that come back at me.

Often an "incredible" acts as a shock...it ties up a tremendous amount of attention.

As most people who tell their stories and they unfold on ESMB...they are "incredible" events that were going on and hardly anyone noticed them as they were occurring - why is that?

Is it because we as a group had and have so gone out of communication and reality with the world around us...that Scio is built on a massive quantity of false perceptions?

Or was it so many went on hoping.....that the PT scene of the day was not-ised⁴⁷?

- ACW

Mary Sue Hubbard

Another Incredible is that the CofS never announced her passing away in 2002 to their staff or public AFAIK.

<http://marysuehubbard.com>

Mary Sue's maiden name was Whipp. She had an emerald engagement ring and whenever she wanted to remember something she would transfer it from her left to her right hand.

The tribute site is interesting, The photo of MSH and Hubbard together was taken by me in 1967 in Las Palmas on the occasion of her birthday dinner.

Never underestimate her influence over Hubbard. He may have fired the gun, but she made all the bullets.

47 Not-is: Deny to self the existence of something

Chapter 27: Odds and Ends

A cleared Arab is a...

During the period April to September 1968 the ship visited Morocco where it picked up a couple of locals to join staff. One of them was Abdul, an elegant and friendly chap who everyone loved. The other was Belcasim, a rather small, sly sort of cove who wormed his way around the ship.

Belcasim worked hard and got himself onto the tech training program, completing the Briefing course. He was an Arab and proud of it.

Malcolm, our Chief Engineer was Jewish. He was one of the most popular guys on board. Belcasim took an instant dislike to Malcolm and made his feelings known. Malcolm, in his usual style simply didn't rise to Belcasim's comments.

One day, in the 'tween deck tech area, Belcasim attested Clear.

He went up to Malcolm and said "See Jew, I'm Clear".

Malcolm, without missing a beat replied, (in the words of Hubbard):

"Well, as they say, a cleared Arab is a cleared Arab".

Ribbons and bows

You see photos of old Russian soldiers with campaign medals, sometimes with so many they have them on both sides of their coat, and you see soldiers from various arenas of combat wearing their medals, ribbons and decorations with great pride. Then you see lunatics like Idi Amin with so many decorations he looks like a buffoon.

And then you see the teenagers from CMO with more campaign medals and chest ribbons than any living hero, and what do you think?

It becomes funny, then hilarious, then not so funny, then quite outrageous.

Imagine a little 14yo CMO with half her jacket front splattered with dozens of ribbons

and campaign awards, then they wear them in public. What sort of image does that convey?

I remember at St Hill when the ribbon craze started, John Harvey put on his dress ribbons (including the DSO - presented by the Queen) and was told to take them off because they were "squirrel".

OT III: Where DID those cherubs come from?

I was there when Hubbard was winding up his research (Las Palmas 67).

We were the Sea Project, long before the Sea Org was created.

Hubbard really was on drugs at the time

You have to understand the level of drugs Hubbard was on at the time. This was well after his cocaine and phenobarbitone stuff of the 50s. He was heavily into barbiturates, codeine etc. He had a shore base called "Estrella", down the coast. I saw his pharmaceutical store there, it was huge.

The original OT3 materials were handwritten and photocopied backwards, so you had to hold them to a mirror to read them. I read them all when I was Chief of Advanced Courses on the ship. It was just like a 1950s science fiction story.

We had our first inkling of what was coming before we set sail from the UK in April/May 67. Hubbard put out a confidential SP declare on one of our staff, John Lawrence (former chaplain at St Hill). In it he stated that John was no longer the person we thought he was, having been taken over by another or other beings.

Were you a "Loyal Officer" too?

In Las Palmas Hubbard used to talk quite openly about his "research". He used to say that the main street in Gran Canaria was exactly like it was 75 million years ago, exact in every detail. He got some really funny looks from several members of the crew. I don't think there

was more than a couple of members who bought into the story. In order to satisfy the rest of us he added a line about Loyal Officers. This was a clever move as it allowed us to simply say that we never got the implant as we were away at the time.

Which came first - the chicken or the egg?

Outside the dockyard there was a church. On Feast Days (there were many) an evening service took place. It was dark and there was always a small crowd.

First there was a candle lit procession, followed by a loud bang, then a series of flashing lights, another procession came out from the church, led by men carrying poles on which figures of cherubs were mounted. Following this came a replica of the ark of the covenant, with a winged chariot on it. The procession traversed around the forecourt. All the time prayers were being said, led by a priest in long robes. Then firecrackers went off and the candles were extinguished, leaving the place in darkness as the processions re-entered the church.

Hubbard used to say that this was a replica of Inc 1⁴⁸. I wonder where he got the idea of Inc 1 from?

It is up to each person to decide for themselves if they wish to subscribe to the theory and story of OT3. I just thought that a bit of background info might help you to align your thoughts.

In case you are wondering whether any of this is true or not, ask Alan. He was there too.

[It is true!](#)

[- ACW](#)

48 Inc 1: Incident 1. According to Hubbard, the start of a being's time track about four quadrillion (4,000,000,000,000,000) years ago

More on the Class VIII Course

Recordings of the lectures

What you do not get here are the numerous breaks in the lectures.

Sometimes a ship's horn would drown him out; sometimes he went into a violent burst of profanity; sometimes he got annoyed that someone was not paying total attention, or coughing. He would verbally abuse them (Hank Laarhuis) if they coughed. He would have the tape wound back and continue with the delivery.

Listening to this again makes one realise that he was completely "away with the fairies".

The slip-ups (DC-8 with propellers etc.) can be picked up quite easily.

Interesting that he is into the "the people will obey you" routine, "we own the planet".

The sad thing is that he completely believed his fantasies were reality.

I suppose that is one of the liabilities of a chronic drug history.

When you see the photos of him when in hiding, he looks a wreck. This is a man ravaged by self-abuse and personal neglect.

Clearly he "freewheeled" down the tone scale into hiding.

Original Class VIII Course an implant from beginning to end

[You really had to be there, at that time, in that place, Corfu, Oct, 1968. The Original Class VIII Course was a complete continuous implant from beginning to end.](#)

[The overboards, the lack of sleep, the poor food, the chronically unsafe environment, the threats, the invalidation, the evaluations of what to run, what to think about your case, violated every aspect of the Auditors Code and ALL other Scio codes.](#)

[The hours were from 7.30 a.m. until long](#)

after midnight - every day. Sleep deprivation abounded. I handled this for myself by putting an "in session" sign on my cabin door and taking a three hour nap.

