

ABOUT RHODESIA

A lecture given on
19 July 1966

Thank you.

Let's see what this is. Goodness gracious! A booby trap! Break anything? Oh, man, look at—look at the desk set! A nice beautiful lighter.

Female voice: Take the red thing off the top. Pull it out. There.

Yes! This is a beautiful cigarette box—lovely! And a nice ashtray.

Female voice: Nice!

Great. Great. Anything more? I guess that's enough. I was greedy. Well, thank you. Thank you very, very much. I appreciate it. Most of all, I just appreciate being home, just period!

Well, might as well sit down here. It's not a formal lecture. This is what? July the lath, AD 16, the year of the Clears. That's for sure!

I'm going to tell you today about the adventures of somebody who went out barefooted to take a country.

About February, why, I was holding the mock—up together with sticky plaster and the organization was running. It was running just fine. Every—thing was going along all right. Technology was all wrapped up and I knew it was wrapped up. But I thought I'd better put it all on wait. So I put several things on wait. Put me own case on wait in case I needed it to find out why they couldn't make it. I've done this time and time again for years. I'd get up to a certain level, then I'll stand around and wait for somebody to catch up, you know? And the seven—division system was in organizationally. And so I decided, why, I would take a short vacation.

So I went down to Las Palmas and I was down there for about thirty days. And while I was down there, I kept an eye open to see what was going on. Organizations seemed to be running all right. And then all of a sudden you made Clear one. So I says, „Great! But will there be Clear two?“ Well, I said, „That's good enough. I've no reason to sit around here in Las Palmas waiting for Clear two. And no reason to sit around here waiting endlessly to find out what on earth can happen in a seven—divisional system, whether they go up or down. I'll go on down to South Africa and get into some mischief.“

I didn't have a very well conceived plan about it, but actually what I wanted to do was to find and found and locate an alternate base or OT base. I couldn't quite figure out why I couldn't do this. I'll tell you why I couldn't do this in a minute or two.

So I went down and I stopped off in Rhodesia. But *en route* to Rhodesia it suddenly occurred to me that there was a type and principle of constitution that would get them off the hook as a country and solve some of their problems. So I decided I would write this up, which I did in some notes. And when I got there I got it typed up. And I handed it over to the government and the government seemed to be very happy about it. It was quite an incidental gesture. I said, „Well, let's see if we can't do something in this direction all by ourselves.“

And I got to looking around the place—suddenly remembered I had some assets and some stuff in southern Africa, so I decided I would go into a bit of investment. I'd put on another hat. See, I can always locate money for some peculiar reason. And this baffles Income Tax, by the way, but

that's explained very easily: you don't make money—you just have it. You want to learn that someday. Just have money; just don't bother to make it.

So anyway, I—minding my own business more or less and I decided I'd rent a house. And then next thing you know, why, I found out I could buy this house very cheaply, so I bought it. Some guy came tearing up the drive one day and told me that I could buy a hotel that was entirely surrounded by elephants on Lake Kariba which was going very cheap indeed. It was about an eighty thousand pound hotel and we could buy it for about fifty—five hundred. So I bought that. I wrote him a check. And then later on, why, I noticed a farm. It was a nice farm, so I got the farm, and so on.

But what I was watching here—during this whole time, what I was watching—was simply the economics and behavior of the wog world. Now, you know, I've been kind of gone from the wog world for a long time. I've been spoiled. I've had you for friends. And it's different! And I in actual fact was getting a kick out of being out there cheek by jowl with just the wog world. And I found out I had lots of friends—could make lots of friends and the guys that I made friends with were pretty tough characters in their own right. I normally find it very easy to make friends with very tough characters now. I don't mean by that low grade social characters; I mean just savage—type characters that haven't reformed, you know? Unreformed—type people. And there's a lot of those in Rhodesia.

And I was getting along just fine. It's a wonderful area, a lot of sociality. They have what's called sundowners and about, well, from anytime from five—thirty on, why, people start dropping in or you start dropping in and they have some drinks and that sort of thing and then they go home. And it's typical—typical nineteenth century English, you know. Victorian in the extreme, because you don't have dinner without putting at least a dark suit on, you see. They've come off the tuxedo. You know, the Englishman used to, you know, out in the bush, you see, in the old days, why, he'd take off his sun helmet and his bush jacket and his shorts and he would get into a tuxedo—all by himself; you see, way out in... It's true! And sit down at a fancily spread dinner, elegantly served, don't you see. And he didn't want to lose contact with civilization, so he would make it.

So anyhow, that's still hanging on in Rhodesia. Very interesting country. It's a totally sophisticated civilization sitting as a small jewel in the midst of a howling wilderness. You go any direction very far and you start running into elephants, buffalo, lion and the lot, you see. But those sports cars and chromium—plated girls, and so on, abound inside the tiny perimeters of the areas that are civilized. Very sophisticated. Far more modern than London. It provides some fantastic contrasts.

