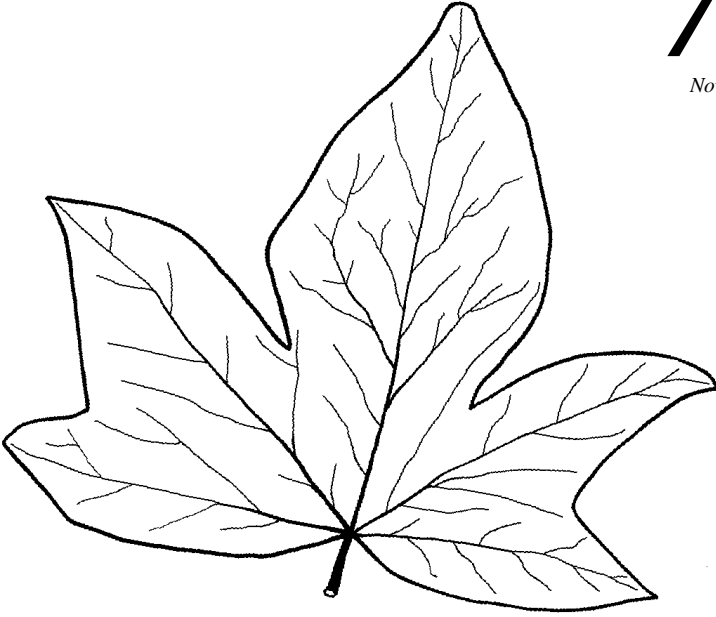


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Nov.2005



# *International Viewpoints* [Lyngby]

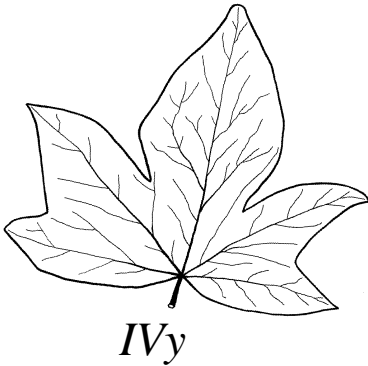


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*International Viewpoints* is independent of  
any group or organization.

*IVy's aim:*

In 1934 the book *Scientologie* by A. Nordenholz was  
published. In the middle of the twentieth century the  
subject of Scientology was greatly expanded as a  
philosophy and technology by L. Ron Hubbard and  
a big band of helpers. This band coalesced into the  
Church of Scientology, which eventually became  
somewhat secretive, restrictive, expensive and  
slightly destructive. From 1982 on many left or  
were thrown out of that church but continue to use  
and develop the philosophy and technology outside.

*International Viewpoints* deals with this large area,  
and we aim to promote communication within this  
field. We relay many viewpoints, sometimes  
opposing! ☒

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*The obituary on Mark Jones will be coming in  
the next issue, and if you have not already paid  
for 2006, it is time to do so (see also the editorial  
starting on the next page).*

Front page picture is of Mary  
Sue Hubbard, whose death  
was never announced by offi-  
cial Scientology – pictures.  
from: <http://marysuehubbard.com>

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ScientologyReformationSeries20: <sup>1</sup>

# The New Regime Take-Over Section 6

by Mike Goldstein, USA

**Findings & Recommendations** (Part 16 of 25)

The RTC had approved my request and written up my Comm Ev. I was satisfied that the accusations put forth in my declare order were therein being addressed. The local people assigned to the committee were not really friends or allies, but they were unbiased, so I felt that the Comm Ev would be conducted fairly.

At first, the committee was rather cold and suspicious. As things proceeded and they began seeing the truth of my situation, they warmed up to me. The Comm Ev didn't take very long. When we were done, I thought that it had gone quite well and believed that the committee's

findings would be a truthful representation of what had occurred.

With the Comm Ev's completion, the committee's findings were sent to the Convening Authority, the RTC, for approval, publication and distribution. A short time later, I got a call from the org saying that the published findings and recommendations had arrived. I went over and was given a copy of the write-up. As I read the committee's findings I was very satisfied. I had been exonerated of all false accusations. What's more, the report truthfully depicted injustices and highlighted my accomplishments. Then I read the recommendations that were laid out by the RTC.

Recommendations are suppose to align with a committee's findings. For example, if the findings were that the person was guilty of high crimes, then the recommendations might be suitable punishment and correction. If the findings were that the person was innocent and had been treated unjustly, then the recommendations might include re-instatement of the innocent party and investigation of the parties responsible for the injustice.

In the case of my Comm Ev, the RTC's recommendations were completely non sequitur and out of alignment with the findings of the committee. Basically, I was instructed to go to work in the Denver Org Division 6 to help the present RTC mission in the org, and to hand over my correspondence course materials to the Div 6 for their use. I took my copy of the findings and recommendations and left the org without talking to anyone.

## Editorial

Is IVy **objective**? What does objective mean? My feeling is that to be truly objective one must report everything, occurrence and opinion. We do not have space for that, and suspect our readers do not have time to sort it out.

We have a field of interest, described in our aims on the opposite page. We have up to now accepted all articles sent in (a few exceptions, articles a little difficult to understand or which have got lost in our computer or desk). We have also solicited some articles, and there you might see a bias of the editor. But we have aimed to cover the wide range of views and data of Scientology and post Scientology outside of the official body. And in doing so, keeping

see page 6

<sup>1</sup> The Scientology Reformation Series was started a little while ago, to mark twenty years since there was a large "diaspora" from the official Church of Scientology. See the online contents of IVy on our Home page, at <http://home8.inet.tele.dk/ivy/> for data on the full series.  
The New Regime Take-Over first appeared in a number of smaller parts, and in order to avoid any confusion between those parts and the large "chunks" we are printing in IVy now we have called the latter sections. *Ed.*

What had occurred was fairly predictable, but at least I had accomplished what I had set out to do. The findings had been published and distributed in response to the false declare order, and any thinking person could see the RTC's unjust actions and that the recommendations were completely inappropriate.

After reading the write-up, a field auditor who had been shut down by the RTC for doing first dynamic ethics handling on people gave me a call. He told me that he had just come back from Santa Barbara where he had received auditing from David Mayo. He was very satisfied with the results he'd obtained, and recommended that I make the trip. This person's call was timely, as I was at a point where I was finally willing to leave the CoS. I had remained in the CoS as long as I had because I had believed in the validity of the technology and had thought I could correct the organization. Now I felt my goals of correcting management were no longer possible.

David Mayo, having left the Sea Org some months prior, had just set up an independent center in Santa Barbara and was delivering services to Scientologists who had left CoS. I called David and we had a nice chat. We were friends, but I hadn't seen him since we were both on the Apollo. After talking to him and finding out what he was doing, I scheduled some time to go out and get some auditing at his establishment.

I received excellent service with David's group, and for the first time I became aware of the volume of Scientologists who were leaving the CoS. In the entire past history of Scientology, never had such a mass exodus occurred, and the people leaving were not just public Scientologists dissatisfied with their services and treatment in the organization. Large numbers of highly trained technical and administrative people, many of whom had worked closely with Hubbard, were also departing.

The mistreatment of independent thought by the RTC, as described in Part 10<sup>1</sup> of this series,

had not crushed the revolution. RTC actions had only delayed it and forced it out of the CoS and into the field. I was now witnessing the beginning of what was to be called the "independent movement" or "free zone". I remember hearing an appropriate analogy: "People are leaving a sinking ship, and only the rats will remain".

While in Santa Barbara, I talked with David to see if he might be interested in my coming aboard to take on a position of interesting people never involved with Scientology in his services. But David was too busy with what he was doing, and only interested in delivering to the people leaving the CoS. It was his operation and he could, of course, do what he wanted. I thanked him for his good service and returned home.

### Leaving the CoS (Part 17 of 25)

After returning from my trip to Santa Barbara, the person who had told me about Mayo gave me a call. He was an opinion leader in the Denver field. He was having a meeting at his home with many other local Scientologists to discuss the independent movement and wanted me to attend.

Most of the people attending the meeting were public who were sick of the high prices and heavy ethics in the CoS. The host was telling them about the activities occurring outside the CoS, focusing on the delivery being done at Mayo's. Since most of these people respected my opinion, I was asked to speak to the audience.

I told the group of my experiences and expressed my viewpoint about what was going on. I told them that I was leaving the CoS and that I'd just been out to Mayo's for auditing. I told them that the service I had received was better than the service I'd received in Clearwater, and recommended Mayo as a viable alternative to the CoS.

When I finished my talk I started to sit down, but I was stopped by an angry crowd. They wanted to know why they had to go to Santa Barbara for service when I could open a center in Denver. Up until now, the idea hadn't

1 Part 10 appears in IVy 72, page 3: Revolution Begins Too Late.

occurred to me. I told them this and that I'd have to think about it. As I was leaving the meeting, the idea of opening an independent center started to appeal to me.

While I was out at Mayo's, the missionaries at the org had been trying to contact me. I found that I had several messages on my answering machine from them, saying that they wanted to see me. I went over to the org and met with the lead missionary.

He said that he was wondering when I was going to start working in the Div 6 there. I tried to explain about the RTC's recommendations being inconsistent with the committee's findings, but he just didn't get what I was trying to say. He tried to tell me how wonderful it would be to work in the org Div 6, especially since we didn't have to mess with those damned missions<sup>1</sup> anymore. When I asked that he elaborate, he went on to say that the missions had just been dilettante units that had now been turned into something much better, mini-orgs.

Disgusted with what he had said, I told him that the missions were the best source of public the orgs had ever had, and now the RTC had destroyed them out of greed and avarice. I went on to say that he was just a puppet, mouthing RTC justifications for their crimes. Then I told him that I'd been out at David Mayo's getting auditing and that it was a breath of fresh air. Dumbfounded, all he could say was "You shouldn't have done that". I just shook my head, said goodbye, and left.

It only took a couple of days before I got another phone call. This time it was from another RTC mission that had just arrived in Denver. Obviously, the RTC had been informed of my conversation with the missionary at the org and had sent another mission to specifically deal with this "situation". This new mission was operating out of a motel near the local org, and wanted me to come over and see them. My wife was afraid and didn't want me to go. I assured her that I would be fine and not to worry. I wanted to confront these people one more time.

This time there were three missionaries there to handle me. They wanted to make me realize the mistake I'd made by going to Mayo, and get me to give up the "destructive" path I was on. I sat in a chair while the three of them stood around me like cops grilling a suspect. Actually, I kind of enjoyed all the drama.

I had hoped that these missionaries would be old-time Sea Org members with some history and experience under their belts. Instead, I discovered that they were pretty raw and really didn't have much of a clue about anything. I would have been surprised if any of them had been in the Sea Org for more than a year.

As the session went on, it was the three of them that started to get very uncomfortable. I was nice, but I was giving them data that was completely new to them and contradicted what they had been told. Seven hours later they were almost basket cases. There was nothing else they could say. I had lost track of time and thought that I should call me wife. Almost hysterical, she was relieved that I was all right. I told her I'd be home directly.

Departing, I told the missionaries that I was leaving the CoS and setting up a center in Denver. But figuring I'd make a last attempt at affecting changes in management, I told them that I wouldn't do anything for a least three days. In that time, I was willing to first sit down with Pat Broeker to discuss things. Amazed, I discovered that they didn't even know who Pat Broeker was! I told them that he was their senior and one of the people running the CoS. Telling them that they should just relay my message to their mission ops, I then went home.

I got no further communication from the RTC about this last mission or my offer to meet with Broeker. My life as a member of the CoS was now over. But, I was about to start a new chapter in my life, embarking on an exciting and new adventure.

### Epilogue (part 18)

The New Regime Takeover series is now complete. I realize that I only used eighteen

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<sup>1</sup> In this context formerly called a franchise — independent unit delivering Scientology technology — not to be confused with a mission from the Sea Org. *Ed.*

parts in this write-up, even though I had first anticipated using twenty-five. The remaining, unused parts may be appended to the existing series in an effort to respond to any questions.

In this series, I have attempted, through my observation and experience, to describe the takeover of the CoS by the new regime. I first became aware of a change in the CoS's power structure in 1980, when I was first contacted in the field by Diana Hubbard. I provided a brief part of my previous history in the CoS as a background, but the majority of my personal experience in this series begins in 1980. The story continues into 1983, when the takeover was complete and I left the CoS.

While writing and publishing this write-up, I have received many communications from readers trying to figure out my current viewpoint and opinions from what they have read so far. This would be difficult, as I have tried to write this series from the viewpoint I was in at the time these events were happening, over twenty years ago. I believe that doing this has given the story a more realistic flavor.

Due to the many questions and interest of readers, I will be writing another series that begins where this write-up leaves off. This new series will commence after I left the CoS and continue until the present. Not wanting to get ahead of myself, I have chosen not to respond to certain postings at the site where my series first appeared, as my responses would have portrayed later points of view. I'm certain that people will find it much more interesting to observe the change in viewpoint with the progressing events and history.

In the upcoming series, I will look at the history of the independent field or free zone, as well as the CoS's response to this activity, while I operated an independent center in Colorado. Readers will observe the distinct shift in viewpoint that occurred in the independent field after only two years in existence.

When leaving the fold, most Scientologists still believed in the total validity of the technology, where the only imperfections arose from the management and organization of the CoS. In a free environment, the blinders came off, and an emphatic change occurred in the previously enforced ideas about Hubbard's monopoly on

mental and spiritual research and advancement.

Readers will get a rare glimpse at the early days and formation of the Scientology Bridge from the eyes of the man who assisted Hubbard in his research of the subject. You will see how a flawed philosophy and incorrect evaluation of technical problems led Hubbard to develop a system that had its workability, but was fraught with inconsistencies and limitations.

Out of this turbulent past and evolution of independent thought, a new subject, Idenics, was born. Not being a rehash of Dianetics or Scientology, Idenics would be a fresh, new approach to come out of the arena of self-improvement and therapy. The development and impact of this methodology will be discussed within the context of this new series of writings.

Whether you have participated and witnessed events during the period of time discussed, or whether you are just questioning your existing circumstances, I hope you will find this upcoming series interesting, and perhaps, even enlightening.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to the late, John Galusha, my friend and partner of 16 years, without whose help and insight, this series and the upcoming series would not have been written.

Mike Goldstein 8/16/04 ✕  
*(The series mentioned will start in the next IVy)*

Editorial from page 3	an eye on finances. We have managed for 12 years, but recently things got a bit out of control, so we found it necessary to raise prices for coming years and approach friends and beg for money to complete 2005. Some generous donations were received.
We hope you find us objective enough to justify a little extra in the yearly subscription — and if you find an area or viewpoint we have not covered adequately, well, you are very welcome to send in an article, or encourage some one else to do so. Help us be objective.	
We wish you an enriching new year, hopefully rich in the spirit of play. <div style="text-align:right">Ant</div>	

# The Human Trap

by Todde Salén, Sweden

TO LIVE AS A HUMAN BEING on planet earth has often been said is to be caught in a trap or jailed on a prison planet. We all know that many elderly people complain that they do not have anyone visiting them any more. Many complain about being on their own and becoming isolated.

## Hubbard's fate

L. Ron Hubbard, who met a tremendous number of human beings and helped many live better lives died alone with only a handful of young scientologists around him. He never complained (as far as I know) about being abandoned by all his friends, but I feel that he did end his days in many ways "abandoned". His wife and kids were not allowed to see him and all of his former friends were unable to reach him. This was a situation he himself created by his own actions. Even if he was worth a lot of money at the end he for sure did not end his days connected to many "true friends".

I would say he fell into the human trap just like so many other beings on this planet do. He became old and abandoned. He could have ended his days revered in the midst of many of his followers, but denied himself such an ending to his life.

## Repay

One way we can pay him back is by creating in the free zone 3rd dynamics, people who can deliver the improved technology that we inherited from him. If we do, we can when (if) he returns in new human form, give him the auditing he so very much deserves to benefit from.

As I have grown older (I am now 61 years old) I have seen and heard people fall into this human trap again and again. Every time this happens it is very clear to me that the only reason people fall into this trap of being a human being is because of their own inability to find and keep true friends.

When the subject of true friendship has been discussed as a subject of philosophy, many have asked: "How do you create true friendship?" or "How do you find true friends". The answer from the old philosophers in Greek was: "Be a true friend!".

## True friends

As an ex-Scientologist (ex-SCNist), who has fallen into buddhist thinking I would say that the answer should be: "Get your anchor points out! Communicate! Always find new comm-lines and make yourself known!"