The stress level was enormous. The amount of continuous violence, hatred, contempt and make-nothing-of emanating from LRH and the Commodore Staff to each person there was incredible.

One could say that this was in actuality started in September 1967, in Las Palmas. It was then that the sleep deprivation and brutality began. Slowly it got worse. The SO people on the ship began to become shadows of themselves. This can be easily observed in the BBC interview of the crew in early 1968.

Very little auditing or training took place on the crews during this period. Mostly quickie stuff.

- ACW

The Foundation Chaplain

In 1966 we has this really pious, creeping Jesus, po-faced guy as Foundation Chaplain⁴⁹. He forever took himself far too seriously, never smoked or drank, always was "in valence" as the chaplain.

We used to have regular Saturday night parties and at one of them, held at a house in E. Grinstead our chaplain turned up. Turning down all offers of booze he stuck to orange juice, until someone had the bright idea to spike his drink with vodka.

Well, you never saw such an identity shift in all your life. From being a sombre, unsmiling goody-two-shoes he became the life of the party.

Suddenly he decided to strip. To the rousing cheers and encouragement of all there he peeled everything off, except for his minister's collar and black front bib.

At this point things began to get a little out of hand. He was walking about waving his dick at all and sundry, then decided to go out the front door onto the street where he put his arms in the air and waved dick at passers by and passing cars.

Someone called the police. The guy got arrested. Next morning the WW Execs realised they had a real "Hill 10" on their hands. He was released from custody, they took him home, made him pack his belongings, issued a SP declaration, took him to the airport and put him on the next plane back to the USA.

He never came back.

We no longer had a Foundation chaplain (Hooray!).

The day the gas man came

In about 1961-2 the London Org had a thriving HPA Course.

The practical drills were run in the basement, which had the walls lined with egg cartons to baffle the noise. Beyond the room was a door leading out to where the gas and electricity meters were housed.

One day the Gas Meter man came to read the meter. He was taken down the stairs and into the drills room. He was not prepared for what he encountered!

The course was being run by Amanda Moran (who had the BIGGEST set of Bristols⁵⁰ you can imagine). The poor man was first confronted by Her. "What do you want" she asked, jabbing him with her chest. At that moment a pair were drilling TR-7, wrestling one another across the room. The poor man flattened himself against the wall in terror.

Amanda, being the cool and calm supervisor took him by the hand and led him around the walls until he got to the door to read the meter, which he did.

49 Identified by name in the original ESMB thread

50 Bristols: Cockney rhyming slang, Bristol City....

The trouble was that by this time he was SOOOOOO spooked, he did not want to make the return journey until the students had stopped for a break.

Amanda started to lead him back around the walls again when someone, in a particularly loud voice screamed at an ashtray "STAAAAND UP!!"

His nerve broke. The poor man fled across the room, knocking people, tables, ashtrays and bulletins flying in all directions.

He ran up the stairs wailing and screaming, Amanda rushing after him.

Upstairs, Selwyn Lines and Rae Thacker had come out from their offices to see what the commotion was about.

"They are all mad!", "They are all totally fucking mad down there!" "What sort of looney bin is this?" he was screaming.

At that point he ran out into the street shouting at passers by that there were a load of nutters in there.

Infiltration

In reading John Grisham's new book I was reminded how in the late 1960s Hubbard was determined that we should have our own people in all the major control groups: IRS, FBI, AMA, State, etc.

At the time there was a lot of rumpus with the medical groups and it was planned that Fred Hare should go back to the USA, enroll in medical training and become a psychiatrist. (A more unlikely candidate I cannot think!)

Hubbard mooted the idea that we should get our children to join and infiltrate the above groups. I do not know if the plan was ever activated, but the intent was there.

Large and powerful groups tend to try and have someone "tame" on the inside, especially when it comes to the law. I am sure there are several dedicated Scientologists who practice law and who are very "on side" when it comes to looking out for the cult.

Was there not a lady judge in LA who has been schmoozed up by the cult and has delivered several favourable judgments?

Suggestions have been made that members of the police force in both Clearwater and LA are either active members of the cult and as such tend to act in their favour when dealing with matters.

What about the less upfront groups? The medical profession, Psychiatric and Psychological groups, the FBI, the IRS?

Have cult children been sent to enroll in these groups with the view to providing inside support?

Personally I have no data on this, except knowing what the original intent was. Did Hubbard carry out this plan? Have the GO/SO/OA groups permeated these organisations?

It has been many years since I was directly involved. It would be interesting to hear more about it.

The Anonymous Effect

Actually, the Anon protests are "infiltrating" very well.

So long as we continue to pervade their spaces, communicate the reconnection theme, flow out good feelings, then they have nothing to ridge against.

It is like fighting smoke. This is what is driving them absolutely mad. They can see it, they can smell it, it gets in all around them, but they cannot fight it.

The message will continue to get across. Each and every person still within the cult will have a different level of awareness and cognizance. Some will take it on board sooner than others. So long as the smoke continues to swirl around them, they will finally "twig" and respond.

We are tying up their attention units. It is the individuals we want to reach out to, not the "church" itself. After all, if there is no one left, all that remains is an empty shell.

Do not underestimate how much effect we are having on the cult. Their income sources are drying up fast, more people are leaving than joining, their psychotic responses are becoming more and more manic, the public perception of them is rapidly turning against them and ex-members are starting to lose the fear they had about speaking up about the crimes and abuses that have gone on.

These are significant times.

Hubbard's Other Children

Just how many kids did Hubbard have?

He was a serial womaniser through the 1950s, both in Australia, S. Africa and England.

I know of one daughter in S. Africa. I audited the mother and met the daughter (who has nothing to do with the cult). Her mother admitted she was seduced by Hubbard in about 1956 in Johannesburg.

He was married to Mary Sue at the time.

After the session, the D/G⁵¹ Africa ordered that the session worksheets be rewritten omitting any reference to this matter, so they clearly knew about it.

Hubbard's kids have distinguishing physical features.

Apart from fair/reddish hair, they have a pronounced front upper incisor and a sloppy upper side lip.

