

## The Devils Lieutenants

They are:

Aleister Crowley b. 12 Oct 1875, d. 1 Dec 1947

L. Ron. Hubbard b. 13 Mar 1911, d. 24 Jan 1986

Jack Parsons b. 2 Oct 1914 d. 17 June 1952

Charles Manson b. 12 Nov 1934, d. 19 Nov 2017

Aleister Crowley was listed by the BBC as one of the top 100 greatest Brits of all time in 2002 and frequently signed his letters 666 or simply the Beast, as if he was proud of it. He headed the UK branch of OTO, Ordo Templi Orientis, and bent it to his own religion of Thelma. 'Do what thou wilt, shall be the whole of the Law' was his prime commandment.

He has lodges of Thelma followers around the world.

Jack Parsons was the Head Priest of the west US OTO Lodge and shared frequent correspondence with Crowley and contributed to him financially. Parsons was a founding member of the Jet Propulsion Lab and made considerable wealth developing rocket fuel. He is acknowledged as one of the unsung hero's of the space race. HBO did a documentary on him titled 'The Dark Angel'. He died in 1952 under mysterious circumstances.

Living with him at Agape Lodge in the 1940s was L. Ron Hubbard.

L. Ron. Hubbard joined Parsons in his bohemian residence and black magick rituals. He then ran off with Parsons life savings and his wife's younger sister, Sara Northrop. When Parsons pursued Hubbard in civil court, he was inclined to withdraw his case as Sara sent him a letter saying she would have him charged with rape for having underage sex with her (which Parsons had done). Hubbard went on to marry Sara, now of age. They created Dianetics and Scientology together.

One of the Scientology recruitment grounds is prisons.

Charles Manson was a student of Hubbard's while serving time inside during the 1960s. He claimed to be a Scientology Clear and taught Scientology beliefs alongside racist ones to his Manson Family followers, which was a cult he set up once released. Then using Hubbards teachings, he infamously went on to orchestrate ritual stabbings of some of Hollywood's elite, to try and trigger a race war in the US. He failed as a musician, but Guns N' Roses did cover one of his songs and included it in one of their albums, unlisted.

"Having heard all this, you may choose to look the other way... but you can never again say that you did not know." - William Willberforce

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Chapter 1: Parsons and Hubbard, 1946

"No formal training in Magick, he has an extraordinary amount of experience and understanding in the field. From some of his experiences I deduce he is in direct touch with some higher intelligence, possibly his Guardian Angel. ... He is the most Thelemic person I have ever met and is in complete accord with our own principles." Parsons, in a letter to Crowley about Hubbard in 1946.

"Come on, your telling me you will let me have sex with your wife?" Hubbard managed to not quite slur his words to Parsons.

"And her younger sister and the other women in the Lodge." Parsons was hard at work recruiting Hubbard and had him on the hook, it was pussy he wanted and the younger the better. This would be easy. Hubbard had been published albeit he was being paid buttons for his work. But that was before the war. He was desperate now.

"Are they cute or dogs? And how is it up to you with the other chicks?"

"Come see." He knew the effect they would have on him, they were well trained.

"Your only condition is I've to practice this magick? Crowley's not got a good name in the US Navy bud but you do have me curious and I am not adverse to some of the occult!" He was close to his drink limit and could survive one more round.

Parsons was used to this. He ran a bohemian house that also was what existed as the church of OTO for the US west coast. Like most authors of the SyFy golden age Hubbard showed tremendous insight into life and his Lodge needed such a recruit. The war had put him on his arse. But he was fighting!

"Listen, your just out of county jail, need somewhere to stay, replied to this ad to have a room at mine and can almost keep up with me in a bar, how south is it going to go?"

Hubbard finished his whisky and stood up to go to the bar, he put his hand out and Parson passed over the buck. The deal was made. Hubbard had no issue with being paid to be put up, with drink and sex on tap, while practising this magick whatever.

Parsons had his man. Open to Thelma, smart, a ladies' man no doubt, and nowhere to live while strapped for cash. He would own this Hubbard.

Hubbard took the cash. And decided he'd own this Parsons.

The night expired back at the Lodge with Parons regaling Hubbard of a time when he nearly blew up himself and a number of fellow students in the dorms of Cal Tech. Who were then latter not expelled but given a lab off campus and told to crack on.

Hubbard woke the next morning and headed downstairs to the kitchen of his new home once he managed to become alert again.

He had evidently not undressed to get into bed. Vague memories of Parsons pushing him into the room but falling on this bed came to mind.

The sun was blasting in the windows through unclosed curtains, there was no clock in the room and he'd not wound his watch yesterday. Close to noon his sailors mind said.

He swung his legs out of bed and aimed his feet at his shoes as he rubbed his head. He managed to push his feet into them and held his head in his hands for a minute. Tried to convince the headache to go and convinced himself it was succeeding.

'You are greater than life, this is not you, you have done what you had to in order to survive. You are great and will be remembered forever.' Ron ran the mantra through his head. Waking up somewhere new since the war always disturbed him, more than the hangover could.

He stood, cringed at the sun coming in the window, rubbed the worse creases out of his suit and put on his game face for the world. Again.

The room he'd been deposited in was the first one on the first floor just above the lounge/kitchen area at the back of the house. He walked down the slightly creaking steps trying to bring his cool on.

"Erm Hi good morning, I eh moved in last night. Sorry sore head, bit of an evening with Jack" He needed coffee.

"Helen, Jack's wife. He told me about you before he went to work. He handles it better than you thanks to magick, is what he said to tell you. Coffee?"

"If you could." great more about this magick.

He held his head in his hands on the breakfast counter and poured himself a water. She was filling the kettle and he noticed her lithe legs and long blond hair and no one could mistake that thin waist. He hoped Jack had been sincere with his offer.

"Sorry I should introduce myself, its Hubbard. L Ron Hubbard, my parents called me Lafette which I hate, so I go by Ron." He extended his hand.

"I suppose your our next tenant" She shook his hand but let hers linger in his. Her cleavage mostly visible from her top. Her skirt was in line with post war fashion and 'risque' not even covering her knee's.

"Milk? Sugar?" She crossed the kitchen to fix the coffee.

"Black and two, thanks." He took the proffered cup.

She went back to the morning paper and he let the coffee fumes from the cup rise into his nose and lifted his head up so he could look out the window. The sun was shining and that had been some night with Jack, but this was good coffee . She was pretty. This could be worse.

"Sorry I should be more presentable, your husband I admit took the better of me last night, I assure it's a rare thing!"

Helen looked up and he thought he detected boredom in her.

"You'll get into the groove of things. Trust me." She stabbed her cigarette out and left.

Hubbard took a sip, it coursed through him as a medicine clearing his head. He took some water to. Today would be hot and the sun would help.

He liked the vibe of this place "More Jews Settle in NY" was the headline on the article Helen had been reading of the LA Times. He had sensed a bit of reluctance in Jacks sympathy for them.

More to the point as she walked away he'd noticed the sway of her arse said she was begging for it... and Jack had said.

He took another sip of coffee as he walked out onto the porch. Pulled a Kools out and lit it.

The night before was still blasting through his head. He'd fallen asleep in an exhaustion of mental aerobatics. Crowely signed his letter 666 and OTO had been branded in the press as a sex cult which his parents would hardly approve of. Not that they approved much of anything about him lately.

The notion of going back to his wife since the war, to him seemed like a hell worse than his tenure in the war. Polly had said she wanted a divorce and he'd managed to convince her to not mention anything to his parents yet and she'd agreed but warned him his time was running out, she wanted a divorce. Another thing he could afford right now.

He was not long out of the naval hospital. He'd had to wimp and moan to get his serviceman's pension and out of the Navy since the war. He'd moaned about his eye infections and indigestion to get admitted to hospital. In the end they'd given him just a smidgen over unemployment when he left, as his pension.

Nowhere near enough to keep him in somewhere to live and a daily dose of booze. Which since being in the war was a norm he could justify now. He knew to himself he didn't give a shit, nothing would ignite him again. He was lost. Now what?

That's how he'd met Parsons, he'd been caught stealing a bottle of whisky and ended up in the county jail over night. He'd got out after being up to court and given a fine and gone to the pub. He had \$26 on account and picked up the local paper in the bar.

Through looking for a room to rent he'd come on Jacks ad and after a long call and even longer night, was now here.

Hubbard heard her come down the stairs ... and wow!! He would barely see more if she'd been naked. Like underwear hussy galore shit, this one.

She seen him and marched out onto the porch hoping the neighbors would see.

"O, hi there you lovely thing, you look pretty. Bit of a late riser I see, as am I. My name is L Ron Hubbard but please call me just Ron."

"Hellooo Mr. El Rondo, sir. It's Sara. " She said with an impish grin. Her manner was groggy from just waking but with the husky voice of a female smoker which Hubbard found sexy.

She shook the proffered hand in hers. which he shook ever so gently and for the first time in a while was not left with a lingering hand being held and an awkward stare to confront.

He simply went back to puffing his ciggy and staring off into the horizon of the Pacific.

He said nothing just puffed on his cig like he as if she wasn't even there. She wondered what games they'd end up getting up to.

Then went back in to get herself some food. He never seemed to notice her leave.

He wondered what he would have to do to own her. All he had to do was be a bit stand offish but approachable and of course grant her beingness, always got ya into the female psyche and under their skin. But how to make them totally obedient, now that was the challenge.

Eventually he returned to his room to masturbate, hopefully able to come this time. He would try do it thinking about taking Sara up the arse. She looked younger than her 21 years.

Again after an exhaustive amount of effort he gave up. Took his Remington out of his suit case and set it up on his table. He had to conquer this.

He decided to start another Affirmation for himself and loaded a sheet of paper.

"I shall stop attempting to masturbate, my parents were right and it is wrong" he wrote before ripping it out and putting another piece of paper in.

He had to forget his parents; they were nah sayers.

"That I am fortunate in losing [Polly](#) and my parents, for they never meant well by me..."

Knock knock. Hubbard near jumped out his skin. He got up to open the door.

“Fucking hell Rob! What on Earth are you doing here?!”

“The question Sir Hubbard is why I am still here! How you doing you ole war dog, still working the system?”

“Aren’t we all but imagine meeting you here, how did you know where to find me?” Hubbard hadn’t seen his old friend Robert Heinlein since before the war when they were doing pulp together.

“I live here my man, Helen just told me we had a new kid on the block and I couldn’t believe it when she said it was you! Your going to fit in fine here, they’re all up for it.”

Hubbard went to invite him in and thought better of it considering what he was working on.

“We must catch up, gimme 5 and I will come down and we can coffee.”

“See ya In 5 bud.”

Hubbard closed the door and couldn’t believe his luck, this could get him back in with Astounding. He quickly ripped his piece from the typewriter and picked up what he’d discarded. He put the paper into the secret part of his suitcase and spun the combo lock on it before heading downstairs. Imagine Heinlein living here and now!