There is a secret about living in the MEST universe. Hubbard said that the purpose of the MEST universe is to make the thetan solid and immobile.<sup>1</sup>

The MEST universe is continuously created on an automatic *alter-is*. This is not true of the theta in the MEST universe (life). Life has to always be continuously created here and now. As soon as you stop creating your beingness in the MEST universe, your life starts to shrink. On TR 0 you train yourself to *be there!* By *being there* you are creating your PT existence, your presence. Having been born as a human being the thetan is trapped into creating the life of his human body. That is not necessarily what that

1 Todde refers to *Tech Vol. V* p. 276 "The tendency of the physical universe is condensation and solidification. At least that is the effect produced on the thetan. Continued dwelling in it without rehabilitation causes the thetan to become less reaching ('smaller') and more solid. A thetan, being a static, may become convinced he cannot duplicate matter, energy, space, or time or certain intentions and so succumbs to the influence of this universe." From the 4 1/2 page Bulletin 15 May AD13 (1963) The Time Track and Engram Running by Chains. *Ed.*

thetan wants to do. But once you are trapped into becoming a human being, you might as well take advantage of the situation. To have a human life is a gift from the gods. As a human being you can keep yourself in a position where your mind can be addressed so it is possible for you to get out of the trap of being trapped in a mind (which is a more basic trap, than being trapped in a human body).

### Buddhist

The buddhist purpose of civilisation (the 10,000 years ending the 30,000 buddhist era) is to create a thousand year empire, where the beings trapped in human bodies on planet earth can evolve into higher spiritual states. The spiritual state of "enlightenment" (becoming a bodhi) is a prerequisite for becoming Maitreya (to be a member of a great society of *true friends* in a *true group*).

So I would like to see all old ex-Scientologists get their anchor points out and create space, where they can find new comm lines to new friends to avoid falling into the human trap. Of course there are many human beings who are not interested in "old ex-SCN-fools". The gist of what Hubbard said on the matter could be expressed as follows:

When you reach out into humanity to find individuals to help get freed from their reactive minds, you will find that there are

very many who do not want freedom, but want to remain enslaved. This may disappoint you for a while. But after having failed to interest 99 persons in becoming free, when you then turn to the 100th person and find a true friend who really wants freedom, then you forget all your earlier disappointments as you rejoice with your newly found true friend in expanding theta friendship

### Epicurus' advice

Epicurus (342?-270 B.C.) said (like Gautama) that human beings strive to avoid suffering and gain happiness. He said that human beings fail to become happy because they do not learn properly how to gain happiness. Every human being who tries to gain happiness by winning material wealth, will only learn that that is not a stable road to happiness. Epicurus said that all body satisfactions are short lasting and therefore not the way to real happiness. The only way you can achieve long-term and lasting happiness is by making lots of true friends.

So that is the advice you should follow if you want to avoid the human trap. Get your anchor points out. Do not allow the enemies of theta to trick you into withdrawing to become immobile and solid. Get onto comm-lines, make yourself known. Find many friends and learn to know them well so you can sort out those who can become true friends of yours.

There is no better way to end your life. If you can add to your true friendship with others true spiritual friendship, you will find out when you die one day that you are actually living on within the true theta friendship of which you are part. ✕



Another early  
80s Don Gordon  
picture (see IVy  
73, page 16)



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# Service Facsimiles, Part 1

by Jack Horner

*[This article has been adapted from copyrighted lectures given by Jack Horner to students of Dianology on February 24 and May 28, 1970, in Los Angeles, California.]*

A SERVICE FACSIMILE is an automatically asserted rightness, an automatically asserted pro-survival condition or mechanic. It operates on a stimulus-response reactive basis. Instead of you looking and conceiving of or creating a solution to a problem right now, spontaneously, knowingly, consciously and instantaneously, this machine does it for you. It is an automatic safe solution. It is a machine that keeps you from having to think or confront. It does it for you.

It is usually intended as a total solution, the only safe solution, to take care of all circumstances like this one. "I will always react this way". It doesn't say that, but that's the way it works. It is essentially an offense-defense mechanism. It is intended to keep you from confronting directly, and to keep people from confronting you directly, and it's supposed to serve as a method of handling the environment without you having to think about it. It's a reaction-without-thought-or-inspection mechanism. It is also an excuse for failure. It is furthermore a way of justifying your own existence and continuing to survive.

The thing about the service facsimile that makes it so tough is that it is often very reasonable in itself, but it's a self-determined aberration. The most difficult aberration to handle is the self-determined aberration. That is, decisions, postulates, opinions, decisions and intentions about the future made in a conscious state. These are consciously and analytically made and they are reinforced reactively. You get a tangle-up of the analytical and the reactive minds going simultaneously as a result of a conscious decision. So the service facsimile as such is a very hot little item.

## Survival and rightness

One of the more important considerations of being human is a need to survive, and among the values of survival are being right and winning at whatever you're doing. You get into competitive things. The rightest guy wins. So you get into a tremendous desire and need to be right, and a need to win.

I'm sure you're aware that right and wrong, or good and bad, are considerations, and that they're basically irrelevant to a being. But once he's involved in a game, and is interested in or involved with the survival of a form, like a body, then certain things make that form persist better. Those things are considered right, and other things are considered wrong, and also therefore good and bad. It is important to be right in terms of surviving, to do the things which assist or add to your survival, if your goal is to survive.

People get very determined to be right because that's the way to survive. When it gets down to some sort of an only solution as the way to survive, the only-solution factor really makes the service facsimile solid because not only is it in itself a stuck effort to be right, but it keys in the whole GPM mechanism. It keys in anywhere between 30 to 150 thousand years of time track with a similar type of computation. This is what makes it so rough.

People do what they're doing because it's right, and that's the way to survive. Whatever a person's doing, no matter how idiotic it seems to you, for him or her at that moment, that's the way to survive. The thing about the service facsimile is that it's a compulsive effort and it's an only solution.

## On the defensive

When you put somebody on the defensive, they are then demonstrating one of their service facsimiles. When you invalidate or evaluate for somebody, they then demonstrate at least one of

their operating service facsimiles. Now I don't recommend this procedure, but I suppose if you really wanted to find somebody's service facsimile, you could push their buttons and make them defend themselves. Then you could say, "There, that's your service facsimile!" You could have a little bit of difficulty auditing them after that. You would possibly have to handle an ARC break! But this is a characteristic of the service facsimile. When people are put on the defensive they try to show their rightness.

We have to find what a person has done to aberrate himself. Now it's pretty blunt and direct to say, All right, what have you done to make life 'unbearable for others'? By asking him the question, it will put him on the defensive and key in the service facsimile so now you're not auditing the guy, you're fighting the service facsimile. And when these things key in, they key in so instantaneously that the guy doesn't realize he's dramatizing one, or being it. The service facsimile has become an automaticity, and whenever that button gets pushed, the guy still automatically defends himself that way.

You usually know you've got a service facsimile when the tone arm that normally sits at 3 suddenly goes to 4, or maybe it goes from 2 to 3. If you get a rising tone arm, which is a non-confront on the part of the individual, the automaticity of the service facsimile is doing the confronting for him. When that solution is operable, the guy isn't. He isn't confronting. He's confronting *as* a service facsimile, or from behind one. It's a substitute for his being there. *It* solves the problem for him. *It* handles the situation. It defends him against all comers. In that sense, he's not directly participating and confronting. And he's not even aware of it. If he were aware of it, it would blow, and the tone arm would come down. Sometimes all you have to do is get the right wording of the thing and that will essentially blow the service facsimile. Then you only have to spend a little bit of time running some more questions just to make sure the automaticity is off.

### Getting sick

One of the things that happens is a kid says, "I don't want to go to school today. I'm sick". His mother says, "You're not sick. Go to school". He doesn't want to be considered a liar, so next time he really gets sick, and it works. He gets to

stay home and it shows he was right. Then the next time he tries it, it doesn't work; even though he gets sick, they make him go to school anyway. Then when he tries it again, his mother says, "You're going to school". He thinks, "I'll show her". Now he *must* have it work for him. This is when he uses his engrams. He pulls in birth, his tonsillectomy, or whatever engrams he's got that conveniently make him ill.

So he gets sick and that makes mother really wrong, doesn't it? He gets to stay home from school, and from then on anytime he doesn't want to go to school he gets sick. But now the mechanism's gone out of control and is on automatic so that whenever he wants to get out of something, he gets sick. He just thinks of not wanting to go to school and he gets a temperature. But he's the one who set it up in the first place. He set it up, he failed with it, and then reinforced it, and put it on automatic. That's one of the ways a service facsimile is brought about. And he doesn't have any control over it after that. It worked, and it failed to work, and it became an automaticity.

### Locating service facsimiles

The hard thing to do, because it is not essentially a mechanical process, is to locate a service facsimile. The difficult thing about locating service facsimiles is that you've got to be there. The auditor has to do it. It is not primarily an assessment action. You can't punch the right buttons and have the preclear pop up with his service facsimile. The auditor has to intelligently look for it. We have assessment questions to help locate the service facsimile, but the auditor has to be right with it, and really thinking about how it might work.

If the guy you're auditing is in a state of release he doesn't have any service facsimiles in operation. You deliberately have to go after the service facsimiles he has that aren't keyed in at the moment, find them, and have him become aware of them. Just talking about proving yourself right, or making others wrong, can restimulate a service facsimile. The tricky part is, and this is where your TRs are important, is to key this thing in, which makes the guy automatically defend himself, without making him defend himself against you, the auditor. That's why your ARC has to be very high in this kind of a thing. Because if the guy's going to

defend himself he's not going to let anything get to him, including you. So you push the button, and he's now defending himself.

We want to find out what a guy's done in this lifetime in terms of rightness. You're looking for what a guy's done that was survival or right. And it was very survival, very right at the time. It was probably a very, very sane thing, at the time. But then for some reason or another, somewhere along the line, he had to defend it. He had to enforce it. He had to insist on the rightness of his computation with such intensity that it even became enforced upon him, and became automatic. And whenever it's challenged, it defends. And he being it, he defends, because he's identified with the mechanism.

### **Do, have, and be to be right**

How do you find one of the damn things? We have a mechanical means of locating them for most practical purposes. There's a list of questions, beginning with, "In this lifetime is there anything you've done to prove yourself right?" You list all the things he's done to prove himself right. And don't let him tell you he's never done anything to prove himself right. He went through school, didn't he? He sure as hell did something somewhere to prove himself right.

Then you ask, "In this lifetime is there anything you've had, to prove yourself right?" This could be sickness, or a certain car, or a cigarette. Some people smoke because it's a way of being right. It's proving their parents wrong, for instance. Having cigarettes, or having a certain haircut. They've had long hair in order to prove themselves right. Or having short hair to prove themselves right. It's something they have.

The next question is "something he's been in order to prove himself right". This may be being an engineer, or being a dentist, or being a dancer, or being pregnant, or being stubborn, or being determined, or being intelligent, being superior. All various states of beingness, or types of beingness, in order to prove himself right. The more you deal with these things as an auditor, the more you'll discover the multitudinous things people can dream up in order to prove themselves right.

Now don't sit there like a machine, repeating the question mechanically. No, you say some-

thing like, "The question is, in this lifetime is there anything you've done to prove yourself right? Is there anything you could have done where there was an effort, or feeling that you wanted to prove yourself right, where you wanted to show them?" You have to get the idea of what you're after across to the preclear. Make sure he really understands the question and what you're after. The words in themselves don't always convey it.

### **"I'll show you!"**

The essence of the service facsimile, one important part of the flavor, is "I'll show you". It's an attitude. The guy doesn't necessarily think to himself, "I'll show them". He feels it. But "I'll show them", is a verbalization of the attitude that goes with service facsimiles. "I'll show them, if it's the last thing I do!" These are the things you're after. When a life source or a being says, "I'll show them", there's no time tag on it. L. Ron Hubbard put it very well when he said, "A being never gives up. He only suppresses". He's not smart enough to just cease creating the goal. He suppresses it. The effort to prove is another very important characteristic of the service facsimile. "I'll show you" is one element of it, proof is another.

Take this example of a service facsimile: "I'll be exactly what he says I'm going to be and do it to such a degree that he'll feel sorry for having suggested it". That's a classic example of the service facsimile because it shows the other guy how stupid and wrong he is. The service facsimile par excellence is one that results in everybody writhing at your feet and suffering from what they did to you, but you showed them how wrong they were!

Anything you can think of, if the guy's got to prove it, it's a service facsimile. You use a service facsimile to show how much better you are than other people. Having knowledge in order to show how superior you are. Having status in order to show how superior you are, having a certificate. Being an auditor. Having no service facs.

The service facsimile may not have been a verbal consideration in the first place. It may not have been thought out in words; it was an attitude. You've got to find a set of words that closely approximate the attitude. Then it's

understood, and it's put out there, instead of something the guy is being.

### Uniqueness

You could also additionally list, "In this lifetime what are your most unique qualities? What makes you stand out as an individual?" Or, "What keeps you from standing out as an individual?" That's a form of uniqueness. "In this lifetime is there anything you've done to prove your uniqueness, to be different from anybody else?" "What have you been or done to make yourself unique?" "What makes you different and unique compared to other people? In what way are you special? What makes you unique and different as an individual compared to anybody in your family?" "Well, they're all a bunch of so and so's and at least I can go out and do that!" Ah-hah, you're right on the heels of a hot service facsimile! Another way of getting it would be to ask, "What are your best qualities?" "What are your most positive or outstanding qualities?"

So you list what he may have done. He got a high grade in geometry because they told him he couldn't. That's something he did to prove himself right. He wore his hair long no matter what. Or he had a shave, or he had an Indian haircut<sup>1</sup>. He showed them. He refused to brush his teeth. "I'll show them, I'll never go to a dentist!" You list all these things. Any one of them that you get a read on that he's interested in you can run as a service facsimile. You get a blowdown on the meter, or at least a fall, and he's interested. You could run that.

Don't think you're going to find one service facsimile. You're going to find maybe 40 of the damn things in a case. You will not find one, you will find many. You will find some that are hotter than others. Some have the real proof factor, and then there are other ones, and these are the hardest ones to find, the things you take for granted as, "Of course that's the way you do things". The really important service facsimiles have that "of course" factor. "Well, of course you

do that". "Of course you're honest. I mean there's nothing else you could do". You're going to continue to discover these even after you're clear.

### One-dynamic computation

A service facsimile is basically a very good decision, but it's what the guy's done with it, he's taken a good computation, and turned it into a one-dynamic affair. A service facsimile is a one-dynamic, a first dynamic computation. "I'm going to survive by destroying all the other dynamics", is the computation. "I'm right, and they're wrong". And of course the other side of that is, "If they're right, then I'm wrong. If they survive, then I'm dead, so I've got to kill them all!" It won't be put in those words, but that's really what it amounts to. A truly survival computation would mean survival across the dynamics instead of survival against the dynamics. Is that clear? The service facsimile is a survival against the dynamics consideration. You use this thing in order to protect yourself from the other dynamics, and/or to protect the other dynamics from you.

For example, let's say a guy had a service facsimile of being friendly. The reason he's friendly is to make other people wrong. He makes himself right, shows that he's the only one who's really capable of being friendly, and makes other people wrong by being friendly. He's so friendly he gets others upset. He upsets them with his friendliness and they start reacting, and he says, See? They're wrong. No matter how friendly I get, they, the human race is no damn good!" So he uses friendliness to control and dominate others. Somebody starts getting friendly with him, and he out "friendlies" them. Until they can't stand it anymore. Because he knows what real friendship is, and it's some hidden standard based on his past.

### Service facsimile mechanics

The essence of it, again, is that you are going to show that your point is the only point, the only way, and that other people are wrong. You're

1 Probably what is now known as Mohawk Haircut. *The American Heritage Dictionary* defines it as "a hair style in which the scalp is shaved except for an upright strip of hair that runs across the crown of the head from the forehead to the nape of the neck." Derived from the Mohawk tribe (of native americans, who prior to these days of "political correctness" were commonly referred to as "Indians"). *Compilers note*

going to dominate them, and keep from being dominated, by your friendliness, or your honesty, or whatever it is, and you're going to hinder other people's survival and aid your own survival with it. In other words, "I'm going to survive, and screw them. And if this mechanism doesn't work for me, I'm going to be screwed." There's your service facsimile mechanic.

So that is your service facsimile factor. You find them by merely communicating with the guy and listening to him and seeing what he's doing. Listen to him. The guy's got a hobby horse about something. He's got some kind of an ax to grind, something that he wants to show the world. "What did you want to show the world?" "What do you want to prove?" "What did you want to show that you were smarter at than anybody else? Or better at?" "How did you do it?" That's the service facsimile. It's an automaticity. It isn't something he's doing; it's doing him.