So anyway, this civilization of course is an interesting civilization to look at. But it's more practical than that because it's got an area—I don't know how many times the size of what country—that really isn't growing anything. The thing is full of minerals and there's a five—mile mountain of chrome ore down there that they haven't even begun to dig up and there's gold and there's everything else you can think of there. But mainly, there is enough land and enough range and so on to feed, probably, Europe. And most of it untouched by the plow. Beautiful climate and so on.

Here is a brand—new country that hasn't been run downhill yet and could afford a great deal of development. Well, I went ahead and went to work on this. Kept in touch with the government. I met all the ministers and talked to them and had sundowners with them and met the prime minister and all that and had tea with his wife and, you know, that kind of thing. And I was a very acceptable bloke, I assure you. Very acceptable. I didn't say one single word about Scientology. And every time anybody would ask me about Scientology, why, I would just brush it off and not say anything about it, don't you see. I'd define the word for them or something like that and then go on talking about cows or gold mines or something or other.

Well, I probably was giving them a whole dose of no—auditing, in actual fact. But I was purposely and with malice aforethought examining the wog world. And I didn't want to unwog anybody.

So television found me and I went on television. Radio found me and I started going on the radio. You know me, I see some situation or problem or something like that to be solved, I go ahead and solve it, you know. But by George, you know, I didn't have any authority. I didn't have any authority. I couldn't put out a Sec ED. And by actual, sober calculation, no joking about it, I could have had them off the launching pad in about three weeks. I could have gotten rid of their sanctions, got rid of their poverty, and gotten them money—just bang—bang—bang. It was too easy, don't you see?

Well, although—although I didn't gi—although I wasn't giving them any auditing, I was awful near Clean And the unreality of the fact that one could actually resolve this situation that has staggered the greatest minds on the planet, don't you see—I say that advisedly—“minds”—left some rather baffled. But what was very interesting was that each Rhodesian, knowing what I was advising them to do, would himself agree with it, flat out, and „Let's do it tomorrow.“ But he would caution me that the ideas were too far advanced for any other Rhodesian to accept. And this was 100 percent sweep, so that included all the Rhodesians.

Well, time ground on and I got in transport into Lake Kariba. It's the first time anybody had ever gone down to the southern shore of Lake Kariba with any kind of transport. And I got four—wheel—drive Land Rovers, two-tonners, and started throwing them in there to supply the hotel. And they ran along—called the „Boomy Express.“ And it ran along through the lions and through the buffalo and the elephants, and so forth.

Boomy has an—Boomy Hotel has an airstrip. It's mostly an air hotel. And they actually have to buzz the hotel every now and then to get the elephants off the runway. And it sits right there on Lake Kariba which is a huge lake, very beautiful setting. But you can sit on the porch of the thing and drink a Tom Collins, you know, and watch the elephants and buffalo and so forth walking around very close by. Sometimes *too* close by, because they're all very wild animals. They're not even game—park tame, you know.

And baboons coming up, thumbing their noses at you and tearing the thatch off the roofs, you know, and raising the devil. But I got the Boomy Express going. And it left every Wednesday and came back every Thursday.

And a fellow by the name of Samson drove it, and he was an old Kariba truck driver Samson, he's a black fellow, and he didn't quite fit into the scene as a domestic chauffeur. He did not have the tact or polish that my proper number—one driver Frank had. But as soon as I turned him loose with the Boomy Express, why, he was in his element. I gave him a car boy to help him out, and man, he would take that Boomy Express out of Salisbury and burn the road and then he'd turn off at Karoi and go thundering through the swamps and jungles and dongas and so on and wind up at Boomy. And turn it around and come back again. First time they'd ever had any transport in there.

We couldn't put our hotel transport on it anymore. We were filled up with freight. And industry started blossoming. After all, there are thirty thousand batongas—natives—right there in the vicinity of the hotel and they fish in the lake, and there's no way to get their cargoes out or anything. And economy started to spark. And elsewhere it started to spark. I did some various other things. I got a furniture factory started, and—and odds and ends.

And the statistic of Rhodesia started to rise. Business started picking up. Now, it was sort of on the basis, they'd look at me on TV and they would say, „Well, he thinks the country's all right, so there must be something right about it, you know?“ and then get busy instead of sitting and moping. You get the idea? I mean, that was all it took. It wasn't any encouragement or the ideas themselves.

But just the fact that somebody would come in and be interested and so on, where they thought everybody would be running and disinterested, made a bit of a difference.

Well, the adventures were many and time ground on. And I began to wonder how on earth am I going to get back to Saint Hill? Because to walk off at this stage of the game would have been very discreditable in the eyes of the Rhodesian. Why, they couldn't have explained how I could possibly have walked off; you see? So how to walk off? That was the main problem. Because, of course, I didn't intend this as a total profession. I would have kept it going very nicely, but how to bow gracefully out of this picture? I was woven too tightly into it, you see? And I wasn't woven into it just with the white Rhodesian. All kinds of weird things had been going on.