Missing money?

According to info on other threads, a lot of money was syphoned off directly to Hubbard. Has this been accounted for?

I am sure that Hubbard's children (from all unions) and their dependents would have a legitimate claim to these monies.

51 D/G: Deputy Guardian

Chapter 28: Anecdotes

These do not follow any particular date sequence, just some insights into some of the things that went on in the early years.

London

The London ACCs

Hubbard used to deliver the Advanced Clearing Congress across the road from the HASI in the basement of the Indian Centre. Here he would deliver lectures and run co-audits. There was a large basement room which was ideal for this.

Seating was done in alphabetical order and was a source of irritation. Eileen Russell was a middle aged lady who has slightly deaf and despite her protestations, could not get a seat at the front, so, she changed her name to Eileen Russell - ABLE and was able to command a front row seat.

I never attended these courses, but my mother and stepfather did.

There was a book *Have You Lived Before This Life?* by Hubbard. Well, he NEVER wrote it. My mother did. As she was the lead auditor, she compiled all the case studies that came out of that congress and presented them to Hubbard. He promptly issued it as a book, with his name as author (of course!).

37 Fitzroy Street

The home of the London HASI. It was a Victorian three-storied terraced building with a basement, located a couple of streets away from Tottenham Court Road. Hubbard had bought it in the early 1950s when he moved from Holland Park.⁵² It was an ideal site for the time. The HPA course in the evenings and weekends had well over 100 people on course.

One of the early staff auditors was Jim Naylor. One time one of the upstairs rooms was locked and no one could find the key. So Jim came along, told all those standing there to turn

away and he pulled something out of his pocket and proceeded to pick the lock. The door was open in a few seconds. Jim had been a serial burglar who, when finally caught in the early 1950s got sent to Reading jail, after having over 250 other offences "taken into consideration". Jim was a highly intelligent man, but being a complete criminal, was unable to sustain an honest employment for any period of time.

Even up to the time Jim passed away in about 2004, he was running a bogus university degree scam for far-away people who could "graduate" with a degree from one of Jim's universities (for a sizeable fee, of course).

I remember asking him how he got into Scientology and he told me he read Dianetics whilst in jail. I asked him if Hubbard had called on him to employ his special skills on behalf of Hubbard or the Scientology organisation. Jim was a bit reticent about answering that and said "I might have".

We were located close to Fitzroy Square. I remember when the first traffic wardens began to operate, putting tickets on offender's cars. One fun game was to take the ticket off a car and out it on another. There were several Greeks with offices in the area and it was always funny to see a guy come out, spot the ticket on his car and explode. On one occasion this guy ran up to the ticket warden, grabbed him by the front of his jacket and dragged him back to his car, screaming at him all the time. It finally got resolved, but long after I had fled the area.

We used to dine at either the Fitzroy Cafe or the Agra Indian. The cafe was famous for the bad tempered guy who ran it. His wife did the cooking in the basement and the plates came up on a "dumb waiter". All orders were screamed down the stairs to her and any time she sent up a wrong order he would hurl abuse at her and she would scream at him and throw knives, forks etc up the stairs at him. It was a madhouse. The funny thing was the couple doted on each other.

The Indian had two large pots in the window

⁵² Holland Park: District in North London

as you went in. The choice was either hot or bloody hot. You took your plate and sat at tables and benches.

The staff never had much money and frequenting these places meant the food was cheap and at least you got one hot meal a day.

Later on, Eileen Russell-Able opened a basement cafe around the corner, mainly for the staff and public. I remember having a 25 hour intensive from a nice guy, John (he is still "in", along with his family). I was explaining to him how to bet on greyhounds. I took him along to the bookies and persuaded him to have a bet. He had no idea what to do or say and went up to the counter and said "I want five pounds on number two dog". The cashier said "Do you want it to win?" (meaning betting to win only, not to win or be placed). John lit up and said "Oh, yes please". Anyway the dog won. John had more money in his hand than he had had for some while.

I saw him the next day and he was really down. He told me he had gone back and put ALL his money (winnings and week's wages) on a dog and it had lost. How was he going to tell his wife?

My first week on course

Cornelia Alford was our supervisor. She was an Austrian lady who had survived the German concentration camps. She was a no-nonsense lady.

That first week on the HRS⁵³ course, I set a record - for the most ethics chits received in one week - 49 in total. These included the usual ones for being late for roll call, to being drunk and disorderly on course at lunchtime. Well, I had had a couple of pints at lunch, and some whisky chasers. Having to conform was never my thing and it was a trait that lasted throughout my career in Scientology.

As a student I stayed in a famous Scientology house, 1 Albert Street, Camden Town. It was a

53 HRS: Hubbard Recognised Scientologist = Academy Level 0

real experience. We regularly stayed up till dawn just talking and drinking coffee. When we ran out of milk we went around the corner to a machine that dispensed half pint bags of milk, known as the "iron cow". My parents had sent me up the money for my next level and I was due to go in and pay for it on the Thursday morning. Unfortunately, I managed to lose it all on the horses the day before and the HASI were depending on it for their GI. I remember seeing Rae Thacker's face. It would curdle milk. I was in the doghouse from all sides.

Never mind, I survived and completed the requirements to start the SHSBC. Thacker and I never did see eye to eye and I think we both developed a healthy dislike for each other. I got a job through one of the guys living at the flat, Ian. I worked packing dental equipment until Christmas, when I quit (well, ok, I was fired) just before the police raided several factory units, including ours, where stolen goods were being traded between staff and all and sundry. That Christmas Eve I headed by train back to Cheltenham where the family were preparing for a January move to East Grinstead.

Saint Hill

The first St Hill party

In 1959, after Hubbard bought St Hill Manor, he organised a party for the London HASI staff and their friends. We all went down on a hired London Transport double decker bus. It was a great atmosphere.

Ron and Mary Sue were there to greet us and we had a buffet in the Winter Garden room. I remember Diana running around after me; she had a bit of a "crush" on me. We had free access to all parts of the building and I remember looking at the walls in the Monkey Room in the basement.

Up on the croquet pitch, I teamed up with Mary Sue against Ron and Antoinette Pernetta (I think). It was surprising how competitive Ron was at what was, essentially, a fun game. Mary Sue's ball had come to rest against his and Ron

put his foot on his ball and hit it VERY hard, sending Mary Sue's ball off into the bushes. Whilst she smiled, she was NOT amused. I got sent to retrieve it.