You want to call the preclear's attention to specific service facsimiles and to the mechanism itself. But particularly to the specific ones he's stuck with and he uses as an automatic safe solution, an automatic defensive device, or an automatic offensive device in order to handle his environment.

## Surprising

You may be very surprised by some of the stuff people come up with to be right. And watch very carefully accepting any unwilling effect stuff as a service facsimile. Where "being sad" makes him right. It can, and that can be a service facsimile, but what's the other side of being sad? I'd also want to check out the other side of that. "How do you control somebody who's sad?" How do you make somebody who's sad 'wrong'? You'll probably find there another service facsimile that's more causative, more direct.

As the service facsimile becomes unknowing it becomes a games condition. Except it's also, at the same time, very knowing. The guy will tell you the importance of being honest, or whatever the item is. Being honest is a very important thing to be. You're so honest that you make other people look bad. You're so honest that you keep track very carefully of what everybody around you says, and catch them for any slightest discrepancy. And then you shove it in their face to show them how dishonest they are.

Being honest may be very sane, but what happens with the service facsimile is this sane thing becomes me against the other seven dynamics. When it switches from being a reasonable thing to being something that you use to prove others wrong, that's when it becomes a service facsimile. It's not the thing itself. It's how you use it.

It boils down to, this computation, whatever it is, is very pro-survival for the individual. Or let me say it this way, usually it is essentially pro-survival, but when it becomes survival for him and against the other dynamics, that's when it becomes a service facsimile. It has the apparancy of survival for him, but the actuality of doing himself in with it. The reality is he's being done in by his own attitudes. Because his attitude instantly brings about people who are opposed to it.

## The only thing to do

There is another factor, which isn't quite the service facsimile; it hasn't become one. In this case the guy might say, "Being honest is the only thing to do". It isn't because it necessarily makes the other dynamics wrong, but it's the only thing to do. And that in itself can become obsessive, and an only solution, and is a stuck thing. He's not free to be dishonest, or free to not be honest.

He's committed to an only solution. It's not knowingly, "This is the only solution", but it is the thing he does. And it's the only way he can respond. It's the insistence, usually, on a particular quality, as an only solution. So therefore the quality of being honest is a substitute for being there. If you're just honest, it will handle everything. That's what I mean by the non-confront. The thing itself does it for you. It's an automatic safe solution. It's an encompassing solution.

## Protecting the world

One of the things that's really going to get to you, when you've been auditing somebody, is that this guy, a fantastically beautiful person, has been aberrating himself in order to protect the world from him, or her. In the right auditing circumstances, you could ask somebody, "How have you tried to protect the world from you?" And you would get another type of service fac-

simile. You can take this guy and free him from the need to have the world be protected.

You will find a very tall, strong man sometimes his service facsimile will be being gentle. Being gentle makes him right. It isn't so much a service facsimile of proving other people wrong, but it's to make sure he doesn't accidentally kill somebody. He's protecting the world from his strength.

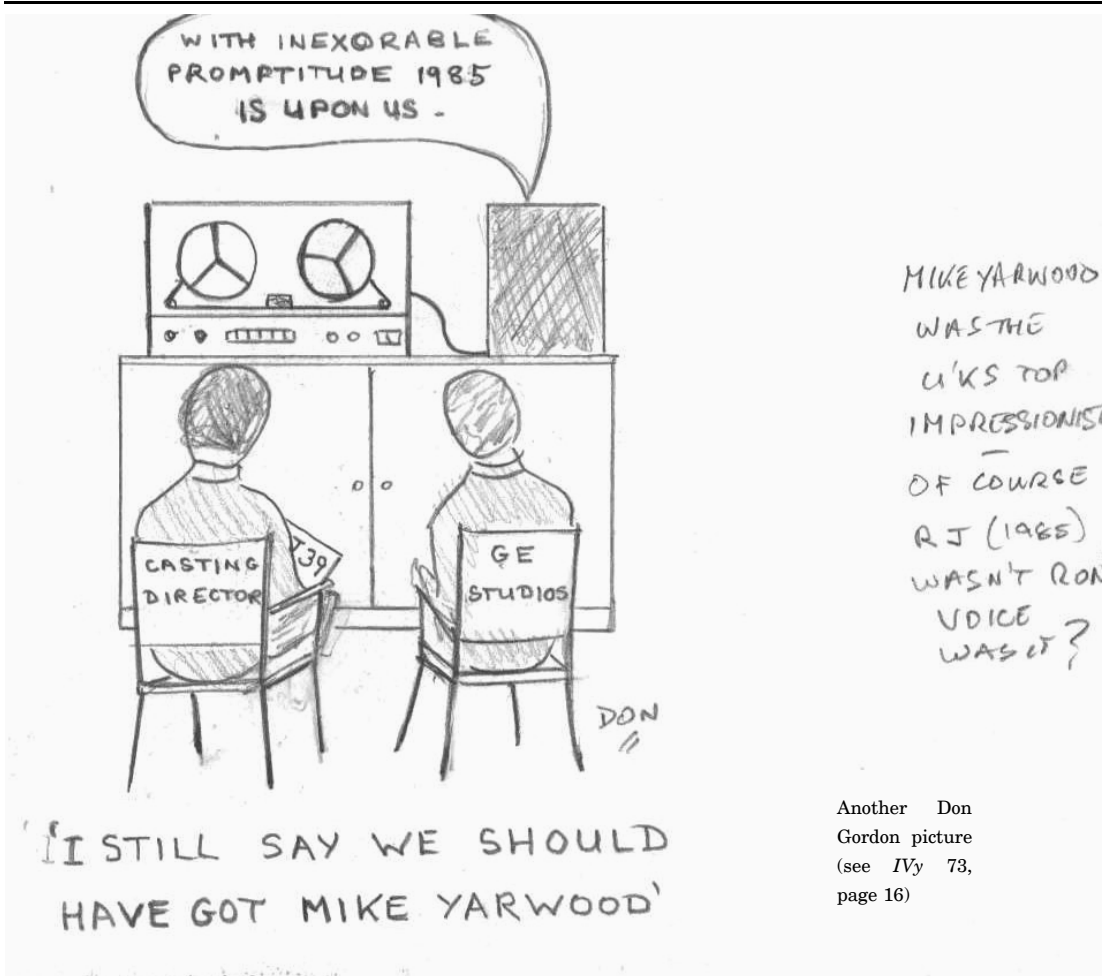
The service facsimile has the obvious side of beings making themselves right and proving others wrong, but the less obvious side is keeping oneself in check in order to protect and save others from being hurt or destroyed. A lot of abilities and talents and training and genius and creativity goes to waste because of that.

Somewhere he got proved wrong, or let himself be proved wrong, and he's held back from that particular facet of his existence ever since.

"How have you tried to protect the world from your abilities? What have you done to make sure you didn't hurt someone, or hurt a group? What have you done or withheld in order to make sure that people don't get upset when you're around?" He has made himself less cause in order to keep from causing bad effects. He doesn't want to cause bad effects, so he cuts down his own causativeness and becomes a bad effect in order not to be one. If there's a tragedy of humanity, that's it.

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# Summer 2005 Meeting Between Free Zone Auditors

by Donald Dust, Australia

THIS SUMMER A MEETING took place discussing the current state of affairs of the Cof\$<sup>1</sup>. The following is an account of my realizations from this meeting:

The freezone auditors that were present represented both auditors who had been active in the free zone from the early 80ies and those recently “blown from the Cof\$”.

The Cof\$ is continuing to worsen its spiritual condition. The increasing authority of church management, and the decreasing self-determinism of its followers is on a gradient turning the members of the Cof\$ into robots. So the trends of the 80ies are continuing. The Cof\$ thus seems to be losing its grip on the public. Orgs had their peak volume of public sign ups and income in the 70ies and have since then been on a steady decline. One interesting fact that came up is that in Moscow, Russia, the free-zone organisations outnumber the official Cof\$ organizations both in the number of orgs and number of public.

In the USA the Cof\$ still have quite large organisations. The Cof\$ management is using the power of wealth inherited from LRH to curb all competition in America (by abuse of the court system), but in Europe the free zone is not under the same pressure.

## The art of listening

But the above is not at all what I consider to be the important news from this “conference”. My great cognition after the meeting was that I came to realize how LRH and the Cof\$ has come to dominate the minds of the followers of \$CN and how LRH fell into the trap of his own self created “dwindling spiral”.

LRH was a fantastically good listener (the original definition of an Auditor was “one who listens and computes”) in his early years. As a result he had some “divine revelation”, which he put down in his book *Excalibur* (1938). So he learned a lot quickly and decided that since he could not find anyone who was willing to accept responsibility for the cognitions he had in the late 30ies and before 1950, he had to do it all by himself.

He published *DMSMH* in 1950 and founded his Dianetic Research Foundation, where he developed his ideas further.

As a result of his divine revelation (ref: *Excalibur*<sup>2</sup>) he published the *Prelogics*, *The Logics*, *The Axioms* and *The Factors*.

In the 50ies he still was a really good listener and thus he continued walking on “the road to Truth” that he was discovering. Then came his Saint Hill period (1959 — 1965) where he was in close contact with his most interested public and managed to bring more order into his discoveries with the help of his loyal followers. At the same time he became more and more alienated from the general public and thus he failed to continue to listen to ordinary human beings. Instead his comm lines went to dedicated scientologists. The technology of auditing was streamlined into a grade chart and the idea was that the grades up to Grade 4 made a “Stage 1 release” and Grade V + VA (Power & Power plus) made a “Stage 2 release”. Such a beefed up pc could then confront and as-is implanted GPMs. Once the implant GPMs were handled the pc could then deal with the actual GPMs and so become Clear.

The research into Implanted GPMs and actual GPMs from the 60ies eventually resulted in the CC (1965/66) and OT grades. OT 3 was released (1967 with further developments up to 1970) as the final

1 Cof\$ a joke abbreviation for CofS, Church of Scientology

2 Editors note: To my comment “To my knowledge *Excalibur* is not available”, Donald replied “I know, but LRH did inform a lot of people over the years about it”. In the larger Scientology world *Excalibur* has been used for a number of things, and there is an article on that in IVy No. 2. on some of them.

procedure to handle implant GPMs, LRH was so heavily restimulated by his own GPM-bank, that he somehow had lost sight of the next step on his programme (actual GPMs). He also had lost contact with all human beings except those few dedicated and loyal scientologists that followed him around on the Apollo. So his ability to listen was severely reduced. And not being able to listen, his anchor points continued to cave in and his case worsened. His last valuable contribution to the technology of auditing was the Ext/Int RD (early 1970s).

So it is obvious that LRH was a good listener (even if this ability of his had been deteriorating) and the major researcher of the technology up to this point. However in 1966 he left Saint Hill and started the SO, which further alienated him from humanity. By 1975 he could no longer stay in touch with even Flag. So he withdrew even more and now had only a handful of obedient \$CN robots around him. He had always found it easy to find new friends, but his ability to keep friends was not so good. He obviously had a need to dominate people around him (that is a typical GPM dramatization that violates the original foundation of the technology, which is the "Pre-Logics") and as a result he tended to mostly have yes-sayers and robot \$CNists close by.

### GPM-dramatization

When a person is dramatizing GPMs he wants to dominate others as a solution to the pressure from his GPM-bank. His ability to listen is turning into an obsession to outflow as he gets stuck in the GPM trap. He becomes more or less impossible to salvage. All fanatics, fundamentalists and extremes are dramatizing GPMs (in GPMs these are considered "winning valences"). It is almost impossible to get a communication line to a person dramatizing GPMs. The dictator is a typical example of an individual dramatizing GPMs. And one of the traits of a dictator is that he will kill the messenger who carries "bad news" (from his point of view) instead of listening to learn from the news. Thus he becomes unable to improve.

When LRH really went into hiding (1982) he continued to walk on his road to less listening and more domination and all the loyal \$CN-ists who went into his valence started walking in the same direction.

When LRH passed away (1986) he left the Cof\$ in the hands of those around him who had adopted his "GPM-dramatizing valence" and so the Cof\$ continued down the dwindling spiral of GPM-dramatizations that LRH had embarked upon instead of following the road to truth.

But my greatest cognition after this 2005 meeting was not that LRH and the Cof\$ had abandoned the

road to truth, but that I myself had adopted this valence of not-listening/dominating. And my next cognition was that I was not alone in this, but that almost every other \$CN-ist also had slipped into this valence to some degree. I could easily see that the current Cof\$ management is stuck in that valence. And that the reason the Cof\$ top management is so heavily stuck in it is that they were stuck in such valences long before they met LRH in this lifetime.

GPM-dramatization is entheta. According to the theta/MEST theory entheta will attract enMEST. So we should be able to predict that the entheta of the Cof\$ will inevitably attract enMEST by converting the theta and MEST that they managed to conquer from the 3D (that was created by all the good-natured old-time and present theta-SCNists who did build up the theta and MEST) that once was a SCN-3D of which we were proud. That theta-MEST 3D that was the foundation for all the good technology and all the good wins in the past is today converted to an entheta-enMEST 3D that has embarked on a road to succumb. The present activities of the Cof\$ are dooming it to failure. The membership is decreasing. The wealth is vanishing. It is easy to see that the majority of their organisations are shrinking. It is even easier to see that the once great franchises (missions) are gone or have been made into tiny organisations.

LRH paved the way (to disaster) by failing to continue his research line by finding workable technology to handle GPMs. He continued to cement this road to ignorance by throwing all of his true friends out of the 3D he had created. He saw enemies all around him and taught his closest robotic-\$CNists to do the same. He failed to use the technology of ARC-Xs, PTPs, O/Ws and MWHs to clean up his own out-rudiments and the rudiments of those around him. As a result almost every individual in that huge 3D we called the CofS went mad dramatizing GPMs.

In the Dane Tops letter (1982) the free zone asked: "Who is the SP connected to LRH?". I feel now that I have the answer. It is the no-listen/dominate valence of the GPM-bank.

### Cure?

A cognition is supposed to help you survive better. This cognition of mine may do so. I realize that I have to learn to listen better. I have to keep my communication lines open to the every day human being (which means I have to cultivate my patience). This seems better than being a normal human to me.

Alone I cannot create a better and more-survival 3D, but together with true friends it should be possible. ☒



Letter to the Editor

## Case or Cause

Dear Editor,

Thank you very much for your recent e-mails relating to Brother's article 'The 8th Dynamic' in IVy 72<sup>1</sup>. As I am very interested in that Dynamic, I enjoyed reading it.

When I got to the quote from *Advanced Procedure and Axioms* in the middle of the left hand column on page 46 I strongly doubted its last word 'case'. It did not make sense and I remembered that passage saying: '... By setting forth any postulate, the individual a moment later is being affected by his own cause.' So I looked it up in my 1964 (not 68) reprinted edition and found it to be 'cause'. I looked everywhere for this quote from the first edition of 1951 but could not find it. However, Michael has this first edition and confirmed it saying 'cause'. I think it is more likely that the earlier editions have correct LRH quotes. Besides, since the first part of Ron's sentence has 'postulate' in it, which is synonymous with 'cause', I think, he had to use 'cause' to complete the thought without repeating 'postulate'. Of course he could also have said: 'By setting forth any postulate, the individual a moment later is being affected by his own cause, thus, sometimes, creating more case, i.e. by-passed charge, for himself.' But since that is self-evident, he obviously did not bother.

While I was looking for this LRH quote I came across Ron's article 'Cause and Effect' in *Tech. Vol. I*. It sheds a lot of light on the whole subject. On page 208, para. 3, for instance, it states: 'When one decides to eat one becomes cause; the



moment one eats he then becomes effect'. And on page 213, subheading: Sympathy, para. 2: 'He... elected to blame what she was blaming; then became effect of that same cause.'

This article is just one of the thousands of brilliant pieces LRH wrote. I could hardly stop myself from reading on and on. The wow factor never leaves me when I get immersed in a section of his work. What a Thetan! I am immensely grateful for what he left us, and feel sure there will come a time when his work will be fully appreciated by all Mankind.

With kind regards,

Britta Burtles, UK

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**Black Fives** are people who cannot see their mockups (mental pictures). IVy 38 has 4 pages, by five people on black fives, as well as some of the 24 article long **Objective Series**. Treasure your back numbers — or contact your distributor if you are missing some (address on back page).

<sup>1</sup> Britta rang me pointing out this, and I sent the data to the Internet list ivy-subscribers (because I did not have an *Advanced Procedures and Axioms*) this resulted in a number of responses with what the word was in different editions, and other comments. Any one subscribing to IVy or members of their 2D can be placed on ivy-subscribers, a two way list reserved for subscribers to IVy Ed.