“How’s the Doc?” he boomed out as he walked into the kitchen to see Richard at the coffee pot.

“Ah good ole E.E. Doc Smith eh? He’s still on the circuit but not doing pulp anymore, he got a job with General Electrics so doesn’t have to, he’s saying novels are the way to go and we’re being exploited by the pulp mag editors.”

Hubbard checked the fridge for beers, cracked one open and offered one to Heinlein who declined. He swung a chair round and sat on it backwards facing Heinlein across the kitchen table.

“Docs got a point there you know! I am done slaving for a cent a word!”

“You still in touch with Campbell though yeah?!”

“Yeah, actually he keeps mentioning you in fact. He says he’s changed his mind about Excalibur. I am going to assume he’s either using code or talking about some writing piece as I can’t imagine you hunting swords in Devon.”

Hubbard couldn’t believe his luck. If he could get back in with Campbell his odds of success would increase many fold. He was published. And he’d only just managed to not mention Excalibur to Parson’s last night.

That was his own private magnum opus and Campbell had originally been very skeptical.

“Piece of work and on the QT at the mo. Glad it’s tweaked his interest though. The three of us should have another confab night sometime soon. Those were heady days.” Hubbard wasn’t about to waste time.

“You’re in luck Captain Ron, this Fri we’re having a get together. Doc’s going to be there, Asimov is on board and no doubt the usual others. Typical hardliners after party stuff as well I imagine.”

Suddenly Helen and Sara ran through the kitchens lounge into the lobby to the main door as Jack returned.

“Watch this” Rob said to Hubbard in a soto voce.

Both of them kneeled down Helen on the right of the doorway and Sara on the left. They both held their hands up waiting for Parsons.

He entered and beamed with a grin as he put a hand in there's. "Rise my priestesses and go prepare for tonight's rituals. Be particular."

Those last two words told them to dig out the lube.

Parsons marched into the lounge as the ladies headed upstairs.

"Rob and Ron we will be in for some night tonight! Stopped off at my local per se and got us some primo coke!" He preceded to put 3 smalls lines out on the table top.

Once they all snorted it and finished sniffing they all stared at each other for those moments it needs to take over your mind.

Hubbard felt his headache go at last and went to the fridge for another beer.

"Lets get this party started, anyone else having a beer?"

He grabbed another 2 bottles in response to the 2 'ayes' he heard.

"Mr. Parsons I would like to begin with thanking you for the welcome. Robert please excuse us I would like to steal our host outside for a smoke and chat."

"Have you secrets Hubbard I'm off anyway as I wont be about for tonight's rituals." Heinlein seemed keen to be off anyway.

"Robert we're so close with you on getting an astral connection."

"Master Parsons as ever I am keen to pursue the great beyond but my Earthly roots require me to attend. It's my mothers 60<sup>th</sup> tonight and unlike y'all I am not quite motherless yet!"

Hubbard frowned at Heinlein's back as he left.

Him being absent from his wife and out of touch with his family in general since the war had more or less left him an outcast to them. He didn't care so much though. When you leave home into the navy and it feels like you've thrown off authority and that your folks were too hard on you, is what had happened, was his personal view. His wife was a chip off the same block as his folks.

He put on his most beaming smile and booming voice "Master Parsons is it?" As he led him outside down to the bottom of the garden where some seats where loosely arranged around a garden table.

The sun was about to work it's magic on the Pacific and they had a great view from where they sat.

"O Ron yes and no. Only in front of the others if you will. I am glad you stayed you've been on my mind all day at work."

"Again I thank you for the welcome. What do you do for work? I meant to ask, I must admit you got me a bit caught up in Themla last night, not that I forgot a word of what you said either by the way."

"My work in Magick and JPL tie in Ron, they connect in the middle in a way. In fact I am one of the founding members. I have the joy of helping man reach for the stars in my day job and I come home here and again we reach for the stars. Quite different fields of practice of course but reaching for the stars is reaching for the stars."

"You did mention this last night, your designing a better jet fuel if I am right?" Hubbard had to admit to himself his mind was a bit fogged from last night's drinking but the coke was helping to switch him on again.

"JPL is designing a new rocket for the army and the fuel is my department. Come let me show you this."

Parsons led Hubbard back into the house and through the kitchen lounge and into the hall. For the first time Hubbard noticed it had more than one hallway. After the stairs another led back into the house and he seen at least 4 rooms of it.

Jack noticed. "There's 3 floors, 16 rooms, 4 bathrooms, a massive attic, the main room and a study. Perfect for a lodge. We like to keep our most devoted close so it works well. But back here in this room is where I work some of my spells."

It was like the old original kitchen from back when slaves would cook and serve the house occupants and the kitchen to the front of the house was new. But with the sink and the fixed worktop in the middle therein ended the comparisons to a kitchen. Jugs of glass jars lined shelves along all the walls and there was obvious chemistry equipment set up on the worktop.

"This is literally an explosives factory. And all mine!"

"It's my job to try different mixtures to see what burns the hottest and over the years I have developed somewhat of a knack for it. And burnt my fingers more than one."

Jack held up his hands and there were scars evident to back up his claims.

"It's impressive. Really impressive! You set all this up?!"

Hubbard was not in the least interested in explosives but Jack had hit a chord he was grappling with. And waxing enthusiasm on another's dream is a sure fire way to get in with them.

Jack started to walk round the room pointing at glasses "Here we have the sulphates, over here is the graphite..."

Hubbard gave him half an ear and tried to get his mind to what Parsons had said earlier to trigger an idea. He'd not wrote it down. That's the danger with ideas he'd noticed, they disappeared if you never wrote them down.

"... but come now. We have plans for you in another field all together."

They left the explosives factory and went to the main room. It was large with oak paneling along the walls. There were chairs stacked up at the back on either side of a doorway. A small strange altar was prominent in front of a defunct fire place at the front of the room.

"This is where I deliver out nightly sermon from the Book of Thelma."

He pointed to the door at the back of the room saying "Through there is where the Magick happens afterwards with our most devout."

Helen and Sara entered at this point and started putting out chairs in neat lines in the room. Hubbard could not believe his eyes.

They were stark naked apart from the bracelets around their wrists that had long strands of 4' foot long rope dangling. They were light and looking quite strong to Hubbard's sailor's eyes.



Jack smiled and walked towards the back door. "Come."

Hubbard followed.

Before Parsons closed the door Hubbard began "So what do you..."

"Quiet please Ron, we can't damage the priestesses!" Parsons timed his rebuke so it finished just as the door closed. With a thunk that made Hubbard suspect it might be bullet proof as well as sound proof.

"Sorry my friend" Parsons quickly continued once the door was shut "Always keep the females subjected is rule number one and a key way to that is make them think they're out the loop, say it is for their own protection of course. Which means us dudes always have the upper hand. Look." He gestured to the study.

It was much smaller than the main room but still a good 8m by 6m. There was an upside cross propped up in one corner. A large old leather couch. Another altar but this one was much lower and had almost a worktop. There's was drivers books scattered about, some open to a page, some stacked and 1000s in the shelves that lined the walls.

"What's with the upside down cross?" Was Hubbard first response.

"Here's where the fun begins. We say it's our religious right to defy Catholicism to display their cross like this in our own private home. Which is bullshit."

"Noticed how the ladies were scantily clad. Those rope bracelets tie their legs to this cross in the perfect position to take them from behind. Your on the cusps of the secrets of life here Hubbard."

Jack was obviously more than convinced and Hubbard was more than impressed. To get women to live by this. To have it as routine. Expected abuse.

He was impressed.

"You said this is where the fun begins. What else do you have in store for me?" Hubbard was expecting the sacrificial goats now.

"Hubbard you will see, once you've connected control of the language and sex and family unit you have the ingredients for a believer. Then comes faith. Then comes abuse and therein lies our power to discover our inner strength."

It never quite made Hubbard reel as he'd had such thoughts himself. There was power in language he knew. And sex obviously. But the family unit bit had never occurred to him.

"So if your not helping man to the stars in the day job and explosives factory then your doing it in here with sex, drugs and rape."

"Not rape Hubbard when the faithful are convinced the pain cleanses their soul. We have that to thank the Catholics for. But music is the other ingredient in here. But your right. I want us connected with the Great Beyond."

"The other side of the chasm you mentioned last night."

"Ron I knew would catch on in a flash. Not lets get ready. Your first ritual starts in an hour and you'll want a dinner in you!"

They left the study. The chairs were out and both could smell the steaks frying.

The lounge table was set out for 12, Jack sat at the head of the table and motioned for Hubbard to sit at his left.

Sara was outside having a smoke and Helen had sauce on the stove she was working on. Sara would occasionally down her ciggy and turn the steaks.

Helen turned the heat off the sauce and put a lid on the pot. She was about to seat herself at Jack's right as he said "Helen my love, send Sara in and watch the dinner for a bit will you" Helen went off and Sara soon returned.

"Sara time to introduce Hubbard here to some Magick. Can you prepare me for the pre ritual meal and also of course introduce our new guest here to our ways."

She took her naked lithe self under the table and Hubbard heard Jack's zipper being undone. The look on Jack's face told the rest of the story. Sara's hand reached for Ron's lap as she sucked on Jack.

Immediately Ron got excited and felt himself coming erect. It was not long before Sara had finished with Jack and had started on Ron.

She undid his zipper and took him in her mouth in such a way he could never last long. Others started entering the room sporadically and this would normally have turned Hubbard right off. But with what Sara was doing he was almost lost to the world.

As more guests filtered into the kitchen from the house Jack introduced them to Ron, who remembered the names of the 2<sup>nd</sup> half who entered. They never all got the same welcome as Ron did. But those who had entered while he was being sucked off never batted an eye.

It was an even mix of male and female thelmaites and all the women were clad the same as Helen and Sara.

Jack sat Helen on his right and Sara took the next seat down from Hubbard on the left while the chairman of the Lodge sat one down after Helen on the right. Clearly Parsons was favouring Hubbard.

The other men filled in the table while the ladies did the serving before taking their own seats. The conversation rippled about the table and Ron found himself drawn to Sara.

"I don't know whether to thank you more for my dinner or the introduction to it!" was his best opening gambit. He knew he'd given up on love but this one deserved some interest.

"You'll get used to it. You could be harder you know."

Ron forced himself to not blush. She seemed so confident of herself with her sexualism.

"I hope later you will provide me another chance to be harder for you."

They were keeping their voices to a level that would not carry.

"Trust me I can tell you now, it will be as you say!"

Which pretty much summed up dinner for Ron. He followed a number of conversations during the rest of dinner, often trying to join in where Sara did. And the talk kept coming back to sex and magick.

Until the plates were cleared and Jack announced it was time soon to begin the ritual and now was the time to have a smoke.