People were playing tennis and several were simply walking around the grounds. It was one of the very few times when I saw Hubbard really relaxed and enjoying the occasion.

I remember it being a lovely day. Everyone seemed to really enjoy being there. Acquiring the place was a real coup for Ron. We all had a strong team feeling. I was still at school; my mother was on staff as Ron's lead auditor. Even so, I was very much part of the group. We finally climbed back on board the bus for the journey home. A few had taken cuttings from some of the plants, so they could grow them back in London. Don't know if Ron knew.

Early observations of the SHSBC

My mother enrolled on the course in 1962 and rented a house, Dovecote Cottage, on the Dunnings Road. It was a small, almost doll-like house and we went down for the Christmas holidays.

Every day she went in on course. The students were gathered in the Chapel and Pavilion, these being the first buildings constructed outside of the manor house. Lunch time was when my step-father and I went down to St Hill. My mother was working with people like Gertie Myers, Joan Schniebage, Hank Laarhuis. All in all they were a pretty fun bunch. Hubbard would regularly interact with them, giving regular lectures. Hubbard's kids would hang around the grounds outside, looking in.

On one occasion, Gertie had brought in a box of (potent) liqueur chocolates. She and my mother scoffed the lot during the lunch break and were quite "tipsy" when it came to the afternoon auditing. They both earned a 5,000 word infraction thesis for this.

One thing about Herbie and the other psychos supervising the course, they would count the

number of words you wrote and if it was short of the stipulated number, the new infraction thesis was multiplied by the number of shortages. So, if a 5,000 word thesis was four words short, the penalty was a $4 \times 5,000 = 20,000$ word thesis to be handed in the next day. Failure to comply meant you got downgraded a level and you had to repeat that level again. People were known to have "blown", rather than face a long infraction thesis penalty.

Hubbard devastated

I suppose Hubbard changed dramatically after the newspaper exposure of his work with plants. I have covered this elsewhere, but from what I learned from my mother, Hubbard was devastated and seemed to change overnight. By 1965, my parents made occasional visits to St Hill. Hubbard had departed for Africa and the Hubbard Guidance Centre had been set up to deliver Power Processing.

On the SHSBC in 1966

I started the SHSBC early in that year. The course was run in the Pavilion and the chapel. Peter Khaled was our first supervisor. As part of our course, we had to process a public pc to completion on each grade process. We had to find our own pcs. mainly around the town. Several taxi drivers, café waitresses and such were regularly being processed. If you had not completed your pc by the end of the two week practical period, you went to cramming until completed. You also had to take an exam which required a 100% pass mark.

I was running out of time and had not yet found myself a pc. I was not going to pay to be in cramming, so I opted for that well known favourite - ETHICS! I gave my supervisor some cheek, he sent me to Ethics where I gave Joan Thomas (later Robertson) some grief and voilà! I got a two week suspension. I also got an Ethics Order declaring me to be a Rebellious Individual and ordered to Power Processing at my own expense.

This meant that I had time to round up three

pcs ready for me to process. (You could never have too many pcs). At the same time I had my Power Processing from Terry Milner. We had to walk down to St Hill Green and use a hut in Ann Greig's garden.

Being on Power was a really BIG deal. Pcs had to wear a badge stating that the person was on Power Processing and not to discuss their case with them.

All sorts of people were arriving at St Hill for study and processing. But what REALLY made it such a great time was the weekend social: parties and sex.

Parties and sex

Every weekend there was at least one party or gathering going on, either in East Grinstead, or one of the outlying villages. Also the Harewood Hotel in Tunbridge Wells. I should say that there were strict rules about "out-2D", so, as you can imagine, everyone was at it.

We used to get these American ladies who came over for processing etc. When on Power, you were required to take Vitamin E in large doses. This had the benefit of making you somewhat horny. Anyway, many is the weekend I have been taxi'ed over to the hotel on a Friday night where we would have room service until Sunday morning. It was a bit like the film "The Graduate", where the guy is a regular and the staff know him by name.

Another great place was the Apsley Arms Hotel in Dormansland. This was owned by an Australian Scieno and several public stayed there. It was an old building with creaky and winding spiral staircases. That was where I was introduced to Southern Comfort. It was when Bill Deitch went Clear. We sat in armchairs, half pint mugs of Southern Comfort and ice, in front of a blazing log fire, one of Alan's ladies curled up on my lap.

The bathrooms were at the end of the hall and one night I was making my way along the corridor, wearing only a towel, when Alan turned the corner, wearing only a towel and

smoking a cigar. "Hi Alan" I said, "Hi Dart" Alan said as we passed, each heading to our respective rooms.

Jimmy Hare stayed there. He was an amazing guitarist and we had many evenings listening to him and playing Cardinal Puff⁵⁴. Then there were the poker games. Usually we would "invite" a new arrival to join our games. Fred Hare, Jim Stewart and I usually ended up winning.

54 Cardinal Puff: A drinking game. Here is one variation, edited slightly from brewthis.com. Start with a full pint glass of your favorite beer. The objective is to finish the glass in six tries, and leave no backwash. Grab the pint glass with your thumb and forefinger and hoist. "I drink to the honorable Cardinal Puff for the first time tonight." Drink what you can, remembering there are five other drinks from the pint ahead, so don't do too much. Tap the glass once on the bar top, then set it down. With the forefinger of each hand, tap the bar top, alternating left/right, tap the underside of the bar top, tap each thigh top, tap each thigh back side, tap each foot, sit up, then down once. Grab the pint, hoist aloft using thumb, index and forefinger and toast "To the Cardinal Puff Puff, for the second time this evening." Drink twice, tap the glass twice on the bar top, and use two fingers and repeat the first step (tap, tap, etc.) On the third try, the player (or victim), will say; "I drink to the Cardinal Puff Puff Puff, for the third and final time this evening." Hoist glass using thumb, and three fingers and consume all remaining brew in three separate drinks, making sure there is none left in the glass. With three fingers, repeat tapping sequence (three times each, obviously). Upon finishing tapping sequence and sitting sequence, the subject needs to grab the glass with an inverted grip and proclaim "Once a Cardinal, always a Cardinal, never spill a drop." While proclaiming this, the player inverts the glass, releases the grip and inverts (to upright) again. There should be no liquid from the glass on the bar from the inverted pint (other than glass condensate), if there is...Repeat the whole process again! If there is

Another place was Chilling Street Cottage. Otis & Betty Halliday had come over with their son Chester. They also brought with them a custard yellow Ford Mustang. God! What a "tart trap"! Chester had them queuing up to go out with him.

