

# LONESOME SQUIRREL

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# CHAPTER ONE

## Raw Meat Off The Street

My philosophy of life had been a very simple one.

God gets pleasure in Heaven only when we have pleasure on Earth.

Every time I reaped the harvest of a lady of the night, I thought of how much I was helping my Creator, who was just sitting up there, watching us from afar. How bored he must be, not to be able to participate in the joys of the human heart in close proximity to human flesh. Thinking about the Lord during lovemaking brought him in, and made him feel a lot better. The greatest sin there was, I believed, was to overlook God. If I were good to him, perhaps he might provide a glimpse into what truth is, and why we are really here on Earth.

It was a Saturday night in Spring of 1974, and there was the sound of passionate sterility in the air. Much the same as I did every weekend, I was cruising the forgotten downtown area of Fort Lauderdale for prostitutes. I had just come from the Greyhound Terminal several blocks north of Broward Boulevard, waiting to see if there were any new runaways coming off the 8:45 bus from Daytona. No one who came off the bus interested me.

I had a compulsion for some cough drops, so I went to Cunningham Drugs, on the corner of Federal Highway and Broward Boulevard, and bought some Pine Brothers Cherry, and on the way out of the store, an attractive 20 years old with the smell of enthusiasm stopped me to show me a book.

It was Dianetics: The Modern Science Of Mental Health, written by L. Ron Hubbard. It did not impress me as much as her legs did. I was used to handling salesmen that came into the door of my father's shoe store, trying to sell us shoes that they could not sell to anyone else.

"Why should I buy this book?", I asked.

"Because the book is about you!", she answered.

I asked her for her name. It was Barbara.

"What does this book have to do with me?", I inquired.

"It deals with the part of you that makes you fail", she said.

"Who is failing?", I laughed. "I own a very successful shoe store in Pompano Beach!"

Evaluating my answer carefully, Barbara then asked me, "How are you doing with your current relationship?"

I thought to myself, "How the hell did she know I was out here picking up hookers?"

So I bought the book for \$4.00, and gave her my home address in Pompano Beach for her mailing list. I still had \$25.00 in my pocket to find my date for the night.

The book sat in my library, in size place, next to a pocket edition on raising parakeets that I got from the Paperback Book Club. I did not read it until five years later.

In the next few weeks I received a great deal of mail from The Dianetics Center of Fort Lauderdale. They asked me to come down to their offices to take a free personality test. I threw it all in the garbage.

"Some bait and switch ripoff!", I thought.

Why didn't I read the book?

I had glanced at it, before filing it in the cabinet. It looked boring and irrelevant. I never had any trouble falling asleep, and I didn't have to read before closing my eyes for the night.

My father did not like the fact that I was running around with prostitutes. He would register his objection by running personal advertisements in the Sun Sentinel Newspaper.

In March of 1975 a girl named Diana Young called and spoke to me on the telephone for over five hours, but she refused to make a date. The following day she called again, and conversed with me for six and one-half hours. But similarly, she would not even give me her telephone number. Her voice felt very pleasant to me, and I wanted to meet her. But I was annoyed with the mystery of it all. Two days later, when she phoned again, I told her that if I could not take her out on a date, she should not bother calling me back again.

She compromised, and told me to meet her in a small park near the Lauderhill Mall, on Friday night, at 7:30 P.M. This annoyed me, but I was intensely curious, and although I was apprehensive about being alone in a dark place and not knowing who to expect, I went there, and at 7:45 P.M., a tiny 3 foot 9 inch girl in a wheelchair came rumbling along the disarrayed grass to meet me. That was Diana. She was a Thalidomide baby, a dwarf, or "little person" as she called herself, and was a victim of a dangerous drug that pregnant women had unwittingly taken in the late fifties.

I knew at once why she had been so reluctant to meet me. She had told me that she had an "unusual build", but she had refused to elaborate.

But she was very friendly and reassuring, and said that she had invited some friends over to her house that evening, including some other man who had answered her personal ad.

She even hinted that some of the girls that she invited over were over five feet tall. So I went back to the house with her, and I played honky tonk music on her piano for her during the next hour, and met her father Richard, a pharmacist whom she called "Rufus", who was very kind and good to her, inasmuch as her real mother had abandoned her at birth.

Later in the evening her friends began to arrive. There was her closest acquaintance Gail Gaber, a jolly, plump girl who went to the Fort Lauderdale Art Institute, claiming to be a "white witch", and loved drawing pictures of rabbits all over the wall. She had decorated Diana's room with all sorts of bunnies and hares. Gail had brought a girlfriend of hers from the art school, a very attractive streaky-blonde street-wise sarcastic but extremely naive girl with braces, wearing a wide light blue hat and a denim jacket with the name "Metra" sewn on it. I was immediately interested in her. She had an aroma of crunchy feathers in a grey mist, and because I could not tell whether this was perfume or sweat, it of course stimulated me.

Some other friends came later. A very profound blind boy with a keen interest in poetry, philosophy and clairvoyance named Mark Damien Fox was driven over to visit Diana. There was a guy named Roland who knew Gail and the others, and afterward a very awkward man about thirty drove up in his Jaguar, extremely overdressed in a white silk ruffled jump suit. This must have been Diana's date from the newspaper ad, we all thought, and it was. He was a very successful and independent professional photographer who also had his own trucking business, and owned several other classic cars, including an old 1953 Packard. He lived in an expensive condominium known as the Fairways Riviera in Hallandale with his daddy, and his name was Steve Goldberg.

We all went out that evening for dessert at a Denny's Restaurant, located on the corner of State Road 84 and State Road 441 in Southwest Fort Lauderdale, next to the La Quinta Motor Inn. How nostalgic it is to remember that. Both of those places were torn down since that time to make way for the new Interstate 595.

I found Metra very interesting, but she seemed to enjoy ignoring me. She refused to tell me her last name, and was not about to give me her telephone number. But at an opportune time, after I found out that she enjoyed drawing frogs, I asked her if she had any samples of her artwork to show me, and as strategy would have it, she showed me some of her sketches that she had in her handbag, and one small photo of a frog that she had in her wallet, which made visible her name and address on an identification card. Her name was not actually Metra at all, although that is what she liked to call herself. It was Lillian Beth Tollin, and she was 19 years old, living alone in her father's condominium in Inverrary.

I also exchanged telephone numbers with Gail Gaber and Steve Goldberg. They were to become my best friends.

When I called Metra the next day, she thought it was so clever that I had tricked her into seeing her vital statistics, that she agreed to go out with me.

We dated for five months. She was as affectionate as rust, and never kissed me during all of that time, and so it was platonic, very much a true romance. I did not need her for sex. There were a good deal many prostitutes still around for those nights that I did not waste talking to Metra. She was too pure and perfect for me to try to compromise, and I finally decided that she was indeed the girl I had to marry.

She had no interest in me other than to relieve her boredom. She was very much taken up with David Bowie. She would have married him in a minute, if she could figure out how she could ever meet him. Our mutual friends Gail and Diana warned me that Metra was truly complete with the lack of emotion and an infinite void of feeling, and that she would destroy me if her transparency were ever threatened.

But the more people tried to dissuade me, the more determined I became, and as I learned more about her, I found out that she had a bad relationship with her parents, who were deeply in love with each other, were amused with golf, and who absolutely hated their daughter.

The only person whom Metra truly ever loved in her entire life was her grandfather, Abe, who had died three years before. She had not gotten over the grief at all.

Metra did have a sketchy relationship with one Dennis Navarra, a garbageman from New Jersey, but it turned sour.

Consumed with a total lack of attention toward me as well, I was forced to come up with some very desperate measures to maintain her interest.

The solution was my personal computer, a Hewlett-Packard 9830A 2-K machine which I called "Casey", serving as my diary, as well as the inanimate mirror of all my unknown goals and purposes.

I had bought the machine in 1973, at a time when no one had personal computers. I once asked the general service representative of Hewlett-Packard, whose name was Joe Brusnighan, why the company did not mass-market these machines for use by the general public.

"It would never sell", he said.

So very much a novelty, Metra soon found it fascinating that she could communicate with her dead grandfather, Abraham Bachrach, if she came to my apartment in Pompano Beach every day.

Every morning when I awakened, I would diligently program into the computer the exact things which I anticipated that Metra would want to know from "Pop Pop Abe", as she called him. We often would discuss it the night before, and I had a general idea what she needed to talk to her grandfather about.

The computer had a "wait" command, and I could randomly delay the printing of the data for up to thirty minutes, thus conveying the impression that the message was coming from Abe's soul, or spirit.

At the time I stupidly thought the concept of past lives was pure science fiction, and I had no notion of how real the idea truly was in fact. But Metra always knew that she had lived before, although she only had vague mental image pictures of where and when and who.

Thus, the idea of "Pop Pop Abe" coming through the computer did not exceed her reality that far, because she always understood that he would someday communicate with her.

I provided a spiritual support system for her. Abe took an interest in everything that Metra did, and loved her every action, and of course promised her that one day he would return to life as her firstborn son, whose name would be Michael, since she liked that name.

Metra quickly became obsessed with the messages, and she would be careful not to "overload the machine", which became a euphemism for the moment that all of the data that I had stored previously into the system was printed out for her.

To add realism to the drama, I often openly criticized her for something, only to be "chastised" by "Pop Pop Abe" later in a computer printout, who unquestioningly agreed with Metra, and told her that I was dead wrong and that she was totally right.

But coupled with these pearls of infinite wisdom and judgment, were the subtle hints to her of how pleased Abe was with me as a boyfriend, and how much hope he had that it would develop into the "real thing."

I cannot take the credit for all of the positive suggestions. There was Dr. Uwe Walter Geertz, a psychologist and very close friend, who I had been seeing professionally, on and off since 1968, when I was terrified of being drafted into the Vietnam War.

Dr. Geertz was exceedingly interested in "behavior modification", and thought that it was such a fascinating experiment that I was conducting on Metra, and was intensely curious whether or not my efforts would lead to a happy marriage as an eventual conclusion.

He was so enthralled with the uniqueness of what I was doing to Metra that he offered me the opportunity to be the guest speaker at his Abnormal Psychology Class at Florida Atlantic University, where I revealed to his graduate students what I had been doing with the computer, and all of the successes that I had been having in developing the relationship.

With all of that, he told me that I should always be very kind, compassionate and empathetic toward her, so that I would not "tip the scales" and be too overtly manipulative. I tried to take his advice as best as I could, although my frustration at my inability to get her to respond sexually turned me into an occasionally sadistic menace, throwing her into situations which were deliberately aimed at upsetting her.

"If only she would respond to me!", I screamed to myself.

But it was of little avail. She simply never loved me.

As strange as it may seem to you, her inability did not destroy the relationship. Neither, at that time, did the onslaught of phony messages that were delivered to her by "Pop Pop Abe" through the computer. The crisis was far worse than that.

Metra was a slob!

For her engagement present, I bought Metra a miniature female grey schnauzer named Rainbow, and it soon came to pass that my fiancée was far too bored to walk the dog regularly. They both lived together in her parents' condominium called Environ, in Inverrary, an upscale part of Lauderhill, Florida.

Metra's parents, Ellis and Jeanette, were never there. They lived in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, and gave her a sizeable allowance of two hundred dollars per week in spending money if she would just stay away from them, keep out of their lives, and leave them alone.

Her apartment soon began to reek from doggie diarrhea, and a haphazard effort at paper training resulted in torn bits of the Jewish Journal all over the designer furniture, laden with an artistic fantasy of semi- moist canine excretion. The puppy would also delight in destroying toilet tissue and stringing it all over the place. Some would have given the blue-blood mongrel away, but in retrospect, Metra had courage. Never fully trained, she kept the dog for thirteen years until it recently died.

But in her feeble attempt to domesticate the animal, she came up with the expedient idea of walking the dog on the roof of the building, until the building president, a Mr. Harry Rothkopf, started a nasty proceeding to evict the dog from the complex. Consenting to the decree, the dog never left the apartment from that day forward until the debacle was discovered by Metra's father, which was long after I broke off my engagement with her and decided not to marry her.

Metra was collared along with Rainbow, and shipped back to Cherry Hill, New Jersey, under closer supervision of her now less permissive parents.



I, however, was very ambivalent about ending the unconsummated affair. Despite the filth and the frigidity, Metra was the most meaningful object that I had ever loved. But worse than losing her was my embarrassment at admitting defeat to Dr. Geertz that my efforts at behavior modification did not truly yield a positive result.

Steve Goldberg, my friend from the dwarf party, was delighted that I broke up with Metra. They never liked each other at all. He felt that she was not worth bothering with because of her coldness, and she thought he was a sex degenerate. Of course, they were both right.

My friend Steve enjoyed driving through the streets of Hollywood, Florida completely nude, exposing himself to girls walking along the street. He had several altercations with the local police stemming from complaints relating to those incidents. But beyond his exhibitionism, he intensely enjoyed being humiliated and beaten by women, being handcuffed and locked in small boxes or closets, and above all, had a foot fetish, whereby he enjoyed masturbating himself while he licked the feet of any young girl who would have him, provided that the feet in question were sufficiently dirty.

Those qualities notwithstanding, Steve was a very good friend to me during my engagement, because I found him to be an excellent source of available prostitutes, many of whom were far more attractive, evidently more intelligent, and often more reasonably priced than the girls that I had been used to meeting previously in the street.

It often puzzled me why Steve Goldberg and Metra were so hostile toward each other. They had one special habit in common. It was difficult to determine who lived like a more squalid pig than the other. In all fairness to Metra, Steve Goldberg was indeed worse.

He never threw anything away. His apartment deteriorated after his father Harry married a Baptist named Ola and moved out. If Steve received a letter in the mail, after he read it, he would throw it on the floor. He was a photographer, and so the carpet was laden with negatives, pictures, and portfolios, while his bathroom was gutted with stains of acid wash, with avant-garde splashes of rotting developer fluid on the peeling wallpaper. Steve was quite proud of his jar of old fingernail clippings that spanned twenty years. He was reluctant to discard food until the smell became unbearable, and his open refrigerator eclipsed the dawn of the dead.

In the thirteen years I knew him, things got worse, not better. During 1980, we had a mild hurricane in South Florida, named David. Eight years later, the masking tape from that storm were still to be found, wrapped to his windows and sliding patio door, the glue having entered a state of decay from seasons past.

Compounding the felony of embarrassment was Steve's incessant paranoia. He nearly had a coronary each time the pest control service knocked on his door, unannounced, to spray his apartment, as was the policy of the condominium building. He never let the man in, and the roaches and palmetto bugs enjoyed a safe haven there. Apartment 826 of 200 Diplomat Parkway, Hallandale, Florida was the final sanctuary for vermin and insect plague.

It was amidst this turmoil and uncertainty in my life, caused by the unsettling of a tragic romance, that my compassionate father ran yet another personal ad in the Sun Sentinel for me.

"You need a new girlfriend to help you forget your old one", he would say reassuringly.

So, in the winter of 1976, I was besieged with opportunities to meet forlorn young ladies

seemingly interested in marriage. And I had no scarcity of dates from this campaign, either.

There was Religious Rebecca from Miami Beach who objected to the fact that my underwear was from unkosher cloth not blessed by the local Lubovitcher Rabbi. Afterward there was Ceil, a fencing teacher who enjoyed practicing on me without the guard tips at the end of the swords. I gave her name to Steve Goldberg. I was intrigued by a girl named Chavorah, an Israeli who would have given herself completely over to me if I had join the Young Communists of South Miami, which I refused to do. And then there was Bracha Glansberg, whose wrath I invited because I was not committed enough in remembering the holocaust. She was a militant member of the Jewish Defense League.

After these harrowing experiences, I was very content to settle into a quiet relationship with a normal girl from East McNab Road in Pompano Beach by the name of Carol Wynn.

Carol was about five feet one, with very impressive synthetically organized unnaturally blonde hair, and outside of a slightly chipped tooth, made an outstanding appearance. She was very sensual, and beyond the use of a very greasy oil on her skin, Carol was nevertheless suitable enough as a girlfriend.

She had no obsessive habits that I knew about, and was not inhibited or manic depressive like all of the other girls, and she was even very neat and particular about her apartment, which belonged to her parents in Brooklyn, and like in Metra's situation, were never there. She had an older sister who was married and lived on Galt Ocean Mile, and in most respects, her life seemed very uncomplicated.

She didn't work, and when she did, her jobs were nondescript and totally meaningless. She spent the bulk of her time, according to her own words, in "self-improvement." She took courses at a place curiously called a "Mission", although she was a Reformed Jew. Very quickly after I was embroiled in the relationship, I found out that what Carol Wynn was studying was something called Scientology.

She had recently purchased over a dozen books, all by L. Ron Hubbard, who I knew nothing about, other than the fact that he had written the book Dianetics: The Modern Science Of Mental Health, which I owned but had never bothered to read.

At her insistence, I glanced through her collection of what I considered to be cult scam propaganda. She had copies of the books Self Analysis, The Problems Of Work, The Dynamics Of Life, The Fundamentals Of Thought, The History Of Man and a few others dealing with the life and work of the author Hubbard, who she affectionately referred to as "Ron." I assumed she knew him very well, and that he worked closely with her at the Mission of Fort Lauderdale, where she took her courses. At that time I had not the slightest idea how widespread the Scientology Organizations were.

Although I resented the fact that Ron's name usually would come up during sex, our relationship was far more productive than the bizarre one-sided nightmare I had previously entered into with Metra.

At one point I thought that she was having an affair with L. Ron Hubbard, and I became justifiably jealous, until I realized that Ron was at his retreat called "Flag" in Clearwater, Florida, and that he posed no threat to me as another lover.

Nevertheless I found it difficult to comprehend the hold that Scientology and L. Ron Hubbard had over Carol. It seemed that she held Ron in godlike esteem, and she attributed her feelings to the great benefits that he had given to mankind. Somehow I did not understand or appreciate her zest for what I perceived to be a self-proclaimed and grandiose superman.

It was always my conviction that man was basically selfish and rotten, and that the only way to make man better was to improve his sex life.

Carol said that a lot of my thinking was "highly aberrated", and the result of my association with psychiatrists and psychologists all of my life, since those "off-beat practices" do not work, and actually kill people.

I did not understand the rigidity of her accusations upon mental health practitioners, although I recalled that when I was fourteen, I went to a thoroughly incompetently sadistic psychiatrist named Dr. Melvyn Shulman of Bayside, New York, who was a thousandfold more aggravating and upsetting than the deluge of pipe smoke which he used to deliberately blow in my face. I hated him with a passion, and I made no apologies for having told him repeatedly to drop dead.

I have a psychiatrist in my family, a Dr. Daniel Lipshutz, formerly of New York City and recently of Riverdale, who recommended the lunatic Dr. Shulman to my parents when they were going through their divorce. My Uncle Dan has both the personality and the face of a crucified toad. It was far easier to communicate to the dead than to talk to him about anything.

Nevertheless, I enjoyed Dr. Geertz, who was jovial, and a much more skilled diagnostician than the wicked Dr. Shulman that had treated me before him.

Like every other normal Jewish boy, I had been seeing various psychiatrists ever since I was about eight years old, and the only therapist that I missed more than Dr. Geertz was a hypnotist that I only saw once when I was nine.

His name was Dr. John J. Levbarg, of 211-02 Union Turnpike, in Queens, New York. He had me stare into a beautiful purple light until I was outside my body, in my native state as a spirit, looking down at my sleeping shell, located on his black leather couch. The experience was priceless, and one which I had not forgotten since that day. I had begged my mother and father to take me back to Dr. Levbarg, but they thought that I had been too "influenced" by the session, and preferred the hopelessness of more classically traditional shrinks, all of which, up until Dr. Geertz, I regarded as dismal failures.

So when Carol Wynn lambasted the quacks of mental health, I hesitantly assumed she was performing a public service. But I was not about to heed her repetitious challenge to come with her to the Mission in order to learn more about Dianetics and Scientology.

I did not realize that the deeper Carol became involved with me, the more inquisitive her friends within the Mission would become about our relationship.

Carol kept inviting me to "events", which were either public lectures covering "the anatomy of the human mind", or films about auditing, which she explained was a process of counseling which makes the able more able. She also coaxed me to take a free personality test which would determine my true potential.

I refused to go, insisting that we would have a better time going to a fine restaurant, and to a movie, night club or discotheque, and that Scientology sounded like a subliminal pyramid scheme of some kind, a type of motivational cult, and I was not about to give "them" any money for anything.

What I failed to realize was that my stubbornness was placing a strain on our closeness from her perspective, and she constantly discussed our disagreement over my coming with her to the Mission during sex, when I was the most vulnerable.

I recall one instance when we had a really bad time of it, and she called me a "wog", which made me laugh, since I thought she was shortening the word "pollywog", and was comparing the shape of my sperm to a tadpole. But she was not amused, and she used the word "wog" in a derisive fashion, and I soon found out it was a buzzword for "worthy oriental gentleman", which was a demeaning slur used to indicate a non-Scientologist.

Carol was spending more time with her Mission friends and less time with me, and I began to consider dating other girls. In my frustration, I permitted Steve Goldberg to fix me up with a new hooker he had some success with, but I did not like her, because her elbows were too fat, and her armpits had all of the emotion of vomit.

I finally agreed to meet two of Carol's Mission people at her house, not for a social visit, but because she said that Scientology had a way of increasing my income.

Now this sounded curious, because I had not been expecting to hear a reason as unusual as that. I told Carol that if it involved selling of any kind, even telephone solicitation, that she should not at all bother expecting me to meet with them, because I hated selling shoes, and I was not about to embark on a new career selling Scientology!

But Carol assured me on a stack of talmudic torahs that selling was not vaguely or remotely involved, and that there were "lots of ways to make money in Scientology."

It seemed odd that these two phantoms would want to waste a perfectly good Saturday night talking to me at Carol Wynn's house. It seemed even more disconcerting why Carol preferred this meeting over a nice quiet romantic candlelight dinner, but she insisted upon bringing in Kentucky Fried Chicken, enough for us and for the two mystery guests.

Carol told me to come to her apartment at 8:00 P.M., but I arrived at 7:40, foolishly thinking that I could have some time with her alone before the pitch men arrived. I was wrong. From the content of the conversation, the man, Peter Letterese, an Italian guy about 26 years old with a New York accent, and the woman, Barbara Fawcett, a tall skeletal lady with a sunken face reminiscent of a concentration camp victim who was about a year or two younger than Peter, had both been there for over an hour.

They seemed very congenial, with their cutesy synthesized artificial personalities, and reminded me of animated robots with a hidden depth charge waiting to explode. On the surface, though, they appeared to have all the smiles and glows of a pair of wind-up dolls from Mattel.

Barbara was a bit unusual, talking about the many "perceptics" she was experiencing while eating the chicken. There was some talk about how great life was, and she was an eerie specter of one who might be protesting too much about happiness. As I watched her talk, Barbara reminded me of an actress I once saw in a horror movie, who was telling some children how good her chocolate chip cookies were as they were being poisoned.

Peter, on the other hand, was a confident character with a hint of urgency which was laced with contempt and sarcasm. They both seemed very well suited for each other. It was a fascinating character study, and I was keenly observing their every move, so that I would have something new to tell Dr. Geertz about when I saw him.

I did not know it then, but Peter and Barbara were trying to find my "button", or that area of my individuality which would evoke or elicit a reaction or response.

For a reason unknown to me, Peter drifted the conversation into politics, and we found that we both subscribed to the theory that a select group of world leaders were trying to take over the planet in order to enslave it. I had read a lot about the hysteria relating to the threat of the Rockefeller family and their well publicized membership in the Trilateralist Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations, and I found it very interesting that Peter had so much data on the subject.

The price of silver and gold had exploded to the upside, and there was the oil shortage which was obviously manufactured, and the conspiracy theory made a lot of sense. I told Peter that I believed that the world had run out of oil years before, and that there was nothing left but man-made synthetic fuel, and it was this artificial oil that was being manipulated by the Arabs and the Texas Oil Barons, and he was very intent upon knowing how I had come up with that information.

Actually, I had subscribed to Spotlight, which was a right-wing newspaper out of Washington, D. C., which no Jew in his right mind should have received weekly, because of their lunatic fringe opinions on scapegoating everything to the dismay of what they disparagingly called the "Soviet-Zionist lobby."

But I only liked the scandal sheet because it gave me something to gossip about, not that I believed any of it. I did think that the Rockefeller conspiracy theory was possible, although I knew that the Jews had nothing to do with it. In any event, it certainly perked Peter's interest when I followed what he was talking about.

Peter's viewpoint on this issue, however, was a trifle unusual. He said that during World War Two, both the Americans and the Nazis were being supplied with armaments of aggression from various multinational corporations with overlapping ownership and directors, as if the war was one big game that the Rockefellers and the Krupps were playing both for profit and amusement. He told me that the ITT Corporation owned the telephone lines in both the United States and in Germany, and that Pope Pius XII was calling both Roosevelt and Hitler at the same time, in order to remind them both that they had promised to destroy anything they wanted except the property of the Roman Catholic Church.

Peter's next after dinner topic was that of I. G. Farben, the German chemical and pharmaceutical firm that manufactured the cyanide known as "Zyklon B" for the Nazi gas chambers, and how that company is one of the most successful businesses in West Germany today, as many Americans have an interest in it, just as they did during the war. He even said that during the time that six million men, women and children perished in concentration camps such as Auschwitz, there were quite a few shareholders in I. G. Farben that were American Jews.

By the time the informative discussion was over, I began to hate all large corporations, which was the precise response which Peter wanted me to experience.

In order to keep the conversation light and airy, and very much "on purpose", Carol, who was becoming overwhelmed by all of the political and economic wrath, reminded Barbara that a different, other Barbara had sold me a copy of DIANETICS a few years before, as I had confessed to her during a weak moment in the middle of an orgasm. But equally disapproving was Carol's comment that I had never read it.

Barbara Fawcett went into this feigned shock as if I had committed some heinous crime by never having read "Book One", as they adoringly referred to the principal work of L. Ron Hubbard.

"I am always reading books about wealth, money and fortune", I stammered, "and since I graduated from college, I have not had much of an interest in philosophy."

I did not know it at the time, but Barbara had found my "button."

It also happened to be their button too.

"It is amazing how much you and Scientology have in common!", Peter laughed. "Scientology is all about making money for you!"

"I hate selling", I protested, still certain that the inevitable pitch was coming. "You may like going all over town throwing these fun Kentucky Fried Tupperware Parties for Dianetics, but I am trying desperately to get out of any area of my life that has anything to do with talking another human being into buying something. I hate selling shoes. I would rather stay by myself in the back room of the store and put the inventory away. Organization is far more enjoyable to me than having to deal with the public."

"But that's just the point!", Barbara cheered, standing up momentarily in order to create emphasis. "There are lots of ways for you to make money in Scientology without having to go anywhere near a sales pitch!"

"What do you mean?", I asked.

"Well, there is an entire crew in California making films about Scientology. Carol told me that when you were in grammar school you loved acting out these real mean parts in some elementary school plays."

"That's true. I was Ebenezer Scrooge, and Captain Hook, and the Captain of the Forty Thieves in Ali Baba. I was typecast as an evil person, and I loved it!" I had not realized the extent of how much Carol had told them about things we talked about before, during, and after intercourse. Barbara smiled at me. "Don't you think he would be perfect to play the part of a psychiatrist or a mental health criminal?", she giggled.

"What a natural!", Peter agreed.

"What makes you hate psychiatrists so much?", I said innocently.

"Oh, they're a bunch of nice guys", Peter began. "They give people electric shocks, and sometimes the patients die, but it's okay because the insurance companies pay them their fees anyway. And of course they prescribe lots of heavy drugs, and often the guinea pigs land in a coma, but that's great because they can send in more medical bills for that too! Don't forget that they sleep with their female patients, but the husbands never know because husbands are always impotent."

That is a stable datum in Freudian psychiatry. Beyond that, they only tell you that you need to stay knee-deep in analysis for the rest of your life, which I must say is guaranteed to be a lot shorter around the psychiatrists. But, they're really just a bunch of nice guys who bend the rules a little bit."

"You forgot the female psychiatrists that sleep with the male patients!", Barbara quickly observed.

"Equal opportunity!", Peter quipped. "And the funny thing about it, is that they know that what they are doing doesn't work! Twenty percent of the population would be cured of whatever they were suffering from if you poured cold water on them! That's where they get their statistics from. The other eighty percent actually get worse and eventually die from being "treated"."

"But hopefully not until the insurance runs out!", Barbara added.

Carol was nodding her head in total acceptance.

"Getting back to opportunities to make money in Scientology", Peter continued, part of our organization needs qualified people to drive these quacks out of business. We have an organization known as the Guardian's Office that needs people who love to play mean parts in school plays, so they can dramatize to their heart's content in front of these psychotic psychiatrists!"

"I certainly hated the one I went to in New York!", I recalled, thinking about Dr. Melvyn Shulman. "But I got even with that bastard."

"They are all bastards", Barbara pointed out. "Did you know --"

"No, I want to hear about this", Peter interrupted. "What did you do him?"

"Oh, just some stupid revenge thing; nothing important", I answered, not wanting to go into it.

"This is exciting!", Barbara exclaimed, now suddenly as interested as Peter in what I did. "Tell us what happened!"

"For all the hours I sat there wasting my time being mortified by that man, I devised a plot to harass the hell out of him. For ten years I would spend two hours a week in the periodical section of the public library, first at the Queens College library in New York, then at the University of Miami, and then after that at the main library on Sunrise Boulevard in Fort Lauderdale, and I would tear out business reply cards from trade journals, like Mortuary Management Magazine, and Highway and Heavy Construction, and I would circle about one hundred items on each response card, and after I sent out at least fifty cards, I would mail them out so that he would get lots of junk mail, and he never knew where it came from!" "Oh my God, that's fantastic!", Barbara shrieked. "I wonder if our people know about that idea! Do they, Peter?"

Peter smirked a challenging grimace of intense curiosity.

"How much mail did this "psych" get every week?", he asked.

"At least five thousand letters", I bragged. "That was my minimum weekly requirement of revenge. If I had more time to kill, maybe seven or eight thousand letters. It really wasn't much of an effort at all."

Peter patted me on the back.

"How would you like a great future working for the Guardian's Office in Scientology?", he beamed.

"Well, is the pay good?", I joked.

"Better than you could imagine in your wildest dreams!", Barbara gloated.

"Not only can you make more money than you would ever need in your life, but you would be doing more good for mankind than you could possibly realize", Peter explained.

"I really don't give a damn about mankind", I said. "Mankind never did shit for me. I would get more of a thrill from getting even with mankind."

"What do you think of getting even with the rotten eggs in order to help free the good ones?", Peter asked, posing a moralistic question.

"I have been doing that all of my life", I answered.

"I think what we have here is the makings of a perfect G. O. Agent!", Barbara announced.

"That's the Guardian's Office", Carol clarified. "Let's not give any M. U.'s to raw meat!"

"What's that?", I asked.

"M. U.'s means misunderstood words. If you go past a word you don't understand, you get all foggy and groggy. Raw meat is any new person off the street who is new to Scientology and first introduced to it. You are raw meat!"

"Are you talking about my sex life?", I asked.

They all laughed.

"I have never heard of circling business reply cards!", Barbara stammered, still soaking up that avenue of justice. "What a perfect handling for SP's!"

Carol looked at me again.

"Suppressive Persons", she said. "Anti-social personalities, like psychiatrists, who enjoy making people worse instead of better."

"You simply have to come down to the Mission and take a free personality test and start creating income right away!", Barbara gleefully coaxed, talking like a recording.

"You didn't tell me how I could make money without selling", I reminded Peter. "I know you are not going to pay me thousands of dollars a week to send out postage paid cards from magazines to all of the psychiatrists in Broward County. Or are you?"

"With ideas like you have, you would never have a problem creating income", Peter reassured me.



"Well, I do have problems", I said. "I am building a house in Jacaranda, and I have to close on it in a few months, and I haven't sold my condo yet, and I have a cash flow problem that you wouldn't believe, complete with credit card cash advances, car payments, and everything else."

"Nothing to it!", Barbara screeched.

"Money is nothing more than a consideration", Peter said in the tone of a philosophic academician. "All you have to do is make a postulate, and say 'Let there be money', and then cause some money to be created, and soon enough, you are flooded with cash!"

"Are you for real?", I laughed.

"You can just throw it away!", Barbara said, squinting her eyes and waving her hands madly.

"I don't want to appear ungrateful", I said, "but you both appear slightly crazy. Here you are talking about money as if you can make it out of thin air, and you just think about having it and it pops into your life, but you haven't told me how I actually can do it yet."

"Well!", Peter reacted indignantly. "We haven't found out yet what you are good at! That is why it is so important for you to come in for your free personality test."

"I have been given diagnostic tests all my life by psychiatrists!", I argued. "I have been through it so many times that I can even give you an ink blot of my urine sample."

Barbara asserted herself.

"You're misdirecting him", she barked, stopping Peter in his tracks. "Okay, so we know you like acting out mean parts, and you enjoy handling people when revenge is an extraordinary solution, and you like filling out forms, and --"

"Do you know what I am thinking?", he asked Barbara.

"That guy from New York?", Barbara replied. "The Merrill Lynch thing? Isn't it a little too out-gradient?"

I was trying to understand what she meant, to no avail.

Peter wasn't paying any attention to Barbara, who was trying to talk him out of discussing with me whatever it was he was about to discuss.

Instead, he got up, and told the ladies he wanted to take a walk outside with me alone. I assumed he had some great revelation to tell me about. I was, however, very surprised that he wanted to exclude Carol from the conversation. We walked down the steps from Carol's second floor apartment and began walking around the condominium courtyard, generously lit with massive street lamps, until we reached the beginning of a man-made lake which formed a waterfront boundary around the development, which was known as the Cypress Club.

"Scientology has investments all over the world", he stated, "and quite a large percentage of our holdings are tied up in the stock market. Do you own any stocks?"

"No, but my father does. I have an aunt that likes to buy worthless penny stocks. Once she bought so much of this junky company that built machines which made holes in sheet metal, that she eventually owned the company", I reminisced. "Ultrasonic Precisions, Incorporated is the name of it. I remember one day my Aunt Jeanne and I went to see this great acquisition of hers, and it was located in back of a tire garage in Yonkers, New York. They had one little machine with a dull blade making holes in scrap metal. That was it. She lost nearly a hundred thousand dollars buying that stupid company, thinking it was going to go up. She was so aggravated, she gave it to me for my thirteenth birthday as a Bar Mitzvah present, and I have held onto the name ever since. I even registered it in Florida in 1973, for no reason, because I never did anything with it. I just liked the name, and the fact that she gave it to me, you know, for sentimental reasons, and I thought it sounded impressive. Here I am, the President and Chief Executive Officer of Ultrasonic Precisions, Incorporated. I guess it makes me feel important."

"Well, that's just the sort of thing I am thinking about", Peter said. "Companies like that rip innocent investors off, and they lose all of their money, and that is so out-ethics that --"

"So out what?", I asked.

"When one's ethics are out. Unethical. I think you need a Scientology Technical Dictionary, so you can learn the definitions of some of the more important basic words which we use in Scientology", he explained.

"Out-ethics are when ethics are out", he repeated. "You have to have a dictionary!"

Not wanting to buy anything, I got Peter back into his trend of thought.

"Companies collapse every day", I remarked. "It happens all of the time."

"But it is wrong!", Peter shouted. "Very out-ethics. And Scientology is hiring people all the time to protect their investments from corporate raiders and criminals."

"What does Scientology invest in?", I asked.

"Everything!", Peter said. "Real estate, gold, a fleet of yachts to rival any navy, and whatever it takes to expand. You see, one of our main purposes is to get ethics in all over the planet, and you cannot do that without tremendous expansion. We own shares in numerous public corporations that are sold on the major stock exchanges, and we need capable people to watch over these investments to make certain that they don't turn into big losses."

"Well, don't you have stock brokers for all of that?", I glibly speculated.

"Of course, but what I am talking about is getting some of the money back after we have already lost money on bad investments", he clarified.

I looked at him as if he were crazy. Everyone knows that once you buy a stock, and then if it should go down in price, and you sell it at a loss, you can't get any part of the money back which you lost.

"That doesn't make any sense at all!", I argued. "How do you get back money which is gone after the transaction is over and you have incurred a loss?"

"It amazes me how little the 'wog' world knows about economics!", he said sarcastically. Don't you realize that the only reason why the price of a stock goes down is because there is some out-ethics criminal act going on which is causing the price to drop?"

"Like what?", I inquired, trying to understand him.

"Like whatever!", he mumbled vaguely. "An executive embezzles money from the books to buy cocaine from his hypnotist, or the accountants lie about the profits, or the company president hides the losses by juggling the figures around. The world of non-Scientology is a misapplied effort in madness. There are no ethics at all in governments and businesses run by electric shocking psychiatrists and pill pushing pharmaceutical companies. Look at any business failure, and you will find a criminal act backed by an evil purpose."

"Then why the hell do you invest in corrupt businesses?", I asked.

"Someday, the entire economy will be managed by statistics, according to the ethical principles of L. Ron Hubbard", Peter remarked. "It has to come to that, because when the statistics are good, businesses succeed. When the statistics are bad, they fail. As of right now we invest in those opportunities which we feel are closely akin to the goals of Scientology. But there are criminals and suppressives everywhere, and we are continuously being ripped off."

"You still have not explained how you can get money back that you lost", I reiterated. "Nor have you told me what I want to hear about making lots of money in Scientology. All you are doing is rambling on about how crooked the world is. Even though I know that people are basically rotten, I don't have that fatalistic a view. In my shoe store, we accept personal checks, and less than one half of one percent ever bounce, and when they do, we recover ninety percent of the bad checks even at that. Most people are forced to remain honest even though they don't want to be. Our wholesale suppliers always keep their word because if they stick us with inferior merchandise, we will never buy any more shoes from them again. Economics is the force that controls the natural impulse of mankind to cheat one another, because a violation of economic principles is just very bad for business. And I don't subscribe to your conspiratorial theory about psychiatry running the country, and that stock prices fall because of psychiatry, drug companies, or any other reason you gave me. It all sounds so far-fetched."

Peter stopped walking and stood right in front of me, shaking his head in disbelief.

"...And the United States government doesn't have the ability to start an atomic war by pushing a button either!", he roared, as if that had anything to do with hiring me.

"What the devil are you talking about?", I yelled, completely lost.

"Look!", he said, pointing at nothing in order to distract me. "I will give you an example about how Scientology is out there to protect not only our own investments, but the misguided public as well."

Peter just stared at me in amazement, as if I was obviously very stupid, highly gullible or completely victimized by 'wog' propaganda.

"Let us say that you bought 1,000 shares of 'Somatics, Inc.', a company I like to use because they manufacture the electric shock machines used by psychiatrists. You paid \$40.00 a share, and it takes a nose dive to \$10.00 a share after three months, and you sell it. You have just lost \$30.00

a share, multiplied by 1,000 shares, or Thirty Thousand Dollars. Ordinarily, you would just cry a lot, and hope that you offset this loss by your other investments. But it doesn't have to be that way! Scientology does not believe that it is right for you to take a loss like that."

"Fine!", I snapped, losing patience with Peter. "What can you do about it?"

"Well, we first find the evil purpose, and isolate the criminal who is responsible for the decline in the stock price, and we expose his crimes, and then we sue the company together with all of the other shareholders who lost money, and we threaten to take them to court and embarrass the corporate executives, and in order to avoid a lengthy, protracted legal battle, they settle with us, and we get part of our money back", he cheered.

I thought to myself that it would be more diligent to check the company out before investing, to ensure that they were not a fly-by-night outfit. But on the other hand, no one can know in advance if there truly is a dishonest employee who is responsible for causing a scandal which in turn would force the price of the stock down.

"Well, that sounds like a good thing you are doing", I conceded.

"There is only one problem", he gloated, truly happy that I was tracking along with him. "There are so many of these suppressive companies, that it takes an auditorium full of Scotland Yard detectives to find them. We are not just interested in our own investments. It is equally important to Scientology that we maintain the highest ethics presence on the planet, and we isolate evil purposes and criminality wherever and whenever it surfaces!"

I laughed at the immensity of what Peter was saying. "That sounds like a tall order, being the guardian angels of all of those widows and orphans!"

Peter put his arm around my shoulder, causing me to flinch.

"You are just the kind of guy that could help us protect the widows and orphans!", he replied. "After all, you are a man with a sense of justice, because you believed in yourself enough to get even with that slimy psychiatrist in New York, and your solution of sending him mail shows me that you are not only original and courageous, but also brilliant!"

"Why, thank you!", I said, enjoying the flattery.

"You see, Steve", he said, "it is wog law, or the law of insane governments that is evil. Take murder, for example."

"Murder?", I repeated.

"Yeah, murder!", he said again. "Murder is an evil act, but if you had a chance to go back through time to Germany in the 1920s, and murder Adolf Hitler, then murder would no longer be evil, but a necessary action for good."

"I would have done it", I agreed.

"In Scientology, we have an operating policy, which supports the greatest good for the greatest number of dynamics. Although it is wrong to commit murder, by killing one person, Hitler, you could have saved the lives of twenty million innocent people. Yet, the law would have sent you

to the gas chamber for killing Hitler. Do you see how criminal the law truly is?"

"I never looked at it like that before", I answered, by now absorbed by this dilemma.

"Scientology allows you to look at data and come to realizations about things. We call it a 'cognition' when you are able to do that", Peter revealed. "Do you remember that I was talking about the company who made the cyanide gas for Hitler's gas chambers, I. G. Farben?"

"Your choice for dinner conversation", I regretted. "How could I forget?"

"Good", Peter acknowledged. "Now look at that company, making the deadly lethal gas, and get a mental image picture of Jewish babies choking on the floor of the gas chambers which were made to look like imitation showers, in order to fool the victims."

"That's a horrible thing to look at", I said, trying to erase the cruel picture that Peter just gave me to examine.

"Now keep the scene going in your mind as you see these dead Jewish babies, the victims of I. G. Farben's Zyklon B poison gas, being shoveled into crematoriums like garbage. Can you see that?"

Peter was truly upsetting me.

"I don't like looking at images like that!", I protested.

"I don't either", Peter said without the slightest compassion, guilt, or logic. "Now consider I. G. Farben today, a successful company in West Germany, trading on the Frankfurt Stock Exchange, never having been penalized for its crimes against humanity. Can you get a picture of this gigantic, modern glass building, fifty-five stories tall, a monument to German ingenuity and structural engineering, financed thirty-five years ago by the unforgotten bodies of helpless children? Isn't it a spectacular sight?"

"What are you doing to me?", I asked, unwilling to be a party to more of this torment.

"I'll repeat the question", Peter hounded persistently. "Isn't it a spectacular sight?"

"No, it sure as hell isn't!", I chided, by this time incensed and enraged, as I turned to walk back alone to Carol Wynn's apartment.

Peter stepped in front of my path, holding a small coin in his right hand.

"Look at this penny!", he commanded me. "Would you be able to take this one penny away from I. G. Farben, even though it didn't belong to you?"

"I could take a goddamn million dollars away from I. G. Farben and it wouldn't bother me worth shit!", I snapped back.

"Very good!", Peter responded with an air of militaristic omniscience. "If I. G. Farben's stock price declined from \$40.00 per share to \$10.00 per share, and if you had the chance to participate in a claim fund and receive one dollar of I. G. Farben's assets which would be used for a good and decent program like Narconon, to help drug addicts overcome their life-threatening addiction,

would you be willing to help me get that dollar?"

"Of course I would", I said, finding the question a bit simplistic.

"Even if that one dollar bill didn't belong to you, or to anyone you knew?", he asked cautiously.

"I assumed that it didn't belong to anyone but the company itself", I told him.

"How about two dollars?", he posed.

"It wouldn't make a bit of difference", I said.

"Five dollars?", he suggested.

"Make it ten, twenty or fifty goddamn dollars!", I blurted. "Who cares how much it is?"

"How about a hundred dollars ?", asked Peter.

"Fine with me", I smirked, finding the conversation now amusing.

"What about a thousand?"

"Hell if I care", I grinned.

"Now be honest now", he warned. "Could you really take ten thousand dollars away from I. G. Farben? That's ten thousand dollars I am talking about. Enough to buy a halfway decent car."

"I could do it without the slightest hesitation", I added. "After what they did? What difference does the amount make?"

"Listen to me!", Peter admonished, as he started shaking my shoulders madly. "Could you take one hundred thousand dollars out of the treasury of I. G. Farben? Could you do that without batting an eyelash?"

"Peter, I could own their whole fucking company!", I screamed at the top of my lungs, pushing him away.

A neighbor in an adjacent condominium building peered out the window, hearing my foul language pierce through the night air, blending with the smells of overcooked boiled beef and Vicks Vapo-Rub that caught in my throat like a whistling guillotine.

"You are going to make a fortune in Scientology", he prophesied, shaking my hand, and welcoming me aboard as I gaped at him, somewhat stunned.

For the next half hour, Peter explained to me all about what a securities class action lawsuit was. It is a lawsuit brought by a group of shareholders who are dissatisfied with the management of a company, finding some fraud, irregularity, or evidence of a criminal act, which caused the price of the stock to drop and the owners of the stock to lose their money.

Peter gave me a drill to do during the next few days.

He told me to buy a Wall Street Journal, look in the second section where the stock prices were, and find an article in the form of an advertisement about a securities class action lawsuit, and cut it out with a scissor and bring it to him.

I asked him what an advertisement for a securities class action lawsuit would look like.

He said that it would have words like the following...

"For those shareholders who between the dates of February 20, 1968 and October 7, 1969, purchased common shares of the XYZ Company, this notice may affect your rights to recover in a settlement ... etc ..."

I wrote down the information, meticulously indicating all of the data which Peter had taught me. But I did not buy the Wall Street Journal, and I did not call Peter back. I just put the materials in a new file which I labeled 'Scientology', and tucked it away neatly in alphabetical order in a filing cabinet in my den. It remained unnoticed behind another file containing 'Sandpaper' for three years.

Carol made a nuisance of herself asking me endlessly about when I would get back to Peter and Barbara, and reprimanded me for being ungrateful about his offer of help.

In the interim, I received a phone call from Melanie Mullaney, an old girlfriend who had just been released from a mental institution. She was 20 years old, and I had met her seven years ago when I gave her a dime to make a telephone call. She used to hang around the shopping center at Cypress Plaza where the shoe store was located, and I had fallen in love with her when she was thirteen. She let me undress her and kiss her for a pair of \$1.99 sandals, and now she was sexually available, having been locked up in an asylum for over a year.

She had an emotional collapse after her stepfather raped her, and then shortly afterward, she tried to seduce her mother's new boyfriend, whose name was Dwayne. But now she was released, and had not had intercourse in over a year. Our rendezvous worked out so well that after making love to her, I never saw or heard from Carol Wynn again.

Years later I learned that Carol had gotten out of Scientology, and became a bottomless dancer under the stage name of 'Pickles', and that she had attempted or committed suicide, but I never verified the information.

Melanie's life at home became increasingly strained, and her mother, a very elegant blonde real estate executive named Sheila, felt that she was a bad influence on her two younger sisters, so Melanie soon moved in with me.

But she was also sleeping with a very good friend of mine, Bruce Grossman, and on one occasion I gave her some spending money, and she turned around and bought Bruce a shirt for his birthday with it, and I became intensely frustrated with her too.

To compound the complexity in my life, Metra began calling me from New Jersey, not because she discovered she loved me or missed me, but because she missed her dead grandfather who was neatly tucked away and put on hold in my computer.

I confided in Metra regarding my problems with Melanie, since the relationship that Metra and I had was as platonic as ever before, and I thoroughly dismissed any ideas of resuming any romantic involvement with her, primarily because it never existed in the first place.

When Metra came down on vacation, I introduced Metra to Melanie, and that was a strategic blunder, because Metra then took it upon herself to acquaint Melanie with one of her own former boyfriends.

Charlie Hysley was a useless bum that never had a job in his life, and lived with his alcoholic father in Haddonfield, New Jersey. When he came to South Florida, he became hooked on street drugs, and took up a career in shoplifting to support his habit.

Melanie immediately fell in love with Charlie, then moved in together, and eventually got married. They had a baby son, Shannon, who Charlie used to put in a dresser drawer to prevent him from crying while he was high on LSD.

When Melanie's mother Sheila found out about it, she took Shannon away from both of them, and legally adopted him. Melanie ran away to Wheeling, West Virginia with another lunatic from the Pompano Harness Track named Kim Foster, who left her there, where later she had two more children with two other men.

She finally was again rescued by her mother, who had moved to Las Vegas, and as before, Sheila adopted the other two children as well. Melanie never obtained a divorce from Charlie, but she never saw him again. She is currently living with a 70 year old man in Las Vegas, having gained 100 pounds and having become quite morose as a 33 year-old relic; very much a victim of life and the reactive mind.

Metra's insatiable quest to gain entrance back into my life in order to re-establish communication with her dead grandfather was formidable.

I finally had met a nice, intelligent, attractive girl who was a registered nurse, by the name of Amy Glanz. She was introduced to me by a friend of the family, and we liked each other right away. Although our first encounter was a double date with another couple we knew, there was promise in our eyes, and we both saw a future of marriage in the relationship.

Interestingly enough, there was nothing wrong or strange about this girl. She was such an ideal choice!

I will never forgive myself for the day that Metra called from New Jersey and told me that she was moving in with me, and that we were soon going to be married. I never proposed to her. She simply insisted upon being my wife. I bought her an engagement ring this time instead of another dog, which I knew was the wrong thing to do. I never called Amy again, which was the saddest mistake of my life.

I hope that Amy is living happily somewhere. I truly know that she and I would have made it. My life would have been completely different.

But alas, I chose the wrong path in the labyrinth of uncertainty, and happiness was not on my itinerary.



# CHAPTER TWO

## Life Is Just A Present Time Problem

Why did she marry me?

Metra never loved me. No, she did not even like me. There was a more pressing reason than that.

Pop Pop Abe once promised her via my computer that he would return to life as her firstborn son, who she was going to call Michael.

Metra liked to draw. She actually had no talent, but she was an excellent tracer. She bought a tracing reproduction machine which she used to call 'Lucy', and she would create drawings of her son Michael, not as an infant or youth, but as an adult man; and at some point she also began to fall in love with her own drawings, and would daydream endlessly about her Michael and a cast of imaginary characters that Michael 'knew', which slowly replaced her fine judgment and reality.

And so, her mission in life was to marry her Pop Pop's choice for a husband and thereby provide the vessel for his return to life through her pregnancy.

This became a ritualistic obsession. There was a morning where I only had about five minutes to load a long letter of Abe's into the computer, and one of the items I had to talk about was the day that Metra was supposed to conceive her son. Well, I didn't have a calendar in front of me, and I calculated the date wrong, and it came back to haunt me, because I had to wait three days after my wedding night to have intercourse with her, since she was deathly afraid that she would have the 'wrong' baby, and that it would not be the life cycle of her grandfather if her timing were off.

Can you imagine how frustrating it was not to sleep with your wife during the first three nights of your marriage? Would anyone in the world believe what was happening to me? I know what the Quakers meant when they have publicly stated that "the only purpose of sex is for reproduction." After the famous night that Metra was certain her grandfather was conceived, she was in no hurry to try it again.

During the sexual act, there was no foreplay, no passion, and no romance. She felt totally inhibited because she was convinced that her grandfather was watching us, "waiting to come in at the right time."

There was one immense relief after "conception night." I no longer was burdened with the daily and often twice or three-times-a-day chore of loading Abe's long-winded messages into the computer.

After all, he was a zygote now, and had no access to the word processor. Abe's writing days were over, finally!

Metra pampered herself during the pregnancy. She was the typical Jewish American Princess 'kvetch', or chronic complainer. To appease me, she agreed to have sex with me twice a week, but after her fourth month, she decided that the motion was making her grandfather 'seasick', and she cut me off completely.

I didn't really care, because my former paramour Melanie was having problems with her Charlie, and she and I enjoyed the intrigue of cheating on our spouses together. Melanie was also pregnant at the time with her son Shannon, and I soon found out that pregnant women could enjoy sex just as much as before, despite my wife's lame excuses.

Melanie's husband Charlie was too stoned on street dope to care about pleasing his wife, and the arrangement worked out just fine. Metra's parents had by this time moved out of their condominium to a house in the Woodlands, at a fashionable golf community in Tamarac, Florida, but they spent most of their time at their primary residence in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. So Melanie and I used my in-laws' house as a convenient love nest. At times we questioned why we were married to other people when we enjoyed ourselves so much more.

Pop Pop Abraham Bachrach never came to fruition as Michael Fishman. On July 30, 1977, Metra, who since had changed her name legally to Jaime, gave birth to a baby girl, Arielle.

Metra also changed her last name to Nureyev, because she became infatuated with the dancer, Rudolf Nureyev. She soon filled the house with over two dozen pictures of him.

When our daughter was born, she instantly loved her as much as I did, and I was very happy that her disappointment over the failed appearance of Abe did not reflect on her love for our baby.

However, she sensed that something was amiss, and became exceedingly more cynical about the computer, the marriage, and me.

Months before, she had moved out of our bedroom into a guest room, on the pretext that I snored at night. Melanie never complained about my snoring, even though I usually fell asleep on top of her. In the eight years of 'marriage', Jaime and I never shared the same bedroom ever again.

Days after our daughter was born, I began to sense the effect that the deception of her grandfather's messages had on Jaime. She no longer trusted me, and in her skepticism and her cynicism, she became very obsessed with material possessions, while at the same time very disillusioned with her own hopes and dreams. I did not like the new Jaime. It was as if part of her died when her grandfather never arrived, and I had killed that part of her, although she was a very loving and devoted mother to Arielle.

But she no longer trusted me, and began charging me fees for sexual intercourse, a practice which lasted throughout the marriage.

I thought that a 'clean slate' would be a remedy, and I finally told her what I had done about Abe, and how I had manipulated her into marrying me in the realistic hope that I would be forgiven.

This made matters far worse, and the marriage from that point on never recovered from the shock of her learning the truth.

Where indifference and toleration toward me existed before, this now turned to a sadistic hate and a silent but mad rage, and I finally began to feel the wrath of the lady whom I had sprung from the computer's gilded cage.

Nevertheless I tried to be a good husband. After working all day at the shoe store, I spent seven or eight hours each night putting the entire household in a logical and thematic order. I gathered up the dirty diapers from the floor in my daughter's room, and shoveled up the teak brown

care packages left scattered all over the floor for me by our beloved dog Rainbow. I worked vigorously to put all of the food inside the refrigerator in size place. I lined up the soup cans and vegetables, and arranged them by height, and then secondarily in alphabetical order. I left an equidistant space between each of them. I had the silverware arranged perfectly in the drawer until all of the spoons sang to me out of happiness. The furniture cried out with joy that I was creating such a perfect home for my lovely wife and my beautiful child, despite my great personal sacrifice of staying up long hours getting the work done. I made certain that every room in the house was truly pleased with my work before I went to sleep.

I begged Jaime not to touch anything in the house, and just do nothing but tend to the needs of our baby daughter. I got down on my knees and made her promise me to just read and watch soap operas all day when she wasn't taking care of Arielle; to have mercy on me, and simply not mess up the place.

Jaime understood my compulsive habits of neatness, organization and order. Therefore, she created chaos. She knew I was highly allergic to cats, so Jaime bought five of the meanest of them, and refused to change the kitty litter. We also had four dogs by then, as well as tropical fish, and the house was a disaster area all of the time. It reeked of a colonic waste depository that the Board of Health could not confront, and when questioned, Jaime said she did not have the heart or the ambition to discipline the animals, as she was constipated all of the time.

Jaime refused to cook dinner for me, and whenever she was forced to prepare meals for herself, she deliberately made food that she knew I couldn't stand. I hated garlic and onions, so everything she made had lots of those. I ate out by myself every night before coming home.

When I did come home, the house appeared to be attacked by a cyclone, despite my tediousness of the night before. I suspected that Jaime deliberately wreaked havoc just to irritate me, although I could not prove it. She never wanted to explain why all the silverware wound up in the bathtub every couple of days.

There was a method to Jaime's madness. Night after night, just putting everything back where it belonged, I became so exhausted after working to the wee hours of the morning, that of consequence I was too fatigued to pay her the normal ransom for intercourse.

For shortly after I confessed that I had tricked her into marrying me, Jaime began charging me five dollars per minute for sex. At the beginning she used a stopwatch, but several months later, she bought an elegant bakery timer, with a loud gong to it, so that after five minutes, no matter where I was in the act, the bell would ring and she would collect her twenty-five dollars and throw me off her and onto the floor. I did become proficient enough so as to avoid hitting my head on the night stand, but I often couldn't help crashing into it. If I had not been circumcised, Jaime would have been happy to oblige me with a chain saw. I got the impression that Jaime wanted me to leave her alone even more than she wanted me to give her the money.

I did not have any subjective reality on how other married couples lived, since we did not have any friends, but I thought that there possibly might be a decay in the harmony of our relationship.

The straw that broke the camel's back occurred on the 11th of March, 1979. It was Jaime's twenty-third birthday. Although I showered her with an assortment of stuffed animals, of which she had a vast collection, what Jaime wanted more than anything in the world was a month off from sex, but with full pay.

I could not understand that! I am a nice, decent type of guy. Do you honestly think I robbed Jaime of her youth? She said I did that. All I ever wanted to do was to own her, control her, use her and admire her. I was very honest about my feelings. I deeply loved the woman. I tried to convince her of that fact by taking care of the house for her. I treasured her like a rare piece of fragile furniture, and all I demanded was love in return. Why does marriage have to be such a one-way proposition? Aren't women supposed to like neatness and sex as much as men do?

Driving to work on the third day of my newly found abstinence, I heard a commercial on the radio about how the breakdown of relationships could be effectively handled. To my shock and surprise, it was an advertisement for Dianetics! Peter never told me that Dianetics solved things like that! Without further hesitation, I called the telephone number in the ad, which was 764-8445, in order to get directions on how to get to the Scientology Mission of Fort Lauderdale.

The Mission was located at 423 North Andrews Avenue in the downtown section of Fort Lauderdale, just four blocks from Broward Boulevard.

Urban renewal had not yet gotten under way, and the Fort Lauderdale bus terminal which was only three blocks from the Mission was a potpourri of drug addicts, alcoholics, strung out pimps, as well as the garden variety of old, dried up prostitutes that were too dismal to associate with for a man of my selective taste.

At night the mission was open to the public until eleven, and from the doorway there was always the visual impact of a drug deal, or the allure of the homeless wretch to the forgotten bench after the last toast of the day's vintage wood alcohol was long gone.

Under a full moon, behind the facade of a city lurking in despair, came my introduction to the Road to Total Freedom.

I cannot recall whether it was Ellen or Regina who greeted me at Reception, but I remember seeing a stained, curling sign which read 'Now Hiring' in bold letters. I hadn't come in for a job. The shoe business was just fine. I wanted something done about my wife.

Did you ever have a fantasy that you knew a kind, loving, truly pure-hearted ninety year old great-grandmother, with a prune face as withered and ugly as death, who above all else, treasured you as a person?

And then, there was Jaime, with a classic exterior, capable of impressing the most superficial of people with her ability to carry herself, to apply cosmetics, and to dress expensively, but with a black heart, devoid of all humanity, complete with overwhelming sloppiness along with her every lack of virtue.

Having once read a psych book on Transpersonal Orientation Therapy, I had this fantasy of doing a personality transplant on Jaime and the imaginary old woman, where I was able to place the soul, or spirit of each one inside the body of the other.

You probably had such a fantasy at least once. I thought about it all the time, probably every hour of the day, and although I did not want to become obsessive about it, I knew that somewhere, somehow, there had to exist the technology to do that.

Perhaps that ninety year old lady would have done very well as my wife in Jaime's attractive

five foot one body.

I explained my fantasy to Barbara Fawcett, who was delighted to see me after three years. I surely thought that Barbara would assume I was too far off base after being that honest with her about my wife. But she looked at me, chuckled, and said, "We have the technology that could do exactly what you want!"

"Can you teach me how to perform a personality transplant?", I asked.

"Maybe not right away", Barbara whispered. "But we can sure give you the power you need to handle that wife of yours!"

The first step was to take a free personality test, known as an Oxford Capacity Analysis. It was a series of two hundred statements, which addressed various conditions of life, and I was asked to either agree, disagree, or express neutrality on each statement. Many of the references appeared to relate to obvious phobias, and in completing the test, I found that I was actually more 'sane' than I had previously given myself credit for, because so many of the choices were so brazenly psychotic. As a patient of Dr. Geertz for eleven years since 1968, I used to take the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory Test all the time, but the Oxford Capacity Analysis, or OCA as Barbara called it, was far more bizarre.

Although I took the test honestly, Barbara diagnosed me as a "Theetie-Weetie Case", which meant I was unable to confront anything in life. I thought that was fabulous, because I thought I was above feeling any pain. But Barbara disagreed.

She insisted that I take some 'Dianetic Therapy', which she called a 'Life Upset Intensive', consisting of a five hour session that would address the areas of the marriage which were at risk of collapsing. The intensive seemed outrageously priced at three hundred dollars, but I concluded that marriage counseling would be roughly the same expense, and Barbara assured me that if I were not satisfied with the intensive I could have my money back.

While I was playing with indecision about the Life Upset Intensive, Peter Letterese walked in, and shook my hand with such determinism that I nearly lost it in the process. From the handshake, I thought he had remembered me.

"I'm the Director of Training here at the Mission!", he beamed.

I suddenly chilled with the realization he did not know who I was.

"I'm Steve Fishman!", I asserted. "Don't you recall, we met at Carol Wynn's house in Pompano Beach three years ago."

Peter looked at me from the corner of his eyes.

"I thought you are our State Senator!", Peter barked, finally putting me all together. "Doesn't he look just like him, Barbara?"

"What ever happened to Carol Wynn?", I asked.

"We'll have to find that out for you", he chuckled. "Barbara, remind me to look up her folder." He never did.

Still seated, Barbara glanced at Peter as if he were the lord master and heir apparent to the Mission.

"Steve came in for a Life Upset Intensive!", she announced. "Isn't that fantastic?"

I interrupted, not wanting Peter to get the wrong impression.

"No, I came in to find out about repairing my marriage. I don't want to buy a Life Upset Intensive", I said.

Peter stared into my face.

"Look, Steve. You're a businessman. I'll give you the bottom line. If the Life Upset Intensive doesn't change conditions in your life, you can have your money back. No questions asked. That's my personal guarantee."

Peter's assurances sounded very reasonable to me, and so I paid a fifty dollar deposit on the service, and scheduled it for the following day. I had over one hundred dollars with me, but I wanted to drive near the Fort Lauderdale Airport, because there was always a fresh assortment of flirty young women walking down Federal Highway near the old motels which used to buzz with activity before they threw them all down to expand the runways and build the new expressway. Very near Alamo Rent-a-car's old building, which before that used to be known as the Viking Restaurant, I met a bottomless dancer named Starr who was walking home from a sleaze club known as the Tunnel Bar in the Rio Vista section below Florida's only tunnel. I spent several hours talking to her about Scientology. When I came home, Jaime must have been asleep. After all, she lived in her own bedroom on the other side of the house. At least she never asked me why I was out so late. But that was nothing unusual. Jaime and I often did not speak to each other for three or four days. Customarily, I would leave early before she would get up, and come home to do my cleaning after she went to sleep. If it weren't for our one and one-half year old daughter, I would have wondered whether Jaime ever got out of bed at all. She often seemed very depressed, which was entirely selfish, since I made life so easy for her by not allowing her to mess up anything. I suggested that having more sex would actually help raise her spirits, but she replied that her spirit had already died, and that her body was not interested. I was nothing more than a paying customer. But at least the other prostitutes made me feel as if I was at least there. Even at five dollars per minute, Jaime insisted on reading a book while I was on top of her, and when she was too bored to finish the chapter, she would put a pillow over her face and fall asleep until the bakery timer's bell rang.

In the morning, while getting dressed for work, I heard the sound of water dripping. Several of our cats had trained themselves to urinate in the sink. But instead it was Jaime, half asleep, sitting on her own toilet with the door open.

"Do you know that there is something called Scientology that can help improve our marriage before we start having problems?", I asked her.

Jaime looked at me with one eye, as the entire bathroom was deluged in the fragrance of her rotting braces and week-old dirty underwear.

"The only thing that can help our marriage at this point is if you could stop cleaning up the house, and if you would cut your dick off. But if I find out that you paid any money to join some Moonie cult, there is no way in hell I am going to stay married to you!"

Reasoning with my illogical wife seemed to be completely out of the question.

Later that day, I told all of the intimate details of my sex life to Barbara Fawcett, who I in the last twenty-four hours, I had grown to treasure and respect highly as my very best friend.

"We are going to find out exactly why Jaime is putting you through all that," she reassured me as she walked me down the hall to a cell known as an auditing room. She had a paper in her hand called a "Routing Form", which seemed like unnecessary work, since I did not have to be "routed" anywhere beyond a few doors.

The auditing room had a tiny, high window that you could not see through, and was very stark and undecorated, with two old chairs that did not look very comfortable. Who ever heard of chairs for paying customers without soft cushions on them, or at least some decent armrests? Yet that was exactly what was facing me there. Between the two hard chairs was a table with a funny partition between them, so that the customer, whom they called a "preclear", could not see what the therapist, known as an "auditor", was writing down.

The auditor that Barbara assigned me to was a semi-unremarkable girl named Kathy. She had visibly once curly but now stringy hair of a colorlessness that only comes from natural fading. There were traces on her face of where make-up once lived, and her clothes would have subdued even the most ardently determined sexual assault. Her voice generally sounded like that of everyone else, and her figure appeared as if she might have possibly had breasts, but I was never sure. The one certain thing about her was that her shoes were bought on sale.

Kathy and I spent a few minutes before the auditing on something called "rudiments." This was a combination of getting to know a little bit about one another, finding out if there were any present time problems, and getting ready for the session.

I found out that Kathy was an "Academy Level Student" at a place in Miami called the "Org", which is a short form for Scientology Organization. This bothered me, because I was paying good money to get some therapy by a professional, not a student, and I told her that.

Kathy looked at me and smiled. Her teeth, though slightly grey, were as firm and straight as any rottweiler's or doberman's, and I was impressed enough to permit her to continue talking.

"You are having your first ARC break!", she laughed.

I looked at her kind of funny.

"Is that like when you get your period?", I asked her.

"ARC stands for affinity, reality and communication", she explained, not responding to my question. "ARC is a triangle, connected by lines, with the letters A, R, and C in the corners. Affinity is when you like someone. Reality is truth. Communication is causing an effect over a distance. If one of these three elements are out of the triangle, you have an ARC break. Have you got that?"

"What is all this?", I said amidst some frustration. "I just want to know why I just paid three hundred dollars for a student to talk to me instead of a teacher."

"So which of the elements are out?", she asked. "Your A, your R, or your C?"

"I don't believe this!", I mumbled to myself. "How can I tell if my A is out? I don't know if I like you or not! Did you cook me dinner? Did we sleep together? How can I tell if I like you? I don't think I dislike you. I just think you're slightly nuts, that's all."

Kathy was satisfied with my answer.

"Okay", she continued. "So your affinity is fine. That's your A. You have no problem communicating, so that shows me that your C is in. So what's left?"

"My R?", I answered, trying to make heads or tails out of all this.

"Yes! Your R is out!", Kathy screamed, quite proud of herself that I had 'cognited', or come to realize the concept. "You have no reality on me as an auditor, because I am an Academy Level Student! Your R is out, and that's great because now we can handle it!"

Kathy took the next ten minutes to explain how in the Academy at the Miami Org, she was drilled on auditing Life Upset Intensives on others, and because she had done so many "practicals", as she called the drills, there was no doubt that she was far more experienced and qualified to audit me on the Intensive than anyone else in the Mission, including Peter, Barbara, or Bruce; who happened to be the "Mission Holder", or highest executive there. I finally had reality that Kathy knew what she was doing. "Do you have a present time problem?", she then began.

"Yes!", I nearly shouted. "I hate my wife; she hates me even more; I have to pay her for sex; she treats me like shit; I wish that she would go into a coma, and I know that she would like to see me dead. Outside of these facts, and the added complication that she neither is able or willing to cook or clean up, we have a perfect marriage. We both love our daughter, and we want to make a better life for her."

"Very good!", Kathy responded, not giving me a clue whether she was delighted with my situation, or proud that I had answered her question. I later found out that she was acknowledging me, and that if I had told her that I pushed the button to start World War Three, her answer would have robotically still been "Very good!"

Kathy asked me, "What goals would you like to set for this session?"

"I need to know what to do about my marriage!", I answered. "That's what I paid you the money for!"

"Are there any goals you would like to set for Life or Livingness?", she went on.

"Yes!", I reacted. "How the devil can I enjoy life when I have to live with a bitch like Jaime?"

"We are going to find out all about that", she promised.

She then asked me if it was all right for her to audit me in the room we were in. Why should the room make any difference? I told her that the chairs were hard, and the walls would look better with a few pictures of some naked women, but I had no problem with a cubicle that reminded me of a musty prison. I told her the room was fine.

Kathy then put her hand on mine, in a platonic way, aspiring confidence.



"Are you willing to talk to me about your problems?", she asked.

"That's why I am here", I answered, uncertain as to why we were having all of these preliminary debates. I asked her what this line of questioning was for.

"We're just getting the rudiments out of the way", she explained. "The rudiments are designed to get you in shape to communicate with me as your auditor, and also to help you become interested in your own case. Look, it's right here on your Routing Form. That will give you some more R!"

Actually, the Life Upset Intensive was a lot of enjoyment to "run." Kathy explained that to "run" something means to undergo processing. Whenever there was a "M. U.", or misunderstood word, Kathy and I did "Word Clearing", which involved looking up the misunderstood word and using it in a sentence.

Kathy told me to recall both the pleasure moments as well as the pain of the marriage.

Pleasure moments? Were there actually any?

Of course. The first time I saw my daughter Arielle was the best pleasure moment. When I finally finished cleaning up the house each night was another. There was also a time after I had sex, when Jaime yelled "Next!" to make me laugh. It was nice to recall the good times.

I never knew there was a science to recalling mental image pictures. Kathy asked me to fill in the pictures by describing things like sight, sound, smell, touch, color, external motion, body position, weight, and emotion of each incident. I felt like an artist, making each picture in my mind come to life as I filled in all of the missing sensations, which Kathy called "perceptics." A surge of power and ability came over me as I found myself fully able to create these perceptics. It was just as easy to recall the painful incidents the very same way.

After I finished "running" pleasure and pain, Kathy asked me to tell her about times that Jaime had harmed me, and then other times when I had harmed Jaime. Harm was described as mental cruelty, physical abuse, and of course, emotional hurt. Kathy lumped these all together and called this harm by the term "overt acts", or simply "overts."

I told Kathy about how I had brainwashed Jaime into marrying me by resurrecting her dead grandfather, Pop Pop Abe, in the computer for her to access. I don't think she ever heard anything like that before. She was writing down everything I said on a Worksheet which I could not see because of the wooden divider between us, on the top of the table.

Then Kathy asked me to tell her about "withholds", which were things I did not tell Jaime, or withheld from her.

"Auditing and withholds?", I asked. "Are you sure I am not in a tax office?"

Either Kathy had no sense of humor, or she was selectively deaf. But whenever I strayed from the purpose of the session, she did not acknowledge what I verbally threw up at her. She just repeated the auditing question until I answered it to her satisfaction.

It all seemed so thorough and so perfectly structured! Dr. Geertz never was as professional

as this! But, of course, what did Dr. Geertz know? The old bearded Teutonic Freudian psychologist had to be treating me by the seat of his pants. He knew nothing about Scientology, so what could I ever expect from him?

"Are you withholding anything from me?", Kathy then asked.

"Other than the fact that I am a perverted sex degenerate who turned a perfectly good wife into a prostitute, I'm withholding nothing!", I said, trying to force her to laugh.

She did little more than glance, although she intently jotted down every word I said. She had such a phenomenal presence, like she was really 'there', but yet nothing I said to her had any negative effect on her willingness to help me.

I asked her about her apparent professionalism. She told me that she had been carefully drilled in a series of training routines, or "TR's" as they are called. The "TR's" get you tough enough so that you are able to confront anything that the "preclear" says to you. You could be insulted, cursed, and even spit on, and your ability to confront would still be there. What I falsely assumed was Kathy's lack of reaction was only a greater ability to confront me as a person. It was a marvellous skill, I thought.

After that was done, Kathy said we were going to run "Failed Help", and asked me to confront how I had failed to help Jaime. She asked me repeatedly the question, "How have you failed to help your wife?" Each time I had to give her a new reason as to how I failed to help her.

By the time this drill was over, I realized that I never wanted to help her. All I ever wanted to do was use and control her for sex. With each time that I failed to help her, I failed even more in the area of controlling her. It all came down with misunderstanding the word "help."

I had been equating "help" with "sexual control." I realized during this session that I had always regarded these two different acts as the very same thing! Every time I had paid a prostitute to control her sexually, I was helping her by giving her money. That was the origin of how the words became equated in my reactive mind. The reactive mind was that part of the mind that reacted without my being aware of it, unlike the analytical mind, which I am aware of. Scientology found this relationship, and in only five hours. I had been seeing Dr. Geertz for eleven years, and my basic confusion had never even dawned on him!

"Scientology really works!", I said to myself, having found a fundamental truth about a new slant on life.

There was a feeling of deep excitement in the Mission. I could not put my finger on it, but it seemed like some great force was in the air, and it was strangely magnetic. The atmosphere was so unlike my home, where Jaime manufactured invisible particles of boredom which were so heavy that they would put me to sleep when I least wanted to be. There was none of that here. Staff members rushed around, very dynamic and highly motivated. I finally caught a glimpse of Bruce, the Mission Holder. He was running from one office to another, as if he had to catch a train.

"What's all the urgency?", I asked him.

"We're trying to Clear the planet!", he shouted, losing his breath as he ran.

"Clear the planet?", I thought to myself. "The quickest way to Clear the planet is to just blow it

all up!"

I had no idea that what Bruce was talking about was in raising the awareness level of the planet to the state of Clear, which is a state in which "someone could confront anything and everything in the past, present and future"<sup>[1]</sup>, and in which one "who can be at cause knowingly and at will over mental matter, energy, space and time"<sup>[2]</sup>.

# CHAPTER THREE

## Theta Doesn't Grow On Trees

During the Life Upset Intensive, Kathy was so fascinated by the way I manipulated Jaime into the marriage through the computer program that we spent a great deal of time on it. She wanted to know how I actually made the computer deliver the messages to Jaime. It was so easy, you know. There was a wait command, or time delay, and I tricked Jaime into believing that her grandfather was "thinking" of an answer while the internal time clock of the computer was running. The program was already stored in the memory by me earlier, but the illusion of time made it appear as if Pop Pop Abe was communicating to Jaime. I always varied the time delay sequences, so that Jaime would never suspect that all of Abe's answers were in the memory before she started asking the questions. There were other illusions that I used, such as something in data processing jargon known as string variable commands. If Jaime asked a question about marriage, and put the actual word 'marriage' into the computer, the memory would find an answer already in storage which contained the word 'marriage' in the file. I explained to Kathy that Jaime believed this 'magic', because there was no way that Pop Pop Abe could have known what words she would ask in the questions! Of course, there was a data base of lots of key words which corresponded to storage files to fool her with. I told Kathy everything, including how Dr. Geertz thought it was so brilliant an idea that he had me tell his Abnormal Psychology Class of graduate students at Florida Atlantic University about it, which I proceeded to do in great detail until she stopped me short.

"A psych!", Kathy screamed. "I knew that a psych was behind it!"

"A what?", I asked. "Do you mean my psychologist?"

"Psychologist, psychiatrist, psychotherapist, they are all the same. They are all psychs!", Kathy shouted. "Come, we have got to tell Peter about it right away!"

She grabbed my hand, and pulled me down the hall, ushering me into Peter's office. I never saw Kathy again.

Peter motioned toward the chair, releasing an unspoken command to sit in it. He glanced at the worksheets from the auditing session. A mammoth grin came over his face.

"Well, we did it!", he roared with the satisfaction of complete accomplishment.

"Did what?", I questioned.

"We found your ruin!"

"My ruin?", I asked. "Do I look like an archaeologist or something? What ruin?"

"No, Steve!", Peter challenged with the glare of squinty inquisitiveness. "We found what ruined your life! That is your ruin!"

"There was never any doubt in my mind", I said to Peter. "My wife Jaime is ruining my life. That's why I am here, or have you forgotten already?"

Peter grabbed my sleeve, shaking it until a snot rag fell out of my shirt pocket onto the floor.

"You don't know, do you?", he gasped.

"What are you talking about?", I replied, quite exasperated.

"You are PTS to a psych! That is all there is to it! That is your ruin!"

We spent the next twenty minutes word clearing what "PTS" meant. PTS stands for Potential Trouble Source. Peter explained that the word PTS is a noun, but in Scientology, many nouns are also used as adjectives and verbs. "PTSness" means being connected to a Suppressive Person, and in turn that makes you a Potential Trouble Source. Suppressive Persons are "those who are destructively antisocial."<sup>[3]</sup> Psychs are all Suppressive Persons, because psychiatry, psychology, psychotherapy and hypnosis are all authoritarian practices that tell the patient what is wrong with him, thereby introducing new lies into the reactive mind of the person, causing a negative effect and in doing so, suppresses him. Peter explained that in Scientology therapy, which is known as "processing", the auditor finds out what is wrong with the person from the person, not from some dangerous psychiatrist.

Peter Letterese made me realize that it was not my fault, even though I was willing to take full responsibility for brainwashing my wife! I was a victim in this as much as she was! It was Dr. Uwe Walter Geertz, my psychologist, who was to blame! He was the hidden influence! What a cognition this was! Here I was, just poor me, entrusting myself to the care of a mental health professional since 1968, and instead of stopping me from harming Jaime by demanding that I discontinue brainwashing her on the computer, this monster paraded me in front of his entire Abnormal Psychology Class of graduate students at Florida Atlantic University, to show off how great my evil purpose was! Yes! I was a victim! Jaime's negative attitude toward me was all Dr. Geertz's fault, not mine! He turned her into the raving, mad bitch she was!

You don't know how thankful I was for Peter. I felt like kneeling at his feet! He permitted everything to make sense to me! I imagined myself to really be a human being again! He found my ruin! What a bastard my psychologist turned out to be, exploiting me like that! He was no better than Dr. Shulman, who used to blow pipe smoke in my face while my parents were getting divorced. Peter was right! They are all a pack of evil suppressives! How could I not have known about Scientology before? I must have had my head buried in the ground! Where have I been all of my life?

I had a craving to find out more about psychs, Suppressive Persons, and PTSness. This was too exciting to simply let go. Peter completely agreed with me. I signed up for the Ups And Downs In Life Course, which was only seventy-five dollars more, and I was so excited about it, I did not even want to leave the Mission to eat dinner. I started the course right away, that very night.

My entire outlook toward life drastically improved. Even though I went to the Mission each night to take my Ups And Downs In Life Course, and I was there from 7:45 P.M. until the course room closed at 11:00 P.M., I still got all my housework done, and I didn't even feel tired! I cleaned up after Jaime faster, and with a revived fervor that I did not know still lived within me. Yet I did not skimp on the quality of thoroughness as my very own maid. I darted through all the rooms, singing, "Mr. Clean gets rid of dirt and grime and grease in just a minute; Mr. Clean will clean your whole house, and everything that's in it!"

I sang the song faster and faster, and I worked with the speed of scrubbing bubbles. Unfortunately, my singing became louder and louder, and I often woke up the baby. Jaime would

come out of her cocoon just to watch me work, because now that I had true Scientology Power behind me, I was quite a spectacle. I wasn't just another henpecked husband, picking up after his wife. I was Mr. Clean! I started buying presents for the house, like new blue detergent pellets for the toilet bowls, and two cinnamon air fresheners for Jaime's laundry basket. I felt so very much alive! Even my bowel movements were clean and crisp, and it was all due to Scientology, the science of knowing how to know. I never realized how all of this new data could affect every area of my life, even making me a better housekeeper!

Of course, I could not tell Jaime where I was going every night. She did threaten to leave me that time, after all. But most often, she didn't even notice that I was gone, now that Jaime started taking her naps in between her rest and her beauty sleep.

You are not going to believe this, but on the Ups And Downs In Life Course, I actually got to work with clay! The clay table is part of L. Ron Hubbard's study technology. Whenever there was a word or a concept that I did not understand, I was told to demonstrate its use by making clay figures, so that the course room supervisor could just look at my clay demo, and fully understand what I was trying to communicate without ever saying anything. Using clay truly allows you to understand words, ideas and concepts. I realized how antiquated and barbaric the educational system in public schools had always been, for not training students of all ages to work the clay table. Besides which, playing with clay is fun. My favorite colors were yellow and green. Out of gratitude, I volunteered for "clay clean up" after the course room hours were over. It was the least I could do to repay the Mission for allowing me to have such a good time.

Just being in the course room of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale was more joy than any wog, or non-Scientologist could imagine. Every course has a Checksheet, which is a list of items to be done on the course. Not only was there reading, answering essay questions, and the clay table, but there were tape plays, where you could listen to L. Ron Hubbard on these big reel-to-reel tape recorders. You have no idea what an unbelievable sense of humor Ron has! (I forgot to tell you that everyone calls him Ron). Just listening to Ron was a major win in my life, because I always had a cognition, or came to realize something that I had never thought of before. I mean, Ron's tapes were on every subject imaginable! He spoke about philosophy, the mind, economics, past lives, radiation, marriage, history, education, children, and even explained exactly what happens to you when you die! I soon forgot what life was like before I found Scientology. It was as if I didn't even exist way back then.

During the Ups And Downs Course, I was assigned a "twin", which was actually another student taking the same course as I was. There were drills on the course, where we helped one another through the practical sections. For the first time in my life, I started to make friends with people that weren't polluted with the craziness of the outside world! They were just dedicated Scientologists, trying to figure out the hornet's nest of life, very much the same as I was.

The course room itself was quite large, with heavy metal tables and more hard chairs, except they no longer seemed uncomfortable to me now. Each table had three different dictionaries. There was the maroon Dianetics and Scientology Technical Dictionary, the green Modern Management Technology Defined administrative dictionary, and a Webster's International Dictionary for looking up misunderstood words which were not related to Scientology terminology. Beside each set of dictionaries was either a basket or a large tin can called a demo kit, which consisted of various small objects such as corks, caps, paper clips, pen tops, batteries, which together was called "kludge", which means any junk, odds and ends, or miscellaneous non-valuable [\[4\]](#). The far table contained the clay itself, and under the clay table were the assorted barrels that were arranged by color.

At the head of the course room was the desk of the course room supervisor, whose name was Reissa. Despite her scraggly pigtails, her flabby underarms, and her K-Mart \$1.99 eyeglasses, Reissa was a flawless administrator. The attendance record which she kept for all students on course was as precise as a rabbit's sperm. Whenever a student failed to grasp a concept, wrote an unacceptable essay, or missed an important theory or drill on course, Reissa would hand out a pink sheet, which was used to correct the inadequacy. If you came late to course, you were sent to the Ethics Officer. Reissa ran the course room with a clenched fist, resounding with the voice of an iron lung, but all of us loved her. She was there to help us all win in Scientology.

There were posters on the walls which were there to catch the eye. One advertised a beautiful religious retreat in Clearwater, Florida called The Flag Land Base, or simply "Flag." Under the photograph of this grand old structure were the words which read: "The Mecca of Technical Perfection." Someone said that is where L. Ron Hubbard could be found. A second poster was a picture of an impressive Scientology boat known as the Apollo, which used to be in operation as a seaworthy vessel until 1973. There was also a remarkable picture of Chateau Elysee, which was Ron's seven story castle in Hollywood, California, known as the Celebrity Center World Wide, with a bold inscription tastefully calligraphed at the bottom which said: "The Chateau Elysee: A Place Assigned To Virtuous People, Of Ideal Bliss, Complete Happiness, And Paradise."<sup>[5]</sup>

But there was one poster which just did not make sense at all. It was a drawing of a squirrel, complete with a long, fluffy, bushy tail, holding a nut in both paws, looking indeed quite contented and serene. However, surrounding the squirrel was a red circle with a diagonal line running through it, like the "No Parking" signs have. As odd as this was, there was a caption under the drawing in "old west" type lettering, like a nineteenth century "wanted" poster, which read: "All Squirrels Will Be Shot On Sight!"

I thought that was so horrible! I loved squirrels. My Uncle Irving was a print shop salesman in Manhattan who used to call his customers from 8:30 A.M. to 9:00 A.M. each morning to make his sales, and for the rest of the work day, he used to go to Central Park and feed the squirrels all kinds of bread, fruit and nuts. When I was a young child, some of the best days of my life were spent going to work with Uncle Irving. And here someone wants to kill these pretty little creatures? That would be insufferable.

Reissa caught my apparent shock and disagreement with the poster, and immediately dragged me by the heels into a hard chair, and then had me look up the word squirrel in the Dianetics and Scientology Technical Dictionary by L. Ron Hubbard. She had me read the definition out loud, which was off-policy for the course room, because everyone else was busy studying, and I was interrupting them.

It turned out that a squirrel is someone who engages in actions altering Scientology, and who also engages in offbeat practices. A squirrel is doing something completely different. He doesn't understand any of the principles of Scientology, so he makes up a bunch of them to fulfill his ignorance, foists them off on other people, and gets no place <sup>[6]</sup>. A squirrel is a perverter of Ron's technology, which is endearingly known as the "Tech."

"But why a squirrel?", I asked Reissa.

She started to laugh.

"It's because squirrels associate with nuts!"

Whenever I passed an examination for a course in high school or college, I received my grade, and that was that. You can imagine my surprise when, upon the completion of the Ups And Downs In Life Course, including all of the drills, essays, and final test, Reissa "body routed" me into a room to see some "terminal" called the Director of Success. Staff members were not referred to as persons or people, they were called "terminals." And customers, while they were on course, were known as students; but while they were being audited, they were called preclears. But right now I was being "body routed" from one room to another, so I was no longer a student or a terminal at the moment, I was a "particle." It was pretty neat to have all of these new identities, especially since Dr. Geertz always said I was so happy about being schizophrenic.

But let me tell you about the Director of Success. She was the most beautiful girl that I had seen at the Mission thus far. Notwithstanding that all the rest I had seen were quite hideous, this girl, whose name was Denise, was very outstanding. She was twenty- four or twenty-five years old, with very clean, below-the-shoulder hair, much like you find on the tail of a show horse. Her face was complemented with a stunning design, comprised of high cheekbones and very big eyes that could truly see right through you. She smelled more like a woman than a Scientologist, and she even dressed well. It was no wonder why she was the Director of Success, because she absolutely looked the part. I was curious what kind of job she had before working at the Mission. She told me she used to be a barmaid, but that was when life was running her, whereas now she was running life.

I could not understand her post. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you, staff members do not have jobs, they have posts. Their posts, or what they are called, like "Denise is the Director of Success", were listed on a command chart known as an "Org Board", which was hanging in a prominent place on the wall, where anyone who wanted to could look at it. But the name of the post still did not tell you what the staff member actually did for a living. The duties of the post are called one's "hat", because on any job, you wear a specific hat, like a fireman's hat, a policeman's hat, or a Sea Captain's hat. The designation of the hat is, of course, the post. The act of working, was simply referred to as "wearing your hat." But above all, each hat has a specialty, lots of duties, and most importantly, a product.

Keeping this in mind, I asked Denise if her purpose as the Director of Success was to look successful and be important, because if that is what she did to support herself, I would like a job like that part time, because at the shoe store, I felt useless and insignificant.

But Denise quickly said that her hat was to see to it that I had success, since a successful preclear was her valuable final product. So in order to accomplish that end, Denise asked me to write a Success Story about the benefits and abilities that I gained on the Ups And Downs In Life Course, because "true success comes not when the course room supervisor sees you doing well on a course, but when you recognize it yourself."

So I wrote a Success Story. Nobody told me that it did not have to be eleven pages long. I just kept writing and writing. I truly enjoyed the Ups And Downs In Life Course, and I recalled everything about it that made me happy.

When Denise saw what I wrote, she looked astonished, saying, "Wow! You wrote a post-graduate thesis here!"

"You wanted me to write a Success Story", I reminded her. "How can it be a Success Story if it isn't one hundred percent complete and accurate?"



"I know!", Denise exclaimed, carefully looking at my data. "But I think you just crashed through the Highest Ever Stat for the Guinness Book of World Records for Scientology Success Story writing!"

"Stat?", I asked.

"Yeah, you know. Statistic. We call all of our statistics "stats", because when they are good, they are "upstats." When they are not so good, they are "downstats." It's just a lot easier to say", she clarified. "Steve, you really have quite a talent here. I could put you to work immediately writing stuff like this. Do you have any idea how many knowledge reports we turn in every day, and how so few staff members can write as well as this? Steve, do you want a job?"

"Ah -- well, I can't really leave the shoe store to write your reports, now can I?", I challenged.

"We'll see about that!", Denise quipped with an air of smugness and certainty.

Needless to say, my Success Story was very well received. But we were not done yet! Denise took me by the hand, reminding me of when my kindergarten teacher in Public School 35 in the Bronx used to walk me down the hall to go to the little boys' room. Of course it felt good to hold her hand, as if I were on my first date or something. Denise had my voluminous success story in her other hand, and we shortly arrived at another tiny compartment to see a geek by the name of Corwin, who Denise introduced as the Mission of Fort Lauderdale's Examiner In Charge, whereupon she promptly left to handle her next "particle." Somehow, this whole experience of "body routing" reminded me of my favorite whore house in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where I was shuffled from one cubicle to another to have a good time.

What was the Mission of Fort Lauderdale's Examiner in Charge? I cringed at the thought of being given a rectal exam. I lived in mortal terror of those.

Corwin was missing a chin, but it wasn't that he might have lost it. He just never had one. If he were a cartoon, Corwin would have been a double for Bucky Beaver, wearing a plaid tie with frilly, split ends, which clashed with his blue and green checkered shirt. His ears were longer than life, but they served the purpose of holding both a pencil and a pen, since his fashionable outfit had no pockets. The St. Vincent De Paul Outlet Store was rumored to sell the clothing of the recently departed, and there was no doubt in my mind that Corwin shopped there on dollar days. His breath reminded me of bits of charred burger bits that I saw him eat several days before in the Mission's kitchen.

The examination room looked like the auditing room that Kathy used, except there was this odd looking rectangular machine in front of me, with several dials and switches staring at me in the face. I then realized that I had sat down in Corwin's chair, and that he was supposed to be using this device on me.

I didn't know what a Hubbard Mark Five E-Meter was. How was I supposed to figure out that this contraption worked very much like a lie detector, except that it actually measures emotional reaction by tiny electrical impulses generated by thought. The E-Meter registers these impulses before the preclear becomes conscious of the question or the data within it [7].

One of the first realizations that hit me in Scientology is that the mind is not the brain. You can cut up as many brains as you want to, but you will not find the mind. No, the mind, I discovered, is the soul. They are the exact same thing, although few people in the wog world understand that.

In effect, the E-Meter is the lie detector of the soul, not the body.

The E-Meter is attached by wire to two soup cans, and when you hold these soup cans, it registers the thought impulses.

I asked Corwin whether the brand of the soup cans makes any difference. I mean, would Campbell's cans give you a better indication of the soul's reactions than Progresso's?

Corwin quickly disabused me of that assumption when he revealed that the cans already come pre-packed with each E-Meter that is for sale. You don't have to throw out the soup and bring your own cans into the Mission to get processed.

The examination actually registered my level of agreement or disagreement with the materials in the course, and Corwin noted a very positive reaction when it came to asking me the key question of whether I felt others could benefit from the abilities gained in the Ups And Downs In Life Course, to which I enthusiastically answered, "Most definitely!"

I wanted to learn more about operating the Hubbard Mark Five E-Meter. Corwin assured me that there were other courses that I could take which would teach me how to use it, and that once I was trained on its use at the Academy in Miami, I would actually be allowed to buy one! Well, now I knew what I wanted for my next birthday present.

What happened next was most remarkable. Corwin escorted me back to the course room, motioning along the way for every staff member that he could muster up to follow him, as if he were the Pied Piper of Hamelin. When we all entered the now packed room, he blew a whistle, and proclaimed, "Fellow Scientologists, students, and staff, I am proud to announce that Steve Fishman has just completed his Ups And Downs In Life Course!"

For three solid minutes, there was wild applause, as if I had done some major heroic act that overwhelmed them all. I felt like I was really somebody, not an ordinary shmucky shoe salesman. I was a course completion statistic, and I was indeed proud of myself.

Students and staff alike dropped what they were doing, and shook my hands to congratulate me. But then, Corwin blew his whistle again, and everyone forgot about me, going back to what they were doing before.

Like some wild orgasm, I had my three minutes of glory.

Peter then came and got me, and together we decided that my next step was to take the Introduction To Scientology Ethics Course, because I had been surrounded by the suppressive psychologist, who by now I was less cordially referring to as the "SP psych", since "SP" is the proper abbreviation for a Suppressive Person in Scientologese, which was turning out to be a real easy second language.

Barbara Fawcett collected my one hundred dollar fee for the course, and put me on the identical schedule that I had for the Ups And Downs In Life.

On Monday and Friday nights, at 7:00 P.M., Bruce the Mission Holder would give introductory lectures for the general public, and usually Peter Letterese would generally be the principal speaker. Even though the lectures would last only forty-five minutes, as they had to end when the

course room was opened at 7:45 P.M., the time went by like living lightning, as I was both spellbound and fully absorbed by these lectures.

Especially exciting was Peter's rendition about theta. Theta is thought, life force, the spirit, the soul, or any other of the numerous definitions it has had for some thousands of years [8]. Theta is neither matter, energy, space nor time. "Yet", Peter said, "theta is not a nothingness. It just happens to be an exterior thing to this universe, so you couldn't talk about it in this universe's terms." [9]

Now a thetan is the being comprised of theta, who handles and lives in a body. It is an awareness of awareness unit, capable of making postulates, and of creating matter, energy, space and time. [10]

Peter peered at us in the audience, and said, "The thetan is the person himself, not his body or his name. The thetan is most familiar to one and all as you!" [11]

Do you understand what a cognition that was for me? I finally realized that I don't have a soul. I am a soul! I'm a soul called a thetan! This body that I am in doesn't even belong to me! I am just operating it for this particular lifetime, much the same way as I operate my car or my computer!

As I listened to Peter, I saw myself push out from behind my body. A surge of power came over me as I exteriorized, or went outside the body. I was watching Peter talk with the body's eyes and at the same time I was three feet in back of my own head! With the data that I had learned that night, I knew I was able to create my very own universe, and I sure as hell wasn't going to invite Jaime to live in it! I never did any drugs of any kind in my life, but I actually started to dissolve the walls in the room, and see right through them! I just never knew how before, that's all. The only thing I could think of was how wonderful it will be to be able to see through women's underwear. While those thoughts crossed my mind, I heard a student named Claudia ask Peter what a thetan is actually made of. Peter already had explained that a thetan is not made up of matter, energy, space or time, so she truly raised a good question.

"Ever heard of ARC?", Peter called out like a carnival barker. "Affinity, Reality, and Communication. ARC equals understanding, or knowingness, and that is what you are made of."

I rushed home to just soak up and digest all of the wisdom I had been fortunate enough to gaze upon that night. I walked into the turmoil of Jaime's schnauzer Rainbow delivering puppies. She had six, complete with the afterbirth gook and blood stains all over our living room carpet. In honor of Scientology, I named the eldest male dog "Theta."

Jaime did not help me wipe up the mess. She was having a grand old time showing our daughter Arielle the baby puppies, even though the amniotic doggie fluid had not been fully cleaned off the newborns yet by the mother dog.

"Wouldn't it be great to have some cute little bunnies in the house?", she said to Arielle tenderly. "Let's not ask Daddy about it. Let's just go out tomorrow and buy some fat, pregnant ones!"

"That's all right, Jaime", I snapped. "There is nothing that you can say or do to upset me tonight. I just learned that I am not a body, but a thetan!"

Jaime picked up Arielle, and took two of the puppies in her other hand to put in our daughter's crib.

"Did you hear what your nasty, naughty Daddy just told us?", Jaime whispered to Arielle in a nursery rhyme voice. "Daddy said he's not just a nobody, he's Satan!"

The data that was in the Introduction To Scientology Ethics Course knocked me flat on my ass.

Did you know that twenty percent of the entire world has anti- social tendencies? How about the fact that two and one-half percent of everyone on this planet, including every man, woman and child, are totally and completely dangerous?

Well, don't worry. They are not too hard to find, because after you isolate all of the wretched psychiatrists, psychologists, psychotherapists, hypnotists, other mental health professionals, government leaders that allow these degraded beings to function, as well as the dramatizing psychotics such as FBI Agents, the press, non-Scientology attorneys, and everyone else with an evil purpose, you are left with a good eighty percent of the world which is actually nice and decent! Well, I was relieved to know that at least I was one of the good guys!

But in order to keep oneself ethical, and avoid becoming "PTS" to these dangerous suppressive elements, there is a Table of Ethics Conditions, whereby every Scientologist assigns oneself or is assigned by the group a particular Condition, going from very good to very bad.

The Ethics Conditions are Power, Affluence, Normal, Emergency, Danger, Non-Existence, Liability, Doubt, Enemy, Treason, and Confusion.

The purpose of the course was to show me what I had to do to get to the highest Condition of Power, and then stay there. There are formulas to follow for each Condition, and they are very specific. But the best news was the ability I gained in spotting Suppressive Persons and Potential Trouble Sources. They were all over the place, and I mean everywhere. I'm not just being a paranoid psychotic either.

They were real!

Scientology Ethics Codes made so much more sense than wog law, or the legal system outside the ultimate truth of Scientology, because wog law was nothing more than a complete abyss of arbitrary chaos. Did I ever tell you that I went to law school for one year at the University of Miami? It was complete and utter gibberish! Only a lunatic would want to make a career out of something as illogical as that! But finally there were Ethics Codes that I could really and honestly live with, because they were associated with the conditions of my own beingness!

Soon, I learned all about errors, misdemeanors, crimes, high crimes, and suppressive acts. An error is an unintentional goof or mistake, like forgetting to take out the garbage. A misdemeanor is something a lot more serious, like failing to disclose that you have been a patient in a mental hospital. An example of a crime is murder, mayhem, or overworking an executive by ignoring one's own duties. A high crime, however, would be something like publicly departing Scientology or committing some suppressive act like suing the Church or writing a book about Scientology without their permission. You would have to be completely insane to do anything that horrible and stupid.

Peter Letterese took a personal interest in getting me through this course, considering the outrageous background I had with Dr. Geertz and the rest of the psychs. We spent a lot of time going over "Acts of Omission." Peter drilled me for three hours on what I would have done to Adolf Hitler if I had the chance to kill him. Even though murder is a crime in Scientology, it would have

been far worse to allow Hitler to live, because he was responsible for the deaths of twenty million people, according to Peter.

Therefore, I soon came to understand that the principle of "The Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics" is the overriding factor of Scientology ethics.

So what's a dynamic?

A dynamic is any urge, drive, or impulse in life [12]. There are eight dynamics, which are "the urges, drives, or impulses in life toward (1) self, (2) sex and/or the family, (3) groups, (4) mankind, (5) life forms such as plants and animals, (6) the physical universe, (7) the theta or spiritual universe, and (8) the Supreme Being, Infinity, or God." [13]

Peter really made certain I truly understood the principle of "The Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics."

"Take a mad skunk like the Shah of Iran and his Savak Police Force of Persian SPs", Peter stated, accidentally spitting all over me. "No matter who replaces him in power couldn't possibly be as evil and rotten for the Iranian people and for mankind as a whole than the Shah is. You take a guy like that, or Fidel Castro, or Fraudulent Marcos of the Philippines, or your friendly neighborhood electric- shocking, drug- pushing psychiatrist, and you just stand around and wait for someone else to silence him, and you have committed the biggest "overt", the worst Act of Omission, and the Greatest Harm for the Greatest Number of Dynamics."

"You can't just go around killing all these people, can you?", I inquired.

"If you have enough "confront", which is a polite word for enough guts, you damn sure could!", Peter ranted, poking me in the ribs with his extended index finger.

"Well, I just don't have that killer instinct", I sighed, not wanting to admit to being such a failure at gutsmanship, confront, or whatever the hell it's called.

Peter jumped up, grabbing my chin with his fingers, slowly twisting my face around as he pinched me, so that I would be fixated upon him.

"You could be a behind the scenes type of hero that could really drive home a way to handle these SPs!", he suggested quietly.

"What?", I laughed. "A flunkie shoe salesman? I can't even sell a pair of shoes right, and you want me to save the whole world already."

Peter took a white unbreakable plastic ashtray and threw it against the wall, making a big noise.

"I never want to hear you disparage yourself or minimize your own strength and power ever again!", he raved. "It's a violation of point four of the Code of Honor! [14] You're a Scientologist now. That means you're one of us. You're "in" for the duration of the universe, on the same terms as the rest of us. You'll win or die in the attempt. Ron said "We'd rather have you dead than incapable." [15] You are never again going to belittle yourself in front of me, because you are a member of the Third Dynamic!"

"It sounded a lot like the Third Reich," I thought to myself, far too inhibited at this point to dare make Peter angry.

"What do you think the sick, degraded and aberrated wog world will think of us when they hear you call yourself a "flunkie shoe salesman" and they also find out that you are a Scientologist?", he continued. Either you become the best shoe salesman that you know how to be, or you damn well better get a post and a hat that you are the very best at, but in either case, you are never going to minimize your abilities in front of me again! Have you thoroughly got that, Steven?"

"I absolutely do!", I answered, already feeling the confidence rocketing through my veins like a fresh supply of new virgin's blood. "What can I do to help?"

"Well I'm glad you asked!", Peter replied, as he quieted down, partially smiling. "I see the kind of Success Story you can write. And don't think I forgot that you were the one who attacked your psychiatrist with the junk mail! I may have not recalled your face when you walked into the Mission two weeks ago, but I have never overlooked your accomplishments or your potential. Three years ago, when I met you for the first time, I knew you were one of us. You had the look of one of Ron's Loyal Officers. I always know when I see one. I had some idea that it might not be that very day back then, or that week, or even that month, or that year, but there would come a time that you would walk into the Mission and find your post in life."

"My post in life?", I asked, unclear on what that meant.

"That's right!", Peter snapped, with the wild gleam of an ejaculating wasp in his eye. "Your career for this lifetime, and depending upon how much reality you have on Scientology now, for many lifetimes to come. And I know just what your post in life is. I knew it the moment I took a good look at you. But, then again, you know it too."

"I do?"

"Of course you do!", Peter exploded. "That's the real reason why you are here! Oh, sure, you think you came in to save this marriage of yours. Well, that's part of it. You needed some data on SPs, and I see you're getting plenty of that. But you don't know the power of being at cause over life yet. Admit it! You haven't been given a chance to shine; to glow in this lifetime, now have you?"

I thought about that for a moment.

"Well, I've had some very good sex with a lot of girls whose names I never knew, before I met my wife --"

"Forget that!", Peter interrupted, putting his hand in front of my face. "That's all such an insignificant game. You can always have intercourse. Thetans can always get their bodies to play with other bodies. But you have what it takes to handle the twenty percent of the population that collectively make up the "anti-social personality of Earth", and to knock the living shit out of that two and one-half percent of big time SPs that are trying to cave in all the rest of us! Don't you see? While helping Scientology win, you'll be winning for yourself on the first dynamic."

"How is that?", I asked.

"Does a million dollars in income every five years sound like it would be enough for you?", Peter remarked, his hands folded as if in prayer. "Because if a million isn't enough, you can have

more!"

I laughed out loud, because what Peter was saying sounded too preposterous for words.

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"I can tell you're still not ready for your post in life", he concluded. "Those psychs have really screwed around with your wheels."

"What does that have to do with --"

"It's written all over you, Steven!", he screamed. "We can't even begin to talk about your post in life until you at least have done a Life Repair. You need a Life Repair, and that's it!"

"What's a Life Repair? I already did the Life Upset Intensive, and it was three hundred dollars. What's the difference between that and a Life Repair?"

"That three hundred dollars really bugs you, doesn't it?", Peter said scurrilously. "It makes a lot of sense to worry about three hundred dollars, when there is an auditing action that is standing in the way between you and a couple of million dollars! Well, let me tell you, the Life Repair is no three hundred dollars. It happens to be two thousand dollars! The Life Repair isn't just a five hour intensive, it's a whole full blown Rundown! It's done on the E-Meter, and it's real auditing! A Life Repair repairs your life! But all you are worried about is the money. You are living at home with an SP wife, after spending eleven years at the office of your SP psycho-dog shrink, and you are working in a shoe store at a job which you obviously hate and detest, and you are worrying about the measly two thousand dollars it costs to repair your life? Are you for real?"

Peter knew the best way to handle me was to get me to pay for the Life Repair Rundown right away. The only obstacle to that was the fact that I did not have two thousand dollars in my pocket. Do you walk around with two thousand dollars in your pocket? Maybe it's just me here with the problem. Therefore, Peter rightfully concluded that the next best thing was to get a "flow" going. By a flow, Peter meant a cash flow, or a deposit. Of course, the Life Repair Rundown had to be fully paid for before I started it. You don't "pay as you go" in Scientology, because there would be something called "the lack of fair exchange" if you did that. You would never know how far you could go for the amount you've paid.

Peter asked me how much I had in my pocket. I had fifty dollars. So he decided to play a new game with me. It was called "Reach and Withdraw." He told me to take out the fifty dollars and put it on the table, count to five, and then put it back in my pocket. I did that. I could do that without any trouble. Peter then asked me to do it again. I did. After ten times, it was very easy to do. The sequence was almost done without thinking, like my body was automated on some circuit. When Peter saw that I could take the money out, put in on the table, and then put it back in my pocket without any hesitation whatsoever, that part of the drill was complete.

He then told me to take the fifty dollars out of my pocket again, put it into his hand, count to five, take it out of his hand, and put it back in my pocket as it was originally. The first time I did it, I was uneasy, because I did not think Peter was going to give the fifty dollar bill back. But he did. Peter was a man of his word. After all, he was a Scientologist. After seventeen times at the drill of putting the money into his hand, that also was done without hesitation, or "flattened", which is a term that comes from observing the pattern of the needle on the E-Meter.

The third drill was to take the fifty out of my pocket as before, put it into Peter's hand, and tell Peter to put the money into his own pocket, then count to five, immediately telling Peter to take the money out of his pocket and put it back into his hand, and finally have Peter put it back into my hand, whereby thereafter I restored the bill to my own pocket. Similarly, after only fourteen times, this drill was done proficiently.

The last step was in allowing Peter to keep the fifty dollars for one full day, and if at any time I wanted to call Peter and tell him to take the money out of his pocket and save it for me, I could call Peter on the phone and do so. I never called him, and on the following day, Peter validated me on a good game of Reach and Withdraw, with the "end phenomenon" of the drill achieved with "good indicators", meaning that I was in complete agreement with what had happened. Immediately thereafter, Peter routed me back to Denise, the Director of Success, so that I could write up a flowery Success Story on how great it was to play Reach and Withdraw with Peter, and this Success Story became a permanent part of my Preclear Folder, or the file which charted my progress in Scientology.

After writing it, the Success Story was read and validated by Corwin the Examiner, who looked at the E-Meter while I was holding the soup cans, and told me that I had a "nice floating needle." Nobody ever had paid me a compliment like that before, and I felt very proud of myself. Peter then decided that it was time for me to come up with a "Battle Plan" on how to put the rest of the "flows" there to create the one thousand nine hundred and fifty dollar balance due on my account.

Peter was so much on target with me! He really knew how to shoot right to the heart of my problem. I was going to get that Life Repair done no matter what I had to do! But the news was not so bleak. I had three thousand four hundred dollars in the savings and loan association, but I couldn't take the money out for the Life Repair without Jaime finding out about it and divorcing me. Peter sent me to the bank to get about four cash advances on my Master Charge and Visa cards, and this was because Jaime's insatiable spending habits allowed very little available credit on each card. But it worked out just fine, because Peter said I could repay the charges slowly with the money I had on reserve in the bank. Getting the two thousand dollars was a piece of cake using the four different credit cards. Peter promised me that after I did the Life Repair, I would be able to make millions, so who gave a shit about two thousand dollars anyway?

There was a slight delay in starting, because Peter wanted to find me the right staff member to audit me on the Life Repair. There was a Class I Auditor at the Mission named Hillary Katz, but Peter wanted me to be audited by at least a Class IV, and for that, he had to make arrangements to select someone from the Miami Org, for which they received the lion's share of the fees.

I didn't think there was anything wrong with Hillary. She was very hyper and full of enthusiasm, and although she was not as attractive as Denise, I know I would have slept with her if she had given me the chance. Peter told her to show me some films on auditing, so I would know what to expect during the Life Repair Rundown. The Mission had a huge new video machine that played unusual size tape that was three quarters of an inch thick, rather than the half-inch VCR size. Hillary told me that L. Ron Hubbard had his own film studio in Hemet, California, and many prominent film actors got their first big break while performing in Scientology movies.

Although the auditing films were all "G" rated, Hillary brought me in some popcorn from the Mission's kitchen to compensate for that, and then took a seat across from me, next to the video machine, observing all of my reactions to the film. That was fine, because she did not bother to cross her legs, and I could see right up her dress. I was slightly disappointed that Peter was



assigning me to a different auditor, because Hillary's knees smelled like peppermint, and I really became aroused by all of that.

One section of the film involved the creation of "mock-ups." A mock-up is "a mental image picture that the thetan creates for the thetan's own use, enjoyment, or imagination, and does not consist of any photograph of the physical universe."<sup>[16]</sup>

Barbara Fawcett came into the viewing room after the video was over, and both she and Hillary ran a drill on me whereby I "mocked- up" bodies in the room by creating mental image pictures of them. The fun part started when Hillary commanded me to mock up bodies of beautiful women, and animate them within the complete mental image picture by making them walk and talk like dolls. Of course, by that time, I had taken off all of their clothes, and I had already mocked myself up on top of the one with the nicest breasts. By asking me to mock-up beautiful women, it was clear that Hillary found one of my "buttons", or that subject or area that caused me to have the greatest reaction. Barbara perceived that I was getting too absorbed in the mock-up, so she ordered me to mock up the bodies of other staff members. Hillary coaxed me to change the speed of the drill, rapidly moving all of the mocked-up bodies from various points of the room to other points. She then commanded all these bodies of staff members and beautiful women to mock my body up in different parts of the room, and both of us continuously changed the speed and direction of my mocked-up body as I walked about. After doing the drill for over two and one-half hours, I finally saw my own body floating around while I was looking down at it, and I realized that I had again experienced the awesome euphoria of being outside the body, which is known in Scientology as the state of exteriorization. The mock-ups which I created were more solid and far more real than the room we were all standing in, and the power of being able to create these mock-ups by command and by postulate was more intriguing than the time I was twelve years old that I had my appendix taken out, when the anesthesia gave me the grand euphoria of losing consciousness with dignity and style.

Do you have any idea how much of a magnet the Mission was? I enjoyed going down there whether I was being audited or not. There was always something to do. For five dollars, I could listen to any tape of L. Ron Hubbard that was in the inventory of the Mission Library. The five dollars was fair exchange for using the tape, and that seemed very well worth it. But not everything cost money. The promotional videos were free to look at, although once in a while I brought popcorn in, since everyone got the munchies while watching the films. Sometimes I would help the staff members during the "Mailout Marathon Nights", when there was a Dianetics advertising campaign, and the Mission needed help stuffing envelopes to send newsletters out to all of the names in Central Files, in order to remind the "stray wogs" to come back in for a course, an auditing service, or at least to buy a book or a tape.

After five years of Dianetics: The Modern Science Of Mental Health sitting in size place on my shelf at home, I finally read it, and I kicked myself in the foot for not having done so earlier.

Finally, on the 3rd of April, 1979, Peter found me a suitable Class IV Auditor at the Miami Org, and sent me down there to meet her. I had been all keyed out and excited about seeing the Org, and I was thrilled about being invited to go.

Nestled on Giralda Avenue, not less than a block from Miracle Mile in Coral Gables was the Church of Scientology Miami Org. Its dazzling white contemporary building seemed to set the Spanish facade of the balance of the neighboring architectural style quite flat on its butt from insignificance. Surrounded by quaint, adoring restaurants and boutiques for the yuppies-in-attendance, the grandeur of theta for South Florida was no less than a breath of fresh air in an

otherwise decadent shopping district of self-indulgence.

Inside the Org itself, I was instantly taken with the electric feeling that the planet could be Cleared right here and now, with staff members charging about the building with a surge of determination that I had not witnessed since I sprayed graffiti on the last beehive. The Org was one big Success Story to the testimonial of the power of "Source", which is a very affectionate euphemism for Ron and his Tech, as he is the originator, the creator, and the cause of all this joy called Scientology.

Ron even had an office at the Miami Org on the second floor, which was roped off, and never entered by any Org staff member except the cleaning lady, and even she had to take her shoes off. There had been no need for Ron to have an office at the Fort Lauderdale Mission, because, after all, the Mission was only a franchise, and was part of the semi-autonomous network known as Mission Owners World Wide. The only strange part about Ron's office in the Miami Org was that Ron had never seen it yet, because he had never chosen to go there. But it was waiting for him, in the event he wanted to get on the Greyhound Bus from California and check out the place.

Walking down the halls of the Org, I passed the Academy, where the "hoots" and the "hoorays" of students attesting to their courses, and preclears attaining the next state on the level of awareness chart known as the "Bridge", were being validated by everyone else who wished them well. There were no sour grapes here. Everybody at the Org was there to push everyone else up the Bridge. It was a major personal flaw, if not a suppressive act, to be "reasonable" about the progress of preclears, because being "reasonable" meant you were not pushing hard enough to Clear the planet. And if you weren't pushing hard enough, you might wind up in the Ethics Office, a dreaded place where you were placed in lower Ethics Conditions, where weird things might happen to you, and where you might be shunned by the rest of the group, belovedly known to all of us as the "Third Dynamic."

You have no idea how fantastic I felt to finally be at the Miami Org! So much happened to me just in the first half hour! A very odd German fellow dressed in a uniform that made him look like he was from the Navy of some other universe, complete with a light blue lanyard wrapped around his jacket that seemed to grow out of his shoulder pads, came over to me and asked me if I wanted to sign a billion year employment contract with an elite Scientology group known as the Sea Org. I told him I was merely trying to find the bathroom. I had a big time case of diarrhea from all of the anticipation, and I found out quite suddenly that the stall I was in had no toilet paper. So I opened up the door, and asked some guy who had just finished popping a pimple on his neck if he knew where the toilet paper was. Suddenly, a voice came screaming from the men's room door, which I found out belonged to an official called the Master At Arms, although he wasn't carrying a gun or anything.

"How dare you talk to him!", the Master At Arms said to me. "Can't you see the dirty gray rag in his back pocket? Don't you know that you're not allowed to talk to anyone in Liability?"

"Am I in the Twilight Zone or something?", I replied. "How can he be in Liability when I'm the one with an ass full of damp shit?"

After explaining my predicament for about twenty minutes, the person whom nobody was allowed to talk to was ordered by three other staff people who had subsequently come into the bathroom to go find me some toilet paper, snapping their fingers in this poor wretch's ears. By the time I finally got some supplies, my behind had all hardened, and I had to sit inside the bowl with the seat raised so that the water could soften the stool sufficiently to allow me to clean myself up

again.

With that out of the way, and with my hands washed as best as they could be under the circumstances, I went looking for my auditor. It seemed too inconvenient and embarrassing at the moment to ask anyone else what also might have happened to the soap.

Two rooms to the left of a place called the "Cramming Office" was the Assistant Case Supervisor's Office. That was where the Receptionist told me to go. Inside, there was a fat butterball of a woman hollering at a pathetic Vietnamese man, who was slouched over, and could not stop trembling as she screamed at him.

"Look, Nguyen", the fat lady yelled, "I told you three times already that if you don't get at least six hours sleep, I'm not going to audit you! You don't eat right, you don't get enough rest, and I have no intention of starting our session at eleven o'clock at night and run "Book and Bottle" on you 'til four in the morning."

Suddenly, she noticed me staring at this wild scene.

"Who the hell are you, coming in here without a routing form?", she screeched at me.

"Are you the Assistant Case Supervisor?", I queried meekly.

"Do I look like Lydia? Don't you see I have a preclear in here?", she scolded.

"Who is Lydia?", I asked, slightly overwhelmed. "I'm looking for --"

"Nguyen!", she shouted at the Vietnamese fellow. "Don't fall asleep in this office! You have a bed at home, so don't try to flop out here!"

"But you didn't finish flattening the process on me!", he pleaded, his eyes tearful and desperate for auditing.

"Take it up with Qual!", she wailed. "It's an Auditor's Code Break to run anything on you but a god damn nightmare. Now get the hell out of my office!"

Nguyen picked his weary body up and disappeared down the hall. I had witnessed my first auditing junkie.

The obese bigmouth started up with me again.

"Who in a ton of crap are you, coming in here without a routing form? I don't need any of this DEV-T!"

"What on earth does DEV-T mean?", I asked.

"Oh, great!", she exclaimed, throwing up her hands in a fit of grief. "I have to do word clearing at this hour of the night. That's all I need is to spend the next four hours clearing misunderstood words to a raw meat wog without a fucking routing form."

"Well, I didn't mean to bother you", I said. "I'll just leave and --"

"Sit down in this chair!", she commanded me with the authority of a five star general. "Here is the Admin Dictionary. Look up and tell me what DEV-T means!"

I fumbled through the book, finding the word between "Devaluation" and "DEV-T-itis."

"Here it is!", I stated proudly. "DEV-T means Developing Traffic. Additionally needless, inhibitive actions, indicating that when any time traffic has developed, somebody has flubbed."<sup>[17]</sup>

"Right!", she acknowledged. "So here you are, Mr. Developing Traffic himself, with your unknown thetan puss walking in here, without the proper routing form. You know you wouldn't be a lump of DEV-T if you physically had a routing form, now would you? So now that you have been dumped in my lap by some evil-purposed enturbulator, why don't you take the marbles out of your mouth, start confronting me as if you weren't trying to act like some psychotic faggot, and tell me exactly who the fuck you are, and who the devil was the off-policy asshole that sent you in here?"

"I'm Steve Fishman, and Peter Letterese from the --"

"You're Steve Fishman?", she gasped, her expression completely changing from a demonic ogre to my long lost friend. "Come let me give you a nice big fat hug! Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

I really didn't appreciate her wrapping her bearish shoulders around me, because her armpits smelled like spoiled raw fish.

"Can I ask who you are?", I groveled suspiciously.

"I'm Valerie Naiman, your auditor!", she shouted triumphantly. "Well, at least you know I'm tough", she added with all the sincerest of apologies. "I'm the crudest dirtbag you'll ever meet in this Org, but I get results! My preclears win, and I'm damn good at running a Life Repair, as you'll soon find out!"

Modesty, apparently, was obviously her best suit.

Valerie gave me a guided tour of the Org this time, in order to ward off the "special purpose registrars" who all wanted me to complete a survey or questionnaire and start a completely unrelated two hour "cycle" of getting me to commit some "flows" to one project or another that happened to be their "stat" at the moment. It goes without saying that they were like vultures in the wings. At one point, when Valerie went into the Org's kitchen for a doughnut which her seam-splitting physique must have craved for incessantly, two more animated shadows pounced all over me with their survey pads. One sullen looking creature wanted to spark my interest in something known as "The Research and Development Compilation Tapes to Books Project", while an even more urgent and determined female thetan wanted me to sign up for fifty thousand dollars worth of auditing at a place called the "American Saint Hill Organization." I was in the process of telling the girl that I was already signed up for Ant Hill so I had no time to go to Saint Hill when Valerie came back and shooed them both away, with droppings of powdered sugar crumbling from between her teeth and out of the side of her mouth.

"How many hours a day do you work?", I inquired of her.

"Do you mean how long am I on post?", she asked, correcting my usage. "Well, let's see. At 8:30 in the morning we get our Orders of the Day; we go on study at nine; then by 11:30 we get our

own auditing repairs and cramming done, and write our Success Stories; and then we have a half-hour lunch break at noon. At 12:30 we prepare our Battle Plan for the Day; then there's Afternoon Staff Muster at 12:30, and then after that the fun begins, because I audit on post from one until 4:45, when we write up our Knowledge Reports and Completed Staff Works. At 5:30 we have family time for those of us that have families, and the rest of us like myself work on special projects, like arranging Psychbusts to bash the local shrinks. Then from seven to 7:30 we send out for pizza, Chinese food or some Spanish rice. There's a great Cuban place on Coral Way that's real cheap. At 7:45 we have Evening Staff Muster, and then from eight to eleven I am on post auditing again, which is my favorite time of the day. I get full of piss and vinegar in the evening, like you heard when I had to handle Nguyen. If a preclear doesn't get enough sleep, he's "out of session." I run my shop with one hundred percent Standard Tech and no bullshit. Okay; so then at eleven, we have a Staff Meeting, and do our Org Goals Assessment, and by 11:30, we write up our VFPs for the day; well, you don't know what that is, do you? It means our Valuable Final Products, and then by midnight, we're off post and we can take care of whatever personal business we have to handle.

"When do you have time for sex?", I asked.

"You've spent too much time around those sick psychologists, that's your problem!", she bellowed.

I thought it was a valid question.

After hearing Valerie's schedule, which was a testimonial to her love affair with time consumption, I quickly disabused myself of any remote notion of asking her to travel to Fort Lauderdale to audit me at the Mission, even though it would have been far more convenient for me as the paying spiritual consumer. The extra two hours per day travelling time bothered me, because I wanted to spend whatever free time I had with my daughter. Due to the fact that cleaning the house got in the way of my "hat" as a father, I decided that for the first time, I would apply Scientology technology, and I hired a housekeeper to work three days a week, which was the solution, proving to be the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics after all.

Freddie Ann Hinrichs was a pillar of society. Abandoned by her Southern Baptist aristocratic Kentucky family, her favorite diversion was hanging around the Thunderbird Swap Shop Flea Market and Drive-In Theatre, where she occasionally worked as a ticket taker until her lust for a bottle of Jack Daniels rendered her slightly unemployable. Her daughter Jackie was engaged in a torrid love affair with an adventurer named Salvatore, who happened to be one of Fort Lauderdale's most notorious pimps; and then there was always the risk of Freddie's granddaughter's stuffed teddy bear collection being busted, because unknown to four year old Jocelyn Nicole Lawrence, the soft animals were filled to the gills with the finest Colombian marijuana that wogs could buy. Of course, that was an ostensibly harmless hobby of Freddie's other daughter Debbie, who was the mother of the little girl.

But Freddie herself was a fine housekeeper, trained by my Aunt Jeanne, who worked her domestics to death, apathy, or catatonia until they caught on. Aunt Jeanne did not like her hired help raiding the refrigerator either. Her favorite behavior modification technique was in conditioning her maids not to sample anything, because "Christians are never able to digest delicious Jewish food." To prove it, she ordered Freddie to put a large tablespoon of kosher white horseradish in her mouth and swallow it fast; and after spending an hour at the emergency room at Florida Medical Center because her esophagus was on fire, she never snagged any snacks on the sly again.

So Freddie was easily housebroken to my way of doing things after Aunt Jeanne broke her in

properly. I trained her to organize everything by height and alphabetically, and especially how I liked my socks ironed with heavy spray starch. She was so good, that she knew about five disinfectants that I never even heard of, which were highly effective at getting the smell of puppy throw-up off the rug. My daughter Arielle liked Freddie, because she would bring her four year old granddaughter Jocelyn Nicole to play with her, without the benefit of the stuffed teddy bears of course. Jaime just ignored her, and got on a very systematic schedule herself, which was getting out of bed once a day to watch General Hospital. The only problem I had with Freddie was that she would periodically switch the contents of the Chivas Regal bottles with Seneca Apple Juice, because they were both the same exact color. That did not disturb me as much as when I came home that night and found Freddie completely passed out and had wet the bed. Jaime never even noticed, since it was my bed that she soaked, and the lady of the house never went into that room. The police had to take Freddie home.

But the good news was that I could spend more time getting the Life Repair done, now that I had the housework completely under control.

In the Life Repair Rundown, Valerie handled the upsets in my current lifetime. For example, the sight of milk being poured made me violently sick. Valerie had me look at the most recent picture of that disturbance, which in Dianetics is known as a "lock." I did this by confronting the last time milk had made me ill, which happened to be a Dairy Board commercial. I ran the "somatics" of milk, which were the pain and the ache sensation of looking at the mental image pictures of it, as well as the "misemotion", or unpleasant feelings of having to confront large quantities of milk. I mean, Valerie had me look at gobs of the stuff. I saw paint pails full of it, walls sprayed with milk through fire hoses, and lots of cruddy, lumpy spoiled milk. After calling for someone in Liability to clean up the vomit all over the auditing room floor, occasioned by my reacting to these pictures, Valerie had me look at earlier but yet similar incidents of disagreement with milk. After six hours of hunting through what appeared to be the milky way, I found pictures in the reactive "bank" where these images are stored, of myself throwing baby bottles against the wall of my nursery when I was seven months old. I don't know why they don't make baby bottles out of glass anymore, because today, nothing happens to a plastic bottle, and they stick the milk right back in the kid's mouth after it hits the floor. At least in 1950, after I saw the picture of myself breaking the ninth glass bottle, my mother had the good sense to give up in despair, and start feeding me apple juice.

About a week later, Valerie used some of the prepared lists of questions for the Life Repair Rundown to handle my eyesight, because she noticed that I wore glasses all of the time.

But before I ran the process, Valerie wanted me to learn the truth about how we really see.

In L. Ron Hubbard's Professional Auditor's Bulletin Number 111, dated 1 May 1957, Ron states: "It is interesting to know that a thetan doesn't look through his eyeballs. He has two little gold discs, one in front of each eye lens. They are not the lenses of the eyes, but, as you might say, mocked-up energy. They are little gold discs that are super-imposed over the eye, and he looks through these. The eyeballs merely serve to locate these discs."<sup>[18]</sup>

Once I understood that wearing the eyeglasses on my body had nothing whatsoever to do with my ability to see, I was ready to run the repetitive process, whereby Valerie asked me the same question over and over again, with my hands holding the soup cans of the E-Meter, until I had a "win" and a major cognition.

"What have you done that cannot be seen?", Valerie repeated over and over.

I told her that I did not want to be seen while I was clipping my toenails, trimming the hair out of my nose, or washing my balls in the shower. The E-Meter needle was "floating" as I gave up all of those responses or "withholds." But suddenly, Valerie noticed that I had a "High Tone Arm", or adverse reaction, when I told her about how much I enjoyed driving through the streets of Miami on the way home from the Org with my pants down. That was definitely "something I have done that cannot be seen", although it was a very direct approach for attracting hookers on Biscayne Boulevard.

But no sooner than I cognited that exposing myself in the car was the hidden "overt" that I had done that cannot be seen, my vision improved! Valerie pulled out an eye chart from the storage closet, and tested me, and I really could see better! Giving up that "withhold" to the auditor about the overt act truly improved my sight! Areas of my life that I didn't even know were in a decline were being repaired! I was in a complete state of awe and astonishment!

"This shit really works!", I said, talking to myself as I walked down the hall, on the way to write a Success Story.

In the course of establishing rudiments for the auditing session, I told Valerie that one of my biggest present time problems was that I was too well organized for the rest of the world, since the outside environment seemed to be very chaotic to me.

Just to show you how dedicated Valerie was in helping me; not like these cockamamie psychiatrists; she brought a queen-sized pillow from her own house, and slashed it with a big butcher knife in the middle of the auditing room.

"Okay, Mr. Perfect!", she squawked. "What I want you to do is put every feather that fell on the floor in size place. I don't care how long it takes you to do it, but I'm not going to handle your case until you have it all done!"

"What the hell did you do that for?", I cried.

"If you've got a present time problem, and you think you're better than anybody else in the whole world at putting things in order, then you're not sessionable, because your rudiments are out. So now show me either that you can organize these feathers, or admit to me, to the Org, and to the whole fourth dynamic of mankind that you're a braggart failure and then you'll be fully qualified to shove the whole pillowcase up your ass and keep your nattered mouth shut!"

How can I make heads or tails out of this?", I asked. "They're all flying all over the place!"

"I'm going to give you one clue!", she muttered staunchly. "Pick up one feather. That's your "stable datum." Every other feather will either be bigger or smaller. Now start!"

It was tedious, taking nine hours. I put a stopper in the door because the slightest wind or gust of air would upset the works and stir the feathers up. The drill started at eight in the evening, and I didn't finish until five in the morning. My eyes were bloodshot. I was frustrated, because I wasn't going to be able to cruise by any of the prostitutes on the way home. I was too tired, and I had to open up the shoe store in just four hours! There had been at least two hundred feathers that looked the same size, but when you pressed on them with your fingers, you could see the difference. It was so hard changing their positions, because when you touched just one, the rest would move. Finally I had the idea of laying on the table and bending over the sides onto the floor. When the last feather was put in place, I found Valerie, asleep on the cot in the Hubbard

Communications Office, but soon eager to inspect my project when I gently whispered that I was finished. Despite the fact that it was against Policy to leave me alone in the building and she actually had to stay with me, I couldn't help but admire her dedication for standing by, even if she was just dreaming about it the whole time. She was such a devoted auditor, and it would have been unfair to deprive her of her rest when it was I that had to complete the drill on my own.

Valerie peeked into the auditing room.

"Don't move!", I warned. "You're going to disturb something!"

"Pass!", she bellowed.

"No, you can't go in there!", I begged.

"I just said you passed!", she crowed. "'Pass' was your grade on the Rudiments Drill, not an order to move aside."

Valerie looked at me with a glimmer of doubt.

"Are you tired or something?", she asked, with half of a raised eyebrow aimed at me, as she noticed me leaning against the wall, as if I were trying to hold it up with my weak back.

"Well, it's five fifteen in the morning, but I'm okay --"

"Good!", she clamored, snapping to attention. "If you said you were tired, I would have sent you home. But since you're 'okay', then I want you to write your Success Story."

"No, no! I'm really tired", I admitted. "I have to get some sleep. I don't even know how I'll be able to drive home, because Valerie, I, can't see straight!"

"Forget it! You're ethics are out", she said stormily. "I asked you if you were tired. You didn't say, 'Yes, not only am I tired, I am shit faced!' No -- you said you were okay. Well, saying you are okay when you are not okay is just not okay! Go write your success story, before I have to write up an Ethics Chit on you."

"But you're not being reasonable!", I pleaded.

"That's right! I'm not being reasonable. And do you know why, Steve? Because 'reasonableness' is not a virtue. Reasonableness is standing by while psychiatrists put cattle prods and ice picks in the brains of their electric shock victims. Reasonableness is doing nothing about hippies getting strung out on hash, grass, coke and LSD. Reasonableness is hearing you tell me that you are the most organized thetan on this planet, and then not making you prove it. In Scientology, we don't want to hear 'boasts' and 'brags.' If your goal in life is to be the neatest, most orderly person on Planet Earth, then my job as an auditor is to make certain that your goal becomes a reality, even if I have to make you categorize every grain of sand on Miami Beach. But it's not enough to be the best at anything without Ethics. When I ask you if you are tired, you'd better be honest with me and not start your lying, 'withholdy' bullshit."

"But I was just making conversation!", I argued. "I was just being polite! How could you not know I am tired beyond belief after fiddling around with these frigging feathers all night?"



Valerie grabbed me by the collar and threw me against the wall, crushing me with all of her two hundred and eighty pounds.

"I bet you're not feeling so tired now, are you, boy? Do you feel your adrenaline start pumping? Did you get that second wind yet?"

She slowly placed me down in a chair two feet away.

"Now you pay attention to me!", she growled. "I don't want idle conversation. I don't want you to be polite. That horse shit is fine for the wog world. We're operating on a higher standard here. Scientology is all about ARC. Affinity, reality, and communication. You're ethics are out when you give me lies and unreality. Got that? That frosts my buns and throws out my affinity. And when my affinity is out, I have to go through this wasted communication with you. So how are we going to handle this little ARC break? By my very healthy unreasonable act of putting this cute little pen in your tired, exhausted hand, and watch you write the best Success Story you have ever written in your whole life. I don't want to only hear about feathers. I want to hear all about Ethics too!"

Driving from the Org to the shoe store at 7:30 A.M., I realized that I didn't feel tired anymore. The sun was coming up over the Miami skyline, and it was going to be a beautiful day. My Success Story was the finest in the history of the Miami Org. Maybe one day Ron would get to read it. All I could think about was how fortunate I was to have an auditor like Valerie, and what a great privilege it was to be her preclear! Exteriorizing all the way home, I cognited that thetans never get tired. Only bodies do. It was about time to see Peter and find out more about my post in life. I was ready.

Peter Letterese had heard rave reviews about me from Valerie in getting through my Life Repair. Lydia Martinez, the Assistant Case Supervisor of Miami, sent copies of all my Success Stories to Peter at the Mission. Barbara Fawcett, who by now I learned was Peter's girlfriend, was so impressed by what I had written, that she made photocopies of the Success Stories and hung them up on the walls of the kitchen for everyone to read. I was quite the returning hero, as Peter handed me my Award Certificate for fully completing my first successful major auditing action.

The first order of business was to formulate a Battle Plan on how I could go up the Bridge.

"There are stellar states of awareness waiting along the fully mapped out Route to Total Freedom that will completely rehabilitate you as an Operating Thetan", Peter pointed out. "It takes a lot of hard work, as well as confronting a lot of suppression and "counter-intention", he added.

The first thing that Peter did was to carefully go over the format for writing up "O/Ws", which are Overt/Withhold Reports, or summaries of all harmful acts that I committed against myself, my spouse, my mother, my father, my friends, as well as all of the eight dynamics. Writing the report took three days, and I never realized how rotten and miserable I was until I finished putting everything that I did down on paper. But amazingly enough, after I completed writing the "O/Ws", I felt better! A huge chunk of "charge" or guilt was relieved by confessing to all of my sins. Peter then had me write a long, prolific Success Story on how wonderful it felt to write up all of the O/Ws, and Corwin gave me an examination on it, which showed extremely good indicators, a cluster of outstanding cognitions, and made me feel like a happier, healthier, guilt-free human being.

Barbara Fawcett, who was the Public Executive Secretary of the Mission, brought in a bottle of freshly squeezed pineapple juice, because she knew that it was my favorite, and served the tropical refreshment to Peter and I on a silver tray, adorned with pistachio nuts.

"I know you are feeling like a brand new thetan after doing those O/Ws", Peter commented as he picked a piece of nut shell out of his teeth.

"Peter, I had no idea what a relief it is to confront the less flattering side of my life", I said.

"You know, it's not only yourself that you have to confront. You have been suppressed by lots of people out there."

"The psychologist, Dr. Geertz --" I began.

"Yes", Peter interrupted. "But sometimes you have to look a lot closer than that. Take your father, for instance."

"My father?", I repeated, very surprised.

"This is just a wild guess, now", he stammered, "but somehow I never thought you were the type of guy who would be happy working in a shoe store for eight years. You don't like selling, and, by the way, when is the last time you had a raise in salary?"

I didn't know what to say.

"I haven't needed one", I blurted out.

"What? Married to a Jewish American Princess who charges everything, including you? And with a new baby? Your father owes you a fortune in back pay!"

"Maybe I should ask him for another one hundred dollars a week", I figured.

"A hundred dollars a week?", Peter yelled. "More like another thousand dollars a week! I bet your father had you under his thumb his whole life. He probably told you what kind of girl you could go out with and everything."

"Not only my father, but his three sisters", I agreed. "Aunt Jeanne, Aunt Min, and Aunt Bess! None of them ever let me go out with a girl unless she was highly recommended and Jewish!"

"Is that fair?", Peter asked, trying to steam me up.

"No!", I screamed. "There was once this beautiful, kind, good natured Cuban girl who I wanted to marry. Her name was Lourdes Amaryllis Santos Rodriguez, and my whole family broke it up. Aunt Jeanne kept saying that her skin was full of grease because she was Spanish. Aunt Min reminded me that Cuban girls breed venereal disease and it gets in all their cooking. Aunt Bess kept telling me that I would have little dark worms for children who would drool on everything and stink up the place. Not only that, none of them would even meet poor Lourdes! I once had to hide her under the bed when my father accidentally walked into the house."

"That sounds like he and his whole family committed some pretty suppressive acts!", Peter continued, his head bobbing up and down like a yoyo. "What about when you were growing up?"

"Oh, you don't know the half of it, Peter", I admitted, trying hard not to think about it. "He forced me to go away to a sleep-away camp in Maine called Camp Wigwam, where I had to go to all of these regimented athletic activities that I hated. I was teased by all of these bratty kids because I

hated to play ball, and I was bitten up by mosquitoes and had terrible allergies, sneezing miserably all the time. Finally it got to a point where I had to throw mothballs into the fireplace and set the whole auditorium on fire before my father gave in and pulled me out of there!"

Peter had me mock up that incident and recall it about eight times.

"What else did he do to you?", Peter asked.

"We lived in this big cluster of apartments in Queens, New York, and he forced me to go outside in this large court yard and play with the other kids!", I cried. "All I wanted to do was ride the subway trains. That was the only thing that ever made me happy. For fifteen cents I could go from the North Bronx to Far Rockaway. But no! He wanted me to play baseball in the playground with these mean delinquents! They were cruel bullies that used to make fun of me because I had my own collection of S&H Green Stamps. But do you think my father would give me the sympathy that I deserved? No! Instead, he took all my change away so I couldn't escape to the trains. He insisted that I participate in sports with all of these rough punks who hated my guts!"

"He sounds like a real fucking SP!", Peter asserted, laden with compassion.

"Well, what the hell can I do about it anyway?", I answered in utter despair.

"You have been crushed under the shoes of a lot of "two and a half percenters", and it's about time that you started fighting back!", he said, madly pointing his finger at the ceiling. "You are going to take sixteen hundred dollars a week out of that store, starting this week. I am not going to allow an old Jewish fanatic to inhibit you from going up the Bridge!"

"But the store will go broke!", I reasoned.

"Just relax!", Peter said assuringly. "The store isn't going to go broke. Your father probably has ten grand or so stuffed in the mattress like they all do. Anyway, it's just a loan. You're going to be rich enough to buy the old man ten shoe stores. But you can't do diddly-squat for him with your reactive mind standing in the way, now can you?"

"I can't just take sixteen hundred dollars a week out of the shoe store", I argued. "He'll find out!"

"Steve, listen to me! Just listen to me!", he stated. "You already get three hundred dollars a week. Tell him you need four hundred dollars in salary. The store is open six days a week, right?"

"Yeah, we're closed on Sundays."

"I can't believe this! The Jews are supposed to be such good businessmen. You should have been Italian!", he laughed. "I don't know why you want to pay such high taxes. Do you have any idea what the U. S. Government did to us in 1963? Any vague thought on how we were attacked by the SPs in Washington that run our so called psychiatric-backed "Government?""

"No --"

"Are you sitting down?", Peter screeched, seeing me well glued in my chair. "In 1963, President John F. Kennedy, who the psychotic wog world out there thinks is such a big hero because he got shot or something went ahead and ordered the FBI to raid our Founding Church in

Washington, D. C., and then they confiscated seven hundred and fifty E-Meters! You thought we live in a sane society, didn't you? I've got news for you. It's run by the Reactive Bank of psychs and squirrels! That's who you pay your taxes to!"

"Kennedy did that?", I uttered in disbelief.

"Yeah, and then they spent ten million dollars to try to find out who killed him", Peter revealed. "Everybody knows it was Aristotle Onassis who was behind the murder, because he wanted to sleep with Kennedy's wife! That's the Power of Simplicity of Scientology. You start learning how to observe the obvious. We call that the art of "obnosis."

"I had no idea --"

"Look, what I've got to tell you is more important!", Peter said, getting back on track. "There are six days a week that your shoe store is open. I want you to take two hundred dollars in cash right off the gross sales receipts each day of the week, and bring it to me. That will get the flows going to start you up the Bridge. In no time, you will have all your "Objectives" paid for."

"What are "Objectives?", I asked, slightly numb from Peter's order.

"It's the first step on the Bridge", he snapped. "Never you mind. It's what you need. Do you think I would have you do anything that wasn't one hundred percent good for you?"

"No, Peter, of course not", I reassured him. "But how can I prevent my father from finding out? And, isn't it wrong to have such a withhold from him about his very own business?"

Peter slammed his fist on the desk.

"Don't you understand that you are helping your father get his own ethics in by doing this? Look at all of these years he has paid you three hundred dollars a week when you were worth every penny of a thousand. And when he destroyed that relationship with your Cuban girlfriend who could have truly made you happy. In the theta universe, by taking the money which is rightfully due you, you are making things go right. You are actually helping him by evening up the slate. How long do you think the scales could be tipped in his favor without you becoming completely caved in? Getting you up the Bridge is the most important action of your immediate lifetime! It's the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics. You'd also be helping the Mission become a Celebrity Center. Remember, you're a part of the Third Dynamic too. We're your Mission every much as it is Bruce's and mine, and Barbara's, and everyone else's in here. But think of your poor father. Here he is, committing all of these suppressive overt acts against you, with no way for him to straighten out his own ethics on his own. He needs you do to this for him every bit as much as you need to do it for yourself! Watch, you will see. If you help him in this way by handling his overts, he will one day ask you about Scientology, and come down to the Mission, and you will be at cause over straightening his life out, and one day you can really start to be proud of him!"

"Do you think he will really appreciate it?", I wondered out loud.

"You would be creating a miracle in the theta universe", he promised. "That's the greatness of Scientology. The moment you take responsibility for another thetan, even if in the physical universe it may be hard for that person to understand, you become cause, and you start that special being on the Road to Total Freedom."

"Is it really possible that I might be able to get my father in here for auditing if I straighten out his ethics?", I asked.

"He'll be down on his hands and knees thanking you!", Peter told me. "Don't expect it to happen until you get yourself up the Bridge though, because it will be your untapped power to make postulates that will get him handled, and the most important thing is to get you up to a point where you can confront any barrier in the physical universe that gets in your way."

"So what do I do about my father in the meantime?", I beseeched him.

"Very easy. I want you to make out two sets of deposit tickets for the shoe store's daily bank deposits. There will be one set prepared for your father's benefit, and then the real set which will show two hundred dollars a day less in cash, and that's the one you will deposit. All you have to do is hide the actual deposit tickets for two hundred dollars less per day in a shoe box, and then about a month later, enter them in your ledger book. Your father will never know. Don't forget, you're taking an extra hundred dollars a week in salary, so you have to earn it by doing a little extra work, right?"

"Isn't that a little like stealing?", I said bluntly.

"No, I'll be holding the money for you here at the Mission", Peter answered.

"But isn't what I'm doing just the same as stealing from the shoe store?", I repeated.

"How can you call making the store extra money "stealing"?", he asked. "The store is going to show less profits, and you'll have little or no taxes to pay to the Government at all. The Government is a group of sick SPs. All they want to do is keep supporting psychiatry. You certainly shouldn't give a damn about them! At the end of the year the store will come out way ahead, and your father can buy himself a new Cadillac with the difference. Besides, it's only a loan. You're only borrowing the money toward your Bridge until the returns from your "post in life" come rolling in. And don't forget, you are going to be making a million dollars every five years, and handling all of the SPs of the planet at the very same time. Does your father smoke cigars?"

"No. He has emphysema."

"Well, it's a shame he doesn't smoke, because your father will be able to light his cigars with thousand dollar bills when you get fully hatted on making money", Peter remarked smugly.

"You don't understand", I said. "He has a lung condition."

Peter's brotherly advice helped me out a lot. The additional one hundred dollars in salary meant that I could afford to have sex with Jaime an extra night per week, and I would also be able to use the rest to pay some of my personal bills, which were mounting steadily. I even gave Freddie a ten dollar raise for her house cleaning, because without her help, I felt that I would start to have some severe mental problems.

Helping my father get his ethics in was as simple as Peter said. Keeping the two sets of deposit tickets took an extra few minutes a day, but I knew that soon I would embark upon Ron's prepared route which would take me to heights that I never before dreamed possible.

I was still very curious about when I would start my post in life. But Peter liked the game of keeping me salivating in suspense, until I was causative enough to have more ARC and

understanding on my own natural potential as a thetan.

I remember the 15th of April, 1979, because that was Income Tax Day, and to celebrate, Peter asked me to read a Hubbard Communications Office Policy Letter which had been written nearly twenty years ago on the 2nd of June, 1959, entitled "A Comment On Finance."

Ron wrote, "I answer money problems with lots of money, not with worry or sadness or impractical hope. I never count on any one source. I always plan to get the total sum of all the money I need from each one of three or four ways or sources."<sup>[19]</sup>

After reading, word clearing, and doing a clay table demonstration on the Policy Letter, I cognited on the fact that the shoe store income was inadequate, because I needed at least two or three different and other sources.

Peter put his worksheet down and looked at me very intently.

"I'm just wondering", he said. "Before you got into Scientology, didn't you ever feel very much a part of your own third dynamic of Jews?"

"Well, yes", I guessed. "But I didn't go to synagogue that often, because I couldn't understand the Hebrew. Listening to it used to put me to sleep."

"Ahh, the curse of the misunderstood word!", Peter reiterated philosophically. "I bet the old Rabbi never knew he could have saved a few of his flock if he had some of Ron's Study Tech under his belt. Well, I suppose they don't allow people to start word clearing during the reading of the Torah, and I'm sure you could get in real big trouble for sneaking clay hidden in your skull cap."

"That might be a good idea --", I agreed, when Peter interrupted me again.

"I don't want to get off on a tangent here!", he explained. "What I'm asking you about is how deeply the Nazi holocaust bothers you as a Jew."

"Of course it disturbs me!", I reacted indignantly. "I once went out with this girl from the Jewish Defense League named Bracha Glansberg, and that's all she wanted to talk about. I had to stop dating her because she always insisted upon having a conversation about the gas chambers during dinner."

"So you couldn't confront it! Is that it?", Peter speculated.

"I guess not", I squirmed. "It was too horrible."

Peter slammed two books together near my right ear, in complete disgust.

"So you couldn't confront it!", he repeated. "What about these multi-million dollar international megabucks corporations who benefitted from the deaths of your fellow Jews during World War Two? Companies like I. G. Farben, who made the Zyklon-B cyanide for the gas chambers, for example. Hard to confront, isn't it?"

"I recall having this conversation with you three years ago, at Carol Wynn's house", I said. "We played a game with a penny, and by the time it was over, I realized I could take away their whole company for what they had done."

"Good, you remember that!", acknowledged Peter. "And do you know who the customers were of the Zyklon-B cyanide? The German psychiatrists who ran the concentration camps. So you see how much Jews and Scientologists have in common? The Jews were the victims of these psychs, and Scientologists are working to end that suppression once and for all."

"How can we do that?", I pondered.

"Wrong question!", Peter barked. "How can you do that?"

"Me?", I asked, quite surprised. "What can I do? I'm just one person."

"One very big, powerful thetan, capable of creating his own universe!", he reminded me.

Peter ordered me to go back to the Miami Org, where I met the Public Executive Secretary of Miami, an ex-Jew named Leah Abady.

Although not very pretty with her bird's nest hair that smelled of barn puke straw and an unsightly mole on her face, she looked every bit of thirty-eight years old, even though she was only in her mid- twenties. She was of average height, and although neither skinny or fat, looked as sexually appetizing as a hamster having a double miscarriage. Her outfit was the color of fertilizer potting soil, and the style was that of a 1960's flower child, after all the children and the flowers had died.

However, despite all of these possible distractions, she was a Dianetic Clear, and supposedly didn't have a reactive mind. Well, I didn't see hers, anyway.

I liked Leah very much. Behind the bags in her eyes was a vibrant, personable, and talented thetan. She was precise, eloquent, and as virtuous as being a lapsed Jewess would allow. She had one bad habit, which was sucking on her pen, but the rich in theta are never truly flawed.

Her office at the Org was more impressive than Valerie's.

Valerie, after all, had to share an office with Lydia Martinez, the Assistant Case Supervisor. Leah Abady had a grandiose sized desk, with a gargantuan, expensive adding machine, indicating to me that more "flows" seemed to pass through her check book than her Tampons.

Leah ran only one process on me, but her auditing was of a different style than I had experienced before. There was almost a weightlessness to it, since I was in a light state of concentration or trance most of the time, known as "reverie", defined as wherein the preclear is in some degree detachable from his surroundings. Dr. Geertz would call it being hypnotized, but in the Dianetics and Scientology Technical Dictionary, Ron specifically states that reverie "is not to be confused with hypnosis."<sup>[20]</sup>

During "Level Robin Hood", which by coincidence also has the initials "LRH", which stands for L. Ron Hubbard, Leah asked me to transfer stacks of money from one pile of mixed brownish-grayish clay labeled "SP Bad Guys" to another pile of pretty light blue clay labeled "SCN Good Guys." "SCN" is the abbreviation for Scientology. This drill was a repetitive process done for four hours, and checked on the E-Meter, which measured my agreement or disagreement with the drill itself. It was called Level Robin Hood because in the drill, you transfer representative "considerations" of money from the rich to the poor. My "Meter Reads" were excellent, indicating that

my purposes were both helpful and honorable.

The final step before my eligibility to be "hatted in my post in life" was to pass a metered Security Check, which Leah also "ran" on me. The Security Check was not auditing, nor were any Scientological processes used, but rather "were aimed at transgressions against the mores of the group", according to her [21].

The questions on the Security Check came from a document known as the Johannesburg Confessional List dated 7 April 1961, revised 30 May 1975 [22]. Some of the questions were a piece of cake, because they did not apply to me.

For example, Question 25, "Have you assisted in any abortion?", was clearly a "No" answer. I used to play "doctor" when I was eight years old, but that was only to be able to see little girls from around the neighborhood when they were naked.

Question 52, "Have you ever had anything to do with a baby farm?", was another lead pipe cinch, because, between you and I, how many baby farms have you ever visited anyway?

As you can see, a lot of the questions had nothing to do with me.

Number 45, "Have you ever been a newspaper reporter?", was an easy one to answer in the negative, unless it was a crime to have been the editor of the cafeteria menu at the Sands Point Country Day School for Gifted Children, where I went to school in 1963. But it was on the same list as Question 35, "Have you ever murdered anyone?", and somehow I couldn't help wondering whether Leah Abady considered a job as a newspaper reporter as bad as being employed as a hired killer. Well, a reporter might have to kill a news story once in a while, so that's probably what the comparison was all about.

Leah asked me Question 87.

"Do you have any overts on Mary Sue?"

I said to myself, "Who the hell is Mary Sue? Was she one of my hookers that I knocked up? How did Leah know about it?"

Leah saw the puzzled look on my face.

"Mary Sue is the Commodore Staff Guardian, Mary Sue Hubbard!", she beamed.

"I never even met her!", I explained.

"I had to ask you the question anyway", Leah apologized. "It's on the list, and you wouldn't want me to leave anything out as thorough as you are, now would you?"

"Question 94", Leah continued. "Have you ever used Dianetics or Scientology to force sex upon someone?"

"No, but how can I do that?", I asked.

Speaking of sex, there were a lot of questions that made me "Rock Slam", or indicate some "hidden evil intention on the subject or question." [23] This tattle-tale reading on the E-Meter is called



a Rock Slam because the E-Meter needle frantically slams back and forth on the dial. Question 26, "Have you ever committed adultery?", gave a real good hard shock to the needle, while Question 31, "Have you ever consistently made a practice of sexual perversion?", almost broke the damn thing. Still, Leah did not seem to mind, as she did not have any observable reaction to my controversial indications.

On some questions I had real good "reads". Number 67, which was "How do you feel about being controlled?", was my best question.

"Why should I mind being controlled if I'm having a good time?", I asked.

In all fairness though, I did have one horrible reaction to the Security Check, and it had nothing to do with the list of 96 Questions that were on the Johannesburg Confessional List Revised.

I flunked on my E-Meter needle reaction to a picture of the Scientology Cross. It showed a lethal disagreement with the symbol, and for the life of me, I did not know why. Leah was convinced at one point that I had infiltrated the Org to do some very serious damage to Scientology. But was this bitch crazy, or what?

"I love Scientology!", I protested. "I think everyone in the world should be a Scientologist! I don't have any evil purpose against Scientology just because I don't like that ugly cross!"

Leah kept up an onslaught of questions for three hours because she was so bugged by my seemingly unusual and rare reaction. But finally, after exhausting all the possibilities, I cognited that it was the cross itself, not the fact that I was looking at a specific Scientology Cross, that I disagreed with. Further inquiry proved my point, since my responses showed no antagonism toward other Scientology emblems, drawings and trademarks, but instead, I reacted to just that one symbol. Leah ended off the Security Check satisfied that whatever was troubling me about the configuration of the Scientology Cross would be taken up in later auditing, and that it had nothing to do with any hidden, false purpose I had against Scientology. Consequently, I was approved for a further debriefing on my "post in life" by Peter Letterese at the Mission.

"What is my next step?", I asked Peter.

"You're going to be an executive!", he glowed. "Not just an ordinary executive, but a finance executive."

"But what do I know about finance?", I queried.

"Not enough", he chuckled, "But when you finish your Executive Finance Hatting, you'll be an economics wizard, a stock market genius, and a Financial Rescue Rocket Jockey."

I immediately signed up for the Executive Finance Hatting Course. It was only two hundred dollars more, which was no big deal.

"That's chicken feed to a guy with your potential!", Peter balked, since he knew that cheapness was a "button" that I inherited from my father. Dr. Geertz used to call my father's fiscal conservatism "anal retentiveness", but Peter did not want to hear the bizarre way that the "entheta antago ethics-bait psychs" butchered the English language.

The Executive Finance Hatting Course made me feel like a Wall Street Tycoon, although I kept my goals in perspective. I soon cognited on the need to create more income, in order to take full responsibility for the harmful acts, overts, and withholds that many evil, suppressive groups have committed, so that the Third Dynamic of Scientology would flourish and prosper.

Peter was very dedicated to helping me. If I had a brother, he couldn't have been closer and more patient with me than Peter. He took a nearly obsessive interest in seeing that I applied the materials in the Executive Finance Hatting Course just the way Ron wanted me to study them. Peter did all of the "Starrate Checkouts" on me himself. A "Starrate Checkout" is a "very exact action of verifying a student's knowledge of an item given on a course Checksheet, which, by word clearing and use of the clay table on a portion of the study materials, thereby tests his full understanding of the data and his ability to apply it within a format that is one hundred percent letter perfect in knowing, understanding, demonstrating, and being able to repeat back the material with no lag in communication."<sup>[24]</sup>

Just to show you how wonderful Peter was to me, we spent an hour and a half "starrating" the word "The." It may sound unimportant to you, but demonstrating the word "The" in clay and really word clearing its meaning very solidly so that I truly knew what the word "The" meant was one of the biggest accomplishments of my entire life, not that many people can honestly do it. Can you?

Once we got the fundamentals down to a workable level, Peter had me demonstrate "Money Goals." He told me that I was definitely going to make one million dollars in five years. But first, he wanted to know what the money would be used for, in order to assist my survival and beingness on all of the Eight Dynamics.

On the first dynamic, or self, I knew I needed money to go up the Bridge. I had come to realize long before this that I had an addictive craving to know all of the answers to the mysteries of life. I needed money for auditing, training, Scientology books and tapes, as well a decent standard of living so that I could set a good standard and earn the respect of the wog world for my achievements as a Scientologist.

On the second dynamic, which is sex and family, I needed sufficient quantities of money to sustain the lifestyle of my materialistically insatiable wife, for as long as the marriage lasted, as well as funds to take very excellent care of my daughter Arielle, and to support at least two mistresses and no less than five prostitutes.

I wanted to be a Power Booster of Scientology, which of course is operating as a thetan on the Third Dynamic, and to use money to fight our enemies, including the psychiatrists, the international criminal police of Interpol, and the FBI.

For mankind, the fourth dynamic, I wanted to allocate money toward an initiative that would prevent nuclear war and the destruction of the planet.

As an animal rights activist, I wanted money to help prevent cruelty to domestic and laboratory animals. My favorite charity has always been the National Anti-Vivisection Society. Helping other life forms, such as animals and plants, is the fifth dynamic. I once read a newspaper article that some psychologist wanted to put clothes on plants because he was insecure about his own nudity. I told Peter about it, and we decided that part of my Battle Plan was to find this aberrated person and cure him of his insanity through Scientology auditing.

I could not decide how to help the sixth dynamic with money, since the sixth dynamic is the

physical universe. Did the physical universe really want me to buy it anything? I sort of crapped out on that one.

The seventh dynamic was no problem for me at all. You see, that's the spiritual universe. I wanted lots of money to research all of my past lives. I wish I still had a copy of that nice Success Story I wrote when I finished the Life Repair Rundown with Valerie. As soon as I cognited on the reality that I had lived before, Scientology did the wondrous thing of taking away all my fear that I once had of death. So now, I had a strong compulsion to find out more about who I was in other lifetimes before I was born. I told Peter that I needed to put a few hundred thousand dollars aside for that. He said I could do it for a lot less.

Now here is one most people would have a big dilemma with. The eighth dynamic is God, or the Supreme Being, or the Infinitely Big Thetan. I knew that God never needed me to buy him presents. What the hell would he need them for? But there was something that money could buy that God truly could use. God needed better positive publicity. I decided that it was time that someone did something to prevent God from having a bad name. I never looked at God as this jealous, vengeful, wrathful creature that the Bible talks about. To me, God was always love and goodness. I told Peter that God was entitled to have his image rebuilt in a public relations campaign, and that I wanted to put aside some money for that too. Peter wrote it all down and put it in my Preclear Folder, never committing himself on that one.

Although I didn't have any money right now, I wanted to help right away. Running the Money Goals made me see that there was so much I could be doing now, and I realized quickly that helping the Third Dynamic of Scientology was the fastest way to assist all of the other dynamics, since that is what other Scientologists were trying to do too.

I was enraged by the fact that psychiatric crimes were being committed all over the planet. Peter showed me how the drug problem was very good for the psychiatric industry. Pharmaceutical companies, staffed at the highest levels by moguls of the sinister World Federation of Mental Health, made a fortune in out-ethics profits at the expense of vast suffering endured by mental patients due to experimentation by merciless, bloodthirsty, barbaric psychiatric killers. I soon learned that there was a relationship between every major holocaust against humanity and the wretched treachery of the psychs. Peter sent me back to the Org to find out more about it.

At a confidential briefing of the Scientology Guardian's Office of the Miami Org, I got the shock of my life when I found out that various psychiatric groups, including the American Psychiatric Association and the infamous World Federation of Mental Health, were actively trying to suppress Scientology and shut us completely down!

Here we were, the only group on Earth today who could save the planet, and those miserable bunch of psychiatric bastards were out there trying to harm us! It was unthinkable!

By the end of the evening, I volunteered my services as a Guardian's Office Agent. I vowed that I would not rest until every mental health squirrel was either dead or disabled. They would have to all get past me to attack the only group that held out any hope for happiness on Planet Earth. L. Ron Hubbard was the best friend that mankind ever had, and I was proud to take up my rightful place as his Loyal Officer.

The representatives of the Guardian's Office to the Miami Org were Kevin Bein and Glenda Harrison. Glenda gave me the good news that it was Mary Sue Hubbard, the wife of our beloved Ron, who was the Commodore Staff Guardian of the "G. O.", which is the adoring abbreviation for

the Guardian's Office. That is why the name "Mary Sue" was on the Security Check! Only a degraded psychiatrist or the international criminal police force of Interpol could have possibly had any overts against a sweet person like her.

I felt like somebody now. I finally had an identity. The idiot Dr. Geertz always used to think I was schizophrenic. All he ever had to do was make me a Loyal Officer of L. Ron Hubbard, and any apparent loss of identity would have crumbled to dust. Peter was very proud of my resolve not to be just a "dilettante." I was doing something positive to safeguard Scientology Technology. I wasn't just a parasite absorbing all of this wonderful knowingness without putting anything back. I was getting my fair exchange in. I finally was going to wear my hat as a Scientologist.

The only problem was that I didn't know what a Guardian's Office Agent did yet. Nobody told me. Oh, well, at least I was one. It didn't matter what we actually had to do anyway, as long as we did it right.

During the Executive Finance Hatting Course, in a section called "Group Sanity", Peter asked me to do a practical drill on "how a third dynamic psychosis is the perversion of finance."

The drill involved going to the Fort Lauderdale Public Library on East Sunrise Boulevard and Northeast 14th Avenue, and bringing back evidence on how some non-Scientology groups, or wog third dynamics, psychotically pervert finance.

"It's these fiendish corporations!", Peter squealed, his face grimacing. "We, as Scientologists, have to take responsibility for their overt acts by seeing that some good comes out of their misdeeds."

"What kind of evidence do you want me to bring you back?", I asked.

"These companies are controlled by criminals!", he continued, ignoring my origination. "They manufacture overt products and they deliver suppressive services. They punish upstats and reward downstats. They pollute the planet and try to keep us all at effect by squashing all hope of ability and freedom!"

"Who are you talking about?", I begged.

"The Suppressives!", he shouted. "Twenty percent of society is one great big walking anti-social personality! These are psychotic groups of wog filth, and nobody has enough confront to handle their ethics but we Scientologists! Here you are, a Guardian's Office Agent, one of Ron's Loyal Officers now, and you aren't doing a damn thing to help me stop this menace!"

"Peter! Just tell me what to do and I'll do it!", I beseeched him. "I don't care what it is! I just want to help!"

Peter turned away from me in disgust.

"For three years I have been asking for your help!", he retorted. "You ignored me in Carol Wynn's house and you are going to ignore me now! With the Life Repair Rundown and all the flow of help I have given to you, it has done no good!"

I started to feel pains in my chest, and my tissue was soaked from uncontrollable sinuses.

"I want to go to the library, Peter!", I gasped. "I really do! Please don't get upset! I never once said that I didn't want to go there!"

But Peter only looked at me cruelly, and then started shaking me violently. I would have done anything he asked of me, if only he would just calm down.

But his face turned a hue of purple that you could only find by distorting the tint knob on a color television, while the crescendo of his tantrum grew louder and louder.

"Are you that thick and full of "psych think" that you can't appreciate the urgency here?", he roared with garlic-fire breath. "Does that psychologist still have that much command value over you that you have completely lost your mind?"

I could not stop my legs from shaking, and my nose started to bleed.

"Peter, can't you show me a little comp-passion?", I stammered. "I-I-I can't t-take it wh- when I am af-f-fraid of you! I'm p-p-pouring my g-g-guts out to you!"

"Shut up!", Peter growled with the fierceness of a wild boar in an echo chamber. "You have no guts! It's two months and twelve days since you stepped inside this Mission! Not once have you asked me about handling these out-ethics suppressive corporations! I've given you clues about I. G. Farben, and about what the Nazi psychs did to your own people during the holocaust, and you never once offered me your help. Never! Now you are a G. O. Agent! Ron's Loyal Officer! I've been talking to your deaf ears about your post in life for a whole month. When the fuck are you going to wear your god damn hat as a thetan?"

"R-R-Right now, Peter!", I quipped.

The Director of Training sighed a deep howling grunt of relief.

"Sit down in that chair!", he commanded, as his intention nearly grabbed me by groin and stapled my nuts to the seat. "You're going to learn all about "Financial Rescue."

My life would never be the same again.

When a public corporation does something very wrong, they are often sued by their shareholders, and even more frequently, by various agencies of the Government. All of the bureaucratic rats come out of the woodwork. The Securities and Exchange Commission has their teeth in the cheese. The Internal Revenue Service comes dancing in, looking for their piece of the pie. The litigation attorneys demand nice fat fees. It is not a very ideal scene.

But what do you expect from the destructive twenty percent of the population that is part of the anti-social element of Suppressive Persons and Potential Trouble Sources? How do you deal with corporations that kill the fish in the oceans with toxic waste, dump nuclear garbage in the drinking water, and finance terrorism, biological warfare, and other interesting games that give death a bad reputation?

Amidst all the savagery of his ranting and raving, Peter was only trying to tell me about Ron's benevolent plan to create a new civilization.

If we could just take a little back from these degraded groups of psychotic madmen, and put

that little bit forward, into the goals and purposes of true ability and causation, we could make a difference.

Peter taught me that even I could make a difference.

Just as killing Hitler or Stalin in the 1920's would have been the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics, it was a horrible Act of Omission of comparable magnitude to allow them to live and wreak havoc on the world.

Similarly, these corporations that Peter was so consumed with were wretched spoilers. For the greed of profit, they would sell the last breath of oxygen which they needed for even their own survival.

"Where is the group sanity in that?", Peter rhetorically asked.

But fortunately, many, although I am sorry to say, not all of these evil conglomerates were forced to give some of their ill-gotten gains back through a wog legal device known as the Securities Class Action Lawsuit.

Outraged shareholders banded together, and sued the company for the fraud, the deception and the terror that they endured as owners.

But as Peter was quick to point out, the shareholders didn't give a damn about the crimes of these corporations. They were just very disappointed because the prices of their stocks went down, that's all. It was merely the rape of their pocketbooks that they were incapable of confronting. They had no higher purpose than that. So their ethics went by the boards too, having no further interest in making things go right than the allure of getting part of their filthy money back.

And so, as Scientologists, we had no allies. The shareholders, in theory as well as in practice, were the aggregate group of corrupt bastards who owned the company! Who was actually left to see that some good and some decency came out of it all? Who could be depended upon to make certain that we returned to life and to livingness what had been robbed, stolen and pillaged from it?

No one but us Scientologists.

And even amongst us Scientologists, there were only a few that had the courage and the willingness to fight for Ron's dream: "A civilization without insanity, without criminals and without war, where the able can prosper, and honest beings can have rights, and where Man is free to rise to greater heights."<sup>[25]</sup>

Financial Rescue was the ethical and responsible act of submitting various "mocked-up" claims in order to participate in the settlements between the wicked corporations and their greedy shareholders.

The fact that we as Scientologists did not own the stock at any time did not matter. Nor did it make a bit of difference that we did not lose any money as the selfish shareholders did.

The only thing that did matter was that we were recovering a small piece of that evil-tasting settlement pie and using the proceeds to assist the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics.

For what could be better for all eight dynamics than going up the Bridge in Scientology, and in helping others to move up the Bridge?

Scientology is a game where everybody wins.

The sun never sets on Scientology.

It still didn't make a bit of sense.

How could I participate in a claim to recover money that I never lost?

Wasn't I going to have to prove that I lost the money? Peter said that handling the nasty overts of these corporations was much easier for a thetan than breathing. But how?

Still, it was not Peter's idea. Financial Rescue was Source Data, right from Ron himself. Can you imagine how I felt to be one of Ron's Loyal Officers, actually doing something to handle the SPs, while at the same time working and creating the flows necessary to get myself up the Bridge and also to expand Scientology?

It was too awesome to contemplate.

The last time I had been to visit the main branch of the Fort Lauderdale Public Library, I was there to find good nursery rhyme picture books to read to my daughter. But this time I had a more courageous mission: to assign Ethics Conditions to out-ethics corporations who by their mere existence threatened the life blood of Scientology.

Peter directed me to look at all of the Wall Street Journals for the last two months. Particularly, I had to find public notices indicating that there were class action lawsuits filed against any publicly held companies.

In each notice that I found, there were inevitably a few paragraphs entitled "Summary of the Litigation", which described the evil overt acts which, when discovered, caused the price of the stock to drop, which thereafter resulted in the lawsuit by the greedy shareholders.

These cases that I found in the paper had already been settled between the management and the shareholders. The notices were placed in the Wall Street Journal by an accounting firm administrating the claim in order to locate any former shareholders who may have changed their address. They were all ready to send the money out! They only wanted to make sure that they knew who to send the check to!

"Can it really be that easy to go up the Bridge?", I thought.

"Well, I am here to learn about Financial Rescue", I answered myself. "I'm not supposed to go any faster than one step at a time."

Peter wanted me to assign Ethics Conditions to these companies, and that is what I had to do.

If the charges or allegations in the "Summary of the Litigation" involved an overt act against one or more dynamics, a Condition of Doubt was assigned. But additionally, whenever the principal

product or service of the company in question was "counter-survival oriented", such as chemical weapons companies or military warfare products, then Peter had given me license to assign the Condition of Enemy. In the likely event that the corporate entity in question was involved in some suppressive mental health oriented industry, like a manufacturer of electric shock machines or psychotropic pharmaceutical medication, or if the company was on the Watch List of the Guardian's Office, consisting of corporations that were antagonistic to Scientology, I had the immediate charge of assigning the Ethics Condition of Treason to them. All of the companies in the Rockefeller Group, including the major oil companies, the drug companies, and the banking cartels that handled their dirty money, were definitely in Treason.

Proudly, I found three class action settlement notices that listed class action lawsuit settlements for corporations that were in Treason. They were the First National City Bank, Occidental Petroleum, and Air West. I photocopied the notices from the newspaper and brought the data back to Peter, who by now had resumed the "valence", or synthetic personality of his amiable, jovial self.

The first step, according to Peter, was to word clear, clay demo and starrate the legal jargon in the settlement notices, so that I would not have any misunderstood words, and therefore would fully comprehend what the purpose of the settlement notice was for. Since all three settlement notices had basically the same words in the text, the word clearing went quickly, taking only two days.

Next, Peter taught me how to write away to these companies for a "Proof of Claim Form." That was the document needed to substantiate the stock market losses, so that we could share in the settlement proceeds accordingly.

The format of the letter which Peter said had been the most effective in the past as a mock-up was one where I "blamed" my stock broker for not having sent me the Proof of Claim Form. I didn't have to say who my stock broker actually was or use any name. But to add "significance" and realism to my request, Peter suggested that I say the stock broker was a "she."

"Women", he asserted, "are usually the ones to screw up and forget to send out important forms like that anyway."

But Peter was also a humanitarian. He told me to "always keep my fair exchange in." This meant that I should always offer to pay for the forms, by saying, "If there are any fees or charges in receiving the Proof of Claim Form, then kindly advise me and I will forward a check to your office by return mail." Peter knew that the forms were free and never cost anything.

Keep in mind that we were not writing to the corporations, or even the attorneys handling the lawsuits. Peter told me that I was requesting the information from a claims processing center, which was a mammoth accounting firm that had submitted the lowest bid to handle the tens of thousands of claims for each lawsuit. He said that some two bit female know-nothing clerk who earned one hundred fifty dollars per week was the big hero in charge of sending out the Proof of Claim Forms. It was for that reason that he reminded me to keep the requests simple, direct, and to the point, because the last thing I wanted to do was "to give the dumb cluck any misunderstood words of her own."

Each settlement notice revealed the expiration date for mailing in the claim. Since the First National City Bank case had the closest expiration date, Peter and I decided that we should send off for their Proof of Claim Form first. However, two days later, Peter thought it was a good idea to



send away for the claim forms of the other two lawsuits also, just in case that the First National City Bank settlement was not adequate enough, or there were any "glitches" which would exclude us from participating in that lawsuit.

"It'll take about two weeks to get the forms", Peter promised.

In the interim, as part of the Executive Finance Hatting Course, I was drilled and "starrated" on various Hubbard Communications Office Policy Letters, entitled "Solvency", "Bean Theory" and "Financial Irregularity." Peter promised that as an incentive award for bringing in a settlement check for a valid and properly filled out claim, he would allow me to keep ten percent of the proceeds for personal use as a standard commission. That ten percent could be used to pay for Jaime's favors, or any other self-indulgence that I wanted to partake of once the money arrived.

The ten percent was no different from a practice known as "FSMing." An "FSM" is a Field Staff Member, and his function is to bring new people into Scientology. Whenever a Field Staff Member recruits any new raw meat public for auditing or training, he receives a cash commission of ten percent of whatever the new member spends at the Mission or the Org. All the FSM has to do is fill out a "Selection Slip", so that the Mission or Org Treasurer knows that you "selected him", or signed him up for services. On that basis, the FSM would receive a cash award of ten percent of all "donations", which is a euphemism for all of the fees for services that are spent by the "selectee", or new member. The ten percent cash award can be spent on anything the FSM wants, although most of us would apply the commission toward our own "donations" as advanced payments for our next auditing action on the Bridge, or Route to Total Freedom.

I also wanted to learn what happens to you at the top of the Bridge. What is Total Freedom anyway? Is it the right to sit completely nude on a public bus?

No, it's actually a lot better than that. "It would be existence without barriers."<sup>[26]</sup> It is the ability to operate as a thetan on all eight dynamics whether you had a physical universe body or not! For example, you could cause every man, woman and child on Earth to have an orgasm at the very same time, if you made a big enough postulate on the second dynamic, which is the urge for sex. You could turn every finger and toe of every human being into an extra penis, and multiply that sensation times twenty, for each of the fingers and toes, if you wanted to. There is no limit of what you could do with power like that. You could say, "Let there be light!", and there would be light. In effect, Total Freedom is the ability to create your own universe. That is what I realized awaited me at the top of the Bridge. There was no fucking way that anyone would prevent me from achieving that state of awareness of total knowingness and power.

Things were relatively stable at home. Jaime, who slept with her five cats, had contracted a very serious case of fleas. She refused to allow our housekeeper, Freddie, to wash out her security blanket that she covered her eyes with at night. Consequently, Jaime developed a skin infection from the flea bites that rivalled "show and tell" in any leper colony. Additionally, there was always something hard to swallow about the smell of cat urine, and unfortunately, Jaime never bothered to wash her hair. As a result, my desire to have sex with her diminished slightly, except on the nights that the Broward County Sheriff's Department did a major sweep, and all the other prostitutes in my life were carted off in the wagon, in order to impress the voting constituency at election time. Didn't those stupid county commissioners ever realize that people who have sex with prostitutes vote too? On those lonely evenings, Jaime was my only choice.

I also had a difficult task of getting our two year old daughter to go to sleep on time. I feared she wasn't getting sufficient rest. Jaime never heard her crying from across the other side of the

house, because the cats purred so loudly on her head.

Denise, the Director of Success at the Mission of Fort Lauderdale, told me that there is nothing unusual about infants having problems falling asleep. After all, they just came through a horrible cycle of death of their last body, and then were overwhelmed by various psychiatric implants during the between lives area, followed by possibly several attempted abortions in the fetal sequence, so it is perfectly normal for babies to dramatize all of their mental image pictures, or "facsimiles", and have trouble getting to bed. Denise was so kind and understanding to take the time to explain it all to me. I was so relieved to find out that my daughter's anxiety had nothing to do with the environment in the home, which is the type of bizarre, far out garbage that you hear from sick, guilt ridden psychologists.

The 9th of May, 1979, was a very special day to Scientologists. It was the twenty-ninth anniversary of "Book One", which is an affectionate pet name for Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health, by L. Ron Hubbard.

I was very excited to be invited by Kevin Bein, the Deputy Guardian of Miami, to go to "Flag" and celebrate the anniversary of the book that started it all, and by so doing, launched a new era of sanity on the planet.

I told my father that I was attending the Southern Footwear Exhibitor's shoe show of the fall style line-up, since I did not want any wogs to know where I was going. Confidentiality was a measure of one's ability to be trusted in the Guardian's Office of Scientology. The shoe show had been displayed at the Tampa Marriott the week before, but no one knew that but me.

The Flag Land Base, billed as "The Friendliest Place in the World", was the old, dilapidated Fort Harrison Hotel in Clearwater, Florida; a sleepy, seaside suburb of Tampa.

I had heard about the huge project to restore the "Mecca of Technical Perfection" to her former grandeur of the 1920's, when it had been built, and at the Miami Org, many staff members who often went to Flag raved about how much had been accomplished in the four years since L. Ron Hubbard had bought the place. Of course, there had also been very horrible reports in the St. Petersburg Times that the hotel was being renovated by slave labor who were paid only twelve dollars per week, according to the article, by some draconian group called the Sea Organization. However, I had met several of their smartly dressed survey takers in Miami, and the way they were motivated, I knew that they had to earn at least several thousand dollars per week. I finally understood why news reporters were placed on an even keel with murderers on the Johannesburg Security Check. The St. Petersburg Times was probably all infiltrated with psychiatrists on their editorial staff.

Although the massive restoration on the Fort Harrison had already been started, and the lobby did look exceptionally grand, with its opulent marble and fixtures adorned in gold trim, the moment I took the elevator up to the third floor, which is where I was given a room, I thought I was in some Dickensian flophouse that reminded me of the Bowery drunk tanks on the lower east side of New York.

I mean, if they wanted a good review, why did they have to stick me in a room with chipped and cracking plaster on the ceiling? The bed had an odor of musty mold dipped in dust, and the water faucet made the sound of a rectal monsoon. Disenchanted, I felt too embarrassed to bring a whore into that place, even though in cruising through Tampa I had discovered that on Kennedy Boulevard between Mac Dill Avenue and North Boulevard, there was an ideal spot to pick up a

panting tramp for the night at bargain basement prices.

Did you ever attend a birthday party for a book? Well, I did. Within the stately auditorium of the Fort Harrison Hotel, in the gracious history of an age gone by where politicians and other bigots danced the debaucherous years away, there now bloomed a mushroom cloud of theta. The auditorium, a painted vision in firehose gray until new flows of a greener dawn would arrive in truckloads by postulate, played host to Scientologists from all over the planet, who had come to Flag for perchance a momentary glimpse of what life would be like when the last psychiatrist's epitaph was long forgotten.

But here we were, exploding with joy like freeze-dried spirits, vacuum packed in a nuclear volcano, waiting with ethics-baited breath to disseminate Book One to the wog world, renewing our resolve once again to penetrate through the fiery wall of the reactive mind.

The guest speaker at the event was a none other than the Case Supervisor International David Mayo, a tiny shrimp of a man, who, next to Ron himself, was the most loved and adored thetan in Scientology. He was everybody's hero, since he was the highest authority on the Technology next to Source itself. He held us in inexplicable awe as he spoke endlessly about some of the gains, wins and successes that had been made by streamlining the Bridge, and by breakthroughs in solo auditing on the upper levels of Operating Thetan. Solo auditing, of course, is the practice of auditing oneself, being both the preclear and the auditor, holding the soup cans clipped together in your left hand while writing up the worksheets in your right, unless, of course, you are either left handed, ambidextrous, or can hold a pen with your teeth. Despite the spellbinding oratory, all I could think about was what kind of food they were going to feed us after the speech was over. After all, nobody ever starves at a birthday party!

Actually, my favorite part of the event was when we all stood up and cheered at a larger than fictional portrait of L. Ron Hubbard, our Commodore. I thought about my Hebrew School teacher whom I knew when I was thirteen, Zebulon Mayevsky, of the Jewish Center of Kew Garden Hills. He would have been pissed off at me worshipping a picture of an old "Goy", which is the Jewish word for Christian. But what the hell did he know about the eighth dynamic anyway?

Suddenly, everyone began to cheer.

"Hip Hip Hooray!"

"Hip Hip Hooray!"

"Hip Hip Hooray!", the crowd roared.

I felt so proud to be in the center of the beehive, an integral part of smashing the psychiatric drones by being there with all of the dedicated thetan workers.

The only thing that bothered me was why Ron didn't want to come to his own parties? A cute Austrian girl in the Sea Org who couldn't afford to buy make-up but didn't need any anyhow told me that Ron had also missed his sixty-eighth birthday party in March. I suppose when you're at the top of the Bridge, looking back at seventy-six trillion years of past lives, you want to forget about celebrating. I can understand that.

It turned out that nobody offered to feed us anything at all, so Kevin Bein, Glenda Harrison, and a few of the top brass from the Guardian's Office rushed to the coffee shop, pushing everybody

else out of the way before all of the other seats were taken. It was there that I was introduced to an Englishman named Ken Urquhart, who claimed to have been Ron's personal valet and butler some eighteen years ago at his plush estate in East Grinstead at Sussex, England, known as Saint Hill of the United Kingdom, which used to belong to the Maharajah of Jaipur, whoever the hell that lucky rich bastard was.

Kevin wanted me to tell Ken Urquhart all about how I sent junk mail to my former psychiatrist by circling business reply cards in trade journals that could be found in the library.

When I told Ken that for just one hour's worth of work, you could circle enough numbers to send five thousand letters of advertising junk to any enemy of your choice, Ken, who was having decaffeinated tea, started to laugh when he thought of all the possibilities of handling the psychs, and spit up his tea all over Glenda Harrison. Nevertheless, his emotions fully stifled after he regained his composure, he politely asked me what I called that type of response mailing system.

"Bingo cards", I promptly replied, "because you circle your choices with a pen, like in a bingo game."

"Why haven't you sent me a Knowledge Report on this, Kevin?", chastised Ken Urquhart grimly.

"Did I do something wrong?", I asked, always cringing in insecurity.

"On the contrary!", Ken gloated. "You have come up with a method of driving those bastards very well bloody crazy!"

"I just found out about this from Peter", Kevin apologized.

"Go write it all up now, then!", he ordered, still failing to acknowledge the tea stains on Glenda's dress. "I'm going to call it into Mary Sue tonight!"

Ken asked Terry Milner, the Deputy Guardian of Intelligence World Wide at the next table for Mary Sue's telephone number for her house on Mulholland Drive in the Beverly Glen section of Los Angeles.

"Wow!", I thought to myself. "My very own idea being called in to Mary Sue Hubbard!"

I was intoxicated with euphoria for the rest of the night, just thinking about what a valuable contribution I had made to the Third Dynamic.

When I returned home from Flag, all three claim forms had arrived in the mail! I rushed over to see Peter, in order to give him the good news. He had been expecting me.

"It will always be your responsibility to determine if the lawsuit is valid for our participation", Peter instructed.

I gazed at Peter with an air of surprise.

"How can I tell?", I wondered. "Oh, I see! You want me to make sure that I don't send away any claims for lawsuits against companies that are owned by Scientology. Is that it?"

"You idiot!", Peter observed. "There will never be a class action lawsuit against Scientology, because no wogs or suppressives work in Scientology. Whenever we find an SP, we declare him one and boot him out on his ear!"

"So how can I tell whether I should put in a claim or not?", I questioned. "What am I supposed to look for?"

"You have to be certain that your claim is not going to be rejected", Peter tutored. "That is your only bit of counter-intention."

For the next seven hours, Peter gave me a lesson in economics that made the Harvard School of Business look like a Tupperware Party. We used up two bins of clay, and I wore the pages thin on the dictionary, looking up words that were heretofore both boring and meaningless.

I learned that it was up to me to select the dates when the shares of stock were "bought" and "sold" for each claim. There was a range, known as a "Class Action Claims Period" of dates allowed by the lawsuit, for having owned the stock. So what I had to do was to find the combination of "buy" and "sell" dates which would generate the highest yield of profit.

Peter gave me certain "parameters", or guidelines, for sending in a claim. He was very concerned with whether a claim period would be too "thin", meaning not very many claimants, which would be dangerous, because it would direct too much attention toward the claim by the stupid wogs working as claims processors.

"The fewer the other claimants, the more risk there would be for them to notice your claim and reject it", he explained with the thoroughness of a gynecologist examining a fashion model.

Consequently, he prohibited me from submitting any claim when the "claims period" was less than three months. He also taught me that when the actual existing record of the claimants are older, they are therefore harder to verify, because fortunately, people often move or die. So Peter ordered me to avoid all "claims periods" that were less than a year old, as they were too recent. Also, if the total dollar amount of the settlement paid to all the claimants was less than two and one half million dollars, he adjudicated that it wasn't worth bothering with, because our share would not be very much. Finally, since all of my claims were to be for ten thousand shares, I had to be sure that at least ten thousand shares traded on the day that I claimed I both bought and sold the stocks.

"Ten thousand shares is a lot of money, isn't it?", I asked.

Peter gave me a blank stare as if I were completely retarded.

"Do you want to do all the work of sending in a claim for just one hundred shares?", Peter brayed churlishly. "Don't you know it takes the same amount of effort to sell a diamond as it does to sell a piece of candy? If you bought a stock for eighty dollars and you sell it at twenty dollars, how much have you lost, Einstein?"

"Sixty dollars", I said, humiliated with such an obvious question.

"Very good!", Peter acknowledged in classic auditing style. "And if you had one hundred shares where you lost sixty dollars per share, how much would that be?"

"Six thousand dollars", I calculated with ease, adding two zeroes onto the number sixty.

"Now, Bright Eyes, what's ten thousand shares times sixty dollars?", he quizzed.

This took a few seconds longer. I had to add five zeroes at the end of sixty dollars.

"Oh, my God!", I exclaimed. "That's six hundred thousand dollars! Is that what they are going to pay us?"

"No, that's just the point!", Peter gritted. "They'll only give us, on the average, about twenty percent of the loss. Some actually have the nerve to pay out even less. But at twenty percent of six hundred thousand, you would still get one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, plus interest. They have to pay you interest on the money since the time of the settlement, you know. But the bad news is that the legal fees are deducted, and that can be a sizeable chunk."

"One hundred and twenty thousand dollars is a lot of money!", I contemplated.

"It will pay for all of your training, and a good portion of your auditing", Peter reassured me.

"And that's just one lawsuit!", I realized.

"Now you are tracking with me", Peter smiled.

"Why don't a lot of other people do this?", I asked. "It makes so much sense!"

"Because they are not Scientologists, that's why", Peter chided, unable to understand why I missed such an apparent reason.

Barbara Fawcett brought in some salami and cheese sandwiches, and Peter filled her in on all the amazing progress I had made, and the multitude of numerous cognitions that I had. Barbara was so proud of me that she gave me a big kiss on the cheek. That was the first bit of affection that anyone had showed me in over two years, including all of the prostitutes. Jaime, of course, never kissed me, even at our wedding. She had made an art form of pushing me away.

After the snack, Barbara and Peter gave me a big surprise. They gave me my own post, with my own three- department Org Board! I was now the Fields Financial Planner of Fort Lauderdale!

It felt so good to be somebody again. The purpose of the Fields Financial Planner was to go into the "field", which is the wog world, external to Scientology, and to do "financial planning" by creating new income, using the natural resources of the "field." My specific hat was that of Financial Rescue In Charge, or FRIC, which was, of course, recovering assets from the class action lawsuit settlements. Barbara cautioned me that it was only a temporary position, and would be made permanent only after I had proved myself by bringing home some solid results of paid claims.

"FFP FTL", or Fields Financial Planning of Fort Lauderdale was a little "mini- Org." There were three departments, all falling under Division One, which is called "HCO", standing for the Hubbard Communications Office.