# Prime Axioms: A Modern View of the 'Gunas' Principle<sup>1</sup>

by Max Sandor, USA

ONE OF THE GREATEST and most important discoveries in the history of philosophy was the revelation of the 'gunas-principle'<sup>2</sup> in Ancient India.

Unfortunately, it is now one of the most ignored and underestimated principles.

It comes therefore as quite a surprise that 'modern' philosophers (not from the institutionalized mainstream, mind you!) have discovered this principle anew and they did so rather independently.

While the Indian approach appeared to be isolating the core elements of the character of a human being through intense and prolonged meditation, the modern Western approach arrived at it mainly by looking at the sequence of lives of beings and through theoretical speculation.

Drawing a chart of the life sequence of a being results in a table that is called a line plot.

## Paradigm sets

One of the most striking properties of such a line plot is the alternation of the 'main' (or 'central') valences of a person from one lifetime to the next.

Frequent paradigm sets are beggar/millionaire, saint/criminal, genius/imbecile, adventurer/couch potato, traditionalist/revolutionary etc, etc. and the individual sets remain surprisingly similar over incredibly long time periods.

Yet they are also different for every human being.

The question arises: is there a basic set of qualities with which these core paradigms align?

And, if so, is there a way to access these core paradigms within a reasonable time and using reasonable effort?

Once found and understood, what impact will it have on the future course of lives of a being?

## Indian approach

The Indian approach was to find the common denominator in the extremes of an individual set of paradigms.

One component, called 'ragas', was the outgoing, 'positive', bright, and conquering side.

The other component, called 'tamas' was the introverted, 'negative', dark, and defeated side.

Both are gaining their power through the spark of pure intention, called 'sattva'.

This triad of qualities, the 'gunas', was said to be the principal construct determining the individual human character.

Its discovery through isolation of the core qualities within the jungle of human emotions and behavior patterns was therefore of crucial importance and a focal point in ancient meditation techniques.

While the circumstance that every being has its very own set of core qualities was largely lost over time, the basic philosophy of the 'gunas' is still present in today's time.

1 from: Internet address <http://orunla.org/pnohteftu/ch66.html>, the article was written August 2001.

2 Gunas: [Sanskrit] An ancient polarity / triad process from Yoga and the Samkhya philosophy (definition from Sandor and Dawson's book *Polar Dynamics 1* available in paperback from BookSurge Publishing for \$13.99 USD <http://www.booksurge.com/product.php3?bookID=G PUB01667-00002>)

## Modern approach

As mentioned above, ‘modern’ approaches are going a radically different way and four main approaches are visible:

- drawing a chart of past lives until a clear pattern emerges and the person recognizes the two most basic valences as their own set of prime motivations,
- tracing back goals/problems/(mental masses) (‘GPM’s’) to their origin, yielding the basic goal of a person.
- assessing the person’s core valences using a biofeedback device until the pattern crystallizes;
- finding the actual moment of creation (or first contact) with the two core qualities that constitute the basic pair of axioms for an individual (pioneered by Edward Berwick eberwick@pacbell.net ).

It is immediately apparent that the last approach is preferable because it avoids the interference of human language or other conceptual crutches by accessing the core qualities directly as perceptions rather than abstractions.

## Words danger

The likelihood of words altering the perception of the core qualities is considerable. The danger in doing so is the incorrect selection of an item from a list of choices.

This phenomenon, sometimes called a ‘wrong list item’, can create havoc of major proportions, and it is the main reason that asking the “why...?” is a big no-no in any kind of processing.

The exact mechanism of this killer trap has never been explained exhaustively. Yet, it is claiming a lot of victims.

## Advantage

Now, what would be the advantages of finding one’s prime motivators in life?

The individual qualities (or ‘Codes’ in Knowledgeism <http://www.knowledgism.com/> ) have determined the course of one’s lives since aeons.

And more often than not in a negative way:

- the qualities can also be described as the ‘most basic desire’ and the ‘most vehement rejection’ in the character profile of a person.

Any course of action that is not aligned with the central goal/anti-goal of a person will inevitably lead to a decrease in happiness and success.

A person not following their own basic axioms will become their own worst enemy.

The individual discovery and recognition of a person’s ‘gunas’ or ‘prime motivator’ or ‘goal/anti goal’ can lead to an alignment of the person’s current and future goals, dramatically increasing effectiveness and success rate.

## TROM approach

With practice, other people’s goal/anti-goal constructs can be recognized. Just as one example out of many, Dennis Stephens in his work *‘The Resolution of Mind (TROM<sup>1</sup>)’* traces his goal constructs (‘GPMs’) back to ‘knowing’ and then postulates that ‘knowing’ is the basic goal in this Universe.

With the knowledge of the ‘gunas’ or ‘prime motivators’ is becomes immediately clear that Stephens simply transposed his very own basic goal (‘knowing’) onto the rest of mankind. (His approach is still feasible for many people as long as ‘knowing’ is replaced by a person’s own prime goal.)

It seems, the application of the gunas in life seems far more important than the act of discovery or the theoretical knowledge of its contents.

From a larger view, the lives of a being in this universe are centered around the two poles of its principal goal and its principal anti-goal.

Thus, it seems only a matter of time spent on the path to self-discovery and liberation until the most basic goals in life will have to be recognized as such. ☒

<sup>1</sup> Look for articles on TROM in earlier IVys (see overall contents on our Home Page: <http://home8.inet.tele.dk/ivy/> and look at the Internet page: <http://lists.newciv.org/mailman/listinfo/trom>

# Dynamic Emptiness<sup>1</sup>

Vladimir Stojakovic, Australia

MOST TRADITIONAL SYSTEMS of spiritual development talk about Emptiness as the origin and the final destination of everything in the existence. However, to my knowledge, the first method, traditional or modern, where *emptiness* is operationally used in processing, is Zivorad's<sup>2</sup> method named Aspectics. That's why, in Aspectics, we refer to emptiness as Dynamic Emptiness.

The first thing to be understood is that the term emptiness is only one side of the coin. Emptiness is *fullness* at the same time. From the point of view of MEST (Matter, Energy, Space and Time) emptiness is just emptiness because it does not have any matter, energy, space and time. However, from the experiential point a view, emptiness is fullness. When a practitioner experiences Emptiness (the lack of MEST) as his/hers true nature, fullness is what the human being really feels.

## Chain of goals

So how is emptiness or dynamic emptiness used in processing, in Aspectics? During the first half of the Aspectics Process, the practitioner climbs up the chain of goals. The first link in this chain is the problem or the unwanted state that the practitioner wanted to resolve with Aspectics. The last link is always emptiness. All the links in between are goals of the unwanted state or problem or aspect as we call it. This chain is hierarchical, meaning that the goals usually start from very negative ones, progressing to better

ones and at the end they are always very positive, spiritual goals (and states).

That is the first half of the Aspectics Process. In the second half, when entering the state of Emptiness, from that state, the practitioner this time 'climbs down' the same chain of goals, by just observing them, one by one. Every time when a practitioner observes a goal from the state of emptiness, the goal is changed. This is why the emptiness is called Dynamic Emptiness in Aspectics.

## Syntropy

How a goal is changed depends on the nature of that particular goal. Negative goals are being discharged and the positive ones are being integrated into the conscious being. Every time the Aspectics Process is done, ego/reactive mind structure is being reorganized into something better, more positive and easier to live with.

The tendency of an entity to reorganize itself in a more optimal way is known as Syntropy. To quote Zivorad from his book *Aspectics, Gnosis of the Fourth Dimension*: "Syntropy is the tendency of forms, organisms and organizations to achieve a higher level of structure, order and functioning".

This is the concept of dynamic emptiness in Aspectics. We call it dynamic because it is operationally used. But it is still the 'same old' emptiness/fullness found in most spiritual disciplines, since the dawn of time. ☒

1 submitted first to IVy's Internet list ivy-subscribers, 12th August 2005. Vladimir also wrote in IVy 59 an article on his personal journey (page 17 to 19).

2 Zivorad Mihajlovic Slavinski, Yugoslav psychologist, published more than 20 books on occult, mysticism and perennial philosophy, and created several efficient systems, including Gnostic Intensive, Aspectics and PEAT. His last book is translated into English: *PEAT and Neutralization of Primordial Polarities*. Zivorad leads Processor's training seminars all over the world. His website address is [www.spiritual-technology.com](http://www.spiritual-technology.com) E-mail: [zivorad@spiritual-technology.com](mailto:zivorad@spiritual-technology.com) Home address: Save Kovacevica 8, Belgrade 11000 Yugoslavia

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# Auditing Experiences

by James A Rowles, USA<sup>1</sup>

I HAD TWO EXPERIENCES that, early on in my auditing career, gave me a profound respect for *all* processes, and for Ron in particular. Also how important it was to keep my case far from the sessions.

**First.** In my first ever auditing session with a borrowed Mark 4 in 1967 and using Grade 0, process 0-0; I was green and scared spitless about what I was doing. I was a grade 0 myself and was auditing my first free PC. About 15 commands into the process the lady voiced that she had a yellow band of raw energy around her head. I then asked her what she was willing to tell me about that, while at that moment wondering what the hell was going on. What she originated I do not remember. Something about lines of energy going into her head and my hair stood on end, she started laughing, and there was a loud clap of thunder outside. I kept frantically trying to keep the needle on the dial and finally gave up, knowing at least that something really had happened, gave her a big ack and ended session. The clap of thunder was a lightning strike on a clear sunny summer day in Los Angeles on a huge gasoline tank in El Segundo a mile away. It burned for 3 weeks. In the drive from the beach to the LA org, some 30 miles each way, to declare the release, we did not have to stop once. No red stop lights, no traffic jams and no slows. She actually called me 2 days later and asked if it was possible that she caused the lightening. Since there were no injuries to humans I told her that I didn't see it happen, but that it was one hell of a bunch of charge that came from somewhere.

**Second.** That fall, while I was a grade 2 and while training on the Dianetics course, I got another friend to volunteer to be audited. Vern Townsend, course practical supervisor, had

drilled into my head that; "Too many processes are being run to a shallow win instead of a big win and wasting the process". So, I ran this fellow for almost 2 hours on ARC straightwire and when he cognited on what he was doing and where he was and when it was happening, well, he went exterior with perceptics and the ability to go at will anywhere he wanted to, for over 6 months. Again, I had no clue as to what was going on, but I knew enough to give a big ack and end off.

In both instances what happened to the PC was beyond my personal experience, expectations, and desire for a good result. Both scared me mightily with the result, but, I was willing for the PC to have the most win that they could have. In both instances I had invoked the presence of Ron, since it was his process and his creation, and I was basically his messenger and doing the very best I could. So I look back and feel that Ron was truly by my side.

As Jack Horner wrote in IVy 70 in his article "The Need for a Perfect Source", we start on this path needing a guide, and leader, and standards to work ourselves into the higher band of awareness we want to achieve. Just be sure to pick a good guide, leader, and set of standards. And, as stated in the *Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*, evoking the presence of — or imagining being with — the enlightened master will eventually work towards your own enlightenment. I think their term for imagine and our term for mockup are much the same. And finally there was Ron, in the Summary Series of 1953, saying that you will get to a point where you will throw out all of Scientology data so that you are free to move up the line. It might be a knowable end point when you are your own reference, and your own knowingness is your stable data. ☒

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<sup>1</sup> Revised version of a contribution to the Internet IVy list ivy-subscribers, 18th March 2005

# RegularColumns

## A World of /Vy

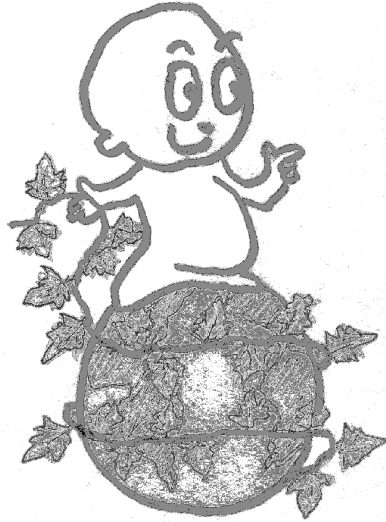
by A Pelican, Antarctica

### Whentotalk

A LOW TONED person does not communicate much. You have an accident, or an upset in life, or a loss, or perhaps a physical disability. You communicate less, perhaps hide in a corner.

But that is the time when you need help — when you should communicate more, for the world is full of folk who would help you, if they just knew that you needed help. Of course some may have a false idea of what would help, but by communicating you will have a far better chance to meet the ones who know what is “needed” (perhaps just a listening ear) to increase your happiness and success.

A high toned person communicates a lot (perhaps the word “outflows” fits the bill better). Talk, talk, talk. So busy talking about the exciting things he or she is involved in that he or she does not notice the silence and dejectedness of another.



So perhaps the high toned person should talk a lot less and listen and observe more.

I got these ideas from a soggy copy of the book *Science of Survival* which came floating by one day. I did not get very far in reading in Pelican School, so perhaps I have got it wrong.

So I suggest you invest in a copy of the book. Its quite thick. I have heard it called a scholarly and very useful work. Lots of food for thought. Lots of food for application in life.

✕

The Regular Column “A World of IVy”, is written by various anonymous authors, with the aim of giving a quick, even perhaps mundane, “pick-me-up” for the busy, perhaps stressed, reader to look at, possibly when receiving IVy (it is right in the middle of IVy, easy to turn to). Would you like to contribute? Perhaps you could write something short and simple (3/4 page only) which has inspired you at some time, or you feel will hearten others. For some reason we have made it anonymous, so no one need know it was you!

✕

# International Viewpoints

[L yngby]

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**The contents of all issues of IVy is on our Home Page**

*This is the last IVy in 2005. Remember to pay for 2006 if you have not done so.*

*And while you pay for 2006, why not order some back issue you do not have?*

## RegularColumn

# IVy on the Wall

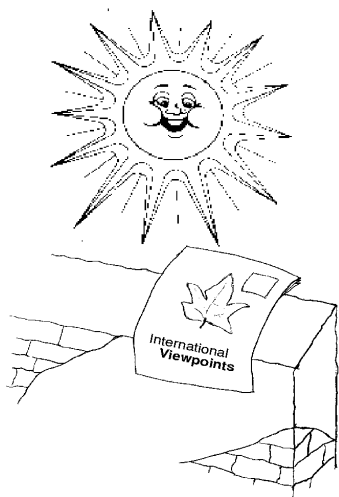
by Ken Urquhart, USA

## Friendly Recollections of MarySue

I FIRST SET EYES on Mary Sue Hubbard in 1958 or thereabouts. LRH was to give a public lecture in London near the then HASI, one evening in summertime. The lecture hall was in a building that accommodated Indian or Pakistani students, and was in the building's lower floor. The entrance to the hall was at the bottom of a graceful, open, spiral staircase. I was going down this staircase to enter the hall. The stairs were clear except for one couple who were about half-way down and descending. In those days, my normal treatment of stairs was to gallop down two steps or more at a time, or, if really restraining myself, to trip down quickly and lightly, one step at a time. Feeling a little restrained, as everyone at the bottom of the stairs was peering upwards, I tripped down lightly. As I approached the couple, something of the strength and power emanating from the well-built and thick-set frame of the man I was about to pass told me that this must be LRH himself, and the slight, almost weightless-seeming creature by his side had to be MSH.

To have stopped my motion down the staircase would have attracted more attention to me than my simple, if not very polite, continued rush. So I went quickly by them (there was plenty of room) and joined the small crowd at the bottom gaping up at the illustrious couple. He was beaming, she smiled graciously, and with all her dignity there was a hint of impishness ready for a bit of fun.

As with many women, MSH presented more than one enigma. She had hair of a very plain colour, a dull lightish brown or darkish blonde, but plenty of it, and it grew on her head in rather unusual way. The hair that fell to the sides and back of her head was fairly straight



but ended in curls; from the top of her head the hair seemed to grow forward in a reverse bouffant style (so to speak) and ended in a riot of curls on and above her forehead. At first sight, it was a distinctly 'homey', unsophisticated style yet there was something about the way she carried herself that made it look quite regal. Someone told me that she once had changed the style of her hair but LRH had her change it right back, and she never changed it again. It always gave me a slight impression of belonging to a bygone age. As I said, she was slight of build, not tall but not noticeably short in stature. She gave an impression of weighing very little. I never saw her in any figure-hugging dress; her shirts and blouses were always loose. Her face was overall narrow and long; her nose was fairly prominent, uneven, and sharply-defined, her lips rather tightly drawn even when relaxed. Her distinguishing features were the set of her mouth, chin, and jaw, the piercing blue of her eyes, the sharpness of her gaze, and the strength of her brow. They all spoke very loudly of a very strong will and of a deep capacity for determination and persistence.