Chilling St had a barn with a hayloft. It had tiled floor that was swept clean. Anyway, Chester and his girlfriend decided to go out into the hayloft. They climber up a ladder and spread a blanket and got to it.

We saw them going out and Gary, from Las Vegas, quietly removed the ladder. The lights were already turned off. Someone got a metal bucket, filled it with wet straw and oily rage and set fire to it in the barn. We were all standing around the walls inside the barn. All of a sudden we hear this scream "FIRE, I SMELL SMOKE". Chester looks down and all he can see is billowing smoke. He manages to lower the girl down, throws their clothes down and is in the middle of swinging down when the lights go on. The girl is naked, Chester is hanging from the hayloft, complete with erection, and everyone starts applauding, shouting "Author, Author"⁵⁵. I think they are both still in therapy over it.

We had great parties at Grosvenor Road and Ridge Hill Lodge, home to Virginia, Mo and Ollie Budlong. My Level 3 & 4 supervisor, Fred Fairchild usually got very drunk. One night, there was a pan of eggs boiling and Fred

none, the ruling judge shall ask the subject "Are you a Cardinal?" To which the subject shall reply; "You bet your sweet ass I am!" Any other answer is unacceptable and means repeating the whole process again. If, in future times, you are approached and asked "Are you a Cardinal?" The only answer can be "You bet your sweet ass I am." The person asking the question may then challenge the person by saying "Prove it." The person MUST prove they are by doing the whole process before you. They in turn, can ask the same of you.

55 "Author, Author": Audience calls of delight for the writer after a play's successful first night

was so drunk, he put his hand into the pan and pulled out an egg without noticing he was burning. Ernie Martin was a legendary bullshitter and always fun. He looked like Skeletor⁵⁶. Anyway, Ernie put on his bullfighting suit of lights and stood on the table. He was so drunk that he could hardly stand. Peter Gelfan had made some "sour" for whisky sour drinks and Ernie just downed the bottle of "sour" without even noticing the taste.

There were many other events I could relate, but I think you have got the gist of it.

The main thing was that you could not have sex with your pc. So you had sex with another's pc instead. Your pc would have sex with another student, but not with you. Staff were getting involved and to be honest, things were getting a little out of hand.

An interesting trade used to go on in that if you were on, say, Level 3 or 4 and you have lost your pcs, either through moving or failed results, it has been known that surplus pcs were "sold" in order to assist course progress.

Amnesty and Ethics

I was already in the frame⁵⁷ for my transgressions and had been handed a two week suspension. It was looking like there was a LOT more going on than just me, so Felice Green, Ethics Officer, took her meter up to the Briefing Course, where she put each student on the meter. "Have you been having out-2D?" If it read, you got a two week suspension AND a two week amends project. It didn't matter what it read on, just that there was a read.

Anyway, about 35% of the course was off and the stats jumped dramatically.! The students were working in C/F⁵⁸, Addresso, Treasury. It was the only time these places have ever been fully in PT.

Several staff got suspended as well, including my supervisor. That story I have covered

56 Skeletor: Muscular bluish humanoid comic character

57 In the frame: Equivalent to "in the cross-hairs"

58 Central Files

elsewhere.

Suddenly there was an amnesty. Any 2D was allowed, but if you messed up another's progress, it was a \$5,000 fine. All of a sudden it all stopped overnight. The game had been ended.

Clears

This was a momentous occasion. John MacMaster had been announced as the first Clear. (He was not the first to actually finish, but he was checked out first.) This was worked into a major PR campaign. I remember the cheering when he was announced by Anton James as the first Clear and that week when John received his Clear certificate.

After this there were a trickle of people being announced clear. Every Friday at Graduation the chapel was fully packed. People were standing outside looking in. Once when Felice Green was due to be presented, she was wearing a tight skirt. She was aware her panty lines would show through, so she had taken them off. As she went up, the general comments were "Hullo, Felice isn't wearing any knickers".

When Frankie Freedman went up he was announced as Franklin Freedman. People were turning their heads and saying "Franklin, I didn't know his name was Franklin, I thought it was Frankie".

All in all, 1966 was a vintage year. Many of the stellar names in Scientology were at St Hill at that time. A lot have left, but a few remain.

Returning to St Hill in 1970

The Advanced Org in Edinburgh moved down to St Hill in 1970. The move itself was an interesting experience. We had some Chubb fire-proof cabinets for confidential materials. They were so heavy that they were brought in by crane, through a window on the first floor. Entrance to the AO was up a long, winding staircase. To take them out we tied ropes around them and hand-pulled them down the stairs, about six of us trying desperately not to let one

run away with us and cartwheel down the stairs.

The removals men had brought two large vans and estimated it would take two full days to unload the vans at St Hill. The crew had to make their way from Edinburgh. I managed to convince the execs that I needed to fly. Most went by bus or some by train.

When the vans pulled up outside the chapel, a swarm of SO launched into emptying the vans. They were clear in about 35 minutes. The drivers and loaders were stunned. As they had been given funds for two nights accommodation and food, they took themselves off to Brighton, in high spirits.

The Stables

John Parselle had been instrumental in the purchase of The Stables, an enclosed converted property strategically located beside the St Hill estate. We berthed in there. I had a single room and the galley was upgraded to provide meals for all the SO staff.

Stonelands

Later on a large property, Stonelands, was acquired. It was about four miles from St Hill, set back away from the road, down a long driveway. This became the SO berthing building. The huge ballroom housed the men's dorm. I think they had thirty men bunked in there.

At the back was a detached house which became the nursery. This was run by young, untrained and inexperienced staff and I am sure from the state of some of the kids there, it was a very unhappy experience for them.

The execs, whilst having kids of their own living there, simply could not stand other's children. A lot of abuse was thrown at young mothers and the nasty attitudes resulted in some staff blowing.