Half the guest filtered out while the other half tackled the dishes. Ron noticed most of the men outside as he was led away by Jack.

They did the ritual sermon for nearly 2 hours with more than one cock being played with either by hand or mouth of the women next to them. Most were then released to practice their magick in their room with their choice of priestess for the night while Hubbard, Jack, Helen and Sara took to the study.

Jack put out 4 lines of coke on the altar in the study and took Helen to the cross where he tied her to the horizontal part of the cross so she was bent over double with her crotch facing out to the room with her head buried in the corner.

Sara sat on the couch with a brandy she'd pured herself. Hubbard also poured himself a whisky and was about to also sit on the couch when Parson pointed at Helen and said to Hubbard "Did I not promise me last night my wife would be yours? Have at? She gives out nice yelps if she gets it up the arse!"

It was too good to be true for him, he pulled his zip down and again finding himself more erect than he expected he started to fuck Helen.

Sara was soon astride Jack and she was being fucked in the ass. Hubbard decided he was doing well enough if he could even just come in Helen. She was tied to a cross and that was helping. If she did object there was not much in the way of choices open to her. He came. Turned to see Jack and Sara intently looking on.

"Ron it's time to get down to business. Helen and Sara see to each other before bed. Cleanse it and Helen I expect it to be confirmed later."

"Of course my master." was all she replied as she left with her younger sister.

Ron was stood aghast. If it was now the time for business what had the rest of the night been?!

Once the door was closed Parsons got up.

"Now it's time to start."

Hubbard steeled himself, this was going to be important. He retrieved his drink from the altar and sat down while Jack took out a book.

Hubbard sat on the couch and Parsons took an almost preaching stance on the other side of the altar from him with the book.

"Ron, it comes down to this. If we write it down then it carries more weight. It's like the hotel industry, religion. The more glamorous it looks the more mugs walk into it."

"It's always best image forward and deals with the dirty laundry out back."

Ron sat up, "Right but what's this all got to do with you Magick and all this?" he gestured towards to upside down cross and obvious going ons of the night.

"Cosmetics only. Idiols and rituals are for the followers. We must lead and of course keep the women folk in their place."

"So it's all a shame then? Crowley has been held up to ridicule by more than a few!"

"Ron Crowley's one of the greats and the Magick is of course real. I am saying to get the followers you have to have the trappings of an important religion. Build a church and the faithful will attend sort of thing. We

pick out the enlightened from the followers and have our way with them to work real Magick. The rest is the shop front.”

“So the whole sermon then was a waste of time?”

“Not at all. It’s how we recruit the devout. The sermon is there for the less devout. The most devout end up in here. Think of levels of devotion.”

Hubbard sat back and took his chin in his hand and contemplated the events of the night.

“Listen try it for some time. How south can it go?”

Hubbard had to concede this and was not about to complain to his host after this evening.

“I must go attend to Helen. I have instructed Sara to be your tonight. I hope you appreciate this. She is my current favorite.”

Hubbard’s mind was reeling a bit from the drink, coke and the sheer audacity of this lot. He was not about to complain in a hurry though.

As he went off to explore what else Sara had to offer he contemplated the day and couldn’t help but think he’d missed something obvious and important.

## Chapter 2: Crowley and OTO, 1946

“One would go mad if one took the Bible seriously; but to take it seriously one must be already mad.” Magick, Liber ABA, Book 4 publish in 1912 by Aleister Crowley

If anything Crowley considered that Parsons was doing a better job than most with the Agape Lodge. Certainly he was breaking down the family unit.

He didn’t hold with the institution of marriage or any sort of family unit. Humans where a social animal and in his mind family units acted more like childish cults than the Catholics did. Least the Priests tried to restrain themselves.

Most fathers seemed to think they had a license to abuse, as his own had been quick to prove.

As social animals the best he could expect of society was polygamy or open relationships to become close to being honest with itself. This tying one person to another for life was an invention of recent catholicism and a load of bollocks that no one was truly subscribed to anyway.

“Horus, bring the medicine!” He looked up from this latest letter from Parsons impressed with his own inner mediations as well. He wondered if he had a new Magick partner.

He could smell the cooking of his medicine now. It wouldn’t be long and he could take a respite. He wondered if Ben was about or out tending the goats.

She came through garbed in her rope bracelets as she should be and placed his afternoon advance by his side on the table. “Summon Ben if he is around. Tell him to come and do me.”

He still liked taking it up the arse even in his late age. The pain likened things to when his father beat him and making the summit of a tough climb. You got the a release in the end once you got through it.

He understood the women psyche wanting to be abused and feel pain to be alive. He had lived with it his whole life. Even when offering women perpetual orgasms they still demanded pain in there as well. Ben was big enough. Since his father broke him in early it took someone of girth to make him FEEL it. The release always felt like he'd hit a summit in the end.

He injected himself with the heroin and prepared for it. He was in his dressing gown as he always was during the day. Laying face down on the bed he felt the clouds descend on his mind.

Memories of making the summit of Kilimanjaro when he was in his 30s came back to him. The release when you made the summit and turned back to look down on the world had never left him.

He heard the room door open and the sound of Ben walking to the bed. Crowley just let the heroin take him as the back of his legs were massaged. Ben threw the tail of his dressing gown onto his back to expose his buttocks. Ben grabbed them apart and dived in with his tongue first.

Crowley got ready to bite down on his pillow. He gripped the edges of the bed as Ben entered him with a vengeance. It had taken months to get him to stop being coy in the matter.

Crowley bit the pillow with gritted teeth.

He came to hours later as the sun was setting. Got dressed in his evening wear. Bending over to pull on his trousers gave him a welcome pain from his behind. A reminder of reaching that summit with Ben earlier.

He went into the villa's living quarters to be greeted with those familiar faces. His harem. It was time for the evening meal and reside over the days matters. He took his seat at the head of the table.

The stew of the evening had been prepared by his Aeon wife. He believe they'd called this lamb Bill. There was something to eating an animal you knew as a pet. It wasn't at all cannibalism but again there was an echo. To think the creature that had annoyed him bleating in the early hours was now his substance gave the meal a sense of gratification.

"Good evening all" he addressed the 9 of them.

Horus and Aeon sat to his right and left respectively and the rest including Ben sat in order of their level of attainment in Themia. With the postulants at the bottom. One 10 year old girl had the air of the next Horus about her and she was now nubile. While her breasts were still budding on her chest he knew from Aeon she was an of age lady as far as nature was concerned in the matter. She was of child bearing age now and it was showing itself in a glow about her. One gift he had given to the world. Catholics girls going through this transitional period were oft made to feel dirty and ashamed, while here he had life literally blooming in front of them all and it showed in how she carried herself. Dina he had called her when she'd been presented to him by her mother 4 years ago.

It was definitely time to elevate her in the head chapter of OTO.

"M'Lord" came back from 9 subdued voices, they all knew he liked to start off the evening slowly and save the energy for later.

"I have had no new pronouncements in the interval so we can commence with ease. Is there any order of business to discard before dinner, please lets serve the starter and fill our flasks to begin."

Dinner got under way.

Dina along with another older postulant Tara served the elders. Tara was 15 now and would aspire to no more than slave in the OTO. She was intellectually dry and prudence was dictating when it would be appropriate to have her start bearing children for the Order.

Of them only Dina was allowed to serve Crowley since Tara had spilled wine on him one night a couple of years ago. Mushroom soup and bread from the afternoons baking was laid out in front of the elders with ample cubes of butter on side plates and the wine began to flow. His advance slumber during the afternoon midday heat was always more wholesome with the smell of baking in the Lodge. And eating it still warm from the oven was a pleasure as butter melted into it.

Everyone tucked in as they were served, there was hardly about to be an evening prayer and Crowley leaned back in his oak chair/throne, it had such a high back it looked like a throne but it was hardly covered in fancy ornaments but the OTO symbol had been inscribed into its back by Ben once as a present.

A relaxed atmosphere took over the evening "We heard from the council again today M'Lord" came from Aeon.

"What they pumping on about now, do tell" Crowley showed her bored interest. Interest because it was her and bored because it was about the council complaining again.

"They have evicted us again M'Lord."

"Again?! Acht send it to the appeal court. Just keep doing that till I transpire and then you know what to do."

"Yes M'lord, of course."

The conversation around the table went on to a more jovial tone and no one brought up any problem with finances. Despite Parsons generous monthly contributions to the mother Lodge the mushroom soups they were eating had been grown in their own plantation.

He'd moved to this Sicily island years ago and after cops had broke in during one of their more extreme nights they had found enough heroin to be of concern and Crowley in a compromising position with a goat. They'd since been trying to evict the members of the Lodge and Crowley had the sense to fight it in court. But it was drain on finances.

He hoped Parsons kept doing well with the Agape Lodge.

### Chapter 3: The Business Plan, 1947

"You have no fear of what any woman may think of your bed conduct. You know you are a master. You know they will be thrilled. You can come many times without weariness . . . Many women are not capable of pleasure in sex and anything adverse they say or do has no effect whatever upon your pleasure." L. Ron Hubbard, 1947

FUCKING SCIENCE VS RELIGION. Ok it was time to be cautious. From the night before he knew he was now in a cult, they were not exactly protecting the family unit but leaving and sharing his inner secrets was the last thing he was about to do. He had to get this written down soon.

He'd woke up in bed next to Sara and she was in Jacks club and not his, for now. It had been a night of successes and failures on his behalf. He'd never met another women like her though and that was for sure.

He had to get rid of her for now bit now and keep his thoughts. Science AND religion. He took his towel from his suitcase and checked the lock on his private papers before heading to the head. Bathroom he corrected himself, he was no longer in the navy.

By the time he was back Sara was smoking a joint of weed and the room stank of it.

"Helps the head" was all she volunteered.

That embarrassing awkward silence started to creep in when the chat had been flowing the night before induced with drug fervor now had to meet reality and the ensuing headaches.

Hubbard was going to work on this one though. He took his own 'coke' and switched on his charm.

"Listen your something else!"

He took a run and jumped on the bed to land with his head close to her crotch. He took her hand in his and held it while looking up into her eyes.

"Your out of this world, do you know that?"

Sara put the joint in Hubbard's mouth and he inhaled deeply. He enjoyed the warm fuzz it brought to his mind but had to go easy with it.

Sara didn't give a fuck that he'd turned on his charm and was acting childish to try endear her. She'd seen it all since her step dad had started having sex with her when she was 9. 'Lets play some fun games' was a path she'd been led up more than once. But maybe, just maybe she could get a new start of life out of this. Hubbard seemed a bit of a moaning wet rag but he did have something about him and any chance was a chance.

"You'll fit in just fine here." was all she replied.

Hubbard sensed her distance and the weed was making his wits take a break from the coke now. He had work to do to. He let her hand go and sat up in the bed pulling the covers over them.