The first department was that of the "FFP COMM FTL", or the Fields Financial Planning Communicator of Fort Lauderdale. The purpose of that post was to handle communication lines. That was Peter's hat, along with his many other functions at the Mission, including that of Director of Training. It was his responsibility to communicate to me regarding my "hatting", or how to do my

job. He also was in charge of communicating my progress and effectiveness as the Fields Financial Planner to his superiors and senior officers "uplines", which meant to people at higher Orgs. Peter told me that the two "uplines terminals", or senior staff members that he had to report to regarding my "valuable final product" of paid class action claims, were the Deputy Flag Banking Officer World Wide Brian Livingston, and the L. Ron Hubbard Communicator World Wide Joyce Popham.

"Who do they report to?", I asked.

"The Fields Executive Secretary International", Peter replied.

"Who is that?", I inquired, eager to learn more about where the buck stops.

"Diana Meredith De Wolfe Hubbard Horwich", he explained.

I noticed the name Hubbard.

"Is she some relative of Ron's?", I continued.

"Ron's and Mary Sue's daughter", Peter clarified.

"Is she very pretty?", I wondered.

"She's very married!", he snapped, obviously displeased with my line of questioning.

Barbara headed up the second of my three departments, which was the Department of Inspections and Reports. Her official designation was "FFP I&R FTL", or the Fields Financial Planning Inspection & Reports Secretary of Fort Lauderdale. It was her job to inspect and to see to it that I was wearing my "hat", functioning well on post, and to thereafter report to Peter, the Fields Financial Planning Communicator, on my achievements. It was then Peter's "hat" to advise his "seniors", who were located "uplines" at Flag.

Finally, the third department was that of Validity. Denise and I would be working together to validate, on a case by case basis, the status and progress of each class action lawsuit claim which I submitted. Denise ordered me to buy a black composition school-type notebook, with lined paper, suitable for logging the claims, showing the name of the claim, the date when I requested a claim form, the date I "bought" the stock, "sold" the stock, the number of shares, the date the claim was submitted to the claims processing agency by mail, and the date the check was received. More columns were to be added later on, as necessary. But Denise, who had an excellent grasp of organizing data, was selected by Peter to be the staff member to work with me most closely. I didn't mind that at all, because Denise was so sensual and exceptionally pretty. If I were ever truly eligible to have a real woman in my life, I would have selected her. But alas, she never knew that when I was paying Jaime for my now well deserved sexual favors, I would often close my eyes, and think of her. If I had opened them while on top of Jaime, I would have been looking at the back of Cosmopolitan Magazine, and that wasn't always very helpful. They usually had nothing but advertisements for perfume on the back cover, and that always reminded me of her smell of cat pee, which about every eighth or ninth time made me lose my erection. Jaime enjoyed reading during intercourse, so she could pretend that I wasn't really there. I would help her as much as I was able to by not moving the bed too much or not breathing too hard while humping her. After all, I was not a cruel person, and I did make an honest attempt to make her happy, under the circumstances.

Denise, however, never was aware of my innermost feelings, because she had her eye on Reggie Monce, a Dianetic Auditor at the Mission who radiated self-confidence. Denise's own marriage was going sour, despite her strong desire to keep it together for the benefit of her three year old son, Ryan. It would have been a perfect opportunity, had my postulates worked better to get Denise to notice me.

"Maybe", I thought, "if the class action lawsuit settlements started rolling in, I would make an impression on her." I mistakenly thought that she could be bought, just like all other women. She liked Reggie, who was an "outdoorsy" type of guy, with a motorcycle and everything. If I were a real man, I suppose I would have wanted to be like him. Still, I bet he didn't masturbate as well as I did.

Everything was now in place for me to send in my first case. The claims processing agents were very nice, as they sent me all of the necessary papers, and gave us at least three months before the last day of the claim deadline. Peter sent me back to the library, to look through a set of books called the "Daily Stock Records." There were three sets of these volumes. The New York Stock Exchange Daily Stock Records had black covers, while the binders of the American Exchange were maroon. The Over The Counter Exchange's Daily Stock Record books were green. Following Peter's instructions, it was very easy for picking the dates that would yield the most profit for my first securities class action lawsuit, which was the First National City Bank case. All I had to do was to find the day within the claim period that the purchase price was the highest, and then look for a real bad day during a good crash, when the sales price was the lowest.

I had once heard some stock market commentator on the radio say that there was more money to be made in a weak stock market than in a strong one. At least I finally had the chance to find out what he meant by that.

What I still didn't understand was how I was going to actually prove that I owned the stocks!

Peter had the solution! He ordered me to mock up some home made confirmation slips for a purchase and a sale of ten thousand shares on the very same computer that I had brainwashed Jaime with. In 1979, not too many people had home computers like they do today, so Peter gave me his word that it would work.

At the Mission, Peter and I diagrammed a format of what a real broker's confirmation slip would look like. It was quite easy to figure out the broker's commission. All I had to do was call any broker in the yellow pages, and he would figure it all out for me! Peter was a genius! For the letterhead, Barbara looked through some old telephone books from 1970 that were laying around the Mission, and found the name of a stock brokerage firm that was now defunct and out of business. Peter decided to use their name, which was "Walston and Company." They used to have an office in Hollywood, Florida, and I copied the address and phone number on a piece of paper. After all, the "proof" we were submitting was for ownership of the stock at the time of the claim period, which was usually between three and ten years before. There was no law that said the brokerage firm still had to be in business. The check was to be sent to my house, not the Mission, since if the claim were ever rejected or investigated for any reason, it was my duty as a Scientologist to prevent "DEV-T", or developing traffic, from interfering with the Mission's primary function, which was that of getting raw meat public onto basic services and then sending them for more advanced auditing to the Miami Org.

I owned an IBM Selectric Typewriter at home, so Peter suggested that I buy some different elements or typing fonts for the machine, so I could send in the claim forms for the other two cases



which I had not done yet, using alternate type styles on the other claim forms. There was no rush, of course, because the deadlines for submitting the claims of Occidental Petroleum and Air West were not due to be mailed until the end of the year.

A day later, when the claim was fully prepared and ready to be mailed, Peter asked me to bring it into the Mission for a "white glove inspection." That only meant that he wanted to check it out for accuracy before mailing it. I had no idea, however, that Peter really had his own pair of white gloves, but he did! Corwin told me that he often threw staff members into lower ethics conditions if he found dust on the E-Meters in the auditing rooms; on any of the pictures of L. Ron Hubbard, or of Ron's bust cast in bronze, which was the prized possession of Bruce, the Mission Holder, and which sat motionlessly on his desk, surveying all there was to be seen in the Fort Lauderdale chapter of the theta universe.

Having passed the white glove inspection with honors, Peter told me to go ahead and send off the claim. When I brought the envelope to Barbara for her to place in the outgoing mail basket, she refused, and angrily sent me back to Peter. He was furious! He said that I should always take responsibility for my post, and it was my own duty to put the letter in a United States Post Office mailbox, not Barbara's. If the letter fell out of the "out basket", or if it were stolen, then none of that money would ever arrive, and it would be the worst downstat imaginable for me on all dynamics. In Scientology, I was taught professionalism, ethics, and responsibility. We were at war against the SPs of the planet, and there was no way any goof or flub was going to be tolerated. Peter demanded perfection, and reminded me that I should expect no less from myself. Going up the Bridge and Clearing the planet was no negligent activity. It demanded my undivided attention, and damn it, for the first time in my life, I was going to do something right! I was going to make Ron very proud of me!

For the first two weeks of July, 1979, Jaime and I took our daughter to visit at the home of Jaime's parents, Ellis and Jeanette Tollin, in Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

My father-in-law was an arrogant, annoying, know-it-all who owned a cluster of pool rooms in Philadelphia, as well as a chain of musical instrument stores in both New Jersey and Pennsylvania known as "Music City." In his younger days, he had been a drummer in the band of the jazz musician Buddy Rich, and his one histrionic contribution to life was having been the drummer on Bobby "Boris" Pickett's single record, the "Monster Mash." Ellis spent most of his time growing bald, playing golf and "making deals." He was also a couch potato, and was about as interesting as a skunk's fart.

Jaime's older brother Robbie lived with them also, and had a great personality, despite the fact that he had the emotional maturity of a ten year old. He had the largest collection of kiddie porn that I had ever seen, and I truly looked up to him and respected him for his profound knowledge of sex. He was indeed a worldly person, even though he lived at home. Jaime and Robbie got along fairly well, inasmuch as he slept with his sister from the time she was eight years old until she fully blossomed at thirteen, at which time he got bored with her. When I found out about their intimate relationship, I felt a lot better, because at least I wasn't her first customer. However, I resented it when I found out that he only used to pay her a dollar, and in addition she never placed a time limit on him. My fee was five dollars per minute, up to a maximum of five minutes.

Just like his sister, Robbie used to sleep until two o'clock in the afternoon. Either rest and relaxation were both hereditary, or, similarly to Jaime, he did not find his "post in life" yet either. I made a notation to ask Denise all about it when I returned home.

The most vocal member of Jaime's family was her mother Jeanette. She continuously reminded me not to tell any of her friends that I was "just a shoe salesman" when they came over to visit. She really cared about what they thought of me, and I loved her for that. It was only fair that she was trying to create the illusion that I was a "professional", because she only wished the very best for her daughter, and did not want her social climbing friends to think that Jaime had married beneath her station or her dignity.

Jaime and Arielle stayed in Jaime's old room that she grew up in, while I was put up in the guest room, which used to belong to Jaime's other brother Donny, who had been studying golf lessons in Florida for the last ten years. I assumed that one day he would finally go on a professional golf tour, at such time that he was a good enough caddy.

Notwithstanding, his bed was comfortable, although I did not like foam pillows. There was something about real feathers that I liked better. Jaime made me agree that I would not bother her for sex while we were on vacation. It reminded me of our honeymoon in the Bahamas during the sixth month of her pregnancy, when she did the very same thing.

I did have my share of trouble with my mother-in-law though. At four in the morning, she pounded on my bedroom door, screaming about why I left the light on in the bathroom several hours before, and woke up the entire household.

On the following morning, she tried to make up for the outburst by making breakfast for me. She truly was an excellent cook.

"One egg, or two?", she asked.

"I'll take two", I said politely.

Two hours later, I heard her screaming to Jaime. "You'd better get to the supermarket right away! That son of a bitch husband of yours just ate up all my eggs!"

I realized at that point that the only thing that could ever save that family from the threat of developing emotional problems was to find a Dianetic Auditor, and quickly!

It was such a relief to escape from the maddening cataclysm of Jaime's aberrated family, and to return to the tranquility and sanity of more advanced training in Scientology.

Immediately upon my checking in, I was ordered by the Case Supervisor of Miami to "route onto" the "Secrets of Efficiency Course", since "one class action lawsuit mailed does not an achiever make."

In this laudatory course, I drilled on professionalism, attention on task, initiative, end phenomena, causation, confronting, and the second most famous triangle in Scientology besides ARC, which is known as KRC.

Knowledge, Responsibility and Control is best mastered while you are out of your body and completely exteriorized, if you are a non-conformist like me, and hate to be humiliated for eight hours in a drill which involved walking around the room upon command, called "Start-Change-Stop."

Fat Valerie Naiman just finished eating her baked chili, and was burping incessantly.

"I'm going to tell you to start", she began. "And when I tell you to start, you start the body moving toward the right. Do you understand that?"

"Do you mean just walk?", I asked.

"You start the body moving toward the right", she repeated, ignoring my question. "Do you understand that?"

"Sure, to the right", I agreed.

"Good!", she acknowledged. "Start!"

Just before I walked into the wall, Valerie said, "When I tell you to stop the body, you will stop. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, but you better tell me real soon --"

"Stop!", she shouted like a drill sergeant, which of course she was.

My nose was five inches from the wall.

"Now turn the body around and Start!", she ordered.

And this went on for two hours, without interruption. All that changed was whether I started the body to the right, to the left, or straight ahead.

Finally, I became angry and disgusted.

"This is not a fucking dog obedience class!", I yelled.

"Flunk!", she screamed, showing no emotion.

"Now we will go back to the very beginning! Start!", she said.

"What do you mean, from the beginning?", I demanded. "Are you saying the two hours we just did were wasted and didn't mean anything?"

"Flunk!", she bellowed even more loudly. "Now we will go back to the beginning! Start!"

And every time I objected, Valerie flunked me and we went back to the beginning again. I should have known better than to start up with someone who once had me organizing the contents of a pillow all night. But after eight hours, including a final four hour pass with no back talk from me, I had fully learned the meaning of "Knowledge, Responsibility and Control." I was either now "Efficient", or eligible to be somebody's poodle, depending upon your viewpoint.

At the end of the course, Peter rewarded me by giving me my own "stat." A stat, as you can imagine, is a statistic. Every staff member on post had to have a stat. Mine was known as "WDTCP", or Well Done Targeted Claims Paid. Peter explained that the "Purpose of the stat was to bring about the End Phenomena of paid class action lawsuit claims as early as possible, with a maximum return or profit yield, and with no problems or rejections of the claims which would result

in upsets, or "ARC breaks, and, where the proceeds of each claim paid was applied as an advanced payment for either training or processing."

I was shocked to learn that most claims took between eighteen and twenty-four months to be paid out from the date the claim was submitted. Barbara explained that this was due to the inefficiency of the wog world. I felt that perhaps if we invited the claims processors to come into the Org and be walked around the room by Valerie, they would mail out the checks faster. But that was not a viable solution.

To determine whether each "WDTCP" entry was an "upstat" or a "downstat", my "Org Board", consisting of Peter, Barbara and Denise, called a "Fields Financial Planning Organizational Meeting", in order to estimate what the final settlement dates and amounts of each claim would be, so as to determine whether I made my targeted stat or fell behind. Consequently, it was always a tug of war between Peter trying to set my targets on the high side, and with me trying to keep them down.

But Scientology is the game where everybody wins, so it really did not matter that much. We were just having a grand old time, trying to Clear the planet, and establishing some solid flows for the Third Dynamic along the way.

Now that I had my "post in life" down to a science, Peter felt it was high time that I learn how to be a good auditor, and to get some more processing myself. The Life Repair Rundown, although the best thing I ever did, was only a drop in the bucket of theta that the Mission and the Org had to offer. Peter was, after all, the Director of Training, and with all of my outstanding accomplishments in getting posted and hatted, my life at home was still in a state of shambles, and although it seemed like an eternity ago, that was the original reason why I became interested in Scientology in the first place.

There was so much more that had to be done, and I felt I would be in a lower ethics condition with myself if I did not start to put some real attention on it.

# CHAPTER FOUR

## If You Blink, You Flunk

Inasmuch as I already knew how to bark and roll over, Peter Letterese decided that I should get trained. I was told that I had the "makings" of a good auditor. When, I thought, did he look at my stool sample?

I always considered myself to be a fairly astute scholarly type, but without "The Student Hat", which is a course on how to be a student, nobody else at the Mission of Fort Lauderdale agreed with me.

Although I knew most of it already from my other courses, until I was given a certificate, proving I was a validated student, I felt inadequate. Fearing that my insecurity would affect my overall sexual performance with runaways and working nymphettes on the street, I decided once again to allocate time toward what the Public Registrar of the Mission said I needed to know about life and livingness.

Most of the materials were already familiar to me. I knew the purpose of playing with clay, misunderstanding words, and how to yell out your name with conviction during course room roll call. But there were so many new concepts to learn, it was above all, staggering.

For example, I was taught all about "Dinky Dictionaries", or how to avoid looking words up in books that did not have the words in them. I had never cognited on that before. Also, there was a two hour drill on the Hubbard Communications Office Bulletin entitled "Setting Up and Using a Reel to Reel Tape Player."<sup>[27]</sup> I owned one since I was twelve years old, but I understood that there may be some students on course from Slubutka who were deprived and inexperienced. Scientology is equal opportunity theta, open to people of every economic background, as long as they have or can get the money.

There was also the "Student's Guide to Acceptable Behavior", a Hubbard Communications Office Policy Letter which laid out some very important rules.<sup>[28]</sup>

For example, General Rule 6 states: "Students may only use the coin-box telephone during non- class periods." The Mission of Fort Lauderdale did not have a coin box telephone. The only time that Peter made me walk three blocks to the Fort Lauderdale Bus Station to dial the shoe store was when he was angry at me. Otherwise, he let me use his office phone.

Rule 28 states: "Report and turn in any damaged property or goods used on the course." I found out that such an order was meaningless. I tried to return a half-inch piece of clay that somebody stepped on back to the Courseroom Supervisor, but she didn't want it. It was perfectly useable. I don't know why the hell they put all those rules in there if they are wantonly ignored and broken.

Nevertheless, I got through The Student Hat with flying colors, and my next step was to do the "TRs", or Training Routines at the Miami Org. Valerie Naiman was selected by Peter to be my "coach", since we worked so well together when she was my auditor.

I had no idea what to expect. Valerie told me to sit down, three feet in front of her with my eyes closed. How could I trust her enough to do that? What if she decided to give me a good goose

and in so doing, crippled me for life?

But there was no point in asking her anything. I would probably get a more direct answer from people resting in the cemetery.

"TR-Zero" was the first training routine that I did. I had to stare at Valerie for three hours with my eyes closed. I know you don't believe me, but that is really what the drill was all about. I wasn't allowed to twitch, move, or do anything except breathe. If there could have been some way to avoid that too, I am certain it would have also been in the drill. The purpose of "TR-Zero" was to "Be there comfortably in a position three feet in front of another person, to be there, and not do anything else but be there."<sup>[29]</sup> I couldn't help but wonder what Valerie was thinking, while she was watching me for three hours. It was difficult confronting her for that long, because her underarms truly stank. You know how much fat people smell, don't you? Actually, the drill was harder than I thought. I flunked twice. The first time was because I had an itch under my eye, and of course I wasn't allowed to move or touch it. The second time was due to the fact that my underwear was riding up my ass, and I had to make an adjustment. Fortunately, these violations or "flubs" as they are called, occurred early enough in the drill that Valerie did not feel like deducting time for them. I surely thought that she was going to tell me to start over. I guess she was beginning to be "reasonable" with me. If I were her Case Supervisor, I would have flunked her for that!

After I effectively passed the drill with my eyes closed, Valerie wanted to start the second section right away, which involved my facing her for another three hours with my eyes open.

"Look, Valerie!", I interrupted. "I have to take a piss. Maybe you can sit for six hours without one, but I'll be damned if I could."

Taking the hint, Valerie praised me for my openness, and after I finished writing my Success Story and passing my examination, she called a half hour break for lunch. She might not care about going to the bathroom as often as I do, but it was obvious from her shape that she loved to eat.

I don't know where she went, but I always enjoyed the food at the Latin American Cafeteria, located on the 2800 block of Coral Way, approximately five minutes from the Org. They had home made chicken soup there, with large chunks of vegetables, potatoes and noodles. I loved their Cuban croquettes, and my favorite dish was the "Empanizado", a breaded steak with white rice and a delicious Spanish delicacy known as yucca. The waitresses knew me, and gave me extra pot roast gravy from another menu item called "Boliche" to round out the meal, which was no less than a serving for five. While seated on soft swivel seats in the U-shaped restaurant, I was entertained by artisans carving up ham and cheese sandwiches at 150 miles per hour. It was always quite a sight, and the most difficult part about going there was getting a place to sit down, since the prices were very low, the service was fast and competent, and the restaurant was consequently fully packed. Scientologists and wogs ate there alike. I wouldn't be surprised if even a few psychiatrists sneaked in the door without telling anybody, since the food was so superb.

But after such a fabulous meal, I felt like going to sleep. I realized that I should have eaten there before doing the first part of "TR-Zero", because, with the exception of the snoring which Jaime had once accused me of, I would have been able to "confront" Valerie with my eyes closed by taking a vigorous nap.

However, now I had to sit there for three hours with my eyes open and look at that obese piece of humanity.

"How can I just stare at you for three hours?", I asked her.

Expectedly, she did not answer my question.

"In TR-Zero section two, labeled "Confronting Preclear", she began by giving me instructions.

"You and I will be facing each other, with neither of us making any conversation, or any effort to be interesting. We are going to sit and look at each other, saying and doing nothing for some hours. You must not speak, fidget, giggle, be embarrassed, or even blink. If you blink, you flunk, and we will have to start all over again. You are to do nothing else but comfortably be there."<sup>[30]</sup>

"What do you mean, I can't blink!", I screamed in panic. "You are trying to make me crazy!"

I got up to leave the room. This was all too much for me to bear.

However, in the style of a fully proficient lady wrestler, Valerie blocked the door to the auditing room, picked me up by the neck, and threw me back down in my chair. She then repeated the instructions for the drill again, and told me to start.

"How the hell can I look at you for three hours!", I complained.

"Flunk!", Valerie clamored. "You spoke! Go back to the beginning. Start! Flunk! You blinked! Go back to the beginning! Start!"

Twelve minutes went by, as I sat stiller than death itself. "Flunk! You blinked! Go back to the beginning. Start!"

"Why don't you go fuck your flunks, you overstuffed fat pig!", I said, becoming more and more antagonistic by the second.

"Flunk! You spoke! Go back to the beginning. Start!", she repeated, not even reacting to my disrespect in the slightest degree. How was I going to get through to her that this drill was torture? Dr. Geertz once called me a masochist, but there is so much that even a worthy and reputable masochist can take! She was trying to turn me into some kind of obedient robot, controlling even my automatic nervous system, like my blinking.

But there was no use reasoning with her. Even if I was bleeding to death on the floor, she wouldn't acknowledge me with anything but a flunk and another start.

"What kind of monster can put me through this agony?", I thought to myself, as I tried to straighten the kink in my neck from where Valerie lifted me up like silly putty with her hand earlier.

"Flunk! You fidgeted!", she grunted with the coarseness of a boar with prickly heat. "Go back to the beginning! Start!"

It was twenty-four minutes into the session, and my eyes were hurting from keeping them open, and now I had to start all over again! There had to be a way to get through this drill. This was one of the most basic, easiest routines in Scientology, I had been told. Everyone I knew had gotten through their TRs. So what was wrong here?

I realized that I had been very unfair to Valerie, blaming her for her show of strength and

discipline. After all, supposing I were the coach? Wouldn't I expect myself to demonstrate enough professionalism to get my own preclear through TR-Zero? Certainly I would. And here I was, fighting her, when we were all on the same side of Scientology, which is the game where everybody wins. I should be shot for being such a selfish bastard. She was there to help me confront life! I shouldn't have taken it out on her by using foul language and protesting so fucking much.

"What a real piece of shit I am", I cognited.

And so for the next two hours and seventeen minutes, I really started to "confront!" I completely blocked out the pain of the burning in my eyes from lack of natural fluid. But I didn't blink! I sat there, trying not to think of how stupid Valerie looked as she kept staring at me with her three chins and baboon's face.

"Why the hell should the coach be allowed to blink?", I wondered, until I realized that I had to suppress wicked thoughts like that, or I would fail the drill again via some involuntary reflex action of disagreement.

But my evil mind did not turn out to be the cause of the problem. Because of the big lunch I ate, I had to move my bowels.

"I could easily control that", I said to myself, since I only had another forty-three minutes to wait before the drill was finally over. But my overt act was in failing to communicate that thought to my stomach, which inadvertently made a loud, rumbling sound.

"Flunk!", came the shrill piercing curse of Valerie's voice, causing my heart to sink somewhere in the pit of my large intestines. "You gurgled! Go back to the beginning! Start!"

"Oh, my God!", I exclaimed. "That wasn't my fault! I only --"

"Flunk!", she hissed, cutting my communication off. "You spoke! Go back to the beginning! Start!"

"Fine, but can I go to the bathroom first?", I begged. "As you can see, I have to take a real mean shit here!"

"Flunk!", she repeated, completely impervious to everything. "You spoke! Go back to the beginning! Start!"

"I know", I softly whimpered, admitting defeat. "I should have realized that --"

"Flunk! You spoke! Go back to the beginning!", she yelled at the top of her voice, with sweat pouring down her forehead in a rage of mad glee. "Start!"

All that time wasted. And with these cramps, how could I take it? Something was bound to go wrong. There's no way I could get through three more hours. Why was I such a failure? How come every other Scientologist was able to pass this drill?

Thinking about my dilemma, I started seeing right through Valerie, cutting straight through the layers of her fat, and suddenly, the room began to dissolve. The colors all seemed to blend together, and by postulate, I turned them into vegetable soup. It then dawned on me that I had once more exteriorized. I was out of my body, trying to prevent myself from going out of my mind,



controlling the whole show from three feet in back of my head. I felt no pain, because it was just me out here, confronting the physical universe. I didn't have to do anything, or worry about the consequences of the body's reactions. It was only me, looking at this very strange sight of two lumps of fleshy meat facing each other. I moved around the front of the room to get a good look at my own shell. It looked rather dead. Could that be possible? No, it was still breathing. I thought "If I could just keep things going like this for two hours and forty-eight minutes more. Maybe if I could speed up time a little bit..."

Three hours went by like a herd of turtles, but I made it! With the little help of exteriorization, self-hypnosis, trancing myself out, or whatever really happened, I really got through TR-Zero, Section Two! Valerie, who had compassion after all, gave me a bottle of Murine Wash to pour into my eyes. I thought I had a headache, but I was too numb to feel if the pain was actually mine. There was a possibility that the "somatic", or unconscious pain, was Valerie's.

Nevertheless, in my Success Story, I wrote a personal message to Ron, telling him what a fantastic coach she turned out to be.

"I couldn't have loved Valerie more if she were my very own sister", I told him in the note.

"Don't be so propitiative by flattering me so much", Valerie warned me as she read my Success Story, albeit thoroughly all aglow. "Don't forget that tomorrow we do TR-Zero, Section Three!"

I had never made a study of the customs and folklore of Spain, so it struck me as odd when I read in the Dianetics and Scientology Technical Dictionary about a little known practice of "setting rabid dogs upon a chained bull" for the sport known as "bullbaiting." As Ron applied this to thetans, I soon found out that "bullbaiting" in Scientology meant "to attack or torment, especially with a persistent insult, criticism, or ridicule."<sup>[31]</sup>

TR-Zero, Section Three, is named "Confronting Bullbaited." As you may have suspected, my next quantum leap into the wild adventure of TRs involved the impossible sounding feat of staring for three hours at a coach who is insulting you, embarrassing you, and humiliating you with the unrelenting gusto of a teasing bully.

When I was a child growing up in an environment that held in high esteem the virtues of both spectator and participatory sports activities, there were boys my own age who did not understand or appreciate why I found it more pleasurable to hunt for praying mantis cocoons. They never knew the satisfaction that I derived from carefully placing these sacs of insect eggs under the sofas and armchairs of those friends and relatives who gave me a hard time. Within a matter of weeks, thousands of tiny baby insects would hatch and invade their homes, and I got a big old charge out of it.

So I never appreciated why the neighborhood kids enjoyed beating me up a lot. I did not have very much empathy for them either. I assumed the justification that their overtly aggressive behavior like punching me in the stomach and kicking me in the head might render them unemployable in later years. I was so relieved to find out that there might be a job for these now-grown-up bratty punks as professional "bullbaiters" for TR-Zero.

In their absence, however, there was no doubt in my mind that Valerie Naiman would be an adequate substitute. She was all geared up to pounce all over me. She had that look of chewing me up and spitting me out written all over her thetan puss.

Again, we both had to sit and face each other for three hours. As in TR-Zero, Section Two, I had only to "be there comfortably", but this time it was Valerie's hat as coach to bullbait me into a flunk by whatever means she could think of. A laugh, or even a smile on my part would make me vulnerable. Then we would have to start all over from the beginning.

If Valerie did not have her ethics in solidly, she could have been mild with me, so that I could pass the drill and go on to the next training routine. But that would have been "non-standard out-tech", meaning not what Ron wanted her to do. Toughness was what the drills called for. However long it took me to pass did not matter. I was Valerie's "Valuable Final Product." If she turned me into a droid or a complete goon in the process, so be it. Should it become necessary to stay the night, she had her footies and her thermos with her. I was prepared for that from the Life Repair, so it would not come as a complete shock to me.

The first thing Coach Valerie had to do was find my "button", or that which made me react. Insulting me was not upsetting in the least. In fact, I rather enjoyed it. There was nothing wrong with her calling me a "filthy scum bag sex degenerate pervert prick", because she was nearly right. I just wasn't filthy, that's all. But that was no reason for me to show any emotion, and I didn't. After twenty-five minutes of insults later, Valerie decided to try something far more effective. She knew she could get me to flunk by making me laugh.

The sight of staring at her continuously while she had her index finger about four inches up her nose was not something I could easily overlook. I tried to control myself, but to little avail.

"Flunk for suppressing a laugh!", she said staunchly, pulling her finger out and wiping it on her blouse. "Go back to the beginning! Start!"

Several minutes later, she made a weird face and pretended to gag and throw up on top of my head. I burst out laughing and she flunked me. We started again.

This time, she waited forty-five minutes before doing anything. All of a sudden, she put her pinky over her left nostril, and blew her nose on the floor. The unexpected surprise of that made me both hysterical with laughter and violently upset at the same time, because I knew that as comical as the outburst was, we were back to square one.

Her next maneuver was making funny faces at me, but somehow, I kept my composure, and I did not become affected by it.

"You know, Steve", she began, "I truly love death."

That statement coming from nowhere made me grin, and in my honesty, I flunked myself. But Valerie flunked me for flunking my own flunk.

"Only the coach can flunk the student", she stated admonishingly.

Fifteen minutes went by. Valerie contorted her body and tried to watch me while she was upside down. I successfully ignored her.

"When are you and your family going to come over to my house and lick my toilet?", she asked.

I burst out loud from the stupidity of that, and I had to begin again.

Then I thought I was on a roll. I had survived two hours of watching Valerie floss her teeth with a pencil, put a mascara brush inside her nose, and scotch tape a dozen paper clips to her face. But when she told me that she wanted to have sex with my mother, I cracked up laughing, and after five hours into TR-Zero, Section Three, I had to start all over again. But the thought of she and my mother in intimate positions together made me laugh uncontrollably, even when I did nothing more than look at the fat ugly thing sitting in front of me. But as a good coach without mercy, she trampled hard on that "button", flunking me every two or three minutes.

"Does she like the top or the bottom?", she asked. I could not stop imagining that absurd picture.

"If either your mom or I get pregnant, you'll have to support both of us!", she continued, promptly flunking me for the slightest indication of a smirk.

I was into my fifth hour at this already, and I was very thirsty and had to go to the bathroom. There was no use asking her for any liberties, since she would flunk me and I would waste more time. I had to find a way to tune Valerie out.

I mocked up some pictures of a gruesome, horrible scene in my mind, of cattle being slaughtered in a factory farm. No matter what Valerie said that was funny, it was not going to get past this "visio" or mocked-up mental image photograph that I created of dying cows. As an animal rights activist against factory farming, this was the only thing I could think of which would make me angry enough to ignore the originations of my coach. I kept the sound of her insane remarks below the shrieking of the suffering cattle. I added the blaring brass of French funeral music to this as a "sonic", or sound within the picture. Since I had bad cramps from not going to the bathroom, I permitted myself to feel the writhing agony of the discomfort. I mocked up the smell of rotting flesh, and for good measure, put in the taste of hot vinegar. However, I soon ran the risk of getting flunked for crying, as I felt evidence of a tear in my left eye from this disgusting combination of these unusually cruel perceptions. Nevertheless, I was able to hear Valerie's voice seeping through all of the confusion at the exact instant that I tried to tone any of it down.

The method which I found to be the most workable to handle the final hour when Valerie was getting very desperate to have me fail, was to create the sound of loud drums and cymbals, in order to drown her out completely. To this I added monotonous in my own voice.

"Blah! Blah! Blah! Blah! Blah! Blah! Blah!", I kept repeating in my mind to accompany the percussion instruments. However, I nearly froze when I realized that the "Blah blahs" also had the potential to be funny. In order to avoid any thought of creating any silly pictures or noticing Valerie, I mocked up a scene of Jaime being tied to a barbed wire fence and whipped by a mad psychiatrist. This sequence fascinated me, and I kept looking at that mock-up until I fully exteriorized. Once out of the body, I was able to postulate or command intention to end the session, and shortly thereafter, in what seemed like a matter of seconds, Valerie gave me a final pass on TR-Zero. It was finally over!

I had gotten through the process called "Confronting while Bullbaited" by once again escaping from having to confront it. I had no idea that getting the preclear to exteriorize was one of the purposes and "End Phenomena" of the drill. I thought I was doing something wrong. When Valerie told me that I handled it fabulously, I wrote a very enthusiastic Success Story, which was so well received by the Director of Success and Examiner of Miami, that I was allowed to read it at the

eleven o'clock staff meeting. The resounding applause made me so happy that I had an instant erection, which I was later able to share with a Brazilian hooker who was thumbing her away up to Fort Lauderdale on Dixie Highway.

I took a day off from my training, since Jaime wanted to go out with her friend Wendy to watch the male strippers at the Crazy Horse Saloon on Biscayne Boulevard, in North Miami Beach. Wendy Weil was a lesbian veterinarian who, besides passing kidney stones for her own amusement, enjoyed taking Jaime to places like that, in the hopes that the stimulation would get Jaime sexually excited enough to allow Wendy to fondle her and do whatever most women of that ilk do together. I told Wendy repeatedly that nothing of either sex could arouse my wife, who was totally numb and frigid. But, in her pitiful state, it might do some good just to get her out of the house, if for no other reason than to permit me to clean it up on Freddie's night off.

It was also worthwhile to be able to spend quality time with my daughter Arielle, as we cleaned the house and listened to cassette tapes of L. Ron Hubbard together. However, after a short time, I realized that two year old children can't sit still long enough to do TR-Zero very well. Also, there were probably a few words in Ron's "Philadelphia Doctorate Lectures" that Arielle didn't fully understand. I wrote down a memo to ask Denise at what age children can be started on Scientology training, so I could bring my daughter into the Mission for some elementary processing.

Meanwhile, back at the Miami Org on the following evening, I prepared myself for TR-1 by going to the bathroom right before my training, and not drinking any liquids at all so that I would not have the urge to urinate during the drill. I was gearing myself up for a long, hard night.

Much to my surprise, however, all TR-1 consisted of was reading passages from the book "Alice in Wonderland." I particularly liked the "mad hatter", since that was the function and state of mind of the Org's Director of Personnel Procurement. I passed TR-1, which is appropriately called "Dear Alice", in twenty minutes, fully able to read passages from the Lewis Carroll novel "naturally, without strain or artificiality, with no elocutionary bobs and gestures, and easily and relaxedly."<sup>[32]</sup>

TR-2, or "Acknowledgements", was another simple pushover. I was taught the proper way of saying "Good" and "Thank you", and on special occasions, to use the phrase "Very Good", whenever I acknowledged anyone.

"An acknowledgement", Valerie read, "is a stop to communication."

Although I had been taught the appropriately mannered phrases of answering people in conversation when I was three years old at the Franz Siegel Nursery School of the Bronx, I had not had a refresher course in twenty-seven years, and I felt it couldn't really hurt. In TR-2, I was told to vary or change the acknowledgement by using "Fine" and "Okay" once in a while, since there was a tendency in Scientology to become too robotic. Even if that happened, of course, we did not want to alert the world that we were boring. Even "Rondroids", as our enemies the psychs called us, could afford to be spontaneous and interesting. No matter what, at least we had to stay one giant step ahead of the wogs.

Valerie was delighted that I could get through two full TR drills in one night. She rewarded me for my "upstat" by allowing me to organize the books in the Org Bookstore the way I knew that they should be arranged, which was by height, or size place. To show my appreciation for that privilege, I also volunteered to clean the showcases with Windex. I had wanted to fix up that public area of the Org for some time, but I was not given permission to do it until I had fully proven myself

worthy of the opportunity. I was finally allowed to contribute my aesthetic potential to the Org, and I wrote a letter to Ron, thanking him for enabling me to enhance the beauty of the bookstore displays. You won't understand the ecstasy of contributing to the betterment of Scientology's image until you actually do it. In the meantime, you can fantasize about it, I suppose.

Life was so exciting for me now, I even went to the Org on Sundays. Jaime did not notice, because most of the time, she did not know what day of the week it was. They all seemed the same to her, except that she missed seeing "General Hospital" on the weekends. Do you think I wanted to stay home with a piece of crap like her? In Yiddish, there was a word that my mother used to use in order to describe Jaime. It was a "Shtoonk", which technically means a lazy, filthy person who lays around all day doing nothing. It was a unique experience to word clear and demonstrate on the clay table what a "Shtoonk" does, which I had to do when I wrote up a Knowledge Report explaining why I was unable to bring my wife into the Org for auditing. The one thing you don't do in Scientology is to show contempt for Ron's policies by bringing suppressives in for services, even if you unfortunately happen to be married to one. On the other hand, I was not going to let trash like her impede my own progress up the Bridge to Total Freedom. Perhaps I should have felt more sympathetic to Jaime, and therefore you might feel that I was cruel and heartless by ignoring her. But honestly, did you expect me to stay home with a pail and shovel and pick up after four dogs, five cats, six hamsters, a rabbit, and an insane wife? It was a losing proposition all around, because they were crapping faster than I was sweeping. At least if I had a job in the circus, walking behind the elephants, I could get paid for it. Our home already smelled like a shit house. It was bad enough that I had to sleep there in any event. I didn't feel that it was fair to have to spend my free time there too.

Besides, I was anxious to do TR-3. The drill called for me to ask Valerie the question, "Do birds fly?" Valerie then had to answer the question by saying "Yes", "No", or "I don't know." All of those were valid answers. I then had to acknowledge Valerie's responses by saying "Good", "Okay", or "Thank you", and ask her the same question again, over and over.

If at any time Valerie did not answer appropriately, or if she answered my question with her own unrelated question, I was supposed to say, "I'll repeat the auditing command", followed by another round of "Do birds fly?", starting again.

If I did not correctly handle her inappropriate answer, she then had the obligation to flunk me. After asking "Do birds fly?" for three hundred times without a flunk, I had to run "Do fish swim?" for another three hundred times. When that was done, we started all over again, but this time, in TR-4, Valerie bullbaited me instead of answering "Yes" or "No."

"Do fish swim?", I asked.

"Only up your nose", she answered.

"I'll repeat the auditing command", I said.

"Flunk! You were suppressing a laugh. Go back to the beginning. Start!"

"Do fish swim?", I asked again.

"Not on Tuesdays", said the coach.

"I'll repeat the auditing command", I told her.

"Flunk!" That was a valid answer", she grinned. "Go back to the beginning. Start!"

"Do fish swim?"

"Do you like to eat fish?", she asked.

"Yes. Do fish swim?", I repeated.

"Flunk!", she shouted. "You took my bait. I didn't answer your question."

"But I do like to eat fish!", I protested.

"Flunk! You're still caught on my line. I never answered your question."

"The bait is for the fucking fish!", I screamed. "Now do fish swim or don't they?"

"Flunk, flunk, flunk!", she moaned. "Go back to the beginning. Start!"

It took four and one half hours to finish TR-4. Valerie kept talking about dead fish, birds eating fish, flying fish, and worms that both birds and fish split for dinner.

Just when I thought I had it all down, she tripped me up by asking "Does Fishman fly?", and as I laughed, she flunked me, and I told her to go fuck herself. When I finally passed the drill, she sent me to the Ethics Officer, who told me to write one thousand times, "I will not say "Go fuck yourself" to my auditor."

When I finished, Valerie asked me to write a Success Story, and demonstrate with clay how writing my overt up on paper for one thousand times was a major "win" for me. Like an idiot, I admitted that in TR-4, Valerie was not my auditor, but my coach. So I had to go back to the Ethics Office and work until four in the morning, writing one thousand more times, "I will not say "Go fuck yourself" to my coach." But do you know what? It was the best thing I ever did, because it completely broke me of the habit of cursing at Valerie ever again. You don't know how lucky we are to have Ethics in Scientology.

# CHAPTER FIVE

## In Guardians We Trust

On the 6th of September, 1979, Kevin Bein, the Deputy Guardian of Miami, summoned me into his office. The night before, I had run off some copies of policy letters on the mimeograph machine, and they had come out slightly dark, and I thought I was going to be thrown into the Ethics Condition of Emergency for having done that.

"I have orders here from B-1 to dispatch you to Flag at once", he said sternly.

"I'll do the copying over again", I promised, trying to get out of what I perceived to be a severe punishment. "Who is B-1?"

"B-1 is the Intelligence Bureaux of the Flag Land Base", he explained. "You will have to word clear all that. But in the meantime, you are to report there to debrief the Lieutenant Commander Deputy Guardian."

"Debrief him on what, my sex life with Jaime?", I replied curiously.

"Keep your TRs in, Fishman!", he warned. "It seems everyone on the Base is interested in seeing a demonstration on "Bingoing."

"Bingoing?", I asked, quite surprised, "It's real easy, Kevin. Just tell them to circle some numbers on the business reply cards in the trade magazines. There's nothing to it. Why do they want me to go all the way to Clearwater for that when --"

"You have your orders", Kevin interrupted. "You leave tomorrow. I've already copied your G. O. Admin Folder and had it couriered to Flag today. Do you need any supplies for the debriefing?"

"Tomorrow?", I asked, completely in shock. "I can't leave tomorrow. I have to open up the shoe store! There's a salesman sick and --"

"My advice is to start driving at 3:00 A.M., since you don't want to run into traffic on Highway 60", he suggested, ignoring my protest.

"I can't leave just like that!", I replied in astonishment. "What do I tell Jaime, or my father, or --"

"I have no time for Q&A", Kevin commented. Q&A literally means "Question and Answer", but is loosely translated to mean "hesitation" or "indecisiveness."

"You're a G. O. Agent now, so you'd better learn how to handle your wog terminals. You are to report to the Deputy Staff Guardian's Office on the mezzanine of the Fort Harrison at 900 hours, so eat a good breakfast first in case you have to be Security Checked."

"What does eating breakfast have to do with a Security Check?", I asked.

"If you don't eat, sometimes the E-Meter will give you a false read."

"Kevin, what's so hard about circling a few numbers in a dumb magazine?", I implored. "You

could tell them how to do it over the phone!"

I wasn't making any progress with my attempts at logic. Kevin slammed a piece of blue paper into my hand.

"Either report with these orders to the Lieutenant Commander Deputy Guardian Flag, or take them upstairs to the Ethics Officer", he squawked with his ultimatum shot from the hip.

It was so awe-inspiring when Kevin spoke to me like that. He made me realize that Guardians of the Tech had a tougher standard of beingness, and so the last thing I wanted was to be a wimp and not do what I was told.

I decided not to wait until three o'clock in the morning to start out on the five hour drive from Fort Lauderdale to Clearwater. I went home, packed an overnight bag, and left right away, putting a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door to my room, just for the sake of appearances, in case Jaime needed me to wash the cats or something.

Everything was so perfectly sensible at Flag. The Sea Org was Ron's elite naval base on land. Sea Org staff members were impeccably neat, and consequently they reminded me a lot of my kitchen cabinets before I met Jaime. It was such a pleasure to be in the safest, most distraction-free environment in the world, if you could avoid tripping over the survey takers and their clipboards.

Midshipman Bitty Blythe, a very respectable British staff member who had undoubtedly buried her sex life in camphor twenty years before, showed me the Flag Bookstore. The only book that was not written by L. Ron Hubbard was the Webster's Dictionary, and even that was suspect. Even though the Bookstore was a tiny, windowless cubicle in an unpretentious part of the lower lobby of the Fort Harrison, I knew that my dream and goal in life would be to work in a place just like that. The thought of being around so much Source Data got my juices flowing, and I was so "keyed out", or euphoric, that I felt I could simply go out of my skull with the joy of being there.

Refreshed and awake, I presented my Orders at the Deputy Staff Guardian's Office, which was located in the breezeway, next to the damp corridor that led to the parking garage of the Fort Harrison. An aide of the Commodore's Messenger Organization escorted me through two sets of doors into the back entrance of a room with a huge table, reminiscent of a real estate attorney's conference room where mortgage closings take place. Although the large oak furniture was very old, and accordingly could have used a fresh coat of Pledge, the stately ornamental chairs with hand carved lion's heads on the armrests gave rise to a nearly medieval atmosphere in this quaint carnival known as the "Guardian's Briefing Room."

On the wall there was a portrait of the semi-beautiful Commodore Staff Guardian, Mary Sue Hubbard. Although regimentally elegant, I had pictured her as being a lot taller than she was. Can you imagine what an honor it must have been for Mary Sue to sleep with Ron? Surely she must be the envy of all the female but nevertheless civilized world.

Five immaculately dressed men in their late twenties wearing black Sea Org Guardian Management Uniforms with Mediterranean blue lanyards marched in as if they had been rehearsing their entrance since last Hanukkah. The first one motioned for me to stand up, and after I jumped to my feet, Lieutenant Commander Deputy Guardian Lyman Spurlock came charging in. I didn't know whether to salute, or to call him "Your Majesty", so I waited for Lyman to make the first move. He motioned us all to be seated with his eyebrows. Tall, thin and with facial features that



reminded me of a Dick Tracy cartoon, Deputy Spurlock began to speak very slowly, creating the impression that each word he uttered was worth a lot of money.

"So we have G. O. Agent In Training Steve Fishman from the Miami Org here", he said, not bothering to introduce me to anyone else. "You have all read Ken Urquhart's CSW on his meeting with Fishman on 9 May AD29 regarding "Bingoing", which Fishman will now do a debriefing on. Before we begin, are there any out-rudiments that have to be handled?"

I raised my hand, much to everyone's surprise and chagrin.

"What's wrong, Fishman?", Lyman barked, as if to indicate that his request for unhandled rudiments, such as present time problems and ARC breaks, was merely a rhetorical formality.

"You are giving me misunderstood words", I answered fiercely, not showing how much in terror I was in front of such a pack of overwhelming executives. "What's a "CSW" and what's "AD29" mean?"

"Get him a dictionary!", Lyman screamed to a messenger in the back of the room who was taking notes. "No, cancel that order! There's no time. A "CSW" is a Completed Staff Work Report. AD29 means 29 years After Dianetics, which was 1950. You do know that Dianetics was written in 1950, don't you? 1979 and AD29 are synonymous, and I want you to get both of these definitions word cleared and demoed in clay immediately after the debriefing. Grethel, see to it!", he yelled at his messenger. "How long are you in Scientology?", he quizzed suspiciously.

"Since March", I said.

"He's in for six months", a voice echoed, unhappy with my answer as I stated it.

"Fishman, when you're in, you're in the for the duration of this universe. Count on that. And write up a CSW on this debriefing after we're done, so you can get some "mass" on what a CSW is. Grethel! See to it! Now, are there any other out-rudiments?"

I couldn't help thinking that this guy was a real psychopath. Here was Lyman, screaming and giving orders all over the place, as if he were God's boss. The only thing that kept going through my mind was, "How the hell could I ever get to be as good as him at all this?"

For the next hour, I described in vivid detail how any dedicated Scientologist could spend at least one hour a day in the periodicals section of their local library, and within that time frame, circle at least one thousand responses on business reply cards of industry trade journals, which would bombard the enemies of the Church with an onslaught of unwanted junk mail.

I suggested that college and university libraries are the best source of these magazines, since they have a larger selection, and it is very important to be sure that the material or subject matter selected to be sent out to our suppressive targets be both boring and annoying.

"Our enemies will have to go through thousands upon thousands of unwanted advertising junk, just to be able to find their telephone or electric bills", I revealed. "They'll be forced to confront the fact that they have done something so vehemently wrong in the physical universe, that somebody hates them enough to never let them ever forget it."

I continued by saying that the initiative has an added benefit of a domino effect, because

once on the mailing lists of these advertisers, their names are sold to other companies, and our enemies wind up being canvassed by the new sources for their own promotional and marketing programs.

"Furthermore", I argued, "circling these request cards is very positive and beneficial to certain businesses, such as the printing industry, since they are providing the raw materials for advertising the products of these companies who are being represented by the circled numbers.

Finally, I demonstrated how Bingoing was a patriotic act that should be undertaken by every American citizen, since the added revenue for the Post Office would boost the economy from out of its current slump. If the Postmaster General knew that a force for planetary survival and happiness such as Scientology was actively using a campaign like Bingoing to increase postal revenues, we could later be in a secure bargaining position to prevail upon them to demand that the more suppressive agencies of the Federal Government, such as the IRS, the FDA and the FBI stop attacking us, or we will threaten to stop sending out the business reply cards altogether.

Nevertheless, I urged my students to save the price of the outgoing stamps by making sure that the response or "Bingo" cards were shown to be postage paid by the magazines. About twenty percent of the trade journals required a stamp, and I reminded them that it is much more efficient to avoid spending money on our enemies unless no other choice was available, since that was tantamount to "rewarding a downstat." That viewpoint generated some wild applause on the part of Lyman, so the other five shadows took up his cue and clapped as well.

I then spent a few minutes on the need for circling the numbers carefully, since an unreadable selection might cause the entire card to be bounced, in which case the magazine might return the card to the enemy listed on the name and address portion, thereby tipping him off that someone was Bingoing him. I used the favored example of mailing loads of junk mail to psychiatrists. I told those getting hatted to always use the prefix "Mr." instead of "Dr.", because any additional nuances of insult would greatly add to the impact of harassment. Because the standard user of these trade journals were companies that wanted to buy technical products relating to a specific product or service like plumbing or packaging, in the space marked "Company Name", one would have to invent, or mock up a corporate entity relevant not to the aberrations or peculiarities of our enemy, but rather to the industry or the subject matter of the magazine, in order to avoid the Bingo card being rejected by the publisher.

For example, if the journal from which the Bingo card was selected was called "Mortuary Management Magazine", which is actually one of my special favorites; and the psychiatrist's name was Dr. Willie Wundt, you might want to show the "Company Name" as Leipzig Memorial Gardens and Crematoria, Inc., instead of any reference to Wundt's criminal mental health clinic, his professorship of applied Pavlovian philosophy, or whatever the fuck he did for a living.

A bingo card from "Design Engineering" could easily accommodate the company name of "Somatics, Incorporated", which actually is the name of the manufacturer of Electric Shock Therapy machines.

"Thus, you tailor the company name to the magazine's product or service, not that of the enemy", I summarized.

Another caveat which I gave the Guardian brass, was not to "overcircle." Some magazines had a maximum number of items they would process, such as twenty-five or fifty. Furthermore, I warned my "class" to always check the expiration date of the business reply card, since most

magazines allowed requests up to a period of four to six months from the publication date. That being the case, it was pointless to search out old issues of magazines to use for this purpose. The requests would not be honored, as they would be "stale-dated." I explained that this was due to the reason that the magazine was not interested in supporting any old advertisers who had not renewed their contracts for business reply card advertising.

Since time was a primary factor in speeding up production, I made the suggestion that in the case of a major enemy, such as an anti- Scientology attorney, expert witness or madly evil-purposed psych, it might pay to invest four or five dollars to make up a rubber stamp, since that would permit you to multiply your stats by five, since you could send out at least five times the amount of Bingo cards if you no longer had to waste time in filling them out by hand. Furthermore, it was better for security reasons, since it would be advisable not to have your handwriting on the Bingo card if the harassment was done on a very intense level and the enemy found out who was doing it through some "flub" or downstat.

"What level would you consider "intense?", asked the L. Ron Hubbard Guardian Communicator World Wide, who was seated the second from the left.

"That condition would occur when the enemy was receiving no less than ten thousand letters per day", I clarified.

"And how could that be accomplished?", Lyman interjected.

"Quite easily", I answered. "Send a team of ten Guardians to a library for an hour a day on their own free time if they are "gung-ho" on it."

"That's the problem, Fishman", Lyman quickly stated. "We could spare some basic Sea Training recruits for an hour per day on those days that they have some enhancement time coming, since none of this is allowed to interfere with their regular posts or duties. But I can tell you right now that it is not practical to dispatch teams of our people to wog libraries, because just transporting them back and forth would take several hours. We don't have that luxury of time here at Flag. I'm afraid none of this can be done without putting the whole Org in Liability."

"Wrong!", I exclaimed, amazed at myself for invalidating this fierce leader. "That can be effectively handled by applying for free magazine subscriptions for these trade journals yourselves. Have them sent to Flag Archives, or the Bookstore, and then just distribute them to the Agents in charge of getting the job done. You simply have to make one trip to the library and tear out subscription request cards to all of the publications that you need. Once you start receiving the magazines in the mail, your name will be sold to other mailing lists who will solicit you to subscribe to competitive magazines, all free of charge, of course."

"This is brilliant!", Lyman shouted. "The G. O. can use this! I say we act on it. Is it done?"

"Done!", they all shouted in unison.

"Very well done indeed!", swooned Lyman in heaps of praise. "Now get those words you missed during rudiments fully cleared and "clay tabled", write up a CSW and a Success Story, and meet us at the Hubbard Guidance Center Cramming Office at 1300 hours."

"When?" I asked.

"One o'clock P.M. is 1300 hours", two people shouted together.

"So there's more that we need to do?", I asked.

"I should say so!", Lyman grumbled. "You are going to drill all of us on this. Plus I am ordering some other terminals to attend. We're going to Bingo some SPs to the tune of five thousand letters this afternoon! You don't just give us theory without a "practical." If you're going to hat us, then you don't have us wear half a hat. Without the drill, we might misduplicate something!" As I left the Briefing Room, I couldn't believe how much of a big deal they were all making out of circling numbers in magazines. Of course, I had to admit to myself that I was very thorough, and my pointers on the stamps, the company names, "overcircling", and expiration dates were extremely vital and helpful. And quite truly, Bingoing is a fabulously undetectable way to drive someone very nuts. But such craving for detail I had never seen before! Imagine if I had to debrief them on how to wipe their asses? We would probably have to have a "practical" drill on that too.

Speaking of digestion, the meals at the Hour Glass Restaurant at the Fort Harrison Hotel were always exceptional. Everything was done to Ron's taste and specification. Although it made no difference, the rest of us liked it too. Judging from his weight, L. Ron Hubbard liked to eat well. And why not? You can't create Tech on an empty stomach.

The atmosphere, despite the fact that the Hour Glass was long overdue for a renovation, was of very high quality. The waiters looked every bit as continental and homosexual as their finest five star counterparts in New York. And in Scientology restaurants, you don't have to tip them either! Tipping is a medieval wog custom.

Instead, you get a questionnaire, with survey entries about the quality of the food, ambience and service. It is your duty and obligation as a customer to fill out the survey ethically after each meal, and provide a rating from one to ten, with one the lowest and ten the highest, just like in the film with Bo Derek. Advancements and promotions for posts within Flag Crew, which is responsible for providing food service within Scientology retreats, are made solely based upon these surveys. It is such a better system, when you think about it. In fact, it would be a real good idea for you to write your Congressman right now, and demand that a law be passed providing that surveys must replace tipping in all American restaurants. It would probably not be too unreasonable to apply the law to every taxi driver also.

The afternoon meeting in the Hubbard Guidance Center had about twenty attendees, including the same group of hustlers from the morning. The Cramming Office was very much a course room setting in every detail, but with many more desks and tables than I had ever seen at the Miami Org. There were little rooms off to the side for interviews and examinations, and everyone who was not involved in our own cycle stayed very busy at looking occupied. A franticness permeated the room, which was deliberately kept at least eight or nine degrees too cold, in order to prevent people from becoming lazy or falling asleep.

A messenger brought in fifteen trade magazines which were both current and recent. They still had the mailing labels of Hillsboro Community College on them, so the journals must have been stolen from the library there. A fresh supply of crisp, thin markers were still in their original wrappers, and had been brought up by a cute young messenger named Prissie. She was busy placing the pens laterally subjacent to each magazine that she had poised as close to the center of each desk as you can get.

"That was the girl I should have married", I thought. "Someone who knew that neatness

really counts above all else."

It was so wonderful to be supervising the drill of these remarkable thetans. In one room, I had the most ardent protectors and safeguarders of Scientology technology in the world, and here was I, an asshole shoe salesman, teaching them something! I did not deserve such a lucky break. All I could think of was that if I had died that very minute, at least now my whole life would have been worthwhile.

In the next hour, I personally supervised the circling of over five thousand business reply card responses to all of our major enemies in the field and on the planet! There was the squirrel attorney Michael Flynn of Boston, who was responsible for a savage attack on the Church. He had the colossal gall to represent a girl who had asked for a refund from Scientology, after she wrote a glowing Success Story which highly praised her own "wins" in auditing. Imagine an ingrate like that? No, how could you. It is too reprehensible.

We also flooded the letter boxes of several suppressive City of Clearwater Commissioners who had tried to interfere with Flag's expansion and destiny. But the most fun we all had was in sending a deluge of mail to the most notorious psychiatrists in the world. One that comes to mind is the homicidal maniac Jolly West, the personal shrink of the insane heiress and bank robber Patty Hearst. This madman Dr. West had once injected and killed a poor, helpless elephant with LSD, just for the cruelty of pure sport. Isn't that horrible? That son of a bitch bastard definitely needed a larger mailbox when we got through with him, that's for damn sure!

The practical section of my Bingo Briefing went so well that on the same evening, the Awards Secretary of the Guardian's Office of the Flag Land Base sent a courier up to my room to present me with a Certificate with my name printed on it, bearing the inscription "Very Highly Commended for service to the Guardian's Office." I was so touched by this beautiful gesture that I cried for two hours from happiness, unable to even swallow a glass of water. It was so good to be loved and admired. My craving for that was far deeper than you could ever know.

Everyone back at the Mission stood aghast with their tongues hanging out while I told them of my escapades with the Guardians at Flag. I had no idea how critical these elevated beings were to the preservation of sanity and security of the planet.

Peter reminded me that as a G. O. Agent, I had to keep my ethics very clean, and write up all my O/Ws promptly.

"In Scientology, there is the Twenty Four Hour Rule", Peter revealed. "Any goofed session must be repaired within twenty-four hours.<sup>[33]</sup> That also applies to ethics as well. Once you have allowed a time period of twenty-four hours to elapse without reporting your overt acts and withholds, the ethics penalties are very severe."

"That's correct!", echoed Barbara Fawcett, who always climbed out of her shell whenever Peter said anything profound. "And if there is one missed withhold, or just one tiny little thing that you have not told your auditor or Ethics Officer about, then you can never complete the Route to Total Freedom. That one missed withhold will keep you trapped, and you'll never go up the Bridge until you give it up!"

"Well, I might as well tell you right away", I confessed with the overpowering gloom of fear coming over my face. "While at Flag, I masturbated in my bed and wiped it all over the clean sheets."

"You'd better write it up now!", Peter scolded. "Time is running out."

It truly is so much easier to function within a group where you can be totally and completely honest. After all, there are no secrets in Scientology.

Several days later, Denise reminded me to call the claims processor and see if we were any closer to receiving the class action lawsuit settlement check for the First National City Bank settlement. Predictably, they told me it would take about a year longer before the final proceeds were mailed out. I wrote up a Knowledge Report on my findings and gave the file to Peter.

"You can't just plan on having all your eggs in one basket", Peter reminded me. "What about those other two claims, Occidental Petroleum and Air West? Those deadlines are next month! Aren't you going to send them in?"

"Should I?", I questioned with a preponderance of uncertainty.

"Yes, but if I were you, I would use a different name", he quipped.

"Why?", I asked.

"Don't you know how sick the wog world is?", he sneered. "They may misinterpret our motives. Anyway, it's good security to keep the SPs guessing."

"What name should I use?", I queried.

"Get with Barbara and work one up", he huffed. "Oh, and use a different address. What about the shoe store? Can you get mail there?"

"Sure, but why is that going to make any difference?", I wondered.

"Let me give you a good analogy", Peter said as he pushed down on my shoulders, forcing me into a seat. "Back in World War Two, some of the unspoken heroes of that time used to hide Jews from Hitler. And it wasn't easy, because the Nazis were almost as good at keeping records as we are. But let me ask you this: for the sake of playing it safe, would it make more sense to hide ten Jews in one cellar, or to take the ten Jews and hide each one in ten different cellars?"

"The ten cellars, because if one was caught, then --"

"Now you've got it!", Peter interrupted. "Each class action claim is like a frightened little Jew hiding in a cellar from suppressive wogs, SPs and squirrels. I want you to start using a few different addresses."

Peter routed me to Barbara's office, which was a lot dimmer and far less air-conditioned than Peter's.

"So now we are going to mock up a new name", Barbara said. "Any ideas?"

"What about Johnny Doe?", I suggested.

"Come on!", she coaxed. "You're a Scientologist! Start thinking like one. What's your favorite

character from a book?", she said, trying to get me to come up with some original thoughts.

"The Mad Hatter from Alice in Wonderland", I said. "I had a great time with him during TR-1."

"That won't work", she laughed. "Mad isn't such a good first name. All right, Steve, what's your favorite movie?"

"Soylent Green", I said. "That's about a futuristic society where the Government handled its overpopulation problem by turning the excess citizens into small green crackers for the rest of the people to eat. It was Charlton Heston's best film."

"That sounds slightly suppressive", Barbara hinted.

"Yeah, but the Government will probably do something like that to us in a hundred years", I rebuked. "On second thought, Earth will never last another hundred years."

"Well, let's change all that!", Barbara screamed. "Why not recall a less controversial movie, and give me the name of a character in it who is not so well known."

"How about Harry Sebakovitch?", I said excitedly.

"Who?", giggled Barbara.

"Harry Sebakovitch!", I repeated. "He was the name of the Communist spy who drove in a 1962 Cadillac limousine in "A Dandy In Aspic" with Lawrence Harvey. That was a great one!"

"I never heard of the movie, but that's a terrific name for a class action lawsuit claimant", she admitted. "No one in their right mind would ever accuse you of making up a name like that! Well, it's all settled then!", she concluded perkily, writing the name in the log book.

"It's only fitting to use the name of a fictional Communist spy for the Occidental Petroleum claim", Peter stated when he heard about the decision, "since Occidental's President, the SP Armand Hammer, is a United States citizen with his own condominium in Moscow. He's the kind of degraded being that thinks he can get away with anything. In 1955, he urged the Rockefeller Foundation to sponsor the Siberia Bill, which tried to get the House of Representatives to provide funding for the largest Mental Health Concentration Camp in the world, so that they could use slave labor for oil exploration in Alaska. Armand Hammer was behind all that, and if it weren't for Ron, he would have succeeded in doing it."

I had no idea how decadently vicious the world had become at the blood-stained hands of these criminal murderers. If more of us were dedicated enough to send in class action lawsuit claims, we could one day win the planet back!

Even after I left Peter's office, he was still laughing at the name I selected.

"Harry Sebakovitch", Peter chuckled. "What a sick puppy."

But it did not stop there. Peter ordered Barbara and Denise to help me come up with other identities, including some female ones. In the next few weeks I created Mylo Canderian, Ph.D., originally a mouse on an Australian cartoon who played the part of a psychiatrist who was constantly trying to hang himself on the pull hole of a window shade. I told Barbara that it would be

poetic justice for a mocked-up psychiatrist to be a claimant in the class action settlements. Barbara thought that adding the suffix "Ph.D." to the claimant's name provided just the touch of authenticity that would insure me against the claim being questioned or rejected.

"No wog would ever dare turn down a psych's request for money", she observed. "You are just such a natural at this!"

Denise had me mock up a new claimant, who I named Zachariah Solomon. I created a mental image picture of his being a 92 year old retired slumlord who lived in the Jewish Home For The Aged. He was so cheap that he washed his false teeth in the toilet, in order to save money on his water bill. I spent about an hour a day with "Zack", as I called him, so I could be an integral part of his life.

Similarly, I created Gussie Leviticoff as a female claimant, who worked making pin cushions for sixty years until she went mad and began sticking pins in her breasts until they hauled her off to the sanatorium for some electric shock treatment. Denise and I had fun creating that one.

But none of this was without a price.

Due to the fact that I spent an hour a day "getting to know my mock-ups" as part of the drill, I started thinking and talking like them. Often, I began speaking in a Jewish accent like Zachariah Solomon. On another occasion, I irritated the nipples on my chest when I squeezed them too hard, pretending to be Gussie Leviticoff. When I finally admitted to Denise that Dr. Geertz had once diagnosed me as a schizophrenic with a multiple personality disorder, Peter spoke to the Case Supervisor of Miami, who ordered that I be audited immediately on the Identity Rundown, which runs out and cures the phenomenon known as "being out of valence", which is the true definition of schizophrenia. Although the Identity Rundown was expensive at sixteen hundred dollars, it was well worth clearing out my bank account, since within four days, I was completely healed. In my Success Story, I wrote up and demonstrated how Leah Abady cured me of wog schizophrenia simply by running my compulsion to be in other people's bodies, and by flattening my needle reaction to this on the E-Meter.

All schizophrenia is, of course, is the desire on the part of the thetan to occupy more than one body at a time, because before we were trapped in our physical universe bodies, we had that capability. Once I cognited on that, I was no longer schizophrenic. Zachariah Solomon and Gussie Leviticoff told me that they stopped thinking about me too.

Shortly thereafter, the Air West case was sent in, as well as two others, and I was well on the road to happiness and success.

by Steven Fishman



# CHAPTER SIX

## A Case Of First Suppression

I no longer felt very safe, sane or secure around the wogs. The reactive bank was everywhere. Step out of the Org or the Mission, and you have entered a realm of madness. Can you imagine people who thought they were bodies and not thetans? What do you tell the inhabitants of a planet who live some seventy years with the purpose of accumulating everything except truth and knowingness, only to find that after they die, all they have to look forward to is losing their possessions, forgetting who they were in their most recent life, and picking up the new stolen body of a screaming baby infant, so that they can go through the mess all over again? I don't know. Have you tried communicating with ants in an ant hill lately? No, the ants know what's going on for themselves far better than we do.

Still, I just couldn't let Jaime go. You know how it is; you get used to having things like her around the house. She would have been so fabulous to live with if she were in a coma. I could sleep with her whenever I wanted to, and she would never be able to complain. But I don't want you to get the wrong idea. It wouldn't be like having sex with a dead person, because at least she would still be warm. And in that position, she could never mess up the house. Nurses would wipe her behind and wash her crotch, and I could handle all of that. There was no way I could ever hurt her physically, because I was in love with what she represented; and besides that, I'm the most compassionate guy that I ever met in my whole life. If only my postulates would work stronger! There had to be some very valid reasons why, with all my new abilities, I couldn't just wish Jaime into a catatonic state.

My confidante Denise said it was because I was not handling suppression in the environment effectively enough. She said that if I helped other Scientologists to go up the Bridge, a breakthrough no short of a miracle could open up for me in the theta, or spiritual universe.

When I sent in the claim forms for Harry Sebakovitch and Mylo Canderian, I took responsibility for raising my own level of confront by signing their names in the same way they would have written them if they were real. Peter was so proud of the way I had mocked up two uniquely different signatures, that he gave Kevin a copy of the new handwriting specimens. Kevin then wrote up a Knowledge Report and Federal Expressed it to Lyman Spurlock, who immediately responded by ordering Kevin to recruit me for a confidential Guardian's Office Operation known as the Student Assistance Project, or "SAP" as it was called. Since Denise had also informed Kevin of my desire to handle my own counter-intention in the theta universe, this appeared to be the ideal scene in which to do it.

The Hubbard College of Improvement is under the Department of Training. It supervises the Organization Executive Course, the Flag Executive Briefing Course, the Hubbard Professional Course Supervisor's Course, the Solo Auditor's Course, and various others.<sup>[34]</sup>

With a curriculum far more vital for the survival of the world than the garbage taught at Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, it was only natural for the Board of Directors of the Church of Scientology to expect the United States Federal Government would extend the same courtesies for the funding of student loans to the Hubbard College of Improvement as it did to the mediocre wog universities.

But alas, we are dealing with a world gone mad, and for some illogical reason, deeply

buried in the collective reactive mind of the Federal Government, accreditation was denied, and the Hubbard College of Improvement, according to Kevin, "was summarily excluded from the benefits of the student loan program."

A wog college would have knuckled under and caved in. In Scientology Organizations, we "make things go right." That is the essential difference. As a grave injustice had been committed, the Guardian's Office was called in to ensure that worthy and upstat Scientologists received their well- deserved scholarship money.

Since I had exceptional talents in the area of handwriting mock-ups, which was borne out by my handling of the securities class action claim forms of my "valences", or synthetic personalities of Harry Sebakovitch and Mylo Canderian, Ph.D.; I was given the opportunity to handle the suppressive elements in the Federal Government who were out there actively stopping people within the Third Dynamic of Scientology from going up the Bridge.

How any whimpering bureaucrat could be that thoughtless, cruel and downright evil-purposed was beyond my comprehension.

Obviously, they had gone in league with the conspiratorial World Federation of Mental Health, who would stop at nothing to attack us.

My hat was to fill out the United States Government Student Loan Applications and see that they were letter perfect, and free from the wog disease known as human error. Kevin Bein supplied me with reference materials, including recent telephone directories of the yellow pages for every major city in the country, as well as a list of accredited wog colleges, and a zip code directory. Most important were about five or six sample forms of correctly filled out student loan applications, so that I could use the data within them as a model, as well as a list of addresses of safe houses all over the country where Kevin wanted me to have the money sent. Several hundred blank student loan applications were also initially dispatched by courier to the Guardian's Office of the Miami Org. Once an application was finished, it was sent "uplines" to upper level Guardians at Flag, in order to be forwarded to the Federal Government. Most of the applications were left blank, because despite the variations in my signatures, I could not be expected to sign all of them.

Within seventy-two hours, I became the Org's leading expert on this hat, and I soon became such a formidable authority on it, that I received a call from the Deputy Guardian of Orlando, who needed to know how much outstanding financial debt he should create on one of the applications that he himself was personally working on. All of a sudden I was a Federal loan specialist, trusted and depended upon by my superiors to make extremely critical decisions! I was finally beginning to recognize my very own potential as a human being.

My valor in handling suppression did not go without any personal reward. Each application was a request from the Government of between three and five thousand dollars. After I finished the two hundredth application, Kevin took me out to a Miami Beach landmark seafood restaurant called "Joe's Stone Crabs" for a lobster dinner.

As the butter sauce dripped down my chin, and the clawed beauty who had sacrificed his life for Scientology adorned my palate, I thanked my mentor in absentia, Lafayette Ron Hubbard, for the bounties he was providing for me that famous day. It was a solemn but nevertheless joyous religious experience.

Jaime, in the meantime, had been busy with her own project. She found a seventeen room

mansion for four hundred thousand dollars which she insisted that I buy for her if I wanted to avoid a divorce.

And a divorce was unthinkable! Despite the fact that I no longer could control her, she was still my property, and short of having her re-educated in a Soviet labor camp, I had to appease the bitch. I could not suffer the indignities of a separation. That would be admitting some partial failure on my part as a perfect husband, and why should I take the blame for her lunacy, when nothing was ever truly my fault?

It was obviously much easier to buy her the house. All I had to do was to get a second mortgage on my present home until it was sold, in order that I could make the six thousand dollar per month mortgage payments until my share of the securities class action lawsuit settlement claims came rolling in. There was no doubt that the checks would arrive, because Peter said so. Scientology works, and that was all there was to it.

So I did all of that, and I bought the mansion, which was an English Tudor home located in the plush Grove Estates section of Davie, Florida. Jaime had picked out a nice room for me on the side of the house where the servant's quarters were located, and she took the master bedroom, in order to play the part of Princess of the Manor. In return, she promised to shower once a week and sleep with me twice per week for free, but only for a period of six months. After that, I would have to renegotiate the copulation fees. It seemed like a fabulous offer, so I jumped on it. Even the dogs and cats benefitted, because they each had their own bedrooms, and so did my daughter.

"The place might require a little more time for cleaning", I surmised, but our housekeeper Freddie would still be available, as long as I kept a fresh supply of Jack Daniels whiskey for her to drink on her hourly break.

But my old house did not sell very rapidly, since it stank from animal dung, and people had no imagination about how cozy it would be once the smell was out. I was forced to throw away the old carpeting and replace it, as well as repaint the whole house. The extra five thousand dollar expense made it impossible for Jaime to keep up her collection of porcelain frogs, because the credit cards were over their limits. This in turn made her very cranky during our semiweekly five minutes of passion. Pouring ice water on my back during intercourse was not so terrible, but when she started stabbing me with thumb tacks, I considered it very unfair, since it made me climax too fast, and I felt cheated and shortchanged.

My father, in the meantime, was getting more difficult to talk to in the shoe store, because he was angry that I had allowed Jaime to get me into debt, and was very antagonistic to the wonderful progress I was making in Scientology. At the New Years event at Flag on the eve of the Year AD30, which was also known in wogdom as 1980, Peter introduced me to Wolly Hooker, who was the Financial Planner for the Commodore's Messenger Organization.

Wolly, who was a strong, silent type, explained to me that only bodies can have mothers, fathers, wives and children. Thetans, on the other hand, are pure thought, soul or spirit.

"A spirit can't have a mother or a father!", Wolly correctly pointed out. "These relationships are illusions, foisted upon us by the lower intelligence of the body, or "genetic entity." They are merely biological ties, linking together lumps of meat from one generation of bodies to the next. The very idea of parents and children are the furthest thing from reality, because for thetans, they can't possibly exist."

"But I love them!", I protested.

"You can love whoever you want!", Wolly maintained, "but a soul cannot have a mother or a father. And don't forget, you don't have a soul, you are a soul. You have a body, because you are a thetan operating one. You are not a body."

You don't know what a large chunk of guilt had just peeled off my back and evaporated when Wolly spoke to me. Here I had been, feeling obligated to people that I thought I was actually related to! What an absolute shmuck I was! The relationship between a son or a daughter and his or her parents is just an illusion, conceived in fiction, in order to perpetuate the trap of being fooled into believing that you are a body instead of a thetan! What a suppressive act that was to make me think so stupidly during all of these trillions of lifetimes. I wondered what kind of a bastard ever did that to me!

And when you ponder on it, why are your present set of parents any more valuable to you than parents you have had in any former lives? Just because you can't remember your old sets of parents because you have forgotten all about your old identities, they have become unimportant to you now. Well, the cognition that I had is that they were all unimportant, because they were only connected to the body! They had nothing to do with me as a spiritual being!

"If your father is objecting to your betterment in Scientology, why don't you withdraw and disconnect from him?", Wolly Hooker asked quite logically.

"He can't do that!", Peter interrupted, "He's expecting the class action lawsuit settlements to be mailed to his father's shoe store!"

"Oh, I didn't know", Wolly apologized. "Well, if you can't disconnect from him, you better start handling him!"

"His whole family is nuts!", Peter remarked.

"My wife especially", I added.

"She must be good for something", Wolly suggested. "Otherwise, why keep her around?"

"That's it!", screamed Peter. "Let's get her to sign some claim forms!"

The New Years Event was so memorable for me. Pat Broeker, the Executive Director of the Commodore's Messenger Organization, spoke about what the second thirty years in Scientology would be like. No longer would we have to be persecuted by suppressive governments, because Scientology would be the government. Somewhere, in the corner of a remote, isolated section of the planet would be the Museum of Psychiatry and Barbaric Mental Health Antiquities, which will stand as a painful reminder that the brutality of man's darkest hour shall never be permitted to be repeated again.

"Never shall we Scientologists rest", Pat Broeker vowed, "until the very last asylum and the very last prison becomes the very next auditing room." Pat mesmerized the audience, and the standing ovation was the longest on record, a full seventeen minutes.

Privately, after the ceremonies, Wolly Hooker gave me a history lesson on my Financial Rescue hat. "Back in 1967,", he explained, "Ron isolated those suppressive industrialists and

financiers who, by their evil acts, were dramatizing a catastrophe that had occurred in this sector of the universe some seventy-five million years ago."

"These individuals, who were intimately connected with most of the Fortune 500 companies, either owned, controlled or did business with the Rockefeller Foundation, the Bank of England, the Trilateralist Commission, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Bilderberg Trust, and of course, the World Federation of Mental Health and its token subsidiary, the American Psychiatric Association."

"While Ron was on his naval vessel, the Royal Scotman, which was later called the Apollo, he cognized that recovering funds from corporations affiliated with these suppressive persons and groups would be an effective way to handle all of their out-ethics corporate theft and fraud, and return a portion of this to the Third Dynamic, in order to create a stable cause point from which all of this evil, or "entheta", could begin to be turned around. Financial Rescue was Ron's way of making things go right."

Peter, it turned out, had been trained in Financial Rescue while he did his internship at the New York Org in 1974 and 1975.

"What was the catastrophe that occurred seventy-five million years ago?", I asked Wolly. "I thought the history of the thetan began seventy-six trillion years ago!"

Wolly started to laugh.

"You are confusing the time when we were trapped in human bodies with the date we were packaged and shipped to Earth as prisoners. Seventy six trillion years ago, we were tricked into occupying physical universe bodies, and we have been forced into accepting the false cycle of life and death of the body ever since, when in actual fact, none of it is real. A thetan cannot die. How can a spirit die? He just has amnesia, going from body to body, life after life, failing to remember anything."

"Wow!", I exclaimed.

"Now the other date, seventy-five million years ago was when the Suppressive Emperor Xenu sent in his armies and mercenaries to gather up unwanted segments of his populations, and he subsequently freeze-dried us by injecting a chemical solution of alcohol-glycol into our lungs, and shipped us to Earth on space ships that looked like commercial airline DC-9s."

"Maybe that's why I have such a fear of flying", I said.

"Possibly", Wolly agreed. "Earth had a different name back then. It was called Teegeeack."

"Teegeeack?", I asked. "What did it mean?"

"Oh, it just means "jail", he said.

"In what language?", I wondered curiously.

"Marcabian, of course!", Wolly chided. "Don't you know anything about the history of theta? The Marcab Confederacy was the planet in between Mars and Jupiter which exploded six years after Xenu did this to us, and is now known as the asteroid belt. It's completely devoid of life now."

"What happened to the freeze-dried people?", I queried.

"We're all here!", Wolly shouted. "That's the wog society we live in. You don't think they became that crazy from nothing, do you?"

"I suppose not", I said.

"Anyway", Wolly continued, "once Xenu transported all of the thetans over here, he blew them up with explosive hydrogen bombs, which were suspended over some of Earth's most active volcanoes. It was a real noisy mess!"

"How did we live through that?", I gasped.

"Well, it didn't end there", Wolly revealed. "After the volcanoes exploded, the thetans were captured by electronic force screens known as theta traps, which pulled them down toward Earth through several electromagnetic fields, and then the Emperor Xenu had the helpless beings packaged electronically at two automation plants into "Clusters", which were actually several thousand thetans stuck together as one."

"Where did all of this happen? Where were these packaging centers located?", I asked, glued and fixated on Wolly.

"Everybody knows that!", he scoffed. "It's all part of our Scientology history. One was in Pahala, Hawaii, near the Mauna Loa Volcano, and the other was in Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands. Ron visited Las Palmas in 1967. It was a gruesome site, even after so many millions of years. The place was run back then by the personal psychiatrists of Emperor Xenu, who conducted cruel experiments, such as dissecting bodies right down to the skeleton; and then photographing these sequences so that they could be implanted into the permanent memory or time tracks of the trapped thetans, in order that the ferocity of recalling any of these incidents at any subsequent time would kill them dead!"

"It sounds horrible", I said as I sipped a container of Kool Aid in the Flag canteen. "But how could just remembering an unpleasant incident kill you?"

"Well, if you started to "Free Wheel", or were unable to turn the mental image pictures off, you'd become trapped in the images, and in not being able to eat or sleep, you would simply catch pneumonia and die from exhaustion. The same phenomenon occurs if you get stuck in a nightmare and can't wake up, because a nightmare is nothing more than an effort to locate oneself.<sup>[35]</sup> Obviously Xenu did not want his secret scam to be discovered and undone. This is, after all, a prison planet. And until Ron discovered it, no one had ever survived confronting this material before. No one, certainly, until Ron found this incident, which is known as the Wall of Fire."

"How did Ron survive it?", I wondered.

"Look, I can't tell you that!", Wolly grunted. "That's confidential material! That's what you audit on OT Three. I've told you too damn much already!"

"Just tell me what happened to Emperor Xenu", I begged. "Did he get punished for doing all of this to us?"

Wolly looked at me rather reluctantly, but since he had not finished his apricot nectar, he

condescended to answer my question.

"Xenu was captured for a while, after some of the people's Loyal Officers revolted. Ron was the valiant leader of the counter-rebellion, of course. The Loyal Officers imprisoned Xenu on a mountain top on the island of Madeira, and for a short time he was forced to stay inside a wire cage that had an external battery. But Emperor Xenu had his own renegades and mercenaries, and a planetary war ensued. For years, Earth was a radioactive dump, and a complete desert that was known throughout the Galactic Confederation as "The Evil Place." It is for that reason that no other space ships ever come here, even to this day, except to drop off their criminals en route to saner planets."

"We couldn't have all been criminals", I protested. "What about Ron? You wouldn't ever dare call him a criminal!"

"No, certainly not!", Wolly complained with great annoyance, because I was not allowing him to end off the conversation. "Ron came here some years before Xenu started dumping his undesirables here. Ron's landing party touched down in what is now Elbert County, Georgia. In fact, last June, I went there with Ron to see the place, and he decided to construct a monument commemorating the original landing site. He wants it to be completed by his next birthday, this March 13th."

"Can I go see it?", I questioned.

"It's not finished yet", Wolly stated. "All I can tell you about it is that it's one of Ron's personal projects that he has become involved with. He is not planning it as a dissemination program for Scientology. The name of it will be the Georgia Guidestones, and he's planning to turn it over to the State of Georgia when it is completed, so that it can be preserved as a state landmark and never be torn down. Ron just wants to commemorate the first landing site on Earth, that's all. He is very sentimental and nostalgic when it comes to history, although few people know it."

"Where is this place located?", I asked.

"It's in the center of a farm on a hill on Route 77, between Elberton and Hartwell, Georgia", he disclosed. "Right in the middle of nowhere. Ron always liked to go to Stonehenge, In England, and it's going to look something like that, but more modern."

"Won't his name be on it as the sponsor?", I inquired.

"He doesn't want that!", Wolly sneered. "When we went there, he told everybody that he was a former concrete worker named Robert C. Christian whose great-grandmother was from Georgia. It was a marvelous mock-up. Of course, he did tell Joe Fendley, the man at the Elberton Granite Finishing Company who is building it, that he was a war hero in World War Two, which certainly is true."

"There is only one thing that puzzles me", I said. "Why did he select the name Robert C. Christian?"

"Ha, ha, ha!", Wolly laughed. "You're pretty smart, picking up on that, without having done OT Seven yet."

"Well, now that I asked, why did he?"

"It was just Ron's way of getting back at Emperor Xenu for what he did to all of us. Ron has a very good sense of humor, as well as the capacity to use a little sarcasm whenever he has to make a point about something."

"I don't understand. What does Xenu have to do with the name Robert C. Christian?", I asked, very puzzled.

"Xenu, like all the rest of us, picked up other bodies in his subsequent life cycles, and is far better known for one of his more recent identities."

"Why?", I asked. "Was he Hitler?"

Wolly looked at me as if I had just arrived from another world and didn't know a fucking thing. He shook his head from side to side as he gulped down his drink.

"No, Xenu wasn't Hitler!", he answered. "He was Christ!"

One Sunday morning, while I was giving a bath to Reep-a-Cheep, who was one of our hamsters, Jaime barged into my bathroom, screaming at me.

"I want to know where you go all of the time!", she blurted. "There's a new disease out called AIDS which is worse than herpes, and if Steve Goldberg is fixing you up with his sluts, I want to know about it!"

"Steve Goldberg?", I exclaimed. "I haven't spoken to him since you refused to invite him to our wedding. I would never cheat on you, my precious fantasy. Who on Earth put strange thoughts like that into your little head?"

"You're never home!", she argued. "Not that I want you hanging around here cleaning up all the time. But there was no shoe show in Tampa. You lied to me!"

"It wasn't a shoe show!", I laughed. "I had an appointment with Perry DeLaney, the salesman from Enna Jettick Shoes, who lives in Tampa on North Dale Mabry."

"Well, I don't want you to give me a disease!", she warned. "I know what kind of sex maniac you are."

"I never even heard of this AIDS. Isn't that the name of some kind of diet pill?", I asked.

"No, it's a weird plague that affects Haitians in Miami", she explained, "and I don't want you to give it to me, 'cause they all die from it. It's incurable!"

"It probably comes from sleeping with cats, and I am at risk of catching it from you!", I yelled as I walked out of the room, putting the wet hamster in the middle of Jaime's plate of fudge brownies.

"Dry this smelly mouse off!", I ordered her, "and stop asking me stupid questions!"

"You still didn't tell me where you go all of the time!", she nagged.



An hour later, I charged into Peter's office. He was working on his statistics for the week, and he was in a very bad mood because both the NPI, or "New People In" Stat, and the NPRR, or "Number of New People Routed To the Registrar" Stat were both grotesquely down.

"Not now!", Peter cried. "The Mission is in Emergency! I have to write up a Slump Report, and Bruce is going to kick me in the teeth when he finds out about it."

"Listen, this is an emergency too", I underscored. "Just take a minute out to talk to me. Jaime is getting very suspicious about where I go every day, and she is on the verge of finding out that I am in Scientology. She called the hotel in Tampa where I said the shoe show was supposed to be, and --"

"Sit down and shut up!" Peter interrupted. "You are a Scientologist, not some namby pamby fruitcake! Think, why don't you! You're dealing with an SP, and you owe no loyalty to her as a thetan. SPs have two things in common. They can't confront anything, and they can never complete a cycle of action. They are parked on the time track in a condition where all they can do is try to stop things."

As I was seated, Peter glanced back on his desk of graphs and stat charts.

"Damn it! How can I get new people into this Mission?", he stammered. "We're a short walk from the Broward County Government Center, from the Court House, and from the bus station. How much closer to the heart of the city can we be, near all that human traffic? Yet our stats are down. How come?"

"Why don't you try something new?", I suggested, temporarily forgetting about my own problems.

"Like what?", Peter asked. "Should I drag them in here with a big fish net?"

"Well, you mentioned the Court House", I recalled. "Just one year ago, I was stuck there on jury duty for a week with nothing to do but wait around all the time for my name to be called. Why don't you send Corwin or Denise or one of the Registrars down to the jurors' waiting room with about two hundred personality tests, and give them out? The people will be thrilled to have something to keep themselves busy with, and you are bound to get a big percentage of them in here afterwards to get their results."

"That's a good idea!", he beamed. "I think that might work!"

"Now maybe you can help me with my problem", I hinted.

"Oh, yeah, about Jaime", Peter mumbled. "Just mock up some excuse that she cannot confront, or at least something that she can't prove or verify."

"Like what?", I originated, completely mystified.

"Just tell her you work for the head of the Jewish Mafia", Peter snickered, trying to dismiss me quickly so he could prepare the ability tests to give the jurors when the Court House opened up on Monday."

"What a great idea!", Peter kept saying as I left the room. "Oh, Steve!", he shouted, calling me back. "Don't forget the deadline on the Forest Laboratories class action lawsuit. Have that nut-case

wife of yours sign it."

"What should I say about it?", I asked, clamoring for further instructions.

"Tell her its a raffle ticket for a pet frog!", he hollered. "When she hears that she'll sign anything. No, on second thought, tell her you work for that guy in Miami Beach... What's his name again?... Meyer Lansky. Tell her you work for Meyer Lansky, and these papers are for him! Say you're his financial planner. Ha! That's a good one. Meyer Lansky's financial planner. I love it!"

Neither Peter nor I realized how deeply we had helped one another. My idea to select out the prospective jurors for basic Dianetics services boomed the Mission of Fort Lauderdale for the weeks to come. And since it was a successful dissemination action, as a matter of policy, Peter wrote it up to share with other Missions and Orgs, so it could be repeated in other areas.

In fact, my suggestion was so well accepted, that within less than sixty days, Ron made it part of standard Scientology dissemination policy! Although my name was not mentioned in the Hubbard Communications Office Policy Letter since Ron deservedly took the credit for it, Peter honored me by giving me a five dollar Scientology car badge for free! Unfortunately, it was made with very cheap glue, and it stayed on my bumper for only two days. But as you can see, it was the principle of the thing that counted.

In the meantime, Jaime was very satisfied with my tall tale, or "shore story" of "working for Meyer Lansky." A white lie is euphemistically known as a "shore story" in Scientology, because when Ron commanded the Sea Org from his naval vessel, the Apollo, he mocked up a "shore story" whenever he was in port, so the wogs of the various countries where the Apollo was docked did not know about all of the confidential missions, projects and OT research that Ron was doing on board.

Jaime was very proud of my new "shore story", because in her devious, aberrated, and deeply twisted mind, I went from being an ordinary shoe salesman "shlepp" to a Mafia Tycoon's Administrative Assistant.

"You see!", Jaime said cheerfully. "Now that you're working for Meyer Lansky, we'll be able to afford our big new house after all!"

At the grand gala celebration in Miami for Ron's 69th birthday which he never attended, I was proud to tell Leah Abady that things were finally falling into place for me. I had sent out four more class action claims, so within the next two years, I would create enough flows to skyrocket up the Bridge. Meanwhile, I was paying for the mortgages, the maid, and for the whores with the cash that I was misdirecting from the shoe store, so that the finances were all handled. Jaime was starting to show respect for me by flushing her toilet without being reminded, and even my mother-in-law began to invite me over to her house to meet her friends. I had just sent out my three hundredth student loan application in the Guardian's Office Student Assistance Project, and I had the gratitude of Bruce and Peter at the Mission for booming their stats with the Jury Duty Dianetics Dissemination Campaign. What more could a thetan ask for? I had come into my own fruition as a person. I was finally somebody now.

If that wasn't enough to make life worth living, on the 11th of April, 1980, Kevin told me that Ron had put out a Guardian's Order of the Day, making it a permanent policy of the Guardian's Office to "Bingo the Psychs!" Kevin Bein assigned me the first Binging stat ever in Miami, in honor of my contribution. The stat was known as BBMO, or Binged Bulk Mail Out. And I did not disappoint

Kevin, either. On my first day as the Binger of Miami In Charge, I set an all time record by flooding my own ex- psychologist, Dr. Geertz, with more junk mail than I sent anyone ever before. I knew his home address on Nassau Lane in the Lauderdale Isles section of Fort Lauderdale, and I really bombarded him with a ton of crap!

Can you imagine how wonderful I felt when Ron made my own idea part of Scientology Policy? He must have been thinking about me all of the time, which proved how much he truly loved me. If I were a girl, I would have let my beloved Commodore seduce me in honor of that rare privilege. But as a man, all I could do is weep endlessly with happiness.

"If only my life could always stay this blissful and perfect forever", I whispered to myself in a deluge of bittersweet euphoric joy.

# CHAPTER SEVEN

## The Environment Is A Nice Place To Visit, But I Wouldn't Want To Live Here

How did I ever get stuck operating a body in the physical universe? Who ordered this stupid arrangement, anyway?

The physical universe, or sixth dynamic, is composed of Matter, Energy, Space and Time. We Scientologists take the first letter of each of those four words and call it MEST, probably because it is all MEST up.<sup>[36]</sup>

Of course, the Guardian's Office was out there protecting us all from the hostile environment, despite the fact that Murphy's Law of "Whatever can go wrong will go wrong" does not apply to Scientologists, since we "always make things go right."

To ensure that we continued to be perfect and never screw up, Kevin Bein ordered me to be drilled on the "Security TRs" on the 17th of May, 1980. The purpose of the Security TRs was, according to Flag Order 2507, "to train the student to maintain security under scrutiny."<sup>[37]</sup>

Somehow I thought that a G. O. Agent has to have a higher level of confront than the run of the mill card carrying Scientologist, but I had no idea that this particular Training Routine would be this much of an adventure.

It started when Kevin Bein gave me a confidential message for Colonel Webspread. Now, I had no idea who Colonel Webspread was, or what his post could possibly be in the Guardian's Office. I read the communication, which was written with blue ink on blue paper, the color of all standard Guardian's Orders.

It stated: "Stormy conditions on Long Island", and was signed by Midshipman Don Mallard from the Sea Organization.

For the duration of the drill, Kevin told me that I was to remain in his office. I was not to come out until I learned the identity of Colonel Webspread and what his post was. Kevin told me that the drill would be a "games condition" whereby one or more "enemy agent interrogators" would come into his office to question me. Their purpose was to find out what the Colonel's communication contained, and who sent it.

"Because this is a Security TR", Kevin added, "you are not to reveal the content of the message, no matter what pressure is brought to bear by the "enemy agents." Your purpose is to find out who Colonel Webspread really is, and what post he occupies. You will be flunked if you display any "HE&R", which is Human Emotion and Reaction, or if you say or do anything inappropriate or "reasonable." Keep in mind that for the purposes of the drill you are dealing with a wog enemy agent."

"Since when can an enemy agent flunk me!", I challenged.

"In this drill, it happens", Kevin replied. "Just find out the identity and the post of Colonel Webspread without giving up any data to the enemy, and that will be your final pass."

"Now wait a minute!", I argued. "How can I get any information out of the interrogators on this

Colonel Webspread while at the same time withholding both the message and the name of the sender?"

"You cannot leave my office until you do, that's why!", Kevin grimaced, not making any logical sense at all.

"But the whole thing is stupid!", I protested. "You admitted that it was a "games condition." In a games condition, everything is outside my power of choice. Whoever questions me knows not to reveal anything about your Colonel Webspread, and also understands that I cannot disclose anything about this cryptic message. It's bound to be a stalemate!"

"All right, Steve", Kevin acknowledged. "As long as it's a stalemate, you won't be able to leave. As you can see, I'm locking you up in here, and you have no water or toilet facilities. I am serious. You won't be able to exit this room until you solve the problem of the game. This is a Security TR. It will test your endurance and ability to confront the MEST universe via the training stress of the drill."

"But it's fucked up!", I screamed. "There's nothing in this room but a desk, a chair, two dictionaries, some clay, and a telephone."

"Right!", Kevin smiled. "And I'm taking out the telephone. We don't want you calling Flag at the Org's expense."

"Do you think I would bother them for something this childish?", I reasoned.

Kevin made believe that he did not hear my nattering.

"Now before we start, do you have any present time problems?", he asked patiently.

"Yeah, this drill is a goddamn present time problem", I chastised. "I don't want you to lock me in here. I have claustrophobia sometimes."

"That is not a valid present time problem", he humphed. "I am not interested in the names of imaginary psych diseases. Whatever you are afraid of will simply have to be confronted. So then, start!"

Kevin promptly slammed the door shut. It was 8:17 P.M., and I did not have a clue as to how to pass the Security TRs. It was an asinine drill which had no purpose, explanation or solution.

I took the message out of my pocket and looked at it again.

"Stormy conditions on Long Island", it read.

"What the fuck does this mean?", I repeated over and over. "Who is Midshipman Don Mallard, and why should I care about what he does with his boat? If I wanted to join the navy, I would have done it when I was eighteen. Do you hear that, you bunch of dumb weird motherfuckers?"

I was hoping that someone was listening outside the door, but no one was there. I subsequently decided to take the more rational approach, which was to look up the word "Midshipman" in the green Admin dictionary, entitled Modern Management Technology Defined,

which is the administrative reference source for all of Scientology.

"Midshipman -- ah. Here it is. A Midshipman is a "junior officer in training to be good officers. Midshipmen are future officers of the Sea Organization".<sup>[38]</sup> That really tells me a lot. What a crock of bullshit!"

At promptly 8:30, a tall, masculine looking woman in her early thirties entered the room. She was wearing blue jeans and a white shirt with a button missing. Her facial expression was cold enough to freeze molten lava.

"Are you here to give me an enema?", I asked, trying to make her laugh.

"Flunk!", she roared as she unexpectedly whipped me with her leather belt which was formerly hidden from view under her shirt.

"That hurt, bitch!", I cried out. "Do that to me one more time and I'll kick you in the tits!"

Thwackkkkk went the belt again, seriously painning my right arm.

"Flunk!", she screamed. "Now give me your communication!"

"Look, lady", I pleaded, "I don't mind playing your silly game, but I'm not into bondage and discipline. I don't even do that with hookers. So let's just call the whole thing off, and let me get the hell out of here."

As I walked towards the door, she picked up the wooden chair and stabbed the bottom of it hard into my ribs, causing me to fall to the floor. I lost my breath from the shock.

"This is not funny anymore, lady", I complained, with the look of panic in my eyes. "You can kill somebody pulling shit like that."

Suddenly, the woman slapped me in the face with the back of her hand, knocking my glasses to the ground.

"Why, you ugly cunt!", I shrieked. "Nobody ever knocks my glasses off! Not even my wife is allowed to do that to me!"

In my rage, I picked up the entire desk, with my adrenaline pumping two thousand miles per hour, and I was about to throw it on top of her head.

"Put the desk down!", she growled. "You touch me with that and you're out of the game for good!"

"Oh, so now it's just a nice friendly game, because I was ready to make dogshit out of you!", I sneered as I lowered the desk to the ground, concluding that this mental case might actually have the power to throw me out of Scientology. "Nice double standard we have around here, isn't it, where you can beat my ass, and I can't fuckin' defend myself."

"Sit down in that chair!", she commanded, "And give me that paper!"

"Okay, I'm sitting", I said, catching my breath from the events of the last two minutes. "Now

why don't you cool down by telling me your name."

"Hazel D. Gattis", she answered.

"Fine, Hazel D. Gattis", I repeated mimickingly, "Why don't you and I make a deal. Supposing you tell me the identity and the post of Colonel Webspread, and I'll give you the message."

"Flunk!", she roared. "You were not supposed to mention his name, or admit to me that you even had a message!"

Without saying anything more, she wrote down some remarks and the time of 8:44 on her pocket pad, and then left the room.

"That's just great!", I mumbled, overwrought with puzzlement and grief. "Not only did I get whipped and then stabbed with furniture, but I also lost the round."

For one hour and fifteen minutes, nothing happened, other than the fact that I urinated in the corner of the room, not being able to hold it in any more.

"I'm not going to risk getting a bladder infection just to satisfy these animals", I whispered vengefully to myself.

Then, at 10:00 P.M. sharp, the door swung open again. This time, it was the Master At Arms of Miami, Laurel Chesnee. Although twenty-three years old and with a beautiful body, you would never look twice at her, since her bloodshot, baggy eyes told of countless years of smoking far too many cigarettes and getting far too little sleep. She was a testament to the typical four and a half hour night that hard working staff members actually rest, and on her, it definitely showed.

Alone with Laurel in a room without windows or adequate ventilation, her bad breath and Camel cancer sticks both stunk like hell.

Blowing smoke in my face after I asked her to put out the smoke was her halfhearted effort at compassion.

"Where's your document?", she hissed.

"Put out that cigarette and I'll talk to you", I propositioned.

"I need to give it to Colonel Webspread", she choked, ignoring my answer as her voice was full of sudsy saliva and charcoaled nicotine.

"Tell me more about him first, like what kind of hat he wears", I coaxed.

"Maybe that little note can tell us both what we need to know", she coughed.

"Look, we both have to get through this drill, so give me a break!", I begged.

"What?", she spit sheepishly. "Are you asking me to be reasonable?"

"Well, why not?", I said.

"Sure, okay", she acknowledged. "I'll be real reasonable with you. Hold out the palm of your hand."

"Here!", I offered, cogniting too late that she only wanted it so she could put out her cigarette between my life line and my love line.

"Damn you!", I cried, as my whole arm trembled from shock. "You are an SP sadist!"

"Flunk!", Laurel called out as I was still writhing and groaning. "Here I was being reasonable, and you start calling me names. I'll have to have me another cigarette. Do you want one, honey?"

"How long do I have to stay in here?", I begged.

"Hey, babe", she replied. "Just tell me what the letter for the Colonel says, and give me the name of the terminal who sent it, and I'll let you out of here, and you know what? You'll be kicked out of the G. O. We don't need pussies around here who can't confront life, when there are psychs out there who will make this look like a girl scout cookie bake."

"Where do you get coming across to me with horse shit like that?", I miffed angrily. "I've been to shrinks, and it's true, they were assholes. But not once did they ever whip me with a belt, stick a chair in my ribs, or burn me with a cigarette!"

"So I guess you never heard of Cambodia, where Premier Pol Pot and his luvvy duvvy psychiatrists collected three hundred thousand human skulls for their trophy room!", she howled as she pinched the skin under my chin so hard that I thought she had razor blades in her fingernails. "And what about the psychs working for Harry Oppenheimer's diamond mines in South Africa, who forced the poor blacks to sell their own blood just to be able to buy their families some stale bread? Or the Nazi psychiatrists who manufactured the AIDS virus in the concentration camps? Don't you dare tell me that this pinch isn't as serious as the crimes of the psychs, you PTS little cocksucker!"

She threw me down, and I had to contort my body so I would not land in the corner of the room where I had urinated before. My chin burned like it had been left for a week in the microwave, and my ribs still hurt from falling against the wall in the same place that Hazel had poked me with the chair legs.

"Why are you doing this to me?", I cried, sinking quickly into apathy.

"To turn you into a tough son of a bitch!", the Master At Arms said, as she sprayed spit all over my nose.

"This silly game isn't going to make me tough!", I argued. "Playing hide and go seek about some stupid faggot Colonel Webspread. Since when did they ever have colonels in the Sea Org anyway?"

Laurel just looked at me kind of funny, and for the first time, she gave away a trace of a smile.

"Wait a minute!", I jumped. "They don't, and you're in on it!"

I took three steps back of my own head and started to take a good look at all of this. There was no such thing as a colonel in the Sea Org. A colonel is a rank in the army. And yet, this was a test of wits. The puzzle had a solution. And it was an unreal solution, because I was dealing with a



fictional character! This was all about confronting the physical universe, but the answer was not to be found there. No! Of course not. The games condition was that neither I nor my adversaries could give up our data. That was the training stress! This was a Security TR. I had to find the answer before my assailants wore me down with MEST punishment! And I could not get the data from them, because then they would flunk themselves! So where was the answer?

The dictionaries! It could not be anywhere else.

Sure enough, on page eighty-eight of *Modern Management Technology Defined*, there he was! Colonel Webspread!

As I read the definition, Laurel and I cracked up laughing. She gave three taps on the door, and both Hazel and Kevin came running in as I read: "Colonel Webspread: A comical cartoon character made up by L. Ron Hubbard. He is portrayed as an adventurous duck and rated as Chief of the Northern High Flying Duck Weather Warning Patrol in the Orders of the Day of 11 October 1970."<sup>[39]</sup>

A cartoon weather duck! And the message was "Stormy conditions on Long Island", and signed by Midshipman Don Mallard. I felt like such an idiot!

Kevin proudly announced, "It only took him two hours and fourteen minutes! That's damn good! Here's the log. You are the three hundred and eighty-fourth person to do the drill, and only five of those ever solved it faster. Over half of them gave up and dropped out. They are no longer G. O. Agents. Ron wants thetans who can handle the environment in this Org, not those who let the environment handle them. Congratulations, Steve. You have passed the test. Go write your Success Story and take your exam. The results will be forwarded to Fred Hare."

"Who is Fred Hare?", I asked.

"The Commanding Officer of the G. O.", Kevin replied. "He's one of the toughest, most unreasonable, but best loved guys in the Guardian's Office. I'm sure you'll get to meet him one of these days."

Hazel D. Gattis and Laurel Chesnee both hugged me, and I cried from happiness at the intense feeling of loyal camaraderie which does not exist anywhere else in the universe as strongly as in Scientology.

"We really and truly function better as a Third Dynamic group", I wrote in my Success Story. "I never want to be myself again. No, instead of that, I want to remain a Scientologist forever."

I was very proud of myself. Imagine only taking a little over two hours to find that duck when there are other less able beings that never made it who are still looking for him! Wow, I felt good!

I had money in my pocket, and I was going to spend it on the best Cuban whore in all of Hialeah!

As I drove up Le Jeune Road past the Miami Airport, I thought I'd better check to see exactly how much cash I had left with me. It was only thirty dollars. The Spanish girls who hung out in front of the pay-as-you-go one-hour motels on Okeechobee Road had class. They were at least fifty dollars.

"Damn, I wish I could afford one of them tonight, especially after all of that duck shit!", I said to myself.

But being a realist, I made a right turn down on Northwest 36th Street, which would take me to Biscayne Boulevard, where cheaper flesh was always available for sale.

Driving east, I did not have my radio on, and I had no idea that within two minutes I would be smack in the middle of a race riot which was taking place in the black neighborhood of Allapattah, which intersected 36th Street at the corner of Northwest 22nd Avenue.

Unknown to me, earlier in the evening while I was being buggy whipped by Hazel, news of a black insurance salesman named Arthur MacDuffie being slain needlessly by a white policeman travelled all over the City of Miami like wildfire.

So was I surprised when, in the process of looking for my usual variety of sexy street tramps, an angry mob of two hundred or more black youths throwing stones and bottles came charging down the street toward me in a mad rampage. What made it much worse was that I thought they were all ARC broken with me! How could they possibly have known that I had been driving with my pants down on the floor? Did they think that I was looking for a black girl or something? Thetans are thetans! In Scientology it does not matter what color your body is! What did I ever do to them to make them angry? It looked like Bastille Day in front of me, and this was no dress rehearsal. Could they hate my 1976 Sedan De Ville Cadillac?

"Yeah, it must be the car", I thought. "They can't stand my car!"

A thunderous crash caused my windshield to break into bits. A large rock was in my lap, two inches from my penis! I looked at my arms and they were full of blood from jagged pieces of cut glass. A large window pane had fallen right into my underwear. I couldn't pick my pants up even if I wanted to!

And then, the car in front of me was fire-bombed. There were two white girls inside, and they ran out of the car, screaming. Some teenage boys started savagely attacking them. Courageously, I stood there, frozen in time and space, wishing that I could really be heroic and help them. But then for a split second I remembered how important I was to the Guardian's Office, and so in an act of desperate valor, I steered the car into the oncoming lane of traffic, and whizzed by the turmoil of an onslaught of wild youths who were trying to smash my roof and the side windows with baseball bats and billy clubs. I nearly killed one of them as I turned the corner of Northwest 17th Avenue and entered the ramp of the Airport Expressway which took me safely onto Interstate 95.

It wasn't until I reached the city of Hallandale in Broward County that I came out of shock. There was blood all over me, and I had to get out of the car in the parking lot of Burger King to shake the glass out of my underpants. I must have been quite a sight for the regular Saturday night crowd ordering Whoppers!

For the life of me, I couldn't recall why I had driven down 36th Street through a bad neighborhood when I could have just as easily taken the Airport Expressway all the way through from Le Jeune Road. I certainly never had any intention of meeting any women on that mean boulevard, so what the hell was I doing there?

Suddenly, I remembered why. I wanted to save the ten cent toll on the highway. That's what it was. I was too cheap to pay the dime.

The after-effects of being in the race riot did not stop with the warm bath, alcohol and bandages that I fixed myself up with physically.

Additionally, I had to deal with Jaime's nagging over what happened to the car.

But it didn't end there. I was engulfed in a continuous, ongoing ordeal of horrible dreams and nightmares. Every evening, I had to re-live the fear and terror of being in that riot. And time moved so slowly in the dream sequences. I learned what it was like to be "Free Wheeling." I could not get out of the dream. While I was seeing these haunting images, nothing could wake me up. Using standard Dianetic techniques, I tried to back out of the incident while I was dreaming, but I landed in the very same incident over and over again. Unfortunately, when I was dreaming, I did not know it, so the impact on me was far worse than had I been awake, or simply having a visual recollection or a daydream.

But every night became a living hell. I often spent seven or eight hours each evening in terror of being trapped in the riot, with no possible means of escape. Considering myself a rational person, I tried to stay awake, but that did not work for very long. The curse of Arthur MacDuffie was upon me, and I never even heard of the unfortunate victim before the 17th of May, 1980. I decided to go to Peter Letterese for help.

Regrettably for me, Peter was far from understanding.

"You pulled all of that trouble into your own universe", he rationalized. "You were out there looking for prostitutes. Not only that, you were too cheap to pay the toll on the expressway. How can I feel sorry for you? All you want is sympathy. You are running this great big "Service Facsimile" on me which is your dismal effort to avoid confronting your overt acts! You are trying to create a picture of "poor, poor Steve the victim" in order to justify your failure to handle this incident and take enough responsibility to cope with it. You want the pictures in these nightmares to "serve you" and make us all feel sorry for you.<sup>[40]</sup> Well, I don't feel sorry for you at all. You had a wonderful session at the Org, and then you had to ruin it by canvassing through the streets of Miami for your lowlife women. I wouldn't be surprised if your negative postulates didn't cause the entire MacDuffie race riots to occur in the first place!"

"Peter!", I shrieked. "How can you be so callous about what I have been through? What about the nightmares?"

Peter looked at me in disgust.

"Stop being a victim! Nobody feels sorry for you", he advised. "Scientists are always at cause, not effect. And as for your bad dreams, just take Vitamin B-1. That's what Ron says is the cure for nightmares anyway.<sup>35</sup>

I couldn't believe it! Peter had forsaken me. Maybe it was a little too much to expect him to allow me to cry on his shoulder, but he could have at least offered to audit the nightmares out. I would have been happy to pay for it. But no, he completely abandoned me! Well, there was still someone out there who I knew would listen to me.

The office of Dr. Geertz was in an archaic, unpretentious house in the once fashionable Victoria Park section of Fort Lauderdale. You could drive endlessly past it on Broward Boulevard and never notice it. The whole street east of Federal Highway was overrun by physicians, both real and pretended, looking for cheap office space that even the legitimate ones could afford to

maintain.

Coming up upon the dwelling, which was nothing more than a 1930's type Florida tract house which had the architectural flavor of "Early Sears and Roebuck", you could not help but notice a simple wooden marquee of a trinity of names including "Uwe Walter Geertz, Ph.D.; Bady Quintar, Ph.D., and Thomas W. Sowder, M.D. This unholy alliance made up what was known as the "Associates in Psychology and Psychiatry."

On the inside, the phlegm green rugs never attempted to match the plastic looking leather chairs which were the color of last month's liver gone awry. There was a nonfunctional fireplace that served as home to a regiment of termites and ants, and if it were not that Dr. Geertz was such a splendid gardener, which could have been his calling in life had things been different, the office would look as dramatic and exciting as a day at the sewer.

I always did my share to help too. His waiting room magazines never made enough of an impact on his patients, in my valued opinion. I mean, who cares about "Vanity Fair", "Connoisseur", and "Art and Antiques?" What was he trying to do? Promote the snob appeal in all of us? What kind of deluded psychotherapy is that? Well, I fixed him. I brought in a nearly unliftable stack of "Circuit Engineering", "Defense Electronics", and of course, "Forensic Institutions", which were all far more appropriate for his pathetic line of work. I never received any praise for my contributions over the years, but at least now I realized that I had been dealing with SPs that were too out of touch with reality to know what end was up.

With a balding head and a beard that appeared to be trimmed in a gnat factory, Dr. Geertz looked more like a Freudian psychotherapist than Sigmund himself would have wanted him to. Having been taught English by British schoolmasters in Germany, his speech had all the right intonations to sound completely intelligent. Although an agnostic who absurdly believed that man should adjust to his environment rather than adjusting his environment to him, we nevertheless understood each other well for the last eleven years. Back in 1968 he was a starving refugee who did a stint for a while in Topeka, Kansas, and used to solicit business by making public appearances at the local chapters of Parents Without Partners. Well, it's better for a "doctor" than making a speech at a shopping mall, isn't it? My father belonged to Parents Without Partners after he and my mother got divorced, and the rest was history. Dr. Geertz sent a letter to the United States Army Draft Board in 1968, after Aunt Jeanne became terrified that I would be killed in the Vietnam War. She dressed me up in five woolen sweaters on the hottest day of the year, and took me down to the draft board, where she had me promptly demand my automatic submachine gun "because I like to kill Chinks." Nevertheless, it was Dr. Geertz's recommendation that kept me out, and for that I was eternally grateful. I had no idea that he actually believed there was something wrong with me.

His diagnosis said that I was schizophrenic and fully aware of it, and this was fine until I realized during my Life Repair Rundown that there was no such thing as schizophrenia. So to Dr. Geertz, now I was schizophrenic and unaware of it, and I had not fully decided whether that was better or worse.

Anyway, I went to see him because of the nightmares caused by the race riot. Dr. Geertz did some boiler room hypnosis on me, and discovered that I was stuck in a prior incident where, as a two year old child, I had been fondled and molested by a black housekeeper of my mother's named Nettie. All I had remembered about Nettie was that she used to cook the best hamburgers in the world. I had blocked out the terror of her holding me upside down by my feet, and hanging me outside the window of our seventh floor apartment in the Bronx. All of the old mental image pictures,

or "facsimiles" as we say in Scientology, came back to me. But what was most profound was the similarities between Dr. Geertz's "hypnotic catharsis", and the processes of "Dianetic reverie", both of which allowed me to carefully examine old pictures until the underlying dramatization was in full view, and in Scientology, "flattened on the E-Meter." Somehow I began to draw various evident parallels between the two therapies. In any event, Dr. Geertz's sessions had ended the nightmares, and Peter had been unwilling to deal with them. It was obvious that it was a necessary evil to always keep Dr. Geertz around for a "second opinion", despite the fact that he was by trade branded a "suppressive."

Naturally, this presented a problem, because it is a major overt act of the highest magnitude for a Scientologist to seek help from a psych SP. Leah Abady slapped me in the face and called me names which are too vulgar for me to tell you about even right now. She ordered me to do the "Suppressed Person's Rundown" in order to handle my indiscretion, and threatened to throw me in the Ethics Condition of Enemy unless I signed up for the auditing immediately, and gave her the eighteen hundred dollar advanced payment. What choice did I have? So big deal, I would be late with my mortgage again. I could not face being scorned by the only group who loved me more than life itself and who could also salvage me as a spiritual being.

"I must be worse than cockroach semen in the stool sample of a bed louse to allow myself to be manipulated by that German psych bastard!", I wrote in my magnanimous Success Story, after I gave Leah Abady the cash which was badly needed to pay for my auditing services. "I deserved to be buried alive in Freudian vomit for my insensitivity to the Third Dynamic! If Ron never forgives me, I shall understand and bear my stigma with the humility of a psychotic mad dog who betrayedly sold out to the slavemasters", I added humbly.

Amazingly, I was given another chance to re-enter the group. I knew it had nothing to do with the fact that nine class action lawsuit settlement checks were floating around the country waiting to be paid out to me. That would have been the insane way that critical wogs would interpret my "second chance." The answer obviously was because there was so much about me worth salvaging as a thetan. I had some special destiny to accomplish in Scientology, and no one could deny that, although nobody, including me, really had any idea what it was yet. But for a Guardian's Office Agent to go to a psychologist was totally both unthinkable and unforgivable. However, I could not get over how quickly everyone forgot about my fall from grace. The only one who was unable to forgive me was myself. But then again, I always set higher ethical standards for my own conduct than anyone else did.

Leah's auditing me on The Suppressed Person's Rundown was like bathing in the blood of raw meat. It cut through the pretense of Dr. Geertz's flirtation with my irrelevant experiences concerning Nettie the Maid and showed me the living lightning that the Tech is really made of. Auditing the confessional list was truly equivalent to a hot stick of dynamite up my rear end. How could I have ever been PTS enough to compare the primitive witch doctoring of psychology to something as magic as the Suppressed Person's Rundown? I must not have been operating on all eight cylinders.

After briefly running out the unwanted images of Nettie that Dr. Geertz had shoveled into my head, I went back before this lifetime, and discovered that I had been Moses Picard, a pianist in a New Orleans whore house during the year 1851. I participated in the lynching of a black man who had raped a fourteen year old white girl named Pradita Hestabar. While being audited, I had the cognition that I was the monster who committed the rape, and that I had blamed it all on this innocent man, in order to cover it up. So here I was, in my current lifetime, with this major crime against blacks. That was the cause of pulling the riot into my universe. It had nothing to do with the

housekeeper who enjoyed playing with the quarter-inch penis of a two year old baby. The psychs attributed everything to sex, so they had no time to ever find out about life and livingness.

I realized that psychology could not possibly work, because the barbarism does not take into account the phenomenon of past lives. I fervently vowed in my pledge to Leah Abady never to sing the praises of psychiatric voodooism ever again. In any case, several days after the rundown, Leah promised me that the new nightmares I was having about raping poor Pradita would soon go away. Nevertheless, they were still a lot more bearable than the overwhelming dreams of being in a riot every night. I hate to admit it, but I didn't have such an awfully bad time ravishing that cute little young thing. In each dream, Pradita always wore her cinnamon flavored panties, and even after 129 years, there was no way that I could ever resist temptation like that!

# CHAPTER EIGHT

## Does Anybody Have A Bridge They Can Sell Me?

The skill of creative selling was never far beyond the pale of the Org. But within the walls of positive postulates, it was nothing less than an art form.

Take what happened to me on the 25th of July, 1980, for example. Darrell Kirkland, the Courseroom Supervisor of the Miami Org, had already blown the whistle, and I was two minutes late for roll call. It had nothing to do with the course that I was currently taking. "Keeping Admin Working" was an excellent reference point on Scientology Administration, which is what "Admin" actually means. Dr. Geertz would have called it "motivational therapy", but you know those sick squirrels, always renaming everything with hard to understand misemotional false-purposed enturbulence. In any case, I was having a wonderful time demonstrating how to "remove distractions, barriers, non-compliance and opposition" with my clay gumbies. I enjoyed designing Play-Doh replicas of diaphragms, prophylactics and IUDs, since those were the only distractions and barriers I kept running up against on the streets of the physical universe. So why should I want to miss a course like that? It simply wasn't intentional!

But go try to explain that to Darrell. He was Mr. Serious, studying to be a Scientology Minister. The tardiness was only two minutes.

"I know I should be setting a better standard as a representative of the Guardian's Office", I explained, "but I just can't wear a watch if I have on a short sleeved shirt. I get this big rash from metal next to my skin."

And I wasn't lying, either. My old girlfriend Melanie, who I used to make love to in my mother-in-law's bed while Jaime's parents were up north in New Jersey, once gave me a cock ring that she bought in a store in West Hollywood called "Only Sexy Things"; and I had a red rash for two whole weeks. Strange colored pus came out of me, and I had to take antibiotics to cure it. It was a damn good thing that the experience happened before I became active in Scientology, because if I took medicine for any stupid reason within the last three years, I would have had to do the Purification Rundown, which is a Sweat Program that requires you to spend five hours per day in the Org's 140ø degree sauna for a month, in order to run the toxins out of your body. And it's a pain in the ass too, because I would have had to put all my auditing on hold, since you can't get any processing while you are being detoxified. Furthermore, it costs twelve hundred dollars, and for that amount of money, I would rather just stay sick and drink chicken soup, so I could spend it on being audited.

But how could I start telling my whole life's story about Melanie and her fetishes to the Courseroom Supervisor in front of the whole Academy? It was a lot more discreet for me to write it up as a Knowledge Report, which I did.

The beautiful miracle of Scientology is that they were able to turn the whole thing around. Darrell gave me an Ethics Chit, which is a "report of anything in violation of Ethics or DEV-T Policy Letters."<sup>[41]</sup>

The Ethics Officer was away at the Advanced Org of Los Angeles, so I was interviewed by my buddy, Laurel Chesnee, the Master At Arms of Miami.

If I were giving out hats, I would have called her the Mistress At Arms, because I hated to be

chauvinistic, even around masculine women. But with an Ethics Chit in my hand, I did not want to take any inappropriate liberties.

"I can't believe you had the gall to be two minutes late!", she hacked, with gobs of cigarette soot seeping out from her tobacco ridden teeth.

"Look, I'll stay twenty minutes after course time ends, if you like", I pleaded. "But can't you see I've wasted fifteen minutes just getting routed up here to see you? Why can't you just forget about it?"

"Oh, right!", she clamored. "You want me to be reasonable and overlook your lateness. So what is your evil purpose this time? Do you hate the course, or do you just want to ruin Darrell's stats in the Courseroom?"

"No, I adore "Keeping Admin Working." It's a fine course. And I like Darrell", I insisted. "Laurel, I even love you. Honestly, if you quit smoking, I'd ask you out on a date -- "

"Shut the hell up!", she burped. "I don't need to be buttered all over the universe with your flattery. You don't even know where the hell you are in life. If you did, you wouldn't be late for course!"

"Okay, I know the routine by now", I acquiesced. "How many times do you want me to write "I will not be late for course"? One thousand? Five thousand? Until this dickweed pen runs out of ink?"

Laurel slammed a Dianetics book on my hand. I never noticed that the cover had artwork of an exploding volcano on it.

"Wow! The Emperor Xenu story!", I said to myself, realizing how the cover was a subliminal message which gets everyone to buy the book. "What a hard sell!"

"What did you say?", Laurel asked.

"You hurt my hand's cells", I replied.

"I'm not going to make you write anything thousands of times", she promised, sounding slightly non-standard. "I just want to know why you were late."

"I don't carry my watch with me on warm nights", I explained.

"What the hell does that mean?", she inquired, as if I were trying to give her a prefrontal headache.

"I can't wear metal on my arm", I sighed. "I break out in this great big rash which doesn't go away."

"Oh my God!", Laurel screamed. "Who's your auditor?"

Beads of perspiration poured down from my brow as I swung into a wild panic.

"Why? What's wrong with me?", I quaked in a pool of fear and apprehension.



"Who is your fucking auditor?", she repeated, very much fixated and unapproachable.

"Val Naiman", I cried. "Am I going to die? What is the matter with me?"

My hands became numb. I felt a tingling sensation which rushed through my nerves to the pit of my spine. I always knew I had some fatal disease, because I never felt sexual pleasure in stereo. When I ejaculated, the semen only appeared to come up through one tube, even though I had two testicles like everybody else. Somehow, I only felt the orgasm on one side. My neck began to pound because Laurel was hiding something from me. It had to be my feet. They were very cold. Jaime always laughed at me for going swimming with my socks on. I wished I had studied neurology instead of political science in college.

"You've got Metalosis!", she shrieked. "You've got to do the Metalosis Rundown before you step even an inch back into that Courseroom."

"How long have I got left?", I wept.

"About two minutes to take this Routing Form to the Registrar and sign up for the Metalosis Rundown", she barked. "Oh, and tell Marnie that I'm out of cigarettes."

"What do you mean, 'two minutes?'," I wailed. "I've been fighting the same two minutes all night, and now I feel these horrible somatics, and my elbows just stalled out. Do I have metal poisoning, or what? Laurel, you've got to tell me! I need an Anacin!"

"Do I have to walk you downstairs myself?", she growled. "Yeah, I will, 'cause I need some cigarettes. And if you dare take any aspirin, I will make you drink a jar of liquid soap until you throw it all up. Get your confront up, bozo! Do you want me to write up all your whining in the Ethics Report? You'll be sacked from the G. O. as a sub-apathy sad effect flake."

"I just want this numbness to go away", I implored her. "Is there any kind of antidote?"

"Yeah, go kill a psychiatrist!", she suggested.

The Metalosis Rundown was the best fourteen hundred dollars I ever spent the shoe store's money on. Laurel audited me herself, since she got the commission for recommending the service, and there was no one else that knew the first thing about doing it. She was so fabulous to take such an interest in me!

The auditing was part of the "Expanded Dianetics Series II", and I was checked on the E-Meter in a "Listing and Nulling Session" which assessed my reactions to the words "bodies, babies, sex, doctors, trouble, upsets, sexual oddities, illnesses, ovaries, wombs and guts",<sup>[42]</sup> as well as many others.

I found out that while being born, when the obstetrician helped steady me through the birth canal with his forceps, and by that action he threw into view or "restimulated" an old mental image picture or "facsimile" of a painful death in a previous lifetime from a gunshot wound. Apparently, pictures of the bullet fragments lodged beneath the skin of the body that I once occupied many lifetimes ago were put into my full range of perception by the cold shock of the doctor's forceps. This vivid, engramic sequence at birth had resurrected an unconscious fear of anything metallic next to my skin. The rash from the watch was my effort to de-intensify the charged, unflattened, emotional reaction to the fatal gunshot wound sustained in one of my old bodies. Whenever I felt

the sensation of anything metallic, I equated it with the doctor's forceps, as well as the shattering bullets penetrating my spine. That was why I felt the numbness in my extremities, my nerve center, and my spinal chord when Laurel even just mentioned the word "metal."

When the Metalosis Rundown was complete, I no longer had any reaction to wearing a watch, because the bullet wound did not have any further command value over me. Even though I finally finished the course of "Keeping Admin Working, there were still some days that I came to class late. Unfortunately, Scientology does not have a rundown to handle heavy developing traffic on Interstate 95. Luckily for me, the sanction of writing "I will not be late for any of my courses" five thousand times eventually kept me out of trouble and prevented me from being forced to do anything silly and time consuming about handling my irresponsibility. I recall one staff member who questioned the authority of the Ethics Officer, and she had to stand at attention in a broom closet for sixteen hours. What a dope! You would never catch me doing anything so stupid as talking back to an Ethics Officer!

It doesn't usually rain that much during November in the City of Fort Lauderdale, but on the 8th, it was torrential. Jaime never got out of bed to let the dogs out for a walk because it was Saturday, and General Hospital wasn't on. Of course, by now she was also watching One Life To Live, but that was only on during the week too.

There was always a stack of mail for Ultrasonic Precisions, Incorporated, my corporation that had no function or purpose other than to get junk mail. The larger envelopes could not fit in the mailbox, and were drenched from the sopping rain. Coming home from the shoe store on what was always the busiest day of the week, I was tired and irritable. I grabbed the mail, and when I opened the front door, the dogs made a dash for the yard. For the life of me, I don't know why they wanted to go out, because even a blind person could play "connect the dots" with the mounds of canine stool samples that decorated the rug, if through no other means than by the smell. I was very annoyed, and I hated to start cleaning it up, but what choice did I have? Nobody else was there to do it.

After three shovel fulls, I sat down on the sofa to catch my breath, only to find that my clothes were now soaked in cat urine. With the front door still open, the dogs came mindlessly charging in, loaded with clumps of mud and wet dirt, very eager to kiss me and show their affection. My daughter Arielle was crying, and no one was paying attention to her. Jaime was in bed dreaming about Rudolf Nureyev. The shoe store had been very aggravating that day. You see, my father only hired retired shoe salesman from New York. They all had aggressive overbearing personalities, and took it very personally whenever a customer "floated out", or wouldn't buy a pair of shoes. One of them, Barney Wachtel, hid a woman's old shoes in the back of the store, just to get the lady desperate enough to buy a pair of new ones. Another salesman, Johnny Marks, angered an elderly matron by putting rubber cement glue inside the back of the left shoe that he was trying to sell her, right along the inside of the heel, so that it wouldn't slip off her foot. Apparently he didn't have the right size to fit her with. The customer started screaming, and had it not been for my communication skills which I acquired in Scientology, I would have never been able to straighten it all out.

While reflecting on the days events and changing my soaked clothes, the dogs, who had not been fed all day, got into the garbage, and scattered it all over the kitchen floor. When I started screaming at them, Jaime cursed me in a belligerent voice for waking her up.

How much worse could my day be?

"It will only get better", I whispered to myself, catching my breath enough to put out a positive

postulate for the rest of the evening. It took two more hours to straighten out the mess of the first ten minutes. I was too exhausted to make myself dinner. Instead, I grabbed three green olives and some Streit's Gefilte Fish, and went into my den, where no dogs were ever allowed. It was there that I found a fifteen thousand dollar check in the mail. The First National City Bank securities class action lawsuit settlement payment had been sent out to all the claimants. Life was finally starting to turn itself around!

Peter was ecstatic! My upstat was a phenomenal win for all of us. There was such excitement in the air. Barbara called the Org, and Leah Abady told me to come down there immediately, so that I could sign a five year staff contract as the Fields Financial Planner of Miami. I explained the need to segregate about three thousand dollars to pay some personal bills, and although Leah was not happy with that part, she agreed to let me do that after talking on the phone to Peter. Kevin impressed upon me the need to pay for my auditing with "real roses", which is a euphemism in the Guardian's Office for cash. I was not permitted to show any transfers from my checking account to the Org from the proceeds of this settlement, because we were at war with the suppressives of the planet, and our entire operation had to be very covert. I felt like James Bond, with all of this cloak and dagger stuff, and it was a powerful source of excitement for me. For the first time, I felt like one of Ron's Loyal Officers who was actually getting the job done. I had successfully converted MEST into theta, and that was a far bigger miracle than something as ordinary as turning lead into gold. What the fuck did those alchemists know? They weren't Tech-trained, on-purpose Scientologists, working hard to expand the Third Dynamic like I was!

The biggest bonus of it all was that I now could go up the Bridge, on the Road to Total Freedom! My first auditing step was the level called "Objectives", where I learned how to touch objects in the auditing room, and how to really move my body by getting in communication with those objects.<sup>[43]</sup>

If you ever need to definitely locate an ashtray and know with certainty that you truly have found one, do your Objectives. They may not be giving me any FSM commission credit anymore for recommending you, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't do all that you can, in order to get these powerful gains in life. Just look at what you can accomplish here. You can touch the ashtray, and allow the ashtray to touch you. The End Phenomenon of these processes was such that I was much more in present time or "nowness", and by doing that, I was far more able to put order into my own environment.

Leah Abady ran the following auditing command: "Look around the room and tell me something you could be."

Well, I could be the chair, the table, the window, the Dianetics book with the picture of the volcano on it, the empty bottle, the E-Meter, and of course, what I wanted to be most of all, the ashtray.

I cognited that I could survive nostalgically for the next seventy-six trillion years as a beautiful but sad ashtray, with a heart of glass. The only serious problem about being an ashtray was that I didn't like cigarettes put out in me. I really got heavily into the synthetic personality, or "valence" of the ashtray, and I began to feel the anxiety of having lit cigarettes being extinguished on parts of my body. Another dilemma that I felt was how an ashtray could exist for such a long time without making love. I felt like a worthless possession, not even good enough to be a sex object. Finally, I threw the ashtray on the floor in disgust, and told Leah Abady how much I hated myself. But then, I soon began feeling sorry for my predicament of being an ashtray, and went through this three hour grief charge of crying and running sympathy for myself, until I was on the outside of my body,

looking in. Leah commanded me to get the idea of what it was like to be "poor me", lying there on the floor, broken into little pieces. When I finally realized how much better it was to be a thetan, the world looked so much brighter. After all, as a thetan, I was this great big fabulous nothing! I could create my own galaxy if I wanted to by saying, "Let There Be Ashtrays!" Can you now see how much power there is in Scientology processes? It's so much more important than ordinary things like making a living.

After my five year staff contract was signed, I noticed that it had been approved by a staff member named Ellie Bolger, whose post was the Fields Financial Planner International. This lady, Peter told me later, was his new senior executive. She had taken over the post from Joyce Popham, who I assumed was promoted to a higher position within the Church.

It was such good news that Ellie wanted to meet me! I was ordered to go to Flag at once, and I jumped at the opportunity.

It never ceased to amaze me how much progress had been made since the last time I went to the Flag Land Base. There was toilet paper in my room this time, and it was a relief not to have to go out to the convenience store to buy some. The flood in the fourth floor hallway had been repaired, and they had gotten rid of all of the mosquitoes in the dining room.

When I saw Ellie Bolger for the first time, I was escorted out to the cabana area of the swimming pool of the Fort Harrison by one of the cute messengers of Flag Reception. Ellie was chewing on a raw carrot, looking over a briefing sheet containing data on Jay Rockefeller's investment portfolio in the Philippines. A majestic female in her late thirties with short blonde hair and a deep tan, she looked like she could have been anybody's party doll in the late 1950's. But this was 1980, and we had a planet to Clear. There was little time for looking back.

Now that I think of it, she bore a striking resemblance to the actress Sharon Gless from the television show, "Cagney and Lacey." She had the same type of hard, sunburnt legs with the faded freckles that would give her a good dose of skin cancer in thirty years. But by then, Jay Rockefeller would be President of the United States anyway, so it wouldn't make any difference.

Chewing gum while breathing through her nose, she squinted up at me in order to prevent the sun from blinding her gold discs.

"Yeah?", she greeted. "Who are you?"

"Fields Financial Planner of Miami Steve Fishman reporting in, madam", I answered militaristically, in the same upstat Sea Org demeanor that was all over the Flag lobby like bacteria.

"I'm not a madam", she replied, taking the gum out of her mouth and sticking it on the pole of her beach umbrella. "Don't let me forget that", she added.

"Forget what?", I inquired.

"My gum!", she stated, as if I were a real jerk. "Sit down!", she ordered.

"But the chair is wet", I explained.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sit down anyhow."

"Well, I came here from Fort Lauderdale as soon as I heard you wanted to see me", I began.

"How's Peter?", she queried, raising her knee to support her chin. "Is he still running back and forth between Fort Lauderdale, San Francisco, and New York?"

"He always seems to be at the Mission", I said.

"Don't underestimate him", she praised. "Letterese can wear a hundred hats at once. He knows that his career isn't in that dinky franchise. That Bruce is a real turd. You know, Ron doesn't like the idea of franchises stopping preclears from going up the Bridge to higher Orgs just to keep income in the Missions. Pretty soon there won't be any more franchises. You're in the G. O., aren't you? Isn't that what Leah told me?"

"I'm very proud of it", I beamed.

"Well, you've got to set higher ethical standards for yourself now", she nodded.

"What improvements should I make?", I inquired.

"Well, first, your Org Board really sucks", she chastised. "Do you want a carrot?"

"No", I said politely.

"Celery?"

"No, I already ate", I smiled.

"What did you have for lunch, dead animals or live ones?", she remarked sarcastically.

"Are you a vegetarian?", I laughed.

"Thetans aren't supposed to eat!", she reminded. "They're supposed to get the job done! Now, I've changed your Org Board. Who the hell ever organized everything under HCO?"

"I don't know", I answered.

"Probably some son of a bitch SP", she muttered. "I'm going to leave Peter in charge of HCO, which is Division 1, and I'm putting Barbara Fawcett in Division 3, or Treasury; and Denise Franklin is Distribution or Division 6."

"How does it change what I am doing with Financial Rescue?", I asked, unaware of what changes if any had just happened.

"Not a damn thing", she responded. "These carrots are harder to chew on than suppositories. Are you sure you don't want one?"

"I don't like carrots", I disclosed.

"You don't know what the fuck you like", she clarified. "I know the name "Financial Rescue" has to go. That's all I need is for some Trilateralist infiltrator to find out what's going on. You don't know what Diana is like when she is pissed off."

"Diana?", I inquired?

"My senior, the Fields Executive Secretary International, Diana Horwich. You don't ever want to make her mad."

"Isn't that Ron's daughter?", I wondered.

"She's the best piano player I ever heard in my life!", Ellie reported. "Have you ever heard her play? You can play also, don't you? I read that in one of your folders. What was that about New Orleans?"

"Why are you reading my folders?", I demanded to know angrily.

"You work for me, dipshit!", she expounded. "How else did you expect me to find out if you were sent in by the psychs as a plant? Of course I read your preclear folders. I know all about that straight jacket wife of yours too, but the only thing I care about is your production. Got that? I don't care if you blow up the Federal Reserve Bank, or go to Washington to jerk off in front of Nancy Reagan. If your stats are up, I'll kiss you on all four cheeks. If they are ever down, there isn't a place you will be able to hide from me in this or any other universe. I'll come after you, and it will be a lot more painful than castration if you ever make me upset. So don't ever ask me about what I do with your files. You have no secrets from me. Every time you are out there wiping your ass, I will be watching you."

"I'll never disappoint you", I promised.

"Good!", she acknowledged. "Now go get me some an Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice sip- up. I hate talking so much."

I waited for Ellie to give me some money for the drink, but she didn't.

"I don't think I have any change for the machine", I hinted.

"Oh, that's okay", she snapped. "They'll break whatever bill you have at the front desk. Get yourself something too."

When I came back, Ellie was busy doodling swastikas on a photograph of the late Nelson Rockefeller.

"You only brought one?", she whined, never having indicated to me before that she wanted two containers.

"Well, do you want me to get you another --"

"Men are always selfish", she observed. "Don't bother this time. What I wanted to say to you before is that I don't like calling the hat of sending the claims in by the name of "Financial Rescue." I don't know why you interrupted me when I was telling you something that important. Why did you do that?"

"I can't remember what I said", I told her.

"And you expect to go back ten trillion lifetimes in your auditing?", she sneered. "If I were upstairs in my office, I would have you write up a Job Endangerment Chit for not being able to recall something we were talking about not less than ten minutes ago. Do you smell nail polish?"

"It's that girl over there", I pointed out.

"You see what kind of crap goes on here? They think Flag is some kind of hotel for meeting rich guys", she scolded. "I come from a very wealthy family of old money, and I was taught breeding and manners, and I never once acted like nouveau riche white trash. Never mind. You keep changing the subject! God, you are aberrated! Who cares about what that girl is doing! Now just pay attention! I'm not going to call it Financial Rescue anymore. I want you to always think one step ahead of the squirrels and SPs. You're doing class action lawsuits, so I am going to refer to your operation as "Acting Classes." That's the way it is going to be from now on. And you're going to be playing for higher stats, too. You're competing against Carl Frey from Chicago. Whoever brings in more money during 1981 will have the higher stat. You know what you have to do whenever there are any changes in the form of your Org, don't you? Go write up your hat. Peter did his already. You were busy auditing in Miami, so I overlooked the delay. By the way, how did your Objectives go?"

"Fine", I answered. "Ellie, do you mind if I write it up inside? It's pretty hot out here."

"Are you some prima donna that's afraid of a little radiation?", she asked.

"I'd rather work inside", I answered. "It's really warm the way I'm dressed."

"If you've got a problem with the sun, take about five thousand milligrams of Niacin. That will run it out. You really should do the Purification Rundown, no matter what your Case Supervisor said. Meanwhile, go write wherever you feel more comfortable. This place caters to spoiled brats who have to be audited for six years before they can take responsibility for anything anyway. Why don't you just go ahead and be one of them?"

She was testing me. I could feel it.

"Don't forget your gum", I said. "I don't want to have to write you up for leaving it on that umbrella pole."

Ellie looked at me and gave me a big smile.

"I think you and I are going to get along just fine!", she laughed as she stuck the wad on my shirt.

Things went splendidly during the next several months. Valerie audited me on my next level of the Bridge, which was called "ARC Straightwire." In these processes, the auditor directs the preclear to recall mental image pictures which recovers the actual times, places, and objects in memory. It is like stringing a wire, much on the order of a telephone line, between the thetan and his standard, direct memory into the past.<sup>[44]</sup>

"Recall a time that was really real to you", Valerie commanded.

"When I was a sperm in my father's penis", I answered.

"Very good", she acknowledged. "Now recall a time that you were in good communication

with someone."

"When a prostitute's tit was in my mouth and I was humming the "Star Spangled Banner", I replied.

"Excellent", she exclaimed. "So what I want you to do now is to recall a time you really felt affinity for someone."

"Well, I loved my Aunt Jeanne when she gave a dollar bill to every kid in my fourth grade class so that they would all like me."

"Okay, now recall a time you knew you understood something", she said.

"Let's see", I figured. "The last time I understood something was in Scientology. I know my post, my hat, the eight dynamics, the ARC triangle, the --"

"No, before you ever heard of Scientology", she directed.

"Before Scientology?", I gasped. "Hell, I didn't understand a thing during my entire life! No one understood me either. Not my wife, not my parents, not the shrinks. Well, I'll be damned! I never understood a thing during my whole life about any of them either!"

"Go back to the most recent time before Scientology that you understood something. Recall that time", Valerie commanded.

"I don't see anything but blackness", I said with my eyes closed.

"Very good", she acknowledged. "So now just recall a time that you really understood something", she repeated again.

Before me I saw pictures of death. The first thing that came to mind was an image of when I was dying in my last lifetime, and I told that to Valerie. I had somatics of choking and nausea. It was milk! How could she do this to me again? Didn't I get tortured enough with her stinking milk during the Life Repair Rundown?

Apparently ARC Straightwire Auditing took up where the Life Repair left off, because now, Valerie was very intent on knowing the content of these pictures that I was looking at.

"A very beautiful woman with a French accent is serving me milk in bed", I reported. "I am in this thatched hut, in a tropical setting laden with orange flowers. On the table next to my bed is a copy of a newspaper called "Le Monde Du Papaeete"."

Valerie had me repeat it to her several times.

"What's the date of the newspaper?", Valerie asked.

It was hard to see. I had to change my body position several times in order to focus on it. Finally, I could bring into view the words "12 December 1948."

For the next four hours, Valerie and I put the pieces together. I kept calling the woman "Gubby", but this was only a nickname. Running through the incident over and over, I cognited that



Gubby's real name was Gabrielle Kusvitz, and that she was my wife.

The milk was full of poison. In this incident, I was being murdered.

"Recall a time you really understood something", Valerie repeated, over and over again ad infinitum, as my hands were glued to the soup cans of the E-Meter, unable to stop my gagging and coughing. I was trying to vomit up a sea of milk in the process.

"I understand now", I said. "She poisoned me."

But that's all I could get out of the old pictures. I didn't have the vaguest idea why she did it. But it finally made sense! I hated milk from the instant I was born, because of the fatal experience of my last lifetime. Now how could any mindless psychologist ever figure that out? This was absolute proof that the medieval practice of psychology did not work. My aversion to milk was no allergy. I was poisoned by another bitchy wife! While writing my Success Story, tears flooded my eyes and smeared the ink on my paper as I thanked the Church from the bottom of my heart for L. Ron Hubbard. I could have gone on for the rest of my current lifetime without ever solving the mystery of the milk! If I had paid ten million dollars for this auditing, I still would have been cheating the Org. The gift Ron gave me, as well as mankind, was too priceless to contemplate. Not only did Ron de-intensify my reaction to milk, he took away my entire fear of death! I finally cognited that death was nothing more than dropping one body full of rotten milk, and picking up a new one with a vow never to drink the stuff! Even in death the camera keeps rolling. The soul is just one big video vault, and ARC Straightwire was a method of taking the dust off of some of the forgotten tapes! There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for Ron. I was one more step closer to Total Freedom now.

# CHAPTER NINE

## Romancing LaVenda

I was Ellie Bolger's rising star. The Occidental Petroleum case was settled for twenty-eight thousand dollars, and I had just received word that Harry Sebakovitch's claim for Air West would be over one hundred thousand dollars. Peter jubilantly sent copies of all the payment notices to Ellie, who promptly ordered me to open up an account with the Landmark National Bank of St. Petersburg under the business name of the shoe store, which was Cypress Shoes. The Landmark bank was well known to Scientology, since there were branches very close to Flag. Once the account was opened, the name of Harry Sebakovitch, formerly the Communist Spy from the movie "A Dandy In Aspic", was officially listed as the Treasurer of the shoe store, and a signatory on the account. Everything was in place for Air West to arrive, so that the funds could be deposited properly and cleared without a hitch through a "friendly" bank.

In the meantime, news of a very ominous plot against the Church of Scientology by evil suppressives was filtering through the rumor lines of the Guardian's Office of Miami.

Kevin Bein called me in for a conference at the Miami Org at 12:15 A.M. on Wednesday, the 25th of February, 1981, right after the general staff meeting was over.

He knew I had been hearing things from Peter Letterese as well as some of the Mission staff who were not on Guardian Office lines at all, and, despite their glowing attributes as Mission executives, they were collectively known as "Third Partiers", or blabbermouths that could not be fully trusted with "Red Box Data", which was confidential information of great and urgent importance and significance to the security and well being of the Church.

Consequently, Kevin Bein did a "False Data Stripping", which essentially stripped away the lies and the rumors so that I could have good reality on the truth which was hidden and buried within all of the fabrications and falsehoods. As an Agent of the Guardian's Office, I offered my help, and I did not want to operate on half-facts and rumor.

The narration all began with the author Omar Garrison, who at one time was greatly loved and admired by Ron, and therefore, the rest of Scientology as well. Garrison had written three well known books, including *Playing Dirty*, *The Secret World of Interpol*, and *The Hidden Story of Scientology*. Although I have read all three, *The Hidden Story of Scientology* was by far the most exceptional and the most relevant. The book was excellent source material on how the Church of Scientology was viciously and mercilessly attacked by suppressive elements in the United States, England, Australia and South Africa, all secretly financed by the black hand of the American Medical Association, the American Psychiatric Association, the World Federation of Mental Health, and the rest of our enemies, as Ron outlined in his famous tape recording known as *Ron's Journal 67*. Some of these other forces of villainy included the Bank of England and Interpol.

Ron had the highest admiration and respect for Omar Garrison, and therefore authorized him to review thousands of his personal documents, for the purpose of creating the first authorized biography of L. Ron Hubbard. The biography was going to be a wonderful way to acquaint the idiot wog public with the miraculous and heroic achievements of Ron the Writer, Ron the Explorer, Ron the Naval Officer, Ron the Founder, and Ron the Husband, from the time of his birth on March 13, 1911, until the present day.

Kevin continued by telling me that Omar Garrison gladly accepted the challenge of writing the chronology of the best friend mankind ever had. Then, sometime in 1978, Ken Delderfield, the Commanding Officer of LRH Archives World Wide, appointed another trusted Scientologist by the name of Gerry Armstrong to assist Omar Garrison in the monumental biographical task.

In the meantime, Kevin went on to tell me about a very unstable girl named Lavenda Van Schaick, who was actively working to destroy and sabotage the Church. Lavenda falsely and deceptively befriended Gerry Armstrong, and had managed to steal a huge box of original documents, containing Ron's own O/W Write-ups consisting of all his confessionals of whatever few overt acts and withholds that he had committed during the years of 1946, 1947 and 1948, prior to the publication of the book *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*, which Ron wrote up so that he would have clean hands, and absolve himself of all the frailties of human weakness, in order to go on and begin his quest for Clearing the planet.

These O/Ws were a potential time bomb in the hands of one of the planet's most notorious suppressives, because of the danger in her using the confessional statements of the Founder of Scientology in order to attempt to discredit him in the vicious press and to the stupid wog public, who would believe all of Lavenda's lies.

Furthermore, Kevin said that Ron considered his personal life private, and did not want it publicized. Every thetan, even Source, has a basic right to his own secrets, doesn't he?

What happened after the theft was a complete rat's nest.

Lavenda, on the 17th of July, 1979, hired a pathetic squirrel attorney from Boston by the name of Michael Flynn, in order to ask for a refund of nearly thirteen thousand dollars that she wasn't entitled to, for successful and well done auditing hours that she had previously attested to completing satisfactorily.

Can you imagine what kind of a bastard she was? Here was a girl who had a certificate for OT One, and was halfway through OT Two, and had the colossal balls to ask for a refund! There had been nothing wrong with her auditing. It was all run on 100% Standard Tech. She wrote numerous Success Stories praising the value and benefit of her processing. She had joined staff at Flag, and was accepted by her fellow Scientologists, despite her chronic history of flagrant drug abuse prior to coming into the Third Dynamic in 1967. She had once tried to kill herself, and had been accurately diagnosed as a paranoid psychotic by the trainee who gave her a personality test. She was also considered under the Ethics of the Scientology Religion as a murderess, since she was responsible for three separate abortions resulting in the death of those unborn children. With all of these obstacles, the Church still tried to help her become a healthier and happier spiritual being. So what did she go and do? She betrayed us, trying to destroy the reputation of the Founding Thetan in whose hands the responsibility for the planet and the ability to salvage it ultimately rested.

Just hearing about this evil purposed and deranged psychopath made my skin cringe and my blood boil. I wanted to roast her alive over an open flame, and that was without any anger!

I kept asking Kevin, "Why did she want to hurt Ron that much?"

He didn't really know the answer.

"That's not good enough, Kevin!", I screamed, taking charge as if I were his senior executive.

"Well, I agree", he replied. "There's only one person who knows that explanation, and it's Lavenda herself."

"How can I help?", I asked.

"Our number one priority is getting Ron's O/Ws back, and in stopping Lavenda", he said. "It would be a chance of a lifetime to get your Ethics really in solidly. You'd also get to meet the Commanding Officer of B-1."

"B-1?", I inquired. "What's that?"

"The Intelligence Bureau of the Guardian Office", he explained. "The head of B-1 is Fred Hare."

"I want to meet him!", I replied excitedly.

"He operates on a tougher standard than the Scientologist you find in Class Four Orgs like this one", Kevin cautioned.

"Why? How is he any different?", I questioned.

"Fred Hare was Ron's personal courier on the Flag Ship Apollo in 1971 and 1972. He travelled through Europe carrying millions of dollars which was used for Scientology expansion, and not once did he ever lose a single penny of Ron's money. There was no danger that was too great for Fred Hare to overcome, and he certainly knows how to handle the enemy. I'll tell you what happened one time. There was a psych convention in London, and a notorious electric-shocking, drug pushing, killer psychiatrist from Australia named Harry Bailey was scheduled to speak at the Portman Hotel in front of about three hundred other evil SPs. The G. O. got the word that this lunatic suppressive, whose nickname was "Doctor Deep Sleep", was going to carry on a raving tirade, criticizing and maligning Scientology. The press was there, and we had to stop this psycho from making his speech. Ron was in Saint Hill at the time, and the British Government was causing trouble, trying to revoke his visa. Anyway, just to show you what amazing "confront" Fred had, he disguised himself as a room service attendant in the hotel where this Harry Bailey was staying, and he triumphantly put crystals of LSD into the psychiatrist's toothpaste."

"What happened?", I asked.

"Well, Bailey never made his speech!", Kevin laughed.

"When can I meet this Fred Hare?", I insisted. "You know that I am going to get this mission. I can get Ron's papers back for him."

"Fred was impressed with you because of the Binging idea. He knows it first came from you", Kevin confided. "There is another reason why he wants your help, but Fred will brief you on it himself, at 7:45 P.M., this Saturday at Flag. I strongly suggest you start out for the Base no later than Saturday morning."

My heart raced like a tiger stalking my prey. I finally had a chance to do something personal for Source. I swore on Book One that I would never let him down. There was no way that I would fail to get Ron's O/Ws back. It was win or die in the attempt.

But you know, Ron's postulates were always with me. When I went to the shoe store the next morning, which was Thursday, there was a check for \$ 101,000 from the Air West settlement. There was no stopping me now. Even if it meant the end of my immediate life, I would not let Ron down. I owed him everything. Look what he did for me! He made sure that my check came in! Ron was helping me go up the Bridge! Wasn't it obvious? He was better to me than my own family! You didn't see them sending me hundred thousand dollar checks, did you? And now, I had a chance to vanquish one of Ron's most deadly enemies! My liver curled at the very idea of barriers, stops and counter-intention from the entheta wog world. I could not wait to leave for Flag on Saturday. It was Thursday, and I made arrangements with a wog friend of mine, Dr. Johnson, to drive me to the airport. I had to prove to Ron that I could overcome my fear of flying and get to Flag. Ron would never let me blow up in the air with that check! It was only a forty-five minute flight from Miami anyway.

The Flag V.I.P. Limousine, which was an old beat up brown Dodge Van, met me at the airport. Dan Osborne, the driver, was very accommodating, and loaded my suitcase into the back. There were some other Scientologists arriving on a flight from Denmark, and we only had to wait at the airport for three hours before their flight arrived. But I didn't care, because it gave me a chance to talk with Dan, who turned out to be an OT Four, and a very high and stellar being indeed. You'd never know that an ordinary airport transportation driver from the Flag Motor Pool would be so high up on the Bridge, as well as also having a post in the Technical Division as a Commodore's Messenger Organization Missionaire. That's the nice part about Flag personnel. They were all so natural about their MEST duties. The scrubwoman cleaning out the toilet in your room at the Fort Harrison Hotel could turn out to be a Class Twelve auditor, which is the highest Tech-trained Sea Org Class on the planet. It wouldn't be too bad, because with her appreciation for life and livingness, she could find a lot of aesthetic beauty under the rim, and for a thetan with so much power to create, she could sniff Pine Sol all day, and be three feet in back of her own forest.

The following morning, I rented a car, and drove to the main branch of the Landmark Bank of St. Petersburg, where I deposited the check through the drive-in window without a hitch. Because I did not request any cash back, I didn't even have to present any identification to the teller. It worked out just like Peter said it would.

Because I had the rest of the day to kill, I went to see Flag's newest acquisitions, the West Coast Building and the Annex Building, which were two blocks north of the main complex, and several blocks east of our waterfront mecca, the Sand Castle Motel. It was fabulous the way Scientology was expanding its real estate holdings. We were truly starting to flourish and prosper. I was very proud to be a part of it.

Despite this intense outburst of pride, I started to get bored waiting around, so I went across the bay with the Courtney Campbell Parkway, heading toward Downtown Tampa. I found this totally choice massage parlor on Fremont and Kennedy, where I spent two hours with an exceptional Italian therapist named Gucci. It was the first time that I ever made love while we were both soaked in warm, greasy oil, followed by a hot bubble bath. It was three hundred dollars, but what the fuck did I care? I had a receipt for one hundred and one thousand dollars in my pocket! Surely Ron would overlook a little diversion to pep up an otherwise slow day.

The Fort Harrison Hotel had so many rooms, that from the drab, fourth floor hallway, one closed door looked about the same as any other. But Room 406 was a beehive of activity, because behind that ordinary portal was the hub of the Intelligence Bureaux of the Guardian's Office, and the place where I was scheduled to meet Fred Hare at 7:45 in the evening on Saturday, February 28, 1981.

"What an odd smell!", I said to myself as I opened the door, sniffing around.

"Cherry tobacco!", Fred Hare commented as he either saw my nose going through gyrations, or he was able to read my mind. You know how OT Fives are. In the wog world, they are called "psychic", but in Scientology, anything with the word "psych" in it is derogatory, and never used flatteringly on nice people.

The office was a shambles. Documents were loose all over the desk, and there seemed to be no order or system to it. Folders, reports, Policy Letters, Bulletins, and literally hundreds of wanton Flag Orders and Guardian's Orders cluttered up the surface. There were clay pails on the floor, and one of them had been left open in the corner, which meant the clay could be drying out! It appeared that whoever worked here was a perfect match for Jaime. Regrettably, it turned out to be Fred Hare.

"So you must be Steve", he smiled, with a voice so familiar to me that I could taste it.

"I'm five minutes early; I hope that's all right", I said apologetically.

"I won't write you up for it", he promised. "Now sit down."

Fred was a man around forty years old, with a receding hairline, and cheekbones that looked like they might have been stuffed with tissue paper when he squinted. He could have given me the impression that he was once quite distinguished looking, had it not been for the fact that he badly needed dental work, and he was also very terribly cross eyed. The clothes he was wearing were fashionable in the early fifties, but they nevertheless fit him well, as he apparently once knew how to dress himself with extreme confidence.

We exchanged courtesies and niceties. Fred had joined Scientology during 1958 in of all the unlikeliest of places, Paris. He was an American, and he never told me what he had been doing there, but I suppose nothing about him was any of my business.

"I have heard your voice before", I observed. "Were you ever a guest speaker at a Flag event?"

"No, but I know where you've heard me", he chuckled. "Two years ago I recorded a dissemination tape for Ron at his request, entitled "Can We Ever Be Friends?", and I know all of the Missions and the Orgs have been playing the hell out of it.

"Right!", I recalled enthusiastically. "You're the Scientology Minister who tries to get families reunited that had fallen apart! Why didn't you ever reveal your name on the tape?"

"To keep the dumb wogs guessing!", he boasted. "Besides, when you're a Guardian, you don't advertise your vital statistics, you know, for security reasons."

"Well, it's always exciting to meet the man behind the voice!", I remarked glibly.

"Okay, Steve; I guess we've gotten our rudiments in, haven't we?", he stated, indicating that he wanted to plunge right into business without any more bullshit.

"Sure", I snapped. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to look at the Code of Honor", he began, "and read me Point Number Twelve."

Fred gave me a big poster that was full of dust, which, together with the pipe tobacco, made me sneeze three times.

"It says, "Never fear to hurt another in a just cause."<sup>[45]</sup>

Fred looked at me carefully.

"What does that mean to you?", he asked.

"It means that I must command intention so that the ethics of the greatest good for the greatest number of dynamics are maintained and upheld", I answered with the textbook style of a functioning automoton.

"I see you have some clay over there", I added. "Would you like me to demonstrate the concept for you on the clay table?"

"No, I can see you've got it", he snapped, biting his pipe hard.

"I'm here to handle Lavenda", I offered. "Kevin briefed me on the threat she poses."

"I know", Fred grinned. "I told him to talk to you about her. But do you have any idea why I picked you, out of all possible candidates?"

"Not really", I answered honestly. "Perhaps you have heard about my Binging idea."

"That's LRH Policy now", he seethed. "It's no longer your idea. You contributed a stable datum which was waiting to be applied as a successful action. I think you had better read Point Number Thirteen of the Code of Honor too."

"Don't desire to be liked or admired"<sup>[46]</sup>, I read. "Wow! Is that a fault?"

"It's in there, and a lot of people who can't confront that one really screw up miserably", he warned. "Don't ever let it be a problem for you. If you are liked and admired, that's just fine. Just never desire it, because in this cockeyed universe, whatever you want you don't get, and whatever you get you don't want and can't have. It's called a reverse vector flow. Here in the Guardian's Office, we make things go right in spite of it."

"Is that part of our Tech?", I wondered.

"Take the Philadelphia Doctorate Course, or buy the lectures on reel-to-reel tape", he suggested. "You'll learn a lot."

"You are a very fascinating person", I commented.

"Now you're starting to flatter me", he grumbled. "I hate that. So let's get back to your responsibilities, shall we? I asked you whether or not you knew why I picked you for the job. It had nothing to do with your inexperience as a G. O. Agent, believe me. I would much rather have found someone else who was already trained."

"Then why am I here?", I inquired, somewhat insulted.

"Lavenda was married to a Jewish cop named Barry Dukoff", he began. "I've been through her folders thousands of times. I could tell you what color her monthly period is, and when she didn't have one. She and this cop had a daughter together by the name of Sabrina. The kid's about eleven or so. The point is, she loved this husband of hers, and he left her. Ha! I guess he had pretty good sense for a crooked cop. He was the one stable datum in her life. She loved him, I mean. Well, an SP isn't really capable of love, but as far as it could be said about her, she loved him. At least she thought she did."

"What are you leading up to?", I demanded, sensing that this guy was either senile or liked to ramble on uncontrollably.

"You look like her ex-husband!", Fred grimaced. "I have his picture in her folder somewhere here on the desk. You know how to act sort of, well, you know, Jewish, don't you?"

"I think I could pass as an uninvited Bar Mitzvah guest if I had to", I replied sarcastically, sensing a slight hint of anti-semitism, which, even amongst fellow Scientologists, still went against my grain.

"Oh, come off your high horse!", he said glibly. "Thetans are thetans. When you complete OT Five, you'll know a hell of a lot more about truth than if you lived for ten thousand years in the basement of a synagogue."

"Why talk to me about OT Five?", I asked. "I'm not even Clear yet!"

"Well, you'll have to suffice in spite of that", he condescended. "By the way, how old are you?"

"Thirty-one", I said.

"Well, that SP witch is going to be thirty-one years old this April 10th. That was the same day that we founded the Mission of Anchorage, Alaska. That was in '75 though. And do they have lousy stats! Well, anyway, I just wanted to make sure that you weren't too young for her."

Somehow, I began to feel uneasy about the Fred Hare Lonely Hearts Club he was establishing.

"What if I didn't like the way she looked or something?", I thought silently.

"What am I going to tell Lavenda about myself when I finally meet her?", I asked Fred.

"You'll have to tell her how much you hate Scientology!"

"What?", I exclaimed.

"You're going undercover as an SP", he instructed. "By the way, what did you just say about when you "finally" meet her? There's no "finally" about it. You're going to meet her tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?", I screamed. "I don't know anything about her! I only know what Kevin told me. How can I prepare for this in one day? And anyway, how can I just go up and introduce myself to



her? What am I going to say? Should I knock on her door and say, "Hello, Lavenda, I'm your fellow suppressive, and I want to be your friend!" Where am I going to meet her? Do you know where she lives?"

"Relax!", he shouted. "I don't mind debriefing you, but I have no time to cater to your rock-slammy reactive bank! Now, where did I put that file? This desk looks disorganized, but I know where everything is! Now where the hell is it? Well, forget about Dukoff's picture. I'll find it later. Anyway, you look just like him. Ha! All you Jews look alike. Hell, don't let me ARC break you with my racial slurs."

"I still don't know very much about Lavenda", I protested.

"We've got to change all that", he urged. "Here, hold this pipe for a minute while I look for her folders. They're somewhere on this desk. I know where I put the damn thing; I just have to find it. People are always loading me up with DEV-T. Just look at this place!"

"Don't you have a secretary?", I questioned.

"I can't trust anybody!", he complained. "Things disappear out of here all the time. Take Lavenda! You wouldn't be talking to me if she didn't steal that stuff from Gilman Hot Springs."

"Where is Gilman Hot Springs?", I asked.

"It's where Ron had all those damn O/Ws!", he roared. "Why the hell do you want to know? Are you a spy? A plant? Who the devil sent you here anyhow?"

"You did, sir", I replied.

"Why, hell, I guess I did at that", he crowed. "God damn it! I can't find a blasted thing in here. What are you holding the pipe for? Put the ruddy thing down and help me look for those files."

I attempted to set the pipe down on another table.

"Not on its side, you idiot!", he encouraged. "Don't you know how to put a pipe down? You'll start a goddamn fire in this place! Here, just give me that and help me look for those papers."

I started to organize the documents into neat piles.

Fred grabbed my arm.

"Don't touch anything!", he yelled. "You'll screw up the works! Just sit down like I told you and wait until I find everything. I wish I had some competent help so I could organize some of this stuff."

Suddenly, I noticed a foot high stack of papers under a rotary fan marked "Van Schaick."

"Fred!", I clamored. "Aren't these the folders, under the fan?"

"I didn't put them there!", he barked. "What are they doing under the damn fan?"

"Maybe the fan was a good paperweight", I said helpfully.

"What, so they could all blow away?", he screamed. "Use your brains, for God's sake. I never heard a more stupid reason in my whole life. Now where the hell is my pipe?"

"Over there", I whispered.

"I told you to hold it! Damn you! Now I have to light it up again", he reasoned.

All of the tension was tying my stomach up in knots. Since Fred's office was converted from an old hotel room, there was a toilet in back of a filing cabinet.

"Do you mind if I use the bathroom?", I asked.

"Why, do you have to go right now?", he growled. "You'll wait!"

There was no point in arguing about it.

"Oh, here are those Mission Orders I was looking for!", he laughed. "Well, I'll be damned. I sent Billy to the RPF's RPF for losing those frigging papers."

"What's the RPF's RPF?", I asked him.

"Go look it up in the dictionary!", he ordered. "Do I look like your wet nurse or something?"

Modern Management Technology Defined was on the window ledge. I had to look under the abbreviations first, to find out what RPF stood for. It meant "Rehabilitation Project Force." So the RPF's RPF was the Rehabilitation Project Force's Rehabilitation Project Force.

"What the hell could that be all about?", I wondered to myself.

I finally found it. It was some kind of Punishment Org that sounded pretty horrible. I started to read some of the rules: "RPF's RPF: the following restrictions are applied to members: (1) segregated from other RPF members with regard to work, messing, berthing, musters, and any other command activity. (2) No pay. (3) No training. (4) No auditing. (5) May only work on mud boxes in the engine room. (6) Six hours sleep maximum."<sup>[47]</sup>

"Mud boxes in the engine room?", I repeated. "What on earth are they talking about?"

"What's the matter?", Fred heaved. "Don't you like our Ethics?"

"I just read some pretty wild and crazy stuff here --"

"Look, Fishman!", Fred challenged. "Flag's a Sea Org Org. Sea Org members are a disciplined body of thetans who are at a much higher level of purpose than Scientology organizations at large. I was in the RPF's RPF once, back in '68. It didn't kill me. I just had pneumonia for a couple of years, that's all."

"What did you do to deserve that?", I groped.

"I threw away one of Mary Sue's bank deposit slips", he sighed.

"Okay, but couldn't she have filled out a new one?", I wondered.

"That's not the point!", he stammered in a fit of high anxiety. "I let her down and I deserved it! I'll tell you, the RPF's RPF was the best thing that ever happened to me. It put me back on the right track. Do you know what the motto of the Project Force is?"

"No, I didn't know it had a motto", I explained.

"Well, how could you know about the motto if you didn't even know what the RPF's RPF even meant!", he argued. "Miami's a fine example of incompetence! They send me people like you who don't even have a grasp of the basic definitions of Scientology!"

"You didn't tell me the motto", I reminded him.

Fred looked at me with disinterest.

"You don't give a damn anyway!", he said apathetically.

"That's no attitude", I retorted. "What's the motto?"

"One time, one job, one place", he mumbled.<sup>[48]</sup>

"What does that mean?", I answered perplexedly.

"You see? You see? You want to drag me into this great big Q&A, don't you? Q&A, Q&A, Q&A! Every time I say an answer, you've got another question. To hell with you!"

"I'll repeat the question", I stated with "auditor presence." "What does the motto of "One time, one job, one place" mean to you?"

Now I had him! I put him in session! He had to answer me! Fred turned toward me, completely vanquished.

"When you do one job in one place at one time, you can have a win if you do it right", he elaborated. "I needed that stable datum in my own life. After I completed the RPF's RPF, I could handle everything that was thrown before me. My life became orderly and systematic. Now it is impossible for anything to confuse me, which reminds me of all the time I have wasted on this nonsense. What was it that you wanted to do again?"

"I need to go to the bathroom", I smiled, gritting my teeth.

"That's a lot of crap!", he reasoned. "You can hold it in. It's no goddamn emergency. Take a look at this instead. Here are all of Lavenda's Preclear Folders dating back to hell, I don't know. Tonight, you're going to memorize these. What room are you in?"

"901", I said.

"Yeah, that's a nice room", he observed. "I don't know if I've ever seen it, but I know where it is. I'll call you around one o'clock in the morning to find out if you have any questions on the files."

"At one in the morning?", I repeated glumly.

"It should take you at least until four to finish all this", he estimated. "You don't have any other appointments tonight, do you?"

"I usually go to sleep by midnight", I argued.

"Not tonight you're not!", he moaned. "You're on a G. O. mission! The schedule is altogether different. You're here on the same terms as the rest of us. If I can't sleep, neither will you!"

I was going to recommend that if Fred would just get a decent night's rest, perhaps he could locate things in his environment more easily. But that would have gone over worse than seepage in a morgue. Anyway, I could digest the key points in the folders without staying up all night like he ordered me to.

"Fred, you never told me what exactly I am here at Flag to do!", I reminded.

"You've been distracting me ever since you walked in the door with your whining about the bathroom!", he said. "Anyway, don't you know what you're doing?"

"I gathered I'm going to meet Lavenda", I answered snidely. "But wouldn't it help if you told me what my assignment is?"

"Your assignment?", he mimicked. "Am I your trigonometry teacher now? It's your mission, Fishman! You're not here on any goddamn assignment. You're here on a Guardian's mission!"

"Okay, so what's my mission then?"

"You'd better not fail at it either", he cautioned.

"Fail at what?", I asked with frustration.

"Ron wants his documents back. He's depending upon you to get them. And he wants her civil lawsuit with that bastard squirrel lawyer stopped too. You're going to get her to drop Michael Flynn as her attorney. I want her completely neutralized. She is no longer going to be a threat to us, do you understand? I don't care if you even have to kill her. I want those O/Ws returned to Archives, and I want her evil purposes completely paralyzed. Right now, she is the biggest threat to the survival of Earth that this planet has ever had! The future of all Scientology Orgs is in your hands. So I don't want to hear about you having to sleep, or to take a leak, or whether or not your stomach is growling. This is war! You wanted to do something for Ron? Well, now you can show the Commodore what kind of theta you are made of."

"By the way, Fred", I interrupted. "Why did Lavenda cause us so much trouble?"

"How the hell should I know?", he raved. "It's probably in the folders. Why are you asking me?"

"You said that you've been through her folders thousands of times", I protested. "I assumed you knew why she did it."

"Don't put words in my mouth!", he blabbed. "I don't have any time to read all that goddamn trash she told her auditors. If the Case Supervisors were any damn good, they would have spotted her as an SP years ago. That's the trouble here. The staff on her lines were all a bunch of psychos,

inventing their own processes and not using Standard Tech. There's probably quickie grades that entered in, and all kinds of other dogshit in those worksheets. Who ever heard of an OT One dropping a bomb on Ron? She's no more an OT One than all these spiders in this big web over here.

The gossamer extended over four feet from the corner of the ceiling to the window.

"Aren't those spiders dangerous?", I quaked.

"Naaahhh, they're thetans too. Flag spiders are okay. They're getting all their expanded grades and levels for free", Fred snickered, puffing on his pipe again. "I'd trust these spiders a damn sight more than the suppressive you're gonna meet tomorrow!"

"You never said how I was supposed to meet her", I asked. "Do I have to go to her house?"

"Nope!", Fred said sharply. "She's coming here. It'll be real easy for you."

"She wouldn't dare show her face at Flag", I contradicted.

"Tomorrow is Guardian's Day, March the First!", he gloated. "It's the fourteenth anniversary since Ron set up the first Guardian's Office at Saint Hill in England during 1966. Did you know I was there at the time? I was doing my Saint Hill Special Briefing Course. Well, why should you care. Anyhow, we got word that there is going to be a squirrel protest rally tomorrow, right here in front of the Fort Harrison."

"Do you mean the SPs will be carrying picket signs at Flag?", I asked in utter disbelief. "How can you allow it?"

"I welcome it!", Fred bellowed. "I want to see exactly who our enemies are. Ron has Tech on how to handle it all. We're going to be very friendly to them, bringing them out some doughnuts and coffee. The wog press will be covering it, and Ron wants us to show them the contrast between these psycho nut cases raving and ranting, and the Sea Org Combat Information Center Unit of B-1, who will be very well mannered, smartly dressed, and politely offering them refreshments. The public is on our side, you know. I've got the Flag Chaplain scheduled to talk to them, fully decked out in his Minister's uniform. Hell, tomorrow is Sunday, isn't it?"

"If I were out there, I'd break every one of their posters and bash their fucking heads in!", I vowed.

"That happened once, and it didn't work out to well", Fred said. "In fact, Lavenda was picketing back then too. That was exactly six months ago, on Founder's Day, September the 1st. We had an open house to honor Ron, and about ten or twelve degraded beings including Lavenda picketed the event and tried to come inside the Fort Harrison to start trouble. Ron's two daughters, Diana and Suzette, got into a big fight with the demonstrators and broke their signs. Do you know that the only pictures on the six o'clock news were those of Suzette tearing up one of the picketer's banners? The press didn't care one iota about our event, or about how we have helped the City of Clearwater since Ron put the Flag Land Base here in 1975. They just tried to do a hatchet job on the two girls for protecting their father. So now, Steve, we are going to play the game much differently."

"Are you saying that you want me to feed Lavenda doughnuts? I'll give her poison!", I hissed,

mad at the very thought of befriending such an evil bastard.

"No, I've got more important plans for you", Fred clucked. "You're going to be one of the protesters! You're going to get Lavenda's sympathy by raising more hell about Scientology than anyone else there. It's now 9:50 P.M. You've got fourteen hours and ten minutes to get into the valence of the most outspoken SP on the planet. When Lavenda meets you, I want her to think you are the best ally she ever had."

"What about Sea Org members that think I have turned traitor?", I gasped.

"All of the Guardians execs know about the mission. You don't know too many other people here. And most importantly, Lavenda doesn't know you. She was getting out of Scientology when you were coming in. She knows most of the staff at Flag. That's another reason why I picked you. You're a nobody! I guess you never thought that your unimportance would actually be an upstat!"

"Isn't it just fantastic to be such a wonderful nothing!", I thought to myself as I went upstairs to do my homework.

Lavenda's folder was full of so many evil purposes! She falsely attested to OT Two, when in fact she didn't even finish the level. She smoked marijuana for six years as a teenager, and then there were the numerous write-ups about her violent and ungovernable temper, including her many clay-throwing tantrums, as well as the very infamous occasion of last September 1st when she tried to break a protest poster over Diana Hubbard's head. I felt very thankful to be so rational and sane as I read her degraded psycho-dog file. It never ceased to amaze me how such crazy people can somehow sneak by the high standards which Scientology Registrars demand of all new preclears. If it were up to me, I would give raw meat wogs their Security Check before they even had a personality test. But of course, as Kevin often said, our level of ethics and responsibility in the G. O. is a lot more disciplined than you find in the ordinary Class Four Orgs.

When I made my way to Fort Harrison Room 406 again, it was 9:00 on Saturday morning, and Fred Hare introduced me to one of his junior staff members, Bill Morey, who had also worked training other G. O. Agents in many projects of high sensitivity under the direction of Bill Franks, who had recently been appointed by Ron to fill the post of Executive Director International. Bill Morey, a mild mannered and lethally charming fellow, was there to review the key points and elements in Lavenda's folders, in order to pinpoint her main "buttons." In case you are wondering, there was absolutely nothing illegal about my seeing the Preclear Folder of an ex-Scientologist who was designated a Suppressive. The rule of confidentiality between Church and parishioner did not apply in cases involving SPs and squirrels. Bill Morey read me Guardian's Order Number 121669, in which the Commodore Staff Guardian Mary Sue Hubbard had given me carte blanche as a G. O. Agent to rummage through or "cull" any or all auditing files in such instances, so I was positively on solid legal ground here, that's for damn sure.

The next thing that Bill did was to go over TR-L, so that I would be fully prepared for Lavenda. There were some great drills in TR-L, and I did very well at every one of them. TR-L, by the way, stands for Training Routine of Lying, which is a powerful and highly recommended weapon in dealing with our enemies. Lying, according to Bill, was simply "outflowing false data very effectively."

Bill Morey read from a Guardian's Order: "The purpose of TR-L is to train the G. O. Agent to deliver a lie newly and in a new unit of time to any enemy under stress, without flinching, trying to overwhelm, or using a via."

Holding up the book Alice In Wonderland, I pretended to read from a page, while I made up all kinds of wild fibs as I went along.

I lied about the Mad Hatter's sex life with Alice, for example. Although it looked like I was reading what was printed on the page, I was actually conjuring up a great sequel to the plot, involving the Queen of Hearts defecating in Alice's tea. And yet, by the time I passed the drill, I was performing so naturally that Bill said it sounded like I was just reading it all from the book itself!

There were other practical routines to the confidential TR-L that I would have a chance to do later, such as infiltrating the records section of a psychiatric hospital and seizing documents. Bill promised me that I would get to do the full battery of exciting Field Drills as soon as I completed my mission with Lavenda!

But then the plutonium shoe dropped. I had to do a routine that I absolutely hated more than anything else in the world. I had to sit there in front of Bill Morey for one full hour and invent vicious lies about Ron and Scientology. At first I couldn't do it! How could I say anything negative about L. Ron Hubbard, the man I loved? I would rather be struck dead by a bolt of lightning. The very idea of anyone impugning and maligning Source was revolting to the core.

"I can't do it!", I screamed to Bill. "I adore Ron more than I care about my own penis. I am living for the day that I might just catch a glimpse of his shadow, and I just can't confront saying any bad things about the Founder of truth. It's like cursing God or something!"

"Didn't it ever occur to you that what I'm ordering you to do is what Ron wants too?", Bill whispered gently. "The entheta you are putting out there in the MEST universe is to trap the enemy. It isn't directed against Ron, or against the Third Dynamic. You simply have to take responsibility for Lavenda by doing whatever is necessary to stamp her out! Now, I want you to start on a mild gradient. With your TRs in, I want you to convince me that Ron is a money-hungry, fat bastard. Go on, deliver that communication to me. Go on! In a new unit of time, start!"

"Ron is a money-hungry, fat bastard!", I repeated.

"You're about as convincing as the House of Representatives!", he shrugged. "I don't believe you. You sound like you're completely full of shit!"

"Are you bullbaiting me?", I asked. "Or do I really sound that bad?"

"It was awful, honestly", Bill sighed. "Try it again, this time, as an upstat Guardian's Office Agent."

"Ron is a money-hungry, fat bastard!!!", I shrieked.

"You can't cover it up by yelling", he coached. "I want to hear real hate in your voice! Deliver that communication backed up with savage anger."

I had an idea. I decided to think of Lavenda while talking about Ron.

"L. Ron Hubbard is a selfish overstuffed scum bag mother-fucker who pimps off his own whore wife!", I growled.

I had caught Bill Morey by surprise. He backed up two feet and could not breathe. Before me was my mock-up of slashing Lavenda's vagina using a machete, with the determination of Charles Manson. But Bill could not see my mental image picture, and for a thousandth of a nanosecond, he looked at me as if I truly meant what I had said about Ron, and by so doing, I was some very psychotically deranged SP.

"Y-You changed the command into something different", he observed.

"Yes, but you told me to include some savage anger, so I put some in there!", I smiled.

"You passed, of course", he admitted.

Certainly I knew that I had done all right.

Afterwards, I spent another hour with Fred, who predominantly lectured me on how to be unobtrusive, so that Lavenda would never catch on to my lofty motives. He warned me against trying to get the data on the stolen documents all in one day, despite the severe downstat of taking too long.

"It might take a week for success, and it could also take a month", Fred estimated. "I just want results. I don't give two shits how long it takes you to get them, provided it's done right and fast."

Fred then ordered Bill Morey to walk with me to the corner of Waterson Avenue and Laura Street, which was approximately three blocks away. Bill had the keys to a mustard color 1971 Dodge Dart, and in the trunk was a protest placard which said, "Scientology is Mind Control", painted in red letters as a special effect to restimulate the look of blood." At that point, Bill ordered me to carry the poster back to Fort Harrison Avenue, since the squirrel protesters had already gathered there en masse to register their filthy, disgusting objections to Guardian's Day.

There were about fifteen lunatics marching on the east side of Fort Harrison Avenue, across the street from the main entrance to Flag. Two City of Clearwater policemen were there to maintain order. Together, they all looked like the cast from "The Night of the Living Dead." But of course, I did not like SPs very much, not that anybody actually would.

I didn't have to ask who Lavenda Van Schaick was. There were numerous pictures of her in the Preclear Folder. But when I saw someone carrying a poster saying "Scientology Guardians Kill People", it took less than a moment to identify her.

In another time and another place, Lavenda would have been a woman that I know I might have possibly liked. She had a good face; very aware, full of wisdom, and with lots of intensity and beauty. Now keep in mind, it wasn't the kind of face that I was entirely used to. There was an unspoken elegance and sophistication to her, the sort of look you would find broadcasting the six o'clock news or sleeping with a Congressman. Yet, there was a tenderness and a simplicity behind those eyes that beheld the sperm of understanding itself. With graceful form and dazzling posture, she was very much a giant amongst women who stood five foot five. But there was also a shitload of hurt and anxiety, which reminded me that I was dealing with one of the most dangerous suppressives on the planet, and I should never lose sight of that! The one thing that I could not let myself become was vulnerable.

"There was a very wicked thetan in back of all those alluring niceties", I kept telling myself.



Within seconds, I noticed Lavenda reading my poster as I crossed her path.

"I like yours better!", I called out flirtatiously.

"Mind control doesn't say enough", she agreed. "They murder children here at Flag, you know."

Now that was a strange statement coming from a lady who once had three abortions.

"I have to overwhelm her too!", I thought silently.

"I heard there are over a dozen kids chained in the basement", I volunteered.

Lavenda started to laugh uncontrollably.

"What is so funny?", I asked.

"What you just said!", she snorted. "I'm sure you hate Flag as much as I do, but there are no basements in Florida! They would hit water if they tried to build one."

"No, I didn't mean here!", I quipped, thinking fast. "In Los Angeles, at the Cedars Complex Estates Org."

I had heard that the Church of Scientology of California had bought the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital a couple of years before I became a member, and a place like that just had to have a basement.

"Yeah, I heard something about that", Lavenda acknowledged, proving that she was dying to hear about any bad news that I could come up with. "That's where they torture people in the RPF."

Lavenda and I started walking together, side by side, each holding our placards.

"You look a little familiar", she said. "When did you get out?"

"I look like your ex-husband, you SP bitch!", I thought to myself. "But what the hell did she mean by when I got out? Oh, God, she means when did I leave Scientology!", I continued to analyze.

"Those cheap bastards won't give me my money back!", I answered. "Then they sent some goons from the Guardian's Office over to my house while I wasn't home, and later I found my pet dog dead in the living room. I hate those killers!"

"How do you know they did it?", she inquired.

"Because they left a fucking Dianetics book right in the middle of all the blood!", I cried.

As an animal rights activist, I mocked up that whole scene, and real tears flooded from my eyes as I viewed it. For a moment, I instantly felt like a victim of a Guardian's attack. It scared me how quickly I had convinced myself of my own lies, or "shore stories", as they are called in the Sea Org.

"God, that's horrible!", she acknowledged with genuine sympathy.

"Don't you worry!", I shouted. "I'm going to make them pay for what they did to poor Apollo."

"You named your dog after the Scientology ship?", she asked in disbelief.

"Well, I was a real shmuck back then!", I bragged.

"You're Jewish, aren't you?", she smiled.

"How'd you know, by the word 'shmuck'?", I pondered.

"You remind me of someone who I used to care about", she sighed.

"Aha! It's working!", I thought. "Fred is going to be proud of me! I've got this bitch hooked!"

"That's because you are a very caring person", I explained. "Otherwise, if you weren't, you'd still be on the other side of the street in that haunted building, kissing Ron's ass!"

"You are so open and honest!", she said. "I spent twelve years with them. I almost forgot what it's like to be human. But then again, Ron always said 'it's impossible to be human and be right'." I looked at Lavenda with a very annoyed facial expression.

"Now if you're going to quote that money-hungry fat bastard, you're going to ruin my day and I'll have to do my protesting with someone else!", I warned.

"Hey, I'm sorry", she said with big sad eyes, as she patted my cheek while holding up her poster with her left hand. "What's your name, anyway."

"Steve Fishman", I said.

"I've never heard of you", she shrugged. "What was your Org?"

"Aren't you supposed to say, 'Where are you from?' We have to stop talking like Scientology Randroid Zombies", I reminded.

"Yeah, it's hard to break out of it", she stated. "But, you're right. Anyway, where do you come from?"

"Fort Lauderdale, land of high stats!", I answered, trying to make her laugh. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Lavenda; Lavenda Dukoff", she said, deliberately leaving off the "Van Schaick."

"What a heavenly name!", I remarked. "Does it have any special meaning?"

"When I was born, I almost died, and I turned purple", she explained.

"You should have died!", I wished to myself. "It would have been one less filthy SP to contend with!"

"Well, I was a little lighter than purple according to Mom", she continued as she laughed. "She said I looked lavender, so she named me Lavenda, which was also her favorite color."

"Your mother sounds very artistic", I grinned. "She is very lucky to have you as a daughter."

"You're a blight upon the human race, and your slutty mother should have miscarried you!", my thoughts screamed.

Suddenly, several press vans pulled up. The Clearwater Sun and the St. Petersburg Times had arrived. A couple of reporters from one of the local AM radio stations had positioned themselves across the street, interviewing three or four Sea Org members, who were gallantly catering to the media with several large bakery trays of assorted doughnuts and two iced pitchers containing freshly squeezed Florida Orange Juice.

"These are from Ron's own orchard in Dunedin", the Sea Org Personal Public Relations Officer said loudly into the microphone.

"Do you mean the doughnuts?", the news anchor joked.

Suddenly, the crowd of squirrels around me began to chant:

"Ron Hubbard is a fag!"

"Guardians kill at Flag!"

"Ron Hubbard is a fag!"

"Guardians kill at Flag!"

Lavenda looked at me unexpectedly.

"You aren't singing!", she complained.

"I didn't know that Ron was a homosexual", I said, quite surprised.

"Well, his son was!", she exclaimed.

"I heard his son's name is Arthur", I recalled. "Is that who you mean?"

"He had three sons!", she revealed. "The oldest one, L. Ron Hubbard Junior, hasn't spoken to him since 1959, after Ron Senior found out that Ron Junior made his stepmother pregnant. But the queer son with the fake English accent was Quentin, who killed himself."

"Ron had a son that killed himself?", I repeated in shock, not knowing whether to believe that prevaricating animal or not.

"You don't hear the bad news when you're busy pushing stats in the Org", she gloated with the aftertaste of sour grapes. "Quentin gassed himself to death with the exhaust pipes connected to the inside of his Pontiac while he was parked near the Las Vegas Airport."

"But why?", I asked.

"With parents like Ron and Old Mother Hubbard, do you really have to ask me that?"

"I never even heard of Quentin", I shrugged.

"Ron has a grandson Lance from his eldest daughter Katie who is another little faggot. They're all nuts in that family", she revealed.

Unexpectedly, the public relations people from the Church began crossing the street towards us. I saw an opportunity to steam up the crowd.

"Look! They're coming over here with snacks!", I shouted. "It's probably poisoned!"

"Don't anybody eat any of that", a man with a South African accent warned. "You don't take gifts from the Devil!"

"Never you mind, John!", said an Englishman named Robin. "I gave them ten years of my life! I'm going to take back whatever I can get from them!"

Robin proceeded to grab four sugar doughnuts, which were underneath the chocolate cream ones.

"Don't you know who she is?", John said, pointing to one of the attractive Sea Org girls serving the refreshments. "That's Nancy Foster, Diana's secretary! You're going to accept food from her?"

"Take as much as you want!", Nancy offered joyously, after she made certain that the newspaper reporters had finished stuffing themselves. "Would anybody like some fresh orange juice?", she asked. "You know, if you want to come inside the Fort Harrison, we have five "ARC Break Registrars" posted in the lobby who will help you with whatever problem has ARC broken you. We want to see you all back in Scientology, happily on your posts and going up the Bridge, with every one of your ARC Breaks fully handled."

"You can go fuck yourself!", said a girl carrying a banner which read: "Ron is a crook!"

Nevertheless, two other people on line accepted the doughnuts and the juice. One seriously looked as if he hadn't eaten in two days. I was secretly hoping that he would starve to death.

"Don't touch that food!", I yelled. "Don't you have any pride left after what those brainwashers did to you?"

"Go back to your side of the street, you bitch!", Lavenda yelled to Nancy. "You owe me a lot more than your stinking cookies!"

Nancy smiled at Lavenda.

"They're doughnuts, honey, not cookies", she corrected.

"You tell her, Nancy!", I thought silently. "Bravo!"

"They crossed the street to bother us!", I incited. "Now it's time for us to go over there and kick

the shit out of them!"