However, we had some fun there. I remember organising Halloween parties for the staff and, particularly, the kids. We would don latex

gloves and paint skeletal bones with luminous paint. It was really quite effective. In fact, coming out of the pitch black with glowing hands gave some of them a real scare. I think they may still be in therapy over it.

Parties were held in the ballroom. A stage was set up and all sorts of acts were put on by the staff and public. In fact, we organised the Incredible String Band to put on a gig there in 1972. It was an amazing time. So many people, all having a wonderful time. I remember the band saying it was one of the best shows they had ever put on.

Occasionally, friends of my mother who were in the high society of the London Jewish community, would make available clothes that they had worn in public and could not wear the same again. Anyway, we had piles of high quality clothes which I used to auction off to raise some funds for equipment at Stonelands. I remember Dalene⁵⁹ bidding £3 to get a mink stole. She was laughing as she paraded up and down the mess hall with it around her shoulders. Many others bought really nice casual and formal outfits, all for just a pound or so.

Stuffing Parties

We had to get The Auditor mag out. Rows of tables were set up and we would get a load of public coming in and we would have a stuffing party. Cakes, biscuits, tea, coffee flowed in abundance. This, again, was an example of the sort of interaction we had with our public.

Stat Psychosis

However, once the psychotic stat pushes came in, that friendship quickly evaporated. Staff, particularly reges were ordered to go to people's houses in the dead of night and try and reg them. I remember Peter⁶⁰ and Hazel being sent to the Wakleys, at about 2 a.m. There they were trying to reg the Wakleys, who were standing on the doorstep in their dressing

gowns, looking incredulously at the two poor reges, before sending away with a flea in their ear.

It is time to go

Our second child came along and my wife refused to bring her into the nursery, or Stonelands environment. HCO got up to some pretty nasty things to try and persuade her to move back, but my wife was resolute. With all the "knowledge" I had about some of the dark, dark secrets of GO and St Hill staff, they could not afford to upset me. I was simply "relieved of my contract" in 1975.

There is so much more I could tell, but it was learned under confidence. I made tours of ANZO, S. Africa and was a public Flag World Tour lecturer. I met many people and made many friends, the vast majority of whom I left behind when I parted company with the cult.

Both Mary Sue and Diana wrote to me pleading with me to reconsider, but by 1982 the cult was so fundamentally corrupt and rotten to the core that, for me, it was already beyond recovery.

Unknown by the management, back in 1979 there were moves afoot amongst key members of the public in the UK, and some senior staff, to establish a Reform Church of Scientology, so bad had things become.

Most of those involved have moved on, but a few remain within the cult, their withhold being well hidden.

Well, I have told you about some of the things that went on. I hope it reflects the spirit and sense of fun we instilled. It was not all drudge, we simply made sure of that.

59 Dalene Regenass, CO AOSHUK at the time

60 Peter Morgan and Hazel Grafton

Alphabetical Index

Alphabetical Index

1st Mate.....	24, 44, 47	Bill Deitch.....	123
2nd Mate.....	24	Bill Howey.....	31
3rd Mate.....	24	Bill Robertson.....	25, 38, 57, 69, 72, 108
4th Mate.....	38	Black Gang.....	12
75 million years ago.....	114	Bob Didiego.....	81
A Deck.....	24	Bob Smith.....	20
Abdul.....	114	booze.....	31
Action Affluence.....	30p.	Bosun.....	24
ACW comments.....	2, 43p., 51p., 55, 70, 73, 82, 84, 92, 96, 109, 112, 115	Brian Pope.....	81
Advanced Courses.....	23	Brighton.....	125
Advanced Organization.....	25, 125	British Consulate.....	28, 30
Africa.....	122	British Government ban.....	25
Aft deck.....	24, 38, 49	British Intelligence.....	28
Aides.....	24, 30, 44, 116	Bruce Glushakow.....	50
Alan C. Walter.....	1, 11, 18, 23, 51, 55, 69, 84, 91p., 103, 111, 123	bullbait.....	93
Alan Ferguson.....	11	By-Passed Charge.....	91
Alex Sibersky.....	25, 109	Caligula.....	108
Alicante.....	23, 33p., 37	campaign medals.....	114
Amanda Moran.....	116	Captain.....	34, 37
amends project.....	124	Cardinal Puff.....	123
American Saint Hill Organization.....	69	Carl Barney.....	69
amnesty.....	125	Case Supervision.....	25, 91, 94, 102
Ann Greig.....	123	Cathy Cariotaki.....	109
Antoinette Pernetta.....	121	Cecil Rhodes.....	54
Anton James.....	60, 79, 125	chariot.....	115
ANZO.....	64, 109	Charlton Heston.....	84
AO Greece.....	23, 25, 27pp., 31, 34, 40, 49	chartroom.....	24
AOLA.....	57	checksheet.....	44
Apollo.....	49, 84	cherubs.....	114p.
Apollo All Stars.....	84	Chester Halliday.....	124
Apsley Arms Hotel.....	123	Chick Corea.....	84
ARC Break.....	94	Chief Engineer.....	26, 30, 114
ashtray.....	93	Chief Officer.....	20, 37, 46p.
assessment lists.....	25	Chilling Street Cottage.....	124
Atlantic.....	24, 29, 31	Christmas.....	30p.
attestation line.....	13, 61	Chubb cabinets.....	125
Auditor magazine.....	43, 126	CIC.....	26, 67
Avon River (ship).....	17, 20, 23, 29, 34, 46, 67	cine.....	28, 42pp.
B Deck Lounge.....	25, 29	Class 8 course.....	25, 42p., 50, 57, 115p.
Baron Berez.....	39	Class VII.....	92
Bay of Biscay.....	16p., 23	Clear.....	11p., 69p., 78pp., 99p., 102, 114, 125
begging.....	60	Clear Check.....	78, 79p.
Belcasim.....	114	Clearing Course.....	70, 78p., 81, 100
Benny Da Costa.....	64	CMO.....	24, 57, 73, 114
Bert Rossouw.....	39	co-processor.....	23
Beth Fordyce.....	69	collision drills.....	24
		Commodore.....	24, 30, 50, 108
		Commodore's Messengers.....	30