I had a staff—actually I employed about thirty—eight Africans—coloreds and Europeans. And my own staff—I had a staff of about nine. And they were the pick of all the consular staffs. You see, the various nations helped Rhodesia by kicking the African in the teeth. And when their consuls and missions left, after the declaration of independence, of course they just callously sacked all their staffs, you know, and pulled out and they just left the town mobbed with the highest order of domestic African. And I sorted them out one after the other and picked out the best ones and wound up with a staff; as I say, of about nine.

But the Rhodesian was always very helpful. He was always telling me how to handle the African. And it was quite, quite remarkable—quite remarkable. The advice was very sound, very sound—at least it made sounds. But I began to realize they didn't know anything about Africans. Truth! They didn't. Because they didn't know this about Africans: simply that Africans are people. Do you follow? They respond to Scientology formulas just like any other people. And people don't have peculiarities. But if you don't know Scientology then people could look awfully peculiar to you. They say, „These boys go sullen on you. And you have to be very careful and you have to watch them very carefully because they'll go sullen. They'll go outside and stand around and be very, very sullen. And you have to watch for this sign and symptom.“

Oh, the Rhodesian—white Rhodesian—was very helpful with this, see? I found out why they went sullen. After they'd been told to do something they couldn't do and then cross—confused, the 8—C was all mixed up and then they were bawled out, they went sullen. Now, of course, there are two errors being made with regard to the African. One is to take a bird who does not have any background—educational or experiential background immediately—that has anything to do with politics, economics, statesmanship and all that sort of thing... They've gotten out of this line, you see, if they were ever in it. And we can't instantly take one of these boys and say, 'All right. You are now an expert economist. Run the country.' Because he's immediately overwhelmed and baffled because he isn't able to do it. Any more than an English laborer out here, you walk up to him and say, „You're prime minister now.“ Very often he'll take it and start shooting other laborers or something.

But I see parents Scientologically—every now and then, I see Scientological families where the baby has just learned to crawl and the parents are sort of nagging at it because it isn't walking, you see? And they fail to acknowledge what the baby can do. And you'll find a very unhappy baby after a while. Little kids, you know. You know, „Why aren't you Clear?“ It's the same type of invalidation, you know. The bird's trying, he's coming up the line and you try to push him too fast. Overrun it, in other words, get it up there. Overexpect, do you see? And you start overexpecting and the fellow has not been trained as an electrician—well, let's not knock his block off because he now cannot fix electrical contacts and is just stupid, you see?

But on the one side, why, part of the world is saying, „These men are totally educated, completely grooved in and should therefore be able to take over all the concerns that any other society has.“ And on the southern African side, why, they say, „These fellows are too stupid to live

and can't learn anything," you see? Somewhere in between here there's some truth about the situation, but it's just truth about this. Well, recognizing that fact, my boys were very, very happy boys. I denationalized and renationalized them, which is one of the reasons their morale was good. I told them they weren't Rhodesians anymore, they were Americans. And this was highly acceptable to them.

Well, when they first started to work they were a bit lean. They were a bit thin. And when I left they were very fat. They were very fat. And of course, their uniforms were spotless and they had lots of them, you see, and they really looked very snap and polish. Any guest coming in the area was practically overwhelmed by car boys and things opening doors, you know, and shoving drinks in their hand and all that sort of thing. But they served with great enthusiasm. Those people sure can work. The African sure can work. That's one thing nobody has ever quite noticed about them. They are *very* hard—working people.

And after a while these Africans, drifting around their own townships, going out for an afternoon off and having boys in on their own, you see...

You know, the African has—he's a very interesting character. But he has flaws just like whites do, you know. And he has good points, you know. And I used to tell Jambo, the number—one boy, I'd say, „Well, you're very good..." This almost killed him because always before he'd just been scolded and nagged at about this. I'd say, „You're a very good boy, in spite of the fact that you smoke dagga, drink and gamble." And, of course, he never expected anybody to really know that he smoked dagga, drank and gambled. But he ran practically a gambling establishment out in the boy's huts every night and boys were in there from far and wide. Terrific communication line. And these boys kept telling other boys that there was Mr. Hubbard here, who was an American who was building everything up and he actually believed in everybody getting a break and that the country was now going to amount to something, you know? And you know how they could blow this sort of thing up. They really can blow one up.

I gave the chef one day a note—one night when it was very late—so that if the police stopped him, why, they wouldn't chop his head off. And the note simply said that if he was stopped and if there was anything wrong, to call me at once. And I gave my phone number. He showed this *all* over the town. Only his interpretation of it was—is, „You see? De master tell da police what to do!"

So I eventually, in this short period of about four months, achieved the rather fantastic position of being very acceptable to the various races. And this was very peculiar. This was pan—determinism, of course, one is looking at. And more importantly, the moderate white and the extreme right white could also agree on what I was saying.