"Well so far I think I did already fit into quite a few holes."

Sara got up and pulled a sheet over her. She wasn't interested in being grabbed into the study by Jack just now if he hadn't made work. She wanted her own room for a bit.

"You not hard to fit in." was Sara's parting comment to Ron.

He fought with himself for a min. Half of him wanted to go smash the cheeky little bitch to shit and the other half knew he had to get to work and he'd hardly win her over doing that. For now.

Fucking little cunt highlighting his penis size. He was over 6' tall with a big booming voice and lumbered with the smallest cock a man can have. So much for a fucking god and a big thanks to his folks for the genes.

He wanted to blame them for his aberration's. He was small. He could not use his penis to punish women like he desired and also what they demanded at times. Like Sara last night moaning 'fuck me harder, harder.' no matter his efforts she wasn't about to come.

He had to get to work while he could. He knew tonight would have more in store for him. He had to get Sara out his mind. He finished the joint she'd left behind while he set up his typewriter. Then went to the kitchen to get the coffee hit.

Helen was there.

"Hey Helen, morning. Last night was, well. What can I say? This is a welcoming house." Hubbard thought his emphasis on com as he said 'welcoming' would show off some of his wit.

Helen was thankful he hadn't asked for praise for not taking her up the arse and so never mentioned how big he wasn't.

"Coffee?" and so the beat went on for her. Since Jack had taken more than a little interest in her little sister some of the flavour had gone out of her life.

"Your alright." was all Hubbard said as he took a cup from the rack and the pot of coffee off to his room. Another arrogant primo dona wanna be she thought as she put another pot on.

Hubbard did his coffee thing. Lost his face in the steam of it black before downing it as fast as he could without scolding himself. Then he attacked his typewriter.

"Science ve Religion is my advantage on the rest." was his title. He'd have to burn this paper of course.

It had been bugging him since he'd been shown the bomb factory and then took to the main room and study. One was a pursuit in science. The other was a pursuit in religion. Combine them and you'd take top trumps.

"Start a science and bring in the religious angle or vice versa was the question."

Everything Jack had said about control of language, sex and also of course the family unit fitted in perfectly but mixing religion and science, that was what was to be his 'next big thing' for the world. This could be if he played his cards right, see his name wrote down thoroughly in history. Setting up religions obviously could be done but the how was of course subtle.

He wasn't so perturbed to be burning his paper out the window now as he was in a cult or budding religion so much but more how to be in the driving seat of his own following.

Claim to have a religion backed up by science was the answer. O he'd keep this close to his heart for now.

If he could bring Excalibur and perhaps hypnosis into it... his own deification and completely obedient women was his personal goal and of course it would be promoted as how to save the world.

The days quickly turned into months and Hubbard slowly won over Sara to his plans. It was not long before they were pranking Parsons during his solo meditations. They'd tap parts of the walls knowing Parsons was on the trying to summon celestial spirits. Parsons would regale them of tales of the phenomena the next morning at breakfast. While Hubbard and Sara refused to snigger at him.



Ron as often participated in the evening rituals with also Sara and Helen and at times other members of the inner sanctums. They stopped short of calling these orgies as the word rituals suited them better.

But Sara certainly favoured Hubbard. Or spent more nights sleeping in his room than any other in the house. Parsons felt like she'd 'throw him a bone' now and again sexually but it was becoming rare for her to be with him sexually outwith the evening rituals which he presided over.

Lately they had been talking about getting away for a while and Ron loved sailing. But they needed a plan and they wanted Parsons to be in on it as he had nearly \$20,000 in the bank. Ron had managed to save over \$1000 from his military persion while being kept in the Lodge in ample supply of sustenance in all forms. He was quite happy in the role of freeloader.. Now he would take it to the next level.

Parsons had elevated him to the lofty position of Scribe for Magickal Rituals and some nights he would literally sit there with pen and paper on his lap while Parsons masturbated himself and seeked to call on connections with mystical beings from the other plateau of life. Or his own guardian angel.

He'd managed to insinuate the idea into Parsons mind that he should adventure with his holdings or stagnate. Hubbard kept himself more sober from drink, less high on coke and avoided weed mostly to keep himself more grounded while Parsons worked his Magick rituals.

Eventually Hubbard and Sara were convinced Parsons was ready to be persuaded. They'd tag team him in such a way he'd not know he was being propositioned by them jointly.

Hubbard managed to persuade Parsons to take Sun off. To respite some and forward plan. Parsons had been burning the candel at both ends for some time and Hubbards suggestion to take a day off and sleep in did suit him.

So it was on a bright Sun afternoon they were sat in the garden, Hubbard smoking his Kools and Parsons having some weed while they both sipped cold beers being served to them by Sara.

"Go on then Scribe tell me this plan you've been obviously hinting at?"

"In a nutshell I buy boats on the east coast, sail them to the west coast and sell them at a higher price. See here, on the east coast you can buy a 10m cruiser for \$9000 and they are selling on the west coast for £16,000 and it takes a month tops to sail the boat east to west."

Hubbard then just shut up. Sometimes the most persuasive sales technique you can have in a sales pitch to dummies. Hubbard now considered Parsons a dummy. Smart in his field of rocket fuel and Magick but shy with the street smarts.

"How can you be sure of these prices?" Parsons started the inevitable questions when having such a plan proposed. He was hardly any dummy in his own mind.

"I have checked ad prices in local papers of people selling their boats. It seems on the west there is simply a shortage as 80% of private yachts built in the US are built on the east coast. So it's simply a matter of supply and demand as the split of potential owners is a 50/50% split between the coasts."

"Another thing to consider is the bill to transport such a yacht on land is almost \$4,000 which of course more than halves the profit potential without considering paying insurance. But sailing costs less than \$500 for the supplies and passage through the Panama canal..."

“So, your looking at over \$6000/month, profit.”

Parsons had to admit it was a good idea. But he’d only known Hubbard 3 months.

“Ron, allow me, whats to stop you just taking the boat about the gulf for months and live the life on my savings?”

“Come with me, I thought we had enough trust but I respect your point. Once we have done a run or two, we could take turns from there, going forward. Perhaps I could teach you and other Lodge members the ways of the sea as a thanks for being taught Magick nevermind the welcome.”

Parson could understand Ron’s sense of debt to the Lodge. He’d come along wonders in the few months he’d been living here. But they both knew him spending a month away from work at a time was not going to fly.

Sara went to the fridge as she reckoned it was about time as she’d been listening by the open window in the kitchen.

“I can’t go as much fun as it would be, I am needed at work.”

“What would be fun?” Sara piped up as she deposited 2 cool ones on the table between the guys.

“Hubbard wants to sell boats on the west for a profit after buying them on the east coast and sailing them west through the Panama canal.”

“Ooo, can I come?”

Both men looked at her with surprise with only one of them having to feign it.

So in the ensuing weeks a plan was finalized. They would set up a Ltd company with 3 directors. Both Hubbard and Parsons would invest their lifes funds into a joint account of the company which would require the signaturies of at least 2 directors on any cheques drawn on the the company.

Jack was secure in the knowledge Sara would always have what family and sense of a home she had available to her in the world, here in the Lodge. Hubbard was obviously keen, competent and the rewards spoke for themself.

So it was the deal was made and after the paperwork was done Ron bought a modest car for company use and he and Sara packed and set off to make their first purchase on the east coast of the US.

#### Chapter 4: Crowley on Parsons and Hubbard, 1948

“She is like a child of twelve years old. She has very deep eyelids, and long lashes. Her eyes are closed, or nearly closed. It is impossible to say anything about her. She is naked; her whole body is covered with fine gold hairs, that are the electric flames which are the spears of mighty and terrible Angels” Alister Crowley on Babylon.

The letter was still on the kitchen table in the morning. Parsons was worrying him. He seemed to be under another’s spell now. Hubbards.

Money flowed to bullshit from these humanoids and Hubbards seemed to smell better than most, for some reason to Parsons.

The letter had clearly been written by a man who'd been smitten by another man...

"Most Beloved Farther,

About three months ago I met Capt L. Ron Hubbard, a writer and explorer of whom I had known for some time... He is a gentleman, he has red hair, green eyes, is honest and intelligent, and we have become great friends. He moved in with me about two months ago, and although Betty (aka Sara) and I are still friendly she has transferred her sexual affections to him.

Although Ron has no formal training in Magick, he has an extraordinary amount of experience and understading in the field. From some of his experiences I deduce he is in direct touch with his Guardian Angel. He describes his angel as a beautiful winged woman with red hair whom he calls the Empress, and who has guided him through his life and saved him many times... Recently, he says, because of some danger, she has called the Archangel Micheal to guard us...

Last night after invoking, I called him in, and he described Isis nude on the left, and a faint figure of the past, partly mistaken, operations on the right, and a rosewood box with a string of green beads, a string of pearls with a black cross suspended, and a rose.. He is the most thelemic person I have ever met and is in complete accord with our own principles. He is also interested in establishing the New Aeon but for cogent reason I have not introduced him to the lodge.

We are pooling our resources in a partnership that will act as a limited company to control our business ventures. I think I have made a great plan, as Betty and I are the best of friends there is little loss. I cared for her deeply but I have no desire to control her emotions, and I can, I hope, control my own.

I need a magical partner. I have many experiments in mind... The next time I tie up with a woman it will be on my own terms.

Thy son,

John"

He wondered about this Hubbard fellow. He was clearly able to connect with the occult but he seemed to be being led more by his dick than by belief in Thelma and the question remained about this current business proposal.

On which his own 'tithes' depended on from said Parsons.

The plan was fine in principle but he suspected Hubbard was playing a confidence trick and looking to freeload on Parsons as well.

Crowely had been fortunate to meet Parsons at a time when he was strapped for cash and Parsons agreed to head up the West US lodge of OTO and pay massive tithes to him thus sustaining his own lifestyle.

The authorities were close to extraditing him and he'd have to soon either desist with his own Lodge or leave the country. Hubbard did have something there, out on the open sea you can be a law unto yourself. Crowely was a bit old in the tooth for that sort of business now.

But this business venture smelled more of a con to Crowley. Parsons was being taken for a mug. It was time to give him the heads up.

He had an ally in the Lodge. Grady McMurtry would likely take over O.T.O in short order. Parsons was not only being taken for a fool but endangering his person to this Hubbard. Crowley despite his advanced age still knew when it was time to pull the rug out from under this Hubbard feet.

"He has got under the influence of a person whom I believe to be an ordinary Con Man; at any rate he is acting quite insanely, and as far as I can see, both deceitfully and dishonourably. I am still waiting to hear whether the adverb "dishonestly" should not be added to this list. In any case he would not come, because, — O curse these people who have no ideas of their own and can do nothing but pick up my ideas and try to put them into operation without in the least understanding them or knowing how to bring them to success! — apparently he, or Ron or somebody, is producing a Moon Child."