Her smile could dispel all fear of her as a hostile eminence. Unforced, her smile had an engaging simplicity and natural lightness (as have most people's natural smiles, or something similar). It revealed uneven teeth, the two front teeth being crossed. The smile was generally a little lopsided and that gave it added charm. When

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RegularColumn— IVy ontheWall

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amused, her face would light up, her eyes glow radiantly, and the flesh wrinkle beguilingly.

My next sighting of MSH was at the party given at SH Manor for the conclusion of the first (and last) SH ACC. This must have been in 1960. We all assembled and sat in the Monkey Room at the Manor, had refreshments, and talked. Mary Sue came into the room, very attractively dressed in a voluminous white blouse, dark blue flared skirt which came well below the knees, and high heels. She looked extremely efficient, very much in control, and happy in what she was doing. She was handling some administrative and perhaps financial matter with a couple in the room not far from where I was sitting. Her communication with the couple was energetic, focused, clear, and certain, with plenty of give-and-take, and much smiling and laughter. As I recall, she finished her business with them and then left the room without returning. I found her very attractive as a person but more than a little daunting; I was not at all focused while she seemed to be all fierce focus.

In my third encounter with Mary Sue Hubbard, things were very different. I had just begun my tenure as butler in the Hubbard household. I'd had my interview with Hubbard's secretary, Irene Thrupp (who had responsibility for the household) and with LRH. To this day, I don't know why MSH introduced herself to me in the way she did, and I never asked her about it. Looking at it now, she may have felt slighted in that she had not had a chance to look me over before I'd arrived and put myself in a position to affect her children. For this, one could not blame her if it were so. Again, she might have looked into my background and found something she didn't like. Anyway, here we were in the big kitchen of SH Manor, alone, and seemingly divided by an enormous gulf.

### Getting to know MSH at SH

I think I arrived at SH on a Friday or Saturday. In my first full day there, one of the domestic staff, Doris, who had been helping in the kitchen, did most of the work in getting the children's breakfast and lunch (the new cook was to arrive a week later and I was to cook for that week as well as being butler). In the afternoon,

Doris saw to the Hubbards' breakfast; LRH kept a late schedule and MSH followed him. After this breakfast, Doris left and I was on my own. I saw that for dinner that night MSH had called for fillet steak. As I was wondering how I'd find out what were their tastes in steak, MSH suddenly came into the kitchen and proceeded to walk here and there but taking no notice of me whatever. I felt very strange, and watched her in some surprise, as you might imagine. She began preparing the steaks and some frozen vegetables to go with them.

To my amazement, she covered the bottom of a heavy frying-pan with salt, heated the pan and put the steaks in them. Then she spoke to me, tersely, telling me how long to cook the steaks on each side, and then to bring them into the Winter Garden, the room they used as a dining room.

I followed her instructions and served the steaks. They were both seated at the table. As I entered, MSH had her back to me. LRH was to her right and at a right angle to her line of vision. I could therefore see his face — and it was anything but welcoming and happy. I couldn't afford to let that worry me, however, having a job to do. I served the steaks, waited a moment for further instructions and since none came, left the room. I don't think anyone said a word, although I think LRH gave me a nervous smile as though wondering what on earth this lunatic suddenly in the midst of his family might do next.

When I returned, he had eaten very little of his steak. As soon as he saw me, he told me, very plaintively, as though he'd been most unjustifiably abused and disappointed, that his steak was too salty. Without hesitating, Mary Sue immediately told him that it was her fault, that she had started the cooking of the steaks in that way — that she thought he liked his steak cooked — and that I had simply followed her instructions. He accepted this, silently. I removed the plates, expecting some instruction or action from MSH to put something else in front of him, but none came. I must have served a dessert but can't recall it.

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Her action in telling him about the steak as soon as he brought it up immediately inspired some respect in me (as distinct from supposed respect for what I imagined she might be) and lead me to forgive her for the treatment she'd given me earlier. At the same time, I wondered how or why she had said nothing during the meal when she saw he was not eating his steak.

Despite that rocky start, she and I came to have a good relationship at SH, not that I always behaved or performed as she considered I should. But I was definitely not on her enemies list (if she ever called it that). I don't think she was too impressed with the performance of the woman who cleaned the children's quarters and who generally looked after them during the day. This person was my responsibility but I have to confess I was always so busy taking care of LRH's immediate needs and then of MSH's as he ordered me to, I paid too little attention to how this lady, Ruth, swept under the children's beds. One day, MSH got on her hands and knees to scrub the floors in the four children's bedrooms. I felt very bad and embarrassed that she was doing it but had my hands so full I couldn't go to her aid (and what a lame excuse that is). She never said anything to me about it, although I felt her disapproval) and she must also have not told LRH about it — he most certainly would have reproached me if he'd known about it.

An example of MSH's ability to take command of a situation occurred when Vixie, her Welsh Corgi pet dog, was out with the children in the drive just in front of the house. I was in or near the kitchen. Suddenly, the four children were screaming. Vixie had been hit by a car — or so they thought — and the next thing was that the four of them were huddled in a corner of the nursery dining room (down some steps from the kitchen, by the back door to the Manor), still screaming over Vixie, who shook in the corner. I rushed into the room and stood for a moment, nonplussed at the prospect of dealing with the four hysterical children, something completely beyond my experience. While I was searching for an answer, MSH swept into the room and had the children quiet as sleeping doves in two ticks flat. She checked Vixie out and found she

was not hurt. I think there was a bruise or two. MSH had entered the room and without slowing her motion had summed up the situation, had gone straight to the heart of the matter, and established order without raising voice or hand. Well, yes, she was in her own home and with her own children; even so, the control was instant and effective.

On Saturday afternoons, during the year, Mary Sue would drive the children into East Grinstead for some shopping and goodies at some café — probably Forte's. But at Christmas time, I would clean up after the family celebration around the tree, when the presents were opened. There were always mounds of nicely-wrapped boxes for all the children to open. MSH wrapped every one herself. Each child would leave a neat stack of opened gifts in the drawing room while the family were off somewhere so I could clean up. Of course, I never inspected any of the piles, but one could easily see that a large part of each stack consisted of underwear, socks, shoes, shirts, dresses, and so on. It seemed just a little strange firstly that they would go to town every Saturday and not buy all they needed of those things, and secondly, to buy so much of it all at once and make Christmas presents out of them. But that was her way, and I could see that it suited everybody to do it her way, and that was fine with me.

In November, or thereabouts, LRH had a merchant bring him racks of women's clothing and they must have been all of MSH's size. LRH would select what he wanted, and the items he selected would in due course become MSH's wardrobe for the next year.

### The Hubbards together

At Saint Hill Manor, the Hubbards had separate bedrooms. Quite often, as I came up the stairs in answer to his afternoon call that he was getting up, Mary Sue would come out of his room dressed in white flimsy nightgown and robe, and trip lightly across the landing on the way to her own room on the same floor. Later in the day, as I served breakfast to LRH in his room, she would join him, fully dressed, and they would have their meal together. In the evening they had dinner together with coffee after-

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wards in the drawing room where the children joined them. They usually watched some television. Vixie, Mary Sue's corgi, was always there too. I remember one evening coming through the dimly-lit drawing room after clearing the dinner table. I had a full tray in my hands. As I said 'Goodnight' first to LRH and then to MSH, I unsuspectingly ran into Vixie who was lying on the carpet in my path. Even had I been paying attention I might well have missed her as she blended so well with the colours of the rug in the poor light. I kicked her right in the midriff in the middle of my long stride. I hardly felt the impact but I saw the dog rolling over and over in front of me, and what had happened was quite obvious. I had kicked MSH's dog. Everybody was silent for a moment, and I waited for the storm to break around my head. Vixie got up and immediately became the centre of attention. She looked a little sheepish, looked at me, and wagged her tail as she came towards me. She accepted my apology. Everybody laughed, and all was well.

As I look back at my term of about eighteen months in the Hubbard household, I think that MSH and I established quite a good relationship without ever becoming intimate or 'friendly'. She never (that I know of) interfered with my area of responsibility nor attacked me in any way. She seemed to come to accept me as one of her household, and to some slight degree, as one of the family circle. I always had respect for her, and I never had the temptation to tangle with any of her powers. There was always enough character about her to lead me to become fond of her, though from some distance. We had one essential difference — she was fully committed to her husband and his cause, while I felt a commitment without ever fully sacrificing my independence, a viewpoint that a woman who worked for her husband in those days could not maintain, especially when the husband was the leader of her group.

Mary Sue had friends in the Saint Hill community but none of them, so far as I saw, played any important role in her life. She didn't really have any life apart from her husband, her family, and her work. The one time a friend of hers disrupted her routine as Ms Hubbard that

I witnessed was when MSH was talking to Mary Sheldon on the terrace outside the Winter Garden. LRH was already at the table, waiting for me to serve the first course, which I could not do as MSH was not seated. LRH called her, rather imperiously: 'Suzie!' The two women continued their conversation. He called again, three or perhaps four times, getting grumpier and louder. The conversation came to its own close. MSH came in happily, sat down, and smiled cheerfully. I don't think she knew or cared how many minutes had ticked away while she enjoyed her intense chat with her buddy. The grumpiness to her right had no effect on her at all, and I think she was quite right in that.

Mary Sue was naturally very controlling of her environment as regards her own responsibilities. She took it upon herself to ensure that everything around her for which she was accountable should be in the best possible condition. She did not do it for praise or admiration, or to be right, but because it felt right to her that it be so. On the whole, I think she made an excellent mother despite working through the night with her husband. I recall no thought of mine that the children might appear to feel neglected or abused in any way. I'm sure that they would have preferred to have their mother start their day and be at hand all morning and afternoon. But none of them showed through illness or bad behaviour, or mopey-dopey, any real dissatisfaction with their daily lives. On the contrary, they seemed to enjoy their classes with the governess, and to be very happy playing their games together on the extensive lawns and in the shrubberies around the Manor.

Neither did I ever see any indication that the Hubbard marriage was at all unstable. They did not display any unusual affection for each other, to my observation. He would call her 'Doll', or 'Honey', and she called him 'Sugar'. They voiced these salutations in fairly ordinary, very composed, tones and I took from this that they had a high regard and fondness for each other that did not call for any special rituals to reinforce it.

She once got quite annoyed with him before me. I returned to the Winter Garden in the course of serving dinner. They had been discussing some-

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thing to do with the PE Course. When I entered the room he was doing a TR3 on her. He was asking her, 'What is the PE Course?' and was not getting the answer he wanted. Instead of clarifying his question, and finding out what her difficulty was, he simply repeated his question over and over. When I joined them, he had just given her the question again, and she exploded. 'I don't know! I don't know what you are asking for. I don't know what it is. I don't know. I don't know!' He remained silent while I was in the room.

Other conversations between them that I remember from those moments while I came and went from their dining table: One time he was telling her that people would attack those around a leader, thinking it might be easier to get away with that, only because they didn't have the courage to attack the leader himself. Another time, he just told her that the leader would be hardest on the #2 of the group than on anyone else within the group. Each time, she was subdued, and I got the impression that he was helping her deal with an upset.

There was one time I really riled her, quite unintentionally, and it was not me that she got upset with. It was on the day she and LRH were to leave together for a holiday in Spain. She had been trying to get a young fellow named Chris to find better storage space for a large number of empty e-meter boxes stacked in the passage in the Manor basement. I knew nothing of this. But I was charged with spring-cleaning and redecorating their respective bedrooms, and getting new, double-glazed windows put in. My first task would be to remove all knick-knacks and other items from cabinets, shelves, drawers, and so on. I was looking for a good way to keep everything in order in such a way that I could put it all back in its rightful place. When I spotted the empty e-meter boxes in the basement I had the perfect solution. Of course I wanted to start filling and labeling the boxes just as soon as they got into their car and were driven off to the airport. On the morning of their departure, before either was up, I quietly stacked up some of the boxes outside her bedroom and some outside his. They got up and started getting themselves ready. I was in his

room; he was in his bath just off that room. To my great surprise, Mary Sue burst into the room, something she'd never done before. She rushed over to the bathroom door, sat down on the step leading up to it. Shaking with fury, informed her husband loudly that that Chris had had the unbelievable audacity to put his empty boxes right outside her bedroom door. To forestall any further fuss and trauma, I jumped into the conversation and explained what I'd done and why. LRH got the idea at once, and quietly reassured her. She returned to her suitcases somewhat pacified, but still clearly harbouring deep suspicions about that Chris. Anyway, my scheme worked perfectly well, and I didn't hear one word from Chris about his empty boxes. We got the windows and the redecorating done somehow. I wanted to hire a professional to do the windows but Herbie Parkhouse, who signed the checks, insisted on dragging a student off the SHSBC who just happened to be a carpenter. We managed. I spent a few weeks trying to match the wallpaper in her bedroom — until I realized that the colour of her wallpaper had faded markedly over the years and that I had actually found its match on my first trip to London in search of it. This taught me a lesson I have never forgotten, and it has been of no use to me whatsoever.

### John Henry, Hubbard's Cook

The other domestic staff at Saint Hill were not scientologists. All of those who served over time adored MSH. One cook that I employed, John Henry, was so attached to her, and, by extension, to LRH, that he followed them on to the ship and served them there for some years until he left to return to his home, St. Helena.

By that time, I was on the ship myself, and was a Commodore's Staff Aide. All the staff aides had dinner at 6.30 p.m. with LRH and MSH at a table in the A Deck Lounge. John Henry cooked for all of us. The table usually was friendly, although there were always undercurrents of political jockeying either for personal favour, or to bring disfavour to another aide by bringing up something about the other Aide's area of responsibility that reflected poorly on the receiving Aide. My responsibility included the

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ship's Engine Room. We could all hear the hum of the generator down there. If LRH himself didn't listen intently for a moment to the comment that the generator was running rough (a terrible charge), another Aide would be sure to do it for him. Likewise, John Henry was one of my responsibilities, he being in the Personal Household under me. If anyone could denigrate the food, it was an effective blow against me. An anecdote closely involving Mary Sue, or CS-G as she had become by that time, a story about a meal at that table amidst Staff Aides some of whom were eager to snipe at another, occurs to me. Although Mary Sue rather enjoyed the cut-and-thrust of the Aides' endeavours to do each other down, and would laugh, not unkindly, at the discomfiture of the victim when the blow was effective, she never herself, that I recall, spoke an unkind word at the table. To tell the truth, most of the Aides either refrained or reluctantly joined in with the sniping.

Mary Sue herself gave me a clue as to how to protect myself at that table. She remarked one day during dinner that she always watched my face when I started eating as she could tell from it if the food was good or not. I simply smiled, but thenceforth never forgot not to let my face reveal if I didn't like a dish. Shortly after that, John Henry served us veal chops in batter and breadcrumbs. The chops were thin, but good. I finished the first one. As I began the second, something made me wonder how well cooked was the under-surface of the chop. I started to turn it over but stopped as soon as I saw something black stuck to the bottom of the chop. I looked more closely, but (I hoped) nonchalantly, and was horrified to see that cooked into the batter were two fried cockroaches. I remembered to show no reaction, thanks to Mary Sue's alert about her keen eye. But not only that, nothing on earth would have induced me to reveal to anyone at that table that I had two cockroaches on my plate. The result would have been instant hysterical disgust, refusal to eat another morsel, and insistent demands that I punish this loyal and affectionate servant remorselessly. Or so I thought. I simply didn't eat the second chop and nobody seemed to notice. I couldn't say a word to Janet, the Com-

modore's Steward, as she worked around the table. After the meal, I quite forgot to say anything to anybody about the unwelcome addition to my dinner or about the terrible fate for John Henry that I had forestalled.

Just after John Henry left the ship, Mary Sue asked the collected aides if they had given him a tip. None of us had. Mary Sue scolded us for our meanness.

### Mary Sue as administrator at SH

I have skipped ahead of the chronological sequence, in dealing with memories connected with John Henry and his time with the Hubbards. I have left out the period I spent at SH on admin posts while LRH was away or had finally left. At one time I was Dir. Comm SH and had a desk in the Monkey Room. LRH had been away again, and had sent me a postcard. Other people had sent me postcards. I had taped them all to the wooden barrier (erected at LRH's order to protect the murals) by my desk. Shortly after LRH had returned to SH once more, MSH marched into the Monkey Room, clipboard at the ready, marched up to my desk, tore the postcards off one by one and very noisily, in a very marked manner. I don't recall what she did with the postcards but they were definitely not approved of. She marched out of the room as silently and as coldly as she had entered. While the action certainly left me unlikely to repeat the experience (her intention, no doubt), it detracted from rather than added to my respect for her. She had revealed a side of her character that was immature and which misunderstood the nature and use of power. I wondered if LRH had upset her by showing her a similar side of his character by making her feel bad that she hadn't already spotted and removed the offensive but entirely innocent images. Not to make her wrong for her action: I came across, much later, a very old policy forbidding the taping of postcards.