One night I was listening to a replay of a radio program and there was one of these extreme, extreme, extreme white supremacy boys sitting in the room, and there was one of the very, very, very moderate individuals, you know—everybody should have a vote tomorrow without any limits of any kind. And after that program, why, the extreme moderate said almost in chorus with the extreme right man, „Now, if we could convince the other people to follow that, we'd all be home and dry." Fantastic breadth of agreement, see?

So, this was all very pleasant and so on. I do not say at this time that certain elements in the area were not becoming slightly green—eyed. Now, about the fourth or fifth time somebody says to you that you ought to be PM, you know very well they've said it to the PM. They said, „You know, why don't you take this fellow Hubbard's advice on this sort of thing." Or more maliciously, „Maybe he's pitching for your job." After all, it's a very tiny community. There are only 270 thousand whites in the whole country, you know. I don't know, any day of the week we've got more Scientologists than that, you see, so this is actually a down statistic on people number.

But look at this, look at this: Tiny community, only thirty thousand taxpayers in the country pay all the taxes. And with modern communication this all became very simple and very easy. Well, of course, I didn't have anything in mind but trying to build it up, break the deadlock a little bit, and having bought property and so forth, why, then be able to operate it because it'd be money for me. Well, that was the entirety of the game. And all the time I had me eye open on what was going on and what this was all about in the wog world. And I found out an awful lot. Naturally. Because this was in actual fact...

I'm not trying to give you an exaggerated idea of my importance in Rhodesia, although the *Rhodesian Herald* just put a call through just a little while ago to find out when I was coming back to Rhodesia and so forth. Very, very pleasant queries, you know. They think I'm great now because the Smith regime doesn't.

And it worked out like this: a Peter Younghusband, a reporter of the *London Daily Mail*, and part of this conspiracy that's going on, on the Newspaper Proprietor Associates or whatever they call themselves, or the Mafia, or whatever it is—this outfit considered all this sufficiently important to send one of their reporters, Peter Younghusband, down to get next to their minister of information, to tell their minister of information what a terribly bad fellow I was. He instantly, without checking his facts of any kind whatsoever, turned around and gave Smith a story about what a terribly bad fellow I was, who turned around and gave the cabinet the same story. And the next morning when the Rhodesian Front committee heard about this and charged down flat—footedly—you know, bang!—"What the devil is this?" when they heard that Hubbard was not going to have his visa extended. Unfortunately for Smith.

He was talking to a group who knew that every word he was saying was a lie. Smith in March was known to be „too fair and too honest“—direct quote. He'd been built up as a god. His popularity had begun to decline because he hadn't lead them to the wonderland, you see? He'd led them deeper in the swamp. But more importantly, he had begun to read speeches by this fellow Howman. And instead of doing an ad-lib on TV, why, he began to read speeches on TV and then he stopped even appearing on TV.

When he stood there and told this group that this action was being taken against Hubbard, because his business associates were complaining about him, he overlooked the fact that I only had three business associates and he was talking to one of them there in the committee. And all of them were trying to knock the government's doors down with rocks because they considered this action completely irrational.

That was lie one. Then he told them that I'd been deported from Australia. A glance at my passports—and I had my cancelled passports with me—demonstrated no such action. And no modern visa of any kind whatsoever for Australia. No stamp of entry. And then he said that I was wanted all over the place and had a record. And these people knew that my credit was in the stars all over the world. People whose credit is in the stars don't have records.

And they sat there in shocked horror and looked at those clay feet. That god sure had clay feet! He was not fair at all. He hadn't inquired into his evidence and they knew that either he or somebody else was being very dishonest. And they walked out and now sweepingly through the Rhodesian front they're talking about the replacement of Smith. He shouldn't have done it.

Now, Howman was exposed, as they very often suspected, of being sympathetic toward the left wing. And it suddenly occurred to them that Howman in many instances had dismissed anybody who had fought communist in that government. These were such people as Ivor Benson, a fellow named Hasker, Nigel Bruce Hankey. These were people that had been in his ministry and had been quite able in deterring communism from getting into the government. And he had sacked every one of them. Now, that he had pulled a longbow like this and had listened to a newspaper reporter from

London—an English newspaper reporter could bring influence on the Rhodesian government? I wouldn't give much for his life. He's liable to run into a bullet. Do you see?

The situation, then, is pretty well unsettled. And an American who's been there for about thirteen years said, „Well, it's all right for you to leave now, because when you walk back in here, you'll walk back in as a hero.“ It couldn't have been arranged—couldn't have been stage managed better! And so I could come back to Saint Hill!

Now, after an adventure of that particular kind, it makes one wonder why one doesn't try a funding operation or a financing and so forth of the British government, or... You take it on that low, why, you should be able to take it on that high, but it looks like a slightly steep gradient to me. For instance, the bank of England had to put out twenty—five million pounds just yesterday to stabilize the pound, and so forth. And I probably couldn't dig up that—it would just stabilize the pound for two hours and I don't think that's long enough.