Crowley had to seriously consider distancing himself now from Parson as this Hubbard fellow also seemed to have come up with his own Babylon which he called Excalibur and the sky was quickly becoming busy with Gods now within the occult.

Hubbard obviously considered himself among them and Crowley wasn't about to abide by that.

He could be thankful his work the Dynamics of Life had been dismissed by the head docs and their religion... for now.

He'd make his own wish Hubbard would declare war on Psychiatry.

He may yet still have the biggest movement of the 20th century.

Anything to get into the guts of the Catholics in the end.

Either way, new religions or psychotherapy.

But what if this Hubbard tried both together?

## Chapter 5: Parsons Revenge, 1949

"Revenge is a meal best served cold." - Proverb.

Sara noticed a smile on Hubbard she'd never seen before as they headed off on their adventure.

The car was one of the first models with a radio in it and she was quite enjoying having her feet stick out the passenger window while wind blew in her face and she listened to upbeat music. She was smoking a joint and Ron had opened a bottle of whisky to keep them company on the road.

They headed east on highway 210. Hubbard pulled over in Monrovia and passed the company cheque book to Sara "Sign a few cheques and wait here for me."

She gave him a look and said "Why?"

He turned on his charm smile and said "Don't you worry, you'll see."

She was keen to get moving again and be back to wind in her face while having a smoke and a drink. What did she care about their business so long as she got a break from that house for a bit. And Helen and Jack and the rest. Hubbard at least she could deal with.

But he'd been gone now more than half an hour, she wondered what could be keeping him. She was about to get her shoes on and go in and check everything was ok when he came out with a bulging canvas bag. And the biggest grin she'd ever seen on anyone. Like a cheshire cat licking their lips as cream is being poured for them.

He got in the car and stuffed the bag under his seat and went to start the engine.

"Whats in the bag?" Sara asked.

"\$19,500" as he pulled out into the traffic.

"Tell me whats going on!"

"Sara, will you marry me? I am a man of some means and I think you could do with a break in life?"

Sara could not believe her ears. She'd been all for getting a break from the lodge and was a willing accomplice to that, but this?!

"Fuck me" she muttered and tried to gather her thoughts some.

Hubbard thought to himself that was the general idea but kept it to himself.

"So what we just get married and fuck off?"

"Close the company acc. Send Parsons a letter saying we lost the money in trying to secure a boat. Fake some receipts from cash purchases and go sail the gulf for a bit till we work out how we want to live our lives in this world."

She had to admit the idea had some appeal. And they did have a car most of their stuff plus the cash. She did like the idea of spending some time sailing in the gulf living it up.

So it came to be they married and Hubbard managed to get away with not informing Sara that he was already actually still married to Polly.

They spent the start of their married life together living in a hotel in Miami yacht shopping. She had taken to calling the Lodge once a week now from every day or two and Hubbard was coming to the phone less and less and leaving the explaining to her. Jack was obviously becoming worried something was afoot.

Hubbard was not about to be dismayed though. They'd got a discount on their hotel room for 2 months and yacht shopping is fun. With each owner potential seller quite happy to show the boat off with a demo cruise.

They were taking almost daily cruises out into the gulf being wined and dined as potential buyers. Hubbard couldn't get enough of it. Sara realized she never quite had the same sea legs as Hubbard did despite sharing his sense of adventure.

Eventually with 6 days left in their hotel Hubbard settle on a 9.8m sailing cruiser called Alexis. They completed the paperwork. Moved on board and stowed their belonging below deck. Parked their car up in a self store garage. And set off. Just for the night Captain (as he been insisting on in an almost joking way) Hubbard had said for a trial run overnight. Then tomorrow they would dock again and stock up.

Sara had to admit their first night out in the Gulf was magical. The day cruises did not quite prepare her for a calm night at sea with the Moon shining down and the gentle lull of a quiet sea with a breeze that seemed virginal.

They'd been sure to bring the vitals for tonight though and that included weed, whisky, coke and champagne.

Hubbard was in his own world and she was in her's. Once they'd enjoyed a lovely dinner watching an awesome sunset and moonrise Hubbard broke out a cigar he'd been saving for his first trip out on a boat he owned and she got stuck into her joint.

Life could be worse as they sipped their drinks.

"Sara, I'm going to start a religion."

"Excu, eh, what?! You don't just start a religion Ron!"

"I am afraid that is exactly how you start them."

"Does your religion have a name, who's the god?"

"Me and Scientology."

"You?! A living god? I think that cokes maybe gone to your head hunny!"

"I've been working on this for years. I have been waiting for the right time to tell you."

"Yeah that would be after marrying me and taking me out into the middle of nowhere."

"Sara, I want your support in this. I want you to be part of it. Your input will be important. I love you for much more than just your looks now. Which I have to say improves the view, even tonight."

Hubbard had this way of bringing in cutting charm that worked despite somehow managing to be a little barbed but in such a way she couldn't put a finger on it enough to call him out.

"I'm listening"

Time for the pitch.

"Combine science and ritual. The worlds on an almost religionist trip at the minute about science anyway. If we can convince people we have mixed science and religion then I think we will top trump even Crowley's lot."

"But instead of doing the ritual orgies I want to use psychotherapy. Convince people I have used nuclear science to unravel the mysteries of the soul. The American public is just ripe for being convinced science has cracked the mystery of the soul!"

He really wanted her in on it, she could be the perfect trophy wife to, if he could just persuade her to be 100% obedient.

"Hubbard, there is no way your going to convince me your not going to use this to chase everything in a skirt and more than likely end up on the high sea's abusing girl servants."

This wasn't the response Hubbard had hoped for and her insight was too uncanny. This was the bit about Sara he didn't like. She just missed the point of his greatness, why should only one woman have a right to him. More to the point why should he only have a right to one woman.

"We will have a general public and an inner circle. But unlike Crowley who paints himself as a black religion to the Catholic white we are going to portray the white side of things like the Catholics but in the inner circle practice the dark arts."

"Make it a pay as you go religion that doesn't allow you to the black arts until you've paid in a fortune in time and money on therapy and then you'd get the cosmic secret and black magick rituals."

"You have thought this through. I'm impressed Ron. I am. I think you could pull it off. But how you going to get this out there then?"

"Use Astounding. Hit the SyFy lot. They love the out there idea's. Start with them and let it spread."

"I just need Campbell the Astounding Editor on board. I have submitted to him an earlier work that he rejected at first which he is now showing an interest in. If I could convince him to publish it, there is every chance we'd be on our way overnight. It'd be big time and I mean big time if we were at the top!"

She ran her foot lightly up the inside of his leg towards his groin while looking him directly in the eye wearing her impish grin.

It took Ron less than a minute to escort her below decks. It always worked on him, still.

She woke in the morning sore from last night's bed 'fun' which means Hubbard had done her arse and she'd drunk too much brandy on top of the weed to allow it evidently. A lesson she was quickly getting wise to.

She lit a half smoked joint in the ashtray at her bedside and turned over to confront Hubbard to find him not there.

Playing sailor boy obviously got her man out of bed then.

She got to the loo. Did her thing and went to splash her face. The tap trickled water at her. Grrr boats! The spashing water on her face turned more into a face massage to try clear a path through the morning fuzz. Coffee.

Above decks a gusty breeze reminded her where she was but it also included the scent of caffeine. There was that advantage with sailor boy. Now where was the galley again on this thing, it was hardly big enough to be allowed to get lost. She wasn't going to ask.

"Just poured you a fresh cup my darling just how you like it, plenty sugar and just a little milk. Little fruit salad for you here as well. Up here! Come see the view!" Another advantage. Hubbard charm did work. She climbed up to the pilot house using the small ladder.

The boat had 3 decks. Or, up and down decks towards the front and a back deck. The pilot house was the top deck but only a tiny floor with two seats, a steering wheel, throttle and compass. With an all round clear view canopy, that would protect you from spray. You could sit two up here to watch the view and easily room to have a coffee and light meal but little else.

The ladder led down 4 steps onto the back deck, which had the same controls but also room for tables and chairs or loungers. The main mast ran up through the middle next to where the pilot house was. It had an impressive main sail and could push the yacht over to quite an angle when taking full wind.

Below deck in essence led down 3 steps to a bedroom. With the galley (somewhere she no longer had to care about right now) and a loo.

It was a sailing yacht come light motor cruiser. It had ample sail to shift it at a good 20 knots and inboard engines that could push her along at a steady 12-14 knots.

Hubbard had been licensed by the Navy in the rush to war as Master Mariner due to his experience on expeditions when he was a college kid before the war.

Life could be worse as she seen the view. She couldn't decide if the view of the horizon or her coffee was better as Hubbard had put just the right amount of milk in. It tasted as good as promised and woke her up to a view worth dying for.

"Please allow your Captain to welcome you to the high sea's my princess."

Nice but usual barbed compliments. She was catching on now, 'princess' ok it's cute but that's it. Captain however is top dog. She was beginning to see where he thought this might be going.

"Thanks for the coffee but you are a pain in the arse at times Hubbard!"

Nothing.

Eventually...

"Darling I have plotted our course for the day in case you'd like to see how the navigation's done I'd love to show you."

Sara looked over the top of her coffee cup and made eye contact with him through the rising steam and said nothing to make her point.

He replied with his own version of an impish grin or was it a smirk.

But it could be worse. She hugged her legs on the pilots seat and sipped and soaked in the vast expanse of the open sea.

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It had been a month now since he'd heard anything and the only thing he was sure of was his Betty was more than likely pregnant to Hubbard by now as well as the rest of the con. Parson's was now thoroughly sick of Hubbard and wished he'd never fucking met the guy. Nevermind invited him into the lodge and his own home!



When the bank had written informing him last week about a request to close the business account he knew for sure.

He had to try recover some of his life savings now as it turned out Crowely had been right. Hubbard was turning tricks on him and he'd been taken.

He'd paid a man \$19,000 dollars to steal his own chance of a Moonchild from him. His Betty.

His lawyer had taken out an injunction against Hubbard using any of the companies assests for personal use. The closed account had convinced the judge Hubbard was up to no good. The month it would take dragging into months was not in Hubbards favour either or the written agreement they had.

He had tracked them down in Miami getting a yacht stocked up. They pleaded their innocence assuring Jack they'd just been held up timing wise as it was their first purchase and would be on the west coast in short order about to produce a profit.

A marriage certificate, a Sara not shy to inform him she was with child and charts for the Mediterrian did little to convince Parson's or the judge who settled in favor or Parson's. Ordering the bought be sold, the company closed and all proceeds be given to Parson's minus \$480 court fee's.

Paron's took it on the chin but was glad to at last be done with Hubbard.

Hubbard appealed it while Sara wrote a letter.