"Yeah!", Lavenda agreed.

Six or seven of us began crossing Fort Harrison Avenue. The two policemen, sensing trouble, stopped Lavenda and I because we had attempted to lead the others across, and while they warned us not to continue walking, the others kept going. The ones who stayed on the side of Flag didn't know what to do at that moment, while the other four protesters who were busy eating the doughnuts and drinking the orange juice didn't seem to care very much about what was happening.

"When you're a hungry SP", I thought, "who gives a damn about principles anyhow?"

"You got any more of these sugar doughnuts?", Robin asked Nancy.

Within two minutes, my initiative of splitting up the group on two sides of the street while getting the police actively involved in harassing them succeeded in breaking up the whole protest. Now I had a lot of good material for my Knowledge Report on handling the picketers. Fred would surely praise me for my help in confusing those SPs. The Sea Org refreshment tray also helped, of course, and I had every intention of including that information in my summary. From where I stood, I looked up and saw Fred Hare smiling from his fourth floor window, exceptionally pleased at the termination of the protest. "He didn't even have to send out the Flag Chaplain to mess up the rally!", I laughed inside my head, basking in my success.

"Let's get out of here!", I told Lavenda. "This isn't working. Nobody has any real guts around this place. Let me take you to lunch. At least the day won't be a total loss."

"It looks like rain anyway", she rationalized. "Why not!"

A drop of water fell on my nose. I peeked up at the sky. It was obvious that Ron had been helping me disband the squirrels. He was making it rain by postulate! There was no other explanation for it.

Ecstatic, I pretended to be the perfect gentleman by carrying Lavenda's placard to her car. When she revealed in passing conversation that she lived nearby in the Safety Harbor section of Clearwater, I allowed her to drive me around in her car, and to also recommend a nice place for us to have lunch.

We spent the entire day together. For the next ten hours, I was just acting like another garden variety SP, badmouthing Ron, Flag, the Miami Org, and whatever else I could think of. I even told Lavenda a fantastic story about how Peter Letterese used to spend his spare time in the All Night Twenty-Four Hour Peep Show on State Road 84 in Fort Lauderdale, where he could masturbate while watching strippers dance through a window, until he ejaculated all over the glass. Of course, Lavenda never knew that it was actually I who used to go there all the time.

The more about Scientology that I disagreed with, the more she liked me. I told her that the Guardian's Office had attacked me with a silent new weapon of bombarding and flooding me with mail, sent anonymously by using business reply cards as if I had requested the tons of junk myself!

"That's the sickest, most disgusting form of harassment I have ever heard of!", she replied.

She didn't know how very proud she made me feel when she said that.

"I can't imagine what kind of cruel bastard thought that idea up!", I cried out.

"Probably Ron came up with it himself!", she answered. "It sounds like something that he or Mary Sue would do to annoy people."

Lavenda told me all about herself. She lived with her daughter Sabrina, who, according to the wallet photos which I saw, was a cute skinny kid of eleven with brown hair. Lavenda, who was a strawberry blonde now but only God knows what originally, told me that Sabrina looked a lot like her father the policeman. There was something in her voice that told me she still loved him, and had not fully gotten over her breakup yet. But she was also very close to her younger sister Lisa, who although single and unattached, had just given birth to a baby boy. The two sisters lived within a short distance of one another in the Clearwater area, and were, in Lavenda's words, inseparable.

As Lavenda spoke, I detected a sensitive quality of kindness in her voice, and as I listened to her for a while, I felt suspended in time to a special place where hopeless romantics lived, where Potential Trouble Sources were unheard of, and where love could never be stamped out.

Was I really such a whore to my own convictions that I could become involved with the thoughts, moods and concerns of such a highly placed enemy? No, it couldn't be. I was just being a good Guardian, that's all. What is life but one big TR anyway? I was simply wearing my hat as an intelligence gatherer, and nothing more. Any human emotion and reaction which I was feeling was completely and totally degraded. I would write it up later as an overt, and then just forget the whole thing. Holding her hand was only an occupational hazard of safeguarding the Tech. For Ron's sake, I would slither into bed with a lizard if he wanted me to.

Philippe Park on Bayshore Boulevard overlooking Old Tampa Bay from the Clearwater side was a million miles away from the fourth floor of the Fort Harrison. Lavenda seemed so much at home in the park, where the squirrels ran free and unpersecuted. It was so incomprehensible to me that anyone would ever desert Scientology. And I was so right. Lavenda dropped out not because of the Tech, the Policy, or the Ethics. She had been rejected in love by a senior staff member to whom she had a fatal attraction, and it was for that reason alone that she sacrificed her immortality. I had to be very careful not to register my alarm over what I knew to be the stupidest decision of her life. There was nothing I could do anyway. She was at cause over her own destiny, and had made the infinitely wrong choice.

When it looks like a duck, and quacks like a duck, it must be a duck, right?

Here was Lavenda, who fluently spoke the language of L. Ron Hubbard's Dianetics and Scientology Technical Dictionary, and had the beingness of a Scientologist as much as or even more so than I did. She was so far ahead of me on the Bridge to Total Freedom that I felt worse than an impotent dwarf next to her. OT Two! I could not begin to imagine what that was like. Not only that, she knew things about OT Seven, from having sneaked into the storage closet at Flag where the confidential materials were kept hidden. She told me all about the "Incredibles", or things that had happened to the thetan over the last seventy-six trillion years which were so horrible that no one would ever believe it. "Scraping off the Incredibles" was an auditing action of OT Seven that was done to rid oneself of the effects of these terrible incidents on the Time Track, or history of the soul. I felt so guilty listening to Lavenda as she revealed secret data to me for hours and hours. I was not eligible to hear things above my case level, but nevertheless, I was drawn to her like a magnet. With it all, I could tell that she still loved Scientology, despite her wretchedness. Well, it

was a love-hate relationship, I think. I couldn't help feeling so sorry for her though! What was it like to know so much about truth, and yet throw it all away for nothing? And beyond that, the agony of not having a post in life, and similarly to elicit the wrath of the only group that could take mankind out of the abyss by the balls was nothing less than wildly insane.

Nevertheless, sitting on the park bench, gazing hypnotically at the tranquility of the water, I was deep within a pleasure moment that I would never quite forget, at least not in this lifetime. Lavenda reached over and kissed me.

"I didn't even have to pay her!", I thought for a fleeting instant, until I remembered who and what she really was. As she held the kiss constant, I recalled that I was in the company of a dangerous suppressive. I mocked up a mental image picture of my tongue daintily swishing inside the mouth of Adolf Hitler. That worked well enough to enable me to pull away from her with the appropriate amount of revulsion and dread.

Lavenda laughed.

"You don't know how to kiss, do you?", she asked.

I thought about that for a second. She probably was right.

Jaime never kissed me once during our marriage, except for the peck on the cheek that she gave me at my wedding, in order to impress our guests. None of the prostitutes ever had enough time for foreplay. I wasn't rich, you know. And then of course as a teenager, I was quite a nerd, and I soon found out that you can't learn very much about love from an inflatable doll.

So here I was, confronting the fact that after all these years, I was very much a virgin of the mouth; a nice, innocent lamb being seductively tempted by a dominating, villainous SP. But how could I find out where she hid Ron's documents if I didn't play along with her silly little game?

"This is TR-K", she smiled. "The Training Routine of Kissing!"

"Are you at least a Class Eight?", I asked. "I don't want any less than one hundred percent Standard Tech."

"You're insulting me!", she replied coyly. "I'm a Class Twelve, trained at Flag by the demons of Venus, the Goddess of Love."

"You should only be getting drained with cyanide via intravenous!", I wished with thoughts of retribution as she rambled on with her cross-purposed false data.

However, even my images of kissing Nazis faded away by nightfall, as I felt the tenderness of her lips.

"She's only playing games with my body", I justified. "She hasn't affected me one fucking bit as a thetan!"

Fred Hare was thrilled with my progress. Lavenda was starting to open up to me with trust. It was going to be such an act of bravery to stab a knife in her back! I got goose bumps just thinking about how important to Ron I was now! Lavenda knew that I had to return to Fort Lauderdale, but we were going to talk to each other every day by telephone! On the following morning, I called Southern

Bell and ordered a private phone number placed in my den at home. Jaime thought I ordered it to receive calls from Meyer Lansky, and she did not question my infinite wisdom. As a double precaution, I had a lock installed on my den door, so that no member of my household could go in there to snoop around while I wasn't home.

With all that I accomplished, I was not without regret. Why did I have feelings of compassion for this enemy Lavenda, when she was such a threat to the Church, and had done such a terrible evil misdeed to Ron? Why couldn't I just hate her all of the time, instead of thinking about her alluring kiss of death? It would have truly meant my demise in Scientology if anybody ever found out about what was going through my mind, so I had to walk around on egg shells with this great big withhold. I felt so good to be near Lavenda, and yet I hated her with such thetan violence! And still, who could I tell? Peter or Leah would have chewed me up to ribbons. Fred here would have definitely thrown me out of the G. O., and I would have been utterly disgraced. I had no one to turn to but the mad lunatic, Dr. Geertz.

"You are a Zelig!", Uwe laughed. "Admit it!"

It was just like a warped psych to use misunderstood words with his patients.

"What in God's green earth does a Zelig mean?", I demanded.

"Steve!", he shouted. "I thought you were intelligent, man! Haven't you heard of Woody Allen's movie called "Zelig?"

"No, not really", I admitted.

"Well, Zelig is this chameleon-type of guy who assumes the identity of anyone he is in contact with at the time. If he is with Nazis, he becomes a storm trooper. If he is with Orthodox Jews, he becomes a Talmudic scholar. Face it, Steve. You are a Zelig! You told me yourself that when your parents got divorced, when you were with your father, you pretended to hate your mother. When you were with your mother, you enjoyed despising your father. You can't fool me for a minute! When you are with Scientology staff members, you are a card carrying Scientologist. When you are with Lavenda, you become this anti-Scientologist rebel who loves her. When you come here to me, you are interested in psychology. That's the Zelig in you!"

I thought about that for several minutes.

"Why do I do that?", I asked.

"Because you want to be loved and admired!", he shouted with glee.

"My God!", I screamed. "You're right! But that's the one thing that I am not allowed to crave. Scientology doesn't permit it. It's right there in the Code of Honor. "Don't desire to be loved or admired", it says!"

Dr. Geertz looked at me through above the top of his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Well then I guess you can never be a very good Scientologist", he concluded.

But I was going to be a good Scientologist.



"Damn Kraut Psych!", I cursed as I drove away from his office. "He's always trying to screw things up for me!"

I wanted so much to talk to Peter about Lavenda, but Peter was not a G. O. Agent, and was not privy to any classified information. Neither was Leah Abady from the Miami Org, but she nevertheless knew all about Operation Recovery from Kevin, and she was always available with an outstretched ear to listen to my problems. Having been spared the stigma of beauty, I found Leah exceedingly easy to talk to, as if she were my very own pet eunuch that had been neutered and spayed just so that I would have my own non-threatening female around to wear the hat of a friend.

"You've got to gain Lavenda's loyalty", Leah advised. "You can do that if you create the perception that you are victims of the same imaginary dragon."

When I asked Leah to be more specific, she reminded me that I was a creative artist, and that the spectacle of opening up the flood gates of junk mail into her 6" by 4" by 9" letter box would definitely get her attention.

"But for every two letters you send Lavenda, I want you to send three to yourself", she ordered. "Fill up the trunk of your car with that garbage, so that you can really dump on her during your next visit to Clearwater. Until you prove yourself to be a greater victim than she is, there is no way that a degraded being like that will ever give up any withholds to you and let you know where she is hiding Ron's papers."

And so, in the next four weeks, Lavenda was the object of my very own Bingo tournament. But, so was I, although I always had enjoyed the popularity of advertising. I liked feeling important.

Jaime knew of my obsession with receiving mail, and was very upset that I had started it up again. Nothing could have pleased me more than to aggravate the sex weapons merchant that I was betrothed to. Anything that I could do to annoy and haunt my wife was reason alone to continue doing it. Within the parlance of fair play, payback was delicious.

Fred Hare had been in California, and being close to Source, was putting more pressure on me to get the documents back. I had the tendency to get "reasonable" about my mission, getting lost in the back room of the shoe store, shifting the stock around while I exteriorized and talked to the inventory. It wasn't easy to confront doing harm to the only woman in the world who had ever taken the time to kiss me. Yet, was I going to be drawn in by this Mata Hari squirrel vamp who represented the lowest depth of abhorrence that a female could ever stoop to? I would have to be more self-centered than a germ lost deep within a mosquito's enema to hurt Ron in that way. I had to keep my vow to Source no matter what the obstacles and barriers were.

"I only wish that I could get something on Ron that would completely destroy him!", I told Lavenda during a subsequent rendezvous to her crass, colonially waspish apartment, located on the second floor of the back half of a mediocre duplex that was overstuffed with boring furniture of early American brown crud.

"If there was such a thing, what would you do with it?", she asked poignantly.

"I would sell it to Interpol!", I scoffed. "Don't forget, we have very powerful allies out there who would give their eye teeth to destroy the Church of Scientology."

Lavenda became struck with such contemplative interest that she appeared to have black

bats flying out of her ears.

"Why does Interpol want to destroy Ron so badly?", she inquired.

"Don't you know?", I replied smugly. "Scientology is the only enemy that the International Police Organization ever had. Imagine how they felt when Ron published those naughty lies, saying that Chief of the Nazi Security Police Reinhard Heydrich was actually the president of Interpol until he was assassinated in 1942; or that Ernst Kaltenbrunner was really president of Interpol until he was hanged for Nazi war crimes in 1946. Oh, and Ron also made a point to tell the whole world that Nazi SS Officer Paul Dickopf was president of Interpol between 1968 and 1972. An SS Officer? Now that has to be completely ridiculous! Interpol must be furious at Scientology for those false reports. They would be highly interested in buying some dirt on Ron if we had access to any."

"All that data is true though", Lavenda remarked.

"Oh, well, if I had the goods on Ron, I'd sell it to them anyway", I suggested.

"How much do you think Interpol would pay for some documents that could put the Church and L. Ron Hubbard out of business?", she inquired.

"I think fifty thousand dollars would be a fair price", I offered. "But for that, you would need to have access to original confessionals that Ron wrote in his own handwriting about subjects like sexual perversion or Satanic practices. There are no such reports in existence, and even if there were, we outsiders don't have a way to locate them. You know as well as I do that every important document that Ron ever wrote is safely buried away in Archives at confidential locations around the world."

"Don't be so sure", Lavenda muttered.

"Do you know what I would do with fifty thousand dollars?", I continued. "I would hire the best civil attack-dog attorney on the planet and sue those slimy bastards!"

"Yeah, I have already done that, and it's very expensive", she declared. "The Church lawyers tie you up in court on frivolous motions until you run out of money for costs of maintaining the lawsuit, and then you're forced to drop out because all of your blood is sucked out of you."

"Fifty thousand dollars would sure help you fight them, wouldn't it?", I encouraged. "Do you have a good lawyer at least?"

"I've got Michael Flynn", she said abruptly.

"Never heard of him", I shrugged.

"He's good, but a real money man", she cried.

"The Church will buy him off sooner or later", I replied optimistically.

"No, not Flynn", she assured me. "They'd have to kill him first."

"So then they'll kill him!", I reasoned. "What the hell is the life of a squirrel attorney worth these days?"

"He's all the hope I've got!", she snapped. "I can't even get a high enough paying job to live right."

"So why don't you drop dead then!", I thought to myself.

I made a mental note to tell Fred about where Lavenda worked. She just found employment as a secretary in an advertising agency, and there was an outside chance that the Guardian's Office didn't know about that yet, and I felt that I could get some additional brownie points by bringing in some new data. Maybe there was also a way to get her fired.

"Is there anything I can do to help you out?", I asked.

"How would I go about getting in touch with people at Interpol?", she questioned.

"You have nothing to talk to them about", I chided with an air of impromptu invalidation.

"That's not true", she clamored. "What would you say if I told you that I have the original copies of every overt and withhold that Ron wrote up between 1946 and 1948?"

I burst out laughing.

"I think you have been out in the sun too long. That beautiful tan of yours has been clouding your reality perception, honey dear", I groaned mockingly. "There is no way that you have anything as sensitive as all that."

"Do you think I would lie to you?", she said angrily. "I would never go around bragging to my friends about things that weren't true."

I took Lavenda's hand and patted it gently.

"If you really have stuff like that, you ought to buy life insurance, because if the G. O. ever found out, they would slit your throat for it. Don't you realize that?"

"I've got it all under control", Lavenda stated reassuringly. "They're safely hidden away at my sister Lisa's house. My place was already broken into once by the G. O., but they couldn't find anything, because nothing is here!"

"Then you are putting your sister at risk!", I cautioned. "You shouldn't place her in that kind of jeopardy."

"She used to be a Scientologist too", she explained. "But they aren't looking for her. The G. O. wants me."

"And we've got you now, you dumb cunt!", I thought with the silent scream of captivating satisfaction.

"Will you help me get in touch with Interpol?", she begged.

"You are my friend", I whispered gently as I kissed her affectionately on the neck. "There is nothing I wouldn't do to bring the Church of Scientology to its knees! Just promise me that you'll

keep the documents well hidden."

"Don't worry", she soothed. "They're in a safe place in Lisa's bedroom. Anyway, with the new baby, she never leaves her apartment. I do all her shopping for her, and I visit her every day after work. She won't be in any danger."

"I can look up Interpol's New York address for you", I promised. "And there's an ex-Scientologist friend of mine in Washington, D. C. who can put me in touch with someone there who would be interested in buying what you have."

"Don't you want any commission for yourself?", Lavenda asked, in the style of a true ex-Field Staff Member.

"I don't take money from people I care about!", I said indignantly. "How can you ask me something like that?"

"Well then how about another lesson in tenderness?", she suggested. "You're not too late, because Affection and Arousal for OTs begins in two minutes."

"But I'm not OT yet!", I pointed out.

"Yet? What do you mean yet?", she asked accusatively, as if I were still planning to go up the Bridge.

"You're the only OT that I talk to", I said as I caught myself. "I was hoping that you could teach me things that I don't know."

"Well in that case you'll be auditing the class instead of taking it for credit", she said softly as she licked the inside of my right ear. "You like this kind of auditing, don't you?"

"Have you got any E-Meter cans to squeeze?", I replied as I grabbed her ass.

"No matter what you told me or what I read in her files, I wasn't prepared to confront how much of a vile criminal she was!", I reported to Fred Hare in exasperation.

"Why couldn't you get Lavenda to be more specific about where in Lisa's apartment the documents are?", Fred criticized.

"I couldn't arouse the bitch's suspicions, Fred!", I explained.

"You've got ten days to complete your mission before I throw you into Liability!", he warned.

On Saturday, the 4th of April, I drove to Clearwater with the trunk of my car filled with junk mail. Lavenda saw evidence of how I was harassed beyond belief by Scientology, and was truly very sympathetic. I cried to her and told her that I might have to change my address and identity, just to escape from the onslaught of daily crap in my letter box. I spent four hours opening it all up at her apartment, so that she could grasp the pain and the anguish that I was feeling. There were a lot of trade samples from various electronics firms that were included with the advertising, and when Lavenda was in her kitchen making us lemonade, I placed eight or nine of those devices that could have passed for wiretapping bugs throughout her house. Of course, the prototypes did not actually operate. They were just sent by the suppliers as evaluation sample units, together with the price

lists. Certainly Lavenda did not know that, and at the right time, she would properly conclude that they were planted in her house by the Guardian's Office. Bill Morey ordered me to make her as paranoid as possible, and this was an inexpensive way to do it. The electronics samples did not cost me anything. I wanted Fred Hare to praise me for using my own resources to drive Lavenda insane. It was a major downstat to spend good money on such a despicable wretch as her.

"Something has to be done about this mail!", I ranted. "I can't take it anymore!"

"Look at all the garbage they sent me!", Lavenda cackled as she showed me several hundred unopened envelopes. "The idea must be something new, because it only started within the last two weeks."

"Those fuckers are bothering everybody like this", I grumbled. "It's a campaign they are using to harass squirrels. If you have a lawyer, I would write him a letter and let him know about it."

"Yeah, that's something I have to do", she acknowledged.

"Do it now!", I commanded.

"You sound like a Flag Registrar giving me orders like that", she laughed.

"Look, Lavenda, it's not funny!", I shouted. "I have to go over to the post office and fill out a complaint for myself anyway. I could send out the letter to your lawyer by certified mail for you."

"Yeah, okay", she said, nodding her head in agreement.

Of course, what I actually did is take Lavenda's letter back to Flag with me, in order to photocopy it for her folder. Fred Hare came up with a brilliant idea as he steamed her letter open with a hot iron. He decided to go ahead and send her letter to Michael Flynn, but to include an up-to-the-minute dossier that the G. O. had recently compiled on the Boston attorney.

"Finding a secret Guardian's file on Flynn in the same envelope as Lavenda's letter regarding the junk mail will make that bastard SP lawyer real suspicious", Fred sneered. "He certainly won't trust her any more, and there's a chance that he might even drop her as a client!"

With the extra data inserted in the envelope, Fred sent me to the post office to certify the letter. When I returned to Lavenda's house with the green postal receipt, she had prepared a sumptuous chef's salad for lunch. There was no doubt that she was succeeding in winning over my heart through my stomach. What a fine romance I would have had under other circumstances.

Next week was Lavenda's thirty-first birthday. When I went back to Fort Lauderdale, I had one of Jaime's expensive necklaces gift wrapped, and called Lavenda to tell her that I was planning something very special for April 10th, and I asked her if she would be kind enough to pick me up at the Tampa Airport on that Friday night.

"My plane comes in at 6:45 P.M. on Delta. Can you meet me, sweetheart?", I asked.

"I work until six, but I'll head over to the airport right from the office", she promised. "I'll just have to go home to shower and change before we go out, so don't make reservations any earlier than nine."

"That sounds perfect!", I said exuberantly on the phone.

I drove to Flag on Wednesday to meet with Lyman Spurlock and several other executives of the Sea Org Special Combat Information Center of the B-1 Intelligence Unit of the Guardian's Office. Our Battle Plan was to retrieve the documents from Lisa Van Schaick's house on Friday at 6 P.M. sharp, since we knew that Lavenda would not be coming to Lisa's house on that night to help her with the baby. She would be on the way to the airport to meet my plane.

The four of us that were honorably selected for the mission drilled all through Thursday for twelve solid hours. The next day, I got up at 7 A.M., had a good breakfast at Flag's Lemon Tree Restaurant, and at Bill Morey's order, I jogged for an hour along Memorial Causeway which goes toward Clearwater Beach. Fred Hare ran us through a final briefing on Friday afternoon, since Fred was busy on study in the morning.

We left Flag for Lisa's place at 5:40 P.M. Lyman and the other two agents were dressed in jeans and t-shirts, and it was quite a shock to see them out of their Sea Org uniforms for the first time. They looked like regular wog hippies! It was so uncanny that you should have been there yourself to appreciate it.

Lavenda had introduced me to Lisa on one occasion, and therefore it was vital that she did not recognize me now. So as part of the Battle Plan, I stood around the back of her house, positioned under the bedroom window.

Like her sister, Lisa was very resistive. Although apparently shaken and trembling while clutching her baby's crib, she refused to turn over the documents, pretending all the while not to know even what they were. Lyman begged her not to make things difficult, but to no avail. While she was being raped, I heard a knock on the living room window, and that was my signal. I had five minutes to prop myself inside the bedroom and find the documents. The jogging helped, as I was in much better shape physically than I was before, and made it through the window on only the fourth try.

Thank God the bedroom door was closed. I absolutely hate to see violence, even when it is necessary. At least the white cotton sock that one of my team members had stuffed in Lisa's mouth prevented her from distracting me, although I could still hear the baby crying from all of the excitement.

Sweat poured down my face like I was doing the Purification Rundown. How could I dare disappoint Ron? Could Lavenda have lied to me? There were no papers anywhere in the room. The drawers were clean. Nothing but a baby toy was under the bed. The closets had lots of clothes, some shoes, and three hat boxes, but none of Ron's data.

"What if Lyman is a premature ejaculator and finishes her off before I find it?", I panicked. "Now where would a suppressive hide things in this stinking room?"

There was an air-conditioning duct on the wall of Lisa's bedroom closet.

"Could that bastard be sophisticated enough to stuff everything in here?", I asked.

I quickly unscrewed the metal cover with the thin edge of my nail clipper.

"Yes!", I screamed internally. There were Ron's papers, yellow with age from being

preserved for over two precious decades, wrapped carefully in tissue paper as if they were caches of uncut heroin. I scanned the air duct again just to make sure that I did not overlook anything, and finding nothing else, I scurried out the window, scraping my elbow against the outside wall of the apartment.

Tapping three times on the living room window so that the Agents would know I had successfully rescued the data, I then ran into the street with the box of papers, so I could wait inside the beat-up navy Subaru that we used to drive there. I looked at my watch and realized that I had taken seven minutes to get in and out. I prayed that Fred Hare would not later reprimand me for taking too long and thereby endangering the safety of my fellow G. O. Agents.

Within one minute, the others came out the front door and got into the car with me.

"Is Lisa all right?", I asked.

"I gave her a shot of Sodium Nebutal and put her on the living room sofa to sleep off her hallucination", said Greg, who was one of Flag's Medical Officers assigned to the unit. "It'll take effect within thirty seconds and she'll keep for four or five hours."

"Won't she be able to call someone on the phone before she falls asleep?", I queried.

Lyman looked at me and laughed.

"I've got her phone cord right here!", he bragged, showing me the wire. "Don't worry, Fishman! It went perfect. No one ever opened the bedroom door, so she has no idea that we found the documents yet. That's why you were so beautiful! Still, what took you so damn long?"

"Do you have any idea where these papers were?", I asked in anguish. "They were hidden in an air-conditioning duct!"

"That's the first place I would have looked!", mispronounced the third Agent, a Brazilian Sea Org member whose name I could not remember because it was as unintelligible as his slang Portuguese dialect.

"Didn't you feel badly about raping her?", I asked Lyman.

"It wasn't rape!", he objected. "It was an enforced touch assist which was part of our mission. If I did not direct her attention inwardly to herself or onto her body, she might have fixated on noises that you were making in the bedroom, slamming drawers and opening the closet. At least in this way, she didn't have the chance to worry about anything that was really important."

"But she just had a baby a few months ago", I protested. "Her uterus was probably too sore for that kind of abuse."

"I didn't have to hold her feet down too hard", Greg laughed. "I bet she liked it!"

Lyman looked at me with eyes of scorn.

"Why are you so worried about a piece of shit wog?", he growled. "Don't you know that by hiding Ron's papers, she pulled all of this into her universe as one big motivator? Screwing her was no different than humping a corpse, except much more humiliating."

"What?", I replied in amazement.

"That's right!", he continued. "At least when you fuck a dead person, you don't have to confront the wild, psychotic dramatizations of the reactive bank. I would much rather do it with corpses than SPs!"

"Let me explain it to him", Greg offered. "Steve, handling the "two and a half percenters", or that segment of the planet that is actively working to crash the stats of the rest of us, is a damn good way to confront aberration. Lisa knew all along what she was getting into by attempting to stab Ron in the back. She'll know better next time."

"What about the baby?", I wondered. "What if there's an emergency during the next five hours that Lisa is knocked out from the drug?"

"He had his bottle", Lyman reassured me. "He'll be fine."

"So he'll have shit in his diapers for a few hours, so what?", the Brazilian guy said. "My mother let me crawl around like that for days when I was his age."

Greg shrugged his head as if I were crazy.

"That wog brat ought to be lucky that his SP mother didn't abort him!", he said. "Of all the choices he had in picking up a new body, imagine pulling in a mother like that? He is one sick, evil-purposed little kid."

"If you're going to run a psychiatric guilt number on us, you shouldn't be a part of the mission", Lyman explained. "These orders didn't come from me or Fred Hare. They are straight from Source."

Tingles went through my spine.

"Well, if Ron wanted it done this way, then Lisa sure as hell deserved what she got!", I sighed with immediate relief. "I thought you might have been taking things in your own hands!"

"At Flag, there is only one hundred percent Standard Tech", the Brazilian guy asserted boastfully in his strange accent.

"You didn't look at those papers, did you Steve?", Lyman snapped, changing the subject.

"No, and why the hell would you ask me something like that?", I barked.

"I just wanted to make sure that you didn't have to have a Security Check", he cautioned.

"Would you please just get me to the airport and stop fucking around?", I implored. "It's 6:20 already, and I've got to get there before Lavenda does!"

"What a bumpy flight I had", I told my love. "We were in the center of this storm cloud, and I thought that my stomach would wind up right in the middle of my nuts that I got from the stewardess."



"I missed you so much!", she revealed tearfully.

"All I could think of during the last few hours is how deeply I have begun to care for you", I whispered, wiping a small tear from the outer periphery of her mascara, as I gave her the gift-wrapped necklace.

"Happy birthday, darling", I wished.

Lavenda was stunned at my kindness and generosity.

"This must have cost you a fortune!", she gasped as she turned toward me. "Oh, God, I am so happy!"

I held her in my arms in front of the Delta ticket counter.

"I can only hope that I continue to bring you as much joy as I have done today for a long time to come", I said softly.

"Why, do you have any other news?", she inquired excitedly.

"Nothing, except that Interpol is willing to pay eighty-thousand dollars for Ron's overts and withholds!"

"Oh how wonderful!", she screamed with the jubilation of a devirginized old maid. "Now you've got to let me take you out to dinner!"

"Well, if you insist", I condescended.

While Lavenda changed clothes and got ready for our night on the town, I told her the bad news.

"My house is loaded with bugging devices! I found over six separate ones. That has to be the work of the G. O.!", I raved.

"Are you serious?", she chilled. "Do you think there are any here?"

"Who knows?", I stated.

"Where did you find yours?", she asked.

"Behind the headboard of my bed, and under several of my dresser drawers."

Lavenda ran to those locations and found the fake eavesdropping sample devices which I had left there a week ago.

"Oh, shit!", she screeched. "I've got to call Lisa."

But Lisa's phone didn't answer. Without the cord from the wall jack to the unit, the telephone was unable to ring.

"That's strange", Lavenda analyzed. "My sister's not home."

"Oh, she probably is at a neighbor's house, or she might have walked with the baby to the convenience store", I comforted.

"I wish she'd buy an answering machine like I have", she pondered. "Still, she would have left me a message if something was really wrong."

"We can stop by later after dinner if you'd like", I suggested.

"No, you don't know how much she can chew my ear off talking", she laughed. "I want my birthday celebration to be a special evening with you."

And it was!

The King Charles Room at the Don Cesar Hotel in St. Petersburg had the best veal I ever ate. Lavenda selected a twenty-eight dollar bottle of German wine from Salzburg which made me lose all sensation in my toenails. It was such a welcome change to be bought and paid for by a grateful female. In fact, while staring into Lavenda's horny eyes during soup, I could not help but wonder whether I could make a living as a professional escort.

"No, on second thought, I'd have to screw a bunch of rich, shriveled old ladies", I quivered.

The mental image pictures which I subsequently mocked up of dried out, withered vaginas lined with white and grey pubic hair made me severely gag on the lobster bisque.

I waited to finish my key lime pie and also for Lavenda to pay for the check before I told her that I was married. My mission accomplished, there was no need to prolong the fantasy courtship with my seductive suppressive. Although I tried to use the most tact and diplomacy that a knowledgeable Guardian is possessed of, Lavenda's reaction was highly predictable. She threw the necklace that I had given her on the table, and ran out of the restaurant in an explosive state of bitterness. But there was always the bright side. At least now I could return the trinket to my beloved Jaime, its proper owner.

The cab ride from the Don Cesar Hotel to the Fort Harrison cost twelve dollars, so I took the city bus for seventy-five cents. There was no reason for extravagance. I was never the type of thetan to spend money wastefully. The moonlit ride along Route 19 was a veritable repository of joy, no matter which vehicle drove me back to the Guardian's Office. My car was parked in the garage there anyway, and I had to write up my final report for Fred Hare. God only knows, I didn't want to be around Lavenda when she received that gruesome message from her neurotic sister. It was much more comfortable being back at Flag, "the friendliest place in the world."

# CHAPTER TEN

## A Valence In Every Port

When I returned home, Jaime had some excellent news. She reminded me about my last birthday party on the 26th of November, 1980, when she had given me fifteen free minutes of intercourse as a present.

"I'm pregnant!", announced my wife with joy. "Now I can keep you out of me until after the baby is born!"

Some people, apparently, can't even be bought when the stakes get too high.

So here I was, cast into the stew pot of sexual oblivion, with all hopes of using Lavenda as a substitute reactive sperm bank gone hastily into the crapper, although not for long.

Lavenda called me at midnight, a total wreck over the episode which the Guardian's Office had hoped that Lisa only dreamed about. She needed a little sympathy.

"Why did you run out on me?", I asked. "I was going to tell you that I absolutely hate my wife, and it won't be long before I begin legal proceedings to get rid of her."

I neglected, of course, to tell Lavenda that Jaime was once again an expectorating mother.

"I don't care about your fucking wife!", Lavenda cried. "My sister was raped today, and all of those papers I had in her house are gone!"

"You're lying!", I stammered into the mouthpiece accusatively. "I must have spent over a hundred dollars in telephone calls to people at Interpol in order to help you. After all that work, do you mean to tell me that you have let all that hot dope slip through your fingers? How the devil are we ever going to beat them now?"

"I don't know!", she sobbed irrationally. "Life is such shit, isn't it?"

"Not quite shitty enough for you", I thought.

To make things go right, Fred ordered me to call Lavenda's mother, so that I could politely threaten to rape Lavenda's eleven year old daughter Sabrina if Lavenda did not drop her civil suit. I used my Jewish accent that time, sounding like an old man with no teeth. The mother hung up on me, but I think she caught my drift. Fred said he would have five other G. O. Agents do the same thing at all hours of the night, and since most of them were Clear or above, I knew that I was in very excellent company.

Later that week, I phoned Lavenda and informed her that several G. O. Agents burst into my shoe store and threatened to tell my pregnant wife that I was having an affair with her.

"Your wife is pregnant now? And what affair?", Lavenda asked incredulously. "We never slept together!"

"Well, they must have thought we did if they were following us", I reasoned.

Strengthening her resolve, I told her that I didn't give a damn about what the G. O. agents told Jaime, and that she should pursue the lawsuit against the Church with the vigor of a deranged maniac.

It wasn't very long, however, before Michael Flynn asked Lavenda for thirty thousand dollars more to pursue her case. Apparently he was spooked by the dossier that I had included in her letter of complaint to him about the junk mail, and being quite a diplomatic suppressive squirrel attorney, he concluded that it was a lot simpler to ease Lavenda off his lines by asking her for more money rather than by turning her down flat.

Unable to pay him, my Clearwater paramour was finally beaten. I scolded Lavenda for losing faith in the principles of justice that I thought she once believed in.

"If I were you, I would raise that thirty thousand dollars even if I had to sell myself to do it!", I suggested.

Insulted, we fell out of touch, which was fabulous! Who the hell would want to maintain a communication line with an SP anyway? Fred Hare put a gold star in my Admin Folder for services very well done. I finally knew that Ron really loved me. Gold stars are very hard to come by.

It was time to continue flying up the Bridge. I made an advanced payment for my next step, which was Expanded Grade Zero. On this grade, which is also called the Communications Release, I gained the ability to communicate freely with anyone on any subject.

Armed with the Tech, I tried my darndest to communicate with the thousands of fleas flying around my house so that I could talk them into leaving. But since this fell into the category of a Problem, which is handled by Grade One, I was as capable as a rat's ass.

I especially liked the processes of "Grade Zero Havingness" that were run on me by Leah Abady.<sup>[49]</sup>

She called out the command, "Look around here and find something you could touch."

"Your tits", I said.

"Very good", Leah acknowledged, with her own TRs in and with perfect auditor's presence. "Now look around here and find something else you could touch."

"Your breasts", I answered.

"Okay", she replied as she fiddled around with the E-Meter. "Now look around here and find something else you could touch."

"Your nipples", I responded.

Suddenly, she ripped open her blouse, through off her bra, grabbed my hands, and made me give her chest a great big squeeze.

"Now can we get on with the real session?", she asked impatiently.

"Fine! I was only joking!", I said, highly embarrassed when I saw this saggy set of cow's tubes which she had nerve enough to take credit for owning.

"Flunk!", she yelled. "You don't ever joke in an auditing session."

"That's a lot of bullshit!", I objected. "I'm here to learn how to communicate freely on any subject, and if that includes joking around about your tits, that's my privilege as a Preclear!"

But it turned out not to be. Leah had me build model breasts out of clay for four hours until I was fully exhausted and had been completely overrun on the process. It was not in vain, however, because I learned that the best way to communicate freely during Expanded Grade Zero was to keep my fucking mouth shut.

Although we repaired our ARC break, which again for you novices is a break in Affinity, Reality and Communication, Leah was covertly still very pissed off at me. She told me that I wasn't doing enough to bring new people into the Org as an "FSM", or Field Staff Member.

I had this forty-five year old cousin named Sandra Lipshutz, who was thrown into a county mental institution called South Florida State Hospital by her mother, my Aunt Sally. Several months ago, Cousin Sandra stayed out for three days at the Doral Country Club in Miami Lakes with some guy that she met at the Social Security Disability Office, and Aunt Sally got very upset and bent out of shape over it. It was Cousin Sandra's first date since she was about sixteen, and Aunt Sally was exceptionally jealous, since the two of them shared the same bed since Cousin Sandra was allowed out of her crib in 1937. As a result, Aunt Sally had her daughter savagely committed to the spin bin, and I was the only family member from that point on who ever took the time to visit her.

It was my hypothesis that if she were able to get away from all those psychs and join the Sea Org, she would be a lot happier and healthier.

So, as she was permitted to leave the grounds with me on her family visitation pass, I brought her down to the Miami Org to see Valerie Naiman.

Within a short time after Cousin Sandra's interview began, excitable fat Valerie came charging out of her office, yelling at me at a pitch so piercing it could deafen an elephant.

"What is wrong with you, you stupid ass?", she roared.

"Why?", I shouted back.

"This zombie cousin of yours has had electric shocks, and she's all strung out on Lithium and Thorazine. If I were you, I would drop her off under the 79th Street Bridge and teach her how to be homeless. You're no better than an SP if you take her back to that psych hospital. They are killing her in there!"

"Well, why can't you help her?", I demanded.

"First of all, she hasn't got a pot to piss in! She's broke. She has no money!"

"Well, fuck that!", I screamed. "I've got plenty of cash in my reserve account from the Air West settlement check. She's my cousin, and I want to help her!"

"Look, you idiot!", Valerie preached. "What you have in your account here is for you, not for this walking totem pole you call a cousin. She couldn't fight her way out of a paper bag."

"Damn you, Valerie!", I sneered. "She used to have a good job. She worked at a fire station in Brooklyn sounding the alarm and ringing the bell when a call came in. She didn't work there very long, but she loved that job."

"How long did she work, a week?", Valerie snapped.

"No, just a few days", I replied, "but still she's a good person, and she always got the firemen out on time. She saved people's lives! There's got to be some lower level auditing you can help her with."

Valerie lost her patience with me. She threw a Hubbard Communications Office Policy Letter at me entitled "Book Income."<sup>[50]</sup>

"Read this section of the Policy Letter to me, you monkey-brained nincompoop!", she bellowed as she pointed her chubby index finger on a line in front of my face.

"Did Ron really write this?", I said with great surprise.

"Just read it!", she hollered.

"We retard or fail to advance to the degree that we seek to service the helpless", I read in shock. "Flunk! Your TR-1 is out!", Valerie yelled. "Read it again!"

"Blow it out your butt hole! I passed TR-1 already", I reminded her.

"You still flunked", she repeated a little more quietly.

"Why did Ron write this?", I asked in utter mystification.

"Turn back a page and you'll find your answer, Fishman!", she commanded.

And so I read further what Ron had written: "Scientology planning is built to make the able more able, leaving the unable strictly alone for the while. If we do this, we grow. If we, like some foolish persons do, tie around our necks the unable, the helpless, the backward, we won't be able to move high enough fast enough to then afford to help the helpless."

I glanced up at Valerie.

"Does that mean that it will be okay to help the helpless eventually?"

"I guess so, but until that time comes, take your loopy nut case cousin the hell out of this Org!", she shrieked. "And don't you ever bring trash like that back in here or I'll throw you straight into Doubt!"

On the way back to South Florida State Hospital, I cognited how right Ron truly was. Sandra never even understood what had happened at the Org. All she was interested in was having a dish of cottage cheese at Denny's Restaurant. She couldn't care less about anything else. Well, we could always pick her up again in another lifetime.

"Maybe she would keep herself away from the psychs the next time around", I prayed.

Everybody had heard about my faux pas regarding Cousin Sandra.

"Your ethics must be really out to make fools of us like that!", the Org Minister-In-Training Darrell Kirkland said.

"How was I supposed to know beforehand that we don't treat mental cases?", I argued. "I've since read the bulletin and I understand why now."

But even Kevin Bein, my senior in the G. O. agreed that I had to make amends for my dumb mistake. And, as always, there was a project eagerly awaiting my lofty talents.

Early on in the game, the Guardian's Office recognized my ability as a writer. I would never aspire to create any competition for L. Ron Hubbard, but nearly everyone at both the Miami Org and the Mission of Fort Lauderdale would agree that my Knowledge Reports were truly representative of the upper echelons of genius.

Consequently, Kevin recruited me for the Success Shore Story Project.

As absurd as it sounds, there are psychopaths out there in the aberrated world who have actually attempted to sue the Church of Scientology. Beyond the fact that we were protected by the first amendment of the wog constitution, and secondly from the purely philosophical viewpoint that truth is non-attackable, there were nevertheless a handful of insane holdouts who had cast their immortality to the wind in favor of a quick buck.

Obviously these were all Suppressive Persons, or at the very least, Potential Trouble Sources connected to SPs. Many of these lunatics had asked for their money back as Lavenda did, and some even had alleged the wildest of lies, such as the crap about Scientology being an evil cult that brainwashes people. What horse shit! Of course, any dramatizing psychotic who was bad-mouthing us should have been shot on sight. We all knew that.

But because I am terrified of guns, and since some historical shmuck once said that "the pen is mightier than the sword", I found that I could improve my ethics most effectively by thwarting the attempts of our enemies to harm the Church via the electric typewriter.

After Lavenda, I became quite proficient at culling the Preclear Folders of these Suppressives and Potential Trouble Sources. Most often they were suing to recover money for auditing levels which they had never completed, due to the fact that they were unable to confront their own overt acts in either this or any other lifetime.

What I did was nothing less than spectacular! I typed up Success Shore Stories for the auditing grade, training level, or academy course that these quitters never completed.

What is a Success Shore Story?

It is a Success Story that the person would have written, had he completed the auditing, training or course as he was supposed to. I obtained a whole stack of "Model Success Stories" that had been composed by very satisfied Preclears. These glowing testimonials were also pre-approved by the Qualifications Division of Scientology, which we lovingly call "Qual."

My job was to re-write the Model Success Stories using the data from the folders of the squirrels who were causing trouble to our legal department. In this way, after I completed my Valuable Final Product of a finished Success Shore Story, the Deputy Guardian of Miami would forward it to the Legal Officer World Wide, so that it could be used as evidence against the squirrel in a wog court, proving conclusively that he had completed the auditing, training or course, and furthermore that he was very happy with the results.

Typing the Success Shore Story was never a problem, but once in a while I hit up against a glitch in tracing the exact signature of the real person. Protecting the Church against these SPs was as much an art as a science. Unfortunately, the Guardian's Office did not issue an internal Nobel Prize for Success Shore Story literature. But sometimes it is far better to be remembered as one of the unsung silent heroes of Scientology anyway.

I would have been content spending the thirty-first birthday of the book Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health at the Miami Org, but the Fields Financial Planner International Ellie Bolger summoned me to Flag again, in order to give me some new directions which she told Peter would increase my production dramatically.

I don't know why I couldn't ever just meet her in her office. Last time it was under the umbrella around the swimming pool. Now, she was barricaded inside the Flag Sauna, trying to run out a wicked mass of skin cancer from her neck by doing the Sweat Program while overdosing on Niacin. Had I known, I would have brought my bathing suit. Sitting in a 140ø degree room discussing my post was not my idea of a good time, but Ellie was the boss, after all.

So while I was sweating my balls off, Ellie unwrapped the towel from her head and began glancing at some damp handwritten notes that she had compiled just for my benefit.

"You've been playing a very tiny game up to now, sending in claims only to your house and the shoe store. The smallness with which you think is starting to get on my nerves."

"I did whatever Peter told me to do", I protested.

"But you're a Scientologist!", she slobbered. "You're not supposed to act like a wind-up doll with your body still in pawn. When are you going to think, damn it? You should be coming to me with ideas to expand your production. I shouldn't have to bring you here to talk about it."

"No, not in the sauna you shouldn't! It's too hot in here to even think straight!", I cried. "Can't we go outside while we have this discussion?"

"I don't care what you do with your grizzly body", she suggested. "I am addressing you, the thetan right now. Can you hand me that oil, please?"

"Why couldn't you have told Peter Letterese what you wanted done, and he would have told me?", I said angrily. "He doesn't like it when you go over his head and talk to me directly."

"Peter has a Mission to run!", Ellie reprimanded. "All you do is play with shoe boxes all day. Some executive you are!"

"You sound just like my mother-in-law", I replied.



"Is she a Scientologist?", Ellie asked.

"No", I laughed.

"Then she's an idiot! I don't want to talk about stupid people", she hissed flippantly. "I want you to have an address in every major city in the United States to send the claims to."

"Are you plan on making me a real estate tycoon?", I questioned. "Because if you are, you've got about two minutes before I drop dead from dehydration in here."

"Take your shirt off if your warm!", she commanded. "I don't give a damn about that geek body of yours with no muscles. I could care less if you decided to walk around the sauna naked. It wouldn't impress me one bit. Damn you! Arguing about this bullshit made me hot! Go outside and get me some ice water. It's time for my Niacin pills, and you are throwing my whole schedule off kilter!"

I never appreciated the cool air of room temperature more than I did during that very minute. My clothes were wringing wet from perspiration, and Ellie had not told me a damn thing yet.

"How could I have addresses in every city in the country?", I asked myself, as I filled up a glass from the water cooler.

When I walked back into the furnace from the cold hallway with my drenched clothes, the heat actually felt good for a second, but by the time I could count to ten, I was roasting again.

"There's no damn ice in this water!", she screamed, throwing the contents of the paper cup in my face.

"That should cool you off!", she laughed. "Now go to the kitchen and get me some water with real ice in it! And ask the Deputy Salad Chef for a couple of carrots. Tell her it's for me."

I couldn't believe that I was about to catch pneumonia being Ellie's errand boy.

"Well, what are you waiting for?", she moaned. "I'm thirsty! Men are so damn selfish!"

So, after finding the kitchen and getting the ice water and the carrots and even a nice stalk of celery to keep her happy, Ellie finally calmed down and explained how to increase my production.

She told me all about remailing services, where for a fee, I could have an address in any city in the country. Mail could be received for me there under any valence, or mocked-up identity that I wanted, since all I had to do was write a letter to each remailing service under a new name and send them a money order for the annual amount, and then I would be in business. Every time a letter was received at the location of the remailing service, they would forward it to me within twenty-four hours.

"With a valence in every port, you could send in ten times the amount of class action lawsuits", Ellie encouraged.

Once having returned home, while I was laying in bed with 104ø degree temperature from this weird case of the flu which I probably picked up from some kid sneezing in my face at the shoe store as I was fitting him up with a pair of Jumping Jacks, I realized what a genius Ellie Bolger truly

was. The possibilities for remailing services were endless! I just had to control my compulsion to send out requests for junk mail to the new addresses, since they charged for the postage required to forward each letter back to me. I had to get the idea through my thick skull that the remailing services were to be used for the acting classes and nothing else!

Even Peter Letterese was overwhelmed at Ellie Bolger's brilliant idea. Of course, later on I found out that Ellie never came up with it at all. The Guardian's Office had used remailing services for years, and the concept was originally created by Mary Sue Hubbard. Nevertheless, Ellie was so kind and compassionate to share it with me. I don't think anyone else in Scientology ever understood my urge to go up the Bridge any better than she did.

Peter followed through with Ellie's orders very efficiently, directing me to go to my favorite hangout, the Fort Lauderdale Public Library, in order to make copies of old telephone books of selected cities from 1975. He revealed to me that he knew some good Tech on picking out a suitable remailing service. He wanted to use solid reliable companies that were going to stay in business, not any fly-by-night scam firm that could possibly screw around with the mail and not forward it.

By comparing the 1975 listings to the 1981 listings, we were able to see which companies had stood the test of time and were still in operation.

"If a firm has been in business for six years, the likelihood of it staying in business for the next six years is greater than a new, fledgling company", Peter prophesied prophetically.

We decided to use the Mail Center of Chicago, at 323 South Franklin for my valence of Gussie Leviticoff.

I mean, who would ever turn down a claim for some nice little old Jewish lady named Gussie Leviticoff, right? Jaime even signed the forms to open the mail forwarding service as a personal favor to Meyer Lansky, which I thought was very highly commendable.

And soon afterwards, wearing the hat of the Acting Class Establishment Officer In Charge of the United States, I opened up addresses in St. Louis, Missouri; Gretna, Louisiana; Fullerton, California; and several others. I even had a real address in Lake Lure, North Carolina, because Jaime decided we should have a summer home.

"I bet that everyone who works for Meyer Lansky has a cottage up in the Blue Ridge Mountains", Jaime asserted.

My wife was getting out of control, but she was in her seventh month of pregnancy, and I had to appease her. It's not that I cared about her so much, but that I wanted the baby to be born in good health. Still, I had some sympathy for the kindness which Jaime showed me on my last birthday. Fifteen free minutes in the sack was very benevolent even for her, and anyone would agree with me that it was at least worth a house in the country.

Two months later Jaime rewarded me for all my upstats in life by giving birth to another beautiful girl, my second daughter Elysia Skye. She was born exactly nine months less five days for good behavior after the famous fifteen minute night on my thirty-first birthday, so I now knew positively and conclusively that you can't conceive a baby in just five minutes. I also wrote a mental note to make sure that all my whores had that new data too, because I had no intention of getting any of them pregnant. The last thing I wanted was to make my life complicated.

Our old housekeeper, Freddie, had smashed up Jaime's 1971 Lincoln Continental on a drunken spree, and was on the critical list of Imperial Point Hospital with broken bones and an ingrown toenail. If Freddie knew that she was actually a thetan, she could have recovered a lot more quickly than she did as an alcoholic. In the interim, Jaime hired a Jamaican housekeeper named Joy Green, coincidentally equipped with a green card hot off the press. This hillbilly from Ocho Rios was so dumb that she thought all telephone messages were supposed to be written on the walls, because that's how she did it at home. I knew she was a liar, because she never in her life once owned a telephone. She also found it impossible to arrange things in the house by height and alphabetical order the way I wanted her to do, but she was very good with the baby, so I kept her on for awhile.

Still, with the baby's hospital bills mounting and a permanent live-in housekeeper to pay, my personal debts kept piling up, and I told Jaime that as soon as she was able to get back on her feet, I wanted her to get a job.

She had other ideas, however. When the Forest Laboratories check for twenty-eight thousand dollars came in the mail under her own name of Jaime Lee Nureyev, she kept it all for herself, and I had no money to put aside for the next auditing step on my Bridge.

Peter was livid. He threw me in Liability for failing to handle my wife and for being unable to convince her to return the check to me. He told me that if I gave in to a Suppressive Person like Jaime even once, I was as guilty for suppressing my own Bridge as she was. After it was evident that Jaime had no intention of handing over any of the money for any reason, Peter decided that it was in my best interest that I make arrangements to get a divorce.

I begged Peter to reconsider because I did not want to be separated from my children, and finally, he agreed not to force the issue if I pledged to repay the entire amount which Jaime stole from us.

I agreed to take an extra five hundred dollars per week in cash out of the shoe store over the next year, until the shortage was made up. It was after all for my own Bridge, and I soon cognited that Peter had every right to insist that I keep my ethics in and pay the money back as soon as possible. He warned me that if Jaime ever did anything like that again, he would insist upon breaking up the marriage next time, no matter how badly I pleaded with him.

In order to get out of Liability, I was put on the work detail of cleaning out the toilets of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale for a full month. During that time, I had to wear a dirty gray rag in my back pocket, and no one in the Mission was allowed to speak to me. I was not permitted to get any auditing or training either. But it was truly for the best, since I was able to work my way up through the subsequent ethics conditions without any distractions. I thought it was ironic that I was a better toilet cleaner than my Jamaican maid, and that she was getting paid to do it. Still, I was so much better off than Joy Green, because at least I was getting my ethics in, and all she was doing was making money. What a stupid shit head she was, not to have realized that!

Auditor's Day is one of the holiest holidays in Scientology. It "celebrates the counseling achievements of each year, hears new developments, and provides an opportunity for auditors to get together. The event is usually held on the second Sunday in September."<sup>[51]</sup>

And so it was.

September the 12th, 1981, was one of the most memorable days of my life. After the Auditor's Day Event, Ellie Bolger, who was fully dressed this time, ushered me up to the Presidential Suite at Flag so that she could introduce me to someone very prominent in Scientology.

I actually got to meet the Fields Executive Secretary International, Diana Meredith DeWolfe Hubbard Horwich, who was the highest terminal on Fields Financial Planning lines for Financial Rescue, lately known as Acting Classes.

Diana was about my age, with red hair that was not quite as long as in her old promotional pictures. She was an accomplished pianist, although no one that I knew had ever heard her play. Physically, she looked very strong, with fine teeth and big bones. She would have commanded a good price if she ever were sold into slavery to the Arabs. Nevertheless, since I liked tiny, petite women, who unlike my wife were not a mental health hazard sexually, I doubt if I ever would have wanted to sleep with Diana had the opportunity arisen, which it didn't. She looked a lot like her father, L. Ron Hubbard, although he was probably a lot prettier.

"I have seen some excellent reports about our upstat Bingo player", Diana said as she extended her hand gracefully, not giving me the slightest notion as to whether I was to kiss it or shake it.

"The pleasure is all mine", I said, deciding to fake her out completely and bow like a Japanese slumlord.

"You are quite a financial warrior, handling the criminality of the psychs through the pocketbook where it hurts", she added. "Unfortunately, class action settlements are only a token payment for all the overts committed by those evil-purposed corporations against the fourth dynamic of mankind."

"I send in every claim that I can get my hands on", I assured her.

"She knows that", Ellie interrupted. "Diana reads my Knowledge Reports very carefully."

"Steve", frowned Diana, "I was very disturbed to hear about your wife."

"Well, it takes a little while for her stomach to heal after having a Caesarian", I explained.

"No, that's not it", Ellie corrected.

"What bothers me is that after what she has done with the Forest Laboratories check, that you still want to go on being married to her. Somehow, your ethics have fallen into a horrible slump."

"I just want to wait until my children are a little older before I divorce her", I whispered calmly.

"If you wait too long, you'll be putting your immortality on the line and you'll wind up being at risk as a thetan!", she warned.

"Well, can you suggest any sort of timetable for a divorce?", I inquired.

"That's between you and Ellie and Peter", she snapped. "I just wanted you to be aware that I

perceive Jaime as a real threat to us, and your career in Scientology can only go so far along while you are connected to that Suppressive. In the meantime, I want you to get up the Bridge a lot faster. You're only on Grade Zero, aren't you?"

"I've completed it", I boasted.

"So why aren't you on Grade One yet?", Diana blurted admonishingly.

"Jaime took the money, and --"

"I rest my case", she replied. "You need to get through all of your Expanded Grades by the end of the year without any more farting around!", she ordered.

"I'll do my best", I promised.

"That's not good enough!", Ellie wailed.

"You'll just do it, that's all!", Diana insisted. "I've just assigned a top-notch, Flag trained auditor named Nancy somebody to the Fort Lauderdale Mission. I've seen her auditing on video and she's a real crackerjack. She will be working with you from now on."

"You mean I'll be audited by her at the Miami Org, don't you?", I clarified.

"No, she'll be at the Fort Lauderdale Mission", Diana repeated.

"You're putting a Flag trained auditor into a franchise?", I gasped. "What on earth is going on?"

"It's not commonly known yet, but we are eliminating all franchises and centralizing all of the Missions under a new Org called Scientology Missions International. The Mission Owners World Wide Network does not exist anymore. They are crooked and corrupt, and they stop people from moving up to the Central Orgs by hanging them up in Ethics."

"That's Treason!", I exclaimed.

"You're damn right!", she hooted. "Those that have done it are losing their franchises. And keeping that in mind, I want you to help out by volunteering for Operation Clean Sweep through the Guardian's Office. You'll be posted under Fred Hare, so you'll be very useful in assisting us to get rid of those franchise holding skunks."

"What's going to happen to Bruce, the Mission Holder of Fort Lauderdale?", I questioned, while very shocked by these revelations.

"Bruce is out on his head where he should be", Ellie explained. "He's one of them. Why are you always so worried about SPs?"

"Don't get into a long "Q&A" with him over this, Ellie", Diana ordered. "Steve, I just want your word as a Scientologist that I can depend on your help."

"What am I supposed to do?", I asked.

"For now, just volunteer!", Diana smiled.

"Consider me part of the team!", I saluted.

Diana looked very pleased as she motioned for us to leave the suite.

"Give some thought to what I said about that SP wife of yours", she reminded as we walked away.

"Don't worry, I will", I vowed.

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

## Families Are Nothing But Trouble

There was quite a shake-up at the Mission of Fort Lauderdale. Bruce was booted out on his E-Meter cans, and all trace of his eight year reign as Mission Holder was eradicated from the face of the earth. Now I knew how Josef Stalin must have felt after he died, when his memory was forever erased from the Soviet Union. Poor guy.

The Ethics Officer of Miami, Frank Thompson, was posted as Acting Executive Director of the Mission, and his first order was to send Peter Letterese to the new office of Scientology Missions International for the Eastern United States at the New York Org to be trained during the next two months as the permanent Executive Director. Bruce's loss appeared to be Peter's gain, but then we always knew that Peter had a destiny of fame, fortune and greatness.

The best news for me was that I was seriously falling in love with my new auditor. Nancy Witkowski was a thin, six foot blonde with long, straight hair. She looked much more like a fashion model than the Lead Auditor of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale. She was a Class Eight and New OT Five, which meant that she could just look at me and I would have a multiple orgasm. There was the most hypnotic aroma of fresh cut flowers coming from between her legs, and it was such a relief to be audited by someone who looked good instead of those dogs in Miami. I mean, Valerie and Leah were both such total woofers, with bodies and faces only their mothers could love on payday.

Nancy had a very relaxed auditing style, and never lost her cool with me. She found my buttons very easily, and rapidly learned that it was far more effective to butter me up with seductiveness than to read me the riot act. From the moment I met her, I felt I was flying in a dreamy state of unreality where all my present time problems just vanished in a puff of dry ice. Sitting opposite her in the auditing room, only separated by the table holding the E-Meter, I tingled endlessly when our knees touched together, since they were the gateway to thighs more heavenly than any high priced escort's. My reactive mind was nothing but putty in her hands. I sent Diana Hubbard a thank-you note of gratitude for sending Nancy to handle me.

The first thing that Nancy and I did was to review my "on-purposeness." Purpose is "the survival route chosen by an individual in the accomplishment of its goal."<sup>[52]</sup> My "on-purposeness" was my commitment to effectively getting the class action lawsuit settlements done as a means for survival in going up the Bridge.

Nancy ran a prepared list on the E-Meter based on my hat write-up which described my duties as Fields Financial Planner. She found that I had some "Q&A", or indecisiveness over how my participating in the claims would affect the other shareholders.

To remedy this, Nancy cut off one piece of hair from my chest. Then she told me to look at myself, and tell her which part of my chest the hair had come from. I honestly could not determine that the one piece of hair was even missing.

I soon cognited on the analogy of this drill to my sending in the claims. If a shareholder was originally supposed to receive \$ 393.87, and now only received a check for \$ 391.14, it would not even be noticed. But when I multiplied the two dollars and seventy-three cents by ten thousand claimants, I had a check for \$27,300 to go up the Bridge with. The E-Meter measured a "blowdown",

or the period of relief and cognition<sup>[53]</sup> that I experienced when I realized that my worrying over the shareholders was for nothing.

To drive the point home, Nancy Witkowski had me mock up an "ocean of tears" as a grief charge for the hair that she removed from my chest. The process was not run completely until I was crying bitterly in sympathy for losing that one strand of hair. I finally understood that worrying about the small amount that each shareholder would not receive as a result of my participation in the claim was as important as crying endlessly over a lost chest hair. It was remarkable how much better and more alive I felt after Nancy's session. There is such a difference between being audited by a Class Eight auditor rather than a Class Four like Valerie or Leah. It was like comparing the terror of being constipated to the joy of taking a real good shit. Life was truly starting to open up for me now.

Fred Hare's telex was very mysterious.

"Report to the Deputy Guardian of Hawaii on 22 October 81 at 900 hours, Church of Scientology Hawaii Org, 143 Nenu Street, Honolulu", it read.

"Where is the airline ticket?", I asked Kevin. "What hotel will I be staying in?"

"That's your responsibility", he replied. "Do you think the Guardian's Office is running a travel agency?"

"No, of course not", I sighed. "That was pretty selfish of me, wasn't it?"

Kevin nodded his head in complete agreement.

Jaime refused to go to Hawaii with me. She was too afraid that our plane would crash because I was so thoroughly evil. Furthermore, she didn't feel Elysia Skye was old enough to travel, and finally, she didn't want to be stuck in the same hotel room as me.

There was a radio program called "Auction Action" which was run by WEXY 1520 on the AM dial. The show was a radio auction of the air where listeners were able to bid on cut-rate vacation trips. Kevin suggested that I sign up Cypress Shoes as a sponsor and make a deal with Dick Vance, the promoter of the show, so that I could be the only person bidding on their Hawaii trip. That worked, and I was able to get the vacation for only four hundred twenty-five dollars for two people, including air fare and accommodations at the Hotel Kuhio. Kevin asked me to tell my father that the vacation cost eight hundred and fifty dollars, and that he could come along if he paid for half of it. In this way, the travel arrangements did not cost me anything.

On the appointed day, I met the B-1 Intelligence Unit that flew in from Los Angeles, and we raided the Mission of Hawaii at 1282 Kapiolani Boulevard. We relieved the Mission Holder of Hawaii of his duties, confiscating his charter, his Mission bank accounts, and even his auditing certificates. When he refused to vacate the Mission, the Deputy Guardian of Hawaii declared him a Suppressive Person, and then bounced him out on his ass. A fight ensued, and five out of the twelve Guardian heavyweights that went on the bust successfully floored him, knocking him to the ground on the lawn in front of the building. I did not participate in the fight, because as I have told you before, I simply abhor violence, even though I recognize that often it is very necessary to preserve the Technology. However, I do not want you to think that I was in any way a coward. I got my ethics in by urinating in his face while he was laying down on the ground after the beating. It was the least I could do to show my disapproval for his obstinateness.



For the next five days, I worked at the recaptured Mission as the Bookstore Officer In Charge, together with a beautiful local Scientologist named Stephanie Raddatz. Once the Mission was rehabilitated and fully operational, Stephanie volunteered to hold onto the post herself, and I was relieved of my interim duties. I loved working in the Mission Bookstore, putting all of the Dianetics books in size place, dusting them off, and taking inventory. It was there that I made up my mind that I would one day enjoy being assigned a post in Scientology Archives, after we won the War of the Wogs and Cleared the planet. Certainly there were lots of important tasks to do first, but working with Ron's data in the Archives Org was a great goal to look forward to in years to come when psychiatry wouldn't exist anymore.

Nightfall in Hawaii had a splendor all its own. The whores on Kalakaua Avenue were far more glamorous than the skid row tramps of South Florida. They dressed up in expensive disco outfits, and they attracted your attention by grabbing your arm while walking along in the street. At fifty dollars per pop they were pricey, but the few that I spent time with all knew how to milk me dry by moving their pancreases in a certain way. I suppose there is Tech to everything. My father couldn't understand what I was so busy doing all day and all night, but somehow I still managed to meet him every afternoon around dinner time.

When I returned back to Florida, Fred Hare called Kevin to be sure that I was invited to the victory party at Flag which celebrated our numerous successes in Hawaii, including the fact that the Mission Holder had finally done the right thing and killed himself. Inasmuch as I wanted to attend, I was unable to go to the Fort Harrison because I had started my Grade One auditing. The Uniroyal Class Action litigation had been settled and paid out, and I once again had plenty of money to continue my progress up the Bridge.

Grade One, or the Problems Release, was lots of fun to do. I found out how to recognize the source of problems and make them vanish.

In a process called "Control, Communication and Havingness One", Nancy Witkowski ran the command, "Give me that hand; Thank you", for two hours, over and over. When we were finished, I was upset that I couldn't keep doing it, because touching her hand was really stimulating for me. I was about five minutes away from a climax, and no doubt the E-Meter gave me away. I realized, of course, that I had paid for a problems release and not a sexual release, and I knew it was wrong to get more out of the auditing than I was entitled to.

But if there was ever a process that made me forget about all my problems completely, it was "Control, Communication and Havingness Two." What would happen to you, if for four hours, you were told to look at the wall, walk over to the wall, touch the wall, and turn around, over and over and over and over again by a happy, smiling, hysterical female auditor. I'll let you know what happened to me. I started spinning. The walls dissolved, Nancy turned into jelly, I tripped over my own body while exteriorized during a dizzy spell, and the only problem that I thought I still had was in deciding who was going to recite the Scientology Prayer for the Dead at my funeral.

Amazingly enough, after the routine was over, I felt better. I didn't have problems any more. It was such a relief to throw up, because I had not vomited in years. There was probably stuff in my stomach from former lifetimes that came out in that gargantuan heave. CCH-2, which is the abbreviation for "Control, Communication and Havingness Two" is absolutely a real winner. I would rush down to the local Org and put that process right on the Master Card if I were you. Getting through it is guaranteed to get you higher than any booze or drug trip that you have ever been on. Really. If you ever go into grief over losing a loved one, do CCH-2. You'll never even remember what

you were crying about. Just read my Success Story. It's on file with the Scientology Mission of Fort Lauderdale. I didn't lie when I said that CCH-2 was better than sex.

But that attitude did not last long, because with CCH-3, I started to get aroused again. Nancy had me place my knees between her knees.

"If only we were doing this process in my bed instead of sitting up in an auditing room", I thought to myself.

She then raised her two hands with her palms facing me, about an equal distance between the two of us and said, "Put your hands against mine, follow them, and contribute to their motion."

Now this was almost as good as watching bottomless table dancing, and it might have actually been better, because Nancy and I were holding hands for three hours while our knees were touching together. In "Hand Space Mimicry", the object of the game was to keep my hands glued to Nancy's no matter where she moved them. She was tricky too, making circles, figure eights, and neurotic, erratic motions which tried to force me to let go. I was so happy that she wasn't wearing a bra. You have no idea how much of a woman you can see if you are holding hands with her while she is moving her arms wildly and the buttons on her blouse are far enough apart. What a great erection I had! No matter what the bulletin said, I knew in my heart that a good stiff dick was what Ron really intended to be the End Phenomenon of the drill. I never had any idea that I could keep it going that long. When Scientology promises to restore the lost abilities of a thetan, they are not bullshitting you! I'll vouch for that.

There are so many effective processes in Grade One that they are simply too numerous to mention. For example, CCH-9 contains the phrase "Keep it from going away", and CCH-10 has the command "Hold it still." I tried running those while I was having a bowel movement and they both worked! I never realized that at thirty-one years old I could take a graduate course in toilet training. Wasn't I a big dope to assume that I knew everything there was to know about it? Sure I was.

"Opening Procedure of Standard Operating Procedure 8-C" was literally and figuratively an eye-opener too. In Part B, Nancy asked me to (1) Find a spot in the room, (2) Go over to it and put my finger on it, and (3) Let go of it. After doing that drill for an hour and a half, I cognited that this would be a fantastic process for a woman to run when she is starting to get her menstrual period. It is incredible how Ron spotted every kind of problem that living life trapped in a body had to offer. Who would have ever imagined that Scientology had a specific routine for something as uncommon as Bladder Control PMS. And yet, critics of L. Ron Hubbard have had the colossal gall to allege that he was chauvinistic and unresponsive to the needs of women. Now you can see what a load of libelous crap those rumors were, probably started by a bunch of frigid feminist whores!

The New Year's Eve party of the 31st of December 1981 at the Mission of Fort Lauderdale brings tears of drippy nostalgia to my brain when I think about it. Peter Letterese made a dramatic entrance during the countdown to AD32, the thirty-second year After Dianetics which we were busy celebrating. Dianetics, of course, was created by Ron in 1950, which is the base year of the Scientology Calendar.

Peter had completed his training in New York, and had just returned after a short jaunt at Flag, where he received his permanent certificate as the Executive Director of Fort Lauderdale.

After we watched the televised simulcast from the Fort Harrison, Peter gave his first briefing to us as Mission staff who were now reunited with Ron's Church through the heroic actions of the

Guardian's Office, and by Scientology Missions International.

"I will make a New Year's resolution for AD32", Peter began. "I will never evaluate you, invalidate you, or be reasonable with your mistakes. I will just run good 8-C (control) on you and see that you help me produce the highest stats ever for any Mission on the planet!"

The applause was thunderous, and together with the "Hip Hip Hoorays" for Ron, lasted over eleven minutes. Peter Letterese was a ruler amongst men and a God amongst thetans. We all knew that he was Ron's emissary, skipping and jumping through the wonderful world of ARC. Because I clapped the loudest, Peter extended to me the honor of organizing his personal L. Ron Hubbard library of books and tapes as he moved into Bruce's old office. I had them all in size place and spatially conceptualized by four in the morning. When everyone else finished their dusting and polishing, we all went outside to admire the sunrise. It was such a pleasure to have the world all to ourselves on New Years Day while the wogs were home in bed, sleeping off their stupor from the previous night's wanton revelry of drugs and alcohol. What a privilege it was to be so much better than shit like that.

Since the Mission did not have its own Case Supervisor yet, Peter reviewed all of the auditing folders himself. When he looked at mine, he came up with a wacky conclusion that I had a fixated over- preoccupation with sex. If I didn't know him better, I would have sworn that he was talking like a suppressive psychologist. In any event, he ordered Nancy to handle what he perceived to be my "obsessive attention on the second dynamic" during the continuation of my auditing on Grade One.

"Sex isn't a problem for me, Nancy", I argued. "I just don't have anything else on my mind most of the time. If it were a problem, I wouldn't even think about it!"

So in CCH-6, which is called "Body Room Contact", Nancy asked me, "Is your penis embarrassing to you?"

I thought she was putting me on with such a personal question.

"No!", I insisted. "I happen to like my penis an awful lot, and it is in no way or shape embarrassing to me at all! I only wish that girls liked it as much as I did. By the way, why did you ask me that?"

"Well, in CCH-6, under the section called Purpose of Body Room Contact, Ron states that the process is done to the preclear to "give him in particular a reality on his own body",<sup>[54]</sup> said Nancy. "Furthermore, Ron adds that "Training Stress is upon using only those body parts which are not embarrassing to the preclear, as it will be found that the preclear ordinarily has very little reality on various parts of his body." So, Steve, I just had to make certain that you were not embarrassed by your penis, because the last thing I want to do as an auditor is to give you an ARC Break and upset you."

"Hey, my penis is your penis", I assured her.

"Very good", she acknowledged.

That being the case, Nancy ran the repetitive command of "CCH-6 on a Body Part" for the next three and a half hours, which was, "Touch your penis. Thank you."

I finally saw the advantage of having a Class Eight Auditor who is rigorously trained under

the flublessness of Standard Tech. An ordinary Class Four auditor like Valerie or Leah would have been content in seeing me get some charge off my case after masturbating for an hour or so and then just ended the process. But after three and a half hours, Nancy Witkowski allowed me to come to realize the phenomenal news that my body parts have nothing to do with me as a thetan. A spiritual being can't have a penis. It's just this stupid looking thing that is attached to the body, and the body isn't even mine to begin with! I stole the damn body right after it was conceived by those two strangers called my mother and father! The fact that my body grew a set of ears, a nose, or even a penis had nothing at all to do with me! It wasn't my fault the body did that. What the fuck did I have to do with it? Nothing! I finally understood that the penis isn't even mine! And I sure didn't like the idea of playing with anybody else's penis! What kind of a preclear do you think I am anyway?

Peter Letterese was so proud of my Success Story on CCH-6 that he couldn't get the words out of his mouth. Well, I hope he was proud of me. I would hate to think that he needed a review on his own Grade Zero because he didn't know how to freely communicate on any subject. Nevertheless, I explained to him that my awareness about myself had sprung up faster than anyone had ever anticipated. I no longer had to take any responsibility for any part of my body or anything it did to people. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think that Total Freedom could be that powerful. What a wonder it was to be living in the year AD32 when we finally knew what the hell was really going on.

Between Grade One and Grade Two, Nancy suggested that I take "The Assists Course", so that I could help other thetans with their problems too, now that all of mine were finally solved.

There was a six hour drill that Nancy ran on me which had the following command: "Close your eyes and look at my fingers."

Do you know that it only took me five hours and twenty minutes to see how many fingers she was holding up without looking at them with my body's eyes? It was fantastic! A thetan doesn't need eyes to see with anyway. I told you that once before, or did you forget already? And don't think that my vision wasn't a thousand percent improved either, because after five hours and twenty minutes, I rehabilitated my level of perception which was nothing less than sheer magic. Just from looking at her fingers, I was able to tell how many layers of nail polish that Nancy had used in the last year, and I was completely skilled at reading her fingerprints in mid-air while her hands were moving. You don't get that good with just your eyes, buddy. And in case you think that I am just bragging and actually full of shit, let me tell you there is no way that Nancy would have lied about my recovered abilities. My auditor is an ethical human being. She would have kept me on the drill for fourteen hours without even a sip of water if it took me that long to pass it. Obviously I was a quick learner.

With all of my achievements taking these giant steps toward perfection, Jaime and her family were still one big pain in the ass.

The Generics Class Action Claim which I sent away in her father's name to his house in New Jersey was paid to the tune of forty-one thousand dollars by the claims processing agent, which was the Delaware Trust Company. My father-in-law Ellis Tollin was a real hero! He kept the whole damn check for himself and didn't even give his own daughter a nickel of it. If you can't trust your in-laws with money, you might as well go ahead and shoot them! I would never have denied him his ten percent commission, and if he needed a little more, I could have probably negotiated it with Peter on his behalf. Was I being unfair to him in any way? I don't think so. But to steal the whole thing and keep me from doing Grade Two was about the lowest dirty rotten trick that anyone ever pulled on me. I really married into some cockeyed family, let me tell you!

When I wrote up my Knowledge Report on the incident, Peter was purple with furiosity. I discovered that an Italian temper looks the same in a Scientology Mission as anywhere else. Jaime's father had once given me his promise that he would hand over the check when he received it in exchange for his ten percent commission, and his word turned out to be worth shit!

Reggie Monce, an auditor at the Mission, said, "When you deal with wogs, you really get screwed."

And he was so right. Wogs are truly the scum of the earth. Now I finally understood why the Emperor Xenu was so pissed off at everybody seventy-five million years ago. Someone probably fucked around with his class action claims too.

"There are some new ground rules, Fishman!", Peter roared. "First of all, I don't want any new claims sent to your moochy out-ethics relatives! Your father-in-law is a criminal SP, and I want to know about every overt act he ever committed in this lifetime so that I can make him pay for this! Secondly, from now on, all claim forms are going to be signed by imbeciles. Use people who can't read, like your Jamaican housekeeper. What's her name?"

"Joy Green", I said.

"Right!", he acknowledged. "Joy Green will be just fine. Or any of those hookers that you run around with; they're good too. Or that basket case psycho-dog friend of yours that likes women to whip him and walk on him with high heels. What's his name?"

"Steve Goldberg", I answered.

"Yeah! Get him to sign some cases!", Peter commanded. "Remember, no more members of your lunatic family, especially your wife's sick family. What the hell is wrong with you? Didn't you know that Jaime's father has the integrity of snake shit?"

"I trusted him!", I pleaded.

"You trust everybody!", he growled. "Psychiatrists, criminals, degraded beings, SPs, squirrels, degenerates, attorneys, Potential Trouble Sources! But nice, honest people you don't trust, do you? You would never think of walking over to a poor guy selling newspapers in the street and offer him ten dollars to sign a claim form. No, you have to use your crooked father-in-law! You told me yourself that the cheap bastard never even paid for your wedding!"

"No, I paid for it", I agreed.

"Didn't that tell you what kind of a leech he was? My God, Steve! What the hell is wrong with you? Do you know why I didn't force you to get a divorce? Because I knew that there was a check coming to your father-in-law's house, that's why. Ellie and I talked about it, and we decided to wait until you got that check. But now look what happened! You're still married to that stinking filthy pig, and her father took our money anyway!"

There was no point in arguing with Peter when he was right. After all, he didn't get to be the Executive Director of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale for nothing. I tried to explain to him that when I get up to the top of the Bridge at OT Seven, I would do a personality transplant on Jaime and exchange her for a higher-toned thetan that would never rip us off.

"You'd better keep her life insurance paid up and start postulating her death so you could pay me that money back", he warned, "otherwise you'll never get any closer to OT Seven than the bottom of a bird cage."

I think Peter would have insisted upon my filing for divorce if he had stayed in town. However, he had to leave for the San Francisco Org for some further administrative training, as well as to take care of some personal family matters of his own. He ordered me to work directly with Ellie Bolger while he was gone, and to be certain to log all of the claims with Denise, as well as to discuss any problems I was having with Barbara Fawcett. I heard rumors that Peter was called away because of some "situation" that he was having with his own ethics, but no one would confirm that the stories were true. I saw Peter's departure as a temporary reprieve with which to buy some more time to avoid confronting the divorce issue. No matter what Jaime or her family did to us, how could I entrust my two infant daughters to be raised alone by such a psychopath? It was a no-win situation.

Unable to confront anything, I had the fortunate opportunity to leave town for a couple of weeks in March of 1982, when Ellie Bolger summoned me to meet her in Los Angeles, where she was doing some work for the Watchdog Committee of the Religious Technology Center, the highest Org in Scientology.

It was such a relief to miss Jaime's twenty-sixth birthday, which was on March 11th. Who the hell wanted to spend any time with her, falsely pretending to be happy? She always bought her own presents with the credit cards anyway.

Celebrity Center was incredible! During Hollywood's Golden Era, the Manor Hotel, located at 5930 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, was the glamorous home to such stars as Humphrey Bogart, Marilyn Monroe, Ed Sullivan and Vincent Price. Errol Flynn stayed there too, only because he was not related to Michael Flynn, Lavenda's squirrel attorney. And now, the Manor Hotel was part of Fifield Manor, Ron's seven story French castle, which housed the Celebrity Center Org that catered to the rich and famous. In L. Ron Hubbard's Executive Directive of 2 November 1968, Ron stated "Only Class VIII's are to audit celebrities; Love, Ron."<sup>[55]</sup> Ordinarily, being the fair-minded egalitarian that I am, I would have objected to this caste system where only famous people are first class thetans. However, since Diana Hubbard had appointed Nancy Witkowski, a Class VIII Auditor to audit me, why should I complain? I would have to be real stupid to rock the boat, right? Screw the rest of the preclears getting inferior service. I was making solid gains, and that's all that mattered.

The castle itself, which was known as the Chateau Elysee, used to be the main headquarters of the United States Guardian's Office before it was relocated to the Flag Land Base in 1979. Some of the advanced levels of Scientology that were being offered at the Advanced Organization of Los Angeles in the Cedars Complex used to be delivered at the Manor. But now it was temporary headquarters to the Religious Technology Center, as well as the Celebrity Center and the Manor Hotel where I was staying.

Ellie Bolger and I had dinner with the Inspector General for the Religious Technology Center, Steve Marlowe. Afterwards, I was nearly overwhelmed out of my skin to meet the distinguished Heber Jentsch, the President of the Church of Scientology of California, who was giving a briefing about an Org that I had never heard of before called Author's Services, Incorporated.

Heber revealed that Ron established Author's Services so that his Tech would be preserved, even in the event of a nuclear war. He said that there were five confidential locations being built throughout the planet where exact duplicates of every word that Ron ever wrote and recorded was going to be preserved beneath the earth in radiation- proof caverns for eternity. Heber added that it

was quite an immense project, because while Ron was busy developing the upper OT levels on his yacht the Sea Org Vessel Apollo, the tape recorder was continuously going all the time. If that were true, there were probably some fabulous tapes of Ron sitting on the commode in his stateroom, calling out to his messengers to bring him some more toilet paper.

"That would have been well worth preserving in five different places", I thought intently with reverent pride.

I was encouraged to join staff at Author's Services and move to Los Angeles by Tony D'Urso, the Author's Services Recruiter, but I had no intention of living in L. A. where there were earthquakes and three hundred dollar-an-hour hookers, and so I turned it down.

My main purpose in coming to Celebrity Center was to give a debriefing to Wendall Reynolds, the Financial Planner for the Religious Technology Center, who besides Diana Hubbard Horwich, was one of Ellie Bolger's senior executives. Wendall wanted to see what one of my completed class action claims looked like before I mailed it, so I brought the Gap Stores claim form with me, which had already been signed and was ready to be mailed out.

If there was ever a nit-picker, Wendall was it. He spent two hours arguing with me over the pros and cons of writing up the claims in longhand rather than typing them. I tried to explain to the thick-headed mule that typing the claims was much better, because often when they were written by hand, the penmanship was too hard to read, and the numerical digits were not understandable. His viewpoint was that the documents looked more "authentic" when they were hand written.

I looked at Wendall as if he were a complete asshole.

"Do you really think a dumb clerk earning a hundred and twenty dollars a week in a claims processing office is going to care about whether the form is typed or written?", I asked with righteous indignation. "All she wants to do when the five o'clock whistle blows is to go home and smoke her dope! We're dealing with wogs here, not intelligent life!"

Ellie valiantly stood by my decision and put an end to the conversation. I told her that it was a waste of time talking to people as compartmentalized as Wendall. Although she cordially acknowledged my ARC Break, she nevertheless reminded me that I, above all others, should respect management executives who pay such close attention to detail. Ellie had an uncanny way of turning my most valid complaint into something moot and absurd.

"I wish I could grow up to be exactly like her", I sighed.

When Nancy Witkowski told me that Grade Two was going to provide relief from the hostilities and sufferings of life, all I could think of was how great things would be when I had enough Tech under my belt to postulate Jaime into a catatonic state of comatose unconsciousness for the next twenty years. Then I could keep her locked up in her room and have unrestricted sexual intercourse with her, while all of the nourishment and nutrition she'd ever need would freely flow up into her body via a tube inserted in her nose. That would be a fantastic win for Grade Two if I gained the ability to make all of that happen.

But unfortunately those were actually advanced OT processes, and I would have to wait quite a while before I had the capability of performing any miracles like that. Grade Two was a lot less dramatic.

"Recall a secret", Nancy commanded.

"I once had sex with my Aunt Eva's dog Coco", I said. "She was a black poodle. Hey, that's not fair! It's not a secret anymore!"

"Your needle is floating", she replied, indicating that the E-Meter was registering complete agreement with what I had told her.

"Yeah, I remember I had a real good time", I added.

I recalled lots of secrets for the next four hours. I didn't realize how many funny things I did in this lifetime. I planted over thirty praying mantis cocoons under the furniture in my Aunt Ray's house; I released a jar of fifty moths in the closet where my Aunt Bess' fur coats were stored; I filled my water pistol with black ink and squirted my Uncle Irving in the face with it, and I burned down the auditorium of my summer camp by throwing inflammable camphor mothballs into the fireplace, and all of this occurred before I was twelve years old.

We then ran "Dynamic Straightwire", which were a series of commands that recalled what secrets and overt acts that each of the eight dynamics of self, spouse, groups, mankind, life, physical universe, spirits and God have done to me.

"Think of something a bird has done to you", Nancy stated.

"Well, a pigeon shit on my head one time", I recalled.

"Very good", she acknowledged. "Think of something trees have done to you."

"They bumped into me while I was walking, just minding my own business!", I yelled.

"Okay, now think of something your wife has done to you", she continued.

Telling Nancy my story took six hours, and that was just for the first month we were married. Nevertheless, we had to continue the process until the E-Meter revealed a "floating needle." So what if it took three weeks? There was plenty of cash in my auditing account, and Nancy worked by the hour, so it was no sweat off of her sweet rectum. Eventually, as I wrote in my Success Story, I finally realized that I really hated Jaime. I was so relieved at long last to know the truth! Imagine! All that time when I thought I loved her I had no idea what a complete idiot I had been! What a marvelous process the Relief Release of Grade Two was. For four and a half years of marriage, I never knew how I truly felt about the bitch. What a relief it was to know how deeply I hated her guts! I gave Nancy a big kiss because she was such a damn good auditor. If only she would sleep with me, my life would be complete.

But with Nancy it was strictly a professional relationship. She only would date men who were OT Five or above. Such prejudice! And Denise didn't give me a tumble either. She and the auditor Reggie Monce got married, and I felt like the loneliest person in the whole wide world. Thank God that Steve Goldberg was still around to introduce me to his succulently sleazy sluts.

I started dating one of his prized selections, a sex object named Julia Vaughn, who was my ideal choice for a tramp mistress. She was a prime example of poor white trash from Kentucky, with a voluptuous but nevertheless shapely body, with the exception of unsightly stretch marks from having too many abortions and a couple of barefoot kids that her mother took care of. Julia had a



unique smell of dried up perspiration and Clorox bleach, and whenever she was not on a cocaine binge, she was an excellent value for twenty-five dollars. At least both she and Steve Goldberg were useful for signing the class action claim forms, as Peter had instructed me to get them to do.

Steve Goldberg paid her twenty-five dollars for sex just like I did, but he never slept with Julia. All he liked to do is to lick her dirty feet while he masturbated on the floor, as well as to take nude pictures of her. He was, after all, a photographer by trade. Within a short time, I had over several hundred pornographic poses of her for my own personal collection. Whenever Julia wasn't around and I was forced by the call of the wild to pay my wife for favors, Jaime allowed me to look at Julia's pictures while we were having sex. All she did is paper clip the naked photos of Julia to the back of the magazine she was reading while I was on top of her. I soon discovered that I could usually finish within Jaime's five minute time limit while I imagined myself to be with Julia as I looked at the snapshots. I had to admit that Jaime was becoming a little more compassionate by letting me do that. Steve Goldberg didn't agree. He just said that Jaime was doing that because she knew that she could get it over with much quicker. Oh, well -- who cares? It worked, and that's all that mattered.

There was quite a shake-up in upper Scientology management. It was all caused by the psychiatry- backed United States Government, who, consistent with other floundering Socialist dictatorships, brought a series of trumped-up charges against our beloved Commodore Staff Guardian, Mary Sue Hubbard.

They arrested her on blackmail, bribery, infiltration, robbery and theft of documents, of all things! What did they think she was, a criminal or something? I can assure you that none of us, including Mary Sue, ever did any of those things, except to squirrels and suppressives who were a threat to the Church and to the Tech. It is so damn characteristic of the sick, decadent U. S. Government to prevent the only true technology on the planet from protecting and defending itself. On the day that Mary Sue was convicted, I was sorry to say that I was no longer proud to be an American.

Sadly, Mary Sue Hubbard stepped down as both our revered Commanding Officer of the Guardian's Office, and as Comptroller World Wide. A heavy heart hung all over the Third Dynamic, and we vowed as dedicated Scientologists that whoever did this to our adoring First Lady of Ethics would be punished down to the last Freudian man.

We knew without a doubt that Ron's postulates would free Mary Sue within a short time when her case came up for appeal, and every G. O. Agent including myself contributed both money and long hours to do whatever was necessary to secure her release.

There was also an internal catastrophe within the Sea Org. We found out that the Case Supervisor International David Mayo was preventing Sea Org members from going up the Bridge! Since Sea Org personnel had all signed a billion year contract, part of the fair exchange for that was to assure them at least 2 hours of enhancement time out of their eighteen hour work day, so that they could get their auditing and training done on their free time. What David Mayo did was unthinkable! He was denying these stellar beings any enhancement time at all, and most of them were frozen on their Bridge indefinitely.

As soon as Ron heard about this travesty through hundreds of complaints and Knowledge Reports, he ordered the International Justice Chief to declare David Mayo a Suppressive Person, and had him excommunicated from the Church forever. With Mayo out on his ass, the Sea Org was once again back on the Road to Total Freedom. Ray Mithoff replaced him as the Case Supervisor International, and jubilantly restored Standard Tech to the Sea Org.

We also found out that Gerry Armstrong had betrayed us by stealing thousands of Ron's personal documents, including the very same ones that I recovered from Lavenda! After all that work, they were missing again! And to make matters worse, that son of a bitch hired Lavenda's evil attorney, Michael Flynn, to represent him in a multi-million dollar lawsuit against Scientology! He even brainwashed Ron's personal biographer Omar Garrison to join him in his corrupt quest, laden with the allure of dirty psychiatric money.

Guardian's Office personnel were rearranged and shifted all over the place by David Miscavige, who was Ron's appointee as the Commanding Officer of the Religious Technology Center. Very few of us knew much about him, except that he was very young and very short, and a former Commodore's Messenger on the Apollo who proved to be more trustworthy than the treasonous squirrels who were betraying Source left and right. David Miscavige handled everything, though. He removed Bill Franks as Executive Director International because he had been in league with David Mayo, and replaced him with a very elegant and capable Sea Org Captain by the name of Guillaume Lesevre. Jokingly, we used to call Guillaume "Mr. Misunderstood", because none of us could either spell or pronounce his name, or get the gist of what he was talking about through his chromium plated French accent. Maybe what we didn't know didn't hurt us!

On the local scene, Kevin Bein was removed as Deputy Guardian of Miami, and was sent out to California to destroy Gerry Armstrong and Omar Garrison. He was replaced by Linda MacPhee, a girl with a face so ordinary she looked quite invisible most of the time. Her seedy worm's breath hair rivalled the most common kitchen mop, and her lips were so pale and gaunt that it was impossible to tell where they ended and her face began. Linda had grey eyes which were the color of whale vomit, and her skin was so ghastly that it looked like a layer of petrified fabric softener which was ready to fall at the drop of a hat.

Nevertheless, because of the counter-intention which Scientology was facing from the black hand of planetary psychiatry, I was drafted to be the Lead G. O. Agent to work on a new covert operation known as the Ethics Bait Project. My function was to head up the Ethics Bait Miami Stat Unit for the B-1 Intelligence Bureaux of the Guardian's Office.

Ethics Bait was the brainchild of Jane Kember, the Deputy Staff Guardian World Wide, who before the shake-up had been second in command to Mary Sue Hubbard.

Linda MacPhee briefed me on the operation, which was the cleverest weapon I had ever seen being used against psychiatry in my life. It made Bingoing look like playing patty-cake with an electric shock victim. We finally had a sure-fire way to expose the psychs for their greed and their criminality. I for one wanted to teach them a lesson for what they did to Mary Sue.

What was Ethics Bait anyway?

It was a sting operation to trap psychiatrists by their own avarice and personal greed.

Linda supplied me with health claim forms from all of the major medical insurance companies, including Prudential, State Farm, Travelers, Metropolitan, John Hancock, Allstate, Aetna and Blue Cross. I also had a copy of DSM-3, which is the psych bible of insurance procedure codes and suppressive diagnostic quackery utilized by our enemies to pad their own pockets.

When a Security Check or the Ethics Officer found that a Scientologist had at any time been seeing a psychiatrist or psychologist, the Senior Sec Checker from Qual, the Ethics Officer or the

Master At Arms would obtain the name of the psych from the preclear, together with the name, address and policy number of the insurance company which handled the claims for the psych's medieval therapy.

My hat was to fill out the claim forms so that large amounts of insurance benefits would be paid to the psychiatrist. The claim would always be for non-existent sessions which never took place. If the Scientologist had office visits with the psych on Thursdays, for example, I would send in additional invoices to the Scientologist's insurance company for Mondays and Wednesdays. We always made sure that we billed the insurance company for days other than the actual times when the therapy sessions actually took place.

We always made the checks payable to the psychiatrist or psychologist.

You may ask why we would do anything that would enrich a psych, when they were such degraded, aberrated, and shitty beings. Keep in mind that this was Ethics Bait.

What do you think a psych would do when he received a check from an insurance company for several thousand dollars for a particular patient? He cashed the fucking thing, that's what he did. Would you really expect the psych to question the validity of the check, or complain that he received too much money from the insurance company? Are you that crazy, gullible or suppressed to believe that SPs like psychs are honest? Hell no! They kept the money for themselves! They didn't even have the integrity to return the overage to their patients!

So then, what I did next was to report these psychs to the Florida Insurance Commissioner, as well as the American Medical Association and American Psychiatric Association. It was a perfect way to cause enough trouble between the psych and the patient where we could get these criminal bastards off the lines of our preclears. And the preclears never even knew what was going on, because neither I nor anyone else ever told them!

Wasn't that the most fab idea? Jane Kember, wherever you are, I could still kiss you for it on all four cheeks!

We also ran Ethics Bait on ex-Scientologists who were using psychs as expert witnesses to help them sue the Church. Margery Wakefield was one of those psychopathic preclears. She had been driven insane by psychiatrists through psychotropic medication, and in her auditing, was unable to mock up any mental image pictures. She was what we called a "Black Field Invisible Case", which means that she could not see anything but blackness when she closed her eyes. What a cripple! An Invisible Case cannot see mock-ups or facsimiles. When they try to recall pictures, everything they see is invisible.<sup>[56]</sup>

Instead of going to Flag and doing the End of Endless Drug Rundown and the Suppressed Person Rundown to handle the effects of both the drugs and the suppression, she assigned a false target to us and blamed the Church for her insanity, when in fact all along, we were the only ones who could truly assist her. She started a civil suit against various Orgs, and enlisted the help of her mercenary psych as an expert witness. Well, after her barbarian "doctor" fraudulently cashed the checks which I had sent to him, Linda MacPhee arranged for G. O. Agent Gary Klinger to contact the creep, in order to persuade him to gracefully bow out of the civil suit, or else his license to practice murder through psychiatry would be revoked by the Florida Department of Professional Regulation. Gary reported to Linda that the SP psych had "pangs of self-preservation", and he knew from that moment on not to tangle with Scientologists. I learned very recently that Margery settled her case, but not for anywhere near the outlandish sum she originally petitioned for. Meanwhile, I

received a certificate for Actions Very Well Done from the office of Fred Hare.

The most joy that I had in the Guardian's Office was in handling Freeloaders.

Now you may think that a Freeloader is either one of Red Skelton's famous skits or someone that crashes a party just for the food, but in Scientology, a Freeloader is "Any person who has failed to complete a staff contract at a Sea Org or Scientology Org or Mission. It includes persons who "blow" or desert their post and organization of their own accord."<sup>[57]</sup>

As you can imagine, being a Freeloader in Scientology is about as welcome as the Ghost of Hitler in Jerusalem.

Linda MacPhee gave me the current Sea Org Freeloader List, which stated the names and addresses of the traitors, when their contracts were signed, the amounts of services received in cash including training and processing, and the amounts of time for each person not completely served.<sup>[58]</sup>

If service within an Org is accepted in lieu of a cash payment for training or processing, the staff member is required to sign a promissory note for the full cash value of the service he receives. My job was to find the freeloader and either get him back on post or collect the value of the promissory note. In effect, I was one of Ron's Loyal Collection Agents.

Finding the freeloader was easy. There was Tech on it. A simple envelope sent to the deserter with the words "Address Correction Requested" written on it would usually yield the new address in nine times out of ten.

If that didn't work, I would call the family of the freeloader, pretending to be an attorney who was suing the Church, or a newspaper reporter who wanted scandalous information on Scientology. Since the family were usually behind the freeloader's "blowing" or leaving, they were more often than not only too eager to engage in rumor-mongering, which ultimately provided me with the information that I needed to track down my prey.

The next thing we did was to search the public records for the freeloader's assets. As soon as we found anything, whether it was a house, boat or car, we advised the Guardian of Legal World Wide who had already obtained a judgment for the promissory note, in order to start forfeiture proceedings. I received a commission of ten percent of whatever property we confiscated from the freeloader as a reward for my upstat of locating the person and his assets. Often I had to split the ten percent with Freeloader Financial Rescuers of other Orgs, who helped me by searching the public records in other areas. We were a close knit bunch of theta guys who worked together, bashing the heads of these renegade pricks.

Another one of my hats was in preventing the freeloader from raising any new money to pay the debt off, or to sustain his wog lifestyle. To do this, my specialty was to call his parents or employer, pretending to be, in the case of a male freeloader, his homosexual lover. I was drilled in this great "faggy" accent that was a sure bet in causing alarm and discontent within the freeloader's environment, especially when I sounded desperate about the freeloader having to take an AIDS test right away. With employers, that sometimes didn't work, so I mocked myself up as a county official from the Drug Rehabilitation Center, inquiring as to whether the freeloader was still showing any visible signs of cocaine abuse.

The general idea was to get the freeloader fired, evicted from his home, and disconnected

from his family, so that he would return to his Org, go through the Rehabilitation Project Force (RPF), and get back on post where he could once again be useful to us in Clearing the planet. I made good and certain that there would always be a stiff price and lots of hell to pay for someone who just wanted to "get out" of Scientology.

My motto was simple. Ron said it best: "We'd rather have you dead than incapable."<sup>[59]</sup>

I did lots of cool things to punish these lowlife Benedict Arnolds. Ruining their credit was a piece of cake. Linda MacPhee taught me Ron's Tech on manufacturing mocked-up credit histories with all kinds of neat delinquencies for payments of mortgages, hospital bills, charge cards, and utilities. I learned how to report eviction notices that never took place, so that if the freeloader tried to find a new place to live, he would be given a swift kick in the behind like he deserved.

We used the resources of the Internal Revenue Service also, sending in creative memos for large unreported cash purchases exceeding ten thousand dollars, as well as loads of unreported income. I always forwarded requests to the Internal Revenue Field Agent as well as his Supervisor, in order that the inquiry appeared to come from two different sources. Wasn't I a cute little bastard?

Another excellent maneuver was to turn over the same data to the Drug Enforcement Agency, so that they would call out their own agents to investigate. We had blank official stationery printed up from every Federal agency, so we could easily create the impression that the data came from them instead of us. We were brilliant! Still, the IRS was our most popular choice. My "piece-de-resistance" was to request a specific tax audit for the freeloader known as a "TCMP", which is an abbreviation for the Taxpayer's Compliance Maintenance Program.

The TCMP is an automatic long in-depth audit of one's finances demanding a receipt for everything from cars to condoms. In the case of Sea Org members, there were often many years when the freeloader did not earn enough income to file a tax return, and he would inevitably provide that as his excuse. When our personnel records department was contacted by the IRS to verify that fact, we always said that he never worked for us! Once in a while, I singlehandedly was responsible for getting a freeloader arrested for tax fraud! When that happened, I always received a "Very Highly Commended" certificate from the G. O., as well as a shiny blue star in my Admin file. Norman Vespi, the newly appointed Success Officer of Miami, always saw to it that I got all the awards that I was entitled to. I think he enjoyed his post almost as much as I did mine.

It was real easy to ruin a freeloader's credit, because a lot of the information about the person's finances and banking was a part of his personnel file, and that data was readily obtainable through the L. Ron Hubbard Communicator of each Org. The data was easy to come by because all Scientology Org or Sea Org members always had to fill out financial statements when they joined staff! You see? I had them by the balls if they tried to escape!

Of course, when all else failed, there was nothing that could get results quicker than calling the freeloader in the middle of the night and threatening to kill his children, or if he had no children, his parents or younger sisters and brothers. Four in the morning was the best time to call. People are closest to death at that hour, and there was nothing quite as thrilling and unnerving as waking a freeloader out of a deep sleep and giving him some food for thought.

You know me. I wouldn't hurt a fly. But these shmucks didn't know that! They were so full of overts against Scientology that they were probably glad just to have someone from the Church to communicate with, even if the communication was slightly negative.

My favorite scenario was to wait until the freeloader went out of town, and then to call his parents or children and tell them that he had just been killed in an auto accident! Their reactions to my news were priceless! I was establishing my own little Org of Heart Attack Heaven! You have no idea how thoroughly effective that was in getting the freeloader to capitulate. You ought to try it on an enemy sometime, just as long as he isn't an upstat Scientologist. You'll feel a lot better, and it will help get your ethics in real good too.

While I was busy shooting up a storm capturing runaway thetans, trouble was brewing right in my own backyard.

It was my seventy-seven year old Aunt Jeanne this time.

Long before Peter Letterese had given me a Mission Executive Directive prohibiting me from utilizing members of my family to sign the claim forms, I had sent in the Technicare claim, which was signed by my father's eldest sister Jeanne under the mocked-up name of Ann Cooper. The settlement check was scheduled to be mailed to Aunt Jeanne's house in the City of Sunrise, which was about four miles from where I lived.

Aunt Jeanne went so far as to put in a separate telephone line under the name of Ann Cooper, in order to convince the letter carrier that "Ann" lived in Aunt Jeanne's house as a boarder when the telephone bills came in every month.

There was nothing different about Ann Cooper's claim for Technicare, but apparently, the claims processing agent did not think that the confirmation slip for the purchase and sale of Technicare stock which I generated on my Hewlett-Packard home computer was genuine. Technological advances in the wog society were catching up to me. Apparently, too many people were starting to buy home computers in 1982, and the form looked suspicious to the claims processing agent whose job it was to review the claim for payment. They turned over the paper work to the Post Office authorities for investigation.

Subsequently, two plainclothes Postal Investigators from Cleveland, Ohio knocked on my Aunt Jeanne's door during a sunny day in August, looking for Ann Cooper.

"That old cockeyed bitch didn't pay me the last three months' rent, so I threw her out on her toochas!", she screamed. Tooahas, of course, is the Jewish word for ass.

She told the investigator that Ann Cooper was a crook and a thief, and complained to him that some of her jewelry was missing. My Aunt Min, who was seventy-three years old, started cursing Ann Cooper in Yiddish with words even too offensive for my seasoned ears. They then invited the two men inside, and offered them kippered salmon and gefilte fish, which they politely declined. One of them had a Grand Jury Subpoena for Ann Cooper.

"You should only find her and lock her up and throw the key away!", Aunt Jeanne screamed.

"She should only get the worst kind of cancer where all of her kishkes (intestines) get tangled up in black knots!", Aunt Min added.

"Officer, we're two sick old ladies with arthritis, emphysema and a little bit of Parkinson's Disease", Aunt Jeanne pleaded. "We took this stinking horse's ass in because she said they were going to put her in the Home for the Aged. She seemed nice, and showed us pictures of her grandchildren and everything."

"They weren't even her real grandchildren!", Aunt Min interposed.

"We felt sorry for her", Aunt Jeanne explained. "Then she stabbed us in the back. Imagine stealing from two old ladies?"

"Where did you meet her?", the lead investigator asked.

"In the Jewish cemetery", Aunt Jeanne answered quickly. "She just lost her husband. He was a kosher butcher, just like my poor dear Charlie, God rest his soul. Now how the hell could I turn my back on another widow? But look, I want to give you a description of the diamond ring which she stole from me. Maybe you can help get it back. I don't have any insurance or anything, and I can't collect a penny on it. You detectives look like such nice boys. Are you sure you wouldn't like a healthy piece of pickled herring in cream sauce? It'll take away your indigestion."

After three hours of very much the same runaround, the Postal Investigators left, and Aunt Jeanne never heard from them again. If Aunt Jeanne had let it go at that, everything would have been just fine. The Technicare claim was lost, and nothing else could be done about it. Peter did not want me to send any more claims to the addresses of my relatives anyway, so there was no harm done. But Aunt Jeanne couldn't keep her big mouth shut. She told her son all about what happened.

My cousin's name is Richard Klinger. He was not at all related to the outstanding Guardian's Office Agent Gary Klinger. If Richard Klinger was one hundredth the man Gary Klinger was, he would still be worth talking to. But Cousin Richard was probably the most degraded wog on the planet besides all of the FBI agents and psychiatrists.

Richard was a bald, forty-three year old diamond smuggler with a big fat belly that made him look like he was always pregnant. He lived with my other aunt, Bess Seamon, in a huge apartment megalopolis in Floral Park, New York, called the North Shore Towers. He hated women, but once in a while, he would go out with them for spite. There was one occasion when he threw his date out of the car in the middle of a January blizzard on the Northern State Parkway at two-thirty in the morning, because she refused to give him oral sex on the way home from the theatre. If that wasn't bad enough, he wouldn't even give her back her coat to keep herself warm! Fortunately, another driver picked her up and drove her back to her house in Great Neck, a fashionable community on Long Island. Aunt Jeanne had to pay off the girl's parents with five thousand dollars, otherwise they had threatened to have Cousin Richard arrested.

To this day I am pissed off as hell that anyone would take advantage of a woman in such a cruel and sickening way.

Even as a child, Cousin Richard was a bad seed. When he was ten years old, he had a bitter fight with another schoolmate, and after the argument was over, Richard ran off with the other kid's bicycle to the other side of the school building, and parked it on a steep hill behind a black 1946 Oldsmobile. Richard jumped inside the car and waited for him. When the kid found his bicycle, Richard released the emergency brake of the Oldsmobile that he was hiding in, and as the car rolled backwards, it crushed the other boy and his bicycle against the car below him. The boy died instantly. Richard thought the whole thing was very funny. I despised him for that. In Scientology, we practice Affinity, Reality and Communication, and accordingly, I detest violence and evil acts of any kind. A person like Cousin Richard should be strung up on low-current electrified barbed wire by his testicles until he either rots or fries to death.

Anyway, when Cousin Richard found out about the Postal investigation into the Technicare case from his mother, he came to me at my home with a despicable proposition, threatening to tell the two Ohio Postal Investigators that I was the one who sent in the claim under the name of Ann Cooper, unless I gave him one hundred thousand dollars. He had the business card of the men and he knew how to get in touch with them.

I don't know what gave him the idea that I had one hundred thousand dollars, but the fact was, that I didn't have even one thousand dollars in the bank. All of the money from the previous claims went into my auditing, as well as to pay off my credit card bills and to reduce the mortgage payments on my home. I had nothing left over in savings. I had no investments. Nevertheless, Richard blackmailed me, and said I would have to come up with the money within one week.

I had no choice but to immediately report the incident to the Guardian's Office. Linda MacPhee was very alarmed, since a Postal investigation into the Technicare claim might have revealed the previous successful actions, and could have prevented me from sending in future claims. She did not have a suitable solution for my problem. Instead, she phoned Fred Hare, who ordered me dispatched to Flag immediately. Both he and Ellie Bolger were waiting for me with gloom and doom on their faces when I arrived.

Of course, the problem demanded an on-Source handling.

Fred Hare directed me to read out loud from a confidential L. Ron Hubbard Executive Directive entitled "Project Squirrel."<sup>[60]</sup>

"The project consists of the following:", I began. "List all SPs engaged in squirrel actions or anti-Scientology actions, and get each one investigated. It will be found uniformly, despite first view that there is no evidence of it, that anti-Scientologists have in their background in this life crimes for which they could be arrested. People who attack Scientology are criminals. That if one attacks Scientology, he then gets investigated for crimes."

"So what we have to do now is find out what crimes your Cousin Richard has done", Fred Hare said sternly with a smile on his face.

It was past the statute of limitations to prosecute Cousin Richard for killing his classmate. I didn't even remember the boy's name, or the exact date when it happened.

Since that was a dead end, I handled Richard like I handled any freeloader, requesting his credit history. A strange thing happened. He didn't have any credit history. Now that was pretty weird. A forty-three year old man without any record whatsoever! Within days of doing my own investigation, I discovered that Cousin Richard never even had applied for a Social Security Number! The Internal Revenue Service never heard of him. All of these years he worked as a smuggler in the illicit diamond trade on West 47th Street in New York, where amongst the Hasidic Jewish diamond dealers, a handshake was more valid than a written contract, and a jockstrap pouch was a safer hiding place than a bank vault. In a bizarre world where secrecy was the key to survival, Richard had never legitimized himself.

When I came back to Fort Lauderdale from Flag, I met with both Aunt Jeanne and Richard, and I told my cousin what I had found out about him. Then, in front of his mother, I threatened to report him to both the Social Security Administration and the Internal Revenue Service if he did not withdraw his blackmail demands.



"You are poison!", he screamed. "One day I will kill you!"

That was the last thing Cousin Richard ever said to me. Aunt Jeanne never spoke another word to me or allowed me into her house until the day she died. Richard never made good on his threat, since, as far as I know, I am still very much alive and so is Richard, and to my knowledge, he has never been arrested for tax fraud. Well, who knows? Maybe the IRS will read a copy of this book and look into it.

# CHAPTER TWELVE

## Blank Scripts For Acting Classes

After handling Cousin Richard, he was as much of a threat to us as a Rorschach Ink Blot pasted on the back of a disemboweled land crab trapped at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. To celebrate, Julia Vaughn helped me by picking up a drunk heroin addict named Debbie at Sweeney's Lounge on Hallandale Beach Boulevard, and for two hundred dollars, the three of us exchanged body fluids all night long, creating ecstasy for God and thetans everywhere who were reveling in sympathy for our joy and happiness. I bought a bottle of brand new 1982 champagne because I did not trust the staying power of any of the older stuff, and together we toasted the demise and oblivion of evil Cousin Richard, and on the positive side, how the Sun never sets on Scientology.

I wrote up a Knowledge Report on the entire "flap" or troublesome incident, and delivered it to Linda MacPhee at the Org. Linda had been thrown into Liability by Fred Hare for not handling my problem with Cousin Richard herself. He thrashed her with verbal abuse for several hours on the phone, accusing her of wasting his time and causing him excess "DEV-T" or developing traffic for having sent me to Flag instead of knowing exactly which of Ron's policy letters would apply to resolve my dilemma.

It was of little value comforting poor Linda MacPhee, although I reminded her that when she phoned Fred Hare, he was the one that ordered me to go to Flag. Linda never sent me there on her own accord. But Fred innocently forgot all about that, and blamed the whole mess on Linda, saying that she had no right to call him in the first place.

If that wasn't punishment enough, Fred Hare ordered Linda to be brought before a Committee of Evidence, which is a "fact finding group appointed and empowered by the Office of L. Ron Hubbard to impartially investigate and recommend upon Scientology matters of a fairly severe ethical nature."<sup>[61]</sup>

During her hearing, she attempted to hang the entire incident on Peter Letterese for failing to adequately supervise me properly. That still did not explain why she dragged Fred Hare into the mess, and Fred used this opportunity to promptly fire her from her post as Deputy Guardian of Miami.

To work her way up through the Ethics Condition of Liability, the Ethics Officer of Miami Frank Thompson shoved a broom in her hand, and at nine o'clock in the morning, walked her outside to the parking lot in back of the Miami Org, telling her to "Sweep the sunlight off the sidewalk until there is none left." The Florida heat was blistering hot as it always is during the first week of September, but she had to stay out there and work until the sun went down. Not once did the clouds come out to give her a momentary respite from her pointless punishment.

When staff members are thrown into Liability, they have to wear dirty grey rags in their back pockets, and no one in the Org or Mission is allowed to talk to them, with the exception of the Ethics Officer. Linda looked so grossly pathetic, with sweat dripping from her brow. Frank Thompson was watching her with eagle eyes from his second story window which overlooked the parking lot. If she stopped to rest or catch her breath, she knew that she would have to repeat the very same task on the following day.

I couldn't stand it!

It was all my fault that she got in trouble. If anyone should have been punished, it was me. Even though I couldn't talk to her, there was nothing in the rule book that said I couldn't give her a can of Hawaiian Punch from the vending machine inside the Org. I was pissed off at Frank Thompson for putting her through all of that torture.

I watched to see when Frank Thompson wasn't looking, and then I quickly handed the red drink to Linda. There was such an expression of thanks in her eyes that I started crying out of empathy for her. She had been hyperventilating, and so by giving her the juice, I might have actually saved her life.

I was shocked out of my skin when Frank Thompson forced me to read the Success Story that Linda MacPhee wrote about her ethics handling. Not only did she say that sweeping the sunlight off the sidewalk was the best rehabilitative action that she ever did in her entire tenure as a Scientologist, but she had the nerve to report me to the Ethics Officer for giving her the fruit drink! She said that I had violated Ron's Policy by communicating with someone while still in Liability and by interfering with the implementation of an Ethics Action through my subverting gesture. She accused me of being reasonable towards her and of going into propitiation, conciliation and appeasement with her, which was proof in her opinion that my own ethics were wildly out.

"Well, if she felt that way, why the hell did she accept the fruit punch from me in the first place?", I asked Frank.

He looked at me as if I were crazy.

"Accepting it wasn't a crime", he scowled. "Offering it to her sure was though! Scientology Ethics can only work if all Scientologists work to enforce it, and no Scientologist seeks to undermine it."

Frank told me that if I didn't write up my infraction as an overt act, I too would be subject to disciplinary action.

When I thought about it, I realized that Frank was absolutely right. By sneaking behind his back with the refreshment for Linda, I was undercutting the very umbilical cord and foundation of the Third Dynamic. The purpose of Ethics was to remove counter-intentions from the environment.<sup>[62]</sup> Without Ethics, nothing I was doing in Scientology would have made any sense.

In any case, I thanked Linda for reporting me to Frank, and once again we were in good ARC with one another. Within several weeks, Frank Thompson appointed Linda MacPhee as the new Ethics Officer of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale. Now she could teach other people what to do with her famous broomstick.

I was hoping that Peter Letterese would be back for Auditor's Day, but at last count, he was handling the crashed stats at the Mission of East Bay at 411 15th Street in Oakland, California, which was one of the final outposts of the old Mission Owners World Wide Network that we just recovered from a squirrel in the San Francisco area. Peter told Frank Thompson that the franchise had been involved in weird, off-beat practices, including giving colonics to preclears with every paid Dianetic Intensive. Peter promised us that it would take about a month to restore the Mission to Ron's level of Standard Tech, and that once he returned to Fort Lauderdale, he would never leave us again.

In the meantime, Ellie Bolger sent Barbara Fawcett a telex at the Mission, and told her that it was vital and urgent that I come to Flag immediately. But then again, everything is always vital and urgent in Scientology, so I took Ellie's communication with a grain of salt and tore it up.

Nevertheless, Sunday the 13th of September was Auditor's Day, and I wanted to hear our new Executive Director International address the auditorium at the Fort Harrison Hotel with his famous French accent of Early Inspector Clousseau Gobbledygook.

It was Ellie Bolger, however, who was jabbering away neurotically as she collared me up to Diana Hubbard's chamber.

"She is in a very bad mood, Steven, so don't piss her off!", Ellie warned.

When I entered the room, I offered to shake Diana's hand. In an unpredictable show of genuine emotion, she whipped out a drumstick from a percussion rather than a chicken, and cracked it over my knuckles at what seemed to be twice the sound of speed.

"It's great to see you", I stammered as I reached for the nearest chair, nearly choking on my words from the pain.

"Yeah, I bet it is!", Diana grimaced haughtily.

"She's heard about your downstat with Technicare", Ellie soothed.

"Heard about it, my foot!", she stomped, as her freckles appeared to pop out of her eerie red face. "I've read all the Knowledge Reports!"

"Well, Cousin Richard has no command value over me anymore", I insisted.

"I don't give a flying fuck about your Cousin Richard!", Diana caroused, smashing a wine glass into an escutcheon.

"Diana didn't want to see you in order to talk about him!", Ellie reiterated.

"Stop kissing my ass and repeating everything I say, Ellie!", Diana roared.

Ellie retreated and sank into a sofa, festering in apathy.

"It's the fake confirmation forms that caused all the trouble", Diana continued as she poured herself a glass of McKormick's Pure Vanilla Extract. "Both of you are always assigning the wrong cause to everything! This is 1982! You can't use a Mickey Mouse confirmation slip that you generated on your home computer when every wog and his brother is buying an Apple or a Commodore or God knows what else."

"What does your father have to do with any of this?", Ellie asked Diana from out of nowhere.

"What the hell are you talking about?", Diana clucked as she burped incredulously.

"You said something about the Commodore --", she replied.

"You stupid idiot!", Diana screamed, with her arms ready to wring Ellie's neck. "The Commodore is a home computer! It's a brand name! You're a mindless ostrich with your head in the goddamn sand if you don't know that a Commodore is a fucking home computer! And why the hell are you always bringing up my father to me? You're a jealous piece of shit, that's what you are!"

Ellie could not take any further abuse from her best friend, and ran out of the room sobbing, leaving me alone in the unpredictable clutches of Lady Diana, who was now directing her attention to me, ready to explode upon impact.

"Now you listen to me and listen good!", she snarled. "I'm throwing you into Non- Existence! You are never again permitted to use those fake claim forms! Do you realize that you have placed the entire Church of Scientology at risk?"

"But they've worked for the last three years, and Peter approved --"

"Shut up!", she blared. "I'm not done talking to you yet! As of right now, by my order, you're stopping all production. No more claims! Well, not until I figure out what the hell to do with you."

"What about the five claims that are pending?", I inquired with a twitching eye.

"You'd better hope that nothing goes wrong with them, and that your fucking Cousin Richard doesn't know about any of our other business!"

"You said you didn't want to talk about him", I reminded her with dissonant vocal chords of supplicated glee.

"I don't!", she wailed. "I am going to make my decision in twenty-four hours, after I confer with the Watchdog Committee. Don't you realize how difficult you have made things for me? I am surrounded by enemies wherever I turn, and I don't need this extra aggravation! My mother may have to go to jail because of people like you that have ruined her life!"

Diana started to cry like a baby, and I saw a very vulnerable and sentimental human side to her that I never knew existed. I reached over to hold and comfort her.

"Don't touch me! Get away from me, you snake!", she warned, reeling into the corner of the room like a crazed animal.

"I'll leave you alone now", I whispered softly as I backed up toward the door. "What time do you want me to come back tomorrow?"

"Get out of here and drop dead!", she screamed.

It was difficult to talk to her when she was slightly moody.

"What a shame that Scientologists aren't allowed to take Midol", I thought with regret.

At seven o'clock the next morning, while I was taking a shower, I heard a pounding upon the door of my hotel room at the Fort Harrison. I put a towel around myself and opened the door. There were two women from the Commodore's Messenger Org who looked and spoke like they had just been released from a KGB boot camp.

"Are you both here to scrub my back or my front?", I asked philosophically.

"Get dressed!", the butchier of the two dames commanded.

"Where am I going?", I inquired.

"Get dressed!", she repeated as if she had just completed a proctology exam.

"Would you like to wait outside, please?", I suggested.

"We'll wait right here!", stated the second stooge.

"Fine! Do that!", I yelled back, removing my towel and throwing it at their feet, as I started itching my crotch vehemently in front of them.

As I started to dry my hair, the first poor excuse for a female unplugged my hair dryer and snapped her fingers indicating that I should rush. It was a futile effort to try to look presentable. Whoever needed me at that ungodly hour probably didn't care how I looked anyway.

It was Diana.

With her red hair lavishly unkempt in grotesque asshole-brown curlers, she was sipping on a steaming cup of unjelled jello that she had just mixed with hot water before I was unceremoniously dragged in.

"I'll have to make a plane to L. A. in an hour, so I'll be brief", she said, neither saying hello nor offering any apologies for her erratic behavior of the night before.

"You can leave now, ladies", she ordered as she ushered out the messengers with a swoop of her hand.

"Norman Starkey and I had a long talk about you last night", she began, "and we came up with a suitable handling for your problem that we can all live with."

Norman Starkey was one of the top executives from Author's Services who was on the Watchdog Committee of International Management, which was the new name for the World Wide Management Orgs. He was once the Captain of Ron's yacht, the Apollo.

"You are going to become a stock broker", Diana said austerely.

"What?", I gasped in shock. "I don't know the first thing about --"

"You need to take care of that right away", she interrupted.

"But why?", I demanded.

"Two reasons", she quipped. "I was going to have Ellie tell you about it, but since you are so obnoxious, I'll explain it to you myself, only you are making me very late for the airport."

"Couldn't I ride with you to the airport?", I offered. "I can even drive you there in my car if you like."

"I don't ever want to be seen with you", she snapped. "Anyway, the first reason is because I need you to appropriate some blank scripts."

"I don't understand what you're talking about", I admitted.

"You don't know what blank scripts are?", she asked. "And you're the Fields Financial Planner of Fort Lauderdale? I'm going to throw Ellie into Doubt for not getting you properly trained up on your hat."

"Just give me an Admin dictionary and I'll look it up", I suggested.

"Oh, God. You are really nuts!", she observed. "This is a confidential operation! You're not going to find "blank scripts" in the Admin dictionary! Blank scripts are blank stock broker's confirmation slips; and I mean the real ones, not the crap that you've been generating on your hack computer."

"So let me get this straight", I said. "You want me to get a job as a stock broker, just so that I can swipe some blank confirmation slips in order to have proof for the stock buys and sells to send in with the class action claim forms. Am I right?"

"What is this word "swipe?", she asked annoyingly. "Is that the kind of respect you have for what we are doing?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it in a negative way", I apologized.

"The correct word is appropriate", she instructed. "But in answer to your question, getting the job as a stock broker is a lot more than just appropriating the necessary forms. You need to learn how the blank scripts are properly filled out by handling real ones every day on the job. There are lots of internal codes to learn within the brokerage house where you will be working that neither I nor Ellie can teach you because we don't know them."

"Which company do I have to work for?", I inquired.

"I don't give a shit about that!", she choked as some liquid jello started drying up in her windpipe. "That's between you and Peter Letterese. Any company will do fine as long as you have access to the forms. They're always in some closet or storage room, aren't they? God, I shouldn't have to do Ellie's job. She should be giving you all this data, not me. There is always so much DEV-T on my lines!"

"But if I have to work as a stock broker, that means I'll have to leave the shoe store. There will be nobody to help my father out", I explained.

"Well isn't that too fucking bad!", Diana mimicked. "So you expect Scientology to stop expanding because of your daddy's wog shoe store! Now that's a new one! Wow! You don't give a damn about your Bridge, do you? How selfish can you get?"

"I want to go up the Bridge more than I want life itself, but I'm trying not to be selfish to my father either. He depends on me", I continued. "And anyway, how can I change careers at thirty-two years old? I don't know beans about bonds. Can't you find me something to do that's not so yawningly boring? The next thing you'll want to turn me into is an anemic tax accountant."

"Look, you little Jewish faggot!", she hissed, gritting her teeth while she grabbed me violently by the throat. "You're living in a dream world, aren't you? Do you have any idea how long it takes the average Sea Org member to go up the Bridge? Ten, fifteen, maybe twenty years. They all have to work damn hard for those two and a half hours a day of study time. All you ever have to do is ask a couple of your dead-in-the-head wog monkeys to sign a few pieces of paper, and you get to go up the Bridge without hardly ruffling a hair on your thetan ass! Not only that, your wife and relatives have stolen from us, and you weren't even punished for it. You should have been thrown into Treason for half the shit you and your family pulled so far. And now that I have a way to get you back onto production, you repay me with this bullshit over your demanding father and his fucking shoe store? I ought to take you out and shoot you!"

"I'm sorry I said anything, believe me!", I pleaded, with my nerves visibly shaken by Diana's profound oratory. "I'm an asshole and I will write up my out-ethics and see that you get a copy of it. I'll take full responsibility for every stupid thing I've said to you."

"You'd better start to take some responsibility!", Diana rebuffed. "Do you know what would have happened if that Postal investigation got blown out of proportion by the enemy? It would have come back to haunt us, that's what! They would ask "How did an ordinary shoe salesman learn a sophisticated career in Financial Rescue and Retrieval?" How would we convince the Government that a shoe salesman who majored in philosophy and never once studied economics or business administration, could come up on his own with the most brilliant and sophisticated victimless asset redistribution participation program in the world? At least as a broker, your knowledge and expertise of how you could have created the "acting classes" on your own is more plausible. Don't you even care about protecting Scientology against wog attacks by the Government bulldogs? Well, Steven, it's my irrevocable decision that you become a stock broker, and it's not petitionable. If you make any promises that you don't keep, I'll yank all of your auditing certificates, just remember that! If this is the route you've chosen to go up the Bridge, then damn it, do it right! Ellie is not going to be on her post forever. She has her eyes set on an administrative position on the Watchdog Committee of the Religious Technology Center, and when that happens, her present post might open up for you! You've got to start thinking about your future in Scientology. My God, one day you might have your own network of Orgs doing Acting Classes all over the planet! Do you think I'm doing this so you can be a mutual fund pusher for the rest of your life? You're only going to have to work in that wog scene for as long as it takes to get the forms. I don't give a damn if you're a good broker or a bad broker. There isn't a Scientologist alive who would ever trust you with their money anyhow."

"I don't know a single Scientologist who has any money left to invest!", I stated.

"That's a stinking remark to make", she scowled. "Just because you're such a failure at life doesn't mean that everyone else is. But I have no intention of evaluating or invalidating you. A stock broker who isn't on his OT levels is bound to screw up anyway."

"Why is that?", I asked.

"How can a wog broker predict the future to his clients when he doesn't even have enough power and ability to cause stocks to rise and fall by postulate?", she explained profoundly.

"Wow! I never thought of that!", I realized.

"Do you know what the definition of a stock broker is?", Diana yelled out from the bathroom



as she took the curlers out of her hair.

"No", I said.

"A stock broker is someone who handles your money until its all gone!", she answered.

"That sounds more like what an Org Registrar does", I thought to myself. However, I didn't have either enough confront or a sufficient quantity of balls to tell Diana that!

When I arrived back at the Mission of Fort Lauderdale, I was relieved to see Peter Letterese. He and Barbara Fawcett had become engaged to be married, and this was no surprise, as their relationship was in covert heat for years. While he was in San Francisco, Barbara finally made up her mind and said "Yes." It must have been impossible for her to find anyone else to sleep with during the time that Peter was away, and proposing to Barbara was undoubtedly Peter's charitable act of pity and sympathy toward women in general.

The fall of 1982 placed quite a strain on me. Since I was still in Non-Existence, I was not allowed to be audited at all. Nothing could change until I worked my way out of the lower Ethics Conditions by becoming hatted as a stock broker and securing the "blank scripts." I was very upset and ARC Broken with Diana's order, because my craving for Grade Three could have put the addiction of a crack cocaine user to shame. Several large class action claim checks arrived in November and December, but when there was still a moratorium on my auditing, I used all of that money to reduce the mortgage on my house. Now I had more overts and withholds against Scientology, and I felt more blame, shame and regret than I ever had in my whole life.

Jaime was thrilled when she saw that the outstanding balance on our mortgage had been lowered. She was very glad to see that all of the errands that I had been running for "Meyer Lansky in Tampa" were starting to pay off. Finally, she actually seemed proud of me when I told her that I decided to make something of my life and become a stock broker. Imagine! I had my dumb cluck wife convinced that selling securities and investments was something I truly wanted to do on my own! The air-headed spoiled bitch never once made the slightest effort to understand what made me tick. Still, our relationship improved significantly. On the nights that Jaime wasn't too exhausted from resting all day, she ran a clearance sale, giving me eight minutes of timed intercourse for the price of six. There were fleeting moments when I almost imagined that I liked her again, until I came to my senses and the orgasm was over.

Peter made arrangements with the Securities Training Corporation to get me fully hatted as a stock broker, as well as completely prepared to take the Series 7 Brokerage Exam. Studying that wogshit was so dull and boring! It was so hard to sit through the brokerage classes without daydreaming of Ron and our Tech. Nevertheless, I passed all of the exams and obtained the appropriate licenses to sell stocks, bonds, options and commodities. I just hoped that I would never have to actually use any of that useless information.

My father once had dabbled in the stock market, and had a broker named Ken Schaeffer at the Inverrary office of Dean Witter Reynolds. It just so happened that another broker in Ken's office by the name of Noel Wallis caught Ken looking through his customer list in order to steal his accounts away from him, which is very typical of ethics amongst non-Scientologists. When Noel reported Ken to the branch manager, Ken was promoted to assistant manager of the Coral Springs office, and Ken's partner offered me his old job. In wog societies, downstats are always rewarded and upstats are frequently punished. Some of you who have never been outside an Org before might not understand how screwy life can be in businesses that are not being run according to the

policies of L. Ron Hubbard. I hope you can forgive me for upsetting you with these harsh realities, but it's a cruel, sick world out there and the best advice I can give you is just try to ignore it until Scientology makes it all go away.

I was probably the worst stock broker extant on planet Earth to date. I elevated incompetence into an art form. Bringing me your investment portfolio was worse than checking into a mental hospital with a five million dollar catastrophic health insurance policy which had no deductible and paid one hundred percent of all benefits. I lost money for every single person who did business with me, but most of my loyal customers got soaked for a hundred thousand dollars or more. My biggest customer was a chain-smoking ex-convict with psoriasis named Steve Sklar who lost three hundred thousand dollars with me in less than a year. My boss, and Ken's old partner Hank Martin loved the way I was doing business because I churned accounts left and right, and generated a lot of commissions for him. Hell, my customers were only wogs anyway. It didn't matter to me how much money people made or lost because I was on salary, earning \$ 250 per week. Between you, I and the lamp post, I wasn't worth that extravagant paycheck. I should have been fired the day I got the job. Still, I was an excellent administrator, with the most organized desk in the whole office. I had all of my paper clips lined up like toy soldiers, and no one at Dean Witter Reynolds had a larger rubber band collection than I did.

On Saturdays, I still took the time to help my father in the shoe store by organizing the inventory in the back room. I felt so secure to be alone with the shoe boxes after having to deal with insane people all week long. At least the merchandise did not yell at me like my idiot customers did at Dean Witter Reynolds. I couldn't help it if they were stupid enough to listen to my dumb advice.

Do you know how I used to pick stocks out for my clients? I used APM, or the Aviary Projectile Method. The bottom of my parakeet cage was always lined with the daily stock record of the Wall Street Journal. Wherever the poop landed was my daily buy recommendation to my accounts. The difficult part was in knowing what to tell my customers when the birds were constipated or didn't want to eat.

Cypress Shoes was right next door to the State of Florida Driver's License Bureau. One day, United Parcel Service delivered their new driver's license machine to our store by mistake. You have no idea how happy Fred Hare was when he had heard that I donated the driver's license machine to the Guardian's Office at the Miami Org. Now we were able to provide our G. O. Agents with real Florida driver's licenses for whatever identity or mock-up they were using at the time. In appreciation for that, Fred Hare asked Diana Hubbard to upgrade my Ethics Condition from Non-Existence to Emergency, bypassing the middle Condition of Danger.

At Emergency I was able to get audited again, and when the Executive Director of Miami Bob Levy requested Ethics Officer Frank Thompson to declare me "sessionable" again, I used up five Kleenex Man-Sized tissues as I wept for joy.

In the meantime at the Mission of Fort Lauderdale, Peter was getting very annoyed with me, since I had not been able to "appropriate" any Dean Witter Reynolds "scripts", and I was starting to become an embarrassment to Ellie Bolger, who repeatedly had to continue assuring Diana that I would not let her down.

"You've already missed the deadline for sending in the Flight Transportation Corporation claim", Peter bullied. "That's forty thousand dollars you just let fly out the window! It's not going to look very flattering when I send Ellie this Knowledge Report."

The blank confirmation slips were locked up in the wire operator's "cage", and no brokers were allowed in there. I couldn't help thinking that Diana was a real shmuck, having ordered me trained as a stock broker. I should have become a wire operator, whose function it was to enter the orders onto the teletype or "wire", and then receive back a printed confirmation of the stock purchase or sale from the main computer. I was trained for the wrong job! I felt like an ophthalmologist who spent ten years studying optic surgery just to be able to tweeze eyelashes.

Only the office manager and the wire operator had keys to the "cage", or the restricted area where the teletype machine was located. There was a whole box of blank confirmation forms sitting under the teletype printer. Every time I turned in a securities order to the cage, I was so close to the scripts that I could just taste them. Yet I had no way in there. The office manager kept his key to the cage on a keychain in his pocket, and Nicole the wire operator kept hers in a handbag, which was always next to her in the cage.

I had another big problem at the brokerage office. There was a rule which stated that all stock brokers had to wear a tie. I tried wearing one for a couple of days, but I would always break out into a profuse sweat, and I felt as if I were choking. When my boss, Hank Martin saw what was going on, he allowed me to take the tie off at all times, except when the regional district manager came to the office to spy on everyone.

Nevertheless, I asked Nancy Witkowski to audit me on the mystery of the cravat, and although it took a full month's salary at Dean Witter Reynolds to pay for the auditing intensive, I eventually found why I couldn't stand to wear the tie at work.

In a former lifetime during the year 1561, when I was a Catholic Priest by the name of Delfino Garcia in Malaga, Spain, I was hung by the neck when I was caught having intercourse with the Bishop's mistress. Every time that I wore a tie, it restimulated the mental image picture of the hangman's rope around my neck. Without any conscious or analytical awareness of it, my reactive mind called into view all of the pain and suffering that I underwent during the hanging, and wearing the tie made me feel all of the "somatics", or physical effects of the incident as if it was still taking place in present time.

Discovering the source of the incident did not have the effect of making me rush out to the mall and buy fifty new ties. The advantage of knowing why I had a phobia like that was reward enough for me. At least now I knew that I wasn't crazy. Psychiatry would have never been able to find the true reason for my behavior, because the barbaric cult of Freudian analysis never takes into account the effects of former lifetimes. The only disadvantage of finding out about the rope around my neck was the appearance of a horrible red rash which came from a four hundred year old allergy to hemp, which was the material from which the rope was made. Unfortunately, the rash never went away.

Speaking of hangings, the witch hunt by the psychotic U. S. Government against Mary Sue Hubbard caused her to lose her appeal, despite Ron's frantic postulates to help her from where he was hiding out. None of us expected Ron, our adoring and eternal Source, to come forward and present himself in court at Mary Sue's appeal, because the first thing that the FBI and the bastard United States Attorney would have done is to brutally arrest him too! Can you imagine how much heartache Ron must have felt when his wife was snatched away from him by the mad cohorts of organized Federal Criminal Psychiatry?

Scientologists from all over the world wrote thousands of letters begging Judge Norma Johnson of Washington, D. C. to show Mary Sue a little mercy. But the Federal Judge Whore

sentenced the Godmother of Ethics to four years hard labor at the Federal Correctional Institution for Women in Lexington, Kentucky. You can bet your ass that I sent Suppressive Norma plenty of Bingo junk mail, so that I could get back at her in the only possible way I knew how for hurting my sweet Commodore Staff Guardian. The agony we suffered was more than any sensitive parishioner of the Church could bear. To this day I am angry that President Reagan did not give her an executive pardon. I thought there would be some special understanding between one Ron and another. Poor, poor Diana! Seeing her mother in jail could even have affected her sex life. That is why I had to make a special effort to keep my promise to Diana and get the blank scripts.

The squirrels had started to spread vicious gossip and false rumors about L. Ron Hubbard too, saying that he had died, and all kinds of crap like that. Even Lavenda called me to tell me that it "wasn't really Ron's voice on his New Year's message of 1983", known as Ron's Journal 36. What a bunch of sick predators they were that would pounce on any opportunity to malign our Founder, just because he had to withdraw from the insanity and savagery of wog publicity in order to preserve and protect the Tech from further attacks.

"Something drastic has to be done about all your stalling", Ellie said over the phone. "You have been at Dean Witter Reynolds for over three months and you have not secured the blank forms as ordered."

"I told you they're all locked up in the wire cage!", I asserted. "I can't get to them!"

"Did you try sleeping with the wire operator yet?", Ellie asked in earnest.

"I would love to do that for my own sake as well as for yours!", I promised. "But she won't look at me. She likes surfers."

"Well, I've got a new idea", she said encouragingly. "Do you have any kind of supply directory in your office?"

"Yeah, I've seen it on the branch manager's desk", I acknowledged.

"Very good!", Ellie panted. "Why don't you find out where you order more of those forms from and get them to send you an extra couple of boxes. Once they come, they might store them somewhere in the office that you actually have access to."

"Why the hell did you wait three months to tell me that?", I protested antagonistically.

"I just thought of it, and if you are such a genius like you claim to be, why didn't you think of it first?", she retorted.

There was no use in blaming each other when we had to work together to avoid the wrath of Diana's downstats. I arranged for the requisition of 10,000 blank scripts to be sent to the Inverrary office by telling an order clerk in New York that our supply was nearly completely out. The name I used to order the forms was Ken Schaeffer, the broker who I had replaced.

About two weeks later, while I was busier than a cockroach refilling my staple machine, the United Parcel delivery lady who always smelled from Massengill douche powder brought in four large boxes containing 2,500 forms each.

"We have enough of these forms for the next two years!", said Nicole, the wire operator. "Why

the hell did they send us more? I have no room for them in the cage!"

"The supply department must have screwed up!", the office manager said. "Stick them in the closet!"

So on the 6th of April 1983, my mission was complete. I came back to my office at 11:00 P.M. to literally "catch up on my paper work." I opened three of the four boxes and removed about 1,000 sheets of continuous forms in all, making certain that each load had serial numbers that started with different digits. I sent Diana a CSW, or Completed Staff Work Report, indicating that I finally achieved success at last!

On the following day, I delivered all of the blank scripts to Peter Letterese. He was so overjoyed with my heroic accomplishment that he allowed me to take him out to dinner. Peter never associated with anyone from the Mission socially, and I jumped on the chance to gain more favor in his eyes. Naturally, I invited Barbara along too, since she was now his fiancée. The honor of hosting the Executive Director of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale was so exciting that I wet my pants a little bit. Even thetans can get carried away sometimes.

After dinner, Peter divided the forms in half and had Reggie Monce deliver the balance to Frank Thompson at Miami, in order that they would be forwarded to Ellie Bolger at Flag via the Org Mailpak, which was our internal courier and delivery service. Ron never allowed sensitive materials to be sent through the mails, as it was off-Policy to trust any branch of the Federal Government with data which was vital and essential to the security of the Third Dynamic.

When Ellie Bolger received the blank scripts, she forwarded them on to Diana, who had just returned from Saint Hill. On the 18th of April 1983, Diana summoned me back to Flag, and awarded me the permanent rank of Kha-Khan, in appreciation of the highest commendation possible for courage and valor within Scientology organizations.

I didn't even know what a Kha-Khan was. When I first heard the word I thought it was a very unhealthy type of bowel movement. However, when I looked it up in Modern Management Technology Defined, I found that a "particularly brave deed was recognized by an award of the title of Kha-Khan. It was not a rank. The person remained what he was, but he was entitled to be forgiven the death penalty ten times in case in the future he did anything wrong. Kha-Khans are producing, high statistic staff members. They can get away with murder without a blink from Ethics."<sup>[63]</sup>

So there I was, a fierce, formidable warrior of the Scientology elite, who had the world by the scrotum and the power of Source in my very own pocket.

I was also eligible to buy the Kha-Khan Pendant, which only cost one thousand two hundred fifty dollars, or the steal of the century. It was personally designed by gemologists hired on behalf of Ron and hand-crafted from various famous intergalactic stones which according to Ellie Bolger, are only found on half the continents of this planet. The Kha-Khan Pendant has stunning purple and yellow ARC triangles fashioned in the shapes of glittering diamonds and pyramids. It is still the most treasured possession I have, and far more valuable than anything else I own, especially my body. I wouldn't sell it to you, even if you offered me a hundred and fifty billion dollars for it. However, for anything more than that, we might be able to do business.

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

## Breaking Up Is Hard To Do, But We Can Help

Within weeks I was knocking out completed class action claims faster than a nymphomaniac rabbit makes bunnies. Ellie suggested that I use the addresses of old Dean Witter Reynolds offices throughout the country that had been closed down due to poor sales volume as the brokerage houses of origin for the mocked-up forms. Also, I had been calculating broker's commissions for the buy and sell manually, until Ellie gave me a computer disc to automatically generate the commission amounts. It saved me two hours from doing the math. That was time that could be put to better use. There was a public shelter for battered females called Women In Distress, and hanging around in front of the place was a fantastic way of meeting desperate girls who I could put up for the evening in the nearby Budget Six Motel, ravishing and plundering them all night long for less money than I used to spend on common street hookers. During these escapades, I always talked my prey into signing a claim or two for me. It was incredible how those invisible faces in the dark were providing tens of thousands of dollars for my Bridge with a single stroke of the pen between multiple strokes of the pelvis.

It's a good thing that I'm a decent, regular nice guy. I could have become a pimp in no time if I wanted to take advantage of women and break the law. I thought about it, but I didn't want to tarnish my reputation or give Scientology a bad name. Kha-Khans have a higher standard of Ethics than regular thetans, you know.

My boss, Hank Martin, handled the portfolios of many wealthy clients, and I noticed that in order to retain their business, he used to discount their brokerage commissions up to fifty percent. Since I was submitting claims for ten thousand shares of stock, I decided to make the mocked-up confirmation slips reflect a similar discount. When Ellie received a copy of one of the completed forms, she carried on like a raving lunatic.

"You can't cut those commissions!", she objected. "That will result in a smaller settlement check for us!"

"I can't believe how petty you are, Ellie!", I rebuked. "The difference in the commission might affect the claim by four dollars at the most!"

"Well, four dollars can still buy a Dianetics book", she insisted.

When the matter was brought before Diana Hubbard, she fully agreed that a major client who was trading ten thousand shares of stock would be entitled to at least a fifty percent reduction in commission, and called Ellie a greedy, narrow-minded ostrich for opposing me.

"You're a lot closer to getting Ellie's job than you think", Diana revealed to me on my next trip to Flag, giving me a subtle wink.

It was at the thirty-third birthday party for Book One that Diana introduced me to David Miscavige, the most important executive in Scientology next to Ron himself. Actually, it was not much of an introduction, since I only got to shake his hand. Still, he had the feel of infinite cleanliness about him, looking in his white formal Sea Org jacket like an animated wax figurine toy puppet that never had to be wound up to go to the bathroom. He appeared far too perfect for dust to ever land on him either. If I were Ron, I would have wanted him for my own private collection too.

But just when I thought that I had finally made it into the big leagues, mingling with the inner circle of Source's Politburo instead of the hoi polloi of workaday Orgs, the shit began to hit the fan at the Mission of Fort Lauderdale. Peter had asked Denise to call on the status of several claims that had been settled during the time that I was denied the right to be audited, and I finally had to admit that I had used the proceeds of those checks to reduce the mortgage on my house, which of course was all Jaime's fault. Peter asked me to write up an Overt Withhold Report on the total amount of money which Jaime had swindled us out of by means of sexual extortion, blackmail and sheer piracy. There was no doubt that a divorce court could be seen through the binoculars of the future on a not too distant shore.

"You have second dynamic cancer!", Peter declared with stern melodramatic emotionlessness. "Why you would ever want the poison to spread over into your life is between you and your auditor. But when your malignant wife begins to infect us, it becomes another matter. I have no choice but to report you to Ellie as a stat crasher. How could you permit your bitch to talk you into anything so reprehensible as putting your Bridge Fund to personal use? She has turned you into a criminal, stealing from your own future! I have a mind to throw you out of Scientology completely!"

And that's exactly what would have happened had I not been awarded the title and status of Kha-Khan. Ellie yelled at me so savagely that she sounded like she was having a double hemorrhage while being raped by an elephant. It was a good thing that her tirade took place over the telephone. To muffle the noise, I sat on the mouthpiece as the vibrational echo of her shrill discordant shrieking tickled my rectum. It didn't feel that bad, actually, especially when I expelled some gas in her ear as she finished up her summation. But when Diana got wind of it, she threw Peter into Danger for failing to adequately supervise me properly. Instead of punishing the goose that was laying the golden eggs, Diana directed her attention toward eliminating the fox that was eating all of the chickens. That fox was Jaime, and a campaign had started to get her out of my life forever.

Ordinarily, Fred Hare would have handled the entire matter through the Guardian's Office. He always liked my idea to feed Jaime to the lions by having her committed to a mental institution. But Fred had his own troubles. Because of repercussions from Mary Sue's arrest and subsequent conviction, the Guardian's Office crashed and was renamed OSA, or the Office of Special Affairs, which was established by the public relations people in order to create the perception of respectability. None of us hard liners wanted anything to do with OSA's charade of blind reasonableness, and those who were not amused with the new saccharine approach toward the psychs and their organized crime government retail outlets of the DEA, the FDA, the FBI and IRS initially refused to join the Office of Special Affairs, and many others even boycotted it by withholding their support altogether.

Many of the old timers went to work for CCHR, or the Citizens Commission on Human Rights, which had been a relatively minor Org in Scientology whose purpose it was to expose the brutalities of psychiatry. Now, under the leadership of rising stars Dennis Clarke and Freddie Ulan, CCHR entered its renaissance, conducting protests called Psychbusts at every major psychiatric event on the planet. I too became instantaneously involved in Psychbusting, using my G. O. skills to be as disruptive to the evil demonic psychs as possible.

Nevertheless, a part of me died when the Guardian's Office crashed. No one knew how to silence the psych criminals with deadlier force than Mary Sue. As much as I liked and respected Dennis Clarke and Freddie Ulan, neither one of them could hold a candle to the Commodore Staff Guardian, whether she was in prison or not.

Fred Hare had his own problems. The United States Government for World Psychiatry started a big fiasco in order to revoke our tax exempt status as a Church. Fred was summoned at a witness at one of the kangaroo court proceedings and was told by Scientology International Management not to appear because the pleadings were a complete mockery of justice and a sham. Consequently, Fred had to remain low key for awhile until the suppression died down and the Federal Marshals forgot about him.

It was amidst all of these vicious attacks that Diana consulted her friend Annie Broeker, the Commanding Office of the Commodore's Messenger Organization, in order to assign one of her best messengers to the vital and courageous task of breaking up my marriage. Peter and I welcomed the idea with long-awaited enthusiasm and baited breath. I was dispatched at once to my summer home in Lake Lure, North Carolina, in order to meet my new "housekeeper." Her stat was to clean the house until my wife was gone.

Bonny Mott was the most incredible person I have ever met. Upon encountering her for the first time, you would think that you were talking to a highly educated, well kept and respectable professional nanny and governess, who in her fifty- four years, made Mary Poppins look like a rank amateur. Well, she was all of those things and more. Thirty years earlier she might have been very beautiful. She had a faded Nordic look with blonde hair and blue eyes; much the type that the Nazis liked to utilize for breeding purposes. Now she was older and wiser, but still very much a postulate-popping thetan.

I was very impressed with her references during our interview. And since she would be living with my family and I in Florida, I wanted to be sure that she was going to be a suitable influence and role model for my two small children. Her qualifications were perfect!

She revealed to me that she was from the planet Avodelegadra, and when the body that she was presently occupying was five years old, it was in a terrible fire, and the original thetan who was running the body abandoned it during the heat of the infernal blaze.

Bonny was a "walk-in", or a thetan that picked up the body of a five year old girl when the former occupant "did a bunk", which in Scientology means "on her way over the hills and far away and she's just now passing Galaxy 18."<sup>[64]</sup> Well, that's Ron's definition for leaving the body and never coming back. That's when Bonny walked in, saved the body from the fire, and operated it ever since. In auditing, Bonny was unable to run any memory of birth in her current lifetime. Her earliest incident was the fire, and yet she was very aware of her entire chain of former lifetimes going back many trillions of years. It's no big deal. Every other OT Five Scientologist can do it on the E-Meter with the same relative ease as wogs can eat oat bran for breakfast.

Over seventy percent of her body was once burned beyond recognition, but over the years through New Era Dianetics auditing, only faint scars could be seen where charred skin tissue once had been. She completely rehabilitated her body through the skills gained in Scientology.

I once asked her why she had chosen to pick up a body that had been burnt to a crisp instead of getting born like everybody else. The pain that she endured must have been insufferable.

"If you think that I was about to go through the conception sequence like all of you other crazy monkeys, then you've been dancing under the lights of the operating room too long", she said. "I wasn't about to waste nine months of my life being bored to death in the womb of some strange woman who might even try to abort me!"



"Some expectant mothers are like that", I recognized.

"Well, I'll take my chances in a towering inferno a lot quicker than playing baby daughter to a pro-choice bitch!", she argued correctly.

I finally met a woman who knew what she was doing. What a relief, too! Why did the sane ones always have to be too old for me? She would have been simply marvelous if she were thirty years younger, although she tried to convince me unsuccessfully that the difference in our biological ages did not matter. It sure did to me!

Bonny's life had been a total disaster before coming into Scientology. Her first husband was an alcoholic who made a living selling his blood for a bottle of Johnny Walker Red. Her second marital partner had murdered his parents, and then expected the judge to feel sorry for him at sentencing because he had become an orphan. Bonny's last lunge at love did them both a favor and killed himself.

She also had four children whom she no longer talked to because they were still Christians, and after a few bad rounds with LSD in the 60's as a midlife crisis hippie, she wandered into the Church of Scientology of Detroit in Royal Oak, Michigan. Her first major post had been that of the L. Ron Hubbard Communicator of Ann Arbor in 1968, and by 1975 she had attained the status of Commodore's messenger.

Before joining staff, she had been to numerous mad psychiatrists who all tried to make a fool out of her because of what she said happened during the fire and before this lifetime. Scientology was the first group that not only believed her, but actually audited out the pictures of the blaze which had traumatized her for so very long. Then, with the help of the Purification Rundown and other advanced Standard Tech remedies, she fully healed and rehabilitated her body. Then after receiving additional processing on the expanded grades and OT levels, she finally cognited on who and what she was, and which planet she had come from.

Having fully rehabilitated her memory of the last seventy-six trillion years, Bonny was anxious and eager to help me raise my daughters and educate them in the wisdom of Scientology, in order that they would benefit from her personal experience. I told her that it was equally important to reduce the tentacles of influence which my sick, demented wife held over them. Bonny and I were both terrified that Jaime's destructive wog ideas would prevent my children from growing up standardly and normally with Ron's Tech under their little belts.

"Don't worry", Bonny reassured me. "Arielle and Elysia will very soon turn into outstanding Sea Org Cadets -- I'll see to that! And you'll be out of your disgusting marriage before Ron's next birthday! I've got my own secret recipe for human wog divorces!"

Firing my previous housekeeper was easy. Julie Lombard and I never got along ever since I hired her to replace Joy Green. She was a chain-smoking Indian Rights Activist who stuck me with a long distance telephone bill for thirteen hundred dollars from calling every known tribal chief in the United States. She had been plotting to overthrow the Government and install the leader of the American Indian Movement, Russell Means, as Chieftain of the American Territories. Now there is nothing wrong in my opinion with overthrowing the United States Government. It's a good idea in principle, but only when done by Scientologists and not by wild Indians, despite the fact that I liked Russell Means a lot and I certainly would have voted for him if he were successful.

Yvonne Shirley Mott, which was the name that Bonny's mother gave the girl who occupied her body before the fire, arrived at my home in Davie, Florida with her 1970 candy apple red Bonny-Bonneville Pontiac convertible. Her first order of business was in getting me back on production swiftly and efficiently. She couldn't believe what a criminal Julie Lombard had been by saddling me with those outrageous phone charges. We decided that we would remedy the outness by sending in the very next class action lawsuit in Julie Lombard's name.

The National Student Marketing Case was going to be a big fat juicy settlement, with an eventual check for over one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. It was only fitting and proper that my Indian Telephone Princess be the claimant. In all of the excitement in getting the claim sent out on time, I used Julie's real Social Security Number on the form instead of mocking up one. Peter Letterese was shocked that I had goofed up so carelessly, and he asked Bonny to make a postulate which would prevent my mistake from ever being recognized by the Internal Revenue Service. Postulates work a hell of a lot better than holy water, you know. Ron always said "Intention is Cause", and when you make a postulate, you intend something, causing it to actually happen. With Bonny and Ron behind me, I had nothing to worry about. Besides, every thetan is entitled to at least one mistake.

Jaime loved having Mrs. Mott around the house! Bonny befriended my wife immediately, telling her how cruel and selfish I seemed to be, and how Jaime was a martyr and a saint to put up with my idiosyncrasies over putting everything in order. Bonny cooked for her and brought up meals to her room, which was something I had never allowed other housekeepers to do before, even when she was pregnant. You didn't expect me to spoil the bitch by rewarding her downstats, did you? Still, Bonny had the task of gaining Jaime's confidence, and who was I to argue with an OT Five genius?

Whenever I went near Jaime to pretend to hug her, Bonny came after me with a roll of paper toweling, hitting me on the arm and scolding me to leave her alone. My wife felt that she finally had someone in her corner. Late at night, after Jaime went to bed, Bonny and I had a good laugh over it while she audited me in her room on her own Mark Five E-Meter.

"Wait until you see what I have in store for that bad-ass suppressive!", Bonny promised.

As much love and ARC as there was in our home, now that we were formulating our Battle Plan to permanently handle Enemy Jaime, Bonny felt it was vital to run the household like a Sea Org Training Base. In the morning and at night we would salute each other with the Sea Org Motto "Revenimus", which is the Latin word for "we come back."<sup>[65]</sup> This of course refers to our native ability as thetans to pick up one body after another, lifetime after lifetime.

The purpose of the home was to get in Ethics, just as it is the purpose of the Sea Org.<sup>[66]</sup> Accordingly, Bonny ruled the roost, assigning me lower Ethics Conditions when I screwed up and higher ones when I had significant upstats. My personal lifestyle was finally being properly handled through the simplicity of Standard Tech. When I did well, Bonny rewarded me by organizing the house in size place and alphabetical order in the way that I liked it, telling Jaime that I "forced her to do it" as a good excuse. When I failed to follow her orders and had consequent downstats, she kept the house clean but extremely chaotic. Imagine how gruesome I felt when I opened up my refrigerator and found that all of the food wasn't lined up like soldiers! I nearly had a heart attack from the disarray. One or two experiences like that was enough to keep me in line, I can assure you. Bonny knew my buttons and how to stomp on them hard when she had to. I loved her for that.

Bonny got me all the way up from the Ethics Condition of Emergency to Affluence, handling

my ethics on a daily basis by running Security Checks on me at night, and sending me down to the Org to get a Security Check Review by Leah Abady once a week. Every day while still in Emergency, I had to submit a Completed Staff Work Report to Bonny, whose actual post in Scientology was the Authorization and Verification Unit Officer of the Commodore's Messenger Org for the Eastern United States. Although Bonny reported directly to Commanding Officer Annie Broeker, she worked very closely with Peter Letterese and Nancy Witkowski on my local scene. It was such a pleasure to function so securely in a highly structured environment. I knew that one day I too would join the Sea Org. She maintained Ethics in so many wonderful ways. On one cool August night while Jaime went out to the lesbian bars with her gay friend Wendy Weil the veterinarian, Bonny and I had a splendid bonfire, burning every book that I had in my den on psychiatry and psychology. We roasted hot dogs on top of the ashes of Freud, Wundt and Pavlov, and the children loved it. Bonny always became very nostalgic for her childhood every time she saw things go up in flames. She was such a sentimental person.

It was nice that Bonny trusted me too. She had twenty thousand dollars in the bank which was an insurance settlement from the death of her son Joey who she hated anyway, and she directed me to invest the full amount for her at Dean Witter Reynolds. Because she was a Scientologist, I took very good care of her portfolio. She was the only customer that I ever had who actually made money with me. When she closed out the account she had twenty-three thousand dollars. There was no way that I would have ever treated her in the same slipshod way that I handled my wog accounts. No, I took full responsibility for her money as if it were either the Org's or my very own.

The children loved Bonny too. She would tell them exciting stories about her past lives, and what happens to a thetan after the body dies. If I paid her five thousand dollars a week to be their nanny instead of the one hundred and fifty that she received in salary from the shoe store, she would have been well worth it. My children learned all about the Between Lives Area, where thetans are implanted with horrible hypnotic suggestions called "forgetters." Before putting them to bed, Bonny explained to my girls that forgetters are horrible implants which blocked out their memory and recollection of their former lifetimes in an evil effort by various prehistoric psychiatrists like the Emperor Xenu to confuse and suppress them. Wasn't it great that my kids were rid of the false ideas of heaven and hell and could actually sleep nights without having nightmares of the Devil and other highly restimulative illusionary wog dramatizations? I thought so. I was hoping that they would be ready to join the Cadet Estates Org by the time they were twelve. The Cadet Estates Org is the junior training organization for the Sea Org, and Bonny and I couldn't wait to sign them up so they could help Ron in Clearing the planet.

Bonny played some great games with the kids. She always made sure that they scribbled their crayons in the Bible, and when my girls were frustrated, Bonny allowed them to hammer and pound on Hanukkah candles. She was an equal opportunity iconoclast, washing the ticks and fleas off the dogs with a Bhudda Beach Blanket; and at birthday parties, teaching the kids to play "Pin the Tail on Mohammed", and offering candy and cookies as upstats for the highest score on her Jesus Christ Dart Board. With Bonny, no wog cult even had a prayer.

Since Scientology is the only true religion, it was critical that the children had the point driven home hard, so they would be quickly and permanently disabused of their "Jewishness", as well as whatever wicked lies they were taught from wog books and wog television about any other false and pointless barbaric belief systems.

All in all, it was very exciting to be around Bonny and to have an on-purpose on-Source Tech terminal in my home. During her free time, Bonny audited herself on OT Five in order to complete

the level. On the upper bands of Operating Thetan, or OT, one does Solo Auditing, which means one audits oneself. On the lower grades where I was, a preclear is not trained well enough to do that, and has to be audited by a certified auditor. Therefore, I enjoyed sitting in Bonny's room and watch her do her Solo Auditing. Every week she put her worksheets in an envelope and had me mail them off to Alain Kartuzinski, her Case Supervisor at the Flag Land Base. One day I peeked at her worksheets before mailing them and was I ever surprised to find out that when Bonny lived on Planet Avodelegadra, I was one of her husbands! It is just amazing how we thetans always seem to get together again and again, even after so many years and through so much empty-headed space. It was a rare honor to have once been married to such a mighty and powerful thetan. I hope that I was worthy of her. Thinking about it still gives me goose bumps.

I was summoned to the Miami Org by Beverly Flahan, the newly appointed Director of Special Affairs. She had taken over the old post of the Deputy Guardian of Miami, because all Guardian's functions had been updated and revised, and were handled by the Office of Special Affairs now.

Beverly was a short, squatty, stocky, stodgy, pudgy, flabby specimen who looked like your average and ordinary brick shit house. Despite her physical insignificance, she was an excellent recruiter, because within five minutes, I had signed up as an OSA Operative. In OSA, we no longer called ourselves "Agents." We were trying to be fancy, similar to the way that whores now called themselves "courtesans." It's all public relations hogwash, and I'm sure that Ron hated it every bit as much as I did. The changes in semantics did not affect my duties or old hat in any way. I still worked on Binging, Ethics Bait, Familial Disconnections and Freeloader Retrieval, but it was now euphemistically called "Making Things Go Right." It has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

The only new thing I had to do was to sign an OSA Security Pledge, promising never to divulge any confidential data about the Office of Special Affairs to anyone. God, I hope that I am not doing any of that right now. The last thing I want to do is to get into trouble!

On Grade Three auditing, I found that I was already exterior, or out of my body, even before I sat down in the auditing chair! Often I would shoot outside my head while walking in the front door of the Mission! With Bonny backing me up at home with moonlight auditing while the wog world was watching Johnny Carson, I was getting to be one hell of a powerful thetan!

In Routine R2-65, known as "Alteration", Nancy Witkowski asked me, "Can you recall a time when you failed to change some energy in this universe?"

"Well, just this morning I tried to leave a fart and change it into thin air, but instead, I shit in my pants", I remembered.

"Very good", Nancy acknowledged. "At what other time did you fail to change some energy in this universe?"

"I once tried to cook some hard boiled eggs, but I left on the light of the stove all day, and there were egg yolks all over the ceiling", I admitted. "Dried exploding yellow eggs has to be the worst smell in the world, even more horrible than week-old vaginal discharge."

But Nancy was looking for events that were on a much grander scale. We went back into former lifetimes, and while I stood there, being three feet in back of my head, looking down at my shloomp body, I recalled a time that I wrecked an entire climate by pulling the air cover off of a planet called Arslycus. At first I went into deep shock, realizing that by committing such a heinous crime, I killed the bodies of several billion thetans. However, when I found out that most of the

population was actually trapped and imprisoned there by an evil psychiatrist, I was relieved with joy to discover that by wrecking the atmosphere and killing the people, I actually set them all free! I had never cognited that death was a fantastic form of liberation before! I always regarded it as something unpleasant to be avoided! It is life that is the real trap. What a dumb ass I had been, looking at everything backwards!

I got a good charge out of R2-50 also. That one was called "Changing Minds." Nancy ordered me over to a spot in the room, and then commanded me to appear there. As soon as I did that, she told me to change my mind and decide to disappear there. Afterwards, Nancy directed me to change my mind a second time and appear there again. I never told her that the spot into which I kept appearing and disappearing was her left tit. She must have intuitively known though, because she kept scratching me off of it. I thought that if I gave her a good hard bite with my thetan teeth, she would consider me a macho guy and notice me. All women like to be slapped around, and I thought I could play upon her natural feminine instinct. However, I had no such luck. We could have had such a damn good time together, with or without our bodies, if she only gave me half a chance.

"Get the idea of another changing you", Nancy continued, running a Change Process.

"I'll tell you what", I proposed. "Tomorrow I'll bring an extra set of clothes, and you can undress me and change me as many times as you want. We can play Dianetic Doctor."

"Okay, but for now, get a different idea of another changing you", she encouraged.

After going through a thousand and one ways to be made naked for several hours, I realized that the worst change that anyone ever did to me was trapping me in my body in the first place. There I had been, a happy idyllic thetan, contemplating the navels of the universe, when I was suddenly and brutally forced into my first shell of flesh, seventy-five trillion years ago. My original body didn't even fit me correctly. It needed to be taken in a couple of inches at the shoulders, and I had to have my penis lengthened. The guy who stuck all those pins in me to have me measured properly was also a real prick. I finally realized where the insanity of acupuncture came from. You don't think some cockeyed Chinaman invented it, do you?

The final process on Grade Three was Routine BS, or "Before Scientology." Nancy asked the proverbial question, "What was your life like before Scientology?"

It was very difficult to think that far back. Did I really have a life before Scientology? It was all so fuzzy. The mental image pictures of the last seventy-five trillion years all seemed to blend together in a puff of stale wet dreams. In this current lifetime, before I came into Scientology, I was nothing but a pathetic self-indulgent whore-mongering exhibitionist. Of course I still had all of those good qualities, but now at least I knew that I didn't need my body to be what I wanted to be.

As a thetan, or pure thought, I no longer had to depend on anything to be nothing and yet still create something. All I had to do is be myself and not my body, which was actually a big load off my mind.

Even though I sent my lump of flesh to work at Dean Witter Reynolds on a daily basis, I really wasn't all there. I enjoyed exteriorizing inside my Quotron machine, which was the name of the computer terminal on my desk which gave me all the stock and commodity prices. Having done Grade Three, it was fun to be a dot on the automated ticker tape travelling along the bottom of the machine. I lived a whole lifetime as a green flickering light in less than five seconds. The Quotron computer soon became one of my best friends, telling me secrets that no human could explain or

convey. For example, I learned how to read quotations for the prices of Uruguayan Mink Pelts and Icelandic Sealskin. There was even a code for the bid and ask for Soviet Vodka. Peter Letterese was astonishingly right. The world economy was one big psychiatric conspiracy linked together through despicable global machinery like my Quotron. It was so ironic that I had come so far in awareness as a Scientologist, and yet as a stock broker, I was now a cog in the wheel of international corporate treachery.

Nothing I learned from the Quotron symbol book had anything to do with my clients, but who the hell gave two shits about them anyway? I had the claim forms, so I could leave at any time. I was just hanging around Dean Witter Reynolds for my own amusement. Sabotaging the wogs out of their money was a bigger thrill than getting my rectum tickled with a feather.

Although I was the kiss of death for every customer except Bonny Mott, I still had a large following, because my office was more like a social club and carnival atmosphere than anything else. I had a sign pasted on the wall which said "You cannot come in here with a tie", and there were always lots of pornographic magazines in my file drawer for my clients to glance at, in case they were having a real bad day.

I started to attract a rowdy group of compulsive gamblers who had severe mental problems. They worshipped the God of Corporate Greed, trading stock options as well as the Standard and Poors 500 Commodity Index, where a long term investment was no more than about five minutes. At least I was there to bear witness to their evil purposes.

One of these connivers was a young lawyer named Keith Nassetta who looked very much like the actor Al Pacino, only he was about a foot shorter. He used to bring huge suitcases of cash into the office that were reputed to be the assets and holdings of drug dealers who were rotting away in jail. I hope that they all had life sentences, since Keith lost at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of their money trading with me. If any of them were released on early parole, they might get annoyed with him for that. With all of my blundering incompetence and deliberate insouciance, Keith still liked me, except when I talked to Peter Letterese on the phone for hours and told him to wait until I was finished reviewing the Mission Stats before putting his order in. By that time, his two hundred dollar loss turned into a four thousand dollar debacle. You certainly didn't expect me to ask Scientology to take a back seat to a stupid client, did you? Still, Keith would never dream of transferring his account anywhere else. I often kept him spellbound with my memories of Planet Arslucus, where I spent ten thousand lifetimes polishing the same brick, working alongside L. Ron Hubbard, until we banded together and pulled off the air cover like I told you about before. Keith didn't believe that I really had been Ron's Loyal Officer back then, but at least he was getting a taste of historical reality which was more than I could say for most people.

"Only the privileged few get a smidgen of Source", I kept telling him.

One brisk morning in January 1984, I came downstairs before going to work in order to look in the bottom of the bird cage, so that I knew which stocks to recommend to my investment junkies for that day. To my amazement, there were no parakeets! They were gone!

I ran into Bonny's room, and started nattering to her about my missing feathered squawkers.

"You remember TR-3, don't you?", Bonny asked sarcastically. "Do birds fly?"

"Are they loose around the house somewhere?", I panicked. "There are seventeen rooms here. We have to find them right now!"

"They have just as much right to be free as we do", she mumbled as she wiped the sleep out of her eyes. "They are thetans stuck in parakeet bodies. They should never have been in a cage."

"Do you mean to say that you let them go?", I gasped.

"They flew bye bye!", she smirked. "Steven, do you honestly think that I enjoyed cleaning their shit every day?"

"But Jaime loves those birds!", I protested. "She'll be heartbroken when she finds them gone, and so will the children."

"She's not going to find them gone, because you are going to march upstairs right now to her ivory tower and tell her that you were the one who turned the birds loose."

"What?", I shrieked. "You did the damage and you want me to take the blame? I won't do it!"

"I'm afraid you have no choice, my precious thetan", Bonny explained. "I've just been thrown into Emergency by Annie Broeker. It is now the 29th of January 1984, and I have been living in your madhouse for six months, and you are still not divorced yet! Even you will readily admit we have been sitting on our fannies being "reasonable" about Jaime instead of doing what we set out to do and making things go right. The bare truth is such that I have no intention of being stuck here forever in your psychotic environment when we have the urgent task of a planet to Clear. So either you help me get rid of her or I am throwing you straight into Doubt!"

"I can't believe that I have to be the one to tell her about it!", I objected. "I loved those parakeets too, you know."

"You are trying my patience", she warned.

And so I marched up to Jaime and I proudly announced that I had set her birds free. She seethed in a reaction of rage and hatred, throwing her Cosmopolitan magazine in my direction and hitting me in the lip with it.

"Do you think you're ever going to get laid again?", she threatened. "Never! You have the ugliest dog's dick in the world! You sweat all over me like a disgusting pig! I hate you! I wish you were dead!"

"Oh, you hate me, do you?", I emoted. "Well that's wonderful, because I would love you to develop the worst kind of leprosy, where your skin falls off, and every cell in your flabby, varicose vein-ridden body starts howling in excruciating pain! You should only die a slow death where every one of your nerve endings are on fire, and your vital organs begin decaying one at a time until gangrene seeps out of your mouth every time you try to talk! And if you think you are ever going to blackmail me with sex again, you are crazy! I am going to fuck you right now, and I'm never going to pay you another cent for your mucous-laden vagina for as long as I live!"

I started to take my pants off in the heat of this wild animosity. Jaime reached for a huge pair of orange cooking shears that she kept in her bedside table either to ward off burglars or to fantasize about them.

"If you come an inch closer, I swear to God I'll cut your cock off!", she bribed.

As discretion was always the better part of valor, I curtsied and bowed out of her room with a false psychiatric smile and went on to work.

"What a long Knowledge Report I have to write today!", I moaned to Bonny on my way out of the house. "I'll never have any time to sharpen my pencils or play with the adding machine. I can't even have any fun today! Getting divorced is more of a pain in the ass than I thought!"

"Oh, but you'll thank me later", she assured me. "Anyway, we still have a long way to go before your wife is over the edge."

There were so many new surprises happening at Ron's seventy-second birthday party in Miami. We watched a televised simulcast from Flag, where Guillaume Lesevre announced that two new Orgs had been established and were in full swing so that Ron's Tech could be used in every wog business on the planet! The World Institute of Scientology Enterprises and Sterling Management Systems would now be equipped to educate raw meat public on Scientology leadership, marketing, report writing, productivity, sales, surveying, expansion, and above all else, Ethics! He said it would soon come to pass where every organization on Earth will be a Scientology organization! Our Executive Director said that humanoid business practices controlled by the suppressive arm of psychiatry shall soon be dead forever!

I received the Warner Communications class action settlement check, and Peter Letterese said that my sizeable advanced payment was partially responsible for the ability of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale to relocate into ultramodern new quarters at 2414 West Oakland Park Boulevard. Imagine finally having our own Scientology showplace in a fashionable section of the city! We were only six blocks from the main Post Office and only a short walking distance from Taco Viva! Peter stunned us with more joy by announcing that within a year at most, we would be a full-fledged Celebrity Center as well!

On the following day, Peter gave Bonny and I the grand tour of the new facility. Both of us volunteered to help prepare the move by packing up the old Preclear Folders, Central Files, and Ethics Office with its several hundred thousand reports. You have no idea how much paper work had accumulated since the Mission was founded in 1973! The second five year lease for the downtown location was due to expire on May the 1st, which only gave us six weeks to move. We wanted to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Mission in our totally new location.

When the Soviet Union celebrated the sixty-seventh anniversary of the Communist Revolution on May Day, I wanted them to know through our big publicity splash that they were actually commemorating the tenth year of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale. I even sent a letter to the Soviet Minister of Cultural Affairs in Washington, reminding him to bring all of his comrades down to our new party headquarters in order to get audited. I told Peter that it was very important to me that the Russians knew that there was a hell of a lot more to life than just Josef Stalin and John Lenin.

Peter commanded a beautiful new office, and brought in exquisite leather furniture which created the homey atmosphere of dead cattle. In keeping with tradition, he gave me first crack at putting his Scientology Library in size place, and in organizing his stat charts. Barbara, Nancy, Fran, Reggie and Denise had less ostentatious offices down the hall with high windows that you couldn't see through even if you were a giraffe with a stiff neck, and these served as interview rooms. There was an elegant mushy salon equipped with television and a video with several soft, supple sofas



suitable for seduction, and two adjacent auditing rooms loaded to the gills with the latest Mark Six E-Meters. The west wing of the Mission had a state-of-the-art courseroom with a separate acoustically perfect sound chamber for listening to Ron's tapes. The only space I didn't like was the bathroom. It was much smaller than in the other place, and since it was right off the main corridor, you couldn't even masturbate without everybody hearing you. Still, I couldn't be expected to wait until I got home to do that, not with this exciting new environment permeating around me!

It was amidst all of this joyous pandemonium that Nancy Witkowski audited me on Grade Four, which is the called the "Ability Release."

The first step was to run Routine R2-59, known as "Survival."

"Point out some things in your surroundings which aren't surviving", Nancy commanded.

"My sperm!", I observed. "They are always dying by drying up on walls, on toilet paper, or in my brown sock."

"What brown sock?", Nancy asked.

"This one that I keep in my back pocket", I confessed as I pulled it out. "I use it when I drive around in the car. Why are you engaging me in a conversation about it? That's a bunch of Q&A! Your TRs are out! You flunk as an auditor! I have an ARC Break!"

"I was acknowledging you", she insisted. "Now point out some things in your surrounding which are surviving."

"Fleas!", I screamed. "They are all over my house, in the carpets and everywhere. I wouldn't mind if they all flew upstairs and bit my wife in the clitoris, but they are attacking my children!"

"So we've got sperm not surviving and fleas surviving", she indicated, writing all of that down very diligently on the worksheet.

"You're the magician", I declared. "Tell me how to change fleas into sperm."

"Point out some unknown methods of surviving", she continued, ignoring my request.

"If they are unknown, then how the hell can I point them out?", I argued.

"Just point out some unknown methods of surviving", she repeated.

"Do you want to know a method? If I was invisible, then I could spend eight hours a day in the girls' locker room of a high school gymnasium, watching the cheerleaders soap themselves up in the shower. I would be just fine doing that all day. In fact Nancy, I would have survived a lot better if I had never been trapped in my fucking body in the first place!", I screamed.

That happened to be the very answer that Nancy was looking for. My needle was floating so cleanly on the dial that it felt like I was shooting up theta into my veins.

"Now as part of R2-59, we are going to run "Dream Processing", she continued. "What dreams about yourself would you find uninteresting?"

"Obviously if I'm dreaming about myself I am finding it interesting enough", I objected.

"Well, what dreams about yourself would you find uninteresting?", she repeated again.

"I suppose a dream where I was making love to a bunch of dead sheep", I stated dispassionately.

"Are you certain that you would find that dream uninteresting?", Nancy queried.

"Well, maybe I would watch the end of it for the curtain calls", I said indecisively. "How about a nightmare? That would be pretty horrible to sit through."

"But would a nightmare about yourself be uninteresting?", she delved. "The auditing question was, "What dreams about yourself would you find uninteresting?"."

"Damn it!", I shrieked. "Nightmares might be interesting too! Are you sure that you're not evaluating my answers? No, you're a Class Eight. You wouldn't do that. Let's see now, I just don't know. I think I would find all my dreams interesting. Let's go on to the next auditing command."

"I'll repeat the question", Nancy reiterated. "What dreams about yourself would you find uninteresting?"

"If I dreamt about myself as a thetan!", I cheered as the light bulb went on in my head. "If I thought of myself as a big nothing, then the dream would have to be uninteresting! I would have been bored to death! Hey, maybe that's the same reason why I allowed myself to be trapped in this body originally! I was too scared of not having enough things to do without a body to do them in! Wow!"

Grade Four had me all wired up and keyed out! I floated around for hours and hours in the middle of my own mock-up, all the while putting my attention on the quickest way to throw myself out of my stinking, boring dreams! They wouldn't be dull anymore if I kicked myself into oblivion. After all, do you think I get turned on while looking at my own naked body in the mirror? Do you think I am some kind of deviant pervert that gets sexually excited by staring at my own ass? Well, I have news for you, honey. I'm not that kind of thetan.

What right did I have to invade any of my perfectly peaceful dreams with uninteresting scenes from my pointlessly stupid life? I already knew what I was like, so why the devil did I have to spoil my nocturnal tranquility? My reactive mind was a miserable bastard, putting pictures of my hideous puss into dreams for me to stare at. Is that fair? Damn it, I was producing and directing the images, so I had a right to keep all of my own crap out of it, didn't I? How would you like it if you had to watch yourself sticking your tongue out in your ugly face for eight hours every night? You would be plenty pissed off, and you might even start to dislike yourself! I decided right then and there to banish myself from every dream I would ever have from that moment on, for this lifetime and for all future ones. What if my mock-up did something idiotic like get fresh with me during the night? Imagine having to spend the entire evening watching dramatizations of yourself getting raped by someone as revolting as you? Well, maybe you're not as loathsome and detestable as I am, so it wouldn't bother you. But put yourself in my wretched place, damn it, and don't start accusing me of being schizophrenic either, because that is psych talk! Psychiatrists are the ones who caused me to have all of these problems in the first place!

I realized that I could stay outside the physical universe for as long as I wanted to because I

was a hell of a lot closer to being a real thetan if I maintained the ability to kick myself out of my own dreams. Can you even comprehend how powerful I began to feel when I found out that I was this amazing nothingness that nobody could destroy? I found the ultimate method for my own survival! All I had to do was to exteriorize by being outside of my repulsive body, and get a good grip on how vast the universe was without any matter, energy, space or time to bust up my chops with! Life inside genetic human flesh was for utter assholes! The sensation of just hanging out in nowhere, watching the immense complexity of nothing happening all around me was so overwhelming that I almost caused a five car collision on the Interstate. I vowed never to do that again while driving, although between you and I, it's a lot more fun to steer when you are twenty feet above the wheel, with the wind blowing you all over the road as you crash into telegraph poles and bridges.

Jaime had been moody and depressed for over a month, so Bonny brought her up some nice hot chocolate chip cookies. I had laughed when I saw my housekeeper spit into the batter just an hour before.

"You are such a nice sweet girl and Steve treats you so badly", Bonny comforted Jaime.

"I really prefer being alone anyway", Jaime mumbled.

"But between the stock brokerage office, the shoe store and Scientology, he doesn't pay any attention to you at all!", Bonny remarked.

"Scientology?", Jaime jumped. "Steve doesn't have anything to do with that crooked organization. He works for an old retired investor on Miami Beach, collapsing foreign currencies and organizing world finance on a computer. Right now he's busy setting up a gambling casino on an Indian reservation in Alaska. None of it has anything to do with that stupid cult, you know."

Bonny was fuming inside, but she had her TRs in quite marvelously.

"I beg to differ with you, young lady, but Steve doesn't work for anyone on Miami Beach. I know all about what your husband told you, but Meyer Lansky died over two years ago. If you don't believe me, call the Miami Herald. Steve never worked for the old man at all. He has been lying to you all this time because he knew how antagonistic you were about Scientology. He's been deceiving you left and right", she added.

"No, Steve goes to Tampa to run errands, and he even went to California on Meyer Lansky's request", she stammered.

"He went to Clearwater to the Flag Land Base of Scientology, and when he went to California, your husband stayed in the Manor Hotel, which is part of Scientology's Celebrity Center", Bonny revealed.

"No, you are making all of this up!", Jaime yelled. "I told him I would divorce him if he had anything to do with that bunch of thieves!"

"But it's all true!", Bonny laughed. "Come with me into his den and I'll prove it to you!"

As they walked downstairs together, Bonny put her arm around Jaime, telling her how a marriage that was based on deception is no foundation for happiness.

"Steven is a pathological truth stretcher who would do anything to conceal his involvement with Scientology from you", Bonny said. "Just look at all these books in this room written by L. Ron Hubbard! Here's The Phoenix Lectures, Dianetics: The Original Thesis, Mission Into Time, Lives You Wished To Lead But Never Dared, The Creation of Human Ability! There are over twenty Scientology books in here. Okay, here's one that he just brought home a week ago: Understanding The E- Meter. Check the date of publication if you think I am making up stories just to cause trouble. Aha! 1982! When did you say he got out of Scientology?"

"My God, you are right!", Jaime screamed. "He's still in that sick cult! That's where all his extra money has been going! I am going to kill that liar!"

"No, violence never solves anything, honey", Bonny soothed. "Do you want my advice? The best thing you could do is to put some love and romance into your life. Get yourself a boyfriend; some man you really like. I can see that you don't love Steve. Lord knows he doesn't deserve someone as kind and good as you."

"He robbed me of my youth and took away my innocence!", Jaime protested.

"Well, we're going to remedy all that, my dear", Bonny assured her. "You're closer to me than my own daughters. It's no good for you to lay in bed all day moping about in despair. You've got to do things for yourself, and get into better physical shape. What about joining a health club?"

"I always wanted to take karate", she confided.

"Karate?", Bonny repeated in surprise. "Okay, then you call a karate school right now and register for classes. That'll be good therapy for you. There will be plenty of available men to meet there also. Let's put some spice in your life!"

"Oh, Bonny! I don't know what I would do without you!", she sobbed, hugging her.

Within weeks, Jaime was having an extramarital affair with a Karate teacher named Joe Hess. Joe was married with three kids, and he had achieved some minor notoriety making grade-Z karate movies and instruction videos. He was your typical martial arts gorilla brute, who thought he had the right to sleep with every lady he met for free. I always said you could never trust a man who didn't know the value of a woman in dollars and cents.

As if one Karate Joe wasn't enough, Jaime soon became involved with another married karate master from a different school named Joe Kellijhian. The two Joes even looked alike, with big pot bellies, smelly armpits and scruffy hair. I often wondered whether either of them objected to her reading magazines during intercourse the way I did. No, it was probably just my own silly hang up, not theirs.

Jaime was also friendly with both of their wives, although neither one of them knew that she was having an affair with their husband. She also had a brief flingy interlude with an instructor at the Broward County Police Academy named Colonel Stanley Wisnioski, who was bald and old enough to be her father. I have no idea why she had this thing for teachers of violence, but both Bonny and I felt it was nevertheless a good idea for my wife to get used to other men. She even convinced me to put a deposit on a studio apartment in the Galt Ocean Mile section of Fort Lauderdale Beach, so that she would have a bachelorette pad to fuck those fat monkeys. The doorman at the Galt Ocean Club, whose name was also Joe, thought that Jaime was running a high-priced escort service. The condo worked out fine for me too, because on the days when Jaime was at home, I was able to

bring my whores there from the female shelter, "Women In Distress."

It was fabulous having an open marriage like we did. Jaime and I never slept with each other and therefore kept our arguments and frustrations to a minimum. In fact, we came to an understanding. We could be better friends if sex were not involved in our relationship.

However, Bonny wasn't sympathetic at all. Her initiative backfired. She thought I would be jealous when I found out about Jaime's boyfriends. I was actually happy for her that she was capable of feeling any emotion at all, especially lust! She was less of a bitter bitch after she had a session in the sack with one of her black-belted turkeys.

However, Jaime and I would still often fight about money. She resented being lied to all of those years about Meyer Lansky, and absolutely hated the idea of my association with Scientology. To get back at me, she started running up our credit cards, buying porcelain dolls, expensive imported stuffed animals, and dozens of additional pictures of Rudolf Nureyev.

By the end of May, I had charge receipts exceeding one hundred thousand dollars worth of crap! She got on a Japanese kick because of her karate boys, and started collecting jade, ivory, and other knick-knacks that I wouldn't give five cents to pick my teeth with. Bonny and I were furious because Scientologists who are qualified to join the Sea Org are not allowed to have any outstanding debts of any kind, and she was running them up like an enema waterfall.

"We are going to have to lay all the cards on the table and handle your psycho-dog wife once and for all!", Bonny swore.

Despite my need to organize everything in the house, I had always left Jaime's personal effects alone. I knew how horrific her make-up drawer looked, with eye liner laying on top of lipstick which was next to nail polish. Nevertheless, with the drawer closed, I was able to put the underlying mess out of my mind.

When Bonny commanded me to turn Jaime's room into a Sea Org Battle Station, I hesitated at first. However, when I thought of how important it was to put some organization into the life of my honey lamb bastard, I decided to take up the challenge faster than psychiatrists addict pre-schoolers to Ritalin.

"Man the turrets!", I shouted as I scurried up the stairs.

I burst into Jaime's bedroom, with Bonny right behind me.

"What do you think you're doing?", Jaime asked indignantly.

"The forces of good are commandeering this fortress of evil!", I announced. "You are to vacate this sector of my galaxy until order has been efficiently restored!"

I proceeded to dump all the contents of Jaime's drawers onto the floor.

"Have you prepared the trash can, Messenger Mott?", I inquired.

"Garbage intensive to the ready sir", she saluted.

Jaime looked at Bonny in shock.

"Why are you going along with this insanity?", Jaime asked her.

"Orders are orders!", she shouted. "Captain Fishman is in charge. This is a Sea Org Command Post now, young lady."

"Oh my God!", she screamed. "You're one of them too!"

"The sun never sets on Scientology, my love", I reminded.

"What we're doing is for your own good", Bonny smiled. "Sanity is the ability to recognize differences, similarities and identities.<sup>[67]</sup> Obviously you can't do that Jaime, so you're hopelessly insane."

"Look at your fucking drawer, bitch!", I directed. "Old candy wrappers stuck in the middle of unfolded hosiery, strewn asunder under earrings! I can have you committed to an asylum for a lot less than this!"

"Oh, most definitely!", Bonny agreed. "She's a danger to herself and the thetan community."

Jaime started to tremble, tears flooding her cheeks in hysterical terror.

"It's too late for theatrics, huggy pooh", I growled. "Everything in your room that is not categorizable according to form and function is history! You are a disgrace to my status as a Kha-Khan!"

"Don't forget that you're an unfit mother!", Bonny scowled. "Imagine poisoning the minds of your children with worthless drivel about their only living once! They ought to be taken away from you!"

"I'll see to it!", I promised.

Jaime was clearly nearly at her wits' end.

"How dare you call me an unfit mother!", she screeched. "You are a fine one to talk! Your children don't even want to know you! I want you out of this house today! You are fired! You aren't going to come within one foot of my daughters!"

"Don't you even think of speaking to Bonny like that!", I hissed. "When I hired her, it was forever! If you don't like the way we are running this household, you can leave, but without the children!"

"Arielle and Elysia are being trained to join the Sea Org Cadets!", Bonny assured her. "You have no command value over them anymore! It's completely out of your hands."

"Get out of my room!", she sobbed.

"Not so fast, young lady!", Bonny admonished. "Your husband has given you an order. You have a choice. Either put every single cylinder of lipstick and nail gloss in size place to please him, or I promise you that everything you own will be taken to the city dump!"

"Why are you both doing this to me?", she howled, frozen in terror.

"Because we love you so much, you stupid moron!", I explained. "And after your room is perfect, you are going to strip down to your stretch marks and I am going to fuck your brains out!"

"But you promised not to abuse me anymore!", she pleaded.

"Filthy tramp!", I said vivaciously. "I lied. Make something of it!"

"Stick to the subject!", Bonny warned me.

"If there is one item that is not put away perfectly, I am personally going to throw it all on the floor again and make you do it over and over until you are blue in the face!", Bonny encouraged. "Right now you are in Treason!"

"You are crazy!", she stated unceremoniously.