I've been looking this over, and I don't think that our logical next step is to assist the British government financially or otherwise. But I now know what I was trying to locate and call OT base. That was the first thing that my problem was. Where and what is OT base? Where and what is this thing? After I'd been going for a while I found out, much to my amazement, that you cannot locate a base you do not know the purpose *of*! You don't know the purpose of the thing. Naval base, you see, that would be on the sea. An air base, you know, that would be on some airfield in flat country. And an army base, that might be most anyplace. But they all have different purposes. A hospital base would be where you could get in and out ambulances and so on.

But in order to locate a base you have to know what it's supposed to do. And I know that sounds terribly elementary and often very stupid, but the great mistakes are made in life by not getting answers to *stupid* questions! So I now know what OT base has got to do.

And the first thing it's got to do is put in ethics on a planetary level. Because if we put in ethics, we can then get in technology. And your worries right now as you associate with the public in general and try to tell them about Scientology are totally centered on just one thing: Ethics is out.

There's SPs walking all over the place. And just one SP, just one, all by his little lonesome, is blocking the entire Rhodesian situation, is knocking the British Empire crosswise, is costing fantastic quantities in trade and is showing up the vulnerability of England, and his name is Jackie Howman, Minister of Information, Tourism and Immigration of Rhodesia. A real garden—variety nut. Every time they try to make a settlement, there's Howman. And he's got Smith 100 percent under his thumb. Smith's HIS. He's a rather weak man to begin with, but he's very HIS.

Well now, the major threat to Scientology is that an atomic war or political takeover may occur before we get sufficiently well advanced that the organizations themselves are able to continue clearing human beings. See? That stands as an actual threat in the road. I had this in mind. I had other purposes in this. One of the purposes in mind is, I wanted to see if southern Africa couldn't serve as a security point and another avenue. The overseas US, British organizations—they might go right on and take the planet, but if political barriers or war prevented these organizations from going ahead with their mission properly, then we at least had a base, you see, in southern Africa.

Well, I was looking at that base, and trying to make it secure and so on as just a second avenue. Now, the third avenue of course was OT base, the way I had it figured out originally.

But now I found out what OT base would have to do. OT base would have to put in ethics on the planet. Because if you don't put in ethics, you're not going to get any tech.

But there's one other thing that has to be put in, less important than ethics, but nevertheless very important. And that's economics. Man is running around with a bone in his nose on the subject of economics. I hate to be snide, but as the Rhodesian looks at the stupidity of the African, I look at the stupidity of man. Only I can do something about it and am trying.

The laws of economics are plain, plain, plain. They are very elementary. It's a very elementary subject. And man just violates them all the time for some political advantage. He starves people and he does this and he does that and slows up production, and so on. All kinds of reasons why. And he develops various kinds of economics—all ideological. You know, there's communist economics and there's democratic economics and there's socialist economics, and so forth. Here's all these economics, economics, economics. Actually, there is only one subject called economics, but it's become so obscured, so complex and so kicked in the head by these ideological economics, that people have forgotten there is such a thing as real economics.

Well, we have to be into economics because people wouldn't have enough to eat to sit still and wouldn't be able to pay for or finance themselves for processing, except on a total subsidy. And I can assure you right now, you can't do it on a total subsidy. There is no contribution. And the moment there is no contribution you won't find those cases moving. So there has to be some economic support on the planet in order to keep the economies moving so that organizations can flourish and expand. Because the economic systems being employed are usable, if modified.

So therefore OT base would also have this in view: ethics, and to a small tiny degree, economics. And then that would permit organizations to move forward and get in tech.

Now, of course, you still have ethics inside tech. But you take a great big bite of ethics—like how are you going to solve problems between the United States and Russia? Oh, I think that takes just a little bit more than our ordinary Ethics Officer cares to bite off.

It's an ethics problem. But sometimes ethics requires economics assistance in order to get the problem solved. If you have a tremendous number of people who are starving to death, to try to get in ethics on them—you're not going to get very far. They're too distracted; they would rather shoot people. And you can at least have ethics in to the point of telling them *who* to shoot.

But out of all this we have the purpose of OT base. And the one thing that is out first and foremost in the society is ethics. That, brother, that is out. Every time you've tried to disseminate Scientology you have run into ethics. And when you didn't solve ethics, you fell back for a loss.

Right now there is a situation right here in England, which we're solving by investigation but which is an ethics problem. There are two or three blokes, one or more of whom is an SP, who have suddenly decided to spend a fortune trying to cave in Scientology.

Now, we're going to have to do something about those fellows and we better move fast because it's all too slow. I mean, it's all too slow the way we've been going about it. We've got to make up for some lost time here. But these fellows do things like get your headquarters robbed of private research papers, buy them off the thief, publish them out of context and thus confuse the theory and research papers of Scientology with the actual practice of Scientology. And I point out to you that these are two entirely different things. Because I have just reserved the right all the way along the line to write down whatever I found. But I did not put it out for unlimited circulation. You see? So they're challenging a fellow's right to make notes of what he's seen. But those research papers and books, today, actually do not much reflect the practice of Scientology, which if you look at it up the grades has very, very reasonable and very comprehensible goals. Do you see?