Jack couldn't believe it. They were black mailing him. He had had sex with Sara when she was 17 but it had hardly been abusive, her own step dad had made sure of that. In fact Sara had initiated it anyway and she'd shown him a move or two in bed. Now she was threatening to have him charged with statutory rape of a minor.

He'd arranged to meet Hubbard at a coffee shop at lunch time the next day to settle things quietly and privately.

A court appeal case, an impending child rape case and \$20,000 was on the table when the waitress set the coffee's down. Neither had spoke to one another yet.

Hubbard shot the first salvo:

"Quit while your ahead lover boy."

"This wont go how you want it to Hubbard."

"Your the one walking on thin ice! Jail time!"

"I have your scribe work, in your handwriting and Sara did let slip your plans to start your own religion. Public perception!"

It hung in the hair. Homosexual activities in the US at the time was as bad a slur as Commie, as the Cold War got underway between the US and Soveit Union, that wasn't good! It was not a good time to have anything that could be considered 'homo' exposed to the public.

Parson wasn't the only one on thin ice then.

"You could do serious time."

"Hubbard with my salary I could keep you in court for years, civil and criminal over this and if I deny Sara's allegation I can assure you neither Helen or anyone else from the lodge are going to bear witness against me. You're the one playing with fire here while skating on thin ice."

"I will give you 10% back."

"Do that, absolve the company and cover the court fees and we have a settlement."

"Fine."

"How can you do this and live with yourself?"

Hubbard stood up, put on his hat and walked away.

Parson's expected nothing more. He got to settle the bill and the greatest reward, of seeing the back of that man for the last time.

Hubbard had learned more than one lesson. Never leave a paper trail. The power to buy litigation was formidable. And Parson's days were numbered. He went back to sea in the Gulf with Sara.

Parson returned to his lodge. He had plans to raise a storm in the Gulf using Black Magick.

He hoped to force Hubbard back to land while Betty was pregnant.

## Chapter 6. Dianetics and Alexis, 1950

"For I have come to set a man against his father, and a daughter against her mother." - Mathew 10:35

Today hadn't started off great and it wasn't getting better either. Alex or Alexis as they'd come to agree to call their child was giving her bad morning sickness. A swell in this afternoons sea was not improving her mood and 'Captain' Hubbard may help, if he made it to any of the glamorous ports he'd promise her every night over dinner.

His navigation on the sea was as good as it was in bed seemingly. She was getting sick of it. A small cramped boat is no place for a woman to enjoy pregnancy.

She'd learned the calm lull from a light sea on her first night was not the norm in hurricane season but an all night long swell was more likely. Lull's induced sleep for her. Swells induced vomiting.

She was clearing up from lunch while 'Captain' adjusted the sails, she'd watched him one day from the galley window. He just stood up in the pilot house holding the main sail rope doing fuck all but looking out enjoying his spot at the helm. He loved himself on the helm and her being a serving wench apparently.

"Darling today we're landing in Cuba. Like we prepared. Get you a little cocktail for fun."

She decided now was not the time to remind him they were getting low on funds and partying on beach resorts was out while she was pregnant.

Instead.

"Can you assure me we will hit any port tonight? There's some things I need."

"Yes darling tonight we will be in Cuba. I promise. Come sit up here and enjoy the view."

She never replied. The best spot to hold sea sickness at bay was on the back deck looking out at the horizon.

She'd become sick of him regaling his grandeur to him now and sea life was an adventure she was happy to save for when she wasn't this pregnant.

At dinner that night, they had not made port. She put her foot down.

"We need to head home tomorrow." She said it lightly but firmly.

One thing the last few months had taught her was Hubbard could find his way home but no where else. He had the navigational skills of a pidgeon she joked to herself.

"O come on already, I told you we're nearly there now."

The sea was rougher tonight than usual and looked to be getting worse.

"Yeah but we've been 'nearly there' now for a week and I need some meds. This swelling in my ankles is worrying and I am due anyway to have blood tests about now. I need to see a mid-wife Ron. This isn't me being fussy or prudent here, it is like medical realities."

"You know what I think of docs."

"I know, but it is not you giving birth is it?"

"Come on! You can hardly put it on me that I am the man and your the woman here, that's a bit of a low blow."

"Ron that's not the point, your wife is telling she and your child need a medical check up at this stage in the pregnancy and that ain't going to happen out here, is it? I am not being overly emotional or too girly here I hope!"

She thought Ron would go into one of his fits when he never got his way. He'd never lost his temper with her, yet. The signs were there.

But it seemed he slowly deflated and looked up into the heavens for a bit. It felt like she counted a million heart beats before he said anything.

He reached out and took her hand in his. "If we set off early enough in the morning we should make Miami by the end of the day, I hope."

She wondered if the rising winds or her 'nearly there' comment had tipped the balance. He was getting harder to read for her, not easier.

When he'd said 'I hope', it gave her some relief. It meant he wasn't being his usual pomp god of the universe type but facing reality for once. She felt confident he'd get them home. It was some relief from the undercurrent of stress that had been rising in her for a while now.

She was pretty sure once she got off this fucking boat she would never step foot on it again.

Hubbard can have the sea's to himself.

They mercifully made landfall in a Miami port late the next day, but she was on terra firma again at last.

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"If I can start my own religion then I will be at the top then no one can stand above me like the IRS or that Crowley."

Now they were on land and in a rental she tackled him on their finances. Nothing was coming in and their spending meant their 'score' from Parson's life savings was now sitting at just over \$1000. The rental was \$110 a month and with another mouth to feed on the way...

"You are nuts, how the fuck do you think you will start a religion?" Sara had serious cramps and Ron was being a dick.

"Have followers you fucking dunce, you paying attention here?!" He turned to her on the bed and stared, holding it until she looked back into his eyes. He stepped towards the bed with a raised hand and she never flinched. He gave a minor nod and stabbed his Kool cigarette into the ashtray.

"When's this child going to be born so we can go back out?"

Him and his fucking yacht! Mr Commodore! My fleet. I am the commander. Obsessed with controlling everything about others.

The wine he'd allowed her was easing the cramps. Her time was soon. She knew when the child was born she would be able to force him to put her and the baby up in a rental while he went out boating.

He just wanted her back out in the gulf so he could fuck her more.

"Ron, I am not taking an infant out on that boat. Of that I can assure you!"

He was seething inside. He fucking hated this child already. How can something who couldn't see or talk yet have so much effect on his life.

"Perhaps we should consider an abortion?"

"Are you a fucking monster?! I am 6 months on now!"

A couple of months later as she was hard at work on his 'Dianetics' he spoke bollocks and she tried to make sense of it into his first book for his 'following'. He has to have a 'most devoted followers status' seemingly, prick!

"I am sure some parents have agreed to try this and your in denial."

"Using a coat hanger to induce an abortion?! Is that not a bit too out there?"

Monster! She really could not believe the shit he was coming out with. Cells having memory was ok maybe, but this!

Sara was busy semi dictating half writing her mans First Book trying to make some sense of the crap coming out his mouth.

He was on about it like it was some bible. And a publisher was waiting with hot presses. As he reminded her everyday. Like he had to have something more pressing than her about to give birth to their child in the pipeline so it was still him in the 'limelight'.

She was nearly 8 months pregnant now and knew Hubbard resented their Alex or Alexis already for keeping him off the high sea's.

But pushing a coat hanger up inside a woman to induce a miscarriage for her was 'cruising a bit too close to the wind'.

"Yes and remember to include 'some studies have shown' in the text, I want this to come across as official!"

His usual assertiveness and bullshit about researching it all. The only thing he'd honestly researched was how to get a girls knickers off.

It ended up being more a manual to abuse pregnant woman than an essay on life and psychotherapy. But that was the field Hubbard was diving into. The layman's self help club. Away from the medico's. Not just Do It Yourself psychotherapy but also abortion!

On May 9th 1950 it was published and made the NY Times bestseller list immediately. Thanks in no small part to promotion at the pulp fiction public who bought into the new and weird.

She'd given birth to Alexis in Mar.

With money and followers, came power.

Hubbard turned on Sara and their child. Violently in the most subtle way.

Things were going great. Hubbard Dianetics foundations were being set up all over the US. Litterally millions of cash was flowing in and the swell was growing.

Hubbard was immediately in his element.

The craze spread like wild fire.

Hubbard was beside himself with jubilation. Sara knew their days were numbered.

Since Alexis had been born and his eye started to wonder. She got it. His idea was plane and simply to fuck women, leave them pregnant and that was it. Deal done in his mind. He slapped her for the first time last Friday after coming home drunk from a night out with his new foundation pals.

The next day he was full of his usual charming self persuading her out on a double date with him and the latest rising executive of one of his Foundations.

Miles Hollister was full of a youth Hubbard could only dream of now and Sara made a mental note in her mind.

The date took a twist... Hubbards idea was he'd win the girls. But he lost his 2nd wife that night.

She'd agreed to his persuasion as again he promised to never hit her again. But she also was seeing an out here.

She'd had her fun spots in the Hubbard foundation helping to run it. Had her power trips. Hubbard had flowered her with gifts and cash but also now punches. She could take a punch but Alexis was now 2 months old and Hubbards fits and tantrums were becoming too frequent.

She had a choice to make and now was the time to make it.

Preparations had already been made for this day.

She left him.

She and her new man, Miles Hollister, left town that night with Alexis.

## Chapter 7. Parsons Death, 1952

"Do not ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee." - John Donne

"To kill him you only have to mix some gunpowder in the charcoal jar. That's it, trust me."

Hubbard was talking to Lyle who had been hired a year ago as security but had since showed a unique talent for underground stuff. With connections in the underworld of the harshest streets in LA.

For Lyle to make an arrangement with an assassin was well within expectations.

"I'd recommend extra measures, no direct contact, just some insurance." Lyle sounded more eager than confident.

It had been a week now and he was still furious with a short fuse and sure agenda.

Pay back Sara, deal with Parsons finally and secure the return of the copyrights to Dianetics back.

He'd sold his share to Purcell to avoid bankruptcy but now realised he was essentially left with nothing. Sara owned the other 50%. Without Parsons in the background egging him on, Purcell would agree to return his 50% shares.

He'd take his most devoted followers to Phoenix and start Scientology. It was time to be a religion. Plus he'd be needing cash for Purcell soon.

He could live with folk paying him to talk an hour an evening. It allowed him to travel, live light and enjoy women on the road like a celebrity would.

But his rage was going to burn until Parsons was no more, Sara had been put in her place and he was on his way with Scientology.

However he was also well aware that 'extra measures' and 'insurance' covered a wide range of options.

"How do I know it will be discreet?"

"I am not hooking you up with some junkie needing \$100 for some dope here, this is professionals more than likely ex-military and you don't ask too many questions."

“How much?”