Corfu.....	23	Fitzroy Square.....	120
Corfu government.....	27	Flag World Tour.....	126
Cornelia Alford.....	121	Flight to Freedom.....	72
Craig DeFan.....	42	fo'castle.....	11, 15p., 93
creative processing.....	82	former practices.....	25
Dalene Regeness.....	126	Foundation Chaplain.....	116
damage control.....	24	Franco.....	23
Danger Condition.....	31	Frank McCall.....	12, 16p.
Dart Smohen.....	2	Frankie F.....	28
David Mayo.....	35	Frankie Freedman.....	125
David Miscavige.....	108	Frannie.....	39
Dean Stokes.....	69	Fred Fairchild.....	42p., 124
Deck Force.....	29	Fred Hare.....	81, 85, 109, 117, 123
declared SP.....	51, 69, 114	Fred Payer.....	61, 108
Des Popham.....	30	Freeloaders.....	42
Diana Hubbard.....	24, 29p., 42, 121, 126	Freezone.....	91, 101p.
Dianetics.....	23, 57	fresh water tanks.....	26
Director of Processing.....	92	FSM.....	84, 111
Doctorate of Scientology.....	69	fuel line.....	23
Doreen Casey.....	109	fun.....	24
Dormansland.....	123	Gatwick.....	90
drills.....	24	Geoffrey Filbert.....	85, 91
drug release rehabilitation.....	25	Gertie Myers.....	122
dry-dock.....	23	gold.....	49
Dunnings Road.....	122	Golden Age of Tech (GAT).....	109
Earlier similar.....	90	Goodwin Sands.....	15, 23
East Grinstead.....	31, 88, 123	GPM.....	80, 90, 96
Edinburgh.....	24p., 27, 31, 72, 125	Grades.....	78, 80
Eileen Russell-Able.....	120p.	Gran Canaria.....	17, 49, 114
electronic mountain trap.....	2	Greek Navy.....	28, 30
Enchanter.....	17, 49	Green Form.....	25
End phenomena.....	97	green overalls.....	25, 42
End Phenomena.....	96	Grosvenor Road.....	124
Engine Room.....	30	Guardian Office.....	50, 64, 72p., 75, 126
Ernie Martin.....	124	Gwen North.....	51
ESMB.....	112	Halloween parties.....	125
Ethics.....	122	Hana.....	42, 51
Ethics Officer.....	124	Hank Laarhuis.....	15, 115, 122
Ethics Order.....	2, 122	Hank Laarhuis.....	122
Eunice Ford.....	64	Happiness Rundown.....	87p.
evil purpose.....	88	harbour.....	23
Falmouth.....	16	Harewood Hotel.....	123
false attest.....	34	Harold Wilson.....	55
False Purpose Rundown.....	87p.	Haskell.....	60
Felice.....	31	Have You Lived Before This Life?.....	120
Felice Green.....	124p.	hayloft.....	124
Finance Aide.....	29	Hazel Grafton.....	126
Finance Police.....	88	HCO.....	11, 61, 64, 90
Financial Planning.....	29, 42	Heathrow.....	90
fire drills.....	24	heavy drug.....	23

helmsman.....	23	John Imburgia.....	70
Herbie Parkhouse.....	75, 81, 122	John Lawrence.....	12, 114
Herman B.....	67	John MacMaster.....	43, 69, 78pp., 90p., 94, 125
Herr Doktor.....	38	John O'Keefe.....	39, 111
Himmler.....	108	John Parselle.....	25, 125
History of Man.....	78	Joke O'Keefe.....	111
Hitler.....	108	Joke Reder.....	39
homosexual.....	43, 54, 82	Jon Atack.....	51
House of Lords.....	73	Jon Horwich.....	29, 49
Hubbard and the media.....	27, 78	Joran Robertson.....	24
Hubbard Exploration Company.....	11	Judy Thierry.....	51
Hubbard exterior.....	25	kaftan.....	54
Hubbard going ballistic.....	26, 46, 49, 61, 67	Ken & Julia Salmon.....	105
Hubbard Guidance Centre.....	78, 122	Knowledgism.....	90, 101, 103
Hubbard in tears.....	24, 61	L. Ron Hubbard.....	2, 12p., 17p., 20, 23pp., 34p., 37, 39, 42pp., 46, 49pp., 54p., 57, 60pp., 66pp., 72p., 75, 78pp., 84p., 87, 90pp., 97, 105p., 108p., 112, 114p., 117p., 120pp.
Hubbard on drugs.....	57, 61, 65, 114	Las Palmas.....	12, 14, 16p., 20p., 29, 46, 60, 75, 79, 93, 112, 114, 116
Hubbard sensitivity to smells.....	46	Lensworth Small.....	64
Hubbard's chain-smoking.....	24	Leon.....	34, 67
Hubbard's plant research.....	78, 122	Liability.....	23, 26, 28, 34pp., 44, 60, 80
Hubbard's sadism.....	28, 31, 43, 93	Liability Cruise.....	17, 23, 35p., 38, 111
Hubbard's yarns.....	25	liberty.....	20, 24
Ian Smith.....	54p.	Lisbon.....	23
Immigration.....	72	listen in.....	92
Incident 1.....	115	listing procedures.....	25
income.....	23, 69, 75, 78	London HASI.....	120
Incredible.....	111p.	Los Angeles.....	27, 57
Incredible String Band.....	126	Louis Jordan.....	81
infraction thesis.....	90, 122	Lower Conditions.....	60p.
ingots.....	49	Loyal Officers.....	115
Intelligence.....	28, 30	LSD.....	87
Ivis Bolger.....	50, 61	MAA.....	24, 42p., 49
Jack Horner.....	70	Malcolm.....	26, 30, 114
James Byrne.....	37, 109	Malin Gelfan.....	43
James Fuller.....	58	Mary Sue Hubbard.....	11, 28, 37, 73, 75, 79, 81, 111p., 121, 126
James Hare.....	25	masonic symbol.....	25
Jane Kember.....	28, 75	Maura Chamberlin.....	81
Janice Gilham.....	39	Medical Officer.....	38
Jenny Edmonds.....	44, 79	Mediterranean.....	27, 49, 79
Jerry MacDonald.....	38	Merril Mayo.....	58
Jill Van Staden.....	11, 108	meter.....	17, 38, 64, 79p., 94p., 102
Jim Naylor.....	120	Mike Furse.....	100
Jim Stewart.....	123	Mike Pernetta.....	100
Jimmy Hare.....	123	Mike Stainforth.....	26
JJ Delance.....	90p.	Milgram Experiment.....	109
Joan Thomas (Robertson).....	11, 15, 30, 122	Mission Into Time.....	49
Joburg.....	34, 37p.		
Joe Van Staden.....	11, 81, 108		
John Bragan.....	17		
John Farrell.....	90		
John Harvey.....	114		