So what they're trying to do is bring about an identification of research papers out of context with an actual, very sober, very practical practice—do you see this?—and therefore knock you around with it. Well, unless we can get ethics in at this level, we ought to quit trying, man, but we just better get these ethics in in a hurry.

Nearly every human being on this planet that is in trouble *is* in trouble because ethics are out. Their lives are lives of misery—just because of that. When you see three, five, ten million troops being killed in a war, they're being killed in a war just because there was an SP in some government nobody took out. And I think that's too many men to kill off just because there's one SP. It would

only take one bullet, one beam, you know? I don't say we would go into it on that level. I don't wish to frighten you.

I had poor John—I had him—I had him... He wasn't worried. He wasn't flustered or anything like that, but he was just a little bit protesty, slightly and so on. I was teasing him. I was saying, „I reserve the right to be able to tip over the White House.“ And nobody was to tip over the White House but me. I was snarling about something that had happened in America. He naturally took me seriously and it disturbed him. It disturbed him. I had to point out to him however I was not yet Clear, and therefore I had a right to want to tip over the White House. But what I *didn't* tell him is after the amount of trouble I was caused in 63 and so forth, I *earned* the right to tip over the White House!

Well, that probably wouldn't get in ethics unless you knew what SP was in the White House at the time you tipped it over. But anyway...

But all joking aside, these situations resolve rather readily. We have the technology, we know exactly why this is out and that is out. We could actually go and sort out what are the key SPs in the situation on any international basis. We could sort them out. I don't say we'd do anything to them. We might just be reasonable about it or so forth, because now that's into technology at OT level, which by the way at this moment is relatively unexplored. But that's OT base.

Now, if you're going to appeal to the wog world you certainly better know the wog world, so I learned all kinds of weird things. I learned for instance how to sell Scientology *against* an out—ethics situation, which is an interesting trick; you want to try it sometime. You say to some person—who is friendly to you but who is a little bit upset because of the bad things he has heard about Scientology, you see—you say to this person, you say, „Well, you've heard objections to Scientology.“ And you reach into your pocket and you whip out a *Problems of Work*. And you hand him the *Problems of Work*, and you say, „Here, read that, and find out what there is in it to be objected to. Go ahead, see if there's anything objectionable in that book.“

One lady I did this with forgot to feed her family. At eight or nine o'clock, she should have served supper at six, she was still reading! So anyway, all kinds of data, all kinds of data accumulated, but it was never more visible to me than that man needn't be in trouble at all. He needn't be in trouble. I don't care how many cross—conflicts he has in his religions or political systems or anything else. It's just SPs. Some SP gets ahold of a political system and there we go. Some Stalin decides that the best possible thing to do is to kill off ten million Georgians. That's the only way he can solve the problems of his country is kill off ten million Georgians. Of course, that's the act of a madman. And of course he was mad. But he was also very SP. Russia is just now staggeringly recovering from all this. They think this has something to do with communism. Has nothing to do with communism at all. The system called communism and so on, the system called socialism, the system called democracy and so on, all these could probably live cheek by jowl with just minor theoretical arguments.

It isn't political systems anyway that make countries productive or peoples happy. Political systems only exist because no one has solved the problem of succession of a good ruler. That's the problem a political system is trying to solve. You talk to a whole bunch of people and you say, A benevolent monarch is a fine form of government if he is brilliant and runs his country well.“ And you'll find every political ideologist will agree with you, no matter what he is. And they'll say, „That's true,“ and then they'll come right in on the back of it, „but how would you succeed him?“ And then we get a political system. So they can't guarantee that they can succeed him, you know, he can't have a successor. So the answer to it is don't have successors; Clear him.

Now, where our difficulties lie individually, personally, at this moment, is only because we haven't got ethics in in the society around us. Any difficulty you're having as an individual is only because you haven't got ethics in in your immediate environment.

Now, we ought to shift gears on our emphasis. Now we've been having a lot of fun, as I told you we would have much, much earlier. We've been having a lot of fun getting in ethics on Scientologists. We've had a ball! Boy, you've had enough Comm Evs to run out of your ears. You've had enough Ethics Orders served on you and about you and chits and so forth, and that sort of thing, to last you quite a while! And I hope in the process you have learned something about the ethics system.

I also know that you wouldn't quite figure out how you'd get along without it, that it's a very handy thing to have. You possibly can remember when you didn't have any ethics system at all—how gruesome it was. Instructors, for instance, couldn't instruct. Auditors couldn't audit. Everything was a flap and a blow. The D of T was somebody who chased students! But now, of course, where we have erred is getting ethics in too heavily on Scientologists and too lightly on the surrounding environment. That's fatal to do it reverse, that way. That's fatal. Too lightly on the environment around us, too heavily on Scientologists.

Now, what we ought to do is reverse that and get ethics in, if anything, too heavily on the environment now, and err in the direction of too lightly on Scientologists. You got it?