“I’m going to have to ask around, it’s been a while. Since y’know.” Lyle had left an Irish gang in NY coming to settle in Arizona after upsetting his father. But not so much that he couldn’t use some connections in LA. Ex-military types always had a few broken souls who just want a kill buzz for a high and with a kilo of cocaine you could put anyone in the cross hairs if you knew the right people.

“Eight years ago I know it’d have been around the \$1000 mark.”

“Ask around. Even do a scout and give me options regarding this insurance your on about.”

Lyle left.

Hubbard had enough dirt on Lyle from his Dianetics counselling to be able to trust him with this. Lyle had himself killed and it was still an unsolved murder. He’d be easy to give up to the law.

Originally hired as a security guard to deter the growing trickle of disgruntled coming by the Foundation demanding refunds. To now being a devout member of Scientology and Hubbards right hand for the dark side of things.

With Sara he had to take another tact. He had to abuse love. She’d fall for it one last time he was sure.

Give her the ‘turned over a new leaf, seen the light’ bullshit.

“Ron for real, you’ll sign the papers say your good byes to Alexis and agree to leave us be.” Sara felt it wasn’t right but time had passed and he did sound different now in some way.

“I don’t want to see Hollister again but apart from that I understand what I have put you and Alexis through, for you to move on and to make sure she’s provided for and we need to put our affairs in order. Plus I want to see you again.” His voice wasn’t pleading or convincing but sweetly reasonable.

They’d been on the phone all of 5 minutes and she was convinced now he was sincere.

He’d started off with another apology and got her to talk about Alexis a bit and then he was in, she loved being listened to and so he did. Asked about Hollister then her guard came back up some and asked why he was on the phone.

“Sara all I want is for you is to have a safe berth in the world to live as you choose and Alexis’ welfare. We need to close our divorce, I want to see our babe again but we’re also going to stay in touch. I don’t care if it’s weekly letters but a sensible end to our marriage and continued contact is all I am asking.”

He sounded so sincere. “Fine Ron. I will come by the Foundation tomorrow at lunch time.”

“Sara can we say this, if you can come to the offices at 5 as well as signing the papers I will give you \$500 in cash to help you resettle.”

Sara didn’t refuse. She needed help to resettle, Ron was due towards the care of Alexis and it was typical for him to be flash with the cash after he’d been a dick.

She arrived at the foundation at 5 the following afternoon and went into the back offices and into Hubbards office at the end of the corridor without knocking. The place was eerie empty, normally there

would be some keen hangers on meandering about at the end of the day discussing Hubbards latest 'research'.

"Why is Lyle here?" Sara didn't think this was off to a good start.

"Sara, here's the divorce papers, signed. Here's the \$500. We have one small thing to do which is to have Alexis have a quick medical check up."

"Ron, whats going on?"

"Sara, there is no doubt we have trust issues between us, the divorce papers state I am assured Alexis is fit and well, that's all. We have a doc next door, it will take minutes only and is a simple basic medical. Lyle is here to wait with you as I have personal effects in this office I don't want touched by you."

"Your not taking Alexis away from me."

"Sara, it'll take all of ten minutes, if that, it's to check her blood pressure, heart rate, temp and take a small blood sample. She gets a lollipop. It's the pedatrician you enrolled in foundation!"

Hubbard knew if you gave someone an opening to affirm and you agree with them it is in essence pulling them into your scheme.

"Dr. Simmers?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Lets go."

"I want to take her, please. It is unlikely I will see her for some time."

Sara conceded and Ron left the building with Alexis minutes later. He was at the airport within an hour and the next flight leaving went to Cuba. Hubbard was on it with Alexis by his side.

He booked them into a hotel and was bored of the kid already. Yeah she was his but she was still 2 and still stupid. And needy. He'd gotten the hotel skivvy to fetch a loaf of bread and gallon of milk so that was keeping her fed and watered while he order a steak and some bourbon from room service. At least she was distracted by the TV. He was tempted to give her some vodka and orange to knock her out.

Lyle had been instructed to ask Sara to leave the Foundation at 6 as it would then be 'closing time' and instruct her to wait outside.

Ron gave it to 10pm then called her home.

"Hello?" it was Miles.

"Put Sara on."

"Is that you Hubbard, do you have Alexis with you? Where are you?"

"Put Sara on." Miles knew the tone Ron would repeat himself a thousand times if he had to.

"Sara, take it. Its him."

"Ron where the fuck is my daughter?"



“Sara, I am in Cuba. Yes, she’s here. If you want to see her again in one piece you will return the shares in Dianectics that you stole from me. You will do this without drama or I will cut Alexis into pieces and return her to you by mail. I want you to tell me you understand this situation now Sara. Comply, or else.”

“I understand.” was all she could manage.

She’d known he was a nut job but this took her like a baseball in the face!

“Your to go to the Foundation tomorrow at 10am. Say nothing to anyone and go to my office. My lawyer has a contract for you to sign. Once this is done I will return to the US with Alexis and you can have her back. Are we clear on this Sara?”

“Yes. Fine. Yes.” It was all she could do to not break down.

He put the phone down with a smirk on his face the turned into a smile. He was enjoying this actually.

Alexis was getting sleepy at last.

“Alexis, get up on the couch and get to sleep.”

“okayy” She held out her arms but Hubbard waved her off.

She got onto the couch and cuddled into herself with no blanket or pillow and watched him pick up the phone again.

“Lyle, talk to me.”

“Lawyers all set for the morning and its \$1800 for the other thing.”

“Make it so. I’ll be back on an evening flight tomorrow and want Sara to meet me off the flight to hand over the kid. Then we’re hitting the pub and you can tell me about the other.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Good man.”

Hubbard went to the fridge and filled a glass with ice. Room service had delivered a bottle of Glayva which was a bit too sweet to his liking but it was still a Scotch. He wished the kid would stop looking at him like that. Maybe if he gave her some...

He never, he switched the TV chanel to the news and settled down and let the ice chinkle in the glass as he made himself comfy on the bed.

Alexis was confused. She had to pee. She wasn’t cold but she wanted a blanket. No mom.

She went to the toilet. Hard on her own.

She wiped her hand on the towel. It was soft. She carried it to the couch.

It was a great blanket. Now she could ...

Hubbard breathed a sigh of relief the needy brat had at last settled. Tomorrow would be a chore. Least no one could accuse him of not putting in the time to bring the kid up.

The news was great. Full of the threat of the upcoming invasion of the Soviet Union and the Communist threat. It was so grim it would make starting a religion so much more easy.

He finished the Glayva and fell into a slumber. He wanted to masturbate but never. He wondered if with Alexis... he never in the end cause he could not be bothered.

He woke at 11 and was pissed off for missing breakfast. He ordered coffee and made his way to the bathroom. When he came out he noticed the kid was sat in front of the TV, he must have left it on.

It was still on the news and it was showing a civils rights riot clash with police with fires blazing and batons in full swing.

It all just helped his cause. People were either scared of the cops or blacks, they had no where else to go but into a new religion based on science. They would gobble it up and thank him and he'd make damn sure they knew he was their source. He still debated with the title of God for himself but certainly prime mover unmoved was within his ambition.

The flight back to Arizona had been mostly uneventual. The kid had started crying for fucking Sara. The stewardess had manage to settle her with some ice cream in the end. Thank fuck. Brat.

Lyle was there with Sara in his office at the back of the Foundation. He handed Alexis over. Sara went to leave.

"Lyle close that door."

"Sara, I am about to let you leave with all you need and want from me and remember I did give you \$500 so I want you to sign this as a sign of good faith and then your free to leave."

Sara turned white as terror gripped her. Lyle was known for his violent tendancies as much as Hubbard and she was here without another soul in sight and a daughter she had to protect from these mosters.

She kept calm somehow.

"What do you need."

"Its only a signature Sara don't get into being a drama queen."

It took her all to muster everything she had to smile and hold Alexis in a calm manner "What is it you want me to sign Ron?"

Her voice had a faint quiver she could not fully mask and she seen him smirk. He was enjoying this. She decided to see it done.

"I need you to sign this." He pushed a document across the desk. She went over to the desk and picked it up. With Alexis in her left arm and the document in her right hand she read...

"I, Sara Northrup Hubbard, do hereby state that the things I have said about L. Ron Hubbard in courts and the public prints have been grossly exaggerated or entirely false.

I have not at any time believed otherwise than that L. Ron Hubbard is a fine and brilliant man.

I make this statement of my own free will for I have begun to realize that what I have done may have injured the science of Dianetics, which in my studied opinion may be the only hope of sanity in future generations.

I was under enormous stress and my advisers insisted it was necessary for me to carry through an action as I have done.

There is no other reason for this statement than my own wish to make atonement for the damage I may have done. In the future I wish to lead a quiet and orderly existence with my little girl far away from the enturbulating influences which have ruined my marriage.

Sara Northrup Hubbard.”

She read it in a non-comprehending daze. She could only see a possible chance to get out the door with her baby and away from this monster and his henchman.

It meant nothing. It was words. Hubbard was holding a pen. She took it and signed.

“There’s a good girl, now come here and give me a hug good bye darling.”

He beamed a big smile and she wanted to vomit. As she slowly moved towards the door he stared right into her eyes trying to hold her in a stare with a smile as she half trembled and half walked to the door. He eventually gave Lyle a nod and he opened the door. He looked like he was about to burst out laughing at her. She ran!

Hubbard watched her run down the corridor and looking at her arse thinking to himself he could still have Lyle run after her and demand she let him take her anally one last time but he thought about complications with the kid being there and maybe not getting it up, and left it. Happy to see her gone with her share of Dianectics firmly in his hands. Damn the kid and damn that bitch. She’d been a good fuck and he was happy she’d keep her mouth shut. He’d certainly learned how to create a chilling effect.

Now to deal with Parsons, then Durcell.

“Lyle close that door grab a seat and tell me about this \$1800 I’m about to spend on our friend Parsons.”

He took a bottle of Jack Daniels off the counter, there was only one more bottle left, he'd be sure to tell them to stock that shit up tomorrow.

"Its what you said plus a shotgun round under the floor board to kick things off as he's handling the charcoal."

"Explain." Hubbard swished his glass wishing they had ice.

"You wedge up a floor board and put a shotgun round under it with a nail in the floor board positioned to be a firing pin for the round. When the board is stepped on the round goes off. Do that holding a masons jar of explosives instead of chargoal and kaboom. He can't survive."

"Who's the hitter?"

"I wont say."

"Fine. But are they good?"

"You get what you pay for Mr. Hubbard. This is the best in town at the moment. If your willing to wait a few months I could perhaps find a man who'd be able to proceed with a poison. More sure, less chance of an evidence trail. Up to you sir."

"Run with your man Lyle, I trust you. To make it a certainty, I will round it up to \$2000. Once I have visited Parsons grave."

"Your the boss."

18 June 1952 Hubbard woke up to the morning papers after another night on the Jack to stellar news. Parons had literally bitten the bullet. It was in the LA Times which had been laid out for him next to his breakfast.