Two third-hand accounts of interactions with MSH illustrate more of what it was like as an administrator at that time. I remember Herbie Parkhouse, who was either Dissem Sec SH or Org Exec Sec SH, laughingly telling another in my presence how he'd been answering MSH's



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questions on the phone. She interrupted an answer from him by saying, peremptorily, 'Herbie, stop pulling the wool!' It amused him greatly, presumably because he had been trying to pull the wool over her eyes and she had got the better of him. Then, soon after the 1965 HCO Policy Letter came out about Suppressive Persons, Monica Quirino, who was either HCO Area Sec SH or HCO Exec Sec SH, and a close associate of MSH's, reported that she had gone to MSH's office upstairs in the Manor, and found her seemingly desperate. Monica soon found out that MSH had convinced herself that she was herself a Suppressive Person. And she was sure that when Ron returned to SH, as he was expected to do in a few days' time, he would declare her and she would have to leave her family and SH. Monica said that she laughed and showed 'Suzie' the line in the PL which says that if you think you are SP you are not. This seemed to restore MSH's faith in herself. Nobody at SH would ever have dreamed that Ron would declare her SP, except perhaps a few to whom she had shown her immature side (as she did to me) very hurtfully. But I think that part of her softened greatly as she aged.

I heard, again from Monica, that MSH appreciated greatly a report from me that corrected a figure I had sent her, MSH, when I was Director of Income SH. I gathered from Monica that MSH considered me a stickler for accuracy and uprightness. That was very nice in its way, but it was not at all how I saw myself. I didn't argue the point.

The one other exchange I had with her that I recall from this period towards the end of her time at SH occurred when she had to go into hospital to have her appendix removed. She was to be in hospital for a few days and then at home in bed for a while. A few months before that, I had visited the neighboring town of Tunbridge Wells. Wandering about there, I had come across a small secondhand bookshop on a quiet street that climbed up a steep hill. Never able to resist such places, I went in. As I browsed, I came across a shelf of P.G.Wodehouse novels in their bright red covers. Many of them I hadn't read or heard of before. They were very cheap, and I was very delighted, as I really enjoyed

these silly tales about silly aristocratic people. I had found out that MSH was also a great fan of P.G.Wodehouse. By the time she went into hospital, I had not told her of my find, as I rather suspected that any of these books borrowed would become a book seen no more. But I couldn't withhold them once she was confined to her bed, and I sent them up to her through her then secretary, Corrie Ellis, a devoted South African woman (who followed MSH to the ship, became her Steward there, and died on the ship around 1970). Mary Sue sent me a very happy little note to acknowledge receipt of the books. Some weeks later, Corrie brought me four or five of the books back. There were at least six or seven more that I never saw again. Ah, well: such is the price we pay for basking in the celebrity's glow.

**On the ship**

In November, 1968, when I was HCO Exec Sec WW, LRH told a Sea Org Mission to WW to send me to Flag, quietly. He meant that my departure should be low-key so as not to destabilize WW or SH in any way. I didn't know that he meant that, and couldn't for the life of me figure out why I had to go 'quietly'. In British police novels, if the just-arrested suspect goes meekly to the police station, he is said to 'go quietly'. I had no intention of joining the Sea Org or of being on the ship. I suspected I was to be keelhaunched and sent back, soaking wet. At the ship, in Corfu, the crew welcomed me as a new recruit. I didn't disagree with anything. I soon bumped into MSH. She was very happy to see me — partly because I had brought to the ship, at her request, some British bacon. She seemed to think that I had arrived to stay for good. Not long after that, I was in the B Deck dining room when she entered and sat at a table across the room. Vixie was with her. I didn't bring myself to her attention, but Vixie did. The dog must have picked up my scent and suddenly realized that an old friend was aboard. I heard the patter of her paws on the linoleum floor as she scampered towards me. We had a very friendly reunion. Mary Sue, who always paid attention to Vixie's likes and dislikes of people (she said the dog was an Ethics Officer) was duly impressed.

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Mary Sue was CS-G ('G' for Guardian) when I came on to the ship and soon became also the Controller. I had very little to do with her until I became CS-7 and then LRH Personal Communicator. As such, I handled all her written submissions and reports to LRH. Much passed between them verbally that I was not privy to. This was expected: I was responsible for LRH's comm. lines but had no executive responsibility at all with regard to MSH's lines.

When I became CS-7, I inherited a log of LRH orders. The log and the entries were very inadequate. I supposed this was due to pressure of work; around LRH there was rarely time for admin. I determined to improve the log but of course had a hard time finding the chance to do it. Before I could, MSH asked to see the log. She returned it via her communicator with a very scathing comment. There was nothing I could do. I did eventually get it in order, but spent no time in telling her about it.

There were few informal encounters with her. She was devoted to her work and had a very heavy load. Often, we other aides would meet in the wee hours in the B deck dining room for a snack, and sometimes MSH would join us, and be very cozy and friendly. On one occasion when she did, I was late for some reason and on that night she made a particular show of making me welcome and comfortable, and ensuring that I had something to eat. I don't remember what event triggered this. At another of these informal meetings, she, seated at the far end of the table, suddenly called down to me at the other end, 'Ken, have you ever been in the Tower of London?' I replied, 'Yes, for fifteen years'. She was a little bit annoyed by my smartie-pants answer, and said, 'No, I mean in *this* lifetime?' So I said, Yes, I had visited there and found it very uncomfortable except that I really enjoyed seeing the crown jewels. She continued her conversation at her end of the table.

One night, she complained bitterly to LRH that she had gone to my desk in my absence looking for a very confidential report she'd submitted through me to LRH. She wanted to change something on it. It didn't have to go to him at once, and I had it in my office. I couldn't leave it

in full view of anybody who might bring something else to my desk to go to LRH, as people did, constantly. So I hid it on a shelf when I left my office on an errand. MSH came looking for it then and of course couldn't find it. She was furious. She quoted to LRH a policy letter that documents should not be taken off desks and comm. lines. When LRH, not at all disturbed, mentioned this to me, I told him why I had taken it off the comm. lines. He sent his messenger to explain this to MSH. The messenger came back with no response.

Quentin, her eldest son, and his father were not getting on too well. Quentin was friendly with Cathy, who was then in charge of the Household Unit. Suddenly, out of the blue (to me, at any rate) LRH assigned Quentin to the RPF, a rather extreme disciplinary move. There was some hint that Cathy was somehow involved in what had happened to cause LRH to take this action. It was no part of my duty to censor who Quentin spoke to about what and I shrugged the development off as something between father and son that the father wasn't involving me in. I took it that he had seen something in Quentin's pc folder that triggered the decision. Whatever the truth or gossip, MSH heard something of it if not all of it. She was already beside herself about what her husband had done to the boy. What she found out drove her to ungovernable fury. Suddenly she was at the door of my office, severely agitated. Unable to control herself, she yelled, 'And whose evil purpose are *you* dramatizing?' The question, of course, could have no answer. She went back to her office without any answer from me. That kind of attack could be extremely upsetting not only because of the venom that came with it but because one would be tempted to introvert on it. I did introvert on it for a while, but not for long.

There were a couple of times when she was driven to a similar kind of state by something or other that was going on between herself and LRH. Twice, I remember, she marched up to his office door, yelled, 'All right, I resign!' and marched away again. After each time, he spoke with her in his office, closing the door. She came out smiling, and got on with her job.

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A rift was growing between the two of them. He was becoming more and more bad-tempered, harder and harder on the people around him, particularly those in his Household Unit, who could do nothing right. The unit was administratively under me and each time he yelled about the cleaning, the laundry, the cooking, or whatever, it was a bad mark for me. He had his messengers all over the unit, further upsetting and destabilizing it. In despair at fixing his own personal servants, whom he was busily putting down, he made a show of taking the Unit out of my control and putting it under MSH. As time went by, I was not sure that anything was getting any better. He didn't seem to be yelling any less than before. In front of me, MSH's Communicator told Rick, the long-standing and long-suffering Commodore's Steward, that some error on his part was 'pure evil'. I couldn't see how this approach could help anyone towards doing a better job, supposing that any criticism was in fact justified. After a little while, LRH whispered to me one day that CS-G was doing no better than I had with the Household Unit. So much was already obvious to me but I was very sorry to see him running down his wife to me.

Not long after that, he confided in me that unbeknownst to MSH, he had personally hired his own attorneys in Washington DC to look after his interests, as he had lost confidence in CS-G and the Guardian's Office. Again, I was very sorry to see the writing on the wall and to know that he had put himself self-righteously on the path of alienation from his most loyal and effective supporter.

### Her hardest times

Mary Sue had a number of setbacks that had affected her greatly. One was the award of huge damages against the Church in the Johnson-Smith case in England. LRH ordered her to agree to pay ten shillings a month, but she had to tell him that the law would not allow that there was no choice but to hand over the amount awarded in full. There were other legal losses that we didn't hear much about. The worst single loss for her was, of course, the death of her son, Quentin, in what was apparently a suicide although there was no

acknowledgement of that rather evident fact. I did not personally witness her grief and desolation, but someone who did told me that the keening (grieving) was agonizing and did not stop for a long time. It was continuous, whether she was breathing in or out. After we had settled in Clearwater, the local GO asked me to answer questions from a police officer in Las Vegas (where Quentin died). I was asked to say that I was a close friend of Quentin's and to give the officer the clear impression that at no time did I see Quentin depressed or even mentioning the possibility of suicide. I did as requested and later received a call of thanks from Mary Sue.

After the FBI raids on the Church's offices in LA and DC, and after it became clear that the FBI was aware of the Church's infiltration of government offices in DC and that criminal charges would be coming down, LRH ordered me to send him a package of anything he had issued forbidding the illegal actions that the GO had taken. In other words, 'My wife faces criminal charges for carrying out my orders. Cover my rear end.' I was appalled, but complied. He also ordered that there be no PR announcements from him on the subject of his wife and her legal situation. Perhaps this was based on very sound legal advice that he didn't bother to explain to me. This order of his deeply disturbed me as being a move to abandon her to her fate and to save his own bacon. I thought that if this were true, it would be disgusting behaviour on his part.

In 1982, it became very evident that the CMO, the Commodore's Messenger Organization, had interfered at the highest levels of the GO. Although I couldn't support some of what I heard about some GO activities ('gang sec-checks' in particular), I was very sad to see what I felt was his repudiation of his wife before the whole group.

### Despite the negatives

Whatever her faults and failings, Mary Sue Hubbard was a brilliant woman with high, clean energy. She had the potential, in my opinion, to match her husband's brilliance and energy. Had he remained true to his own sanity

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I am sure she would have fulfilled much of her potential, and the organization would today be in a much stronger and saner position. Together, they could have inspired affection and support across the globe.

There are women who, like the grapevine, rely on a solid support on which to grow to their best, to bloom, and to produce beautiful and bountiful fruit. Such women are blessed when their husbands provide such support. It was Mary Sue's tragedy that she gained L. Ron Hubbard as a support when his strengths could overcome his weaknesses, but when his weaknesses overcame his strengths, she went down as she had no support. She fell, and could not regain her footing. As I understand it, the RTC did whatever they could to keep her down, and she accepted the suppression. Ill-health, which had dogged her since the late 1970s, no doubt increased her difficulties and sapped her strength.

In 1966, LRH charged MSH with setting up the Guardian's Office and, with it, protecting his organizations from attack from its internal and external enemies. Alas, at least a part of LRH's concept for the GO included elements of his own paranoia. Alas, Mary Sue did a magnificent job of carrying out her instructions. In doing so, she helped bring about the destruction of the organization she was so determined (and so able) to save and grow. By doing her job so well, she thoroughly alienated governments, and helped spread the org's adverse public reputation. She also built up her part of the overall organization to be the most powerful and most wealthy; it also manifested a degree of loyalty and affection towards her that was in no way paralleled in the rest of the organization towards LRH who, by

contrast, was not able to build up similar strengths on his side of the org board. This is partly due, of course, to the fact the he pushed so much power in terms of authority, personnel, and money towards her and the GO, that he drained the rest of the organization and enfeebled it. It was all partly due to the differences between their respective abilities and strengths.

Had LRH given MSH the power to take care of the whole organization, and had they both been able to allow their respective strengths to support each other's, then, I would say, the results would have been magnificent in terms of movement towards a 'civilization of which we can be proud'. It was not to be — not this time.

In the late sixties, before I joined the ship, LRH had put the Royal Scot Man (later the Apollo) in Liability. Mary Sue volunteered to captain the ship in its way up through the lower conditions. She did so. Every crew member that spoke of that period under her captainship spoke of it in terms of high praise and great personal affection. What could have been the status of the international organization, what would have been its impact on the world, if she had been at the helm over the years, and had engendered in staff all over the world, such pride and affection?

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## RegularColumn

# IVy Tower

by Rolf K, USA

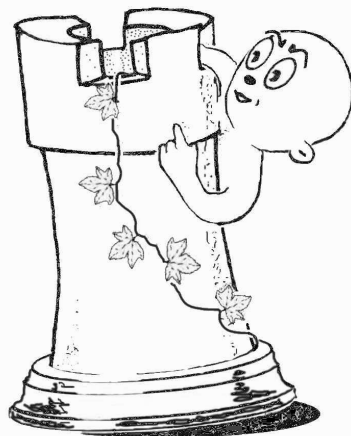
## The Controversial Life and Death of Mary Sue<sup>1</sup>

MARY SUE WAS Ron Hubbard's wife from 1952 and to his death in 1986. They worked as a team throughout the whole developing phase of Scientology (1954-81) and she was probably the one person that Ron trusted the most when it came to matters of great importance and to delicate affairs. Familywise, they had four children together: Diane, Arthur, Suzette and Quentin. Mary Sue was truly the Queen of Scientology for all of her professional life.

Yet, when she died in November of 2002 she was all but forgotten. The only official signal the CoS gave to mark her death, was to strike her from the IAS<sup>2</sup> honor role. This spring, 2 years later, an attentive Freezoner noted this and investigated and found that she had actually died November 25 of 2002 from breast cancer at the age of 71.

Who was this woman? She was adored by many for her devoted service and great sacrifices to her husband and their cause. She was feared and hated by some for her sometimes ruthless attitude toward what she perceived as enemies to the group and the cause.

Mary Sue first met Ron in 1951 in Wichita, Kansas, when she arrived there with her then boyfriend, Norman James, who had read about Dianetics in *Astounding Science Fiction*. Norman left, but Mary Sue stayed and got



infatuated with the then 40 year old Ron. At the time she was 19 years old and already a graduate from the University of Texas.

Russell Miller, in a book<sup>3</sup>, summed up the first contact this way: "Among the motley collection of well-meaning people who trekked to Wichita in the summer of 1951 was a slim, pretty girl from Houston, Texas, by the name of Mary Sue Whipp. Born in Rockdale, Mary Sue was a nineteen-year-old coed at the University of Texas intent on making a career in petroleum research. She arrived in Wichita with a friend, Norman James, who had read about Dianetics in *Astounding* and had persuaded her to join him on the course. Blue-eyed and auburn-haired, Mary Sue aroused predictably mixed feelings at the Hubbard Dianetic Foundation. Most of the men liked her; most of the women did not..." "It did not take long for Hubbard to register the arrival of this attractive preclear from Texas and he took a particular interest in her progress. Mary Sue was flattered by the great man's attention and within a matter of a

1 The quotes in the article were culled from Virginia McClaughry, who posted them to Internet Newsgroup Alt.Clearing.Technology in a post called Mary Sue Timeline.

Pictures have been donated by Michael, President of the International Freezone Association (IFA), from their Internet site at <<http://marysuehubbard.com>>.

2 IAS: International Association of Scientologists.

3 Russel Miller: *Barefaced Messiah*, 1987.

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few weeks she had moved in with him at 910 North Yale, to the fury of the housekeeper, who found herself relegated to more conventional duties. Mary Sue rapidly qualified for her Hubbard Dianetic Auditor's Certificate and joined the staff of the Foundation as an auditor, all thoughts of a career in the petroleum industry abandoned."

An anecdote states, however, that she pursued the love of Ron determinedly as well. Ron had gone to a fortune teller and the woman had told him, that he would marry a red headed girl. Mary Sue got wind of that and as she was a blonde she decided to color her hair red and arrived the next day as a redhead. Geoffrey Filbert also states, that she pursued Ron rather intensely: "LRH married a Texas girl who insisted on marrying him (I don't know if she ever asked or if she just insisted), Mary Sue Whip, a spooky, very bright girl with a very colorful past. She studied hypnosis on a telepathic level for three years in Texas. She graduated with a number of degrees from the University of Texas at age 19."