"We'll see which one of us is crazy", Bonny responded with a grin of glee. "The days of your husband being afraid of you are over! He is a Scientologist and you are a Scientologist's wife. We would rather have you dead than incapable!"

"It wouldn't be very hard to sell you to a Saudi Arabian stablemaster, so don't provoke me!", I proposed. "Bonny here told me about one who could tame you with a lot less compassion than I have shown you over the years."

"You could always kill yourself", Bonny suggested. "The kids will never miss you."

"Yes they would!", Jaime cried.

"Maybe for a month or two, but then they'd forget all about you", I reasoned. "All we'd have to do is burn all of your pictures. There would be no trace left of your memory!"

"There's always your next life", Bonny comforted with a dose of reality.

"You mean as a cockroach in a psychiatrist's toilet?", I laughed. "That's what she'll be!"

Jaime put her hands over her ears.

"You want this room straightened out? Fine, I'll do it! I'm probably the only person in the world who is forced to clean up to please her own housekeeper", she complained.

"Not only me but your husband who is damned good to you!", Bonny prompted.

"If you want it done, just get the hell out of here and I'll do it!", Jaime begged, sobbing at the top of her lungs as she sat pathetically on the floor in the pile of debris.

"One other thing, sugar piss", I said. "I don't give two shakes of a wolf's tit how you feel about me. You can call me the worst scum bag in the world and I won't care. But if I ever hear you say one derogatory word which is critical of either L. Ron Hubbard or Scientology, I will personally stick your head in the toilet three times and take it out twice; and I promise you faithfully that you will be kissing my stool sample while I'm doing it!"

"You have one hour to get this room organized before it is garbage time!", Bonny concluded. "We are done pampering you!"

After slamming the door and skipping down the staircase arm in arm, I asked Bonny if she thought Jaime got the message.

"You'll never change her in a million years", she evaluated. "Unless she were audited and was interested in her own case as a thetan, she will unfortunately always remain an SP. I'm just giving her the chance for the sake of your children to withdraw from the marriage gracefully."

"She doesn't deserve such kindness", I commented.

"No, she doesn't", Bonny agreed.

"But I'm confused about something", I interjected. "Why did you baby her for so long and all of a sudden come forward with the truth?"

"Shock value", she grimaced. "ARC didn't work on her, so it was time for Jaime to bite the bullet."

"How long do you think it will take her to pack up and leave?", I wondered.

"If she's not out by the summertime then you might as well send me away for some electric shocks!", Bonny joked.

"What about the kids?", I asked. "I don't want her to take them away from me."

"Jaime will never get custody in a million years as sloppy as she is", Bonny guaranteed me. "How can you worry when Source is on our side?"

"Yeah, silly me!", I said as I went to find some Hefty Trash Bags for the balance of Jaime's stuff.

Bonny hatted me in some sizzling hot OT Processes where I would lay in bed while exteriorized, postulating the death of Jaime's body. I tried to dislodge Jaime's brain from her skull by commanding it to happen, but I apparently needed more auditing before I could do it correctly. I knew that we had the Tech to disassociate her from her body, but yet my own abilities were not up to snuff enough, I suppose. Still, I never entertained the thought of harming my wife physically, because if I couldn't use Ron's Tech to kill her, then there was obviously some deficiency in my own power that I had not learned to adequately confront yet.

That being the case, Bonny felt that she had to take more drastic measures to get the divorce done. After all, her stats were at risk.

Jaime had always dabbled in art since she was a child, and was quite talented in a mediocre sort of way at drawing cartoon frogs with pen and ink. She had once given airbrushing a shot, but splattered the paint all over her flea bites and gave up in mild apathy. The only time that she ever sold her artwork occurred when a bottle of Crystal Springs Mineral Water cracked and leaked all over her drawings, since we used to keep the bottled water machine in her art room. Jaime's client was the State Farm Insurance Company, who paid her the assessed market value



for the damaged canvases, based on some phony orders which she was able to get from her friends. As you can see, the girl didn't have one shred of integrity, and would do just about anything for money. Nevertheless, as an artisan, Jaime prized her remaining collection of frogs which dated back to 1962, from when she was six years old.

Bonny not only threw it all out, but she thrashed, tore and stomped on the amphibian renditions so that even if Jaime tried to retrieve them at the city dump, they would be unrecognizable, even to her.

When the mission was accomplished, Bonny phoned me at Dean Witter Reynolds and told me what had gone down.

"That's spectacular!", I cheered. "I can't wait to see the look on her face when she comes home and finds all her junk missing."

"Don't forget to tell her that you destroyed the drawings for her own good", she reminded.

When Jaime came back to the house, she never bothered going into the art room, which was a small atrium off the breakfast nook on the far west side of the residence. When I came home from work, she was unaware that her current lifetime portfolio was all gone. As usual, Jaime was in her bedroom with the door securely locked. I knocked and pounded until she reluctantly let me in. Her room looked like a cyclone had hit it. Her four cats were chewing on dirty sanitary napkins that were full of blood from Jaime's menstrual period. It was a sight that will live in infamy, with clumps of plasma-stained super absorbency puff balls stuck in the teeth of the furry feline monsters.

"What the hell do you want?", she asked adroitly.

"Is that any way to greet your husband after a hard day at the office?", I inquired.

"Get to the point!", she rushed. "I'm watching Mikhail Baryshnikov in a ballet on Channel 2, and I don't have time to bother with you."

"Oh, are you thinking of changing your last name again?", I asked.

"Do you need something?", Jaime moaned in dire annoyance.

"Wait until you hear what I did for you today!", I bragged.

"You got a new credit card for me with a ten thousand dollar limit", she smirked. "Now get the hell out of here. I'm sick of you!"

"Better than that!", I gloated. "I threw out all of your artwork! You have a fresh new beginning now! You no longer have to look at any of your old failures! Aren't you pleased?"

Jaime pushed me aside in a fit of numb panic and flew down the stairs, charging through the hallway in the direction of her art room.

"You insane mother fucker!", she howled as saliva drooled from both sides of her mouth in frozen fright. "You'd better tell me where you've hidden all my drawings!"

Bonny came strolling into the kitchen with a mile-wide grin.

"Today is Friday", she pointed out. "Jaime, you know the trash is picked up at eleven in the morning. Isn't that right, Steven?"

"I thought you would be proud of me!", I gasped in feigned shock.

"Tell me this is just some sick Scientology joke!", she cried, unable to stop her legs from shaking.

"I'm afraid we take life quite seriously", I clarified. "You haven't been keeping your drawers clean, so I had to put you into a lower Ethics Condition, that's all. Once you maintain one hundred percent Standard Ethics in organizing your personal articles and keeping good hygiene, and you prove to me that you are worthy of an upgrade, I promise you that I will not keep you in Danger any longer than you need to be."

"What do you mean, in "Danger?", she blurted. "Are you threatening me or something?"

"No, pumpkin seed", I reassured her. "Danger is the Ethics Condition between Emergency and Non-Existence. The first thing I want you to do is to read the copy of Introduction to Scientology Ethics that I have in my den, because later tonight I am going to quiz you on it."

"The first thing I'm going to do is to pack my bags because later tonight I will be on an Amtrak train with my two children on the way to New Jersey, and I will be very non-existent because I am leaving you!", she screamed.

"You'll never get up to Affluence that way", Bonny cautioned.

"You can take your Affluence and shove it up L. Ron Hubbard's fat ass!"

The honeymoon was over, I feared. Bonny finally had her upstat and could go on to OT Six. With Jaime out of the way, my docket was clear to start Grade Five, or New Era Dianetics, which we lovingly called NED for short.

Bonny was summoned to Flag in order to help mobilize against a female squirrel in Portland named Cristofferson who started a lawsuit against the Church, and I was left all alone in the house. I started having terrible nightmares, and began experiencing the horrors of being stuck in my dreams without being able to get out of them. Because of my Grade Four auditing, whenever I had a bad dream, I tried to back out of the pictures by running the sequences backwards or earlier. This landed me in an even worse nightmare, and then I was faced with the problem of backing out of the new images that I became stuck in. After two or three of these sequences, I got completely trapped in the basic incident, or earliest series of pictures of the dream. This phenomenon is one of the dreaded side effects of auditing the Upper Grades, and is known to Scientologists as "Free Wheeling." Because I exteriorized automatically upon falling asleep, being locked into a series of dreams prevented me from re-interiorizing, or returning into my body to wake up. The only mechanism I had for getting pulled back into the body was some shattering noise such as the buzzer of an alarm clock. However, during my eight hours of sleep, it seemed like I was going through living hell for days, months, or even years, since a sleeping thetan has no sense of time.

To handle this dilemma, Nancy Witkowski prescribed a potion of Vitamin B-1, Magnesium, Paba, Inositol, Biotin, Manganese, and Iodine in a brew of liquid parsley, alfalfa, watercress and rice bran, which tasted a lot like butterfly shit. The purpose of that was to stabilize my body, which

we call the "genetic entity." It must not have worked very well because the bad dreams also caused me to have diarrhea. No matter how good they are, vitamins never stay in your system when you have to crap your brains out twenty times a day.

The summer was very peaceful without the putrid stench of Jaime to clutter up the house. I gave all of her cats away, and it was so nice to come home after work and find everything in the same exact place that I had left it. I missed the children, and for that, I bombarded Jaime and her wicked parents with tons of junk mail at their New Jersey house. To keep from feeling lonely, all my evenings were spent at the Mission, and when I did go home after the eleven o'clock staff meeting, I enjoyed endlessly organizing the house until it was absolutely perfect. Throwing out things that I did not think Jaime should be allowed to keep was also a great deal of fun. In all that time, not once did I care or wonder about what my estranged wife was thinking or planning.

But on Friday the 21st of September 1984, I returned home from work to find half the house missing! Jaime had returned unannounced and incognito, and moved out all of our possessions to an unknown and undisclosed location. I called the police and told them to come over immediately. When they arrived, I was shocked when they served me with a legal restraining order giving me two hours to vacate my own house! That corrupt Colonel Wisnioski from the Broward County Police Academy must have had his evil hand in it! No wonder she slept with him! His name wasn't Joe like all the others; it was Stanley, so she must have had an ulterior motive. Jaime had also somehow convinced an SP judge that I was mentally insane and that I would cause Jaime physical harm! I would never hurt my wife. I just wanted her to temporarily die by dropping her body and picking up a new one, that's all. It had nothing to do with violence. In Scientology we take care of things with postulates, not murder. I was the most peace-loving thetan on the whole aberrated planet! Even Jaime could never deny that I used to rescue spiders that were lost in our house by putting them outside so they could live. She's the one who wanted to step on them. I don't know why that demented bitch didn't just kill herself like she was supposed to!

On that fateful night, my best friend Steve Goldberg was too busy to help me move my things out of the house. He had invited his girlfriend Felicia over, who had promised to tie him up and whip him with an old fan belt from a 1963 Corvair until he was orgasmically satisfied. I couldn't expect him to cancel one of his favorite fantasies just for me.

Peter Letterese told me that he couldn't leave the Mission to help me either because he had to do the radio show on WEXY called "Scientology Works." It wasn't until a week later that I realized that the show was taped in advance, and Peter had just given me a lame excuse.

"You pulled in all this entheta with Jaime into your universe on your own", he said in answer to my plea for help. "I told you to divorce the suppressive hag four years ago!"

The only person who came through for me was Dr. Geertz. He and wife Dorli rushed over in his rickety Chevrolet station wagon, and together they helped me move out all my clothes, as well as my Scientology books, my four framed posters of the Flag Land Base, my Bridge Chart of the Route To Total Freedom, my Mark Five E-Meter, my typewriter, my photocopy machine, and my Kermit the Frog telephone. It was amazing to me that of all the people I knew, the only ones who I could depend on in my time of need was a suppressive German psych and his Austrian wife!

I moved into the studio apartment on Galt Ocean Mile, which was Jaime's old love nest. The first thing I had to do was wash out all the bedding, because it smelled from karate sweat. I wouldn't put it past Jaime's orangutang boyfriend to wipe off his hairy phallus all over my designer bedspread after he got through spilling his guts into her malignant uterine cavity. At least those

activities would be done elsewhere from that point on. Jaime moved back into the big house and was perfectly capable of goosing him at home.

After being served with official divorce papers, I brought them over to Peter Letterese, so that he could tell me what to do.

"Do you think I have time for your insignificant wog problems when we have a planet to Clear?", he reprimanded. "You'd better solve it yourself, but keep Scientology out of it! And by the way, you've got to make good and sure that she doesn't get her hands on any of our settlement checks!"

Peter was right! Warner Communications, Texas Instruments, Waste Management, Coleco, and National Student Marketing were all "floating", which was Peter's term meaning "in the process of being paid." I wouldn't put anything past Jaime. She was a crook! If she diverted our funds to a different address, the rest of my Bridge could be postponed for years! I was not about to allow that to happen. I monitored the settlement payments a lot more closely.

My first real break from the tension of the divorce was on October 7th, when I went to Flag in order to celebrate the creation of Ron's latest Org, the International Association of Scientologists. The IAS, as we abbreviated it, was based at Saint Hill in England, in order to escape the ruthless arm of the suppressive Internal Revenue Service. Getting away for a few days was such a welcome relief from dealing with all of my present time marital problems. October 7th was also my father's birthday, and although I had promised to spend the day with him, nothing was more important than my presence at that monumental event. The purpose of the IAS was to fund the War Chest, which would finish off our enemies and rid the planet of psychiatry permanently.

Since no one from the Mission could go to the Fort Harrison besides myself, Peter had appointed me the IAS Representative of Fort Lauderdale, and each delegate was part of a task force whose hat it was to submit written suggestions for ways of implementing and carrying out the goals of the new organization.

I suggested that when Scientology prevails in taking over the Fourth Dynamic Government of Earth, we immediately establish and set up concentration camps for psychiatrists and psychologists on all continents. I stressed the necessity of separating and isolating all suppressive elements in our degraded society from the balance of worthy thetans who were going up the Bridge and getting their auditing as useful, productive members of our new civilization, and I impressed the panel with the need of handling the out-ethics of these SPs by exposing them to the same torture that they have deliberately foisted on the current population. It became apparent to me that any psych who refused to be rehabilitated through the Purification and Drug Rundowns as well as extensive PTS auditing should be hooked up to their own electric shock machines and given lethal doses of Thorazine, Lithium, and other abominable strains of their toxic psychotropic medication. At any rate, we could lessen their overts by having them work their way up through the Ethics Conditions Formulas from the bottom, so that in their next lifetime, they would not present as formidable a threat to us.

I received a thunderous round of applause for my initiative, and Dennis Clarke, the Commanding Officer of the Citizens Commission on Human Rights, gave me a vigorous handshake that felt like I had busted several blood vessels. He was extremely impressed with my outstanding suggestion for the Motto of the camps, which appropriately was "Ethics Will Set You Free." Upon revealing this, the group gave me a three minute standing ovation. Dennis gave me the biggest hug that any man gave me in my whole life, and promised faithfully that my contribution

would be speedily communicated to Ron. In appreciation for my plan, he vowed that I would be in charge of setting up the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force as soon as the last wog government bit the dust. I fully agreed that his suggestion for the name of the Org sounded a lot more socially acceptable than "concentration camp" from a public relations viewpoint. That Dennis sure had a way with words! He told me to start preparing myself to head up the project right away, and suggested that I research a German architect by the name of Albert Speer in the public library for any well-grounded ideas on how to turn my stroke of genius into practical reality.

I had no idea until I looked him up that Albert Speer was the Nazi architect who Adolf Hitler had commissioned to construct the gas chambers and death camps which were used by the Gestapo to kill the Jews during World War Two. Still, if there was valid Tech on the subject, there was nothing wrong with borrowing from proven experience. The Germans were quite efficient, and if Dennis Clarke recommended reading some reference material, who was I to argue? In any case, I thought it would be poetic justice if the psychs were exposed to the same treatment and facilities that Nazi psychiatry had brutally used on innocent people a generation earlier.

"It's great to be "Speer-heading" the project", I wrote in my Knowledge Report to Dennis.

At the end of the IAS Celebration, the principal dignitaries and Org executive strata signed the "Pledge To Mankind", promising to take responsibility for defending the Scientology religion against those who would attack and enslave mankind. The original document was signed at Saint Hill in England, and a facsimile was prepared at Flag and simultaneously broadcast on television by satellite to all Scientology Orgs and Missions planetwide. The intensity of actually being a part of the first initiative in seventy-five million years to rid the world of the plague of psychiatry was too overwhelming and joyous for even me to bear. I couldn't wait for the day to come when I could be standing at Ron's side, hanging thousands of psychs on barbed wire to fry by the groin. Upon the Commodore's command, ten thousand volts of electricity would surge through an electrode attached to the inner sanctum of each psychiatric anus, and I fervently prayed it would come to pass that I would be given the honor to throw the first switch.

Hopefully I could persuade Dr. Geertz to be re-educated, since he had been nice enough to help me move my things on a moment's notice. But if he refused, I would have to wash my hands of him. The one thing that I could never do as Commanding Officer of the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force is to show any kind of wog mercy. One has to confront evil, not go into humanoid emotional reactive agreement with it. After ten trillion lifetimes, I was not about to start feeling wishy-washy about my psych tormentors now, even if one of them happened to be a "seemingly" nice guy who condescended to do me a favor. Dr. Geertz could always pick up a new body if he had to.

After the event at the Fort Harrison, I conferred with Ellie Bolger on the imminent collapse of my marriage.

"I am not going to hold still while your psychotic wife drags Scientology into the mud through any wild accusations she might have or hallucinate about in divorce court!", Ellie trumpeted.

"What wild accusations?", I asked.

"About your income, you fool!", she inferred. "What if her lawyer asked you where all the money came from?"

"Then I would tell him it was valiantly reappropriated from greedy corporations tied in to the

suppressive World Federation of Mental Health!", I asserted. "What's the big deal? You don't have a thing to be concerned about. There are very few thetans who are as fully briefed on the perils of psychiatry as I am. I'll tell the truth. There is nothing to hide! The public is on our side anyway."

"Don't you realize that your SP wife would insulate herself behind the apron strings of the unpredictable wog law in order to cause public embarrassment and humiliation to the Church?", she groped. "How selfish can you be to place us all at risk like that, when you know how intensely Jaime hates Scientology?"

"But wog law is insane!", I argued. "This whole divorce isn't a question of justice, it's a matter of expediency! You of all people should appreciate how she was sticking her grubby hands into our cycles of production!"

"Your wife seems to be turning it into a question of money!", Ellie revealed shockingly.

"Yes, and look how much she owes me!", I insisted as my blood pressure agglutinated. "Do you have any idea how much I paid her over the last eight years in exorbitant fees for bad sex?"

"No, and I don't care, because you were stupid!", she declared. "Any man that has to pay his wife to sleep with him is a castrated faggot!"

"Well, what choice did I have?", I reasoned.

"Oh, who gives a damn about your personal problems!", she antipathized. "The condition of your second dynamic is despicable! Anyhow, I spoke to Diana and the Inspector General for Administration Marc Yager about you, and we all agree that you have to settle the divorce quickly and quietly. I don't give ten goddamns about your wounded pride. If you had any self respect you would have bought a revolver and shot the parasite when Peter told you to. You're going to settle this divorce by giving her whatever the hell she asks for! I want her out of your hair so you can get back on post and start producing like the upstat Kha-Khan that you say you are!"

"But she wants the house!", I pleaded.

"So give it to her! Who cares about a house when you want a Bridge!", Ellie reminded. "You can always make more money and buy another ramshackle place for your body to live. But if you should drop dead before you make it through OT Seven, then how are you going to get through the Between Lives Area? During your next lifetime you might pick up the torso of a starving sewer rat in Ethiopia. Is that what you want? Is that the thanks you are going to give Ron for all he has done for you?"

"No, there's nothing more important to me than going up the Bridge!", I indicated.

"And another thing, Steve", she added. "You're too much of a sick sex degenerate to ever get married again. Stay away from women. Have you ever thought of having sex with young boys?"

"I'd rather leave that to you", I whispered generously.

But Ellie was right about my inability to handle my wife. Jaime was a double barreled bitch on wheels. In a cruel and devious move, she succeeded in persuading the court to prevent me from seeing my children unless an impartial expert deemed me to be mentally sound and emotionally suitable for visitation purposes. And this so-called "expert" was nothing more than a

fucking psych! Jaime knew how I felt about psychiatrists and psychologists, and she enjoyed driving a stake into my heart by forcing me get the "approval" of one of those suppressive bastards in order to get permission to see my own kids! I was livid with rage. I vowed revenge against that smelly harlot.

Jaime's lawyer even blocked me from using Dr. Geertz as an expert witness because Jaime accused him of being "biased and partial." How the hell could any psych, including Dr. Geertz, ever be biased and partial towards a Scientologist? It was just the sick hogwash that wog kangaroo courts are made of. Objecting to the psychological testing on religious grounds still wouldn't have accomplished the net result of enabling me to see my daughters, so I was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

It was the Office of Special Affairs that came to my rescue. They furnished me with copies of every known psychological test, as well as the answers which were regarded by the psychs as being the most "desirable." Notorious amongst these was the MMPI, or Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory of five hundred questions, composed by some deviant sadist who enjoyed keying in the reactive bank. The Director of Special Affairs Bev Flahan also gave me sample answers for the Rorschach and Thematic Apperception Tests which would convince a psych that I not only was quite "normal", but also extremely well adjusted to my environment. Any thetan who has to adjust to the environment rather than causing the environment to adjust to him is nothing but a weak swishy pussy, and belongs at the receiving end of a psych's shock machine. In any event, those tests were a part of the old Guardian's Office files which we used to use in order to help our parishioners escape the wrath of involuntary commitment in psych slaughterhouses and deprogramming by suppressive theta butchers.

Voila! I was adjudicated to be one of the sanest men on Earth! The dumb cunt who conducted the testing was a chain-smoking lunatic psychologist named Ann Polito. There would have to be a special section in the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force reserved for whores like her. Despite the fact that I passed her exams and scrutiny with flying colors and was now allowed to visit with my children, I knew in my heart that igniting a blowtorch up her vagina would be too mild a remedy for her out-ethics. What right did that rotten, stinking, unholy crotch of a Freudian bitch have to evaluate my sanity? That alone shows you what kind of upside-down society we live in where women and psychologists have more rights than honest people!

When I called Gilardi and Company, which was the claims agent for the National Student Marketing class action lawsuit settlement, I found out that Jaime's brother Don Tollin had sent in a request to divert the \$ 135,000 check to the home of Jaime's parents. I knew at that point that things were really getting out of hand, and I could not depend upon the lawyers to resolve the divorce issues with good ARC and ethical on- Source jurisprudence. Therefore, at the request of Peter Letterese, I met privately with Jaime at a park near the public library in the City of Plantation, with Karate Joe ferociously standing in the background for her protection. You'd have to be whacked out of your gourd if you think I was afraid of a stupid old dumb black belt gorilla! As one of Ron's Loyal Officers, I was accustomed to defending myself against evil-purposed bruisers of his ilk throughout the time track. I would be happy to compare his record of valor and bravery with mine any day. During my auditing, I found out that I used to blow up space ships billions of years ago with just my eyes in glare fights. You exteriorize a guy like Karate Joe and take him out of his body, and he wouldn't even be able to kick his way out of a storm cloud.

It was amidst this show of force and ostentatious trepidation that Jaime and I negotiated our divorce settlement, without the high priced shyster squirrel attorneys. I instantly agreed to bequeath her the seventeen-room house, and she granted me permission to keep the beachfront condo and

our summer home in North Carolina. She promised not to interfere with the \$ 135,000 check if I would use it to pay off her credit card debts and the attorneys' fees. Regrettably, the last thing she cared about was my Bridge. There was no point in trying to convince her of that. I was also permitted to visit the children twice a week. On December 3, 1984, I became a free man. Bonny Mott finally had her upstat. The horrors of living with Jaime Nureyev were finally over. It was big of me, but we were actually able to part as friends.

"You're going to miss me", I said. "I was the steadiest customer you ever had."

"Well, you certainly were the best housekeeper that ever worked for me", she admitted nostalgically.

L. Ron Hubbard once said that "Communication is the universal solvent."<sup>[68]</sup> Thanks to Scientology, after eight years of bickering, we finally learned how to talk to one another. I only wanted the best for Jaime. Had she respected my wishes and died before we came to this profound understanding, I would have been more than happy to scatter her ashes in the beautiful gardens at Flag. She would have looked so natural, spread out amongst the hibiscuses. In Scientology, you see, it's never too late to bring somebody in for auditing.



# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## **For Less Than Two Million Dollars, You Could Set Half The World Free**

Now a liberated and dashing man about town, I quickly began having a meaningful relationship with Princess Elke Schaaf, who was not blue-blooded royalty, but that is what her black pimp named Finesse used to call her. Elke was truly the most beautiful body-occupying specimen on the planet. Her long, flowing auburn hair had a bucolic peasantlike quality of natural soot, and her tattoo of a five-pointed star within a circle and other pastoral symbolism had a mystique all its own.

Steve Goldberg compiled a complete photographic portfolio of her, and was compassionate enough to sell me a set at a discount so that I could view her pictures while I masturbated with my electric vibrator in the privacy of my water bed while she was either out buying crack, selling herself, or doing whatever it took to ensure that Finesse was idyllic and happy. My life was truly perfect, as I had the girl of my dreams whenever I could afford to indulge myself, with no strings attached as I had in my marriage.

Just to show you what a sentimental guy I was, when Peter Letterese and Barbara Fawcett finally got hitched, I decided to take the Scientology Ministerial Course and become a practicing Reverend of the Church of Scientology. In the meantime, I obtained a license as a Notary Public for the State of Florida, and began performing wedding ceremonies part time. I enjoyed the celebrity status as a Justice of the Peace, and it was always an adventure to mentally undress the bride and the maid of honor during the utterances of the nuptial vows. Since I only charged twenty-five dollars to officiate at these marriages, I became instantly quite busy, and within a short time, I ran an advertisement in the Southern Bell Real Yellow Pages and had embarked on a brand new career. The fringe benefits were many. I was able to go to parties all of the time, and as anyone who knows me can tell you, I could never turn down free food. Since my ad stated that I was willing to marry couples anywhere and anytime, I soon developed an avant-garde reputation for conducting adventuresome and bizarre weddings.

I was a frequent officiator in hot air balloons, at the rodeo, in the flea market, at square dance halls, on yachts, in swimming pools, and even at the mausoleum. I was hounded by the press for weeks after I married two poodles in a fifty room mansion in Palm Beach. A designer of renown was flown in from Boston to create a custom fitted lace wedding gown for the female dog at a cost of eighteen hundred dollars, and the Palm Beach Symphony Orchestra played "How Much is that Doggie in the Window" when they marched down the aisle. Engraved gold invitations were sent out to twenty-two other purebred society mongrels in the neighborhood, as well as their trainers and two hundred accompanying chaperones of the two-legged variety. One of these human guests presented the happy couple with a sterling silver bone with their names engraved on it for the dogs who had everything. The entire wedding cost seventy-five thousand dollars, and I discovered that the dearly betrothed had to get married, because the female dog was pregnant from the groom who lived across the street. It was your typical shotgun wedding.

Everything went well during the processional, with the exception that the male dog understandably had the jitters, and therefore lifted his leg on a grand piano as he marched down the aisle, getting his tuxedo sopping wet. Undeterred, I was able to get the dogs to say their vows by waving a milk bone biscuit up and down, and when they nodded their heads following the movement of the treat, that was the equivalent to "I do." Neither of the pooches knew it, but I was running Grade One CCH-4, or "Hand Space Mimicry" on them. I always had the theory that dogs

would respond positively to Scientology processing, but it wasn't until that very moment that I was able to prove it.

Barbara Letterese cheerfully welcomed the addition of my new career as a "Marrying Notary." At her request, I instantly became the Official Notary Public of the Fort Lauderdale Mission, and I got extra credit towards my administrative training by being on call twenty-four hours a day in case there were any documents that needed to be notarized. I was more than happy to volunteer my services, and I never charged a penny to the Lettereses or any other Scientologist that required my expertise. Fees were only applicable to wogs and other scum. No matter what my other faults were, I was above all a man of principle. Once, I vehemently refused to perform a wedding ceremony for a couple when I found out that the groom was a psychiatrist. I just picked up my little satchel and proudly walked out, leaving him flat and embarrassed in front of his fifty wedding guests.

"Marrying you is strictly against my religion", I snapped.

My plan was to build up the wedding business and get out of the brokerage industry as soon as possible. I always felt I was "selling out" to the decadent world of suppressive corporate raiders by being there amongst the deranged capitalists. However, I was faced with the dilemma of still needing money to live on, since I had vowed to Ellie before the divorce was final that I would never use proceeds from the class action claims for wog purposes ever again.

I stayed on with Dean Witter Reynolds for another reason. There was a rumor that the Inverrary office was going to be closed down due to lack of business, and my boss Hank Martin had been offered a large advance fee to switch over to a new firm by the name of Paine Webber.

"What a great upstat I would have if I could get some blank scripts from Paine Webber too!", I thought to myself. I remained on the job just in case Hank Martin decided to make the change and would offer me the opportunity to go with him.

Part of my hat as an Operative of the Office of Special Affairs was to stay in touch with Lavenda Van Schaick Dukoff, in order to see if she was still planning any further reprisals of terrorism against the Church. Over the years she had more than a dozen jobs, working at everything from a waitress to a telemarketing consultant, and like all other suppressives, she could not complete a cycle of action. She was very happy about my divorce, since I had always promised her that we would be married as soon as Jaime was out of the picture. Not wanting to encourage her or give her the false impression that our relationship was actually serious, I stalled her off, explaining that the breakup of my marriage had been very traumatic, and I needed a year to "collect my thoughts." I secretly had an empty pickle jar which I labeled "Thoughts", except that a long time ago I had decided to fill it up with semen instead of ideas. It was interesting from a clinical viewpoint to estimate how many live thetans were trapped in there. All I could tell you is that it smelled terrible, because I never took the trouble to wash it out. Dr. Geertz called me "anal retentive", which shows how little psychologists truly know about anything. I had no problem giving up my bowel movements to anyone, which is what "anal retentive" really means. Even now, any psychiatrist who wants a month's supply of my fecal matter need only cable me a telex or write me a letter.

So as you can see, I was finally starting to get my life together. New Era Dianetics Grade Five, or "NED" was the kind of living lightning that perpetual erections are made out of. In "Past Life Remedies", I was audited on previous existences, forgotten deaths, lost bodies, faded memories, unrecollectable parents and abandoned families. Do you think it was easy? On the contrary, it was a rocket ride through hell as I picked up all of the grief for my trillions of mothers, fathers, sisters,

brothers, aunts, uncles and children. Have you got any idea how many times I had sex in the last seventy- six trillion years? You'd think that I would have worn out my pecker by now! After a month of frantically flipping through the family album of infinite eternities, I felt like I had a good stiff case of deja voodoo.

What was of particular concern to me was a skin rash on my thigh. In auditing on NED, I discovered to my great shock that I had been attacked by Body Thetans. You don't know what they are? Body Thetans are degraded beings who have passed through the Between Lives Area after dropping their previous bodies, but because they have committed so many overt acts of harm in their former lifetimes, they were too caved in and confused to confront picking up any new bodies. These Body Thetans consisted of a sordid lot of political despots, criminals, drug addicts, and of course heading the list were psychiatrists, psychologists, psychotherapists and hypnotists. They were both male and female, but I could readily see an overwhelming percentage of them being women. In most cases they would attach themselves to body parts of animated thetans such as skin or hair on arms or legs, in the false hope that by doing that, they could control at least a section of a new body, since they were too full of overts and withholds on old bodies to be able to run or operate an entire new one. These were the dregs of the spirit world, deteriorated human souls who went down the dwindling spiral of life and experienced "Theta Burn- out." They were parasitic, and they often cause skin to itch and crotches to rot. It was frightening to think of how many of these Body Thetans I had on my penis!

Nancy Witkowski revealed to me in confidence that on the upper band of OT levels, Ron discovered that these Body Thetans were the primary cause of old age, since they worked as counter-intention on the body, chipping away at the genetic entity's sustenance until the body succumbed to death. For you biochemical engineers out there, Body Thetans are most closely associated with carbon compounds that are extant in human beings. Since we breathe out carbon dioxide, it is a known fact that bad breath is nothing more than an onslaught of Body Thetans hitting you in the face. Overts and withholds never smell pretty.

It was therefore very important to audit out these Body Thetans, since a clean thetan who is Clear on the Grade Chart could drive them away via the postulates of Ron's commanded intention, and prevent any new Body Thetans from landing and attaching themselves to your extremities at a later date. Perfumes and mouthwashes can make them smell better, but as long as Body Thetans are attached to you, you'll be surrounded by living death.

Since the rashes and skin irritations were occurring in the neighborhood of my groin, testicles, thighs and scrotum, I decided I would stay at least one step ahead of these tiny foxy bastards by shaving off all the hair on my balls and penis, and in that general vicinity. Doing that made me itch even more, but I still outsmarted the invaders. One time I spotted the soul of Mussolini trying to settle on my line of circumcision. I knew it was him because I had a nightmare about one of his Battle Plans in Italian. Without any pubic hair for old Benito to land on, coupled with my obsessive daily ritual of smearing my reproductive organs with insect repellent, there was no way that fascist pig was going to get anywhere near my precious war zone.

Once you start shaving yourself down there, the girls think it's sort of a "chic" thing to do, so I would not hesitate to make it a regular practice. I don't know the statistics on it, but I bet that a continuously shaved pecker is a great way to protect yourself against impotence. Try it and let me know how you make out. It sure worked for me, and I'm no different than you are. If you mess around with cheap hookers like I do, chances are they won't even notice it unless you pay them a little extra money for some additional attention.

Although Peter had high hopes for turning the Mission into a Celebrity Center poste haste, we sure got our share of strange raw meat preclears. One incident that stands out in my mind happened in the middle of January 1985, when a scraggly, long-haired, red-bearded biker came into the reception area. He said he was looking for a motorcycle bar called the Pit Stop which was located about a mile down the road on Sunrise Boulevard, but none of us had ever heard of the place.

When I saw this Harley Davidson-type freak, I just rolled my eyes and laughed out loud to Peter.

"We're in great shape if we have to depend upon a humanoid relic like him to keep the Mission afloat financially", I sneered.

"We'll see about that!", Peter boasted, taking up the challenge with a demeanor of invincibility that only a desperate Executive Director saddled with debt could have.

Within hours, this ruffian whose name was Michael Hambrick took an ability test and did a basic Dianetic intensive. Who would have believed that the poor slob had a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket! As if that didn't shock the shit out of me, within the next three days, I found out that Michael sold his motorcycle, paid for a Life Repair, and joined staff as a trainee! Peter was so good, he could probably sell a tank of pest control spray to centipedes! In all of these years, he has never ceased to amaze me. Nevertheless, Michael caught on. His shaved beard and free-falling rectum-length hair was enough to stuff a pillowcase with. After his ominous valence of a radical Hell's Angel was gone, he looked as decent and respectable as the rest of us. We actually became close friends in a very short time. It was awesome how Peter could salvage these hopeless shmucks and make real thetans out of them!

Another such example was Barbara Koster. She was the roommate and live-in lover of Linda MacPhee, the Ethics Officer of Fort Lauderdale. For over six months Linda tried to persuade Barbara to come into the Mission to take a personality test, but Barbara was only interested in her horses. She was a groom at a dude ranch and riding stable in Davie, and it was for that reason that Linda found her so attractively masculine. She spent so much time with the equine race of foot-stomping cavalry that she actually began to look like a horse, with a long brown mane for hair, and huge oversized nag's teeth. When Peter finally broke her into Scientology, she not only saddled up a staff position as the Bookstore Officer, but she sold her own horse, converting him into five thousand dollars worth of hay for auditing. It was with these and other similar creatures that Peter resolved to create the Celebrity Center of Fort Lauderdale as the showplace of Standard Tech. Many of us old hard liners thought Peter had gone too far, scraping the bottom of the barrel and making the Mission Staff Directory look like a roster from a circus freak show with his cavalcade of madhouse stereotypes. But in short order, Peter proved to our surprise and disbelief that he could force even the most incorrigible fool to cut the mustard. I eventually mellowed out, learning to accept and even welcome Peter Letterese's new melting pot of hodgepodged hired help. For behind Peter's quantitatively superficial veneer, he was quite a humanitarian, giving a shot at immortality to anyone who could convert their physical universe obsessions into ready cash.

"Only the psychs deserve to die", he said. "We stand ready to salvage everybody else!"

Peter was so benevolent that he even knew what to do with people who stumbled in without any money. He waited until he had a carload of derelicts, and then shipped them off to the Sea Org to work off their debt to society in billion year contract increments.

"Unlike wog slave civilizations, we take full responsibility for the homeless and put them to work!", he explained.

All I could think of was how much better off we would all be if Ron would one day appoint Peter to run the world. I put a note to that effect in the Mission's suggestion box.

I had a fantastic relationship with Princess Elke Schaaf and her pimp Finesse. We went to the Broward County Fair together, and it was such an honor to be the only client of Elke's that Finesse permitted her to socialize with outside of working hours. It was such a privilege to spend time with them. Finesse was the best dressed man that I have ever seen in my life, wearing no less than twenty gold chains around his neck on any given day. His yellow and purple satin smoking jacket rivalled that of any Las Vegas showgirl. As the three of us paraded around the fairgrounds, we were the envy of all who surveyed us. I was so proud of myself that through auditing, I had gotten over all my fear of blacks that I had amassed in the race riots of 1980. Finesse looked so impressive and dignified with his beeper unit, and reminded me of a Wall Street tycoon. He managed eight other girls in his stable, but Princess Elke was his own personal whore, and I respected her for having achieved such grandeur and status. Elke's only apparent fault was that she spent too much time smoking crack cocaine rocks, but I knew that if she ever had the opportunity to do the Purification Rundown, she would give up all her drugs quicker than fire ants could eat a container of chopped liver.

We three musketeers were such a tight trio, that I was shocked when Princess Elke got arrested and Finesse refused to bail her out. She called me in tears from the Broward County Jail, needing three hundred dollars and a lawyer to get released on bond after she was busted for prostitution by an undercover cop. I phoned Finesse on his beeper number, and he pretended not to know who either of us were! I had forgotten completely how wogs usually behave under pressure. But still, how could Finesse leave the adorable Princess in prison to rot? He used to brag that she was his personal "house mouse", or favorite slut. It was incomprehensible that he could abandon her at a time like this.

I called Attorney Keith Nassetta, my client from Dean Witter Reynolds, in order to go down to the jail and spring her by putting up the bond money at my request. She promised to spend the weekend with me in order to work off the three hundred dollars that I gave Keith to set her free, but no sooner than he had her released, she jumped out of his car, and that was the last time I ever saw her again. I was devastated! What horrible overt act of mine could be lurking in a former lifetime that possibly would have turned both Finesse and Princess Elke against me?

To complicate matters, my auditor Nancy was away at Flag, and I felt all alone, trapped in a mean brain with cockeyed thoughts to torment me. The diarrhea turned on in full force like a broken fire hydrant, and it took my last bit of strength to plop down in front of Peter Letterese, feeling as weak as a four hundred year old limp dick that was begging for resuscitation.

He assigned me to Fran Hardy, a substitute auditor whose main post was the Director of Public Contact. Previously raised in the wog world as a tough, flame-headed, Irish-looking street bitch, she would stab a psychiatrist in his egg sacs faster than spit at him, and had the reputation of being the deadliest TR coach in the Scientology Continent of the Eastern United States. As Lead Coordinator for the Citizens Commission of Human Rights of Fort Lauderdale, she and I worked closely together with Dennis Clarke, and she vigorously supported my plan for the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force which would rid the planet of the plague of psychiatry.

Fran ran a Dianetics Full Flow Table on me, and in doing so, found that I still had an

unflattened E-Meter needle from the MacDuffie race riot of 17 May 1980, indicating an earlier incident that had never been cleaned up on my "time track", which is the consecutive record of mental image pictures that had accumulated through my series of past lives.<sup>[69]</sup> The time track, being the chronological history of the soul, must have had some extremely evil or very harmful acts against black thetans on it for me to continuously pull in trouble like the race riots and Finesse the Pimp into my current lifetime, according to Fran.

Lo and behold, after ten hours of intensive New Era Dianetic auditing, I found that I had lived in the year 1794 as a slave trader by the name of Argus Ghenton in Charleston, South Carolina! I was responsible for bringing in no less than six thousand, four hundred and ten Negro slaves to the United States from the territory known as French Equatorial Africa. I had been a real piece of suppressive shit!

No wonder Finesse didn't want to have anything to do with me! He must have unconsciously found out about the horrible crimes I committed against his noble ancestors! Who could blame him for being angry? A thetan intuitively knows when he has been hoodwinked.

When Peter Letterese found out about the overt acts I perpetrated on my time track, he ordered me to do a Repair of Past Ethics, and for the next month, I worked with the Mission Director of Black Community Affairs Cheryl Powell on a direct mail campaign blitz to bring young black people in for personality tests and basic mini-courses, in order to take them away from the overwhelming negative effects of mind-altering drugs, the public school system, heavy booze, and the African Methodist Episcopal Baptist Church. It was the least I could do to make up for all the damage I had caused those poor victims over one hundred and eighty-nine years ago.

Steve Goldberg was always there for me when I felt down and out.

"If you lost Elke, you just have to replace her with somebody better", he said. He knew women far more thoroughly than a coroner knows cadavers. There was never a truer friend to me than he was.

Mary Agnes Holzbach lived underneath the Las Olas Boulevard Bridge with her common law husband, Edward P. Solomon, whose real name was Mark Peterson. Like the Princess and Finesse, she was white and he was black. They had tried to survive in the South Bronx and on the streets of Union City, New Jersey, but all hope was against them and they just couldn't make it on their own. After all, they never heard of Scientology. Like everyone else with dreams of setting the world on its ass in a tropical paradise, they hitched a ride on an empty boxcar of the Florida East Coast Railway to Fort Lauderdale.

They were both very proud people, and rather than take charity from anybody, they made their living begging. While I was filling up my gas tank at the Phillips 66 on Birch Road about a block from the bridge, Mary came over to my car and asked me for a quarter. Being a good samaritan, I offered her twenty-five dollars plus a shower in my apartment, and that was the start of my next meaningful relationship.

When things were going well and they had extra money, Mary and Mark were able to stay in a flophouse called "Christian Ministry Outreach", run by a part-time marijuana salesman named Reverend Charlie Bledsoe. Reverend Charlie had four squalid rooms linked together by a broken toilet which had to be held down for five minutes in order to flush it. Sixteen splintery wooden cots consisting of two double decker rows sleeping eight people were in each room, and Reverend Charlie charged five dollars per person per night to all of his sixty-four boarders. By ten o'clock all of

the beds were filled, so as a deeply humane gesture, he permitted the johnny-come-latelies as a matter of courtesy to crash out on the floor for two dollars and fifty cents. Don't worry, they weren't on the bare cement. Reverend Charlie affectionately always put down old newspapers, so that the cockroaches, termites and head lice had a harder time getting to know the "footmen", which is what everyone called the floor dwellers.

Mark and I struck a bargain, whereby he gave me the exclusive rights to Mary's body besides himself if I agreed to patronize her at least three times a week, which covered their rent in the "Animal House", which was Mark's nickname for Reverend Charlie's religious retreat, taken from the John Belushi movie of the same name.

It was incredible how much dirt and soot that had accumulated on Mary's body. There was a real woman underneath all of that filth. With the exception of her rotted, chipped teeth that was a trademark amongst all street people, she was a healthy specimen, with strong breasts and a comfortable although exceptionally sticky vagina. She enjoyed having intercourse "doggie style", and I used to make her laugh during sex by telling her over and over about my canine wedding in Palm Beach. Between you and I, she did remind me a lot of my Aunt Eva's poodle Coco, although Mary honestly felt a lot better to straddle.

Both Mark and Mary became regular signatories of class action lawsuit claim forms, although both their handwritings were marginal at best. Still, beggars can't be choosers, or at least that is what I told Ellie Bolger.

Ellie was still very terrified from the aftermath of my brutal experience at the whims of Jaime. In our divorce settlement, I had orally given my ex-wife all rights, title and interest to moneys derived from the W. T. Grant Stores claim which was an old unsettled lawsuit from 1981. The check was scheduled to come to the home of Jaime's mother and father in Tamarac under her original maiden name of Lillian Beth Tollin. Since Jaime had signed the claim form and the check was not expected to be more than five thousand dollars, I acquiesced and turned it over to her, since I felt she was entitled to an "annuity" from our eight years of cash-on-delivery wedlock. This upset Ellie, who felt that I was far too generous with a suppressive like the wrathful Ms. Nureyev. Nevertheless, as mother of my children, I stuck to my guns and permitted her to keep the money whenever the check finally came.

However, to please Ellie, I came up with a whole new list of mocked-up names which Jaime did not know about, including Agnes Holzbach and Edward P. Solomon, my latest confidantes. There was also lots of promise in the air since my boss, Hank Martin, did in fact invite me to make the switch from Dean Witter Reynolds to Paine Webber, and actually paid me five thousand dollars to move over there with him, because he was afraid that if I stayed at Dean Witter Reynolds, I might prevent him from bringing over some of his old customers. He didn't know me very well if he thought that I would do anything unethical like that.

Ellie, Peter and I were thrilled with the prospects of getting some Paine Webber claim forms in order to boost up production and increase our stats. Meanwhile, I used the five thousand dollar bonus to pay for more NED Grade Five auditing, and for my Ministerial Course.

Much to my dismay, when I arrived at Paine Webber, I discovered that none of the confirmation slips were generated at the local office. They were all mailed to the clients directly out of the main computer center in New York! I felt like a complete fool, having made scores of worthless representations to Peter, Barbara and Ellie, only to find out that I had been utterly duped! There was absolutely no sense in my staying on at Paine Webber, but I was locked in to a three

year contract there due to the five thousand dollar incentive bonus which Hank Martin gave me to switch firms.

Now this really bothered me. I wanted desperately to return the five thousand dollars, but I had already spent it as an advanced payment for services at the Mission! I felt like a complete crook walking out on Hank after giving him my word that I would work with him for the next three years.

I brought over my contract to Peter Letterese, so that he could give me some solid legal advice on how I could get out of it.

"Get yourself fired!", Peter shouted as he threw the document back in my face.

"That's just not my style!", I objected. "I can't pretend to be incompetent at the job any worse than I already am! The one thing I'm not going to do is make mistakes on purpose. It's bad enough that I lose money for all my clients, but to deliberately goof up administratively is too much of an out-ethics overt act to do, even to miserable wogs who didn't deserve any better!"

Peter and I came up with a realistic compromise. He suggested that I "bingo" myself to death at Paine Webber, setting a world record for the most junk mail ever to be sent to one address.

"Eventually, those bozos will fire you because they'll catch on that you are sending the garbage to yourself, or because you'll be more trouble than you're worth to them", he calculated.

"Well, that still won't stop the junk mail", I argued. "It will probably continue to get sent to the office until the year 2000!"

"You know that, and I know that", Peter snickered, "but these are moronic wogs we are talking about. They'll never figure it out!"

And, just like all of Peter's other magnificent postulates, this prophecy turned out to be the gospel too, having the predicted effect that he said it would. Hank Martin asked me to tender my resignation, and I didn't have to pay him back a solitary dime! It still continues to bother me however, and one day, if I ever have a way to do it, I want to give him back all of the money. What I don't need is to have an overt act against him which will carry forward with me to my next life. I am a trustworthy person, and I have always been honest with people, and I never could live with the guilt of taking advantage of anybody. The one thing I can't confront is when I have cheated an innocent victim out of something. I have a reputation as a Scientologist to uphold, and my ethics have always been very important to me.

With Paine Webber out of the way, I could concentrate more on getting up the Bridge, as well as securing my certification from the Church to perform Scientology wedding ceremonies on unsuspecting wogs. How would they ever know if I slipped in some cool subliminal phrases during the vows about ARC and the eight dynamics? It seemed like an exquisite way to disseminate the Tech and to bring new raw meat into the Mission. Without passing the Ministerial Course, I was not permitted to do any of that. Therefore, the first order of business was to devote all my attention to becoming a top-notch confessional case-cracking, postulate-pushing pastor.

"You can't take the Ministerial Course", said Lisa Witt, the Case Supervisor of Miami.

"Why the hell not?", I asked. "I want to be certified as a Scientology Minister. What's wrong



with that?"

"There's trouble in your Preclear Folder, that's why!", she nagged. "Back in '79, you rock slammed on the Scientology Cross when Leah Abady gave you a Joburg Security Check, and I can't give you an "okay" to do the training because of that."

"Why?", I asked. "What does rock slamming on the Cross have to do with anything?"

Lisa looked at me with subdued scorn in her eyes.

"Any time someone rock slams on a Scientology symbol, it is evidence of an evil purpose!", she hissed.

"What do you think I am, a fucking psychiatrist?", I yelled bellicosely. "I just want to be a goddamn Minister, and I don't know what all these bullshit hassles are for."

"Well, could you keep your pants on for a minute if I agreed to check you again myself?", she offered.

"Fine, you do that!", I insisted.

Unfortunately, the results were the same. Somewhere, there was trouble in paradise. Sure, it would have been very easy to blame the E-Meter. Critics of the device say it can't even measure an erection properly, but I have had too many powerful auditing sessions to believe the accusations of lunatic squirrels. I knew the E-Meter worked perfectly, and if it said that I rock slammed, the problem was with me, not with the machinery.

Lisa Witt ordered my auditor, Nancy Witkowski, to investigate why I was hanging up on the Cross during the confessional. We started running incidents from my current lifetime going backwards, looking for earlier and similar reactions.

Being a Class Eight Hubbard Standard Technical Specialist with a permanent Gold Seal, Nancy Witkowski was a crackerjack auditor. Within minutes she discovered that my wild and psychotic needle reaction was on all crosses, and had nothing specifically to do with the Scientology Cross. The Scientology Cross, after all, is like a standard Christian cross with a letter "X" emanating from where the vertical and horizontal pieces are joined together. It was the Christian cross that caused the E-Meter to rock slam.

As a former Jew before I became a Scientologist, I had never given Christian symbols much thought. I remembered Christmas time when I was eleven years old and living in New York City, when my Aunt Jeanne used to drive me through the predominantly Catholic sections of Queens like Jackson Heights and Corona, in order to poke fun at the houses that had Christmas lights and Santa Clauses on the roof. She often said a prayer to God so that a good rainstorm would come and electrocute all of the people inside, in the hope that the lights were wired faultily. Even before that, when I was four years old, I remember taking a walk with my grandfather down the streets of Brooklyn, spitting at the Churches together. But beyond these harmless events, I never had any hostile feelings toward any of the Christian cults -- in fact, some of my best friends were Christians. Certainly we Scientologists didn't care where we get our raw meat from, as long as they were not infiltrators or spies from psychiatry.

It took eleven days of auditing to move me back through time, but with Nancy's flubless TRs,

E-Metering and letter perfect use of prepared lists, I was able to recall what happened to me seventy-five trillion years ago. I ran the perceptics of a wretchedly frightening incident of assisting a thoroughly evil being named Yushkipondrec as I helped him trap thetans in human bodies. I participated in the most gruesome and suppressive acts imaginable after I had personally been subjugated by the physical universe's first psychiatrist myself.

In further New Era Dianetics auditing, I discovered a former lifetime that even shocked the dingleberries off of Nancy. During a very intense twelve hour session, I discovered that I was Malchoot, the real father of Jesus Christ.

My family and the parents of Jesus' mother Mary lived four houses apart on a typical middle class, tree-lined street along a wide canal in Nazareth. I was sixteen, and Mary was only thirteen, but she was the most magnificent girl I had ever feasted my eyes upon. She had a figure that absolutely made me melt! Yet she didn't pay any attention to me, saying that I was too pale and skinny, and I should leave her alone and not bother her. She was, after all, a female of innocence and virtue, which as everybody knows, is quite a rarity.

I would daydream for hours, thinking about how incredible it would be to have passionate sex with this special girl, and I became very depressed when I came to realize that I would not have a suitable chance with her because she wasn't attracted to me.

Nevertheless, I wasn't about to give up on the idea.

I knew her schedule with ultimate precision.

In the morning, after dreaming about Mary all night, I found myself with an enormous erection.

There was a pond in the back of my house which led into a small stream with very tall reeds and palms extending to the rear of Mary's house, which as I told you before was the fourth house down along the waterway.

Mary would enter the stream each morning to bathe, exactly one half hour after sunrise.

From behind the tall reeds and palms, I would watch her undress, then sponge herself down with the soapiest foam, splashing translucent bubbles on her exquisite breasts, then wash herself while delicately applying a feathery cloth, and afterwards I would gaze at her, thoroughly entranced as she would apply an exotic layer of scented oil and perfume to every area and crevice of her captivatingly radiant body, in order to render her skin even more soft and fragrant.

And during all of this time, from behind the bushes, at a distance of about six feet away but safely hidden where Mary could not see me, I would masturbate vigorously, relieving myself from my erection that had been stimulated by dreaming about her all night and then watching her in the morning, and my semen would explode through the air and into the water like bursting firecrackers.

The birds sang and the wind rustled the leaves, and so Mary did not know that I was there; and each day I would come back to the same spot at sunrise, waiting for her to appear so that I could study her, fantasize about her, and wonder what it would be like to have her.

And some of my friends who were older wanted me to go into the center of town to frequent the houses of prostitution, but I was not at all interested in that, because I could not see myself with

anyone else but Mary.

And on many occasions, when the wind blew downstream, I saw my semen float toward her, touching the pubic hair around her vagina innocently, and I bittersweetly laughed to myself that I would never get any closer to my love than that.

Being a musician in that lifetime and not a medical biophysicist, I had no way to know that my sperm would actively stay alive in the warm temperature of the stream, and could attach itself to an unfertilized egg from Mary's heavenly ovary, and cause her to become pregnant.

But that is exactly what happened on that fateful day of March 28th of the year 6 B. C. when I became the unwitting father of Jesus Christ. That was of course the real date, because through auditing, I had full recall of vividly remembering it.

Not knowing what I had done, I continued to repeat the incident, and for three more months after that, I crouched behind the bushes at daybreak, masturbating to my heart's delight while Mary took her customary bath. I was the proverbial Peeping Tom.

I would curse the Sabbath, because on that day the women were prohibited by Biblical law to bathe, and Mary did not come out to the stream. I sat at home during the entire day crying, because nothing was more important to me than seeing her. But Mary started to miss her period, and after three months, she was anxious, nervous and cross, and the least little sound or distraction tended to disturb her.

It was a very humid, quiet morning on the 17th of June, and the stream was especially still because it had rained all night and consequently the birds were not out, although the mosquitoes were attacking in full force, stinging me madly in the nuts.

And so when I climaxed heavily after masturbating rigorously and with ecstatic ferocity, I uttered a deep, panting moan; which, together with the splashing of the sperm against the water, frightened Mary, and she stepped forward to move away the leaves in front of the thicket where she was startled, noticing that semen was clinging to the hair around the opening of her vagina.

When she caught me by surprise with my penis in hand, realizing that I had placed her at the risk of conception, she screamed at the top of her lungs and ran into her house, dropping her bottle of oil along the bank of the stream.

Her father Joachim, who was eating breakfast, ran out, and saw me running towards my own house, naked and exasperated.

Joachim followed me there and told my father Amyohai, who beat me fifty times with his donkey whip.

That was the last time I ever saw the naked body of the Virgin Mary again, never having had the opportunity to fondle and make love to her. All I had left from the unconsummated affair was her empty bottle of body oil, which I kept for sentimental reasons until the day I died.

Of course, the rest is history. They used to stone unwed mothers to death in those days, and so when Mary's father took her to their family physician, he was very relieved to discover that Mary's hymen was still intact when the doctor gave her a vaginal exam. Afterwards, they brought Mary before Chief Rabbi Zacharias, who decided it would be less embarrassing and more socially

feasible to blame the whole sordid relationship on God.

Nancy Witkowski was prouder than punch that she had stripped away the big roadblock that was causing trouble in my life. My success was a direct measurement of her outstanding abilities as an auditor.

As if it were not bad enough that I was directly responsible for an overt act on so grand a scale that it resulted in the planetary dissemination of such false data as the Bible, I learned further in my Grade Five auditing that the same psychiatrist Yushkipondrec who originally came up with the idea of trapping thetans within bodies in the first place had also lived in a later lifetime as the Emperor Xenu, the cruel suppressive who injected us with a brutal concoction of alcohol-glycol, packaged us in freeze-dried clusters, and blew us all up with hydrogen bombs inside volcanoes seventy-five million years ago.

You can imagine the shame and degradation that I suffered as a parent when Nancy revealed to me that the Emperor Xenu had resurfaced millions of years later as my very own son, Jesus Christ. Now I finally understood why Jaime had deprived me of seeing my children during the time of the divorce. There was bad blood in my family tree, and she must have known it all along!

Five years before at the Flag New Year's Event of 1980, the Financial Planner for the Commodore's Messenger Organization Wolly Hooker had told me that Xenu was Christ, but it did not hit home until I found out that he had been my own kinfolk! What an albatross to wear around my neck! I felt so ashamed of myself that I would have gladly crawled under a rock if I had been given the chance. How could the world ever forgive me for conceiving such a vile offspring during the commission of such a perverted act?

Nancy said that I would simply have to confront it.

"The wog world has no idea as to the scope of Christ's deception", Nancy indicated. "The Bible is nothing more than a book of lies!"

"I was never a Christian", I confessed, "but doesn't the Bible state that Jesus died for our sins?"

"Did you attest to Grade Two for nothing?", Nancy growled angrily. "Grade Two was all about overt acts and withholds. We are responsible for our own sins! Only a psychiatrist like Christ would come up with false data like that in order to try to make us wrong. He deserved what happened to him! The pain he suffered at the Crucifixion was a drop in the bucket compared to the agony he put us through as the Emperor Xenu. Do you know why Christ really died?"

"No", I answered.

"He was having a homosexual affair with his live-in lover, Judas Iscariot, and they had a quarrel about Jesus's promiscuity and unfaithfulness! Judas turned him in to the Roman authorities in a jealous fit of mad rage. L. Ron Hubbard talked about it once. He said that "There are no fights quite as violent as those that follow a great love."<sup>[70]</sup>

"But look at how many people believe in him for nothing, and it's all my fault!", I cried.

"Why do you say that?", she comforted. "All you did is masturbate in a ditch of running water.

If you weren't the father, it would have been some other poor slob. I guarantee you that Christ would have spread his lies either with or without you."

"But look what a terrible overt act was committed against God, the Eighth Dynamic!", I pleaded. "God was blamed for a sexual act which I failed to adequately take responsibility for!"

"You're not the one who blamed it on God", Nancy consoled.

"It's because of my wild and uncontrollable passion that it happened though!", I wept.

"It's never too late to undo it!", Nancy encouraged. "At least you are starting to take responsibility for it now. You're a lot better off than you were before. I hate to invalidate squirrel religions like Christianity, but facts are facts. When you do your upper OT levels, you'll learn a lot more about it than I can tell you right now. Look at the bright side. Ron has been searching for the real father of the bastard Jesus for years, and now he has finally found you! Isn't that wonderful?"

"It's a tremendous amount of responsibility", I quivered.

Inasmuch as Nancy was certain that her auditing sessions were one hundred percent accurate, she sent me to see Lisa Witt, the Case Supervisor of Miami, for a comprehensive review.

Needless to say, the E-Meter didn't lie, and the results clearly showed once again that I was Malchoot, the real father of Jesus Christ.

"It's not as bad as you think from our perspective", Lisa Witt explained. "You were only the biological father of Christ's body. You had nothing whatever to do with him as a thetan. You should know by now that the concept of "fathers" and "sons" is all an illusion of the degraded physical universe."

"But look how intensely I will be despised and hated by the wogs when they finally find out how they have been fooled", I implored.

"On the contrary, Steven", Lisa brightened up. "Look how much you will be loved and admired by Scientologists for having the courage to confront the truth! Why should you or I care what the wogs think? That's almost as ridiculous as worrying about what the psychs think!"

"I never thought of it that way!", I remarked.

And Lisa was so right! I must have had some powerful sperm to make a girl pregnant across a flowing stream of five or six feet of running water.

"Maybe a lot of girls will want to have sex with me when they find out about how virile I was!", I told her. After the review session with Lisa, my whole outlook started to improve. The Case Supervisor always knew how to make me feel a lot better, and she had a nice ass too.

Not everyone, however, was so quick to embrace me as the fearless father of the false messiah. Peter Letterese had been a devout Catholic prior to becoming a Scientologist. He accused Nancy of running "dub-in" on me. Dub-in means "imaginary recall", or "something that isn't really there."<sup>[71]</sup> Nancy was furious that Peter had insinuated that she and I had made the whole thing up. When she told me about it, we both wrote Knowledge Reports requesting a Committee of Evidence to censure Peter for his brazen invalidation of both my time track and my auditor. Peter, on

the other hand, maintained that everything in Nancy's worksheets relating to Malchoot was a ton of crap, and he warned that the entire matter could become a horrendous public relations scandal if any raw meat wogs found out about it and the rumors were picked up by the psych-backed anti-Scientology press. He also charged in his affidavit that "many entry-level Scientologists on basic courses would be highly insulted if an auditor of the Church openly challenged their steadfast religious beliefs, and under no circumstances should Nancy Witkowski be allowed to pursue this line of insanity."

It came to a head on the 2nd of March, 1985. I never knew Nancy could assert herself so powerfully, but in fact she cursed Peter like a real trooper, calling him an Italian cocksucker who was still tied to the Virgin Mary's apron strings. She resigned as Lead Auditor of the Mission, and was immediately posted in the Org as a Grade Auditor at the Hubbard Guidance Center of Miami. Peter's loss was Bob Levy's gain. Bob Levy was the Executive Director of Miami.

Naturally, I followed Nancy to Miami, and at the suggestion of Lisa Witt, on March the 3rd I signed up for eight thousand dollars worth of auditor training with Ray Jourdain, the Body Registrar of Miami.

Lisa felt that because of my explosive situation with Peter, coupled with the fact that Christ only had one father and I was he, there was no doubt that my calling in life was to undo the damage I had caused the world as Malchoot by becoming a good auditor now in this body as Steve. I therefore had to devote all my free time to getting trained so that I could standardly apply every bit of Ron's Tech and Ethics without flaw or hesitation.

"At some point in the future you will be asked by many people to prove who you are on the E-Meter", Lisa Witt explained. "Owning a meter and doing basic processes is not good enough. You have to learn how to audit others! An auditor is senior to a Clear, because an auditor plus the preclear is greater than the preclear's reactive bank!"

I thoroughly agreed. The Data Access System class action lawsuit was settled, so I had plenty of ready cash with which to get trained. As a professional auditor, I could help others move up the Bridge, which would give me a great deal of social status amongst Scientology ladies. My main goal in life was to convince female staff members to sleep with me for nothing, and perhaps as a trained auditor, I would accumulate enough prestige to talk some cute, shapely thetan into it.

Ray Jourdain was a soft-spoken, clean-cut bisexual guy from Rhode Island who had a crush on me for a long time. As the Body Registrar, he was as happy as a mud-wrestling jellyfish in a raw bar to welcome me personally as a member of Miami's auditing team. Why he insisted on shaking my hand for five minutes without letting me go was something that I'll never quite figure out. Ray's boyfriend was Charlie Fox, the Warehouse Manager of the Miami Org, who like the Body Registrar, was also vehemently bisexual. Despite the fact that both Ray and Charlie often enjoyed staring at my crotch, I was able to rise above the peer pressure and keep the relationship strictly platonic.

The Lead Auditor of Miami was a pale, sullen, white-haired woman with an unsightly hairlip named Cat Fox, who incidentally was Warehouse Manager Charlie's wife. Cat, a shortening for Catherine, was about fifteen years older than Charlie, and everyone knew that they didn't really sleep together. Charlie married her because she was the best auditor in South Florida. He was such a lucky stiff, being able to go up the Bridge for free in his own bedroom!

Nancy Witkowski and Cat Fox were good friends. When Nancy told her about the ARC Break that she had with Peter over the authenticity of my auditing, Cat checked me out on her E-Meter too,

and found that Nancy's results had been totally on-Source, one hundred percent perfect and flubless, and that I truly was who she said I was.

In the meantime, Peter made a dramatic move to have Nancy's Class Eight auditing certificate revoked. To diffuse the time bomb of the deep personal feelings which went awry over this issue, Case Supervisor Lisa Witt dispatched me immediately to Flag so that I could meet with the very famous Inspector General for Tech Ray Mithoff, who had the final word over whether an auditing session had been properly handled or not.

Ray Mithoff was a tall toothpick of a nerd who looked like he used to be teased as a geek in Junior High School even worse than I was. Yet, his wife Sue was a knockout, and could have landed a high priced job as a fashion model if she had ever wanted to. Their relationship was visible proof that the best sex on the planet was waiting for me at the top of the Bridge. If Sue Mithoff would have just taken the time to wrap her legs around my face, I would have had power enough to fly all the way up to Class Twelve in no time.

"One day I would capture the floating needle of a woman just like that", I thought as I stared down Sue's blouse in the reception area of her husband's office, exteriorizing hard enough to make her bra disappear. But alas, she hardly knew that I was even there.

There is something to be said about being Security Checked by a Class Twelve auditor. You don't stay in the urinal of life very long when you are around Flag's top hired guns.

I found myself on the crossroads of euphoria.

"So what's it really like being fondled by one of Ron's thetan wizards?", you ask.

Okay. Conceive yourself to be an idea without mass, without wavelength, without time, and actually without position. I mean, you are physically made up of nothing, not even an atom. Picture yourself totally weak, as if you didn't even have enough energy to leave off some gas after eating three pounds of Brussels sprouts. Around you is an infinite void, without empty space or anything else. Time doesn't exist either. Nothing moves. Nothing happens. You're just out there as a non-entity in a non-existent part of nowhere. That's total freedom, the reward at the top of the Bridge. All alone, you'd feel as bored as shit. With other Operating Thetans however, the universe is your oyster.

"One OT working by himself cannot make it. But a group of OTs operating together are virtually unstoppable", Ray Mithoff said as I got the true picture.

"Wow!", I cognited.

"If your ethics are out, there's a fly in the ointment, and no other Operating Thetan will let you be a part of their game", he continued.

"What game?", I wondered.

"Being at cause over life", Ray Mithoff whispered hypnotically. "It's lonely at the top of the Bridge if your Ethics aren't squeaky clean. If there were any question about your integrity, nobody would have anything to do with you. So whenever there is any doubt regarding your Ethics, it is vital that you have your beingness validated in a Security Check so that the uncertainty can be removed."

Just listening to him made me zoom out of my skull into space, and I felt myself floating through the rear end of a black hole. I couldn't stay in my body if he even paid me a Flag Banking Officer's ransom to do it. As he set up his E-Meter can, I could taste the sting of the electrodes. I felt my fingers in the next room as I stared straight through Ray's flimsy body, watching his heart splatter blood past his aorta with a thumping, pumping, humping sound.

As Ray did the Security Check, his questions splashed around me like twenty megaton raindrops. I was high on exteriorization the likes of which I never thought was possible as I started to Free Wheel on the merry-go-round of the Sensitivity Knob. I began tap dancing the paraplegic two-step in time with a billion other Body Thetans on the thin edge of the meter needle while my mind got lost inside the labyrinth of the Inspector General's high-toned voice box.

"Hey, Steve!", he shouted.

Nobody was home.

"Come on! Pick up your body and get back into it!", Ray commanded with the intensity of a radioactive pit bull.

Now that was a real drag. It was much safer out there, wrapped around a telegraph pole on the far side of the Gates of Mars. Who the hell wanted to get back inside a stinking human body, especially my own? I sure damn well didn't! I felt more mixed up than a lost sperm oozing around a hooker's vulva in a dazed surrealistic stupor. Finally I pulled myself together, relocating myself behind my fake eyes that deliberately prevented me from seeing at three hundred and sixty degrees like thetans are really supposed to.

"How did I do on the Security Check?", I asked.

"Well, it's true", Ray shrugged. "I'll just have to tell the Commodore that you're the Son of God's real daddy!"

"What is Ron going to say about it?", I inquired.

"Whatever he wants", Ray laughed.

After sleeping off the after effects of my glorious round trip ticket through the land of Space Opera, I awakened the following morning as refreshed as a bag lady who had just been rushed in slow motion through a hard-bristle car wash. I had Free Wheeled violently throughout the night, locked into a poorly choreographed bad dream featuring Pope John Paul II as he pulled every hair out of my testicles with a pair of lava-hot tweezers, drooling all over the operating table while he cursed me in Polish as two standby psychiatrists were injecting truth serum from their own semen into my scorched nipples.

The nightmare was so vivid that I was too scared to play with myself even once during the entire evening or when I woke up in the morning.

Ray Mithoff was waiting for me in the Senior Security Checker's office, even though I was fourteen seconds early.

"It takes a lot of confront to disconnect from your own son once you have realized that he was a suppressive", Ray Mithoff began.



"I've got two daughters, and they are very good natured", I corrected. "I hope disconnecting from them won't ever be necessary."

"I'm talking about Jesus", he barked. "You're one of the few Freedom Fighters besides Ron who can bear witness to the cruelty forced upon us by Christ when he trapped us in our physical bodies seventy-five trillion years ago, as well as when he bombed us in volcanoes with hydrogen explosives seventy-five million years ago."

"Is there something special about the number seventy-five?", I asked the Inspector General.

"Well, a year and three days from now on March 13, 1986, Ron will reach the milestone of his seventy-fifth birthday", Ray remarked.

"I don't know if it's right to blame Christ for what he did when he was Yushkipondrec or the Emperor Xenu", I protested.

"Why not?", Ray snapped, looking at me as if I were inane stupid. "He's the same thetan, isn't he? That's like saying that you can't run New Era Dianetics processing on past lives because you were in a different body at the time! Besides, Jesus was still practicing psychiatry just like he did before, except that now he was covertly hostile, pretending to heal the sick with evaluative squirrely processes and putting the vulnerable wog population at total effect by forcing them to be afraid of the unrealities of hell unless they followed him blindly without a whimper. It's just a classic case of psychiatric suppressive invalidation of collapsed thetans on a more subtle scale but with far reaching effects. The Bible has so much false data in it that I wouldn't even recommend using the pages to wrap fish!"

"Yeah, you're right", I condescended in great awe.

"I know I'm right, and that's what I want to talk to you about", he continued. "You are a very important spiritual being."

"Why, because I sired somebody worse than the Devil?", I queried.

"There is no Devil", Ray insisted. "Hell is just one big mental image picture that Christ gave us as a cruel present for the evil purpose of caving us in after each time we die. Add one more point to psychiatry's blood-stained score card for that heap of sick suppression. Fire and brimstone are false illusions. An Operating Thetan can sit in the center of the sun for a trillion years and not get burned, so he certainly wouldn't be worried about a fake place called Hell, or any other of Christ's hypnotic implants in the mine fields of the Between Lives Area!"

"What about Heaven?", I wondered. "Isn't there such a place?"

"More psychotic suggestions designed to make you forget about your past life", he explained. "Heaven is just another fake picture that you see when you die, and was the bait that our psych slavemasters used in order to keep us trapped in our bodies life after life with false data. Both wishful thinking and faith puts you at total effect. You hope for pie in the sky and instead you get a rock slamming you in the face. Ron said, "It's impossible to be human and be right." Faith is for fools. Only intention is cause. Wishing doesn't make things happen -- Only postulates do."

"So what the hell is true then?", I demanded to know.

"Your time track, for one thing", he observed as he scanned through my Preclear Folder one final time. "Do you have any idea how vital you are to Scientology?"

"No, why?", I asked.

"Let's be logical here", he originated as he fiddled with the E-Meter's tone arm dial. "Once you are trained up to the point where the data about Malchoot on your time track can be revealed to the wog world, you are going to tell them that Christ was just an ordinary man, that you were his father, and that God had nothing to do with creating him. You've got to keep everything on a nice, easy- to-understand basic level for the drugged-up sheep out there."

"What about the part where Christ trapped us in our bodies?", I asked. "Don't they have a right to know?"

"Forget about that for now!", he ordered. "It's too steep a gradient for the average raw meat humanoid imbecile to understand. You have to keep it simple and drive home the point that Christianity is false because Christ was nobody important. The minute you talk about how evil he was in his former lifetimes, you are going to cause a ghastly ARC Break and cut the wogs up to ribbons. You can't do that. Becoming aware of truth is a slow process. You can't shock people into it. Don't you realize that ninety-nine percent of mankind is so squirreled up with lies that they think they only live once? And of those who have any reality at all on past lives, only a handful have been audited sufficiently on the Bridge to become familiar with their own time track. You're not dealing with upper level Scientologists out there in mainstream Planet Earth; you're dealing with ants. One has to approach ants on the realities of the anthill. You can't explain to them about skyscrapers when their whole world is underground and covered with dirt. They won't know what in blazes you are talking about, and they'll go right out of ARC with you! It's actually a crime in Scientology to disseminate on too steep a gradient. Hey, there are plenty of Scientologists who won't believe you too, like the guy in your Mission; what's his name?"

"Peter Letterese", I answered.

"Yeah, Peter Letterese, that's right", Ray recalled. "Even he went psychotic on your auditor because of his false fixed idea about Christ being some kind of holy spirit. Holy toilet water is what he is!"

"What's the point of telling everybody how unimportant Christ is if you're not willing to expose them to the entire story?", I asked.

"You missed the point, didn't you?", Ray grumbled.

"Okay, maybe I did", I admitted. "So what is the point?"

"Half of Planet Earth is Christian!", Ray instructed. "When you add up all of the Catholics, Protestants and Leftovers, they are all Christian!"

"So what?", I crowed in exasperation.

"You still don't get it?", Ray balked mimickingly.

"Not quite!", I acknowledged.

"Once the Christians realize that their great big messiah was conceived by you in a Nazarene love canal, where else are they going to go for guidance but to the very group that cleared up that unknown mystery in the first place?", he asked rhetorically. "As soon as the data from your time track is releasable, then half of Planet Earth will investigate Scientology, since we were the ones who stripped away all their false data for them! Once up the Bridge, they can then cognite on Christ's misdeeds, just like you did. But first we have to move them into the Orgs in droves. Don't you see, Steve? You can Clear half of planet Earth, just with the data from your time track alone!", he screamed exuberantly.

"That is awesome!", I realized as I drowned myself pompously in a sea of self-importance.

"Eureka!", Ray exclaimed. "You finally have got it!"

"So why can't we make this data available to the world right now?", I questioned impatiently.

"Did you see what happened when you ruffled Peter's feathers at the Mission?", he cautioned. "Until you are trained, you won't know how to deal with all of the counter-intention that will come your way when all the shit about Jesus hits the fan. You have to be armed to the teeth with Standard Tech to ward off the quagmire of entheta that will be thrown in your face by die-hard Christian demagogues. You'll have every television evangelist condemning you to their non-existent "hell" before you finish explaining how the E-Meter works. No, I'm afraid that you'll have to go all the way to Class Twelve in your training, and move completely through OT Seven in your auditing before I can allow you to reveal a time bomb like your case data to the world of simpletons and faith freaks that are festering around out there."

"But that could take twenty years!", I argued.

"Nonsense!", he cried. "The way you are producing income, it might take two or three at the most. You'll need a complete L. Ron Hubbard Library, auditing, training, and money put aside for the War Chest. There's nothing to it. For less than two million dollars, you could set half the world free!"

"What does the War Chest have to do with my problem?", I questioned.

"It takes a lot of money to train every Christian in the world to use an E-Meter", he winced as if I should have known that fact. "And we also have to fight the psychs, who will step up their efforts to quash and destroy us because we are telling people the truth."

"Why should the psychs care about what we say to the Christians?", I disputed. "Most of them are atheists who believe only in drugs and shock machines."

"Yes, that's true", Ray acknowledged. "But who are their customers? Which group generates their primary source of income?"

"Wog Christians", I cognited.

"Now you're cooking with gas!", he smiled.

"I feel a lot better now", I sighed.

"I don't know if you realize it or not, but you're the real Antichrist that all the wogs have been looking for in their Bible! Malchoot the Antichrist, that's who you are! We finally have someone who can do something about all of the suppression that has been plaguing the global reactive bank for two millennia!"

"That's truly fantastic, but do you know what I can take for a loose bowel movement?", I pleaded. "I can't handle all of this excitement!"

"Lots of confront", he prescribed sympathetically.

I finally had a reality factor on my life as Malchoot. I realized that the only way to repair my past ethics of that embarrassing lifetime was to mount the most vigorous campaign possible against every psych on the planet. I became consumed with revenge against Jesus and his squirrel mental health practitioners. I thanked God that Ray Mithoff had shared his insight into my Preclear Folder with me.

Ray Mithoff and Diana Meredith DeWolfe Hubbard Horwich were the best of friends. When Ray discovered that Diana was supervising my income program of acting classes, he decided to share my good news with her. Their conversation was written up in Ray Mithoff's Knowledge Report, which Ellie Bolger obtained from Diana and shared with me several weeks later.

"I don't believe any of it", Diana told Ray. "This guy Steve is as shallow as they come. He's a pervert and a sex degenerate. Have you seen the write-ups on all of his overts and withholds? Look at this stuff! Intercourse with dogs and fourteen year old runaways! Come on, Ray! You can't possibly believe all this Christ horse shit. He's probably running some kind of pathetic false-report dub-in on you."

"Well, it's consistent", Ray defended. "What kind of a guy masturbates behind bushes but an aberrated voyeur? People don't change from one lifetime to the next without extensive auditing. His second dynamic was way out back then and it's still out now. Who do you think was around in those days to do a Joburg Security Check or to audit him on the False Purpose Rundown? Pontius Pilate? Besides, I've checked him out myself at length. The data is beyond reproach."

"We'll have to verify it further before I authorize this drivel to be sent to Dad", she warned.

"I've already sent a courier to the Commodore", Ray revealed with an air of swift efficiency.

"Oh, that's just great!", Diana steamed. "You'll do just about anything to give him another heart attack!"

On the morning after the L. Ron Hubbard Birthday Event, I was busy in my ninth floor room of the Fort Harrison packing my bags to return to Fort Lauderdale. While I was pressing out my underwear with my portable steam iron, the phone rang. It was Ray Mithoff.

"You can't leave!", he said frantically.

"Why not? You said that the Security Check was all finished", I answered.

"Things are different now", he indicated vaguely.

"Can you be a little more specific, Ray?", I protested with a great deal of confront.

"It's not our decision anymore. The Commodore himself has ordered a battery of confessional actions to be done on you", he stated.

I gasped as my heart started panting at a mad rate.

"Ron knows?", I squeaked.

"Yes!", said the Inspector General. "It's a whole new game now."

Ordinarily I would have resented being put through five more Security Checks, and would have raised all kinds of Cain about being overrun to death on a process that was flat already. Similarly, Ray Mithoff would have probably felt invalidated to pieces if anyone else suggested that any of his confessionals had to be rechecked. But for Source, both of us would have eaten elephant shit if Ron asked us to. It was such an overwhelming honor that L. Ron Hubbard even knew my name! I never thought I would admit this, but being acknowledged and validated by Ron was a hell of a lot better than sex, although I wasn't about to give that up either.

For the next three days, I was dissected and put back together again by the best case crackers on the planet.

First, the Case Supervisor of the Hubbard Guidance Center of the Flag Service Organization Ann Glushakow ran a supplemental Security Check verifying the original data in my Preclear Folder when I rock slammed on the Scientology Cross.

Secondly, the Solo New Era Dianetics for Operating Thetans Case Supervisor for the Flag Service Organization Margaret Supak ran a Whole Track False Purpose Rundown on me, which also yielded some very good indicators.

Thirdly, I was routed up to the Case Supervisor for OT Seven Richard Reiss, who spent the bulk of two days taking me through a complete Whole Track Security Check, and listed out every principal incident that occurred on my time track within the last seventy-six trillion years. Needless to say, I was buttered all over the universe during that confessional rundown.

If that wasn't enough, my fourth action was to run every ARC Break, overt act, withhold, and service facsimile of making others wrong during my lifetime as Malchoot. The Case Supervisor Class Twelve of the Operating Thetan Executive Rundown L-12 whose name was John Eastment was the Tech terminal who got me through all of that. Interestingly enough, before the session, John asked me if I had any ARC Breaks of my own, and I actually did have one. It was the 17th of March, and I strenuously objected to the Saint Patrick's Day dissemination theme at Flag.

"How can the Church of Scientology acknowledge the beingness of a Catholic Saint?", I demanded. "You are all bowing down to Jesus and kissing his fucking ass!"

John Eastment started to laugh.

"You are confusing a valid dissemination program with the perception of acknowledging an irrelevant historical wog!", he cried. "We're not validating a thetan named "Patrick" for anything during this event, nor are we recognizing the arbitrary label of "Saint" placed upon him by misguided squirrels and suppressives."

"Bullshit!", I screamed. "You are having an open house at Flag celebrating Saint Patrick's Day! That is so damn hypocritical! Saint Patrick has something to do with Christ!"

"I am not going to dignify your ARC Break with a long interchange of Q&A", John replied. "The purpose of today's event is to reach out to raw public on their own reality level and draw them into the Org. Are you willing to forsake the immortality of all those thetans who might respond to the event today just because you are offended by the significance of their wog symbol?"

"No, of course not", I admitted.

"Very good", he said triumphantly. "The reactive mind identifies happiness with various pleasure moments associated with holidays. If we can Clear the planet more quickly by exploiting events like these, so be it. I don't give a damn how we disseminate as long we drive the wild hoards of bodies in here. Christmas is another example. It is the day which celebrates the birth of your own bastard son, who in his very first lifetime created the original trap of body death, and then stuck everybody else in it. Even the English language gives it all away. Did you ever notice that the name "Christ" takes up exactly half the letters of the word "psychiatrist?" Just a coincidence, right? I don't think so. He was once known as "Jesus the Psychiatrist." Some wog who never knew about Method One Word Clearing took the fourth, fifth, ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth letters out of the word "psychiatrist" and invented a new name for the son of a bitch!"

"Holy shit! You are right!", I cognited.

"Sure, we always put up a big Christmas tree at Flag to get raw meat in", Ray continued. But if there is any group of thetans who can keep Christ out of Christmas permanently, it is the Sea Org. And now we have you, living proof that we can offer up to the world that Jesus was just a case of two thousand year-old artificial insemination!"

"I guess you haven't found the Virgin Mary yet", I assumed.

"Oh, she's probably out there somewhere", John sighed. "I'm sure that she'll turn up sooner or later. Maybe you can find her. Meanwhile, do you feel better?"

"A lot better", I grinned.

"Do you still have an ARC Break over the Saint Patrick's Day Event?", he asked.

"No, it's all gone!", I laughed with deep relief.

As expected, John Eastment's session with me confirmed all the previous results of the other auditors.

My fifth and last terminal was Hansueli Stahli, the Qualifications Secretary of the Religious Technology Center, who did a final Check on every former action done on the Malchoot data, including a review of my in-depth session with Ray Mithoff. I noticed that copies of my folder were being sent to David Miscavige, to Diana Hubbard, and of course to Source. There is nothing half-assed about Standard Tech! It is the most thorough action on the planet, I can assure you.

After the review, Hansueli Stahli routed me to the Director of Special Affairs for the Flag Service Organization. I had no idea that it would be my old friend Lyman Spurlock, who once tamed and subdued Lavenda's sister. It was so great to see him again! He sure had come up in the world

since the good old squirrel-bashing days of the Guardian's Office. We gave each other a big fat hug.

In a brazen style that was so typically Lyman's, he warned me that the Malchoot data was so strictly confidential that if I communicated it or disseminated it to anybody, I would be expelled from Scientology forever. I signed a Security Pledge never to divulge my time track to any other preclears or staff members unless I was directly on their auditing lines. With that out of the way, Lyman wished me well and sent me back with a faceless Messenger to see Ray Mithoff again.

Ray offered me a glass of decaffeinated herbal tea in a mug from the Monkey Room of Old Saint Hill in East Grinstead, England.

"I can't stress how vital it is for you to get trained as soon as possible. I need you to get through Class Five by Book One Day, which you know is May the 9th. You may be asked to participate in one of the new pilot rundowns that Ron is developing right now. Participation is by invitation only, and there will be no cost at all to you."

"How can there be no cost to me?", I said in great surprise. "Where is the fair exchange then? If I am invited to do a special rundown, I want to pay for it. I've got to keep my ethics in. Who is the Registrar?"

"Ron", he whispered.

"What?"

"You heard me, Steve."

"How do I get to do it?", I fluttered excitedly.

"I have no idea", he shrugged. "If Ron wants you to do a rundown, he'll simply let you know."

"But how? When?"

"What will be, will be", Ray cackled philosophically.

My final order from Ray Mithoff was to go to Israel at my own expense and get some subjective reality on my life as Malchoot. I made reservations with El Al Airlines for the following month.

When I returned to Fort Lauderdale, Peter Letterese had a big apology for me. The word had spread fast that the top Tech terminals at Flag had fully validated my numerous Security Checks. Although I forgave Peter quite easily, Nancy did not. She stayed on at Miami and refused to patch up her ARC Break with Peter. With Nancy gone, the Mission began to have financial difficulties. Even under normal conditions, Peter was forking over three times the rent that he used to pay when we were at the old location on Andrews Avenue. Nancy had been the main source of auditing revenue over the last four years, and she took the bulk of her preclears with her to the Org. In a highly frightening measure of austerity, Peter placed the Mission in a Condition of Emergency and cut all staff pay to nearly nothing. Fran Hardy and Reggie Monce both resigned from their posts, and Peter had to do most of the auditing himself. To make up for the lost auditing income, he focused his attention mainly on the courseroom, vigorously promoting basic courses and services to the rawest of raw meat wogs. Peter made Motorcycle Mike Hambrick the Director of Training, and hired a very

sexy Courseroom Supervisor with long brown hair named Collette Atzel who I instantly wanted to take to bed. Unfortunately, she was married to Mark Atzel, a staff auditor from Miami, and like all the rest of the women in the world, she didn't even notice that I was alive. Peter instructed Collette to leave two buttons wide open on her blouse, and sent her to give out free personality tests at a blue collar bar named "Danny's" located a block away. Within three weeks, the courseroom was filled to capacity with construction workers and truck drivers, and once again the Mission was flourishing and prospering. There was no obstacle too great for Peter to handle.

In the meantime, Leah Abady and Nancy Witkowski took turns auditing me, since Nancy was running back and forth to Flag doing her False Purpose Rundown Auditor Training.

I spent a lot of time auditing out my overts and withholds when I lived four billion years ago in the Marcab Confederacy, which used to be the planet located between Mars and Jupiter until Christ blew it all up and it became known thereafter as the asteroid belt, containing fragments of dead rock. L. Ron Hubbard describes the Marcab Confederacy as a "sort of decadent, kicked-in-the-head civilization that contained automobiles, business suits, fedora hats, telephones, and space ships. It was a civilization which looked like almost the exact duplicate but was worse off than the current United States civilization."<sup>[72]</sup>

In the Marcab Confederacy, my name had been Insangoma, and I had worked in an evil post as a suppressive psychiatrist for Christ, who in that lifetime was known as Prelate Hecate Mogul Udex. The psychiatrists ran the planet with a clenched fist and an iron lung, and we were collectively known as the Marcabian Supremacy. My job was to program vicious, abhorrent, and hideous dream sequences into my victims, causing them to be slaves to their psychiatric masters. As the Dream Programmer for the Marcabian Supremacy, I lived a lifestyle that rivals any present day Sheik or Sultan. I forced women to love me by implanting them with fierce hypnotic suggestions, and then kept them locked up in electronic cages until I had the urge to rape them. God, I miss that place.

Hundreds of thousands of years later, Marcab declined decadently, going down the dwindling spiral from an extremely workable Confederacy to an autocratic, despotic Empire, and Christ resurfaced again as the merciless Emperor Xenu. He wanted to own and control all of the bodies on our planet. By that time I had joined Ron as one of his Loyal Officers. When Xenu caught us, we were among the first to be injected with a solution of alcohol-glycol and freeze dried in clusters with thousands of other forsaken thetans who Xenu considered to be either criminals or non-conformists. He then packaged us in boxes and shipped us off to Earth, where as you know we were forced to explode in volcanoes with hydrogen bombs and other nuclear material. When Xenu finally succeeded in owning and controlling all of the remaining bodies on Marcab, he had no more game or purpose. In a fit of psychotic rage and apathetic boredom, he blew up his own planet, and became the last living refugee of his burning Empire of ashes to arrive on Earth, bringing with him all of his lies, deceit, and treachery.

In my auditing, I discovered that I had worked for Christ in other planets during earlier lifetimes as well. On some of these posts, I had been the cruelest of villains.

For example, on Otai Keola as the Psychiatrist Voltimand, I addicted the entire population to drugs at Christ's request. Unlike the substances of Earth, the ones I used to inject into the bodies of the Otai Keolans actually increased their ability to work, while at the same time enforced both conformity and obedience. Those who had the rare side effects of dronishness or non-productivity were put to death for the benefit of society. It was another example where Christ gained power and made slaves out of everybody he came in contact with.



On the planet Ixolia, there were two categories of life forms. There were the higher intelligences with an I. Q. of over 150, and the lower intelligences who like myself, didn't quite make the grade. Inasmuch as Scientology has since proven wrong the century-old wives' tale of the psychologist which falsely states that intelligence can never be changed or altered, Ron somehow didn't tell us at the time, and we were tested only once. If only the Ixolian psychologist had given his victims a series of I. Q. tests before and after "treatment", he would have found, much to his dismay, that uniformly his brand of therapy made people far more stupid.

In any case, our proverbial genius the Christ set up a massive factory where he brutally suppressed the lower intelligences, breeding them all for food. Children were raised in incubators and force-fed through the stomach until they reached puberty, at which time they were slaughtered and served up as dinner for Jesus and his cohorts of higher intelligences to eat. As I indicated, I was on the receiving end of the punishment in Ixolia, turning out quite a few times as human pat' for Christ's prune-faced wife, since that was her favorite dish. She found something very appealing about ground up human intestines. As soon as the selected bodies were killed for the menu, the sprung thetans were shoved into the torsos of new babies so that they could be grown life after life for the same exact purpose. I spent over four million years being raised time after time as a sumptuous meal for the smart, the rich, and the famous. I predictably went into apathy over it after a while. Leah revealed that when Christians offer up wine and a wafer to represent the blood and the body of Christ, all they are doing is dramatizing their stuck pictures from Ixolia when Jesus actually ate their bodies and drank their blood during their last supper before their next lifetime. All satanic rituals originate from various occult prayers which the higher intelligences said before eating the lower intelligences for dinner. I realized that there is nothing new on Earth today that hasn't been done or tried before, with the exception of Scientology. This was the first time in seventy-six trillion years that anyone has mapped out a route to escape from the trap, instead of forcing us deeper down into it like the psychiatrists.

"Ron is the best friend that mankind ever had", I said.

"Yeah, and Christ is our worst enemy!", Leah added.

It seemed that every time I found a civilization where I had done some act of horrendous evil, Christ was right in there pitching as he pulled my strings. When I was a victim, it was Christ who was the cause of my pain and suffering.

On the planet Arslycus, Ron and I had been fighting underground, trying to set the thetans free. When Christ captured us in a gruesome battle, we were both sentenced to an eternity in prison, building roads in space. For the next ten thousand lifetimes, I was given the job of polishing the same brick, day after day. When the body I was operating became too old, weak, and feeble to work, I was forced to drop it so that it could be killed, and I was instantly shoved into a new body and made to continue waxing and shining that identical gold brick. The slang term of "goldbricking", which according to The American Heritage Dictionary means "shirking or avoiding assigned duties or work", has its origins on Arslycus. After ten thousand lifetimes of doing the same task, most of my enthusiasm had completely disappeared. In an act of not-so-quiet desperation, I eventually removed the air cover of Arslycus, killing Christ, the rest of the population, as well as myself. However in doing it, I was thereby able to set everybody free. It turned out to be an act of great courage and fortitude, and Ron was exceedingly proud of me for it.

Earlier on the time track, there had also been some very beautiful places that made me very happy. Demagorga was one such planet, where thetans could change the color of the oceans

simply by making a postulate. The clouds had a beautiful flavor of cinnamon which I still remind myself of every day at breakfast.

I also enjoyed a wonderful life on Avodelegadra, where I had a two million year post as a Spatial Conceptualizer. I kept the entire planet in perfect order, and I even made love to my wives according to size place. The shortest one always came first. Leah disclosed that this was the reason I had married Jaime, who had only been five feet tall. When I met her, her height had unwittingly reminded me of my nostalgic lifetime on Avodelegadra, where everything was always so neat and clean. I was probably extra harsh with my ex-wife because she failed to live up to my preconceived Avodelegadran expectations.

My greatest accomplishment of doing the Whole Track Life Repair Rundown was when I discovered that I had been the Archivist of the Universe on the planet Montaluxa, maintaining the records in the Library of Truth and Knowingness. Montaluxa, which was loosely translated by Leah as the Mountain of Light, was where I first was appointed as Ron's Loyal Officer. It was a majestic place where Source data was truly loved and respected, and where psychiatrists paid heavily for their crimes against humanity. When Nancy Witkowski returned from Flag, she ran me on a recall process which examined the beauty of that planet, unviolated by Christ until he savagely invaded and destroyed the place. He ransacked the Library, casting it into infernal flames. There I sat, devastated and alone, abandoned amongst the wreckage and the cinders.

After the auditing was completed, I wrote a Success Story which had the happiest of endings. After sixty- one trillion years since the fall of Montaluxa, I finally found at long last that I could resume my post in life as an Archivist of Scientology Data. Hope and joy was once again possible, due to the truth and wisdom of Source!

Part of the grave and solemn responsibility of being Malchoot, the real father of Jesus Christ was in getting my ethics in. During a profound demonstration where I had to construct corrupt churches out of clay, I cognited that a great deal of evil and wickedness was still being perpetrated in Christ's name. The "animal house" or Christian Ministry Outreach where Mary and Mark slept each night was a prime example. Reverend Charlie Bledsoe was robbing the poor street people blindly, selling them grass and other psychiatric dope, and then getting a big fat tax write-off because he had established his den of iniquity as a Christian Church, following the footsteps of his mentor and proteg' Jesus.

When I wrote this all up as a Knowledge Report for Nancy Witkowski, we both knew that the only decent thing left to do was to burn the house down, as this was the greatest good for the greatest number of dynamics. I gave one hundred dollars to Mary and Mark in order to torch the place, telling them to make certain that no one was hurt. But as it turned out, they gave most of the money to a drifter named Gene Gates who used to sell newspapers on the very same corner where I bought my first Dianetics book in 1974. Gene had a personal grudge against Reverend Charlie because he once made him sleep outside in the rain after Gene had accused the slumlord of shortchanging him on a double nickel marijuana bag. Gene Gates was only too happy to take his revenge against the mercenary Minister.

On the 29th of March 1985, the Christian Ministry Outreach was burned beyond hope of recognition. Although Detective Tom Magnifesta of the Fort Lauderdale Police Department investigated Mark and Mary for the fire, it was Gene Gates who was eventually arrested for arson.

Nancy and Leah were both proud of me for my upstat in getting my ethics in by handling the ill-effects of Jesus within the stupefacient wog society. I was now ready for my trip to the Promised

Land where I could swing into action, getting in touch with my former lifetime as Malchoot. After all, you don't get to be a good Antichrist by just sitting around the house being a lazy couch potato. You rise above the reactive bank and see the world, boldly taking the Cross by the horns.

It was so strange going to Israel as a Scientologist instead of as a Jew. Yet, there was a calmative sanctuary in the bowels of the Mideast madness, because there existed an Org in Tel-Aviv. I was pleasantly surprised and relieved to find out that it wasn't called a Church, but rather the "Scientology Shalom Center." Now here is where public relations truly made sense. What Jew would ever be caught dead in a Church? Shalom Center means "Center of Peace", and this didn't go against my grain in the same way that Churches were starting to do. Ever since I found out about my spermatozoidic connection with Jesus, I began to get psychotic over the word "Church" when it was used to describe an Org in Scientology. But just as John Eastment had revealed, we have to Clear the planet in the quickest way we possibly can, and in the United States, Christian people hypnotically flock to Churches. It was incomprehensible to me that half the wog world had been so pathetically brainwashed. That reality was something that I would just have to learn to live with until the data from my time track would change everything and set them free from Jesus permanently.

The Scientology Shalom Center at 158 Disengoff Street was so wonderful! Here was a whole team of dedicated Israeli Scientologists, with a fresh stack of Dianetics books printed in Hebrew! I felt like I really belonged there as I went to work organizing their bookstore in size place. I also became very friendly with Avram Yousilevsky, the Director of Special Affairs for Israel. I invited him out to lunch, and he took me to an obscure place where I ate a falafel and noodle pudding casserole that I savored with great glee.

On the following day, I drove to Jerusalem, and visited the spot where my estranged illegitimate son was Crucified. All of my mental image pictures from two thousand years ago came flooding back to me as if it had just happened yesterday.

When Jesus was a grown man, I confronted him and finally told him that I was his real father. He flew into a violent tantrum, condemning me to hell, and proceeded to beat the living shit out of me until I was nearly unconscious. Then, he savagely urinated in my face while I was laying on the ground, just like I had done in 1981 to the Mission Holder of Hawaii. I never knew until that moment where I had gotten that great idea from. I guess you could say that Jesus and I had a pretty intense ARC Break. I didn't know a bloody thing about the perils of psychiatry in that lifetime. I was a simple musician who had switched careers during a midlife crisis and opened up a chain of whore houses in Jerusalem. Still, I recognized that my son was a very evil man. I was not about to forgive him for attacking me.

When the Roman soldiers arrested him, I was the one who went along to identify him. After I fingered him to the Man, one of Christ's henchman who looked like Jaime's karate teacher cut my right ear off.

Quite coincidentally, a couple of years ago I had my hearing tested, and my ear doctor told me that I had a partial hearing loss on the right side. Now I knew why.

Anyway, to make the long story short, I knew it was foolish to get mad when it made more sense to get even. I paid a Roman Centurion two gold pieces so that I could hammer a rusty nail into Christ's left foot. When I recalled the incident as I stood alone in the hills of Golgotha amidst a bunch of Palestinian grandmothers doing their laundry, I remembered that I enjoyed nailing the bastard so much that I had a massive erection as my son's blood spurted all over my white robe.

No matter how hard my housekeeper tried, she couldn't get the stain out. They didn't have Liquid Tide with Bleach back then. Anyhow, I wrote everything in my Knowledge Report for Ray Mithoff. It's all on file at Flag in case you want to see it sometime.

While in Israel, I went cruising for prostitutes with my friend Bobby Rosen from the brokerage house, who also went along with me on the trip in order to share expenses. We found an open outdoor flesh market on the outskirts of the town of Herzliya near a place which was oddly enough called the Mandarin Hotel. I picked up two Palestinian hookers and took them home for the night. It was not like I was taking sides in any political issue. This was simply a matter of economics. The Israeli whores charged too much. They asked seventy-five. I was able to Jew down the Arabs to thirty. The girls I rented were two cute fifteen year olds, but God, did their pussies stink! I don't think they had washed themselves in a whole month. I didn't know whether to ejaculate or to vomit. My friend Bobby didn't want either one of them. Then again, he didn't speak much Arabic.

On July 29, 1985, I finally completed all my New Era Dianetics auditing and my Expanded Grades. Nancy Witkowski dispatched me to Flag at the request of Ray Mithoff, who ran the final eligibility check so that I would be qualified to do one of the highly confidential L. Ron Hubbard Pilot Rundowns. Lieutenant Commander Ron Norton of the Flag Service Organization asked me to sign a pledge of confidentiality with a penalty of expulsion from the Church if I revealed the materials in the Pilot Rundown to anyone except my immediate Case Supervisor. I eagerly signed it, although I had no idea who my Case Supervisor was or how to reach him. After all the Security Checks were finished and the documents were signed, I expected to start the Pilot at once. However, Ray Mithoff told me that this was a level of Solo Auditing, where I was responsible for auditing myself.

There was only one problem. I had never learned how to do that! As soon as Ray realized that oversight, he sent me directly to the Flag Registrar, and I was signed up for the Solo Auditor's Course Part One, which was a non-confidential level with loads of drills on how to hold the two cans with your left hand, read the E-Meter with your eyes, and write the results down with your right hand, all at the same time. Well, it could have been worse. They could have always asked me to chew lead and spit bullets while doing pirouettes. After three twelve-hour days of grueling practice at the Hubbard Guidance Center, I think that I could have even trained my penis to hold the cans and piss on the worksheets. I was finally ready.

But after all that preparation, not a damn thing happened! Ray Mithoff just told me to go home and wait.

"What do you mean, "wait"?", I spewed.

"Like the old adage says, don't call us; we'll call you!", he mocked.

"Did I do something wrong?", I asked in outraged shock.

"No, you were too beautiful!", Ray replied.

"So then why can't I start right away?", I panicked.

"Just go home and don't ask so many inane and stupid questions!", he shouted.

Now this was far more shit than I could take! I felt like screaming my head off and reading everyone the riot act. I wrote up a twenty-eight page Situation Report, and I was about to hand-deliver it to Lisa Witt in Miami, when I cognited that I was probably being tested!

"They must be verifying my pledge not to disclose my eligibility!", I thought to myself. "It's some kind of Ethics deal! They want to see if they can trust me!"

And so I did nothing, unless you call sitting by the phone, biting the skin off my fingers a normal, healthy, thetan activity. Still, there was no news. I began to get more and more ARC Broken and upset, and I found myself doing obsessive things like masturbating eight times a day.

As you might have supposed, my love life crashed again too. Mary Agnes Holzbach left both Mark and I in the lurch, and she ran off to North Carolina with a Lumbee Indian who we used to call the "Trash Man", because he used to sew his own clothes together from things he found in garbage cans. Mary and Mark had been living on the edge again ever since the "animal house" burnt down, and that kind of anxiety had placed an awful strain on their relationship. Sadly, Mark left town too and went back to the Bronx, and once again, I was forgotten and alone.

However, on Monday, July 29, 1985, I received a manila envelope from a Jack Mitchell of Whispering Woods Ranch, 1871 O'Donovan Road, Creston, California 93432. At first I thought it was just some more junk mail from Father Flanagan's Boys' Town. But when I saw the thirteen handwritten auditing sheets of Solo set-ups and case supervision for the Time Pilot Rundown with the words "ML, Ron" scrawled at the end, I physically crapped in my pants. "ML" is a shortening for the words "Much Love" in Scientology, and there was no doubt that the long-awaited confidential level had finally arrived directly from the Commodore!

Neither David Miscavige or Diana Hubbard had believed in me enough to entrust me with Ron's address. Ron had actually sent it to me himself. He didn't arrange for me to pick up the data from Ray Mithoff at Flag, nor did he dispatch a closed-mouth, hush-hush, vaginally-crazy-glued Messenger to deliver the package to me personally. What we had here was the power of simplicity. Ron just went ahead and used the United States mail, and didn't even bother to send it registered or certified! There were three first class, twenty-two cent stamps on it, and it was stuffed in the mailbox of my condominium along with "Clothed With The Sun", a monthly nudist booklet from the Naturist Society, as well as my Girl Scout magazine and an advertisement for seedless grapes from Publix Supermarkets.

Perhaps Ron trusted me because he needed a friend and was as lonesome as I was. Maybe he was just thanking me for contributing the ideas of Bingoing our enemies or the psychiatric concentration camps. It could have been that he hated Jesus every bit as much as I did for having trapped us in our physical bodies. It was very plausible that he wanted to show me his gratitude for the time that I removed the air cover from Arslycus. To this day, I still do not have any idea why he honored me with the invitation to do a level which changed my life forever. If any of you understand the reason why, then please write to me. I really need to know, and of course I love to receive mail anyhow. In any event, I loved Ron from the bottom of my bosom, and both his intentions and his postulates were more important to me than my immediate life. Only a committed Scientologist can honestly conceive of the true meaning of Source.

The L. Ron Hubbard Time Pilot Rundown was simply called "Time" for short. Doing "Time" took more time to do than the time I had would allow. In his instruction sheet, Ron ordered me to send my auditing reports, worksheets, Dianetic Flow Tables and Folder Summary Reports directly back to "Jack Mitchell" at the Creston address. It was so peachy to have a communication line with the Commodore. I could think about very little else.

If the entire world would have just left me alone and gone away, I could have crawled into my

private cocoon and would have done nothing else except my Solo auditing. However, my wedding business kept interfering with it, and if that were not enough, my father demanded that I spend more time helping him out in the shoe store now that I wasn't a stock broker anymore. On top of everything else, Barbara Letterese was always pestering me at odd hours of the night in order to notarize some vital document or to coach some new student on his TRs in the courseroom. Naturally, I always obliged and assisted my local Mission, as was my required duty as an unquestioningly Loyal Officer and a Kha-Khan of both mercy and virtue.

Despite the fact that I was vacillating on cloud nine twenty-four hours a day, I sensed that there was something horribly wrong at the Mission. The courseroom was always filled with students and the auditing appointments were forever booked up with new preclears, but yet the staff were underpaid and seemed to be suffering rather badly. Peter was endlessly and continuously complaining that the Mission was still broke and on the verge of bankruptcy. It just didn't add up.

The most evident example of this was Motorcycle Michael Hambrick, who had lost a great deal of weight and looked like a pale zombie most of the time. I had never been a thetan who could neglect my fellow man, and no one either in or out of their right mind could have ever accused me of that.

"What's wrong, Mike?", I asked. "You look terrible."

"No, I'm okay", he said proudly.

"That's not true", I argued. "It's Steve you're talking to now. Tell me why you seem so weak and sick."

Michael hesitated for twenty seconds.

"If you have to know", he began, "I haven't had anything to eat in two days."

"What the fuck is going on?", I screamed. "Don't you have any money for food?"

"No, not until the Mission takes in another seventeen hundred dollars", he said shamefully. "Our stats are down this week, and you know how Peter gets when that happens."

"That is a crock of bullshit!", I yelled. "Here is a five dollar bill. Now go over to Taco Viva and get a burrito and some enchiladas in your gullet!"

I could see the pain in Michael's eyes. He was far too hungry to refuse my money, despite the fact that he made a token attempt to put it back into my hand. I insisted that he take it however, and sent him expeditiously out to eat, covering for him in the courseroom until he got back. When Peter saw what I had done, he raised all kinds of calamity with me, accusing me of disrupting the morale of the staff.

"You can't run a Mission with dead bodies plastered all over the Org Board!", I shrieked in downright defiance.

"You had better stay the hell out of this affair, or I'll throw you into Non-existence!", he threatened. "After all I have done for you, how can you interfere with the way I am running this Mission?"

"Peter, you are starving your staff members!", I remarked. "Didn't you eat today?"

Peter turned his head away from me in shame.

"Yeah, you had a nice lunch. I can tell from your breath. Lasagna, wasn't it? Meanwhile, Michael, Denise, Cheryl, and Chuck are all going without anything in their stomachs!"

"Their stats are down!", he screamed. "Do you expect me to violate Ron's Policy and reward downstats?"

"Well, your stats are down too then!", I protested. "And I don't see you punishing yourself or your wife by starting some new fad diet! I think we have a little bit of a double standard here!"

"If you're so interested, why don't you donate thirty thousand dollars to the Mission from your next settlement check?", he grunted. "I don't see you sticking your hands in your pocket to help us."

"I just gave Mike five dollars for food!", I chirped.

"Just stay away from him and everybody else!", he warned. "I can't have my people running to you whenever they get hungry. What are you trying to do, create a welfare state here? This Mission has a big nut to crack every month. The rent is over three thousand dollars!"

"Well who the devil asked you to move us away from Andrews Avenue?", I continued. "We were doing just fine over there."

"We are going to make this place into a Celebrity Center, that's why! Look, I am not going to take orders from you, no matter how many friends you now have in high places!", he shrieked. "I don't care if you turned out to be God's father, his uncle, or even his twin brother! As far as I am concerned, you are a little pussy-whipped faggot who gave over a half million dollars of our money to your grubby Jew ex-wife! If you hadn't fucked us out of all the cash which I taught you how to make, we wouldn't be having this conversation now, would we? You had better leave this whole thing alone, before I have to do something drastic that we will both regret!"

Although Peter was right in saying what he said to me, I still couldn't ignore what was going on. My mistakes with Jaime had nothing to do with Michael's starvation. I felt compelled to investigate.

Chuck Weiss was the Treasury Secretary of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale. Formerly a Jewish mama's boy, we both had a lot in common. I laid all my cards on the table, and I asked Chuck if he would help me uncover the reason why the Mission was having such a serious financial problem that Peter had to deprive the staff members of food.

Fortunately, Chuck had plenty to eat. Unlike Michael, he still lived at home with his parents and had a separate source of income. Denise resided with her husband Reggie, who had found employment in a wog job after he and Peter had their falling out. But poor Michael slept on a cot in the warehouse in back of the Mission building, and had no one to depend upon but himself. With all of that, he was so enamored with the Tech and dedicated to Clearing the planet that he kept on going day after day as if he had just eaten a ten course lobster dinner. I vowed that I would get to the bottom of the mystery and help the poor guy out.

Lo and behold, Chuck began to find some very hard-to-ignore discrepancies in the books. For example, Peter had bought a four hundred dollar dress from the Mission's funds for Barbara to wear at the recent Book One Birthday Event in Miami. Now that truly was disgusting. How could he buy lavish gifts for his wife when Michael was suffering from malnutrition?

Chuck Weiss discovered where the money was going. Peter had set up a "Celebrity Center Reserve Account", and was regularly making cash deposits. Even though the purpose of the supplemental bank account was ostensibly to provide funds which was supposed to convert the Mission into a Celebrity Center, Chuck found out that Peter was paying a lot of personal expenses from this account, including his electric and telephone bills from the luxurious ranch in West Fort Lauderdale where he lived. Unfortunately, Chuck was only able to find two statements, since Peter had directed the bank to mail all of his correspondence to 5000 Southwest 148th Avenue, where he was Lord of the Manor in the opulent style of a country gentleman, which seemed far above the expectations of an impoverished Executive Director of the Fort Lauderdale Mission who couldn't even afford to even pay his hired help in stale sandwiches.

Chuck Weiss promised me that he would write up a Knowledge Report when his investigation was completed, and would thereafter send it to the Flag Banking Officer of Miami, whose name was Leona Littler.

In the meantime, I wrote a similar Knowledge Report on my own, and sent it to the Flag Banking Officer of Scientology Missions International in Los Angeles. I also sent a copy of it to Ron, but in care of the L. Ron Hubbard Communicator at Flag. I didn't want to use the Commodore's home address in Creston, California for anything except the confidential Time Pilot Rundown, which I had not completed yet because of all this annoying "DEV-T", or developing traffic that was preventing me from getting my vital Solo auditing done.

Predictably, Peter started ganging up on me when he sensed that I was the force behind the investigation. He wrote numerous Situation Reports, nattering that I was spending large sums of money on whores, and complained to Ellie that I was not paying enough attention to the class action notices in the newspaper. He even accused me of failing to order back copies of the Wall Street Journal for the week that I missed when I went to Israel, and for not keeping the Class Action Log Book up to date! Ellie told me to keep on producing and not to worry about Peter, and that she would straighten him out once and for all.

In the meantime, Michael still wasn't being fed properly, and I suggested to him that he apply for a staff position in the Sea Org.

"At Flag you'll probably get to eat caviar, Chateaubriand and pheasant-under-glass every night", I assured him. "You'll also be a lot closer to Source Data, and in no time you'll be much higher up on the Bridge than you possibly could be if you stay around here playing Peter's undernourished nursemaid to a bunch of entry-level wogs."

And so, Michael Hambrick took my advice and applied for membership in the Sea Org. However, the Sea Org Recruiter of Miami turned him down, disqualifying him because he once had been a habitual user of LSD, which can turn on pictures of the time track violently at any time and as a result, produces insanity. As I was training to be an auditor at the Miami Org, I volunteered to audit Michael Hambrick on the effects of LSD. When I ran a process on him called "Attitudes, Emotions, Sensations and Pain for Each Drug", I pulled one of Michael's "missed withholds", or "something which people nearly found out about."<sup>[73]</sup>



Apparently, Michael had been attracted to Scientology because he sought the same thrill he had attained on marijuana, LSD, and other hard core drugs. I then ran him through a powerful exteriorization process and got him torpedoed out of his body, at which time he cognited that being set free was a lot more euphoric than any "high" he had ever achieved on drugs. What I accomplished with Mike was getting him back on track without the false purpose of drug substitution getting in his road.

In his Success Story, Michael wrote that due to my help, his entire beingness as a thetan had been revitalized. I cognited that the greatest joy before me in Scientology was in helping others to become more able. I finally had reality on the fact that an auditor is truly senior to a Clear, because an auditor makes or produces Clears if he audits flublessly according to one hundred percent Standard Tech.

On the way home from the Miami Org after that marvelous session with Michael, I stopped to have dinner alone at one of my favorite restaurants in Fort Lauderdale, which was the Casa Vecchia on Birch Road. They only had valet parking there, and since I did not think it was appropriate or reasonable to give the uniformed attendant a dollar tip, I left my car in the municipal lot four blocks away near the Las Olas Bridge where I had once met Mary Agnes Holzbach.

While walking to my car after dinner, an odd man wearing nothing but a skin-tight bathing suit and a white handkerchief sticking out in the back of his shorts crossed the opposite side of the street in order to talk to me.

"Want to party?", he asked.

"I don't do drugs!", I snapped ferociously.

"No, I mean with me!", he clarified.

"You're not really some kind of homosexual, are you?", I questioned in shock.

"I can be anything you want me to be for twenty bucks!", he laughed.

"No, I like girls", I explained, busting his bubble. "Are you in Liability?"

"What's that?", he wondered.

"Well, you've got a rag hanging out of your back pocket", I continued. "Where I come from that means you're in a very low Ethics Condition, except the towel is supposed to be gray, not white."

"A very low what?", he chirped squinting. "Are you sure you're not on Angel Dust?"

"What the hell is Angel Dust, a furniture polish?"

"You are some kind of funny freak, man!", he giggled swishingly. "The dangling white rag is my high sign that I'm open for business, like the light on the top of a cab."

"Yeah, well I've got to go", I saluted, walking away from him.

"Wait! I've got a lady for you! Would you pay thirty bucks for a female?"

I turned around and looked at him suspiciously.

"You said it was twenty", I sneered.

"That was for me! I'm twenty. Twenty Dollar Jim they call me. But my sister is thirty."

"Your sister?", I scoffed.

"Well, she's my roomie", he nodded. "We sort of live together."

"Aha!", I exclaimed. "You're not really gay after all! You're just in some kind of a gay valence!"

"A gay what?", he chuckled.

"A synthetic personality; a mock-up", I added as I did some word clearing for him."

"A gay valence, huh?", he flitted. "You sure talk funny. Where are you from anyway?"

"From the Org", I replied.

"I should've known. From the Org! I'm from there too. So, do you want to meet a nice sweet lady or what?"

"Why should she charge thirty if you're only twenty?", I asked again resentfully. "Isn't that sex discrimination?"

"Do you want to file a complaint with Equal Opportunity or do you want to get laid?", he proposed.

"It's just so unfair that women think they can get away with charging more!", I sparred.

"You can have us both for forty-five", he compromised.

"I don't want you at all!", I screamed. "I don't even know what men do with each other!"

Twenty Dollar Jim's roommate was a succulent sex kitten named Lida Mayo. They both lived together in Room Six of the Seville Motel on Seville Street, one block from the beach. Jim worked as a salad preparer during the day at the Marlin Beach Hotel, which was predictably a hangout for other males with gay valence problems. Lida didn't work at all, and that is why Jim kept his night job.

But besides being a beautiful California-type blonde with a sultry voice who enjoyed wearing a straw hat in the shower, Lida was very intelligent. Much to my amazement, she even owned the book Dianetics! Was it possible that I finally found a girl that I could take to bed who also had some theta awareness? Regrettably not. She never read the book, having bought it from "some girl" who was selling them at the Greyhound Bus Terminal. It had probably been Barbara Koster, the new Bookstore Officer.

"She was high-pressuring me!", Lida complained. "After a half hour of sales-pitches, I just gave her the four bucks."

"You are a wise investor", I said. "It's up to five now."

I took Lida back to my apartment, because making love to her in front of her salad man was not my idea of a good time, even though he sort of liked the concept.

"How can you live with a homosexual?", I asked her.

"Oh, can't you tell he's bisexual?", she said tastefully.

"Still, aren't you afraid of getting AIDS?", I asked. "If he has one homosexual contact per night, he might be in a high risk group."

"If he only had one john per night I would dump him!", she responded as she licked some cigarette ashes off her fingernails. "He'd better do ten tricks a night if he expects me to stay with him! I like to buy sexy lingerie, and that costs a lot of money!" "Ten tricks a night?", I gasped. "You'd better take him to the Public Health Clinic and have him checked!"

"He always washes himself afterwards, you dummy!", she cooed. "The guy is real clean. After all, he handles food all day, right?"

Lida was quite a fantasy in bed. She knew exactly how to touch me. Do you have any idea how good it feels to have your balls squeezed while you go in and out?

"Don't push so hard!", she cautioned. "I have an infected Fallopian tube and it really hurts!"

"Are you sure that your gay boyfriend didn't give that to you?", I reprimanded, waving my index finger in her face.

"What are you, some kind of asshole? He's not the only man I sleep with! Stop worrying so much. Just keep humping and have yourself a good time. You can even watch me douche afterwards if you think I'm dirty or something.

So Lida became my next in-depth serious love. I vowed to accomplish two things with her. I needed to get her away from Twenty Dollar Jim, and to make her read Book One from cover to cover.

"Reading Dianetics is even more fun than this!", I urged as I was having an orgasm.

"Who's having fun?", she said honestly.

Eventually Lida Mayo did leave Jim after he ran off for a three day lost weekend with a seventy-year old retired Army General who had his own sailboat and lots of cocaine in the hull. Not willing to be humiliated any further, she accepted my invitation to move in with me. As a gesture of good faith after she unpacked, she lowered my price from thirty dollars to twenty-five, which was one of my greatest accomplishments of the summer. Although she refused to give up her absurd Christian faith, she went with me to many Scientology events, including an "OT cruise" to the Bahamas on the Sea Escape with a group of Commodore's Messenger Organization Scientologists among which was my ex-governess and upstat home wrecker Bonny Mott, who had flown in from Clearwater for the occasion. Lida stood by as we practiced our thetan abilities on the ship, causing strange phenomena to occur like the reappearance of the sun after it set in the West. Bonny told Lida and I that within a year, Scientology would have its own ship, and that top

management was already involved in negotiations to purchase the cruise vessel "La Boheme."

Lida also enjoyed going with me on Sundays to visit my children, and became very friendly with Elysia Skye, my youngest. I often took my two daughters to the Mission of Fort Lauderdale in order to play with the clay whenever I had to update the Class Action Log Book on the status of the various outstanding claims. As always, Denise kept the Log Book in the Hubbard Communications Office and made it available to me whenever I needed to see it. My girls looked forward to the fun of making things out of the clay until my suppressive ex-wife found out and put a stop to it.

I eventually landed Lida a job as a nude dancer in a strip tease joint near my condo known as "Gum Wrappers", and there she did very well indeed. Sometimes in the evening I had to leave my apartment for an hour while Lida brought up her male clients from the club, but on those nights when she asked me to make that sacrifice for her, she never charged me a penny for "seconds." Therefore, I encouraged her to bring home as many dates as possible and as often as she could. This eventually turned out to be my own undoing, since she met some very handsome and wealthy debonair dude, and without even giving me two weeks' notice, she split with him to California.

Like a broken record, I was once again adrift in a sea of loneliness, still hoping to meet that one special mermaid who would help me weather out the storm.

On the 9th of November 1980, I was summoned to Flag in order to renew my five year contract of employment. I met Ellie Bolger at her tiny little room in the Sand Castle Motel, where she was blow-drying her toenails and chewing on some escarole and a radish.

"One day you will take over my post", she predicted as she tried to stab the roughage out of her teeth. "I am actually grooming you for it."

"What are you going to do at that point?", I asked.

"Kick the Rockefeller family in the nuts and stop all of their psychs from interfering with our plans to Clear this planet!", she outlined in no uncertain terms. "I don't want to remain on finance lines forever, you know. An executive should be hatted in all phases of upper management."

Once her nails were dry and she finished picking her nose, Ellie walked me back to Flag where we went up to the Presidential Suite, which had just been completely renovated.

Gone were the drab navy blue and gray colors of before. The seven room apartment was done over in hues of coral and beige, with all new cherry wood furniture with hand cast decorative moldings and wall treatments to match. Flag Crew had installed a cedar-lined closet in the master bedroom, and there was now a stereo system, a VCR, and a portable computer in a separate wing called the "media room." They even included a russet-colored Mark Six E-Meter to match the dining room candles. I wept incessantly at the magnificence of it all.

"If only the kitchen had a microwave", I sobbed profusely. "Then it would be totally perfect."

"I'll see that it's done!", greeted Marc Yager, the Inspector General of Administration, who had been too preoccupied with a tennis match on television to properly acknowledge us when Ellie whisked me inside. "Yes, a microwave should do nicely in here."

Soon, Lieutenant Commander Holly Sheridan arrived, and introduced herself as Diana Hubbard's personal representative. She was followed by the L. Ron Hubbard Communicator

International and the Fields Financial Planner for the Continental Liaison Office of the Eastern United States, who both stood frozenly at attention until the five-foot-three-inch Commanding Officer of the Religious Technology Center David Miscavige arrived. Mystifyingly, the grandfather clock chimed ten times as if it knew that David had just walked in. There was probably some Body Thetan stuck inside the timepiece who was doing whatever it took to make amends and get his Ethics in.

"Gee, I remember this place when Diana used to stay here", I remarked, trying to break the silence of the disconcerting dead air. "It sure looks a lot better now."

"I'll be certain to tell Diana you said that", Holly Sheridan quipped with an air of sarcasm that could slaughter a billy goat.

"I meant because of the new renovations, not --"

"We can't waste too much time with this crap", David interrupted. "I have to take my car in to be serviced. Marc, let's get started."

The Inspector General Marc Yager cleared his throat after a failed attempt at choking on his own saliva, as David briskly cut him off.

"As you all know, the Commodore has taken an interest in Steve Fishman's case. It appears as if Steve's auditing data will be directly instrumental in stripping away the entire myth of Christianity, and as a result, can provide the impetus for us to effectively Clear Earth."

Everyone applauded except David Miscavige and I. He was too busy looking at his wrist watch, and I did not think it was appropriate to clap for myself.

"So we are here today to renew the five year contract of Steve Fishman for his post of Fields Financial Planner of Fort Lauderdale", Marc continued. "Who has those income targets? Ellie, do you?"

David Miscavige placed his right hand out like he was running on battery acid, and a Messenger handed him a brown leatherette document case with two sea horses engraved on it, together with the words "Standard Tech." He opened the portfolio and took out a page of notes which were neatly typed on Religious Technology Center stationery.

"Why don't we all sit down", David insisted.

I took a chair in between Ellie and Holly. Somehow I always felt more comfortable around women.

"Bring everybody some pear nectar! There is some in the refrigerator", David ordered to his short-skirted Messenger, who looked either very Filipino or poorly Hawaiian. The servant returned within fifty seconds, with seven translucent copper stemware glasses on an eighteenth century sterling silver tray.

"Don't fill these up so high next time, Lucy", he criticized. "Can't you see that two drops spilled on the silver because of that?"

"My apologies, Sir", she bowed as the refreshments were served.

David seemed annoyed that Lucy gave the drinks to the two ladies before he received his, but he didn't say anything. Anyone could see that he was making a sincere effort to become a perfect gentleman.

We had to finish our nectar quickly and wait for all of the glasses to be taken away and the Messenger to be gone before David was willing to say another word.

"Your new contract expires on 9 November AD40", David finally began. "It calls for the production of one million, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, plus five hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in pledges. What are these pledges for? Does anybody know?"

Ellie stood up reluctantly.

"Commander, that was money which was stolen from us by Steve's ex-wife in his divorce settlement", she explained.

"That doesn't make any sense!", he argued. "How could that have happened?"

"Well, Peter Letterese was supervising him at the time, and --"

"Who the hell is Peter Letterese?", he interrupted violently.

"The Executive Director of Fort Lauderdale, Commander Sir."

"Make sure I get a report on that incident, Ellie", he barked Napoleonically.

"Excuse me, Sir", Holly Sheridan interrupted as she raised her hand. "Diana sent you a copy of that report last February."

"I don't have time to worry about what Diana did or didn't do right now", David stormed. "But I want to see the Ethics Folder on this troublemaker Peter. He sounds very PTS."

"Of course, Sir", Holly and Ellie said in unison, which startled David slightly.

"So what's the total on this contract?", David demanded.

"Two million, two hundred and eighty-five thousand", Marc calculated in his head.

"So that is what you are going to produce, Steve", David postulated with the authority of Little Caesar himself. "Are we in good ARC over the final figure?"

"I have no problem with that amount, Sir", I said stoically.

"Good!", he wallowed. "Okay, so out of the one and three quarter million, we have three games going."

"Games?", I repeated, not sure that I had gotten the word right.

"That's right, games!", he reiterated. "First, you've got a game to have the most Source Data on the planet. That's called the "Library Project." That includes all your bookstore items, tapes,

course packs, hat packs, insignias, E-Meters, auditing forms, etcetera. I also want you to buy a Scientology car badge. We've got a big push on those right now. They're only seven and a half bucks. So you know what to do about the Library, right? Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will cover it completely. If it's more, it's more. Someone said that amount would be sufficient. Who was the one who said that?"

"Ken Delderfield", Marc Yager answered.

"That's right", he acknowledged. "Kenny knows how much everything costs. So lets set a target date for the Library at year's end 1986. How does that sound to you, Steve?"

"No problem!", I purported as if I were Alf.

"Okay, next we have a half a million bucks for auditing at Flag through OT Seven by top notch Class Twelve auditors", he ordered as if he were at a cattle auction. "Because of the Malchoot thing, I can't have you getting flubbed upon by some gung-ho clown that's going to overrun you with your rudiments out in some squirrel caged Class Four Org!", he warned. "I wonder who we're going to get to audit you. Oh, I suppose we'll figure all that out later. It's not important right now. John Eastment did a good job with you though. You can't get quality like that outside of Flag. Go through Ron's birthday of '88 on that target time-wise."

"That will be fine, Sir", I gazed, totally exterior from David's spellbinding oratory. "Five hundred thousand by March 13, 1988", I repeated. "That's easy."

"Then after that we'll need one million dollars for the War Chest to audit out the fourth dynamic engram!", he raved. "It's your responsibility to get every Christian in here, even the stubborn ones! You caused this whole mess, so let's see you Clear it up! How does that sound to you, boy?"

"Boy" he called me?

"I'm older than he is", I thought to myself.

"You've got yourself a deal, Commander Sir!", I shouted, offering David a handshake, which he ignored.

"That pledge has to be paid back too", he warned ominously.

"I'll have it all done way before the 9th of November, 1990", I promised. "It's a piece of cake!"

"Well, just don't choke on it then!", he scowled. "No, you're a good kid. You'll make it!"

"Yours is by far the biggest game that any thetan is playing on Planet Earth today", Marc Yager added.

David told the L. Ron Hubbard Communicator to be sure that the Commodore received a copy of my signed contract. The reminder seemed excessive, since that was the only reason why the Communicator was invited to be there.

"Make sure Fishman does it, Ellie!", David groaned sternly.

David patted me on the head like a puppy dog as he left the room.

"Always wear your hat as a thetan", he grimaced.

Flag was always such a colossal world of contrasts. In the evening, I liked hanging out in the lobby of the Fort Harrison Hotel and soaking up all of the theta energy. It was fun to just plop down into one of the many gold velour sofas and stare at the brown octagons in the carpeting until I went exterior. On quite a few nights I enjoyed being a shimmering reflection in the glass which adorned the numerous chandeliers of the main foyer, looking down at my vacant body as I sat there in hopeless anonymity. At Flag I could be anything I ever wanted to be, and as I intently admired the stately mustard and beige Corinthian pillars overlooking the sitting area, I often had the vision that I was the Ethics Officer of the Roman Coliseum, feeding the psychiatrists to the lions as a crowd of Operating Thetans roared in wild appreciation for me. The pleasure moment would not last too long, because there were always six or seven survey takers with their dinky little clipboards and weather-beaten pencils ready to tap me on the knee and take me over to the Elk's Building on Garden Avenue for a confidential briefing on such things as doing a five year Interneship in the Advanced New Zealand Organization or sponsoring the International Hubbard Ecclesiastic League of Pastors in Tanganyika. I found it impossible to say "no" to these adorable but wormy people! They had their stats to pull in, and I literally was besieged with guilt every time I had to turn them down. If I were a woman, I would probably be forever pregnant, since as a man I never believed in birth control. Well, how could I? My first sexual experience occurred when I was fourteen years old, when Cousin Richard paid ten bucks to get me laid by this Venezuelan prostitute named Patricia. It was a disaster. The condom got caught in her uterus and she had to be rushed to the hospital. I vowed never to wear a prophylactic again.

All I ever wanted out of life was a normal, healthy relationship with a girl who I could either force or pay to gently love me. Is that too much to ask for? And what really frosted my buns was that some of the cutest women in the world were at Flag! I wish I had an earth-shattering cognition for every time a female knockout in a Sea Org miniskirt came over and talked to me, and it turned out to be another four hour debriefing on some obscure project that cost fifty thousand dollars and would keep me busy for the next ten years of my life. Didn't they understand that all I wanted to do when I had some extra free time was to sit in the fucking lobby by myself and stare at the carpeting? If I were in a mental institution they wouldn't stop me from doing that, would they? Why couldn't the bloodhounds just leave me alone? It wasn't fair! I had to dodge survey takers at every turn in my own religious retreat. Don't you think I felt ashamed of myself, having to hide from thetans who I loved and respected for what they were doing? I couldn't help it if there simply wasn't enough time or money to support every single pet project in Scientology. What was such a big deal if I just wanted to crash out in the lobby on those soft gold couches and relax! But no! I had to be bombarded with well-intentioned leeches trying to find my correct "buttons." Instead of worrying about my buttons, perhaps if I opened up my fly and whipped out the little fireman they would have left me in peace by myself. But how could I do a thing like that in a public place under my present circumstances? Ordinarily I wouldn't have thought twice about it, but at the moment I had twenty to twenty-five little water blisters all over my phallus. I certainly couldn't trust a wog doctor to examine me. It would have set me back three years on the Drug Rundown if I took any suppressive medication. I was drug-free and damn proud of it. Still, there was no way I was going to permit my pecker to fall off because of whatever new plague I had. The proper thing to do was to make an appointment with Andrew Bardy, the Flag Purification Officer In Charge who was also the Assistant Medical Officer of the Flag Operations Liaison Office.

I don't have the foggiest idea whether Andy was a licensed physician or not. I just wanted him to prescribe an auditing process that would take the stupid water blisters away. I would be



lying if I told you that I wasn't worried about getting AIDS, even though I knew that there was really nothing to fret about, because Scientology would always be able to cure it.

Andrew Bardy was a fellow with a square face who had the kind of unkempt hair on his head that most of us would be proud to have growing on our ass. Although Andy received his degree in medicine working as an orderly at a hazardous waste disposal site in the Dominican Republic, for the right price he was able to secure a valid diploma from a prestigious correspondence school in Santo Domingo specializing in irrigation therapy. He must have been very bright, because he had all of his credentials plastered on the wall without ever having to learn a word of Spanish. Nevertheless, I was very impressed with any guy who was able to do a full electrocardiogram with an E-Meter.

"So, Andy?", I wavered petulantly. "Do I have AIDS?"

"I don't know", he diagnosed. "When is the last time you had chocolate?"

"I can't eat that sticky stuff", I said instinctively. "Hershey Bars and Reese's Pieces both make my face break out in zits."

"Okay, no chocolate. Very good", he continued. "How long ago did you have your last soda?"

"About eleven years ago at my Cousin Bradley's Bar Mitzvah", I confessed. "Why do you ask?"

"Just answer my questions", Andy reproached. "What about coffee? How often do you have that?"

"I've never tasted coffee in my entire life!", I languished. "The smell of beans always bothered me, and I certainly wouldn't have put any milk in it, because that is how I was murdered in my last life."

"That is great news!", Andy cheered.

"What, that I was murdered?"

"No, that you never drank any coffee!", he boomed. "What about tea?"

"I had a cup about a year and a half ago", I said repentantly.

"Now that could be serious", he mulled glumly, jotting down notes on a worksheet about what I had just disclosed."

"But you're not a habitual tea drinker, are you?", he asked.

"God, no", I flinched. "I hate the taste of it unless its flushed with honey and lemon."

"What do you drink?", Andy wondered.

"Fresh squeezed orange juice, fresh squeezed pineapple juice, fresh squeezed pear nectar and Martinelli's apple juice", I revealed.

"Martinelli's is a very good brand", Andy agreed. "I know how hard it is to persuade wogs

working at a fruit stand to squeeze apples for you and then extract all of the pulp without getting some typical reactive mind argument. Every time I walk beyond the boundaries of Flag I go into culture shock!"

"I envy you", I denoted sadly. "I have to live out there with all of that insanity."

"I can see why you are so anxious about diseases", he quivered.

"Oh, I know! Did you ever think about how many billions of Body Thetans hide between the sheets of toilet paper in public rest rooms, waiting for just the right opportunity to attach themselves to one of your hemorrhoids?", I quaked.

"I hate when that happens", Andy comforted. "I hardly ever go to the men's room anymore."

"Do you know what else I don't like about standing up to urinate?", I complained. "It always feels like the water from the bowl is defying the force of gravity and creeping upstream into my penis. Does that ever happen to you?"

"Sounds like a side effect of psychotherapy", he orchestrated.

"So what's the verdict, Doc?", I whistled. "How many years have I got left before I have to trash this mock-up?"

"You'll probably outlive the Gerber baby", he laughed.

"But what if I'm bitten by a gay mosquito?", I said trembling.

"You can't possibly ever come down with AIDS even if you have the virus!", he diagnosed perspicaciously.

"I don't know what you're talking about!", I replied.

"That's the story of my life", he conceded. "Misunderstood words kill more people than either coronaries or lumbosis. We'll just have to clear that all up!"

"What the devil is lumbosis?", I asked.

"It's a very famous Scientology disease",<sup>[74]</sup> he revealed comprehensively, saying nothing more about it.

Andy then waltzed me to the Flag Registrar so that she could eagerly debit my account five hundred dollars for an Eligibility Prepcheck, which was a generic type of confessional giving me the right to hear a confidential briefing. Old Guardian's Office Agents always pass those things with flying colors. When I returned to the Flag Operations Medical Office, Andy sat me down on an old bamboo drum and put some spectacles on the rim of his nose in order to appear more authoritative.

For the next two hours, Dr. Bardy disclosed that caffeine was the catalyst for the AIDS virus. During the Second World War, a Nazi psychiatrist by the name of Dr. Josef Mengele created the virus while experimenting on Jewish prisoners at Auschwitz Concentration Camp.

The Nazis wanted Dr. Mengele to develop a virus which could be used as a biological weapon to wipe out races of bodies which they considered to be genetically "inferior." Had Scientology been in existence back then, they would have learned that the diverse structural features of bodies mean absolutely nothing, since an Operating Thetan can run any type of body he or she wants to, whether it is a plant, an animal or one of the human varieties. The theory of a "master race" is just another offshoot of the misconception known as the "cult of the body" rather than the causative awareness of the spiritual beingness known as the thetan. But since the Nazis were sources of trouble under the suppressive domination of German psychiatry, they had no access to any fundamental or basic truth about life.

Dr. Mengele did not have the chance to finish his experiments on the Jews because the war ended in 1945, so he retired to the jungles of Bolivia until he was contacted by several other high-ranking ex-Nazis who were employed by both Interpol and the Rockefeller Foundation at the same time. All together, they established several gruesome slave camps in Brazil along the Amazon River, and it was there that Dr. Mengele finished conducting his inhuman experimentation on indigenous tribesmen of the area and their families.

According to the data which a brave Scientologist by the name of David Gaiman of the Guardian's Office successfully retrieved during the famous break-in at the Max Planck Institute of Psychiatry in Munich where the information was stored, five hundred Brazilian Indians were deliberately injected with the AIDS virus which is commonly known today as HIV-3. Half of that group, or two hundred and fifty people were given a steady liquid diet of coffee and Coca-Cola, but the other two hundred and fifty guinea pigs were restricted to natural juices, milk, and water. Within seven years, all but three of the two hundred and fifty people who had an intake of caffeine were dead. In the control group, there was not one person with symptoms of the disease.

As hideous and shocking as the study may sound to the faint at heart, the evidence was overwhelmingly conclusive that caffeine was the catalyst for the AIDS virus. A catalyst, of course, is that substance which triggers a chemical reaction without itself being the direct cause of the reaction. It is the straw that breaks the camel's back.

"It doesn't matter worth a hoot if you have the virus or not", Andy explained. "As long as you avoid all forms of caffeine, you will never come down with a full-blown case of the AIDS disease!"

Now this was great news! It meant I didn't have to stop seeing any of my whores, especially Lida, who I suspected had given me the water blisters. Furthermore, after the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force was established, we would be able to inject all of the psychs with the AIDS virus and give them nothing to drink but Espresso coffee with a chocolate bar for dipping as an aperitif.

Andy also wrote a prescription for a diet of no salt substitutes, margarine, or artificial sweeteners.

"Despite the campaign of misinformation on wog television, there is nothing healthier for the human body than real butter, real meat, real sugar, and real salt!", he said.

"I always went in for solid health food like that", I agreed.

"You don't think Ron is going to stop cooking his tenderloin Texas steaks smothered in salty butter just because he has a problem with high cholesterol, do you?", Andy asked.

"I wish I could be a real man, just like Source", I sighed.

"And don't forget that the honest taste of sugar is plenty good for you! Crap like Nutrasweet and Equal causes cancer!", he warned. "The psychiatrists will stop at nothing in their attempt to wipe out the entire population with their drugs-in-food campaign. They've already killed more rats in their laboratories than the number of mice and men living in the entire New York City Subway System."

"That is disgusting!", I shrieked.

"I know!", he agreed. "Rats are thetans too!"

"What about sex?", I asked inconspicuously.

"I would rather see you monogamous", he decried with an aura of paternalism, "but as long as you avoid caffeine in all of its forms, you have my blessing to make love as often as you want to, as long as it doesn't interfere with either your auditing or your training."

"I still have problems with these blisters on my penis", I begged. "That is why I came to see you in the first place."

"Oh, you silly fool", he chagrined. "You never should use the same razor blade to shave your testicles that you use for your face. Don't you see what you are doing? You're defeating your own purpose, removing Body Thetans from your cheeks and planting them on your privates. Use two different razor blades and the blisters will disappear in no time."

"Do you think it's a good idea to continue shaving down below at all?", I quizzed perplexedly.

"Absolutely!", Andy screamed. "Don't you know that cutting hair off any part of your body stimulates hormonal growth? Not even many Scientologists have seen Ron's in-depth studies on the aging process. Removing every bit of hair off your body stimulates the genetic entity to revitalize itself by replacing what was taken away. Now, I'll admit that the idea may not be very socially acceptable in the wog world, but it's quite a lot healthier actually."

"Just a minute, Andy!", I intervened. "I don't see Scientologists shaving their arms and heads like the Hari Krishnas. If it's such a worthwhile action, why is it so uncommon?"

Andy looked at me as if I truly went off the deep end.

"Since when did we Scientologists start worshipping the body? Our purpose is to raise the awareness of the thetan, making the able more able where it benefits the greatest good for the greatest number of dynamics. Okay, you asked me how to prolong the body's life and health, and as your Medical Officer it is my duty and responsibility to give you the hot dope on it, but it is really of no importance to either of us, if you only stop and think about it", he clarified. "I am obligated to provide you with Source Data when you request it, but if you fixate or dwell upon what I have said, you are no better off than an insane professor of forensic psychiatry who takes apart a brain in order to find the mind!"

If I were the President of the United States, I would give Surgeon General Everett Koop a good swift kick in the butt and set fire to his Quaker faker beard. Imagine disseminating all of that wicked false data about homosexuals being in a high risk group, and promoting "condom-phobia"

as a panacea for AIDS? I would honorably appoint Andrew Bardy in his stead and tell the whole world that coffee and soda drinkers were the true group at risk. If Rock Hudson were not a compulsive coffee drinker he would still be alive today, and Dynasty would have never been taken off the air. By withholding the truth about AIDS, it is organized criminal psychiatry that must be held accountable for the death of that marvelous and talented actor.

Andy explained that the psychs have a vested interest in concealing the hidden secret about caffeine because the insurance companies are paying them so much money to console the AIDS victims with prefrontal lobotomies and electric shocks. The drug cartels do not want anyone to know the truth, due to the large sums of cash they extort in Government grants for research. If all of you started sending in claims for class action lawsuits when I did, we would have stopped the psychs and their corporate bloodsucking parasites from killing so many innocent people by now! I swear to you on a stack of Dianetics books that if I ever get those concentration camps built, I'll make every psychiatrist, psychologist, psychotherapist and hypnotist swallow a caffeine suppository every day until their urine turns into embalming fluid. I hate it when anyone gives death a bad name.

Andrew Bardy wished me well, and told me that he was making my briefing session a permanent part of my Preclear Folder. If you ever need a good doctor, go to Flag. Trust me on this one. You'll come out the other end feeling like a brand new thetan.

My next step was to meet the International Justice Chief, a hero of a man named Paul Laquerre. Andrew Bardy routed me up to him at his temporary quarters in a dank office behind the upper mezzanine of the Crystal Ballroom, which encompasses the entire span of the tenth and eleventh floors of the Fort Harrison with the exception of the Presidential Suite.

Paul Laquerre had the imposing look of an executioner from the Louisiana State Penitentiary. His heart of stone could slice through injustice like a Samurai warrior carves up butterfly shrimp. His eyes were reputed to make silly putty out of the most secure beingness. A stern look from the dark side of one of Paul's postulates and all nine United States Supreme Court Judges would melt just like the leftover soap scum in curdled cream of hummingbird soup. As the Highest Ethics Authority on the Planet, a discerning glance from the lint in his navel could cast more aspersions upon you than the collective legal opinion of the entire Harvard Law School.

Present at the inquisition was Ray Mithoff and also Ellie Bolger, who thrived on following me around wherever I went like a bad penny. In all fairness to her though, Ellie never did get to accompany me to the midnight showing of "Nuns and Nazis" at the Triple-X Pussycat Theatre on Columbus Drive in Tampa.

"Be thankful that you are a Kha-Khan", Paul Laquerre stuttered as he twisted his tongue in writhing venomous happenstance.

"I try never to rest on my laurels", I shivered as I felt a cumbersome disembowelment coming on.

"Do you know where you would be if you weren't?", he harassed with typical rhetorical hanky-panky.

"Well, I'd have some Ethics problems", I ventured to say.

"You'd be on the outside looking in with all the rest of the suppressives", he congenialized.

"As it turns out, your status as a Kha-Khan is only recognized by the Third Dynamic. Our group may be temporarily able to forgive your atrocities tenfold, but what I would like to know is how you can live with yourself?"

"Nobody else wants to live with me!", I harangued, causing Ellie Bolger to lose her TR-Zero and blink incessantly at my insubordination.

"I'm not amused", Paul expounded. "In the last six years, you have somehow managed to accomplish the nearly impossible feat of allowing over five hundred thousand dollars to slip through your fingers that not only would have gotten you all the way up the Bridge at the old donation rates, but would have tremendously benefitted your Mission, your Org, and many International expansion projects. Instead, where did the money go? To a wog witch who no doubt would qualify for the all-time downstat of Highest Paid Prostitute Ever in the Guinness Book of World Records."

"You're talking about my ex-wife, right?", I stated with an air of uncertain validity.

"Oh, are there others we don't know about?", he guffawed with the snideness of a farting hippopotamus.

"God, I hope not!", I spurted out in the hope of adding a little comic relief to the tense environment.

"The next five years during your renewal period had better be a lot more ethical than your first six", he sneered. "Although ludicrous enough, you are not entirely to blame. Your supervisor, Peter Letterese is quite a swashbuckling highway robber in his own right, isn't he? I have seen copies of your Knowledge Report over his wife's four hundred dollar dress, and for that I thank you. I'm afraid that is just the tip of the iceberg as far as his criminality is concerned."

"Then you're investigating him?", I asked.

"That's not your hat!", Ellie interrupted. "Mind your business!"

"Officially, no Orders have been issued yet on Peter", said Paul. "Clearing Earth is a deadly serious activity. You happen to be one of the most important pieces still left on the chessboard."

"That's a relief!", I heaved. "At least I'm not just a pawn."

"Everything you do from here on out is critical!", he adjudicated. "You are a representative of Scientology to the outside world of muck and mire. I want every step you tread to be as if you were more careful than a blind elephant walking on a tightrope of thin ice! If you are holding out any hope of being the spokesman who can strip away the misapprehensions of fixed Christian ideas to half of this global community of thetans, then you'd better start acting like one of us instead of some sewer rat with an enflamed libido. Gain some respectability for yourself, damn you! Stop cavorting with sluts and philanderers! There must be some way you could become better adept at having a healthy, ethical relationship with an on-purpose lady Scientologist instead of that cesspool of corruption within which you embellish yourself continuously! The world will be watching you from now on. Can't you understand that?"

"I'll give it my best shot, Chief!", I winked.

"What an uptight pompous ass!", I thought to myself as I left the salon. "He's nuts if he thinks I am going to become a monk because he's walking around with a jealous hard-on."

"He's very dangerous -- watch him!", Paul whispered to Ellie in a voice tone just a hairline too loud for me to ignore.

"Yeah, and you can go fuck a vacuum cleaner!", I screamed silently so I could have the last word. I may have respected him, but I damn sure didn't like him.

When I returned to Fort Lauderdale, I got some very grim news. My old alcoholic housekeeper Freddie Hinrichs was dying. I was very nostalgic for the days of yore when she used to switch my Chivas Regal bottles for Seneca Apple Juice and then wet the bed in a drunken stupor of delirium tremens. I blamed myself when I allowed her to drive home while she was intoxicated back in September of 1980. Not only did she smash up Jaime's car, but she wound up in the hospital where she had to have a blood transfusion. As it turned out, the plasma was tainted and she developed all of the symptoms of AIDS.

Predictably, Freddie had always been a coffee and soda addict. I took her to the Miami Org, but there was nothing that they could do for her at that late stage. Bonny Mott drove in from Longboat Key where she had been working on an undercover mission for David Miscavige. For the minuscule fee of five hundred dollars, Bonny offered to run a touch assist on the sick woman. Freddie was reluctant to part with her life's savings that she was keeping for her granddaughter, but Bonny warned her that if she were dead the money wouldn't do anyone any good anyhow, and so Freddie allowed Bonny to audit her. A day later, Freddie was rushed to the hospital, from where she never came out alive.

"You'd better get Freddie to sign the Magnuson Computer Class Action Lawsuit right now!", Bonny said. "Once she goes into a coma you'll have to forget about it!" Freddie had signed the original request for the Proof of Claim Form. It was too important a settlement to ignore, since the check was supposed to be one hundred and twenty five thousand dollars when it was scheduled to be paid.

The head nurse at Imperial Point Hospital did not want to let us in at all.

"Only immediate family members can visit with AIDS patients", she said regimentally.

Bonny Mott pushed me out of the way.

"We are ministers from the Church of Scientology", she explained. "Freddie Hinrichs is one of our parishioners and we simply have to go in and pray for her!"

So, with oxygen tubes up Freddie's nose, and with Bonny and I wearing sanitary face masks, Freddie signed the claim form, pathetically weak and nearly too exhausted to press down heavily enough with Bonny's Hubbard Guidance Center pen which contained the motto that read "Scientology Works."

In a fit of exertion that was a testimonial to Freddie's will to survive, she signed the mocked up name of "Pearl Blashinsky" on the document and smiled with a tender look of heartfelt sadness which told me how proud she was to muster up enough courage and strength to help me in her final hour of life. I put a ten dollar bill into her purse as a "fair exchange fee" for her signature, and with tears flooding my eyes, I blew her a kiss of love and bid her a fond farewell.

"How could we be so pitiless, getting her to do this on her deathbed?", I asked Bonny as I sobbed a sea of ammonia.

"Oh, cheer up, you nut!", Bonny giggled as she gave me a big hug. "She's about to be set free. Her next lifetime will be a lot better for having helped us, you'll see. Besides, stats are stats."

Bonny was such a darling, always knowing how to make me feel better with her own special recipe for compassion.



# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

## Death Of A Sailorman In A Billion Year Time Warp

I was sipping some freshly squeezed apricot nectar while doing my Solo auditing on the Time Pilot Rundown, when suddenly I realized something so ferocious that I went into shock and spit all over my E-Meter.

After you drop the body and go to the Between Lives Area, there is no guarantee that when you come back to pick up a new body, you will be in the same chronological time frame!

That scared me half to death!

So, if I were to die tomorrow, I might come back in the year 206, or possibly the year 3841. I had no way to know!

How did I find this out?

God, why did you have to ask me a question like that?

In the Time Pilot Rundown, Ron asked me to scan backwards on my time track, from my present lifetime on earlier. I used the E-Meter to verify the truth or falsity of the mental image pictures in my mind.

What actually happened was that the lifetimes were not validated on the E-Meter sequentially or chronologically. It just wasn't making any damn sense. My lifetime as Malchoot when I was born in the year -22 B. C. proved out to be more recent than my lifetime as Mordecai Kusvitz who was born in 1895, by the unwavering reactions of the E-Meter needle.

Now I don't know how brilliant you are, but the year 1895 is supposed to come after the year -22 B. C., correct?

Yet, the E-Meter definitely stated that Malchoot was a more recent lifetime. Not only that, the E-Meter indicated that my spin in the body of Mordecai from 1895 to 1948 happened over eight lifetimes ago on my time track!

I only had two choices. Either I had a broken E-Meter, or I was insane!

Let me tell you something. My E-Meter was regularly calibrated every six months. But just to make sure, I rented a second E-Meter from the Miami Org. There was nothing wrong with either theirs or mine. Both pieces of equipment yielded the identical results.

So you think it's me, right? Fine, be that way. Go ahead, attack my state of mind. Well, I'm not insecure about it, so do whatever you have to do. I have heard all of that garbage before. The psychs have called me a bi-polar schizophrenic paranoid psychotic, but they are thoroughly evil. You'll never hear the average man in the street calling me vile names like that. And in Scientology, the only time that I lost my cool was when I flipped out of my own valence because I was being chased and bombarded by Body Thetans, but don't you see? I'm a conduit for that sort of thing. That has nothing to do with my sanity. I may get emotional from time to time, but admit it: has anyone else had the courage to tell you the truth about life? Hell, no. I have passed every Confessional and

Security Check that was ever flung at me. You should only be as down to earth as I am, and I tell you that with all sincerity.

What is sanity anyway?

Let's look at what Ron says about it.

"Sanity is the ability to recognize differences, similarities and identities."<sup>[75]</sup> That is definition number one in Modern Management Technology Defined. I can safely inform you that I know the difference between my ass and a hole in the ground. There isn't any. They are both full of shit.

Lets look at definition two now.

"Sanity consists of producing a valuable final product for which one is then recompensed by support and good will."<sup>[76]</sup>

How the devil do you think I earned the rank of Kha-Khan, from being nuts? I may not have been the highest producer of securities class action lawsuits in all of Scientology, but I was by far the most dedicated to putting a stop to the corporate greed of psychiatric suppression. Any two day old infant can tell you that I wouldn't have been able to do all of that if I were out of my mind.

So if my E-Meter wasn't on the fritz, and I was as sharp as a matzoh ball, what gives, Sherlock?

The answer had nothing to do with my machine or my cog wheels. There was a third choice.

Time was crazy.

"Now what the hell does that mean?", you must be wondering. How could "time" be crazy?

That's not so hard to explain. If it's eight o'clock in New York while it's five o'clock in Los Angeles, is that normal? Should we just sit idly by on our fat cans and permit that to happen? Well, what have you done about it lately?

I'll go one round better.

What time is it on the moon right now?

Duhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

If you look up at a star which is twenty-five thousand light years away, it took the light twenty-five thousand years to get from that star to you. Therefore, you are seeing the place as it was twenty-five thousand years ago. It might not even be there anymore. If they are looking at us right now, they are seeing us in the stone age.

Time is a bunch of horse shit!

I don't have all day to give you a lesson in physics. If you're that interested in it, then either go become a two dollar-an-hour high school science teacher or else use your brains and turn yourself into a practicing Scientologist.

Here is what I learned on the Time Pilot Rundown in a nutshell without getting technical or boring you to death.

When you die, you drop your body and go to the Between Lives Area. There you get implanted with hypnotic suggestions to forget who you were in your past life. After that is done, you return to the physical universe to pick up a new body at the moment of conception of your next set of parents. That's it.

Except for one thing.

When you return to your next body, you do a shift in time as well as in space. There is no guarantee what year you will return to. Your guess is as good as mine. It's a nice, predictable world the psychiatrists made for us, isn't it?

What? You thought God created the universe or something?

God would never create a world wherein every time you have to eat, some plant or animal has to die. God created us as thetans. Some of us were rotten thetans and became psychiatrists. They built this mess we call the physical universe, not God. They also set up the Between Lives Area and then later got trapped by it themselves. It's about time you stopped blaming God for the suppressive acts that were done by the World Federation of Mental Health.

The moral of the story?

Your time track as a thetan has not a blessed thing to do with chronological time of clocks ticking away and day turning into night.

Death is a bitch, isn't it?

You drop your body and you pick up a new one anywhere and anytime from here to eternity.

That is the secret of life, and why the reactive mind is so reactive. I just saved you three hundred thousand dollars in auditing fees right there. Take that money and take a trip around the world with a cute redhead who looks a lot better than Ron's daughter.

Look at the facts, man! Let us say that your current lifetime ends in 1990, and then during the next time around, you are pushing an ox cart for a living in the Ottoman Empire circa the year 1202. Yet, you have dreams about watching Madonna take off her clothes on MTV and then they behead you for trying to express yourself.

It even gets worse than that. Men come back as women, and women sometimes come back as psychologists. Homosexuality is nothing more than the phenomenon of a poor guy who has some unconscious memories of his former lifetime as a woman when he had various pleasure moments that he enjoyed far too much to ever forget about. Do I actually have to teach you the whole Saint Hill Special Briefing Course in this book? No, I'm not doing to do that.

Nevertheless, when I did the auditing on the Time Pilot Rundown, I came to realize that we are in a bigger trap than I ever thought was humanly possible.

Strange things like time overlap can occur, such as one thetan operating two bodies at once, even though they occurred at different points on the thetan's own time track.

Don't get confused.

Just remember that your time track has nothing to do with the chronological time that everyone "thinks" is real. The ticking of clocks is nothing more than complete and utter bullshit which is holding the entire illusion of the physical universe together by a thread.

So what did I do when I finally understood what was really going on?

I wrote the whole thing up as a Knowledge Report and sent it directly to Ron.

You see, there was a very big problem staring at us in the face which I wanted the Commodore to know about.

When a Scientologist joins the Sea Org, he signs up for a billion year contract. That's right, one billion years. Why? Because a Sea Org member vows eternal service as a thetan, not a body.

Just how is one supposed to live up to his billion year contract?

When you pick up your next body after death, you are supposed to rejoin the Sea Org as soon as you cognite on having previously belonged to the group in your last life. You are scheduled to report back. The Motto of the Sea Org is "Revenimus", meaning "We Come Back" in Latin, and is spelled out on the bottom of the Sea Org Coat of Arms.<sup>[77]</sup> If Sea Org Member Mamie Glutz dies for example, and when she returns in a new body, she finds out through auditing that she used to be Mamie Glutz before, she is supposedly welcomed back on her old post by the Sea Org Recruiter. That's how a billion year contract is designed to operate.

Except the Sea Org contract is a fraud.

Why?

If Mamie Glutz dies in 1992 and then returns to life in -1066 B.C., how the hell is she going to rejoin the Sea Org? Was there a Sea Org back in -1066 B.C.? Not unless Flag had a retreat in Babylonia that I don't know about. Now it still might be okay for Mamie Glutz if she returns to her next life in the year 5000 A.D. I am pretty sure that if the world is still here, Scientology will have a majority in the House of Representatives by that time. So it is a rather safe bet that the Sea Org will find some kind of hat for Mamie to wear when she reapplies for her post. But after that lifetime, should our friend Mrs. Glutz be put back into the sixteenth century, she'll go bonkers.

Screw-ups in time travel from lifetime to lifetime is the primary cause of insanity anyway. Back in 1950, Ron tried explaining that to various psychiatrists and psychologists, and they all accused him of being crazy! Are you starting to see daylight here?

Like a good scout, I wrote a letter to the Commodore and told him to destroy all my data from the Time Pilot Rundown because it could have the potential negative effect of crashing the entire Sea Org. I felt that it was far better to fool the Sea Org members into believing that they had valid billion year contracts rather than to endanger the very fabric of Scientology itself. After all, it would be the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics to maintain the status quo.

Once we Cleared the planet and sprung everyone out of their bodies, all we would need to do is destroy the physical universe and pass an Ethics Order where time would be rendered illegal.

Anyone carrying a watch would have to be castrated or something. No, that wouldn't work, because thetans don't have penises. Well, Ron would know how to deal with it.

"Living without a penis?", I thought to myself in horror.

I wasn't sure how well I would like that.

"Well, in no time Ron would answer my letter and straighten the whole thing out", I concluded.

Two weeks passed, and I didn't hear a peep out of Source. I was starting to get apprehensive. Maybe my cognition had caused Ron to have a nervous breakdown. I didn't want to be responsible for making him go off the deep end on my account. I just wanted to give him the facts, so why the hell didn't he answer me?

In a panic, I packed a lox and cream cheese sandwich without tomatoes or onions in an overnight bag and drove off to Flag.

"Ray Mithoff would tell me what Ron is doing to save the Sea Org from destruction", I assured myself. "He'll just have to destroy my worksheets and withhold the data from the Personnel Recruiter, that's all. But how could Ron, who is the Source of all Ethics on this planet, condone such a horrible withhold? Is it fair for people to join the Sea Org and be promised a billion years worth of job security, only to find out that when they die they were actually shafted? And yet, without the Sea Org, how could we Clear the planet?"

We were damned if we do, and damned if we don't.

I couldn't believe the bomb that Ray Mithoff dropped on my head when I finally got through the red tape to see him.

He didn't know a damn thing about the Time Pilot Rundown at all! Ron had never informed him that he sent me the paper work, and he didn't have the vaguest idea of what data the Time Pilot Rundown contained!

So do you know what I did?

I explained it all to Ray, telling him that the time shifts which occur during the Between Lives Area could not possibly guarantee a predictable return along a chronological time stream.

He thought I was nuts!

"Look, I know it sounds bizarre", I apologized, "but unless we do something about it, the Sea Org will crash as soon as Scientologists start dying!"

"It sounds to me as if you have been squirreling", he replied with a thud of ominousness.

"Squirreling my ass!", I screamed. "If you don't believe me, just check my time track on your E-Meter. No, on second thought, check your own time track. You'll have the same screwy results as I did, because this is not just my problem--- it's everybody's problem!"

"Check it for what?", Ray asked.

"For sequence!", I blared.

"That is not Scientology", he argued. "There is no check for time track sequences anywhere in the Tech."

"No, not in anything you've seen, maybe. But that is exactly what I have been running on the Time Pilot Rundown", I protested.

"You know it against Policy for me to go into agreement with your squirreling when there is no Source Data to back it up. Where are your worksheets?"

"Ron ordered me to send everything back to him!", I cried. "It was a confidential level. I was dying to keep a copy of it for myself, but I was too terrified of having an overt or a withhold against Ron. My God, copying and retaining confidential materials without permission would show up in any Security Check I was given and really get me in trouble. When I was in the Guardian's Office, I used to hunt down SPs who did things like that."

"You know I just can't take your word for it", he shrugged.

"So now what are we going to do?", I cried.

"We aren't going to do anything. You, on the other hand, need a False Data Stripping to get these squirrel ideas out of your mind, and I also want you to be Security Checked. I knew it was a mistake to approve your eligibility for the Pilot Rundowns in the first place."

"Mistake?", I screeched. "You were the one pushing for it!"

"Are you kidding?", he scoffed. "You haven't even attested to the State of Clear yet. You're in no shape case-wise to audit a Pilot Rundown of any kind. Those are for Scientologists on the highest levels of Operating Thetan, at least at OT Five. With all of your overts from fathering Christ, and with all your years of brainwashing by that animal Dr. Geertz, it is no wonder that you started to spin, making up all kinds of false data about a Pilot Rundown which never ever existed."

"How can you invalidate me like that, Ray?", I demanded. "I really did audit the Time Pilot Rundown! I would never make up something like that. I'm not worried about myself. I can handle coming back to life during the era of Nero or Torquemada. It's the Sea Org that I am concerned with."

"We're going to do just fine without your negative postulates, thank you", he miffed. "Your responsibility is to get your income produced and to go up the Bridge quickly so that these wild ideas that you have dreamed up will not have any command value over you. But let me warn you, I am not about to tolerate any references to non-Standard Tech. Squirreling will do nothing for you but get you thrown out of Scientology."

"Damn it Ray, you stupid son of a bitch!", I agonized. "You are all the way up at the top of the Bridge, and you don't have any answers for me! Can't you see that the Sea Org contract is a fake? It's a ripoff and not worth the paper it's printed on if you can't assure the staff that they can pick up their posts in the next lifetime where they have left off in their present one."

"You are psychotic, aren't you?", he gasped.

Ray got real pissed off and sent me to Alain Kartuzinski, the Case Supervisor of the Flag Land Base. Alain ran a Joburg Security Check on me, and much to the dismay of Inspector General Mithoff, the results did not show any evidence of evil purposes. On the contrary, the E-Meter registered that I was telling the truth. His conclusion was that I had been subjected to some vast, overwhelming false data and that I had mistakenly believed it. At least passing the Security Check spared me from an Ethics Review and a Committee of Evidence for the criminal charges of advocating off-beat squirrel practices.

Nevertheless, I was brought before the International Justice Chief by two unarmed Messengers. Paul Laquerre was very incensed when he read Ray Mithoff's grim Situation Report.

"I knew you were trouble", Paul hissed as he stabbed his right ear with his pinky, trying to get the wax out.

"I have a problem with the same ear ever since Christ's bodyguard cut it off with a knife", I sympathized. "Every time I hear the song "Three Blind Mice" I have a horrible somatic in my Eustachian tube---"

"Shut up!", he howled. "I don't want to hear any of your stupidity. You need more responsibilities within Scientology Organizations. Then perhaps you wouldn't have time to get in touch with suppressives like David Mayo."

"What do I have to do with David Mayo?", I stated with an onslaught of renewed exasperation.

"You know all about it! David Mayo has been trying to crash the Sea Org for years, ever since we threw him out!", Paul revealed in a frenzy. "I've heard this crazy talk on time sequences before, and it came from him, that's who! I know all about his squirrel group called Diantology or Scienetics. We're shutting those SPs down! They have infringed upon the Commodore's trademarks and because of that they are in a lot of hot water in the wog courts. He sends in spies to steal names from our Central Files all the time. Is he related to your girlfriend, Lida Mayo? Is that how he made contact with you?"

"I've never met David Mayo in my whole life!", I stated in my own defense. "Lida Mayo was my ex-girlfriend and her last name was just a coincidence! Put me on an E-Meter if you don't believe me. Anyway, Ron is going to set you all straight when he answers my letter. You, Ray and Alain will have egg all over your face when the Commodore comes to my rescue."

"I've got something more important to talk to you about than your dubbed-in delusions", he squawked. "Lavenda is acting up again. An Investigator from the Office of Special Affairs sent me a telex indicating that she has been getting in touch with various attorneys in the Sarasota area in order to start up her lawsuit one more time. Fortunately, one of these lawyers happened to be a Scientologist on the Flag Executive Briefing Course, and he reported the incident to Lyman Spurlock. You were supposed to follow up on Lavenda, you know. Instead, you're running around enturbulating Ray Mithoff and everybody else, dramatizing all kinds of psychotic suppression. Your imaginary correspondence course auditing has David Mayo written all over it. How much did you pay him? You are just damn lucky that the Security Check didn't conclusively prove to me that you were stirring up all of these lies about the Sea Org deliberately. Maybe if you took a few moments out from your heavy schedule of squirreling to handle our enemies, you wouldn't turn out to be one yourself."

"Can we agree at least not to disagree on the Time Pilot Rundown until all the facts are in?", I asked, trying to spread a little ARC.

"That is all I've been trying to tell you for the last ten minutes!", he stammered.

We shook hands, and I promised never to bring up the Time Pilot Rundown again to anyone, under the most severe penalty of Ethics. As fair exchange, Paul gave me his word that none of my "squirreling" would appear in either my Case Progress File or my Ethics Folder. We had reached an understanding. It was not to my satisfaction, but it was only temporary until Ron would come forward and make it all go right like he always did.

Since Lavenda had relocated in the Sarasota area, Paul Laquerre did not find it productive for me to work with Bev Flahan, the Director of Special Affairs of Miami. This was old Guardian's Office business anyhow, and Paul suggested that I team up once more with Bonny Mott.

"This is right up your alley!", Paul grinned. "Bonny has infiltrated a squirrel group called "Eckankar", which studies "soul travel" and other "new age" garbage in the hope of getting our hands on their central files mailing list so we can bring all of their raw meat into Scientology. Our success ratio is very high among groups that already have a solid understanding of past lives and the time track. In any case, Bonny invited Lavenda to one of their events, and the two of them have become friends. Bonny is passing herself off as an ex-Scientologist just like you did, in order to gain her confidence as an ally."

"If Bonny is handling Lavenda, so then what do you need me for?", I pondered.

"Bonny hasn't been able to get any information out of her so far, and we know she is about to make another legal move against us", he outlined. "I need you to find out which lawyer she is using, and how she intends to pay for it since she only has two hundred dollars in the bank."

"Perhaps an out-ethics attorney would take her case on a contingency fee", I ventured.

"Not after four years he wouldn't, and especially with our gag order on Michael Flynn", he stated.

"What's a gag order?", I asked. "Did somebody finally stuff a dirty grey dish towel down his throat?"

"No, he is not allowed to talk about us anymore or divulge any information about Scientology to other SPs."

"How did we ever manage that?", I asked.

"Well, unlike you, man is basically good", he rhetoricized. "There is still some justice in the world after all."

"But there is something you ought to know", I added. The last time that I spoke to Lavenda was right after my divorce, when I told her that I was not ready for another serious involvement."

"Fine!", Paul lashed out. "Guess what? You're ready now."

Lavenda was thrilled to death that I invited her to spend a few days with me at my apartment



on Fort Lauderdale Beach. She loved the romantic poem and lavender flowers that I sent her "to match her heart and her beingness." Part of the poem I wrote for her was plagiarized from L. Ron Hubbard's Hymn Of Asia, but she was too dumb to know.

Why did I go to so much trouble to win over Lavenda's affection?

Actually, I had not been able to find a reasonably priced whore lately to be my steady girlfriend, and I decided that now might be a good time to seduce her for the hell of it. Suppressive or not, I still had to get laid.

Four years of hard wog life did not bide well with the now very middle aged Ms. Van Schaick. She had gained over thirty pounds, and was quite flabby, chock full of midriff bulge and marred with stretch marks from one too many chocolate eclairs. Nevertheless, in the dark, how much difference could it possibly make? There was no doubt about it. Lavenda had fattened herself up for the kill, and was now ripe to be plucked.

As a lapsed Operating Thetan, she still possessed that old black magic that she wore so well. As we walked barefoot along the beach in back of my condominium by the ocean at the strike of midnight, she stopped to continue the lesson she started four years ago. According to her, I had once again forgotten how to kiss.

What did she expect? I had gotten out of the habit of kissing prostitutes on the mouth, because most of them had more seminal residue packed under the gums than the average cow has cud.

Nevertheless, I couldn't help but wonder what the hell I was doing on the beach kissing this overstuffed failed thetan.

While swooning in the twilight's dampness, Lavenda dramatically announced that she would make it rain by postulate, and the storm cloud which we were standing beneath opened up as if all the angels simultaneously decided to take a piss in unison. It was then that I realized how dangerous Ron's Tech can be in the hands of a deadly SP.

As if we were acting out a maudlin scene from a trashy dime store novel, we embraced under the moonlit stars as frozen steam from lipstick-laden clouds crashed passionately against the drenched saliva of the nocturnal salt water air. I drank deep of the spit, slush and slime all around me, until I became distracted enough to observe how big Lavenda's tits had become after having gained thirty pounds. The rain water had betrayed her, turning her thin blouse into an unwitting exhibitionist.

"Bigger breasts are always the one positive factor when a woman lets herself go and gets fat", I thought to myself as I licked one of her unfilled cavities with my tongue in unexpressed disgust. Foreplay was always such a complete waste of my time. Only women are insecure and sick enough to actually like it. It was very hard to overlook the fact that my date for the night was thetanly unacceptable, having come from the wrong side of the Tech.

Despite our differences, as we made love during Lavenda's rainstorm, this became the one night in my life where sex was actually both romantic and beautiful. I exteriorized during the orgasm, and I shot up to the Between Lives Area so that God could feel my body's pleasure too. I wanted some good to come out of this most unholy union.

On the following night, I introduced Lavenda to Steve Goldberg. We sat around his swimming pool overlooking the Intracoastal Waterway while he told her how much he would like to lick the bottom of her feet if they were dirty enough. Lavenda couldn't believe that he was really serious. All she wanted to talk about is how abandoned children at Flag are fed poison pellets by the Estates Section Nursery Nanny In Charge because she no longer wanted to take care of them. If there were ever a time that I felt like strangling two people to death for talking stupidly, this was it.

Neither Steve nor Lavenda were very impressed with one another. She thought that he was a sloppy, masochistic pervert, and he got the distinct impression that she was a tense, uptight bitch who was obsessed with her private war against Scientology. I warned him in advance not to dare tell her that I was "still remotely interested" in the subject. It was so strange to see Lavenda argue with Goldberg about the Tech. He accused Scientology of being a "cult", and Lavenda pounced on him like a wounded jackal. She spent two hours defending the religious tenets of Scientology while she vehemently attacked the Guardian's Office. Steve Goldberg was laughing under his breath since he knew I had been a G. O. Agent.

"You remind me of Hitler with a Jewish mistress", he said while she went to the ladies' room to urinate. "But as long as you can get her to fuck you for nothing, you ought to marry the girl."

"I don't hate my body that badly to put it through that much torture", I sneered insincerely.

On the way home, Lavenda kept on asking me how I could have ever been friends with such a lowlife wog such as Goldberg.

"Hey, we are both considered lowlife wogs now", I reminded her.

"Not that low and never that woggy", she argued.

On the following day, while Lavenda took some time out from our ungratifying romance to do some shopping at the Galleria Mall on East Sunrise Boulevard, I ran down to the Miami Org and wrote up a Knowledge Report on her. She finally admitted to me that her attorney was a friend of ex-Mayor Cazares of Clearwater, who had been on the Guardians' Enemy List for many years. Lavenda was planning to sell her 1979 Black Cadillac Eldorado to pay the lawyer a retainer of five thousand dollars to renew her civil case against the Church. She also told me that her insurance company wanted fourteen hundred dollars to continue her automobile coverage because of her poor record of accidents and traffic violations, and that she decided to sell the car instead of paying for another year of high-priced insurance, especially since her mother permitted Lavenda to use her own car whenever she wanted to do so, now that she was too old to drive.

It always amazed me how much confidential information you can learn while you sleep with somebody. I gave my completed Knowledge Report to Leona Littler, the Flag Banking Officer of Miami, who Federal Expressed it to Paul Laquerre at Flag, advising him that I would await any further instructions. I also called Bonny on Longboat Key and read her my glowing Success Story.

Lavenda went back to Sarasota, never knowing that I had betrayed her once again.

It was high time that I continued with my auditing. I was very close to attesting to the State of Clear, and Nancy Witkowski called me in to pick up where we left off.

I explained to her that I had been Free Wheeling within violent nightmares in which my sense of time was markedly distorted.

While exteriorizing in a light state of reverie, I did a drill which was supposed to increase my theta perceptions and at the same time handle the bad dreams.

"Recall the future and tell me what you see", was her command.

It was the most horrid and shocking mental image picture I had ever seen. I watched the world get blown up in a nuclear holocaust at 2:42 P.M. of the 9th of September 1997. Bodies were instantly turned into white molten ash, hotter than the temperature on the Planet Mercury. Thetans were splattered out of their heads in a grotesque chain reaction which was spewn with blood, guts, and randomness. I was knee deep inside the bowels of the future, recalling death rolling along as if it happened yesterday. In less than twelve years, the world was going to be destroyed.

"Who is responsible for such a ghastly thing?", I asked Nancy in writhing terror.

She directed me to go further and further into the trance of reverie, while at the same time maintaining full awareness of my unconsciousness.

I finally figured out who was planning on killing us all.

It was my bastard son, Jesus Christ!

He was back in action, operating a body in the twentieth century, planning to wreak havoc and destruction on the whole planet, the way he had done previously on Marcab, Ixolia, Otai Keola, Arslycus, Avodelegadra and Montaluxa.

But just who was he in his current lifetime?

Nancy Witkowski did not know.

The uncertainty was just about enough to drive me completely crazy, and between the anguish of being awake and the horrendous haunts of my dreams, I felt as if I were slowly losing my balance. My reactive mind was having itself a field day. Even my scrotum began to get goose bumps all over it, which never happened to me before.

To get even with Jesus Christ, I started sending junk mail to the ministers and priests of various local Fort Lauderdale churches. I tried my best not to discriminate, and to always distribute the business reply card requests fairly amongst the Baptists, Catholics, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Pentecostals and Presbyterians. If I left any minority Churches out, I am truly sorry.

Damn it, I forgot all about the Jehovah's Witnesses.

My lucky break came during the monthly Office of Special Affairs briefing at the Miami Org.

Beverly Flahan told us that there was an evil cancer of a suppressive looming in the wings named Larry Wollersheim, who had started a vicious lawsuit against the Church in which as high as forty million dollars was at stake. Wollersheim was a treasonous Freeloader from the Sea Org, who had the unmitigated gall to accuse the Church of driving him insane. Whoever was degraded enough to drop out of the Sea Org had to be psychotic in the first place.

Any idiot knows that Scientology makes the able more able, and does not accept people for

processing who have a history of mental illness. We carefully document and often modify our Success Stories in order to prove how much better a preclear gets after processing, in case lunatics like this evil Wollersheim try to twist the whole thing around for their own selfish personal gain.

In the old days of the Guardian's Office, they wouldn't have had to ask for volunteers to put a bastard like Dirty Larry out of his misery. I would have offered up my services to vanquish him in less time than it takes an assembly line prostitute to ask for the money. Even now with assholes running the Office of Special Affairs who were more concerned with their "Public Relations Officer" image than they were about putting a lethal enemy out of business, I still wanted to help out in destroying Wollersheim.

The connection didn't hit home until Bev Flahan showed me his picture. Wow, did I go into shock. He had the exact same face as Jesus Christ did when he was my ingrate son! I burst into Nancy's office, and under profuse duress, I finally got her to admit the truth which I instantaneously suspected she was holding back from me all along.

Larry Wollersheim was the current life cycle of Christ who had come back to haunt us in his putrefied, blemish-bedecked body, in order to put a dent into Scientology by bankrupting us in the courts, and to use that ill-gotten money to fund a project which would destroy the world in a nuclear holocaust. Nothing was ever clearer to me than anything else in my life. My mission should I decide to accept it was to stop Larry Wollersheim while we still had a chance before we were all literally sweating our balls off in a pool of Uranium 235.

"Even if an ordinary Scientologist fails, a Kha-Khan never would!", I promised Beverly as I pledged my help for the newly-formed Miami Chapter of the Battle of Los Angeles Religious Freedom Crusade.

"Together, we would beat the shit out of my bandy-legged son this time", I swore to Nancy. I cognited that we could never possibly have true religious freedom in the world until every last follower of Jesus Wollersheim and all of his demented psychs were dead and buried.

In my pledge of help to the Church, I wrote that "The greatest contribution which the ancient Romans gave to civilization was in feeding the Christians to the lions. However, now that we have Scientology, I vow to feed every last Christian a lion's share of Source Data, and to win a Crusade of Religious Freedom from Christ for every last thetan."

I finally had the opportunity to save the world before I was even eligible to set man free.

"Imagine if I were really able to do both!", I thought gloriously.

I still couldn't get the Time Pilot Rundown out of my mind. I kept on having violent dreams of being catapulted into the dinosaur age after the death of my current body, and thereupon having the unfortunate consequence of not knowing how to get into good ARC with a hungry Ichthyosaurus.

In a fit of consternation I sent a telex to Diana Hubbard, asking her "Why hasn't Ron answered my letter yet?"

To this day, she has never replied.

On the positive side of life, the Texas Instruments class action lawsuit which I had filed

under the name of Harriet Lynch was paid in the amount of sixty thousand dollars. Once again I had money for my Bridge. I made an advanced payment for the Saint Hill Special Briefing Course in Los Angeles, although I could not go out there right away, since I had not yet finished my prerequisite auditor training in Miami.

In the meantime, I was studying the Hubbard Class Five Graduate Auditor Course, which I loved even more than I enjoyed the strippers at the Naughty Mouse Lounge on State Road 84. Some of the OT phenomena that I was able to audit on others were "omitted space, missing scenes, twisted ideas, delusions, hallucinations, false beings, unbelievable events, and contrary facts."<sup>[78]</sup>

There is a great deal of power to being an auditor. Unlike psychiatry, you can get away with playing God a lot more effectively, because you have Standard Tech behind you to back you up.

For example, I was auditing a cute girl named Nicole Furlin, who was on staff at the Miami Org as the International Association of Scientologists Membership Secretary In Charge. I had a fetish for her at one point because she had very attractive elbows, but Nicole liked gay men such as Ray Jourdain. This infuriated me, and as her auditor, I was able to get even. During an intense session while I was running the incident of a past life abortion on her, I caved her in real good, sticking her in the middle of vicious mental image pictures and unflattered incidents from the Between Lives Area.

"That will teach her to pay attention to other men!", I plotted with a barrage of sour grapes.

Just don't tell anybody that I did that to her, okay? It's actually a violation of the Auditor's Code. But what the hell, I had feelings too, and if my preclear didn't have sense enough to realize that I couldn't stand to be ignored, then she can just go audit herself.

After the New Year's Event of 1986, Peter Letterese asked me to come over and visit with him at the Mission.

"I want us to repair our ARC Break", he said in friendship.

"Why, how much money do you need?", I wondered.

Peter did not make any attempt to hide his intentions. Beyond all of the pretense, we were able to read each other like a weather-beaten book.

"I saw that you got in the Texas Instruments check", he beamed. "I need your help to make our Mission into a Celebrity Center once and for all."

"It wasn't our mission when you threw Nancy Witkowski out of here", I rebuffed. "It is very hard for me to forgive you for that."

"I actually helped her career", he laughed. "She's doing very well at the Org."

"Unfortunately Peter, I am playing bigger games now than simply trying to glorify the Fort Lauderdale Mission. As you know, since I renewed my five year staff contract this past November, I am on International lines, not on Mission lines", I explained.

"Well, we still log your claims in the book for you", he argued.

"Yes, for which you receive a twelve and a half percent commission on all my auditing, training, and products. To me, that seems very fair."

"It used to be worth a lot more than that for us when you were doing everything here", he sighed.

"Okay, fine!", I groaned. "You deliver the Saint Hill Special Briefing Course right here at the Mission, and I won't have to go all the way to Los Angeles to do it."

"So what you are saying is that you've outgrown us!", he stated self-servingly, trying to make me feel very guilty.

"Damn it, Peter!", I caroused. "You've seen my Battle Plan! I have a responsibility to Clear half of this planet alone! I don't have the time to worry about your pipe-dream Celebrity Center. If John Travolta or Priscilla Presley ever comes to Fort Lauderdale, neither one of them are going to stay here. Do you think either of them would want to share a cot in the warehouse with Michael Hambrick and his smelly unwashed T-shirts?"

"So you're not going to donate any money, is that it?", he snipped combatively.

"I have every intention of buying my two hundred and fifty thousand dollar L. Ron Hubbard Library through this Mission", I promised. "But as far as throwing the money up into the air, I'll tell you right now that you can have every cent that sticks to the ceiling. I am following my Battle Plan, pure and simple. And one other thing, Peter. I am only buying my products through the Mission because of our many years of friendship, and because I am deeply indebted to you for teaching me everything I know. It would be just as easy to make the purchases through the Org and cut you out of your percentage. However, I am an ethical being and I won't do that, unless you make life impossible for me with your high pressure flea market tactics. You have already cut off your nose to spite your face by chasing my auditor away. I don't know how much cash revenue you lost by upsetting Nancy. With the fight to the death we are in with the SPs, I don't have any patience to argue with you over petty squabbles."

"What happened to the old Steven I used to know and love?", he said with a tearful-eyed tinge of nostalgia.

"What happened to me? It's called purpose. It's a thing known as responsibility. It's being at cause over life!", I lambasted.

Peter offered me his hand.

"Let's still be friends", he whispered simperingly.

"Why not?", I shrugged. "Twelve and a half percent of my blood money is better than nothing, right?"

Bonny Mott was on the other end of the telephone, as furious as a diabetic ant in the sugar bowl.

"Have you lost your mind?", she shrieked.

"Not yet, but I feel I'm real close", I fluffed giddily.

"What is wrong with you? You went to the trouble of bringing Lavenda to Fort Lauderdale. You got her to confess about her plans to re-establish the lawsuit, and then in typical Fishman fashion, you dropped the whole thing like a hot potato. Is that how I taught you to handle suppression? Didn't you learn the hard way with Jaime that the minute you become complacent, all your stats start to crash and your ability to confront life goes right down the toilet?"

"Bonny, I was following orders!", I explained. "I sent Paul Laquerre my Knowledge Report, and I was awaiting his further instructions."

"That's right. You called me to read your dinky Success Story full of hooley, but you didn't think enough of me to send me a copy of the Knowledge Report to my address, did you? What's the matter? Can't you afford a twenty-two cent stamp? Paul Laquerre is wearing fifty thousand hats, and has no time to put together an Action Program to stop Lavenda. You conveniently bypassed the Director of Special Affairs at Flag so that he was completely paralyzed to do anything meaningful, and so nothing got done! Now my Senior at the Commodore's Messenger Org is asking me for the data on how Lavenda was handled, and I didn't know what in the goddamn hell to say to her! Once again you have run a failed communication line from here to stinking high heaven!", she caterwauled.

"Do you think I like spending time with that chunky slut?", I moaned, trying to cope.

"You don't have to waste another minute with her. Just follow my orders! Lavenda just moved from Sarasota to Tampa. Her new address is 10301 Pennytree Place. I want you to go there and blow up her car!", she commanded insightfully.

"What did you say?"

"What, are you deaf now?", she mocked.

"I don't know anything about explosives", I pleaded. "Can't you do it instead?"

"Do you have any idea what I'm working on right now?", she steamed.

"No, but I think I'm about to find out", I quivered.

"David Miscavige has been negotiating for the purchase of Ron's new ship, an ocean liner called "La Boheme". There are several SPs from a drug cartel who are pushing to buy the vessel for a much higher price. I'm working undercover as a housekeeper for one of these wogs named Bud Fields, a boat broker who is representing competitive buyers who are trying to interfere with the sale. I don't have time to rock the boat right now. We are this close to winning the battle, and I don't have to tell you how important this Flag Ship is for the delivery of New OT Eight. I have to be here twenty-four hours a day observing and gathering data for David. The least you can do is step on a termite like Lavenda before she bites us again", she said.

"Bonny, I understand how very important what you are doing is for the Third Dynamic", I conceded. "But I don't know anything about blowing up cars!"

"That's a load of nonsense", she screeched. "When you were eleven years old, didn't you set the auditorium of your summer camp all ablaze? And what about that squirrel Church you burned

down this past March?" "I threw mothballs in the fireplace of the auditorium of Camp Wigwam", I clarified. "That has nothing to do with explosives."

"Who said anything about explosives?", she repeated. "What you need is a can of gasoline, a dirty grey Liability rag and some matches, that's all."

"And then what?", I questioned perplexedly.

"You soak the rag in the gasoline, shove it into the gas tank, and then light the match", she illuminated. "Don't you know anything? Oh, wait; I forgot. Tear the rag in half and do the same thing inside the muffler. Look, the whole job takes thirty seconds. Her car isn't insured. She'll be wiped out and there will be no money for her to give the squirrel attorney."

"But what if I burn myself?", I feared.

"I don't care how you start the fire. If you have to, just pay some teenage punk to do it like you did when you burned down the Church", she suggested.

"Oh, you've got the facts all wrong. Mark and Mary found Gene Gates for me. He's the one who set the fire to the "animal house." I don't even know if he's still alive", I advised kindheartedly.

"It doesn't matter who does the job!", she cackled. "Why don't you be a good eagle scout and rub two sticks together? Just remember that the stat has to be done within forty-eight hours. I would get off the phone and make plans to leave for Tampa right now if I were you."

Finding a crack cocaine addict to detonate Lavenda's car was easy. You have no idea how desperate the street wogs are for money. I felt it was slightly unfair for me to have to pay the one hundred dollars in "torch fees" out of my own pocket. Notwithstanding, I felt very sorry for this black fifteen year old boy named "Mother" who was living hand to mouth for his next "rock."

I know you must think that I am a complete coward for not being able to confront setting the car on fire myself. I had no objection to handling an old flame, since lighting fires often helped me to become more sexually aroused. After all, it was only a car, and I've made love in the back seat of lots of them. I would never dream of causing bodily harm to a thetan. Preventing Lavenda from resuming her lawsuit against the Church of Scientology was by far the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics. I just couldn't face the danger of getting burned in the deal. Now, don't get the wrong idea. I used to love fire drills in elementary school. I wasn't thinking of the risk of pain and suffering to my body either. On the contrary, I was unable to take a chance of damaging the one person who could Clear half the planet, which was me. If the gasoline backfired in an explosion and killed someone, the world would miss a hopped-up, knife-wielding drug addict a hell of a lot less than it could afford to lose Malchoot the Antichrist. Fortunately, I didn't have to make that choice. Lavenda's Eldorado went up in smoke without incident. The most frightening part of the evening was in keeping my promise to "Mother" and driving him through Tampa's "crack town" so that he could spend the one hundred dollar bill on ten cocaine "rocks." I was afraid of getting lost in that kind of a neighborhood. Apparently I still had some unflattened after-shocks from the old MacDuffie race riots of 1980 that still needed to be audited out.