Missionaire Unit.....	24, 31, 44	Prime Minister.....	55
Monkey Room.....	121	punishment.....	28, 43
Morocco.....	31, 114	Purchase Order.....	29
Mr Serna.....	37	Purification Rundown.....	87
muster.....	24	Qual Sec.....	44, 79
navigation.....	24	Quentin Hubbard.....	29, 49, 82
Nibs (L. Ron Hubbard Jr.).....	29	R3R Dianetics.....	23
Non Existence.....	26, 60	R6EW.....	78
noose.....	42p., 57	Rae Thacker.....	117, 121
Norman Starkey.....	24	Rebellious Individual.....	122
North Africa.....	23, 27, 31	Reform Church of Scientology.....	126
nursery.....	125	Reg Sharpe.....	61, 81, 108p.
Objective Processes.....	78, 82	registrar/registration.....	61, 69, 75, 105, 126
Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder.....	47	rehabilitation.....	100
octopus.....	30	Release.....	100
Ollie Budlong.....	42p., 124	remote viewing.....	82
Open Days.....	27	Residencia Reycar.....	34
Operation Snow White.....	28, 73	Rhodesia.....	25, 27p., 53pp., 78
Org Board.....	84	Richard Gorman.....	28, 57
Organizing Board.....	91	Ridge Hill Lodge.....	124
OSA.....	73, 87	Robert Mugabe.....	108
OT Central Committee.....	11	Robin Lindsell.....	49
OT1.....	13, 79	Robin Peglar.....	37
OT2.....	81	Robin Scott.....	50
OT3.....	12p., 23, 34, 61, 79, 114p.	rockslam.....	44
OT5.....	13	Rod Taunton.....	42
OT6.....	61	Roger Buckeridge.....	11, 60, 109
Otis & Betty Halliday.....	124	Ron Pook.....	12, 24, 30
Otto Roos.....	25, 37, 39, 50p., 61, 69	Route 1.....	70
out-2D.....	123p.	Royal Scotsman.....	12, 18, 23, 27, 34p., 37, 40, 46, 55, 57, 79
overboard.....	25, 28, 30p., 42pp., 49, 102, 115	RPF.....	50, 109, 111
Oxford Capacity Analysis (OCA).....	105	running lights.....	40
PAC.....	109	S.O. Staff Status.....	37
Pam Kemp.....	25, 50	sadism.....	28, 43, 93
parties.....	123	Saint Hill.....	11, 26, 31, 42, 61, 64, 69, 78p., 84, 88, 90, 92, 94, 105, 108p., 114
Patras brothers.....	27, 29	Saint Hill Castle.....	11, 64, 79
Payer.....	61	Saint Hill Chapel.....	78, 92, 122
Personnel Officer.....	11	Saint Hill Green.....	92, 123
Peter and Jennie Wakley.....	126	Saint Hill Manor.....	11, 79, 90, 108
Peter Gelfan.....	124	Saint Hill Pavilion.....	78, 122
Peter Khaled.....	122	Saint Hill Special Briefing Course.....	11, 25, 44, 52, 61, 78, 81, 90, 92pp., 114, 121p., 124
Peter Morgan.....	126	salt water tanks.....	24
Peter Warren.....	43	Sam.....	23, 34
Phoebe.....	11, 15	Sci Fi.....	57
Pol Pot.....	108	Science of Survival.....	57
positioning.....	84	Sea Org.....	12, 21, 23, 32, 56p., 61, 72p., 75, 108p., 114
Power of Source.....	84		
Power Processing.....	43, 78, 89, 91p., 122p.		
Presence.....	92p.		
priest.....	115		

Sea Project 12p., 21, 27, 32, 57, 61p., 69, 75, 93, 108p., 111	
seamanship.....	23, 38
selling surplus pcs.....	124
Selwyn Lines.....	117
sex.....	123p.
Shore Flap.....	17
Smokey Angel.....	20, 100
smoking.....	23
Solo Auditor's Course.....	78
Southampton.....	18, 27, 55
Southern Comfort.....	123
space opera.....	57
Spain.....	23
Staff Status 1 and 2.....	37
Stan Levy.....	35
Stanford Prison Experiment.....	109
Star Rated.....	81
Steve Koffee.....	46
Stonelands.....	125p.
storm.....	11, 16, 23, 94
stuffing parties.....	126
Sun Deck.....	39
Supercargo.....	12, 16
Suppressive Person (original definition).....	97
Suppressive Person(s).....	12, 28, 87p., 106
suspension.....	124
Switzerland.....	28, 72p.
Tank Project.....	24
Tech Sec.....	11
telex traffic.....	27p., 31
Terry Milner.....	123
The Pilot (Ken Ogger).....	91
The Stables.....	125
The Thetaboppers.....	34
Thok Sondergaard.....	11, 16
Tom Morgan.....	105
tone arm action.....	80, 82
TR-8.....	93
traffic warden.....	120
Treason.....	31, 44, 67
treasure.....	24, 49, 54
TRs.....	92
Tunbridge Wells.....	123
Two way communication.....	94, 96
Type III.....	57, 67
UK. 23, 25, 27p., 31, 40, 44, 50, 64, 72p., 84, 91	
uniforms.....	32, 57p.
Upper Indoc.....	93
USA.....	23, 29, 64, 73, 85
Valencia.....	23, 34p., 37, 40, 67, 75, 79
Victoria Enquiry.....	27
Virginia Downsborough.....	20, 60
Virginia, Mo and Ollie Budlong.....	124
Vitamin E.....	123
Wally Burgess.....	11
WFMH.....	73
white glove inspection.....	20
Wing Angel.....	100
withhold.....	73, 111p.
World Health Organisation.....	28, 72
Xenu, Xemu.....	2, 43
Yvonne Gillham.....	11, 60, 108
Zones.....	23