Ron soon came to highly appreciate her as a woman and as a trusted assistant in all matters. He stated in a lecture, that he made the "smart move to marry Mary Sue"... "On the other hand, I am not convinced it was a smart move on her part to marry me". Mary Sue helped Ron with research and organizational matters. They soon co-audited and the book, *A History of Man* from 1952, that is an exploration

of the time-track by the use of an e-meter, was one result of their collaboration.

### Mary Sue at Saint Hill

In fast forward, we meet her again at Saint Hill, England, where she is the Mistress of the Manor (1959-1967). Besides being a mother, she is known to the students and public as the always dependable Director of Processing; the first and original D of P, with wide ranging powers and a stabilizing influence on the whole organization. Besides her expanded duties as D of P, she still has a hand in research and does co-auditing with Ron. When you look at the write-ups of the Power Process HCOBs you will find that they are written by her. Since they were at the time the technical break-through and the most upper-level service available, Ron obviously showed great confidence in her ability and judgment. Captain Bill Robertson remembers his time at Saint Hill this way:

"...I went to Saint Hill in '65. I was doing the Briefing Course there and it was all going along fine. LRH was visible, living there at Saint Hill. His family was with him. They were all very happy. The kids would play out in the yard every day and Mary Sue was visible, living right there at Saint Hill."

### Mary Sue, The Captain

Soon the family should have a change of venue, however. In 1967 the Hubbard Family went to sea as the First Family of the newly established Sea Organization. Mary Sue had assumed the title of Controller of Scientology, the person with the overall responsibility for the finances. On the ship Apollo, the Flag Ship of the Sea Org, she did however also serve as the ship's captain for extended periods when Ron was away on other business. You would find Mary Sue all dressed up to be the sailor. Navy blue officer's suit, white shirt and an impressive captain's uniform cap. She would have their four children nearby, although the daily care was turned over to a nanny and tutor.

Mary Sue and Ron and their four children called the good ship Apollo home for several years. The ship cruised around the Mediterranean and the nearby Atlantic coast for about

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eight years. In 1971 Mary Sue and Ron actually stayed ashore on a property near Tangier for an extended period.

Zegel Tape No. 2 (A Briefing to the Freezone, January 1984) states: “In 1971 they [the S.O. ships] spent the bulk of the year sailing in the East Atlantic, between the ports of and the countries of Morocco, and Portugal and Spain, sailing through such ports as Lisbon and Setubal. In Morocco they landed in Tangiers, they sailed also to the island of Madeira and around in the Canary Islands. During that time the TRC which was a translation unit, was set up in Tangiers and an estate was taken there where Ron and Mary Sue lived.”

### Mary Sue, The Guardian

Before that, around 1967, the Guardian’s Office was established. Mary Sue was to become the first Guardian of Scientology, a controversial post that made her many friends and allies, but perhaps an equal amount of nay-sayers and enemies. It seems to people, not close to her, that she could be rather ruthless in her defense of her husband and of the cause of Scientology. Mary Sue and her close assistant, Assistant Guardian Jane Kemper, would rule with an iron fist in their domain of investigation, dealing with the press, government, and the outside world and dealing with renegades and dissident scientologists. Mary Sue and Jane Kemper, would write reams of Guardian’s Office Directives, that seemed to form an extensive textbook in dirty tricks and underhand methods “necessary to win”.

The Guardian’s Office history is well known to most of IVy’s readers. It is at best judged as controversial. At worst it is judged to be harmful to the peaceful and beneficial expansion of Scientology. It seemed to operate on an entirely different wavelength than the orgs. This was obviously based on basic directions set out by Ron and carried out by Mary Sue and Jane Kemper. In Ron’s Journal 67, Ron praises the

operation and results Mary Sue and the Guardian’s Office have gotten. They seemed for a couple of years to do fine; but it soon became the home of covert operations and illegal activities in a kind of closing of terminals<sup>1</sup> with underhanded government agencies. In other words, the Guardian’s Office started to copy the perceived use of dirty tricks used against Scientology by government agencies, such as FBI, CIA, FDA, Interpol, and their counterparts around the world in other countries.

### Operation Snow White

This came to a culmination in around 1973, after Ron had spent a year in New York. The project Operation Snow White was conceived, presumably by Ron and Mary Sue in agreement. The Operation Snow White was executed under Mary Sue’s command as a top priority and top secret operation aimed at infiltrating government agencies and somehow obtaining and erasing all bad reports about Scientology by covert means. Although the law of the land was “Openness in Government Records”, meaning that all citizens and organizations had a right to see their own files, this was obstructed in practice by government officials. They would send reports around that supposedly were ‘false reports’ (or at least unfavorable reports) and keep them ‘in the mail’ so they wouldn’t be on hand at the time of a request of having access to them came in. To overcome this obstruction, the Guardian’s Office would seek to plant their own operators within key departments of government as undercover agents. They would seek employment as co-workers, ranging from office work to cleaning work in the offices in question. An amazing amount of evidence was collected. The evidence basically consisted of photo copying the reports in question. This operation was actually very successful for several years. But although it could be argued that the operators only took what they were entitled to according to the law, it is obviously a criminal matter to break into government offices and their filing

1 Two terminals (usually people) in intense conflict tend to get obsessed about each other and copy each other’s aberrated behavior. (*author’s note*)

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systems at night or over the weekend when no one was around to prevent it. On July 7, 1977 it came to a dramatic climax, when FBI raided Guardian's offices in Los Angeles and Washington D.C. simultaneously. For whole two days the FBI conducted this raid in the most destructive manner allowed under the law. The results and effects on Scientology and its public were devastating.

### The Gang of Nine

It came to a major law suit, the US Government Vs. Church of Scientology and the whole plot was disclosed in open court. "The Gang of Nine", the top nine participants from the Guardian's Office were found guilty and sentenced to jail. Mary Sue was, as GO's leader, sentenced to serve several months in jail. This court case did not only mark the end of Guardian's Office as we knew it. It also caused such a blow to Mary Sue's powerful position as the undisputed number two within the CoS, that she never really recovered. What the FBI found in the files they seized, may also have brought Ron to resign and live in secrecy on his farm in Northern California. He lived there anonymously until his death in January, 1986. It is claimed by many, that Mary Sue accepted her jail sentence in order to protect her husband from being implicated. From all reports, Ron was deeply involved in the start of the Operation Snow White, although he probably was less involved in how it was carried out. After Ron moved to this farm the couple seemed to have lost contact with one another. According to some reports Ron never contacted Mary Sue again directly. He seemed to have lost some of the unwaiving confidence he had placed in her for the previous 27 years of their marriage.

The raid of 1977 and the lawsuit following also resulted in a major internal overhaul of the GO. All staff were in principle fired and had to go through a rigorous ethics cycle to get their jobs back. Only roughly about 50% of the staff made it through this purgatory. Mary Sue herself actually resumed her position as Guardian of Scientology after she had served her short jail sentence. But, as mentioned, her position was severely weakened. She was now a convicted

felon and she did not have the same strong backup from her husband that had kept her as the number two boss in Scientology. Ron had left the scene and now used Pat and Annie Broeker as his main communicators and lieutenants. On the Org side David Miscavige was the rising star and very aware of the unique opportunity he had to get hold of the reigns. The Broekers and Miscavige were apparently plotting a power coup and saw Mary Sue as the main obstacle to taking power after Ron's retirement and possibly incapacitation. According to Jon Zegel:

June/July, 1981. Zegel Tape No. 2 (Jan 1984) wrote: "In June and July of 1981, David Miscavige and Pat Broeker, along with Annie Broeker decided that the Guardian's Office must be eliminated as an independent factor in the church. Around July the first, David Miscavige arranges a meeting with Mary Sue Hubbard, based on a lie. He calls her on the phone and implies that he has comm for her from LRH.

"The two get together and he arrives but the letter that he promised her simply didn't exist. What he did arrive with was a letter he had had written by the church attorneys, stating erroneously that Mary Sue's presence as the controller of the church endangered and implicated LRH in all church matters. Based on this letter and other conversations that the two of them had, Mary Sue was eventually persuaded to step down as the controller.

"David Miscavige's exchanges with Mary Sue were extremely bitter, he brags about INT. Management Org for some weeks thereafter about calling her a suppressive bitch and other names."

### Into retirement

There were actually a circle of friends of Mary Sue, loyalists that had wanted to stand up for her and fight for her rights as the heir to the church power. It seems, however, that she had lost some of her zeal and basically had decided that her run was over. It seems the rift in the relationship with her husband has much to do with it. What had motivated over the previous 30 years was her deep love for her husband. This



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love had made her willing to go through hell and fire to serve what she saw as the church's best interests and part of Ron's interests and legacy. Now that this deep bond was broken or damaged she had lost her willingness to fight. She accepted a retirement proposal from David Miscavige and his army of lawyers. She was only 50 years old at the time. What the deal entailed has never been revealed, but she lived out the 21 remaining years of her life in a large villa in Los Angeles. The only hard evidence we have been able to gather is in public records of the property and the death certificate itself. There are no public statements or memoires which was probably part of a settlement. She lived at the address of 2345 Chislehurst Drive, Los Angeles. A Freezoner that did this investigation wrote: ...Furthermore, this house is within a well-to-do neighborhood of Los Angeles, situated just South of Griffith Park, called "Los Feliz". The home itself is located about 2 miles East and North from Celebrity Centre International, about 3-4 miles almost directly due north (along Edgemont Street) from AOLA/ASHO/LA DAY, and about 3-4 blocks North of the intersection of Chislehurst Drive and Los Feliz Boulevard. Many, many, many, many Scientologists daily pass unbeknownst to them within seconds of MSH's (former) residence on their ways to and from ASHO,AOLA, LA Day and CCI. According to public records, the home had two owners:

1. Mary S. Hubbard Trust
2. Delphinium Residence Trust

**Official silence**

As mentioned earlier, the only official signal from CoS indicating Mary Sue was no longer alive was, that she had been taken off the IAS Honor Roll. According to Robert Dam, a Copenhagen based freezoner, Robert had been told on direct questioning to the OSA office there, that she was alive and well in 2004 and "busily auditing on her Solo Nots", when she in fact had

been dead for about two years at the time. According to two Copenhagen top execs in OSA, she simply preferred to stay out of the limelight and that was why there was so little news. In other words, there was a complete denial of facts.

Her death certificate has since been posted to the web at a memorial website at [www.marysuehubbard.org](http://www.marysuehubbard.org). <http://www.marysuehubbard.org>. From this certificate we can glean a few more facts and guesses about her last years. It reads as follows:

State of California, Certificate of Death  
 Name: Mary S. Hubbard  
 Date of Birth: 06/17/1931  
 Date of Death: 11/25/2002 Hour: 18:25  
 State of Birth: Texas  
 Social Security No: 456-48-5525  
 Race: Caucasian  
 Marital Status: Widowed  
 Years of Education: 13  
 Occupation: Administrator  
 Kind of Business: Various  
 Years in Occupation: 45  
 Residence: 2345 Chislehurst Dr. LA, CA 90027  
 Informant: Neville Potter<sup>1</sup>, DPGA  
 Residence: 2345 Chislehurst Drive, LA, CA 90027  
 Father: Harry Whipp, Texas  
 Mother: Mary C. Hill, Texas  
 Disposition(s): 11/27/2002  
 Place of above: At Sea off the coast of Ventura County  
 Type of disposal: Cremation/Sea (Callanan Mortuary)  
 Place of Death: Residence  
 Cause of Death: Metastatic Breast Carcinoma<sup>2</sup>  
 Biopsy Performed: Yes  
 Autopsy Performed: No

1 Neville Potter was a staff assistant to MSH for many years. Also identified as "the person who brought Chick Corea into Scientology in the 1960s". Mr. Potter lived at the same address as deceased.  
 2 Metastatic Breast Carcinoma: Breast cancer.

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Other significant Condition: Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease<sup>1</sup>  
 Operation for that: Left Mastectomy<sup>2</sup>  
 12/17/95  
 Certificate issued by: G. Megan Shields, MD<sup>3</sup>. 5336 Fountain Av.

Apparently Mary Sue spent her last years well cared for but sick from emphysema and lung cancer. She shared the large villa with Neville Potter, a long time associate. It is likely, that

CoS officials quietly took care of her affairs in her 'exile' but wanted to keep her whereabouts and condition as a deep secret. They wanted to "erase her from history", a typical totalitarian bad habit.

As a last act of love to her husband, Mary Sue had chosen to have her ashes scattered at sea along the coast of Ventura County in the same manner and general location as her life's love, Ron, had had his ashes scattered. ☒

## Memories of MSH

by Phil Spickler, USA<sup>4</sup>

I FIRST MET THE GAL in Jan. 1957..... Ron was 46 and she 26 and in her dress and manner she affected a look that made their ages seem closer. Sue was pretty, a strawberry blond, with a shapely figure and a great smile and laugh. She was intensely loyal to Ron and fiercely protective. As a staff auditor I got to know her more fully since she was DofP<sup>5</sup> and held auditor conferences when Ron was elsewhere. She held a lot of hats [posts] pertaining to corporate, admin, and money<sup>6</sup>. I came to be much closer to her when Ken Barrett, Dir of Admin, blew<sup>7</sup> just after Xmas 1957 and I was elevated from the Distribution Center Inc. (precursor of Pubs) to Dir of Admin.

Sue, who was preggers [pregnant], with either Quentin or Suzette (I can't recall) would hold get togethers for staff Moms and their kids which were very pleasant. She was a good mom and had many useful ideas concerning kids and their diet. She had acquired an antique crib of some value but before using it for her baby she dis-assembled it and boiled much of it to insure it was not harboring any disease (or entheta)...

Being wife to L. Ron Hubbard was an exciting and at times very trying task, that until much later, she carried off in fine fashion.

I could go on and on Ant ...but it means getting into the dark side.....better left alone.

Best, Phil

☒

1 Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease: Includes emphysema and Bronchitis.

2 Mastectomy: Operation for breast cancer.

3 Megan Shields. Well known Scientology doctor in LA. She wrote the forward to *Clear Body Clear Mind*, a book by LRH on the Purification RD (edited from HCOBs on the subject).

4 In response to an editorial request!

5 DofP: Director of Processing, at the time included what we now know as Case Supervisor, was the senior to all auditors, and interviewed all preclears, both before, during and after each 25 hour (one week) auditing intensive. *Editor's note*.

6 Oh yes, when I worked in London in 1957, and Ron and Mary Sue were in USA, we got (each staff member) a weekly paycheck, and they were signed by Mary Sue. We all trooped over to the bank to cash them, a most unusual procedure in England at that (or any) time (*Editor's note*)

7 blew, Scientology slang for leaving without permission or agreement (*Editor's note*)

# Early Dianetics and Mary Sue

by Dillard Eubank, USA

I WAS TWENTY-FOUR: a college graduate, a medical school dropout and a Dianetics course graduate. I had worked as an auditor in Kansas City and St. Louis. After a summer of auditing relatives and friends in 1950 I was a Dianetics zealot. My zeal was so high that I rode a bus from the medical school — a hundred miles or so — to hear LRH lecture in Kansas City. There was the free public lecture, and this was followed by three evening lectures. My mother, on whom I'd successfully run secondaries, came with me to the course. I attended the medical school for a few more weeks and arranged a co-audit with another university student.

But after the Hubbard lectures and my past amount of auditing, my intention to do the years of training needed to become a psychiatrist faded.

I left medical school and went to Los Angeles where I took the Dianetics course. I did an internship and was offered a job in the "clearing corps" by Miles Hollister, a Hubbard assistant. The "clearing corps" had the task of auditing staff members. It was a high prestige post and I was excited about my job working for Hubbard and auditing his staff.

## No organization

I took a holiday after the Dianetics course, returned to my Kansas City home for Christmas. While there I learned by telephone that there was not going to be any "clearing corps". In fact there was not even going to be a Hubbard Dianetics organization. Hubbard had left, had left the USA and gone to Cuba.

Hubbard's foundation disappeared and with it his organizations in Los Angeles, and Chicago. Auditors working in these places were out looking for ways to continue auditing people.

Two of the Chicago staff had left Chicago to work with medical doctors in St. Louis. One of them worked in the state mental hospital on a schizophrenic patient (or several patients). Virginia Allen, having left Chicago found a medical clinic to work in. The clinic wanted to take on another Dianetics auditor and I got the job.

I audited people in that medical clinic until I heard that Hubbard had come back to USA and was, of all things, in Wichita, Kansas.