Although I promised to wait for him while he was making the "buy", I went into a lower Ethics Condition with him and sped off, leaving the poor lad in the lurch to fend for himself. I once heard on TV that it was against the law to drive around with anyone who was transporting drugs. The last thing I wanted to do was to commit a wog crime while I was engaged in a battle to the death in



fighting suppression. I never even had the opportunity to even talk to the misguided adolescent about getting some solid help at Narconon for his addiction, or about doing the Purification Rundown. He had no idea how lucky he was, living in such close proximity to Flag, and yet he failed to take advantage of that golden opportunity. With it all, I hope that "Mother" can find it in his heart to forgive me for stranding him in what I perceived to be the middle of nowhere. He was such a nice boy. I fervently pray that he got home safely without me.

It was quite a relief to inform Bonny that Lavenda had once again been taken care of, this time for good.

At eleven o'clock in the morning on Monday, January 27, 1986, I was summoned by Bob Levy, the Executive Director of Miami, to the Academy Courseroom at the Org. I had no idea why he needed to see me, or why he had instructed me to be there precisely at two o'clock in the afternoon.

When I arrived, there was a silent and solemn mystery unraveling. All of the staff members were huddled together and buzzing around, awaiting a broadcast from David Miscavige who was supposed to announce some news from the Hollywood Palladium. Why the devil did he want to talk to us on a Monday afternoon? It was eerie. We were all hoping that it was the breakthrough we had been waiting for--- that the new Flag Ship had been purchased and that New OT Eight was about to be delivered. Yet, there was something wrong. The usual enthusiasm amongst the upper Org executives was curiously missing. The tone level of the Org was at an all time low, somewhere between fear and numbness. Somehow it didn't look like good news. Everyone settled down, waiting for the televised message in silence. From where I was sitting, I could see Bob Levy trembling, his left arm wavering in an automatic motion that indicated without any doubt that he was visibly shaken.

On the projected TV screen, David Miscavige stepped up on a platform that finally made him look as tall as any other human being.

As he approached the microphone, a dead hush fell over the audience.

"Fellow Sea Org Members, Org Staff, and Scientology public; I am here before you today to announce that Ron has moved forward to his next level of research. It is a level reaching beyond the imagination, and in a state exterior to the body. Thus, at 2000 hours, on Friday, the 24th of January, 1986, L. Ron Hubbard discarded the body he had used in this lifetime for seventy-four years, ten months, and eleven days. The body he had used to facilitate his existence in this universe had ceased to be useful, and in fact had become an impediment to the work he now must do outside its confines. The being we knew as L. Ron Hubbard still exists, and is still with us. Although you may feel grief, understand that he did not, and does not now. He has simply moved on to his next step on the Bridge. L. Ron Hubbard in fact used this lifetime and body we knew to accomplish what no man has ever accomplished. He unlocked the mysteries of life and gave us the tools so we could free ourselves and our fellow men.

As many of you know, eight days ago, in Flag Order 3879, captioned "The Sea Org and the Future", Ron ascended to the rank of Admiral, to fill the vacant post of Commander-In-Chief, putting the Sea Org into the future where he awaits us at the top of the Bridge.<sup>[79]</sup>

When L. Ron Hubbard left us in 1980 to do his researches, he took with him his two most trusted friends and companions. These two people were Pat and Annie Broeker. They lived with him for the last six years during the entire period of this research."

I was in shock. My stomach felt like it was falling at zero gravity from the roof of the World Trade Center. I knew why Ron had dropped his body, and it was my fault!

"Why didn't I do more to save him?", I wept bitterly.

Barbara Koster, the Bookstore Officer of Fort Lauderdale, was seated next to me, and she saw that I was taking the news very badly. Others in the Academy were crying unhappily too, but I was the only one who was totally out of control. I cognited that the overwhelming complexity over the Time Pilot Rundown had killed poor Ron, and I alone was to blame for not realizing what a devastating impact my auditing results had made upon him.

My body was in such a state of agony that I couldn't stand to stay inside myself for one more minute. I exteriorized and watched the rest of the speech from the ceiling, sadly looking down in the dumps.

Pat Broeker was the next dignitary to venture forth.

"As Commander Miscavige mentioned, it was my profound honor to serve under the Admiral these last six years and before that in the Sea Org. And there has been no greater honor, and there is no greater honor then to serve him. Those of you in the Sea Org know exactly what I am talking about.

Specifically, because I was close to Ron these last six years, there are some very important subjects I wish to discuss with you very briefly.

First, I want to reiterate that it was absolutely Ron's causative decision to discard his body. About the summer of 1984, Ron told me that he would not be able to continue supporting the mock up while at the same time research well into the upper regions of OT. He knew that he would soon come to a point where he would have to move on from where he was, through phenomena that required him to be free from encumbrances.

On January the 19th, he stated that this was it, and then he handled in session all things that were necessary so that he could completely sever all ties, all ties, which, by the way, was research in itself. We now know what those ties were, because he wrote it all up.

Secondly, after making generous provisions for his wife and certain of his children, he has left the balance of this estate, which is substantial, to the Church of Scientology. It is Ron's wish and postulate that we Clear this planet now, and he has given us this gift in order to get the job done.

There is only one Source. Source does not pass to Management. Source is Ron, the only one! The Power of Source is the Route to Total Freedom, and Ron has asked only three things of you to keep the show on the road; That you follow Standard Tech, that you adhere to Standard Policy, and that you expand through Standard Ethics."

Driving home from the Org, a chill of ice came over me. Now I would never know the truth about the Time Pilot Rundown. Logically, I knew there could only be two alternatives which would explain why the Commodore, oops, the Admiral did what he did.

Either Ron dropped his body in order to to move through the upper bands of Operating Thetan in order to solve the puzzle of Time, or the unthinkable had happened. Time had caved Ron

in. I believed Pat Broeker when he said that Ron's decision to drop his body was his own. But did he abandon his current lifetime because he needed to solve the riddle somewhere in another universe, or did he just throw in the sponge and give up the ghost? It just had to be the first choice. I never knew Ron to be a quitter. Then again, I never knew Ron at all. The closest I ever came to knowing him was at the other end of an unanswered auditing folder.

On the following night, Tuesday, January the 28th, Peter Letterese prepared a taped eulogy and biographical release on L. Ron Hubbard for his radio program on WEXY Y-15 Gospel Radio, entitled "Scientology Works", and delivered a funeral service that Ron had written for himself in advance. I volunteered to deliver the master tape "hot off the press" to my friend Doug DeVos, the radio announcer at the station. After the broadcast, I ran home in order to duplicate the tape before returning it to Peter, and to this day, it is one of my most treasured possessions.

"Goodbye, Ron", Peter said. "Your people thank you for having lived. Earth is better for your having lived. Men, women and children are alive today because you lived. We thank you for coming to us. We do not contest your right to go away. Your debts are paid. This chapter of your life is shut. Go now, dear Ron, and live once more in happier time and place. Thank you, Ron. And now here lift up your eyes and say to Ron "Goodbye." Goodbye, our dear Ron, Goodbye."<sup>[80]</sup>

I suppose vanity comes with being an Admiral.

If you think of it later on, please remind me to write my own funeral service too, between now and the time that I drop dead. No, on second thought, just scribble the following note on my waterproof Hefty trash bag before you throw me out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean:

"Just like his E-Meter needle, here floats the fucking bum whose flubbed-up worksheets caused Ron to pack it all in. May he do better as shark shit than he did as an auditor."

Yeah, that will do nicely.

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

## History Can Always Be Re-Written

You don't need a library card in order to sink your jaws into Ron's Tech. All you need is a credit card.

I had always been obsessed with collecting things. As a child, I treasured my photo collection of headstones from the Jewish cemetery. No one else I knew ever had one. This sort of passed away when my Instamatic camera broke and I started accumulating junk mail. I wanted to have the largest collection of corporate advertising in the world, so that one day an extraterrestrial visitor from outer space would acquire that in exchange for a special ability or talent such as causing women's clothes to disappear. I always had a much deeper insight into potentials of reality than the average kid on my block did.

If I had only known about L. Ron Hubbard in those days, I would have left home at the age of fourteen to be his personal galley slave like my idol David Miscavige. I would have given anything to be in David's shoes, except I wore a much bigger size.

So when I found the luscious bounties of the L. Ron Hubbard Library, I felt as if I had been administered a lifetime vaccination of thetan Nirvana in my lower left cheek. It was ecstasy. I became a Tech junkie, and it was just sheer heaven having the Scientology monkey on my back. Some of the one night stands who I brought home couldn't fathom why I wanted to listen to Ron's Phoenix Lectures while I humped them. Maybe I was trying to disseminate in more ways than one. My Bookstore Officer, Barbara Koster, did not consider me a hard sell. Anything written by Ron gave me the rush of my next fix. I was high on Hubbard.

But in April of 1986, I was in between paid claims. The thirty-five thousand dollar Spectra Physics settlement which Steve Goldberg had signed was due to be received any day, but I wanted the Tech right away and I couldn't wait that long!

I had a major problem. My credit was no good. During the divorce, my sleazebag psychopath of an attorney named Keith Krasnove told me not to make any payments on my credit cards. Eight months later, my credit was ruined.

I had one lousy Visa card from the North Carolina National Bank with a limit of five hundred dollars on it. Do you think something as trivial as that would stop Peter Letterese from selling me a product? Hell, no! He ordered me to sign sixty-three charge slips for fifty dollars each, so that he wouldn't have to call in the charges to the authorization center for an approval code! Fifty dollars was the "floor limit" of the Mission, and as long as he kept each invoice at fifty dollars or under, no one from the issuing bank could reject any of the transactions. It was just a big pain in the ass to write my name so damn many times.

Peter was always, is now, and will forever be a genius. He was a wizard at Making Things Go Right.

But over in Tampa, something was going very, very wrong.

At 9:52 P.M. on April the 4th, Lavenda called me up on the telephone in order to brighten my spirits. She told me that we were getting married right away because she was pregnant and I was

the father. Perhaps Hitler wanted to pick up a new body or something.

"Do you see what happens I make it rain?", she bragged with great pride, referring to our romantic interlude on the beach.

Now normally I would have become disturbed at a situation like this. But I was a former Guardian's Agent now with the Office of Special Affairs, and since my affair with Lavenda had in fact been quite special, it was not that hard to keep my TRs in.

"That is fantastic!", I feigned elatedly. "I can't wait to be a father again! We are going to be so happy, you and I. Oh, I can't believe it, Lavenda! I feel like dancing!"

Tentatively, we scheduled the wedding for Friday, May 9th, since we both knew that no Scientologist would dare disrupt the blissful occasion on Book One Day, as the Orgs would be too busy with their own event to pay any attention to us.

Peter could not believe that I had gotten myself into such a mess. He was outraged beyond belief that Bev Flahan, the Director of Special Affairs of Miami, had no idea that I was still assigned to the Lavenda case without either her consent or permission. After I wrote about a hundred pages of Knowledge Reports, which included the raunchy intimate details of my sexual act with Lavenda, Peter sent me to Flag in order to see Fred Hare, who had been diligently working with Bonny Mott on David Miscavige's Flag Ship project.

Fred had gotten older, but none the wiser. He still smoked his God-awful pipe, and he had married a cripple in a wheelchair named Dori whose arms shook as if she had a case of the heebie jeebies. How Fred's wife could be at OT One and not be able to repair her disfigured body was completely beyond my comprehension. She was hatted as one of Flag's many Ethics Officers. Her disability enhanced her career magnificently, since there was a big push at the Fort Harrison Hotel to hire the handicapped. It probably was an advantage for Fred too. With feet as limp as jello, he most likely found it less complicated to have sex with Dori more easily. I don't know for certain how he did it, but steering one's private parts into a disabled person is arguably a lot less resistive than mounting a normal human being. Remind me to try it sometime if I ever meet up with a hooker who can't walk. Somewhere in Archives, L. Ron Hubbard must have written an instruction manual on how you make love to a paraplegic, because in Scientology we have a stable datum: "If it isn't written, it isn't true."<sup>[81]</sup> Anyway, as an Ethics Officer, Dori Hare was just as capable of throwing as many thetans into Treason as the rest of them, and if her physical disability served any purpose at all, it most assuredly made her become more vicious and therefore more effective.

"This stunt has to end once and for all!", Fred buffaloes. "I'll have Bonny handle Lavenda before she ropes you in permanently."

"I think I'm already roped in", I remarked enlighteningly.

Unbeknownst to me, Bonny "handled" her by telling her that I was a Guardian's Office Agent all along, and that I work for the Office of Special Affairs now. At any rate, I was quite alarmed when Lavenda showed up on my doorstep unannounced and caught me without a sufficient opportunity to hide my Scientology library from view.

Storming out of my building like a wounded crow in a mad rage, she vowed revenge, screaming that she hated me even more than she despised the Scientologists.

"That doesn't make any logical sense", I explained. "You have to hate us both with the same degree of intensity because I am one of them, or shall I say that they are everything to me. It would be very out-ethics to distribute your anger unevenly."

Without batting an eyelash, she slapped me in the face, and then later with a paternity suit. I couldn't believe how much horror had arisen from Bonny's less than intelligent handling of the situation.

To add insult to injury, Fred Hare suggested that I order Steve Goldberg to take the paternity test in my stead, in order to establish that my blood type could not have possibly matched that of the infant.

"We certainly can't give Lavenda the opportunity of proving that she slept with you!", Fred disclosed.

When Goldberg refused to have anything to do with it on moral grounds, Fred's wife offered to provide a blood sample from her dog Jasper, a healthy black mongrel who was full of piss and vinegar.

That evening, I got a call from Sabrina Dukoff, who was Lavenda's sixteen year old daughter. She screamed at me for a full hour over my cruelty to her mother and my failure to take responsibility for the pregnancy.

I quickly quieted the girl down by describing the intimate details of how I made love to Lavenda, and furthermore I told her what kind of nymphomaniac-crazed sex poodle her mother was. I think I shocked the unprepared girl, which in fact was truly a great deal of fun, considering that she was the wretched offspring of a degraded suppressive who always seemed to turn up like a bad penny.

It didn't end there, however. Lavenda called me back at two o'clock in the morning when I was fast asleep, using the old Guardian's Office tactic of waking people up when they were disoriented. Little did she know that when the phone rang, I was having a sex fantasy about Sabrina. Lavenda was absolutely livid that I had talked to her innocent daughter about our sexual escapade together.

"You must be the lowest depraved snake that ever walked the face of the earth!", she said modestly.

"Honey, I should have raped Lavenda when she was eleven years old and I had the chance to!", I regretted. "She would have been a lot better target than your complacent sister Lisa!"

"You are going to pay for this until the end of your days", she vowed.

"Let me tell you what will happen as soon as our baby is hatched, you humongoloid fat worm!", I said honestly. "Scientology always safeguards the rights of its members and their children. The newborn darling will be taken away from you at birth, and I promise faithfully that I will find our beloved infant a suitable home in Saudi Arabia. I know a Sheik in Abu Dhabi who loves to charcoal-broil suppressive babies as an exotic gesture for his dinner guests. Little kids are quite a delicacy over there, you know."

"You fucked up son of a bitch!", Lavenda observed radiantly.

"Finally my luvvy-duvvy icky pooh, if you have any weird ideas of following through with your paternity suit, you'd better start making provisions for Sabrina to inherit whatever paltry sum remains in your bank account after the funeral. Oh, on second thought, she can live with me after you're gone. I simply adore taking care of sixteen year old girls. I hope you don't think that I am joking, because by the time women turn eighteen, they are over the hill as far as I am concerned! Sabrina can move in tomorrow. There's no need to wait until you Make Things Go Right by confronting your own death. By the way, turtle dove, I don't know where you possible could have entertained the notion of marrying me, because there is no way in hell that I would ever have consented to sleeping with a slobbering elephant like you for the rest of my sweet young life!"

After that, the phone line went dead. Ever since the breakup of AT&T, none of my equipment has ever worked properly.

On April the 15th, the day when wog taxes were due, Bonny Mott called, all jolly and bubbly with good news.

"I want to report the upstat of a lifetime!", she cheered. "Lavenda has had an abortion and she'll never bother you again!"

My heart sank through the floor.

"That bitch killed my son!", I shrieked. "How can you be happy about something as horrible as that?"

"Oh, come on now!", she swooned. "The little devil will go right on back through the Between Lives Area and pick up another body somewhere else. How can you be so attached to a wad of semen?"

I started crying senselessly.

"She murdered my baby boy!", I wailed in torrents. "And it's all your fault!"

"My fault?", she gasped. "This is the second time that I have saved you from a marriage of doom, young man! You've got a hell of a nerve. Is that how you thank me?"

"Who is talking about the marriage?", I stammered. "I wouldn't have had to marry her! I could have driven her insane and taken the child for myself! She is an ex-Scientologist. You know how easy they are too push over the edge! I could have had my cake and eaten it too! I would have gotten custody of the baby, and she would have received some well-deserved electric shocks. Now I have nothing!"

"What you've got, dear Stevie boy, is off the hook from an embarrassing and humiliating paternity suit! Wise up, you stupid idiot! Now you can get on with your life and forget about her evil threats!"

"But the poor baby", I cried sadly.

"If you're that much of a humanitarian, go down to an orphanage and adopt one!", she recommended. "Otherwise, get over your wog sentiments and start boosting your stats up. Production is the basis of morale. Don't you know that the only barrier there is to production is

human emotion and reaction? Ron said that on Lecture Number Two of the Flag Executive Briefing Course!"<sup>[82]</sup>

Consumed with guilt, I scheduled some auditing time with Leah Abady to overcome my present time problem, since Nancy Witkowski said that I was unable to continue my auditor training until whatever was bothering me was fully handled.

"I shouldn't have said those cruel things to her about feeding our child to the Arabs", I wept with deep remorse. "That is probably what pushed her over the breaking point."

"Oh, bullshit!", Leah scorned. "That little baby of yours would have probably wound up to be the next Son of Sam with a mother like that! She would never have given you custody! Anyway, how would you have been able to Clear the planet with a demanding spoiled brat on your hands for twenty-four hours a day?"

"Don't you have any compassion?", I asked. "Anyway, I would have hired a nanny -- someone good and kind like Bonny."

"That baby is better off dead and you know it!", she raved.

"It's not the child's fault! Be reasonable!", I begged.

"How dare you expect any "reasonableness" from me!", she chastised. "I'm not in the business of handing out downstats! Look at the facts, Fishman. Whatever thetan chose Lavenda as his mother by pulling her into his own universe must obviously be guilty of an overt act of the greatest magnitude, and the abortion was the appropriate Ethics Action to be taken against that degraded being. I am absolutely convinced that in this case, terminating the pregnancy was appropriate for all parties concerned. The last thing you should have wanted was to increase the population of suppressives."

"It's a harmless little baby!", I screamed. "I could have helped him in spite of Lavenda! I could have given him love; the same love I show my own children."

"Pick up the cans!", she commanded.

It was time for some repair auditing.

For the next three hours, Leah had me waste parts of the body, mocking up various bowel movements and flushing them down the toilet. After that she ran the routine called "nomads of gonads", ordering me to create a mental image picture of huge gobs of semen containing lots of dead babies. Then she directed me to watch them dry up on my pajamas, leaving an unsightly stain and smelling like uncured fondue vomit. Despite all of her excellent processing, nothing seemed to help. I felt guilty, and that was all there was to it.

"You imbecile!", Leah Abady said in disgust. "You've already fathered one stinking Christ. What the hell do you want to do, make the same mistake all over again?"

Leah was no help at all. Nancy did not want to be bothered with me until some of the charge was blown off my case and I stopped dwelling on the incident.

"If I could do that", I thought, "then why would I ask her for her aid in the first place?"



Peter was no one to talk to either. He was wrapped up in his Celebrity Center madness and was about as sympathetic as a piranha. Beyond that, he was untrustworthy as a thetan. Michael Hambrick was still starving and generally doping off in a trance most of the time, even when he was on post. Barbara Koster was too busy selling books to give me even the slightest bit of attention, and Denise Monce was having her own troubles, going through a painful divorce with Reggie. Again, the only one who I could turn to was Dr. Geertz.

Just as it always was, talking to my psychologist made me feel a lot better. Throughout the years, he was not only my doctor, he was my friend. No matter what happened, he was always there for me when I needed him. Long ago, I had decided that when I establish the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force, I would risk expulsion from the Church by hiding him in my attic. I would turn him into the "Anne Frank of Scientology." Unfortunately, ever since Jaime threw me out of the house, I no longer had an attic. I lived in a one room studio apartment. Hopefully, before the situation became critical I would have a more logical solution to exempt him from the psych concentration camp than to have him move in with me.

Somehow, talking to Dr. Geertz made everything seem all right. He explained how it wasn't ever my decision that Lavenda chose to have the abortion, and why I should not harbor any guilt over it. Lavenda had not consulted with me at any point -- she just went ahead and did it. He said that I did the only thing I could by refusing to marry her because I was not in love. Finally, he stated that by breaking off a deceptive relationship, it would give us both a healthy opportunity to go our separate ways. For the first time in years, I started to feel good about myself again. During the next few weeks, I saw Dr. Geertz regularly. He encouraged me to meet somebody new. That seemed to be an excellent idea, and since I was too shallow and insecure to find anyone on my own, I naturally asked Steve Goldberg to do the work for me.

Like a true angel of mercy, Goldberg came through bringing double the pleasure, introducing me to the most beautiful prostitutes walking the streets of God's green earth. I met the two loves of my life, Dusty and Lisa.

How he met them was no great mystery. He was driving along the Keystone Point area of Biscayne Boulevard, and when he noticed the girls standing in a telephone booth at the shopping center on 127th Street, he pulled next to them and started playing with himself. After he paid them fifty dollars to lick their asphalt-stained metatarsal arches, he drove them to my apartment to meet me. The night was young and they were full of Michelob, eager to turn over another trick.

Lisa Lawson was seventeen, a voluptuous bleached blonde with mammoth tits and a skinny waist; her arms covered with fake silver bracelets and her legs embellished in pointy-heeled, ankle-length, torn white boots. She was a heavy metal freak who loved the boys in the band while the rest of the world had to pay for her services. Lisa's black book included the most prestigious attorneys, accountants, engineers and drug dealers in South Florida. She even had a City of Hollywood policeman, a Baptist minister, and a Miami Beach Traffic Court Magistrate among her clientele. Since Lisa had no phone number, she always had to call them.

What I liked most about Lisa was her navel. It was the warmest and tastiest one that I had ever met in my life. The Body Thetans in there were far more amenable than the ones under the back of her knee, for example.

As perfect as Lisa was, Dusty was still my favorite choice. I would have been crazy to reject that eighty- pound, four-foot-eleven, fifteen year old troll with nipples smaller than mine. Her

scroungy, dirty-blonde hair that flowed down to her butt had the alluring aroma of old pillow stuffing, and I always had been a hopeless sucker for fragrances like that.

From the first time that I laid eyes on Dusty Hipps, which amazingly enough was her real name, I knew that one day I would marry her. She was the first girl that I actually fell in love with since my spark for Jaime had died.

Her actions even reminded me a little of my ex-wife. During intercourse, she enjoyed doing funny things to me like blowing smoke in my face and popping pimples on my ass. Also, Dusty was so easy to talk to. She didn't put on any airs like civilized people. After all, she had dropped out of the seventh grade. Who else but an innocent adolescent, unspoiled by the stigmas of sterile wog education would have believed that I had trouble breathing while wearing a condom?

In all fairness, I had a choice between Lisa and Dusty when Steve Goldberg brought them upstairs for me to examine. I selected Dusty because I knew that a girl that tiny would have a very tight vagina. Having done the Data Evaluator's Course at the Miami Org, I had the Tech under my belt to inevitably make the right decisions under pressure. Lisa wasn't insulted, just surprised. I gave her a rain check for my next twenty-five dollar bill, and vowed to be faithful to both of them for the rest of my life.

It was so nice to just sit back and make love to two adoring women without any ulterior motive of using them in the way I had done so dispassionately with Lavenda. It was even more fantastic to have two brand new signatures for the class action lawsuits, and it always made me feel happy to be able to give Peter good news like that.

Peter, on the other hand, had been plagued with calls from Lyman Spurlock and Fred Hare, who both feared that Lavenda was still a powder keg waiting to go off and start some horrible legal flap against the Church. In the meantime, Bonny Mott sent an enthusiastic Knowledge Report to Commanding Officer of the Commodore's Messenger Org Annie Broeker with glowing success about Lavenda's abortion. All of this was occurring while Lavenda was making inquiries trying to connect the fire in the gas tank of her car to members of the Church of Scientology. In her own warped, sick mind, I never became a suspect. An arson investigator from the Tampa Fire Department even showed up on the doorstep of Flag asking questions. This caused the Flag Public Relations Officer to have a conniption fit and to start sending Situation Reports to the Watchdog Committee and every other concerned puppy on the planet.

When David Miscavige got wind of this stench, he ordered my complete Guardian's Office Agency Folder purged and destroyed, and any record of my name in connection with Lavenda Van Schaick Dukoff permanently removed from all Scientology files. The Flag Operations Liaison Office Action Bureau of the Office of Special Affairs raided the old filing cabinets of Fred Hare as if he had just robbed Fort Knox. A great cover-up ensued all the way down to the local Org and Mission. My entire history as a Scientologist was re-written, in order to disavow any knowledge of my actions in case Lavenda planned to sue.

The Director of Special Affairs of Miami Bev Flahan read me the telex from her superior officer, Lyman Spurlock.

"A legal flap by SP Van Schaick is a real potential threat in keeping with her previous acts of suppression. The correct on-Source handling is to establish new Tech, Ethics and Admin Folders in present time for those concerned parties who were active in handling her case", said the cable.

It was my sworn duty as a Kha-Khan to insulate Scientology from any and all lawsuits originating from such a degraded being.

Accordingly, I was ordered to back up this whitewash by writing up Success Shore Stories for silly little mini-courses and basic services in order to protect the Church from attack, as if I were a brand new raw meat Scientologist. Because of this sacrifice, I was very irate when Peter Letterese had nerve enough to charge me full price for these courses in order to help boost his stats! He argued that if he ran my course completions through the Mission without any fair exchange, I could be later accused of receiving free services, and he could be equally charged with providing them. It sounded like a lame excuse to get money out of me for actions that I had completed seven years before, but who was I to argue with Peter's smooth salesmanship and excellent reasoning. I was helping the Mission stats, after all.

Due to the fact that I swung heavily into my Battle Plan to have the largest L. Ron Hubbard Library in the world on the 8th of February 1986, that was the arbitrary date before which all records of my existence were removed from Central Files of all Scientology Orgs, with the obvious exception of my auditing and training certificates, which were kept in the safe at the Miami Org, available only to the Director of Special Affairs of Miami Bev Flahan, the Ethics Officer of Miami Frank Thompson, and the Certificates and Awards Officer of Miami Vicki Kirkland.

I felt as if I didn't exist anymore! And still, it was all for nothing. Lavenda faded out of our lives like the whimper of an overt fart, never to plague us again.

Bonny Mott had her own troubles too. As you recall, she was working undercover for a drug smuggler from Longboat Key named Bud Fields who also wore the "bad hat" of a boat broker who was trying to interfere with the sale of the ocean liner "La Boheme", which David Miscavige wanted very badly as our new Flag Ship. According to Bonny, one of the major cruise lines had hired Bud Fields to act as their broker or intermediary and bid higher for the vessel than the Sea Org was willing to pay. Certainly the boat's owners wanted to sell it for the best price to the highest bidder. As there were millions of dollars at stake, plus we were at risk of losing the only chance to prevail in purchasing the boat altogether, Bud Fields' murder was made to look like a drug deal that had gone sour. Bonny had already succeeded in breaking up Bud's marriage to his wife Lee, and according to her, "whatever mysteriously happened to Bud was just icing on the cake." Nevertheless, Bud's children had become very attached to their Nanny Bonny, and were very upset to see her leave. The charming Mrs. Mott had her faults, but nobody could ever deny that she was a damn good governess.

I don't know why the hell the wog world doesn't realize that fucking with our stats can be dangerous. Clearing the planet is our number one priority. What do we have to do to get that message across?

Bonny and I met for dinner in Lakeland, and we had a champagne toast celebrating the upstat of acquiring the new Flag Ship. David Miscavige changed its name from "La Boheme" to the "Freewinds." This was going to be the showpiece Sea Org flotilla which would deliver the technical breakthrough of New OT Eight.

Shortly thereafter, David Miscavige benevolently ordered Bonny to "get out of town" for awhile, and concomitantly the Commanding Officer of Scientology Missions International for the Eastern United States Cary Goulston dispatched Bonny to Western North Carolina, in order to establish a brand new Mission there.

Fred Hare called me late one night and said, "Under the circumstances, while the Lavenda thing is still considered a smoking gun, it might be wise if you went up to North Carolina also and offered to help Bonny with her Mission project."

How could I turn down a guy like Fred? Of course I agreed to go.

Although Bonny had a son named Charles living in the town of Old Fort, North Carolina; Bonny found it a lot more comfortable staying with me at my summer home in Lake Lure. The location which Scientology Missions International had been trying to buy for its new "Mission of Western North Carolina" was a very well-maintained idyllic "new age" retreat on a peaceful hill in the quaint town of Black Mountain, situated near Asheville. The squirrels who owned the property called it "The Light Center."

Despite the fact that The Light Center was in financial trouble, the trustees had informed Scientology Missions International upon initial inquiry that they did not wish to sell their retreat to Scientologists. What they were looking for were investors with fresh money who could revitalize the existing retreat under the management of the status quo.

"What a bunch of stupid downstatters they are to think that they could make their efforts work without the benefit of Ron's Technology", Bonny scoffed.

Bonny's Project Mission Orders issued by Cary Goulston called for us to infiltrate The Light Center in order to "secure the purchase of the property by whatever means necessary", and to "effectively introduce Scientology Technology to the squirrel group via a dissemination program utilizing gradient acceptance level processes of Standard Tech."

The Light Center had three trustees.

First, there was Reverend Jim Gore, their resident squirrel minister who seduced more young ladies than either Jim Bakker or I ever dreamed about.

Secondly, there was George Perkins, Director and Treasurer of the retreat who also owned a new age bookstore in town and therefore pocketed all the profits he could generate as a makeshift off-premise Bookstore Officer, which in Scientology we regard as not only highly out-ethics but also criminal.

Third and finally, there was Carolyn Kirby, a menopausal, psychopathic pianist, composer and out-of-tune singer who went under the dopey name of "Sunsurei" just because she liked it.

It was this unholy trio of losers who were responsible for the crashed statistics of The Light Center.

Bonny and I couldn't believe it!

"It's a wonder that the place didn't just disintegrate by itself due to its failed administration", she observed.

Just to show you how insane squirrels can get, The Light Center had a "meditation room" where you could sit on plastic cushions and watch a series of spotlights change color over a twenty minute period. I never saw anything quite so nonsensical as that in all my life! They also had a "flotation therapist" named Floyd on the premises who set up appointments for the congregation to

spend an hour or two per week in a dark, eight-foot egg filled with warm water and epsom salt, complete with the piped-in new age music of Sunsurei for added subliminal restimulation! I was surprised that they didn't have a staff psychiatrist on hand to give their parishioners a series of electric shocks to go along with the light show and scum bath! Now do you finally see how dangerous and thoroughly out of control the wogs can be if they are not effectively handled? I sure hope you do.

On Monday, April the 28th, Bonny and I gave an introductory seminar on Dianetics and Scientology at my summer home, and out of the two hundred and thirty members of The Light Center who we invited, only twenty-eight people showed up. Despite the low turnout, we enlightened our guests about the Eight Dynamics, the ARC Triangle, Cycles of Action, Conditions of Knowingness, Beingness, Doingness and Havingness, as well as the Between Lives Area and what happens to a thetan when he drops his body and returns to the cycle of life in order to pick up another one. We dispelled the false data about the psychotic illusions of heaven and hell, and I casually explained to the group that I had been the biological father of Jesus Christ, but I was trying to make amends for that horrible misdeed in my current lifetime.

Regrettably, both Reverend Jim Gore and Director George Perkins had boycotted the seminar. Sunsurei came, but tried to embarrass and discredit us, and in fact succeeded in turning our audience against the ethical principles of Ron's Tech which we were endeavoring to impart with good ARC.

Apparently they were victims of Christian brainwashing, and with all of their "new age" predisposition toward love, peace and flower power, it still did not mask the fact that they were quite flooded with the suppression of Jesus. Bonny concluded that we were facing a hostile takeover, and the best way to accomplish our goals and purposes was to ruin The Light Center and its trustees financially.

Bonny offered to handle the two men in her own way, but she ordered me to drive Sunsurei insane with junk mail and through a campaign of disinformation known as "Valence Hunger", which used to be one of Commodore Staff Guardian Mary Sue Hubbard's most effective methods in rapidly caving in a Suppressive Person.

Valence Hunger was a simple operation of flattering someone through a communication line across a distance, while at the same introducing arbitrariness and randomness in order to cause a desirable effect. You probably don't know what the hell I just said, do you? The psychs would call it "inflating someone's ego in order to induce a psychotic break." I just hate using their slang, that's all.

The principle is easy. You get your enemy dependant upon you by making the person feel very important through a continuous barrage of insincere praise. The End Phenomenon of your initiative is when your enemy knows with full certainty that he or she is dependant upon you for his or her own survival. It is done by alternately granting and withholding communication on the basis of statistics, thereby creating a scarcity or a "hunger" on the part of your enemy for the synthetic personality you mock up, or "valence."

For Sunsurei, I used the remailing service mock-ups. I began to flood her with fan mail from Pearl Blashinsky of Chicago, Anne Thacker of St. Louis, Marguerite Strawn of Gretna; Simon Lantos of Fullerton, and Virgil Venatta of Bakersfield. None of these people actually existed. They were the names of the class action lawsuit claimants. I convinced Sunsurei that "Jesus told them about her", which I knew was the predictable button of her stark raving acceptance level. With Sunsurei, I kept a

separate log book of all incoming and outgoing correspondence, and I also used a different typing element which matched the personality or "valence" of each of these pen pals. Every one had a different story to tell Sunsurei about how wonderful she was, how her music was "divinely inspired by Christ", and how she was the "Godmother of Heaven." Following the precise steps outlined by Ron in our old Guardian's Orders, I made Sunsurei entirely dependant upon these five "cosmic masters." Their letters from Sunsurei were forwarded to me by the remailing services, and my letters to her using these lame valences were postmarked by the mail forwarding centers from their cities of origin. Sunsurei never knew that all of her letters were coming straight to me.

Within a short time, Sunsurei was totally dependant upon her "spiritual guides" for sustenance. She dropped out of mainstream life, just so that she could keep in touch with her "messengers of Jesus." Little by little, I had each of the valences introduce Scientology philosophy to her, so that by the time the campaign was over, she was a practicing Scientologist without even realizing it! Her five "friends" could have told her anything and she would have believed them. Had I been an out-ethics person, I could have bilked her for every cent she had. But I would never do a thing like that. My Ethics were too high to stoop to such a low level. I never would consider exploiting her for money. I suppose the wogs would find it very hard to understand why I never took advantage of her financially. It was not her cash I wanted -- it was her mind. My orders were to drive her crazy, and that was my stat. It took a lot of time and energy to pretend to be five different people all over the country, writing to her nearly every day for almost two years, but no one ever said that the hat of eliminating suppression from the planet was easy. It takes a lot of confront and dedication to Source to get the job done.

Still, I have to concede that rendering Sunsurei insane was very therapeutic for me as well. I was able to redirect a lot of my anger towards her which I harbored against Jesus. She became the woman that I loved to hate, even though I had nothing against her personally, over and above her dedication to squirreling.

Although I don't want to jump ahead in time, I am dying to tell you what finally happened. The fate of Sunsurei was simply fabulous!

After I went back to Fort Lauderdale, Bonny Mott stayed on to handle Jim Gore and George Perkins. Within a short time, Jim died of a heart attack, and George, who had cancer, dropped his body under mysterious circumstances from some poison he drank, and with both of those SPs out of the way, there was nothing in Bonny's road for going to The Light Center's creditors and making a bid for the property.

However, as per Ron's Policy, Scientology Missions International insisted upon sending a group of Sea Org Survey Missionaires to Black Mountain in order to take a survey of people in the community which would determine whether a Scientology Mission would have the impact to flourish and prosper there.

In their Knowledge Report, the Missionaires reported that "An initiative can be better launched in an area less dominated by "Christ-Think" and other Potential Trouble Source influences. We advise not to proceed further with expansion projects in this sector due to present hostile and antagonistic viewpoints toward the Church. Org resources are to be more expediently applied elsewhere."

I don't know why the hell the Survey Missionaires didn't do their job before Bonny and I went to all of that trouble to secure the place, but obviously there was a lesson to be learned from our mistakes.

In the interim, no one ever countermanded my orders to drive Sunsurei insane, so I continued the campaign just as vigorously as before. Waging a thetan war against this pathetic, confused woman all but consumed me.

Sunsurei wanted to talk to her five "guides" by telephone, but everyone knows that "cosmic masters" are too far removed from the ordinary walks of life to have a listed number.

Two years later, I casually mentioned to Bonny that Sunsurei was about to "spin", which is a slang term in Scientology meaning "to go insane."<sup>[83]</sup> She was shocked to find out that I was still operating on her.

"Bonny, you never countermanded my orders!", I insisted. "You specifically told me that my stat was to drive her crazy, and I wasn't about to admit to a failure. We are so close now!"

"It's not important anymore!", she said. "Just drop the whole thing, and that's an order. We have nothing to gain by keeping it up any longer. If you need a new project to work on, I can find you plenty of things to do with a real purpose!"

Interestingly enough, after I ceased all communication with Sunsurei through the remailing services, dear old Carolyn Kirby went stark raving mad. Apparently she had grown so dependant upon her communication lines with her five "friends" that when I took them away from her, she dwindled down into the catatonic state of a dysfunctional pitiful vegetable. Her daughter Claire had her committed to a mental institution in Texas, and that was the last time that either Bonny or I ever heard about her.

That was by far my longest upstat and indeed was brought in way after-the-fact, but as I found out, it is never too late in Scientology to Make Things Go Right.

When I returned from North Carolina on the 1st of May, 1986, I found the Mission of Fort Lauderdale in a turmoil. Peter had lost his credit card franchise with Master Card and Visa because of the transaction with my sixty-three sales slips. The wog bank had the audacity to accuse Peter of trying to bypass the floor limit, and in a move to slash their own throats, they pulled the rug out from under us and told poor Peter that he no longer could accept any credit cards!

That wasn't his only problem, however. Michael Hambrick and Chuck Weiss had gotten together and found cash shortages of over one hundred and eighty thousand dollars over the last six years in Peter's account books, and immediately sent the data all the way uplines to the Flag Banking Officer of Scientology Missions International. Ray Jourdain, the Body Registrar of Miami, was also enraged with Peter because he was holding preclears back from doing major auditing services at the Org by keeping them hung up on frivolous Ethics actions in order to maintain a high level of income for the Mission.

In his Knowledge Report on Peter, Ray accused him of suppressing raw meat public from going up the Bridge and committing the identical High Crime which had caused the old Mission Owners World Wide Network to crash and fail. Peter had very few friends left, and everyone saw the handwriting on the wall. His days as an Executive Director of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale were numbered.

Accordingly, I began to distance myself from Peter completely. When the Ethics Officer or Miami Frank Thompson asked me for a Knowledge Report on the incident involving the sixty-three

credit cards, I made Peter look as blameworthy as possible, although I secretly respected him for pushing that book sale through for me on my over-the-limit credit card.

After seven years as a staff member, and having lived through seeing the Guardian's Office crash, I knew enough about Scientology politics to avoid getting pulled down with a sinking ship. Peter was about to get buried in the undertow of his drowning unpopularity. I was not ready to get dragged through the mud of lower Ethics Conditions with him, since had I taken sides with Peter, it would have meant the kiss of death for my Bridge forever.

A Scientologist can easily survive through hard work, austerity, financial deprivation, long hours, impossible statistics, and insurmountable odds, but without the Route to Total Freedom, we are nothing. In the final analysis, the Bridge is the only thing truly worth safeguarding, and there is absolutely nothing that I wouldn't have done to protect it.

Yet, I myself was not immune from attack. Because the loss of the Mission's credit card franchise had to do with my purchase, I was ordered by Frank Thompson to take a Security Check also.

Although I passed with flying colors and was not personally blamed for crashing the Master Card and Visa stats, I admitted to a far more ominous withhold. In my confessional, I pleaded guilty to the criminal act of seeing Dr. Geertz as a patient. Only a real schizophrenic lunatic bastard would consult an auditor and a psychologist at the same time. The Ethics penalties for that crime were very severe indeed. Ordinarily, I would have been stripped of my auditing certificates, but once again my standing as a Kha-Khan saved my ass. Don't forget that a Kha-Khan could be forgiven ten times in the future in case he did anything wrong.<sup>63</sup> I guess I was only on my fourth or fifth mistake, so I could still cut myself plenty of slack.

Nevertheless, even though I was forgiven, the Case Supervisor of Miami Lisa Witt wanted to find out why I did it, and ordered me to be audited on the Suppressed Persons Rundown, which turned out to be fifteen hundred dollars worth of auditing hours that I had to pay for in order to discover why I had allowed myself to be suppressed by the psychologist. Kha-Khans were the last unsung heroes of Scientology, but when we did the wrong thing, we had to pay through the nose too.

The Suppressed Persons Rundown turned out to be the best auditing action of my current lifetime, setting the record straight on my time track and shoving my face directly into the vagina of reality.

The E-Meter dove down like a bat out of hell, right into the source of the trouble.

"In which former lifetime have you been the most suppressed?", Nancy repeated several thousand times.

A sticky needle reaction was popping out of my grim recollection of living as the inimitable Mordecai Kusvitz.

It's a shame you didn't know me as good old Mordecai, since I was probably a much nicer guy back then. As an orthodox Jew, I wasn't worldly and intelligent enough to know the sleazier side of women, and consequently I didn't screw around with ladies of the night. I suppose you could call me a decent family man, as I was very devoted to my wife and children. As crazy as it sounds, I was truly happy.



I was the owner of the largest lumber mill in the Polish town of Cadavice when World War Two broke out on the 1st of September, 1939, which was also Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. It occurred to me at the time that Hitler enjoyed doing his bombing on Jewish holidays.

Not wanting to stick around while the Germans took over, I escaped with my wife Natalya, and my three sons Aron, David and Barna, fleeing from Poland to Hungary, where my wife had several cousins. Feeling relatively safe, I took a job at a paper processing plant in Budapest, since I had expertise in that industry. It was in Budapest during 1942 when my only daughter Rivkalleh was born.

In 1944 the Nazis invaded Hungary, and with no way to get away this time, our family was rounded up with all of the other Jews and sent back to Poland -- but this time to the infamous concentration camp of Auschwitz.

The five of us had to make the long journey in a closed-in cattle car, with no food at all and only a canteen of water. Auditing on this level was agonizing, and Nancy Witkowski was merciless. I went in and out of reverie, exteriorizing most of the time, only to find myself trapped back in the incident with my family riding like animals on the way to the death camp. The train smelled foul from the stench of human waste.

When we arrived at Auschwitz, our family was separated by Dr. Josef Mengele, the creator of the AIDS virus who everyone called the Angel of Death. My eldest son Aron and I were ordered to stand on the left line, which was bound for the work detail. My wife, two younger sons, and our baby daughter were sent to the line on the right, which later on I shockingly found out was destined for the gas chambers. Dr. Mengele decided our fate with a mere flick of his wrist.

In the panic of saying good-bye, my two-and-a-half year old daughter Rivkalleh dropped her doll "Ceci", which she had carried in her arms during the entire perilous journey from Budapest. When she ran back to the center of the open hall to pick up her doll, a brutal SS Medical Officer saw her bend down, and ordered his two vicious German Shepherd dogs to attack my precious daughter. The Medical Officer called the dogs by the names Rhinebourgen and Besieschtigen.

Right in front of me those savage beasts mauled and tore apart my little girl and killed her, while the SS Officer laughed out loud. Not since the Planet Ixolia had I ever experienced such cruelty. After the dogs were finished and left her for dead, he kicked Rivkalleh for a distance of six feet with his boots, covering the floor in a pool of blood. He then stepped on the doll and crushed it, much to the horror of my wife, my sons, and the rest of the traumatized onlookers.

I found out later that this particular SS Medical Officer who was studying under Dr. Mengele had conducted the most inhuman of psychological experiments, including freezing live babies in ice water and using a stop watch to see how long it would take them to die.

During my auditing, Nancy threw me deep into reverie, and in that light hypnotic state, coupled with my ease of exteriorizing out of my body, I identified the name of that arrogant Nazi bastard. It was my very own psychologist, Uwe Walter Geertz!

I was the only survivor of my entire family at Auschwitz. My fourteen year old son Aron died from typhus only three months after he came into the camp. When I was captured by the Germans, I weighed 240 pounds. When the camp was liberated by the Russians, I was less than 90. My excessive body weight and my existentialist philosophy had kept me alive during that

unconfrontable period of my life.

After the war, I investigated Uwe Geertz, and I found that prior to coming to Auschwitz, he had worked as an intern at a German mental institution called Hadamar, and his duties had been to supervise the gassing of mental patients. In fact, there was an entry in the journal which showed he was present at a staff beer party when the Nazi psychiatrists and nurses celebrated the gassing of their ten thousandth victim.

It wasn't only Dr. Geertz, but his wife Dorli as well. Nancy directed me to exteriorize on the fourth dynamic, being three feet in back of society's head, so that I could raise my "level of confront" in the physical universe.

While watching these mental image pictures from beyond the confines of the body, I saw how Dr. Geertz met his wife, a wretched psychiatric nurse at the camp. I watched her sinister smile in the operating room of Dr. Mengele as she stood by stoically with her clipboard, monitoring the screams of Dr. Geertz's shrieking patients undergoing grotesque medical experiments without any anesthesia. One of her favorite pastimes was to pour scalding, boiling water onto the genitals of the men. When Dorli and Dr. Geertz became engaged, she made an oxtail stew containing the blood of Jewish children.

Many times after my auditing, I had to rush into the Org's bathroom and vomit.

"You have led a sheltered life too long", Nancy observed. "It is time that you learn to confront a solid dose of your own reality."

The mental image pictures were undeniable. Over and over, Nancy had me look at the saliva of Dr. Geertz's dogs as their mouths dripped with my daughter's blood, until my reaction to the horror was flattened on the E-Meter. I finally cognited that only in Scientology can a thetan have the opportunity to avenge the death of his loved one from a previous life. I vowed before Ron and everything else that is holy to make Dr. Geertz pay dearly in spades for what he had done to my beautiful, precious baby.

Nancy was quite satisfied with my tremendous progress achieved during the Suppressed Persons Rundown.

"Geertz is a typical example of the German criminal psych who later claimed to be a heroic anti- Nazi", Nancy elaborated.

"Yes! You are right!", I screamed. "He often brags about how some of his patients think he is a Jew!"

Infuriated with Dr. Geertz, I wrote a Knowledge Report saying that it was my duty as a former Agent of the Guardian's Office to take full responsibility for having him deported, in order that he would be forced to face his war crimes. I couldn't believe that I had been so gullible during the many years when he pretended to be my friend!

The memory of seeing my psychologist in his black SS uniform was a continuously recurring nightmare. I dreaded falling asleep, fearing that I would once again have to relive the sequence of seeing Dr. Geertz kill my daughter as I did day after day. Things became progressively worse. I began to Free Wheel uncontrollably, unable to back out of the dreams while I was asleep. During my auditing, Nancy had me look at pictures of my wife and three sons struggling to breathe inside

the gas chambers, clinging to the floor in a final attempt to savor that last breath of oxygen, and I could not get these frightening images out of my mind. Each night I was suspended back in time, forced to re-experience months of torture and agony within a single dream, unable to wake up, even if my body had to go to the bathroom.

One thing was certain. I didn't ever want to be Dr. Geertz's patient again. That is why I was overwhelmed when I was told that I had to keep seeing him in order to gather incriminating evidence which would expose him for his evil deeds against my family.

Trish Baroski was an extremely pretty staff auditor at the Miami Org who also was the Liaison In Charge for the Citizen Commission of Human Rights, the Scientology organization which investigates psychiatric abuses. If you recall, it was Commanding Officer Dennis Clarke who had approved my idea for the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force with great acclaim back in 1984. As soon as Nancy's Knowledge Report on Dr. Geertz reached his desk, Dennis ordered Nancy to inform me that it was my duty to handle this Nazi monster by securing enough data that would permanently ruin him, deport him and convict him.

"Can't somebody else do it?", I begged. "I can't even stand to look at him!"

"Keep your TRs in, Steve", Trish advised. "Scientology is a matter of confronting life and being at cause over it, not running from life and becoming the effect of it. You pulled this Nazi Geertz into your universe. It is you and no one else who has to drive him out!"

To this end, I solicited the help of Fran Hardy, a former auditor at the Mission who was now doing her administrative internship at the Org and was also very active in Psychbusting and other valiant activities which served to effectively crush our enemies.

Fran suggested that since I had valuable training in the Guardian's Office in ruining the credit histories of suppressives, I should naturally start with that. She also commanded me to report Dr. Geertz to the Internal Revenue Service, ordering a "TCMP", which was a full fledged in-depth audit known as the Taxpayer's Compliance Maintenance Program. I sent in over a dozen anonymous reports which accused Dr. Geertz of under-reporting cash payments for psychological services, as well as for treating "known drug traffickers" and laundering their dirty money. Obviously, for purposes of completeness, we sent a copy of that file to the Drug Enforcement Agency as well.

To add gasoline to the fire, Fran recommended that I send a Knowledge Report on Dr. Geertz to Interpol, and also forward a copy of it to the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, so that between the two suppressive agencies, a file would be created and deportation proceedings against him would begin when they "compared their notes."

I kept seeing Dr. Geertz as a patient as ordered, asking lots of questions about where he was during the war. Predictably, he made up some lies about being in the German Navy. Ha! He couldn't fool me for a minute! There was still the smell of my daughter's blood on his hands, and when the light was just right in his office I could even see it.

Although I was comfortable with the fact that Rivkalleh had since picked up a new body somewhere in the time warp of life, I regretted not being able to give her a father's love.

Leah Abady was a comfort and a joy to me.

"One day when you and Rivkalleh make it to the top of the Bridge you will both get together

and have a good laugh over it", she predicted.

Funny, but her comment helped me no better than last winter's snow. What the hell do women know about sensitivity anyway?

# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

## Crusading For Source Perforce Of Course

In May of 1986 I just wasn't feeling very well. Having been betrayed by my psychologist in my last life, I had no one to talk to about sex anymore. Dusty Hipps would always listen, but that's what she was paid to do. What insight into life could I attain from a seventh-grade dropout anyway?

The last part of New Era Dianetics Grade Five shook me apart worse than a Tabasco sauce enema. I couldn't tell where my auditing started and my nightmares ended, yet I knew that somewhere underneath it all, I was having a great time because my Success Stories always said so.

Some of my Body Thetans were very suppressive. They caused my back to ache and my nose to snot without any warning whatsoever. I used to make deals with them when I wanted to go to sleep. Some of them enjoyed it when I told them a bedtime story. Others simply waited until I zonked out and railroaded me through hell and back. My dreams became impossible, and they even tried to stop me from masturbating before I went to bed.

A typical nightmare began with a loud snap and waves of light, followed by Jesus and Dr. Geertz riding naked on a zig-zagging chariot. A cherub came out and blew his horn at point-blank range in my right ear while he cracked his whip against my penis. After about five hours of that routine the cherub ran away, but Dr. Geertz came after me with a portable barbed-wire electrified fence, backing me into a corner until the Great God Throgmagog dumped blackness all over me. I was locked inside an inkwell with no way out, and I started coughing, choking and spinning around in the dark and was not permitted to stop Free Wheeling until I completely forgot who I was. It was only then that I was allowed to wake up after what seemed like years later.

Now you may ask who the hell the Great God Throgmagog is.

L. Ron Hubbard talked about him quite often.

"He doesn't exist in the physical universe because he's everywhere at once", Ron wrote profoundly. "He's in all the drinking water. If we say the Great God Throgmagog caused it, the condition can never be erased. People get very upset with him because they can never penetrate the causation. Never being able to penetrate the causation, they cannot eradicate the condition, so the condition goes on forever."<sup>[84]</sup>

No wonder my dreams got worse!

During the day I walked around with literally trillions of Body Thetans stuck to me like flypaper. Every time that I made love, I picked up more of those little devils, and even the ones which I succeeded in disentangling myself from were glued to the inside of my zipper, waiting for their next opportune moment to savagely attack me again.

Why the hell would Body Thetans want to watch me seduce a flat-chested fifteen year old? They couldn't have had the same peccadillos and perversions as I did, could they?

Nancy Witkowski had a cure for it all.

I mocked up two new valences who I sentimentally named Harry Sebakovitch and Mylo Canderian, Ph.D., after two of my first class action claimants.

"Isn't that sort of schizophrenic?", I asked.

"Now don't start using that filthy psych language around here!", she chastised.

Between you, I, Harry, Mylo and the lamp post, that made matters much worse. The two valences picked up entire clusters of Body Thetans, and since they were all inside of me battling it out for control of my unworthy body, I had to referee the bloodiest fights as trillions of degraded beings within me started ganging up on one another. When they began to interfere with my sex life, I knew that I was in real trouble. What the devil would you do if seven hundred and thirty-two billion Body Thetans told you that they had a headache when you were just beginning to get an erection?

To make matters worse, the International Justice Chief Paul Laquerre sent me a written order, demanding that I stop my promiscuity, and commanded Fred Hare to enforce it.

His right to interfere with my romantic flings was solemnly justified by one of Ron's Policy Letters entitled "Executive Misbehavior".

Ron wrote in Executive Misbehavior Policy # 1: "No Executive who begins or persists in a sexual relationship with a person hostile to or open-minded about Dianetics and Scientology may be retained on post or in the organization."<sup>[85]</sup>

So unless I was dating a committed Scientologist, and by that I do not mean the kind who is suppressed within the lethal environment of a rubber room, it appeared that Ron was not about to change his mind and give me his approval from his current position located either three feet in back of the Between Lives Area, from his favorite planet Arcturus, or inside the fetus of his next proud mommy.

In the same Policy Letter, Ron added, "In the past, executives in three instances have seen fit to associate themselves with persons of the opposite sex who were antipathetic to Scientology and have continued with them a 2D (sexual) relationship."<sup>[86]</sup>

Now I know why the Org had so many gay men. Ron specifically limited his policy to members of "the opposite sex." Obviously homosexuals did not apply to these rules, so this Policy Letter granted far more freedom and beingness to those thetans who were slightly queer.

Ah, but Ron talked about three instances, didn't he?

Well, Executive Misbehavior Policy # 2 stated that "Any Executive who engages in activities for which he could be blackmailed may not hold any Executive post."<sup>[87]</sup>

That didn't apply to me. What could I be blackmailed for, not wearing a condom?

Then, there was Executive Misbehavior Policy # 3.

"Any person who places personal interests and situations above the interests of the group may not hold an Executive post",<sup>87</sup> Ron concluded jovially.

And he was damn right. Had I allowed my feelings for any woman to cloud my good

judgment, I would have deserved to be thrown out of the Org on my libidinous ass. Never once did I ever allow females to influence my thinking. I knew that they were out there to serve mankind, and I had more sense than to get into compromising positions with any of them unless it felt good.

Nevertheless, I had fallen head over thetan in love with Dusty, and my apprehension that I was violating Ron's Policy made me very uptight indeed. I asked Nancy Witkowski for further guidance, and subsequently bought another full intensive of New Era Dianetics Life Repair auditing as insurance against my susceptibility toward human frailty.

In order to cool my passion whereby I could operate effectively on post, Nancy had me mock up a sea of vaginas, reeking with the decaying stench of bitter raw fish. She commanded me to brazenly rub my face into the pubic hair of these ominous Venus Flytraps, whereupon the sensation felt very much like steel wool and made my nose bleed. In compounding this wild imagery, Nancy ordered me to inhale a solution of Hydrogen Sulfide, which approximated the smell of rotten eggs. In my Success Story, I expressed my permanent revulsion for the female human body, and I declared how wonderful it was that I could now get on with my true purpose, which was flying quickly up to the top of the Bridge, untainted by the degradation of humiliating ladies.

I might have given up swooning over female corpses completely and forever, but above all I was profusely in love with Dusty as a sex object, and as a result, I still wanted to make love to her, although I rationally insisted that she shave all of her feminine hair off. Unfortunately, this did not help very much because I continued to smell a weird toxin emanating from her, and this impediment began to take its toll on my sexual prowess and ability. I don't know why women I loved had to sabotage my virility all the time. I suppose the psychs would call it a "castration conspiracy", but it was all their fault by limiting us to two sexes when they originally forced us inside our bodies some seventy-six trillion years ago. If there were about seven or eight sexual choices to select from, then perhaps we would not be so damn inhibited!

The only thing that seemed to help me cure my endless anxiety was an aphrodisiac. I went to a urologist named Dr. Ronald Cohen who put me on Yohambine, a medicinal herb that kept me hard as a rock all of the time. It might have been some kind of steroid, I don't know. I was as happy on that stuff as a pig in shit until Nancy found out about it in a Security Check and made me spill all 71 pink pills down the Mission's toilet. She threatened to make me do the Purification Rundown if I kept running to quack doctors for advice. And boy, was the Flag Medical Officer Andrew Bardy pissed off at me when he read Nancy's slightly biased Knowledge Report.

I had to take matters into my own hands.

For five dollars extra, Lisa Lawson agreed to help me by talking in a sexy voice to my Body Thetans in order to arouse them so that they would leave me alone and go to her instead. Lisa never had any auditing, so Body Thetans did not seem to bother her, which just goes to show you how low her perception of reality was. Dusty was even more of a failure, and too much of an imbecile to even get into communication with any of them. I was finally able to overcome the problem myself by using my one thousand watt vibrator during intercourse. The Body Thetans thought that they were being exposed to psychiatric electric shock therapy and ran away, which proves that when you know the Tech, you can handle anything, and you don't need mind-altering trash like drugs to make your love life wonderful. I think it's about time that we give Ron the credit he deserves for being the best sex therapist the world has ever known. Even women can learn something from him, despite their lack of sensitivity.

There is always a rat in every crowd. Dave Dewey, the Dissemination Secretary of Fort

Lauderdale found out about my part in the financial investigation of Peter Letterese. This tall, emaciated dork without a chin wrote up a Knowledge Report on me and gave it to Peter, who promptly threw me into Treason and banished me from the Mission forever. He also called up Vicki Kirkland, who was the Certificates and Awards Officer of Miami, and demanded that my auditing certificates be yanked and confiscated from me. She countermanded his order because of my ever more tenuous status as a Kha-Khan, and added another notch against my permanent record.

Storming aghast in a torrent of ARC Breaks, I wrote a Situation Report to Frank Thompson, finally informing him that Peter had been starving Michael Hambrick and some of the other Mission staff members without a whimper of compassion for their basic human necessities.

Although Frank repealed my assignment of the Ethics Condition of Treason, he did not give two shakes of a thetan's tail about whether Michael had enough to eat or not.

"This is a hard universe which demonstrates the survival of the fittest", he admonished in typical Third Dynamic fascist style. "We cannot play nursemaid to an out-ethics wimp who does not have sufficient ability to confront the inhibition of his basic rights of survival."

In other words, if Michael could not stand up to Peter and demand to be fed, then he did not deserve to eat.

Okay, I'll buy that. It sounded very causative, but it did nothing to handle Peter Letterese's criminality.

My bright spot on the horizon was Ellie Bolger.

"I have had it with Peter's meddlesome attempts to interfere with your production!", she said.

Immediately, she phoned her friend Robyn Mathieson, the Scientology Missions International Justice Chief, who commanded Frank Thompson to issue a "Non-Enturbulation Order" on Peter Letterese which once and for all expelled him from the Mission and permanently barred him from ever returning.

The reasons for the Order were quite numerous, citing that Peter was under a Committee of Evidence Investigation by the Flag Banking Officer of Scientology Missions International for "theft of parish funds", for imposing off-Policy sanctions including deprivation of pay, food, and basic needs to staff members, as well as for crashing the Master Card and Visa franchises of the Mission. Both my Knowledge Reports and Situation Reports were attached to Frank's Order as evidence.

In a surprise raid in which I did not participate, Frank Thompson bodily threw Peter Letterese out of his office into the street on the 3rd of July, 1986. Peter was declared a Tiger, which in Scientology is very much a nasty thing. A Tiger, according to Modern Management Technology Defined, is "a staff member who has been repeatedly associated with goofed projects and operations and who actually has caused such to occur. He is a person who is a continued out-ethics individual who has failed to get Ethics in on himself. He is someone who is not about to let the Org or staff succeed."<sup>[88]</sup>

Additionally, Peter was threatened with prosecution in the criminal wog courts if he did not repay the one hundred and eighty-thousand dollars. Very little of the money was actually recoverable from Peter's slush fund known as the "Celebrity Center Account." Nevertheless, no criminal complaint was ever filed on Peter outside of Scientology.



Instead, the Scientology Missions International Justice Chief Robyn Mathieson sentenced him to the RPF's RPF at Flag, or the Rehabilitation Project Force's Rehabilitation Project Force, where Peter was segregated from everyone else without training, auditing or pay.

According to Ron, someone assigned to the RPF's RPF is only allowed to work on "mud boxes in the Engine Room."<sup>47</sup> But since when did Flag have an Engine Room? It was a hotel, not a boat! I assumed that they would have to leave him there to rot until the Freewinds was ready to set sail. In the meantime, the rules of the RPF's RPF demanded that Peter only receive six hours sleep. Without the mud boxes to work on, perhaps he could catch a few more winks.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!", I cheered to Michael Hambrick. In celebration of catching the Tiger by the tail, I offered to take Mike out to have anything he wanted for dinner. Modest as he was, all he asked for was a hot dog, since he didn't have time to leave the Mission unattended for too long.

Frank Thompson noticed Michael's dedication also, and appointed him the Acting Executive Director In Charge of the Mission until the investigation of Peter's corruption could be resolved, despite the fact that Michael Hambrick was also facing charges before a Committee of Evidence for failing to bypass Peter and handle his suppression according to the Danger Formula. In essence, Michael was facing expulsion from Scientology for not preventing Peter from starving him!

In the meantime, Nancy Witkowski was upset with me because I wasn't doing enough to stop Christ.

In the Hubbard Communications Office Bulletin of 5 May 1980, L. Ron Hubbard wrote: "For those of you whose Christian toes I may have stepped on, let me take the opportunity to disabuse you of some lovely myths. For instance, the historic Jesus was not nearly the sainted figure he has been made out to be. In addition to being a lover of young boys and men, he was given to uncontrollable bursts of temper and hatred that belied the general message of love, understanding and other typical Marcabian Public Relations. You have only to look at the history his teachings inspired to see where it all inevitably leads. It is historic fact and yet man still clings to the ideal, so deep and insidious is the biological implanting."<sup>[89]</sup>

As Larry Wollersheim, Jesus was resolute in his attempt to bring the Church of Scientology down to its knees by virtue of his forty million dollar lawsuit. With Nancy's encouragement, I signed up for the Religious Freedom Crusade known also as the Battle of Los Angeles. The purpose of it was to mount a strong legal defense for Scientology and prevent Wollersheim from prevailing in his most suppressive criminal act against us.

The Crusade could not have come at a better time for me, since I was scheduled to go out to the American Saint Hill Organization in Los Angeles to do my Saint Hill Special Briefing Course anyway.

While in California, I learned to confront what I never could face as a stock broker. I sat on the phone "cold-calling" Scientologists all over the country, and personally raised sixteen thousand eight hundred dollars in credit card pledges on behalf of the Office of Special Affairs for the Scientology Defense Fund.

My eyes flood with tears of sentiment when I reflect back on the 28th of August, which was the evening thousands of Scientologists stayed up until dawn during the All-Night Candlelight Vigil.

The Commanding Officer of Legal International was a bulldog-faced attorney by the name of Earle Cooley, who appropriately declared Larry Wollersheim our "Public Enemy Number One." With our postulates aimed toward our enemy's jugular vein, there was no way he was going to vanquish us in our quest for justice. Edward Parkin, the Lieutenant Commander of the Office of Special Affairs International briefed the group on "Crusade C-Routing", which was the chain of command routes for the Crusade. My superior officer was Deborah Truax, a Letter Registrar from Golden Era Productions who had a nice smelling neck.

As Deborah was "C-Routed" or posted with me under Freddie Ulan, who was the Lieutenant Commander of the Citizen's Commission on Human Rights, she assigned me the hat of calling the home of a deadly psychiatrist named Jolly West between midnight and four in the morning, as he was one of the SPs whose "expert witness" testimony was being introduced as evidence against Scientology. We certainly did not want the bastard to get a good night's sleep before the day he had to testify for Jesus in court. It was so much fun harassing Dr. West, and I once again felt useful, the way I used to do in the good old days of the Guardian's Office when thetans were thetans!

Jolly West had his telephone number changed twice while I was out in Los Angeles, but fortunately, we had preclears employed by Pacific Bell who always had access to his new unlisted number.

Still, the high point of the Crusade for me was when I was given the opportunity to rummage through the garbage room in the office building of Wollersheim's squirrel attorney, the evil-purposed Charlie O'Brien. I found some handwritten notes including the names of some of Wollersheim's witnesses! Promptly, I turned that data over to Deborah Truax, and I was given an award of "Very Highly Commended" for my valor and bravery. I would have loved to intimidate the witnesses whose names I found in the trash, but that noble act was reserved for Sea Org members within the Office of Special Affairs who had proven themselves worthy of such an honored upstat.

Through it all, I was eager to do my share.

At the Los Angeles Court House, my job was to provide positive public relations data about Scientology to the wogs who were waiting to be called into the jury room. Having personally donated five hundred dollars to the Way To Happiness campaign, I was eligible for this "special duty." There were wog magazines in the jurors' waiting room such as People, Newsweek, U. S. News and World Report, and Time. I gathered them all up, and threw them in an unobtrusive waste basket in one of the clerk's offices. Then, I gallantly replaced the empty shelves with Source, the magazine of Flag; Advance, the journal of the Advanced Organization of Los Angeles; and Celebrity, the presentation of Celebrity Center International. I also left several hundred personality tests which were given to me by the Director of Public Contact of the Org of Orange County, California.

I must have done something terribly wrong, because we lost the legal case. Christ strung us up by the nuts again, and we were kicked in the ass with a forty million dollar judgment including punitive damages.

When Ron was planning his death in 1980, six years before he voluntarily dropped his body in January 1986, he wrote: "I will return not as a religious leader but a political one. That happens to be the requisite beingness for the task at hand. I will not be known to most of you, my activities misunderstood by many, yet along with your constant effort in the theta band, I will effectively postpone and then halt a series of events designed to make happy slaves of us all."<sup>[90]</sup>

Oh, how depressed I was. How could we have lost the Battle of Los Angeles? Why, dear Source, did we lose the Crusade?

The world was scheduled to come to an end on September 9, 1997 at 2:42 in the afternoon. Ron promised to return as a political leader, but due to the shocking data that I had found in the Time Pilot Rundown, I was unsure as to which century he would be joining us. Consequently, I knew that it was up to me to salvage the planet all by myself. I could just feel it in my bones. It was something that I alone had to do, pure and simple. The psychs would have called me a megalomaniac, but between you and me, I was only being realistic.

On the Saint Hill Special Briefing Course, I was trained as an auditor so flublessly that even my urine started to come out at perfect ninety degree angles to the commode.

I also did my Solo Auditing set-ups at Saint Hill in preparation for the OT Levels which I had planned to do after I attested to the State of Clear. Understandably, I spent a great deal of time auditing out my past life ARC Breaks that had plagued me when I was Mordecai Kusvitz.

Just to refresh your memory in case our time tracks did not overlap, after being the only survivor in my family to get through Auschwitz while still stuck in my body, I wanted a change of scenery and headed out to the south seas, where I decided at the relatively promising age of 50 to retire, courtesy of my war reparations pension check from the West German Government. Once in Tahiti, on the tropical island paradise of Moorea, I nursed myself back to health by marrying a Dutch girl who was seventeen years younger than me by the name of Gabrielle Von Mierers, who had just been dumped by an Italian gigolo sailor named Milazzo.

When the honeymoon was over three years later, Gabrielle fell in love with a Danish longshoreman with occupational muscles named Lars-Kristoff Johannes, who was five years her junior. When I learned the truth of their adulterous affair, I slapped Gabrielle in the face and forbid her to ever see him again. In a fit of frustration, she poisoned me with milk and married Lars-Kristoff after I died. I think she fell out of love with me because she did not like my thick Polish accent. I suppose it turned her off sexually, now that I think about it.

During the Saint Hill Special Briefing Course co-audit where preclears "twinned up" and audited each other while they were training on Class Six, I cognited that possibly Gabrielle Kusvitz Johannes might be still alive!

"Imagine how great it would be to have a reunion with my wife from a past life!", I told my Case Supervisor, Ken Shapiro. "After all, she was only thirty-three years old when I married her in 1945, so that would make her about seventy-four right now."

I explained to Ken that my interest in her was no longer of a sexual nature, so he didn't have to worry about me raping an old lady. It was very important that my auditor understood that I was pursuing this area to repair my past life overt acts, and that in my present lifetime I very rarely became interested in any women over the age of seventeen.

"When they reach that age, they are over the hill", I told him.

My obsession with why Gabrielle murdered me preyed on my mind twenty-four hours a day.

"Is it because I had a shorter penis during that lifetime?", I asked myself. I remember how

much the Rabbi took off when I was circumcised.

I even went as far as to write a long letter to my estranged wife Gabrielle, telling her that I was a relative of her late husband Mordecai, and that I would be willing to come to Tahiti to visit with her if she would allow it. I kept my communication on a very low gradient, not overwhelming her with any data about past lives or the time track. I just wanted to get into good ARC with Gabrielle, not to exceed her level of reality.

My problem was that I had no idea where to find her, nor did I know if she still lived in Tahiti or for that matter whether she was alive at all.

Magnanimously, Ken Shapiro offered me his help. He revealed that he knew a Sea Org member who had come from the capital city of Papeete, and was now attached to Bridge Publications International, the Org where all of Ron's books, bulletins and policy letters were published. Consequently, Ken took the letter which I wrote and promised to enlist his friend's help in finding the last known address of Gabrielle. It wasn't anything I was able to do on my own, because Tahitian telephone books were French, and as far as I could tell, I never had spoken that language in any of my former lifetimes. In one particularly vivid dream, I had discovered that I was fully able to rattle off the Prayer for the Dead in Abyssinian, but that would do me no good in helping me locate my ex-body's ex-wife again.

"What have you got to lose?", Ken said poignantly. "If we find her, you certainly won't have to worry about paying her any alimony."

During my training I also rose to the stellar status of Briefing Course Officer, and for fifty-five dollars, I was given the honor of buying a beautiful white shirt with the initials "BCO" engraved on it in Sea Org Blue, as a testimonial to my achievement. Next to my Kha-Khan medal as well as everything written and spoken by Ron, my Briefing Course Officer shirt is my most treasured possession. I always have the dry cleaner preserve the Tech by using heavy starch. Please promise me that if you are in the neighborhood when I drop my body, you will wrap my shirt around me before throwing my corpse out to sea. I always dress for dinner, which was a habit I picked up on Ixolia.

On the Practical Section of the Briefing Course, I demonstrated my thesis both in clay and putty, which was admittedly quite remarkable, even for me. In Scientology we don't merely observe life, we handle it. I cognited that the laugh track on television sitcoms was nothing more than mass evaluation. We are told by psych media suppressives when to laugh at their jokes, which is a vicious means of enforcing reactive bank agreement with their degraded "wog-think." What right did they have to put a laugh track there for us? If something were truly funny, I would have laughed at it on my own. No one but Ron has any right to tell me what should make me hysterical.

Further on in my training, I traced this phenomenon back to its basic incident, which was mass hypnotic implanting by the Emperor Xenu. Xenu made a pretty rotten deposit in my reactive bank back then, and now I was going through some rather heavy withdrawal.

The sitcom laugh track turned out to be a psychotic dramatization of OT Section Three Incident Two, reinforced through automatic hypnotic suggestions during the Between Lives Area after the thetan drops his body. There was nothing funny at all about the jokes on television. I was so relieved to finally understand why anyone in the world would be stupid enough to laugh at Roseanne Barr for any other reason than her weight!

I was very proud of receiving my Hubbard Senior Scientologist Gold Seal. It was so cute! I was now a full-fledged Class Six Saint Hill Special Briefing Course Graduate Auditor! Since you weren't there to congratulate me, I kissed myself in the mirror for over an hour on behalf of both of us.

When I arrived back in Fort Lauderdale, was I happy to find that my old conquering hero Fred Hare returned to take over the crashed post of Peter Letterese! In fact, not only was Fred the new Executive Director, he also held the Heavy Hussars Hat of Mission Holder, which made him very, very important.

What's a Heavy Hussars Hat, you ask?

What did you think it is, head gear for Russian construction workers or something?

The function of the Heavy Hussars Hat "is to move in heavily where there is a threat of great importance to any Org or to Scientology, after the usual lines and posts have goofed. The term comes from the old cavalry purpose of Hussars who were held in reserve until a battle line was dangerously bowed, at which time they were sent in to straighten it out."<sup>[91]</sup>

Fred Hare was a Hatted Heavy Hussy of the '80s. He didn't need to ride in like a knight on a horse. On the contrary, all he had to do each night was to charge up his E-Meter and handle all of the horses' asses with Security Checks.

His very talented and capable crippled wife Dori was nepotistically assigned the position of Ethics Officer, whereas the former Ethics Officer Linda MacPhee went to the Miami Org to fill the position of Citizens Commission on Human Rights Officer In Charge of Miami. The South Florida area had its disproportionate share of psych vermin to confront, and I knew that any girl who had the courage to get me in trouble when I gave her that fruit punch while she was sweeping the sun off the sidewalk was brave and fierce enough to handle our deadly and formidable suppressive enemies.

I spent a lot of time with Linda putting order into the chaotic environment by anonymously calling the Southern Bell business office to disconnect the telephone numbers of quite a few prominent South Florida psychiatrists. Although only a temporary measure to justifiably harass them, it allowed us to express our outraged discontent and to protest their continued barbaric existence within mainstream thetan society. If anything, at least the initiative served to shut down their businesses for a few days and therefore may have forestalled some deadly electric shock therapy, more evil-purposed wholesale drugging, and an overwhelming preponderance of rampantly intentional slaughter of the insane.

Fred was his jovial old self, a team player to the very end. He eloquently ordered me to reinforce the cover-up of my joining Scientology on February the 8th of 1986 with additional surveys and Success Stories for the mini-courses and basic services that I had documented while Peter was still in power. Dori Hare was a wizard. She tore some of my Success Stories to shreds, stating that my language "was too well versed in Scientology terminology for a raw meat wog coming into the Mission for the first time." After several attempts, I had achieved a mixture of the correct "flavor" and "texture" which she needed to back up my Preclear Folder. Perhaps I did not realize how different I sounded after seven years, but a Saint Hill Briefing Course Graduate Auditor does write a lot more expertly than a fresh new "body in the shop." It was so odd to have to learn how to communicate like a slimy wog again, even if it was just for show!

Doing that exercise made me realize how superior we were as beings to the reactive mind dwellers "out there" in the decadent world of the psychiatric-controlled media. I never wanted to act like an idealistic zealot, but we were engaged in an immortal struggle for survival, utilizing the postulates and the causative will of the thetan over the pollution and suppression of the stinking reactive bank. There is a great purity of the spirit in that, don't you agree?

One only has to remember the words of L. Ron Hubbard that he wrote in advance of dropping his body.

"I will soon leave this world, only to return and complete my mission with another identity", he wrote in a fling of sweetness and light. "Although I long to stretch my arms back in repose on some distant star in some distant galaxy, it appears that this is one dream that will have to wait. But my return depends on people like you doing these materials (of the OT levels) thoroughly and completely so that there will be a genetically uncontaminated body for me to pick up and resume where I left off; a body free of religious mania, of right/wrong dichotomy and synthetic karma."<sup>[92]</sup>

With Ron on my side, I could survive anything, including one of Fred Hare's four hour Security Checks. He wanted to be certain that I was completely unblemished with the taint of Peter's criminality, since there was evidence which suggested that some of the money from my class action lawsuit production had been used to line Peter's own coffers.

Accordingly, I had to write up my hat as Fields Financial Planner once again, and issue a Knowledge Report on all unpaid claims that were outstanding, as well as the status of each wog who signed them. After five days of steady work, Fred Hare shook me vigorously with both hands, indicating that I was as clean as a polished brick on the Planet Arslucus.

The only news about Peter came from Ellie Bolger, who Peter tried to illegally contact while he was having his Ethics repaired in the RPF's RPF at Flag. Obviously that lazy bastard was still failing to confront his fall from grace. I wish I had been his Master At Arms. I would have buggied-whipped his bloody butt until the last layer of his wretched skin fell off.

Fred Hare was simply a dream come true. In no time flat he restored the Mission to its former eloquence and grandeur by hiring back Nancy Witkowski and Fran Hardy. Michael Hambrick was still under a Committee of Evidence, but we all knew that he would prevail, despite his prior reasonableness toward Peter's suppression of his appetite.

The day finally came that our floating vessel was unveiled before our sentimental eyes at the Flag Land Base. Not wanting to miss the gala celebration, I checked my ass into the Casa Suite on the ninth floor at Flag, which was newly decorated in a shade of purple so bold that it made the burial shrouds at a Catholic funeral service very pale by comparison. You don't know how careful I was so that I wouldn't stain the bedspread while I took the time out from all of the excitement to play with myself. At Flag, I always had the idea that thousands of thetans were looking at me all the time while I was alone in my room. OTs could easily penetrate the walls and therefore I felt slightly self-conscious. I would use the psych word "paranoid" to describe the feeling, but then I would be forced to wash my mouth out with soap.

I had no idea that the Freewinds was so beautiful. All I wanted to do was throw my body away and sail off into the sunset. What a wonderful goal that would have been for me!

"After I reach the top of the Bridge at New OT Eight, I would be able to drop dead and have my body thrown overboard from the poop deck of the Freewinds in a tear-jerking Scientology

ceremony!", I told Barbara Koster, who went with me to the event.

"Don't be so overly dramatic", she warned. "Immortality does not warrant such a grandiose production."

"I just want to make a big splash in case I wind up next time as a Body Thetan stuck to a sea urchin's intestines", I assured her.

After the prolific speeches about the ship were sadly over, I stood on line in back of Flag's auditorium so that I could shake the hand of David Miscavige. I thought it was so fantastic how efficiently he got rid of Bud Fields and had him dumped in the bay of Longboat Key because Bud had stood in the way of Total Freedom.

David was in no mood to stop and chat with me, because when you are only five-foot-three, people are always literally breathing down your neck, no matter how insignificant you think you are. Nevertheless, he did remind me in passing that my Battle Plan called for me to own 1,000 of Ron's taped lectures by the year's end.

"Keep your stats up!", David threatened cheerfully as he pushed me away from him.

I wasn't offended. I only hated it when women found me repugnant. The last thing in the world that I was worried about was being rejected by a rude worm in a white suit with bad breath.

Later in the evening, Ellie Bolger gave me the honor of introducing me to Jan Logan, the Senior Sea Org Recruiter for the Flag Service Organization. What an experience that was!

Jan's hands felt like an infected white liver. Be that as it may, she had Command Intention exuding from her pores while her ability to confront life was frothing from the sides of her mouth like a mad dog in heat. With short dyed blonde hair protruding from a host of unsightly black roots, she resembled a feathered refugee from Miami's Parrot Jungle, all resplendent with mites and bedsores. Although quite skinny from nearly three unconscionable decades of the Sea Org's austerity diet of Chicken-in-the-Bedpan or whatever the hell they ate, the bags under her eyes looked like they weighed in at several pounds each. A chain smoker with the hacking cough of death warmed over, Jan seemed quite ready for a body bag as a dried up dreadnought dumping of forty-five.

Ron had personally recruited her in Rhodesia during 1962 to help him Clear Earth without even giving her a shovel or a back-hoe to work with. The Admiral loved her country because besides being Buddha, he had also lived a lifetime as Cecil Rhodes, the homosexual founder of Rhodesia. Jan Logan enjoyed a full and active life in Scientology since then, and managed to get put into the Rehabilitation Project Force only once in twenty-four years, which was nothing short of a miracle.

"Why aren't you in the Sea Org yet?", she grunted. "With stats like yours, you have a responsibility to join us."

"Peter Letterese always gave me a runaround about the Sea Org. I've been ready to come aboard for several years now. Go get me a billion year contract and I'll sign it immediately!", I exclaimed.

Ellie Bolger seemed very disturbed at all this.

"He's not qualified for the Sea Org", she interrupted.

"Why not?", Jan and I both asked at the same time.

"I never took any LSD in my life, and I'm certainly don't have any kind of criminal record!", I pleaded. "I no longer have any unpaid debts, and I never broke a staff contract with any Scientology Org."

"That's funny, Steve; real funny", Ellie moaned, tapping her fingernails on the wall. "You conveniently overlooked the fact that you have been seeing a suppressive psychologist for the last eighteen years. What do you have to say about that?"

"That's a low blow, Ellie!", I argued.

"Is it true?", Jan asked.

"Well, I've never once been institutionalized, have I?", I mumbled in my own defense.

"And before that you went to a psychiatrist in New York!", Ellie added.

"I was only fourteen at the time!", I shrieked. "Do you know how much junk mail I sent that bastard?"

"Steve, you should never withhold data from a Sea Org Recruiter", Ellie chastised. "Jan could haul you into Ethics for that."

"If I can't join the Sea Org, why did you introduce me to her in the first place?", I hissed.

"So you could help bring other people in who are qualified", she explained.

"I'm not so sure if he is really exempt", Jan said to Ellie.

"Have you ever had electric shocks?", she asked me.

"Hell no!", I quivered.

"Psychotropic medication?", she continued.

"I'd rather be dead!", I stated honestly.

"Ellie, he might be eligible after all", Jan indicated.

"After eighteen years of hypnosis?", she laughed.

"Oh, listen to this! I was faking it!", I confessed. "You've got to believe me!"

Jan looked at me with great skepticism.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do", she plotted. "I'll have a talk with the Senior Case Supervisor Folder Review In Charge for Flag, and together we'll decide whether you are qualified to join up or



not."

That was the best I could hope for, although Ellie sure as hell put a big damper on me.

"Why did you mess things up that way?", I inquired of Ellie angrily after Jan walked away.

"You are some stupid ass!", she yelled. "If you go run off and join the Sea Org, who is going to handle all of your class action lawsuits?"

"I didn't think about that", I sighed.

"That has always been your trouble!", she growled. "I promise you that once your Battle Plan targets are fully met, I will personally guarantee that the Sea Org will welcome you with open arms, no matter how much damn psych hypnosis you have had in the past!"

"As long as you vouch for me, I'll accept that -- but I'm going to hold you to your word!", I warned as I started to cry. "Don't you know that all I ever wanted was a job in the Archives section of the Sea Org, putting Source Data in size place and chronological order?"

"You just be a good boy and keep your production up, and you can depend upon me to fulfill your every desire", she smiled with a wave of unparalleled insincerity.

When the Data Access Systems class action check arrived in September for thirty-six thousand two hundred twenty-four dollars and twenty-six cents, Fred Hare helped me obtain another hefty chunk of my L. Ron Hubbard Library, which was conveniently resting in an inconspicuous closet in Denmark. Ellie made arrangements for me to fly at once to Copenhagen, where the European inventory of Ron's tape recorded lectures were stashed at the New Era Publications Org.

"Don't you dare get distracted at the airport by all those well-dressed Danish hookers!", Ellie warned, watching out for me like a big sister. "You will be met by the Director of Income for New Era Publications, whose name is Thomas Bucher. He will have a limousine waiting to drive you to a nearby hotel."

"How will I recognize him?", I asked as if I were the protagonist in some cloak and dagger spy novel.

"That's a stupid question", she said honestly. "He'll have a Dianetics book in his hand, of course. I expect you to do the same."

Thomas' limousine turned out to be an old, beat up 1974 Volkswagen which could hardly accommodate my suitcase, let alone us. But despite my antagonism toward Nazi cars due to the ghost of Mordecai still rattling my chains, I rather liked the Director of Income. He was, after all, a close personal friend of Diana's, and he was very knowledgeable about the fabulous world of financial planning.

"Did you know that Americans cannot be extradited from Vaduz for any reason?", he began.

"What is Vaduz, a brand of vaginal cream for women?", I asked.

"No, my friend", he clarified. "It's the capital of Liechtenstein. That's the only place on the

planet where money is really safe."

"Not true!", I argued. "The safest place for money is in the hands of the Flag Banking Officer!"

"Yes, you've got me there!", he laughed.

The D'Angleterre Hotel overlooking Kongens-Nytorv Park was only one block from the Org. After settling into Room 108, I called the Dansvenska Escort Service and ordered "any girl younger than nineteen who does not require the use of a rubber." Margot was every bit of twenty-two, but since women lie about everything else, I certainly could not expect her to be frank about her age. I had never paid one hundred and fifty dollars for sex before, but I didn't have any idea where the Puerto Rican section of Copenhagen was, where obviously sex would have been a lot cheaper.

Then an amazing thing happened. Margot, who was a typical Danish blonde who looked like a model in a hosiery commercial, didn't even bother to count my money. She put in in her purse and proceeded to undress us the way I wanted her to.

"Aren't you going to check to see if I gave you the right amount?", I asked.

"You would never cheat me", she said with an accent thick enough to slice pumpernickel with.

"But how do you know that?", I gasped. "Surely not all of your clients are honest."

Margot walked over to the desk and picked up my copy of Dianetics, which I had used to make myself known to Thomas at the Copenhagen Airport.

"Anyone who reads this book would never steal money from a fellow human being", she remarked.

"Are you a Scientologist?", I questioned excitedly.

"No, not me", she sighed. "I had a boyfriend once who read all of these books. And he was the most decent man I had ever met."

"What happened between you two then?", I wondered in curiosity.

"Like the rest of them, he turned gay", she cried regretfully.

"That hasn't happened to me yet", I assured her.

"Well, I won't be the cause of it, I assure you", she promised.

Even in prostitution, you get what you pay for. I can easily say that Margot's sexual performance was flubless, her TRs were in solid, and she conducted herself according to one hundred percent Standard Tech. The girl didn't even look like a hooker. The truth be told, she looked more like an auditor. Her loins smelled as good as Nancy's.

After buying every L. Ron Hubbard reel-to-reel tape that I didn't have already, I went to Thomas Bucher's office to discuss some other pressing business.

Ellie Bolger and I had talked about setting up remailing services in Europe, as well as training other upstat Scientologists to work as Field Financial Planners who could be hatted to send in class action lawsuits as I did.

It was therefore my idea that we establish a Fields Financial Planning Briefing Org Network, where I could prepare other carefully selected staff members to get jobs at stock brokerage offices in order to secure more blank confirmation slips from different companies throughout the world.

Thomas was fascinated with my ideas, and agreed that it was vital that I started expanding my field of operating terminals.

The only step in the way was to secure the approval of the Director of Special Affairs for the Advanced Organization of Saint Hill of Europe and Africa, who was a matronly but ever so repulsively masculine woman named Birthe Heldt.

Birthe would not commit herself to anything. She gave me good acknowledgements according to the Tech, but I didn't have the foggiest idea as to what she thought of my suggestions, or even of me for that matter.

"We will do an evaluation on it", she replied brusquely.

"Who is this "we" business?", I challenged. "There is only you and I here, and I have already given my approval on getting people hatted on doing acting classes. So what do you think?"

"We shall see about it, and that is final!", she repeated with the stubbornness of a crazy-glued nun.

"I guess it would be easier for me to ask a fierce mountain lion for sex than it would be to get you to sanction my plan, wouldn't it?", I joked.

"We will let you know in due course!", she maintained.

"About which part of my question?", I insisted, trying to be a good pain in the ass.

Predictably, Birthe sent a Knowledge Report through to the Director of Special Affairs of Miami about my sarcasm.

"Why did you ask Director Heldt about having sex with wild animals?", Bev Flahan asked reprimandingly when I returned from my trip.

"Well, all the cats and dogs were too busy", I explained.

"You're pushing your luck, Fishman", she warned.

"Damn you!", I yelled. "Even Ron had a sense of humor, or haven't you ever listened to any of his imitations of psychiatrists on tape?"

Bev Flahan took her paperweight and slammed me on the knuckles with it in an unexpected lunge.

"Read this Policy Letter!", she roared. "Let's just see what Ron really says about your idiocy!"

The Source reference was called "Jokers and Degraders." In it Ron wrote, "A recent investigation into the backgrounds and case condition of a small handful of people who were joking about their posts and those around them showed a somewhat sinister scene. In some cultural areas, wit and humor are looked upon as a healthy release. However, in the case of Orgs, this was not found to be the case. Intentional destruction of the Org or fellow staff members was the direct purpose."<sup>[93]</sup>

Ron was right. Clearing the planet was a vitally urgent and deadly serious activity. There was no time to enjoy what we were doing. With the psychs gnawing at our heels, only an insane person would dare laugh.

Conditions had changed.

Now that L. Ron Hubbard had dropped his body, he was no longer a stand-up comic. Furthermore, since the Admiral was cremated and the vast body of Source Data had been converted to ashes, Ron's legacy was nothing to sneeze at.

Nevertheless, life was only a game.

Fair game.

# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

## **We Always Deliver What We Promise**

During my marriage, Jaime and I used to celebrate Halloween by turning on the sprinkler system when the trick-or-treaters got just about halfway up the sidewalk to our house with their darling little lantern baskets. It was always so cute to watch them get drenched and soaked, as well as to predict in which direction they would run. You should have seen the shock on their tiny faces when we activated the auxiliary faucets and set the dogs loose on them. Those were the days.

But now that I was sadly alone and living in a sterile condominium, I was thrilled about my invitation to Fred Hare's advanced Halloween lecture at the Mission which he called "Ghosts Are Only Thetans."

The purpose of the speech was to help eliminate any indecision on the part of tottering preclears over the time-worn subject of spending money for auditing. It was absurdly difficult to believe, but there were actually people out there who were more concerned with hanging on to their useless cash than in going up the Bridge!

"We will no longer need money one fine day in the very near future when the planet is Clear", Fred prefaced eloquently. "In the meantime, we are forced to get into bed with wog governments and their artificial currencies backed by nothing more than a lick and a promise, in order to soon be able to set everyone free from the degraded physical universe."

Minister Hare always knew how to saturate my eyes in pathos and tenderness.

Fred also knew how to handle the trick-or-treaters that knocked on the door of the Mission for candy. He would talk them into buying a "Have You Ever Lived Before This Life" button for a quarter, and if he had a real hot prospect of about six or seven years old, he would convince him to buy a "Way To Happiness" booklet for a dollar. No raw meat off the street was too young and innocent to be exposed to the vitality of the Third Dynamic. Kids are nothing more than old thetans in new bodies anyway. Even if the children did not have any money to help push up the stats, Fred was quite good at convincing them to donate their candy to the Mission Parish.

So while Fred and I were joyfully munching on some Gummy Bears, he handed me a communication which had come in the mailpak from Ken Shapiro at the American Saint Hill Organization in Los Angeles.

It was a letter from Gabrielle Kusvitz Johannes!

She wrote, "I am curious about how you are related to my late husband, since I thought all of his family were killed during the war. How did you get my address? Mr. Kusvitz died thirty-eight years ago, and nobody has ever inquired about him until now. Let me know when you are planning to visit French Polynesia and I would be happy to meet with you. With best wishes, Gabrielle K. Johannes."

"Well, I'll be damned!", Fred Hare exclaimed. "How about that!"

I was in such shock that I could not keep my knees from trembling.

"How in God's name did Ken Shapiro ever find her?", I gleamed.

"By postulate!", Fred answered smugly.

I had to sit down and catch my breath, since the flow of excitement was too much for me to tolerate. This wasn't like the kind of crap that I was pulling on Sunsurei. This was real!

After a while, Fred came out with Bookstore Officer Barbara Koster, who was wheeling Fred's wife Dori around the Mission like a psychiatric nurse.

"Barbara has a surprise for you too!", Fred whispered surreptitiously.

"How would you like the L. Ron Hubbard Library of the Freewinds to be named after you?", she asked.

"What? I don't deserve anything as remarkable as that", I chortled.

"There might be a way that you would!", Fred interrupted.

"Yes, you could be the one and only Library Patron of the Freewinds!", Barbara smiled. "You'll have a room named after you."

"Well, I would love that", I theorized, "but Ron produced over five thousand reels of tape, and I have only been able to find seventeen hundred of them. You know, I've been to Flag, to Bridge Publications, to New Era in Copenhagen, and I think that I have every lecture that is currently available for sale! I've got eighty-five thousand dollars sitting in my account just waiting for someone to find more tapes for me to buy, so it's not as if I can't afford it!"

"You've already got the third largest private collection of Ron's books, reels, and cassettes on the planet", Dori observed from her rickety chair, "but being anything less than number one is not good enough, considering your Battle Plan to Clear the planet."

"Fine, but where are the other thirty-three hundred lectures?", I demanded. "Why the hell can't I buy them?"

"Frankly, Steve--- about fifteen hundred reels are confidential", Fred revealed. "Most of them will be unavailable to you until you join the Sea Org."

"Okay, I want to do that too!", I said with raw causation.

"The rest of the lectures contain materials covering the OT levels, and you'll be permitted to buy those when you attest to the upper states of awareness on the Bridge", Fred continued.

"So I'll be allowed to purchase those eventually?", I pleaded in optimistic despair.

"Oh, absolutely!", Fred cheered.

"That still leaves another eighteen hundred reels that should be available to me right now!", I calculated.

"And that's the good news!", Barbara gloated. "I can get them for you right away!"

I became so enthralled that I bit my lip, got an erection and could not breathe, all at the same time.

"From where?", I asked convulsively.

"We are going to make a call to Janell Allbach, the Director of Sales and Orders of Golden Era Productions!", Barbara shouted with glee.

"You're doing very well", Dori coached her.

"Who is this terminal?", I asked with numb curiosity.

"Oh, you're not going to believe our good fortune!", Barbara added. "Janell is one of the top management executives at Golden Era, and has agreed to manufacture the tapes from the original master recordings! She is going to have the lectures recopied just for you! Isn't that wonderful?"

I could hardly believe it. Was I really so important that someone so high up on the Org Board as Janell was would actually take the time out of her busy schedule of Clearing the planet to help me become the owner of the largest collection of Source Data in the entire world? I could hardly contain myself. In fact if you must know, I had an uncontrollable case of diarrhea.

"If this keeps up, I'll have to start depending upon bladder control diapers", I warned myself.

Janell Allbach was absolutely a living doll. I could have kissed her right through the phone, whether she looked like a dog or not. Her voice was full of intention, and her postulates made my spine tingle with theta bops. It was hard to believe, but this dedicated darling was out there helping me to become the Library Patron of the Freewinds, undeserving though I might have been.

"Mock up the gold-plated plaque which reads "The Fishman Library" upon the door of Ron's Source Room on the Freewinds", Janell commanded via long distance.

"Now touch the engraving, but don't get your fingerprints all over the metal", she cautioned like the love of my life.

The excitement of the Ship was so real that I saw myself doing head stands on the gangplank!

"When will these tapes be sent to me?", I inquired of Janell.

Fred, Dori and Barbara all started to laugh boisterously when I foolishly and unnecessarily started worrying about such cockeyed nonsense. I was such an asshole to be concerned with "details."

"Haven't you ever heard of Senior Policy?", Janell giggled.

"Senior Policy?", I repeated. "What's that?"

"We always deliver what we promise"<sup>[94]</sup>, she quoted passionately.

Writing out eighty thousand dollars worth of checks to the Church of Scientology was by far

the happiest day of my life. I was even now eligible to order some special plastic tape boxes to put the reels in, which was only forty-five hundred dollars more.

"Everything will be perfect for you, Steve!", Dori encouraged. "You don't have to worry about the cardboard boxes that the tapes are shipped in. You will have fresh, shiny plastic boxes which are all the same exact size, texture and weight!"

I went out on a limb and bought a Kroy label maker for sixteen hundred dollars which had an electronic keyboard on it so that I could make my own labels and organize the Library in numerical order according to the Sea Org Tape Inventory List which was made up especially for me by Ken Delderfield, the Commanding Officer of Archives who had replaced the suppressive Gerry Armstrong when he became a squirrel.

Since the Miami Org received twelve and one half percent of the eighty-four thousand five hundred dollars that I spent on the reels and boxes, they agreed to make a big party for me, provided I brought the doughnuts myself. I received a standing ovation for three whole minutes of thunderous applause. Consequently, I was so moved by all of the praise and merriment that I was thoroughly unable to tell whether more water was coming out of my eyes or my ass.

Vicki Kirkland, the Certificates and Awards Officer of Miami, presented me with a "Public Person Of The Week" award for the week ending November 6th, 1986. It was handwritten in gold leaf with an ornate, florid scrawl on black oak tag paper, and it was the most fabulous presentation anyone had ever given me since I saw my daughter's first stool sample. I was eligible for the certificate as a "public person" despite my staff contract, because I did not receive a weekly paycheck. That was a lucky break, wasn't it?

The weekly stat graphs for the Mission were up so dramatically that they had to be drawn all the way along the wall and onto the ceiling. That week was truly the most stupendous interval of my life. All of my valences, or synthetic multiple personalities, began doing different dance steps at once in celebration of my success. Harry Sebakovitch threw me in the middle of a tango, wreaking havoc upon my spleen. I never thought it was possible for me to be so deliriously ecstatic again after that sad day when Ron dropped his body that I loved so well. But as Janell had profoundly pointed out, it was the Admiral's own postulates which made all of my successes come true. Imagine finding the wife of my former identity and ordering the missing tapes of Source, all in the same day? It was unfathomable!

As the Miami Public Person of the Week, I was given the rare privilege of cleaning Ron's office at the Org. Carefully, I took my shoes off and tip-toed quietly in there, armed with Glass Plus and Murphy's Oil Soap. Frank Thompson confided in me later when he said that in the twenty-nine years since the Miami Org was established, no one had ever made the Founder's office sparkle the way I did, which was indeed a feather in my hat. I felt like kissing him on his beard when he said those awesome words, but I didn't want him to get the wrong impression, especially since there were so many gay guys at the Miami Org already. I was simply thankful for his recognition and benevolence, that's all.

I was Fred Hare's hero too. With the Mission's commission on my eighty-four thousand five hundred dollar tape sale, he now had enough money to relocate the parish to bigger but less expensive headquarters on Andrews Avenue, one door away from where it used to be. For the very first time in my life, I felt worthwhile and supremely loved. I wished that I had ten million dollars to give Fred Hare, as I truly never knew just how much admiration wog money could buy!



My sex life improved instantaneously, just as Nancy Witkowski said it would when I made the advanced payment for the tapes. Dusty and Lisa became more readily available to me, now that they were both hopelessly addicted to crack and needed an ongoing flow of extra cash. They even wanted to see me more than I had time to see them!

It was odd to observe Lisa and Dusty smoke that lethal drug. They did it by popping a hole in the side of a soda can and then by burning the crack rocks on the top of it with a match. What kind of pleasure could there be in that? Boy, wogs sure act funny. On one occasion, neither of the girls had any soft drink containers, and I freaked out when Dusty made a move for my E-Meter cans! I swore she would use them for her dope over my dead body! I pacified her by driving to the 7-11 store and buying some Pepsi. It was outrageous watching her spill the beverage out into the sink, just to be able to use the aluminum can as a smoke stack! I thought that I was going out of my mind as I exteriorized and took notice of the sickening way by which these subhuman drones were operating in life.

I learned quickly that it was not advisable to wait until after Dusty and Lisa were high on their rocks in order to sleep with them. Once the cocaine was in their system, they wanted more and more of it, and all of their promises to let me screw them went flying out the window while they were "Jonesing", which was their weird street-term for craving more crack. From that point on, I insisted upon laying them first before giving them the money, since an addict has no sense of ethics whatsoever. I was glad that we at Scientology never admitted compulsive people like Dusty and Lisa to any of our Orgs. It would have been our very ruination to become involved with trash like that.

I rapidly became repulsed by the gruesome drug scene, and I was headed for a collision course with depression when I received a surprise call from Ken Shapiro, my Case Supervisor from Saint Hill.

"Are you still wearing your Briefing Course Officer shirt?", he kidded.

"Even in the shower!", I vowed. "What's up?"

"There's a group of our guys from Scientology Missions International who are doing a Missionaire Survey in Tahiti", he disclosed. "Why don't you meet up with them and while you're down there, you can check out your late wife Gabrielle? We could really use the Success Story."

"She's not my late wife", I corrected. "She's my late body's ex-wife."

"Well, can you get away for a week?"

"Hell, sure!", I affirmed. "There's nothing keeping me here but a couple of dizzy underage floozies who really need to enroll in Narconon and do the Purif!"

Ken subsequently told me that Gabrielle lived in Cottage Number 12 on Rue Haapiti-Papetoai, located two blocks south of Club Bali Hai at Cook's Bay on the Tahitian Island of Moorea, which was entirely different from the address on Gabrielle's letter.

"Did she move from the City of Papeete?", I inquired.

"I guess this must be her summer home", Ken indicated.

"It's almost December!", I reminded him.

"Well sure, but it's always summer there, I guess", he echoed.

"I suppose she can afford two houses after going through a couple of dead husbands", I replied.

"Now, I want you to be nice to her, Steve!", Ken prompted. "No sour grapes after all these years."

"Just plenty of sour milk!", I scowled.

On the Qantas flight to the South Seas, all I could think of was whether I could actually find her, and if I were able to, would she recognize me even though I was in a different body? I knew that I had to release her from her guilt of poisoning me, and at the same time I had to free myself from the anger of being victimized.

Club Bali Hai was a truly exquisite resort, with each suite extending over a floating lagoon. Nevertheless, it was a sad place to be alone, as it was principally frequented by honeymooners and adulterers. I felt like throwing caution to the wind, leaving my body forever, and oozing off into the sunset. Just standing there frozenly morose, I tried to postulate myself into a Body Thetan attached to a Polynesian belly dancer's button when I was suddenly once again distracted with undying Junior High School lust.

I fell in love with a thirteen year old named Judy Loughlin who was walking along the beach in the moonlight, as pure as the driven snow. Her father was a real estate salesman at the development and she had nothing to do all day except to collect shells and grow freckles. From my seaside cabin overlooking a dormant volcano where the Emperor Xenu probably played with himself too, I watched her like a salivating bloodhound, fantasizing about the love of this young damsel which unfortunately was never consummated.

"Why the hell did I waste my teenage years being a nerd and a geek?", I asked myself retrospectively. "I could have seduced pretty little things like her if I had known the ropes back then."

Judy was quite a contrast from the little old lady who opened the door of her second floor walk-up at Cottage 12 down the coastline. Her place looked very clean, almost as if she never actually lived there, despite the fact that she had two itchy alley cats in the bungalow.

"Could I have truly once been married to this old hag?", I asked myself soul-searchingly. Gabrielle didn't look at all like the magnificent young creature that lived within my mock-ups. At first, she was slightly reluctant to talk to me after I informed her that I wasn't exactly a real relative of Mordecai. Laden with more wrinkles than a retired Sea Org galley cook, Gabrielle skeptically invited me to sit down in a tufted wicker trundle divan which was the interesting color of phlegm green. Claustrophobically surrounding me were an abundance of hyper-allergenic vines of bitter vetch, suffocating and clinging to the remnants of an alpaca rug that should have been best left in Holland.

"If you're not a part of Mordecai's family, then who are you?", she asked in a thick Dutch accent that sounded as if it were partially tainted with a fake French drawl.

"I don't think you would believe me if I told you the truth", I mumbled covertly.

"You are American, yes?", she smiled.

"From Florida", I said specifically.

"Oh, yes!", she brightened up. "That's part of California. I have read all about it."

"No, it's a different state with a similar climate to this place", I smiled, trying to build affinity without invalidating her wog education.

"So why are you here to see me, young man?", she inquired with her hands clasped.

"Oh, God!", I whispered. "Where do I begin?"

"Would you like something nice and cool to drink?", she offered.

"No! Nothing!", I screamed as I thought of how she poisoned me during the last time I saw her. My reaction really shook her up, I think.

"So then what do you know about Mordecai?", she pumped with determination.

"Does the number 291427 mean anything to you?", I inquired.

"No, I don't think so", she responded in bewilderment. "Is it from a Swiss bank account?"

"Why, did I have one?", I reacted impulsively.

"How should I know about your business?", Gabrielle replied in a very flustered manner.

"No, 291427 has nothing to do with money", I explained. "It was the number tattooed on your husband's arm by the Germans when he was in the concentration camp."

Gabrielle gave me a strange look, trying to analyze how I came upon that information.

"Yes, that's what it was", she recalled. "It was on his right arm and that was the correct number. How do you know about it?"

"You won't believe me if I told you the truth", I shrugged.

"Ah, so you are making a study of what happened to the prisoners during the war for your degree in sociology. You look like one of those book worms from an American university like Oxford", she snorted.

"No, that's in England", I volunteered.

"You don't sound British at all", she stumbled. "Well, in any case Mordecai didn't ever talk to me about those horrible years under Hitler. The Dutch people suffered too, you know. We both came to Tahiti to forget about it. It was much too painful for him especially, so I'm afraid I can't be of much use to you for your project."

"Can I ask you a personal question?", I continued.

"Why stop now?", she stated with some hint of sarcasm.

"Do you have any reality on who you were before this lifetime?"

Gabrielle shook her head as if I were mad.

"I am nearly seventy-five years old and what worries me is what will be coming after my life is over, not what happened before it began", she said anxiously. "Anyway, what does this have to do with Mr. Kusvitz?"

"Because I am your husband in a new body!", I revealed.

"Oh, you are crazy!", she shrieked, throwing her hands up in the air. "You are a hippie on drugs!"

"No, just hear me out!", I begged. "I can tell you everything that I recall about you. Your maiden name was Von Mierers. I used to call you "Gubby", do you remember that? We had a beautiful little house on Chemin Vicinai Patutoa. Our dog was a beagle named Geldrop. You had a brother named Ruurd from the town of Oosterbeek in the Netherlands. I have an excellent memory, even for a dead person! Your favorite restaurant was "Le Petit Mousse" on the Papara Wharf, and in fact that is where you met Lars-Kristoff for the first time, wasn't it? And you married him after I died, after you poisoned me with---"

"Get out of my house!", she screamed in agonized terror. "You are the Devil, telling me things like this!"

"No, lady, I'm not from hell. I am no illusion. See? Real skin and bones. I came here to forgive you, not to get into a big fight over the past!"

"My husband died from stomach trouble!", she insisted. "He had ulcers from the war. I stood by him until the doctors carried him away."

"I don't doubt that, but can't we just be honest with each other?", I beseeched her. "Nobody is going to prosecute you for what happened in 1948. I'm not here to cause you any trouble."

"No, just to give me a heart attack with your lies!", she stormed. "Why don't you be honest with me? Tell me how you came to know the name of my dog? Well, lots of people knew everything you spoke about. You must have known Lars-Kristoff before he died six years ago. Yes, that's the answer. Ha, I was married to him for thirty-two years. Of course, that was it! He always took me to "Le Petit Mousse" for dinner. So now that you have made a fool out of yourself, please just go away!"

"You let that bum take you out to our favorite restaurant?", I scolded.

"Go before I call the police!", she threatened belligerently.

"Lars-Kristoff was a home wrecker!", I yelled. "But he could never have told me about the first time we made love on the beach at Teahupoo Point, could he? But we both remember that very well, don't we? Nor would he have said anything to strangers about the brownish discoloration on your right thigh, one inch from your pee-pee hole. The birthmark looked like the letter "J", and I know you never forgot the big argument we had on the day I died when you threw your mother's antique

vase at my face and hit the wall instead. You were cheating on me! Have you forgotten the words I said which made you angry?"

"Stop it!", she screamed.

"Now you can brag to the whole world that the letter 'J' stands for Johannes!", I repeated after thirty-eight years.

"No more!", she begged.

"I'm not finished yet!", I cried. "You were sleeping with Lars-Kristoff while we were married! You smashed that heirloom into a thousand pieces; the only thing you had left from your dead mother! Look at me and deny it to my face! You had a very wicked temper, and that is why you gave me that milk full of strychnine! What was going through your mind as you were watching me die?"

Gabrielle looked at me as if she had seen a ghost. Her knees quivered worse than the benign belching volcano that I could see from her window out on Opunohu Bay.

"Is it really you, Mordie?", she choked as reams of tears flooded her withered cheeks that were badly in need of electrolysis. "You are so different, such a handsome man!"

"I wish some young girl would tell me that instead of an old witch", I thought to myself.

"Can you ever forgive me for what I have done?", she pleaded.

"Hey, it was your loss!", I sighed. "We could have had a good life together. I loved you very, very much. I carried your memory through death and beyond."

"You know, Lars-Kristoff used to beat me once in a while", she admitted.

"What did you expect when you married a chronic alcoholic!", I reprimanded abusively. "He was a damn drunk, wasn't he? He certainly wasn't worth murdering me for, no matter how sexy his muscles looked to you!"

"I was so ashamed of what I did after you died!", she wept in regretful profusion.

"Who's dead?", I laughed. "Do I look like a corpse? I never could stand the sight of milk as a baby, that's all. It's no big deal. I forgive you. We all make mistakes, right?"

I gave Gabrielle a big hug, and we both cried in each other's arms for hours upon hours. Her life with Lars- Kristoff had been no picnic.

Way into the night we talked about Scientology, and Gabrielle was fascinated with my life and how I came to find her. She went to a dresser bureau and showed me an old picture of the two of us taken in 1947.

I was an ugly son of a bitch, with an unsightly wart on my nose. No wonder she did me in. Who the hell could stand to sleep with a guy who looked as fucked up as that?

On the positive side, I know that I definitely added ten years to Gabrielle's frail life. I absolved her from all guilt of having committing the murder, and above all, she now had a good, solid reality

on her own immortality as a thetan. She confessed that she had been terribly afraid of dying and going to hell for what she did to me. I assured her that hell did not exist, and therefore going there was not only unnecessary but also impossible.

It should be said that Gabrielle and I became extremely close friends; not as bodies, but as thetans. Together we had conquered the trials and traps of time, and we truly helped each other to become more sane and more able, just as Ron had intended us to do.

Gabrielle promised to dedicate the remaining years of her life to learning more about Scientology. I asked her to write a Success Story and mail it to Ken Shapiro at the American Saint Hill Organization. I was exceedingly open with her, although I never told my ex-wife that I was the father of Jesus, since she had a bible on her table, a Crucifix above her front door, and a picture of my disinherited son on her dining room wall. The last thing I wanted to do was to overwhelm the poor old bag with more truth than she could handle in one day. After all, Nancy Witkowski taught me that an Antichrist always had to remain compassionate whenever it was not vital to the security of Scientology for me to be honest and direct.

On my stopover at Los Angeles on the way back to Florida, I gave Ken lots of glowing reviews from my trip to Tahiti. In my Success Story I happily wrote, "What magic it was for me to meet my wife from a previous existence in my current lifetime! If my plane to Fort Lauderdale were to suddenly crash and if my body were to drop down the emergency chute toward oblivion, my life would have still been very worthwhile due to the priceless awareness I attained by my mission into time. Miracles are the by-products of Scientology on the straight and standard road to creating a Cleared planet of freed thetans."

That was a pretty hot testimonial, huh?

Anyway, when I thought about Gabrielle sitting vacantly on the rocking chair of her front porch overlooking the blue lagoon, I was damn glad that I wasn't still married to her. The idea of having to get naked with a shriveled up, old Dutch droop made barfing a gallon of curdled cream seem like more fun than a whore house full of girl scouts. Nevertheless, the ancient biddy was probably quite nifty when she was a fancy-pants of seventeen.

Now do you see why bodies are so stupid? I came back for a second look at the woman I once loved and before I knew it, time flew by and her face turned to dog shit. What a gyp that all is! There is such a dark side to life, isn't there?

Human emotions can be equally as unpredictable too.

At the New Years Event on the 31st of December, 1986, I brought my Vivitar 35mm camera and innocently tried to take a picture of Fred Hare for my photo album, since he was my idol. As my mentor from the Guardian's Office, I even worshipped the ground he pissed on.

Unexpectedly, he flew into a rage, exposing all of the film to the light, and then smashed my camera to bits against the wall.

"That's a four hundred dollar camera!", I protested.

"You should have thought of that before committing that suppressive act!", he screamed.

Karen Staley, who was the Keeper of Tech of Fort Lauderdale, quietly pulled me over to the

side in order to calm me down. I had bitten part of my thumbnail off in horror and it was bleeding down my knuckle without my consent.

"Fred hates to have his picture taken", she whispered with good ARC.

"No shit!", I yelled. "What the hell is he so afraid of?"

"There's a bench warrant for his arrest in California because he didn't show up in court", she explained.

"God damn those criminal wog judges, hounding a poor man like that!", I cried. "No wonder he was angry. He should have killed me for placing him at risk."

"Don't take it too personally", Karen added. "He's been like that ever since the Guardian's Office crashed. You can't take a thetan's post away without a little bitterness hanging in the balance."

Although I apologized to Fred, somehow from that point on he treated me as if I had some hidden evil purpose. In order to make up for my overt act, I donated two hundred dollars to the Mission so that Fred could buy a new addressograph machine. He expressed no emotion at my gesture, and never even thanked me. It was very hard to get back in his good graces. I assumed that his attitude came from holding a grudge against people who crossed him for over trillions of years and so my incident was nothing unusual. I only hoped that I wouldn't have to wait that long for his forgiveness.

In order to get my Ethics in better so that I would not be quite as offensive to people, I became more active in Psychbusting, which is a form of organized protest against psychiatry and psychology at their degraded events and conventions throughout the world.

The American Psychiatric Association held their meeting at the Sheraton Bal Harbor Hotel on Sunday, January 25th, 1987. The Citizens Committee of Human Rights President Dennis Clarke and his small army of Psychbusters from the Org were with me as we all stood in front of the resort with our protest placards, marching and yelling along Collins Avenue across from the yuppie Bal Harbor Shops.

Dennis' poster said "Psychiatry Kills", and I held up one that stated "Psychiatrists Do It With Rats!" It was also a lot of fun to spit at the SP doctors as they exited the building during their agenda break, although we were careful not to do that while the television cameras were running. I caught a lady shrink right in her left leg with one of my puke-bomb projectiles, and she turned around at me in a wrath of steamed anger.

"Come one foot closer, you ugly cunt, and I'll hit you right in your fucking puss with this poster!", I warned as I tried to spit at her again but missed.

"Get over here Steve!", Dennis ordered. "You've got guts and I admire that, but there is something more important that I want you to do than to start a fight with that aberrated bitch."

"Anything you say, Chief", I saluted.

"There is no one here who can speak Spanish!", he observed.

"Yeah, so?"

"Look over there!", he pointed. "It's Channel 23, the Cuban TV station. You're the only one amongst us who they can set up an interview with."

"But I studied Spanish in high school", I objected. "I'm not qualified to go on live television about the purposes of our protest!"

"Nonsense!", he encouraged warmly. "I saw your Preclear Folder.

You were Delfino Garcia, a Catholic Priest who was hung in the town square of Malaga, Spain, for having an affair with the Bishop's mistress. I read that whole report about your not being able to wear a tie."

"But that was way back in 1561!", I explained.

"So what?", he laughed. "Just mock yourself up in that old time valence and knock 'em dead, boy!"

My interview with the Latin news reporters was phenomenal. It made both the six o'clock and the eleven o'clock news, and I was issued an award by Bev Flahan for my "Very Highly Commended" contribution to the Psychbust. It is amazing how much you can recall from a past life when a hot dose of thetan adrenaline starts pumping foreign language pictures into your memory bank!

On the following day, I kept the momentum going by trying to bust my Cousin Sandra out of the crazy house at South Florida State Hospital in order to exploit her insane condition at the Psychbust, as a living example of patient abuse, but her psychologist Dr. Lenares refused to allow me to take her off the grounds under any circumstances. After six years of institutionalization, all Cousin Sandra thought about was how much she missed her mother's cottage cheese.

"Your mother didn't make the cheese", I explained. "It came from the Winn Dixie supermarket." She just didn't understand me and threw a vile temper tantrum. Her tolerance was gone after spending the last two thousand days of her life on Thorazine and other psychiatric crap.

Instead of Cousin Sandra, I brought a twenty-one year old part-time girlfriend named Susan Cohen. She had answered my personal classified ad from her prison cell at the Broward County Women's Detention Center in Pompano Beach. This happened before Steve Goldberg introduced me to Dusty and Lisa, when I was so depressed I felt like being baptized in formaldehyde. When Susan finally came out of the slammer, I was the first one she slept with. Even though she had lied to me about her true age and her gross weight, there was an element of savage desperation about a girl who had not been screwed by a man in six months, and I bravely took up the challenge as a grand sacrifice to hedonism. I felt like I was being bushwhacked by a wild, fat boar. Nevertheless, we stayed friends although we never had sex again. Susan was in and out of mental institutions, and her favorite one was the Hollywood Pavilion because it was coed and she had a steady boyfriend there with an eleven inch penis. At the moment, Susan was living at home with her promiscuously neurotic mother Cheryl, and she therefore jumped at the chance to go with me to the Psychbust so she could say some splendidly rude things about her psychiatrist Dr. Bruce Jones and his red Mercedes 450SL.

Susan was very vocal in her criticism of barbaric mental quackery, and turned out to be an



excellent choice for a "victim of the psychs" to show off to the press. She told us scare stories about being in mental hospitals where patients were chained to the bed and spent two or three days stewing in their own bowel movements unattended. She had been committed three times, and every hospital was nothing less than a "zombie factory." Many of the psych ward orderlies were uneducated and very sadistic, deliberately spilling hot coffee on their shrieking straight-jacketed guinea pigs.

"What a rotten way to give someone AIDS!", I thought.

My hat was to document all of Susan's graphic accounts of psychiatric terrorism, and to write up a comprehensive Knowledge Report on her in order to present to the Citizens Commission on Human Rights as evidence. The net result was that we got a lot of good public relations out of that hefty raving lunatic. Just between us, I didn't give a good goddamn about what happened to Susan. She pulled all of that crap into her own universe by going into agreement with her psychiatric slavemasters.

According to Ron, mental patients were usually psychiatrists in their former lifetimes anyway, and they were getting a little payback as they dramatized their previous overt acts by now being the victims of the same evil which they once put there. Since that was the case, what was really important was the publicity, and crazy Susan gave us all plenty of that!

Dennis paraded me before the entire Miami Org, validating my excellent work in the field. The staff called upon me to make a short speech acknowledging the many successes of the Psychbust.

"My beloved Scientologists", I began, "as you may know, through our efforts during the last few days, the whole Cuban-American wog community knows about the evil of electric-shocking and drug-pushing psychiatry. We are finally starting to be at cause over the psych vermin scum! As a reward for my personal upstat, Dennis has offered me a permanent staff position in his Org which I must decline, due to my Battle Plan and specific solemn promises which I had made to Ron. But after my current work is done, I give you my word as a Kha-Khan and as one of Ron's Loyal Officers that psych blood will run rampantly in the streets, and those who are left alive will be hooked up to shock machines and addicted to their own brutal crack cocaine rocks in the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force, for which I submitted the confidential plans back in 1984. As Dennis knows, our final solution to their plague upon mental health will be a grass roots response to their Dachau, their Treblinka, and their Auschwitz. The psychs will finally know what it is like to be on the receiving end of a Haldol enema and a Lithium colonic. I invite each one of you to be a part of the greatest push that mankind has ever seen in bringing the suppressives to their knees after seventy-six trillion years of misery and suffering!"

The applause could not be contained within the three minute minimum this time, and even Dennis Clarke came over to give me a giant bear hug. There was not a dry eye in the house.

"You are truly the Malchoot that I know and love", he said affectionately when the commotion was over.

Despite my overwhelming acceptance in Miami, the tension was steadily building between myself and Fred Hare in Fort Lauderdale.

In a surprise move, he and Denise Monce came unannounced to my apartment in their bid for me to contribute a fifteen thousand donation to the Mission. Apparently, Fred had the same nutty

idea about establishing a Celebrity Center like Peter did!

"Have we traded a snake for a serpent?", I asked Fred rhetorically. "I was opposed to Peter's nonsensical notion of a Celebrity Center then, and I have not since changed my mind in the slightest degree."

"It was the only good idea that Letterese ever had!", Fred maintained. "All we need is fifteen thousand more dollars to pull it off."

"I can go into the bathroom and pull it off for free", I slurred annoyingly. "Anyway, the tape cycle with Janell took all of my money, but even if I had any left I wouldn't support such a stupid project."

"I can't believe your opposition!", Fred crowed. "You wanted to put together a Briefing Tour all over Europe and yet you won't help your own local Mission?"

"They are two distinctly different goals", I clarified.

"You are not a team player!", Fred said accusatively.

"Oh, God! You know that's not true from our old days in the Guardian's Office!", I argued. "I went to bat for you when everybody else was going down the tubes and selling you down the river!"

"Well why don't you come up to present time, damn it!", he shouted. "You walk around the Mission acting like some aristocratic elitist who thinks he is better than the rest of us because you can create money without working long, eighteen hour days. To hell with you! You'd better start watching yourself real carefully, because you are treading on very thin ice with me right now!"

"You sound like you're jealous!", I remarked.

"Jealous of you?", he laughed. "That's horse shit! I was one of Ron's closest friends. We worked together, ate together and expanded Scientology together. You never even met the Admiral. No, I would not trade my time track with yours for all the cognitions on the Bridge."

"Ron's postulates are with me right now as we speak!", I contested. "You know it and I know it. I represent the future of the Third Dynamic. You are nothing but a shadow of the past."

I felt that it would not be long before Fred Hare was going to get his revenge by throwing me into lower Ethics Conditions.

But how could he? I kept creating upstats!

I was right.

It started with a Repair of Past Ethics.

Fred accused me of violating Policy by maintaining good ARC with Dr. Geertz, in spite of the fact that Fred knew that Geertz was responsible for killing my daughter Rivkalleh.

"You don't give a damn about your dead daughter anymore than you care about this Mission", he insulted, striking a sore spot.

"Now that's a lie on both counts!", I objected. "As a matter of fact, I wanted to disconnect from Dr. Geertz but Dennis Clarke didn't let me!"

"Is Dennis Clarke your auditor now?", Fred barked. "What kind of stupidity is that?"

"No, but I am a Citizens Commission on Human Rights delegate, and Dennis is my Commanding Officer!", I explained. "He ordered me to continue gathering information on that Nazi bastard. I want nothing more to do with him, but my service to Scientology has to come first!"

"Those facts are not in your Preclear Folder!", he screamed.

"Oh, so now you are accusing me of making it all up?", I argued.

"I never told you to get Lavenda pregnant and yet you did that crazy thing, remember?"

"Look, Fred!", I yelled reproachfully. "Go ask Nancy Witkowski if you have any doubts about my integrity."

"I know what the hell is wrong with you!", he diagnosed. "You are in a lower Ethics Condition on nearly every dynamic!"

"What are you implying?", I snapped.

"Paul Laquerre wrote up a whole Situation Report on your dating prostitutes", Fred sneered. "What an ideal scene that is! The real father of Christ hanging around with sluts and whores. That is great public relations for Scientology, isn't it? And look at this entry right here! You had a cousin in Scientology named Lee Lipton, and he became a freeloader because your mother's brother is a psychiatrist who deprogrammed him!"

"Lee Lipton?", I repeated. "I haven't seen him since his Bar Mitzvah twenty-two years ago. I wouldn't even be able to recognize him. Where did you get this crappy data from?"

"Don't you think we know who your relatives are? Come on, you idiot! You were one of my Agents, for God's sake", he scoffed.

"I had no idea that my cousin was a freeloader", I protested. "If someone had told me, I would have handled him just like any other squirrel."

"And what about this uncle of yours, this Dr. Daniel Lipshutz?", he pressed.

"Oh, do you honestly think that I would have anything to do with a psychiatrist? Get real, Fred!", I challenged quasi-respectfully.

"Your uncle is not just an ordinary psychiatrist! He is an enemy agent of the World Federation of Mental Health!", Fred revealed. "The skunk is a Trilateralist and a consultant to the Council on Foreign Relations, and also a member of the Bilderberger Trust of Europe! He stands as a filthy symbol of the very group we are fighting to destroy through the class action lawsuits!"

"So I'll send him lots of junk mail!", I cried. "What does my uncle have to do with me? I'm a thetan, remember? Thetans don't have uncles. He is the uncle of my body--- he's not my uncle."

Anyway, I haven't seen him in eight years, and that was before I ever became a Scientologist."

"He is working with the Nazi Geertz to destroy us!", Fred screeched. "Don't you know that? Are you that blind to reality?"

"You are fucking paranoid!", I clamored.

"Paranoid?", he seethed. "Now you're using "their" language. You're a plant! You're in Scientology to undermine us too! You've sold out to those criminal bastards! You've betrayed us!"

"Fred, you are completely crazy", I blitzed, gathering my things as I got ready to walk out of his office.

"No! It is you who are the insane one!", he ranted madly. "I absolutely forbid you to go another step on the Bridge until you have yourself certified sane!"

"You want me to do what?", I shouted in utter disbelief.

"You heard me!", he repeated. "You must get yourself certified sane before you are allowed to do any further auditing actions in Scientology."

"Oh yeah?", I laughed. "Certified sane by who? By some fucking psych shrink? Maybe you want my Uncle Danny to write me a recommendation!"

"There are a handful of psychiatrists who are not entirely hostile toward Scientology. Take Thomas Szasz for example, or my friend Ziggy in Boston", he smirked.

"No! No! No! No! No! No! No!", I roared at the top of my voice. "You are the lunatic and the spy, not me! How dare you send me to a psychiatrist or call them your friends! You might as well order Larry Wollersheim to certify my sanity; you mad, cross-eyed piece of shit! You're a has-been! The Guardian's Office was destroyed by you! Don't you ever blame anyone else! You'll have to kill me before I follow your squirrel order to see a psych for anything! I am going to write Situation Reports on you until I am blue in the face!"

"Steve, you are in deep trouble, do you know that?", he threatened as he lit up his pipe.

"I'm not the one violating L. Ron Hubbard Policy!", I said in self defense. "You are!"

"You'd better create that two million dollars like you promised!", he chuckled. "Because when I get through doing an Ethics Folder Error Summary Report on your file, you are going to need every bit of that money just to get through your Security Checks! No, Fishman; I'm sticking to my guns. I am thoroughly convinced that you are completely insane. Hell, you might even be a suppressive, but there's no doubt in my mind that you're one psychotic son of a bitch. You can kiss your Bridge good-bye, my friend."

"Damn you, you chipped-tooth monkey!", I said flatteringly. "I have a natural right to go up the Bridge, and you have no business suppressing me!"

"A natural right, you say?", he scoffed. "What right is there? The Bridge is earned by postulates, cognitions, flows and prerequisites. There is no right for anyone to go up the Bridge unless they deserve it."

"You are a damned liar!", I hinted.

"A Scientologist demanding a right to go up the Bridge is no better than a criminal who steals from the Church and gives the money to the psychs."

"I can't believe it! That is exactly what you are asking me to do, Fred!", I exclaimed. "You want me to go to Ziggy or Shmiggy or the Third Little Piggy and pay him with my Bridge Fund to get certified sane, when you know as well as I do that Ron clearly stated that sanity is measured by production, and I am a damn good producer of class action lawsuits!"

"It's Dr. Sheldon Zigelbaum at 240 Commercial Street in Boston", Fred continued, ignoring my plea. "He'll take real good care of you. Ziggy knows that Scientology works. He has no hidden standard about the Tech."

"You can take Ziggy and shove him up your greasy thetan ass, together with your fucking pipe and your crippled wife!", I recommended. "When Peter went off the deep end, it was I who promptly got rid of him. You seem to be following in his footsteps rather nicely! I am going to do my OT levels with or without your stupid consent."

"But you've got that all wrong, Stevie", he buffooned. "You have to be invited on to your OT levels. They are not some damn automatic entitlement that falls into your lap! After I finish writing my Ethics Report on your evil purposes, the only place you'll get invited to is an adjoining cell next to your Cousin Sandra in the spin bin."

"Oh, go to hell!", I directed.

"You are in Emergency for insubordination!", he ordered. "Go clean the Mission's kitchen and wash your own mouth out as well!"

"You deserved every word I said to you!", I responded. "Besides, I am a Kha-Khan! You can't throw me into Emergency!"

"Wanna bet?", he snickered.

"Fine!", I challenged. "If the kitchen is dirty then I'll clean it, but not because you ordered me to! You are here to Clear the planet, not to violate Ron's Policy by sending an upstat Scientologist to an enemy psychiatrist!"

"You have twenty-four hours to write a letter to Ziggy, and twenty-four seconds to start washing those pots and pans!", he commanded.

"You're a bully!", I answered back en route to get decked out in the parish apron. "And none of the dishes in the kitchen match! They are as chaotic as you are, Fred!"

There was no use in arguing with Reverend Hare.

"He is just getting senile", I thought.

I wrote the letter to Sheldon Zigelbaum, and gave Fred a copy of it. My request to be certified sane was mailed out on the 5th of February, 1987.

My little tete-a-tete with Fred did not interfere with my duties as the honored delegate and representative from the Fort Lauderdale Mission to the annual Psychbusters Convention at Flag of the Citizens Commission on Human Rights. I had earned the respect of too many people for Fred to defy me by sending someone else to the conference. Adamantly, I typed up an Ethics Declaration restoring my Condition from Emergency to Normal, and I threw it in Fred's face.

"Sign this, or you'll have some heavy explaining to do at Flag", I insisted.

"Why should I?", he blurted.

"In the first place, I can't represent the Mission at the Psychbuster's Convention without it. Secondly, you have my damn letter to your puppet shrink in Boston, and thirdly, I went out and bought you a complete new set of dishes for the kitchen at the flea market. I have fulfilled all the requirements of Emergency", I evidenced.

"You are still as mad as a wet hen!", he groaned as he affixed his signature to my reprieve. "This business of your sanity is far from over."

"We shall see", I said, insisting on getting the last word.

At the Flag Psychbust, I asked Dennis Clarke about Dr. Zigelbaum.

"Oh, don't worry", Dennis sighed. "He's one of the good guys out there who is helping us eliminate electric shock treatment and is fighting the dispensing of the drug Ritalin to school children."

"He is still a psych!", I argued.

"Well, weren't there a few Nazis in the Gestapo who tried to kill Hitler?", he analogized.

"I don't know the answer to that", I responded. "I was doing slave labor, shoveling dead Jews into the crematorium of a damn psych concentration camp at the time!"

Freddie Ulan, who was Dennis' Lieutenant Commander, gave us a dose of reality when he briefed his audience on how Larry Wollersheim had managed to sway the sympathy of the jury against the Church through the false testimony of his psych "expert witnesses."

Not being able to stomach such an outrage, I stood up and told the entire group that I would take full responsibility for Wollersheim, even if I had to kill him myself. Everyone began to cheer and applaud my courage.

"Jesus was always a bad seed", I told Freddie Ulan privately after the meeting.

Before going back to the Miami Org, I had a brief visit with Ellie Bolger. There was a problem that I needed her urgent help with. My wog friend Steve Goldberg was shaking me down. He demanded a bigger cut for endorsing the settlement checks of the class action lawsuits.

The Wickes Corporation payment was due in the amount of thirty-nine thousand dollars, and Goldberg insisted on receiving two thousand of it as his fee to endorse the check instead of the one thousand dollars which he had agreed to accept originally.

"Why that ungrateful little crook!", she screamed. "What is his reason?"

"Wog greed", I reported regretfully.

"Let him eat shit and die!", she pronounced.

"Well, what should I do with him?", I asked.

Ellie stormed back and forth like a caged tigress.

"Don't you dare let him sign any new claims!", she warned. "Tell me, how hard do you think it would be to forge his signature?"

"I could practice!", I suggested. "It's just that he writes so damn sloppy."

"Look, it's your fault for not being able to control your wogs!", she groaned. "First it was your ex-wife, then your Cousin Richard the psycho dog, and now your pervert friend? I can't believe how much trouble you are causing all of us!"

"I suppose I could learn how to write like that thief", I shrugged.

"The extra thousand is coming out of your pocket, not ours!", she commanded defiantly. "If you knew the true value of money, you wouldn't dare let a bastard like him get away with it!"

"Why are you so uptight?", I asked her.

"Damn it, I'm broke too!", she disclosed.

Although once an heiress from a very wealthy waspish family, she was now penniless, destitute, and above all quite desperate to complete her OT Level Seven so that she could go to the top of the Bridge on the Freewinds Flag Ship and do New OT Eight. She had to raise money by selling some of her rare properties of Source Data. Ellie had about fifty confidential tapes that L. Ron Hubbard recorded in 1967 on the subject of the Wall of Fire of OT Three, and there was even a special reel of Ron's son Quentin Hubbard auditing a preclear in a Class Twelve session just before he committed suicide in Las Vegas.

I could not believe the great sacrifice that Ellie was making in parting with these priceless recordings, but she had made her choice.

As she needed five thousand dollars more to continue her auditing, Ellie offered all of the tapes to me at the bargain basement price of one hundred dollars apiece.

"Hey!", I objected. "That's more than thirty percent higher than the amount that I would have to pay the Church!"

"Ah, true", she agreed. "But you can't buy them from Flag, because these are confidential and you are not on the OT levels yet."

"That's right!", I concurred. "And you can't sell them to me either, because you are violating Ron's Policy! But I want them so badly! So how do we get around that?"

"Oh, don't be such a dumb bunny", she stated unrealistically. "Just write up a pledge, promising not to listen to the tapes until you do the upper levels", she proposed.

"That would handle the Ethics problem in making the buy, but if I can't listen to the lectures until I get up to OT Three, then why shouldn't I wait to purchase them from Flag later on?", I quizzed.

"By that time the price will have tripled!", she laughed.

"I'll give you sixty-six dollars per tape, the same price I would pay for them at the Org", I offered resolutely.

"Why, you cheap fucking Jew!", she observed. "It's no wonder Steve Goldberg is trying to rip you off. We have no deal!"

"Why the hell not?", I asked. "You need the money, and you don't have any other customer for these tapes."

"You don't understand", she protested. "I have the tapes listed with a broker of Scientology products named Virgil Wilhite. I have to pay him a twenty percent commission even if I sell them to you. If I sold you the tapes for sixty-six dollars each, and I still have to pay Virgil twenty dollars each, that only leaves me forty-six dollars per tape! Stop haggling with me!"

"No, that would be unfair", I admitted. "I'll tell you what, Ellie. I'll pay you eighty dollars if Virgil agrees to cut his commission to twelve and a half percent."

It worked. Scientology is a game where everybody wins, as long as you shave some Body Thetans off your profit margin a tiny bit.

"You are such a shmucky broad for not offering me the tapes in the first place before you listed them with Virgil!", I yelled.

"Why?", she jumped in sheer surprise. "I don't even like you. In fact, I've never liked you! What is there about you to like?"

"Now that you mention it, not a damn thing!", I agreed.

While I was off gallivanting at Flag buying the secret data of L. Ron Hubbard, my father was snooping through my apartment without my permission. When he discovered that I had recently given several checks to the Church of Scientology for nearly eighty-five thousand dollars, he went berserk.

After he had a quaint little huddle with the Suppressive Dr. Geertz, he enlisted the help of my former brokerage client Keith Nassetta, a civil attorney that was, in his own words, anxious to "carve Scientology a new asshole."

Keith saw the prospect of casting himself in the starring role of a multi-million dollar lawsuit against the Church for brainwashing and fraud, and wanted to enlist my help in creating a deadly sequel to the Larry Wollersheim disaster! It was a vicious conspiracy at best.

When I found out that my father, Keith and Dr. Geertz were all meeting covertly at the Nazi



psychologist's office, I rushed over there to do as much damage control as possible.

"What the fuck are you all trying to do to me?", I cried out in panic.

"You gave that cult eighty-five thousand dollars!", my father stated in a mad rage. "You ought to be put in a straight jacket!"

"I bought a few tapes", I explained meekly.

"I told you he was insane", Keith reminded my dad.

"I can't do a thing with him", Dr. Geertz answered, washing his hands of the whole thing. "For every hour that I have him in therapy, they hypnotise him for at least nine or ten."

"What are these tapes made out of, gold?", Keith inquired snidely.

"No, that's who is producing them", I replied. "Gold is the name of our Org in California. It stands for Golden Era Productions."

"What do you mean, producing them?", Dr. Geertz asked. "Your father saw receipts that you bought the tapes in October. It is now February. Do you mean to say that you haven't received anything yet for your money?"

"It's none of your damn business!", I replied. "You are a Nazi butcher who killed my daughter!"

"Do you know of an inexpensive hospital that can help him?", my father asked the doctor. "Anyone who gives eighty-five thousand dollars to Scientology without getting anything in return for it is crazy. This boy has to be committed!"

"You'll have to kill me before you put me in a nut house!", I warned. "You'll never take me alive! And I'm not a boy anymore!"

"Calm down, you fucked up son of a bitch!", Keith wailed. "How the hell could you give them eighty-five thousand dollars without having an attorney present?"

"I don't need a damn squirrel attorney!", I protested. "Lawyers are for wogs who don't have their Ethics in! I'm not worried about the tapes at all! They're being manufactured for me as we speak!"

"They're still going to be telling you that when you're 102 years old and laying in the Jewish cemetery!", Keith scoffed. "Not even the worms in your coffin will get to listen to L. Ron Hubbard."

"You're so right, Keith", my father acknowledged.

"I don't give a damn about what happens to my body after I die!", I instructed. "None of you know the first thing about death! Dad, if you are worried about my body so much, I'll tell you what. After I go up to the top of the Bridge, I won't need it anymore. You have my permission in front of these two suppressive witnesses to take this body of mine to a taxidermist and have me stuffed. There's a good one in Hallandale named Pfleuger who works with dead fish. Call him up! Have me sprayed with a preservative and deck me out in my Briefing Course Officer shirt and Kha-Khan

medal, and then you can put me on display in your living room for the whole wog world to see! Hey, that's ironic, isn't it? A dead corpse in a "living" room? Ha!"

"Now do you see how hopelessly brainwashed he is, Dr. Geertz?", my father commented. "He's not in his right mind."

"Under the Baker Act of Florida, he can be committed if three family members sign the papers", Dr. Geertz said. "There is a wonderful facility in Palm Beach where---"

"Shut the fuck up, you Gestapo murderer!", I reasoned. "You can go straight to hell!"

I could not take it any more. I flew out of Geertz's office and ran over to the Mission. Fred was out, but Dori was busy trying to keep her left hand from falling off her desk. It was some kind of weird palsy that acted up once in a while when her postulates were constipated. Her wheelchair was in second gear but her mind was exteriorizing into overdrive.

"How come I never got my tapes yet?", I yelled.

"Cool your jets!", Dori whistled. "What's wrong with you?"

"It's almost four months now and I haven't gotten any deliveries of my reels yet!", I pleaded. "What is the cause of the stuck flow on my line? Did Janell Allbach just forget about me?"

"Now you know that making fifteen hundred special tapes takes an awfully long time", she nodded in annoyance. "The dissemination lines of Scientology are not going to come to a screeching halt just to please you, silly!"

"But Janell promised to get on top of it right away!", I screamed in exasperation. "She assured me that the Commanding Officer of Golden Era Productions had approved the tape purchase for immediate delivery."

Fred Hare came running in from the street when he heard all of the commotion.

"What the hell is going on here?", he roared.

"You're prized pet is causing trouble again, darling", Dori sneered.

"Where are my damn tapes?", I demanded.

"Didn't I tell you to get certified sane before you come back to this Mission?", he seethed.

"Well that's very funny!", I stammered. "You want me to certify my sanity while my father, a squirrel attorney and the Nazi psych all want to have me put away in an asylum for the rest of my life!"

"You are dangerous!", Fred advised. "You're a Potential Trouble Source if there ever was one!"

"It's not my fault!", I implored. "My dad found the invoices for the eighty-five thousand dollars and now they want to put me in a padded cell and throw away the key. He said, "Anyone who gives eighty-five thousand dollars to Scientology without getting anything in return for it is crazy." My former

client from Dean Witter is a lawyer! Keith Nassetta wants to start a civil suit against the Church because the tapes were never delivered. The psych called us a cult and spoke about brainwashing and fraud! Why don't you help me get them all put away in the loony bin instead of letting them attack me?"

"Why the hell did you leave our invoices laying around your house for your father to find? I'll tell you why. You wanted all of this to happen! You are an Enemy of the Church!", Fred declared. "As of right now, 4:47 P.M. on this 21st of February 1987, you are in the Ethics Condition of Enemy! Now march up to my office for a Security Check before I beat the living hell out of you!"

The Johannesburg Security Check was exceedingly tedious and lasted way into the night. We weren't finished until ten minutes after eleven. Instead of defending me, the E-Meter revealed that I had deep-seated feelings of resentment over not receiving the tapes.

"What about Senior Policy which states, "We always deliver what we promise"?", I asked in agitation. "I'm never going to get my tapes, am I?"

"You are downgraded to Treason!", Fred growled in a bitter rage.

I don't remember what happened next.

Nancy Witkowski told me how everyone in the Mission laughed when Fred put me in reverie, which is a light trance, and I was happily crawling on all fours, eating canned food out of a dog dish. Apparently, Alpo Liver Chunks agreed with me. I had the healthiest bowel movement in weeks. I held no grudge against Jasper personally. Fred and Dori's mutt was a beautiful black thetan with some rottweiler and doberman in him, although racial purity had more to do with the Third Reich than the Third Dynamic.

During happier times before Fred went on the rag, I performed a wedding at the Scientology Mission of Fort Lauderdale. I suggested to Michael Hambrick that we use the premises for a couple who did not have their own location, hoping that after the nuptial vows, we could sell the bride and groom a shitload of auditing. It didn't work out though, thanks to Fred's dog. Jasper nestled himself in between the bride's legs and refused to move. Worse yet, he started sniffing up her crotch during the ceremony, which made her a little uncomfortable. Women always smell funny down there, and dogs have a very keen sense of things like that.

"Can't you move the dog?", I asked Fred, hoping that he would save the couple any further embarrassment.

"Hell, no!", Fred grumbled. "Jasper has more right to be here than your damn wogs and their stinking wedding!"

Needless to say, the bride was very ungrateful and turned out to be in no mood for auditing. She wouldn't even buy a Dianetics book.

But as I indicated, conditions weren't always that bad between Jasper and I. Having once saved his life when he tried to cross the busy thoroughfare of Andrews Avenue, I was sure that he didn't object to sharing his dinner with me on the night when I got my nose all snotted up in his gravy train. Now keep in mind that I had nothing against forcing a person in Treason to crawl on his hands and knees and eat dog food. For putting the Church at risk, I deserved to munch on elephant turds, and Fred was being way too kind to me.

Therefore, I had no problem with Fred's order to breeze on over to the supermarket and replace Jasper's supper after I finished it. Dog food was not that expensive anyway. I don't know if Jasper liked Kal-Kan Kidney Chunks as much as he missed his Alpo, because he sort of looked at me funny when I brought him home a new brand.

After that adventure, Fred called me up to his office, and he listened on the extension phone as I dialed Keith Nassetta at home in order to prove conclusively that there was nothing in the world to worry about and that nobody was about to be sued.

Unfortunately, everybody knew that except Keith. He spouted off at the seams about contacting Michael Flynn in Boston, who was the squirrel attorney for both Lavenda Van Schaick and Gerry Armstrong.

"Your going to own the Church of Scientology when I get through ramming a bomb up that cult's ass", he predicted with ferocity.

Keith's noble rhetoric was just too overwhelming for Friendly Fred to take. It was hard to believe that this was the same Fred Hare who recorded the promotional dissemination tape entitled "Can We Ever Be Friends?", which was billed in Golden Era Production's catalogue as "An appeal to restore happiness, friendship and harmony to troubled relationships with family and friends."<sup>[95]</sup> The Fred I knew so well was a heck of a lot better at breaking families up than patching things together. I never understood why Fred recorded the tape without ever announcing his name. He just said he was a "Minister of the Church of Scientology." It must have had something to do with his failure to appear in court while under subpoena in California. Still, I was quite proud of my autographed copy of the cassette. Fred didn't do that for everybody, only those guys he loved like me.

Blowing a whistle was an indication of an Emergency, but I wished to hell that Fred didn't do it in my ear. The staff dropped what they were doing and convened in the Mission's HCO, or Hubbard Communications Office, which was the old parlor next to the kitchen.

Fred had gotten it into his wild head to repaint the Mission the color yellow. Perhaps he was trying to make more effective cowards out of us all, so that we would run faster than a herd of turtles when he blew the police whistle. He ordered an "All Hands Alert."

This time I was the center of attention and I didn't like it one bit.

The wrath of hostility adorned the angry faces of my accusers. An ominous silence sliced through the cutting edge of hatred which by tacit consent was directed against yours truly. All my former friends, including my auditor Nancy Witkowski were there. There were daggers in the eyes of Fran Hardy, Barbara Koster, Dave Dewey, Tom and Karen Staley, and even Paul Dibble, our insignificant Central Files clerk with the rancid body odor. I was doomed. My closest ally, Michael Hambrick, shunned me with a complacent stare. Mike's ugly, pregnant wife Shirley had nothing but bitter contempt for my heinous overt act. If looks could kill, I would have died a thousand deaths. Reggie Monce was upstairs doing case supervision, but I knew that the penetrating noise of his lethal farting was meant for me. Even Colette Atzel, the Courseroom Supervisor, was busy stabbing voodoo dolls of clay in my own shuddering graven image.

"Now you will confront what it's like to crawl into bed with goddamn suppressives!", Fred spoke malevolently. "Get undressed!"

"In front of everyone?", I trembled.

Fred began to undo his belt from his 1950's style trousers which he had bought on sale from the funeral home down the street. It became apparent that he had something entertaining in mind for me. I stripped down to my underwear and leaned on the window sill in order to stop myself from shaking, but there was no use. The Body Thetans had me jumping out of my skin, giving me a royal goose.

"Get your underwear off too!", Fred spewed.

Everyone started bellowing with uproarious raucousness when they saw my shaved testicles. Many of them were not as much of a conduit for sub-atomic degraded beings as I was.

Fred told lanky and chinless Dave Dewey to lock up my clothes in an empty drawer. Dave, who was recently promoted to the Director of Clearing, was eager to oblige.

"Eyeglasses off also, you blind son of a bitch!", Fred mandated.

I was left wearing nothing but my Kha-Khan medallion. Fred yanked the chain from my neck, causing me to flinch as several drops of blood spurted from where the clasp had grazed my skin. Mocking my honorarium as a "stat pusher", he threw my pendant violently on the floor.

"You will never wear this again!", he commanded. "From this moment on, you are no longer a Kha-Khan!"

A terrible grip of fear came over me. Without my protected status, I could be subjected to all sorts of degradation.

"What are you going to do with my things?", I pleaded.

"They'll keep", Dave answered circuitously.

"Why don't you start worrying about your immortality instead of your possessions, you dirty Jew bastard!", Fran Hardy derided with a barrage of contempt.

"Please, Fran! I'm sorry!", I begged. "I never meant to hurt the Mission!"

"Now march through that kitchen, traitor!", Fred cursed.

"Why are you doing this to me?", I cried. "I would never sue the Church! I would rather die!"

"Shut the fuck up!", Fran responded as she stuffed a dirty dish towel in my mouth while four of the others propped me up on the dining room table, skinning my knee. Fred did not want any more of my yelling to be heard, since there were raw meat students and preclears in other parts of the building who might not have understood the necessity of my meritorious punishment.

The lash of the Minister's belt was so painful that it was numbing. There was such force and power in Fred's whipping that I could not tell if I was sexually aroused or not. As I laid on the large old wooden table where the staff had eaten dinner some hours before, I felt as if I were back in the days of the Salem witchcraft trials, waiting to do my False Purpose Rundown.

"Is this really happening to me?", I asked myself as I drifted into slow motion shock.

The Qualifications Secretary of Fort Lauderdale Tom Staley counted to fifty with great glee as Fred pounded on my back with the ferocity of a lion tamer. After I passed thirty-five strikes of the belt I was praying vehemently for death.

"Thirty-six!", Tom shouted. "Thirty-seven!"

"I hope you're out of your body by now, Fishman, so you can take a damn good peek at what you really look like!", Fred muttered as he tried to catch his breath. Paul Dibble and Dave Dewey held my hands down, while Karen Staley and Fran Hardy grabbed hold of my legs. The only one who I didn't see, hear or feel was Michael Hambrick. He was more disappointed with me than angry. Anyway, someone had to mind the store while I was flirting with a coronary at the hands of the Mission Holder.

After Tom reached the number fifty, I thought that I had passed out, although I was still aware of my environment. The room was spinning all around me, and the only thing that I could still feel were parts of my legs that weren't whipped.

"Hey, that was pretty good exercise!", Fred joked to Dave Dewey as he took a big gulp of lemonade. "I ought to do this more often, 'cause I'm not as young as I used to be!"

Fran pulled the rag out of my mouth and dumped a pitcher of ice water over my bruised back, and the impact of the freezing dampness made by body convulse upwards, only to force my chin to slam down onto the table as gravity grabbed me by the nuts. I could not see well without my glasses, and this did not help me stop the walls from turning. The soreness in my muscles throbbed like ten thousand bee stings on a bed of molten lava, and I was far too weak to shake off the few ice cubes that were changing into steam on my raw skin. The only comfort that I had was the taste of the cool water which dripped down the side of my face into my mouth and ears. Although I was basically unconcerned with how I looked, I kept thinking about whether my hair was a mess, and if I had ejaculated on the table or not. The reactive mind was madly in control playing tricks on me, that was for certain.

The ten minutes of sleep that I got was equivalent to ten thousand years. I recall frolicking in the nude, holding Ron's hand in a tulip field somewhere near Gabrielle Johannes' home town. It was a fantastic dream.

"Where am I?", I asked.

Ron blew me a gentle kiss and said, "You're safe with me here on Arcturus. No harm can ever come to you as long as you are nestled in the arms of the Tech."

"I'm not finished with you yet!", Fred harangued as I awakened. "Get him up and move him out!", he shouted to my fellow henchmen.

Still barely proper in my naked buggy-whipped torso, I felt arms and hands tugging at me in all different directions. The basic principles of physics were being violated. Someone should have told Dave and Tom that you can't pull a person off a table by stretching him in opposite directions. Trained Scientologists would never have paid attention to the laws of the physical universe anyway. We were always at cause over it rather than the effect.

"Next time we'll whack you on your back and whip your balls off!", Fran Hardy prophesied with disciplinary discernment. Steve Goldberg would have enjoyed that.

The pain was too intense for me to cry anymore. I just wanted to tell everyone how much I loved them, and how happy I was to be their friend. Somehow the words were lost on the dark side of Marcab, since the vigorous thrashing seemed to play hide-and-go-seek with my vocal chords.

"Well, the worst is over now", I believed. "Maybe they will let me write my Success Story in the morning."

All I could think about was taking a soft, lukewarm bath and falling asleep on my stomach in my soothing water bed.

Fred had more spectacular plans for me, however.

In the back of the Mission was a garbage dumpster which measured about four feet by eight feet by five, and its color was asshole brown. I had never noticed it before, because it's the kind of thing that you don't really see unless your post is to take out the trash. Even then I didn't realize that I was being escorted toward it since I was still nude and walking barefoot, and the pain of stepping on little gravel stones occupied the bulk of my attention. I felt just like Jesus Christ on the way to the Crucifixion.

"Deja vu!", I thought. "Like son, like father."

The alley in back of the Mission was dark. No one lived around there since it was an industrial area, and had I screamed for help, not even a brazen gutter rat would have heard me. I must have led a very sheltered life, since I would have never guessed in two thousand years that Fred was about to throw me into the same dumpster where lied the table scraps and remnants of his last supper.

It was not easy for Dave, Tom and Fred to lift me up and throw me in there. I was writhing in pain and soreness from the whipping, and I did not want them to touch my back where it was tender. Nevertheless, I lacked the stamina and the motivation to climb into the trash can myself. Still, I didn't quite feel entirely like a lump of shit until Michael's hideously pregnant wife Shirley came over to the garbage canister and dumped the balance of her evening meal leftovers all over me.

Even under normal conditions Shirley Hambrick was a lousy cook. The Mission staff all ate together for fifteen minutes every night, and non-contracted Mission personnel such as Field Staff Members and commissioned posts like myself were entitled to join the staff dinner at the nominal cost of four dollars per meal. If Nancy Witkowski did the cooking, I looked forward to eating with the others. Nancy's Swedish meatballs were fabulous. But when Shirley cooked, only her newly-wedded husband Michael would feign words of praise, and at best he strained his limited approval with a large fork. Of all her culinary blunders, by far her tuna casserole was the world's worst. Even Jasper wouldn't sniff it on the way to his Alpo Liver Chunks. And so it was just my luck that I had to spend the night with Shirley's rotten food all over my body that smelled worse than crow's vomit.

Thud!

My heart sank through my rectum as I heard the clank of a lock shut me inside the trash

heap for good. Thoughts of paranoia raced through my mind for the first time in my life.

"What if they never let me out of here?", I shivered. "Worse yet, supposing the garbage truck comes during the night and I get crushed between the gnawing steel teeth of its automatic compactor?"

Then I began to confront the world around me. I was in a black hell of mushy waste. The foul stench clung to my lungs like an army of malignant jellyfish sucking the lifeblood right from under me. It was very scary not to be able to see. I tried wiping off the tuna fish casserole from my face and hair, but it turned out that I was using a damp paper towel full of coffee grinds.

"Now I will get AIDS for sure!", I hyperventilated.

I tried to get a grip on myself, but I couldn't stand my own company. Do you think I wanted to spend the night with someone in Treason?

There were more practical problems to contend with. The outside temperature dipped into the upper fifties. Although this was typical for a February night in Fort Lauderdale, I was nevertheless very cold and frightened. I tried to cover myself with sheets of paper which felt like old stat graphs.

"I hope these aren't downstats!", I pondered.

Suddenly, my left ankle was attacked by red ants! Well, to this day I cannot swear whether they were actually red because there was not enough light to see them. I tried pulling them off one by one, and when that failed, I slid over to the other side of the dumpster, which unfortunately was the area that had been bombarded with the most tuna fish.

"I'm glad Lavenda can't see me now", I thought in consolation.

While sloshing in the slop and rummaging through the rubbish, I cognited on the reason why Body Thetans attached themselves to the bodies of thetans in the first place. It was primarily due to their failure to confront their evil acts before they died. I was a vivid example of how my own weakness caused me to lose my status and prestige within Scientology because I didn't have enough courage to take a butcher knife and stab both Dr. Geertz and Keith Nassetta in the heart. When it came right down to the wire, I simply lacked the fortitude to commit murder, even though it was the right thing to do. What a wimp I was!

"How the hell could I run a concentration camp for psychiatrists if I couldn't do a simple thing like kill a couple of suppressives who were trying to sue the Church? Maybe I didn't have what it took to be a Kha-Khan after all", I rationalized sadly. "Fred obviously Made Things Go Right by putting me in here!"

Being in Treason was worse than having anal sex with a cactus plant.

"If I didn't watch my step, I might permanently wind up as a Body Thetan attached to Shirley's tuna casserole", I feared.

There were literally swarms of Body Thetans all around me in the garbage can, fighting for a piece of my action, and believe me, I wasn't hallucinating. If there was anyone with a good grip on reality, it was me.



A trash bin was the most likely of hiding places for Body Thetans to hang out. It is dark and damp inside, just like the female womb.

"So that is why Fred shoved me in here!", I illuminated. "What a genius he is! He wanted to throw me back into the agony of birth! That is one hell of a great fucking punishment!"

I always admired insight and intelligence, even in those rare cases when I turned out to be on the receiving end of it.

The tiny bites on my legs and ankles felt like a random acupuncture treatment by a blind Chinaman without his seeing eye dog, but when my testicles got attacked, I started to get very pissed off.

"Where the devil is the Great God Throgmagog when you really need him?", I called out begrudgingly. Then I realized how stupid I had been to think that He would ever answer someone in Treason.

"How can I prevent these bugs from creeping into my navel or up my ass?", I squirmed. "The human body is so full of holes!"

Unfortunately, I couldn't distinguish the Body Thetans from the maggots or the gnats that were crawling all over me, and I started to get rather itchy about busting out of there.

Not being able to take any more, I zoomed out of my body, madly exteriorizing through the steel roof of the canister, shooting up wildly to the stars. You might think that I fainted, and perhaps my body did, because the next thing I knew, it was six o'clock in the morning, and Michael was in his torn flannel pajamas, helping me out of the trash bin.

"You sure got yourself in deep shit this time, boy", he said in his store-bought, down-home, West Virginia accent.

Michael and Shirley lived in an old abandoned warehouse two doors down from the Mission. He allowed me to use his shower and even let me borrow a peach-colored robe that belonged to his repulsive wife. He must have really liked me, since he also gave me some antiseptic ointment to put on my forty-five ant bites. I would have never helped out anyone in Treason, that's for damn sure. His appropriate action should have been to let me suffer and rot until I was at least in Doubt.

"Those red ants bit the devil out of me", I complained.

"They weren't ants", he chuckled goofily. "That pail is full of mites and chiggers."

He revealed that he did not have the key to the locked drawer where my clothes and eyeglasses were stored, and that I would have to wait in his house until either Fred or Dave opened up the Mission before I could get my things.

"Why didn't you just leave me in there until nine o'clock then?", I asked. "I could report you for taking me out too early."

"Hell, someone would surely spot you at that late hour", he reasoned. "You don't want the wogs to see how we get our ethics in, do you?"

"That odor is still in my throat", I complained.

"Did you expect it to smell like honey after what you did? Get real! You were involved in a conspiracy to sue the Church!"

"But I never sanctioned it!", I argued.

"If they put you into a crazy house, your say-so won't amount to a hill of beans!", he elucidated.

"I can't think about that right now. I am in such pain! My back feels like I've been run over by a Mack truck", I whined.

"Come on and cut the bullshit!", Mike encouraged. "I want your Success Story to be a damn good one that we can both be proud to show old Fred!", he cautioned. "You want to get out of Treason, don't you?"

"If I have to stay in Treason one more day, Fred might as well shoot me", I sighed.

"Well, you'll come up with something", Michael nodded. "You always do."

"I wonder what Dr. Zigelbaum would have thought about all this", I said to myself.

"How long does that stinking squirrel have to stay in our house?", Shirley asked her husband with a voice loud enough to wake the dead. "You get him out of here this minute, Mike!"

"He's working his way up through Ethics", Michael consoled her. "We'll get him out of here as soon as he can get his clothes back."

To pacify his wife, Michael suggested that I sit outside the house on an old picnic table and write up my Success Story with Shirley's robe wrapped tightly around me.

"You might as well get started with it before Fred gets in", he comforted. "Anyhow it's not a good idea for you to be near the baby while you're still in Treason."

"She's only in her fifth month!", I exclaimed.

"That's when the little weasel is the most impressionable", he epitomized nitty-grittingly. "You know I can't allow all the crap going on in your universe to affect my kid before it's even born."

When I proofread my Success Story, I couldn't tell whether I loved it or hated it, and whether I believed what I had said or not. It was a good thing that I had more than my share of multiple personalities, because some of us were real pissed off over what I wrote. I suppose if we had to take a vote, the general consensus of my valences approved it. There was a coalition within me between those who felt my punishment was justified and the rest who merely wanted the nightmare to end. Personally I wouldn't give two cents for the whole lot of those lying bastards inside me, since none of them permitted me to be true to myself. The one thing that I demanded of my beingness was complete and total honesty. A house divided against itself cannot stand to look in the mirror.

"While confronting the darkness and foulness of my own reactive bank", I began, "I cognited that a thetan cannot operate very effectively alone. The body is not a center of refuge but rather a vicious prison trapping the thetan, magnifying the horrors of life within the physical universe. I am infinitely grateful to Fred Hare and the Mission staff for giving me this candid opportunity to raise my level of confront and awareness, since going into agreement with squirrels and suppressives only served to further push me into the mud, down the dwindling spiral of evil-purposed psychiatric insanity.

Consequently, I pledge before Ron and the Third Dynamic to bring the ones responsible for this outrage to their knees, especially myself. The sun never sets on Scientology, and I vow to ram a scepter into the heart and mind of every degraded being who dares to stand in the road of Total Freedom."

Well, at least that oratory got my Ethics Condition double-upgraded from Treason to Doubt. That was progress, don't you think?

This time I passed my Security Check. All my anger was focused on Keith Nassetta and Dr. Geertz, not against my Mission buddies. I finally became certain that the squirrels were responsible for my one night stand with garbage.

Fred was helpful too. He ordered me to contact a wog attorney so that I could bring a massive lawsuit against my psychologist, my attorney, and my father. It seemed like the most sensible suggestion which anyone had ever given me in my entire life. The legal grounds for the civil suit against the three suppressives were for threatening to have me committed to a mental institution and for interfering with my religious beliefs as a practicing Scientologist.

"Do you have any problem with suing your father?", Fred asked, stroking his belt buckle in the hope of getting a chance for round two on the wooden table.

"When he is arrested I won't even put up his bail money!", I promised cheerily.

"It's not that kind of case", Fred explained, "although there is a possibility that we can make some criminal charges stick against your old man. All three of them are obviously violent criminals, you know."

"It sounds like a good idea to me", I repeated in earnest.

"I hope we can salvage you before you turn into another Wollersheim", Dori wheezed from her chair.

"Yeah, another nice Jewish boy gone bad", I whimpered.

"What are you talking about?", Fred asked. "Wollersheim is Catholic."

"Oh, my God!", I yelled like a valley girl. "He converted, just like he did when he was Jesus! That's even worse!"

"Wollersheim isn't necessarily a Jewish name", Dori explained. "I think it's German."

"Look, all that crap doesn't matter right now", Fred balked. "You're in enough trouble. Until you get back into the Condition of Normal Operation, your Office of Special Affairs Staff Status is

temporarily suspended as of this minute. I'm sending you down to the Org so that Lisa Witt can run another Security Check on you."

"What's that for?", I gasped in shock.

"Don't ask any stupid questions!", he advised. "Lisa requested it, not me. You're in Doubt, aren't you? Well, she's trying to resolve all that and move you up to Liability."

"It's sort of like a second opinion when you're dying of cancer", Dori chuckled festively."

Lisa Witt was even more pregnant than Shirley Hambrick, and you know how bitchy women like that can be. During the Security Check, I felt as if two people were auditing me instead of one. You never know what kind of cruel bastard her fetus used to be in its former lifetime. Lisa had an exciting habit of always trying to castrate me during her confessionals.

"Why do you suppose Fred made you walk like a dog and eat Jasper's dinner while in reverie?", Lisa asked before the interrogation began.

"I guess he was unleashing his hostilities", I hypothesized.

"Do you really think that the session had anything to do with Fred's prejudices?", she argued in disgust. "You've been around the psychs too long, which is essentially the problem."

"Well, Nancy said that everyone was making fun of me", I continued.

"You're lucky that they didn't kill you!", she consoled with the height of compassion. "I have read Fred's Knowledge Report, and I have very serious concerns about it."

"You should!", I acknowledged. "The man's a lunatic! He wants me to get certified sane by a psychiatrist!"

"It is you who I am disturbed about, not Fred", she corrected. "Do you realize that if the Mission Holder could throw you into a trance and make you believe you were a dog in a matter of minutes, then what do you think an evil, suppressive psychologist who has been destroying people with hypnosis all of his life could do to you after nineteen years of brainwashing?"

"Yeah, it's Dr. Geertz again, isn't it?", I nodded.

"I am afraid so!", Lisa riveted. "Who knows what kind of harmful Red Box Data and confidential information you have told him under hypnosis? You sure don't know what went on during your squirrel "therapy" if you can't even remember eating the damn dog food! So now you know why I ordered this supplementary Security Check. I want to find out exactly what you told that Nazi murderer."

The news wasn't good. I flunked the confessional because I had revealed everything about Scientology and the class action lawsuits to Dr. Geertz over the years under hypnosis. Doug Carr, the Keeper of Tech of Miami threw me back one notch into Enemy, and ordered me to make amends by cleaning the men's toilet of the Org for a minimum of sixteen hours, although he was diligent enough to allow me to complete my task in two separate eight hour shifts. At least I was able to work out my punishment sensibly without winding up in the shit house again.

Two days later, when the bathrooms were clean enough to eat off the floor, Doug still refused to raise my Ethics Condition from Enemy back up to Doubt.

"Didn't I do the best fucking job you've ever seen?", I bragged. "The urinals are sparkling better than that TV commercial for Lysol Basin Tub and Tile Cleaner! Hey, okay; I know! As a reward for my upstat, why don't you let me clean the ladies' toilet while the girls are still in there taking a leak?"

"Is everything a damn joke to you?", he groaned. "What you did in the bathroom was just fine, and you have gotten in some fair exchange, but what makes you think that janitorial work is going to change your ethics level?"

"So why the hell did you ask me to do it, then?", I asked in sheer exasperation. "What should I do for an encore?"

"Route yourself back to Dori Hare at the Mission and she will explain it to you", Doug ordered. "I'm not the Ethics Officer here!"

Dori had a disgusting habit of clicking a pen up her nose when she was nervous. Doing something with her fingers probably made her feel less like a cripple.

"So you want to get upgraded from Enemy to Doubt, do you?", she observed.

"Do birds fly?", I asked. "Do fish swim? Of course I want to get out of my lower Ethics Condition. Isn't it obvious to you?"

"You've got a cocky attitude for an Enemy", she stated suspiciously. "I have it in mind to package you up in mothballs and expel you from Scientology forever."

"You can't expel the father of Jesus Christ!", I argued. "I am too valuable! You ought to take out a key man insurance policy on me. I'm going to Clear half this planet before it explodes in 1997, or have you forgotten?"

"Steve, you can't Clear diddly-squat if you're nuts!", she sighed in anguish.

"With all due respect to Fred, your husband is squirreling very badly with his Potential Trouble Source connection to that psych comrade of his named Ziggy Stardust", I objected.

"Who?", she stared blankly.

"Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars", I answered. "That was the name of an old David Bowie album."

"You are stark, raving mad; and I am not interested in any of your wog nonsense", she concluded. "You're still not one of us!"

"Why, because I know something about music?", I asked. "Ziggy is Dr. Sheldon Zigelbaum."

"Is that name supposed to mean something to me?", she belched in annoyance.

"What the hell do you talk to your husband about in bed?", I stammered, immediately

realizing that they probably never sleep together. "Hey, there's got to be a copy of my letter to Ziggy in the Ethics Folder."

Dori thumbed through my file and found it.

"This is odd", she admitted. "Well, Fred's the boss. I'll ask him about it when he comes back from the bank."

"He's in the reactive bank, that's where he is!", I declared.

"Don't be so damn fresh!", Dori yelled.

"He violated Scientology Policy, and that really pisses me off!", I cringed obnoxiously.

"Oh, that's fine and dandy!", she snarled. "An Enemy of the Church is instructing his Ethics Officer on Ron's Policy. Well, psycho-dog, Scientology Policy is not subject to interpretation. If it isn't written, it isn't so!"

"And where the hell is it written that a Scientologist has to follow a squirrel order to get certified sane by a psychiatrist?", I screamed.

"I will look into it!", she promised. "Meanwhile, I am sending you out on a priority mission. Barbara! Reggie! Get in here!"

"Is your truck fixed, Koster?", Dori asked Barbara.

"Oh, yeah, sure", she responded affirmatively.

Our major target was to recover all of Dr. Geertz's notes on my bizarre psychological history. The operating target was Dr. Geertz's office. We had to break in, locate my therapy folders and happily retrieve them. The purpose was to protect the Church from any confidential data I might have told Dr. Geertz about the class action lawsuits, and to expose the Nazi quack to the wog world for his use of illegal methods of hypnosis and brainwashing.

To accomplish this, I had to construct both a diagram and a clay demo of the building's interior, including all entrances, exits, and windows. There was no alarm system, so that made life quite easy. The office was an old single-story house, with plenty of crawl space between the ceiling and the roof line. Our most direct point of entry was from the attic and down through a storage closet located adjacent to the house's small bathroom. A low fence in the back had to be scaled if it were locked, and access to the roof was a breeze since there was plenty of clearance to tap dance on the rear window ledges.

"Most of the old houses built in the thirties were pretty well equipped to assist burglars", Reggie commented.

"How can you avoid being conspicuous?", Dori Hare pondered.

"I still have a white uniform from when I worked part-time doing roof cleaning", he smiled.

"That's an ideal shore story if anyone questions you", Barbara deduced. "And with the proper shoes you won't fall off the roof."

"I used the same uniform when I worked as a dishwasher", he laughed. "Wogs have a great deal of reverence for occupational clothing they can recognize and identify."

With the Battle Plan in place and the briefing and drilling over, we were all ready to be dispatched out. The time was set for the following morning before sun-up. The only point of contention was Dori's insistence that I go with Reggie inside the office to recover the files.

"I can't do it!", I cried. "I would feel like a criminal!"

Dori threw her clipboard at me.

"A criminal?", she repeated. "Do you think what that Nazi shrink did to your daughter at Auschwitz wasn't criminal?"

"No, that's not it", I pleaded. "It's stealing the files that bothers me. I've never been trained in document rescue technology."

"You're a damned liar!", she honked judiciously. "You got Ron's documents back from Lavenda's sister. Fred actually did tell me about that incident!"

"That was completely different!", I evaluated. "Lavenda stole those files from Flag and all I did was help to get them back. Here you are asking me to steal papers that do not belong to me!"

"Why, you stupid ass!", Dori jumped. "You're not stealing anything! You have a constitutional right to your own files! It is Geertz who is the thief, stealing information from your mind while you were drugged out during hypnosis. At least in Scientology, we respect everyone's right to privacy. Preclear Folders are protected by the priest-penitent and parish-parishioner relationships and are never examined by anyone! That fascist has been copying all your sessions and forwarding them to Interpol in order to destroy us! The next thing you know, the Ruckerfeller Foundation will be copying us by sending in class action lawsuits on their own out-ethics corporations!"

"Don't get me wrong, Dori", I said in self defense. "I think the break-in is a great idea. But I've got a bad case of the flu from exposure to the cold in your dumpster."

"You brought that on yourself", she cackled.

"Yeah, but I'm too sick to go", I stated apathetically. "My nose is totally stuffed up and my throat is as raspy as a boatload of seventy-year-old lesbians."

"I'd rather give you a bullet through the head than any sympathy", Reggie interrupted. "Just listen to his bullshit!"

"What is it about the mission you aren't able to confront?", Barbara asked with good ARC.

"I just can't stomach going in through the roof", I trembled. "I'm afraid of heights."

"They should have dropped you on your head when you were born!", Reggie mumbled reassuringly.

"Well, how about if Reggie goes in through the roof and opens the front door for you?", Dori

compromised.

"Okay, but only as a last resort if he can't find my files on his own", I negotiated. "We've been through it a hundred times. There is a big wooden secretary-type desk in Geertz's therapy room, and that is where my folders are stored. There is also a large storage closet in the adjoining office that belongs to the other shrink, Dr. Baksh. You'll find everything in those two places, I guarantee it."

"Steve, I want you to go in with Reggie", Dori commanded. "The only way I can upgrade you from Enemy to Doubt is if you start taking responsibility for your overt acts against the Church. Don't be such a faggot. Reggie has an extra pair of gloves so you won't leave any fingerprints."

Meanwhile, Fred had walked in and overheard the conversation.

"I don't want this sick son of a bitch going anywhere near his psych files until I see how badly he betrayed us!", he commanded, pointing malevolently toward me. "Have you lost your mind, Dori? He's in the Condition of Enemy! The first thing he would do is hide those documents if he had another chance to hurt us any further! Damn it, he has to wait in the truck with Barbara. I leave the premises for twenty lousy minutes and the whole lot of you have been busy building yourselves a squirrel cage!"

"Thank God for small favors!", I thought to myself. "This is the first time that being an Enemy got me out of doing something traumatic!"

The break-in was easier than raping sheep. Barbara and I waited in the truck across the street from Geertz's office at Broward Boulevard and Northeast 14th Avenue. Decker out as our wild warrior in white, Reggie Monce was truly a professional. I could never understand why Denise ever divorced him and ran off to Flag to marry that Czechoslovakian scatterbrain, Ladi Macha. Reggie was cooler than a popsicle suppository. The entire mission took all of eleven minutes from start to finish. Six-thirty in the morning was by far the best time to break into a psych's office, in case you are ever called upon to do it. Reggie came out with two thick manila envelopes of information, and I was bubbling over with so much joy that I kissed Barbara Koster on the cheek, which was probably the lowest I have ever stooped in any of my relationships with women. She always smelled like horse manure, even though she only worked for the horseback riding academy part time now. Still, her black Toyota truck was our getaway vehicle, and in true macho form, she steered it as well as any man could.

"Why didn't you rob that good for nothing bastard?", Barbara asked Reggie compassionately. "You should have brought back a present for Fred."

I started to laugh.

"He has nothing there worth taking", I disclosed.

"Nonsense!", she argued. "Psychs always have lots of stuff."

"All I saw were some disgusting prehistoric artifacts, a couple of cannibalistic pictures, some rusty wire sculptures and a bunch of dying plants whose leaves I couldn't even use to wipe my ass with", he reported.

"No shrunken heads?", Barbara giggled.



"Only our idiot mascot Steve here!", Reggie winked as he put his hand on my knee.

Upon returning to the Mission of Fort Lauderdale, Dori had good news for me. I was finally back in Doubt where I belonged!

In order to punish Keith Nassetta for proposing the civil suit against the Third Dynamic, Fran Hardy called Keith's wife Mary no less than a hundred times in the next several weeks, pretending to be Keith's girlfriend and discussing personal secrets that I had told her about Keith's private life. Finally, Mary Nassetta became convinced that Keith was cheating on her and she filed for divorce. In the interim, I wrote dozens of false reports, tying Keith to the laundering of drug money, which we proudly circulated to various governmental agencies. It was wonderful working with the Office of Special Affairs again. Ruining his credit was no problem either. Sending derogatory financial information to TRW and CBI made me feel like my old self again. These agencies, of course, were the largest two credit bureaus covering the South Florida area. Binging his home and office with junk mail was a barrel full of laughs too. I even had an evaluation sample of embalming fluid sent to him as a peace offering.

"He's going to think twice next time before he fucks with the Church!", I proudly told Dori Hare as she signed the Ethics Order raising my Ethics Condition one degree from Doubt to Liability for handling Keith Nassetta effectively.

Lisa Lawson and Dusty Hipps had been living at Dusty's mother's house, but she finally threw them out for buying crack cocaine rocks with the money from her welfare check. However, Dusty's mother Rita was no angel either. She made a living supplementing her paralyzed husband's disability income by selling his Valiums to all of her friends for full price. But she nevertheless felt that she had to draw the line between harmless sedatives and addicting narcotics.

We Scientologists, on the other hand, were steadfastly opposed to drugs of any kind, including all forms of aspirin, ibuprofen, monosodium glutamate, artificial sugar substitutes, caffeine and nicotine; even though Ron himself was a chain smoker of tar-laden, non-filtered Kools. I suppose when you are at the top of the Bridge, you are allowed to bend the rules a little.

We also prohibited the use of the birth control pill as a dangerous drug, which is undoubtedly the most obvious reason why the Church frowned upon sexual promiscuity. Hell, Flag didn't want to hire extra nannies to take care of a bunch of leaky-assed thetan Sea Org babies!

I had to admit that I vehemently objected to our Policy on birth control. So what if the pills made women sick and turned on old mental image pictures on their back tracks? What were guys like me supposed to do who were too scared to wear condoms? I always felt that it was the responsibility of women to protect themselves, because after all, men weren't the ones getting pregnant! No stinking female could ever accuse me of being chauvinistic when I was only being logical and realistic. I never even asked either of my two sluts about whether they were on the pill or not. It was their problem, not mine.

Anyway, I now had Dusty and Lisa in the palm of my hands, or so I thought. I moved them in to Room 18 of the Seascape Motel in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, less than ten blocks from my apartment. The rent was three hundred and seventy-five dollars per month, and the girls both agreed to have sex with me twice a week if I continued paying their rent on a monthly basis. This seemed like a great idea, since it was equivalent to getting a quantity discount for their favors on a long term lease. I had decided a long time ago that I wanted to marry Dusty eventually, and just

keep Lisa around as a substitute destitute prostitute since Dusty didn't mind.

It actually wound up costing me a lot more than the rent money. Since the girls slept all day and juggled johns all night, they would phone at any hour they chose for me to bring over MacDonald's hamburgers and Subway submarine sandwiches to their place, together with AIDS-causing caffeinated drinks like Coca-Cola and Pepsi. It was simply horrible watching them gobble down all of that fast food yuck, but many times I was rewarded with some "quickest sex" afterwards, so I was quite willing to be at their beck and call. The motel room worked out perfectly for the girls, because they were able to bring wealthy tricks to their room, get them drunk, and rip them off without an afterthought. There were other hookers in the building at the time, although that fact was not highly publicized because everyone there was paranoid about the police. If I live to be a hundred and twenty years old in this lifetime, I will never understand wog morality. I would have been proud to be a prostitute, not sneaking around hiding it from anybody!

There was one incident which occurred that made me very disgusted, however.

I want you to know from the beginning that I never had a double standard. Even though I loved Dusty almost as much as L. Ron Hubbard, I realized that she had to make a living, and I didn't mind sharing her with the real men of the world. Her eighty pound body was more than I ever dreamed of. Her microscopic nipples were the focal points of all my fantasies. I told Dusty that I planned to marry her as soon as I became an OT Eight.

"At the moment I reach the top of the Bridge", I told her, "I will jump off right into your arms."

I was such a hopeless romantic.

Keep in mind that I was never a jealous person. Ron defined jealousy as the "Inability to confront the unknown."<sup>[96]</sup> Do you think for an instant that I was unable to confront the unknown? Well, if you said "yes", then you are absolutely nuts! I had more intelligent conversations with unknown Body Thetans than most Presidents of the United States ever have, and I never heard stories about them being called jealous!

Nevertheless, when I walked in unexpectedly on Dusty at her motel room and saw her tiny torso sprawled out all over her six-foot-four, three hundred pound black crack dealer, I became slightly curious. Lincoln was a nice enough guy, I suppose. He carried a gun, and he vowed always to protect the girls, but I didn't feel it was fair for him to get laid for the price of a ten dollar cocaine rock when I had to pay the full price, being her fiancée and having such great plans for our future. Not only that, Dusty made me wait a half hour until she finished smoking her dope before having sex with me, and she didn't even bother to take a shower after being with that big fat thing. Do you honestly think it was right for Dusty to treat me with such little respect when I was so deeply in love with her?

It was all Christ's fault. He got people addicted to drugs on other planets, many trillions of years before he packaged us up and shipped us to Earth in clusters. Dianetics Centers and Scientology Churches were all working their asses off, trying to stop the drug epidemic in this country. President Reagan was unable to put an end to the problem, even though he honestly tried like hell. Every time he had a decent idea, he got attacked by an onslaught of Body Thetans and rapidly developed some new kind of cancer. We, on the other hand, had established Narconon Orgs to treat drug addiction, and Ron developed the Purification Rundown, or sauna sweat program as it was once called, which was the only proven way to get drug toxins out of human bodies. Dianetics techniques were used very successfully in natural childbirth centers, even for

mothers who were addicted to drugs during their pregnancy. Ron's technology was flourishing, prospering, and benefitting mankind all over the planet. Yet, we were being attacked on all sides by psychiatrists and their drug pushers. Most of the Columbian drug cartel leaders were devout Catholics, and so were operating incognito as Christ's ministers of death. It was time for me to start getting a little more militaristic about Jesus, and a little less reasonable. Nobody was going to take my Dusty away from me!

I started writing my epic religious work, *The Holy Book Of Life*, which was a history of the thetan over the last seventy-six trillion years. Written entirely on my own determinism while I was hooked up to the E-Meter, the book was an exploration of my time track, and included a chapter on how Christ was really born, as well as another section dealing with events after death in the Between Lives Area. It was a project that occupied the next year and a half of my life. The book had a noble purpose. I wanted the data to be available to the world so that I could Clear Earth before it was destroyed in the forthcoming nuclear holocaust in 1997.

I also began doing a daily half-hour radio talk show on CB Channel 19, which was mostly used by truck drivers to get weather and traffic conditions on the highway. Despite the fact that I did not have to find commercial sponsors for my air time since it was free, most of my listening audience was an assortment of hillbilly rednecks who did not like to hear me disseminate the truth about the Psych Jesus. I urged them all to start sending junk mail to their pastors and psychiatrists as a non-violent protest against Christ's suppression. Unfortunately, the wogs who heard me were too brainwashed by the bowels of Christianity to go into good ARC with my unselfish spiritual messages. I never witnessed such horrible foul language directed against me in my entire life! My "CB handle" was Malchoot the Antichrist, and some of those lost souls even had the nerve to doubt my authenticity and call me crazy! How stupid could they have been? Scientologists were the only ones left in the world who were actually one hundred percent sane! Didn't the truckers know that?

Despite the insults and the cat calls on the radio, I kept my ethics and integrity in, and remained perfectly sincere at all times. I gave out my telephone number so that anyone who was interested in further information could call me up at home.

One such person who heard my "Freedom From Christ" broadcast was a fourteen year old girl named Samantha with a voice that made my heart melt with lust. To this day I have never met her so I cannot describe her to you, but I admittedly looked forward to her daily telephone calls with salivating intensity.

Samantha was a high school student from Boca Raton, which is the city at the southern tip of Palm Beach County. I invited her to go "blanketing" with me, which occurs when two thetans have sex while out of their bodies. Ron's technical definition of blanketing is "An incident consisting of throwing oneself as a thetan over another thetan or over a MEST (Matter, Energy, Space, and Time) body. Blanketing is done to obtain an emotional impact or even to kill. It is strongest in sexual incidents where the thetan throws two MEST bodies together in the sexual act in order to experience their emotions."<sup>[97]</sup> You thought that you were kinky! Nobody knew more about the facts of afterlife than Ron!

I never knew that sex could be so satisfying with someone you can't see. Blanketing Samantha made me want to run out and rape a blind girl in order to impart the joy and mirth of sensation to someone who needed it worse than I did. After all, Ron said "Blindness is an extreme unawareness."<sup>[98]</sup> Of course, people that were afflicted with blindness generally were responsible for blinding others in their former lifetimes, and like all other physical disabilities, blindness was the effect or result of some earlier evil or overt act. Similarly, that is why the Church refuses to audit

the mentally ill. Ron clearly wrote, "No person who is insane or who has an institutional background, nor any person who is chronically ill may be accepted for processing by the Hubbard Guidance Center."<sup>[99]</sup> This has nothing to do with wog law. Ron adds, "It is not illegal to give spiritual guidance to the insane: it is against our board policy. It is forbidden."<sup>[100]</sup>

At first blush, the wog world might consider our Policy to be discriminatory or prejudicial. It isn't. People who are insane became that way by driving other people insane in their previous lifetimes as well. The constituents of crazy houses and the inhabitants of insane asylums are nothing more than psychiatrists and psychologists on the time track who got trapped by their own misdeeds toward others. A mental case is a psychiatrist in sheep's clothing. A crazy person is just the flip side valence of a suppressive who makes others crazy. Both are evil and degraded beings, and that is why we in Scientology didn't want to have anything to do with auditing the victims any more than we chose to process the perpetrators. So it wasn't such a good idea to rape a blind girl after all. Why should I reward someone with the pleasure of enforced sexual submission when she undoubtedly caused so much pain to others during the life that she lived before? In Scientology, we never reward downstats.

I continued my spiritual relationship with Samantha, giving her good subjective reality on why Scientology works. I told her all about when the world was going to end in 1997, and how I conceived Jesus Christ by masturbating in the Virgin Mary's love canal. Since she quickly became my best friend, I warned her about the perils of contracting AIDS from soda, chocolate and coffee, and I promised her that if Dusty and I ever stop seeing each other professionally, I would ask her to be my steady girlfriend. Samantha called me every evening between eleven o'clock and midnight, right after her parents went to sleep. I spent many wonderful hours explaining to her why all of the psychiatrists of the world had to be rounded up and put to death. I tried my very best to make a positive impact upon her life.

Soon, all of her friends started to call me. It was fabulous to be so popular again. There was a young kid named Joe McCann, who used to be a rocket jockey in another galaxy known as the Melchorian Cadelpo. I was truly happy that these kids loved me and enjoyed learning about life, and I therefore wanted them to find out more about Scientology. I gave them the telephone number of the Fort Lauderdale Mission, and I told everyone who called there to mention my name, so that I would get the full Field Staff Member commission credit for any money that they spent.

But do you know what happened? None of these kids had actually taken me seriously. They thought that everything I said was a big joke! What an evil purpose they had! They started phoning the Mission at all hours of the day and night, sacrilegiously making fun of the Between Lives Area and all of our precious technology!

To make matters worse, I was thrown back into Doubt by Shirley Hambrick for "Improper Dissemination." I had to write the sentence "I Will Not Disseminate Scientology Improperly" five thousand times, and I was forced to demonstrate it fifty different ways in clay before I was allowed to make amends to the Mission by stuffing envelopes and cleaning the rest rooms for six hours per night during the entire month of March. After all that was done, I was finally restored from Doubt to Liability without any pomp, circumstance or fanfare. I felt so damn unappreciated!