So I'm sort of turning the cards on you in this talk. Because there isn't any point in getting ethics in on a willing person. He's perfectly willing; he's trying to do his job. So he's stupid! Well, I assure you that it does no good whatsoever to get ethics in on somebody because he's stupid. None whatsoever! It doesn't do a bit of good. Just kind of makes him sullen.

The purpose of ethics is to get out of the way willful moper and dopery on the high seas. In other words, this guy *intends* to knock it apart. This guy *intends* to knock you down. You should upgrade your idea of what an SP is. Man, meet one sometime! A real one! A real monster. And of course, him, you just—hang it around his neck, man. A real one! But a real SP is not just a difficult person. He's only about two and a half percent of the human race and he's utterly nuts and he is the guy who has been putting people in sanitariums and busting up lives and making nervous breakdowns and that sort of thing. That's a real SP. When those show up inside Scientology groups and so forth, of course, shoot them!

But you don't have somebody that's been around three years and has been doing quasily all right and has a lot of trouble with his mother—in-law, turn up suddenly to be an SP! See, SPs are real. They're real monsters.

Now, upscale, upgrade your idea: what's an SP? What's he do? You know?

Of course, you're probably a bit adrift on what they do and what they look like and what they sound like. Well, one of the first things, has this guy driven people into sanitariums, you know? Is this bird strewing nothing but wreckage around him, whether material or personal wreckage? You know, I mean, you know, social wreckage? Wrecking lives and families and smashing things up in all directions? And is he willfully depressing the living daylights out of statistics and going all over the place?

Well, in all the time we've been around here we only had one SP that I know of. One real SP that was on staff. And he got the tech statistic right out through the bottom of the graph. He was denying everybody in the place auditing. And all the time he was protesting 100 percent. Now, whether he was SP or PTS I have not made up my mind to this date because I haven't investigated the case enough. But we were certainly better off without that person. And I don't know of another single SP that we've ever had on staff. Isn't that interesting? You see all these SP orders and so on.

Well, you take an S&D. You take an S&D. Maybe the person is being suppressed by somebody else, but maybe the person merely makes them unhappy, he's not driving them into a frantic state, don't you see? Find the *real* SP in the person's life. You know, a real one. Don't throw it around carelessly, because this is an—a very exaggerated condition, SP. They can look very nice, they can sound very nice, but actually you can tell one about—usually tell one a long way away.

You hear the sounds of conflict and you see the strewn wreckage long before you see the SP. Now, err by all means in getting ethics in on the environment outside Scientology. Err by all means in getting it in too heavily, because the only mistake you can make is getting it in too lightly. That can be a bad error. It's the error we're making right now with this very tiny group that is dashing around to governments and trying to knock our heads in. That's the error we're making right now. We're getting in ethics too softly—not fast enough, not hard enough. That is the mistake we're making. Well, we will go ahead and we will remedy that. I trust we are in time, without causing another big kerfuffle, do you see. But fast and hard.

Now, out in the perimeter outside Scientology; don't stand around and worry about whether or not you're going to make a mistake on what person or which. Don't worry about that. Just get ethics in. And then if you find out you've gotten it in wrongly, why, correct it. But get it in. But amongst Scientologists, why, you better be pretty careful. You better be pretty careful. After all, the guy is perfectly willing, after all he's with us and he's trying and so forth. That's why you saw me get a Board of Investigation in lieu of a Committee of Evidence.

Now, of course, the Board of Investigation just was to find out the facts for Ron in a state of confusion or upset. I didn't put in it that they should also find the facts out for Ron as to how come the Affluence happened, see? I've got to rewrite that policy letter by adding this in to its purposes. But it's seldom ethics matter. Seldom an ethics matter that you really run into.

Now, I know tomorrow, you Instructors and executives are going to be faced with a total revolt. Well, all I invite you to do is—just raise your own ability to handle people. Learn to be persuasive and cajole, and so on. Because those are techniques too. If you think you've got to write and send out an ethics order, why, send out an ethics order, but it's pretty serious, you know? It has an awful recoil.

But getting ethics in on the planet, the first grasp on that—oh, it'll probably be a gradient, but it better be a fairly steep gradient and better be done fast while we've still got a planet. I don't like billiard balls!

Now, how are we going to do this? Well, I couldn't tell you at this particular time. Probably OT technology. But I can't tell you exactly what that is at this time. Because first I had to find out what we were trying to do.

Well, you would just be surprised at how marvelous it was to find out that the organization could exist and continue and go on without me. That was great. That meant I really had built it up well. That was why I was then perfectly willing to stay away, but after I found that out was when I first started asking the question, „How am I going to get out of here? I'm popular I have tremendous numbers of people depending on me now. How do I get out of here?“ Well, I got shot from guns, fortunately, in the nick of time.

And the other thing was, is could you make more Clears? Wow! Wow! And made number twenty—two just to celebrate my coming home.