## Wichita

Wichita is a three hour drive from Kansas city and an additional three hours puts you in St. Louis. I drove to Wichita to see what was going on there.

I found the Hubbard Org in a two floor, store front building on Wichita's main street. It was Sunday but the door was open. To my surprise Hubbard walked in and talked with the visitors. I got some advice about working with a very depressed woman in St. Louis. I left Wichita and I was more hopeful about Dianetics. While there was no clearing course job, there was now a newly revived Dianetics organization.

I continued in St. Louis for a few more weeks, then, drawn by the presence of Hubbard I went to Wichita again. I found in the foundation building, holding the title of Director of Auditing, Ross Lamoreaux, my first auditor. I knew him well but there were none the less no jobs for auditors. The auditing staff they had was big enough to take care of all the preclears.

## Getting a job

Hubbard did not have an office where one could just drop in and chat with him. And his address was not given out by the foundation. He was not in the telephone book.

I determined that if I was ever to get a job there it would be through Hubbard. I found his house, went there with a letter to him — to leave in case I couldn't see him by knocking on the door. His housekeeper answered the doorbell and told me there was no one named Hubbard around there and she didn't recognize the name.

However — there was a letter in the mailbox by the front door addressed to "Nibs Hubbard". The return address on the envelope was the address where I was standing talking to the housekeeper. I told her that I *knew* Hubbard lived there and got her to take the letter to Hubbard. The letter gave my qualifications and asked for a job doing *anything*.

The following Monday night Hubbard gave his weekly lecture at the foundation. I attended and cornered him after the lecture. Yes, he had gotten my letter and he would give me a job as a "research auditor".

I moved to Wichita, to live in a very modest hotel next door to the foundation. My first assignment was tran-

scribing his axioms which he had recorded on a disc. After that he started me doing “research auditing.”

The Foundation was open long hours; there were students there taking a daytime Dianetics course and there were preclears who had come for auditing by the foundation auditors. And a lot of curious people — mostly people who lived elsewhere and had come to Wichita to see what was going on in this new Foundation.

### Mary Sue

Mary Sue Whipp was a student at the foundation, taking the Dianetics course. She had come to Wichita with two young men from Austin, Texas. All three were Dianetics students.

I was at an age when one sees good looking young women as especially desirable to know. So when she and I were both hanging around the foundation, we chatted, mostly about Dianetics. I learned that she had studied mathematics and graduated from the University of Texas in Austin, which was also her home town.

The three Texans all knew each other when they came to take the course. They had come to know each other by being mystically inclined. They were all three members of a student group, The Theosophy Club. Past lives and past deaths were the buzz subjects then in Dianetics Wichita, at least in the crowd I hung around with. One of the people had studied Sanskrit in order to read the Vedic Hymns in the original language. I was trying out Hubbard’s new auditing technique: effort processing. The 11 subjects for my trial auditing all got into past deaths very quickly. Reincarnation, astral levels, etheric bodies, teleportation, telekinesis were of interest to a small group there including Susie and her two theosophy club friends from Texas and the Sanscrit buff from Philadelphia (Helen O’Brian wrote of this in her book *Dianetics in Limbo*).

I sat with Susie at Ron’s weekly evening lectures. He was getting into genetic track exploration, clams, etc., and he lectured about some of these things. As I got to know Susie better — we used to have coffee together after the lectures, and a few other times — I started thinking of her as a potential girl friend.

In the climate in which I had been raised one started dating with considerable shyness in the teens then getting more used to girls as one dated a number of them. Most of the young men I had gone to school with, people I knew in my college fraternity, had not had much if any real sexual experience before getting married. That sounds strange now in 2005, but things were different then. Example of how different: by the time I was working for Ron in Wichita in 1951 I had known one person who had ever smoked marijuana and that one person I had met while a Dianetics student in Los Angeles in 1950.

### Different background then

But in this new Dianetics community things were different. I found this is Los Angeles while taking the Dianetics course. I think that the Dianetics course was attracting the adventurous people, and then with the intense excitement of learning Dianetics, working at it full time, and getting a lot of Dianetic auditing on oneself, there was a lot of loosening up.

I think of the sex policies that were in effect when I was a student at St. Hill in 1965 and contrast it with the behaviour back in 1950. Nothing was spoken to me as a student about it, but I expect that there were some kind of rules that the staff members should not get romantically involved with students on course. There were certainly no suggestions that the students should behave in any particular way. I think really the students were expected to pay for the course, come to class more or less regularly, do the auditing, and act as preclear for other students.

A particular difference really was about what one could say. You could say “I think Hubbard has got it all wrong and I’ve got another way to clear engrams”. Saying that one would get some volunteers to be your experimental subject. Instructors might frown on it and ask you to stick to Dianetics while you were there. They wouldn’t have had hearings about you, brand you a “suppressive person,” and kick you out the door. And if they did kick you out there was certainly no sense that you shouldn’t stay in communication with your friends who were “Hubbard” Dianeticists.

There was nothing said about “mixing practices”. I believe that while you were auditing fellow students you were expected to follow the “standard procedure” which was printed up at the time. This was little different, if different at all from the directions in the original Dianetics book. If I had an interest in psychoanalysis I would feel free to discuss with others what psychoanalytic theory would agree and disagree about engram running.

Running engrams successfully, both as auditor and pre-clear, got students “high”. Lots of smiles. I’m sure not every case ran smoothly, but there were a lot of them that did. I suppose that people wouldn’t have put up the \$500 to take the course if they hadn’t had some success with using Dianetics. In 1950 \$500 was a lot of money.

### Money comparison with now

Here are some figures to show one of the big differences between now and 55 years ago in Los Angeles. Auditing done in the foundation, by foundation auditors cost \$25 each hour. It was sold in packages of (I’m not sure of this one) 36 hours. I think there was a discount in the per hour price if one bought the 36 hour package.

I remember how much a staff member was paid because I had been offered a job on the “clearing corps”. Staff was paid \$500 a month. This was a really big

salary in 1950. One year later there had been an organizational tightening of the purse. I was paid \$75 per week when I took the job in Wichita, the job as "research auditor".

The \$500 per month was spectacular, the \$75 a week was more than adequate. While in Wichita I could live in a modest hotel and eat all my meals in restaurants and have enough left over for going to the movies and buying a new jacket when I needed it. I don't know how much regular staff in Wichita was paid.

The sexual climate was really different within the Dianetics and Scientology community. Rules were much looser than what I had been used to. The opportunity to stay overnight with a fellow female student was a surprise to me. And, welcome. In this community one could not be too frowned on were one to live with a girl friend. This was not at all true of the groups I had grown up with, and been associated with in the University of Colorado. University of Colorado was known as a "party school". The "partying" did not come anywhere near the co-ed dormitories which began in the USA in the 60s and, I believe are usual now in 2005.

### Mary Sue

So, when I was getting interested in Mary Sue, thinking of having her as a girl friend, I really had in the back of my mind living with her. At that time I believe this was called (slightly a vulgarity) "shacking up". But, I never got any where near that close to Mary Sue.

One evening after having coffee after one of Ron's lectures, I was walking down the street with Mary Sue, chatting very pleasantly. Ah, this was the time to make the proposal, I thought. I don't recall exactly what I said, but it was something along the lines of I would like to "go with you," or I would like to think of you as my girl friend. The way such things are said nowadays (compare Tom Wolfe's novel *I Am Charlotte ...*) is so very different, it's hard to think of me being so shy then, so oblique and diffident.

Well, I *do* recall her response. I recall it because it came as such a surprise. She said, "I'm sorry, but there's somebody else." I was disappointed and a bit surprised, because it was me that had been hanging around her, sitting next to her at lectures, drinking coffee auditing sessions.

Surprised, I said "Who is the person, this 'somebody else'?" She paused, looked down at the side walk, turned back to me and said, "It's Ron".

### Astral

I knew she hadn't ever talked with him and I was really surprised by her saying Ron was this "somebody else". I said "I didn't think you knew him".

She paused again, then said "I haven't really met him, but he comes to me at night; he coming to me with his astral body."

Well, nowadays, especially in Scientology circles one doesn't hear chit-chat about astral planes and astral

bodies. In the C of S when I was in it, this would be something a preclear could originate about in a session but one wouldn't speak about it outside a confidential session. That would be (at the time I left the C of S in early 80s) "out tech," "mixing practices," and so on. Things had tightened up between 1951 and 1980! But Sue and I had been talking about astral travel ever since I had met her. She and I had a common interest in theosophy, and had read quite a bit about it. She was much more a student of the subject than I was. But, at that time, through being audited on past deaths and some auditing I received from Ron, I had started to have extreme changes in what I could see and what I could do. For a time then I had startling (to me and others) telepathic power, and psychokinetic ability.

So when she spoke of Ron coming to her astrally and his being the "somebody else", while I was surprised, I didn't think she was crazy. I didn't think she was imagining it. I took her at her word.

I knew that Ron was still in his office at the foundation just a few blocks away, so I said "Would you like to meet him? I could take you over there where he is". She said that she would like to meet him.

We didn't say much while walking the few blocks to the foundation. When we got there, the building was dark, locked up. I had a front door key, and as we walked in we could see light coming from under the door in a front office, Ron's office.

### At Ron's

I knocked, we heard "Come in". We went in. Ron greeted us with a very big smile. I said "I want to introduce you to Sue Whipp". He extended his hand, and they shook hands. Somehow, I knew that the right thing for me to do was to just leave. I did. Sue stayed there. I didn't see her for a week.

A few days after the meeting, Sue's room-mate asked me if I knew where Sue was, that she hadn't come back to the room for several days. I figured she had been staying at Ron's house, but I said I didn't know. In truth I didn't really know, but I had a strong belief that she was at Ron's house.

That event really stays in my mind ... because it was ... well, there are a lot of reasons. I have no memory of when I saw her next. I could have been at the next lecture Ron gave at the Foundation.

I was working on the "experimental process", which was effort processing at the time, or very near that time. I remember a few weeks after that going to Ron's house one afternoon, without calling in advance. I wanted to drop off some work, or something like that. I remember that Sue came to the door, invited me in, explained that Ron was asleep. It was a fine day and I suggested we take a walk. We took a long walk and she told me that she would be staying there at Ron's house.

A couple of times after that, in Wichita I was there talking with Ron when dinner time arrived, and I stayed for dinner. Sue was, at that time, no gourmet cook, and I think she never got much interested in housewifery.

### Effort processing

There was a “congress” held where Ron announced the breakthrough, “effort processing.” I think it was at that time he began lecturing about the theta-MEST theory. I’m not sure of the sequence.

But, in announcing the breakthrough with effort processing, he said, in a very jolly fashion, that he had pulled a trick on Bud Eubank, and he pointed to me where I was sitting near the front of the auditorium. He said that he had told me that he, himself, had been doing effort processing on some preclears, and that he wanted to see how well it worked when someone else did the auditing. He said, he had fibbed and that he had not really done any auditing on anyone using effort processing, that I was the first to try it out. There was a big laugh, both he and the audience. They were laughing at his cavalier approach to trying out new approaches. I was a bit of a hero at that point. After that in my dealings with Ron and his organizations, there were many ups and downs. These ranged from me being given the honourable title of “Fellow of Scientology”, in Phoenix, for working out the process called “ridge running”, to my being declared a suppressive person, and so on.

When Ron left Wichita for Phoenix within the next few months, I followed him out there. I visited his house a number of times, and spoke with him on the telephone about implants which we had been running as solo auditing.

### Much later

It wasn’t until 1967 that I saw Sue again. By this time, the difference between us, the difference in status was very large. I couldn’t call her on the phone, drop by for dinner. I was a Briefing Course student, and she was a high official in the C of S and she lived in a manor house. I saw her once while I was at St. Hill. Every Friday at the close of the day all the students crowded into the chapel for graduation. She arrived at one of these, dressed very formally in a long gown, and received her clear certificate. She was clear number such and such. There weren’t very many clears at this time, and there was a clear number for each of the clears.

I never wrote to her or spoke to her after Phoenix. I often thought of her, and I read about her activities as head of the Guardian’s Office. Finally, I read of the Federal Trial and her being found guilty and sent to federal prison for some months. It has been very sad thinking of her going through this. After she came out of prison, there was, as far as I could tell no further mention of her in any of the mailings coming to me from the C of S.

I heard she lived separately from her husband. And, finally, very recently, I read on the internet that she had died in Austin Texas.

After her prison time, and when she was no longer spoken of by the C of S I tried to find out where she was that I might write her a letter. I figured she could use some cheering up. She had lost her son, Quentin. I don’t know what happened with the other children. I remember seeing them occasionally while I was at St. Hill studying.

### Nibs

There was one more character in this drama — L. Ron Hubbard, Jr., a.k.a. “Nibs.”

I first learned of his existence when I saw in Ron’s mailbox at his house in Wichita, the letter addressed to “L. Ron Hubbard, Jr.” I met him in Phoenix. There I spent quite a bit of time with him. He was the first “Theta Clear.” I received a note from Ron one day saying that “Nibs” would take over the auditing of the preclear I was auditing for Ron, and that “Nibs” was a “Theta Clear”. Nibs lived in Phoenix with Ron and Sue for a time while Ron was in Phoenix. From Phoenix, Ron went to England taking Sue with him. Nibs remained in the Phoenix house. He and I did some auditing there and I stayed there with him for a while.

### Love

After Susie had gone to live with Ron, I still continued to sit by her near the front of the auditorium when Ron lectured. The lecture on this particular remembered evening was about “love”. Ron was holding forth on how foolish, dumb, etc. was human love. I don’t recall the main topic of the lecture, but the subject of “love” was taken up at some length. Ron really had nothing good to say about it.

While Ron was talking about his “love” opinion Mary Sue leaned over to say very quietly “He doesn’t know what he’s *talking* about”. I thought what she said was funny, but neither of us talked further about it. ☒

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*Editor’s comment:* We are lucky to have an old timer capable of writing his reminiscences on a computer and sending them by e-mail. At the end Dillard wrote the following. “Well, Ant, that’s the end of my ‘article’. In this form it’s hardly an article, just a draft and rambling at that. I did not find writing it to be easy and pleasant. I just sort of let the memories pour on to the paper. Do what you can with it, use what you want of it. As I wrote it, I saw over and over how very different things are now in 2005 than they were then in the early 50s. Dillard”

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# Farewell, Sweet Mary Sue

by Carolyn Ann Brown, USA

I MET MARY SUE in 1956 in Washington D.C., when Ron and Mary Sue returned from England, in time for the Labor Day Congress. Suzie, as we, the staff called her, was a sweet, friendly Texas girl. Suzie always treated me with kindness and consideration. Once I was concerned about losing my job and Mary Sue said, "Carolyn Ann, you are one of the family". I took care of her children, Diana, Suzette and Quentin, in January and February of 1957. She would give me

money to take them to the park, as we only had one bedroom for them. Since the one bedroom in the Academy of Scientology had temporarily become a nursery, Mary Sue had to come up with some very resourceful ideas on how to entertain her children. The children would run to the bathroom, obtain water, sometimes, I believe, in their mouths, run back to the bedroom and have water fights. My favorite story is; Suzie told me to take them to a flower show. Two of

the children had flaming red hair. As they were sitting down by the flowers, people would walk by, stop and say to me, "These children are more beautiful than the flowers here!".

Diana, I hope you read this. you had the grace of a princess. Suzette, I would lay on the bed with you at nap time, looking at your sweet, freckled face, I loved you. Quentin, theta bless you, wherever you are! ☿

# Mary Sue Deserves Your Love

by Jim Burtles, UK.

Who is this ghost hanging about the church ground?  
Almost famous although never quite renowned;  
Her once brilliant smile, now a forlorn look;  
Mourning her absence from the history book.

Mary Sue, Mary who? You know, Mary Sue

She was the half known woman behind the man,  
Wife and mother, companion and lover.  
Once so attractive, although somewhat daunting;  
Now given to regrets, sighing and haunting.

Mary Sue, Mary who? Mary Sue Hubbard

Ignored and hidden because she was too good,  
Forgotten and denied, alone in the wood.  
Once such a pleasant and powerful mistress  
Her downfall was a miscavigde of justice.

Mary Sue? Mary Sue. Oh that Mary Sue

Admired by many and respected by most,  
Driven from grace, hanging around as a ghost,  
Envied by some, she was trusted from above.  
Let us release her with a shower of love.

Mary Sue, Clear and True, Mary Sue Hubbard

☿

# B

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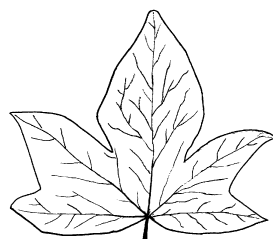
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