My whole world began to cave in on me. Dusty raised her prices because Lincoln was charging her more for crack. Samantha stopped calling me altogether. As long as I was in a lower Ethics Condition than Normal Operation, I was not allowed to do my next step on the Bridge, which was the Clear Certainty Rundown. Worst of all, it was April 1987 already, and I had not received even one tape for my eighty-five thousand dollars! Janell Allbach never delivered what she

promised. The only good news I heard was that Mary Sue Hubbard crawled out of the woodwork and made a sizeable donation to the International Association of Scientologists, becoming a Patron of the Association. Hell, she probably needed a tax deduction for the April 15th deadline. Nevertheless, it was great to hear that she was still alive.

I was really pissed off about the undelivered tapes, but I didn't want to wind up in the trash can again, so this time I wrote a very nasty letter to Rae Muller, the Sea Org Number One Secretary to Guillaume Lesevre, who was our Executive Director International.

"I am going on strike and I refuse to send in any new class action lawsuits until either the tapes are delivered or I can use the eighty-four thousand five hundred and eighty-one dollars for auditing instead!", I stated like a defiant, spoiled brat. "But no matter what happens, I am never going to sue the Church, desert my post, or abandon my promises to Ron. Much Love, Steve Fishman, Fields Financial Planner of Miami", I continued.

I also sent an ultimatum to the Watchdog Committee of Golden Era Productions, saying "I either want my tapes, or a re-credit towards auditing. If I can't have either of those, I want a refund."

Asking for a refund was the worst thing that I could have ever done! I was immediately declared a Potential Trouble Source Type A, which accused me of "Being intimately connected with persons such as marital or familial ties of known antagonism to mental or spiritual treatment of Scientology."<sup>[101]</sup>

If that were not bad enough, I soon afterward was declared a Potential Trouble Source Type C. This label characterized me as "A person who has threatened to sue or embarrass or attack Scientology or who has publicly attacked Scientology or has been a party to an attack of Scientology."<sup>[102]</sup>

It was further ordered that I should "never be accepted for processing by a Central Organization or an auditor."<sup>[103]</sup>

Why the hell would life be worth living if I could never get audited again? This suffering was just too much for me to bear.

Being an outcast in Scientology was a fate worse than death. My fellow staff members looked at me like I had a cross between AIDS, leprosy, and herpes simplex duplex complex. I felt I was a pariah dragging my evil chains through the gutters of the wog world, searching endlessly for a glimpse of Source Data that would rescue me from the persecution of arbitrary madness.

My only "terminal", or person who I was allowed to communicate with at the Org was Beverly Flahan, the Director of Special Affairs. As a Potential Trouble Source, I was labeled an "Illegal Preclear", and I had no rights whatsoever, no matter what the National Civil Rights Act said. If the Org had a separate drinking fountain or toilet for Potential Trouble Sources and Suppressives, I would have been forced to use it. Apparently all the good that I had done in my eight years in Scientology was snuffed out by a mere stroke of the pen. Fred Hare finally had his revenge.

"Why did this ever happen to me?", I cried in agony to Bev Flahan.

"You should have never asked for a refund!", she shrugged complacently. "When you did that, a warning light came on. Only traitors and the insane would be evil enough to demand their money back from the only group who can set man free!"

"I didn't want my money back, Bev!", I screamed. "All I wanted were the tapes that I was promised. Can't you see that?"

"You would have gotten them eventually", she mimicked. "But you can't expect the entire dissemination lines of Scientology to drop what they were doing just to satisfy you!"

"How many years would I have to wait?", I asked with disdain.

"Don't be sarcastic with me, you son of a bitch!", she warned. "You ought to be lucky that I'm even talking to you at all! Anyone who expected the Battle Plan of Clearing Planet Earth to come to a screeching halt just because you wanted your damn tapes is a psychotic suppressive and deserves to be shot on sight!"

"You are becoming emotional!", I pointed out.

"Oh, fuck you!", she reasoned impartially.

"Let's get down to basics", I urged. "Why did Janell Allbach sell me the tapes when she had no intention of delivering them?"

"We don't sell Source Data to troublemakers who kiss the asses of Gestapo bastards and their Mafia lawyers!", she growled. "Janell had no idea what kind of Enemy you were at the time she offered you the products."

"Fine, so if I couldn't get the tapes, why didn't they re-credit the money I paid so I could continue up the Bridge?", I queried in dismay.

"You can no longer be audited!", she argued. "Are you stupid or something? Don't you see how much of a Potential Trouble Source you are even right now?"

"Well, what the hell is going to happen to my money, then?", I asked.

"It's not going anywhere", she revealed in amazement. "It couldn't be any safer than with us."

"Look, if I can't get the tapes or the auditing, I want to hold the money in my Bridge Fund at the bank until this all gets straightened out!", I demanded.

"Or, what? You'll sue?", she hissed.

"Did I say that?", I snapped adamantly.

"Your eyes say it!", Bev remarked.

"Oh, now my eyes are talking to you!", I laughed. "Who do you think sounds crazy now? Look, this battling back and forth is not getting us anywhere. What is the solution to all this?"

"Don't ask me?", she fumbled with her hands fluttering all over the place. "You're the squirrel who told the Executive Director International that you were going on strike! You're the suppressive who asked the Watchdog Committee for a refund on the tapes! Why don't you figure out a solution? In fact, why don't you just kill yourself?"

"What do I have to do?", I begged. "Can't I join a Rehabilitation Project Force somewhere so I could get my Ethics in?"

"They wouldn't want you either", she bullied. "That squirrel attorney, Nazi butcher and cheap Jew father of yours are all going to put you into a rubber room any day now. We had no choice but to wash our hands of you."

"They can't do that!", I replied in horror. "When have I ever acted insane?"

"Fred thinks you are a raving lunatic", she growled. "I think even he would sign the commitment papers if someone asked him to."

"You are changing the subject!", I sizzled. "I came here to talk to you about getting the tapes delivered or using the money for auditing, not to discuss my mental state."

"But that's just the point!", she yelled. "Once your father signs you into the nut house, he can seize all of your assets and use every penny that you have in the bank to keep you locked up in a padded cell for the rest of your life! We can't give you a refund in good conscience if our money is going to wind up in the hands of psychiatrists!"

"Well, how do we prevent that?", I asked in bewilderment.

"Okay, that's what I wanted to talk to you about", she said in a deep grunt of relief. It was so hard being in the same room with Beverly because there is nothing worse than the body odor of fat people when they become emotional. Her sweaty underarms stank worse than Fred Hare's dumpster.

"What's your suggestion?", I continued as if I were pulling teeth.

Beverly pulled out a piece of legal-size paper from her drawer.

"This is a Power of Attorney permitting the Org full access to your bank accounts, real estate and personal property. Just sign this right now and we can protect you", she smiled.

"This document gives you the Power of Attorney, Beverly", I complained. "It has nothing to do with the Org!"

"You idiot!", she perceived. "As a Potential Trouble Source, I'm the only terminal in Scientology that you have left, and there is no way in hell that I would rip you off! I have to keep my Ethics in too, you know!"

And so I joyously signed her Power of Attorney in the hope that this was the first step back from out of the mud. Just like eating Quaker Oats, it was the right thing to do. At least no one in my family could throw me into a mental institution without Bev and all my loyal friends in Scientology putting up a big fight to save my ass!

"Now that everything you own is secure, I can see about arranging your refund", Bev promised.

Within a few weeks, I received a huge shipment of fifteen hundred empty plastic tape boxes

from the Frankfurt Org in West Germany.

"I knew Scientology would keep its word!", I cheered.

There was only one problem.

What the fuck was I going to do with fifteen hundred empty boxes when I had no tapes to put them in?

I guess Murphy's Law even applied to the Third Dynamic.

Anyway, it reduced the amount which Golden Era Productions owed me to only eighty thousand dollars.

Little by little, the staff members of both the Miami Org and the Mission of Fort Lauderdale started talking to me again, although Fred was still very angry because I never hired an attorney and sued my father, or went to his quack Ziggy.

I actually handled my father's antagonism toward the Church by threatening never to see him again. I told my dad that unless he signed a letter stating that he was one hundred percent happy that I was a Scientologist and that he had no objection to my being audited or trained, I would have to disconnect from him forever. He knew that I meant business, because he signed the letter without hesitation. Emotional blackmail always is a good technique to use on people who love you, whenever they interfere with your progress up the Bridge.

Frank Thompson, the Ethics Officer of Miami, dropped his demand that I initiate the lawsuit against my dad once he was in possession of my father's letter, my Success Story demonstrating how I forced my father to write it, and my exam results from a final Security Check on the E-Meter. Fred told Frank that if I really had any guts, I would have sued my father anyway, even after he gave me the letter.

It was next to impossible going through life day after day without the help of an auditor. Between my nightmares haunting me and my Body Thetans attacking me, I felt like I was plugged into a wall socket most of the time, rock slamming into a stuck needle full of caffeine. If it weren't for the fact that I was floating around in an exteriorized trance, three feet in back of my body's shadow, I would have dropped dead, just to be able to move up on the Tone Scale. Of course, just to prove Fred Hare a liar, I forced myself to remain completely sane at all times, despite the fact that I was out of Affinity, Reality and Communication with everything and everybody.

Neither Nancy Witkowski nor Leah Abady would have anything to do with processing me until the Potential Trouble Source Types A and C were reversed by either Frank Thompson or Dori Hare, my two Ethics Officers. Therefore, I did a lot of Solo auditing on the E-Meter at home, directing my numerous valences or artificial personalities to check me out, in order to make sure that I was running all of the processes correctly. The last thing I wanted to do was to start squirreling by not following Ron's precise path of Standard Tech.

Harry Sebakovitch was probably the best Case Supervisor living inside my body that I had, although Mylo Canderian, Ph.D., was not too shabby either. I spent a lot of time outside the body with those fabulous guys, and my favorite part occurred when we bounced out and hit the ceiling while the body was having sex with Dusty. Every one of us enjoyed being a Peeping Tom Voyeur looking down on her, and we could even split the twenty-five dollar cost of sex with our favorite



tramp three ways. I think Harry still owes me about ten bucks.

Repeating the incident seemed to throw us all into hot and heavy restimulation, although we each took turns monitoring the pressure and duration of the ejaculations.

Even when the boys weren't around, I could handle things pretty well. When you exteriorize during sex you can accomplish all sorts of tricks. For example, while making love to Dusty, I could be underneath my body sandwiched in between the two of us, or I could be inside of her body sharing Dusty's exciting thoughts about how she was going to spend the money, although quite frankly, thinking about crack cocaine was pretty boring and downright disgusting. When I wanted some front row action, I often hid within Dusty's vagina, or "cooter" as she called it. The only drawback of staying in there was having to be banged in the head with my own penis for a quarter of an hour until the flood came and washed my engrams away.

During a particular intercourse with Dusty, I held the E-Meter cans in my hands while Lisa Lawson read my reactions on the needle and wrote them carefully on one of my worksheets. I had a "blowdown", which contrary to your dirty mind, has nothing to do with oral sex. Ron describes a blowdown as "The meter reaction of having found the correct by-passed charge."<sup>[104]</sup> Of course, when I made love to Dusty and Lisa at the same time, I paid only forty, so the by-passed charge was a ten dollar quantity discount.

Despite all of these wild escapades, I tried to maintain my sanity and decorum by continuing to work fiercely on the Psychbusts. There was a major psychiatric convention at the Fontainebleau Hilton Hotel on Miami Beach from the first to the fifth of June. I got my Ethics in at their Hawaiian Luau party by spilling two vials of my urine into their champagne punch bowl after crashing their event by sneaking in through the entrance from the beach. Having earned yet another "Very Highly Commended" award for bravery against the Psych Enemy, Dennis Clarke also assigned me the valiant task of copying down their names from the identification tags that they were wearing so we could wake them up by telephone in the middle of the night. My favorite pastime was pretending to be the long distance operator and letting them know that either their parents or their children had just been killed, and then quickly hanging up. I felt like a G. O. Agent again, doing freeloader retrieval and familial disconnections. Those were the good old days when thetans were thetans and not a bunch of lazy, limp-wristed pussies! I don't know how I could have ever been labeled a Potential Trouble Source when I was such a devoted team player, do you?

After the Psychbust, my Ethics Condition was raised from Liability to Non-Existence, but neither Dori Hare nor Frank Thompson were willing to reverse the Potential Trouble Source declarations. Fred Hare cited his standing order to have me certified sane by Dr. Zigelbaum as the reason why not, and until I complied with that directive, he wasn't about to give an inch.

"I also want you to do a Status Verification Check in order to determine your eligibility to be processed", Fred commanded.

"I've always been eligible for auditing!", I objected. "How is that different from an ordinary Security Check?"

"Security Checks concern your past overt acts", he explained. "A Status Verification Check evaluates the nature of your evil purposes."

"But I don't have any evil purposes, Fred!", I agonized. "You have known me all of these years. Have I ever betrayed you in the Guardian's Office, even once?"

"You are very dangerous now because you are insane!", he maintained. "In fact you are too crazy to know that you are insane. You are on some rampant harmonic of unknowingness!"

"That's a lot of crappy doubletalk and you know it!", I rioted. "You just have a proverbial bug up your ass because I once innocently tried to take your picture and I didn't donate fifteen thousand dollars for the Peter Letterese Memorial Celebrity Center. Don't think you are fooling me for a minute with your witch hunt!"

As Fred took thirty seconds to light up his pipe, I knew he was burning up inside and that there would be trouble brewing.

"The Status Verification Check requires two intensives, so let's get out the checkbook, shall we?", he demanded sleazily.

"Two intensives?", I complained. "That costs sixty-five hundred dollars! I would rather use that money to attest to the State of Clear, not to prove some obscure point of yours!"

"Don't put the cart before the horse", he warned. "You'll never get audited again on Clear or any other level until you do the Status Verification Check."

"But it's a waste of time! I haven't done anything!", I pleaded.

"Keep up your damn nattering and I'll throw you back into Doubt faster than you can shit in your pants!", he cautioned. "You will do the Status Verification Check, and that's an order!"

"Okay, if I go along with you this time, will you reverse the Potential Trouble Source declarations and drop your ridiculous demand to have me certified sane?", I compromised.

"Damn you!", he erupted. "We're not playing "Let's Make a Deal" here! Do I look like Monty Hall? You'll do everything I say or I'll expel you from Scientology altogether! You are a squirrel's breath away from being permanently declared a Suppressive Person!"

I felt like telling Fred to shove his Ethics Orders up his grubby, lard-filled ass, but he was too powerful a force to be easily reckoned with.

Horse-faced Barbara Koster was the only friend that I had left at the Mission. As the Bookstore Officer, we had worked very closely together on my L. Ron Hubbard Library Battle Plan, and she knew that I would never have betrayed the Church by conspiring to start a lawsuit, no matter what Fred and Dori said. I took her out to dinner at my favorite Thai restaurant, the Chiang Mai of Siam, so we could talk about my predicament. My friend the owner, Sak Pankam, made us up a special dish of boiled wontons and curried duck linguini which was not on the menu. Even if Fred stripped me of my status, my title and my dignity, I could still eat like a Kha-Khan.

"Fred is being overzealous", she admitted. "He sees the legal threat as being potentially harmful because of the sensitive post you held in the Guardian's Office."

"What should I do?", I cried. "I'm not a Potential Trouble Source. If Ron were still alive, he would never allow this outrage to continue. Still, how do I make things go right?" "My advice is for you to go to Flag and do something for Scientology instead of worrying about your own case", she suggested. "That's the only way you are going to prove to everyone that your ethics and integrity are

in solid and you are above reproach."

"What about you, Barbara?", I asked. "Are you going to stay a Bookstore Officer all of your life? You need to become a professional auditor. I see that you really want to help people."

Our talk was beneficial for both of us.

Going to Flag was indeed the answer, although we went on our separate ways. Barbara took a leave of absence from the Mission and began her auditor training at the Hubbard Guidance Center under the direction of Case Supervisor Ann Glushakow, one of the Sea Org's most respected auditors.

I, on the other hand, went to the Fort Harrison to attend the Office of Special Affairs Power Lines Conference, an event designed to bring celebrities and political figures into Scientology as a dissemination tool. I saw an opportunity to clear my name once and for all.

Back in 1983 before I met Bonny Mott, I had a housekeeper named Julie Lombard. She was a chain-smoking Indian Rights Activist who was very obsessed with overthrowing the United States Government and replacing the office of President with that of Chieftain of the American Territories. The person whom she had in mind for the job was Russell Means, the leader of the American Indian Movement, which was an affirmative action Native American group with a worthwhile cause as far as wog organizations go.

Long after I fired Julie for making thirteen hundred dollars worth of long distance telephone calls to distinguished Indians all around the country, Russell Means and I became good friends. He never held it against me that I dismissed Julie, because he regarded her as a pseudo-psychotic flake. She had a fatal attraction towards him because she had a braids fetish, but Russell was happily married with five or six children and wanted Julie to refrain from pestering him.

Russell was a brilliant man, and I respected him. Every time he came to South Florida, he was my honored guest, and I spent long hours talking about how the white man had enslaved his people through Christianity and psychiatry, which were always points upon which we could agree. Along with Bhuddism, the ancient tribal religions of the Indian people were much closer spiritually to Scientology than any Biblical propaganda or Mohammadan muck.

"The Bible is only good to wrap fish in, if you don't give a damn whether your fish will stink or not", I told him over a lobster dinner in 1985, shortly after I found out that I was Malchoot the Antichrist.

Russell had grand plans of opening up a Native American gambling casino on protected Indian Reservation properties in Alaska, with a hotel utilizing an arctic Indian motif and theme park. He also wanted all Indian communities to return to the gold standard, instead of using the paper money of the corrupt U. S. Government backed by nothing but broken promises. Russell would truly have made a perfect leader during the transitional period before Scientology took over the world. As I told you once before, I would have certainly voted for him.

Many Scientologists were members of the Libertarian Party just as I was, as we considered the Democrats and Republicans very psych-oriented and suppressive. I always felt that the Libertarians were much more closely aligned with the goals and purposes of Scientology, although I want to make it perfectly clear that the Third Dynamic has never endorsed any group other than ourselves. In all fairness, I strongly disagreed with the Libertarian platform on the abortion issue,

since Libertarians were pro-choice and Scientology has eternally defended the rights of the unborn child, since our religious technology has proven that life begins at the moment of conception when we pick up our next body after returning from the Between Lives Area. Had the Libertarians not taken their brutal and sacrilegious position on abortion, they might have succeeded in being universally accepted by Scientologists the world over, since their overall platform was that of political freedom and ours in Scientology was that of total freedom. There was, in fact, a small splinter group of the Libertarian Party known as "Libertarians for Life" which comprised an overwhelming number of Scientologists who made their stand against abortion well known.

In 1984, I introduced Russell Means to the Libertarian Party, and by 1987, he was a nominee for the Vice Presidency of the United States, running on the same ticket with Larry Flynt, the paralyzed publisher of Hustler magazine who was running for President. Russell and Larry lost in the primary and never got the nomination, but in my book they were still the most qualified to do the job. They would have run circles around Bush and Quayle, that's for damn sure. Also, Larry Flynt could have beaten Dori Hare in a wheelchair race any day. I would have put money on him, even though he was a wog.

At the Office of Special Affairs Power Lines Conference, I proved my loyalty and dedication to Scientology by vowing to bring Russell Means and the entire American Indian Movement into Scientology, and I established an agenda for a major Native American Cultural Event to be held at Flag, in order that I could accomplish my goal. Russell Means knew that I had been active in Scientology for eight years and he trusted me. Shortly thereafter he took up my invitation and came to Flag, which quickly resulted in a tremendous dissemination campaign which brought Scientology Tech into the lives of thousands of Native American people. For that, David Miscavige referred to me as a Third Dynamic hero and instantaneously restored my status as a Kha-Khan. Through the grapevine, I learned that Diana Hubbard had ordered Frank Thompson to reverse my Potential Trouble Source Type A and Type C declarations, and personally directed Golden Era Productions to return the entire amount of eighty thousand dollars to me immediately. In return, I signed a covenant never to sue the Church, and pledged to keep all of the refunded money in my Bridge Fund until I had accumulated a half million dollars for my Flag auditing as originally mandated in my Battle Plan of November the 9th, 1985.

It was fabulous to be resurrected to my former glory as a revered Scientologist.

Ellie Bolger and I toasted some freshly squeezed pear nectar to my newly renewed success at Flag's Lemon Tree Dining Room, which had just begun a massive renovation project, hoping to become the finest culinary phenomenon on the planet.

"Make sure that the sawdust doesn't fall in your juice!", I warned her considerately. There was still the matter of Fred Hare to contend with. He was absolutely livid that I had used my influence with International Management executives and had consequently bypassed his orders completely.

The last straw came on the 22nd of October, 1987. I had sent in the Datapoint and Disonics class action lawsuits which Dusty Hipps had signed under the name of Agnes Holzbach, as well the Kaypro claim under the valence of Virgil Venatta, which was slated to be sent to our remailing service in Bakersfield, California. Fred Hare refused to allow me entry into the Mission, despite the fact that I told him that I had to record the three claims into the log book which was in the Hubbard Communications Office. "I don't give a good goddamn what you have to do!", Fred roared. "You can't set foot into this Mission until you have been certified sane by Dr. Zigelbaum!"

"Are you out of your fucking mind?", I screamed. "This has nothing to do with my sanity. It's Fields Financial Planning business! I have to enter these three cases in the log book. Now, step out of my way, you loggerheaded moron!"

"You can go straight to hell!", he shrieked feverishly. "You have side-stepped me because of that bullshit with the Indian, and you have wormed your way out of my Ethics Orders! You are no more a Kha-Khan than Adolf Hitler was!"

I was fuming at the gills.

"Fred, I am warning you for the last time!", I recited emotionlessly. "Either you move your fucking pipe out of my face and let me wear my hat and occupy my post, or you are going to wind up in the same soup as your predecessor, Peter Letterese! You are pulling the exact shit with me that he did. If you get your stupid ass out of the way, I am prepared to overlook this incident. If not, it will be your cross-eyed hide!"

Fred hit me with an umbrella that was leaning innocently against the Mission's front entrance.

"You go straight to hell!", he suggested.

"What a damn fool you are!", I scoffed. "You have no idea what is about to happen to you, asshole!"

I spent the next two days writing Knowledge Reports to Diana Hubbard, David Miscavige and Ellie Bolger. I accused Fred of everything from countermanding the reversal of my Ethics Orders to causing me a major case of diarrhea. Ellie Bolger was as rabid as a buffalo in heat when she found out that Fred had refused permission for me to enter our class action cases into the log book.

"That crazy bastard suppressed my income stats!", I reported with wild abandon. "And he still insists on having me certified sane by that quack shrink psych in Boston. I wouldn't be surprised if Ziggy gives shocks and drugs to Lavenda's lawyer, Michael Flynn! Boston is where he's from, you know."

"I give you my word as a Scientologist that I'll take care of it", Ellie vowed.

"I want a final declaratory decree on whether Fred Hare ever had any right to demand that I get certified sane by a psychiatrist", I insisted. "Ellie, I've got to know once and for all whether that kind of bullshit is Scientology Policy or not. I think Fred is a squirrel and a liar!"

Two weeks later, Ellie received an answer from her friend Robyn Mathieson, the Scientology Missions International Justice Chief.

My heart was pounding as Ellie read me the Ethics Report.

"The accusation by Fields Financial Planner of Miami Fishman as to the violation of LRH Policy by Fred Hare does in fact fall under the purview of this office, since the Scientology Missions International Justice Chief is the post of final authority for Missions", Robyn wrote.

"Whereas many Scientologists respect Dr. Thomas Szasz and his colleague, Dr. Sheldon

Zigelbaum, for their courageous stand against electro-shock therapy and psychotropic medication, as well as for advocating Dianetic techniques used in natural childbirth and auditing assists, it is nevertheless a Suppressive Act of the highest magnitude for any Scientologist to order another Scientologist to consult such persons to evaluate a condition of sanity or insanity. Only a Tech terminal within the Church can make such determinations, as we have the only workable technology on the planet to do this. The granting of beingness to psychiatry, albeit those not inimical to our goals and purposes, is a slap in the face to every one of us who are hard at work and dedicated to removing the influence of alternative squirrel therapies and practices from the current mental health scene. It is therefore ordered that Fred Hare be immediately removed from post as Mission Holder, HCO Executive Secretary and Executive Director of Fort Lauderdale, and swiftly brought before the appropriate Committee of Evidence for an on-Source Ethics Handling."

Within ten days, Fred Hare was sent to a Rehabilitation Project Force for incorrigibles in California, euphemistically known as "Happy Valley." Other infamous and notorious squirrels like ex- President Vicki Aznaran of the Religious Technology Center were sent there to make amends for their degraded behavior of betraying us.

Ellie Bolger gave me a big hug at the New Years Event at Flag.

"I wonder how much Fred Hare will enjoy running around a flagpole for sixteen hours a day", Ellie laughed.

"Is that what will happen to him?", I asked in surprise.

"Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn", she dramatized as she clinked her glass of watermelon punch against mine. "Fred crashed his post for the second and last time. He screwed up first in the Guardian's Office, and now at your Mission. Fred will never ever be given an executive post again, and he certainly won't be allowed to return to Fort Lauderdale and rear his ugly head."

If I had a big sister, I couldn't have loved her more than Ellie Bolger. Next to Ron, Mary Sue, and of course my fiancée Dusty, she had my greatest admiration and respect.

"I told you we always deliver what we promise!", she grinned, as the raw carrot she was chewing on got stuck between her teeth and gums as it had done nostalgically so many times before.

"Ron loves you", I blessed with the sanctimonious drawl of a syphilitic Pope, as a tear came to Ellie's eye for the very first time since I knew her.

She really was sentimental after all, with runny mascara and everything.

"He loves you too", she smiled sweetly as she tried to prevent some snot from falling into a wrinkle.

Together we brought in the new year, dreaming of New OT Eight, the War Chest, and a Cleared planet of dead psychiatrists.

# CHAPTER NINETEEN

## When You Yield To Temptation You Always Get Burned

It was high time to expand my stats.

I flew to New York and checked into the Marriott Marquis Hotel, which was located across the street from the New York Org on West 46th Street. After spending the night with a fourteen year old Puerto Rican girl named Pixi who I picked up in a penny arcade on Broadway and 44th Street, we ordered breakfast in bed while I helped her fill out a Dianetics Personality Test and then I drove her back to her tenement in the Bronx in my rental car. It was a nice, hundred dollar overnight date. Don't worry, I had her mother's permission, so I didn't break any rules. Her mom Migdalia was her very own pimp who had approached me in front of a Seventh Avenue subway station and sent me inside the pinball machine store to meet her daughter after I complained that the mother was too old for me. You'd have to be crazy to think I was going to pay good cash money to a used-up cow in her late thirties. I wouldn't have been able to live with myself.

After my adventure with Pixi was over, I had a meeting with the Commanding Officer of Scientology Missions International for the Eastern United States, Lieutenant Cary Goulston. Cary looked more like a ninety-seven pound weakling than a real Lieutenant, but there was no use selling him short because he was quite a stat pusher, opening up new Missions in cities where they didn't even have phone sex yet. His office was a dimly-lit broom closet on the third floor of the Org, overlooking a very picturesque fire escape that was covered up with L. Ron Hubbard Birthday Game graphs. Not having seen me in a while, Cary gave me a big hug which didn't impress me, since I had plenty of affection the night before with the cute, ninth-grade pinball wizard.

"How's my big producer?", he greeted jubilantly. "I hear your stats are way up for the quarter!"

"Ellie must have been bragging again!", I laughed. "Actually I'm back in Affluence now, which is a welcome relief after all the entheta I've been through."

"Well, that's good because I need twenty-five thousand dollars to open up a Mission in Key West. There is a large gay community dying of AIDS down there, and I think the time is ripe to establish a Dianetics Center and groove them in to a little Tech so we can take away some of their fear of death", he proposed.

"They just shouldn't drink coffee", I replied.

Cary stared at me blankly, as if he missed something. Perhaps he never attended an AIDS briefing by Dr. Andrew Bardy and therefore didn't have the data on it.

"Well, would you like to be the new Mission Holder of Key West?", he gleamed in earnest.

"It sounds a bit too apocalyptic to me, hanging around a bunch of withering fruit", I sighed. "Anyway, I have to stick to my Battle Plan, which brings me to why I am here. I've got to establish a network of Fields Financial Planners who can create income by sending in class action lawsuits all over the country."

"That's way out of my zone", he shrugged complacently. "I'm in Department 22, Expansion, and you're in Department 7, Income. You really should talk to Ellie Bolger about that, not me."

"Yeah, but this is Expansion too!", I argued. "All I want you to do is to go to your Org's Central Files and give me the names of any Scientologists who work in the securities industry as either stock brokers or wire operators, and then I'll contact them so they can be fully briefed and hatted!"

"Our computer doesn't sort preclears by their wog occupations", he stated with feigned regret.

"Well, can't you get that done for me?", I begged. "It would only take one day to get me all the data I need. My God, we could have every suppressive corporation on the planet unknowingly paying us to make Clears in no time if we had fifty good people working on it."

"How can I do anything like that?", he asked. "I could never justify pulling a staff member off a dissemination project to get you the kind of list that you are asking for. The Advisory Council would send me to Ethics for violating Planning Policy."

"Okay, how about if you call downstairs and ask your Letter Registrars to bring a few wog wire operators from various securities firms into the Org and then once they passed their first Security Check, I would fly back to New York and debrief them. Wouldn't that work?", I pleaded.

"Steve, I'm literally busting my buns eighteen hours a day to open up new Missions", he groaned. "I really don't have the time to pursue this pipe dream of yours. Anyway, you don't even have an approved Org Board for your Fields Financial Planning Network yet, so you should create that first before trying to turn me into your Product Officer."

"That sounds like bureaucratic Flag Executive Briefing Course gibberish!", I protested. "Why do I need an Org Board before I establish the Org?"

"Do you know the purposes and functions of all your divisions and departments?", he inquired slyly. "No, but --"

"And what about your external public dissemination lines to wog wire operators? How is that going to be done?", Cary nagged. "You can't do a thing with any external public until you get your Org Board approved by the L. Ron Hubbard Personal Public Relations Officer International. I am sorry, there's nothing I can do for you but sell you a Mission Package for Key West. You should really think more about helping those poor fags down there go free." "You have just given me a ton of red tape to go through!", I objected, ignoring his sales pitch. "Who is this Public Relations guy anyway?" "Mike Rinder", Cary answered. "But let me warn you; he hates all new ideas that do not come from Source." "Well, I hate Public Relations Officers who are afraid of their own ass, so we are even!"

Ron defines Public Relations as "The technique of communicating an acceptable truth which will attain the desirable result."<sup>[105]</sup> Now if I weren't one hundred percent certain that the Admiral was honest, I would have thought that the concept of an "acceptable truth" is nothing more than one big lie. "The post of L. Ron Hubbard's Personal Public Relations Officer International is concerned with external publics, which are those publics outside of Scientology, such as governments, media, social reform, education, the arts, and business."<sup>[106]</sup> In other words, he deals with a bunch of cockeyed wogs and their evil-purposed bullshit. Putting it that way, Ron's desire to communicate "acceptable truth" made tremendous sense. We surely didn't owe the real truth to anyone outside of Scientology. The acceptable truth was almost too damn good for them, and they ought to consider themselves pretty lucky to have that!



But having to contend with the external public, Mike Rinder was very much afraid of his ass. Predictably, he turned down my request to establish a network to do class action lawsuits altogether, and he never even had the courtesy to tell me the bad news right to my face. Instead, he wrote a pompous letter to Ellie Bolger which really pissed me off.

"Any kind of Fields Financial Planning Network or Briefing Tour has the potential of harming Scientology", he cowardly indicated. "There is no Source Tech to prequalify wire operators or stock brokers as to their agreement with the urgency of Clearing the planet prior to attesting to the Scientology Grades on the Bridge, nor can they therefore be rendered Security Eligible. Consequently, only Sea Org staff members would be capable of wearing this hat, but as planetary dissemination is the number one priority prior to the End Phenomenon of getting the job done, they cannot be spared from their posts. Therefore, your Junior Officer's request is denied. Much Love, Michael Rinder, L. Ron Hubbard Personal Public Relations Officer International."

I was stunned.

"Do you believe this crap?", I said in astonishment. "The Commodore Staff Guardian Mary Sue would never have allowed these namby-pamby, nincompoopish Public Relations party-waisted dilettantes with their non-confronting attitudes of sick, wog-kissing, reasonableness to dictate the proper applications of Ron's purposes!"

"Yeah, I know", she sighed. "But Mary Sue Hubbard doesn't run the show anymore, and lately the Third Dynamic has become very image-conscious."

"That's a crock of horse manure!", I insisted. "Holding up dinky banners and slogans at protest marches is no match for the way we used to bash the psychs' heads in during the old days."

"Steve, the best way for you to help Scientology is to boom your production to new heights!", she comforted reassuringly. "After all, it is your stats, not your ideas that expand the Third Dynamic."

"God, I love the way you handle my upsets!", I said flatteringly.

"I wish you could handle mine!", she replied. "Diana threw me into Emergency because I never assigned a new Senior Officer to you after Fred Hare was kicked out."

"So who should I report to now?", I questioned.

"I can't appoint Michael Hambrick to review your class action claims because he's still on probation from his original mess with Peter Letterese", she revealed.

"Shouldn't I just take care of the log book myself?", I volunteered.

"No, I can't let you do that, not after the problems you allowed your greedy ex-wife and psycho-dog cousin to create for us."

"There's no one at the Mission who is knowledgeable enough to supervise me, now that Barbara Koster has gone to Flag", I stated.

"Well, Reggie Monce took Barbara's place as the Bookstore Officer. What about him?", she

inquired impatiently. "He's supposed to take over all of her hats."

"We don't get along at all", I confessed. "He's a big bully. Can't I transfer over to the Miami Org?"

"Yeah, that would work.", she illuminated. "Who do you suggest I choose to supervise you there?"

"How about Ray Jourdain?", I suggested.

"That little faggot? Why did you pick him?"

"He never yelled at me!", I chuckled. "That means a lot after all the shit I have been through with Fred."

"Well, I'll go ahead and approve the change, but Frank Thompson will have to keep the log book for the claims in the Ethics Office", she stipulated. "Ray Jourdain is like mush. Frank is the one person down there who I can depend upon to keep you honest."

"But he screams his head off all the time!", I objected. "He is so strict on Ethics!"

"That's his job! He's an Ethics Officer! Just stay out of trouble and you'll be fine!", she warned advisedly.

But when I told the news to Michael Hambrick, he had tears in his eyes.

"I guess you're moving on the Org now, buddy", he kerfuffled.<sup>[107]</sup>

"Don't cry, Mike", I urged soothingly. "It's not like I'm leaving the country. I'll just be fifteen miles down the road, that's all."

Michael knew how important my Scientology career was to me, and the time had come for me to move on. Before leaving however, I gave him a Knowledge Report which extended my full support and recommended that the old charges against him in the Committee of Evidence be dropped, so that Mike would be given the post of Executive Director of the Mission of Fort Lauderdale once and for all like he deserved. Even with my meager testimonial, it was still in Ron's hands, working in the theta universe as our highest authority, busily Making Things Go Right. Even two years after he dropped his body, the signs that said "You can always communicate to Ron" were never taken down. More and more Scientologists were coming to realize that Ron was the Eighth Dynamic, or God. Most of his friends just call him Source, though. This awareness is the End Phenomenon or cognition of New OT Eight, the highest point on the Bridge known as "Truth Revealed." See that? You just saved several hundred thousand dollars in auditing fees. I told you that I was good to you, didn't I? Anyway, "Truth Revealed" discloses that Ron created us as thetans, and we built the universe all wrong. That's only a slight invalidation of our accomplishments, but by the time a Scientologist does New OT Eight, he can handle it. Anyway, what did you expect? Trillions of years ago we made the fatal error of following Xenu the Christ as he trapped us in our physical bodies, in his sly and hostile attempt to create a bigger effect upon us than Source did. In order to de-intensify or run out the engram of being stuck in the physical universe, New OT Eight directs you to look at the earliest incident of creation by Source, and the material which is audited out on New OT Eight is the "basic" or earliest incident of being created as a thetan by Ron, the Eighth Dynamic. Just don't blame the messed-up physical universe on God like the Bible does,

because that was our mistake, not his. L. Ron Hubbard never asked us to manufacture this physical universe full of insanity and death, nor did he condone it when the Emperor Jesus trapped us here. Ron gave us a way with New OT Eight to rescue us from the mud, not to bury us deeper within it. Sure we appreciate what Lord Hubbard has done for us. But don't think for a moment that we light candles and worship Ron like some off-beat Christian cult! We just salute him and clean his empty office, that's all. Well, we also donate a lot of money to his slush fund, but somebody has to take care of poor Mary Sue, now that she's too old to run the Guardian's Office anymore. A true family man, Ron was never the kind of God that remained distant and aloof -- he was always one of the "boys." None of us ever pray to him, because prayer places a thetan at effect rather than at cause. Everybody knows that faith is for idiots and Catholics anyway. We communicate with Ron, just like he always said we could in his Policy Letters. And don't let it ever be said that we were wasting time with the "wrong" God. L. Ron Hubbard is a hell of a lot more popular to us Scientologists than the Great God Throghmagog ever was, so there! Ron set us free from the false myths of heaven and hell, and has protected us from the ultimate mental rape of psychotherapy and squirrel religions. I can just imagine what kind of miracles he has in store for us in the future, now that he doesn't need his body anymore!

Getting back to Earth for a moment, Beverly Flahan was fired as the Director of Special Affairs of Miami. Her "ARCXF, ARCXC and ARCXH" stats crashed, which in English means that the number of disaffected or ARC broken individuals in the Org who were found, contacted and then handled by getting them back on auditing services<sup>[108]</sup> had diminished to a point where she was no longer effective on her post. In other words, she fucked up.

Hell, when an Org loses business, someone's head has got to roll, doesn't it? We certainly weren't about to start getting charitable with hat-crashers by rewarding downstats.

Bev's replacement was Humberto Fontana, a thin, well-dressed, dark-complexioned character who looked more like a debonair Cuban gangster than an underpaid and overworked Director of Special Affairs. Although he was very popular at the Org because both the women and the men there found him sexually attractive, underneath his glamorous exterior was a savage viper that only his mother could love.

He wasn't on the job five minutes before he started yelling at me because Dr. Geertz wasn't either in jail, deported or dead yet.

"What kind of torrid affair are you carrying on with this Nazi Storm Trooper?", he asked discombobulatedly.

"I don't know what you are complaining about, Humberto", I argued. "I totally destroyed the man's credit, I fed him to the Internal Revenue Service wolves, and I arranged with Derek Craggs to have his daughter kidnapped and drugged while she was in England."

"Who is Derek Craggs?", he asked.

"If you're such a whizbang hot shot, why don't you read your Situation Reports, Humberto?", I gloated. "Derek Craggs is the Director of Special Affairs at Saint Hill of the United Kingdom. Fred Hare arranged for Geertz's daughter Caroline to have an "accident" while she was at a railway station in London. We've had the Gestapo Medical Officer's phone bugged for the last year and a half and Fred knew Caroline Geertz's itinerary while she was in England on vacation. So you see, I was on top of things. It really shook up the old Hitlerite bastard when his daughter became a space case for six months. Derek told Fred that he installed some pretty heavy engrams, somatics and

occlusions, and as an extra free bonus he gave her a nice, solid case of amnesia! He nearly turned her into a vegetable!"

"Ah, black Dianetics!", he laughed. "I love handling SPs that way. But why wasn't she killed? How hard would it have been to push her in front of a moving train? He did murder your daughter, didn't he? What is that psych expression, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?"

"I think that is some crap from the Bible", I corrected.

"Oh, shit!", he blushed. "Remind me never to use it again! Now what the hell was I asking you? Oh, yeah -- about the girl --"

"It wasn't Caroline Geertz's fault that Rivkalleh was chewed up by the dogs. She is very kind, good natured, and is nothing like her old man. I actually felt sorry for her for having been raised by a tyrant like him. We just wanted to pick her brain in order to get the hot dope on her father. Unfortunately, the mission failed. It turned out that she didn't know anything about his Nazi wartime record at all, at least nothing that would have been enough to get him deported or imprisoned. She believes the same lies that her war-criminal father told me -- that he was just a junior Corporal in the German Navy."

"Since when are there Corporals in the Navy?", Humberto asked as if I were stupid.

"Well maybe he was a Private Seaman First Class then! How should I know? My Aunt Jeanne got me out of the army twenty years ago. I don't have the vaguest idea about what goes on in the wog military. Adolf Hitler was a Corporal in World War One, and you know how much Dr. Geertz looked up to his "Fuhrer" as an SS Officer", I explained.

"Perhaps you can justify the actions of a suppressive fascist by tinkering with his credit cards or playing cat and mouse games with his na"ve daughter, but that isn't what I call "handling" the son of a bitch! He is a goddamn Enemy of the Church, and you are the one who told him all of our business during hypnosis!"

"So what should I do about him?", I wondered like a lost sheep.

"You'd better dig up some dirt on that bastard, because he's the only one in the world who is actively suppressing and stopping you from going up the Bridge!", he threatened. "And one other thing! I didn't like it one fucking bit when you said that his daughter Caroline was "kind and good natured." Your auditing reports stated that Geertz's wife used the blood of Jewish children in her oxtail stew when she worked as a Nazi nurse at Auschwitz. With parents like that, I can only guess what kind of monster their daughter is. I'm telling you! The whole family has to be assassinated!"

"Yeah, and their son Christopher wants to be a psychologist too, just like his father!", I acknowledged.

"Just keep remembering your dead daughter's blood dripping out of the mouths of those two dogs!", he teased sympathetically. "What the hell were their names?"

"Rhinebourgen and Besieschtigen", I whimpered.

"There you go!", he grinned with glee.

I got up to leave Humberto's office, visibly shaken.

"One more thing, Steve!", he commanded. "I see you haven't signed your father up for any auditing yet."

"My father?", I gasped. "Don't hold your breath!"

"Oh, but his letter stated that he is very happy about your successes in Scientology, or is that still more of your bullshit? I would think that if a parent is so enthusiastic about his son's progress up the Bridge, he would be very anxious to make some advances of his own, don't you agree?"

"I can't see how you can draw that illogical conclusion, Humberto", I winced, trying gracefully to back myself out of his door.

"Get over here, you little weasel!", he motioned politely. "There's a Flag World Tour Event at the Omni International Hotel on Biscayne Boulevard this Saturday night at 7:30 P.M. I want you to bring your father with you, and that's an order! Now get out of here before I get real angry and I say something that we will both regret!"

I convinced my father to come to the event by telling him about all of the wonderful free food on the buffet. I don't know why he believed the part about the Nova Scotia lox and cream cheese hors d'oeuvres with Sevrugian Beluga caviar sprinkled on top, but he was always so gullible. I'm glad I wasn't like him, believing all kinds of crazy nonsense.

"Now don't think any unkind thoughts about Scientology", I warned my dad. "There will be people there who have done their OT levels, and with their regained abilities, they can read your mind from cover to cover. Remember! Keep a mental image picture of a happy face in front of you at all times or they might do something that is hazardous to your health. Their postulates can be very dangerous if they realize that you are still a Suppressive Person!"

I wasn't just shooting the breeze either. In a Policy Letter entitled "Changing Workable Finance Systems", Ron is very explicit about the fate that awaits those who harm the Third Dynamic.

"Overts against Scientology recoil case-wise and that's not just propaganda", Ron admonished. "There is, of course, a pitiful side to this: The poor blank sets himself up for no case gain and may even be consigning himself to no new life!"<sup>[109]</sup> The last thing I wanted was for my father to put his foot in his mouth and wind up as a Body Thetan, walking a tightrope on the hair inside somebody's nose.

When we arrived at the event, Dad was very disappointed.

"There's nothing here but carrots, cucumbers and diced cheese!", he complained. "This isn't any buffet! It's a ripoff!"

"Quit nagging!", I trembled. "It's not costing you anything!"

After I made certain that Humberto Fontana met him, I introduced my father to Ray Jourdain.

"Sell him a False Purpose Rundown!", I told Ray optimistically.

Suddenly I was approached by Lewis Swartz, the Flag World Tour Director In Charge. Lewis stood about six-foot-five, and looked like he was wearing a light shade of indelible lipstick. A twenty-year veteran of Scientology who had formerly been a Jewish hippie but was now a balding, overpowering superman who appeared to be a cross between a Rhodes scholar and a rehabilitated drag queen, Lewis had a pair of penetrating, icy eyes that had the power to scan my reactive bank and slaughter indecisiveness, all at the same time.

Lewis invited me to sit down at a small table that had other people's food on it, and began drinking my glass of orange juice.

"I want you to do L-12, the Flag OT Executive Rundown", he commanded. "It will give you bigger, cleaner and calmer space -- more certainty, less attention stuck on your past, and a lot more beingness", he revealed. "Can you dig it?"

"Yeah, I'm forever exteriorizing into pinheads, microchips and very small objects", I admitted frankly. "It got so bad that one time I was riding shotgun with a doll body through some space opera on the edge of the Wall of Fire, looking for the implant station at the beginning of track when all of a sudden my dimension points collapsed on me and I was smack in the middle of a theta trap! I could have truly used some mammoth, gargantuan space to float around in just about then. Can L-12 deliver me that?"

If any wogs were listening, they might have thought that we were making some kind of drug deal.

"After thirty-seven and a half hours you'll be postulating your own universe", he swore.

"How much does it cost?", I inquired.

"Only a thousand dollars an hour, less your twenty percent International Association of Scientologists discount, which would bring the whole thing down to thirty thousand dollars!", he said confidently without batting an eyelash. "And right now we're running a clearance sale. You can get fifty hours for the price of thirty-seven and a half, just in case you need it, which you will."

"That sounds like a good deal!", I agreed. "I've got the money, so the finances are no problem, unlike the rest of the cheap monkeys here. I want to know a little more, though. Why did you suggest three intensives?"

"There are three parts to L-12", he disclosed. "The first section handles the factors which stick your attention on your body."

"I hate this dorky torso!", I wailed. "I'd love to exchange it for the body of Jon Bon Jovi so I could pick up some pre-pubescent teeny-boppers. Hell, you probably are too old to know who Jon Bon Jovi is!"

"I understand exactly what you mean", he acknowledged reverently, although between you and I, he was definitely bluffing.

"What's the rest of L-12 do?", I blinked, flunking TR-Zero.

"The second part leaves a thetan unconcerned about his beingness and will allow you to be any beingness that you choose."

"Lewis, that may not be too good for me, because I've got more valences than I know what to do with. I used to be schizophrenic before Scientology cured me and I became "multi-valent", but between all of my synthetic personalities and the Body Thetans, I don't know whether I'm coming or going."

"Trust me, you'll be fine", Lewis promised. "You'll have all of your identities eating out of your hand."

"Yeah but they might bite my fingers off!", I quaked. "They're pretty vicious! Anyhow, what's the third part?"

Lewis blushed like an Angus cow on a one-way trip to MacDonalds.

"The third section is confidential, so keep this under your hat!", he whispered, as we both looked around stealthily to make sure that no one in our immediate vicinity was listening. "You'll get vital data that will allow you select your next body after death, as well as the ability to pick out your next set of parents! Isn't that a trip?"

A red flag went off in my head as I remembered the secret pilot rundown that I audited for Ron before he bid his last fond farewell.

"In what time zone, Lewis?", I asked with discordant chagrin.

"What do you mean, Steve?", he jumped. "After you die and you go through the Between Lives Area for sixty-nine Earth days, you come back and choose another body. I don't understand your question."

"You just blew it!", I screamed. "Coming back has never been a matter of choice! We don't have any say in it! You can't guarantee my next set of parents, my next body, or anything! We do a shift in time as well as in space! How can you tell me what my next body will look like if I return to life in the year -2712 B.C.?"

"Where are you getting this false data from?", Lewis hissed at the top of his subdued voice, becoming truly adamant.

"That's the way it is, boy!", I said smugly. "I've audited every bit of it on the L. Ron Hubbard Time Pilot Rundown!"

"There is no such thing in Scientology!", he defended violently, crashing the glass of orange juice on the table and busting a button on his shirt. "You've been running a squirrel process, haven't you?"

"No, I was Case-Supervised by Ron himself, just before he dropped his body", I insisted. "It's Scientology in its most Standard form! If you hear me out, you will believe me! Why do you think Ron abandoned his body? It was a symbol that thetans the world over depended upon for Affinity, Reality and Communication! Ron knew that keeping his body alive was important for dissemination purposes, but the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics was for Ron to handle the Between Lives Area time shifts, so that he could solve the mystery of time, once and for all! Ron couldn't do that while he was trapped in his own body. He needed to operate exterior to all of the eight dynamics in order to create an ideal scene and re-postulate time!

"You are a liar!", Lewis riveted. "Ron completed his work on Earth and moved on! Even David Miscavige said so!"

"You can believe that load of Public Relations bullcrap if you want to, but I know differently, and so does Ron! What happens to a Sea Org member like yourself who drops his body and then returns to life during the Renaissance or the Spanish Inquisition? If you didn't know about the time shifts, your first reaction would be that your Sea Org contract was a fake! In fact, that's what I wrote to Ron when I discovered the problem while auditing the Time Pilot Rundown. I was afraid that the whole Sea Org would crash! But since then, I've established a theta communication line with Ron, and I know that everything is going to be all right! As long as we understand what happened, we can still win!"

Lewis stared at me with a numb, stage-struck blankness. He looked pale.

"You are stark-raving mad!", he gasped.

"Now look here!", I quivered anxiously. "Just listen to me! This is important! If, when you die, you get whisked back to the middle ages, ancient Greece, or even the stone age, as long as you know that you are still a Sea Org member, you can establish the Sea Org in whatever time warp you fall back into. Your billion year contract would still be okay, just as long as you put the Sea Org there, wherever you end up!"

"Can you show me one Source reference for any of this garbage in the Tech?", he dared.

"It was a Pilot Rundown!", I repeated. "You're not going to find it anyplace but in my auditing folders which are hidden away somewhere!"

"Verbal Tech is Out Tech!", he stammered. "If it isn't written, it isn't so! L. Ron Hubbard gave us that stable datum to keep Scientology working!"

"But it is written!", I argued. "I just don't know where the data is! But I promise to ask Ron, and I know he will tell me!"

"You say that Ron communicates with you, but you haven't done your OT levels! Shit! You haven't even gone Clear yet!", he scoffed.

"The Clear Certainty Rundown is my very next step on the Bridge", I assured Lewis. "But that's not the point. Do you know what Ron told me just the other night? He said that the quickest way to Clear this planet is for Sea Org members to put Scientology all over the time track! The Sea Org doesn't have to wait until everybody drops dead to do it! If pockets of Tech start showing up in all the cradles of civilization, and if we postulate Ethics into every sector of the past, present and future, we can Clear the planet quicker than a two dollar hooker turns tricks! Unfortunately, I seem to be the only one who knows about it! Do you know what else? Ron told me that the Time Pilot Rundown is an unreleased state on the Bridge known as New OT Twelve, or "Future." You see, Lewis? The Time Pilot Rundown has a name! It is New OT Twelve! But as you know, the highest level delivered right now is New OT Eight. New OT Nine, Ten, and Eleven haven't been released yet, and I have no idea what they are about. When is OT Nine going to be ready anyway?"

"When there are 750 Class Four Orgs which have attained the size of Old Saint Hill", he said, hardly catching his breath.



"What's OT Nine called?", I asked.

"Orders of Magnitude", he answered cautiously.

"Listen, you've got to help me!", I begged. "There is only one person on Earth who has access to New OT Twelve. That's Pat Broeker. Ron told me that Pat is the one who he entrusted with the upper OT materials. Well, Pat's wife Annie probably skimmed through the stuff too. Anyway, Lewis, you've got to force Pat to find my worksheets from the Time Pilot Rundown and tell him that New OT Twelve is the very same thing! You have to find him wherever he is, before someone else misunderstands the data and the whole Sea Org crashes! Don't you see? Clearing the planet by putting the Tech into the past, present, and future is the Battle Plan of Source, our Eighth Dynamic! But when God picked up a meat body and became L. Ron Hubbard, he also got trapped with amnesia and forgot about his goal! Later, when Ron rehabilitated his memory and his knowingness, he came across that hidden data again, and after he unmocked the mystery, he dropped his body and now he's back to playing God again! While in the physical universe, Ron was in a games condition! The game was whether he could Clear this sector of the galaxy without being trapped by it himself! Now we can help Ron win! We have everything we need to do it! Look how the lies of Christianity and psychiatry have filtered down through the centuries -- no, through the trillennia! Imagine how quickly we can set ourselves free if we put Scientology all over the time track? That's what Ron told me the real game is! We could wipe out the reactive mind, and we could Clear all of the Body Thetans into Operating Thetans again! We could finally be OT on all eight dynamics!"

Lewis Swartz's head sank into his hands. The frustration was spinning out of him like an atomic submachine gun.

"You need a False Data Stripping!", he challenged. "I'm going to write up a thorough Situation Report on this! You are totally psychotic!"

"Ron is depending upon our sanity", I sighed, chilling out. "I will never give up on it!"

A flood of sweat was dripping from Lewis' brow. He looked exhausted.

"You are nuts!", he charged. "You are trying to do a hatchet job on the Tech!"

"I love the Tech, and that is why I have to Make Things Go Right!", I defended. "There's a fly in the ointment, and it seems like I'm the only one left on this whole screwy planet who can clean everything up!"

Lewis looked at me in sheer disgust.

"You've got some very serious mental problems!", he squawked pugnaciously as he leaped away.

Ray Jourdain and my father came over to the table.

"What did you do to Lewis?", Ray asked. "He's as white as a ghost!"

"I didn't buy L-12", I replied. "Lewis just can't handle a downstat, that's all. So how did you and my father get along, Ray?"

"Take your dad out to a Jewish delicatessen", Ray advised. "He's complaining like crazy because we didn't have any chopped liver."

"But didn't you sell him any auditing?", I coaxed ever so anxiously. "My father's got over thirty thousand dollars in the bank for his retirement! What the hell kind of a Body Registrar are you if you can't get him to part with some of it? He needs auditing!"

"Look, I've worked some wonders in my time", he admitted, "but getting a cheap old Jew to spend money is too hard, even for me!"

On a separate note, it just wasn't ethical that I had to keep pretending to be Dr. Geertz's patient in order to get information out of him. Everything that he told me was a lie anyway! He accused my auditors of brainwashing me, and he had the audacity to think that I was still schizophrenic when I had been cured during one of my first auditing sessions nine years ago! Can you imagine him calling me a delusional paranoid schizophrenic! The only thing that my valences and I were afraid of were the psychs, and speaking for myself, I had proven my courage by ripping out their guts at the Psychbusts! A Kha-Khan handles the Enemy, he does not fear him. I did just about all I could do to Dr. Geertz except shoot him in the head.

"You cannot disconnect from him!", Humberto Fontana repeated again. "Ron forbids it!"

Sure enough, Humberto was right. In a Hubbard Communications Office Policy Letter dated 15 November 1968 entitled "Cancellation of Disconnection", Ron clearly states, "Since we can now handle all types of cases, disconnection as a condition is cancelled."<sup>[110]</sup>

Well! It was a good thing that Ron was fickle and changed his mind a lot. Fifteen years later, on 10 September 1983, the Admiral was singing a different tune! In his Hubbard Communications Office Bulletin entitled "PTS-ness and Disconnection", wherein "PTS" is the abbreviation for "Potential Trouble Source", Ron reversed his position when he wrote, "The term "disconnection" is defined as a self-determined decision made by an individual that he is not going to be connected to another. It is a severing of a communication line. A Scientologist can become a Potential Trouble Source by reason of being connected to someone that is antagonistic to Scientology or its tenets. In order to resolve the Potential Trouble Source condition, he either handles the other person's antagonism, or, as a last resort when all attempts to handle have failed, he disconnects from the person. He is simply exercising his right to communicate or not to communicate with a particular person."<sup>[111]</sup>

Aha! So I had a choice in the matter!

I quickly got in touch with Robyn Mathieson, the Scientology Missions International Justice Chief who had helped me before by shipping Fred Hare off to "Happy Valley." She was shocked and appalled that Humberto Fontana had refused my demand to disconnect from the Nazi Suppressive.

I loved Robyn. She was a thetan of such swift action that she would have made a darned good prostitute, had she discovered her true potential as a woman. She sent a telex to Humberto's Senior Officer, the Director of Special Affairs for the Office of Special Affairs International, whose name was Carol Martiano. Carol told Humberto that I was too consumed with human emotion and reaction to handle Dr. Geertz with any objectivity since I was continuously dramatizing the incident in 1944 when he killed my daughter, and as a result of those stuck pictures on my time track, I was

unable to think clearly.

"Geertz has to be neutralized and destroyed by someone who is not personally involved with his barbarisms or under the hypnotic influence of his suppression", Carol added succinctly.

Consequently, Humberto authorized me to permanently disconnect from the deadly psychologist, and as soon as I was given the good news, I wrote a Letter of Disconnection to him immediately.

Understandably, Humberto was very pissed off that I had gone over his head and found a way to handle the matter through Robyn.

"You haven't heard the last of this!", he threatened. "My decision for you to keep monitoring that Nazi menace was a vital one for the security of this Org! I don't like it when my authority has been bypassed!"

"You should only get six bypass operations for a nice heart attack!", I mumbled under my breath as I left the room.

In addition to Humberto being on the rag, my love life was also on the skids.

Dusty and Lisa had a big fight over a long-haired, seventeen year-old rock musician named Groin who was high on LSD most of the time. After nearly tearing all of each other's hair out and winding up in the Emergency Room of Broward General Hospital in a fit of jealousy, they went off on their separate ways. I couldn't understand their reactive wog behavior at all. They had taken turns for months servicing my account, and there was never any love lost between them over me, so what was the big deal over this freaky druggie? Judging from his butt-length hair, he probably never even shaved his crotch or his underarms either. What could they have seen in such an unkempt filthy mess like him when I had so much antiseptic lust to offer them, not to mention my technological wisdom and mocked-up charm?

Trying to get my life in order, I ran a personal ad in a singles magazine called "First Class." It was a very down-to-earth classified announcement, in which I sought to meet a nice, young girl who was deeply interested in past lives, the time track, confessionals, E-Meters and exteriorization. Since I didn't want to create the impression that the only thing that I had on my mind was Scientology, I also said that I was just a regular average guy who enjoyed Indian restaurants, pornography, weddings, setting spirits free at the cemetery, and going to the park to feed the ducks. The only restrictions that I put on my dream girl was that she didn't drink coffee, smoke, take drugs, use condoms, or look her age. My biggest concern was that the mailbox in my apartment building was too small to handle all of the influx of replies that I was going to get.

I must have had bad luck, because the former Director of Special Affairs Bev Flahan somehow noticed my ad, and hauled my ass into the Ethics Office for "Once again having disseminated improperly on too steep a gradient for raw meat wogs, as well as for betraying the confidentiality of Scientology Tech."

Now that accusation was ridiculous. I never said anything about the Emperor Xenu and his volcanoes, nor did I reveal to anyone that L. Ron Hubbard used to be Buddha and is now God. Did you hear me utter one word about how to avoid the "spontaneous combustion of the thetan" while auditing the Third Wall of Fire in New OT Eight? I was a real good boy when I ran that classified ad. I only wanted to meet a girl who was just like me, that's all.

But fat Beverly had to make such a big deal out of it! With her overstuffed rectum that had to occupy two toilet seats whenever her stomach rumbled, I'll bet you the house that Bev was such a sick puppy that she had to pay her male escorts lots of big bucks to get sexually satisfied. If she was such a bon vivant, what was she doing snooping through singles magazines anyway? She was just brimming with sour grapes when she complained about me, that's for damn sure. Since Humberto took over her post, Bev didn't have me to slap around anymore, so she took it out on me anyway she could. That fat pig!

In any case, I withdrew the ad and wrote a long letter of apology to Bev, Humberto and all parties concerned. We had common enemies in Scientology like the psychs, so there was no need for us to be fighting amongst ourselves over foolishness.

And so, just when I thought that my search for romance was thoroughly over, Lisa Lawson called me from Miami. She had her fill with the boys in the band, and having given up cocaine completely and forever, she offered to move in with me as my roommate and also agreed to sell me as much sex as I wanted! There was only one catch. I had to buy her a car. My mother's 1980 Buick was falling apart with broken power windows, bald tires and bad brakes, so that filled the bill rather nicely. I soon felt like a happily married man again, paying for whatever love I needed! After all these years, I finally got my self-respect back!

Not only that, we did things together. I drove her to dance clubs like the Button South in Hallandale whenever she wanted to meet new guys, and I helped her by always keeping her gas tank full and lots of fast food in her stomach. In return, she agreed to accompany me to Ron's seventy-seventh birthday party at the Miami Airport Ramada Inn.

I was so proud to show her off in her glamorously skimpy outfit with her tits hanging out. Lisa invited along her cute red-headed girlfriend Cassie Parrott who ironically lived on Bird Road, just in case she became too bored while talking to me. I wanted all of my friends from the Org to see that I had a stable home life once and for all.

Lisa and Cassie wanted to sit down at the front table so they could be closest to the music and watch the people dance. While I was on the buffet line getting them both some food, Leona Littler Grimm, the Flag Banking Officer of Miami, chased them away.

"You can't sit at this table, girls", she objected. "It's reserved for Patrons of the Association!"

"How do we become Patrons?", Lisa asked with yawning curiosity.

"You have to each make a donation of forty thousand dollars to the International Association of Scientologists. Also, you can be a Patron With Honors if you give us one hundred thousand dollars, and of course if you want to become a Patron Meritorius, you must contribute two hundred and fifty thousand."

"Fuck that!", she flitted. "We'll sit in the back with the peasants!"

Leona got insulted and darted straight toward me on the food line.

"One of your guests just used foul language at me!", she complained. "What are they, prostitutes? They sure look like it, the way they are dressed!"

"Cool your jets, Leona!", I said sweetly. "They haven't been audited yet. You can't expect them to sound intelligent until they do their Student Hat Course."

"Aren't you embarrassed to bring them here?", she argued.

"Why, they're not psychiatrists!", I snapped. "Anyway, they are my guests!"

The girls and I finally sat down at a table with Linda Miller, the Bookstore Officer of Miami. Lisa noticed Linda signing her name about thirty times on a piece of paper.

"Hey, I do that all the time for Steve!", she bragged. "Are those for stock claims too? The names I do mostly are Anne Thacker, Marguerite Strawn and Pearl Blashinsky. Which ones are you forging?"

"I'm not doing anything nearly that exciting", Linda remarked. "I failed a penmanship exam today. Someone sent in a Knowledge Report saying that they couldn't read my handwriting, so I've got to sign my name five hundred times and then turn it in to the Ethics Officer."

"What the hell are you doing it for?", Lisa responded in utter amazement. "Why don't you just tell the dickface to fuck off?"

Clearly alarmed at Lisa's lack of respect for authority, Linda grabbed her sheets of paper and stared at me with piercing daggers in her eyes as she got up to walk away.

"I'm going to have to write you up for bringing people like this to Ron's birthday event!", she threatened me inclemently.

"What a rude cunt!", Cassie observed. "She changed her table! What's with these fucking people?"

"Yeah, who would have a party for a dead person anyway?", Lisa ridiculed.

"Death is an illusion, and Ron's beingness is very much with us", I placated allegorically.

"You're full of shit", Lisa argued. "You've got some nerve bringing us to this voodoo place with all these ugly pictures of Hubbard over the walls and his nasty, mean, mother-fucker snobs, telling us we're not good enough to sit with them unless we give them forty thousand fucking dollars!"

"Yeah, and how come the women here are such bad-ass bitches?", Cassie inquired profoundly. "Do they think their pussies don't stink or something?"

They're just jealous of the two most beautiful girls at this party: you!", I smiled.

"I thought you said there would be some long-haired hippie freaks showing up!", Lisa protested. "All I see here are these ugly Scientology goobers who look like they're all named Walt!"

"We don't have to stay long", I promised. "I'll just make the rounds and then we'll leave."

Suddenly, Michael Hambrick tapped me on the shoulder in a fit of terror.

"See, Cassie!", Lisa nodded. "Here's Walt right now."

"Michael!", I saluted. "You're as white as a sheet!"

"Do you see who is here?", he shivered in deep shock.

I couldn't believe it, but there they were, as big as life.

Peter and Barbara Letterese had the unmitigated gall to crash the party!

"You've got to go over there and find out why they had nerve enough to come here!", Michael pleaded.

"I'm not exactly one of Peter's favorite people", I confessed.

Neither was anyone else. Peter and Barbara were off in a corner by themselves, chatting with somebody's five year old child who was too young to know that it was taboo to talk to Suppressives.

"Go see what's going on!", Michael urged again.

"I guess that I'm the only one here with any real guts!", I replied. "All right, I'm curious too."

Peter smiled when he saw me drift toward his polluted air space.

"Well if it isn't the ultimate survivor!", he laughed.

"You've gotten fat and lost a lot of hair!", I commented in friendship. "I suppose that's what happens when you stay in the Rehabilitation Project Force too long."

"On the contrary, they don't feed you very much in there", he complained, still always trying to gain the upper hand.

"Barbara, you look as elegant and charming as ever", I stated like a Soviet diplomat. "Are you two as happily married as before, or is the honeymoon over?"

"We're as solid as a rock", he grinned pretentiously. "I see that you're still running around with whores."

"How can everybody tell?", I questioned in amazement. "They look so sweet and innocent to me!"

"You were always a bad judge of character", Barbara chuckled ghoulishly.

"So are you up to two million yet?", he asked with piercing cynicism.

"No, only three hundred thousand", I cried sadly. "I fell behind in my Battle Plan temporarily, but it's safe to say that I'll be at Flag for a full OT Case Completion within six months, guaranteed. I've got the Magnuson Computer claim coming in for a hundred and thirty thousand alone, plus Digital Equipment, Puritan Fashions, Baldwin United, the Continental Illinois Bank, and about twenty others. I've even got a mail drop in Anchorage, Alaska under the name of Sadie Kirschenbaum! I would introduce you to Sadie, but she's not here tonight. The real Sadie is my

other girlfriend Dusty's mother Rita."

"Another tramp?", Barbara rebuked.

"Isn't he a scream?", Peter flinched to Barbara. "He's got a hooker's mother signing claims now!"

"She happens to have very good penmanship", I laughed.

"Just remember that I was the one who taught you everything you know about success", he reminded, waving a finger at me. "Oh, what the hell am I telling you that for? You double-crossed me, just like the rest of the ingrates."

"I'm sure it's water over the Bridge", I joked. "Anyway, what are you doing here? You must realize that you've creating quite a stir by showing up at a place where everybody hates you so much."

"We are Scientologists and we have a right to be here! Do you think I care about these phonies who won't even come over and say hello?", he rebuffed. "At least you were always polite, even though you're as insincere as hell. You have manners, I'll say that for you. Look at Michael Hambrick, a former Hell's Angels motorcycle junkie who is a big Executive Director now. I gave him his first big break and he took my job away."

"That's not fair. You crashed your post yourself. Besides, Mike's not out of the woods yet", I presumed. "He's been going through a rotten ordeal because of what you did. Did you ever pay all the money back that "disappeared"?"

"For your information, I am working for the Way to Happiness Foundation as one of their top salesmen!", he bragged incessantly. "I would never have a post in that esteemed Org if I owed anybody any money."

"I don't know how you do it, Peter!", I shrugged. "You could fall in a bucket of shit and come out smelling like a rose."

"Are we friends?", he asked.

"Yeah, why not!", I cheered, swallowing my pride and shaking his hand. "I might as well forgive you because nobody else will."

Ten minutes later, Michael Hambrick pinched me on the back of my neck in anger.

"You shook hands with the Enemy, didn't you?", he steamed.

"Whoa! You're the one who wanted us to kiss and make up!", I reminded him. "I've always been a soft touch for the underdog, like when you were hungry, for example. Well, now Peter's the one who is starving, but this time for a little compassion."

"Stinkin' traitor, stabbing me in the back!", he boiled. "Why don't you just collect your two cheap harlots and leave!"

"I understand your anger, and of course I forgive you", I cooed.

Speaking of holding a grudge, the one person who I couldn't forgive was Janell Allbach, the stat pusher who sold me the eighty thousand dollars worth on non-existent tapes. Although I was repaid every penny, I felt that justice wasn't done because she was never punished for failing to deliver what she promised.

I made an appointment to see the Senior Chaplain of the Advanced Organization of Los Angeles, who was a succulent beauty named Grace Horwedal. I took Lisa Lawson with me to California since she had never been there before, and desperately wanted to go. She had slept with me every night for the whole month of March, and the trip was her reward for that upstat. Anyway, I wanted sex while I was out there, and I remembered how much the hookers charge on Sunset Boulevard. It was certainly less expensive to bring one along.

We tried to check into the Manor Hotel at the Scientology Celebrity Center in Hollywood, but they had a stupid rule about unmarried couples sleeping in separate rooms. I bet John Travolta, Karen Black and Priscilla Presley didn't have any trouble getting laid if any of them wanted to bring their lovers into their rooms! I hated it when superstars got special privileges at that place. Hell, I was the goddamn Antichrist! Didn't that count for something?

Nevertheless, I didn't put up a big fuss over it, and instead we checked into the Marina Del Rey Marriott. Lisa enjoyed slumming around the sleaze bars of Venice and Santa Monica where the out-of-work rock stars hung out, and the Celebrity Center was too far off the beat and path from that idyllic scene anyway.

I paid eighty dollars for an hour of Chaplain's Time with Grace Horwedal, which was a hell of a lot more than I ever paid for sex unless I spent the whole night with the bitch. On second thought, there was that time in Copenhagen when I paid one hundred and fifty dollars to Margot, so go ahead and strike that last statement from the record. Anyhow, you couldn't expect the Senior Chaplain to see me for free, now could you? Her communication was valuable, unlike in a wog Church where all the Chaplains ever talk about is Jesus.

I liked Grace. Too bad she had a wedding ring on. I had a fantasy about getting her drunk and sniffing her panty hose. But who was I kidding? Scientology females never allowed themselves to get seduced by guys who weren't either Clear or OT.

For my eighty bucks, Grace told me quite honestly that Janell Allbach would never be punished for selling me the imaginary tapes because she honestly thought that she could get them delivered.

"I can't censure her or throw her into a lower Ethics Condition for trying to help the Sea Org boom their stats!", Grace outlined. "Her intentions were more than honorable."

"I thought the Wall of Fire is paved with good intentions", I brandished with an air of philosophical glibness.

"She's already come through the other end of that with flying colors", Grace reported. "Janell is one of the best sales people we have."

"Did I fly three thousand miles and pay eighty dollars just to hear you praise the woman whose remorseless stat-push stopped me from going up the Bridge for over a whole year?", I asked exhaustively.



"You should have gone up the Bridge in spite of the tape roadblock", Grace pounded. "At any rate, Janell didn't stop you at all. You stopped yourself! She didn't leave your invoices where your nosy father could see them and run like a tattle-tale squirrel to your psych shrink and your SP attorney! If you don't realize that you're to blame for all that, then your Chaplain Time is over. I'm routing you over to Ethics!"

"Wait!", I pleaded. "I came here for help, not abuse. Why do you think all this happened to me?"

"Isn't it obvious?", she prefabricated. "Do I have to spell it out for you?"

"That would help for starters", I eased.

Grace nodded her head as if she were talking to an alien.

"What have you done for Scientology lately?", she minced.

"I'm a Psychbuster", I boasted with abundant reverence.

"Radical!", she swerved misemotionally. "What else?"

"I stuff envelopes at the Miami Org whenever there is a Dianetic campaign", I paraphrased in a haughty tone.

"Oh, wow! A promo stuffer! Whoop-de-doo! We really can't live without that!", she coughed, rolling her eyes in apathy.

"I'm on call with the Office of Special Affairs any time they need me!", I beamed.

"Yeah, like a fireman, whenever the Org goes to blazes!", she scolded. "Do you see what I'm talking about? You're too busy wasting my time with your personal vendetta against an upstat Sea Org heroine like Janell while in reality you're doing nothing to get the planet Cleared! I'm amazed that you haven't been run over by a city bus, judging by the way you are floundering around out there in the wog world without any real purpose. You're a genuine turkey, do you know that?"

"Grace, the bottom line is this: What should I have done that might have prevented me from screwing up the last year and a half of my life?"

"I don't know what you should have done, because all your "should have dones", "would have dones" and "could have dones" don't amount to a hill of beans right now in present time", she pointed out vociferously. "I happen to know what will unstick your flows, though."

"The last thing I want from you is an enema", I joked.

"Let me stop you right there, worm!", she buttressed. "The Advanced Org of Los Angeles isn't a comedy club. I've got no patience for anyone with a sense of humor."

"I withdraw the punch line", I apologized judiciously. "Now get serious! What do you suggest I do to get me back on track?"

"Become a Lifetime Member of the International Association of Scientologists", she commanded. "It only costs two thousand dollars, and it helps our War Chest fight squirrels and suppressives."

"I'm already an annual member paying three hundred dollars per year", I admitted. "Tell me more about the advantages of having a Lifetime Membership. Would I save more money on auditing or training if I became a Lifetime Member?"

"Not a cent!", she confessed.

"No extra discounts, huh?", I wondered. "Well, would they put my name in Impact Magazine at least, showing everybody that I'm a team player?"

"No, that only happens if you're a Sponsor, on the Honor Roll, or if you decide to become a Patron."

"Do I get invited to any more special events than annual members do?", I implored.

"No, you go to exactly the same parties."

"I know!", I brightened up. "Can I participate in any special projects that are excluded to annual members?"

"No, no, no!", she flustered impatiently. "The projects are all the same for everybody. Are you going to join or not?"

"So far you haven't given me one valid reason why I should!", I said bluntly.

"You get a Lifetime Membership Card!", she disclosed. "Didn't I tell you that?"

"Is there a catch to this? What happens after I drop my body?", I asked with great suspicion.

"Well, after death you'll have to surrender the card", she cautioned. "You'll have to pay another two thousand dollars next time, unless we raise the prices in the interim."

"That means after a thousand more lifetimes at two thousand dollars a pop, I will have given you two million bucks!", I cognited.

"Exactly right, and think of how much that will benefit Scientology, which was my original point!", she acclaimed enthusiastically. "If you help the Third Dynamic win by getting this money flow going right away, you'll blow a huge chunk of electronic charge off your own case, which up to this time has been stopping you in life. Then, as a result, you'll be able to smash all of the roadblocks that have held you back from attaining Total Freedom. At that point it's just a short rocket ride up to the top of the Bridge. Trust me."

"Okay!", I jumped. "I'll take it!"

"You won't regret it", she flattered. "Master Card or Visa."

"American Express", I responded. "They advertised on television that they give you an extended warranty for a whole year, which I really think I could use on a Lifetime Membership. I feel

better already! I can't wait to see what happens to me now! This was the best eighty dollars I've ever spent in my entire life!"

"Two thousand and eighty", she corrected with a smile.

Lisa Lawson had a great time in Los Angeles. She stayed out all night and slept all day, but we still managed to make love when I was coming and she was going. We had one rental car, so it worked out rather nicely, since we both could use it. I just hoped that one day she would take a driver's test and get a license. I had too much to do at the various Orgs to entertain Lisa anyway. Michael Hambrick was out there testifying before his Committee of Evidence, and I submitted tons of Knowledge Reports in his defense, despite the fact that he was still mad at me for forgiving Peter Letterese. I also spent a day with John Stachelrodt, the Sales Director of Bridge Publications International, buying four thousand dollars worth of Flag Orders, which I later found out could also not be delivered, since they were confidential to everyone except Sea Org members. John had recently married Sarita Alvarez, who was Janell Allbach's sales assistant, and he was just carrying on the age-old tradition of selling me stuff that I couldn't ever have.

On the Sunday after Lisa and I returned to Fort Lauderdale, I found Lisa in my water bed with Chris Simmons, a seventeen year-old thrash guitarist from the punk heavy metal band, "Lick City."

"I don't mind if you fuck him", I explained, "but not in my house! Do you think I want his contaminated semen all over my bedspread?"

"So you'll have it dry cleaned!", Lisa yelled back.

"I want you and your emaciated heroin addict out of here this minute!", I ordered.

Lisa didn't like that. She picked up my desk phone and smashed it through my window. I gave her ten seconds to pack and leave before I called the police. Unfortunately, I had to let her keep the 1980 Buick, otherwise she vowed to put sugar in my gas tank as an act of spite. Still, I didn't give back the videotape of the "Headbanger's Ball", her very favorite heavy metal rock concert that she recorded on MTV, so we were even.

When things went sour, life really began to stink.

While I was brooding over Lisa's sudden lack of compassion, I received an urgent call from Mark Witt, the Director of Tech Services and the Senior Sea Org Recruiter of Miami, who also happened to be married to my Case Supervisor, Lisa Witt. He asked me to rush down to the Org right away, as it sounded very important. Lisa was expecting a baby any day, and I thought that Mark needed me to notarize its prenatal Sea Org Contract or something, as I was the Official Notary of the Miami Org, among my other hats.

"What is this shit you've been telling Lewis Swartz about the Sea Org crashing and L-12 being a fake?", he ranted in an angry fit.

"Don't take it personally", I warned him. "I just have some Source Data that none of the rest of you are privy to, that's all."

"Listen to me, you piece-of-shit squirrel!", he reproached. "Unless you get about a hundred hours of False Data Stripping at Flag for telling those filthy lies to Lewis, the only Bridge that you're ever going to have is the one which the dentist shoves in your mouth after I knock your your

goddamn teeth out!"

"What do you possibly think a False Data Stripping will accomplish?", I asked imponderably.

"In the first place, we'll find out why that Nazi hypnotist of yours made all that bullshit up, and secondly, we'll learn how he convinced you to believe it! What did he do, shoot your penis up with sodium pentothal until you hollered "Uncle"?"

"Do you think I'm stupid enough to believe anything that Dr. Geertz might have said to me?", I nauseated.

"It's called brainwashing!", Mark clarified. "With all the shit he put into your head, you might as well turn Catholic and have an exorcism done by the Pope or one of his boyfriends! Lewis Swartz's Situation Report states that you spoke to him for a half hour about some bizarre theory of para-Scientology malarkey that could have only come from the twisted mind of an aberrated psych!"

"But I sent Dr. Geertz a Letter of Disconnection!", I begged defensively.

"That's not good enough, you jerk!", Mark disclosed. "He had enough command value over you to give you a permanent dose of thetan cancer for the next ten trillion lifetimes! Why didn't you listen to Fred Hare when he briefed you on how to poison him? Fred assured you that there never would have been an autopsy done."

"Don't you think somebody would have been smart enough to figure out that it was I who put the cyanide in his orange juice if he had dropped dead during my therapy session? Do you know what I was really afraid of? What if he had hypnotized me and then died, and I couldn't snap out of it? I might have been stuck in one of his hypnotic nightmares forever! Too many things could have gone wrong, like I told Barbara Koster when we discussed it. I said to Fred that killing him in that way was too extraordinary a solution. Anyway, Lyman and I both wanted him to suffer for what he did to my precious Rivkalleh. I'll tell you what, though. If you can get me a small vial of live AIDS virus, I'll see that he drinks it. I remember how he experimented on the mental patients at Auschwitz without any anesthesia, so I don't feel sorry for him. AIDS would be a perfect way for him to die a slow death. There's only one problem. He drinks a lot of instant coffee, but I don't know whether it is decaffeinated or not."

"The Office of Special Affairs will take care of him!", Mark snapped. "You had better start worrying about your own evil acts, if you ever expect to do your OT levels during your current lifetime."

It's a good thing that I was steady as the Rock of Gibraltar, because had I succumbed to the pressures of life, I would have let my guard down and started to think irrationally. I still had to save the world and Clear the planet before Christ blew it up in 1997, and I needed to keep my wits about me in order to do it properly.

Nevertheless, my sex life had gone down the tubes. No reconciliation with Lisa seemed possible, and Dusty was locked up in a drug rehabilitation center for juveniles called The Starting Place after she offered sex for crack to a Fort Lauderdale undercover cop. Even though she promised to sleep with me for free if I helped her escape, I knew that drug counselling was good for her, even if she didn't have the benefits of Narconon and the luxury of the Purification Rundown to make her well.

I knocked on Steve Goldberg's door, desperate for advice. He was the only person on Earth who seemed to fully understand women, and he was always there for me when I needed a best friend, despite the fact that he was a narcissistic criminal who was always trying to steal extra money for himself from the class action claims settlements. He never gave a damn about my going up the Bridge, and if I had any sense at all, I should have avoided him completely. But at this juncture I had to pay him a visit because he had just received a thirty thousand nine hundred and six dollar check for the Wicat Securities case in his mailbox. Not only did the selfish bastard demand half of the money, but he insisted on giving an extra two thousand dollars to Bert the Butcher from Times Square Meats who actually signed the claim in the first place! Despite this highway robbery, I needed his guidance and wisdom on matters of the heart, which at the time was far more important to me than money.

"You've got to improve your image!", Steve encouraged with a tincture of vigor in his eye.

"Look who's talking!", I squeaked. "You live in a pig sty, you wear these polyester rags that your father bought you fifteen years before he died, and you always smell from anxiety."

"It's you we're talking about", he frothed. "Look at your car, for example. A young stud looking to pick up a hot babe wouldn't be caught dead in a four door Cadillac. Only blacks and old Jewish men buy the model you drive. You need a Lamborghini or a Ferrari."

"I will never buy a car made in Italy!", I resolved. "Benito Mussolini was an ally of Adolf Hitler during World War Two. I will not go into agreement with fascism by buying one of their automobiles, just like I wouldn't be caught dead in a Nazi Mercedes Benz, a BMW, or a Volkswagen."

"How about a Porsche?", he urged as an alternate choice.

"That's made in Germany too!", I disputed. "And don't tell me about Datsuns or Toyotas because Emperor Hirohito was another ally of Hitler also."

"How about an Aston-Martin Lagonda?", he suggested.

"Where the hell is that made, Russia?", I barked, getting extremely annoyed. "I want a red-blooded American car, not some foreign-made, junky relic endorsed by some suppressive, tyrannical, psychiatry-loving dictator!" "It doesn't matter where the car is manufactured!", he insisted. "What does count is how much pussy you can pick up with it!"

Anyhow, I outsmarted Steve Goldberg. I went back to the Cadillac dealer where I bought my previous car and saw a sleek two-seater Allante sports car in pearlized white.

"How much is it?", I asked the salesman.

"Fifty thousand dollars", he replied as if he was selling bubble gum.

"Do you think it will pick up girls?", I wondered.

"You'll have to give them numbers, like in a bakery", he promised.

"Fine! Wrap it up! I'll take it!", I rejoiced. "I'd better also buy a roll of admission tickets for all those sexy women that are going to want to take a ride with me!"

"You can get that at the office supply store", he said.

I fell in love with the car. It had a very big tape compartment to store as many as ten L. Ron Hubbard lectures at a time. My pulse rate quickened when I thought how easy it was going to be for me to impress all my dates with great stuff like the "Essentials of Auditing" lectures. If Ron's voice got me all horny, imagine what it would be like for the women! Wow!

And it was all on the up-and-up too. No one could ever accuse Scientology of putting subliminal messages in the tapes which commanded the purchase of additional auditing hours, because we didn't call those suggestions "subliminals." They were known as "embeds", because they were carefully embedded in a separate voice track that was recorded at a pitch much higher than the human ear could readily identify, much like the sounds that are audible to dogs. Perhaps that is why Fred Hare's mascot Jasper never ran away from the Mission. He probably was waiting to be assigned an auditor. I learned all about embeds from Bruce Field, the Golden Era Productions Representative at Flag, when he was trying to recruit me to become a staff member at his Org.

Owning a speaker system like the one which came with the Allante, I knew it would be a lead pipe cinch to get unsuspecting girls addicted to Scientology.

"Things are really going to start happening to me now!", I shouted with glee.

Anticipating a surge in my love life, I gave my penis a fresh, clean shave and tied a blue ribbon around it for good luck. I was as ready for action as I was ever going to be.

"Look out, high school groupies! Here I come!", I thought with triumphant pangs of exultation.

Two days later, when I read the Allante's instruction manual from cover to cover and did a clay demo on all of my misunderstood words, I found out much to my dismay that the damn clunker was packaged in Italy by a company called Pininfarina! I had bought another fascist pasta wagon! Not only that, after forty-eight hours of busting my buns off trying to pick up girls, the only effect that the car had on my sex life was that the hookers began charging me triple, because they realized that the car was so expensive!

Dusty Hipps was released from The Starting Place's drug program on probation, and so I went to visit her at her mother's house, in order to take her for a ride in my new Allante.

While driving on the way to buy her a case of Budweiser, I asked her for her hand in marriage.

"I'll only marry you if you give me your car", she negotiated. "Shit, I'll even do it for a new Corvette, a "Z", or a Toyota MR2. Meanwhile get me the two six-packs and cut the bullshit."

I hated to buy her beer, but she spent about twice the amount of time with me during intercourse when she was drunk than she did when she was sober. Now that she had gotten off crack cocaine temporarily, she needed something else to keep her perpetually "buzzed", as she put it. The convenience stores wouldn't sell her alcohol because she looked about twelve, so I turned out to be her good samaritan. I wished that the United States Government had never repealed prohibition. You'd have to be a real sick bastard to be compulsive about liquor, don't you think?

"Dusty, I just asked you to marry me!", I reiterated. "I want you to love me, not just my car.

What kind of idiot do you think I am?"

"Oh, I love you baby", she cuddled. "You know I do!"

"Yeah, but you only love me twenty-five dollars worth!", I pointed out.

"You get what you pay for, dickweed", she said philosophically. "Give me all the money in your bank account and I'll love you a whole lot more!"

Disenchanted and disillusioned, on Monday, April 11th, I ran down to the Miami Org to get some help and advice from my Ethics Officer, Frank Thompson. I had to wait at least two hours until he came on post at one o'clock.

"You did what?", Frank stormed, turning a livid shade of purple.

"Buying the Allante didn't help my social life one bit", I confessed. "It was a rotten mistake."

"You took fifty thousand dollars from your Bridge Fund and you bought a sports car with it?", he repeated incredulously. "Why, you suppressive bastard!"

Frank furiously fumbled for his phone.

"Humberto! Ray! Charlie! Get into my office! Stat!", he bellowed as a stench of hate leaked out from his halitosis-laden mouth.

By the time his three musketeers arrived, Frank had his hand around my neck as if I were a spring chicken waiting to be slaughtered. My eyeglasses had landed on the ground after the fifth or sixth time Frank smashed my skull into the wall.

"Is anyone using the sauna?", Frank asked Ray Jourdain with the ripping sense of urgency of a botched-up circumcision.

"No, not until Wednesday."

"Good! Put up a 'Do Not Disturb' sign in front of it!", Frank commanded. "Fishman is going to do his 'RPE' in there."

"What's an RPE?", I asked, trembling and disoriented.

"It's a Repair of your Past Ethics, you evil-purposed son of a bitch!", Frank scathed. "And don't speak until you're spoken to!"

The four members of the Org's goon squad paraded me down the stairs from the Org's second floor Ethics Office like a group of armed guards from the KGB. As I tripped when I hit the bottom step, Humberto kicked me harshly in my left ankle, causing me to flinch. Frank, who was still holding me by the neck, yanked my head as hard as he could because I took the time to examine my leg for injuries.

Oddly enough, I got the impression that they were all angry at me. The only hope that I had left was that I truly deserved it.

It was a quick walk down the west corridor of the Org from the stairwell to the Purification Rundown Sauna Room. Although I was visibly being forced and shoved down the hallway, the three staff members who we passed along the way did not show even the slightest emotion. Nicole Furlin, the Director of Personnel Enhancement of the Miami Org as well as the Membership Secretary for the International Association of Scientologists, had been my preclear once when I was doing my auditor training, but she didn't care at all about my predicament as I was dragged across the room like a wounded animal, right in front of her. I used to admire Nicole a lot because she had the most beautiful elbows that I had ever seen, but even she had rejected me in favor of Ray Jourdain, the bisexual Body Registrar who was participating in this escapade.

"When are you going to help me drill on my Admin TRs?", she asked Ray affectionately.

"As you can see, I'm a little tied up right now with an Ethics Handling", he apologized. "I'll talk to you during family time."

"Lift your feet up, you lazy lump of shit!", Humberto ordered as I staggered toward the sauna entrance. I knew that I had to fear him the most, because he still had a chip on his shoulder from the time when I had obtained permission from Robyn Mathieson to disconnect from Dr. Geertz.

I was forced to strip naked in the sauna. Charlie Fox, the Warehouse Manager of Miami, started salivating with excitement as he saw me in the nude for the first time. Although I didn't have my glasses and my vision wasn't perfectly clear, I could still see a big bulge in his pants, plainly indicating that he had a formidable erection.

Frank Thompson pointed to the sauna's thermostat.

"Turn that sucker on to the max!", he commanded to Ray.

"Fishman, lay on your back on that bench!", Frank ordered like a psychotic Five Star General.

Unexpectedly, Humberto began tying me up to the wooden seat with some coarse rope which Charlie had brought in a brown paper bag from the warehouse.

"What are you going to do with me?", I screamed in terror.

"You've got a few evil purposes to get rid of, Steve", Ray whispered sympathetically.

"He's got more like a couple of trillion Demon Circuits!", Charlie Fox snickered in an outburst of madness.

Once my chest, arms, legs, feet and hands were fastened securely with nine thick pieces of rope, Frank Thompson dumped my clothes in the empty brown paper bag and motioned for Ray Jourdain to take it out of the room and put it somewhere.

"Please don't forget my eyeglasses!", I yelled to Ray. "They're on the floor of the Ethics Office and someone could step on them."

"Shut up, you bastard!", Humberto yelled as Charlie Fox maintained a big smile on his face.

"So now, here we are!", Frank began. "There's the three of us, you, and your ugly lump-of-meat body."



"How long do I have to stay in here?", I panted. "I can't take the heat too long. It must be a hundred and fifty degrees in here! My ropes are too tight around my feet!"

"Didn't I tell you to keep quiet, prick?", Humberto yelled, pulling the cord around my ankles even tighter.

"So you took fifty thousand dollars from your Bridge Fund and you bought yourself a car", Frank mimicked again. "Supposing you tell us all why you did that?"

"I wasn't meeting any girls", I uttered in nervous disarray. "All I wanted was not to be so lonely."

"And for a few thrills from a bunch of scuzzy whores you were willing to sacrifice your Route to Total Freedom!", Humberto accused.

"You don't know what it's like to be alone all the time with your own thoughts!", I pleaded. "You are handsome and the women flock to you. But what about me? I'm just a nerd! But even nerds need companionship! I just wanted someone to love me!"

"What are we, not good enough for you?", Charlie vocalized in a jilted rash of pathos.

"That's not it!", I implored as my tears evaporated from the heat of the sauna much quicker than I could cry them. "I would be a far better Scientologist if there were a woman in my life."

"So did your Nazi psychologist tell you that a new car purchased with money that was stolen from your Bridge Fund would buy you such a woman?", Frank questioned. "Are you that aberrated to think that women are like cattle and can be bought by a nickel ride in a sports car?"

"Well, Steve Goldberg said --"

Humberto stepped on my stomach with his shoe.

"Don't quote wogs to me!", he yelled. "The only references I want to hear are those of Source, do you understand?"

"Okay, but where did Ron ever say that you have a right to tie me up like a pig on the way to market and stick me in a blast furnace so that I roast to death?", I complained with a subtle twitch of self-propelled anger.

"I think we caught ourselves a nice, juicy, Kosher Jewish pig!", Charlie joked.

"This is not Standard Tech!", I squealed. "When I get out of here I am going to have you all brought before the International Justice Chief on charges of using excessive force and torture during an Ethics session! I have to go to the bathroom now, so untie me. You've had your fun, Charlie."

"You'll just have to piss all over yourself, because you aren't going anywhere", Charlie responded.

Humberto was fuming. He darted out of the room in a frantic rage, which gave me a reprieve

of cool air for the instant that the door was opened. Seconds later, he came back with a sharp scissors. I was happy and relieved when I assumed that Humberto was going to cut the ropes and let me out, but at the same time I kept thinking of writing up my Situation Report and my request for a Committee of Evidence Hearing on my involuntary detention.

Boy, was I wrong.

Instead of cutting the cord around my chest, Humberto carved a one-inch piece of skin out of my left arm, just above the elbow. It was a quarter of an inch deep, and the pain was so intense that every single nerve ending in my body felt as if it were on fire.

"Welcome to your worst nightmare!", Charlie laughed.

The perspiration dripped down my arm and the salt water began to violently sting the area where I was cut, while blood gushed out of the wound onto my chest and legs as it trickled down upon the wooden bench.

Humberto picked up the cut piece of flesh that had splattered on my thigh.

"Take a look at your MEST body, traitor!", Humberto said as he breathed in my face, twisting my chin in the direction of the amputated skin tissue which he held between his right thumb and index finger. I could smell the hot stench of the salmon croquettes which Humberto had eaten for lunch an hour before, which regrettably did not blend well with the unsightly, bloody mass of inhumanity which was once part of my arm.

"What do you think, scum bag?", Charlie giggled.

I let out a groan that was so intense that the room started to fade from view. I was unable to stop screaming, although at that point I didn't understand what I was saying.

"There seems to be a slight lack of ARC here", Humberto observed.

"How does it feel to be back in Treason, Steve?", Frank bullied as he regenerated himself by lighting up a cigarette.

"So let's hear all about the wonderful stories you're going to tell the International Justice Chief about your interesting day at the Org", Humberto muttered as he spit in my face. "I bet you're going to send a copy of it to your Gestapo psychologist Geertz, and maybe you're also planning to notify Interpol or their puppet agency, Amnesty International!"

"Maybe you should cut his cock off!", Charlie suggested wryly.

At that point, I took leave of my senses. I could no longer tell whether the Repair of Past Ethics was really being done for my benefit or for theirs. Things started to feel very frightening, as if those three people actually wanted to inflict pain upon me beyond the ethical limit.

"God, what would happen if they start getting sadistic?", I thought as I clutched my heart in agony.

A sharp fear encompassed me, and I actually stopped perspiring. It was over a hundred and fifty degrees, and yet my body began to feel numb and dry. I was either going into shock or getting a

heat stroke.

"Do you know how much auditing I could have gotten done with fifty thousand dollars?", Frank Thompson asked. "Oh, I could have completed L-10 and L-11 with that money. And do you know what this suppressive fucker did with fifty thousand dollars? He bought himself a set of wog wheels, Humberto. Pretty incredible after nine years of Tech, isn't it?"

Just when the throbbing of the cut was settling down as the blood began to clot, Frank grabbed my other arm and started burning me with his lit cigarette. No one can describe the agony of having a hot fire pierce your skin until you have experienced it for yourself. Frank didn't just put the cigarette on me and take it off. He held it down for six or seven seconds, and then found another area of my arm to scald.

Charlie Fox found it all very amusing.

"Hey, Steve!", he shouted. "Just think, you'll be able to play "connect the dots" with all these new decorations."

"This is the right arm!", Frank bragged. "It's the one Steve wants to use to write up his Situation Report to the International Justice Chief with. Yeah, his right hand can use a little restimulation too. You're a Kha-Khan, Steve! Raising your "level of confront" isn't supposed to hurt you. You're a good Loyal Officer of Nazi Psychiatry, aren't you? Didn't Heinrich Himmler teach you how to withstand pain at the Storm Trooper Academy?"

For fifteen times I watched Frank burn me on both arms and hands. During the one time that he gave me a long burn on my penis, his cigarette went out in the process, and undaunted, he lit it again. When he added insult to injury by attempting to burn me in the exact spot where I had been cut, my perceptions all turned black. The horror became dimmer and dimmer as I drifted into unconsciousness. The pain abruptly shut itself off and then turned on again while the body kicked back in a vehement fit of anguish as I wildly tried to exteriorize. The body tensed and stiffened, unwilling to let me out as if it had a mind of its own.

The room began to fog up with the foul smells of sweat and cigarette smoke.

"I've got to get the hell out of here!", Frank said after my arm took its final drag of tar and nicotine. "I'm not used to this heat!"

"Would you mind keeping an eye on the the shit head for a while, Charlie?", Humberto asked as he needed to get some fresh air too.

"I don't care", Charlie acknowledged. "I don't have that much to do in the warehouse right now. Just don't let anybody come in here while Fishman and I have a nice heart to heart."

Humberto laughed for the first time since the assault started. He must have known something that I didn't.

Charlie sat down on the opposite bench and wiped his sopping brow with an old towel that was laying there. I must have fallen asleep for awhile, because the next thing I knew, Charlie was standing right beside me again.

"Are you having a good time confronting that evil, no good body of yours?", he asked with a

friendly grin.

"W-W-Water!", I begged. "My throat was dry, my eyes were stinging from dehydrated salty tears, and between the cut skin and the cigarette burns, I felt very close to that thin line between life and death.

"Oh, you're thirsty, are you?", he chuckled coquettishly. "I got something for you right here!"

I tried to look around as much as my restrictive position would allow me to, but I didn't see any jug, pitcher or canteen.

"W-W-Water! W-Water!", I pleaded with despair in my voice.

"This is a lot better than water!", Charlie stated confidently as he unzipped his fly. I was terrified that he was going to urinate on me.

"D-D-Don't --!", I panicked.

But Charlie had something more sinister and repulsive in mind. He shoved his penis inside my mouth and starting masturbating himself.

I tried to force him out, but Charlie grabbed the scissor which Humberto had left on the bench and in a pinch, he rested the pointy part against my neck.

"If you try to bite my dick just one more time, I swear I'll slit your fucking throat!", he threatened. "Now you just relax and your good thetan buddy Charlie is going to give you something nice, natural, and delicious to drink when I'm done making it."

The next seven minutes were the most disgusting of my whole life. I can't even begin to describe it to you. When it was all over, I was gagging and choking, but because I was tied down, I had no choice but to vomit all over my own face. But seeing that I could no longer breathe, Charlie finally untied me from the waist up, and allowed me to do the rest of my puking in his towel.

After what seemed like an eternity, Ray Jourdain came back and spilled a bucket of cold water over my head. The coolness soothed my cut and burns, but it didn't take the emotional scars away.

Ray lowered the temperature in the sauna to one hundred and twenty degrees, and finally brought me a glass of water that I could actually drink. I still had the taste of vomit and semen in my mouth, and there were scabs of dried blood all over me. I don't know what happened to the piece of dead skin that was cut off my arm. Perhaps Humberto wanted it as a souvenir for his trophy case.

Just when Ray was about to let me loose completely, Frank Thompson came storming into the sauna again, warning him that I had only been doing the Repair of Past Ethics for two and one half hours, and that I would have to remain all tied up until I reached the "End Phenomenon" of the Ethics Action for nine full hours until eleven o'clock at night.

"What End Phenomenon was I suppose to reach?", I begged in bewilderment. "I've already exteriorized a few times."

"If you are dumb enough to ask a question like that, you sure as hell aren't there yet!", Frank

scowled.

"I have a wedding to perform at seven o'clock!", I pleaded. "Let me out now, and I promise I'll come back tomorrow to finish this!"

"To hell with your wog wedding!", Frank chastised ferociously. "Who gave you orders to untie him, Ray? String him up again! He's got a lot of confronting left to do!"

Fortunately, Frank did not realize that the sauna temperature was lowered to a tolerable level. I do not think I would have survived six and a half more hours in there at one hundred and fifty degrees. One hundred and twenty was bad enough, as bruised, exhausted and humiliated as I was. Frank turned the light out, leaving me there to fry while looking for the "End Phenomenon."

All I could think of was how much I hated homosexuals.

"I hope they all die of AIDS for what happened to me!", I wished in bitterness.

Funny, but I never thought of directing my wrath against Charlie Fox. Somehow, I kept clinging to the questionable belief that he had my welfare in mind.

In the ensuing hours, various physical manifestations turned on. I felt the sizzling thrust of hundreds of thousands of hungry Body Thetans, gnawing out the layers of my scarred tissue where the scissor and cigarette had done their dirty work. These were the most wretched of all degraded beings who were almost as filthy and evil as I was, trying to attach themselves to what was left of my body in a paralyzing, bloodsucking rampage.

Working my ethics out in the blazing sauna reminded me of shoveling dead Jews into the crematorium at Auschwitz when I lived unhappily as the late Mordecai.

"That's just what I need", I sighed with regret. "More mental image pictures of pain and suffering. Engrams a la mode!"<sup>[112]</sup>

I tried to reach L. Ron Hubbard for help, guidance, and compassion, but I realized that his office was upstairs near Qual,<sup>[113]</sup> and he wasn't about to come downstairs to the sauna from the great theta universe beyond to forgive me for being in Treason again.

At just the right moment, I went exterior, overjoyed to be free from that pitiful sight known as the physical body of Steven Fishman. It was so good to be me again, flying high above the Miami skyline, hoping that I could leave that miserable lump of flesh for dead and just float among the clouds, defending other abused thetans as part of the natural air force.

Once every two hours, Ray Jourdain brought me in a glass of ice water and some vitamins, which was all part of the cleansing process. I had a horrible allergic reaction to the Niacin, turning literally purple, and feeling as if I were burning up from the inside out. Ray became alarmed about my violet color, as I looked as if I was about to collapse from an explosion of high blood pressure within me.

"I'll go get Humberto", Ray promised, as if the thought of that mad lunatic coming back was supposed to pacify me. "Don't go sneaking out of here and getting me in all kinds of trouble with Frank!"

"After all of this, I doubt if I would have enough courage to run through the Org naked", I assured him.

Humberto came in strutting like a prim peacock, proud to see me shaking uncontrollably from being so scared out of my wits of him.

"So what is our mischievous alarmist whining about now?", he asked Ray.

"I just wanted you to take a look at his skin color, that's all", Ray apologized. "What's wrong with him? Is he sick?"

"Why don't you ask Fishman how many people he has roasted alive in other lifetimes?", Humberto lambasted with a modicum of disdain. "He's dramatizing his evil acts, and it is just his true colors coming out. The best thing for all of us would be to douse him with gasoline and string him up on a high-tension wire while he burns to death."

"How long do I have to stay in here?", I cried.

Just about any question I asked Humberto set him off in a wild frenzy. In the height of cruelty, he jumped up on the wooden seat upon which I was tied down, and stepped on my groin with his right shoe. His toe touched the exact spot on my penis where Frank had burned me, and the pain from the weight and the soreness was indescribably excruciating.

"How would you like it if I stayed in here and leaned on your nuts for the rest of the night, Super Squirrel?", he propositioned.

After thirty or forty seconds he leaped down to the ground again, but not without kicking me first in the leg bone with his heel.

"Charlie will relieve you when you have to go on post", he advised Ray, as if this were nothing more than a calm night watch at sea aboard the Freewinds. "Meanwhile why don't you give our boy in Treason a hefty rubdown on both arms? He doesn't seem to be giving up any good cognitions voluntarily and so he might need a little extra help."

Humberto walked out, but not before he stooped down to leave a gross fart in my face. Spaghetti and meat balls never smelled quite so bad as that. At least his impromptu act made Ray Jourdain laugh. I would have laughed too if it had happened to somebody else.

When Charlie Fox finally arrived at 7:30 P.M., he brought me some lemonade and two gay magazines. Unfortunately, he also noticed that the temperature was turned down too low, and he raised it back to one hundred and fifty degrees.

"Who turned the thermostat down?", he asked me.

"Ray did", I admitted with integrity.

"That faint-hearted little whore!", he complained. "I'm going to have to write him up for that! Hey, how come your two balls look like their stuck together in one lump sum?"

"Humberto stepped on me", I revealed. "Isn't that going just a little too far? You don't know how much I am hurting."

"You've got the ugliest cock of anyone I've ever seen", Charlie continued. "Did anybody ever tell you that you have a dog's dick?"

"Is it necessary for you to keep staring at me, Charlie?", I protested. "You're not helping the pain go away very much."

"You don't know how fortunate you are that we are taking responsibility for you!", he reminded. "Not too many people get a second chance like this. I'm not condoning what you did, mind you. I can't believe that you would spend your Bridge Fund money on a car, when you were so close to completing your Battle Plan and going to Flag to do your OT levels."

"I should have had my head examined for doing such a stupid thing", I agreed.

Charlie looked up and started applauding.

"That almost sounds like a Success Story!", he grinned.

"I wish to hell that I never saw that dumb car", I added.

"And you thought being here was a waste of time!", he stated noteworthy. "Never lose sight of how well the Tech works to clean up overt acts and evil purposes. Scientologists always help one another get through hard times like this. I am sure that if I were in your position, you would do the very same thing for me."

I looked at him in amazement.

"I wouldn't jerk off in your mouth, you asshole!", I thought to myself in hostile silence.

I drifted in and out of consciousness, unable to say with certainty whether I was exteriorizing or just dreaming. I thought of an old hypnosis session which I once had with Dr. Geertz during better times before I learned that he was the killer of my child. Dr. Geertz had induced hypnosis by having me look at a cool fountain, with the water splashing back and forth, and from side to side. I never thought that those refreshing images would be so inviting, but reflecting about the cold, soothing water allowed me to better survive the last three morbid hours in that hotbox.

By eleven o'clock, I would have kissed Humberto's ass to be let out of there. And like clockwork, Frank Thompson opened the door at exactly the right moment, with the brown paper bag filled with my clothes and eyeglasses held high in his hand.

As I got up, Frank became very disturbed.

"Damn it! He shit a load of diarrhea all over the bench!", he said with a mouthful of regret.

"Please! Let me clean it up!", I begged. "I didn't mean to do it!"

Charlie ran next door to the men's room like a robotic gopher, in order to bring me some wet paper towels.

"Are you ready to write your Success Story?", Frank inquired menacingly.

"You'll be proud of me, Frank!", I vowed as my heart raced like a swarm of bees on their way to save God, queen and country.

"Okay, you're upgraded to Enemy", he acquiesced. "Get dressed."

"Yes, sir!", I acknowledged.

"Oh, and one more thing, Steve!", he added sternly. "If that Success Story doesn't measure up or have a provision to turn that car of yours over to the Org, you'd better not even insult my intelligence by writing it."

"Don't worry!", I assured him. "I have every intention of getting rid of that scrap heap as soon as I get out of here!"

"Very good!", Frank cheered.

"There's only one favor I need, though", I continued. "Is there any way that I can use your typewriter to write the Success Story? My hands and arms are really too sore to write with."

"Sure, go right ahead", he replied approvingly. "Use the one in Humberto's office. It's an IBM, like you have at home."

Charlie and Frank walked out of the sauna while I finished getting dressed.

"Imagine asking to use a typewriter!", Charlie whispered. "What a prima donna! He's still acting like he's better than the rest of us, as if he's some privileged character, isn't he?"

"I knew I should have burned his fingertips!", Frank laughed.

So, in my prolific, ass-kissing style, I wrote a Success Story that rivalled only Presidential speech-writers, Oat Bran promoters, and other professional wog liars.

"My Repair of Past Ethics allowed me to finally appreciate the true nature of havingness", I began. "Having a flashy car has nothing to do with my purpose in this universe as a thetan. Laying in my filthy excrement in the sauna room, I had a vital opportunity to confront my degraded MEST body, and thanks to the flow of help from my Ethics Officer and the Director of Special Affairs, I was able to cognite on the reprehensible depravity of my evil purposes. The vast spiritual awakening that came from personally dramatizing the enslavement of the thetan in a body can only be measured by the stats of my future successes.

As Malchoot, the father of the Suppressive Christ, my duty to Clear the planet and save it from annihilation is far more urgent and vital than any selfish distraction or personal possession could ever be. I thank Frank, Humberto, Ray and Charlie from the bottom of my very last postulate for showing enough courage not to be "reasonable" with me. Scientologists can only win when we bear down hard on the violators of Standard Ethics. Frank and Humberto must be especially validated for their willingness to cut through the abyss of my reactive mind and get me back on track with Source. As a consequence, I hereby pledge to turn over my 1988 Cadillac Allante to the Church of Scientology Miami Org as soon as my car title arrives from the State of Florida. True havingness can never be attained from material things made by wogs in the MEST universe. True havingness is Affinity, Reality and Communication, as well as the second and upper triangle in Scientology of Knowledge, Responsibility and Control. With the one exception of Source Data, Everything else on



Planet Earth leads only to suppression. I will gladly welcome this Ethics Handling again if my basic purpose ever strays even a hairline from my total commitment to setting man free. Thank you Ron, for being there for me in my moment of outness. Above all, I know now with certainty that the sun never sets on Scientology."

"Congratulations", Frank Thompson shouted in all of his glory. "You've got one foot back out of the mud. You are officially upgraded to an Enemy!"

"Very well written", Humberto complimented as he patted me on the head. "Make sure you really mean it!"

I could hardly contain my joy. It seemed as if, beneath the roar of the discipline and the vitality of the burning and cutting, Frank and Humberto truly loved me after all. I vowed to remain in their debt forever, and to never let down the Third Dynamic ever again.

# CHAPTER TWENTY

## Charity Doesn't Begin At Home

The road up from Enemy was the road through.

Frank Thompson ordered me to demonstrate and prove that I was less of an Enemy than our other Enemies. Was I?

So off I went to the Broward County Public Library, armed to the teeth with single-edged razor blades, with the heroic assignment of slashing out every derogatory reference which was negative to either Dianetics, Scientology, or L. Ron Hubbard.

"Hitler had the right idea when he burned the books written by Sigmund Freud and the Jewish psychoanalysts", Frank Thompson said informatively. "However, he never completed the cycle of action by destroying the rest of the psych trash scribbled by the Christians. Unfortunately, we are not the Government yet, so we are relegated to using razors instead of blowtorches."

Frank was a complete genius.

You have no idea how many lies were circulated about us in the house of smut we nonchalantly call a "library." Of all things, we were ridiculed as a "cult", and we were accused of "behavior modification", "thought reform" and "brainwashing!" Reading that slander in a public place -- one in which wogs supposedly revere as a sacred institution, made me want to crack open the skull of every psychiatrist on the planet and splatter their brains all over the Dewey Decimal System card catalogue boxes.

Even dictionaries and encyclopedias were polluted with suppressive psych filth, accusing us of "worshipping a race of thetans" and calling us "science fiction amateur psychologists!" Just because L. Ron Hubbard was the greatest science fiction writer that the world has ever known did not give these prevaricators the right to imply that Scientology Tech was nothing more than one giant science fiction story! Ron's breathtaking science fiction writings are taken from his own personal memories of the history of the thetan along the time track. Consequently, Ron's Science fiction is historical fact, not fantasy.

And how dare they have the colossal gall to compare us to the insane psychologist who would like nothing better than to put us all to sleep? Furthermore, the insidious comments that I had seen referring to our alleged practice of "worshipping a race of thetans" showed how very little they understood about the basic nature of life and livingness. There can only be races of bodies, never of thetans. A thetan is exterior to the physical universe and all of the meat bodies within it by definition unless he postulates otherwise.

Seeing the cruelty of all of these squirrels as they impugned and profaned us in their illiterate scandal sheets gave me a shock which reached right to the heart. With a prodigious frenzy I slashed, ripped, cut, tore, and knifed those barbarous, vicious lies out of every suppressive book that I could lay my hands on. I found negative references against Scientology in sections of the library under the deceptive titles of philosophy, psychology, theology, sociology, and even the occult! There were literally reams and stacks of false data about Ron in the indexes and biographical references as well. All in all, the wog world and its madness made me sick to my stomach.

At least I was finally taking responsibility for expunging the Fort Lauderdale area from a shitload of disgusting vermin, written by crazed psychotics who were trying to stop us from setting man free. What hurt me most of all was the fact that society had been so caved in by psych suppression that they very well might have believed all of those lies written about the Third Dynamic, had I not performed my brave and valiant deed of carving out the psychiatric malignancy of the evil printed word.

With my single-edged scalpel, I felt like the Surgeon of Truth, slicing through the very core of confusion. I was finally learning how to behave like a decent and worthwhile Antichrist. I didn't stop with one branch of the library. No, I had always been a real sucker for completeness. I went to every tumorous outgrowth of the Fort Lauderdale Public Library system, bar none. Some had little or no references against us of any consequence. But then again, what surgeon in good conscience would ever permit a single cancer cell to spread when he had the power of permanently cutting it out?

It was no easy job, let me tell you. On several occasions I was caught slashing the books; once by a little kid who ran and told the librarian, and then another time by a volunteer worker who noticed me while she was sneaking around the shelves. On both those occasions, I had to make a hasty retreat, and it took a lot of courage to return to the same library several days later in order to finish the job. I quickly learned the art of sitting in the remotest section of the building, preferably at a desk that was closed in on three sides, such as where audio-visual equipment was commonly located. By the time I had purged every last falsehood about the beautiful and precious Scientology religion, I was quite a pro at it.

I took breaks from the tension too. I mean, after all, how much deception can one person take? Whenever I was too stressed out, I relieved my hostilities by defacing pictures of Jesus with a thick black magic marker. That sort of took the pressure off, if you know what I mean. I also wanted to score some extra brownie points with my auditors so they wouldn't think that I was just sitting on my ass while I was still stuck in my lower Ethics Conditions. It was important to me that Nancy Witkowski and Leah Abady both knew that I wasn't allowing Christ to slide by me without a fight. Scrawling black graffiti on his pig face didn't admittedly amount to very much, but it was certainly a hell of a lot more than most other people were doing about him.

My mission was a howling success.

Frank Thompson was so impressed with my cache of three hundred pages of Enemy propaganda against the Church that he upgraded me from Enemy into Doubt.

To go from Doubt to Liability, I was posted under my favorite hero Humberto, who was working with the Office of Special Affairs trying to stamp out a squirrel attorney in Los Angeles named Barry Van Sickle of the law firm of Cummins and White, who our intelligence sources discovered was representing a very notorious suppressive who had betrayed the Church from one of the highest positions of authority within the Scientology organizations. Although Humberto never trusted me enough to tell me what the traitor's name was, I didn't care, because sending the vicious lawyer junk mail and harassing his secretaries on the phone made me feel alive again, just like in the good old days. I never found out who Van Sickle represented or why we hated him so much, but I am certain that if our upper International Management wanted the attack done as part of our Battle Plan, it was certainly justified. Anyway, I gave old Barry a good run for his money, no matter which SP bastard he was intimately connected to.

"When the Third Dynamic runs the planet, attorneys will no longer be necessary, since only

honest men have rights", Humberto profoundly stated with a prophetic glint in his eye.

Liability was only a stone's throw from being eligible for auditing again. All I had to do was work my way up through Non-Existence, then Danger, and finally Emergency, and then I would be home free, ready to do my long-awaited Clear Certainty Rundown. In the meantime, I kept accumulating the money from the class action lawsuit settlements in the bank, and in spite of the fifty thousand dollars that I squandered on the Allante, I had three hundred and thirty-thousand dollars again by the middle of June 1988.

My relationship with Michael Hambrick steadily improved, as he saw how helpful my Knowledge Reports had been in his effort to clear his name. At long last, Michael compiled enough evidence to completely vindicate himself, and Peter Letterese was finally declared a Suppressive Person. He had committed other crimes while working for the Way to Happiness Foundation, which was a Public Relations Org designed to make a positive impression about L. Ron Hubbard in the wog community. The Way to Happiness Campaign promoted a common sense code of conduct which frowned upon unethical practices and harmful behavior, making people aware of the decline of the moral fabric in our civilization due to crime, dishonesty and drug abuse, which of course were all a direct result of psychiatry.

"A study of 867 psychiatric patients discharged from Bellevue Hospital in New York found that they had a higher arrest rate and a higher felony rate than the general population",<sup>[114]</sup> was an excerpt from the Way to Happiness Sales Kit, in an article entitled "Psychiatry's Failure."

Silver-tongued Peter Letterese had convinced several Scientologists to donate large sums of money to the Way to Happiness Campaign at the expense of going up the Bridge. This was a Suppressive Act, since he actually persuaded people to re-credit money which they had on account toward their Grades and OT levels and use these funds to distribute Way to Happiness booklets, guaranteeing him some very fat sales commissions.

"How could anyone be so gullible and brainless as to believe someone like Peter?", I asked Michael.

"Somebody ought to shoot that son of a bitch once and for all!", he replied as he gave me a copy of Peter Letterese's Suppressive Declare, permanently expelling him forever as a Scientologist.

"And to think that I was about to be taken in by him again!", I said in utter amazement. "What a fucking jackass I must be!"

"You won't be seeing Peter at any more of Ron's parties!", Michael added, laughing in his syrupy Southern drawl.

And speaking of parties, I decided to bring Steve Goldberg to the Freewinds Relay Office Event on June the 25th at the Radisson Mart Plaza in Miami. Somehow, I hoped that Goldberg could be salvaged as a thetan, since he had really been going downhill as of late.

His statistics in life were pretty horrible. He made a living selling bootlegged copies of X-rated videotapes. Imagine duplicating the films on his own VCR equipment and selling them to the underground market in direct violation of our copyright laws! He had literally thousands of these illegal tapes piled up in his apartment. I'm telling you, the man was an absolute criminal! It's a good thing that we had safeguards against that kind of piracy in Scientology. Ron laid the law on the line

when he said, "No Org, franchise, group or individual except the Scientology Publications Organization may copy any Dianetics or Scientology tape."<sup>[115]</sup> It was for that reason that I refused to allow Goldberg to borrow any of my L. Ron Hubbard lectures, despite the fact that he often wanted to listen to them. The sick bastard had absolutely no respect for anything or anybody, and he would have not hesitated for a moment to violate our Policy prohibiting the duplication of Ron's tapes.

Besides being a total slob, he was a sex pervert! Goldberg used to enjoy it when women walked all over his body with spiked heels. He had an ongoing fantasy about being suffocated with a plastic bag over his head while a nude girl melted a hot wax candle over his penis. He actually got his fat, zits-infested girlfriend, Elaine Rodriguez, to defecate all over him. From various indications, the man was not entirely normal in my estimation. Dusty and Lisa never wanted anything to do with him once they realized what kind of scuzzbucket he was, and they were really not that selective about who they screwed around with.

He had even been stopped by two officers of the City of Hollywood, Florida Police Department for masturbating while driving naked. What kind of degenerate friend did I have, anyway? He must have been awfully stupid to do it so openly. I had an old pair of pants at home that I had cut the pockets out of, and when I wanted to do play with myself while watching the girls along the side of the road, I just wore those pants without any underwear. In this way, I could stick my hands in my pocket and get at myself pretty easily without causing any bad public relations with the suppressive wog police. If I were fortunate enough to pick up a young prostitute, she could stick her hand through my cut pocket-hole and keep me excited until we arrived at my apartment! Stewart Williams, the Personnel Procurement Officer of Golden Era Productions, had taught me that neat trick back in 1986 when I worked with him at the Wollersheim Crusade. There was so much that Steve Goldberg was missing out on in life, not having friends in Scientology as I did who knew the front line techniques of survival in our reactive-bank society.

Nevertheless I was the eternal optimist, and I wanted my best friend to creep out of the mire of degradation if it were at all possible, despite the enormous odds against him.

"There is no reason in the world why you can't be as normal and happy as I am", I told him on the way down to the Freewinds event on that special Sunday night.

My longing to jump aboard the Freewinds and be close to Source had to be stronger than the most strung out druggie's craving for crack cocaine. I would have given my right arm just to be permitted to clean the toilets in the ship's staterooms. Quite frankly however, I don't think that I could have gotten very much cleaning done with only my left arm.

Ivy Kimmich was the guest speaker at the event. As a proud member of the first group of New OT Eight completions, she spoke of some of the miracles which she personally experienced in auditing this monumental level. She had been able to leave her body for several days at a time, travelling in her native state as a thetan across space, checking up on her two little children who were still in Clearwater with their father. She had given her oldest child a personal message, and when she returned home, the kid repeated it to her verbatim, proving that she had been there without her body. Her revelations were so magnificent that I could not contain myself from weeping with joy, knowing how much incredible excitement awaited me at the top of the Bridge. Steve Goldberg was too busy trying to look up Ivy's crotch to appreciate the profound message that she was endeavoring to convey to him.

"Maybe if I were at OT Eight then I could see those freckles on her ass right through her dress", Goldberg sighed.

"How do you know that she has freckles on her ass?", I asked.

"I did what everybody else is doing around here", he disclosed. "I just made a postulate, and there they were! Ivy's ass would not be nearly as sexy if it had no freckles on it."

Steve Goldberg was clearly trying to make a mockery out of the marvels of our Tech, and this started to piss me off. He even had the balls to attempt making a date with Ivy Kimmich, knowing that she was happily married with two children.

"You are really embarrassing me!", I whispered in his ear. "You can't say those things to Ivy! She's one of the most respected thetans on the planet, and besides, she can hear your thoughts and read your mind."

"Well that's good!", he answered, "because I just thought about how much I would like to sharpen my dick between her teeth."

"Stop it right now!", I shivered. "I'm going to get punished for your outburst of depravity. OT Eights are very sacred people. You don't go around letting them hear all of your sick thoughts! If she labels you a Suppressive Person, with her abilities she could postulate your heart to stop ticking quicker than you could squash a cockroach. Don't play around with fire just because she's so pretty and you like her body. The power of a New OT Eight can be very deadly! They are trained to make things happen just by using their causative power of intention."

"You are full of shit!", Goldberg cursed as he walked right over to Ivy Kimmich.

"Do you have a minute?", he asked her.

"Sure!", she answered with good ARC. "Did you enjoy the event?"

"I've got a question for you, Ivy", he began. "If it's true that people who have completed OT Eight can cause things to happen just by making postulates, then how come you haven't won the Florida lottery yet?"

"That's too small a game for me", she smiled. "I don't have any trouble with creating money, because I earn over three hundred thousand dollars per year in commissions as a Field Staff Member for the Flag Service Organization, bringing other people in to do their services."

"That means she sells over three million dollars per year in auditing and training", I explained. "The commission rate is ten percent."

"Oh, I gross at least three million!", she said happily. "But in answer to your friend's question, the statistics on lotteries are very interesting indeed. Although Scientologists make up less than one percent of the United States population, we have actually won more than seventeen percent of all major prizes in various state Lotto games. Of course, that was before New OT Eight was delivered. I expect that those stats will start skyrocketing now."

"If that's really true", Steve Goldberg continued, "why doesn't the Church just assign a bunch of OT Eights to the job of winning lotteries, and just pay for everybody to be audited?"

"Oh, we have the capacity to do that quite easily", she revealed. "However, that would be a

violation of Ron's Policy. There would be no "fair exchange" if we just gave auditing time away. People getting it for nothing would consider it to be worthless, since they did not pay for it. Auditing only works when the preclear knows with certainty that it is valuable to him. Also, If the Church made auditing free for everybody, that would be a slap in the face for those like me who have earned their right to go up the Bridge. We do not reward downstats in Scientology. Now, there is nothing wrong for an OT Scientologist to pay for his own upper levels by winning lottery games. All you have to do is to move out of your body, go into the future, and either read the winning numbers as they appear or cause your own pre-selected numbers to come out by simply postulating or intending them. Then, all you would do is to come back to present time and place your bet. There is nothing complicated about it. If a thetan has restored those lost abilities to himself, then he surely can use his power to the fullest advantage. However, the most ethically and causative way for you to move up the Bridge right now is to bring others into Scientology and pay for your auditing with the Field Staff Member commissions. We can have a Cleared Earth much faster that way because you would be doing your share to help us boom planetary dissemination."

Steve walked away in amazement.

"That girl is smart!", he remarked. "She had an answer for everything!"

"She's at the top of the Bridge!", I reminded him. "You didn't expect her to talk like Dusty, did you?"

"That's the kind of girl you should marry", he indicated.

"Are you crazy?", I asked. "I could never be worthy of someone as perfect as Ivy! With all my faults, I don't even deserve to kneel at her feet!"

"Well, I'd sure like to lick her feet when they are nice and dirty", he whined, inveigling me with his idiocy again.

"For your own protection and mine, please just shut up!", I warned him again.

Ray Jourdain came over to us, and tried to persuade Steve Goldberg to do one of the new OT Hatting Courses aboard the Freewinds as I had every intention of doing myself.

"What's an OT hatting course mean?", he inquired half-heartedly.

"It's a course that gets you hatted to operate as a thetan", Ray explained. "A good one for you would be the "Power of Simplicity" course", he added.

"How much is it?", Goldberg scoffed with an air of ridicule.

"It's actually priceless", Ray responded, "but you can do the full course, together with first class accommodations for a cruise to Curacao aboard the Freewinds for a little over three grand."

"If you think that I'm going to spend three thousand bucks for a cruise to some jerky island where they don't even have kinky sex, dominatrixes, or any S&M, you're out of your mind!", he charged. "And not only that, you want me to go to Scientology school, learning how to get out of my body and fly into fucking space? Now I've heard everything!"

"What does "S&M" mean?", Ray asked with great curiosity, ignoring Steve's skepticism.

"What kind of shmuck is this?", Steve laughed, looking at me. "He doesn't even know what sado-masochism is!"

"Oh, my God! A psych word!", Ray cringed, appearing as if he were about to vomit.

"That's what I am up against with him, Ray", I apologized.

"You're such a phony, Fishman!", Goldberg objected insightfully. "All of a sudden I'm a real freak in front of your Scientology friend here, but for the last thirteen years you never put me down even once for being into S&M!"

"What would "S&M" mean in our language?", Ray inquired of me as he tried to make a serious effort to understand Steve Goldberg a little bit better.

"In his case, he's talking about a Desired Flow-Zero Enforced Overt Have"<sup>[116]</sup>, I said.

"Why didn't he say so in the first place?", Ray regretted ruefully. "Steve, I don't know anything about those confusing psych expressions."

"You can consider yourself lucky that you're out of touch with wog society", I said jealously. "I have to live in it daily and it really stinks!"

Steve Goldberg looked at us both in angry awe, as if we had just arrived from the Planet Zorch.

"I have never see two bigger assholes in my whole life!", he vilified. "Steve, when you are ready to leave, please let me know because I've had it with these morons!"

"This bird is even more strange than your father!", Ray replied as Steve got up to take a walk. "Can't you bring any normal people to our events?"

As I saw that Steve Goldberg was totally hopeless and that he didn't have the slightest reality on increasing his awareness of his own immortality as a thetan, I left him to his own devices and signed up for two weeks of OT Hatting aboard the ship with Lottie Adler, the Freewinds Relay Office Registrar. I wanted to take the "Route to Infinity" course, since Infinity was the direction toward which I wanted to permanently go anyway. It had to be a hell of a lot better than hanging around an imbecilic cheap Jew like Goldberg, with his sick world of criminal activity and offbeat sex. It was incredible how very little we had in common with one another. I still had not forgiven him for convincing me to purchase the stupid Allante. The car title had not arrived yet from the Department of Motor Vehicles in Tallahassee, and I knew that I would never be eligible for auditing until I turned it over to the Org and got rid of it. Every time I drove that trash heap, it represented a thorn in my side since it was literally a roadblock to my Bridge. I was so humiliated about the car that I parked it three blocks away from the Miami Org, so that no one would remind me about what a damn fool I had been in buying it in the first place.

I kept having nightmares of being raped and sexually abused. They weren't ordinary bad dreams, of course. I was Free Wheeling very intensely, unable to back myself out of the nightly horror.

"Why should I have these weird images of continuously being sodomized by men?", I asked



my old friend Denise Monce Macha who worked for Flag Crew. "Do you think there might be any connection between my Repair of Past Ethics in the sauna and these absurd visions?"

"Now don't start thinking like a dumb psychologist!", Denise warned me. "You'll really cave yourself in if you get into that kind of a squirrel cage!"

"So what is causing these dreams then?", I asked.

"I'm not your auditor, Steve", she replied with warm indifference. "How the hell should I know?"

"But that's just the point!", I protested. "I'm still not eligible yet to go back into session. How can I find out?"

"Steve, as much as I have always liked you, I don't feel sorry for you at all. As soon as you get the title to your car, you will no longer be in Danger, and with three hundred and thirty thousand dollars in your Bridge Fund, I'm sure that whatever is keeping you up at night will soon blow off and get flattened", she said snottily, dismissing my anxiety as a nuisance.

"I can't take one more day of this Free Wheeling, Denise!", I pleaded. "Last night I dreamt that I was gang banged by Jesus Christ and twelve of his boyfriends. I'll tell you; I'm glad that I had a chance to hammer a nail into his foot --"

"Shut up! I don't want to hear your sick shit!", she interrupted. "That's between you and your auditor. Why do you want to get me involved in all of your crappy garbage? I've got my own problems! If I were in your shoes, I would do some Solo Auditing and scan some of your recent past lives. You'll find out more about the nightmares that way than from bothering the hell out of me. Have a little consideration! While you are still in Danger, you are putting me in Danger by talking about your case. After all these years, don't you know that aberration is contagious?"

"Maybe I ought to place myself in quarantine so you don't catch my thetan germs!", I snapped vindictively.

"Now don't be cute!", she yelled. "One more crack like that and I swear to Ron that I'll write you up for Degradation, and you'll be right back in Non-Existence or worse. The Ethics Officer here at Flag makes Frank Thompson look like a little pussycat, so don't push your luck!"

Denise was right!

There was a brand new Mark Seven E-Meter in the New Civilization Suite at the Fort Harrison where I was staying, and that night, when I put on my thetan wings and Solo Audited past the reactive bank through lifetimes gone by, I found an incident where I had lived as a woman in the small town of Paleokastritsa on the Island of Corfu in Greece during the early 1730's.

My name was Gesiropagoutika, a beautiful princess of a girl, with the exception that my breasts looked like fat, impacted string beans. I had been engaged to a compulsive gambler nicknamed Podikipsito, which literally meant "Baked Rat." My fiancée eventually fell deeply into debt, and when he couldn't repay the loans, all of his goats were confiscated, and in an act of spite I was viciously gang raped and sold into slavery as chattel by several of his creditors. When I became pregnant, I was classified as unwanted merchandise and shortly thereafter drowned at sea. My nightmares of the rape came from that unsavory lifetime, and as Denise so brilliantly

forecasted, none of the bad dreams had anything whatsoever to do with Charlie Fox.

When I returned to Fort Lauderdale, I decided to buy a Mark Seven E-Meter myself, since it had an easy- to-read black needle shaft, a Digital Tone Arm position readout, and an increased sensitivity knob.

"With this new, improved model and all of its funky features, you'll be whizzing out of your head a lot quicker than if you were playing Russian roulette with only one bullet!", Leona Grimm coaxed enthusiastically. It didn't take very much pressure on her part to make the sale. I was a pushover and real proud of it, too! Three thousand dollars was a very cheap price to pay for anything with a Digital Tone Arm. I would have gladly spent double the amount for it if she had asked me. Anyway, now that my old Mark Six E-Meter was obsolete, the standards of Standard Tech just got a little tougher, that's all.

Leona warned me that I could never get to the top of the Bridge without a Mark Seven because the new equipment was going to be a prerequisite for auditing New OT Nine when it was eventually released. It's a damn shame that Ron never lived to play with his brand new toy, especially since it was required for the very same OT levels which he developed without the use of one. I sure hope that he didn't overlook anything using an old machine which didn't even have any trade-in value.

I also became highly obsessed with going to Greece, so I could revisit the farmhouse where I was raped by those male chauvinist pigs. It was very important that I eliminated the charge on that incident which had followed me from body to body through my time track. The only dreams I wanted to have about sexual violence was where I was doing the raping, not the other way around. I wasn't even planning to tell you that I had lived once as a girl, because that was a darker period of my time track. And so it was, for as I recalled, going on the rag once a month was not my idea of a good time. They didn't even have Maxi-pads in those days. I was lucky to use some goat skin dipped in olive oil.

I was equally as fascinated with seeing the town square of Malaga, Spain, where I had been hung as the adulterous Catholic Priest known as Father Delfino Garcia. A thetan can live with just so much insanity and then he gets fed up with it. I made up my mind that I was going to Spain and Greece during the summer to straighten out my past lives, once and for all.

"You're quite the jet-setter, aren't you?", Charlie Fox nagged when he heard about my plans for my mission into time. "I have to sweat my buns off wrapping packages in the warehouse for eleven hours a day while you are off in Europe somewhere, checking out your old watering holes."

"If you are voicing any complaints about your post, I'm afraid that I'll have to write up a Knowledge Report accusing you of Nattering",<sup>[117]</sup> I warned him. Two could play at his bitchy game.

Humberto was much more upsetting to me than Charlie, however. The title to my Allante had gone lost, and Humberto was completely furious that I had not received it, and that after three months, I was still driving the car.

"I think you're holding out on me, boy!", Humberto screamed accusatively.

"If you don't believe me, give me a Security Check!", I propositioned bravely. "Don't you think I would rather have my Ethics Condition in Normal Operation than to keep that lug-nut car?"

"Normal Operation?", he balked. "You're still in Danger! You haven't even worked your way up through Emergency yet!"

"I've been meaning to ask you how I could possibly do that", I suggested opportunistically.

"Well, I just happen to have a hat for you to wear", he beamed. "Frank told me that you're going to Spain next week."

"Actually, I'm leaving tomorrow for Greece, and then in one week I'm going to Spain", I clarified. "I want to get some reality on several of my dead bodies that are still haunting me."

"How luxurious!", he shouted with a hint of inner sarcasm. "And this trip of yours, is it fully paid for?"

"I charged it to my American Express card", I replied.

"And you speak Spanish quite well too, if I recall correctly", he added.

"I'm pretty fluent in it", I acknowledged. "I once talked to a hooker from Panama for the entire night without speaking one word of English."

"Well, I'm going to upgrade you to Emergency and re-activate your Office of Special Affairs Staff Status, because I need you to deliver an envelope for me while you are in Spain. Now, I'm really not supposed to be doing this for you until that matter of the car is taken care of, but I have no choice. A round-trip plane ticket to Spain with no advanced notice costs over eleven hundred bucks, and frankly, if you are going over there on your own, you could help us by saving the Org the expense of paying for a plane ticket."

"It is my honor and my duty to serve the Third Dynamic, Humberto, and I would gladly drop my body for Scientology if I had to!", I saluted. "I won't let you down. And as soon as I return, I'll turn over the Allante to the Org, so please trust me!"

I felt like a Scientology Freedom Fighter again. I couldn't believe that Humberto was actually giving me a second chance!

I passed my Courier Mission Orders Security Check, and I was posted as an L. Ron Hubbard Heavy Hussars Hat Courier Missionaire assigned to the brave task of Damage Control, and I was subsequently approved for my routing to the Madrid Org.

My briefing was done under the highest and strictest security, where my reactions were assessed on the E- Meter during the interview, as I was still considered a slight risk because the clouds of Dr. Geertz and Keith Nassetta were forever hanging over my head. I signed a Pledge of Confidentiality and reaffirmed the Code of a Scientologist, and accordingly I promised never to betray the nature of my mission, so please don't say anything to anybody, whatever you do. In fact, maybe you ought to just tear out the next few pages and shred them after you finish reading what I wrote, so that the data doesn't fall into the hands of a psychiatrist.

Narconon was being attacked in Spain.

What is Narconon?

The name Narconon comes from "Non-Narcosis" or "No Drugs", and is the most effective drug rehabilitation program in the world today, with the exception of the undertakers. Curing drug addicts is a seven step process, which starts with a drug-free withdrawal, then a TRs course, followed by the Purification Rundown, a Student Hat Course, a Way to Happiness Course, an Introduction to Scientology Ethics Course, and then finally a body routing to the nearest Scientology Mission or Org for auditing and training.

Nevertheless, according to John Duff, the President of Narconon International, "Narconon is quite independent of the Church of Scientology."<sup>[118]</sup> However, just between us chickens, it wasn't so.

It was just this very threadbare separation of Church and Narcs that caused all of our problems in Spain. You have to understand a little bit about the Spanish people. Most all of them had all been pitifully brainwashed by my bad boy Jesus, and the Catholic Church over there didn't like competition anymore than psychiatrists did.

Since the Church of Scientology handles mental aberration and strips away false data from suppressive religions at the same time, the time-worn unholy alliance of psychs and Christians sank their savage teeth into our benevolent efforts to get thetans off drugs, out of their bodies, and into the Orgs in droves. You see, neither psychiatrists nor Catholic priests would have any customers if people were set free, would they? Of course not.

From my point of view, I didn't give a damn whether people knew or didn't know whether the Church of Scientology and Narconon International had interlocking directorates or for that matter had ever even heard of each other. We were going to take over the world eventually anyway, so what the devil was the difference if people found out in advance that we were in the habit of slow-cooking our druggies in the saunas. The wogs would all know sooner or later, so who the hell gave a shit if the news leaked out early? I sure didn't care.

Well, it turned out that there were some pretty heavy suppressive bastards running things in Madrid, including a City Magistrate who was connected to several brand-name psychs, as well as the head honcho Catholic swindler in the Vatican who also happened to own most of the real estate in Spain even though he was Polish, and therefore didn't want us stirring up the natives with our good old-fashioned ARC.

Now had things been different and had Narconon made a practice of referring their preclears to the Catholic Church instead of to the Church of Scientology, I doubt whether Christ's modern-day gangsters would have pulled in their markers and started riding shotgun all over our ass. However, we weren't about to share the wealth with our enemies. Narconon's completions provided a worthwhile customer base for the Orgs, and rightfully so too, for all our hard work.

The straw that broke the squirrels' back was a Scientology- supported charity known as "TAIM", or "Técnicos Asociados de Investigación y Mercado", which received funding from the Spanish Government to compile drug abuse stats and to survey drug treatment results throughout Spain. I don't know what the big hullabaloo was for, because we certainly didn't squander the money on nonsense. All of the Government grants from that idiotic charity were funneled back to Author Services, Incorporated, where our four brave leaders David Miscavige, Norman Starkey, Pat Broeker and Diana Hubbard Horwich could use the funds properly, helping the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics in our quest to Clear the planet. They surely didn't put the money in their own pockets, if that's what you're thinking! Although I can't vouch for Norman Starkey, I know for a fact that Pat Broeker didn't use one cent of Narconon's drug money to buy his red Ferrari.

Rumors had been flying around Flag that he made a pretty decent living at the crap tables of Las Vegas, so he had no need to dip into the Church's kitty to support his opulent lifestyle.

Anyway, Narconon was cleaner than a baboon's ass. We weren't stupid enough to jeopardize our respect in the community by getting caught in a scandal which was backed by a few Castilian head shrinkers. Look at all the suppression we had to put up with!

So why did we get involved with the TAIM Charity in the first place? Why did we bother doing drug research for the Government of Spain at all? Do you think we really gave a damn about drug treatment programs other than our own? Not for a minute. We just needed the names of drug addicts so we could bring those spaced-out preclears into Narconon for treatment, that's all. But look at what a worthy cause that was! Wog drug programs do not work. We knew that! In fact, the corporation most interested in putting Narconon out of business was our old evil-purposed arch-enemy, I. G. Farben, the Nazi company who manufactured the Zyklon-B gas that killed hundreds of thousands of Jews at Auschwitz.

Now why should they have cared about Narconon? Were there that many Jewish cocaine addicts in the world? Not hardly. I. G. Farben also manufactured Methadone, the drug promoted by psychiatrists as "the solution to heroin addiction." Originally named "Dolophine" in honor of Adolf Hitler, Methadone causes depression, paralysis, vomiting, insomnia, stomach cramps, as well as hot and cold flashes.

I. G. Farben didn't like any program that would get people off drugs, especially their own. The only place that I would have been willing to inject Methadone was into my psychologist's penis! Who knows, Dr. Geertz might have truly enjoyed that.

So between the Nazis and the Catholics, we had our hands full. It was as if we were fighting World War Two all over again!

Anyway, some snoop from Interpol found out that the TAIM Charity was wholly-owned and controlled by Scientology, and in fact, the corporate resolution of the TAIM charter had the beautiful autograph of my beloved Diana Hubbard Horwich on it, as well as the signatures of Inspector General External for the Religious Technology Center Jessie Prince, and Inspector General Internal for the Religious Technology Center Captain Greg Wilhere.

My job was to zip over to the Madrid Org and deliver to the Executive Director a new set of corporate charters for the TAIM Charity that did not show any connection to any of the top International Management personnel at Scientology. I was clearly also involved for sentimental reasons because Diana Hubbard Horwich, my Senior Divisional Departmental terminal was being threatened. She had my sympathy too. Flowing hidden money to Author Services, Incorporated was absolutely vital for the expansion and preservation of Source Data, and as far as I was concerned, the Spanish Government could stick their stupid charity laws up their collective Iberian asses.

"Any attack against Scientology is an attack upon me personally, and I shall fight our enemies to the death!", I vowed to Humberto. "Where did this "TAIM" Charity idea come from anyway?"

"Just some Public Relations crap created by Fran Harris, the Flag Banking Officer of Author Services, and Julia Breuer, the Commanding Officer of the Flagship Service Organization", he bragged. "They wanted a non-affiliated "independent" survey on drug research and so we gave it to them, that's all. Our own Narconon staff members conducted the drug surveys anyway, but the

Spanish Government wasn't about to pay us to do the job unless we either conformed to their ass-backwards wog charity laws or we changed our religion. The Spanish Inquisition is still going on over there, except now they are persecuting Scientologists instead of Jews. The City Magistrate of Madrid was probably Torquemada in one of his former lifetimes!"

"He sounds more like Torquemada's psychiatrist", I replied.

My hat was quite simple. All I had to do was to give the sealed envelope to the Executive Director of Madrid, and after he opened it in my presence, I was then obliged to show him the exact three spots where the forms were supposed to be signed by the officials.

"Can't this guy find three blank spaces where the new signatures should go without any help from me?", I wondered. "Are they a bunch of dummies or something?"

"Spaniards are not as smart as Cubans", Humberto smiled, as he proudly referred to his own ethnic heritage. "Anyway, orders are orders."

The new signatories were the Executive Director of Narconon Los Molinos, the Deputy Commanding Officer of Expansion for Iberia Antonia Navarro, and the Commanding Officer of the Office of Special Affairs of Iberia Enrique Ayuso. They represented a cross section of our upper crust in Spain.

For four hours I was drilled on my Mission TRs, including what I was to say if I were caught and detained by the Madrid Police, who incidentally were monitoring all entrances and exits to the Madrid Org on a twenty-four hour per day surveillance. Humberto told me to place the envelope underneath my undershirt and tuck it in to my underpants so that it would not be detectable when I walked into the building. He said that the likelihood of my being stopped would be lessened if I appeared to be carrying nothing.

"That's going to be uncomfortable, having an eleven by fourteen envelope rubbing against the back end of my dick", I objected.

"Well, just don't piss all over it then", he said with a modicum of encouragement. "You know that it is standard procedure for concealing a document", he added. "You were in the Guardian's Office long enough to remember a simple instruction like that!"

Darrell Kirkland, the Minister of the Miami Org, then made me a mocked-up Florida driver's license under the name of Robert Walker, using the same machine which I donated to the Org five years before! My loyalty had come around full circle, and I was now the benefactor of my own magnanimous contribution! The name Robert Walker was selected because back in February, the letter carrier in my building put a Master Card in my mailbox by mistake, and being a good Scientologist, I turned the misdirected card over to Frank Thompson. The card belonged to one of my wog neighbors, so it didn't make very much difference what happened to it.

I invented a brand new handwriting for the name Robert Walker which had to be signed on the license and on the back of the credit card. However, when I looked at my Polaroid picture that Reverend Kirkland had made, I wanted to throw up.

"This looks like a real mug shot, Darrell!", I complained. "Anyone who sees this hideous face on my license will think that I am some sort of crook!"

"Okay, wise guy!", he snapped. "Next time call your friend Steve Goldberg, the professional photographer. He'll charge you two thousand dollars per photo, just like he did for signing your claims. In any case, you'll still come out ugly."

"You shouldn't have captured me from that angle", I continued with profound vanity.

"Listen to me, you jerk!", Humberto commanded. While you are in Spain, I only want you to walk around with the Robert Walker driver's license and credit card. Keep all of your Steve Fishman bullshit identification locked up in your suitcase. Use the card if you run low on cash, but be sure to pay off all your charges as soon as you get back home. I don't want anyone to ever accuse you of doing anything criminal like leaving open any unpaid debts."

Bob Levy, the Executive Director of Miami, closed up the envelope and affixed it with a seal made of wax, so that any evidence of tampering could be duly noted.

"Do you want me to call you when I complete my Mission?", I asked.

"No, that could be traced", Humberto instructed pejoratively. "As soon as the Executive Director of Madrid has your package, I want you to send Ray Jourdain a postcard, stating that you are "having a good time in Spain with your mother and children." That will be your code which will tell us that everything is okay. Postcards only take three days to reach us from there. So how soon can you get this all done?"

"Well, you know that I'm spending a week in Greece first", I reminded him.

"What the hell is so important about Greece?", Humberto said angrily. "Do you expect all of the problems of the planet to remain on hold while you are farting around Mount Olympus, aimlessly exploring your waste-of-time track?"

"Humberto, I'm going to Corfu, not Athens. Anyhow, I've got to stop having those nightmares", I explained. "My life as a woman in Greece is the key to resolving all of that trouble."

"You are always putting yourself before the group!", he accused. "As sure as I am sitting here, I know that one day soon your own selfishness will be your downfall."

"Do you want someone else to go?", I offered reluctantly.

"No, you've got me by the balls," he admitted with defeat. "I can't justify spending over a thousand dollars when your trip is already paid for. Just don't lose those papers in Greece, or I warn you, you'll be back in the sauna with Frank, Charlie and I for an encore!"

Everything went well in Europe. I found the location of the cottage on the Island of Corfu where I was raped, and after spending fifteen hours sitting on a wooden stump reviewing that hideous incident, I came to realize that it no longer had any further command value over me. It helped tremendously when I exteriorized and I placed myself inside the body of the man who had repeatedly raped me over and over again. Being in his valence, I was able to install his pleasure moments into my pictures, and I found that I was actually sexually attracted to my old body during the rape sequences! I sure was a good looking bitch back then, in spite of my awkwardly shaped tits.

I cognited that the best way to handle all of that sexual abuse was to not be myself! The

psychs may call it schizophrenia, but I appreciated the tremendous benefits of having multiple valences as the cure for my bad dreams! I wanted to get inside the bodies of my tormentors in order to appreciate their viewpoints, which seemed to balance all my flows of fear and consequently restore my sanity.

Now why couldn't the psychiatrists have thought of something so darn simple? Alas, the suppressives had a vested interest in keeping their "patients" sick, so it did not surprise me that they never came up against such a basic fundamental discovery. Anyway, the only thing that those corrupt bastards knew about the time track was when their fifty minutes were up and they handed you a therapy bill for a hundred and fifty dollars per hour.

I learned some other good news while in Greece. I called my father in Fort Lauderdale, who told me that my lost title to the Cadillac Allante had finally arrived. I was soon to be back in Normal Operation! Auditing was just around the corner!

"Life couldn't ever get any better than this!", I remarked.

My secret mission in Madrid took all of five minutes, and I frankly didn't see any agents of the Spanish Government watching the Org's headquarters at 20 Montera either when I walked in or walked out.

Here I was, expecting some cloak-and-dagger intrigue, when handing over the envelope was no harder than walking into a K-Mart and buying a bottle of musk perfume for my testicles.

"What was the big deal?", I asked myself. "Humberto drilled me for four hours to do a job that took less time than I usually needed for a healthy shit!"

I spent the rest of the day with a Spanish prostitute named Corintia who I found hanging around the men's room of the Portazgo subway station of Madrid's Metro Line One. She took me to a special kind of whore house called Casabermeja in a section of town known as Colonia Sandi. Although all of the women including Corintia were way over eighteen, they served free Sangria fruit punch, and for approximately twenty-eight dollars extra, they invited me to attend a floor show where I watched an adorable, thin girl as she covered herself with baby oil and then had sex with a male chimpanzee on a platform stage. It was so cute when the nice chimp took a funny little bow after he satisfied the lady. He humped her just the same as I would have done. I don't know why we never have anything so entertaining here in the United States. It would be very popular, I would imagine, and extremely healthy for the animals.

My week in Malaga blew large areas of charge off my case the way nothing else could have possibly done. Suffering as a Catholic Priest in the sixteenth century was a veritable pain in the butt. I had a rough time of it during that lifetime because I had been so preoccupied with sex. None of the nuns would give me any loving, and besides they were as gruesome to look at as penguins can get. Did you know that some of them felt so guilty about having any kind of pleasure at all that they hemorrhaged from trying to hold their bowel movements in? They didn't even think that they were worthy enough in the eyes of God to take a decent crap.

The biggest mistake in my lifetime as Father Delfino Garcia was to jump into the sack with the Bishop's mistress. I don't know why I was attracted to her, because as I recall, her feet stank pretty horribly. A few other Priests used to take turns giving her a roll in the hay, but when she got pregnant, it was I who she accused of knocking her up. True to pattern, I probably didn't use any condoms in those days either. Anyway, I was married to the Lord, and since I wasn't supposed to



cheat on him, they hung me by the neck. You know the rest of the story. Every time that I put on my necktie, I felt the ghostly shadow of the hangman's noose. It was a good thing that the Bishop didn't string me up by the nuts, or I might not have been able to wear pants!

Someone had to take the rap, and regrettably it was me. How fortunate it was that those things never happened in Scientology. Then again, I never had sex with a Scientologist before, unless you count a squirrel like Lavenda, who as you may recall, also tried to hang me for paternity.

While I was re-creating the mental image pictures of my luckless lynching before the crowd that had gathered at the Town Square of Malaga, I was disappointed that I wasn't able to take the sting out of wearing a tie, even though I was fully convinced that the phobia came from the hangman's rope.

"Why didn't I bring my E-Meter with me?", I castigated myself in distress. "I should have known better than to fight this kind of age-old anxiety without my soup cans!" Nevertheless, I had a latent cognition while I was flying back to Miami on the Iberia Airlines flight from Madrid.

"What an idiot I have been!", I exclaimed. "I don't have to be afraid of wearing a tie anymore! All I have to do is buy bigger shirts with fatter collars! And to think that I had to fly halfway around the world to figure that out!"

It never ceased to amaze me how Scientology always provided a surprising cognition or two when I least expected it.

As the plane touched down in Miami, all I could think of was how wonderful my auditing was going to be, now that I was finally about to repair my Ethics by turning over the car to Frank Thompson.

At long last I was ready to attest to the State of Clear and move up through the higher levels of Operating Thetan.

"Here I come!", I said to Ron, who was waiting for me at the other end of the Bridge. "I'm almost home!"

# CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

## If Mary Sue Could Do It, You Could Do It

There was so much to carry off the plane! I had bought two Flamenco dancing dolls for my daughters, a punk rock bracelet for Dusty from a flea market in Marbella, two quartz necklaces with gold chains for my auditors Nancy and Leah, castanets for Humberto to hit me over the head with, a hand-carved pipe for Frank Thompson's burning desires, and a pair of leather note pads for each of my parents. Iberia Airlines also gave me some fuzzy soft slippers to wear on both the westbound and eastbound flights, so I decided to economize on buying extra gifts and save those for Michael Hambrick and Ray Jourdain.

With both hands loaded, I was flattered when two sky marshals dressed in blue uniforms offered to help me carry my packages.

"Wow, this is real V.I.P. service!", I said in appreciation. "I should have had you with me when I went shopping!"

Suddenly, one of them slapped a set of handcuffs on me.

"What's going on?", I screamed. "I don't have any drugs! You can search my bags if you don't believe me! These are just presents for my family and friends!"

"Just follow us and everything will be explained to you very soon", the second one said.

"You must have the wrong person!", I echoed. "Do you know my name?"

"You're Steve Fishman, aren't you?", the one who had handcuffed me asked.

"Yes, but --"

"Just come with us", he ordered.

"How the hell did they find out about the TAIM Charity envelope?", I thought to myself in holy terror. "I'm going to be thrown back into Liability for this!"

The two guards led me into an unassuming, grayish office, where I was introduced to Special Agent Bill Kemp of the FBI, a squatty bulldog of a man wearing a dreadfully obvious wig and a face like a Southern Baptist that had the Devil Jesus written all over it.

We were often warned about the FBI in the Guardian's Office, but I had never paid much attention to our data on those terrorists before. They were the old Third Invader Force; the dramatizing psychotics of Marcab who helped the Emperor Xenu trap us in the volcanoes.

"What can I do for you?", I asked Special Agent Kemp.

"I've got a criminal complaint out of San Francisco on you", he replied.

"Now you see how ridiculous that is?", I squawked. "I've never even been to San Francisco in my entire life!"

"I think you'd better take a look at it", he suggested grimly.

He handed me a copy of the complaint with his clammy, puffy hands as he searched my pockets. Much to my dismay, he found my Robert Walker driver's license and master card in my wallet.

"Is this you?", he asked sarcastically as he held up the two pieces of identification.

"Of course it is!", I said. "Can't you see that's my picture on there?"

"Does any of this I.D. have your name on it?", he interrogated annoyingly.

"They're not supposed to!", I replied with full integrity. "I didn't want to get in trouble!"

"You're in trouble right now", he declared.

"Is Dr. Geertz behind all this?", I yelled accusatively.

"Why don't you read that criminal complaint", he encouraged.

I was charged with over twenty counts of class action securities fraud, including mail fraud, wire fraud and conspiracy! The penalty on the affidavit was five years in prison for each count! Somehow, I had to warn Ray Jourdain and Frank Thompson!

"I've got to make a telephone call!", I insisted.

"I'm afraid that you'll have to do that after you get to jail", he stated indifferently.

"Jail?", I shrieked. "There are criminals there!"

"That's exactly where they belong", he acknowledged without the slightest subtlety.

"No! This is crazy. My father was supposed to meet me when I came off the plane. I have to see him!"

"I've already told him that you're being arrested", he mumbled emotionlessly as he read me my rights.

"I need to talk to the Director of Special Affairs", I pleaded in horror.

"We don't have one of them. Would you like to give me a statement about this?", he continued, trying to trick me.

"No, I have to make a call to the Org", I replied. "I need to find out the name of our attorney."

"So are you saying that you're not willing to make a statement without an attorney?", he expanded.

"That's right!", I said in my own defense. "As soon as I found out who my attorney is, then we'll both sit down with you and straighten this whole thing out. In the meantime, how do I arrange

for bail?"

"Well, on the complaint here, it says that bail is five hundred thousand dollars in cash", he revealed. "Can you put up that amount?"

"No, all I have is three hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and I don't know whether I'm allowed to use it for bail money until I make my telephone call", I trembled. "I've got my Ethics to worry about, you know."

"You should have thought about that before you got arrested", Kemp answered. "When those prison cell doors slam shut on you it's a little too late to start thinking about the difference between right and wrong."

"He doesn't even know what the word Ethics means!", I thought to myself. "This wog is crazy!"

Kemp disclosed that he and another FBI agent were taking me to the Metropolitan Correctional Center in South Dade County. I begged them to put my light blue jacket over my cuffed hands so that no one in the airport would know that a Scientologist had been arrested. As much as I hated our public relations policies for being too soft on the psychs, I didn't want to be an embarrassment for the Church.

The FBI car looked like the kind you usually see on television. It was plain brown, and had no center armrests in the back seat.

"How can you take me to prison without arresting all of the psychiatrists first?", I argued while we were driving along the highway to the jail. "I have devoted my whole life to salvaging this planet while they have done all they could to destroy it!"

"Well, they've got a couple of doctors over there at the jail you could talk to about it", he recommended.

"I wouldn't be caught dead talking to one of those suppressives!", I objected. "If I had been allowed to set up the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Estates Project Force like I wanted to, you would be rounding them up, not me! You should be out there solving real crimes by arresting drug dealers, shutting down mental hospitals, and destroying shipments of coffee. Can't you see that I am a false target?"

"Coffee?", he chuckled. "What do you have against coffee?"

"You mean you don't know?", I gasped. "You don't have to pretend with me! Your Government wouldn't keep their own agents in the dark on something that important, I know that for sure."

"I drink a lot of coffee so you'd better tell me", he warned.

"Caffeine is the catalyst for the AIDS virus!", I confessed. "You've got to tell the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. If you write up a Knowledge Report they might believe you. There are still plenty of lives to be saved. It's hard to swallow that your Government never gave you that data."

"Why did you say "your government"?", Kemp asked. "Aren't you a United States citizen?"

"Scientologists do not recognize the legitimacy of any wog government, especially one that is

controlled by world psychiatry", I admitted informatively.

"Do you really believe that?", he inquired with a trace of suspicion.

"Scientology is the only hope mankind has left", I said proudly.

"You sure have a lot of their books and tapes in your house", he shrugged. "Is it some kind of religion?"

"You were in my house?", I screeched.

"We had a search warrant", he said complacently.

"You didn't take any of my L. Ron Hubbard collection, did you?", I cringed in horror.

"I don't think that's what we were looking for", he sneered.

"How long are they going to keep me in jail?", I inquired frightfully.

"That's up to your lawyer and the courts", he assured me. "The complaint calls for a five year penalty and a fine of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on each charge if you're found guilty."

"But there's twenty counts!", I pleaded. "I can't stay in jail for a hundred years! The world is going to end on September the 9th, 1997! I can't prevent a nuclear holocaust from a jail cell! Even those who have completed the Purification Rundown might not survive the radiation!"

"You should have thought of that before all this happened", he scolded with a teaspoon-full of remorse.

"Don't you understand?", I cried. "You're going to blow up too!"

"Well, it's out of my hands then", he apologized. "I'll just have to take my chances along with everybody else."

"You are frightening me!", I quivered. "You've got to let me call the Org!"

"You can call whoever you want to once you get processed into the jail", he repeated impatiently.

"I need to be processed by my auditor!", I clarified.

"Your attorney can hire all the auditors and accountants you need to prepare your defense", he explained. "There will be plenty of time for that."

It was hopeless talking to that insane lunatic. He didn't understand a thing about life or reality that I was saying to him.

The weather was rainy and bleak. Just looking up at the sky, I knew that Ron was very displeased at what the Third Invaders had done to me. Of course, most of it was my own fault for buying that stupid Allante. I would have never been arrested if I hadn't allowed my Ethics to cave in.

Getting situated within the jail was a humiliating experience, especially for an Antichrist. I had to get dressed in front of strange men with their gawking eyes, and all of my fears from the rape scene in Greece started returning to me, especially since I hadn't shaved my groin since I had left Malaga, and my pubic hair was starting to grow some unsightly stubble. They took a sample of my body's fingerprints and a picture of its face, but they had no idea about my true identity as a thetan. I was given a green jumpsuit to put on that was too tight around the crotch, as well as some horrible short white socks that didn't even come up to my knees like the satin elastic ones I had at home.

I was taken to "E" Unit, directly in back of the prisoner receiving area. This was a separate section of the jail which was reserved for troublemakers, stool pigeons, and mental cases.

"But I don't fall into any of those three categories!", I protested to Officer Aranguetz, a sadistic tyrant who ran the "E" Unit with absolute despotism. "I'm a Scientologist!"

My cell was a tiny cubicle on the second floor, overlooking a sculpture of barbed wire lacking any artistic flavor whatsoever. I couldn't believe the bare, stark horror of it all. A sink, a bed, and a toilet were all that greeted me. There wasn't even a television set.

I looked around the squalid cell and started communicating with Ron, holding all eight corners of the room by postulate while trying not to think. As soon as I reached my precious Eighth Dynamic, I told him all about Bill Kemp, the store-bought whore of the United States Wog Government controlled by the Nazi Rockerfeller Foundation, the American Psychiatric Association, and the World Federation of Mental Health.

As it always had been, the only one who was able to comfort and console me was the Admiral, my dearest Source, who reminded me that I had made him a promise to Clear Earth and stop Larry Wollersheim from destroying everything that Ron had created through his gift to us of the Tech.

"You get out of this mess and fight to salvage our planet!", Ron encouraged me valiantly with reverberating intention.

After several hours of exteriorizing, I was snapped back into my body by the noise of a clumsy guard who had opened my door loudly without even bothering to look and see whether I had returned into my head or not. The asshole did not realize that Ron hadn't finished talking to me yet. It was a complete violation of the Auditor's Code. Nevertheless, I was given some free time to walk outside my cell and explore the "E" Unit during the dinner period.

I couldn't imagine that the letter "E" in "E" Unit stood for anything except the word "Enemy", until I noticed the name "Everglades" amateurishly painted on the wall. The bleak and dreary room looked as much like the Everglades National Forest as the inside of my ass did. It was named that way as a mockery of the trapped and the suppressed, in much the same way that the Nazis played chamber music for the Jews as they were marched and herded into the gas chambers to their deaths.

"E" Unit looked like a high school gymnasium surrounded on three sides by tiny cells. There was an old, broken television in the center of the room with a picture so hard to see that nobody ever looked at it. There were some very pathetic creatures standing about and moaning to themselves, appearing as if they were waiting for the last train out to the Between Lives Area which never ever came. They were the mentally ill prisoners, stuck on the time track in their most recent electric shock. Infuriated, I walked over to Officer Aranguetz's desk and demanded that I make my

telephone call.

"There's a list to use the phone, and you've got to wait your damn turn!", he said coarsely.

"But that could take hours!", I argued. "I have to call the Org so they can get me a lawyer and let me out of here!"

"What the hell is an Org?", he laughed grotesquely, where every pockmark on his gristly face seemed to distend itself in all different directions.

"I need to call the Church of Scientology in Coral Gables", I explained. "If they knew that I was in here, they would get me released within an hour!"

"I don't care if you want to call your great-grandmother", he stated with impeccable rudeness. "You'll wait your fucking turn."

"Why don't you let me use your desk phone", I suggested, trying to make things go right. "I'll see to it that you receive a Letter of Commendation from Vicki Kirkland, the Director of Certificates and Awards, if you just help me resolve these issues. There has been an awful mistake. There is positively no reason for me to be in here."

"That's what they all say!", he burped unsympathetically. "All I want you to do is to get the fuck out of my office!", "The longer you wait before putting your name on the phone list, the longer it will be before you get to make your call."

I couldn't believe that there were seventeen names ahead of mine!

I paced back and forth for fifteen minutes, trying to comprehend the lunacy of my predicament.

There were still several other matters that I needed to straighten out with Officer Aranguuez.

"What are you doing back in here?", he screamed.

"I would like to register a complaint", I began.

"You just got here!", he balked with a flushed glare of madness. "I'm tired of looking at your dumb face. What do you want now?"

"It's just that I have been denied the basic necessities", I objected. "In my room there was only a small quantity of soap, a comb, a plastic shaver and some strange thing called tooth powder."

"So, that's what everybody gets when they come in here", he answered stubbornly. "And you're in a cell, not a room. This ain't no fucking hotel!"

"No, there must be some mistake. You are not listening to me. I need to talk to your Supply Officer. I don't use tooth powder, I need a tube of Aquafresh. There is no shampoo for my hair, and I need to write up a requisition for a bottle of Pert for oily hair. There is no shaving cream either, so I would prefer some Colgate with aloe or lemon-lime, although if all you have is menthol, I suppose that would have to suffice temporarily. Furthermore, I only have one pillow on my bed, and my

chiropractor warned me that I have to sleep with at least four. Not only that, they are made out of foam, and I'm allergic to synthetic fibers. I need genuine goose-feathered down, otherwise I know I will sneeze all night, which reminds me that I need a box of Kleenex Man-Sized Tissues. All I can wipe my nose with right now is toilet paper! Somebody must have overlooked all those things because I arrived late. Also, there is no hair dryer in the shower area, so you need to get one from another part of the prison. Who is your Supply Officer anyway?"

Aranguez looked at me in astonishment.

"Are you trying to jerk me off with all this bullshit?", he asked.

"Now, look!", I said. "I'm not a homosexual, and I have heard a lot about what goes on in these jails. I would appreciate it if you don't speak to me like that ever again, since I'm not that kind of person. Now will you please give me an Internal Requisition Form and show me where the Supply Officer's basket is?"

"Do you want me to put you in segregation?", he threatened.

"I see plenty of blacks walking around in here", I observed. "The National Civil Rights Act eliminated segregation!"

"We've got a special unit reserved for nut-case pain-in-the-asses like you who enjoy bugging the shit out of people and busting the guards' chops", he cautioned.

"I'm sorry that we seem to be going out of ARC with each other, Officer Aranguez, but you are flunking TR-2 quite miserably", I explained. "I just need an acknowledgement. You keep throwing these wild originations of randomness at me, and you aren't duplicating any of my intentions, which is the primary cause of the miscommunication. Can't you even see that?"

"What the fuck is wrong with you?", he yelled.

"Nothing!", I answered. "I seem to be the only one in this place who is sane! At the Church of Scientology Miami Org, I know who the Supply Officer is and where he keeps the Internal Requisition Forms. Unfortunately, here I do not. Since you are in charge, I have asked you to furnish me with that data. Is it such a complicated endeavor that I cannot get any cooperation from you in securing the minimum bare necessities for my comfort while I am a guest here?"

"You've never had to live on the streets, did you? Well, just give me a written list of what you want room service to bring you, and I'll give it to that guy you mentioned before whenever I see him", he said mockingly, desperately wanting to get rid of me.

"Don't make light of this. I really need some toiletries so that I can freshen up", I begged him. "Put yourself in my position. I just got off the plane from Madrid and I haven't had a chance to revitalize myself. Two FBI Agents from the Third Invader Force with very suppressive stuck flows brought me in here, and my Ethics Officer doesn't even know where I am yet! At least let me use your typewriter while I'm waiting for the phone so that I can prepare a Knowledge Report for Frank Thompson."

"Now you listen to me and listen up real good!", Aranguez warned. "My office and typewriter are strictly off limits to prisoners. I don't know what the hell kind of drugs you were on when they picked you up, but the psychiatrist doesn't come in until tomorrow. This is Sunday. The only ones



here today are a Catholic Priest and a Protestant Minister. If you quiet yourself down, I can call over to the chapel and see if one of them can come over and talk to you."

"Don't you dare bring over any degraded beings to see me!", I howled. "It's bad enough that I have to be in this psychiatric prison, but I know my rights! I will not permit myself to be abused by enemy agents of the terrorist Jesus! You're going to find out about all this sooner or later when I Clear the planet, so you might as well wake up to the truth right now! I am the real father of the bastard Christ! Don't you think that is punishment enough for me? Being here in this wog hell-hole only adds insult to injury, so don't start sending the evil-purposed whores of the Bible over to humiliate me any further or I'll spit in their face!"

"Don't you talk about God that way, you son of a bitch!", he raved combatively. "Have some respect for the beliefs of other people. The whole world doesn't revolve around your fucking Scientology shit!"

"Not when it comes to Jesus Christ I won't!", I yelled back. "I have made plenty of compromises on a lot of things, but not when it threatens my basic principles!"

Unfortunately, the only thing that my basic principles did for me was getting me locked up in my cell again by Officer Aranguez. It wasn't until ten o'clock at night that I was permitted to finally use the phone. Aranguez had gone off duty, and another officer who was more compassionate gave me priority with the telephone, much to the chagrin of the other prisoners who had their name on the list.

My heart pounded as the prison operator tried to place a collect call to 445-7812, the number of the Miami Org. The jail phones did not accept coins because we were not allowed to keep any money in our cells. Therefore, all outgoing messages had to be placed by reversing the charges.

"Ray isn't going to let me stay in here for another minute!", I told myself.

Then all of my hopes were dashed. Ray Jourdain got on the line and refused to accept the call. He knew it was me, and he knew that I was in jail, and yet he wouldn't talk to me! I had been abandoned!

Later, when I was back in my cell for the night and the lights were turned out, I realized that Ray must have known that all of the calls made from the prison were monitored on a tape recorder.

"Of course!", I cognited. "Ray couldn't take a chance discussing confidential Red Box Data while our enemies were listening!" [119]

Red Box Data, of course, was "proof that any Scientologist was involved in criminal activities, anything illegal that implicated L. Ron Hubbard, any evidence against any government group or persons, evidence of incriminating activities, or any details of confidential financial accounts."

I was certainly in good hands now that I fully understood that Ray was thinking clearly and protectively.

"Tomorrow is my bond hearing, and Ray will be there with a top notch criminal attorney to bail me out!", I surmised. "I don't have a thing to worry about!"

But on the following day at the Federal Court House in Miami, there was no lawyer to

represent me, and no Ray Jourdain either.

"There must be some mistake!", I said to the bailiff. "I have one of the best criminal attorneys in the country assigned to my case, probably the same one who defended Mary Sue Hubbard!"

"I don't know who Mary Sue Hubbard is", the bailiff said, "but if you want to get your bond set, I suggest you talk to the Public Defender."

Consequently, my bail hearing was postponed for two days, until Wednesday.

After they took me back to the Metropolitan Correctional Center, I had another bitter fight with Aranguez.

"I know that there are books by L. Ron Hubbard in all of the prisons!", I screamed. "For years I donated money for the campaign to disseminate Scientology technology to the needy. Every jail and hospital is supposed to have a copy of Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health, and I want to know where the hell it is in this stinking place! I have a right to read other things besides your stupid wog law books or your disgusting, filthy Christian propaganda!"

Aranguez grabbed me by the throat and roared his skunk-breath into my face.

"I don't want you pestering me about your Scientology bullshit no more!", he growled. "This ain't the Hilton, and we don't have any bookmobile here! This is a jail, you got that? People here read up on their legal cases or they study the Bible. That's how it is whether you like it or not!"

"You can take your psychiatric Bible and flush it down the toilet!", I insisted.

"Fishman, I hate your fucking guts. I ain't never going to forgive you for what you said about Jesus. And when a guard in here don't like you, you'd better believe that your ass is grass!"

"So why don't you go ahead and shoot me?", I dared him. "Jesus was my good-for-nothing son, and I can say anything I want to about my little bastard. He wasn't a God. He was a faggot! Judas Iscariot betrayed him because they had a lover's quarrel over another man! Christ was the biggest queer that ever lived, and his crucifixion was too damn good for him! He should have been roasted alive at the stake!"

"Why, you little fucker --"

Suddenly, once of the prison Lieutenants in a blue uniform came in and pulled Aranguez off me as he was about to tighten his stranglehold.

"Easy! This guy is a mental patient!", the Lieutenant said, calming Aranguez down. "He is in "E" Unit for his own protection, not to be attacked by you!"

"You don't know what he's been saying about Jesus!", Aranguez argued, all out of breath.

"Fishman, get back to your cell!", the Lieutenant ordered.

An hour later, Aranguez opened up my door with a wicked smirk upon his face.

"I got in some serious trouble because of you", he complained. "I was told to get off your

case. So that's exactly what I'm going to do, too. I just have got one thing to tell you, boy. There are some very religious prisoners here in "E" Unit who are doing double and triple life terms. Christ is all they've got left. Once they get the word from me about what you've been saying about our Lord, nobody is going to come to your rescue. Nobody! There are a lot of real cold-blooded killers in this part of the jail that would cut your heart out as soon as look at you. I promised the Lieutenant to stay out of your hair, so when somebody slits your throat in the exercise yard or stabs you in the back while you're taking a shower, I just want you to remember that I'm going to be looking the other way. You are going to regret the day that you fucked with Officer Aranguéz."

He slammed the door in my face, leaving me in terror.

"I'm Malchoot the Antichrist!", I shouted. "I'm not afraid of anybody! You're going to come back as a Body Thetan on the Pope's cock!"

The truth be told, I was extremely upset.

Aranguéz's threats were not so good for my diarrhea. The only thing I could keep in my system was my love for Ron.

The Public Defender was a very good natured man with a kind face named Henry Bugay. He arranged for my bail to be reduced from five hundred thousand to one hundred thousand, and my father put up ten percent of it as a guarantee against his credit cards.

I was out on bond the very next day.

Henry Bugay recommended a friend of his to represent me as my lawyer. I didn't know anything about Marc Nurik, since all wog attorneys seemed pretty much alike. Anyway, it was temporary until I found out the name of my real counsel from Ray Jourdain, so I reluctantly agreed to meet with him.

My parents drove me to Marc Nurik's office, which was located in a building on Southwest 27th Avenue in Miami where the parking spaces were made for bicycles, not cars. The law office was one long railroad flat with a broken grandfather clock in the reception area, and Marc's executive suite was furnished tastelessly with a load of oriental crap which resembled a cheap Chinese restaurant that I used to go to as a boy in Fresh Meadows, New York, where they cooked their chow mein with alley cats instead of chicken.

Marc also had a female partner who was a retired Federal Judge named Patty Kyle, although she hardly looked old enough to be retired. Patty's office looked like a wicker warehouse with tentacles that seemed to just take over the room as if there was some hidden meaning to it which nobody could ever see. Aghast at how these two strange people furnished their work spaces, I knew that I was in deep trouble from the beginning. If I had been insane enough to become an attorney in the way my mother once wanted me to be, I would have decorated my office in Twenty-First Century Jewish Renaissance, with lucite desks, chairs and tables abounding with overstuffed orange velvet seat cushions. There would have been beveled mirrors on the ceiling and recessed lighting along the baseboard of the floor. Of course, my walls would have been properly decorated with Sea Org posters, and I wouldn't think of entertaining clients without a large bronze bust of L. Ron Hubbard on my desk, appropriately adorned with three floodlights shining down upon it in the shape of an ARC triangle.

The first thing I would have done in the waiting room of the law offices of Nurik & Kyle, P.A.,

would be to replace their copies of People, Time, and Architectural Digest with the Scientology magazines of Source, Advance, Celebrity, Impact, Freedom, Ability, and last but not least, the Auditor. In this way the clients would have gotten a little diversity and variety in their reading matter, as those publications were from Orgs all over the world, and contained Success Stories from all different case levels in Scientology.

My first meeting with Marc Nurik was simply ridiculous. I just sat there while my parents started blaming everything that ever happened to me on Scientology! I tried to explain to Marc that Clearing the planet was a seriously deadly activity and that I was quite proud of my contributions which I had made over the years toward that goal, but he didn't quite seem to catch my drift. I told him all about the urgency of my 1997 deadline in stopping Wollersheim's nuclear war, and how psychiatrists have polluted the Earth with their control of corporate economics, the U. S. Government, and the media; but my explanations amounted to little more than silent thunder amidst my parents' echoes of antagonism against the Church and my beloved Ron.

Marc Nurik seemed very bright and alert for his thirty-seven years, but how much could I trust someone who didn't even know that he was a thetan? Plus, all of his clients were convicts! I was certain that he had no experience dealing with dedicated Third Dynamic Freedom Fighters like myself who demonstrated real Ethics and integrity. As a former prosecutor in New York, he was surrounded by degraded beings on all sides. I was probably the first Scientologist that he had ever met!

"How the hell can a person who has led such a cloistered life know anything about truth, intention, and purpose?", I asked myself.

Since the FBI had seized my three hundred and thirty thousand dollar Bridge Fund, I knew that I would have to start from scratch by bringing fresh raw meat into the Org, and a successful criminal lawyer like Marc seemed to be a hot prospect for a hefty Field Staff Member commission if I could only convince him to pay for his whole Bridge up front in advance. Still, my parents weren't making it very easy for me to get Marc interested in the Tech.

"If I hear the word brainwashing just one more time, I am going to jump out the window!", I screamed to my mother.

Somehow, I did not appreciate the direction toward which the initial interview with Marc Nurik was going. Marc said some things which implied that he intended to defend my case by implicating certain staff members of the Church, which totally criminal as far as I was concerned. Everything that he was saying sounded completely absurd.

Who was he kidding?

I would never allow my Ethics Condition to fall below Danger again! There was no way that I was going to risk my eligibility to go up the Bridge by causing any humiliation or embarrassment to the Church of Scientology under any circumstances.

"If Marc Nurik thinks that he is going to become the next Perry Mason at the expense of L. Ron Hubbard, he's got another thing coming!", I thought. "I wonder what kind of high crimes that squirrel attorney committed on the time track to have pulled a hornet's nest like my case into his universe?", I wondered. I knew that anyone who allied himself against Scientology had to either be an arch-criminal of the worst type, or a completely insane psychotic.

"Well, I guess he deserves it!", I concluded. "Life for any enemy of the Church of Scientology is not going to be much of a picnic."

When I finally busted loose from my mommy and daddy on the following day, I charged like a lightning bolt down to the Miami Org, hoping that I would now get some insight as to what was really going on in my life! It felt so good to be home again amongst wholesome people who really loved me.

The first person to greet me in the Org was Cat Fox, the harelipped, menopausal wife of Warehouse Manager Charlie. Cat, of course, happened to be our Lead Auditor and her husband's meal ticket toward his own Bridge. He certainly didn't marry her for her sex appeal when he was such a flaming fruit and she was as desirable as stewed sheep dung.

"Why have you been away so long?", Cat asked as if her curiosity was killing her.

"It's a strange world out there!", I sighed. "If I were you, I wouldn't even walk beyond those front doors!"

She gave me a slight hug which I neither wanted nor needed.

"Well, whatever it is, we can handle it", she smiled.

Naomi, the Receptionist, ushered me into Ray Jourdain's office, which was one of the more prestigious cubicles that actually had a window with a view of real life.

Ray's greeting was cold and limp. He buzzed Frank and Humberto on their extension phones and moments later they rushed in as if I were some prized frog that they were planning to dissect in thetan biology class. Frank Thompson announced his intention to debrief me using a tape recorder, as all debriefings involving danger to the Church had to be monitored for future reference. Frank wore the hat of Debrief Officer In Charge, although it seemed a bit too big for him.

I brought a copy of my Criminal Complaint with me, as well as my Admissions and Orientations booklet from the Metropolitan Correctional Center.

"We don't need this shit!", Frank replied, referring to the prison booklet which he threw on the floor. "We know all about what wog jails are like."

I was about to ask him whether he had ever been in one, but I felt it was best to keep my sarcastic mouth shut.

"So you've been arrested", Frank Thompson declared.

"How does that affect my Ethics Condition of Emergency?", I asked with baited breath.

"I'm not interested in you right now", Frank replied. "I don't think you realize what kind of squirrel cage you've gotten us into."

"Was your house searched?", Ray Jourdain continued.

"Oh, they were there", I acknowledged. "FBI agents and everything! But they didn't take any of my Source Data, so my collection is intact."

"Forget about your collection!", Humberto interrupted. "Did they steal any papers or memos that Ray or any other staff member had given you about the class action lawsuit claims?"

"You know, they took all my wog files, but they didn't touch any of my six Red Box Data Volumes from Scientology because it was mostly filled with advertising promo, and they must not have considered it very important", I revealed as I breathed a deep sigh of relief. "They took some typewriter ribbons and my Rolodex address wheel, but there was nothing vital there."

"I want you to go through your Red Box Data with a microscope and bring me everything that has the slightest hint of Church involvement in what they have charged you with", Frank ordered.

I gave Ray the FBI list of seized property, and the three of them seemed to be quite calmer when they realized that the FBI had overlooked the most critical information.

"What is going to happen to me now?", I asked.

"That's a stupid question!", Ray answered. "You are the cause of all this. You pulled this trouble into your universe the moment that you bought that damn car! You wanted to be a show off! Your lust for those greasy whores might have cost you your whole Bridge!"

"Your Repair of Past Ethics was never fully completed!", Frank added injuriously. "Did you think when the scars healed and the burns wore off you could forget the whole thing and keep committing more overt acts against us? During all of that time, the Government was plotting to destroy the Church because of your selfish greed and evil purposes!"

"Why did you bond yourself out of jail?", Ray asked shockingly. "When I didn't accept your call, you should have known that your foremost responsibility was to protect us from exposure."

"You couldn't expect me to stay in jail!", I screamed. "There were convicts, psychs and Priests in there, as well as a very mean guard who was going to let several of the prisoners kill me!"

Frank Thompson put the tape recorder on pause while he slapped me in the face.

"You keep thinking of yourself!", he scolded with a grunt of pomposity. "The moment a Scientologist is charged with a wog crime, he sets us all up for ridicule! This case is even worse, because they have attacked the very method that you were using to create your income! Do you realize what could happen if the Org or the Fort Lauderdale Mission were somehow inadvertently tied into all of this through your big mouth? The psychs would pounce on us with fly swatters, spreading bad news and black propoganda for the entire reactive world of raw meat wogs to see!"

Humberto was becoming very impatient with all of Frank's philosophizing.

"It's quite simple, psycho-dog!", he intervened. "You have crashed your post, Fishman. This is not merely a debriefing. We are convening a Committee of Evidence against you. You're on the administrative lines of the Office of Special Affairs now. Have you got that, you idiot? I am not going to let you crash the whole Org, or even worse, the whole Church. You have placed us all at risk by causing shock waves all the way up and down the command chart."

"You sound as if I got arrested on purpose!", I complained exhaustively. "Why are you dumping on me like this?"

Humberto walloped me in the stomach, trying to disabuse me of feeling sorry for myself. It deeply pained me to see him get so worked up over my failures since he was such a dedicated staff member, but it was good to know that he was fully able to confront getting me through the interrogation without human weakness or pity. I respected that quality in a man. If I were a woman, I would have been sexually attracted to Humberto for that.

"What is my Ethics Condition?", I asked while shivering beads of sweat as I tried to get my second wind back.

"It's not very good", Frank said superfluously.

"We need to know all of the data before we can tell you that", Ray explained with the savage sweetness of a Sunday School teacher.

"Within forty-eight hours I will know who your terminal at the Office of Special Affairs will be", Humberto continued. "We are not going to let you set off a time bomb here while all you are worried about is your damn Ethics Condition!"

"But I have a solution!", I pleaded.

"Oh, I can't wait to hear this!", Humberto steamed deliriously.

"Just put me on the Freewinds and I'll relocate anywhere in the world where they can't extradite me. All I have ever wanted to do was to work in Archives somewhere. I could organize Ron's tapes in chronological order and put the library books in size place. It will be beautiful, and you will finally be so proud of me. It is what I have always dreamed of doing all along. That would solve everything!"

"I don't think I'm getting through to you, nitwit!", Frank yelled as he pulled my hair backwards against the top of my chair. "You're not going to go sailing off into the sunset playing librarian while the Miami Org turns into a shooting gallery for FBI agents!"

"What makes you think that we even want you to work in Archives when you are such a troublemaker?", Ray asked snidely.

"It was never a problem for nine years when my stats were up!", I argued. "Out of the clear blue sky, handling corporate suppression is now a crime! Nobody ever warned me that I would be arrested for creating income! Did Peter ever say it? Did Fred Hare ever give me a hint? All of a sudden the U. S. Psych Government began calling what I have been doing for the last nine years an illegal act, and what is even worse is that now you are starting to agree with them! How could I have turned into a criminal in one day?"

"Has anybody here called you a criminal? Have we charged you with any crime?", Ray answered with a vengeance.

"You will only become a criminal if you betray the Church!", Frank elaborated as only he could. We are here to prevent you from turning into a criminal! The psychotic perceptions of the United States Government and their wog laws have nothing to do with why we are debriefing you. Your criminal act was to take your Bridge Fund and buy that Allante. When you committed that criminal act, it was nothing more than an anticipated expectancy that you would be treated as a

criminal by the wogs. You know how the theta universe operates! Any crime against the Third Dynamic is a guaranteed way to cave in and crash all of your other dynamics, except that this time you are walking around with enough nitroglycerine and plastic explosives to take us all down with you! It's enough if you have a death wish, but I'll be damned if I'm going to allow you to drag us all down with you!"

"Why didn't you warn me that this would happen when I was in the sauna?", I cried.

"We had your pledge that you would turn over the car", Ray stated. "Instead you sat on it for three and a half months. Didn't you know that your failure to execute an Ethics Order would have some devastating impact on your life?"

"I don't give a damn about his life!", Frank crowed. "It's the life of the Third Dynamic that he is impinging upon now!"

"Well then let's just straighten everything out!", I begged. "Who is my attorney going to be?"

"What do you need an attorney for?", Humberto asked in total amazement.

"I can't go to court without an attorney!", I protested. "The guy who my father picked won't be any good at all. My parents have been telling him that it is all your fault and he is already biased against Scientology."

"Our fault?", Frank ranted. "Are you telling me that you permitted the subject of Scientology to come up in front of a wog attorney, and that you did not stop your parents from trying to blame your arrest on the Third Dynamic?"

"That is Treason!", Humberto reacted incisively as he slapped me in the face. "Who did you hire to destroy us, Keith Nassetta?"

"No, I hate Nassetta for what he did!", I quivered, hoping that I would get another beating, which at that point I felt I desperately deserved.

"What is your attorney's name?", Frank hissed.

"M-M-Marc Nurik", I stammered in a pool of guilt.

"Contact "Squirrel Watch" immediately, Ray!", Humberto commanded. "Get that bastard added to the list now! I can't believe what I am hearing! Did you also tell the FBI agent that we were to blame for all your troubles?"

"No, I would never do that!", I objected. "All I said to him was that he should be arresting psychiatrists and drug dealers instead of innocent Scientologists like me. I told him that we were all blameless!"

"Are you out of your fucking mind?", Humberto screeched. "How could you even admit to him that you were a Scientologist?"

"He was in my apartment while I was in Spain!", I sobbed. "He saw my collection of Source Data. He had a search warrant!"



"Shit!", Humberto exclaimed, slamming his fist on Ray's table. "Now they know what he spent the money on! We are fucked!"

Ray came running back into his office.

"I put Nurik's name on Squirrel Watch", he reported. "What did I miss?"

"Your prized nut case just admitted that both his attorney and the FBI agent know that he has links to the Org", Humberto shrieked.

"You've got to convert your Bridge Fund to cash right away", Frank ordered. "The Government could start seizing it at any time."

"They have already done it", I wept feverishly. "The FBI confiscated the entire three hundred and thirty thousand dollars!"

"Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!", Humberto cursed madly. "Bev Flahan was such a fucking idiot to set it up that way! Now we are stuck with this lunatic in Treason and no money! Wasn't there any warning? Couldn't you see this coming?"

"I was in Europe --"

"Sure! You were having a great time while every enemy on the planet was mobilizing against us!", Frank interrupted. "I bet your Nazi psychologist is laughing his ass off!" "Sending him to Flag is out of the question!", Ray admonished.

"Handling this flap has to be our top priority", Humberto agreed unequivocally.

"Steve, you're going to have to tell your lawyer that you started sending in the claims many years before you ever heard of Scientology", Ray began.

"That's good!", Humberto agreed. "That's a start! I like that!"

"Right, and you have to tell the squirrel that you have never been audited or trained, and you were only a book buyer", Frank added.

"Not a book buyer", Ray corrected. "He has to say that he was a Hubbard collector. He has to distance himself from Scientology completely."