Now, of course, I have the immediate program of polishing meself off; which I'm doing at a great rate of speed now. Everything's fine. I don't need any bits and pieces left around to experiment with in case you don't mention it. I found out, by the way—I found out, by the way, why people don't make it, is nobody actually ran, sometimes didn't rehab but mostly didn't run the release grades from 0 on up to V. Sometimes they had Grade V Processes and then should have gone back to

Grade 0 and then go on up again, skipping Grade V this time and gotten to Grade VI. Then you'd find out the case would run well. But cases that aren't running just aren't properly released on the grades. That's the simplicity of that. No more fancy material is needed. There wasn't any necessity to change anything around, and so on. So I'll just go on and finish it off. And then of course I start the real research, which is OT. And we have quite a few volunteers in this particular...

And we've already had our first lesson. Already I've handed out the first piece of information. I had Reg and Jenny and we were in some God—awful airport of Bugawugaville or something like that, flying back. I was very fortunate, the only reason I could possibly get out of there in the time I did, is because Rag and Jenny flew in on Wednesday. I only had three days, you see; something like that. And Reg and Jenny knocked all the baggage together and so forth, and onto the airplane we went and out.

But anyway, at Bugawugaville or some such place, they started asking me questions about something or other, so I gave them a scale. And it's an OT scale. Has to do with knowledge and perception and so forth. It's a create scale actually. And when we reached London airport and all of you were waiting, patiently or otherwise, they stopped me and told me that I hadn't been vaccinated, so I had to be vaccinated. But in the process—in the process of getting vaccinated... You see, I'd already given them this idea of the scale and so on, but in the process this girl simply sat there with a line of about fifty people she was going to take care of before she sent me into the vaccination room to get vaccinated. She didn't sit there long! Reg put a beam on her and she went into the office. Bang! She was kind of cross with me afterwards. Her self—determinism, if any, had been totally overwhumped.

But that shows you how dangerous it is. He'd had just a ten minute lecture in one elementary scale, you see, on OT and there went the vaccination clerk. But OT is something one moves up into. It is not a state of Clear And gradually all Clears are starting to move forward and they move on up and they gradually develop this and that and they feel themselves getting a bit bigger and they start resolving some of the things that they're worried about, you know, about what's MEST and so on. There are faster ways, however, to do this. There are faster ways and we will find those faster ways. And when we've found them, of course, why, then we can get ethics in very nicely, providing we have an OT base from which to get it in from.

Now, I'm not sure whether the OT base is England or the Middle East or the Mountains of the Moon. Or the moon! I've studied it no further than that. I know what the society needs. I know what the society responds to. I got my data. We're making Clears. Our organizations are functioning; they're very functional. Life looks pretty smooth. The abilities of a being are at this moment only hinted at. And so I have to go forward into all of that.

It's very interesting, by the way, that every time I try to put together the scope of OT, I have to take it off as invalidation. No matter what extravagant statement you make about an OT and the capabilities of it, it is an invalidation. Isn't that a wild thing?

Well anyway, I won't—I won't tell you about this again. Usually old soldiers and people who have had campaigns of one kind or another sit around for ages and ages talking about how they were at Malta, or this and that. And I won't do that to you. I won't keep saying, „When I was in Rhodesia

I will just take it from here.

It was so funny though. It was so funny to get back and not really be back. You know, you shocked me into realizing where I was, you know, but still things weren't too bright and shiny until Bonwick took me around and showed me the place. You know, showed me what he'd been up to, and what you've been doing and so on. And when we got that... I came into PT and writing the reports, you see, about Rhodesia has been an awful chore ever since, because I laid it off I said I

would tell you about it, write some reports about it, got to submit some reports concerning it, and so on. But to me, right now, it's not very interesting.

I came up to present time; Saint Hill looked awfully good. I'm much more interested, much more interested in beginning to get ethics in on those people we ought to be getting it in on with great speed so we can get... And maybe we've entered the first gradient. Maybe we get ethics in just on a simple gradient. It occurred to me the other day that we might be able to just get ethics in on the planet on a simple gradient, just like we're going right now with the technology and so forth, so on. After all the first point of attack that we're making is one of the heaviest newspaper groups in the United Kingdom. Pretty fabulous.

Now, anyway, there's my adventures in Rhodesia. And the tale of a fellow who went out to conquer a country, to find out what he needed in order to conquer a country. And what application Scientology had on a planetary basis and how and where and what to operate from. Got all those questions answered now. All I've got to do is polish myself up, get things lined up a little bit and make the next move. You see, you just got through running me totally out of technology.

So anyway, I've got a long job ahead of me still, and I'll still have to stick around; I can see that now. And I'm sorry if that's bad news. But I apologize for not giving you all the lectures you have missed. I will try to make up for it in quality in the ensuing weeks. I've got me 'at jammed solidly around me ears. And we've got an awful lot to do.

But I want to thank you very much for keeping the show on the road, for making the Clears, for making the affluences and for keeping everything going while I was gone. And I'll do the same for you next time.

Thank you.