"Shit!", Humberto stormed. "He's got a whole house full of Tech. This is going to throw the whole Miami Org into Liability, you know."

"What if the FBI gets hold of Peter Letterese?", Frank trembled.

"Shut up, Frank!", Humberto growled. "He's going to repeat everything we say to the squirrel attorney!"

"We have to deal with that issue, though", Frank replied.

"Not now!", Humberto jumped, covering his ears with his hands. "The Church is not a party to these criminal charges, Fishman. It is an act of Treason to involve the Church! Do you understand

me? The only purpose that your attorney can serve is to get the Bridge Fund unfrozen and released. If you get that done, there might be a way to get you onto the Freewinds and shipped out of the country. You tell that asshole of yours that the FBI had no right to take your money out of the bank until you were convicted. Do they think this is Nazi Germany or something? My God, you haven't even been indicted yet! All they had is a criminal complaint! The Feds had no right to seize your Bridge Fund!"

"He's not supposed to refer to it as a "Bridge Fund", Humberto!", Frank argued.

"No, that's right!", Humberto concurred. "Just tell your lawyer to get your bank accounts released. If you don't get that money back, you'll never get out of Treason! I can promise you that!"

"That's the only thing you need the squirrel for!", Frank reiterated."

"And I don't want your fucking parents going with you to the lawyer when you meet with him!", Humberto echoed. "I don't care whether you have to give them an overdose of sleeping pills to keep them out of your hair. Just do it!"

Frank looked very perplexed and started scratching the dandruff out of his beard.

"How much did your father pay him in legal fees?", he asked.

"Two thousand dollars, I think."

"That is more than enough to get those accounts unfrozen", Ray acknowledged. "The Government is just trying to pull a fast one. How can they get away with seizing your life's savings before you are convicted? Your lawyer knows all that. He's just ripping you off, charging you two thousand dollars! What a crook! Ron always said that attorneys will one day be obsolete."

"I want a daily Knowledge Report from you on what this squirrel is planning to do on your case!", Humberto requested with great resolve. "In the meantime I want you to feed him Shore Stories and wild goose chase leads. I want you to run a complete "Dead Agent Caper" on him."

"And don't you dare mention our names!", Ray warned. "Above all don't talk about Peter Letterese, Fred Hare, Ellie Bolger or Bonny Mott!"

"And nothing about Diana Hubbard, or you'll be declared a Suppressive Person faster than I can make your head swim!", Frank advised adoringly.

"You're damn close to that right now, Fishman", Humberto pointed out. "I want you to spoon-feed that attorney a load of garbage. Tell him how Dr. Geertz brainwashed you, that's what you can tell him. And not a word about the Guardian's Office or Lavenda or Narconon, do you hear me?"

"What kind of a law firm does this bozo work for?", Frank inquired politely.

"Well, his partner is a retired Federal Magistrate named Patty Kyle", I volunteered.

"A Magistrate is no big deal. They handle parking tickets", Ray scoffed.

"That's not true!", Humberto disagreed. "Did you ever see a Federal parking ticket before? Don't be a fool, Ray. Federal Magistrates are all bought and paid for by the psychs for political

reasons. They are just like Federal Judges, only worse because they earn less money and are all on the take. The American Psychiatric Association has them all in their back pocket."

"Can I say something?", I asked, raising my hand as if I were still in kindergarten. "An ex-Federal Magistrate might be helpful in getting my Bridge Fund unfrozen. All she has to do is call up some of her old cronies and grease their palms a little bit. After all, she's already got two thousand dollars. She probably could get the accounts unfrozen for no more than five hundred bucks."

"Well, tell her to do that, then!", Ray commanded me, seeing that I finally had a decent idea. "Don't waste time telling us about it. We don't know any unethical people like that."

"I have to go to the bathroom", I interjected. "My diarrhea is acting up again."

"I don't care if you shit in your britches!", Frank recoiled in empathy. "This debriefing isn't over until I say it's over!"

"Let him go!", Humberto ordered surprisingly. "I want to talk to you privately for a few minutes anyway."

As I ran out of the room, Frank shut the tape recorder off.

"What's all the yelling about?", Linda Miller asked as I was scampering to the bathroom.

"I have no idea, but it's all my fault", I confessed honestly.

"Is it true that you were arrested and thrown in jail?", she inquired.

"If I don't get into the toilet, I am going to need some bleach and a mop!", I answered, completely skirting the issue.

In *Science of Survival*, L. Ron Hubbard said that "Fear seems to be released with accompanying sweat, sometimes of a peculiar odor."<sup>[120]</sup> Well, this time it came out as stinky, damp shit. I pitied the poor sap who had to clean the rim of the toilet seat of the Org's men's room after I got through with it.

After I was fully finished crapping my brains out in holy terror, I returned to the inquisition chamber for a second round of spartan amusement.

"We have an interim handling for you, Fishman", Humberto roared as if he were my judge, jury and executioner. "Now this is not final, because it has to be approved uplines by the Commanding Officer of the Office of Special Affairs International, Lynn Farny. However, I don't anticipate any changes after I write up my Completed Staff Work Report."

"I think I have to go to the bathroom again!", I whimpered as I started to get up.

"Sit the fuck down!", Humberto clamored as he slapped me on the head with a wooden ruler. "As far as your squirrel attorney is concerned, we don't know you and you don't know us. You tell him that you sent in the claims long before you ever heard of Scientology, you got that?"

"You said that before", I repeated.

"But it didn't seem to sink in the first time!", Humberto yelled in me ear. "You tell him that you were nothing more than a collector of L. Ron Hubbard's works, because you admired his science fiction. He is not to know you were ever a practicing Scientologist."

"That won't work because I've already told him --"

"Shut up, fuck face!", Humberto interrupted. "I'm not finished with you yet. You tell Mister Nurik that what you said before was a pack of lies. You were scapegoating and trying to blame the whole thing on Scientology. Is that clear? No Scientologist ever knew what you did, or where the money was coming from, you got that?"

"Yes, no one knew anything", I quaked in appeasement.

"That's right!", Humberto bellowed as he whacked me on my skull with the ruler once again for good measure.

"You never heard of the Guardian's Office, and you don't know who Heber Jentsch is, and the name David Miscavige doesn't mean beans to you. You did the crime in that complaint with a bunch of wog whores, pimps and degenerates, and with the knowledge of your psychologist, Huey Geertz."

"Its Uwe, not Huey", I pointed out.

"I don't give a flying fuck if it was Huey, Dewey or Louie!", Humberto blared belligerently. "I don't want the lawyer allied with your Nazi shrink, or you will never come out of Treason in this lifetime or any other!"

Frank Thompson told Humberto not to explore that powder keg by refraining from saying anything more about it.

"Don't give him any bright ideas to hang us with!", he chastised.

"Just get your money unfrozen so we can help you unburden yourself from all this horse shit!", Frank mumbled in a docile grunt. "This case will never come to trial. If you have any thoughts of entertaining the notion of a defense, we will have to help the Government convict you."

"So does that mean that you'll assist me by finding me a post on the Freewinds?", I implored with exhilaration.

"We'll help you to the degree that you protect the Church, and we will betray and deny you to the extent that you cause black propaganda and bad public relations for us", Frank explained. "But we are making you no promises until we see the truth of your intentions."

"You are confusing the idiot!", Humberto remarked angrily.

"No, I am tracking with you one hundred percent!", I assured him as a peace offering.

"Fishman, you tell your squirrel attorney that you were just an obsessive collector with no interest whatsoever in Scientology", Humberto reiterated with an unpretentious fervor. "You got that?"

"What are you going to do about getting me to the ship?", I asked again.

"I would love to watch you drown at sea!", Humberto screamed, banging his right fist against the palm of his left hand most grandiloquently.

"You are coming very close to causing an ARC Break for Humberto", Frank warned, "and since he is now your terminal at the Office of Special Affairs, it is a dumb idea to make him mad. Within two days, we will have a final solution to your problem after all the Situation Reports and Completed Staff Worksheets are in. In the meantime, Leah Abady is going to give you a Security Check, and you have a fifty page Knowledge Report to write concerning all of this."

"What if it takes less than fifty pages?", I asked.

"You are in Treason now, Fishman", Frank responded. "If it takes you less than fifty pages, then you will write it all over again until it fills at least a hundred pages! Is that understood?"

"And every word that you scribble better be smitten with the truth!", Humberto harangued as he gave me a long, final whack of encouragement across the back of my neck with his yardstick. "I haven't forgotten that you were once a professional Shore Story writer for the Guardian's Office. If you think that you can pour honey all over my dick and lick it off with more of your bullshit, I swear I'll bash your fucking head in."

On the way out, Frank turned around to ask me one other thing.

"By the way, where is the title to your Allante?"

"My mother has it", I replied.

"I want the back of that document signed before that FBI agent of yours decides that he wants the car for one of his favorite cunts", Frank demanded. "It's unfinished business from your last debacle."

"Don't start lying during the Security Checks either!", Ray Jourdain cautioned me from out of nowhere. "You haven't got a prayer if Leah Abady catches you clinging to a withhold."

"Humberto already warned me against doing that", I promised.

"Don't answer me back!", Ray scowled. "And don't you ever try to compromise my Ethics by calling me collect from any of your wog prisons again! I could strangle you for that!"

"I'm never going back there, so don't worry about it!", I yelled.

"I said don't answer me back!", Ray shrieked in a manner than didn't become him.

"Fuck you, you bastard!", I screamed silently, clicking my heels as if I were doing Gestapo TRs with Dr. Geertz in Nazi Boot Camp.

After the nine hour Security Check during which I wanted to drop dead at least a hundred and fifty times from degradation, it was simply business as usual at the Org. The Flag Banking Officer Leona Grimm sold me some brand new tapes called the "History of Man" series. Despite the tension of the debriefing, seeing one of Ron's new products made me feel completely invigorated.

There were no rules preventing people in Treason from buying more merchandise. After all, Source Data always helped beguiled thetans get out of trouble, no matter how much shit they were knee deep in.

That evening, I forgot about all my problems and went to see Dusty for a double back-to-back fifty dollar session of sex, as a whole week had gone by since I had been with that whore in Madrid who worked at the monkey bar.

Dusty had come up in the world. She had her very own pimp now, and unlike Lincoln, he was even her own color! Shane Johnson was an auto mechanic and part-time rock star, except the rock concerts he starred in all featured cocaine crystals. Although he got Dusty back on crack, they both guaranteed me that they could really handle it this time, and they were not going to get hooked on drugs, even if it killed them. Dusty also warned me that Shane could be very violent, so I wasn't allowed to keep her overtime without calling to give him a good excuse as well as bringing him some booze as fair compensation. Despite her self-serving admonitions, Shane seemed pretty decent, and in order to show my appreciation, Dusty and I went from liquor store to liquor store after my time was up, trying to find a nice classic wine that we thought he might like. Dusty explained that if I brought him a bottle of expensive burgundy or chablis, he would "chill out", since he otherwise truly enjoyed beating the hell out of her whenever she came home, even though he knew that she was merely out making money to buy their drugs with.

"Why do you stay with him?", I asked.

"He lets me give him oral sex as often as I want to", she revealed ecstatically.

"I guess that's as good a reason as any", I agreed.

"Yeah, I can't think of a better one either", she nodded. "By the way, congratulations!"

"What, for being arrested?", I asked, having told her all about it.

"No, although that's pretty cool", she acknowledged empathically.

"So what's the big deal?", I replied, trying to talk exactly like her. "It's not my birthday or anything."

"I guess it's going to be somebody's birthday", she laughed.

"What does that suppose to mean?", I inquired with an aesthetic ambivalence.

"Lisa Lawson is pregnant with your baby!", she cheered. "You're going to be a daddy as well as a sugar daddy!"

"Lisa is what?", I gasped.

"Yep, she's got your wad of come in her oven", she paraphrased obliquely. "And don't start thinking that it ain't yours because she lived with you for six weeks between the time she broke up with Lick City Chris in February until you threw her out on her butt in April. You're the only one she humped during that whole time, because she was depressed and had given up on all her long-haired hippie freaks. The doctor said she's going to hatch out the goober in December, okay, so whatever it is, baby, it's fuckin' yours!"

"Well, I want to marry her then!", I said with sacrosanct enthusiasm. "This is one kid that I'll be able to raise as a Scientologist! We can all be a real family now!"

"Are you lame?", she asked. "Lisa don't want to marry a Walt like you! She's going to sell the little piss brain and make herself twenty or thirty thousand dollars!"

"She can't do that!", I argued. "Fathers have rights too! I want to adopt him! I need someone to inherit my L. Ron Hubbard collection! Both my daughters want nothing to do with it, since they've been brainwashed by my ex-wife."

"You're never going to be able to raise that baby!", Dusty gawked. "They're going to put you in jail for a million years, unless you get yourself a Jew lawyer, and then maybe he'll get you sent to that country club jail in California where the prisoners eat lobster and get to fuck a bunch of colored girls once or twice a week. You and those Scientology freaks will all be in there together, so they'll probably let you take all your dumb Hubbard books with you. They call what you did "white collar crime". I'm ain't stupid just because I'm not smart. I read all about it on television. They don't put you together with factory workers, 'cause they wear blue collars. But I'm telling you that you still got to hire yourself a fuckin' Jew, or they'll throw you in the State Pen with Ted Bundy."

"Oh, now I'm going to get legal advice from someone who flunked out of the seventh grade", I mocked.

"This is stuff you learn while you're working the streets!", she explained. "I know how life is. You can't bullshit a bullshitter."

"I'll have to keep that in mind", I acquiesced. "Anyway, my lawyer is Jewish."

"So you don't have a fuckin' thing to worry about then", she comforted, patting me on the back. "But I ain't signing no more papers for you. I don't need to have my ass hauled into court with that big old rap sheet that I've got!"

"After nine years everybody is calling me a criminal!", I complained. "My whole career in Scientology is down the toilet!"

"At least you can still marry people", she said consolingly. "You're too ugly to turn tricks, unless you meet some of the drunk old men from the racetrack."

"Somehow I don't think that I'm well suited to being a male prostitute", I disdained apologetically.

"Hey, if you were strung out on rocks you would do just about anything!", she revealed. "Shane and I have always turned tricks together whenever we needed a quick buzz."

"Oh, that's just great!", I whooshed. "I'd better not catch you drinking any coffee! If you get AIDS, I'm going to have to cut you down to only once a week!"

"Don't worry, you'll be the first to know", she vowed.

On the following morning of Saturday, August 5th, my father insisted that I go to visit Dr. Geertz at his ranch in the southwest section of Fort Lauderdale. As usual, he was quite busy in the

garden cultivating his body odor when we arrived. It never ceased to amaze me how an interest in horticulture always made the most uncivilized villains appeared to be more humane.

Dr. Geertz was shocked to find out how firmly I was committed to Scientology despite what had happened to me. My father begged him for his help, despite my unwillingness to discuss my dealings with the Org.

"I'm in Treason right now", I said. "It's hard for me to open up to you after I wrote that Letter of Disconnection. You must hate my guts!"

"No, you're one of my patients!", Dr. Geertz laughed. "I can't turn my back on you even if you're crazy!"

There was something warm and friendly about the man, which either meant that he was making a desperate attempt to deceive me by hiding all of his Nazi war crimes beneath the thin veil of social veneer, or else he lacked any conscience whatsoever and was rampantly insane.

I knew that he could not have forgotten Rivkalleh's precious sweet face, no matter how many Jewish children his dogs had clawed to bits.

It was a good thing that Leah Abady had taken me into session on the previous day after the Security Check was over, just to remind me what Rivkalleh's screams sounded like as the two German shepherd dogs, Rhinebourgen and Besieschtigen, chewed her to pieces. It was wonderful that Leah was able to anticipate Dr. Geertz's behavior, because otherwise I might have been fooled into believing that the perverse psychologist actually had felt sorry for me!

"Where was his pity forty-four years ago at Auschwitz, when I needed it most?", I asked myself.

Nevertheless, I tried to behave cordially, as if nothing had ever happened. The man was disturbed enough to think that I was actually schizophrenic, so I figured that I might as well appease him, since any juicy tidbits that I was able to furnish to Humberto and Frank in my Knowledge Report about such a flagrant suppressive might get me moved up to Enemy.

"Can you help Steve get out of that crooked organization?", my father asked him as if I were completely gullible and mindless so as to obey such a lunatic.

"I don't think he wants to leave Scientology", Dr. Geertz replied. "Some people like to have their arms cut with scissors and burned with cigarettes. Your son happens to be one of them!"

"I deserved that and more!", I cried. "I crashed my post and placed the whole Org at risk! All you both want to talk about is this irrelevant legal case!"

"Do you want to go back to jail?", the psychologist asked.

"The only thing that I want to do is to get out of this degraded body permanently and join Ron at the top of the Bridge!", I snapped.

"Ron is dead!", my father insisted. "The worms had him for dinner and crapped him out fifty times already!"



"It's the physical universe that is dead, not Ron!", I explained. "This is a prison planet of trapped thetans! Ron is very safe and very free, and the only help that I need is to find the quickest way to be with him!"

"Where is he, in hell?", my father orchestrated with flamboyant ridicule.

"The only hell that I know of is no longer having a post in life, no longer being a part of the greatest push in the last seventy-six trillion years, and no longer keeping my promise to Clear this planet! Hell is when I walk amongst the living dead of suppressives, psychs and squirrels who think they only live once! Ron once wrote, "If one has a penchant for being a soulless idiot and believes he has no future, then he is in for a dreadful surprise once he kicks the bucket. The worse off he is, the nastier the surprise."<sup>[121]</sup>

"You prove to me that there is life after death and I'll be your first convert to Scientology", Dr. Geertz propositioned. "You'll find me breaking down the doors of the Org to be audited."

"Believe me, I have tried to get you into the Fort Lauderdale Mission for at least eight years now, but you have always fought me tooth and nail!", I scorned with the stale advocacy of sour grapes.

"Well, let's try to work at it", he said with serenity as he offered me his paw. "Why don't we bury the past and start out fresh."

"The same way you buried my daughter?", I cringed with hate.

"He thinks that I killed his child in a past life", Dr. Geertz interpreted to my father. "He's highly delusional."

"I know that you're embarrassed to admit it in front of my father, but don't insult my intelligence by denying it to my face!", I warned.

"Let's just try to make a new start", he whimpered as he reached for my hand.

I honestly thought that I would give it a try, but when I felt the dried blood of Rivkalleh rotting away the scabby flesh of his infected skin, I knew that any reconciliation would be impossible.

"Didn't you see the scepter of death hiding behind his eyeballs?", I asked my father as we were driving home. "Why did you insist that I crawl back into bed with him? You have no idea what kind of a ferocious murderer he is."

"Meanwhile you are the one charged with a crime, and he's the only person I know who can stand up and tell the court what that sick cult of thieves did to you. Damn it, they convinced you to steal for them!"

"Dad, I never stole anything from anybody! I was returning to the planet what the psychiatric corporate suppressives had taken away, and I have no regrets about using the money to go up the Bridge and to buy Source Data! My downfall came when I allowed people like Jaime and Steve Goldberg to influence my clear thinking!"

"When are you going to wake up? You need Dr. Geertz to help Marc Nurik prepare a defense for your trial!", he submitted.

"There isn't going to be any trial", I assured him. "I am departing for the Freewinds in a couple of weeks, and when that happens, I'll always keep in touch, so don't worry about me."

"If you go on that ship, they will throw you overboard, and the only free wind that you'll ever see is a couple of bubbles in the water when the shark who eats you for dinner gives a good belch and leaves a nice fart."

"Don't make light of it! I am constantly surrounded by suppression!", I cried.

"And I am constantly surrounded by a fucking nut!", he yelled. "I don't think that even the Moonies or the Hare Krishnas would have had you commit mail fraud the way your people did. Why didn't you join them instead if you were so ashamed of being a Jew?"

"How the hell did I ever pick you as a father?", I wept.

"L. Ron Hubbard couldn't get it up, so I was your second choice!", he explained after all these years.

When Marc Nurik gave me the devastating news that the Government could not be forced into releasing my bank accounts, I pleaded with Frank Thompson to give me the name of a Church of Scientology attorney who would represent me instead.

"Impossible!", he roared. "Church attorneys only work for the Church. Besides, the Church hasn't been charged with criminal fraud; you have! How would it look if we stuck our necks out where it didn't belong? Anyway, if you believe for one minute that a Church attorney would ever represent anyone in Treason, you had better keep away from all of those electric shock machines in Dr. Geertz's basement because your I.Q. is dropping again."

"Dr. Geertz doesn't have a basement!", I assured him.

"I bet he still has a collection of pickled brains and penises from dead mental patients in jars filled with formaldehyde!", Frank guessed. "That's just his style!"

"I'm sure you are right", I condescended, "but that is not what is troubling me."

"You are not getting a Church attorney and that is final!", he decreed with an attitude engraved in stone.

"Well, what should I do to protect myself from going back to jail?", I inquired desperately.

"The first thing that has to be done is for you to fire Marc Nurik", he wheezed, bedeviled with artificial compassion on his face. "If your lawyer can't get your Bridge Fund unfrozen, then what the hell do you need him for?"

"I need to be defended against these criminal charges!", I cried. "After all, you are not helping me with my legal case!"

"You are getting stupider by the minute!", he noticed. "The only purpose of wog law is to suppress Scientology! Your lawyer is just like Adolf Hitler! Hitler attacked the Jews while Marc Nurik is hell-bent on destroying the Scientologists!"

"I honestly don't think he wants to destroy anyone", I deduced. "He seems very sincere about helping me to defend myself, that's all."

"Defend yourself?", he mocked. "What defense? You have no defense against the insane law of the wogs. None of us do! That is precisely why we are rushing to Clear this planet with such urgency! Now where is all of that information that I asked you to bring me?"

When I gave Frank my Red Box Data, he became stricken with wrath when certain documents were missing.

"Where is your copy of the Power of Attorney which you gave Bev Flahan? Where are all your receipts for the books and tapes?", he asked with twitching ire.

"I had to give Marc Nurik something!", I apologized.

"You terrorist bastard!", he declared as he went berserk, throwing his ash tray at my forehead. "What other little treasonous tidbits did you give your kike ambulance chaser so that he could whet his thirsty appetite for some fresh Scientology blood?"

"Nothing about any of the class action lawsuits!", I swore. "All that is right here in these files!"

"I bet you made him photocopies of everything!", he accused as he pulled my hair and then grabbed my throat.

"No, I would never do that", I choked with utmost regret.

"Liar!", Frank shrieked, as he called downstairs for Leah Abady to give me another Security Check.

Leah was a bit more reasonable, which over the years, had always been her greatest flaw.

"Any decent lawyer could create a defense that did not involve religious persecution", she pointed out succinctly. "I wish to hell I knew the nature of the crimes and overt acts that Marc Nurik had committed against Ron on the whole track, during the last seventy-six trillion years."

"It's obvious that he is a flagrant criminal for pulling my legal case into his universe", I confessed. "Only we will never know what he specifically did."

"If I could only get him into an auditing chair, I would cut his balls off!", she fantasized lustfully.

"Unfortunately that will never happen", I wept with sadness.

"I hope you know that we cannot allow your psychotic suppressive squirrel to represent you", she warmly whispered as she dug her nails into my arm. "He has already made his antagonistic position against us quite clear. You and I were both Jews before we became Scientologists. The Jewish people stood idly by while six million of us were slaughtered. As Scientologists, we are not about to permit the psych butchers and their wog laws to carve us up in court. There is nothing in the world that we won't do to guarantee our continued survival. Nothing!"

"You are digging into my skin!", I complained. "Your nails are sharp!"

"Yes, and maybe that's a good way to get through to you!", she explained with appropriate practicality.

The Security Check did not go very well.

"Your shit-brained lawyer is planning to use an insanity defense?", Leah gasped. "And what are you going to do, pretend that Clearing the planet was an insane goal? Are you thinking of standing up in court and saying you were brainwashed? No, Steven. I'll see you dead first before you do that to Ron!"

"I would never hurt Ron! The future of every man, woman and child on Earth depends on our helping the Admiral! I have never been insane, I have never been brainwashed, and I have never been unfaithful to Source! If Marc makes me testify, I will make a laughing stock out of him. He is an idiot for even considering such an obscene strategy!"

"No, he is not an idiot", she corrected. "Your lawyer is a very clever monster who is being backed by the World Bank, Interpol and every major psych organization on Earth. This is their obvious chance to drive a stake into the heart of Scientology. You are the fool for not seeing how you have been used by these degraded suppressives!"

I rock slammed all up and down the Security Check, and Leah pulled me by the scruff of my neck back upstairs to Frank Thompson in a fit of agitation.

The Ethics Office became a caldron of animosity when Frank Thompson noticed the look of futility on Leah's wretched face. Anticipating the other shoe to drop, I spoke first.

"Where is the Affinity, Reality and Communication which we are all supposed to have for each other?", I remarked.

"You expect ARC?", Frank questioned astoundingly. "You are a piece of scum! You are of no value to Ron, to the group, or to yourself! You have placed the entire Miami Org in Doubt! You have committed the most heinous high Crime imaginable! I am ordering you to fire that squirrel, or else face expulsion!"

"I didn't even hire him! My parents did!", I pleaded.

"Why haven't you disconnected from your parents, then?", he responded. "Don't you realize what is happening? They are threatening your survival! Are those two old withered meat bodies so important to you where you would throw your immortality away? Besides, they are not Nurik's clients, you are! Look at what you have put us through! We have to stand by on active alert for twenty-four hours a day because the FBI might raid the Org at any time, thanks to you! Of course, you enjoy seeing the Third Dynamic suffer, don't you?"

When Frank was angry, I felt like burying my head in the sand from shame. Needless to say, there was no reasoning with him when he was right. Facing myself in the mirror just about made me puke.

On the following day, August 10th, 1988, I had some good news. The Watchdog Committee of the Office of Special Affairs International finally had a workable solution to my dilemma which

Humberto assured me would be equitable and amicable to all parties concerned. I rushed back down to the Org, thankful with relief that the upper strata of Scientology management were finally getting involved on my behalf and had offered to handle me effectively.

A panoramic wave of optimism swept over my head as I kneeled into a chair in Humberto's office while Frank Thompson and Ray Jourdain came rushing in. My Body Thetans were all aglow with great expectations of welcome relief, and I felt much more vibrant and hopeful than any of my other personalities had been in a long time.

"This is the first day in the past two weeks that I didn't think that I was better off dead!", I admitted to my best friend Ray as Frank and Humberto both nodded approvingly in unison.

All three of them were so full of smiling radiance that I assumed they were going to tell me to pack my bags and head out to the Freewinds.

"This handling is going to indeed benefit all of us, and before I read you the telex from Carol Martiano, the Director of Special Affairs for the Office of Special Affairs International, I want your word as a Scientologist that you will give us your full cooperation in preserving the integrity and the security of the Church", Humberto gloated joyously with wild glee.

"You will also automatically be upgraded to Enemy as an extra bonus for this upstat", Frank offered glibly, as if he were trying to sell me a different Bridge that could be found in Brooklyn.

"This is even more than I dreamed about!", I acclaimed. "I never expected to get out of Treason this quickly! Just tell me what you want me to do and you can consider it done!"

"That's more like the old Steven!", Ray Jourdain praised, tickling me affectionately under my chin to show everyone that despite what had happened, he still loved me.

"Okay!", Humberto cheered with enthusiasm. "The handling is really very simple. All you have to do is to plead guilty and negotiate the very least amount of jail time! You can deal directly with the United States Attorney in San Francisco. There is no need for a wog lawyer. We've eliminated the necessity for that. I've checked with Tim Bowles, our own Legal Officer at the Office of Special Affairs International, and he thoroughly agrees that this is the right thing to do. And of course, it needs to be done right away."

A cold sweat of fear came over me.

"I thought you said that this handling would benefit everybody. How does it benefit me?", I asked, slowly drifting deeper and deeper into my former state of apathy.

"It benefits you the most!", Frank barked as if I were a complete imbecile. "You will finally be able to demonstrate and prove that you are putting the needs of the group before your own! That has been your one outpost in these last nine years which you have never been able to successfully overcome before! Oh, sure you have been valuable to the Guardian's Office and you have created lots of income. But you always placed the needs of Steve Fishman before the needs of Scientology. You finally have the chance to place the needs of Scientology before the needs of Steve Fishman!"

"I think it's wonderful!", Ray beamed in agreement. "I know you can do it!"

"But how can I Clear the planet from prison?", I asked. "We only have nine years left before

Larry Wollersheim destroys the world! I promised Ron that I would salvage Earth and I have to keep my vow!"

"You've just been relieved of that post", Frank consoled. "Someone else who is in an Ethics Condition of Affluence will be doing that. There are times when we all have to get our priorities in order. You can understand that, I am sure, being a Saint Hill Graduate. Besides, I don't think they will keep you in prison for more than five years if you strike a plea bargain with those fascists. You'll still have four more years to keep your promises to Ron once you get out, so you see, there is nothing to worry about!"

"But how can I expose all the lies in the Bible from a jail cell?", I argued. "The world needs to know that I am Malchoot the Antichrist right now! Don't you see how much Counter-Intention is creeping into my universe? The planet can't wait five more years. The Clearing of Earth must come first before anything else. Now especially we can't delay another minute in getting my auditing data out to the raw meat wog world. They have to be told immediately that Jesus is the real criminal here. Can't you see that the forces of Christ and psychiatry are exploiting my misfortune? Nurik's wild actions are proof enough of that. No sane human being would ever think of interfering with the freedom of mankind unless he had been completely taken over by evil-purposed maniacs! Only the insane attack Scientology!"

"Never mind what the suppressives are doing to jump on the band wagon!", Frank interrupted. "You are the responsible party here. It's four months now, and you are still driving that Allante! Where is the title to that thing?"

"Tim Bowles analyzed the criminal complaint when I faxed it to him in California!", Humberto reported. "Do you know what triggered this mess? Back in 1983, Fishman stupidly used the correct Social Security Number of Julie Lombard on the National Student Marketing Claim! Can you believe that?"

"Who was Julie Lombard?", Ray asked with great surprise.

"She was Steven's Indian housekeeper!", Humberto disclosed. "He let Human Emotion and Reaction interfere with his responsibilities on post! You should read the old Knowledge Reports! They would make your hair stand on end! Steve was angry at her for making a lot of long distance telephone calls, so he used her real Social Security Number on a claim form to get even with her! It says right there in the criminal complaint that the FBI interviewed that Lombard wog! None of this would have happened if Fishman did not allow his warped hunger for revenge against his fucking Indian maid to interfere with his duties to the Church!"

"That sounds like the cheap Jew in him!", Frank shrugged in disgust. "With all of the commissions he was making, plus what he allowed his ex-wife to steal, he was too stingy to pay the damn telephone bill and forget about it! No, he had to make a vendetta out of the whole mess and cut our throats in the process!"

"So it had nothing to do with the Allante!", I reasoned happily.

"Wrong!", Frank yelled. "Don't you even think that way! Buying the car set you up as a sitting duck in the theta universe for your own downfall. The investigation of Julie Lombard would never have occurred if you didn't trigger it by stealing from your Bridge Fund!"

"So you see, pleading guilty is the right thing to do!", Ray added. "Let's face it. You are guilty."

You are guilty of using Julie Lombard's real Social Security Number and crashing your post. You are guilty of buying the Allante. You are guilty of not completing your Repair of Past Ethics. You are guilty of conspiring with your Nazi shrink and your other crooked lawyer Nassetta of trying to sue the Church. You are guilty of squirreling the Tech by making up lies about your imaginary Time Pilot Rundown and overwhelming Lewis Swartz with all of that trash. You are guilty of not stopping Steve Goldberg from ripping us off. The list goes on and on, so how the hell could you not plead guilty?"

"I never tried to sue the Church, and I never have been a squirrel!", I said in my own defense. "I have always tried to Make Things Go Right, advancing and forwarding the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics!"

"Well now the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics is for you go to jail!", Humberto minimized with repetitive efficiency. "Consider it to be a simple Amends Project. If Mary Sue could do it, you can do it. She was a lot more important to Scientology than you ever were."

"Don't say that!", I protested. "I love Mary Sue, but I am the Antichrist! Ron knows how significant my role is! And anyway, Mary Sue never pleaded guilty to anything. She was found guilty by a brainwashed psychiatric jury and sentenced to five years by a mad whore Judge. I remember that entire trial. It was in 1983, and I was working in the Flag Guardian's Office at the time, crushing a squirrel group called "Erhard Seminars Training" which had been pirating our technology. Who do you think it was who infiltrated Werner Erhard's company and found out that they were marketing Scientology under their own name? I did, that's who! You can't just dismiss me as yesterday's news! I was out there on the front lines of defense against our enemies while you were still in diapers! L. Ron Hubbard would never allow one of his Kha-Khan heroes to be sent to jail, especially when I can Clear half the planet!"

"I don't know why we have to waste time listening to this nattering!", Ray cut in. "It's really quite simple. If you don't plead guilty, then you will be barred from going up the Bridge for the rest of your lifetime. Do you really want to wait until you come back next time to continue your auditing?"

"And in what century will I be picking up a new body, Ray?", I snapped.

"I don't want to hear any more of that squirrel shit!", Humberto reprimanded with a smidgen of insolence in his voice.

"Spending time in jail will not salvage the planet or set man free!", I objected. "I could serve the Third Dynamic far better if I were given a new post, working in the library or the bookstore on the Freewinds. Look how much easier it would be for me to de-Christianize the wog world if I were operating from the safe space of the Flag Ship."

"You would never be allowed on the Freewinds!", Frank shouted. "The first thing that you would do is to try to drive everyone crazy with your lunatic raving about non-consecutive time! You can no longer be trusted anywhere in Scientology until you have done a complete false data stripping! But that can't even be done, because there is no money for review sessions anymore! It is time for you to plead guilty and then ask the forgiveness of the Church once you get out of prison, so you can remain a Scientologist in good standing!"

"Forgiveness for what?", I screamed. "I haven't done anything wrong!"

"Just do what we say, you fucking bastard!", Humberto coaxed in a soothing manner. "You're wasting our goddamn time here!"

"Just let me go to the Freewinds!", I pleaded again. "I promise that I won't say another word about the Time Pilot Rundown."

"You paid your lawyer two thousand dollars", Ray reminded. "Maybe he can work out a deal with the Government where you only have to spend two or three years in jail. You'll be able to take your E-Meter with you and probably some of your books. You'll breeze through your sentence in no time flat."

"I won't do it!", I trembled. "No one is going to force me to break my vows to Ron!"

"Ron doesn't care about you anymore!", Humberto expounded with an outbreak of viciousness. "The Admiral would be better off if you were dead!"

"At least then I would be working with him and not against him, listening to the likes of you!", I shrieked, always wanting to get the last word in edgewise.

"How dare they tell me what Ron wants!", I thought in utter anger as I drove home crying madly in a cesspool of rejection.



## CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

### **It's Easier To Bury One's Mistakes**

Lyman Spurlock, now the Director of Special Affairs for the Flag Service Organization, spearheaded our Battle Plan to thwart the potential invasion of the FBI Third Invader forces against the Fort Lauderdale Mission and the Miami Org. Bonny Mott and Ellie Bolger were reassigned to posts far beyond the reach and scope of Marc Nurik, and my entire history of service to the Guardian's Office found its way into the wayward shredders of International Management.

"It's a shame that Oliver North wasn't a Scientologist", I said to myself on a less gloomy day. "We could have used his help in destroying evidence at a time like this."

My next crisis came on August the 16th, when I sold my Allante and turned over the money to Marc Nurik for additional legal fees. What was I to do? There were court appearances scheduled, and Marc could not defend the entire case on two thousand dollars, even if Humberto Fontana truly believed that my lawyer was overpriced at that.

Selling the car did not bother me. It had been bad luck from the beginning. But there was that promise I once made to Frank Thompson which pledged all of the proceeds from the automobile to the Miami Org. I had betrayed a sacred oath once again, and I found it far simpler to hide my head in the sand than to admit that shameful fact to him.

Ten days later, I mustered up enough courage to come clean with Frank Thompson.

The color puce is not a bright spot on a man's face when it suddenly appears. It is somewhere between the howl of bloodshot red and the death knell of dark grayish purple. I could feel the visceral passion of strangulation in the air as Frank raised his hands in perilous fury. However, he caught me by surprise. My Ethics Officer didn't lunge for my neck, he bravely and courageously hit me in the stomach! What a wise decision it had been not to eat lunch before I came to see him! As I doubled over in sweet pain, my eyeglasses fell to the floor, and Frank valiantly crushed them with his left shoe. Now that caused me to have an uncalled for ARC Break, and I ran out of the Org in a partially blind stupor of grief. Driving home on I-95 was quite tense for me since I never could see that well without my glasses. As Frank had hoped for, I almost got into an accident -- but of course, almost doesn't count.

During the next two weeks, I did not go back to the Org or talk to any Scientologists on the telephone. I was kind of upset about the broken glasses, although I had no right to be. However, because I failed to stay in communication with my Ethics terminals, they became increasingly convinced that I intended to attack and destroy the Church, and consequently they reported their suspicions to Paul Laquerre, the International Justice Chief. Paul, as you may recall, had a reputation of being so hard on his people that I had this larger-than-life image of him being able to crack a brick in half just by slamming his penis against it. It is sometimes odd how we worship our heroes, and I guess I was just as guilty of that flaw as anyone else who was as unimportant and worthless as I was.

Nevertheless, despite my degradation, I would have died a million deaths before ever harming Scientology! Outside of refusing to plead guilty, I did everything that my Seniors asked me to. I made an art form out of lying to my attorney and deceiving Dr. Geertz, and by the time that I got through with them, I had those squirrels chasing up the wrong tree so many times that whenever

they lifted their legs, they wound up pissing all over each other.

Accordingly, I tried my level best to prevent Marc Nurik and Dr. Geertz from working together. I spread rumors to Geertz that Nurik was a cheap Jew who would never pay him his expert witness fees. I told Marc that Dr. Geertz was a corrupt, money-hungry bungler who will try to bleed him for exorbitant payments. Laying the seeds of discontent between those two tyrants was easier than masturbating five times in a row at an all-night peep show.

In the meantime, the love of my life and the mother of my future child called me on the phone. Lisa Lawson was in her fifth month of pregnancy, and she had already found a customer for our baby. In fact, she was living at the home of the future adoptive parents, Sam and Bonnie Elmowitz of North Miami Beach. Sam was a businessman, and Bonnie worked as a singer at a night club known as Claire's Celebrity Lounge under the stage name of Bonnie Bernard. Sam and Bonnie showered Lisa with gifts, as if she were their own personal breeding tank. She told me that she was going to receive approximately thirty thousand dollars in cash and prizes, including a new car, a deposit on a condominium in Los Angeles, and surgery for a nose job which she needed as much as a hot firecracker enema.

Lisa had negotiated the sale of my child through a baby broker named Marty Roth who used to be one of her other loyal customers, and the whole arrangement stank as far as I was concerned.

Determined to assert my paternal rights, I stormed into Marc Nurik's office, demanding that he sue for custody of my unborn child.

"This is a matter of life, not choice!", I said, refusing to abort my decision.

In his classic style of suppression, Marc refused to help me, saying that no court would ever give me the baby if I was pleading insanity in a criminal defense case.

"I am not crazy and you know it!", I snapped at Marc like a mad lunatic. "My child is going to grow up to be an upstat Scientologist in the Cadet Estates Org and no one is going to interfere with our relationship! How dare you use a defense which is going to come between a father's bond with his fetus!"

Not willing to take no for an answer, I retained the services of one of the most brilliant civil attorneys in the South Florida area. Louie Jassin was a superstar in his own right. He told me that he was the lawyer for the rock group "Poison", for the tattooed singer Axl Rose of "Guns and Roses", and for half the football players on the American Football League. He was a man of pure principle, and would drive thirty miles each way for lunch every day, just to eat a vegetarian meal in a restaurant known as the "Unicorn Village" in order to flirt with the waitresses. Louie never had to pay for anything either. He always invited guests to accompany him in order to take care of all his expenses. He was, in no uncertain terms, a brilliant businessman. Despite the fact that he was a close friend of Keith Nassetta's, I really respected him. Like myself, he promoted freedom by boycotting the use of condoms. Having both realized that prophylactic manufacturers had a vested interest in promoting the stupid AIDS scare because it was good for their business, Louie and I shared the common courage and conviction to buck the trend and not allow our heads to get caught up in all of that paranoid irrationality.

As a reward for his moral support, I turned him on to Dusty Hipps, which worked out quite well for her too, as she was always looking to expand her customer base.

Besides promising to eventually get me custody of my son once the baby was born, Louie Jassin became my publicist for my epic religious work, The Holy Book of Life, which was a living testament to the history of the soul over the last seventy-six trillion years. Louie was very careful not to infringe upon the trademarks or copyrights of Scientology, so he wisely made me take every reference to the Third Dynamic out of the book. The Holy Book of Life was finally finished, and was living proof that I was the one and only real father of Jesus Christ. There was no doubt in Louie's mind that my book would change the world, since it included a chapter which walked a person through the Between Lives Area after death, as well as the true scoop on how the universe was created by Source, which was a far cry from the psychotic hallucinations of the Bible.

"What person in his right mind isn't interested in dying?", Louie asked profoundly. "There's more than one way to promote a Messiah, you know. We're going to sell "Malchoot the Antichrist T-Shirts" and other shit like that, in order to build up your image!"

Although I found Louie's commercialization of my life's work highly contemptible, I gave him over two thousand dollars to find me a publisher, as the only real connections I had were to Body Thetans. What was important to me was in Clearing the planet, and I knew that if I could just prove to the Church that I was both vital and valuable, they would surely reconsider their position and stop asking me to plead guilty.

I was also certain that the Federal Prosecutor would drop all of the criminal charges against me when he realized that as the Antichrist, I was the only hope that the planet had left to fulfill Ron's goal of setting man free.

By the middle of September, I had even more bad news to report to Frank Thompson and Humberto Fontana. Marc Nurik had retained the services of two of the most notorious suppressives on the planet, who had both been actively involved in fighting the Church of Scientology during some of our fiercest court battles, including the Larry Wollersheim case!

Dr. Richard Ofshe was a Professor of Sociology at the University of California who had won a Pulitzer Prize in 1979 for squirreling. He ranked fourth on our Public Enemies List for the hatchet job he did to us at the Wollersheim trial. Rumored to be a professional de-programmer and wholesale destroyer of truth, the very thought that my attorney even had a conversation with such a degraded being sent razor blades up and down my spine.

Dr. Margaret "Muggy" Singer was well known to all of us as the "Bimbo of Berkeley." Although she characteristically disguised herself in the valence of a kind, grandmotherly, little old lady, Leah Abady had once told me that her "sweetness and light" demeanor was a classic case of covert hostility, straight out of the "Dear Souls"<sup>[122]</sup> area of the time track.

The "Dear Souls" area occurred nearly one trillion years ago, and according to Ron, it was "A saccharine-sweet sort of universe just on the borderline of our universe. Everybody was so sweet to you. If you can just imagine some dear, dear, dear old lady who has organized every single church bazaar in her home town, well that was the one who greeted you. We call that the "Dear Souls" area of the time track. They educated you to be religious and love thy neighbor and everything else."

Leah Abady warned me that Muggy Singer was actually the wicked wife of the Emperor Xenu -- a ferocious space opera rocket jockey who mutilated more bodies and carved out more eyeballs than every psychiatrist in Hitler's Secret Service put together. Furthermore, she was a covertly

hostile backstabbing witch who cleverly concealed her lethal savagery to the uninitiated by her "milk-and-cookies Arsenic and Old Lace" personality.

The truth be told, Muggy was no slouch at giving us a run for our money. As an outspoken critic of Scientology for years who had gotten her jollies off by openly blasting us on psych-controlled wog television, I had no idea why she was only Public Enemy Number Seven, when this deadly clinical psychologist enjoyed the unsavory reputation of being the world's most vindictive "Cult Queen."

"Why didn't your attorney just hire Larry Wollersheim as your expert witness?", Frank Thompson screamed at the top of his lungs when I gave him the bad news.

It was a rhetorical question that I was unable to answer, as I was slowly recovering from his swift kick in my nuts. Additionally, The sting of hot ashes in my eyes which he blew in my face did not help me see the light of day very well either.

"You shouldn't talk to me when you're having an ARC Break", I suggested to Frank helpfully, not wishing to alienate him.

After all, I did not want to be responsible for giving Frank a massive heart attack. Unable to restrain himself from teaching me a good lesson, he called Leona Grimm on the extension phone so that she could route me downstairs to Leah Abady. I guess the whole Org realized that Leah Abady knew how to handle me a lot better than anyone else did. I was always such a miserable pain in the ass, but she had the patience of a Saint Hill Case Supervisor, and could just about confront any stupid thing that I would say or do.

"The thirty days are up, and that is not such a good sign", Leah began cryptically.

"What thirty days?", I asked, searching for a glimmer of understanding.

"You had a time limit for pleading guilty to all of your criminal charges", she smiled. "I'm afraid you have been a grave disappointment to the group."

"Can I get a thirty day extension so I can figure out a more acceptable solution?", I begged. "If I have to go back to jail, I will kill myself."

"That is precisely what I wanted to talk to you about", Leah replied as she stared at my twitching nose with her hands clasped. "You are no longer on Ethics lines. For failing to obey an order while in Treason, you are now on Justice lines. Do you know the definition of "Justice?", she asked. [\[123\]](#)

"I think so", I said with rapid hesitancy.

"Flunk!", she hissed. "Anyone who "thinks" doesn't know! Ron defines Justice as "The action necessary to restrain the insane until they are cured."

"You ought to get a job working as a secretary in Marc Nurik's law office", I recommended mockingly. "Both of you think that I am crazy. You have a lot in common."

"Don't be insolent with me, and don't you dare compare me to your subpoena-slinging jury-hustler!", she steamed.

"Then don't call me crazy!", I protested. "Where do you get the nerve to invalidate me that way?"

"It was Ron, not I, who said that "The product of the insane is an overt act."<sup>[124]</sup> Your latest product is bringing two of the planet's most vicious squirrels into your legal defense camp", she continued. "That is an overt act of the worst magnitude. Ron said something else about insanity too. "The cause of insanity is not a "germ" that causes "mental illness" in somebody's brain. That is not the cause of insanity. It is not the second dynamic (sex). It is not because someone was interfered with as a little child. It is not because one is fixated on panties. Insanity -- pure, unadulterated insanity is an evil purpose. Now anybody's got some nasty purposes but the person who is really insane, really is riding that one, boy! (sic) They're nutty as fruit cakes and it doesn't matter how competent they are or how incompetent they are."<sup>[125]</sup> Steven Fishman, you are evil!", she summarized declaratively, despite Ron's poor use of grammar in her Source reference.

"I have no evil purpose!", I objected.

"I bet that you have a million of them!", she contested. "But the one which is plaguing me the most right now is your willingness to bring the Church of Scientology down with you in connection with your criminal case. For nine years you were creating income by using a higher moral code than the wog world was willing to ever accept. You knew that your standards of performing well on post, of wearing your hat properly and expertly, and of creating the Valuable Final Product of Well Done Class Action Claims had to be as stringent as that of any Sea Org staff member. Yet it was through your own negligence that you allowed yourself to wage a personal war against an irrelevant Indian, merely because she transgressed your lily-white, picture-perfect sense of Ethics by making a few unauthorized telephone calls. So you placed yourself first as usual, and at the exact moment when you put Julie Lombard's real Social Security Number on that claim form just to "get even" with her, you failed to give a damn about your responsibilities as the Fields Financial Planner of Fort Lauderdale. That is the only reason why there is a criminal complaint against you in the physical universe! Now in the theta universe, that is another matter. Look at your stats if you have any doubts! Do you realize that every bit of money generated by the Julie Lombard case went to pay off your ex-wife's credit card debts? Not one penny of it went toward your Bridge? Wouldn't you call that an evil purpose?"

"Yes, I --"

"Shut up! I haven't finished yet!", she went on. "That was back in 1983. Then, five years later, you spent fifty thousand dollars of your Bridge Fund on a sports car to pick up your filthy whores in. Doesn't that sound like another evil purpose to you?"

"Of course, but --"

"Did I end off on this conversation?", she stammered.

"You asked me a question!", I argued indicatively.

"Keep quiet! I want this to sink in so deeply that you can't even move!", she threatened.

"Actually, I have to move my bowels", I pleaded.

"That is all that you ever want to do!", she monologued. "You can't confront anything!"

"I'm sorry", I cried. "I can wait, I hope."

"So here you are, full of evil purposes that are mounting up, one on top of the other. All of the money that you have been accumulating since 1985 for your Flag auditing is now in the hands of the terrorist FBI!"

"Nobody ever told me to hide the money from the Third Invaders! Why didn't you warn me that what I was doing would get me in trouble with the wogs way back then if it bothers you so much right now? How did nine years worth of upstats become downstats all of a sudden?"

"Your evil purposes made that happen, can't you see that?", she honked flippantly. "You are the one who crashed your post! Nobody else did it! My hat in present time is to prevent you from crashing this Org and the future of the entire Church! It is too late to save you! Accept it! Your life is over!"

"What in Ron's name makes you think that I would ever do something so horrible as crash the Third Dynamic?", I responded in astonishment. "People who attack Scientology deserve to be strung up by their testicles or their tits, whichever they have! They ought to be killed, pure and simple!"

"Yes, I know", she sighed with wild abandon. "They sure do! So let's get down to your latest evil purpose, which overshadows them all. Do you have any idea how much you remind me of Hitler?"

"That is a very cruel thing for you to say, coming from one ex-Jew to another", I scorned.

"Well, take a good look at it!", she continued persuasively. "When Hitler was in his bunker in Berlin and he knew that he had lost the war, he ordered his generals to destroy the entire city, so that no one who conquered it could enjoy it. Did you know that?"

"I suppose Dr. Geertz would know a lot more about that sort of thing than I do", I apologized.

"And here before me sits Steve Fishman, King of the Squirrels", she pronounced in the style of a grand soliloquist. "He has lost his Bridge Fund. There is no chance for him to go Clear and OT in the near future, and probably not at all in his current lifetime, if you really think about it. So he hires a team of mercenaries from the "Who's Who" roster of our Enemies List, and he sends these suppressives out to destroy Scientology so that no one else can be set free, just because Steve Fishman has to suffer the minor inconvenience of going to jail."

"Why are you talking as if I am not even here?", I wondered peevishly.

"Because you are not here!", she explained with deep certainty. "You are an example of the living dead! Am I getting through to you?"

"Comparing me to Hitler is vicious and stupid!", I protested. "Hitler had no goals to help mankind. I made a vow to Ron that I would de-aberrate the wog world from the cancerous menace of Christ! I promised that I would never rest until every psych was isolated from mainstream thetan civilization and thrown into a concentration camp. I swore that I would find Larry Wollersheim and hang him up by his balls from chicken wire! My purposes have always been true and right for the Third Dynamic! How dare you draw a parallel between myself and someone so contemptuously

evil!"

"The fact is, Steven, that if Hitler had been given the services of a Scientology auditor, he would have most likely been in a lot better case shape than you are presently. You have had nine years of Scientology, and look at what a grand mess your life is in! The Tech can never work on people with hidden, evil purposes, no matter how much auditing they have had! I am certain that Hitler could have rattled off thousands of false goals which he thought were going to better mankind. You are a million times more dangerous to us than Larry Wollersheim is right now. He can only harm us by costing us money. You are aligned with suppressives who seek to threaten our very survival!"

"How am I threatening our survival?", I asked, as bewildered as a rat sperm who was lost in an elephant's ovary.

"Frank and Humberto are much too angry to talk to you", she cautioned. "But this is no tea party that we are facing. Earle Cooley, the Commanding Officer of Legal Affairs International told Humberto the reality of your situation just this morning. If the United States Government can successfully link the Church of Scientology to your criminal charges, they can seize every bit of our property, including the Fort Harrison Hotel, under the provisions of their infamous RICO Act. That is the threat which you have hung over our heads!"

"What does RICO mean?", I asked.

"It is the worst disaster imaginable!", she trembled. "It means the Racketeering, Influence and Corrupt Organizations Act. It is the super-weapon which the Third Invader Forces of the terrorist Psych Government wants to use to shut us down! They have the absolute capability of confiscating every Scientology asset, including Flag itself with their suppressive RICO Act! Don't you realize that the Wog Government is using you to get to us? They don't give a damn about Mrs. Mamie Glutz from Keokuk, who lost a dollar and ninety-eight cents in the Freudian Power and Light class action lawsuit! Closing down the Church is what they want! That's why there is only one solution to this problem."

"As long as I don't have to plead guilty, I'll do anything you ask", I acknowledged. "Honestly Leah, I had no idea how serious this situation has become!"

Leah took her hand in mine, and put her other hand over it in an artificial show of tender mercy.

"The International Justice Chief has agreed with you that pleading guilty was not a good idea!", she smiled.

"That is wonderful!", I cheered. "What made him change his mind?"

"Quite simple!", she expressed. "The Government could still get their hands on you while you are in jail. They would just torture you with their usual assortment of psychiatric drugs and electric shocks, and after all is said and done, they could force you to testify against us anyway. You know how easy it was for the Nazi psychologist to hypnotize you over the years. The Government operates in the same way. Once you are under their thumb, they are going to go for our jugular vein. Paul Laquerre cannot take a chance of having such a dangerous thing happen."

"That is great news!", I raved. "So when can I go to the Freewinds and get out of the country?"

Did the International Justice Chief say anything to you about getting me a new post in Archives?" "No, I am afraid that you are missing the point", she added. "There is still the matter of your evil purposes and consequent insanity, which makes you an even greater risk to the Church than Larry Wollersheim! No, the International Justice Chief was very specific on what your Justice Handling must be."

"Well, I know that my Ethics are out right now, but at least I will have the chance to change all of that! What does he want me to do?", I inquired with apprehensive confusion.

"There is only one solution to all of this", she said stoically. "You are to do an End of Cycle of your current lifetime."

"You want me to commit suicide?", I gasped.

"It's very painless, I can assure you", she smiled. "L. Ron Hubbard was not a barbarian, you know. The Tech is quite clear on the ease and comfort with which the End of Cycle can be effected. We certainly aren't asking you to take an overdose of sleeping pills or slash your wrists. We don't use the uncivilized methods of psychiatry, even though they say that lethal injections can be most humane."

"How do you want me to kill myself, then?", I asked with great interest.

"The Helatrobic Effect is extremely clean and beautiful, and in fact is a balanced, natural way to ease out of your body", she stated soothingly with the calm tranquility of a master embalmer. "In fact, it is the exact way that L. Ron Hubbard dropped his own body on the 24th of January, 1986, after he finished his work on this planet. So you see, you are in excellent company!"

Helatrobos, according to Ron, was "an interplanetary nation with a little pip squeak government which didn't amount to very much." They were best known for the Helatrobos Implants, "called the heaven [126] implants"[127], from which the false idea of there being a "heaven" came from. Ron describes the Helatrobos Implants as "implants which begin with electronic clouds over planets, and the dichotomy, plus and minus, and so forth." [128] All of the wog ideas of right from wrong that are piled up in the reactive bank originated from those implants as well.

Now don't just pass all of this off as bizarre science fiction, because if you do that, then you should have your head examined. Despite the apparent unimportance of Helatrobos and their suppressive contribution to implanting by their psychiatrists, they gave us some excellent technology on permanently enforced exteriorization, which is a polite euphemism for willfully dropping the body or, suicide.

I was shown plenty of Source references on the more painful ways to kill myself, but Leah was much more of a humanitarian than to permit me to use any of those. She would never ask me to run Routine R2- 45, for example, which is described in The Creation of Human Ability as "An enormously effective process of exteriorization, but its use is frowned upon by society at this time." [129] R2-45, of course, is shooting a bullet in the head.

Suicide is a very interesting topic in Scientology. The cause of suicide, according to the Admiral, is "Tearaculi Apathia Magnus", which he admittedly explains is "Latinated nonsense" for something called "the Sad Effect." [130] Ron defines this when he states, "Neglecting or overwhelming an ARC Break, where the preclear shows anger or antagonism will cause the preclear to drop into the Sad Effect. This is a state of great sadness, apathy, misery and desire for



suicide and death."<sup>[131]</sup> In the Professional Course Lectures of the Hubbard Dianetic Foundation of Wichita, Kansas, Ron stated, "A person starts the cycle of action of suicide by saying "I'm going to kill myself." He has started a cycle of action right there, and he will go along for years trying to complete this action, until he finally sees a psychoanalyst and kills himself. Didn't you know that was what they were there for?"<sup>[132]</sup>

It was amidst all of this wisdom that Leah promptly briefed me on the proper technique I was to employ in order to end the useless life of my body during this time around.

"I want you to fully understand and duplicate that this necessary action of doing an End of Cycle is not to be construed that I have anything against you personally for having failed in life", she elaborated generously. "In the physical universe, bodies are used for identification purposes. Apparently, the Psych Government has latched on to yours as a mechanism of destroying Scientology. Once you are dead, they will be forced to drop all criminal charges against you, and life will go on exactly as before."

"That's true, except I won't be here!", I expounded with obvious awareness of my predicament.

"Well, that is as it should be!", she agreed. "Look on the bright side! You'll be a lot closer to Ron than the rest of us."

There was a lot of truth to that, so I gave her the benefit of the doubt. I listened carefully while Leah explained how the Helatrobic Effect worked. The process was very simple and indeed both painless and efficient.

"You inhale by taking a deep breath while holding your nose, and then swallow hard, forcing the oxygen swiftly into your brain", she instructed as she read from a confidential Bulletin. "You will feel somewhat light-headed and perhaps your ears will pop, but this is all very normal. Simply repeat the process over and over on your own determinism as rapidly as possible, until the End Phenomenon is reached."

I tried it once, and it was awesome! My head felt a flooding rush of air, and during the two or three seconds of the effect, I succumbed to a weightless, dizzying sensation of euphoria.

"That's not bad!", I exclaimed. "My brains seem to be floating around inside my skull!"

"Yeah, and people think that they need drugs to get high!", she derided mockingly. "Now here comes the important part! The idea of this process is not to allow any time to lapse between each routine. It is vital that you suck in your next breath while the effect of the first inhalation is still in your head. The longest it will take is maybe several hundred times if you do each routine rapidly and in succession."

"The longest it will take to do what?", I repeated. "What is the End Phenomenon of the drill? Does all of this lead to a suicide?", I asked intelligently.

"Let's not use the word suicide anymore", she reprimanded. "Let's call it an End of Cycle, which is Ron's favorite name for it."

"Okay, but what happens?", I persisted.

"Eventually, you induce a coma by flooding the brain with more oxygen than it can support or handle", she revealed with the aplomb of a laboratory party animal. "Now I don't want you making this data available to the public, because it would be a disaster if people who were stuck in the "Sad Effect" started taking their own lives before we had an opportunity to process them for neglected or overwhelmed ARC Breaks. It would be horrible if people died unnecessarily, not to mention the lost auditing income. With you, of course, it is a matter of security. I wish that there were another way to handle you, but things have gone way too far in your case. I am sure you realize that it is all for the best. Just remember to keep inhaling while holding your nose and then rapidly swallowing, time after time after time."

"Do you want me to start doing it now?", I asked, eager to begin the process.

"No! Certainly not!", she panicked. "I want you to do this at home, in your own bed! The last thing we want is to have you drop dead here at the Miami Org! The first action that your spiteful lawyer would take is to accuse us of murder! Use your common sense, for Source's sake!"

"It felt pretty nifty!", I confessed. "I never knew that death could be such a neat experience! Why is it called the "Helatrobic Effect", and how did Ron ever discover it?"

"Oh, that goes back to his days on the Apollo, the old Flag Ship of the early seventies", she stated nostalgically. Ron freely admits that he came across the Helatrobic Effect by accident. Some of the Sea Org members were doing the routine as a remedy for fatigue, because quite often they had to work in long, monotonous, twenty hour shifts. Sending a burst of oxygen to the brain was found to be an energy booster to several tired and overworked crew members. I often give myself a good swallow when I feel weak or down, so that Tech is still quite valid."

"Yeah, but how did it become a method for doing an End of Cycle?", I repeated with intense curiosity.

"Well, after one of the Sea Org crew members lapsed into a coma and died shortly thereafter, Mary Sue ordered a full investigation into the cause of death, whereupon the dead girl's roommate explained to the Commodore Staff Guardian personally that the deceased girl had been doing the Helatrobic Effect for at least a hundred times before she "passed out." When Ron researched the case, he discovered that the origin of the mechanism had come from the planet Helatrobos, where body death was not automatic and had to be artificially induced by utilizing this specific routine", Leah explained.

"How soon do you want me to complete the End of Cycle?", I inquired.

"Within the next twenty-four hours", she nodded with grave concern. "Your situation is becoming very critical. And don't leave any suicide notes either. The beauty part of the Helatrobic Effect is that an autopsy would reveal that your cause of death was a natural stroke. There are never any drugs used, or injuries to the body chemistry or flesh, so no foul play would ever be suspected. You can ease on out of this life with a lot more tranquility than you came into it!"

To assist me in getting the End of Cycle done as quickly as possible, Leah Abady ran me on a process known as the "Labor of Love" while I was in reverie, or a light hypnotic trance. She had me mock up a woman in labor, and then get into her valence, or synthetic personality, as she was pushing the baby out. The process called for me to bounce back and forth between being the mother in labor and being the baby as it was coming out of the birth canal, all the while running the beautiful joy of being born in a new body with a new time track ahead of me. Leah eventually

directed me to stop being the woman in labor and to go completely into the valence of the newborn infant.

Although the process was often used as an "assist" for natural childbirth, in this case the "Labor of Love" was run on me so that I could more naturally confront the pressing need to drop my current body and pick up a new one.

"Is this really Standard Tech?", I asked Leah Abady quite suspiciously, as I had never seen a Source reference on the "Labor of Love" before.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding!", she sneered. "Do you really think that I would run a squirrel process on you?"

And Leah was right, as always. In the Hubbard Communications Office Bulletin of 1 March 1977 entitled "Confessional Forms", Ron cleared up any misgivings that I had. He wrote, "The best method is to write out a predetermined series of questions, as an additional thing, which is for that person particularly. You figure out about what their relationship to life has been, and then you write a little series of questions. You get the idea of what kind of life your preclear has been leading, what his professional and domestic zones are, and you adapt Confessional questions to that and you add it to standard forms."<sup>[133]</sup>

"Hey, that's great!", I said after I read the reference. "This allows auditors to do whatever they want in session; and as long as they follow the Auditor's Code, it still can be called Standard Tech! Why didn't they show me this Policy Letter when I was doing the Saint Hill Special Briefing Course three years ago? I could have probably talked a few of my female preclears into getting laid with stuff like this!"

Every one of my friends at the Miami Org had raving reviews about doing the End of Cycle. Ray Jourdain compared committing suicide to handling a bad dream and waking up a free being. Leona Grimm said that the Helatropic Effect is a positive form of exteriorization that assists the pleasure centers of the brain in pushing the body out like unwanted garbage. Leah kept suggesting that I mock up "the beautiful joy of being one breath closer to Ron while running the routines", and my Case Supervisor Lisa Witt equated the End of Cycle with taking a short term loss on my current lifetime, which would in turn enable me to take a long term gain on any future existence that I might have. She was such a practical businesswoman when it came to the subject of death, and I adored her for that.

Of everyone who was pushing me for the End of Cycle, Humberto Fontana had the most sense of urgency about it. He was very anxious to strike a deal with me so that I would no longer remain indecisive about killing myself. As an added incentive, he ordered Leah to tell me that if I did the End of Cycle right away, I could return to life as the offspring of two very upstat Sea Org parents. It turned out that Humberto and his big mouth had talked himself out of a sale.

"Humberto can't guarantee that to me, Leah!", I argued. "That offer contradicts the data in the Time Pilot Rundown! What if I return to life in the middle ages and I am forced to kiss the ass of Jesus Christ for yet another lifetime!"

"The End of Cycle is something that Ron needs you to do right now", she persuaded with gentle causation, skirting the issue that I raised regarding the possibility of a time shift.

"That is bullshit!", I contested. "Ron didn't tell me to drop my body! The End of Cycle was

ordered by the International Justice Chief, not the Admiral!"

"You ass!", she ensued. "How can you say a thing like that? Ron placed Paul Laquerre in charge to see that Justice is done on this planet now that he is busy Clearing the rest of the universe!", she explained.

"Why would he bother Clearing other planets when this one isn't fully Cleared yet?", I argued. "You can't tell me what Ron is doing, because I am in better communication with him than you are!"

"Look, let's not get into a bitter disagreement over this", she elicited sweetly. "You were ready to begin the End of Cycle earlier today. What could have possibly changed your mind?"

"I'm being shafted!", I screamed. "Ron never ordered me to pull my own plug! You have all ganged up on me as a matter of expediency! And do you know what? The truth of the matter is that I happen to agree with you! It's a lot easier to bury one's mistakes. I would gladly sacrifice my life for the Third Dynamic. I just need assurances that I will be able to go up the Bridge during my next time around. So, if you want me to do an End of Cycle, I want to know exactly who is going to stop Wollersheim from destroying this planet, and both how and when that will be done. I want you to find Pat Broeker who is hiding out under a rock somewhere, and get him to look up my auditing folder on the Time Pilot Rundown, since he is the custodian of those records. Finally, I want to know specifically how I can be guided through the Between Lives Area without doing a shift in time and space. I need answers, and until I get them, I am going to stay very much alive in this body, whether you like it or not!"

My indictment in San Francisco was scheduled for the 26th of September, and Humberto was deeply terrified of having a downstat if I were not totally dead by the time of that hearing. Leah kept giving me all the help that she could with her dedication and encouragement to do the right thing before it was far too late.

"You know that you have to complete the End of Cycle before your indictment", she confirmed with unexpressed sympathy. "Humberto is getting more ARC Broken with you every day, and the last thing that you should do under your present circumstances is make him angry."

"And if I don't kill myself, what will he do, shoot me?", I argued like a selfish bastard, without any consideration for Humberto's feelings.

"There are punishments a lot worse than body death", Leah warned.

"Is that a threat?", I cognited with the cantankerousness of catatonic candor.

"Take it any way you want to! But I'm warning you that staying alive may prove to be the biggest mistake of your life!", Leah added realistically. "There are states of unawareness on the bottom of the Tone Scale that would make ordinary death seem like a vacation in Disney World!"

"To hell with all of that!", I replied. "I am not taking my final curtain call without a Cleared planet, a dead Wollersheim, permission from Ron to die and a guarantee on who, when, where and how I will be coming back! You got that? Once you meet my demands, you can take my precious body and carve it up for the staff to eat during a bad week when there is no money left to buy them cat food!"

Very disturbed at the possible scenario of events, I asked the Minister of the Miami Org,

Reverend Darrell Kirkland for a Chaplain's Cycle, in order to discuss various alternatives to my suicide.

"All I can do for you at this point is to help you overcome your fear of dying", Darrell whispered blissfully.

"Who the hell is afraid of dying?", I screeched. "I know that I am immortal! What I am afraid of, if you must know, is living again without Scientology, being stuck in the body of a paramecium on some distant planet that even the Emperor Xenu hasn't heard of!"

"The sun never sets on Scientology", Darrell smiled. "We will always be there for you no matter where you are, as long as you are there for us."

"Double-talking bullshit artist!", I thought to myself. "He is about as much help as an army of tapeworms eating the semen in my urethra during intercourse!"

In my continued frenzy for survival, I sent a Situation Report to Jeff Walker, a roly-poly chunky dwarf of a man who was the Case Supervisor International of the Flag Ship Service Organization aboard the Freewinds. I forwarded a duplicate to Alain Kartuzinski, the Case Supervisor of the Flag Service Organization at the Fort Harrison, but neither of those OT snobs ever answered me.

Furthermore, since I knew my rights as a thetan, I submitted a Petition to the International Justice Chief at the Last Court of Appeals of the Flag Operations Liaison Office, objecting to the Order forcing me to do an End of Cycle, and citing the Time Pilot Rundown and my sacred vows to Ron for a Cleared, de-Christianized planet, free from the threats of Larry Wollersheim's nuclear holocaust as the basis for my supporting arguments. I also stated that I was unable to drop my body until Dr. Geertz had been fully punished for killing my daughter Rivkalleh. I wish I still had a copy of my Petition to read to you, because it was simply marvelous. I explained to Paul Laquerre that my survival, rather than my demise, was the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics.

My Petition turned out to be a Catch-22, because no Petition to the International Justice Chief could be reviewed until all data that was suspect of being false had been subjected to a False Data Stripping, which was supposed to strip away the false data from the truth. Similarly, no preclear who was under a Justice Order had any right to be False Data Stripped of his false data until all of the terms of the Justice Order had been first complied with. In other words, after I killed myself, I could have my Petition reviewed.

On the other hand, the risks that I faced if I had complied with Paul Laquerre's Justice Order and actually carried out the End of Cycle were quite formidable. Had I permitted Larry Wollersheim to succeed in destroying the Earth by simply forgetting about it and burying my head in the ground, I might have wound up on New Arcturus, the closest planet to ours which could support physical life. But I sure didn't want to spend millions if not billions of years as a single-celled amoeba or a plankton, patiently waiting to go up the evolutionary spiral the way I have done for so many times over the last seventy-six trillion years. You may not know it, but the sex life of a plankton really sucks! The very thought of having Body Thetans attaching themselves to me who were my own size really turned my stomach. As I recall when that happened eons ago on Earth, they used to beat the shit out of me, which is probably why I have such a major problem with loose bowel movements in my current body right now!

All my loved ones in the Third Dynamic were extremely pissed off at me because I didn't kill

myself. I was in a precarious position, since I understood how very right they were. However, they didn't have the foggiest notion why I had to stick around the world of the living. By the looks in their eyes, I knew that they thought I was a big coward who refused to follow orders, and this made me feel pretty damn rotten. But I owed my primary allegiance to Ron, and nothing was going to change my mind. I wasn't about to yield to peer pressure, despite the fact that I so desperately wanted to make them love me again. I was such a stubborn bastard, though.

"What's the good of being the Antichrist when everybody hates your guts?", I asked myself in shame.

Michael Hambrick especially had a conniption fit when the Suppressive Declare of Peter Letterese was reversed, and Peter was rehabilitated as a Scientologist in good standing. Frank Thompson had been terrified that he would cooperate with my attorney, and he was not willing to take that chance. As always, Peter came out the big winner, because all of his sins, debts and transgressions against the Church were forever forgiven. Michael, however, was unable to be that charitable toward Peter after having been starved by him and having seen Peter steal so much money from the Mission; and it was insult added to injury now that Peter was allowed to remain virtually unpunished. As a result of that, Michael Hambrick never spoke to me again, and to this day, he harbors one of the most vindictive grudges against me that the world has ever known. He didn't even send me a birthday card last year.

Frustrated, abandoned and a traitor to my Org, I went to San Francisco to be indicted. While I sat idly by as Marc Nurik entered my "Not Guilty" plea, I promised Ron that one of my first duties as the Antichrist will be to force every attorney, prosecutor and judge to spend one hundred hours in an auditing chair for every minute that they wasted in a court of law, in order to make them finally take some responsibility for all their lies and crimes against humanity.

After spending the following day touring the defunct but now public Federal Penitentiary at Alcatraz, I put on my worst clothes, bought a loaf of seedless rye bread, and went down to Golden Gate Park in order to have a heart to heart talk with the pigeons. I knew that bread containing any kind of seeds would give the birds diarrhea, and I felt bad enough that I had a rotten case of it myself most of the time. When over a hundred of them surrounded me to get the squab's share of the dough, I realized how wonderful it was to have them as real friends. At least somebody loved me, even though they were of a different species and not Scientologists at all, as far as I could tell.

I was still able to run a pretty hot TR-3, auditing my flock on "Do Birds Fly" and getting them to execute the auditing commands by flapping their wings each time that I threw the bread a little bit further and further away.

Suddenly a tiny squirrel jumped up next to me on the park bench, begging for a piece.

"I bet you are glad that I didn't commit suicide", I said as I gave him a whole slice to take home to his family. It could have been my imagination, but he appeared to wink at me in a gesture of thanks.

"Don't mention it!", I answered humbly. "I'm one of you guys now."

## CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

### Paying The Price For A Fate Worse Than Death

After returning from San Francisco, I went straight to the Miami Org to turn in my Knowledge Report. It seemed obvious that my continued cooperation might earn me a stay of execution, especially since I did not say anything to harm Scientology at the indictment. In fact, I didn't even open up my big yap once, as Marc Nurik pleaded "Not Guilty" for me.

"Not Guilty on what basis?", Humberto interrogated with wrath.

"Just plain old Not Guilty", I replied querulously.

"Liar!", he scathed. "You pleaded Not Guilty by Reason of Insanity!"

"On a stack of Dianetics books, neither Marc nor I ever said that!", I swore.

"But Nurik is planning to bring that rat's ass Nazi shrink of yours into court in order to prove that you have a mental disease!", he predicted.

"That's impossible!", I scoffed with remarkable calm. "I don't have any mental disease!"

"That's right! And do you know why, you insane idiot?", he said patiently, trying to be nice. "Because there is no such thing as a mental disease! Look it up, you crazy bastard! Ron plainly states, "There is no evidence of any kind whatsoever that there is anything called a mental disease. So therefore the whole of psychiatry is based on a "wrong why" and the whole of civilization for four and a half hundred years has been tossed into dungeons and tortured and prefrontal lobotomied and put into ice packs and everything else."<sup>[134]</sup>

"Well, the Judge is not going to allow Marc Nurik to use a frivolous defense for a non-existence illness", I answered. "Judge Lowell Jensen seemed very fair and impartial."

Unexpectedly, Humberto threw me against the wall. For a short, skinny Cuban guy, he had more hidden adrenaline than a piss-pot full of red ants in heat.

"How dare you say that a Federal Wog Judge who has to take sides between a suppressive anti-Scientologist FBI agent and a rabid anti-Scientologist squirrel attorney is going to remain impartial! Either way, he has to stick his dick in it!", he roared with uncontrollable rage. "By definition he is a Potential Trouble Source Type J for Judge!"

"But he is sitting in judgment over me, not Scientology!", I argued. "How does that make him a Potential Trouble Source?"

"Your squirrel attorney plans to turn him into a fifty-megaton walking time bomb at the moment that he brings Scientology into your case!", Humberto growled. "It is illegal for us to even audit or train Judges, especially Federal Wog Judges! Ron defines the Potential Trouble Source Type J as "Persons attempting to sit in judgment on Scientology in hearings or attempting to investigate Scientology. They should be given no undue importance. One should not seek to instruct or assist them in any way. This includes judges, boards, newspaper reporters, magazine writers, etcetera."<sup>[135]</sup> You ignore hangmen like that not because they are impartial, but rather due

to the fact that they are treacherous! Don't you see what you have done to us? That "impartial" bosom-buddy Judge of yours would have never become a problem on our own Justice lines if you had killed yourself like you were supposed to! And one other thing! I'll be damned if I am going to allow you to crash my post as the Director of Special Affairs in the same evil-purposed way that you crashed your own!"

"Humberto was correct, you know", Leah said solemnly. "If you do not finish the End of Cycle real soon, then Humberto will be demoted to a lower position within the Org, or possibly out of a job altogether! You don't want that on your conscience, do you?"

"No, of course not", I cringed. "I never implied that my life was as important as his job."

Amidst all of the doom and gloom, Frank Thompson provided me with a small ray of hope.

"There is always an "open door" in Scientology, even for degraded beings as aberrated as yourself", he said.

"I can't buy everybody's love by taking my own life", I explained in agony. "Why can't the people who I care about understand that?"

"Well, why don't you re-submit your Petition to the International Justice Chief, but this time without any of the false data in it?", he suggested. "I have a hunch that if you volunteer for the assignment of helping us destroy your attorney and the psychs, Paul Laquerre might give you a chance to prove yourself worthy of an extension at least."

"I would love an opportunity like that!", I beamed. "I just want to live long enough to de-Christianize the planet, like I promised Ron."

"You are in no shape to do anything along our dissemination lines with a Justice Order hanging over your head. Officially, your only responsibility is to carry out the End of Cycle and to pick up where you left off in the next lifetime. Nevertheless, Paul Laquerre might take a good look at what you had to say, as long as he fully duplicated your intention to permanently neutralize Marc Nurik, Uwe Geertz, Richard Ofshe and Muggy Singer. If you can convince him that keeping you alive in order to vanquish our enemies was the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics, then he might agree to it. However, in your second Petition, do not use any Human Emotion and Reaction, Reasonableness, False Data, or anything that would cause him to have an ARC Break with you. That is the best advice I can give you under the circumstances, after all the damage you have done."

"Maybe we can knock the squirrels dead in their tracks!", I hoped.

"Something like that", he hinted conscientiously.

And so, while I was awaiting my final disposition from the International Justice Chief, I decided that it was in my best interest to wipe out our four enemies, not only to save my own life, but to more importantly regain the respect of the Third Dynamic as a group. I knew that Ron was watching me carefully from his vantage point at the top of the Bridge, so there was no room for slip-ups anymore.

My assignment was to create a Valuable Final Product of false reports for my lawyer to submit to the court in advance of my trial. Now we all knew, of course, that my trial would never take



place, but we wanted Marc Nurik and his three psychs to look like blithering idiots in front of the Judge. The best way to do this was to have them all submit affidavits which contained an obvious pack of lies about the Miami Org and the Church of Scientology, which would fall apart under the least amount of scrutiny. It was a perfect way for us to ram a big fat rod up my defense team's ass!

Accordingly Frank Thompson was acting like his jovial old self again, convinced that we could pull off this brave caper quite easily.

"What could be more convenient than getting your squirrel attorney to tell the FBI only the data which we want them to have?", he laughed. "After I get through with Marc Nurik, he won't even be able to practice urinating, let alone wog law!"

A fantastic Battle Plan was formulated by my super-thetan Frank.

It was unanimously agreed that I would tell my lawyer that my life had been threatened by various Scientologists.

"I don't think that Marc will ever believe anything so stupid!", I told Leah. "Even if I had followed the Justice Order and did the End of Cycle, it would still have been with my full cooperation, consent and support. The idea of murder is just too obscene and ridiculous for anyone as clever as Marc to swallow."

"Oh, but that's the thing about anti-social personalities!", she pointed out. "Such a person deals mainly in bad news, critical or hostile remarks, invalidation and general suppression!<sup>[136]</sup> People like Marc can't wait to hear horror stories about Scientology. They crave it more than the proverbial vampire thirsts for virgin blood. Truth has nothing to do with it!"

Frank ordered Leah to drill me on TR-L, the Intelligence Specialist Training Routine for Lying, which had as its purpose "To train the student to give a false statement with good TR-1, and to train the student to outflow false data effectively."<sup>[137]</sup> The command of part one of the drill was simply the phrase, "Tell me a lie." According to my drill sheet, "the student should be coached on a gradient until he/she can lie facily."<sup>[138]</sup>

"What the hell does "facily" mean?", I asked Leah.

Having been a Professional Word Clearer amongst other things, Leah asked me to look up the word in a dictionary while she did the same thing.

"Well, what do you know!", she exclaimed. "Mary Sue spelled it wrong! It should be "facilely", not "facily." I never thought that the Commodore Staff Guardian could ever make a mistake!"

"I am sure that she didn't!", I snapped indignantly. "It must have been done by one of her typists!"

"Of course, that probably was the reason", she acknowledged.

"Facilely: here it is. The word means, "achieved with little effort", I said once locating the correct spelling. "Wow! How to lie with little effort! If I practiced this drill long enough, I could become a better attorney than Marc Nurik!"

"It should only take you ten minutes for you to achieve that!", she giggled.

"Oh, it was so good to laugh again at the expense of the lunatic suppressives!", I thought to myself.

It took me about four hours of drilling to become the biggest liar in the Org. I ripped through my final pass with flying colors.

"You know that I can't ask Vicki to issue you an award certificate for having completed this drill under your present circumstances", Leah apologized.

"I know!", I realized. "I may be in Treason, an accomplished liar, and better off dead, but I'm not stupid!"

"Now keep in mind that the only way to get worthwhile data from the psychs or your demented lawyer is to pretend to be on their side", she coached. "You've got to appease them and kiss their ass if you have to. You might be forced to bad-mouth Ron or the Org, and you will be forgiven for that in your confessionals if you say those things while you are working under cover. Just keep aligning yourself with the warped viewpoints of your four SPs using TR-L, and you will be just fine. You're a former G. O. Agent, and no matter what you have done to us, there is still some goodness left in you, although I frankly do not know what it is anymore. But as to the matter at hand, these degraded beings are dead in their heads, and wouldn't know a lie if they collided in the teeth with one, as long as you keep feeding their maddening addiction for bad news."

Frank Thompson gave me a project that was right up my alley. He ordered me to send hundreds of requests for Scientology information to Registrars at Orgs all over the country.

"I want you to complain to the squirrel attorney that you are constantly being "harassed" by Scientologists, and bring him a ton of mail to prove it", he commanded.

"But what will that establish?", I asked with dismay. "All of the inquiries will be innocent cycles from promotional staff members who will be trying to sell me something. There will be no threats or evidence of foul play in any of that stuff."

"That's good!", Frank replied. "You are catching on! You are going to resurrect yourself as the "boy who cried wolf"."

"Please don't use the word "resurrect", I begged. "It reminds me of Jesus and I become sick every time I think of him."

"I'm beyond the point of mincing my words with you!", he warned.

"Sending wasteful inquiries to our own staff members is a harmful, overt act, Frank!", I protested. "I would be causing innocent thetans downstats by writing to them frivolously and not signing up for services! I don't mind annoying the squirrels or the psychs with the junk mail, but it bothers me to torment our own decent and dedicated people with a stunt like that."

"There is no other way, damn it!", he attacked. "What we are doing is far more critical to our survival than tampering with the stats of a few of our communicators! You must provide the evidence to the court that you are attacking us, and that Scientology has been wrongfully framed in all of this!"

Frank's plan finally clicked in my mind.

"That is spectacular!", I cheered. "Nurik will go in front of the Judge and make all kinds of wild accusations against the Church, and the Government will be able to prove that Scientology didn't do it! Frank, you are the most beautiful genius that I have ever known! Nobody will ever be able to harm us now!"

"Yes, and as long as you pretend to be very ARC Broken with Humberto, Ray and I in front of the terrorists, it will work", Frank encouraged. "You have to come across as a disaffected Scientologist who wants to "get even" with us. Use a lot of monosyllabic wog phrases so that you can effectively communicate with those illiterate bastards!"

On the way downstairs from the Ethics Office, I picked up two paper cups next to the water cooler and proposed a toast with Leah standing by.

"To the death of the squirrels!", I shouted.

"To the death of all suppressives", she laughed, "including you!"

I don't know what gave me the idea of smashing two paper cups together that were filled with water. All of it spilled over into my hands. Anyhow, my intentions were good.

There was another thing clawing away at me. I was terrified of meeting Richard Ofshe. I heard rumors that he once had sex with Larry Wollersheim, and just thinking about such a vehement fact made the flood gates of my irritable bowels open up without warning or hesitation into my Hanes briefs.

"I'd better start wearing bladder control garments if I am forced to keep coming face to face with dangerous psychotics", I said to myself in overwhelming embarrassment.

Public Enemy Number Four was only surpassed by Larry Wollersheim, his Psychiatrist Jolly West, and his attorney Charlie O'Brien. They were numbers one, two and three respectively. So it was expected that I had the jitters when I went to meet Richard Ofshe for the first time in his room at the Marriott Harbor Beach hotel in Fort Lauderdale.

"What if he tries to rape me too?", I shuddered.

"Well, perhaps you can kick him in the balls", Harry Sebakovitch answered from deep within the recesses of my reactive mind.

Was I surprised to find out that Richard Ofshe was quite a nice guy! He didn't look like an ogre, despite his psychiatric beard and distended belly. What confounded me the most was when I learned that he wasn't even a psychiatrist or a psychologist! He was a sociologist, which seemed harmless enough, and he spoke the language of Scientology as well as any Class Four auditor. Nevertheless, a Saint Hill Special Briefing Course Graduate like me he was not. But, I had seen worse, I suppose, although at first blush he didn't seem to measure up to his evil reputation.

"Now, you mustn't let yourself be swayed by his deceptive charm!", my valence Harry continued as I gave Richard a six hour summary of my life history.

Amazingly, we went into very good ARC with one another, and I didn't find it difficult at all to

discuss my career, my purposes, my goals and my aspirations with him. As horrible as I knew he was, I still liked him, and I even felt some remorse for having to double-cross him in my Knowledge Report to Frank.

"Whose side are you on?", Harry shouted angrily as volcanic thunder erupted inside my head. "You are just like the chameleon Zelig, bending whichever way the wind blows!", he added.

And Harry was right! I found myself the victim of a strange phenomenon. Whenever I was in the company of the four squirrels, I wanted them to like me so much that I actually found myself operating like an anti- Scientologist! Then, when I returned to the Org, my anger, ire and wrath for the suppressives had no bounds. I guess I needed both sides to love me.

Anyway, with my training in TR-L, I had Leah's permission to act like an Enemy, so there certainly wasn't any harm in putting on a good facade to appear more realistic, right?

The one thing that made me cognite on where my loyalties honestly remained was Richard Ofshe's continuously brutal attack on L. Ron Hubbard. He actually had nerve enough to say that Ron had been in Scientology for the money! What libel that was! Ron never gave a damn about money. The twenty-six million dollars that the Admiral had in his estate when he dropped his body were only from book royalties, trademarks and copyrights. He collected a few dollars from drawing the design for the Scientology Car Badge too. But according to Leah, the Church never paid him a nickel! What did he need our money for? He was still collecting disability payments from the United States Government due to his World War Two injuries, so that must have certainly been enough for him to live on, since he had all the free hired help that he wanted in the Sea Org. You don't think he called an employment agency to send over a housekeeper, do you? I would have gladly paid him money to do his wash if he had only asked me to.

I explained to Richard Ofshe that Ron's life had been one big Success Story, and just thinking about the infinite greatness of the man brought a flood of tears to my eyes. Of course, Ron's struggle for survival had not been without its share of setbacks either. For example, on the 15th of October, 1947, Ron wrote a request for treatment to the Medical Office of the Veterans Administration in Los Angeles. In his letter, Ron stated,

After trying and failing for two years to regain my equilibrium in civil life, I am utterly unable to approach anything like my own competence. My last physician informed me that it might be very helpful if I were to be examined and perhaps treated psychiatrically or even by a psycho-analyst. Toward the end of my service I avoided out of pride any mental examinations, hoping that time would balance a mind which I had every reason to suppose was seriously affected. I cannot account for nor rise above long periods of moroseness and suicidal inclinations, and have newly come to realize that I must first triumph above this before I can hope to rehabilitate myself at all.

I cannot leave school or what little work I am doing for hospitalization due to many obligations, but I feel I might be treated outside, possibly with success. I cannot, myself, afford such treatment.

Would you please help me? Sincerely, L. Ron Hubbard.[139]

Seeing that letter for the first time was one of the saddest moments of my life. Needless to say, Ron wrote it before he realized that the psychs were the cause of all his misery. It was frightening that he had ever entertained the notion of placing so much trust in those villains, considering what scum they have always been. But then again, Ron was always such a trusting

soul, forever looking for the best in people, even his enemies.

Where was I on the 15th of October, 1947? I was in Tahiti, thinking that I was happily married to Gabrielle Kusvitz. Had I known about the poison that awaited me at the twilight of that lifetime, or had I even realized one tenth as much as I know now, I would have dropped Gabrielle like a hot potato and swam all the way to Los Angeles so that I could have comforted and supported my beloved Ron. But, who was so smart in those days? I was just a poor Jewish shmuck who had gotten out of a concentration camp. What the fuck did I know?

Anyway, Ron straightened out his life in very short order. Within three years of writing that pathetic and tragic letter, Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health was high on the best seller lists, and Ron was once again in clover. But, as I told Richard Ofshe, I had no respect for anyone that accused the Admiral of doing it only for the money, because even when he was flat broke, Ron never lost his willingness to fight. And don't think for a moment that our Government did him such a big favor either. If the United States had paid him a billion dollars in disability benefits, it still would not have evened the score for the countless benefits which Ron has unselfishly bestowed upon mankind. I told Richard Ofshe that too, although I think my words helped as much as last winter's snow!

"Ron only did things for himself!", Richard argued, despite my ironclad overture of truth.

I looked at Richard as if he were completely and totally insane.

With all of his defiance against Source, I was shocked at how much information I had revealed to Richard about myself. There was no doubt that he was using a confidential OT process to get me to talk, which he probably learned from his friend and fellow squirrel Gerry Armstrong, who Fred Hare used to refer to as the "Raider of the Lost Archives" because of the reams of documents he stole from the Church before he left in 1981.

As I feared it would, my Security Check betrayed how much data I had divulged during the dreaded Ofshe interview.

"This isn't working out at all!", Frank screamed. "You are telling that scum bag a lot more information than you are getting out of him!"

"He was using some kind of weird process to get me to talk!", I explained. "You don't know how deadly he is!"

"How could you be fooled by his Squirrel TRs?", Leah shouted. "The man is too dangerous, Frank! This little faggot Fishman is no match for him!"

And so while they were fighting it out, Lisa Witt gave me an even more incisive Security Check, putting me in reverie during my inquisition on the E-Meter. After miserably flunking by rock slamming all over the place, the Case Supervisor ordered me to write "Marc Nurik is the Enemy" for a total of at least one thousand times, after which I had to substitute the names "Uwe Geertz", "Richard Ofshe" and "Margaret Singer" for an additional thousand times each, making a grand total of four thousand sentences.

"Am I out of Treason yet?", I asked Lisa Witt when I was done.

"At the rate you are going, you'll still be in Treason a million years after you are long dead!",

she responded bleakly.

Nevertheless, I was bound and determined to figure a way to slowly but surely work my way back the ladder of Ethical Success.

Frank Thompson came up with a fantastic idea and asked me to bring all the aerosols, solvents and poisons that I had in my house to the Org. Now normally, a single guy living in a studio apartment wouldn't have had much of that stuff, but I was a junk mail freak, and I had been actively sending away for free samples of industrial compounds for years. I had over a hundred bottles and jars of hazardous materials alone, which I had procured from trade magazines ranging from Chemical Engineering to Electronic Design. In a show of loyalty, I packed up every unsavory solution that I owned in four huge Winn Dixie shopping bags, and proudly turned everything over to our endearing Warehouse Manager with the high sperm count, Charlie Fox.

"Pick up the cans!", Charlie commanded as if he were an auditor starting a session with an E- Meter. It was very important that I got my fingerprints over all of them. Just to be certain that nothing was overlooked, Charlie had me turn all the poisons upside down, so that I could give them a second "touch assist" with my fingertips going in the opposite direction. Charlie then asked me to point out the most dangerous of the products, including those that were highly toxic, flammable or radioactive, and together we logged them on a worksheet, which made Mr. Fox feel rather nifty and cozy with goose bumps.

"I once heard that the Gestapo used to keep records like this for all the Zyklon-B cyanide gas that they used to kill the Jews", I uttered in chatty conversation, trying to keep my friend entertained.

"We've got the Nazis beat by a mile when it comes to our inventories!", Charlie laughed. "I don't work twenty hours a day in this stockroom for nothing!"

Over the next month, I turned over four packages of "poisons" to Marc, keeping my TR-L really in solidly and pretending to be very scared from having received the mysterious fluids. Only one package was actually mailed to me by Charlie Fox. I carried the other three home, in order to save him the cost of the postage.

My attorney was so gullible when I brought the boxes from the Org to his office that he took our bait and turned them right over to the FBI, just like we wanted him to!

"What a jerk he was for believing me!", I chuckled. "How could he be that stupid to think that I would possibly abandon the Third Dynamic just because I was charged with fraud in a criminal case?"

After the boxes of poisons were delivered to Nurik, I turned in my Knowledge Report to Leona Grimm, the Flag Banking Officer, since Frank Thompson had gone to Flag on other business, and both Ray and Humberto were out of the building, having Chinese food.

"Maybe your lawyer will drink the crap in some of the containers", she said as the Miami Bookstore Officer Linda Miller and I both had a good laugh.

"I should have poured some of the hydrosulfuric acid into his Perrier!", I added rather hysterically. "The refrigerator in his office is filled with loads of that yuppie water."

"You should have taken a piss in the bottles before letting him drink it at least!", Linda

exploded comically with an uncontrollable grin on our face.

"Steven is too afraid of his ass to do anything that heroic", Linda mocked with regret. "He had plenty of chances to put cyanide in his psychologist's instant coffee and he never did it!"

"It was supposed to go in his orange juice, but come to think of it, sprinkling it in his coffee would have worked out better. It would have been a shame to ruin an eight dollar gallon of freshly squeezed juice on that Freudian Storm Trooper", I confessed.

"Steven is all talk and no action", Leona nodded to Linda. "Don't pay any attention to him!"

"Neither one of you were around in the old days when I knocked the stuffing out of Lavenda!", I reminded them.

"The only thing I ever heard about it was that you knocked her up!", Linda scorned. "If you have to rest on your skimpy laurels to get notoriety, you are history! There is plenty that needs to be done right now to Clear the planet, and merely talking about the past does nothing more than waste my time!"

Despite Linda's criticism, everything was falling into place rather nicely. Even luck was on our side. One night, after humping Dusty and taking my love home to her pimp Shane, I had a blowout on my left rear tire while driving on I-95. When I told Ray Jourdain about it, he suggested that I inform Marc Nurik that "someone from the Org" had called and threatened to blow up the other three tires "next time." Then, as "proof" that the tire puncture was deliberate, Ray instructed me to turn over the bad tire to the FBI, so they could analyze it and see that the faulty tire exploded from natural causes, which proved that I must have been lying!

"If I were gay, I would kiss you on both nuts for being so clever!", I said to Ray in praise, trying to appeal to his rational side.

"Another act of valor like that and you might get out of Treason!", he promised. "If only you could make Marc Nurik mad enough so he would withdraw from the case as your attorney! Now that would get you upgraded to Enemy -- I can almost guarantee it!"

Ron and I talked almost every night, while I was either exteriorizing or dreaming. Over and over he asked me when I was going to keep my promise to him and de-Christianize the planet, and I felt very guilty every time I had to stall him off.

"It's so unfair to keep the Admiral waiting!", I told Louie Jassin on one of the many nights that I took him out to dinner. Louie, as you recall, was my publicist, promoter, and attorney for The Holy Book of Life, and therefore the person I trusted most in the entire world.

For a wog, Louie sure was unusually sympathetic. He scheduled a local press conference, and contacted every radio and television station that serviced the South Florida area. He also called all the newspapers and wire services, so that the conference room would be mobbed. Louie believed in putting on a big splash, so he directed me to rent the plushiest banquet room in the elegant Grand Bay Hotel in Coconut Grove, and scheduled the gala release of the latest book by Malchoot the Antichrist for the 6th of October, 1988.

"There's going to be standing room only with all of the connections I've got!", Louie assured me. "We have to rent a white stretch limousine to take us there too, since no real Messiah would be

caught dead in a four-door Cadillac."

Luckily, I axed the limousine rental because I felt it was too extravagant. And it was for good reason, because only two reporters out of the hundreds Louie called actually showed up. One was Jose Diaz Balart from Channel 4 television, and the other was an unknown reporter from 790 AM Radio who never even bothered to give us his business card. The press conference which had cost me nearly five hundred dollars in expenses was a total flop.

"The world must be too insane and suppressed to start taking me seriously", I thought.

Undaunted, Louie Jassin said he was not planning to throw in the towel quite so soon.

Without giving me fair warning, Louie sent a copy of The Holy Book of Life to Bridge Publications International, the printing press of Scientology.

"You idiot!", I said to Louie. "Bridge Publications only publishes material written by L. Ron Hubbard!"

Within forty-eight hours, Frank Thompson called me on the carpet again, furious beyond belief at what he perceived to be my own attempt to exploit my confidential auditing data without either the permission or consent of Scientology.

"You have to be the most insane and degraded being that I have ever known in my entire time track!", Frank scowled.

"I told you what would happen if he didn't do the End of Cycle!", Humberto reprimanded with insensitivity as he slugged me on the back with a fire extinguisher.

"That rag you wrote is nothing more than a trashy attempt to glorify perverted sex!", Frank continued after I got up from the floor. "Once again you have disseminated Scientology improperly to the wogs, and your book has confidential materials in it from Grade Five of New Era Dianetics which is a complete violation of LRH Policy! You had no right to reveal your lifetime as Malchoot prematurely, and your use of the word "Antichrist" is sensationalistic and in poor taste. You were out of line in writing about the Between Lives Area, and your admission to having won state lotteries to pay for your Bridge is an out-and-out bald-faced lie!"

"No it isn't!", I argued. "I won a hundred and sixteen dollars playing Florida Lotto once! I got four numbers out of six!"

"And you probably spent all of it on Dusty, didn't you?", he mimicked mockingly.

"Only twenty-five dollars went to her", I apologized. "I have to have some decent sex to keep me going once in a while, Frank! I can't seem to meet any nice girls here at the Org, especially now that I am a renegade leper in Treason!"

"Under no circumstances are you to publish that fucking book!", he yelled, threatening me once more with a lit cigarette. "It is Squirrel Tech! How can you be such a traitor to the Third Dynamic?"

"That's not true!", I agonized. "Who in the last two thousand years has had the courage and the conviction to stand up to Christ besides me? No one! If The Holy Book of Life is too steep a



gradient for the people of Earth, then Earth is far too inferior a planet for me to live on!"

"Then why the hell don't you do us all a big favor and drop dead?", Humberto said persuasively.

"I wish to Source that I could!", I responded. "But I owe the Admiral too many promises to run out on him now! In fact, if you don't like my being here, then you leave! As for me, I am staying!"

Somewhere way out in the distance, probably on the dark side of New Arcturus, Ron was applauding when I said that. I could just feel the great depth of his support.

If there were ever a straw that broke the camel's back, it was the day that I mortgaged my summer home in North Carolina and gave Marc Nurik a seventy thousand dollar check to use for my criminal defense.

What could I do? Louie Jassin wasn't a criminal lawyer, although he often bragged that he could have done a far better job than Marc.

Of course, a Scientologist is not supposed to have any withholds, so I throbbed a short palpitation and confessed the wicked sin that I had committed to my Ethics Officer.

Wild horses couldn't stop Frank Thompson from going off the deep end. I suppose that I was lucky that Humberto Fontana was not around when my bombshell hit. In an unprecedented rage, Frank sat on my chest while he tediously did his famous cigarette trick one more time, scorching my right arm while Leah Abady carefully held it down with enough force to dislodge it from its socket. What a fabulous surgical team the Miami Org had!

"Nobody, but nobody betrays the Master At Arms!", he warned savagely as I finally realized what that seldom-used title of his actually meant. "I am not a dilettante at bashing in the skulls of our enemies like twinkle-toed Ray Jourdain. I've finished treading lightly on your attacks against my Org! I have spared you from punishment long enough!"

I never knew how much more painful the inside of the arm felt than the outer layer, but on October the 14th, 1988, I found out.

"Get your extremities stretched out and don't flinch!", Leah ordered as if she had assumed a new valence as Dracula's nurse. "Keep your TRs in, Steve. I don't want you to move, whimper or react in any way! Whether you know it or not, this is for your own good!"

"I'll try to be still", I promised as I trembled in a fit of fright.

Frank wasn't all that heartless, though. Despite the fact that he burned me until the cigarette had plainly extinguished itself in my right arm, he balanced the pain flows of my body by pinching several areas of fatty tissue in my left arm. In this way, the pain center of the brain distributed the punishment more evenly. Even torture goes a lot better with Tech.

"Next time you have an evil purpose, I'll put out these ciggies up your asshole!", he vowed courageously with the glee of insanity.

After it was all over, Leah threw me a cold, wet towel to apply to my injured areas.

"He's quite a pincher, isn't he?", I told her as I settled down, trying to break the tension with some glib conversation. Those five minutes seemed like an eternity.

"You gave the squirrel attorney seventy thousand dollars to attack us with!", she gasped in shock. "You are damn lucky that Frank is not a chain smoker!"

Four days later, Frank had sufficiently calmed down from his fit of anger to talk to me.

"You are not getting any more second chances", he admonished, while a barrage of mucous dripped down his throat in sympathetic hostility. "You have been playing footsies on both sides of the fence, and I am no longer going to keep letting you make suckers out of all of us! Your last Security Check revealed that you allowed your Nazi psychologist to hypnotize you again!"

"I appreciate your toughness", I wept. "I am nothing without your guidance."

"Fishman, you have a cute way of flattering me by always knowing what kind of opportune bullshit to spit back in my face", he observed. "That's not going to work anymore. Your disloyalty was noted on every Security Check that Lisa, Leah, Kate and Trish has given you since the very first day that you hired that squirrel Jew lawyer. Frankly, I'm ready to vomit from your antics!"

"I know exactly how you feel", I stated consolingly. "I can't stand myself either."

"You have done a hell of a lot more for our enemies recently than you have done for us!", he reminded. "You didn't give me a check for seventy thousand dollars, did you?"

"I was under a tremendous amount of pressure from my parents to mount a defense and -- "

"Shut up!", he interrupted, as his blood pressure started rising again. "Don't push me beyond my breaking point like you did the other day!"

"Well, what did you want to see me about?", I glimpsed.

"Let's discuss how to cut communication lines", Frank replied mysteriously. "I want Marc Nurik to know with certainty that you are out of communication with the entirety of Scientology!"

"Well, I never tell him that I still come here", I explained. "Marc gave me strict orders not to dare set foot into the Org. That's all part of the TR-L that I am running on him!"

"He knows you are full of shit when you lie to him!", Frank revealed wisely. "Ofshe probably realizes that you can't be trusted every bit as much as I do! I want them to have solid proof that you don't come around here anymore!"

"What Scientologist could ever stay away from his Org?", I laughed. "Even the suppressives know how dedicated I am."

"One who has been declared a Suppressive Person", he answered with a lashing tongue.

A sensation of terror overpowered me. Expulsion from the Church was a subject that I approached with horror, as if I were walking on a mine field of plutonium that was about to blow up in my hemorrhoids at any second.

"Has that happened?", I whispered from the valence of the valley of the shadow of death.

"You are this close!", Frank squinted as he held his forefinger and thumb so tightly together that he could have easily squashed a microscopic fissure-full of flea semen.

"In the name of Source!", I screamed. "Don't tell me that!"

"Then you'd better take your ass home and get busy on the typewriter, creating the best mocked-up Suppressive Declare that anybody has ever seen in their life! I want you to convince your pet squirrels that the document you are about to give them came from us, and is even more real than the smell of shit in your underwear!"

"I always lose control of my bowels when I am this nervous!", I explained.

"Well, if you ever creep out of this stinking mess, then perhaps one day you will once again have an opportunity to discuss that problem with an auditor!"

"From your mouth to Ron's ears!", I postulated.

Frank and I spent the next hour going over the specific information that needed to appear in the phony document.

"Can't I type it right here at the Org and get it over with?", I asked. "It will take at least three hours to travel back and forth to my apartment in Fort Lauderdale and get the work done."

"I want it typed from your typewriter, you stupid moron!", he said candidly. "It is vital that the FBI eventually find out that it came from you!"

"Yeah, that is a good idea", I admitted. "The Government will finally have some real proof that you were being victimized and blamed for it! How did you ever think of such a great way for me to protect you guys?"

"You've left me no choice!", he stated smugly. "If it were up to you and your psychs, there wouldn't be an Org still standing! Somebody has to start taking responsibility for you!"

"But there is just one thing, Frank", I hesitated. "When the Government finds out that I typed up my own Suppressive Declare at home, aren't they going to be upset with me?"

"Are you that stupid?", he resounded indignantly. "Do you think that the Feds would ever blame you for helping out your own Church? And even if they were psychotic enough to think that way, I once told you that this case will never come to trial. In any event, it will take the FBI between six months to a year before they realize what you have been doing. Finally, not many SPs have a chance to prevent themselves from being issued their own Suppressive Declare. By all indications you should be expelled from the Church permanently."

"But how can I create a Suppressive Declare without blank stationery from Flag?", I wondered. "All Suppressive Declares are written as Flag Orders. You need to give me some blank sheets of paper with the correct letterhead from Flag if you want me to construct the document properly."

"You're going to write this one from Saint Hill, not Flag", Frank instructed as a complete

surprise.

"But Suppressive Declares never come from Saint Hill!", I argued.

"That's right, but the squirrels don't know that, or do they?", he sneered. "I can only speculate as to how much confidential data you have already told them."

"As much as you hate me, you can't possibly believe that!", I groaned.

"My personal feelings about you have nothing to do with it!", Frank asserted in self defense. "We are at war here, and it is a war which you brought on yourself, I might add. You just get that Saint Hill Declare written up immediately, and stop worrying about my state of mind. I'm not the one who mingles with squirrels, remember that! And one more thing: you have a tendency to put together your finished products with all kinds of perfectionist crap. You're not preparing a class action claim form here. I want you to make some deliberate mistakes! I don't want to see your left and right margins lined up flawlessly like tin soldiers, as if the Suppressive Declare was going to be hung up on display in Ron's office for the whole staff to see. The way you do things is far too structured and tedious for this sort of a project. The FBI will see right through it if you pamper the damn document with your sick, compulsive bullshit!"

"Yeah, we wouldn't want it to look too realistic", I chuckled. "Boy, you think of everything!"

"That's because Scientology is a game where everybody wins, except our enemies!", he echoed.

Frank Thompson was always right when his beard itched, and this time, unless he had a bad case of ticks or mites, he was scratching it like crazy.

The phony Suppressive Declare was a work of art. Even Humberto gave me a thumbs-up compliment on it, and that made me almost faint from amazement!

"This will look pretty cool on the desk of the Federal Prosecutor", he said as he reviewed it.

"Then maybe we can all sue the Government for False Expulsion!", I suggested. "We can get a real good attorney like Louie Jassin to represent us!" Somehow after I said it, it didn't make that much sense.

"Wait until Marc Nurik relies upon this document as being authentic and it all blows up in his face!", Frank laughed. "He'll be one very sick son of a wog's bitch!"

"Will all of this get me upgraded to Enemy?", I asked with baited breath.

"You've got a long way to go before you're out of Treason", Humberto warned. "Putting a little Band-Aid on our wounds after you butchered us in your psychiatric chain-saw massacre hardly makes up for the damage."

"But it's a start", Frank added optimistically.

Another part of my life was falling apart.

Dusty's pimp was forcing her to stay out on Hallandale Beach Boulevard nearly sixteen

hours a day, hooking near the railroad tracks so that they could have a round-the-clock fresh supply of crack cocaine rocks.

"How could you let Shane Johnson drag you down in the mud like that again?", I cried to her. "I thought you said you could handle it!"

"I am handling it, fuck face!", she said affectionately. "I'm out here working the streets! Have you got a better way to handle it?"

"But I love you!", I begged. "I want to marry you. You are going to be eighteen years old next week, on October 30th. You won't need your mother's consent to sleep with me anymore."

"I haven't needed that ugly bitch's permission to fuck guys ever since I was eleven!", she scoffed. "Anyway, what are you getting me for my birthday?"

"Let's have an elegant candlelight dinner at La Vielle Maison in Boca Raton", I suggested. "We could have chateaubriand, or maybe we can try their pheasant. Of course, you'll have to wash your hair and put on a dress. You can't go to a place like that wearing jeans with holes in the knees."

"What's the matter? Are my clothes not good enough for you or something? I don't own a fucking dress!", she cried in sheer impoverishment. "Why don't you take me to the mall and buy me one if you're so worried about it!"

"I can't afford to do that on the little money I get from the weddings", I pleaded. "You know that I've lost my job with Scientology."

"Well, how much was all that high class food going to cost you?", she inquired.

"For your eighteenth birthday, I have set aside one hundred dollars", I smiled. "I want us to have a night to remember."

"I don't want no fancy dinner in one of those French places where they feed you snail snot!", she admonished. "Just give me the hundred bucks and I'll fuck you all night!"

"You make love to ten to fifteen customers a day", I scolded. "You're earning over seven hundred dollars a week! Why should another hundred dollars make any difference?"

"I could buy an "eight-ball" with it", she explained.

"Do you and Shane like to shoot billiards?", I jumped in awe. "Where do you play?"

"You asshole!", she realized. "An "eight-ball" is a big old bad-ass crack rock! I get a half-hour high out of it at least."

"I don't know what the hell I'm going to do with you!", I said in exasperation.

"Why, you didn't expect to take me out to dinner and then think that you could get away with fucking me for nothing, did you?", she accused with an air of suspicion. "I wasn't born yesterday."

"I was hoping that on your birthday we could forget about business", I serenaded gullibly.

"You pay, you play!", she replied, summing it all up in a nutshell. "Baby, without money, the only action your dick will see is when you shave the fucking thing once a week."

"For your information I trim it every day!", I reacted indignantly.

"I don't give a damn what you do with it!", she argued. "You can go eat it as far as I'm concerned."

"Can't you give me any compassion?", I pleaded.

"Go ask Lisa Lawson for passion!", she retorted. "She's getting thirty thousand dollars for that baby of yours. I could buy a whole fuckload of rocks for that kind of money!"

"Well, maybe I can make you pregnant too!", I offered.

"Honey, I ain't been on birth control since I dropped out of the seventh grade when that black guidance counselor in school used to give me the pills for free", she disclosed. "If I didn't get pregnant with all the kinky sex I've had, the only mother I'm ever going to be is just a plain old mother-fucker!"

"Maybe your sperm count is too low", I suggested.

"Not me, baby!", she corrected remorsefully. "I've got that stuff coming out of my mouth all day long!"

"Just remember that it's never too late for us to be happy and raise a family", I reminded as I tried to stifle yet another panic attack of desperation and loneliness.

But joy and love was not waiting in the wings for me. Dusty's eighteenth birthday came and went like a fallen suppository, and I never got to see her at all. No doubt she spent the most memorable milestone of her life with Shane in some crack house, free-basing her brains out.

The 30th of October was a very sad and lonely day for me all the way around. My best friend at the Miami Org, Ray Jourdain, got married to Nicole Furlin on that same Sunday afternoon, and despite the fact that the entire staff was there to hear Reverend Darrell Kirkland perform the ceremony, no one even bothered to call or invite me. I was just a heap of excess baggage that the entire planet would have truly preferred to forget about.

I spent the day all alone watching Ron on my television screen, long after the videotape had ended.

"Who the hell needs people anyway?", I asked caustically. "I can masturbate just as easily by myself."

When all was said and done, it was just Ron and me, against the world.

Nevertheless, I continued to plug along, still hoping to Clear the planet by default if not by design.

I kept on giving Louie Jassin my wedding money to make extra copies of The Holy Book Of

Life for the publishers, but we weren't getting any responses from any of them.

"Where the hell are the receipts for mailing out the manuscripts?", I asked Louie in frustration.

"Receipts?", he laughed. "I don't keep receipts. You're talking big business here! I don't have time to worry about little pieces of

tissue paper."

"How can I prove that the publishers received the books?", I challenged. "For a lawyer, you certainly are terrible at record keeping."

"I've got secretaries and gophers to worry about all that!", he assured me.

"Gophers?", I interrupted. "What are gophers?"

"You know; go for this and go for that!", he laughed. "Cheer up, or I won't let you take me out to dinner anymore."

Despite his slipshod and haphazard demeanor, Louie was a lot of fun to spend time with. He introduced me to his favorite waitresses as "Andy Christ" or "Mel Cute." I always came to his rescue in grocery stores or gas stations, since he kept walking out of his house without a nickel in his wallet. He was far from a freeloader, though. He always paid me back by getting me in free to various night clubs and hot spots throughout Miami and Fort Lauderdale, even though I never once was able to pick up any women there.

"You've got to loosen up!", Louie encouraged in the style of a typical Los Angeles sleazeball.

"The hookers cost too much in these disco places you take me to!", I complained. "It's a lot easier to strike a deal with the girls who sleep under I-95 near the Miami River."

Unphased by my complacency, Louie promised that my luck would change after he arranged an interview on a controversial news program called "Inside Story", which later became nationally syndicated and well known as "Inside Report."

Penny Daniels, the anchorwoman of the program, had expressed an interest in meeting Malchoot the Antichrist; and just for the occasion, I dressed up in my pink silk South Korean Samurai outfit, complete with baggy pants which were large enough to accommodate a bowling ball in the crotch, coupled with a hand-woven smoking jacket worn by only the finest pimps in Seoul, as well as a four inch terry-cloth necktie that loosely fit around my cranberry 1960's hippie shirt that I had bought in Greenwich Village a few years after my Bar Mitzvah, and which had somehow found its way back into vogue, according to Louie Jassin.

"Are you sure that you can wear the tie?", Louie asked.

"Sure", I said confidently. "Ever since I returned from Malaga, I only had two or three bad dreams about nooses. But isn't the outfit a little absurd for a religious leader to be wearing?"

"Absurd?", he mocked. "As the Antichrist, you have to make your own fashion statement! As soon as people see you on television, every men's clothing store in the country will be swamped

with back orders for your complete wardrobe."

"Do you really think so?", I gloated.

"You'll be on the front cover of Gentleman's Quarterly", he guaranteed without hesitation.

"But aren't you being a bit too commercialized about my appearance?", I debated. "After all, I am a messenger of Source, wearing my hat to Clear the planet, not a clown in a Korean circus!"

"As your publicist and your attorney, I am telling you that whatever you do, you still have to stay funky!", he slurred.

I don't know why I ever listened to Louie Jassin. I looked like your typical shmuck in a zoot suit, and somewhere along the line, I lost my credibility and my respect.

Furthermore at Louie's direction, I told Penny Daniels during the interview that I had five thousand followers; and if the truth be told, Malchoot the Antichrist didn't have a single one, unless you want to count Harry Sebakovitch, my favorite valence who lived upstairs amongst my mental image pictures. Even Louie didn't believe that I was really the father of Jesus. The infidel turncoat attorney seemed to be just in it for the money.

Not being able to corroborate my statements of how I fathered Christ with any of my imaginary five thousand followers, Penny Daniels never aired the segment, and my interview is probably still gathering dust in some obscure and forgotten video vault at the archives of Channel 7.

As usual, Frank Thompson could have throttled me with his bare nicotine-stained hands.

"Did you give an interview to a wog news reporter about Christ without my authorization?", he raged intemperately.

"Don't worry, Frank", I stated calmly. "I said I was an ex-Scientologist, just in case Marc Nurik or any of the other squirrels happen to see the program inadvertently."

"What the hell is wrong with you?", he shouted, extremely pissed off and ARC Broken. "Jumping the gun on bad-mouthing Christ could kill our dissemination lines! Even Scientologists don't get that kind of False Data Stripping until they go through the Second Wall of Fire during New OT Five!"

"If that is your attitude, Frank, then you are a damn hypocrite!", I yelled.

"How dare you --"

"Now you shut up for once!", I rioted. "I am sick and tired of the "reasonableness" of all the Public Relations horse shit that we have to live with! My reputation as a hard-liner always won me respect while I was a Kha-Khan Agent of the Guardian's Office, and as a Psychbuster, I called the shots the way I saw them; and Treason or otherwise, I am not about to make an apology to those Christian bastards whose sensibilities I might have trampled upon! I am appalled that you could stand here in front of me, talking about kissing their slimy asses!"

Somewhat displeased at my outburst, Frank cracked me in the jaw with the back of his knuckles. I never knew that Scientology jewelry could hurt as much as Frank's "Clear" ring did when



he smashed it into the left side of my mouth.

"The "Public Relations horse shit" that you are talking about has been responsible for flooding more raw meat into our Orgs than any other successful campaign in the last thirty-eight years", he cautioned. "It will be over my dead body that anyone in your slovenly Ethics Condition is going to stand in the way of freedom! I want you Security Checked until every stupid piece of entheta garbage that you told that television cunt is floating on the E-Meter needle, and you'd better hope to Helatrobos that you don't rock slam!"

Although I zipped through the Security Check as clean as a nun's clitoris, the reward that awaited me was something that I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy, unless it was Larry Wollersheim.

Like three gray ghosts in drag, Humberto, Frank and Ray beckoned me into the Ethics Office, as somber as a sample of squashed squid.

"We have heard from the International Justice Chief today, and I am afraid that the news is rather dismal", Frank began with wrath.

"Oh, shit!", I feared. "He didn't like my second Petition either, did he?"

"Basically, Paul Laquerre was somewhat more than just slightly ARC Broken because you used that Time Pilot Rundown of yours as a poor excuse for not doing the End of Cycle", Frank elaborated from behind his gloomy poker face.

"You might as well tell him how upset he really was!", Humberto added gleefully, happy at any chance that he had to pour more salt on my open wounds.

Frank Thompson paused as he lifted his left leg to leave a fart.

"There was no record of the Time Pilot Rundown anywhere, and Ray Mithoff has verified that you have been deliberately squirreling the Tech", Frank continued as I felt his thetan condemnation piercing my heart. "Furthermore, the International Justice Chief has cited your failure to turn over your 1988 Allante in settlement of your pledge to the Church, and for that reason he has refused to cancel the Justice Order demanding that you complete the End of Cycle."

"So my suicide is still hot on the agenda, huh?", I replied with a combination of bittersweet antagonism and outright terror.

"Additionally, besides failing to protect your Bridge Fund from seizure by the Third Invader Forces, the record reflects that the Allante money was used in payment of legal fees to enemies of the Church while the Petitioner was still in a Condition of Treason", Frank plodded on. "And not only that, Mr. Fishman continued to render aid, assistance and information to his suppressive group of degraded beings, culminating in a seventy thousand dollar donation to his squirrel attorney for the sole and express purpose of attacking the Church of Scientology on all fronts, while at the very same time petitioning this office to cancel the End of Cycle!"

"You sure have a lot of nerve, Steve", Ray Jourdain interspersed in condemnation, using a swishy, homosexual voice tone.

"Finally, as there is a preponderance of Clear and convincing evidence beyond a shadow of

theta that you have falsified Knowledge Reports, Overt/Withhold Reports, and Completed Staff Work Reports -- coupled with the evil-purposed act of placing every Org within Scientology at risk, your Ethics have been downgraded to the one remaining Condition below Treason, which is Confusion", Frank pronounced, reading verbatim from Paul Laquerre's telex.

"Do you mean that I have to work my way back up to Treason?", I gasped. "I never heard of anyone doing something like that before."

"I think the boy is really Confused!", Humberto snickered maliciously, taking obvious advantage of my lack of orientation and perspective.

"Consequently, pursuant to this Irrevocable Ethics Order, It is Ordered that after this lifetime you will be rendered inert and your beingness will be terminated!", he grunted, as the words collided against me with a dead thud.

"How can you terminate my beingness?", I shrieked in terror. "Nobody has that power but Ron!"

"You don't know a heck of a lot about the state of awareness known as New OT Eight", Frank reprimanded vindictively. "Your case has been turned over to Ivy Kimmich, a New OT Eight completion who I believe you met this past June when you attended the Flag Ship Event. She will see to it that Justice is done, and that after your current lifetime is over, you will never have a chance to pick up another body again! New OT Eight graduates are at the top of the Bridge. They can handle suppression in ways that you never even dreamed about! If you think that the false Christian religion with its crock of fake hell has a monopoly on eternal damnation, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

I had no bladder control whatsoever, and a rumble of diarrhea completely inundated my underwear.

"Go clean yourself up, you smelly cocksucker!", Humberto commanded without much empathy.

When I had fully collected myself, Frank Thompson took an hour of his valuable time to supervise me as I word cleared and clay demoed the Irrevocable Ethics Order. As a result, I cognited in shocking fright how my immortality would be affected upon my death, and how truly fragile was my survival as a thetan.

"Get the beautiful sadness of being trapped forever in a solid rock, simply being an object for the next seventy-six trillion years or longer, knowing every moment that you are immobilized there and cannot get out", Frank revealed in horror. "Being an object is one of the lowest states of awareness possible, at Minus Ten on the Tone Scale, and is a fate far worse than death."

"Isn't it exciting how our enemies get exactly what they deserve?", Humberto gloated, soaking up all my pain with wild glee.

"You can't do that!", I protested. "This goose-egg shit hole of a planet needs me!"

"Not anymore!", Humberto shouted as he gave me the finger.

"That solid rock which you're going to be trapped in will just stay there in some far, remote corner of the galaxy where nothing ever happens", Frank continued sadistically, "and you will have

an infinite number of eternities to contemplate the High Crimes that you have committed against us. You are going to be that rock, in the fullest sense of the word. When you are a physical object, you remain a physical object. I assure you that it is much worse than being a Body Thetan, because at least a Body Thetan is attached to a body part in motion. You will be a still, silent, dead object. Isn't that nice? Where do you think the phrase "solid as a rock" comes from? Think about it!"

"But that's so horribly boring!", I exclaimed with alarm. "Ivy Kimmich would never do that to me! Ron would never permit it!"

"Ah, so you think Ron is going to save you from being rendered inert when you have attacked his Church, do you?", Frank mimicked in scorn. "I thought you were a lot brighter than that. If indeed you are so curious, why don't you see what Source has to say about it? Ron wrote, "One is not working for just this life. He is working for any future life at all! Only the insane or a zombie would imperil his own future. So leave the insane conduct, the zombie ranting about one life to the psychs and the Justice Department and other trash. Anyone who has misdirected Scientology Org monies will, of course, try to brush it off in various ways -- black Public Relations, belittlement, seeking to make nothing of the crime. But it won't brush off, brother, it won't brush off. That crime stood in the way of freedom. You better believe it. Whether one has any reality on Scientology or not -- he will, once dead, oh yes, he will! This is not a threat or a curse. This is about the most friendly advice anyone ever gave. -- L. Ron Hubbard, Founder."<sup>[140]</sup>

I felt a hollow misery in my stomach as Frank finished reading that very profound quotation. The remaining food in my intestines rumbled through the core of my guts as if it were on a rocket ride through Space Mountain.

"No Scientologist will be "reasonable" with you, believe me", Frank continued savagely. "Not I, not Ivy, and especially not Ron. And just remember that it doesn't end there. I hope you understand that there are states of awareness far worse than "being an object" at Minus Ten on the Tone Scale. Be thankful that Paul Laquerre has left the door slightly open for you."

"Are you crazy?", I shrieked in agonized numbness. "Do you expect me to be overjoyed, now that I will never be allowed to pick up another body again? Should I just roll over and play dead, now that my fate is sealed and I have to be a rock for the next seventy-six trillion years? You might as well turn me into one of Dusty's crack cocaine rocks. At least I can make her a little happy when she gets high."

"Steven, you will have an overabundance of forevers to reflect on Dusty or whatever subject you want to while you are out there in dead space being an object", Frank continued. "Nobody will be around to invalidate your thinking, and that is both a promise and a punishment."

"Oh, and therefore I should be thrilled to death over your generosity!", I said without much gratitude."

"If you consider that there are alternatives far worse, yes, I would imagine that you could show a little appreciation", he answered.

"Why, what is possibly more horrible than being trapped in a lonesome stone out in space?", I wept, trembling and farting at the same time.

"There is always Minus Twenty on the Tone Scale", Humberto interjected spitefully and without reservation. "You really should read Science of Survival again. For such a supposedly

dedicated Scientologist, you don't seem to know a hell of a lot about the Tone Scale."

"Minus Twenty?", I froze. "What is that?"

"Ron calls it "being nothing", Frank revealed. "You could be in that very space rock, not even aware that you are trapped. At least when you are "being an object", you know that you are stuck in a rock, and that the rock is you. But when you are "being nothing", well, ha! You won't even know that you're a rock!"

"Being an object isn't really that bad", Ray Jourdain admitted. "Since all of your data will be on file with the International Justice Chief, somebody might find you in that rock some day."

"But not until the very last psychiatrist in the universe has completed New OT Eight", Humberto grimaced, "and from the way things are going, that might not happen in the next seventy-six trillion years!"

"So I may never be found!", I gagged, choking on my words. "Is that what you're saying?"

"Look on the bright side!", Humberto beamed. "Larry Wollersheim will be stuck in his own rock somewhere in some other part of space. Perhaps there will be some way for you two to communicate. You could have a nice father and son talk about all the whores in Nazareth. Or, if you don't want to get back in touch with Jesus, you can remain as still as a dry fire hydrant, without a dog for quadrillions of miles to lift his leg on you. Maybe you can send me a postcard from there!"

"Just think! You will be able to do the Confusion Formula!", Frank indicated logically, avoiding Humberto's sultry humor. "Now that you are in the Ethics Condition of Confusion, you should become familiar with it!"

"The Confusion formula?", I repeated. "You are mixing me up. I don't know what that is."

"Well, let's look it up, shall we?", Frank suggested with a voice that sounded like he was a clone straight out of "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood."

While I held his cigarette squeamishly at his request, Frank reached over to the wall and grabbed a copy of Modern Management Technology Defined.

"There is a Condition below Treason", Frank read as I was extra careful not to drop his ashes on his floor. "It is a Condition of Confusion. The formula of the Condition is: find out where you are."<sup>[141]</sup>

"That's pretty easy, sissy boy!", Humberto jeered. "You're going to be trapped in your own pet rock!"

Frank continued reading from the book.

"The additional formula for the Condition of Confusion is: (1) locate the area in which one is. (2) Compare where one is to other areas where one was. (3) Repeat step (1)"<sup>[142]</sup>

"You see, Fishman?", Humberto laughed uproariously. "That's not so difficult. You'll be able to do that formula over and over without stopping for the next seventy-six trillion years!"

"But it's an endless loop for eternity!", I protested. "There is no end to it!"

"What do you expect? That's what Confusion is all about!", Humberto heckled.

"I'm afraid Humberto is right", Frank acknowledged.

"Don't worry so much!", Humberto shouted. "Like Ray said, eventually some do-gooder will come along and let you out like the proverbial genie in the bottle. And boy do I feel sorry for the son of a bitch who decides to be nice to a real piece of shit like you!"

"You are pretty rotten for my ego!", I jabbed, trying to get back at his verbal bullets.

"Ego? What is an ego?", Humberto asked. "The SP is not in a state of Confusion for ten minutes and he is starting to use psych words on us already! Your "ego" is nothing more than a cockeyed squirrel valence!"

"That may be true", I conceded, "but I am still indispensable to Scientology. I don't think it's fair that I will have to wait inside a rock while all the rest of the real suppressives go free. Take a guy like Wollersheim's psychiatrist, Jolly West, for example. There is an evil being who killed an elephant by injecting LSD into him for no apparent reason at all. It may take a quintillion lifetimes for that fat pig to complete New OT Eight aboard the Freewinds. Do you honestly expect me to wait until he gets to the top of the Bridge?"

"That would be a fair assumption", Frank replied. "You are a bigger threat to us than he is right now."

"But how can Paul Laquerre justify sacrificing me when my auditing data would Clear half the planet?", I clamored.

"Look, Fishman!", Frank cautioned. "If you took fifty million monkeys and sat them down in front of fifty million typewriters for fifty million years, they still would not come up with anything resembling Scientology. Scientology is here to stay. The sun never sets on it, remember? This is not the Catholic Church, where you can keep committing overt acts and then always get forgiven by some psycho-dog priest. A choice had to be made, and the International Justice Chief made it. He determined that it would be far better to Clear Earth without you than to allow you and your squirrels to wipe out any prospects of salvaging the planet by butchering our dissemination lines. Either you will do your End of Cycle right now and accept the Irrevocable Ethics Order commanding you to be an object, or you can wait in turmoil until the end of your current lifetime and expect the far worse fate of being nothing. That, my friend, is your only real choice."

"I am the one person who can stop Larry Wollersheim from postulating the holocaust!", I cried. "By condemning me like this, you are not practicing Scientology. You are practicing terrorism and annihilation!"

"You are no longer needed or wanted!", Frank assured me. "There are lots of New OT Eight completions who are much more capable of handling Wollersheim than you are. Your only responsibility is to cease to be! How much plainer can I speak than that?"

Needless to say, I was very depressed when I left the Org.

"I wish I could put a bullet in the brain of the International Justice Chief!", I told Ron that night

when I exteriorized. "Why should an innocent ant on the sidewalk get stepped on accidentally while Paul Laquerre is allowed to go on living? He is no more qualified to be an International Justice Chief than Josef Mengele was when he killed my family at Auschwitz!"

Although Ron did not answer me in so many words, just seeing that he was there for me made me feel a hell of a lot better. And he looked good, too. Dressed in the finest threads of the Admiralty, standing erect on the squeaky-clean bow of the Flag Mother Ship as it transversed the universe from one end of the Galactic Confederation to the other, my only wish was that I could just be with him, even if I could do nothing more than polish his shoes for the next ten thousand lifetimes.

And the good news was that in all of the empty space in view, there was not a rock in sight.

Curiously enough, despite the doom and gloom that awaited me after my demise, the Miami Org was the only place where I felt absolutely safe. It was still home, albeit a broken one.

In a subsequent Security Check, I confessed all of my evil thoughts of revenge against the International Justice Chief for having issued the Irrevocable Ethics Order against me. When I contemplated it analytically, I cognited that Paul Laquerre was only trying to make things go right, advancing the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics.

"Maybe if I was trapped for seventy-six trillion years, I would eventually come out on the other end of immortality as a better thetan", I concluded.

Consequently, in my Success Story, I wrote that "The Irrevocable Ethics Order had strengthened my purpose, because I finally had a good reality that Scientology is a deadly serious activity." I further vowed that no matter what happened to me, I owed no truth to the squirrels, and I would do whatever was in my power to thwart their evil attacks upon the Church, even if I were just a stone's throw from my final dying breath.

"Had I been in Paul Laquerre's place, I would have done the exact same thing to Steve Fishman!", I told Frank Thompson.

Yet Frank was not very impressed with my frankness.

"We are no longer living in the barbaric era of the Wollersheim trial", Frank advised, bringing me up to date. "Although it has only been two years, we didn't have New OT Eight way back then. You may well be the very first test case of how the New OT Eight task force handles incorrigible Suppressives. In fact, I can safely say that your former lifetime at Auschwitz Concentration Camp was like a cute little Tupperware Party compared to the kind of hell that a full OT completion has the capability of putting you through. If you continue to cause us this much trouble, I promise that you will get thrown into so many different Walls of Fire on the way to your rock that those nice, juicy cigarette burns which I treated you to on various occasions will feel just like the iceberg that sank the Titanic!"

"How come I always get terrorized when I step into your office?", I asked him, begging for the tiniest shred of decency.

"I can ask you a similar question", he replied. "How come you haven't done your End of Cycle yet?"

"I simply can't confront it!", I screamed. "A body is such a stupid thing to waste!"

"Well, maybe Ivy Kimmich will have to postulate your death by giving you a rip-roaring massive heart attack!", he sneered. "With your stats declining by the minute, maybe a little help from your friends is precisely what you need!"

My future looked mighty bleak.

The main problem that I had was the fact that the Irrevocable Ethics Order was irrevocable. Irrevocable means "incapable of being retracted or revoked", according to several undistinguished wog dictionaries.

"Please have some mercy!", I begged Frank Thompson as my pride slowly vanished by the wayside into my lower intestines.

"Do you know what mercy is?", Frank's voice ricocheted. "Mercy is a lessening away from the public's acceptance of discipline necessary to guarantee their mutual security."<sup>[143]</sup>

"Whose shmucky definition is that?", I asked. "It sounds psychotic!"

"It just happens to be L. Ron Hubbard's", Frank gawked cantankerously. "Mercy is one of those sick human emotions like "reasonableness" which interferes with production. And in this case, my Valuable Final Product is a dead Steve Fishman, so don't start whimpering about mercy!"

"I don't care what you say or do to deter me!", I yelled. "Nothing is ever going to interfere with my love and loyalty to Scientology!"

And I truly lived up to that maxim of mine. In my second meeting with Richard Ofshe on November the 5th, I lied to him like crazy, giving him a ton of false information upon which he and Marc Nurik could rely to their detriment. Frank Thompson had warned me that revealing to the squirrels one grain of truth would wipe out the effectiveness of telling a thousand lies, so I had to watch my words very carefully with the evil suppressives.

Claire Mesa, the Director of Inspection and Reports of Miami, reminded me to keep appeasing Richard Ofshe so that he truly would believe that I was genuinely interested in going to trial and being acquitted.

"Your Knowledge Reports show too much open hostility toward our enemies", Claire reprimanded. "The only way we can absolutely destroy them is if you secure their confidence. You can't do that if there are any signs of antagonism. If we have to second-guess their every move because they don't trust you, then you have utterly failed as the front line of defense for the Org!"

Besides the barrage of pep talks, Frank Thompson came up with a brainstorm for throwing the squirrels on the wrong track.

As last custodian for all the class action claim forms, Frank photocopied a complete set of all the unpaid claims, and sent me over to visit Dusty's mother, with instructions to have her scribble various "clues" and other hints of information on some of the claims using Scientology words such as "wog" and "entheta", which "could only have been written by a Scientologist."

The idea was a great one. Frank worked it out for me using clay. The FBI knew all about

Steve Goldberg, and since Steve Goldberg introduced me to Dusty, what better way was there to prove that the Church was uninvolved in any criminal activities than to have Dusty's mother impersonate a "threatening" Scientologist?

"It will only be a matter of time before the Government puts all of the pieces together and identifies you as the key player", he promised.

Frank assured me that Rita Hipps would never be able to stand up to an FBI investigation "unless she decides to do the Professional TR Course in the very near future."

"So then what would happen?", I asked insecurely.

"Nothing much", Frank confessed. "Dusty's mother will break down and tell the FBI agent that you put her up to the scheme, and the Government will know once and for all that we had nothing to do with making any threats against you."

"And then what will happen to me?", I asked.

"Stop worrying about nonsense!", he commanded. "That's such a long way off right now that we can't concern ourselves with trivial details. Our first priority is to quash any possibility of an FBI raid on the Org and to prevent Church assets from being subject to Government seizure under the RICO Act."

To place some icing on the cake, Frank directed that Rita write me a cryptic letter in Scientology abbreviated code, which upon being translated would reveal itself as a shocking death threat! It sure was fun putting that piece of work together! Frank could be so creative when he was able to stifle his burning desires.

And what an honor it was for me! After all, how many thetans do you know who were condemned to everlasting boredom in a solid object, and yet could still participate in preparing and delivering to themselves their own untimely death threats! My only hope was that life would be equally as exciting when I finally got to my rock, and I didn't mean Alcatraz, or the big boulders of crack that Dusty liked to smoke, or even Prudential Insurance Company's famous trademark.

It was amazing how much Dusty's mother would do for ten bucks. What a shame it was that she was too old for me sexually. All the booze and the Valiums had taken their toll, and Rita looked at least two decades more ancient than the forty-one years of age evidenced on her birth certificate. Yet, her penmanship was flawless. Nobody ever signed the name "Sadie Kirschenbaum" on the class action claim forms quite so beautifully as she used to do. It was only fitting that the same handwriting would be found on our brave and valiant plot to shield the Org from harm.

So wearing transparent gloves and a frozen smile, I went over the copies of unpaid claims page by page, and I orchestrated a marvelous treasure hunt of nasty clues for the FBI to find and unravel.

"Frank will be so happy with my work this time that he will want to smooch with me!", I giggled elatedly in a fit of glory.

Accordingly, I gently coached Rita as she wrote out the following "threat" in longhand:

"Steve: As per a Policy Letter governing damage control in progress in the Hubbard



Communications Office Manual of Justice regarding the Questionable Risk List, your unethical acts have created a job endangerment scene for not only Miami, but all Sea Organization and Scientology personnel. A Flag Bureau Data Letter was issued 21 October 1988 to "End Phenomena" your out-ethics Treason via an End of Cycle; and sorry, we are never going to abandon our target on a degraded being Suppressive Person such as you.

Regarding L. Ron Hubbard on "Troublesome Sources", an undone End of Cycle equals a very painful forced exteriorization. So the Director of Inspections and Reports for the Religious Technology Center returns to you these black public relations dead agent documents (the unpaid claim forms) which evidence your High Crimes against Org Assets as per the Deputy Guardian of Finance."

"You Scientologists sure talk funny, don't you?", Rita asked as she finished the letter. "I bet you really are a bunch of aliens from outer space!"

Back at the Org, Frank Thompson thought that the FBI would get a big kick out of that letter, especially when they finally discovered that it was actually written by Dusty's mother!

If that were not enough, Frank ordered me to "cry wolf", complaining to my squirrel attorney that Scientologists were calling me up on the telephone at all wee hours of the night, threatening my life.

In response to that, Marc Nurik arranged to have the FBI install a surveillance device in my home which would record all of the incoming calls. Bill Kemp, who was the same bulldog-faced FBI agent who arrested me at the Miami Airport, instructed me to keep a written roster of the name of each Scientologist caller, the place or Org from which they were calling, their telephone numbers, as well as the date, the time, and the purpose of each call. Can you imagine what a slimy, fat bastard he was, believing that I would really betray my Church and turn against L. Ron Hubbard?

Behind my plastic doll-body smile as the whore of the Government kept babbling, I was foaming with a scathing eruption of insurmountable disgust.

"Your gun should only go off by mistake and hit you dead-center in the pecker!", I wished silently on Bill Kemp as he told me his wog-load of investigatory entrapment crap.

On the following day, I brought Dusty up to my apartment for the only true pleasure that being stuck in a body still had to offer, and she also became suspicious when she saw the telephone tap on my desk.

"Are you working for the fucking CIA now?", she asked.

"No, the fucking FBI!", I answered remorsefully, wishing that it were not so.

With the monitoring equipment in place, Frank gleefully instructed me to "fill up the tape with innocent Scientology registration cycles and sales pitches, and then turn the cassette over to the FBI, so they can clearly see that no one in any Org has threatened you in any way!"

"Frank, if I were a girl, I'd marry you!", I jumped for joy. I was always an admirer of sheer brilliance, no matter what the Source.

Frank, however, did not share my enthusiasm. If I were a psychiatrist, I would have called him slightly paranoid, but since I am a Scientologist, I thought of him as "causatively responsible."

He looked directly at me with distrustful, penetrating eyes that no doubt could see blood stains through a Catholic virgin's underwear.

"You are still plotting to get in touch with Wollersheim's attorney, Charlie O'Reilly, and sue the Church, aren't you?", he erupted.

"May Ron strike me dead if that were true!", I said devotionally.

"It should happen to you even if it isn't true!", Frank stated with hope, wanting to solve my problem once and for all.

But a further Security Check by Leah Abady revealed that I still had continued to commit suppressive acts against the Church.

For example, I recently loaned my E-Meter to Dr. Geertz, since Richard Ofshe had told my SP attorney that he didn't want me using it anymore. I was certain that the psych idiots were absolutely terrified of the darned thing! Like any other uncivilized bunch of superstitious nincompoops, they feared what they failed to understand.

Nevertheless, Leah's feathers were quite ruffled by my Treasonous act of squirrel appeasement.

"How could you entrust your confessional device to someone who wants to study it just for the evil purpose of attacking the Church?", she screamed. "And what is even more astonishing is how you could ever give the E-Meter to the very Nazi SS Officer who was responsible for murdering your own daughter! Steven, after that Aryan psych is through taking it apart, he is going to smash it into pieces! I hope you think seriously about all this after Ivy Kimmich or one of the other OT Eights puts you to death. And you'll have plenty of time to reflect upon your degradation, I can guarantee you that!"

"I've always found it hard to say 'No'", I admitted in sorrow.

"Then why the hell aren't you on drugs like your prostitute hooker girlfriend?", she balked. "It seems that you are very selective about what you won't say 'No' about and who you won't say 'No' to, aren't you?"

"So what should I do?", I yelped submissively.

"You should get your greasy, loose-boweled ass over to that Jew-killer's office, and if he refuses to give you back your E-Meter, just take a goddamn letter opener and slit his uncircumcised, goose-stepping throat!", she ordered.

To help me confront the Gestapo Monster, Leah put me in reverie, and I joyfully mocked up Uwe Geertz's death once again by putting cyanide powder into his orange juice. During the session, I noticed that every time I killed the psychologist in the repetitive sequences, I had a bigger and bigger erection. Somehow, even just pretending to murder Dr. Geertz made me feel more powerful and causative.

"That was stimulating!", I grinned when the therapy was over.

"One more dead Nazi is always the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics", Leah reminded me as she stuck to the subject. "Just think of Rivkalleh's bleeding face locked inside the jaws of those two dogs if he refuses to give you back your E-Meter."

But surprisingly, Dr. Geertz returned it to me as soon as I asked him for it. He didn't know how truly close he came to visiting that great Oktoberfest in the Between Lives Area, or whatever secret place that unrepentant Teutonic agnostics choose to frequent after death.

Believe it or not, the only bright spot on my horizon came from the Internal Revenue Service. They assigned an Employer Identification Number of 65-0080847 to "Steve Fishman, Antichrist", after Louis Jassin had established "The Antichrist Foundation", in order to have a conduit for any charitable contributions that might roll in. Of course, I never saw a penny of it, since Louie had the papers sent directly to his home address.

"What kind of lawyer is Louie Jassin anyway?", I asked Patty Kyle, who in addition to being Marc Nurik's partner, was a retired Federal Magistrate.

"I can look into it for you", she offered helpfully.

And before long, it turned out that Louie didn't even have a license to practice law in the State of Florida! He was a genuine, bonafide phony!

"What do you expect when you deal with criminal wogs who do not have the slightest hint of ethics?", Ray Jourdain said consolingly for a split second before he slammed the door of his office in my face.

Marc Nurik suddenly gave me the word, and it made me shudder with trepidation.

The Emperor Xenu's wife wanted to see me.

An overwhelming dread of alarm enveloped me from the inside out as I tried to confront the prospect of visiting Muggy Singer, the Godmother of Suppression who, in our darkest hour, had helped her beloved wretch Wollersheim with his offensive offensive against the road to total freedom just two years beforehand.

"How can I deal with meeting such a super-squirrel?", I asked myself quite ominously.

And it was a problem not for the faint at heart, for when Muggy was married to Xenu, she had set up the depth charges that blew up the entire Marcab Confederacy, or the planet that we used to call home, once located between Mars and Jupiter, and which since has had the esteemed disrepute of being looked down upon as the Asteroid Belt; a bunch of fragmentary mindless rocks just sitting purposelessly in space, waiting for a possible inhabitant.

Humberto Fontana saw where I was coming from.

"The rock that you're scheduled to be trapped in is going to be a heck of a lot further from Earth than Marcab", he said, "so don't get any big ideas of trying to amend the Irrevocable Ethics Order for your own convenience!"

"Don't you think there is any way that I could get transferred to Marcab for good behavior?", I asked hopefully. "I don't want to spend my eternity too far from home."

"Not a chance in hell!", Humberto replied mythically. "But I'll tell you what! If you fly out to California to meet that old "Sweetness and Light" rocket jockey Muggy, then Ivy Kimmich and some of her friends on the OT Eight Committee just might blow up your airplane, and you won't ever get there alive!"

"Who told you that?", I quaked.

"It's just a rumor that I've heard, that's all", he laughed demonically.

"Look, I have to be in San Francisco on November 30th to set the trial date!", I pleaded. "If you and Frank don't want me to go, just get me a stowaway pass on the Freewinds! Send me to China; I don't care, as long as they have a Mission or an Org there! Otherwise, I have no choice but to appear in court, or the U. S. Marshals will come looking for me."

"Those trigger-happy faggots can look all they want", Humberto scowled, "but Ivy Kimmich will always know where to find you! There is a Clear view of squirreldom from the top of the Bridge! If you're planning to make that fatal trip, you'd better take out at least a million dollars worth of flight insurance. There's always a chance that your two kids might need the money for auditing one day, although it's doubtful that we would ever accept any members of your family for processing after all the shit you pulled on us!"

On the plane trip, I wasn't worried about myself that much. I knew quite well that the rocky road which awaited me was neither paved with gold nor yellow bricks. It was my parents that I feared for, since they knew nothing about the Between Lives Area, and I was deathly afraid that Ivy Kimmich would want to punish them too because she considered them to be guilty by association. I spent so much time defecating in the airplane's toilet that the stewardess must have suspected that I was a terrorist.

Taking into account my warped intention to visit Muggy Singer, by my own strict standards the flight attendant would have been right.

In between the shitting and the turbulence, I exteriorized during the flight, and begged Ron for my life.

"Dear Ron", I began, almost as if I was praying, "I am not trying to place the Church at risk, but only to bring sanity to a planet which was already overloaded with mass hysteria and psychosis."

In order to take some of the charge off my case, I mocked myself up in the frightful scene of falling out of an exploding aircraft at thirty-five thousand feet. It was rather gruesome to stand by and watch my elderly parents blow up in my face. Consequently, I asked Ron to take a good look around the plane and spare the lives of the innocent people aboard, especially the children who like my own, might grow up to be future Scientologists. I also admitted to Source that Dr. Geertz's hypnosis, which supposedly "cured me" of my fear of flying was a waste of time after all. I promised Ron that if the plane landed safely, I would write the best Knowledge Report for the Org that I had ever written in my entire life, and I would include every gory incident of my meeting with our psych enemies. Finally, I implored my compassionate Eighth Dynamic to intervene on my behalf and talk Ivy Kimmich out of causing the air crash, despite the valid needs and the pressing concerns of the

eminent International Justice Chief.

I wasn't sure how valuable I still was to the Admiral, but I must have convinced him, since we landed safely without an incident.

Of course, later I realized why. In the mornings, Ivy Kimmich was on her study time, not on post!

"Anyway, she probably wanted to eavesdrop on what Muggy and I talked about, and then was planning to zap me afterward on the flight home", I told myself quite rationally. "Besides, that would have been my strategy if I were in her shoes", I reasoned.

It was one of those weird days when I tried to talk to myself analytically, except the jerk in the mirror kept looking in the opposite direction, unable to confront anything. What an ass! Then again, even thetans who exteriorize get jet lag, you know.

Despite all of my preconceptions about Margaret Singer, she was truly a charming and elegant lady. Inasmuch as I tried to find fault with her, there were none of the sinister aspects that I anticipated finding in the born-again Mrs. Xenu.

Margaret wanted some data on my lifetime experiences, but I never told her that I had lived in eighteenth century Greece as a woman, because I figured a twisted psych like her would presume that I had some homosexual tendencies, which of course I didn't. Anyway, she never specified which lifetime she was talking about, so I didn't volunteer any additional information.

Margaret did cause an ARC Break, however, was when she asserted that Scientology had abandoned me. She had a hell of a nerve! Just because the Office of Special Affairs wanted me to plead guilty to the wog criminal nonsense and then the International Justice Chief insisted that I kill myself to straighten out my life didn't mean that I was abandoned! The Church was taking responsibility for me by helping me to get my ethics in, and I certainly deserved a lot worse.

"Ron has never abandoned me, and he never will!", I told Margaret with blatant defiance as I sat in her dining room in Berkeley, California.

"Oh, this psychologist is so damned warped!", I thought to myself. "What the devil am I doing in her clutches?"

Margaret also wanted to know how well I got along with Dr. Geertz.

"Ha! Now I'll fix you up real good!", I swore.

I told her that the Bavarian shrink drilled me on how to lie to the Draft Board Lady back in 1968, in order to keep from being sent to South Vietnam.

Actually, it was my Aunt Jeanne who kept me out of the army.

My darling Aunt told me to go down to the Draft Board wearing five wool sweaters on one of the hottest days of the Florida summer, after which I started playing with myself through my pants in front of the highly embarrassed female interviewer.

To set the record straight, it was when I snotted all over the lady's table and I knocked off all

of her papers onto the floor with my elbow while I demanded that she give me an automatic sub-machine gun "to kill all the Chinese gooks" that actually earned me my well-deserved military deferment. Even without her TRs, Aunt Jeanne was a great coach, because she had previous experience in keeping Cousin Richard out of the army in the very same way.

For the rest of the day, Margaret gave me some psychological tests, including the infamous Rorschach madness. I probably saw more squirrels in those ink blots than anyone ever did before. All the while, I kept on thinking of spicy things to put in my Knowledge Report that would enable me to score some extra brownie points with my buddies back home at the Miami Org.

After Margaret's interrogation was over, Marc Nurik drove me to Richard Ofshe's chateau atop a mountain in Berkeley, where he played me a cassette tape which revealed the violence and the insanity of the anti- drug group Synanon.

Now if you ask me, Synanon was a real cult. Not only were they the direct competitors of our beloved Narconon, but they used highly unorthodox methods for obtaining their funding, they brainwashed their constituents with Pavlovian hypnotic techniques, and even broke the wog law by acts of intimidation and violence.

"What a bunch of sick bastards!", I told Richard Ofshe. "I'm glad that you are going after them! It's time we cleaned up the anti-drug business!"

Despite the fact that he took me into his confidence regarding Synanon, Richard knew how to push my buttons. I confessed a lot to him about my involvement with Lavenda, and how I crushed her vicious attempt to sue the Church by rescuing Ron's documents while her sister Lisa was justifiably being raped.

"Why did I ever tell him that?", I asked myself in shame. "I am such a flaming asshole! I am going to flunk every Security Check from here to eternity if I keep up this irresponsible bullshit", I added in grief-stricken horror, after I realized how wickedly my words had betrayed me.

And I must have truly been in Confusion, since even my basic loyalties to my principles started to crumble. After being influenced by Richard's lunacy, at one point I acted as if Frank Thompson was the enemy!

When I returned to the Miami Org, I immediately fell apart during my debriefing interrogation, even before I was hooked up to the E-Meter for my Security Check.

"You smell from a rotting stack of withholds!", Frank chastised.

"I don't know why Richard Ofshe had such power over me!", I cried naughtily. "He always knew when I was exteriorizing in front of him. But do you know what was ironic, Frank? He knows the Tech! Richard would have made such a damn good Sea Org staff member if he were not on the wrong side of suppression, evil, destruction and death!"

Unimpressed, Humberto splashed some scalding hot Cuban coffee in my face, severely burning my eyes, nose and lips.

"AIDS!", I screamed after the shock slightly subsided. "If that crud gets into my bloodstream, I'll get all the symptoms of the disease!"

"I hope your dick falls off!", he rallied. "You are knee-deep in squirrel shit! You think like them, act like them, squirm like them and squawk like them!"

The debriefing took six long, grueling hours. I even had to build a clay castle of the interior layouts of both Richard and Margaret's homes. Frank Thompson asked me personal questions from the name of Ofshe's wife to the color of Muggy's underwear. Although I had no data on the latter question, Frank and I got into a heated argument when I told him that Richard's wife's name was Bonnie, and he insisted that it was Lynne. It was futile trying to argue with my Ethics Officer when he was convinced that every word I spoke had to be a bald-faced lie.

"Stop trying to protect them!", Frank blasted as he threw his ash tray at my head.

"You probably had sex with Muggy, didn't you?", Humberto bellowed accusatively.

"Now you know very well that I don't screw around with women over thirty!", I protested in apathy.

"I can't believe a fucking word you say!", Humberto replied combatively. "You are a false son of a bitch!"

"Look, if you don't want the truth, just tell me what you want to hear and I'll say it!", I begged feverishly, taking the path of least resistance.

And that is exactly what Frank did.

He had me write up a slightly exaggerated Knowledge Report, accusing Margaret Singer of trying to seduce me with an electric shock machine that we claimed was located on a plant stand in her dining room. Humberto also thought it would be a good idea if I stated that Muggy showed me some naked pictures of children under twelve having intercourse in a Danish pedophilia magazine during the psychological testing session.

"Anyone who has sex with kids is disgusting!", I yelled. "There are very few twelve year old girls that I would ever be interested in. The best ages are between thirteen and seventeen", I explained.

"I don't give a flying fuck what kind of perverted shit you like!", Humberto outlined. "Just write the damn report!"

Consequently, in order to make Humberto a mite less angry at me, I wrote that Muggy showed me the kiddie porn in the course of a "simple psychological test" where she used a stopwatch to see how many minutes it took me to get an erection.

"Do you think that the Federal Prosecutor will take this information seriously?", I wondered.

"That's not your concern!", Frank reprimanded. "We just need some solid evidence of patient abuse on Muggy to present to the Citizens Commission on Human Rights."

"Dennis Clarke won't believe any of this crap!", I scorned, throwing my finished document on Frank's desk.

"Unlike you, he is on our side!", Frank sneered as he picked his yellow teeth with the nail

from his pinky.

"You know, Fishman, I can just visualize you right now, socializing and eating lunch with those psych bastards, and it makes me want to puke!", Frank admonished.

"The testing took the entire day", I complained. "There was no time for lunch. All I ate was an apple. Margaret gave it to me around noon during a fifteen minute break."

"An apple?", Humberto laughed hysterically. "Do you think the old whore could afford it, with all of those fat fees that your squirrel attorney is paying her?"

"Oh, I'm glad that I didn't have a big meal", I confessed. "I would have had a bad case of diarrhea, looking at all of those ink blots and everything."

"I'm tired of hearing about your stupid problems!", Humberto shouted without much humanity. "Hey, Frank! Was that cartoon witch who poisoned somebody with an apple from Snow White or Sleeping Beauty?"

"I wish that the old creep had poisoned this ugly duckling so we could get back to our stats!", he grimaced, pointing to me with genuine contempt, without ever answering Humberto's question on fairy tales.

After another full hour of "Muggy-bashing", Humberto helped me by telling me what to include in my supplemental Knowledge Report on "Repulsive Richard." The highlight of that masterpiece was my comment that "Richard Ofshe was a primary source of illegal psychotropic drugs." Frank said it was also important that I "remember" when Richard asked Marc Nurik where he could buy a small stash of high-quality marijuana during his next trip to Florida. As icing on the cake, I claimed that Marc answered, "Don't worry, Richard -- I have plenty of uncut grass at home."

"What the hell is 'uncut grass'?", Humberto bellowed? "Don't you know anything about drugs?"

"I must have been thinking about Marc's front yard or his garden", I confessed.

"You've got to re-write that stupid thing! The way you did it, it's sheer idiocy!", he commanded resourcefully.

In the course of the tedious debriefing, I reported that Marc Nurik used to be a Federal Prosecutor in New York City. As a result, Humberto assigned me the task of finding out the names of some of the criminals who Marc had convicted and sent to jail, so that we could contact them anonymously in the hope that they would murder him out of revenge, once they found out where Marc was living in Florida.

"One way or another, we are going to put that shit head squirrel out to pasture!", Humberto promised.

"But if you kill Marc, then who is going to handle my defense?", I asked perplexedly.

"There is always Louie Jassin", Frank smiled. "In fact, that's who should represent you! We wouldn't worry one iota if you hired him."



"I thought you didn't like Louie because he was trying to promote The Holy Book of Life in violation of Ron's Policy", I challenged. "Besides, there might be some question as to whether he is legally qualified to represent me, since he doesn't have a license to practice law. You're not serious about wanting Louie, are you?"

Humberto nodded his head serenely.

"He's a real honey", he argued. "Not only do we love him, we simply adore him! He is just the man you need for your criminal case!"

Somehow I didn't think that Humberto and Frank were playing with a full deck.

When you work diligently on post, trying to boost your stats up over eighteen hours a day for seven days a week, sometimes that happens.

With all of our little scuffles, I truly looked up to Humberto Fontana and Frank Thompson. Frank especially knew how much I revered him.

"If I could just be one percent of the man you are, I could learn how to tolerate myself again", I mumbled in praise.

Frank peered down at me with his omnipotent ethics presence.

"If you were only one percent of the man you are, I would scrape you off the bottom of my shoe and finally be rid of you!", he griped.

"Before my life is over, I'll make you proud of me again", I smiled sadly. "You'll see."

# CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

## Earning The Protection Of The Church

It didn't take long for the International Justice Chief to see the writing on the wall. After all, a trial date was set in San Francisco for the 26th of June, 1989. The squirrels for the defense were planning to wreak havoc on Scientology, and if there was anyone who could permanently stop them, it was me.

"I have some interesting news for you", Frank Thompson said.

"You're going to let me custom-design the color scheme of my rock", I guessed, "or is it just going to be plain old invisible?"

"That kind of sarcasm will never get you anywhere", he warned. "The Irrevocable Ethics Order cannot be reversed. You know that as well as I do. But there is such a thing as a billion-year postponement for Sea Org members who have signed a billion-year employment contract."

"Well, I suppose that leaves me out too!", I reckoned. "I can't qualify for the Sea Org from the Ethics Condition of Confusion."

"Actually, I haven't told you, but after you convinced Rita Hipps to write that helpful letter which threatened your life, I upgraded you to Treason. And recently, when you wrote those Knowledge Reports about Muggy's pedophilia and Ofshe's drug habit, I raised you again to the status of Enemy."

I was so happy that I thought I died and had fallen into Ron's thetan arms.

"I'm all the way back up to Enemy?", I cheered. "Wow!"

"Now, there's more to it!", Frank encouraged. "You can also earn the protection of the Church by protecting the Church. That is the only way you are ever going to move up the Ethics Conditions. You realize that you have to be all the way up at Emergency before you can even be accepted for membership in the Sea Org, don't you?"

"I can do it!", I reassured him. "Oh, what a dream come true this is!"

"The International Justice Chief has given you only thirty days to prove yourself and create enough upstats by taking responsibility for your overt acts and get up through Emergency. This is a real war going on here. I swore to you that this case will never come to trial. The worst thing you could ever do is make me wrong."

"Never!", I shrieked. "You have always been right on the money! I still need to know something, Frank. If I am able to qualify for the Sea Org and I am accepted for a billion year hitch, what will happen when the billion years is over? Time goes very fast when you are producing well on post. A billion years is no more than a speck on the track of time."

"I assume your beingness would be terminated after that", Frank concluded. "Of course, a lot of it depends upon your performance during the billion year contract; that is to say, if you are invited to join the Sea Org in the first place. If you have any downstats during the billion years, they certainly

wouldn't permit you to renew your contract a second time. So therefore your standard of operation will be monitored a lot more closely than other Sea Org members who do not have Irrevocable Ethics Orders hanging over their heads."

"It looks like it's going to be next to impossible", I sighed.

"That, I'm afraid, is entirely up to you", Frank wheezed disinterestedly. "I really don't give a damn about what happens to you after our little cycle is fully handled. As far as I'm concerned, you are nothing but trouble!"

And so I embarked upon my new career as a one-man equalizer of degraded beings and suppressives.

"I may be the only true Guardian on the planet who is left!", I cognited to myself as I awaited the details of my Battle Plan.

It was so much easier to hate the squirrels while I was around the Org. Marc, Uwe, Richard and Muggy seemed so normal while I was in their company, which did not say much for my own perception of reality. Leah raised my ability to confront them by directing me to make clay figures of my four enemies and then slash them to pieces with a knife. After the fiftieth time that I rebuilt the statuettes and immediately carved them up, I felt that I was able to tackle the real thing if need be. Even after so many years of practice, it was incredible how working on the clay table was still able to pump up my body's adrenaline. It never made any sense why health clubs and fitness centers never encouraged their customers to stab some clay before each workout. Wogs seemed to know so little about life.

My first assignment was to take photographs of Marc Nurik's Jaguar and Patty Kyle's Volvo. It was very important that we had current up-to-date files on their automobiles, in case that either of the squirrel attorneys had to be followed, or in the likely event that their cars had to be set on fire or blown up. To get extra credit with Frank, I took some really neat close-ups of their license plates.

But as I started to devote my every waking hour to squirrel patrol, my dedication took its toll on my social life. There were nights that I had no time to see Dusty because I was too busy plotting on how to destroy Marc Nurik, and I actually had to turn the girl down.

In a fit of spite, Dusty told me that Lisa Lawson had given birth to my son on December the 8th, 1988, and that she had since checked out of North Miami General Hospital without even giving me a chance to see the baby. Lisa was embarrassed about asking me to visit my son because I was one of her former clients. Nevertheless, the hurt was too much for me to bear.

"Why didn't you tell me about it when Lisa was in the hospital?", I asked Dusty angrily.

"I was going to mention it on the night you were too busy with your Scientology outer space weirdo aliens to see me!", she complained. "Now you'll never get to meet your dorky kid!"

His name was Blake Elmowitz, of all things. The adoptive parents took the name Blake from the John Forsythe character of Blake Carrington on the television show Dynasty!

"What kind of dynasty will I have if my son never becomes a Scientologist?", I cried to Ray Jourdain. "I can't even sue the Elmowitzes for paternity because of my stupid insanity defense in the criminal case!"

"It serves you right!", Ray snapped. "You can't have it both ways! You can't be sane enough to take care of a baby while your SP lawyer claims you are crazy. I hope you can now see how the psychs were responsible for depriving you of your own son!"

"They will pay for it with their lives!", I vowed in a scathing tone of rage.

Humberto still didn't like me very much, although Frank had prevailed upon him to mellow out a little bit. He was a hot-blooded Cuban, and there were times that he even got on Frank's nerves because of his melodramatic outbursts and constant swearing.

"You don't have that much time to fart around with your postponement", Humberto declared with an air of long-windedness. "Your only chance is to prove once and for all to the asshole Government that the Church of Scientology is the victim in this stupid criminal wog bog that you conveniently wrapped us up in."

"Humberto, just tell me how I can help out and I'll put my best foot forward", I promised limply.

"You need to leave irrefutable evidence which will allow the psychiatric Feds to fully duplicate with certainty that you are the criminal!", he decreed. "There is no other way to get into the Sea Org, and that's a fact!"

"How could you even think of going to trial?", asked the Flag Banking Officer Leona Grimm, who happened to be reviewing her stats in Humberto's office at the time. "No sane Scientologist would ever trust a wog jury to sit in judgment over him."

"Yes, that's true", I admitted, "but as you know, my lawyer is pleading that I am insane, not sane."

Leona growled at me with fierce savagery.

"At the moment you allowed Marc Nurik to do that, you have given Ron a vicious slap in the face!", she recoiled.

"How can you say a thing like that?", I cried. "I love the Admiral with my life!"

"Ron defines insanity as 'The overt or covert but always complex and continuous determination to harm or destroy'<sup>[144]</sup>", Leona reverberated emphatically. "By allowing your lawyer to assert that sickening defense, it is tantamount to admitting before Source and the rest of the theta universe that you wish to harm and destroy all eight dynamics! How wonderful do you think that makes Ron feel after all he has done for you?"

"Marc Nurik can say whatever the hell he wants to about my sanity", I replied. "If I am called to testify under oath, I will tell the jury that Marc and the psychs are all insane, which they are, and I will have the Tech and the Policy to prove it! Furthermore, I will demonstrate to the jury that they are all crazy too for having the audacity to sit in judgment over Malchoot! How could a panel of raw meat wogs be otherwise? They will be forced to disqualify themselves from the case, because I can only get a fair trial from a tribunal of Scientologists who have the insight to know and understand my struggle."

"If the criminal case ever gets that far, I feel very sorry for you!", Leona blurted didactically. "And I'll be damned if I'm going to allow your bastard lawyer to turn that mockery of Justice into a Scientology witch hunt!"

"You'd better start thinking of ways to make it into the Sea Org rather than into court", Humberto cautioned, "because whether you realize it or not, if you are dragged before a jury of insanely sick dead-in-the-head puppies, half those idiots will hate you because they are suppressed by their own psychiatrists, while the balance of them will detest you because they are brainwashed drones and junkies of the Slaughterhouse Christ."

Leona affectionately placed her hand on my shoulder which quietly made her tits wiggle.

"You will never be convicted of anything if you are safely spirited away into the sanctuary of the Sea Org, helping to Clear the planet by getting Ethics in solidly and handling suppression on Earth", she vowed.

"He hasn't earned that right yet!", Humberto yelled, pushing Leona away from me as if he were jealous of her attention. "And he won't be qualified to sign a billion year contract until he destroys the SPs and their illegal insanity defense!"

And although Humberto was evidently full of purpose, it was Frank Thompson who, once again, came to my rescue with a viable Battle Plan.

"Fishman, you have got to force Marc Nurik to withdraw from your case", he commanded. "You must make him resign as your attorney."

"Would that get me into the Sea Org?", I inquired brightly.

"Just like the Bridge, Ethics can only be climbed one step at a time", he indicated. "Humberto just received a telex from Tim Bowles, the Legal Director for the Office of Special Affairs International. It's Tim's legal opinion that if Marc Nurik becomes your victim, then there would be a conflict of interest, since he would have to testify against you, and he would be forced by the court to immediately withdraw from representing you as legal counsel. Does that make any sense?"

"Yeah, and it's about time that Marc was a little victimized, after the big third degree that he and his psychs have put me through since my arrest!", I acknowledged with a bucket-load of sour grapes.

"So what you have to do, Steve, is threaten his life where the filthy troublemaker really gets the message", Frank suggested with amazing perspective and aplomb.

"Hey, I can't just walk into his office and tell him that his days are numbered", I protested. "He might take it the wrong way and call the police on me!"

"No, I want you to do what you do best -- send him an anonymous threatening letter!", Frank smiled.

"I used to flood the mailboxes of psychiatrists with death threats when I was in the Guardian's Office", I recollected with a faint tinge of sentimental illness. "That was one of my specialties! I miss those wonderful, nostalgic times."

"Well, guess what?", he laughed. "Happy days are here again!"

And so, Frank came up with a marvelous idea for me to type out a mocked-up letter from "Shawn Morrison, the Legal Director of Golden Era Productions", stating that Marc Nurik's current wife would be paying a visit to his first wife, who I had discovered from my attorney was unremarkably dead.

Frank's brainstorm to use the name of a Scientology lawyer from the Golden Era Productions Org was a great one!

"No FBI agent would ever believe that a legitimate attorney was involved with sending a death threat to another lawyer", Frank explained. "They will know from day one that the letter was a fake and that no Scientologist ever wrote it!"

To spice things up a bit, I also threatened Marc that he would "have an automobile accident involving his Jaguar" in the same letter, which was followed by friendly advice "from one attorney to another" to withdraw as my lawyer because "it always pays to take clients that are upstats", and "it is never too late to drop a downstat."

There were some delicate nuances, such as when I spelled the name "Marc Nurik" incorrectly as "Mark Nurick", in order to throw him off guard temporarily, at least until the shit hit the fan.

"The letter is a work of art", I boasted. After all, there was no one around who was willing to toot my horn with flattery except me.

Frank completely agreed, and gave it the "Good Squirrelbashing Seal of Approval", and also had a fantastic idea on how the letter should be mailed.

"Are you certain that Steve Goldberg knows exactly where Dusty Hipps lives?", Frank asked before revealing his secondary plan to me.

"I am sure of it!", I replied.

"And what about Dusty --", he continued. "Are you positive that she has been arrested and her fingerprints are on file with the Broward County Court?"

"She's been pulled in at least three times for prostitution that I know about", I explained. "Frank, she's a damn good hooker! I mean, she's a professional! It's only when she gets strung out on crack that she gets careless and propositions those stupid undercover cops. Those jerks are constantly depriving the poor girl from earning a decent living!"

"Spare me the gory details", Frank interrupted callously. "I am not interested in her pathetic woes. I just want to be certain that if she puts her fingerprints on the envelope of your letter that it will leave a trail for the FBI Third Invader Forces to find her."

"Ah, so you want Dusty to mail the threatening letter to Marc!", I cognited. "You are one super sleuth! The FBI will know for sure that the idea had nothing to do with anyone at the Org! Wow, you think of everything!"

"I'm only wearing my hat and doing my job", Frank stated with feigned humility.

"But there's only one problem!", I argued. "When Bill Kemp discovers that Dusty mailed the letter, he might go and ask her about it! She could get into trouble for putting the envelope in the mail box if it contains a death threat! Then, if they hold her for questioning, who am I going to get to sleep with me? It's hard to find a girl in this day and age who lets you screw her for twenty-five dollars without a rubber."

"Come on, Steve", Frank said assuredly. "Dusty only cares about Dusty. She'll tell Bill Kemp that you put her up to it, and nothing will happen to her at all. Anyhow, I can't be responsible for your aberrated sex life."

"Are you really sure that she won't get in trouble?", I repeated.

"Damn it, Fishman!", Frank grunted. "You are wearing my patience very thin again! You seem to be more worried about your little stick-figure whore than about getting yourself into the Sea Org!"

In an outburst of rage, Frank ordered me to be Security Checked once again by Leah Abady.

It was worse than I thought.

The Security Check revealed that I had some evil-purposed human emotion of remorse about threatening Marc Nurik!

"You admire that squirrel bastard, don't you?", Leah challenged in a highly agitated state of psychotic disarray.

"No, I swear to Source that I hate him!", I cringed in terror.

"That's not what my E-Meter says!", she argued. "You have a lot of "counter- intention" when it comes to that son of a bitch! The meter's Tone Arm doesn't lie about things like that!"

So, in order to help me hate Marc a lot more, Leah threw me into a "boil-off", which according to Ron, is "a state of unconsciousness produced by a confusion of effort impinging upon one area, whereby the preclear becomes groggy and seems to go to sleep."<sup>[145]</sup>

In all my years of being a Scientologist, I never understood the difference between being in an unconscious boil-off and drifting into a hypnotic trance, because having been deeply immersed in both states by my auditors as well as by Dr. Geertz, they sure as hell felt like the same damn thing.

Leah induced the boil-off after putting me in reverie in order to have me mock up a highly disturbing scene of Marc Nurik raping my two young daughters, and in order to assist me in confronting Marc's evil purposes, Leah had me run the entire shocking sequence of the rape scene, directing me to fill in all the blank spots that I was unwilling to look at while having me reach and withdraw from the incident. Although my daughters were bleeding and hemorrhaging while Marc had a vicious, sadistic grin on his face, I was forced to review those horrible mental image pictures for what seemed like hundreds of times. I started free-wheeling during the boil off, which meant that I could not back out of the unpleasant incident even though I tried harder than hell to do so.

Despite the fact that I was a captive audience in an unconfrontable, shocking screenplay of

my two innocent children being brutally attacked by that bastard barrister, I had to continue to recall the incident over and over again until I was able to move through it comfortably and it was fully flattened with a floating needle on the E-Meter.

In my Success Story, I wrote that I perceived Marc as an impotent and monstrous beast who was jealous of me because he could not have any children of his own.

"I am going to chop his slimy cock off!", I screamed in pain when it was all over. "If he bleeds to death, I'll pour battery acid all over him, just to make the agony a little more intense!"

"Now you're talking like the good old Steven that I know and love", Leah praised, quite proud of my appropriate reactions to Marc's unspeakable devilment.

"Leah, what Marc did in session was so horribly vivid!", I confessed, as my beleaguered brain reeked with a smelly discharge of wretched retch as my brow was submerged in a bottomless pool of sweat.

Miss Abady was quite taken with herself, having been so successful at causing me to foam at the mouth.

"What if I have nightmares about the rape?", I trembled.

"I hope to hell that you do!", she persisted. "Maybe then you won't forget about it so easily!"

Back in Frank's office, we set up our goals for the Battle Plan.

Frank courageously banged a Chinese chopstick on my knuckles like a drill sergeant who wanted to drum the point home.

"That hurt!", I complained.

"Next time I'll use a fork instead", he whispered politely.

Undaunted, Frank pulled out a manila envelope from his desk with some scribbled notes tucked neatly within.

"Our short term goal is to get Nurik to turn the threatening letter over to the FBI", he continued. "Our long term goal is to get him fired as your squirrel attorney. Do you understand that?"

"Hey, maintaining good ARC with my Ethics Officer was always one of my top priorities!", I quivered. "I had damn well better understand it!"

"Make sure that you do", Frank warned sternly as he goaded me in the chest with the chopstick before breaking it into two pieces under my nose.

"From what part of town do you want Dusty to mail Marc this letter?", I asked, hoping to loosen Frank up by changing the subject.

"I want it postmarked from Coral Gables, somewhere right near here", he said. "It has to look as if you are trying to set us up at the Org!"



"But Shawn Morrison of Golden Era Productions is in Los Angeles!", I objected. "The FBI will know right away that the letter is a fake!"

"That's the general idea, isn't it?", he remarked. "But the Federal terrorists move slower than a herd of turtles. It will take them at least six months to a year to investigate Dusty. Bill Kemp never had any auditing. He can't possibly be very intelligent."

"He looks like a Baptist goon, but I wouldn't underestimate him!", I cautioned with care.

"Oh, nonsense!", Frank scoffed. "He's just a plain old degraded raw meat Third Invader wog in a modern-day cowboy valence with an evil purpose! The FBI agent is just one more of the psychiatrist's blundering pawns dramatizing a hunger for death, that's all."

Frank showed me some of Ron's references on FBI agents. In the Hubbard Communications Office Bulletin entitled "The Criminal Mind", Ron describes the FBI agent along with the psychiatrist as the true criminal.

"The FBI agent or executive accuses others of graft and even sets up "abscams" to manufacture the crime. But an FBI agent regularly pockets money supposed to be paid to informers and then screams to protect informer sources that do not exist.

The FBI agent is terrified of being infiltrated and accuses others of it when, as standard practice, he infiltrates groups, manufactures evidence and then gets others charged for crimes his own plants have committed.

The FBI acts like a terrorist group posing as law enforcement officers. Their targets seem to be legislators and Congress and public individuals who might someday have power over public opinion, such as Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Criminal Mind relentlessly seeks to destroy anyone it imagines might expose it. You have to be very alert when criminals are around.

J. Edgar Hoover, who organized the present FBI and is still deified by it -- they have his name in huge, brass letters on Washington, D.C.'s biggest thoroughfare -- and that town doesn't even have the names of former presidents up in lights -- has been shown by subsequent records to have been a blackmailer and traitor to his country. He carefully, personally sat on the information for four months that Pearl Harbor was going to happen. Right up to the U. S. entrance into World War Two, he was autographing his photo for pals in the deadly German SS.

Doctors, psychologists, psychiatrists and the Government form a tight clique. Only the Government would support such people as the public hates them."<sup>[146]</sup>

"Their evil purposes make them thoroughly inefficient", Frank reported as he kept raving on and on at a mad rate about the FBI. "But Marc Nurik on the other hand is shrewd and lethal. Yet how you could have crawled into bed with someone who was willing to invalidate your sanity in front of a bunch of psychotic FBI agents, Federal Prosecutors and jurors is beyond my wildest comprehension!"

"Mine too!", I agreed. "I'll be the first one to admit that I have been acting like a fucking idiot!"

"Does a squirrel who thinks you are crazy deserve such loyalty and respect?", he asked as I

lowered my head in ghastly shame.

"No, and it's time that I did something about that perverted child molester!", I screamed.

"But he's not the only one we have to neutralize!", Frank asserted. "You read the Source reference on FBI agents. That Third Invader Nazi-loving criminal Kemp who planted his telephone spy recorder in your apartment has to be taught a valuable lesson too!"

"Did you ever see him?", I asked. "He's got the face of a pig, just like Jesus! And he wears a wig that's probably full of head lice."

"Well, we're going to fix him and his stinking plot to gather incriminating evidence against the Church", Frank swore unrelentlessly. "And I've got just the Battle Plan that will knock him in the gut!"

"Maybe I can mail him a threatening letter too", I offered.

"No, I've got something far better than that!", Frank swooned with great glee. "Having Dusty mail the letter to Marc will get you moved up from Enemy to Doubt, but I've got a big surprise for you. How would you like to rocket your way all the way up through Liability into Non-Existence, so that Sea Org contract will be nearly within your grasp?"

"Oh, Frank!", I melted. "Just lay it on me and whatever you want is all yours!"

He commanded that I read Ron's Liability Formula, or better stated, the way to get through the Ethics Condition of Liability into the next higher Condition of Non-Existence.

The first part of the Liability Formula was to "Decide who are one's friends."<sup>[147]</sup> That was easy. My friends were Ron, Frank, Humberto, Leah and the rest of the Miami Org staff, and my enemies were Marc Nurik, the psychs, the FBI, the Federal Government, and of course Jesus.

Next, Ron wrote, "Deliver an effective blow to the enemies of the group one has been pretending to be part of despite personal danger."<sup>[148]</sup>

Just map out my route and I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow their house down!", I promised allegorically, having plagiarized that little ditty from somewhere else.

In point three, the Admiral advised me to "Make up the damage one has done by personal contribution far beyond the ordinary demands of a group member",<sup>[149]</sup> after which I could "Apply for re-entry to the group by asking the permission of each member of it to rejoin, and rejoining only by majority permission, and if refused, repeating steps two, three and four until one is allowed to be a group member again."<sup>[150]</sup>

"Does that mean that I have to write a personal letter to every hat and post in the Miami Org?", I asked. "That could take such a long time!"

"Let's not jump the gun, shall we?", Frank bellowed. "First, why don't you get up to that point by making that "personal contribution far beyond the ordinary demands of a group member" that Ron is talking about."

Frank's Battle Plan gave me a chance to do the most heroic deed that I had ever done since I rescued Ron's documents while Lavenda's sister was properly and suitably raped.

The special mission involved creating a telephone script which, of all the spiffy things possible, threatened my own miserable life! The plan called for the threat to be recorded on Bill Kemp's surveillance tape machine and then turned over to the FBI, whereby I would claim to be the "poor little innocent victim of foul play", crying wolf to my heart's delight!

"This is fabulous!", I whooped. "I can put together a whole scenario and have someone else tell me what a worthless piece of shit I have been, and how I don't deserve to live!"

"You of all people really belong in the 'Better Dead Club'!", Frank agreed.

"What's the 'Better Dead Club'?", I asked inquisitively.

"Ron talked about the 'Better Dead Club' in one of his Group Processing Sessions called 'Survive and Succumb", Frank recalled cynically. He said, "Now we're going to elect membership to the Better Dead Club."<sup>[151]</sup> Steve, you should be the "Grand Master of the Better Dead Club."<sup>[152]</sup> The Grand Master was always the most degraded being who was the best dead of all!"

Of course, even Scientology has its mythology.

Just like Christ's stupid Easter Bunny and his fake Santa Claus, there was never really any Grand Master of the Better Dead Club. No matter what Frank said, not even I had that esteemed honor.

"I want you to write a prolific script threatening your own life, and then have that wog pimp who farms out your whore girlfriend call you on the phone and read it back to you verbatim", Frank ordered as Humberto Fontana and Bob Levy were glued to their seats, listening intently. Bob Levy, as you may recall, was the Executive Director of the Miami Org.

"You want Dusty's boyfriend Shane Johnson to read the dialogue?", I laughed, questioning his profound wisdom.

"Yes, Shane will be just fine", Frank agreed.

"But he's an illiterate idiot!", I protested. "He talks worse than Sylvester Stallone did in Rocky! He could never get away with sounding like an upstat Scientologist!"

"Sylvester Stallone's brother Frank Stallone is way up there on the Bridge at Celebrity Center", Bob Levy informed me. "In fact, he was the lead singer on "The Road To Freedom" record album and video tape."

"Yeah, but Shane Johnson is a dope fiend pimp who is both drunk and high all the time!", I panicked. "He's a crack addict! I don't know if the shmuck can even read! At any rate, his TRs would be one big flub! We've got to use someone else."

"You're using him!", Humberto howled. "If you want to improve his telephone manners or his acting ability, spend a few minutes running him through the Professional TR Course. But this mission has to be completed by tonight!"

"A few minutes?", I cried in shock. "It took me a couple of weeks to get through the TRs properly when I did them!"

"Well, I guess we're not looking for your brand of perfection, are we Frank?", Humberto snickered.

"Shane Johnson is being selected for a reason, Steve", Bob Levy explained rationally. "We don't want the FBI to think that a real Scientologist made a call threatening your life. The one who phones you has to sound like a raw meat wog idiot or the whole mission will blow up in our faces!"

"Oh, so that's it!", I cognited as a light bulb clicked on in my head. "He has to sound dumb on purpose!"

"Not dumb as much as real woggy", Bob elaborated. "But what makes this plan so wonderful is that you will have an exact copy of the script, and your TRs will be perfect while his will be somewhat pitiful!"

"The FBI is going to recognize it as a scam too quickly", I protested.

"Not at all!", Bob continued. "Anyway, it's up to you. You are the star of this whole drama! Shane is only your stooge. As stupid as Shane sounds, I want you to come across as being totally genuine, realistic and believable. There has to be some very powerful contrast between the way you outflow your lines and the way Shane mucks up his. How else will the FBI know that you have been jerking them around? Otherwise, this facade can backfire and Bill Kemp will come looking for us! As a group they are pretty imbecilic, and they might just take this cockeyed thing seriously!"

"There's something else", Frank added. "Besides the death threat, I also want you to fake a hypnosis session!"

"What?", I gasped.

"You know", Bob answered. "Pretend to be hypnotized, hopefully like you do when you visit Herr Kommandant Fritz or whatever the name of your Nazi shrink is."

"Dr. Geertz", I corrected.

"Whatever", Bob miffed. "Write up some crappy mumbo jumbo hocus pocus where Shane puts you into a boil-off or in reverie --"

"Use the word hypnosis, Bob!", Frank interrupted.

"All right", Bob conceded. "So put together a dialogue where Shane gets you "drifting deeper and deeper" like your psych does, and I want you to really fake getting hypnotized. Lower your voice tones and talk slower. Damn it, I don't know how it's done! Just keep your TRs in and pretend to be a brainwashed psychiatric droid, I guess. You know how to act like an electrically shocked zombie, don't you?"

"After eighteen years of therapy with Dr. Geertz, I can certainly handle something as simple as this!", I bragged proudly. "I can train Shane to sound one hundred percent identical to that swastika swami."

"Well, that's not exactly it. The script has to dramatize a hypnosis session where Shane sounds very fake and you come across as positively spaced out", Bob outlined. "Have him

mispronounce a few Jewish words too, for added effect."

"Jewish words?", I repeated in bewilderment.

"Uh-huh, like the word 'Kaddish'", he said. "Do you know that word? It means the 'Prayer for the Dead'. There's got to be one of those in a death threat, don't you think?"

"But Shane isn't Jewish!", I said. "That's just the point!", Bob giggled. "Neither is Sylvester Stallone! The word 'Kaddish' is usually pronounced 'Coddish', so have him say it like 'Coe-dish', just to make sure that the FBI agent realizes that the entire thing is a farce."

"But that stupid Southern hillbilly Kemp doesn't know how the word 'Kaddish' is pronounced anyhow!", I objected. "All he knows about is guns, country, apple pie and Jesus!"

"Steven, you are forgetting a very important thing!", Frank interrupted. "All of this garbage is going to be recorded on the FBI spy tape recorder. Whatever you want Bill Kemp to know about 'Kaddish', you can simply tell him! You'll have ample time later on to make sure that the Third Invader Force didn't miss any of our little clues or nuances."

Bob Levy looked like he was in a deep trance. He wasn't very happy about the telephone script as it stood.

"Forget about having Scott threaten your life, Steve", he said. "I've eliminated that from the dialogue. I don't want you to come across as a victim at all. No, I have a better idea. It is far more convincing if you stay in the valence of a perpetrator. Here is the best possible scenario -- Shane hypnotizes you and you agree to kill your psychologist and Marc Nurik! Now that can really fly! So let's go over it all again with these changes."

"Okay, so I'm supposed to write this mocked-up script and give Shane a copy of it; and then direct him to call me up on the phone and read it to me. According to the revised Battle Plan, Shane pretends to be a Sea Org staff member named 'Scott' who puts me under hypnosis and gives me a hypnotic suggestion that I go out and buy a gun with cash and then afterward kill Marc Nurik and Uwe Geertz by putting a bullet in each of their heads. That seems easy enough", I acknowledged. "I wish that I had the ability to confront doing all of that! Ridding the planet of lice like the rapist and the Nazi would definitely be the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics! Oh, yeah -- I'll have to pay Shane ten bucks or so to make the call, I suppose, won't I?"

"You'll have to pay him a little more than that", Humberto hinted.

"Why?", I wondered. "I can get him to nearly kiss my ass for ten dollars."

"The call has to be made from Coral Gables, near the Org", Frank told me, catching me by surprise.

"Whoa!", I babbled. "Do I have to drive Shane all the way to Coral Gables from West Hollywood? That's like twenty miles."

"I'm afraid so", Bob bobbed.

"But if I drive Shane to Coral Gables, how is he going to be able to call me at my home in Fort Lauderdale? How can I be in two places at once? Fort Lauderdale is an hour away!", I reasoned,

completely puzzled, befuddled and confused.

"Are you that stupid?", Humberto asked. "You are going to have to drop him off in Coral Gables, drive back home, receive his call, then drive back to Coral Gables, pick him up and then you can dump him in the river if you want to! I don't give a shit what you do with your wog pimp after the call is made and the mission is completed. You can even sleep with him for all I care!"

"But look at the tremendous running around I'll have to do!", I complained. "Plus, how do I get Shane to stay in one place for an hour until I arrive home? You don't know how restless he is! People on drugs can never sit still for very long."

"If you expect to get into the Sea Org, you'll just have to figure all those details out!", Frank surmised.

"Shane is your responsibility, not ours!", Bob Levy added.

"I told you that you'll have to pay Shane a lot more than ten bucks", Humberto gloated, pointing his finger at my nose as if he wanted to pick it.

"Remember to take five dollars worth of quarters along for the long distance phone call", Frank reminded.

"Hey, how the hell can I get Shane to do all of that?", I stated with deep frustration. "I guess I'll have to bring Dusty with us to keep him occupied."

"You've got to take Dusty along, you idiot!", Humberto blasted. "She has to mail that threatening letter to Marc Nurik! Did you forget about that already? How can you be that much of an asshole!"

"It's just a lot of data to assimilate at once", I apologized.

"Just take your wogs to a restaurant like Denny's", Bob suggested. "By then a cheap dinner or something. The hour it takes you to drive home will go by much quicker for them if they are eating, and then Shane can call you on a full stomach. Does the pimp have a watch?"

"How should I know?", I yelled. "I guess he does. I sure am not going to buy him one; you'd better believe that! He can ask somebody for the time if he doesn't know it. This deal is going to run me a lot of money, you'll see. Shane is going to hit me up for forty, maybe fifty dollars!"

"So the whole thing might cost you sixty bucks from soup to nuts by the time you get through with it", Frank clamored. "Big deal! Just think of how nice it will be to move up to Non- Existence!"

"I'll have to synchronize the time and everything!", I mumbled to myself although they probably heard me.

"Steve, you are going to be a hero!", Bob cheered. "After the SPs are handled, the FBI agent can go back to his normal routine, accepting payoffs from drug dealers and chasing Israeli spies."

"But don't you think that they might get mad at me for playing a role in threatening the squirrels, once they sift through all the bullshit and figure out that one and one makes two?", I asked.

"You are jumping the gun again!", Frank stammered. "Initially, the FBI will never think that you drove Shane all the way to Coral Gables to make the call. They have a trace on your phone line, so they'll definitely be able to find out the telephone number it was made from. It will be at least six months before they realize that you had anything to do with it, and if you play your cards right, you will be safely out of the country by then."

"Just tell Shane to make the call from Denny's Restaurant", Bob insisted. "He's a raw meat idiot, and you have to keep the instructions very simple or he'll fog up on you."

From the look on his face, something ominous was disturbing to Humberto.

"Steve is a criminal and a liar!", he said. "What is to prevent him from merely saying that Shane made the call to him, if Steve just decides to simply lie about it?"

"Oh, I've thought of that!", Frank chuckled. "I don't trust Fishman as far as I could throw him, and he damn well knows it!"

"You're all talking about me as if I weren't here!", I complained. "I hate when you do that!"

"Who gives a damn what you like, you ignorant moron!", Humberto replied, on the verge of losing his temper again.

"Chill out, Humberto! The handling is quite simple", Frank explored. "Steve has to bring me a copy of the cassette tape that he is going to give the FBI. If I don't hear the sound of happy quarters dropping into the coin slot after three minutes of telephone time, then I'll know that he is screwing around with us, and he won't stand a chance in hell of making it to the Freewinds!"

"But what is to prevent him from duplicating a copy of the tape for you and then not giving it to Bill Kemp?", Humberto argued.

Frank Thompson just smiled.

"If I have a copy of the conversation, and if Steve doesn't hand it over to the Government, then I will!", he explained. "A Security Check will always let me know what really happened. And if Steve tries to eliminate anything from the cassette or alter it in any way while re-recording it, I'll know about that too."

"And I don't want you to start disseminating Scientology to Dusty or Shane either!", Humberto shouted. "If I find out that they have been bragging to the FBI or anyone else about their vast knowledge of the Eight Dynamics or the ARC Triangle, then you will never ever make it into the Sea Org. Do you fully understand that?"

"Humberto, you have nothing to worry about!", I reassured him. "Dusty and Shane are only interested in their next can of Budweiser beer and their next "hit" of crack."

"Just don't turn either of them into a walking encyclopedia of verbal, non-Standard Tech!", he warned. "When in fact the Government does track them down, I want them to know as little about the Church as possible! There has to be no connection between these Damage Control shenanigans and the Org!"

"I won't", I acknowledged, "but isn't that tantamount to suppressing their right to go up the Bridge? Why shouldn't they have the benefit of Scientology? Dusty and Shane are both raw meat thetans, just like the rest of the blind sheep who walk into the Org off the street for the first time."

"People who take dope and get drunk and sell their bodies for crack rocks aren't exactly the type of hot prospects we are looking for", Humberto answered. "If they're real lucky, we'll pick them up in their next lifetime. If not, well -- then fuck 'em."

Bob tried to put an end to the bickering.

"The bottom line is that it remains absolutely vital that neither Dusty nor Shane reveal any evidence of Scientology participation in your mission, over and above the data that is in the telephone script", he disclosed. "That's the long and short of it all."

"But I already put Dusty on the mailing list to receive promotional materials on the Purification Rundown because of her drug problem!", I admitted.

"Well, chances are she never read any of it", Frank evaluated, "and if she did, that's all she should be able to talk about."

"The whole purpose of this program is to enable the FBI to find out that Shane Johnson was never a Scientologist", Bob revealed, "and to finally put the vicious investigation against the Church to rest."

"Membership in the Sea Org is not for people who have symptoms of "reasonableness" and other wog diseases", Frank warned glibly.

Fully briefed, dispatched and raring to go, I typed up the bogus telephone script and casually sauntered over to Dusty's house in West Hollywood.

"What the fuck do you want me to say shit like this for?", Shane asked me as he scratched his head in bewilderment.

"There are people in Scientology that want me dead!", I explained. "But the FBI isn't taking me seriously, even though they've got my phone bugged. It's just like reading a part in a school play. There's no other way that I can get the protection of the Government that I so desperately need!"

"Then the police are going to come looking for me!", Shane reasoned.

"No!", I argued. "The only place that they'll go to is the Church of Scientology! There's no reason to be paranoid. They won't know anything about you!"

"Why do those crazy fuckers want to kill you?", he wondered.

"You remember that white Allante that I had?", I asked. "I bought it with money that was supposed to go to them."

"Oh, so you ripped them off!", he laughed. "And now they want to fuck you up! I get it!"

After Shane fully understood the nature of my plight, the only thing left to do was to agree on the price for his services. Without much haggling, we settled on forty dollars. I gave him twenty in



advance, and I promised him twenty more after the call was completed. Shane wasn't too thrilled about waiting in Coral Gables for two hours while I drove back and forth from Fort Lauderdale, but he grudgingly went along with the Battle Plan since he needed the money for drugs and because Dusty was going to come along to keep him company and to pass the time away.

When we arrived in Coral Gables, I was so nervous about making things go right that I drove in the wrong direction down the one-way street where the Post Office was located. I wanted Dusty to mail the threatening letter to Marc before I took the two of them to Denny's, just as Frank and Humberto had instructed me to. Even though I was on the wrong side of the road, we fortunately weren't stopped by the police.

"Could you throw this in the mailbox for me, honey?", I asked.

Dusty simply did what she was told, thinking nothing of it. She was quite used to carrying out men's wishes, being a hooker and all that.

After the letter was mailed, I dropped them off at Denny's as planned. It was precisely eleven o'clock.

"I'm warning you Shane, that if you don't make the call exactly one hour from now at midnight, then you are going to have to find your own way home!", I said.

"You'll get your lame call, dick face!", he promised. "But if you don't come pick me up, you are gonna be one dead mother-fucker!"

And so we had a meeting of the minds.

"Can you imagine an upstat Scientologist like me having to deal with two lowlife wogs like that?", I told Ron while driving home on the way to receive Shane's call.

Everything went as arranged, except for the part when the operator temporarily cut Shane off because he didn't put in the extra quarters for the overtime quick enough.

Since you're curious, Shane was absolutely incompetent as a bungling hypnotist, almost to a point of being comical, in great contrast to my TRs, which were adorably flawless. By 2:30 in the morning, I was back home at my apartment, writing up my Completed Staff Work Report and duplicating the cassette tape for Frank Thompson.

The mission was a howling success.

A "Very Highly Commended" award was put into my Ethics Folder by Vicki Kirkland, the Director of Certificates and Awards of Miami, and I quietly leaped forward into Non-Existence with a minimum of visibility and fanfare.

"You might as well send in your application to the Sea Org", Frank advised sullenly. "It looks like you are really going to make it this time!"

In order to keep the momentum rolling, Frank ordered me to leave cute little hints with Marc Nurik that Shane and Dusty were "in contact" with Scientologists from the Miami Org.

"Hopefully, Marc will pass that tidbit on to Bill Kemp", Frank stated optimistically.

Dusty, in the meantime, had her own problems.

On the very next day following the telephone call escapade, Shane Johnson was arrested for arson, amongst other things.

According to Dusty, the police took him to the Broward County Jail because, while being searched for possession of drugs, he resisted arrest, and then, having been handcuffed, he tried to light up a cigarette, setting his shirt on fire!

"The cops framed my poor baby!", Dusty wailed.

"How awful!", I sympathized with lots of covert hostility.

"You've got to get Shane out of jail!", she cried. "His bail is five hundred dollars!"

"I'll call Louie Jassin right away and do whatever I can to help", I promised, pretending to care about him, while I actually hoped that the filthy pimp would rot in jail for the rest of his worthless life.

"Maybe now she'll spend the night with me when I bring her home, instead of running back to that dope-fiend jerk!", I said to myself with a shitload of great expectations.

"What a unique opportunity that is for you!", Frank exclaimed when he read my Knowledge Report.

"Why?", I jumped. "All of a sudden you care about my sex life?"

"No! It's just a fabulous chance for you to record Shane's voice again on tape, so that the FBI will find out a lot faster that he was the same "Scott" who instructed you to kill Marc Nurik and Uwe Geertz!"

"But Shane never calls me!", I argued. "What you are saying simply doesn't make any sense."

"Ah, but it does! You are going to get him to call you", Frank plotted cunningly.

"How?", I asked very stupidly. "Shane is in jail!"

"Yes, that's just the point!", Frank eluded. "He can't communicate to the outside world from there unless he makes a collect call!"

"Okay, but the only person who he wants to talk to is Dusty", I replied. "Why the hell would he want to say anything to me?"

"Now listen here, you dumb bastard!", Frank said with profound wisdom. "I want you to call up Dusty's mother, and warn Rita that her telephone bill will be over three hundred dollars this month because the phone company charges two dollars for every collect call that Dusty accepts from the Broward County Jail! Tell the old bag that she can instruct the telephone business office to eliminate all extra services on her phone except incoming and outgoing local calls. It's called "Limited Access." Then Dusty will be forced to ask you to accept Shane's collect calls, and you can

connect the two of them using three-way calling, and record all of their conversations on tape for Bill Kemp!"

"That's an unbelievable idea!", I cogited. "But what if Rita Hipps won't go along with your suggestion and is actually willing to accept Shane's collect calls?"

"Then you'll have to notify the telephone company to shut off her phone yourself, won't you?", he sneered. "You make everything sound so damn difficult!"

"That is utterly brilliant!", I shouted. "But then I'll have to pay for all of Shane's collect calls on my own, won't I?"

"So what?", Frank indicated. "You're not going to start acting like a cheap Jew again at a time like this, are you? Just tape everything they say and then turn the cassettes over to the FBI, so that Bill Kemp will recognize Shane's voice. Anyway, you can ask your pimp to limit his calls to five a day, if you have to control the expenses. You should have learned how to handle your wogs by now."

"Frank, you are astounding!", I remarked. "I don't know what I would do without you!"

"The quicker that you get this done, the faster you'll be sailing away to a safe Sea Org haven on the Freewinds, far from the tyrannical arm of the psychiatric Government and their Nazi bugging devices!", he vowed convincingly.

Frank made sure that I covered all the bases. He also instructed me to tell the Security Guard in the lobby of my condominium to make sure that everyone, especially Dusty Hipps, signs their name on the guest register.

"Maybe Bill Kemp will spot Dusty's signature as the same person who signed the Disonics class action lawsuit", Frank said with subtlety. "It's about time that the FBI bulldog woke up and smelled the roses!"

On the 15th of December, Marc received his "death threat" in the mail, and he was all juiced up about such great "evidence" implicating the Church of Scientology. He also mentioned oddly that an anonymous woman had called in a bomb threat to his office, and he thought it was somehow connected to the Miami Org.

When I told Frank Thompson about it, he started to embroil himself in a belly laugh.

"That out-Ethics imbecile represents stool pigeons and snitches who betray drug dealers and other trash, and he has the nerve to blame a bomb threat on us?", he said in total amazement. "The man is a raving lunatic!"

But when I informed my Ethics Officer that Marc Nurik was planning to issue subpoenas on the Fort Lauderdale Mission and the Miami Org requesting my Preclear Folders, Frank changed his tune and became completely livid.

"Why, that son of a bitch bastard!", he screamed. "He won't be content until he completely destroys us! Will he ever stop?"

"Probably not until he's either dead or off the case", I answered.

"Well, why the hell isn't he?", Frank yelled, not indicating which of my two choices was his primary preference.

This time it was Humberto who came up with a decent solution.

"Tell Fuhrer Geertz while you are faking your next hypnosis session that Frank and I had you sign fifty sheets of blank paper, and that if he dares to enforce the subpoenas requesting your Preclear Folders, we are going to send him a real potpourri of shit that will hurt your defense, from a full confession of doing the class action lawsuits on your own to a threat against the life of President Reagan, all fully signed, sealed and executed by you for the whole world to see!"

"What good will that do us?", I asked.

"When Geertz tells Nurik about it, he won't risk exposing you to additional criminal charges by enforcing those subpoenas!", Humberto explained. "And because Nurik found out about it from Geertz, he won't suspect that you made the whole thing up in order to protect the Church!"

"That will work!", Frank nodded in agreement. "And if Nurik serves the subpoenas anyway, then we can actually write up some damaging documents like that! Yes, I like that idea, Humberto! Go for it!"

Predictably, Marc took the bait and dropped his request to have the Church produce my records. Neither Humberto nor I could believe how easy it was for Marc Nurik to be manipulated!

"He is a real dumb ass Jew!", Humberto commented affectionately.

"If there is anything else that you can think of which will protect us from the insane attacks of the evil suppressives, just let me know and I'll take care of it!", I offered.

In my Success Story which I submitted along with my Sea Org Membership Application, I wrote that "The International Justice Chief had a lot more confidence in me than I actually deserved. For someone like me who is subject to an Irrevocable Ethics Order, this chance to postpone my fate is more than I could have ever hoped for, postulated, or dreamed about. It is a true testimonial to the fact that even the most degraded being still has a chance to be salvaged in Scientology."

And, as I told Ron on that very night, "Nothing can possibly go wrong now. I am no more than a hop, skip and a jump from signing my billion year contract and once again being able to state with pride that I am your Loyal Officer."

Despite the insurmountable odds, I had come back on top with a vengeance.

No matter what anyone said, I knew that no one could have ever been prouder of me than the Admiral.

"Paul Laquerre's desolate space rock will have to wait a very long time before anyone sticks me into it!", I swore. "They're going to love me in the Sea Org! "Upstat" is going to be my new middle name!"

Visions of the Freewinds danced in my head.

I even bought a Captain's hat to keep me in the mood.

Total Freedom was right around the corner.

I could almost taste it.

## CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

### **A Race To Get To Sea As The Captain Of A Sinking Ship**

The vultures were circling and the storm clouds were gathering.

Marc Nurik informed me that he intended to have his private investigator infiltrate the Org. Predictably, Frank Thompson went off the deep end.

"We have to speed up the resolution of your case!", he shouted. "I won't allow suppressives to be planted in my Org!"

For the next three hours, I gave him a detailed description of Marc's coarse, unshaved investigator, whose name was Steve Sessler. Frank sent me downstairs to Alicia Noguerra, the Extension Course Supervisor of Miami, who had dabbled in art before she found her truer purpose in life. Together, between my flubs at the clay table and her limited expertise with pen and ink, we drew a composite of Steve Sessler, beard and all. By circulating sketches of what he looked like to all of our Department heads, to Reception, and to Squirrel Watch, we would be able to identify him if he came into the Org to upset us. If anyone spotted him, he would be sent up immediately to a staff member in the Review Section of the Qualifications Office who would run "Reverse Processes" on him, which meant that he would be audited backwards to spin him in and make him real sick, whereby he would feel a lot worse instead of better.

"Never forget for a moment that we have the Tech to cave a suppressive in and completely crush him if we have to", said Doug Carr, the Keeper of Tech of Miami. "It's the only way to handle infiltrators."

Doug was such a nice boy. He, unlike myself, had guts.

Frank Thompson subsequently began focusing his attention on my old friend Steve Goldberg, who was the only missing link between Dusty and myself which the FBI truly knew about.

At Frank's command, I began to send a swamp load of junk mail to Dusty Higgs in care of Steve Goldberg's address.

"That ought to put a bug up Goldberg's ass!", Frank cackled spontaneously. "Maybe he'll complain to the FBI about Dusty's mail coming to his home and that will get the momentum started."

But Bill Kemp was way ahead of us.

On December 19th, he paid a visit to Dusty Higgs at her slummy house on Lincoln Street in West Hollywood. When Kemp announced himself to Dusty's mother as an FBI agent, Rita told him that Dusty wasn't home. But alas, Dusty was standing right next to her, and Third Invader Bill had a picture of Dusty which he already had obtained from Steve Goldberg.

"Are you here to arrest me?", Dusty asked nervously.

"No, I just want to talk to you", he replied.

According to Dusty, Bill Kemp asked her if she ever threatened the life of Steve Goldberg.

"That's a lot of bullshit!", she yelled. "I never threatened that man's life! I wasn't mad at him for anything!"

"Did Steve Fishman ever threaten his life?", Kemp continued.

"How the fuck should I know what he does?", Dusty responded angrily. "My boyfriend don't want me seeing him no more!"

Then, as Dusty reported the sequence of events to me, Bill Kemp told her that I had been arrested "a few months ago" and that I was under indictment for "mail fraud involving seven million dollars", and that I was "facing fifty years in jail."

"Is that clown serious?", I gasped. "Did he really say seven million dollars? Are you sure it wasn't "several" million dollars and not seven million dollars?"

"What the fuck is the difference?", Dusty scorned. "Whether it's several million or seven million, you've been paying me shit money for years no matter how much good sex I've been laying on you, while you've been scamming millions of dollars! My pussy is the tightest in Broward County 'cause I'm little! I'm worth a hundred bucks a pop and you know it, you cheap, dick-faced mother-fucker! You're a real piece of shit, do you know that?"

"Look, Dusty", I explained. "If I really had that kind of money, I would never have sold my Allante to pay for my legal expenses."

Dusty hesitated for a minute, trying to calm herself down.

"Yeah, that makes sense", she admitted. "I knew that son of a bitch cop was lying to me."

"What else did he say?", I pumped.

"Oh, you know. He showed me that picture of us when we went to Las Vegas last year, and he asked me what a seventeen year old girl was doing with a forty year old man."

"I'm only thirty-nine!", I protested. "What an insulting bastard he is! Anyway, what did you answer him?"

"Nothing, just that we were out there visiting Lisa's mother, and my mom told the asshole that she gave me permission to go with you to Vegas and everything, and that you paid for our plane fare home 'cause we were broke. I told him we were friends. Then the fucking dick had the nerve to ask me what I do with you when I come up to your apartment!"

"And then what did you tell him?", I continued, running a real good flow of TR 2 on her.

"I said we visit all the time and we talk, 'cause that's what friends usually do, isn't it?", she blushed coquettishly. "But then the dipshit pig asked me if I've ever been arrested for solicitation, and my mother was standing there, and I had to tell him 'yes'."

"Did anything else happen?", I interrogated encouragingly, as if I were doing a debriefing at the Org.

"Yeah, he asked me all about Lisa Lawson, and I didn't tell him squat about the baby or where she is, so forget about that. Then he started asking about what you do for a living besides weddings."

"And what did you say?", I smiled with artificial poise.

"I told him you work for the Church of Scientology! What the fuck was I supposed to say?", she blared with a guilt-ridden face. "And then that dick-digger asked me if I was a member of your stupid Church."

"You didn't tell him that you were, did you?", I trembled with mortal terror.

"Fuck no!", she dramatized. "Mama said, 'Are you kidding? I can't even get her to join the Baptists!' I told him that your retarded Scientology scum-brains keep sending me all that shit in the mail to join their drug program, which I'll bet the bottom of my white ass that you had them send me; but you know damn well I can't afford to spend no twelve hundred dollars to lay naked in their fucking steam bath and take their pissy alien vitamins, and I told that big old queer cop that I wasn't interested in all your weird bullshit. If I want to get off drugs, all I have to do is quit and go 'cold turkey', and I can stop doing crack any time I goddamn want!"

"You can do anything that you make up your mind to do, Dusty", I reassured her. "So did that idiot say anything else to you?"

"He told me I might have to go out to San Francisco and testify at your trial", she revealed. "And I said that he'd better give me a first class plane ticket and a room at the Hilton with lobster dinners every night, because if he thinks that I'm going to help his dumb Federal ass from some old Salvation Army flophouse, then he can go suck his own fat dick!"

"What he meant is that he might lay a subpoena on you, and then you would have to go to California and appear in court", I clarified.

"Lay a subpoena on me, huh?", she wriggled. "If he wants my time, he's got to pay for it, just like any other horny cocksucker! If he don't come across with some V.I.P. treatment, then he can go fuck himself!"

"Well, I can't give you any legal advice", I apologized. "I'm not an attorney. But I do know that you would have to testify if they served you with a summons."

"A summons my ass!", she screamed. "I've got too many of my own troubles to have all kinds of fucking cops coming to my door, especially Government cops! Shane said I can't see you no more, even while he's in jail."

"Why not?", I screamed in an uproar.

"Because of all this FBI bullshit, that's why not!", she elaborated. "And now my phone is probably bugged just like yours so I'm not going to call you at home either! If you want to help me, take out five hundred bucks from your seven million dollar bank account and bail Shane out of jail!"

"Dusty, everybody has problems from time to time", I said softly. "This sort of thing doesn't have to affect our relationship."



"It already did, puke breath!", she groaned with an air of finality.

"Please, Dusty!", I begged. "I love you very much! I want to marry you! It doesn't matter to me that you sleep with other men."

"Get fucked!", she cursed, slamming the door in my face.

Forlorn and alone, I cursed the day that I met myself.

At least I was able to meritoriously report to Frank Thompson that Bill Kemp had interviewed Dusty and had come one step closer to taking our bait.

"What the hell are you celebrating about?", Frank growled argumentatively. "Kemp doesn't even know about Shane Johnson yet! So he had a tea party with your favorite hooker. Big deal! That's only the tip of the iceberg!"

But poor Frank was distraught for another reason. His right hand man, Humberto Fontana, was removed from post because he had gotten into a violent fist fight with one of the Sea Org Manning Chiefs from the Flag Bureaux. He was remanded to the Department of Review and to Ethics for correction, and simultaneously was taken off post. The new Director of Special Affairs was a snot-nosed twit named Lynn Shape, who I fortunately never had very much to do with.

I nearly went into cold shock when I sensed the smell of vodka on Frank's breath.

"That's whiskey!", Nicole Jourdain said. "Vodka doesn't smell!"

Feeling like the sky was falling on his head, Frank was too numb and shit-faced from bad news to even look me straight in the eye.

So, it was Leah Abady who read me the riot act this time.

"Who the hell is Dave Jackson?", she screamed.

"How should I know?", I answered. "Is he related to either Michael, Janet, Andrew, Reggie or Jesse?"

"He's a stinking FBI agent!", Leah babbled in a flustered state. "He and Bill Kemp went to visit Peter Letterese yesterday!"

"Peter Letterese?", I repeated, immensely startled. "Oh, no -- did they arrest him?"

"Look, did you ever mention Peter's name to your squirrel attorney?", she nagged. "I can't believe that I forgot to ask you about that in your Security Check!"

"Does Peter need a lawyer?", I continued, wanting to be of some help.

"No, not unless you did your best to destroy him!", she seethed.

"Peter and I have mended our fences", I assured her. "We shook hands at Ron's birthday party last March. I would never hurt him!"

"You told Marc Nurik about Peter, didn't you?", she shouted in a fit of rage. "Why else would those two Third Invaders bother him at his home? They were asking a whole lot of questions about the class action lawsuit claims and about you!"

"Peter didn't tell them anything, did he?", I quaked.

"I wish you were as smart as he is when it comes to handling suppressives and Federal Government bastards!", she said. "And whatever he actually said to them is none of your damn business, because the first thing that you'll do is to go right back to your filthy squirrel shyster and betray us again!"

"Leah, I have an application in at the Sea Org Recruiter's Office", I reminded her. "Do you think that I would jeopardize it by lying to you about this?"

"No, maybe not", she realized. "But this is the very thing that wasn't supposed to happen! You know how unreliable Peter is!"

"Not necessarily", I argued. "He called you, and I'm sure that he is going to send a Knowledge Report on the FBI visit to the Office of Special Affairs. He followed Policy correctly and notified the appropriate terminal at the Org. I don't see any problem with how he handled it, do you?"

"The FBI wants Peter and Barbara to testify against you at your trial!", she panicked. "Can you imagine what would happen if Marc Nurik starts cross-examining Peter on the stand?"

"Frank promised over and over and over again that there is never going to be any trial, so what are you worried about, Leah?", I yelled reassuringly.

"But why did the FBI go to them in the first place?", she repeated. "That's what you have to tell me! Come on, Steven! You can't hold back anything from me at this stage of the game!"

"I think Marc saw a copy of Peter's Suppressive Declare in my files", I acknowledged. "I never told him that Peter was fully rehabilitated and that his Suppressive Declare was reversed, though. Frank and I were hoping that Marc Nurik would try to get in contact with Peter so that we could trap him in a reverse sting!"

"So the FBI must have thought that they were disaffected enemies of the Church", she laughed. "What idiots! Peter and Barbara would never abandon Scientology, no matter what they did in the past! Well, that's typical of the Psych Government for stupidity."

"If it were up to Michael Hambrick, they would both be outcasts", I recalled. "He's still very mad at Peter for starving the staff."

"Michael is a stubborn mule, and that's why it took him over two years to get his own Ethics cleaned up", she revealed. "Anyway, this isn't about Michael. I want you to find out from your squirrel attorney what he knows about the FBI's investigation of Peter Letterese. Is that understood?"

"I'll get right on it!", I promised.

The answer became crystal clear.

Marc Nurik had told the Government about Peter Letterese's involvement with the class action claims from the beginning in a document called a "proffer", which offered the Government my immunity from prosecution if I were willing to testify against the Church.

"I'd rather go to my pet rock for the rest of eternity right now, than to do a vile thing like that!", I negotiated.

"You can say that again!", she replied nastily, as if she was secretly trying to encourage me or something.

Peter Letterese's Knowledge Report to the new Director of Special Affairs Lynn Shape finally arrived at the Org several days later.

With my life and limb quite numb with fear, I picked up the ominous paper and started to read it, as my frozen thoughts turned to solid ice, putting quite a damper on my mood of despair.

Peter wrote, "Fishman, when I was at the Mission, only bought books -- he had no auditing or major training. We explained (to the FBI) how the Church doesn't take "bad monies", whenever it discovers that a person used criminally-gotten funds to pay for books or services. Both Barbara and I gave anonymous but accurate examples of people who'd come into the Mission, 'fessed up to trying to use "drug money" for services and had been denied services by us. We explained that this would be true in any Church of Scientology. I further explained how, if a person might covertly use such funds, when it was later discovered, their monies would be returned. This surprised them, but they "got it", noting that perhaps the Catholic Church might not be so picky about donated dollars. The Church had long ago returned Fishman's monies, and found him to be an insincere would-be parishioner. He (Kemp) was surprised but accepted the data. I said someone thought Fishman might be in a mental hospital. Kemp said he wasn't."<sup>[153]</sup>

"You'll have to back up all of Peter's facts to Marc Nurik", Leah insisted. "Remember, you were never audited or trained, and you only bought books. And you never read the books, either. You were just a collector of L. Ron Hubbard's works."

"But he said I was in a mental hospital! Just get me out of South Florida!", I pleaded. "Everything seems to be closing in around me! You've got to put me on the Freewinds! The FBI went to Dusty's house, and then to see Peter -- I don't know how much more of this I can take without cracking up!"

"Don't start caving in after feeling a little heat!", Leah warned. "The Sea Org isn't going to want you if you're a pussy-whipped wimp!"

I read the rest of Peter's Knowledge Report, and he enumerated his conclusions in a section which he called "My surmises:"

"They were "fishing" with us", Peter added. "They have no hard "evidence" in their minds of our involvement, and (they) were perhaps led to believe we might be anti-Church. We even asked if they had anything we were supposed to have signed or written. They said "No."

They have no hard "evidence" of Church involvement either. But perhaps (they) were hoping (we) might infer "this or that" if disaffected to lead them to something or another. Fishman's lawyer might be trying to use "harmful acts against Fishman by the Church" as a defense. Someone is

trying to connect Fishman's alleged actions to the Church in some unflattering way. Much Love, Peter Letterese."<sup>[154]</sup>

"Peter is just afraid of getting his own ass indicted!", Leah interpreted. "That's what this piece of crap is all about! It's his fear that scares me."

"Oh, hush!", I interrupted. "Peter is a survivor. He always has been and he always will be. Any attack on Peter should be construed as an attack on all of us. You see, despite his numerous faults, he's still a Scientologist."

"He's not much of one, and neither are you!", Leah scorned. "I don't need anyone with an Irrevocable Ethics Order hanging over his head to start preaching to me! You of all people should just keep your ignorant mouth shut and just do what you're told! When I want your opinion, I'll give it to you!"

Frustrated and distraught, I got the distinct impression that no matter how much I tried to redeem myself, I was no longer wanted or needed by the Third Dynamic. No one at the Miami Org even invited me to come down to the gala New Year's Event. I felt like I was at the end of my rope, completely forgotten and abandoned by the precious group that once loved me, and forever condemned to walk through the wog world like the living dead, waiting for September the 9th, 1997, when Larry Wollersheim would end my nightmare for good by pushing the button and blowing up the planet.

But thinking about Wollersheim only made me more frustrated.

"May he suffer the worst type of cancer, causing his penis to burst in his face with the most agonizing pain; and may he spend every day of his miserable immortality shrieking and gasping, stuck in an engram of the Wall of Fire with pictures of exploding volcanoes erupting inside his ass until he drowns in a bloody pool of his own evil vomit!", I postulated without anger.

Incredibly enough, Richard Ofshe had once told me that Larry was just a "regular guy." One of us was crazy, and it sure wasn't me!

And speaking of Richard Ofshe, Marc gave me the frightening news that he was on his way back to Fort Lauderdale to meet with me again!

"What else can possibly go wrong in my life?", I sighed hopelessly to Ron, to whom I could always communicate. "Dusty won't talk to me, and so I can't even get laid anymore, because every girl I find in the street insists that I wear a condom! They are all walking around in a mad scare over AIDS, and they are stupid enough to keep drinking coffee and Coca-Cola anyway! Not only that, most of the whores won't even masturbate me for less than fifty dollars!"

But Ron did not offer up any advice to handle my sexual problem. Maybe he was still mad because I never bought that five thousand dollar bronze bust of his face back in 1987 when Fred Hare tried to sell it to me.

"With all my other troubles, I surely hope he has forgiven me for that!", I cried.

Richard Ofshe was on his way from Berkeley, replete with a fresh truckload of insults about Ron, and rip-roaring ready to stir up another hornet's nest of antagonism and bullshit.

"Use the time with Ofshe productively", Frank Thompson encouraged. "Build a firm web of lies which will embarrass him in court. Give him as many misunderstood words as you possibly can, and keep him outflowing as much as possible, gathering more data on Nurik's plan to attack us! I don't want you to come back here with crappy garbage like the last time. No more excuses that he has "power over you" or that you were "silly putty in his hands." I want a solid Knowledge Report, outlining the essence of his evil purpose and Battle Plan!"

Leah Abady gave me my final Security Check, and drilled me on running several new Shore Stories on Richard, as well as a ton of TR-L.

"I want you to pretend to be shocked by anything he tells you, so that you will appear "interesting" to him and his guard will drop. Don't forget that the more goods that you get on the son of a bitch, the closer you will get to your voyage on the Flag Ship!"

Although he was staying at the Marriott, Richard came to my apartment. He taped the whole interview on cassette, prying into my past in the Guardian's Office, and asking a bunch of nosy questions about the class action lawsuits. He had nerve enough to say that if I jumped bond and was spirited aboard the Freewinds, that I would be murdered and drowned at sea!

"What a shmuck he was!", I wrote in my Knowledge Report. "Richard came across as a highly deluded psychotic who is deathly afraid of Ron and of Operating Thetans in general. He actually believes that the Tech has flaws, and his hatred for our system of Ethics shows what kind of aberrated maniac he really is behind the thin veil of his social veneer."

Of course, Richard slipped up big time.

Knowing that I was going to be seeing Marc Nurik before he was, he gave me the complete set of seven cassette tapes of our conversation so that I could deliver them to my attorney.

That was his big mistake.

Wow! Did I get rave reviews from Frank Thompson after I duplicated all of the tapes and brought him the entire interview from beginning to end! Due to my heroism, my Ethics Condition was immediately upgraded from Non-Existence to Danger.

"Next time the squirrel will know better than to underestimate one of Ron's Loyal Officers!", I said to Ray Jourdain.

"A Loyal Officer would never have allowed his lawyer to hire a degraded suppressive like him in the first place!", Ray replied.

Humberto Fontana, who although was not the Director of Special Affairs anymore, happened to be working on his Amends Project in the Ethics Office while I went up there to talk to Frank. Now that he did not have any direct command value over me, he was somewhat friendly and tolerant, mildly validating me for bringing all of Ofshe's tape cassettes into the Org.

"That was more than I ever gave you credit for", he said in his classic, personal style of paying left-handed compliments. And although he had no authority to do so, Humberto also asked to review my Knowledge Report, which was quite abbreviated since all of the data was on tape.

"Here's what else you should do", he suggested, very much like his old self again. "Include

some data about Ofshe's homosexuality. Say that he urinated with the bathroom door wide open, so that you could get a good look at his ugly penis!"

"But wouldn't that also make me a pseudo-homosexual for peeking at it?", I objected.

"It doesn't matter what you did, especially since it never happened anyway!", Humberto laughed. "If the International Justice Chief only thought that you were queer and nothing else, then you wouldn't have the Irrevocable Ethics Order hanging over your head. It's very important to make Ofshe look like a pervert in all of your documents, just in case your squirrel attorney slaps us with a subpoena and we have to furnish them something for the Judge to look at. Anyhow, you did a good job with the tapes. I'm sure that Tim Bowles in our Legal Department can find more than a few violations of law in those recorded interviews once he has a chance to evaluate them."

"Pissing with the door open!", I repeated. "Yeah, that's a good one. I'll stick that in there. Sure, I could see Richard doing something as screwy as that!"

Leah gave me a brand new statistic called a "WGCS", or a "Wild Goose Chase Stat." It was directly related to the amount of money and time which Marc Nurik wasted on false leads and dead ends.

"The more you mess him up, the higher your stat!", Leah grinned.

I also reported to Leah that Richard Ofshe paid a visit to Dr. Geertz, as well as to my once beloved marital partner, Jaime Nureyev.

"I can understand his reasons for talking to the Nazi", Leah eclipsed, "but why in Ron's name would he want to talk to your ex-wife?"

"Richard said he needed some more background material for the defense", I explained delicately.

"I wish you could get a tape of their conversation!", Leah scoffed. "I'm surprised that your lawyer didn't have Lavenda sit in for good measure! Then, if you could just arrange for Muggy and Marc to be there at the same time, you could drop a bomb on all of them and we'd have every one of our problems solved!"

Finally, my moment of triumph had come.

On January 6, 1989, at 7:22 P.M., the Senior Sea Org Recruiter of the Flag Service Organization called me.

I had met Jan Logan once before, at the unveiling of the Freewinds Flag Ship Event in September of 1986.

I recalled Jan as a middle aged chain smoker with scores of bags under her eyes and rotting skin that was withering prunefully by the minute. It was no wonder that she literally used a cake-load of smelly, barfed- out make-up that was customarily worn by old hags twice her age who do nothing all day but live in their dilapidated trailer parks and play Canasta with their French Poodles until Johnny Carson comes on television.

At the time when I was introduced to Jan Logan, she also had hideously fake blonde hair

that was being overrun by an unenchanted forest of black roots which had just a wee hint of colorless, gray gristle sprouting through the cracks. Of course, the perfect way to know a woman's true hair color is to examine her vagina, but since we were talking about Jan Logan here, I had no intention of grossing myself out by asking to look at a rancid, withered thing like that!

Jan's tiny office was in a part of the Fort Harrison Hotel that looked more like a cellar than a Sea Org Recruiting Office, adjacent to the parking garage and the incinerator.

But on the telephone, despite all of the months and years that had trickled by since we met face-to- pathetic-face, I still recognized her hacking cigarette-coughing voice, and my heart pounded with oodles of stress-related anticipation as I awaited the words that I had been longing to hear since time immemorial.

"Welcome to the Sea Org!", Jan cheered.

Fireworks went off in my mind! I was somebody again!

With my Ethics Condition raised again from Danger to Emergency, my Irrevocable Ethics Order had finally been postponed for a billion years, pending an unbroken chain of upstats and good behavior.

In one of the most memorable telephone conversations of my lifetime, I signed my billion year Sea Org Contract over the phone, even to the extent of drawing two cute little seahorses on the document, which according to Source were the "traditional Sea Org symbols for Standard Technology."<sup>[155]</sup>

Jan spent a lot of time briefing me on the Sea Org Purpose, which is "to get in Ethics, and to put Ethics in on this planet and eventually the universe."<sup>[156]</sup> She also cleared the Sea Org Motto of "Revenimus" with me, which of course means "We Come Back", referring to the act of picking up body after body, lifetime after lifetime.<sup>[157]</sup>

But of all the new things that I learned over the phone, the Code of a Sea Org Member had a special place in my thetan heart.

In my spectacular long distance Recruitment Cycle, I promised "To uphold, forward and carry out Commanded Intention",<sup>[158]</sup> which is a form of obedience only known to the most Ethical people on the planet, as well as to a few Shiite Muslims and two specific attack dogs. Needless to say, Rhinebourgen and Besieschtigen came to mind.

I also promised "To exemplify in my conduct the belief that to command is to serve and that a being is only as valuable as he can serve others."<sup>[159]</sup> Now wouldn't that be a great oath to train slaves with? Just don't let the Government of South Africa find out about it. Well, maybe Jan Logan used to run a finishing school for chambermaids, Geisha girls and butlers, who knows!

Further, I vowed "Through my actions to increase the power of the Sea Org and decrease the power of any enemy",<sup>[160]</sup> and finally I promised "To make things go right and to persist until they do."<sup>[161]</sup>

"Well, I've been doing all that for the last ten years, so there was no point in stopping now", I thought to myself. There was no harm in going along with the entire shooting match of oaths, vows and promises. Nobody would ever be exploited in Scientology, so there was nothing to fear

including fear itself!

Jan Logan explained that the Sea Organization is "a disciplined body of persons who have learned to operate in coordination with one another and who are at a higher, much higher level of discipline and purpose than Scientology organizations at large."<sup>[162]</sup>

"I really could use some discipline, especially if some pretty teenaged Sea Org Messenger would spank me!", I told my reactive mind quite secretly as Jan rambled on.

"Just remember that the Sea Org is an organization of expansion!", she garbled as if she were consumed with manifest destiny. "And our prize is a sane planet!"

With Dr. Geertz, Richard Ofshe and Muggy Singer out there, I wished her a lot of luck with that one!

Now that I was officially aboard, Jan spoke to me about doing what was called a "Sea Org Project Prepare." Basically, that involved accomplishing all of the vital things necessary to wrap up my wog life and get my ass over to Flag in short order. This included selling my real estate and my car, packing up my collection of L. Ron Hubbard books and tapes, jumping bond, abandoning my family, giving Frank Thompson a big, wet kiss good-bye, and hitching a ride to Clearwater.

"That won't take me more than two or three weeks!", I reported with hefty optimism. "It's going to be rough leaving my two children, but when they learn that I've finally made it to the top of the Bridge, I know they'll be proud of me once and for all!"

"Of course they will!", Jan agreed saccharinely. "I'll be proud of you too!"

There was something so special about Jan. She met Ron in the country of Rhodesia back in 1962, where the Admiral (then Commodore) was trying to establish a safe, clean environment for Scientology, especially since Ron had been Cecil Rhodes, the Founder of Rhodesia in one of his past lives, and during that time period had buried millions of dollars in gold and diamonds there which he now wanted to retrieve.

Jan, who was born in Rhodesia, took up Ron's brave challenge of Clearing the planet, and actually had audited Ron personally on where he might have hidden the secret treasure. Unfortunately, Jan refused to tell me whether or not the heavy metal stash was ever found, as that information was a matter of Church security. Of course, back in the sixties, Rhodesia was infested with psychiatrists and other rats, and eventually the evil and ungrateful Prime Minister Ian Smith threw Ron out. But just like me, Jan was loyal to the very end, and devoted the rest of her life to the pursuit of Ethics and non-filtered cigarettes.

Don't get me wrong. Jan Logan was a genuine sweetheart. We had a bond that transcended the most ironclad umbilical cord.

"Just call me your Other Mother", she whispered semi-maternally.

Although I did not know it at the time, the competition was hot and heavy to get new prospects recruited into the Sea Org. I got a call a day later from Rochelle Shay, the Sea Org Recruiter from Celebrity Center International, who was competing for stats against Jan Logan.

"Sorry, Shelly", I said. "But the early bird catches the Seaweed!"



Somehow I don't think the jealous bitch liked my sense of humor, because she never called back again. Well, tough shit on her, then.

But while I was in all of my glory preparing to set sail on the billion year voyage of buttock-kissing obedience, my timetable was running out.

Shane Johnson was finally released from jail on January the 8th, and was furious when he found out that the FBI had been asking Dusty a lot of personal questions. At the same time, Rita was fuming because Shane had no job and had moved into Dusty's bedroom without asking her permission. It wasn't the fact that Shane and Dusty were sleeping together in her house that bothered Rita. Virtue was never an issue. She was simply afraid that she would lose her welfare benefits because Shane was living at home and was able-bodied and therefore eligible for work.

"If the welfare inspector comes down here and sees that lazy bum in my house, they'll stop giving me my monthly checks!", Rita told me in person while Dusty and Shane were out. "I don't want that FBI snoop coming around and seeing Shane either! He might tell the people at the welfare department the wrong thing!"

"FBI people don't have anything to do with welfare investigators", I explained to her. "I think you are over-reacting. As soon as Shane gets a new job, I'm sure that he and Dusty will get their own apartment again like they had before in Hallandale."

"They weren't paying the rent there either!", Rita confessed. "Shane was pimping Dusty off to the landlord so he would let them slide until the guy's wife finally kicked them out after they lived there a whole five months for free!"

"Rita, Is there any way you can talk Dusty into seeing me again?", I begged, changing the subject.

"With what's going on, Steve, I really doubt it", she sighed. "Dusty could sure use the money, but that Kemp feller could be following you all around town, and if you and Dusty saw each other for you-know-what, he would know about it as sure as hell, 'cause the jerk's not stupid! You ought to lay low for a while and not come around no more while things are so damn hot. I just can't deal with any further trouble with the police. That's the FBI you're fooling around with!"

But just as I was about to leave, Dusty and Shane pulled up toward the driveway in Shane's rust-colored, rust-bucket Bonneville with the broken front window. From the way they looked, there was little doubt that they had just made a mad dash to the crack house.

Rita looked as angry as the dickens.

"Now you're doing rocks in the daytime, you assholes?", she yelled. "What about that job you were supposed to get, Shane?"

"They hired some fuckin' Jamaican nigger instead of me!", he swayed.

"The way you look, they probably kicked your butt out of the garage the minute they saw you!", she nagged, acting like a real mother-in-law. "Nobody wants to hire a goddamn mechanic who is high on crack!"

"Hey, I wasn't all buzzed out when I went for the job!", he stated responsibly. "Dusty was the one who talked me into partying on the way home. We stopped off at Sistrunk Boulevard -- hey, what's Steve doin' here?"

"Nothing!", I answered so that Rita wouldn't have to. "I was just leaving."

"Wait! Shane has to talk to you!", Dusty said nervously as she blocked the front door with her midget figure.

"Well, what is it?", I replied with grand annoyance. "I don't like to see you when you're stoned out of your mind like this, Dusty."

"Look, Steve", Shane began. "You need to give me fifty dollars!"

"Fifty dollars?", I laughed. "For what? Did Dusty visit me twice in my dreams? That's funny, but I didn't find any extra semen on my blanket."

"Just call it protection money", he growled with the aggressive demeanor of Al Capone.

"Oh, you're crazy!", I bellowed. "I can't talk to either of you when you're like this! Move out of my way, Dusty. I'm going home! Anyway, what the hell do I need to buy protection from you for?"

"Cause unless you give me the fifty dollars, I'm going to tell the FBI about that telephone call I made from Denny's!"

I started to laugh. The poor shmuck had no idea that he was playing right into our hands.

"Good-bye, Shane", I waved, pushing Dusty out of the way. "If I need protection, I will buy a pit bull! The only reason you want the money is to buy some more rocks. I'm wise to your ripoff strategies. Anyway, I don't have fifty dollars to give you so we have nothing further to talk about."

"You've got until tonight to get it, dick brain!", he persuaded. "I'm through fuckin' with you, and you can believe that!"

"Later", Dusty shrugged, which was her abbreviated way of saying good-bye.

I couldn't believe the sheer audacity of Shane Johnson!

"I've known a lot of pimps in my time", I revealed to Frank Thompson, "but never one so vile and completely devoid of ethics as Shane.

Frank turned around and stared at me transparently, and I knew that once again the light bulb had turned on in his head.

"Pay him the fifty dollars", Frank commanded.

"What?", I gasped in shock. "Whatever for? Why should we prevent him from telling the FBI what happened that night?"

"You fool!", Frank flinched. "I don't want Shane to withhold the information from Kemp -- It's more important that Kemp hears what we selectively want him to know!"

"I'm not following you at all", I whizzed.

"Listen! Just do what I say!", he ordered. "Give Shane the money, and instruct him to tell the FBI that he met with the "head of Scientology" at a "secret meeting" in Dusty's house."

"Oh, right!", I mimicked. "I could just see David Miscavige and Pat Broeker spending a leisurely afternoon popping Valiums with Rita Hipps! That is so absurd, it borders on the ludicrous!"

"That's just the point!", Frank roared. "If Bill Kemp has any common sense, he will recognize your Shore Story as complete and utter bullshit!"

"But then you would be discrediting Shane as a reliable source of information!", I protested. "Bill Kemp will never believe another word he says about anything!"

"Correct!", Frank challenged. "And so when Shane insists that he drove himself down to Denny's Restaurant and when he hammers away at Kemp until the cows come home that you had nothing to do with teaching him how to mispronounce the strange words in the telephone script, it will be as if Saint Judas the Ethical had returned from the dead with cocaine on his breath, revealing the Holy Gospel according to Fishman!"

"Have you lost your mind?", I yelled. "Are you saying that you want me to implicate the Church?"

"You are really very stupid, Steve!", he observed. "I don't know how the hell you were ever a G. O. Agent! Do you think that Bill Kemp will believe that crap for ten seconds? I repeat, how plausible would it have been for the "head of Scientology" to visit Shane? In fact, use the name Ronnie Miscavige, the Director of Marketing for the Religious Technology Center."

"David Miscavige's brother?", I laughed.

"That's right!", he reinforced quite brutally. "Ronnie Miscavige is just fine! He's never even been to the Miami Org! Using his name would have just about the same validity as bragging that Dan Quayle came to visit Shane Johnson. Do you see what I mean? And when Shane tells Bill Kemp that he drove himself to Coral Gables, Kemp will know that he is full of shit when he can't even remember where the Denny's is located. In fact, have Shane write the directions down on a piece of paper, but make it all very vague and ambiguous. It will appear far more absurd when Shane can't recall how he was supposed to get there from the notes!"

"I still can't see how Bill Kemp will find out the truth", I stated, shaking my head with maximum bewilderment. "Where does all of this horse shit lead to?"

"Oh, that's the easy part!", Frank smiled. "The FBI uses an investigation routine known as "Divide and Conquer." He'll drag Shane into one room and question him about what happened, and then he'll interrogate Dusty in another room, and in no time flat he will see that he's been made a complete fool of. Then he'll start squeezing Shane and Dusty for the truth, threatening them with jail, and they will sing like unclogged canaries! Shane will confess that you paid him a bribe to tell the FBI false data, and Kemp will get the impression that you were doing a grand-scale cover-up! Ha! This is superb, Fishman!"

"Can't this whole thing backfire?", I cautioned. "Supposing that Bill Kemp doesn't know who Ronnie Miscavige is, or what if Shane actually knows how to find Denny's Restaurant -- Or, if Shane tells Bill Kemp the truth and Kemp still doesn't believe him? What then?"

"It still doesn't matter!", Frank hyped. "The FBI will be able to break their stories down piece by piece and bit by bit, and as soon as Kemp finds out that you paid Shane fifty dollars to change the truth, he can only conclude that you were trying to cover-up your role in the telephone call and to blame the entire incident on the Church. Then you will go on to Flag and hopefully I can get back to acting like an Ethics Officer around here, instead of your feeble nursemaid!"

"Well, as long as they don't really hold the Church responsible, it could work", I concluded.

"You let me worry about that!", Frank reprimanded arrogantly. "Just have Shane admit that he called you from Denny's, and that the "head of Scientology" paid him to do it, and that he drove down there himself. And tell him to keep protesting over and over and over again that you had absolutely nothing to do with any of it. Make certain that Shane is positively adamant about your innocence! In Kemp's twisted mind, that will be the best signal of all that you were exclusively to blame. We are working with reverse flows of the physical universe here. Kemp thinks that Shane is the biggest liar in the world, so we have to make that stable datum work to our advantage!"

"It all seems so backwards, though!", I objected.

"No!", he screeched. "You are backwards! You are stuck in some pitiful wog-forsaken squirrel cage because our enemies are suppressing you! I only wish that there was some way left to tie Marc Nurik into all of this! Anyway, doing the task at hand correctly will get your Ethics Condition raised from Danger to Emergency, and you know full well that part of your Sea Org Project Prepare involves getting you into Normal Operation. After this accomplishment is over, you'll only have one more step to go! You shouldn't have even been accepted into the Sea Org while you were still in Danger. If Jan Logan knew about that, she would have never called you!"

"But what's going to happen once Bill Kemp finds out that I bribed Shane and Dusty? Won't he be mad at me? That FBI bulldog can be truly vicious!"

"That's the least of my worries", Frank bumbled. "Bill Kemp may not interview Shane for a very long time. After all, the idiot doesn't know about him yet, does he? You'll probably be basking in the Caribbean sun on the Freewinds by the time all of this nonsense gets handled. I just don't want to be forced to pick up the pieces after you're gone. If you move on to a new post without resolving the problems of your old post, then you are clearly in violation of Policy. And with an Irrevocable Ethics Order hanging over your head, the last thing that you're going to need is a major downstat while you are in the Sea Org!"

"I think the one thing that I'm going to miss the most when I'm working in Archives for the next billion years is your tremendous ability to make decisions for me", I sighed.

"A Sea Org member has to serve others by carrying out decisions by himself!", Frank decreed wisely. "The highest standard of discipline has to be imposed against yourself by you!"

"I hope we can still always be friends", I offered with a tear in my eye.

"You're assuming an awful lot right there!", he said realistically. "You and I were never friends!"

But bosom buddies or not, Frank was still an excellent Ethics Officer. I went back to Dusty's house and gave Shane the fifty dollars, which Dusty promptly grabbed out of his hand for their next acquisition of rocks.

"I hope your business with Shane don't take too long, dickweed", Dusty warned me. "We've got to take a ride over to "Nig Town."

I instructed Shane to write down the directions to the Org, but since Shane's handwriting was deplorable, Dusty grudgingly volunteered to do it, even though she had nothing to scribble on but an old envelope.

"Writing things down for money was always a lot easier than fucking you", she said with sour grapes. "I wish you still had more of those stock claims for me to sign. That extra cash came in handy."

In order to fully develop the Shore Story, I gave Shane and Dusty a recent photograph of Ronnie Miscavige taken from Impact Magazine, so they could adequately describe what he looked like to Bill Kemp.

"Here is Ronnie Miscavige, the head of Scientology!", I said with utmost pride as I grandiosely showed off his picture.

"He looks like your typical faggot!", Shane commented with a preponderance of deep-seated jealousy. "Does he shave off his dick to keep away the evil spirits too, just like you do?"

"Those are Body Thetans", I corrected, "and I have know idea whether they attack him in that sensitive area or not."

Shane swore to me on a stack of worthless bibles that he would tell Bill Kemp precisely what I asked him to say, if of course he were ever asked.

"I won't hold my breath!", I said to myself, knowing how much value a wog moral commitment was worth from a cocaine addict.

It seemed, however, that Bill Kemp had his own warped idea on how to follow up on his pointless case. Of all things, he demanded that I take a polygraph test on a wog meter that wasn't even built, designed or approved by L. Ron Hubbard!

"Those dumb squirrel machines don't work!", I protested to Marc Nurik, as I found the very idea of not being trusted extremely demeaning.

"That's besides the point", Marc said. "Bill Kemp just wants to rule out the possibility that you had anything to do with sending me that threatening letter."

"Now why on Earth would I want to harm my own attorney?", I inquired with a throb of venomous hostility.

At the FBI headquarters on Northwest Second Avenue in Miami, Bill Kemp flounced me into the polygraph room, and another Third Invader drone gave me the test. He asked me if I sent the death threat to Marc, as well as whether I had any connection with the four packages of poison

solvents which I claimed were mailed to me from the Org. I had expected those questions and I was fully prepared to lie about them. But when the polygrapher asked me if I had ever threatened the life of Steve Goldberg, or if I had called in a bomb threat to Marc Nurik's office, I was stunned and I nearly hit the ceiling! It was bad enough for the enemy to interrogate me about things that I actually did, but when the bastards accused me of nonsense that I had nothing to do with, why, that was the last straw.

Predictably, after I failed the polygraph exam by wiggling my toes, sending "rushes" or bursts of oxygen to my heart, "tingling my spine", and breathing erratically as Frank Thompson had instructed me, my Ethics Condition was immediately upgraded to Emergency, and I received a full validation and a strong handshake from Bob Levy for flunking the wog test with integrity, as well as for effectively handling Shane Johnson with the bribe.

I felt just like new again, all prepared to pack my suitcase and fly toward the Clearwater sunset into the arms of my Other Mother, the Senior Sea Org Recruiter Jan Logan.

Jan, of course, was also quite proud of her courageous little boy, and I grew dependant upon having her maternal shoulder to lean on.

I told Jan how troubled I was because I could not gain custody of my beloved but unseen son, Blake Elmowitz.

"That tiny baby is going to need his Daddy", I sobbed, "almost as much as he is going to need Scientology!"

"Since you will be leaving the country, it would be much better to wait seven years until the statute of limitations ran out for your criminal charges, and then afterward you could come back to claim your son", she consoled. "By that time, the Earth will be well on the road to being Cleared, and you will return to the United States as a planetary hero. There won't be an Ethics Officer in the world who wouldn't instantly return your child to you upon demand."

"But what about the seven years with him that I will have missed?", I wept lamentably. "How can I ever make up for that lost time?"

"As a Sea Org member, you will have to keep your priorities straight", she insisted. "I don't get a chance to see my sons as often as I'd like either, but what I am doing on post is the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics, and you will have to do the very same. The important thing is to make Ron proud of you, and from that worthy achievement all good things will follow. As long as your Ethics are flawless, flubless and unimpeachable, you will come out all right in the end!"

After I flunked the polygraph test, Marc Nurik started to have his doubts about me. And despite Leah Abady's promises and assurances that my lawyer would believe anything I told him because I was his client, the gossamer curtain of my moral fiber began to crumble and shatter in his face.

Just to make certain that the results of the FBI polygraph was truly the big mistake that I claimed it to be, Marc arranged for me to undergo a second lie detector test with a private bogus examiner. Not too remarkably, I failed that one also, but with slightly more dignity. The results were skeptically labeled "inconclusive!"

"Wog machines must be made out of pure, unadulterated crap!", I told Marc, who was neither too amused nor impressed with me. I think he had begun to suspect that something quite scandalous had been going on, the poor sap. Just to be on the safe side, however, he bought a bomb-proof safe and put all of my dinky defense papers in there.

When I told Leah Abady about Marc's paranoia, she just burst out loud laughing.

"An OT Eight Completion like Ivy Kimmich could blow his head wide open just by making a single postulate!", she explained. "She could make minced meat out of him! Your squirrel attorney thinks he is a real big hero with his bullet-proof alarm system and his bomb-proof safe! What a degraded skunk you pulled into your universe!"

I thoroughly agreed.

"Let's see how well he will be protected on the 9th of September, 1997, when Larry Wollersheim blows up the whole goddamn world!", I scoffed.

Leah was a real life saver.

Every time that Dr. Geertz tried to sinisterly brainwash me against Scientology, Leah would run some very helpful processes on me known as "Occlusions", which were able to neutralize and de-intensify the harmful effects of his evil-purposed psychological Gestapo garbage.

"In addition to blowing up Marc's office, someone should put a bomb up Geertz's Nazi ass!", I postulated. "He's recording the hypnosis sessions on tape now, and he's constantly throwing my auditing data into the Wall of Fire and trying to invalidate all of our precious Tech! He thinks that Marc Nurik is going to give him an Academy Award for suppression!"

"There is no greater cult on the planet than psychology. In due course, he will get paid back in spades for all of his attacks", Leah reassured me.

After strolling out of the auditing room, Humberto Fontana met me in the hall, angry as hell.

"You are such poison!", he screamed. "Each and every thing you do turns to shit! You are the kiss of death for any Org that you have ever come in contact with!"

"Why? What's wrong now?", I trembled.

"Just drop dead!", he shouted as he walked away.

Doug Carr, the Keeper of Tech of Miami, soon told me why Humberto was angry.

Heber Jentsch, the President of the Church of Scientology of California and the Commanding Officer of the Church of Scientology International, was arrested by the City Magistrate of Madrid, Spain in connection with the Narconon flap. Apparently, Humberto Fontana blamed me as if I were directly responsible for it.

I found Humberto in the Academy Courseroom and I valiantly asserted myself in my own defense.

"By holding me responsible for what happened to Heber, you are condemning me as a false

target!", I cried. "All I ever did was deliver some corporate resolutions to the Madrid Org! It's not my fault that Heber was arrested! I don't even know why they did that to him!"

But Humberto was not buying it. He spat right in my face.

"Get out of my sight this minute before I kill you!", Humberto warned in a slightly annoyed tone of voice. "You are Scientology's deadliest cancer! While you live, this planet has no hope! Get the fuck away from me, you Marcabian bastard!"

"Why, what planet did you come from, you stupid crazy lunatic?", I screamed. "And don't you ever spit at me again! You're not even the Director of Special Affairs anymore! You are nothing but a piece of hot-tempered Cuban shit without a hat to wear around here!"

In a fit of unrelenting rage, Humberto hit me over the head with the Volunteer Minister's Handbook by L. Ron Hubbard. Although I felt like I had a minor concussion, and I have had pains in the back of my neck ever since, Frank Thompson said that the fight was all my fault because I ridiculed him for crashing his former post.

"But he called me a Marcabian bastard!", I argued.

"So what?", Frank refereed. "That part is completely true."

But I had the last word.

In my Knowledge Report, I wrote that "Humberto hit me on the back of my head unscrupulously with the Volunteer Minister's Handbook. Although it was apparently fine to strike me on my skull, Humberto was thrown into Liability for "intentionally showing disrespect and disregard for Courseroom property, and additionally causing permanent damage to the binding of a Source book."

My head was not that important, because eventually it would either heal or die, but injury to a book written by Ron -- well, that was quite unforgivable!

Payback was sweet when I found Humberto Fontana cleaning the men's toilet while he was doing the Liability Formula.

I nonchalantly whistled as I pissed on the floor.

All I really wanted was to get out of town and get assigned to the post that I had always fantasized about -- in Archives.

"Please, Jan", I begged. "I can organize Source Data better than anyone else on the planet. There's got to be a job you can give me in the Compilations Division. I can put Ron's books in size place, and transcribe his precious lectures onto a word processor, or do whatever else you want me to do. I would even be happy to sweep the floor of the Bookstore aboard the Freewinds if there were no other openings. But I am pleading with you, Jan! Get me away from here!"

"Archives my foot!", she nattered. "I need you in Tech! You're a Saint Hill Special Briefing Course Graduate Auditor! You are Malchoot! How do you think it would look for the Antichrist to be sweeping a dirty floor when he could be Clearing half of this planet!" Use your ruddy head, my boy!", she stamped with her flippantly Rhodesian half-cocked accent.



"But I know the Sea Org Tape Catalogue Numbering System by heart, and in no time flat I could be trained on working the INCOMM Scientology Computer Network, and there is no one more qualified in Org Bookstore Dissemination Tech or in organizing the Publications Org stockrooms and warehouses on this planet than I am! Surely you wouldn't want to deny me my full potential as a thetan. I was the Spatial Conceptualizer of the Galaxy on the Planet Avodelegadra, and before that I was the Archivist of the Universe! Certainly I have a right to get my original post back if I can perform better on the job than anyone else!"

"Yes, and you can have it as soon as you've earned it -- after we Clear this planet!", she echoed sternly as her chalky breath hit me right through the phone. "We are desperate for Class Twelve Auditors to rocket people up the Bridge! Your daydreams about aesthetics will just have to wait until we finish getting the job done! There will be plenty of time to turn you into a stuffy Librarian when you get old and become useless!"

"Okay, but just remember that Ron wants his Tech and Source Data properly maintained, safeguarded and protected by his Loyal Officers!", I argued. "I was a Kha-Khan once. Did you know that?"

"In the Sea Org we never rest on our laurels", she warned. "You are now part of the Scientology aristocracy -- the elite! And I fully expect you to take up the challenge by doing exactly what you are told, and serving the Third Dynamic with pride!"

"Yes, you are right!", I buttressed. "I was thinking only of myself again."

"Well, if that's the case, what other wog considerations are stopping you from fully duplicating an ethical viewpoint?", she inquired pompously.

"Now that you mention it, I'm worried about not seeing my two daughters once I leave Fort Lauderdale", I confessed. "That definitely troubles me a lot. I love my children and I am very devoted to them."

"If that's true", she counteracted, "how come you never took them away from that greedy bitch of a mother of theirs, and put them in the Sea Org Cadets where they belonged in the first place?"

"I suppose I was too reasonable about it because they seemed to love Jaime so much", I sighed.

"But the hag is a suppressive shrew!", Jan argued. "I've read your Knowledge Reports on your ex-wife Nureyev. She is an anti-Scientologist! You have done your kids irreparable harm by leaving them in her clutches for all of this time!"

"Oh, Jan -- you are so correct!", I sobbed, breaking down into a fit of regret. "But what can I do about it now? I'm under this Federal wog indictment! I can hardly get adequate visitation rights, let alone custody!"

"Your girls will be extremely proud of you when you start taking some responsibility for your solemn promises to Ron, and you finish de-Christianizing this mess of a planet!", she advised. "And you can't do it by writing unauthorized squirrel books like your "Holy Book of Lies." You are a big embarrassment to your Org for that, Steve."

"But you haven't answered my question, Jan!", I quivered. "How soon can I come to Flag?"

"As soon as you've sold your condominium as well as your summer home in North Carolina", she disclosed. "If you left town without disposing of those properties, the first thing that would happen is your maniac Marc Nurik would claim those assets as his legal fees, and he would use all of the proceeds of your estate to fight us with! How would it look if those funds were used to attack the very group who was providing you sanctuary? Now we surely can't have that, can we?"

"No, of course not", I agreed. "But there may not be time to sell the houses. The FBI is closing in on Dusty, and sooner or later they will blame me for everything that I did to protect us!"

"But surely you haven't broken the law by wanting to keep your Church out of a biased witch hunt!", she asserted. "Anyone with real integrity would fight for Scientology, and those who lack ethics on this degraded globe are not even worth talking about!"

"Yeah, but in the meantime --"

"In the meantime just sell your damn houses and bring us the cash or a cashier's check!", she interrupted. "There is no other meantime!"

"I'll try to get it done in a few weeks, but --"

"There are no buts about it!", she insisted. "Nothing else is acceptable and you know it! Anyhow, the money from the sale of your real estate is the very minimum that you will need to do your "L" Rundowns. And no more talk about indecisiveness or "Q&A"!"

"Wouldn't the Government be able to figure out what happened to me when you cash the checks from the sale of my property?", I wondered.

"The check can be cashed anywhere in the world!", she revealed jurisprudently. "In fact, as a decoy, I would recommend that the money be handled by the Scientology Shalom Center in Israel, because that would be a perfect place for a nice Jewish boy like yourself to go up the Bridge. I think I'll suggest that to the Flag Banking Officer."

"But I don't even have a passport anymore!", I cried in despair. "Bill Kemp took it away from me when I was arrested last July."

"Don't worry about that", she smiled. "There are dedicated Scientologists busily at work in the passport offices of every country in the free world, and they can accommodate any request that the Flag Bureaux commands of them. It is a lot easier to get you a new passport than to weed out all of your psych lice. Just concentrate on selling that property before the FBI really does decide to close in on you."

"How soon do you think everything will sell?", I asked in befuddled stupefaction.

"As quickly as you can make your postulates work!", she replied logically. "But as an extra bonus, if you bring in the cash within one month, I'll arrange for you to spend three days and two nights in the Presidential Suite at the Fort Harrison before you start your Sea Org Basic Training. Paul Laquerre will want to debrief you and Security Check you anyway, and he always insists upon complete privacy."

"Do you mean that I could sleep in Ron's bed?", I said in astonishment, my heart pounding at the glorious possibility.

"That's right!", she radiated. "That's quite a reward for an upstat, isn't it?"

"That property is going to be sold this very week!", I vowed. "Nothing is going to stop me now!"

I couldn't get the exciting prospect of falling asleep on Ron's bed out of my mind. It was as if I was finally going to have sex with God.

"I bet I'll be able to smell the theta on the pillow cases!", I told Harry Sebakovitch from behind a peephole in my reactive bank. "Life will finally be worth living if I could really lay my head down on the same soft sheets where Ron exteriorized to the top of the Bridge! What a thrill that will be!"

Two days later, I spoke to Jan Logan again, and she had more good news!

"Ken Delderfield, the Commanding Officer of the L. Ron Hubbard Library and Archives International has approved your request for a Sea Org post in his Org!", Jan announced.

I thought that I would faint from joy. Everything that I ever hoped for was finally coming true.

"Why couldn't this have only happened to me ten years ago?", I asked Jan, completely overcome with emotion. "Then I wouldn't have ever gotten into trouble with the stupid wog law and their Psych Government."

"To hell with all of those regrets", she miffed. "The whole agonized future of this planet, every man, woman and child on it, and your own destiny for the next endless trillions of years depends on what you do here and now with and in Scientology."<sup>[163]</sup>

"Ah, I love it when you quote the Admiral!", I praised adoringly. "But where will I be posted? What country will I be sent to?"

"We don't have a whole lot of choices", Jan slobbered. "There aren't that many countries that won't ship you back if you were extradited. After all, in the reactive minds of the wogs, you'll be considered a fugitive!"

"Well, where can I go then?", I asked stealthily.

"I would have selected Indonesia, but we don't have an Org there yet. I'm afraid you'll have to decide between Cape Town, Durban, Port Elizabeth, Pretoria or Johannesburg. Actually, we have two Orgs in Johannesburg, although one is really in the suburb of Yeoville."

"But those places are all in South Africa!", I quibbled. "There's a race riot going on in that country!"

"Thetans will be thetans!", Jan said cutely. "You will simply have to explain to them that the color of their bodies just doesn't matter very much. Racial prejudice can always be eliminated by giving people the correct Scientology data."

"Don't we have Orgs anywhere else where they can't extradite me?", I groaned.

"Well, you could try Harare or Bulawayo", she suggested.

"Where the hell is that, in East Kukamonga?", I ridiculed fastidiously.

"Try Zimbabwe, right next door to South Africa", Jan offered with a touch of class.

"Give me Johannesburg", I shrugged. "How many years will I have to wait until the statute of limitations runs out on my arrest?"

"I believe it's seven as I've told you before", she recollected, "although I'm afraid that I know very little about the stupidity of wog law. You could call Timmy Bowles at the Office of Special Affairs' Legal Department in California if you really need to know, although I don't really see the necessity of pursuing it. By the way, Johannesburg is the only post with a Sea Org Archives Section, so that is your most plausible choice, in any event."

Having gotten over the initial shock of being deported to the forbidden land of Apartheid, Jan explained that the Freewinds would take me as far as Kingston, Jamaica, and from there I would be given a fake Danish passport which would get me as far as Johannesburg, after which I would have to apply for South African citizenship under my new name.

"What will I be known as?", I asked Jan, wondering about my replacement identity.

"I don't know", she revealed, "but I fervently trust that your initials won't be 'SP'!"

"That will never happen again!", I reassured her. "But what do you think will happen in court after I'm gone?"

"Frank Thompson promised you that the wog criminal case would never go to trial, and I am here to ensure that dear old Frank delivers on his promise!", Jan stated with pithy sentimentality.

"Well, I suppose that I'll have to learn how to speak South African!", I bemused pensively.

"I'm afraid that just like we Rhodesians, the people of Johannesburg still speak the King's English", she laughed. "Although it wouldn't actually hurt to brush up on your Dutch and Afrikaans."

And so while I was getting ready to order my correspondence courses in those distinguished languages from the Berlitz Company, Bill Kemp had other ideas in mind. On January the 20th, he went to Dusty's house again and introduced himself to Shane Johnson, fully equipped with a copy of my cassette tape of the greasy pimp pretending to give me a hypnosis session.

It didn't take Baptist Billy Boy more than ten minutes to unravel the mystery, and to correctly conclude that Shane Johnson was actually "Scientology Scott" after all.

"You will be hearing from me real soon!", Kemp warned them as he made a hasty exit, warning my two accomplices not to leave town.

As soon as Rita told me what had happened, I phoned Jan Logan in a fit of frantic anxiety, telling her that I couldn't wait for my property to be sold. I requested permission to come to Flag right away.

"You are handling your squirrel environment rather badly", she scolded. "There's no way that I'm going to allow you to bring all of your stinking problems here! Although it is true that Flag is a sanctuary from wog, suppressive and psych interference, keep in mind that we are a religious retreat, and we employ the Tech to keep the outside world of insanity out! Accordingly, I am not going to tolerate any disruptions of the Flag Land Base just to accommodate you!"

"You've got to help me!", I pleaded. "Things are happening way too fast! The FBI is a lot smarter than Frank Thompson ever thought was possible! They are closing in on me!"

"If you truly want to come to Flag, you are going to have to prove it by doing one critical thing first!", she propositioned. "I want your squirrel attorney to drop you as a client! If you cannot convince Marc Nurik to withdraw from your criminal case, then you can't come to Flag, period. Is that simple enough for you? I told you once before that I'm not going to permit that stinking ambulance chaser to claim the money from your unsold real estate as his legal fees and then use those proceeds to attack us with, and I meant it!"

"But how do I get Marc to withdraw?", I cried.

"Just convince the idiot that he doesn't have a legitimate defense! You are not insane, and not even a deranged squirrel has the right to question your sanity! Not only that, you can prove that you are perfectly of sound mind! After all, you perform weddings, you maintain your own apartment, you drive a car, you have travelled all over the world, you have been a responsible parent to your children, and you have a Source-given right to your freedom of religion, which is Scientology. You'd better make sure that he understands that! Just tell Nurik that you did all of the class action claims on your own, and that Scientology had nothing in the world to do with it! And if he doesn't believe you, then just fire the bastard! What the hell is so difficult about canning him? Or, if you're that embarrassed about dismissing him, why don't you simply tell him that you were the one who sent him that threatening letter? No lawyer in his right mind would stay on your case after he found out a thing like that! My heavens, man! You're in the Sea Org now! If you aren't able to get rid of your son-of-a-bitch suppressive squirrel attorney, then there is no place in Ron's most elite Org for a wishy-washy, panty-waist dilettante like you!"

"Yes, that's what I'll have to do", I admitted.

"And throw your goddamn father out of the house!", she screamed. "Every time I try to call you, that grumpy old coot answers the phone! What's going on? Doesn't he have his own place to live?"

"Yeah, but Marc told him to stay in my apartment in order to watch me and prevent me from being contacted by Scientologists like you and Frank!", I confessed.

"And you are putting up with bullshit like that?", she nagged. "Don't you see how all of these degraded suppressives are ruining your life?"

"They don't understand how important Scientology is to me", I stated as a noteworthy excuse.

"Now you listen to me!", she ripped. "Either you fire that bastard lawyer and disconnect from your suppressive father, or don't you dare call me ever again!"

Jan Logan hung up on me, without even waiting for my rebuttal.

"Touchy, aren't we?", I said to the dial tone.

On Tuesday, January the 24th, Dusty called me up at five in the morning, demanding that I come down to her house in West Hollywood at once and pick her up.

Although I hated to be awakened by the sound of the telephone while I was exteriorized at the bottom of a wild dream, my heart sang with joy when I realized that the love of my life wanted to see me. All Dusty told me was that she needed a ride to court, and I assumed that it was in connection with her prostitution case that was pending on the docket in Fort Lauderdale.

I had no idea until I arrived at her house that both Dusty and Shane had been issued subpoenas to appear before a Federal Grand Jury in order to testify against me for the new and additional charges of Obstruction of Justice!

"You've got to drive me to Federal court, dickweed, not to County court!", she said, taking me by surprise.

I was stunned.

After reviewing the summonses, I asked Dusty and Shane why they wanted me of all people to drive them to the court house.

"Why didn't you just go to court in Shane's Bonneville?", I inquired innocently. "Isn't it a wee bit strange that you asked the very person who you have to testify against?"

"My car ain't workin' so good", Shane muttered in a pool of false data.

"Well, why couldn't you get Rita to drive you in her Ford?", I stated with intense exasperation. "You have a hell of a lot of nerve waking me up at five in the morning and then imposing upon me to do you this rude favor when it's quite apparent that my involvement in your little charade is going to cause me even more trouble!"

"We need to talk to you about what we have to say to that Grand Jury!", Dusty explained.

"Why are you putting me in this awkward position?", I objected.

"Who should we ask, your fuckin' grandma?", Dusty reasoned.

Reluctantly, I agreed to drive them to Fort Lauderdale.

"This is all happening way too fast!", I told them. "I just need another couple of weeks to get to Flag, that's all."

"Flag, my ass!", Dusty responded insensitively.

"They're going to stick a big flag pole up all our asses!", Shane concluded with tremendous insight. "Bill Kemp said that the Grand Jury wants to know everything about the night we went to Denny's. It's up to you whether we tell them the truth or not."

"Why is it up to me?", I inquired.

"Because if you give us two hundred dollars, we will tell them whatever the fuck you want!", he stated while I took them to breakfast at Burger King. "Plus there's gonna be an FBI sting comin' down on you, and Kemp wants Dusty and me to be a part of it. We ain't gonna tell you shit about it without some decent front money."

So it was decision time for me. I could have easily given them the two hundred dollars to save my own skin. But I was deathly afraid that if they lied in court, their testimony could harm the Church, and unlike Jesus Christ's gay boyfriend Judas, I was unwilling to sell L. Ron Hubbard down the river for thirty pieces of silver, which at six dollars an ounce, was worth a trifle less than the two hundred bucks that Shane demanded of me.

I turned them down flat, forcing them to come clean and be honest, despite the potential personal risk to myself.

"Whether anyone knows it or not, I finally did something worthwhile!", I mumbled heroically. I was hoping Ron was listening.

While driving back home after I dropped Shane and Dusty off at the Federal Courthouse on East Broward Boulevard, I wished that I had been on the Roman Grand Jury when Jesus Christ was indicted.

"Roasting him over a slow flame while his testicles were being bitten to pieces by fire ants would not have been adequate Justice!", I said to Harry Sebakovitch, who hated my bastard son even more than I did. Harry was one of those permanent valences in my head who was forever reliable and who stood by me through thick and thin. When the entire world was busy deserting me, Harry was always there.

My first impulse was to call Frank Thompson, but the Org wasn't open yet at eight in the morning. But having cognited that a second arrest on the new charges of Obstruction of Justice was imminent, I reluctantly phoned Marc Nurik. At that point I didn't care who I called, just as long as someone would actually help me.

At ten o'clock I arrived at Marc's Miami office, and I admitted to him that I had paid Shane to make the threatening phone call to me from Denny's Restaurant. Furthermore, I revealed that I had typed up the letter which threatened the lives of Marc and his wife Cindy.

Marc exploded in a torrent of anger that gave the meaning of ulcers a new name. He threatened to withdraw as my attorney if I told him just one more lie! And so, during the next six hours of Marc's yelling and screaming, I vacillated back and forth between my desire to please Jan Logan and to quietly pacify my grueling, drooling solicitor.

What a dilemma I was in!

If Marc was correct and my re-arrest was imminent, the goal of my meeting with Squirrel Nurik was to assess how many days it would be before I had to leave town. Yet, in order to go to Flag, I had to accomplish the now-not-so-difficult feat of getting Marc to quit.

The problem was such that if Marc walked off my case too early and the Third Invaders grabbed me, then who would I call upon for help? And yet, if I ran off to Clearwater without first having Marc withdraw, I might not be accepted or allowed to stay at Flag at all.

I felt as if I were walking along a mine field with neutron bombs hiding under every pebble. I was in a race to get to sea as the Captain of a sinking ship.

"How could you threaten the life of my wife?", Marc gasped in horror.

"How could you think that anything was more important to me than my immortality?", I responded without much sympathy for him.

It was simply amazing to hear where Marc Nurik was coming from. In my opinion, my attorney was nuts! The fate of the entire world was in jeopardy, and all he was really concerned about was the safety of his wife Cindy, who I had recently discovered was a psychologist herself!

"Lunacy has always been the earmark of suppression", I reminded my valences philosophically, as they all stood at attention.

"The Church of Scientology will never place me at risk when I am so vital to L. Ron Hubbard for Clearing and de-Christianizing the planet!", I explained to Harry Sebakovitch and the others.

But the truth be told, there was trouble brewing in my collapsing universe. For one thing, the FBI discovered my involvement a lot faster than Frank Thompson promised would happen. Secondly, nobody ever warned me that I would be charged with "Obstruction of Justice!"

"What the hell is "Obstruction of Justice" anyway?", I screamed to Marc. "All I did was protect the Church! What does that have to do with obstructing justice? Wog justice doesn't even exist in this sector of the galaxy."

But Marc was much too angry to explain anything so illogical to me. He simply couldn't believe that I had lied to him.

"A Scientologist doesn't owe a wog any kind of truth!", I asserted in my own defense. "The most that I can offer you is a "Level of Acceptable Truth! That's the best that I could ever do for a non-Scientologist!"

Public Relations, according to Source, is "The technique of communicating an Acceptable Truth which will attain the desirable result."<sup>[164]</sup>

"An "Acceptable Truth" is nothing more than another lie!", Marc hissed, spitting all over his ostentatious moustache. "I want the complete truth, and no more lies, or you are history!"

For me, death was a far sweeter alternative than disloyalty.

Every time I told Marc the truth, I was piling up more and more overts and withholds against Scientology.

I also had some mammoth overts and withholds against Marc. The biggest withhold of all was that I didn't give a fucking damn about my criminal defense! But it was still a Catch-22. If I fired Marc, I was certain that he would betray me to the U. S. Marshals, just for spite!

"He's just that type of squirrel!", Harry whispered behind my ear.

Marc wanted the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me Ron! That was a bit too



much to ask for, wouldn't you say?

This mess was the biggest paradox of my eternity. Telling Marc the truth would have resulted in the most devastating downstat that I ever had to face in my life! Yet, what choice did I have? Somehow, I didn't think that Jan Logan would come to see me in Federal prison on Visitor's Day. Furthermore, I didn't know of anyone who was qualified to calibrate my E-Meter inside a Third Invader Jail.

"Why did you sabotage your own case?", Marc asked with fumes of rage and wax coming out of his ears.

"Who ever thought in terms of sabotaging my own case?", I argued. "What kind of semantical crap is that? I was protecting the Church, pure and simple. Frank Thompson assured me that this case would never come to trial, so what was there to sabotage? Going up the Bridge was and still is my only concern, and nothing else matters to me!"

But alas, there was no meeting of the minds.

Marc could not fathom even slightly why my Ethics Conditions were more important to me than my criminal defense. He was coming from a decadent wog world of stark, raving madness and was attempting to perceive what our wonderful organization of total goodness, ultimate truth, and complete sanity was like.

"I was never very good at communicating with ants", I said allegorically. "Scientology is here to make the able more able. Consequently, I don't know what it can do for you!"

"I don't give a shit about that!", Marc raged. "For the last time, I want the truth!"

So I tried to make Marc a deal. I offered to tell him the complete truth in exchange for Scientology's complete immunity.

"If you don't attack the Church, I promise to tell you everything!", I suggested, missing a heartbeat or two along the way. "No more deals!", he roared. "You tell me the truth right now, or it's all over!"

Catching my breath, I realized that I had revealed far too much already. There was no way that I would be able to get through one of Frank Thompson's grueling debriefings after a six hour session with Marc! And how could I tell Frank that I lied to Marc if I actually told him the truth? I would literally be cremated by Frank's personal sojourn into Cigarette City! My arms burned from merely thinking about it!

Marc's office began spinning around me. The walls were rapidly dissolving and his oriental furniture looked like an egg dropping of Chinese junk.

To make matters worse, my TRs all went out. I began losing my award-winning composure.

The only element that kept our communication alive was my uncanny ability to go into the valence of a Suppressive Person, out-Marking Marc with hatred toward myself.

"I'll tell you all of it -- the truth", I began, "but I want you to know that my immortality will be on your conscience for forcing me to do this!"

"Are you crazy?", Harry shouted in muted silence where only I could hear him. "This shmuck has no conscience!"

"There isn't a Scientologist alive who wouldn't use pimps, prostitutes and squirrels to preserve their own beingness and to keep Source Tech in!", I continued. "I have a responsibility to eliminate all of the false data of the filthy cult of Christianity, and I may very well have a higher standard of diligence than the average Scientologist does, to boot! Contrary to wog law, Scientology Ethics is the only system of agreement that has ever made sense to me!"

But I finally caved in to peer pressure.

I even admitted to Marc that I had planned to visit Frank Thompson after our interview was over, in order to undergo a thorough Security Check and an intensive debriefing.

After I was finished, a withered and exhausted Steve Fishman was sitting at the wrong end of the stick, totally vanquished and beaten by his squirrel attorney. As I laid there, exteriorized on the ceiling looking down at that wretched body which I often called my own, it made me puke to see Marc Nurik having his field day, although at best it was a hollow victory, even for him. After all, Marc had wasted seven months of his time and countless misspent dollars on some of Frank Thompson's better wild goose chases.

"There's no hope of postponing the Irrevocable Ethics Order now, you asshole!", I said to my body.

But it was me, not my shell, who had betrayed myself.

The wog world may have applauded me for "coming clean" with the bastard barrister, but my rash moment of weakness would undoubtedly cost me a dismal immortality of dark, boring loneliness within that infamous rock, and the International Justice Chief would without question have the last laugh.

"How long will it be before I am re-arrested?", I asked Marc with trembling hand and crackling voice.

"Nothing will probably happen until this coming Monday", he replied with a lack of total certainty that is so typical of criminal courtroom jesters. "We will just have to get through it, that's all. In the meantime, I don't want any more lying, or any further contacts with Frank Thompson, Jan Logan, or any of your other Scientologists!"

"Can't I see Dusty for sex?", I pleaded, hoping to extend myself. "I feel so lonesome already!"

"Don't even think about it!", he warned. "She's a Federal witness against you. Go get AIDS from somebody else!"

Marc was serious. He meant business.

No way was he going to give me another chance.

That evening, on the 24th of January, 1989, the State of Florida executed Ted Bundy, a notorious murderer who had the sad misfortune of never being audited. As I watched the execution

on television, I wished that the two thousand volts of electricity had passed through my body and not his.

"Ted Bundy did not deserve to have the infinite pleasure of death for the out-Ethics crimes which he committed against innocent people", I wrote in my diary. "The ecstatic sensation of death should go to me!"

Ah, but as I told you before, death was a far sweeter alternative than disloyalty. Death was too much of an upstat for me. Lifetime after lifetime, it had always been so. You don't know how many times I tried to fight the bastard Christ and lost! Yet, there was a soothing peace in that dull rock which awaited me at the furthest corner of nowhere. Nevertheless, I was the first to admit that my evil actions might not earn me that cool dip in the Sea of Tranquility.

"That's a moon rock anyhow!", Harry reminded me as if he knew everything.

But Harry was so right!

What did I have to lose?

I was getting kicked in the ass of the universe to a purgatory a lot further away than some dead air in space.

And so, I made up my mind right then and there to repent for betraying the Church, in the hope that one day my disloyalty would be forgiven, and I truly would deserve to die.

"If I am going to be arrested on Monday, I have only five days left to get my life in order and to go to Flag", I said to myself, since even my valences had gone to bed. "The worst that could happen is that Jan Logan will turn me over to the Federal Government once she finds out how badly I have betrayed the Church. The Security Check at Flag will reveal how much I have told Marc, and I will simply throw myself at Jan's mercy. But it won't make much difference if I am arrested in Clearwater or in Fort Lauderdale. At Flag, there is still a chance for me, although it is rather a slim one."

I remembered how horrible it felt when the Gestapo dragged my family and I away to Auschwitz during my lifetime as Mordecai Kusvitz. My beautiful wife Natalya, and my children Aron, David, Barna and of course my precious Rivkalleh were all brutally slaughtered. I had no more respect for the Federal Government of Third Invaders than I had for the Nazi Government of the Third Reich. After all, it was the United States who raided our Founding Church of Washington, D.C. and seized our E-Meters; and were cruelly responsible for making Ron a virtual fugitive and prisoner during the twilight years of his beloved life. Nazis and Feds -- they were all one and the same to me.

"The Psychiatric Christ Government must die!", I swore, as I began to pack my bags with recently-ironed socks.

After all, it was L. Ron Hubbard who wrote affectionately of "Scientocracy -- Government of the people, by the Thetans."<sup>[165]</sup> What we actually have now is a Government of the Psychs, by the Suppressives!

I made preparations to leave Fort Lauderdale that coming Sunday night, after I had a chance to say good-bye to my two beautiful daughters for the very last time, as Sunday was the day when my ex-witch Jaime allowed me to see them.

I weighed the risks of waiting until the weekend carefully, and although I knew that by hanging around I was playing Russian Roulette with my freedom, I nevertheless relied upon Marc's statement that "Nothing would happen until Monday", especially after he spoke to Bob Cornell, the Federal Prosecutor of Fort Lauderdale, who assured him that nothing was being done about me until the beginning of next week.

"The FBI will not be psychotic enough to look for me at Flag", I told Harry, my only remaining friend and Body Thetan companion. "If Bill Kemp thought that I was trying to blame everything on the Church, then there is no way he would ever send a search party to the Fort Harrison Hotel!", I concluded. "I will be safe there!"

"Life is always a matter of choices", I thought. "Once I resumed my ten trillion year-old post as Archivist of the Universe, then I would have all the time in the world for luxuries, such as meat-body wog parents and children."

I had every intention of phoning my family once in South Africa, just to tell them that I was safe.

"No one will ever accuse me of being inconsiderate!", I winked.

I knew that my children would be well cared for, because Jaime once told me that if I ever jumped bond, she would report me as missing, so that she could cash in on my life insurance policy after seven years. My ex-wife always had a good nose for business, despite the abysmal plastic surgery that she had snotted through two years before.

My entire future rested with Jan Logan.

I was betting the house that once I showed up on her doorstep, she wouldn't turn me away.

She was, after all, my Other Mother.

And even though I had been a very bad boy cavorting with the squirrels, I lived in the fond hope that no matter what had happened, she still loved me.

Time would tell.

# CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

## Messiah In The Spin Bin

I was hoping it was only a dream.

There I was in 1944, back in the body of Mordecai Kusvitz, when three Obersturmfuhrer Elite Guards from the Gestapo Secret Service pounded on the door of my Budapest apartment, and carted off my family and I to Auschwitz.

Therefore, when I heard the banging and shouting of Bill Kemp and his pistol-packing henchmen in the hallway of my condominium, I was certain that I hadn't snapped back into my body yet, and that I was still Free Wheeling inside the Nazi nightmare.

Actually, Special Agent Kemp didn't bring two henchmen. One was a hench-woman. Trembling and disoriented, I changed out of my pajamas after I had urinated in them from catastrophic fright. Old Billy Boy read me my "rights" and then accused me of my "wrongs", telling me with his repulsive Christian stone-face that I was being re-arrested for Obstruction of Justice.

"But today is only Friday!", I pleaded, foolishly hoping that he would take the weekend off and come back Monday after I had left town.

"Hurry up!", he yelled like an overseer from a pre-Civil War Southern Baptist plantation before the slaves were set free. "We've got a date with the Magistrate!"

"How poetic", I thought as I tried to postulate the hemorrhaging of his vile wog heart while I meticulously got dressed.

"Let's go!", he ordered abusively, not even giving me sufficient time to shave my face and penis.

There was no point in calling the Org. Neither Frank Thompson nor Ray Jourdain were there at eight in the morning, and the last thing that I wanted to do was to implicate them in my downfall, after all I had been through to help them.

Magnanimously, Kemp agreed not to put the handcuffs on me until I got into his asshole-brown car, so that the receptionist and the Security Guard of my condominium building would not see me being dragged out into the street like a common criminal. Of course, the darling tyrant warned me about trying to escape. Like other friends of country, death and Jesus, he was carrying a loaded gun under his belt.

"Maybe one day it will go off where it hurts him the most and make the slimy sweat-hog impotent!", I said to myself.

The Federal Magistrate ordered me back to the Metropolitan Correctional Center of Miami, commonly known as jail. I wasn't allowed to make bond again because I had been arrested for violating the previous bond conditions, despite the fact that Frank Thompson never warned me that this would ever happen. I was held over on some wog rule known as "Pre-Trial Detention", which meant I had to remain in jail until the trial for criminal fraud in San Francisco took place. The news sent me into a state of shock.

"This is not fair! You are all crazy!", I screamed.

As soon as I was taken out of the court room and thrown into a holding cell, I was overcome with a gripping case of mortal terror. I was especially in a state of panic over my squirrel attorney because Marc had promised me that I wouldn't be arrested until Monday.

"How could that bastard betray me like that?", I cried out loud. "I was so honest with him during the last time we met! How could I have ever been so stupid as to trust him over the weekend?"

I started freaking out.

"What a difference a day makes", I sang with deranged glee as I tried to saw off the bars of the holding cell with my fingernails.

The only wonderful thing about being in the bowels of the Federal Building was the tuna fish that they gave me for lunch. In fact, the sandwich which the U. S. Marshals handed me was the best tuna fish I had ever eaten in my entire life! I have spent up to ten dollars for similar platters in the finest seafood restaurants in Florida, and never did it taste as good as that one. Even the tuna fish at Flag wasn't quite as fresh, although I don't want that confidential information leaking out to anyone. Ordinarily I wouldn't have eaten a blessed thing, because I was exceedingly nervous and I wasn't very hungry. However, who could resist the catch of the day! I doubt that the Marshals made the sandwiches themselves. They probably sent out for the snacks from some obscure wog restaurant. If the person who cooked my lunch is reading this book, please let me know so I can send him a thank-you card.

I had to wait in the holding cell for the whole damn day. Jan Logan's voice comforted me, and I knew that as a Sea Org member, I had to "Make Things Go Right" by throwing in the towel and dropping my body in favor of a new one without further ado. The proper action was to commit suicide, and somehow I knew that Ron would be waiting for me at the top of the Bridge, guiding me through the Between Lives Area, so that I would avoid the dreaded shifts of time.

"And even if I come back to life in the sixth century, so what?", I asked myself. "I could teach the druid monks all about doing their TRs, according to Ron's rules of Standard Tech!"

When I finally arrived at the jail, the harrowing experience of having to change into prison garb in front of all those naked hairy criminals was far too much for me. My sensibilities were visibly shaken. I was terrified of being raped by them because my testicles were covered with day-old stubble, and already they had started to mouth some very vicious homosexual profanities to me.

"I assure you that I'm not queer!", I yelled to the mob. "I'm just protecting myself against Body Thetans!"

"Maric'n!", the crowd began chanting, which is the Spanish word for "faggot."

I started shaking uncontrollably, and for the first time in my life, I couldn't get my words out.

"Hey guard!", a prisoner shouted who had a little bit of sympathy. "This prick is having some kind of seizure! Get the fuck over here!"

I kept smelling rotten eggs and shit, and seeing visions of vomit and diarrhea, and Jan Logan continued to call out to me so that I would quickly end all of my pain and suffering.

A very compassionate and good-natured prison counselor named Officer Blackwell separated me from the other men who were teasing me, and brought me into his office, placing a heavy blanket around me to stop me from shivering. My eyes would not focus, and I could not talk at all without stuttering wildly.

"Bring us back the faggot with the shaved balls!", the criminals taunted from the main transfer cell of the Prisoner Receiving Section of the jail. "We want to play with him!"

"Quiet down in there!", a guard shouted back.

"What kind of a fucking jail is this?", griped an enraged Cuban reprobate. "How come you give special treatment to gay pussies?"

"Either you shut up or you'll stay in the transfer cell all night!", the guard warned.

"You want me to wait while that fairy douche bag gets pampered?", he argued. "I'm freezing my buns off in here, man! How come I didn't get a warm blanket like the faggot?"

"Maybe Blackwell wants a piece of his tender ass!", another prisoner suggested derisively.

Officer Blackwell closed his office door and shook his head in disgust.

"I don't know how you're going to make it in here without getting your head bashed in", he sighed. "Meanwhile fill out these admission forms."

But I had a better idea in mind. I started doing the Helatrobic Effect, inhaling vigorously and repeatedly while I held my nose and swallowed rapidly after each forced breath. I knew that I had to keep doing the maneuver without stopping, and if I kept an accurate count, I would be deep in a coma long before I repeated the routine one thousand times.

While "Helatrobic", as I affectionately called it, I became aware that I was running "time" as an engram. Every tick of the clock was a moment of pain and unconsciousness for me, since I never wanted to be stuck on the time track in the first place.

"Soon I will be beyond time's deadly reach!", I told Ron as I continued counting.

How ironic it was that in the twilight years of my awareness, I would be imprisoned in a place "to do time", the very thing I wanted no earthly part of. The good news was that I no longer required a physical body either, and consequently I was very anxious to get rid of it.

"What kind of breathing exercises are you doing?", Officer Blackwell inquired, forcing me to temporarily stop.

"I'm very much out of valence right now", I insisted, "and I need to do an End of Cycle and exteriorize so that I can be with Ron right away!"

"Who is Ron, your boyfriend?", he asked with a straight face.

"Oh, no!", I cried. "You think that there are sexual overtones to this too, don't you! Ron is Source, the Eighth Dynamic!"

"Could you please tell me what it all means?", he said in earnest.

"Jan Logan will explain it to you!", I promised. "Just call her at Flag, or let me talk to Frank Thompson at the Org!"

But Officer Blackwell did not allow me to use the phone.

"Either let me phone my Ethics Officer or permit me to handle my body and resolve this lifetime once and for all! Can't you see that I have to end this contagion of aberration that I am embroiled in? You are interfering with my destiny!"

"And what exactly is your destiny, Fishman?", he inquired with all the disadvantages of an open mind.

"To drop my body and be with the Admiral!", I assured him. "I don't want to live in this grotesque human shell anymore!"

"Why do you want to commit suicide?", he asked in a monotone of moderate curiosity.

"I have a stack full of overts against the Third Dynamic, and I have gone into agreement with a boatload of squirrels and SPs!", I sobbed. "Nobody has to tell me what Ethics Condition I'm in! I'll tell you, okay? I'm in Treason or worse! Now how do you expect me to live with that? Just put me in my cell! I need to buy myself a one-way ticket out of here!"

"Out of where?", Blackwell asked in a web of total confusion. "Out of jail?"

"No, out of my body!", I clarified. "This lump of meat is my only jail, and I want out! There is nothing more that I can accomplish here!"

"It's that breathing exercise, isn't it?", he beamed. "You were trying to kill yourself somehow, weren't you?"

I didn't even bother to dignify him with an answer.

"All he would do is to try and stop me anyhow", I thought out loud to whichever thetans were still listening.

I shouldn't have told Blackwell as much as I did. He put me into the prison hospital, and onto a humiliating program called Suicide Watch.

"Any time he starts that funny breathing stuff, you stop him!", Blackwell told Officer Williams, the guard who was assigned to watch me.

My hospital cell was quite comfortable compared to where I had been last July in the "E" Unit. There was a sink, a shower, and a soft bed with three blankets and two pillows. The room even had a cheap looking white and orange curtain, just like the one that used to be hanging up against the window of my favorite massage parlor in Pompano Beach.



And I was not alone either. The other prisoner on Suicide Watch was a deranged old Spanish man living next door named Santos, who kept drinking from out of the toilet as if it were the fountain of youth.

The prison hospital ward had a refrigerator, and the physician's assistant was very kind to me, giving me orange juice whenever I was thirsty. Of course, he also tried to give me a sleeping pill with it, which prompted me to throw a mad fit about the perils of drugs.

"Give this shit to your psychiatrist!", I yelled, hurling the medication on the floor and stomping on it with my foot. "I have an uncontaminated body, and I intend to keep it that way for as long as I am trapped in it, which I hope to Source isn't too damn long!"

To pass the endless torture of time, I stayed exteriorized most of the day and night, mocking up a variety of idyllic scenes of myself at Flag, doing my OT Levels and the precious "L" Rundowns. My favorite pleasure moment was dramatized by becoming a new baby again, and being cradled in the soft, mushy, flabby arms of my Other Mother, Jan Logan.

"I promise to protect you from Christ's nuclear holocaust", Jan whispered as she rocked me back to sleep. "You are my beloved Malchoot, and Ron is your real father."

With the guards watching me twenty-four hours a day, it was very difficult to do the Helatrobic Effect in their presence.

"When am I going to have some privacy?", I screamed. "I can't even masturbate while all these men are watching me!"

A bright spot on the horizon came when I heard one of my baby sitters, Officer George Kurz, mention the subject of "OT." I jumped out of my bed, and my heart began pounding a million miles a minute.

"Are you a Scientologist?", I gasped with unrelinquishing enthusiasm. "Did I really hear you talking about OT?"

"I'm no scientist!", he confessed. "I'm one of the officers in the prison kitchen. And yeah, I was talking about OT. It means "overtime". I get fifteen dollars an hour to watch you sleep!"

It was hopeless. I was anchored and marooned at the very bottom of a wog wasteland.

It was a true pain in the ass to come back into my hideous body and do such boring things like piss and eat. The guards complained that I didn't answer their questions most of the time, but I was far too busy trying to shut down the body's vital functions from the outside looking in to hear the likes of them. I attempted again and again to pierce the body by postulating its overdue death with mocked-up lightning bolts, but the damn genetic entity wouldn't die. It just laid there on its stinking bed, staring up at me on the ceiling.

"We really built shit like you to last, didn't we?", I told my body with a blood-thirsty appetite for destruction.

To keep myself from going crazy, I mocked up an imaginary E-Meter and began auditing myself. I ran into problems when the meter needle started to rock slam, and I didn't have any worksheets to write down the disturbing data.

"Okay, Body Thetans, here is your chance!", I screamed in horror. "You always wanted to take over my evil-purposed body! Why don't you do it right now? I don't want the damn thing anymore!"

While inside my hateful torso, I went into a sharp decline, feeling depressed within a state of apathy, and not wanting to eat any more of the drab, unseasoned food. Fearing that my health was failing, which would have been darned nice, Officer Blackwell requested that one of the prison doctors come to see me.

"A psychiatrist?", I screamed in mortal dread. "No! Keep that bastard away from me!"

But my pleading was to no avail. Both a psychiatrist and a psychologist came to see me at the same time.

"This outrage can't be happening!", I screamed, embalming myself in a pool of sweat which was replete with the odor of pungent fear.

I was literally beside myself with despair, as the body was laying down in a terrified stupor while I was standing up, aghast with alarm and wrath.

"No electric shocks, and no psychotropic drugs!", I warned them from my stew-pot of self-abasement. "That's the only way that I'll talk to you!"

Much to my surprise, they unconditionally agreed to my terms.

Neither Dr. Perez nor Dr. Neuhring ever met a Scientologist before. It didn't take them very long, however, to sense the hatred which I had for their repulsive "profession".

"Why do you dislike us so much?", asked Dr. Neuhring, the psychologist.

"Who do you think trapped us in our physical bodies in the first place?", I replied. "You and your degraded predecessors!"

When I calmed down, I explained to the two suppressives that I found it impossible to relate to psychs of any kind, because of the overt acts they have been committing against thetans for the last seventy-six trillion years. I further explained that Jesus Christ was the first psychiatrist to trap people during his lifetime as Yushkipondrec, and how my mission on Earth was to de-Christianize the planet and rid the world of all such criminal forces of counter-intention and evil. I told them how Christ intended to blow up the Earth on the 9th of September, 1997, and that he was grotesquely occupying the wretched body of Larry Wollersheim, the nemesis and public enemy number one of Scientology. I revealed myself as Malchoot the Antichrist, and I detailed how my bastard son Jesus was really born. Finally, I disclosed the essence of my promise to Ron, which of course was to stop Wollersheim, to Clear the planet, and to save the world from being destroyed.

"My name is Ron too", Dr. Neuhring said.

"I'm talking about the real Ron, L. Ron Hubbard!", I insisted, highly incensed that a psychologist would dare compare himself to the Admiral!

Dr. Perez, the psychiatrist, had not said very much up to that point. He kept writing down notes, and appearing very menacing with his invalidating, drug-dispensing, beady eyes.

"If your mission is to prevent the Earth from being blown up, then how can you consider suicide as an alternative?", he asked with profound curiosity.

"I no longer have any reason to remain in this body!", I cried. "The International Justice Chief gave my mission to somebody else! Don't you understand? I crashed my post! A Scientologist without a hat to wear is worth nothing! If there were any way to carry out my promise to Ron and Clear the planet on my own, of course I would stay in my body! But it just doesn't seem possible from where I am right now!"

"Supposing there was hope?", Dr. Perez asked.

"Now, this is really cute!", I shrieked. "I can't believe that I am actually listening to a mad psychiatrist encouraging me to Clear the planet when he doesn't even have the foggiest idea as to what Clearing the planet really means! But I'll tell you what it means right now, Dr. Perez! Earth would no longer have a reactive mind! Thetans would be free and able to exteriorize at will just like I do, without either the fear or the stigma of being called "crazy" by aberrated scum like you! And every trace of suppression would be finally eliminated! Each psychiatrist would have but one chance to be rehabilitated, and those who either fail or refuse to help Scientology must and will be separated out from the sane and able strata of civilized society for eternity! So now that you have heard me out, how in Ron's name can you go on encouraging me to continue my quest for total freedom when it is absolutely contrary and inimical to your brutally destructive and evil purposes? The psychiatrist creates mental illness! Why are you being such a damn phony?"

It was a moot question.

I was diagnosed as "bi-polar" or manic depressive, which are both pathetic psych words for what we call a "Roller-Coaster" in Scientology, or one who "gets better, gets worse, gets better and gets worse, because the case is a Potential Trouble Source to his auditor, to others, and to himself."<sup>[166]</sup>

Of course, Dr. Perez's cockeyed "bi-polar" analysis was a lot of bunk! Had it not been for the suppressive Third Invader Government and their insane wog laws, I would have continued to make stable gains in Scientology, and I would have been at least an OT Two completion by now!

"Bi-polar my ass!", I screamed to Dr. Perez. "What do you think I am, a copper-top battery?"

"Don't worry about a thing", Harry Sebakovitch said while I was having a chat with him after I was brought back to my room on Suicide Watch. "You don't have to huff and puff so much trying to do the End of Cycle all night long. Ivy Kimmich certainly must be aware of your predicament at Flag, and I'm sure that she's going to postulate a massive heart attack for you that will be worthy of your attention."

So I waited and waited, but Ivy didn't do a damn thing to take me out of my misery.

"When is that OT Eight whore going to wake up and remember that I am laying here suffering without any remedy?", I cried. "Why can't she spare me all of this agony and just kill me?"

"Maybe you're getting what you deserve, you dog!", someone bellowed.

"Who is that?", I quaked, treading lightly on my thoughts.

No reply was necessary. The sound of his wonderful voice was all that I needed to make me happy. It was Paul Laquerre, the International Justice Chief, putting out a communication line to me!

"Even bad communication was better than no communication at all", I reckoned.

But of every one of my dearest friends who cared more about me than life itself, it was Jan Logan that I longed to talk to the most.

"What a flagrant disappointment I must have been for you, my sweetest Other Mother", I cried, flooding my smelly pillowcase with internal devastation and regret. "I wanted so much to go to Johannesburg and make you so very proud of me!"

I must have spent the next two days thinking about good old "Joburg", which is what Ron used to call the Johannesburg Org in his many tapes and lectures. The most famous Security Check called the "Joburg", also came from there.

But there was a brand new fly in my ointment.

Johannesburg was only a Class Four Org, and as a Class Six Saint Hill Special Briefing Course Graduate, there wouldn't have been any auditing available in South Africa that would have taken me any higher than I already was on the Bridge!

"Why the hell did Jan Logan promise that I would do my OT Levels in Johannesburg when there is no Advanced Organization in South Africa to deliver them?", I asked Harry. "I would have never gone up the Bridge if I were stuck in a place like that! The bitch fooled me!"

Consumed with anger, I stopped trying to kill myself and demanded that I be permitted a phone call to Flag. Predictably, both of the prison psychs refused to let me contact Jan.

"I need answers and I need them now!", I screamed to the psychologist, Dr. Neuhring. "I want to know how Jan Logan expected me to go to the top of the Bridge from an Org that doesn't deliver any auditing in the OT levels!"

"I have no idea", he replied, "but I wouldn't want to take my own life without getting to the bottom of that mystery, would you?"

"No, damn it!", I responded with grief-stricken animosity. "I'm not going to the Between Lives Area empty-handed! I need to know if Jan Logan was just pulling my leg!"

From that point on, Jan Logan was the only person that I could think about. I was obsessed with reaching her. Without realizing it, I had come up the Tone Scale from deep apathy to raging anger, and my entire outlook began to improve. I started eating regular meals again, and after Marc Nurik arranged to have a small black and white television brought into my cell for me, I started watching soap operas. Ironically, my favorite was "One Life To Live" -- indeed a very strange title for a Sea Org member with a billion year employment contract to confront.

After spending ten days in Suicide Watch at a tremendous cost in overtime salaries to the facility, Warden Clark paid me a visit, and asked me if I was ready to rejoin the rest of the prison population.

"I don't want to let you out of this here cell and then find out that you went ahead and killed yerself!", he warned. "We don't need any more lawsuits!"

"Don't worry, Warden", I reassured him. "The last thing I would ever do is sue the prison after I'm dead. Besides, I have sent in enough claims for one lifetime already."

Within hours, I was transferred to a supervised open unit which contained thirty-six modular bunks, known as the "Glass House."

Life was not so bad in the Glass House. It was more like a summer camp than a prison. We weren't locked up in individual cages at night, and the other inmates were not as antagonistic as the ones who I fell prey to in the transfer cell when I entered the prison.

I quickly discovered that most of my roommates in the Glass House had daily appointments with the psychiatrist and psychologist. Many seemed to suffer from the imaginary wog disease of claustrophobia, and as a result, the open layout of the Glass House best suited their needs. It didn't take me very long to make a few friends.

"Is this some kind of mental ward?", I asked Roger Robillard, a burly, wild-haired professor from Quebec who threatened to blow up an Air Canada plane because one of the ticket agents refused to speak to him in French.

"Well, some of these prisoners are on Lithium and other stabilizing medication", he replied. "They call this the Glass House because the guards can always watch us through the glass windows. The longer we stay in this place, the crazier they think we are. The sane ones are soon taken out of here."

"My sanity has never been in question!", I asserted defiantly. "I am a Scientologist!"

"I'm not the one to complaint to, my friend!", Roger smiled. "You look pretty normal to me!"

Another confidant of mine was Nelson Clark, a sixty-one year-old Australian hippie with long, scraggly white hair. He was thrown into the Glass House after he called up a local pizza parlor and ordered a large pepperoni and mushroom pizza to be delivered to the jail. Because both he and the Warden had the same last name of Clark, he tricked one of the prison operators into giving him an outside phone line, as she mistakenly thought that the Warden was the one ordering the pizza.

He also decided to go swimming in the prison lake without any clothes on, which of course was somewhat against the rules. Finally, he made an eighty-five dollar unauthorized long distance call to his son in Australia from the social worker's office, having impersonated the Warden again, and had gotten into additional trouble for that.

"You're never going to get out of jail doing those kind of mischievous things!", I warned him advisedly.

"I hope that I stay here for the rest of my life!", he answered with sincerity. "God forbid that they throw me out of this terrific place! I was homeless -- sleeping under a bridge and eating out of garbage cans. I didn't have a bath in three weeks, and I hadn't had a square meal in over a month. In this hotel, I receive three free gourmet meals a day, plus I get to jog, lift weights, and play lots of shuffleboard; and whenever I need extra money to buy things at the canteen, I can work in the

prison's uniform factory and make forty-four cents an hour! My bed's always clean; I take a shower twice a day, and I can play chess to my heart's content until the lights go out. I never had it so good!"

"What crime did you commit to get put in here?", I asked.

"Crime?", he laughed. "No, mate. I committed no crime. I wanted to get put in here. I walked over to a cop and told him that I was going to kill the Pope during that week when he visited Miami. I couldn't think of any other way to get myself arrested!"

"Do you really want to stay in here forever?", I gasped.

"Yep, that's right, Stevie boy!", he grinned. "So would every starving man, woman and child in Ethiopia if they had the chance! Hell, they'd all climb over the barbed wire fence just to get in here! The guards would have to shoot them with M-16 rifles to keep them out!"

"I suppose that's true", I reflected. "There are probably quite a few people much worse off than this."

"A lot worse!", he added. "Whenever the Feds got ready to drag me back into court and throw me out with a suspended sentence, I did something practical to extend my vacation here, like ordering the pizza and all that stuff. I'm not going to bite the hand that feeds me by leaving this paradise! I'd have to be nuts to want to go back out on the streets! I wouldn't give a wooden nickel for the County or the State jails, but the Federal system is like the bloody Waldorf-Astoria!"

"So you're just pretending to be crazy?", I asked, rather astonished. "That's humiliating!"

"Humiliating my ass!", he wheezed. "I'll do whatever it takes to stay in this fancy country club. They once got so tired of my antics that they sent me to be evaluated at a Government loony bin up in North Carolina called "Butner". I had the time of my life there too! I could never have afforded a plane ticket to see that part of the country on my own. No, my life right now is too good to be true! I wouldn't change a friggin' thing!"

Of all the close friends that I made in prison, my favorite was Rolando Nieves, a brave and valiant Cuban Freedom Fighter.

Rolando was a hero of the Cuban people. Having spent over twenty years in one of Fidel Castro's squalid jails, he was arrested with a boat full of explosives by the infamous Coast Guard while on his way back to Cuba to blow up several of Fidel's oil tankers. Labeled a madman by the prison authorities because he refused to be strip-searched due to his tremendous integrity and pride, he was the inmate who commanded my greatest respect. We immediately developed a strong bond, having both been victims of our principles and our idealism.

"In my own way, I am a freedom fighter too", I explained. "Except that in my world I am fighting for total freedom -- meaning freedom from the entire physical universe!"

"What were you arrested for?", he inquired in Spanish, within which I was perfectly conversant ever since my ill-fated life in 1561 as a well-hung Catholic Priest.

"They threw me in here for protecting my Church from attacks", I revealed. "The Feds called what I did "Obstruction of Justice" because I would have rather taken the blame myself than to endanger the sterling reputation of my Church."

Rolando had written a twenty page press release in his native tongue about his shocking arrest and the struggle of the free Cuban people against the suppressive tyranny of Castro. He needed it translated into English so that he could send it to the American newspapers and wire services. I gladly took up the challenge. It gave me something constructive to do which would benefit the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics. Prison or no prison, as a Scientologist, I was more than happy to do my part. I prepared the report using a typewriter in the prison law library, and my friend was extremely pleased indeed. Tears came to his eyes when I handed over the finished product.

"I have never seen anything so well written in all my life!", he cried with great happiness.

"You should have seen my student loan applications and my class action lawsuit proof of claim forms!", I bragged. "They would make what I wrote for you look like pure scribble- scrabble."

Rolando soon became very interested in Scientology after I taught him the basic principles of ARC, the Eight Dynamics, the communication formula, the Tone Scale, the history of the thetan across the time track, and why death is nothing but an illusion of psychiatric implanting.

Wherever I walked in the prison, Rolando followed. And even the toughest drug dealers respected Rolando. He was like a god among his people. The same wild bunch that had called me a queer and a faggot some ten days earlier were now coming over to quietly introduce themselves to me, hoping to pay their respects and to get a word of advice and approval from my disciple Rolando, who truly represented the future and the survival of the Cuban people.

"Here is the Messiah!", Rolando shouted in Spanish, pointing to me. "Come listen to him speak! He is here to prevent the world from being destroyed in 1997!"

And so each night, during the free time between dinner and "lock-down", I stood by the foot of the lake under the moonlight at a section of the outdoor compound known as "Marijuana Hill", called so because it was generally a hangout for the toughest dope dealers in the prison. With Rolando forever faithfully by my side, I lectured to the inmates on the splendors of Scientology. Each day more people came to listen, and the crowd grew larger and larger as the message of my sermons spread through the convict population like wildfire.

"You are not in prison!", I screamed frantically to the audience. "Only your body is in jail! You have the power to exteriorize -- to move out from your physical body and be anywhere you want to be on this or any other planet. You are the innocent victims here! You have been suppressed by the evil and vicious Federal Government consisting of store-bought psychiatric whores! Every one of you has a natural right to be free -- not as a body, but as a spirit, which is universally called a thetan! The longer that you stay trapped within your bodies, the more you allow the deranged suppressives of this sick, psychiatric society of theirs to control and punish you!"

My speech concerning the cruel fraud of death and the implants of the Between Lives Area had the group mesmerized in a frozen state of shock. Everything that I ever learned from Ron I eagerly imparted to the crowd. And I demanded absolutely nothing in return but their awareness. People tried to give me what little property they had -- cigarettes, a piece of candy, an fresh Florida orange -- just to show how much that they appreciated me. But I turned it all down, telling the generous ones to give the presents to others who truly needed them.

"Take back this pack of cigarettes", I told one man, and when some prisoner really craves an

extra smoke, give it to that person and tell him it was from Malchoot, the Disseminator of Scientology", I said.

Under normal circumstances, many of the prison's officers and lieutenants would not have allowed such a large crowd to congregate on "Marijuana Hill" where I openly spoke to them. But having been my personal baby sitters on Suicide Watch, I knew most of the guards on a first-name basis, and they came to trust me. Many of them enjoyed listening to my message also, and there was not one disturbance or fight during the entire time that I addressed my captivated audience with the Power of Source.

My only criticism came from Warden Clark himself, but for quite a different reason.

After dinner, I would customarily take my evening stroll with Rolando Nieves, feeding the beautiful ducks that gathered on the banks of the prison lake with pieces of bread that I took out of the dining room.

One evening, Warden Clark came over to me while I was throwing a dinner roll to a white-necked mallard with a big green head.

"Can't you read the sign?", the Warden complained. "It says "Do not feed the fish or birds!"

"That thing in the water, my good Warden, is neither a fish nor a bird, but a duck!", I revealed. "And even if you put up a sign telling me not to feed the ducks, I will disobey it, because just like you, Mister Clark, ducks have a right to eat too!"

The crowd that had gathered went wild, cheering for me resoundingly as I dared to defy my keeper, in defense of those helpless animals.

"Hey, you could get thrown into Segregation for that!", my Australian friend Nelson warned me. "You'll be locked up twenty-three hours a day!"

"He can even kill me if he wants to, but I will never let a duck starve!", I shouted in front of everyone, including the Warden. "A Scientologist is a friend to the fifth dynamic of all plant and animal life on this planet, and don't you ever forget that! If you harm these ducks by withholding food from them, then you are bound to come back as one yourself in your next lifetime!"

Seeing that the spectators were behind me, the Warden backed off, and never said another word to me about anything else ever again.

As luck would have it, I was well liked by everyone in jail except for two people.

One was my old arch-enemy Aranguetz, the sadistic guard from the "E" Unit who gave me a hard time when I was arrested the first time in July. He made no attempt to hide his feelings toward me.

After he called me a "Scientology bastard" in front of several of my close friends, I wrote a long Knowledge Report including a list of witnesses, and turned it over to Officer Blackwell, my compassionate counselor who had helped me get through those bleak days in Suicide Watch.

"You sure write good reports!", Blackwell stated. "Your facts seem to be pretty accurate and well substantiated. This will go in Aranguetz's personnel file, and will count against him for any



promotion he may be in line for."

"Maybe in some small measure there is wog justice after all!", I smiled. I don't think Blackwell knew what I was talking about.

My other adversary was the prison's Chaplain.

The imbecile asked me to leave the non-denominational chapel because I started to play several songs that I had memorized by ear from Ron's "Road to Freedom" album on the piano in the stained-glass prayer room.

"That piano is for Church music only!", he screamed insultingly.

"Look, you hypocritical, bible-kissing son-of-a-bitch!", I chastised. "I am playing Church music! These are hymnals from the Church of Scientology! And if you try to throw me out of here for no apparent reason, I will have my lawyer splatter your name across every newspaper in this Christ-infested country of yours! You have no right to interfere with my religion! Nobody is using this chapel right now! I have just as much right to use the piano as you do, especially since if I hadn't jerked off into the Virgin Mary's crazy-glued muff in the first place, neither you or your putrid statues of my illegitimate bastard runt Jesus would be here!"

I was taken down to the prison psychologist by an armed guard for my "outrageous" behavior.

"You can't talk to the Chaplain like that, Steve!", Dr. Neuhring reprimanded. "He's part of the staff here!"

"Why not?", I protested. "He knows less about religious truth than all the flies and maggots in your cafeteria put together!"

"First of all, you can't be disrespectful to anyone on duty inside the prison. That's an infraction -- you should know that. In any case, the Chaplain serves a definite purpose here", the psych laughably argued. "Religion helps to rehabilitate many of the inmates. It allows them to reconnect with their heritage and their traditions."

"You don't rehabilitate criminals by lying to them!", I doted. "It was their heritage of being manipulated by the wicked Creeping Jesus that landed them here inside this jail in the first place, because the bastard Christ was the biggest criminal of them all! If you truly want to help these people, then purchase about ten E-Meters and train about a hundred auditors in Scientology technology, and then your job will be obsolete. But I suppose you won't risk losing your cushy position in this place, will you?"

"So how can we rehabilitate Steve Fishman?", he quizzed in veiled double-talk without ever handling my origination.

"Look, Dr. Neuhring!", I retorted. "I have done a lot worse in my time than to merely obstruct justice. I pulled off the air cover of the planet Arslucus forty-one trillion years ago, and everybody choked to death as a result. That was pretty awful, wasn't it? Well, I have news for you, Mr. Psychologist. Call me a criminal if you like. I have no regrets. Arslucus was a slave society. I spent over ten thousand lifetimes on that Source-forsaken wasteland just polishing the same brick on a road built out in space. The same brick! Every time my body died from weary exhaustion, they

transplanted me into a new one, and within three years I was put right back on post, polishing that same brick all over again! Once a week the overseers would come to my workstation and feed me some horrible green slime by pumping a plastic tube into my stomach! It wasn't just me -- they did the same exact thing to L. Ron Hubbard! We were both there as prisoners together. But as his Loyal Officer, I helped him with the revolt against our slavemasters, who by the way were psychiatrists, and I personally lifted off the air cover from that despicable planet while Ron blew it all up. And that, my dear friend, was the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics. I was considered a criminal by the psychs in that society too. But as sure as I am here talking to you right now, I did the proper thing back then in that lifetime, just as I have done the correct thing in this one. All your chaplains, priests, ministers, nuns, psychiatrists, psychologists, psychoanalysts, psychotherapists, hypnotists and other whores of the scum-sucking Christ in this or any other world could never convince me otherwise!"

"You are a bigot!", he sentimentalized. "You sound no different than the Nazis, the skinheads, or the Ku Klux Klan! Instead of picking on Jews or blacks, you attack Christians and mental health professionals! That is nuts, man!"

"Scientology has nothing against the Christian people!", I protested. "Where the hell do you think most of our membership comes from? We want to set the Christians free from Christ, not to harm them or keep them enslaved! Our auditing easily disabuses them of their insane fixed ideas of heaven and hell, brought on by the Marcabian implanted brainwashing of the cult of Jesus Christ! I am here to fulfill L. Ron Hubbard's destiny! The last thing I will allow is for another space ship full of sick psychiatrists from the destroyed planet of Marcab to land here and join forces with Larry Wollersheim! No way will I ever agree to that!"

"Where is Marcab?", he inquired in a pixilated stupor.

"Where is it?", I repeated. "You mean where was it! Marcab used to be the planet between Mars and Jupiter. You lived there, I lived there, and we all came from there. Now it's just a scrap heap of asteroid rocks, floating aimlessly in space. That's another raving testimonial to the botched-up work of your Chaplain's idol Jesus! He blew it up without any remorse or regret, and now he's about ready to level this decrepit prison planet in the very same way! It's quite a clever trick that my bastard son is playing on all of you! He gets you distracted by making you afraid of a non-existent Devil so that no one will be observant enough to recognize his own evil schemes and purposes!"

"Ah, so you don't believe that there is a Devil, but you feel that Christ is the evil one", Dr. Neuhring summarized.

"I don't feel it, I know it, and with total certainty too!", I divulged. "In the OT Eight Confidential Student Briefing of May the 5th, 1980, Ron stated "The Anti-Christ represents the forces of Lucifer -- literally the "light-bearer" or "light-bringer"; Lucifer being a mythical representation of the forces of enlightenment, the Galactic Confederacy. My mission could be said to fulfill the Biblical promise represented by this brief Anti-Christ period. During this period there is a fleeting opportunity for the whole scenario to be effectively derailed, which would make it impossible for the mass Marcabian landing, or "Second Coming" to take place. The Second Coming is designed, among other things, to trigger a rapid series of destructive events."<sup>[167]</sup> He further wrote, "It is a good joke that the Galactic Confederacy is associated with the Serpent in the Garden, the Beast and other emissaries of the "Prince of Darkness". Yet, in certain passages and esoteric interpretations of the Bible, much of which has been taken out and effectively suppressed for centuries, as well as the Cabbalah, the truth reveals itself quite nicely for the clever and the unguillible."<sup>[168]</sup>

"So who is the real Antichrist, you or L. Ron Hubbard?", Dr. Neuhring asked sarcastically.

"Ron left me his legacy, and I am certain that I understand him as well as if not better than anyone else does", I explained. "I am not competing with Ron to be the Antichrist. It was my unfortunate predicament to have fathered the bad seed of the vicious Christ in that horrid lifetime which most wogs remember him for. It may have been Ron's misfortune to have interconnected with him genetically at a different point on the time track. All of that has no significance, as it relates to the assignment of bodies and not to thetans. What is critical is that the raw meat wogdom of Earth have been implanted, hypnotized and influenced by the wretched slavemasters of Marcabian psychiatry to follow their suppressive leader Jesus, falsely thinking that he represented goodness rather than the evil tyrant that he has always been and forever will be. The slaves of this planet have been fooled and have been lied to, and once they realize that his supposedly "immaculate birth" was a fraud, they will rapidly cognite on how harmful and deadly the parasitic Christ truly is! Just remember that I did not ask to be the father of that Living Death. But I have never been one to shirk from my responsibilities either! I created the problem, and now I have to handle it! I often wish that there were more than one Antichrist. I could surely use all the help I can get!"

Even if I explained my viewpoint until I was blue in the face, Dr. Neuhring still would not have understood it. After all, as nice as he tried to be to me, he was still a psych.

However, it was Jan Logan who was perpetually on my mind. I went to the prison's law library and typed out an eight page letter to Jan, blasting her for trying to send me to an Org where I could never be audited on my upper OT levels. When Marc Nurik came to visit me, I gave him the letter, demanding that he send it to Jan by registered mail, since I wanted to be sure that she received it. Predictably, Marc double-crossed me again and never forwarded it, brazenly keeping the letter for himself.

"That just shows how much you can trust a squirrel", I sadly told Ron as I requested that he communicate my message to Jan via a theta wave. With the phone lines bugged and with Marc working against me, I knew the only one left who I could really trust was Source himself.

The U. S. Government was insane enough to think that I was crazy. The prison psychiatrist, Dr. Perez, testified to that effect in court. Bob Cornell, the Federal Prosecutor, wanted to send me for an evaluation up to that loony bin in North Carolina called "Butner", but Marc successfully argued that he needed to confer with me about preparing my defense, and the Federal Magistrate agreed to place me into a private psychiatric facility known as the Hollywood Pavilion.

"I hate the idea of going into a spin bin!", I told my mother, who, like myself, never had any doubts as to my complete and utter sanity.

But as far as spin bins went, the Hollywood Pavilion was one of the more tolerable ones, although I will probably be struck dead by direct order of the OT Eight Committee for implying that a psychiatric palace of shocks, drugs and death would ever be "tolerable".

So how did I learn about the place?

I once dated a mental patient named Susan Cohen, who I had taken to one of the Citizen's Commission on Human Rights' many Psychbusts, and she had stayed at the Hollywood Pavilion as a guinea pig. Susan was once a nice, quiet girl with anorexia until her psychiatrist, Dr. Bruce Jones, turned her into an unbalanced, gruff, fat slut.

Dr. Geertz had privileges to come and visit me, and I was happy about being out of jail, despite the fact that I hated to leave all my newly found friends, especially Rolando Nieves.

The Hollywood Pavilion occupied half of the second story wing of a run-down nursing home, and was owned by the same Dr. Bruce Jones; a greasy, sloppy snake of a psychiatrist who didn't give a damn about his patients, and never learned to tie his shoelaces.

Except for a small screened-in patio, all of the windows were locked, and the place reeked from the stench of madness and stale cigarette smoke. In retrospect, Frank Thompson would have been quite at home there, at least as far as his obsession with tar and nicotine were concerned.

Some of the patients were quite bad off, walking up and down the drab, boring hallway; talking to themselves and doing the "Thorazine Shuffle", a swishy, trance-like walk caused by the debilitating effects of psychotropic medicine. I couldn't avoid noticing that many of the lost and the listless were buttered all over the asylum walls, as their bodies pointlessly trudged along, highly symptomatic of being locked out of their pathetic genetic shells, and equally unable to re-interiorize into their own gloomy carcasses.

In contrast, my roommate was a very decent sort of older man named Paul Schoffler who was depressed because his back pain prevented him from working anymore.

"I know exactly how it feels to lose your career", I sympathized. "You wouldn't know it by looking at sad, pitiful me, but I used to be the Fields Financial Planner of Miami. Now I am just a plain old useless lump of squirrel shit!"

Being in a tomb like the Hollywood Pavilion was unnerving enough, but my worst anxiety was knowing full well that Scientology Policy would bar me from ever being audited again. Ron was very clear about that when he wrote, "No person who is insane or who has an institutional background, nor any person who is chronically ill may be accepted for processing by the Hubbard Guidance Center."<sup>[169]</sup> Ron defined an "institutional background" and "institutionalization" as "Having been committed to a public or private institution for the insane."<sup>[170]</sup>

Furthermore, Ron stated, "With insane persons, or persons with a proven record of insanity, do the following: Establish to the best of your ability within reasonable administrative limits and known tests that any Hubbard Guidance Center preclear accepted for processing does not have a history of deserved institutionalization in an insane asylum or similar place, and process only those persons who have no such history."<sup>[171]</sup>

My worst horror had come back to haunt me.

After ten years of attacking the psychiatric spider, I was now deep within the foreboding recesses of his web.

Not only was I thrown into the merciless hands of the enemy, but even if I were successful in avoiding being electric shocked and medicated to death, just by virtue of the fact that I was there, festering within the bowels of a psychiatric spin bin, I would never again be eligible for auditing, and I would have to kiss the beloved world of OT good-bye.

The Road to Total Freedom -- my beloved Bridge, had been detonated and blown right off the face of my time track forever. After this lifetime I knew that I would be rendered inert by the

Irrevocable Ethics Order and my beingness would be terminated, and this time I had no way to climb out of the abyss.

To add insult to injury, I was introduced to my new psychiatrist, Dr. Aksu, who along with Dr. Geertz, were going to "treat" me.

I quickly hid my testicles between my legs.

Dr. Aksu was a man in his fifties who was nearly bald, and sported a menacing pencil-thin moustache. He looked like a classic villain from a silent movie -- one who would have no compunctions or qualms about tying a helpless virgin to a moving log while he watched with glee as a buzz-saw split her in half.

He loved wearing mustard-colored shirts, and in fact he had three or four of them. In Scientology Orgs, mustard was regarded as the ugliest of colors. If a preclear ever wrote an "entheta" letter containing insult, discourtesy, or nastiness about a particular Org or L. Ron Hubbard, we would handle the writers of those choppy letters by sending an ugly, mustard-colored postcard to any Org where the writer's name might have been part of their Central Files, and accordingly order that person's Folder into the Dead File.<sup>[172]</sup> It was so typical that a despicable psych would parade around his filthy spin bin wearing the disgusting color considered most ugly and obscene by Scientologists.

The only thing that Dr. Aksu had going for him was that he was a Turkish Moslem, not a clone of the cockeyed Christ.

"I understand that you've been telling the other patients how much you hate Jesus", Dr. Aksu began.

"You wouldn't be on his cheering squad either if you smelled the foul stench of his body odor while he was dangling on the cross", I informed him. "Personally, I would have preferred it if he were strung up by the balls, but then again, I'm quite a purist when it comes to real justice."

Without hesitation or warning, Dr. Aksu diagnosed me as a paranoid psychotic.

I burst out laughing.

"This just proves to me what an arbitrary pile of crap psychiatry really is", I objected in disapproval. "For the last twenty years, your eminent Nazi colleague Dr. Geertz has called me schizophrenic. In jail, the prison psychiatrist Dr. Perez accused me of being manic depressive, or "bi-polar." Now you have the unmitigated gall to label me a paranoid psychotic!"

"I call it as I see it", he defended emotionlessly.

"So either I am actually a manic depressive paranoid psychotic schizophrenic, or you are all full of shit!", I screamed. "Take your choice!"

"How would you diagnose yourself?", he asked with snotty disdain.

"For starters, I'm an out-of-valence, roller-coastery Potential Trouble Source with an unfulfilled compulsion to make it to full Operating Thetan at the top of the Bridge!", I revealed. "Secondly, I have a pressing need to expand the Third Dynamic by getting in Ethics all over the

planet. Thirdly, I demand "A civilization without insanity, without war, where the able can prosper and honest beings have rights, and where man is free to rise to greater heights."<sup>[173]</sup> That leaves you out, Dr. Aksu, as well as the rest of the criminals in your sickeningly repugnant homicidal "profession". Finally, I want to be free from both my physical body and the physical universe. That just about sums it up!"

"Paranoid psychotic with intense hostility and delusions of grandeur", he mumbled to himself as he walked away, writing down all of that idiotic jargon on a prescription pad, upon which he had already scribbled the names "Meloril" and "Restoril", indicating that my days of exemption from the March-of-the-Zombie pill line were indeed numbered.

"Fucking suppressive!", I whispered to Ron, indicating my own diagnosis of him.

When Marc Nurik came over to check up on me, I demanded another doctor.

"This guy wants to give me drugs!", I shrieked in deep, dark terror. "I can see it in his eyes! He's going to send me to the head of the nurse's station! Who knows what he will try to put me on!"

"You'll just have to live with him!", Marc said. "There is something radically wrong with you, and you need help! Dr. Aksu comes highly recommended."

"Who recommended him? Larry Wollersheim?", I snapped.

But it was to no avail. Marc wouldn't yield. I was stuck with that Islamic electric-shocking terrorist.

I thought of escaping from the nut house by sneaking out of the building through the adjoining nursing home, but I had no money to get to Flag, and I was terribly afraid that the U. S. Marshals would pick me up at the moment I ran away. I was under a court order to remain in the lunatic asylum, and Marc would have been very annoyed if I ever tried to pull a stunt like that.

Nevertheless, the spin bin was a living hell. I had no telephone privileges, because Dr. Aksu and Dr. Geertz both thought that if I were allowed to make outside calls, the first thing that I would do would be to phone Frank Thompson at the Miami Org.

Boy, were they wrong!

He would have been the second person I called. My first choice would have been Jan Logan. I still wanted to know how she expected me to go up the Bridge from South Africa where the OT levels couldn't be delivered!

"Who am I kidding?", I sighed to Harry Sebakovitch, who hated the psych ward even more than I did. "Being in here is like being branded a leper or the proverbial scarlet woman. I'll probably have to sew a big letter "I" on all my shirts for "Institutionalized"."

Harry and I both missed the Miami Org terribly. Tears of chronic nostalgia flooded our grief-stricken face.

"What I wouldn't give for a good cigarette burn right now!", I told old Harry. "At least Frank Thompson was interested enough to make an impression on me."

As an eternal survivor, I tried to make the best of the place. I even thought it would be possible to forget about my troubles and get laid in there. After all, there were plenty of female patients. But if those dogs who called themselves women were ever taken to the animal shelter, they would all have been put to sleep -- that's how ugly they were. A few of them were in for severe eating disorders such as bulimia and obesity, and were so flabbily hideous that they could have turned a whole boot camp full of steroid-infested U. S. Marine studs completely gay. The rest of them looked like summer-school graduates from the Bag Lady Academy, and smelled like they spent their last forty years of puberty on the inside of a dump truck. Personal hygiene amongst the chronically insane was not too cool. When all was said and done, they were a fairly gross bunch of dogs. The only lady that I would have possibly been willing to fuck on a real dull day was a rape victim who had been seduced with a lead pipe by her lesbian lover. However, she would have been a last resort in getting me back my wilting machismo and self-esteem, I can assure you of that.

So even in the funny farm, I was still lonesome. The only person who had a crush on me was a homosexual Puerto Rican named Freddy Cabrera, and I found that out by mistake when I caught him playing with himself while he was watching me sleep. Staying out of my body at night while I exteriorized did not give anyone else the right to enter into it, and I promptly warned him to stay away from me or I would cut him down to size.

The food in the cafeteria tasted like strained elephant turds. The meal planner had to be a patient herself, I concluded. The activity schedule stank too, and I got tired of stringing beads and making pot holders. Ironically, in the asylum, "OT" stood for "Occupational Therapy." Again Scientology abbreviations were being abused.

Most of my days were spent in the smoke-free group therapy room, where I watched soap operas and game shows. I finally figured out who the majority of the characters were on "All My Children", which replaced "One Life To Live" as my favorite soap, although I watched them both every day, along with "Loving". By the time "General Hospital" came on, I was ready for my nap, so I never really caught on to that one.

Three times a day, the patients marched like Zombies in the "Dawn of the Living Dead" to the pill line at the nurse's station. It was a scene right out of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest", except that this was frighteningly real. I was the only one who refused to have a dose of my own medicine, as that was my legal right. Other patients resented me for that. In a blind rage, a three hundred and fifteen pound rhinoceros named Jeffrey Meffen accused me of being a spy for the Central Intelligence Agency because I never had to take any pills. He was certain that I was brought in as a Government plant to watch his every move. He became so annoying that I finally started writing down everything that he said and did, and then believing that his fears were true, he ran away from me and never came near me again.

I found a thirty-seven year-old Jewish patient named Steve Schorr to play chess with, and in fact he was an excellent chess player. Although highly educated, he went nuts after his father ran off with Steve's wife and then married her. After thirty games of chess, I finally beat him, and I discovered that he couldn't take losing. He threw a cup of lemonade in my face. For revenge, I falsely told him that I had seen his medical records and had discovered that he was adopted, after which he had a complete nervous breakdown, and was taken to the closed ward and placed in hand restraints inside the "quiet room." You would be surprised how well Ron's Tech handles suppression, even in the crazy house.

"Nobody is going to splatter a soft drink in my face and get away with it without paying the piper!", I warned Harry Sebakovitch, just so that he wouldn't start any shit with me either.

Unfortunately, nobody else knew how to play chess, so I had to play with myself. I would have been better off if I had let Steve Schorr win, just to have something to do that was a little less sticky.

Despite the roar of the maddening crowd, each and every patient was required to go to Group Therapy. My group was designated for the highest functioning patients, but you wouldn't have known it from the limited caliber of the dippy goons in there. Group One, as we were called, was run by a squatty little Latino social worker named Evelyn Figueroa. Evelyn didn't like me very much because I was always encouraging the other patients to spit out their medicine and forever telling them that the psychiatrists were trying to poison them, which of course they were. I even talked a sad old lady named Thelma Baumann out of taking electric shock therapy, which made me extremely unpopular with the hospital because I cut right into their income.

"Besides butchering people, electric shock therapy is one of the biggest mental meat market money makers in the psychiatric art of creating brain damage", I told poor Thelma with bedpan in hand.

Evelyn's main goal and purpose was to try to re-integrate her patients into "normal" middle-class American society. Her values were of the typical mainstream American-pie crud and smut that L. Ron Hubbard had always warned us about.

For example, in his Bulletin of 16 April 1982, entitled "More on Potential Trouble Source Handling", Ron stated, "Person of the middle class, which is a culture, not an income bracket, to which belong all the puritan hypocritical mores of the cop and the get-a-job, be-a-moderate-plugging- success, frown very terribly on anything that the least bit tries to make a better world. The middle class wants the world of a job and order and even hypocrisy and cops because they are afraid. They hold their narrow views because any other views may disturb their twenty-year house mortgage, the store, the job. So when someone decides to make a better world, they look on him as a direct menace even though the dull middle-class world is a sort of slavery and suicide."<sup>[174]</sup> He then adds, "Many of them (the middle class) are caught up in the mystery of why they are snarled at, and have no conception of the middle class as a formidable and jealous force that goes psychotic when it feels anyone may get away from the treadmill and threaten their uneasy and doomed lives."<sup>[175]</sup>

"I have nothing in common with your maudlin, castor-oil wog society", I conveyed to Evelyn. "This adjust-to-your-environment crap reeks from the blood-stained hands of the psychs who pay your salary. Life without the Tech of the Admiral just isn't worth living. I am nothing without Scientology!"

Needless to say, I was the black sheep of Group Therapy.

Dr. Aksu came to visit me every day. After all, my father was paying him four hundred dollars a week, a fact which went against my grain like chocolate-covered splinters. Dr. Aksu kept inferring that the Third Dynamic betrayed me!

"You've got it all wrong, shrinky-dink!", I yelled. "I betrayed them! I should have pleaded guilty and then done the End of Cycle. We don't have that squeamish fear of death like you do. But then again, it was the psychiatrists who implanted that lethal terror within us, wasn't it? My, how soon you have forgotten!"

"Your denial of reality sounds delusional", he remarked, invalidating my knowingness like



crazy.

"My mental image pictures aren't delusional, "doctor"," I snapped. "I remember all too well that glass of poisoned milk and that yank of the hangman's rope. Your opinions aren't convincing enough to take away my pain. Recalling how Dr. Geertz's savage dogs chewed my daughter's head to bits was a little too vivid for me to forget!"

But Dr. Aksu didn't give up.

"What did Rivkalleh look like when she was born?", he pried.

I couldn't remember for the life of me.

"How about your other three children? What were their names?"

"Aron, David and Barna", I cried bitterly.

"What did each of the boys look like when they were born?", he continued bluntly.

Surprisingly, my mind scored a blank.

"I need my E-Meter", I argued. "I can't think straight without it."

But neither could I remember the first time I had met my wife Natalya in that lifetime, or what my parents' faces were like, or even what their names were! My memory was selective, and that truly scared me. I could get a mental image picture of my lumber mill in Cadavice, Poland, and of my 1939 burgundy-colored Mercedes Benz. But I recalled those items from my auditing sessions, so they were easy. Still, why couldn't I remember the names of my own parents? In my mind, they were just the anonymous "Mr. and Mrs. Kusvitz", and they should have meant a lot more to me than that!

"How could that be?", I shuddered. "How could I have forgotten my own mother and father so easily?"

Dr. Aksu smiled as if a light bulb had turned on in his head.

"They suggested those things to you which they wanted you to remember", he gloated, pointing his finger at the hermetically sealed asylum window.

"They who?", I inquired, utterly baffled by his non-sequitur statement.

"Your auditors, of course!", he laughed. "They're the ones who installed those negative suggestions!"

"You are a liar!", I yelled. "That is a direct violation of the Auditor's Code! Point One is "I promise not to evaluate for the preclear or tell him what he should think about his case in session!"<sup>[176]</sup> My auditors used Standard Tech! They would never create false pictures and deliberately tell me that they were real! That is tantamount to committing the High Crime of hypnosis!"

"Yes, that is what I think actually happened", he maintained.

"You are crazy!", I scowled. "All you psychs are crazy!"

"Well, we shall see", he smiled. "Think about it", he commanded as he walked out of our session without even saying good-bye.

At four o'clock on the 17th of February, 1989, the troops arrived.

Marc Nurik showed up with the reluctant Richard Ofshe, followed by the damnable Dr. Geertz. Of the three musketeers, Richard was the most angry. He had come all the way from California just to hiss at me.

"Are you still a double agent?", he asked me as if I were under fire.

"Why?", I answered. "I was never on your side."

"That's a typical thoughtless response from a sick G. O. Agent", he muttered.

"What are you so angry about?", I challenged pejoratively.

"Why am I angry?", he growled. "You wasted six months of my valuable time; you made a fool out of Margaret, Mark, and Uwe; you flushed your own legal fees down the toilet, and you have nerve enough to ask why I am angry? Where the hell is your conscience?"

"I could not help myself", I uttered in my own defense. "I was in Treason with the Org, and I had to do whatever I could to creep out of it."

Richard turned a rancid shade of phlegm green.

"As far as I am concerned, you are in Treason with me!", he rebuked.

How do you explain to an enemy of the Church why it was worthwhile and necessary to destroy him? "He might not understand, being such a sick son-of-a-bitch and all", I thought. True enough, I wanted Richard Ofshe to drop dead for the sake of Scientology, but it was nothing personal. I liked the guy, and I never intended to hurt his feelings, not that a social psychologist has any to begin with.

"You have to understand that Frank Thompson promised me unconditionally that this criminal case would never come to trial!", I argued. "Not only that, Jan Logan offered me a respectable job in Archives at Johannesburg, and she even assured me that I would be "properly married within a month's time", since there were a lot of girls in South Africa that were just dying to meet me."

"And you really believed that?", Marc scoffed.

"Of course", I cried. "She is my Other Mother! A relationship like that is sacred in Ron's eyes!"

But Richard Ofshe was not moved by my show of filial loyalty toward the Senior Sea Org Recruiter. If looks could kill, I would have already had a beige identification tag on my toe, and I would have been resting comfortably on a nice cold slab in the city morgue, forever exteriorizing madly in front of the coroner.

Not wanting to be the forlorn object of a squirrel's scorn, I asked Richard how I could climb into a higher Ethics Condition with him. That turned out to be his cue to lace his wrath into me real good!

"You are going to face trial, no matter what Frank Thompson promised!", he insisted. "Frank Thompson is a sadistic bastard and he lied to you! I think you'd better start accepting that. Another thing -- there is a good possibility that you will be found guilty and you will be sent away to a Federal prison for a very long time. That means you are never going back to Flag. You are absolutely never going on the Freewinds. And you are positively not going to be working in Archives at Johannesburg. You have screwed up your own defense royally, and if you are convicted, you will have nobody to blame but yourself!"

For the first time in my life, the realization sunk in that Richard Ofshe might be telling the truth. A paralysis of fear swept over me. Marc was virtually astounded that the implications of Richard's warnings had never occurred to me before.

Still, I was adamant.

"When Frank said that I wouldn't have to go to trial, he meant it!", I objected. "You are all wasting your time here, because no matter what you say, Ivy Kimmich is going to postulate my death with a massive heart attack. She is a New OT Eight Completion, and if you don't watch out and start making amends yourselves, she is going to kill you all too!"

Hearing that bit of bad news, Uwe did a little hypnosis in order to alleviate the threat of my impending arterial thrombosis at the hands of "Poison Ivy" and her heart-rendering, pistol-popping postulates.

The session turned out to be a "catharsis", which according to Webster's New World Dictionary of American English, means "The alleviation of fear, problems and complexes by bringing them to consciousness or giving them expression."<sup>[177]</sup>

With no disrespect intended to Mr. Webster, his definition sounded like a shitload of psychiatric crap.

So what was this big-deal catharsis all about?

Well, I discovered that some false data had been given to me by my auditors while I was in the unconscious state of "boil-off", as well as the semi-conscious state of reverie.

To prove this, Dr. Geertz took me back along the time track to the exact auditing session where Nancy Witkowski had suggested that Dr. Geertz was the Nazi Secret Service Medical Officer who killed my precious daughter Rivkalleh.

"This can't be true!", I trembled to myself. "Dr. Geertz is just trying to confuse the issue in order to save his own ass!"

But there was no ass to save.

Uwe Geertz simply didn't do it.

Slowly, like the unwrapping of a delicate bandage, I peeled off the implanted layers of mental image pictures and visual commands which Nancy Witkowski had used to place Uwe Geertz at the scene of the crime.

The truth be told, Uwe Geertz was nothing more than a junior officer in the German Navy, and was only eighteen years old when the Second World War ended. He wasn't the villain who gassed all those mental patients either, or who conducted medical experiments on concentration camp victims without anesthesia. Nancy Witkowski just enjoyed making him the fall guy for the entire German people. Although her intentions were noble and good, the data was groundless.

My other auditor, Leah Abady, had reinforced Nancy's suggestion by permitting me to "recall" the gruesome blood dripping from the saliva of those two infamous German Shepherds, Rhinebourgen and Besieschtigen, who were about as fierce and ruthless as Nazi dogs go.

In another auditing session, Leah directed me to "see" Dr. Geertz's military uniform. I remembered Uwe's shiny patent leather boots with the silver "SS" insignias pasted to the back of his heels like Gestapo cowboy spurs.

Suddenly, Dr. Geertz burst out laughing.

"Leah didn't bother to research her history books too well!", he exclaimed. "Only sissies, pansies and fairies wore patent leather boots! The SS had only the finest cowhide, but never patent leather!"

There was no getting away from it. My auditors wanted to instill a touch of hate for Dr. Geertz within me because, like any other capitalistic endeavor, he represented the "competition" in the field of mental healing. He also stood as a formidable barrier to my income production, and for that reason alone he had to be stopped.

But an even greater piece of the puzzle was still missing.

How did my auditors ever get me to forget that they implanted all of those negative suggestions in the first place?

Now that was the horror to end all horrors.

It was an ominous technique known as the installation of Occlusions.

Ron defines an Occlusion as "Something hidden; an occlusion of memory is something forgotten, and not available to conscious recall. Occlusion is simply using remote viewpoints and then having the remote viewpoints go blank."<sup>[178]</sup> Furthermore, an "Occlusion Type of Circuit" is defined by the Admiral as "The circuit which drops curtains across certain pieces of information or may mask the "I" or thetan from contact with the standard bank (the analytical mind) or the reactive bank (reactive mind). This circuit might be worded, "For your own good I have to protect you from yourself."<sup>[179]</sup>

I soon discovered through Dr. Geertz's hypnotic catharsis that my auditors used to play a game with me. It was called "Let's Make a Deal", like the old television game show which starred Monty Hall. The game was played by reaching and withdrawing from a mustard-colored curtain, behind which there was a memory of pain and unconsciousness.

I couldn't remember the implanted suggestions hidden behind the ugly curtains, such as when my auditors created Dr. Geertz as the Nazi monster who killed my beautiful two year-old daughter, because the occlusions were reinforced with a variety of effective routines involving the appropriate techniques of sadism and torture.

For example, an eye-dropper containing Hydrogen Sulfide was squirted up my nose to simulate the smell of rotten eggs, and every time that my analytical mind or standard memory bank would try to remember an installed suggestion such as Dr. Geertz being a Nazi Medical Officer, then the reactive mind or reactive memory bank would resurrect the smell of the rotten eggs, and I would actively suppress both the aroma and the truth!

Not only rotten eggs were used, of course. Fred Hare was a lot more creative than that. He once had Nancy order me to stick my pinky in his mascot Jasper's dogshit, and to shove it up my nose in order to reinforce the occlusion. Leah was a bit more Freudian in her preferences. Let me assure you that there is nothing more painfully workable than a tight clothespin attached to an un-erect penis to get you to forget something.

For my own good, my auditors had to protect me from myself.

Monty Hall never had booby prizes like that behind his curtains.

Of course, that was his loss.

In all fairness, not all of the occlusions were physical.

Nancy and Leah were excellent at creating mental occlusions, limited only by their creativity and experience. In further therapy sessions, I discovered a pungent occlusion where I was directed to mock-up a mental image picture of sticking my nose into my mother's vagina, and I recalled breathing in the foulest smells of vomit and revulsion. Needless to say, that was no reflection on my mother's personal hygiene. As far as I could remember, she always smelled very clean and fresh. Perhaps my auditors were thinking of Jan Logan, my Other Mother, when they came up with the idea.

There were additional sequences of having my penis chopped up by a meat cutter in a Jewish delicatessen, as well as that famous mock-up of being given a hydrosulfuric acid colonic by Dr. Ofshe. The rape of my two daughters by Marc Nurik was, of course, old news.

The reactive mind, I learned, could be added to or subtracted from, merely by the installation or the erasure of either existing or created mental image pictures. But it was not all crime and punishment. On the contrary, when my stats were up, I was rewarded with a plethora of positive pleasure moments which demonstrated what life would be like when I climbed up to the top of the Bridge. Now of all the installed suggestions, I liked those happy ones the most.

I finally knew the real reason for all my seizures, my nightmares, and my endless Free Wheeling, and for that I was forever thankful. At least it was reassuring to learn that it was not my fault for feeling weird. Being rotten and evil was enough of an albatross for me to carry around anyway.

There was some very good news too.

The suggestion that the world was going to end on September the 9th of 1997 was also an

installed occlusion. As a sad joke, the time when the destruction of the planet was scheduled to occur on that day was 2:42 P.M. According to my birth certificate, which had been a part of my Preclear File at the Org, that was the time of day when I was born.

But my troubles were not completely over.

The matter of Ivy Kimmich postulating my death via a massive heart attack was still an unresolved issue.

Dr. Aksu made a comment about it which made quite a lot of sense, even for a psychiatrist.

"If Ivy wanted to kill you by merely thinking about it, you would be dead already!", he grinned with glee. "Maybe she doesn't have that kind of power after all!"

He had a point. I was still alive.

"Furthermore, if Ivy Kimmich can give you a heart attack by just folding her arms and blinking a few times like Barbara Eden used to do on "I Dream of Jeannie", then how come Larry Wollersheim is still alive? Why didn't Ivy or one of those other "super-thetans" from the Freewinds simply kill him? How come they told you that you were the one who was supposed to destroy him? Maybe they wanted you to go to jail for murder in addition to securities fraud!"

"That is a difficult question!", I remarked. "I don't know what the answer is. Perhaps I was expected to take some responsibility for the damage that I caused by bringing him into the world. Then again, maybe we are both being kept alive to suffer!"

"Really? And expose the Church of Scientology to further lawsuits? I don't think so, Steven!", he stated persuasively. "No, it's definitely to their advantage if you were both dead. I just don't believe that they have the power to kill you -- in fact, if they did, they would never have ordered you to kill yourself!"

Philosophical arguments aside, I was still living in mortal terror of the Irrevocable Ethics Order. That was what faced me after death, and nothing that I could say or do would take that dreaded prophecy away.

"It doesn't matter what happens to me during this fleeting flash of insignificance known as the life of Steven Fishman", I admitted to Dr. Aksu, although I think it was actually Harry Sebakovitch who was doing most of the talking. "After this body dies, my beingness will be terminated. I'll be rendered inert and forced to spend the rest of eternity within a forgotten rock, far out in space!"

"Yes, that is "far out" all right", Dr. Aksu interrupted. "But it is also entirely illogical."

"Why?", I inquired, not relishing the prospect of a new onslaught of further invalidation.

"Because if you didn't think that the Scientologists were capable of guaranteeing you safe passage through the Between Lives Area due to the arbitrary time shifts between the dropping of your current body and the picking up of your next one, then how can you be so sure that they will have the power to put you inside some rock until the end of time? If they are powerless to do Item A, then ergo and for the very same reason they are precluded from carrying out Item B!"

"I'll have to ask Ron about that", I replied, although I must admit that he gave me food for

thought, despite the fact that it tasted pretty terrible.

Interestingly enough, when my father brought all of my mail from my apartment to the Hollywood Pavilion, I found an answer to another mystery.

There, within Flag's Source Magazine was a gripping picture of my former dead body's ex-wife, Gabrielle Kusvitz Johannes! Who could ever forget a face like that -- a face that launched a thousand trips to my own personal hell of poisoned milk? However, I was stunned to discover that the old lady's name was really Julia Dimmock, and she was the Director of Certificates and Awards at Flag! The whole thing in Tahiti had been a set-up! Having believed with all of my thetan guts that I was living proof of a miracle, there was nothing that I wouldn't have done for Scientology!

So where does all this lead to?

Just don't jump to any wrong conclusions!

If you're thinking that these startling revelations of abuse, deception and torture turned me against my auditors, L. Ron Hubbard, or Scientology, then you are a bigger fool than I ever gave you credit for!

If you were looking for a nice, pat, happy ending where I became a flaming anti-Scientologist, then you have read the wrong damn book!

So what if Dr. Geertz didn't kill my daughter Rivkalleh. So what if Rivkalleh didn't even exist! Other children got slaughtered in the German concentration camps at the hands of Nazi psychiatry.

Okay, so I treated Dr. Geertz badly. I behaved like a raving zealot toward him and for that I am truly sorry. But somewhere in the world, there are Gestapo Medical Officers that are walking around unpunished, and when it comes to suppressives, it is always better to be on the safe side of life.

All right, so Gabrielle Kusvitz Johannes was just a fraud. Perhaps she never existed in the first place. After all, the sight of milk still makes me sick, and the effects of the poisoning should have worn off by now. So what?

True, I messed up Lavenda's life. But she tried to sue the Church. Did you expect me to feel sorry for her?

Oh, yes -- I'm glad that the world isn't going to end in 1997. But every Scientologist should push forward with the ferocity and the urgency as if we only have seven years left to go, because, who knows? We might actually have a lot less than that. I certainly wouldn't trust a wog to run a government, would you?

True, the occlusions were painful. The torture was hard to confront. But damn it -- I deserved every bit of that and a hell of a lot more! Frank Thompson could have shit on my face and he would have been far too merciful in light of what was really warranted.

I am one of the most degraded beings that has ever walked the face of the earth. I came to realize that Jesus was just a chip off the old block. There were moments in the hospital when I even had my doubts about being his father, fearing that those mental image pictures were part of occlusions as well. But I remember those events far too vividly for that. The best erection that I ever had was when I hammered those two rusty nails into my bastard's foot during his Crucifixion. You

don't get shit like that from hypnosis!

Even Dr. Aksu said, "If you weren't his father, then someone else had to be, but it certainly wasn't God." That's the advantage of having a crazy psychiatrist who was raised as a Moslem.

Anyway, we all know who God is, and there is no way that Christ's birth is going to be blamed on my darling Ron!

Believe me, if these facts weren't true, I'd be the first one to give up all my horrible responsibilities. Fathering Jesus was an event in my shadowy past that I am most ashamed of, and one that I would much rather forget. Bringing the evil embodiment of death and fear into the world of the insane is sure nothing to brag about.

Some of my fellow patients didn't see it that way. Upon leaving the Hollywood Pavilion, that three hundred and fifteen pound elephant Jeffrey Meffen said, "You're not the Antichrist -- L. Ron Hubbard is!"

Then again, Dr. Aksu was also treating a guy named Tony who thought he was John the Baptist.

So, am I sorry for what I have done? Do I have any regrets?

Not as far as any of the criminal charges are concerned. I wore my hat effectively, I functioned well on post, and I carried the torch for Scientology with its eternal flame pointing toward Total Freedom. If what I did brought us a little closer to a world of sanity and Ethics, then it was all worth it.

Would I do it all again if I had the chance?

No, not at all.

I always wanted to work in Archives, putting Ron's data in order, and somehow, if I could turn back time, that's exactly what I would have done.

Fortunately, now that we have a slew of New OT Eight Completions on the planet, it is no longer necessary to create income through the securities class action claims anymore. Scientologists win 17% of state lotteries all over the country, even though we comprise less than 1% of the population. Our technology has provided the most effective way to create income as a Valuable Final Product. Of course, it is real easy to be successful at Lotto when you can postulate the winning numbers. Our New OT Eights are like little elves, busy at work creating upstats. Check the statistics -- you will see that I am right. In any case, my old job became obsolete. I am just one of the forgotten casualties of the wog war. Of course, if anyone deserved to suffer, it was me, and for that I am eternally grateful. There is no better way to get your Ethics in than to confront a little pain.

For what it's worth, I offered to plead guilty to all of the wog criminal charges, if the United States Government would allow me to serve my sentence at Happy Valley, or any of the numerous Rehabilitation Project Force Orgs of the Church of Scientology. It was my last-ditch effort to make amends for not following Paul Laquerre's orders, but the wog Government of psychiatric suppression flatly turned me down.



I hate to make Frank Thompson wrong, but it looks like I really will have to go to trial in San Francisco. Then again, maybe we will have another earthquake. In any case, L. Ron Hubbard will select my fate. The jury of puppets and robots will convey whatever the Admiral decides is in the best interests of Scientology, so I leave myself entirely in Ron's hands.

Then again, perhaps Ivy Kimmich will stop farting around and give me that long-awaited heart attack which I was faithfully promised, so that Ron wouldn't have to be bothered wasting his time with scum like me. Of course, a lot of exciting things can happen when you are Malchoot the Antichrist, so I've learned not to predict the future or anticipate the outcome.

So, between now and the next seventy-six trillion years, if you should happen to cruise by my rock on your travels through space, don't hesitate to drop by so we can have ourselves a nice little chat. You can even cast the first stone.

But for now, don't miss your chance to fly up the Bridge and go free. Scientology is your only road out. Take full advantage of the opportunity. Don't blow it like I did. Kiss your Ethics Officer on all four cheeks if you have to, but whatever you do, stay in the game.

The sun never sets on Scientology, so don't get caught in the dark without an E-Meter. Clearing the planet and fighting psychiatry is the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics. If you won't do it for the Admiral, then do it for me!

The life of a lonesome squirrel is no picnic, because after every one of the nuts are gone, all you have left is yourself.

Then again, "You can always write to Ron."<sup>[180]</sup>

There's just one catch.

Where he is, they never pick up the mail.

# CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

## Epilogue: Getting Really Clear

It is now sixteen months later. That's right -- sixteen months since I completed writing Lonesome Squirrel. I wanted to bring you up to date.

On the 20th of July, 1990, I was sentenced by Judge D. Lowell Jensen to a five year prison term for Mail Fraud and Obstruction of Justice to be served at the Federal Correctional Institute at Butner, North Carolina. My Prisoner Number is 17280-004. Butner is a psychiatric federal prison facility run by the United States government.

In the meantime and afterward, I have had extensive counseling by four ex-Scientologists, all of whom were ex-Sea Org members. They are Margery Wakefield of Tampa, whose life I once was ordered to ruin while I was an agent of the Guardian's Office back in 1982, as well as a very dedicated team of counselors from California who include five year veteran Eddie Da Rocha, formerly of the Flag Command Bureaux; Richard Padilla, who did a highly volatile six month stint at the Commodore's Messenger Org of the Pacific; and John Swanson, a previously well-respected staff member of Golden Era Productions who spent twelve years in Scientology and is a Clear.

My fear of ex-Scientologists was formidable. They had always been portrayed as "psychotic mad dogs" -- but they are not. In fact, they are quite sane. If it is any consolation to you, I am by far a lot crazier than they are.

Beyond the issue of sanity, my counselors are caring, compassionate, and above all, ethical -- they did not lie to me.

I listened to their experiences about life in the Sea Org -- a seamier side of Scientology which I never saw because I was an upstat income producer for so many years. I learned of the monotonous drudgery of performing menial tasks, the clustered berthing of eight people sleeping in one room stacked up high with bunk beds, the boring, tasteless cafeteria food day after day, the lack of medical attention, and the dog-eared books that everyone had to share during study time, which was often only once a week, if at all.

They told me all about the abandonment of the elderly, who were "off-loaded" or expelled from the Sea Org when they were too old or too sick to function productively on post. The fortunate ones had families to return to. However, for many others who have served loyally for twenty years or more and who had either disconnected from their former loved ones or who were all alone in the world, quite often they were driven to the nearest public hospital and dumped there, forced to live in the streets as homeless people, foraging through garbage cans in despair for their food.

Of course, the "crime" of becoming sick and getting old can easily be explained away as "PTS", but is that the kind of new civilization we were creating?

I was starting to think for the first time in eleven years.

What about the very young -- the offspring of the Sea Org elite who are the heirs and heiresses of Ron's Tech?

Well, with their parents "fired up" on missions throughout the planet, these youngsters were

the stats of the "nannies", who typically Uphold and Forward the Command Intention of L. Ron Hubbard rather than the love, patience and understanding of Mary Poppins, and in practice aren't very "reasonable" toward the children.

Then again, being "reasonable" encourages downstats, doesn't it?

According to Eddie Da Rocha, this formula of child rearing by stats produces a Valuable Final Product of neurotic, rebellious brats -- young future gung-ho Scientologists who are ignored, neglected and abused. According to Eddie, the Cadet Estates Org at 1845 North Bronson Street in Hollywood, California, had an overwhelming stench of urine. Perhaps there is a logical explanation -- more emphasis on Academy Training than toilet training, or something equally as acceptable.

However, as Eddie brought out, the nannies have a great role model for unusual behavior -- David Miscavige, the Chairman of the Board of Religious Technology Center, who often relished and enjoyed spitting on Sea Org Members who were in the Rehabilitation Project Force or RPF. I am always the first thetan to defend and protect the right of a Scientology Celebrity to clear his throat, but the contempt of International Management, the Executive Strata, and the Flag Command Bureaux for ordinarily Scientology Orgs (non-Sea Orgs) is well known and demonstrated, both in clay and in mucous. Disdain for the wog world is generally evident and apparent in this book, but I have by no means been an isolated case. There is also a chauvinism in Scientology toward women. Sea Org females are acknowledged by "Yes, Sir!", and the only women who are encouraged to act feminine or even seductive are the registrars, and only during the course of selling auditing and training packages to male raw meat.

Although taking a critical look at some of this data was hard to swallow because of my dedication and commitment, throughout my counseling I easily justified the Scientology viewpoint with pat cliches and neat little "PR" statements, as I felt it was necessary to safeguard the Tech. The Tech, after all, was worth protecting at any cost. Sure there were abuses, but wasn't it worth it? Lives were ruined, people got raped, property was destroyed, some disappeared under mysterious circumstances, but at least the Tech survived without a scratch.

The Tech could never be wrong -- even though I had been accused of squirreling the data contained in the LRH Time Pilot Rundown. Well, that was a secret withheld that Ron and I shared, despite the fact that there is no Hidden Data Line in Scientology. Oh well, that level has not been released yet anyway. Ron had entrusted the highest OT levels on the planet to Pat and Annie Broeker, and one day they would make it available -- probably when every Scientologist was the size of Old Saint Hill, or when the Wall of Fire was put out, whichever came first.

But lo and behold, Pat and Annie Broeker were kicked out on their butts by David Miscavige! Rumor had it that they were wandering aimlessly through the streets of East L.A., trying to cognite on what had happened to them. Has anybody actually heard from these people? Kindly let me know.

My counselors began to shoot some potholes in the Tech, much to my surprise, shock and chagrin.

For instance, I never knew that it was Super-Squirrel David Mayo, the former Case Supervisor International, who actually came up with the idea of Solo NOTs (New Era Dianetics for OTs), in order to rescue the sagging stats of the 1970's. Ron actually had nothing to do with it! David Mayo gave Solo NOTs to L. Ron Hubbard as a present!

I never knew that!

But Eddie, Richard and John showed me that Solo NOTs was also a grandiose parcel of illogical confusion that could not possibly add up.

During the auditing of Solo NOTs, an OT handles his Body Thetans, or the Degraded Beings who have attached themselves to a body part, by Clearing each Body Thetan, and commanding each one to pick up a new body.

As a part of this auditing, an OT typically runs out and Clears over a thousand Body Thetans or more by the time he attests to completing the level.

But after every one of the Body Thetans have been run out and made Clear, won't we run out of new bodies for the Body Thetans to pick up? Where will they go if they can't pick up a new body? Will they come back to haunt us? Won't a lack of bodies in physical universe inventory be the source of a tremendous ARC Break or upset for them? They might have to band together and start World War III just to obtain a fresh supply of new baby bodies to occupy, recently recycled through the Between Lives Area Implant Station, which by the way is on the planet Venus.

Furthermore, once these Body Thetans have been permanently Cleared and the supply is exhausted, what will there be for the next group of OTs to audit out or handle? Will the registrar simply say, "Forget this level, because all the Body Thetans in the world have been Cleared already!"

I doubt it.

Registrars would never talk like that. They would sell you the level anyway, Body Thetans or not. Right?

Of course, some posthumous Hubbard Communications Office Bulletin by Ron might be later "found", demanding that the fifty million Body Thetans who are dancing on the left wing of a Psychiatric Fruit Fly must be gotten rid of, sparing no expense. Or better yet, we can simply mock some more up! Yeah! Let's just postulate some brand new entheta Body Thetans so that the registrar's stats won't crash. That will handle it!

We've got to invent something to keep people at effect rather than at cause, don't we?

Finally, a good excuse for justifying Solo NOTs would be that we have millions, not thousands of Body Thetans to handle. That would be great news for the registrar, particularly since they are Cleared one Body Thetan at a time during Solo NOTs auditing.

However, such a stunt would invalidate all of the Solo NOTs completions who have already attested to having terminated the level.

But what the hell is wrong with that? We could send the bunch of them to Qual for a Review and the registrar would have a field day!

There might even be billions of Body Thetans to handle! We could give everybody a nice big lose, which could always be repaired by more Scientology!

All sorts of extraordinary solutions could be mocked up and delivered in order to satisfy the

theta-thirsty Scientology consumer.

By the way -- have you noticed how many brand new and exciting HCO Bulletins and Policy Letters have come out in 1987, 1988, 1989 and 1990 -- all after Ron dropped his body? How did this data get written down or communicated? Is there a fax machine on New Arcturus? Maybe the Tech was simply sitting around in an ash can for five or six years, and some Sea Org Executive in a big rush to win the Birthday Game accidentally tripped over it. No, that wouldn't work, because the original issue would have been dated with the actual date when Ron wrote it, and all of the recent Bulletins or Policy Letters have new dates on them, indicating that Ron wrote them recently. But from where and to whom? How would it be possible?

Well, I have at least one clue.

During 1982, while I was a G. O. Agent, I was mustered on an "All Hands Order" to work on a project known as "Standing Order Number One", in which Ron wrote, "All mail addressed to me shall be received by me."<sup>[181]</sup> Apparently Ron had not been too swift in his post as a pen pal at that time, and had been allowing his mail to pile up on Fred Hare's desk in the Guardian's Office, of all places. I was called in by Fred to "answer" a lot of Ron's mail as if it had come from Ron personally, primarily due to my writing skills, and my loyal, unquestioning acceptance of the justification that I was acting as Ron's right arm by directing students and preclears to the exact Source reference which would handle their problem or ARC Break. I had ten or eleven "model letters" written by Ron to choose from in order to help me wear my hat, so at no time did I feel that I was doing anything non-standardly or without Ron's approval. The purpose of answering each letter was to get the person back on the Bridge and winning, so why should it matter if Ron never saw the letter in defiance of his own Policy? Fred Hare told me that I was part of the "Source Pool" and that I was helping Ron, so how could I lose?

Well, I was lying to people, that's how -- and furthermore, Ron was condoning it. I wonder who is writing Ron's Bulletins now?

At the time, I was too busy Clearing the planet to question it, or to even examine whether or not I was doing anything wrong. And that brought me to an even greater realization, thanks to Eddie De Rocha and my other counselors.

Can the planet actually be Cleared?

How can it be, with the growing stat of ex-Scientologists? That is the stat which nobody ever hears about. Margery Wakefield has a mailing list of 1,200 ex-Scientologists and their families. Her stat of "New Names to Central Files" is rising every day. These people don't want to be Cleared. They want to get away from Scientology. But aren't they part of the planet too?

And do you honestly think that anyone is ever going to offer to Clear dear me, Malchoot, the Lonesome Squirrel, all the way through New OT VIII? Get real! Forget about it! It's not going to happen -- not now, not ever!

What about the numerous Ethics considerations in Clearing the planet? All Scientologists, especially Sea Org Members, are very interested in that aspect of world Clearing.

It costs roughly between \$ 50,000 and \$ 100,000 to go Clear these days, depending upon where you go for it.

Is the Church of Scientology about to send a team of Sea Org Class XII Auditors to a Cambodian refugee camp to Clear those unfortunate, neglected people? How welcome do you think a Scientology Mission would be in Libya? Are there any plans underway to establish the Haitian Org lately, where the per capita income of that country is barely enough to afford a second helping of cockroach stew?

Oh, I get it.

We are going to give it all away in those Source-forsaken places, aren't we? But wouldn't that be a flagrant reward of a downstat? Free service for people who cannot afford to pay? Ron would hate that idea far worse than he even hated Social Security!

Besides, wouldn't that be a slap-in-the-face invalidation for all of those dedicated Scientologists who mortgaged their wives and mothers in order to shell out their hard-earned beans for auditing?

It just wouldn't fly.

The planet can never be Cleared. L. Ron Hubbard knew that!

What are you going to do with people like Margery Wakefield and Eddie De Rocha? Are you going to tie them down to sauna benches and shoot them up with Cal-Mag flavored Niacin guk bombs until they holler "uncle" and express a willingness to be Cleared? Or do we just shoot them or throw them into a microwave oven or gas chamber with the more cooperative psychiatrists?

Just what would the world really look like if Scientology ever took over?

Source only knows!

Possibly a civilization with insanity, Org-anized crime and more, where Miscavige can prosper and only Hubbard had rights, and where Man is doomed to Ethics and a lot of sleepless nights.

What about actual statistics?

How many Scientologists are there on the planet?

I have read promotional materials that speak of six million people.

Maybe the data is slightly exaggerated.

Okay.

Suppose that the true figure was only five hundred thousand.

If the average Scientologist spends \$ 50,000 in the course of his involvement with the Church, that comes to twenty-five billion dollars, give or take a few pennies. Where does that money go? Not into salaries, that's for sure. Sea Org base pay is thirty dollars per week at last blush. Certainly not into food, housing, medical care, or PTS pension funds. Well sure, the uniforms are kind of cute in an upstat way. Maybe that is where the money went, although not all of it, since Sea Org women still have to buy their own underwear, the last I heard.

Maybe the money is safely nested away in an escrow account to be used for Ron's 100th birthday party in the year 2011. Perhaps in the true spirit of play, they will forgive me for all of my recent cognitions and invite me. We shall see.

The thing that pissed me off the most was how the Church pretended that I didn't exist throughout my trouble with the law. I was ordered to kill myself, and then when I couldn't confront that because I had promised Ron that I would de-Christianize the planet, the International Justice Chief Paul Laquerre slapped an Irrevocable Ethics Order on me.

Good old Paul. My buddy.

Eddie Da Rocha said that he was sent to the Rehabilitation Project Force himself. Imagine! The Highest Ethics Authority on the planet, sent to the RPF, and he never even bothered to write me a letter and tell me why! I spent the last two years of my life under house arrest, absorbed with what I was going to say to him in my Petition to have my Irrevocable Ethics Order postponed, and unbeknownst to me, he was in Treason too! The new International Justice Chief is Wendy Chalmers. I'm sure that she hates me as much as Paul did, if not more.

Michael Hambrick perjured himself in Court. Peter Letterese lied to the FBI. But that is okay because I am an SP!

I am now considered an Suppressive Person, despite all of the good that I have done for Scientology. You know all about it -- you just read my book. What I wanted to find out was who decided to unmock and negate all of my illustrious accomplishments in the Third Dynamic? Why was it that all of my years of positive service to Ron were now forgotten and thrown down the toilet?

Some zealot at International Management with a firecracker up his ass decided that I was expendable, that's why. Abandoning me served the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number of Dynamics.

But isn't that Verbal Tech? Ron never wrote a Policy Letter calling for the disavowal of Steve Fishman's actions. Nor did he order any OT Eights to terminate my beingness after this lifetime. It is all Verbal Tech. It isn't written anywhere. Is there an instruction manual on how to trap and kill a thetan? How do you succeed in terminating the beingness of an immortal spiritual being anyway?

That brought me to my biggest cognition of all.

L. Ron Hubbard lied to me.

I was subjected to Mind Control, if not Mind Rape.

Don't bother looking up Mind Control in the Dianetics and Scientology Technical Dictionary. You won't find it. In my case, Mind Control was a system of influence used to change my beliefs and identity. The Church of Scientology exploited my need for approval, and my desperation to be loved. I allowed myself to be controlled through fear -- fear of being invalidated, dread of Ethics, and terror of losing my immortality through Irrevocable Ethics Orders and other assorted cockamamie bullshit. I had the felony compounded through massive doses of hypnosis -- both by my auditors, and to a lesser degree by Dr. Geertz. Don't think for a moment that reverie, boil off and anaten are not hypnosis, because they are. Even the TRs are a form of both hypnosis and Mind Control. The language of Scientology removed me further and further from my friends and family, which

ultimately made me more susceptible to their system of influence, or thought reform.

Words like "Reasonableness" and "Human Emotion and Reaction", which have positive connotations in wog society have quite negative implications in Scientology. Even my reference to "wog society" is an example of how language influences thinking.

Eddie Da Rocha gave me a book to read, entitled Combatting Cult Mind Control by Steven Hassan (Park Street Press, Rochester, Vermont, 1988). That helped tremendously. The author wasn't even a former Scientologist -- he is an ex-Moonie. Yet there were similarities, and I realized this.

I have a long way to go.

Like an alcoholic who admits to having a problem, that was my first step toward recovery. I freely confess that I am halfway nuts. The mental image pictures and the nightmares which I still have are enough to frighten the dead into an auditing chair. Scenes of concentration camps and rapes and hangings and cannibalism haunt and torment me day and night. The very thought of going into agreement with psychiatry still sends chills up and down my spine, and I cringe in horror at their abuses. None of the therapy that I received from Uwe Geertz, Margaret Singer, and Richard Ofshe allowed me to break away from Scientology, because I perceived the "psychs" as the "enemy." All "psychs" are "enemy SPs" to a dedicated Scientologist. There was never any element of trust with respect to the therapists. How could I respond to them if I did not trust them? After all, none of them have ever gone through what I went through. They will freely admit that.

But my counselors, on the other hand, are all ex-Scientologists. I have been able to relate to them. Margery Wakefield is facing a prison sentence of her own for speaking out in defiance of a gag order prohibiting her from talking about Scientology. Why would Scientology pay such a high price for silence unless there was something very ominous to hide?

There is no doubt in my mind -- Scientology is a cult, and also a business. L. Ron Hubbard set it all up that way. He was the Establishment Officer of False Data International. Ron lied to me, just as he is lying to every Scientologist on the face of this un-Clearable planet. Indeed he is Source -- the Source of Lies.

In the real world of practical, applied Scientology, if you cease to be valuable to Scientology and to L. Ron Hubbard, you cease to be valuable as a thetan.

Well, my friends -- I am turning in my thetan. I want to be valuable to others, in spite of myself.

I have also found that through the support of caring people and true friends, the Lonesome Squirrel isn't quite so lonesome anymore.

Total Freedom is quite accurately freedom from L. Ron Hubbard.

So the parting advice which I wish to give you is to stay Clear -- of Scientology.



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# APPENDIX:

## A Squirrel's View of the Eight Dynamics, the Ethics Conditions and the Bridge to Total Freedom

### DYNAMICS

A Dynamic is an urge, drive, or impulse toward existence.

1st Dynamic: One's self. This includes all of your possessions, such as your body, your house, your car, and your collection of Scientology books and tapes.

2nd Dynamic: Your sex partner, which includes your wife, your girlfriend, your mistress, your lover, your favorite prostitute, and whoever you find on the street when no one else is available. More broadly, the second dynamic is also your family, and includes children, both legitimate and illegitimate. By the way, if you are a woman, the second dynamic would include your husband, your master, your keeper, or any of your customers. Homosexual relationships are included in this too, if that's your thing.

3rd Dynamic: Your group; for practical purposes, the Church of Scientology, or any Scientology Org or Mission. Squirrel groups or psychiatric associations need not apply.

4th Dynamic: Mankind as a whole. All of the men, women and children on this planet, although between you and I, Suppressive Persons and Potential Trouble Sources are not really included.

5th Dynamic: The Plant and Animal Kingdom. If you have to include bugs, that's okay, but I don't think mosquitoes or red ants should be allowed in this category.

6th Dynamic: The Physical Universe. This comprises all Matter, Energy, Space and Time, or MEST (which takes the first letter of each word). As of this writing, the Physical Universe is still all MEST up.

7th Dynamic: The Spiritual or Theta Universe. All thetans currently not trapped in a body are included here. This includes all souls, ghosts, goblins and Body Thetans, except those that used to practice psychiatry.

8th Dynamic: God, Infinity, the Supreme Being, the Creator, Cause, Source, the Admiral, or L. Ron Hubbard. They are all the same thing.

9th Dynamic: Ha! I bet you didn't know this one even existed! Well, it's Aesthetics, according to Philadelphia Doctorate Course Lecture 2 of 1 December 1952, by L. Ron Hubbard, entitled "E-Meter: Demo", tape recording 5212C01. Aesthetics is "The study of ideal form and beauty -- it is the philosophy of art, which itself is the quality of communication" -- Dianetics and Scientology Technical Dictionary, by L. Ron Hubbard, Bridge Publications, Inc., Los Angeles, 1987, page 11, Definition of Aesthetics.

10th Dynamic: One big surprise deserves another. According to Ron, "The Tenth Dynamic would probably be Ethics, if you were going to go way on out beyond this universe." -- Philadelphia

Doctorate Course Lecture 2 of 1 December 1952, by L. Ron Hubbard, entitled "E-Meter Demo", tape recording 5212C01.

# THE ETHICS CONDITIONS

## **Power**

Your statistics are like a good erection: everything is pointing up.

## **Affluence**

This is when you start to feel loved, productive and important.

## **Normal Operation**

This ain't no straight line -- your stats must show a gradual increase.

## **Emergency**

Everything is in a decline, including your sanity.

## **Danger**

By this time you'll be stuffing envelopes and kissing everyone's ass.

## **Non-Existence**

You'll be treated as if you aren't really all there.

## **Liability**

Get your pail and mop -- you'll be cleaning toilets. Don't forget to put that dirty grey rag in your back pocket.

## **Doubt**

By this time they won't even want to know you any more.

## **Enemy**

Take out some good life insurance.

## **Treason**

Learn how to enjoy the feeling of cigarettes burning on your flesh.

## **Confusion**

Get ready to spend your immortality stuck in a space rock.



# THE TONE SCALE

Tone 40	Serenity of Beingness
Tone 30	Postulates
Tone 22	Games
Tone 20	Action
Tone 8.0	Exhilaration
Tone 6.0	Aesthetic
Tone 4.0	Enthusiasm
Tone 3.5	Cheerfulness
Tone 3.3	Strong Interest
Tone 3.0	Conservatism
Tone 2.9	Mild Interest
Tone 2.8	Contented
Tone 2.6	Disinterested
Tone 2.5	Boredom
Tone 2.4	Monotony
Tone 2.0	Antagonism
Tone 1.9	Hostility
Tone 1.8	Pain
Tone 1.5	Anger
Tone 1.4	Hate
Tone 1.3	Resentment
Tone 1.2	No Sympathy
Tone 1.15	Unexpressed Resentment

Tone 1.1	Covert Hostility
Tone 1.02	Anxiety
Tone 1.0	Fear
Tone .98	Despair
Tone .96	Terror
Tone .94	Numb
Tone .9	Sympathy
Tone .8	Propitiation
Tone .5	Grief
Tone .375	Making Amends
Tone .3	Undeserving
Tone .2	Self-Abasement
Tone .1	Victim
Tone .07	Hopeless
Tone .05	Apathy
Tone .03	Useless
Tone .01	Dying
Tone 0	Body Death
Tone -0.01	Failure
Tone -0.1	Pity
Tone -0.2	Shame (Being Other Bodies)
Tone -0.7	Accountable
Tone -1	Blame (Punishing Other Bodies)
Tone -1.3	Regret
Tone -1.5	Controlling Bodies
Tone -2.2	Protecting Bodies

Tone -3	Owning Bodies
Tone -3.5	Approval From Bodies
Tone -4	Needing Bodies
Tone -5	Worshipping Bodies
Tone -6	Sacrifice
Tone -8	Hiding
Tone -10	Being An Object
Tone -20	Being Nothing
Tone -30	Can't Hide
Tone -40	Total Failure

# THE BRIDGE

## **OT Fifteen**

Who Knows? It's Confidential and it hasn't been released yet.  
Please share this one with me.

## **OT Fourteen**

Beats me! It's also Confidential and unreleased.

## **OT Thirteen**

Still in the dark. Confidential and unreleased.

## **OT Twelve "Future"**

This is actually the Time Pilot Rundown, demonstrating that time is not chronological and that there is no guarantee when you will come back to the physical universe after death.

## **OT Eleven "Operating"**

Confidential (probably thetan surgery performed by the Medical Liaison Officer of Marcab).

## **OT Ten "Character"**

Confidential (there are a lot of "characters" running the International Management of Scientology, so this level might have some vital data on the sex life of Commander Norman "Right Arm" Starkey. If so, it should be a very dull level).

## **OT Nine "Orders Of Magnitude"**

Confidential, but will be released when 750 Class IV Orgs reach the size of Old Saint Hill.  
Can we do it by this Thursday at 2PM?

## **OT Eight "Truth Revealed"**

Ability to be at cause knowingly and at will over thought, life, form, matter energy, space and time, subjective and objective. Also called the "Third Wall of Fire", so dress cool. But what is the real End Phenomenon of "Truth Revealed?" -- That L. Ron Hubbard is Source (you knew that already), but what you didn't know and you are about to find out is that Ron (Source) is also the Eighth Dynamic (God, the Supreme Being) and that he made you (what you are today!) He made all of the other thetans too! But don't blame the physical universe on Ron -- he created us as thetans, and we collectively made this messed up MEST universe which we live in. See, it's our fault after all, so don't you dare blame Ron!

## **OT Seven Solo NOTs Completion**

No more Body Thetans bugging you and attached to your body. However, there is no guarantee that they will not come back to haunt you later, if the registrar's stats are down.

### **OT Six Hubbard Solo NOTs Auditing Course**

NOTs means New Era Dianetics for Operating Thetans. Here you gain the ability to audit out your Body Thetans by yourself, as a solo auditor. Might take forever.

### **OT Five "The Second Wall Of Fire"**

Bring your own fire extinguisher since the Org doesn't supply you with one.

### **OT Four OT Drug Rundown**

Audits out the effects of every drug, medicine or swig of booze that you ever had during the last seventy-six trillion years. This is obviously the longest cold turkey you'll ever have.

### **OT Three "The Wall Of Fire"**

Takes you back in time to when you were trapped by the Emperor Xenu, sandwiched into neat little clusters, shipped by interplanetary air-freight to Earth, and dropped into a volcano and then exploded into smithereens with hydrogen bombs. It might give you a headache, but it will be well worth it if you like the action of whips and snapping cherubs.

### **OT Two**

Unfolding the time track and taking a good look at it. A fine way to live in the past.

### **OT One "A very beautiful and very stable State"**

-- probably a lot like Kansas.

### **OT Eligibility**

Eliminates barriers to moving up the Bridge, and cleans up your case. Great for removing thetan dust. You have to do this before you get "invited" to do the higher OT levels.

### **Solo Auditor Two**

Ability to audit yourself. After you finish this course, you are awarded your own Golden Wings pin, which is not available anywhere else, including from Eastern Airlines.

### **OT Preps**

A tailor-made program to set you up for the OT Levels. As far as set-ups go, this one will make any sting feel like an ordinary bee bite.

### **Solo Auditor One**

Knowledge of the mind and auditing theory, and expertness at E-Meter drills. E-Meter drills are easier to do than fire drills (even Wall Of Fire Drills), and they are a lot less painful than dental drills.

## **Sunshine Rundown**

Orients the Clear into present time, and helps him use his new abilities gained. Leave your umbrella at home. After all, the Sun never Sets on Scientology.

## **Clear**

A being who no longer has his own reactive mind. (He may have somebody else's, though, if he is out of valence, which is the Scientology word for schizophrenic). A Clear can move out of his body and exteriorize, and if he had any sense at all he wouldn't come back.

## **NED**

New Era Dianetics, which creates a well and happy human being. Includes the NED Drug Rundown, the Relief Rundown, Disability Rundown and Identity Rundown. If you start to feel run down, don't worry about it, because your auditor won't worry about it either.

## **Grade Four**

Moving out of Fixed Conditions and Gaining Abilities to do new things. Also called the Ability Release, Grade Four audits out Service Facsimiles, which make people wrong. On the other hand, a good course in sex education will teach you how to make people right.

## **Grade Three**

Freedom from the upsets of the past and ability to face the future. Great for waking up in the morning after you've stayed up boozing the stats all night. Also called the Freedom Release, it audits out ARC Breaks, which upset people.

## **Grade Two**

Relief from the hostilities and sufferings of life. It works better than a speeding bullet most of the time. Also called the Relief Release, it audits out Overts and Withholds. I've got plenty of those.

## **Grade One**

Recognize the source of problems and make them vanish. Sometimes a good flush of the toilet will do the very same thing, but not always. Also called the Problems Release, it audits out all of your problems. Well, almost all of them, unless you can't afford to pay for the auditing.

## **Grade Zero**

Communicate freely with anyone on any subject. Don't kid yourself. You never learn how to flatter a psychiatrist. Also called the Communications Release, you wind up talking a lot easier to people, unless your mouth is full of horseradish, tabasco sauce and hot chili peppers and you ARC Break them.

## **ARC Straightwire**

You know that you won't get any worse. Great for someone on Death Row. Also called the Recall Release, you learn how to contact the time track by stringing yourself along like wire. Just don't hang yourself up on any old mental image pictures, because you might choke to death.

## **Objectives**

In present time and able to control and put order into the environment. Adolf Hitler tried it and failed. In the objective processes, you learn how to walk around the room and touch walls and ashtrays. Every mental institution should deliver this course, because a lot of people there are unable to do these things. If you can do them by yourself for free, consider yourself lucky.

## **Purification Rundown**

Freedom from the restimulative effects of drug residuals and other toxins. This is good if you're hooked on crack. I never was, so I didn't have to do it. You sit in the sauna about five hours a day for a month, run around the block for another hour, and get gassed up on Niacin and other vitamins which will make you fart like hell.

## **The Key to Life Course**

*followed by the*

## **Hubbard Life Orientation Course**

A nice way to get you to spend six grand before you start to go up the Bridge. Included are fourteen books with a bunch of cute cartoons in them. Just released in 1990, so it's absolutely necessary. Rush right down to your local Org and sign up today.