He was making enough now with his lecture tours that he could afford a staff to support his jet set life style.

"Blown Up Under Mysterious Circumstances. Police Confirm Foul Play May Have Been Involved." Not the worst headline to wake up to. It was good news but of course there had to be a twist to cause him to worry. Now he had to worry about any personal records he may have left in the Lodge as well as the letter to the FBI about that cunt Sarah.

But Parsons was now dead. The OTO order was now without a leader and Durcell was Parsons puppy.

All he had to do now was approach Purcell and convince him that without Parsons about now there was no need to keep a lid on Dianetics. Purcell signed in the end for the same amount he bought them for plus a small fee. Hubbard had cleared his account but was now onto a sure fucking thing to make money.

He had years ahead of him filling out rooms for audiences to listen to his every word about his latest research. He was about to be a legend within his own lifetime. Life couldn't be better for him.

The future of Scientology was looking bright. The stupid plebs were swallowing it and giving him all the devotion he was convinced he deserved.

He'd just delivered his last lecture in the Saint Hill chapel for the week on Fri afternoon and was ready for some brandy when he was approached by one of the students "I'm Bruce Davis, staff at the London Foundation, please let me take you to dinner in town and pick your brains."

Hubbard sized him up and saw something that he was intrigued by. This man would push the end for anyone and anything if you had the right lever to control him.

"Bruce let me go one better, your my guest tonight for dinner at the mannor and I can assure you the cuisine is fine and it would be an honour of my own to be allowed to pick your mind for feedback on this evenings lecture."

That nights lecture was titled 'On The 2nd Dynamic' and he wondered how his take on 12 years olds starting famalies went over with his lay followers...

It was a route to the nubile so worthy research.

"Mr. Hubbard I would be simply delighted!"

"Please, just Ron, what is your favorite whisky?"

Bruce Davis would later go on to be one of Charles Mansons right hand men.

## Chapter 8. Scientology and the Sea Org

"Never underestimate the power of stupid people in large groups." - George Calin

By 1965 Scientology was booming and Hubbard was in his element at Saint Hill in East Grinstead, Sussex.

Giving a lecture a night at his Saint Hill Special Briefing Course which he'd been running for a few months now and was just getting more popular by the day. He'd give his lectures in the chapel from behind the lecturn to give it a more religious turn.

During the day he'd either terrorize the country roads on his motorbike or spend it in the terrace garden or down in the estates greenhouse. He enjoyed the view of the lake.

The estate had previously been owned by the Maharajah of Jaipur, Hubbard had been in a London Casino one night after doing a lecture when the Maharajh had offered to sell it to him to cover gambling debts. Hubbard paid a fraction of its true worth.

And with Scientology he was now essentially the gatekeeper to his followers immortality or so he had them thinking. And they were keen! The UK government was being a bitch so he decided he had enough followers now to establish a personality cult from a flourishing religion. He was about to prove the equation of cult+time=religion was bullshit as he made his up and coming religion into a cult.

He had to, to get to the kids.

He was going to take to the high sea's. It was time to form an inner sanctum for his followers. He'd call it the Sea Org. He'd already bought the first boat, it was a small sailing vessel called Diana.

He'd left his wife Mary-Sue in charge of things at Saint Hill while he had brought some of the most dedicated Scientology volunteers out to the Meditreian to spend some time on her doing a refit. She was a 50ft twin masted schooner and while a beauty to behold in the eye she was a bitch to handle on the waves. He'd selected 11 for his original Sea Project which he'd morph into the Sea Org.

He'd then sent a trusted executive of his new Sea Org, Ray Kemp to Hull to carry out the purchase of the Avon River which was an old steamer, which also needed a complete refit.

For his next gambit he needed Hannah and 2 weeks on qualludes and whisky. He was about to have a fake 'depression' from making a remarkable discovery. This would seal the deal for the cult.

He had Scientologists the world over believing all sorts now. Enforced confessionals were accepted as the norm in Scientology counselling and he had thick files on the bad deeds of every Scientologist now. They didn't realize it but they were paying him to give up blackmail material on themselves.

He set out clear instructions for the Diana and the Avon River and telexed Saint Hill sending for Hannah. She'd 'nurse' him back to health.

He called his latest discovery OTIII The Wall of Fire. Which he had claimed would kill anyone upon discovery if they hadn't finished all previous levels of Scientology to Hubbards stringent demands. Of course all because Hubbard in his greatness had managed to map a path through this wall of fire with the sheer might of will and you could follow in his path IF you were prepared enough.

So, if you've come totally clean of all your crimes (blackmail material), if you follow Hubbard exactly then he will set you free out of this lifetimes trap through this Wall of Fire. If your devoted enough to pay your way.

Hannah was one of his most devout. She could talk to and convince another of almost anything with her sweet singing voice that just made you want to believe she spoke true. She was also fantastic eye candy. Hubbard didn't want to fuck her. He'd found in Scientology he could hold an even stronger grip over some women by not fucking them. Beside she had a 10 year old daughter who was coming along nicely. She'd be one of his personal staff for sure. He'd still to think of a name for his personal staff.

Hannah arrived. Hubbard got fucked on whisky and qualludes and just vegged out in bed all day every day with Hannah desperately trying to nurse him back to health. He let her slowly deny him the pills.

Slowly over two weeks he came back to reality. All the time dictating to Hannah this marvelous truth at last.

She'd be like a seed of gospel among the Sea Org members now. Spreading the TRUTH. Their Founder had at last found THE WAY out of the trap of the aberration of eternity. The end of the hell on Earth as we know it. It was heady stuff.

Now he had to work hard to find an effective means to instill a chilling effect upon his followers and also his enemies, like he had with Sara. Least that bitch with that daughter had taught him some life lessons.

He just had to make his Sea Org members love him and then abuse them. Convince them the hardship was needed to make a close and dedicated group, tempered by the same adversity. Ostensibly all for the greater good and to make them into a force to solve all the worlds woes.

He'd have them owned!

And could get away with anything he wanted.

"Hannah, we need to buy a bigger boat, I am going to name it the Athena in honor of you. Your wise and have a fiery spirit like me, I credit it to our red hair my darling. Your special!"

She let pride flow through her, she was helping the saviour of humanity make his mission come true.

Within 4 years the Sea Org had bought a 4th ship that was named the Apollo, which Hubbard called his flagship. It was 412 feet long and over 300 people crammed into dorms in the lower decks. Of course Hubbard had a 5\* stateroom.

All in, the Sea Org had a sea and land based crew of over 800. Offices had been set up at Saint Hill and in LA.

James Byrnes who had been one of the original 11 Sea Org members was now in charge of Hubbards Sea Org missions which were sent from the Apollo.

These, most publically, took on the form of sending 2 or 3 Sea Org members to a Scientology church to carry out some specific task at the behest of Hubbard. But just as often this was a means for Hubbard to carry out other slightly more nefarious activities.

"Right, listen hard you black hearted bastards 'cause the whole future of Scientology and this planet with every man, woman and child on it for all eternity could hang in the balance on this one!"

He had mission orders in hand from Mary Sue Hubbard herself and the first 3 missionaries to be fired on this mission were in his Action Bureau briefing room. They were to take jobs in certain government offices to gain access to certain official documents to do with Hubbards service and personal medical records from his time in the Navy.

Of course in his lectures he was claiming to be the hero of many campaigns in every theatre of war during all of WWII. Truth being he spent barely a year making a mess of a things commanding a frigate off the US coast and then later spent the rest of the war in hospital, complaining of stomach ulcers and conjunctivitis.

Naturally he wanted things changed to his own version of events.

"This mission is called Operation Snow White and technically those stupid wogs in the US federal government would consider this an act of domestic terrorism when in fact what is being done is we are establishing the actual reality instead of what those corrupt officials come up with."

"Certain false records of our Founder are going to be replaced with what actually happened. And we are going to be the ones to make it happen. Your budget is unlimited."

They got to work on the briefing. This involved reading pages of exacting details many times over until known verbatim.

Gerald Wolfe, Duke Snider and Cindy Raymond got to work. After 22 hours straight they had it and were dismissed to secure for the night at 5am.

Hubbard knew verbatim learning and sleep deprivation together was an almost hypnotic means of programming people. Especially if they were bright and caught up in a religious fervor.

The missionaries fired in 2 waves. A week apart later. James was giving them a final briefing before they would see the Commodore to get a sending off pep talk from him.

“You black hearted bastards better know how much you don’t want to fuck this one up. The first wave are in already, so any fucking around from you lot and it will be reason for instant recall”

Recalled missionaries lived on a hell on Earth in the bldges of the Apollo for years as punishment. They’d could only be restored to good graces at the whim of Hubbard.

“The Commodore will see you at 1800 hours prompt so you have nearly an hour to pack and be impeccable in your civvy gear. Dismiss!”

They left not too perplexed. Half expecting this short notice, most of them had finished packing and shoe scrubbing the night before. After being allowed to go to bed at 5am.

Byrnes went of to the Commodores per instructions. Quietly knocking at his state room he waited.

A long enough wait went by and he wasn’t sure if his knock had been heard, he wondered if he should knock again. He waited a little more before going to knock again, as he was about to, he heard Hubbards voice boom “Is that you Byrnes my boy, step inside.”

Little did Byrnes know, Hubbard had a discreet mirror set up so that he could watch for the 2nd knock coming. It always amused him how long it took them to pluck up the courage.

Byrnes entered to see Hubbard taking up his luxury leather chair in an oak panelled suite. One of Hubbards new messengers was by his side slightly behind his desk and to the left watching for his every need.

6 months prior Hubbard had set up a Commodores Messenger Org to do his beckon call and even at times relay orders. You always had to talk back to them as if you were talking to Hubbard himself.

They were all of course skantly uniformed nubile teen girls.

“Sir, here to report on the missionaries.” You’d never say ‘as ordered’ as that would get your head ripped off or worse for not taking responsibility for yourself.

“Fuck ‘em. They will succeed or others will. Take a seat James, you’ve just put in a heavy 2 weeks and you were one of my first missionaries, brandy?”

James could relax... some. If your offered a seat and a brandy, it usually meant Hubbard wanted an audience to regale tales to, for admiration and adulation. So long as you paid strong attention and were suitably impressed you’d have an easy night of it.

“Sir, I would be delighted” gingerly taking the seat.

“James, for the next hour or so it’s Ron, ok”

James relaxed and forced himself to not let out a sigh of relief.



“Tell me, what’s the word on the Bosuns party?”

“Word is it’s going to be a wild one.”

They enjoyed an hour of drinking and story telling with Ron doing most of the talking and James being careful to play close attention.

6pm hit and there was a faint knock on the door.

“Come on in, your on time.”

The missionaries entered.

“Guys this is Operation Snow White. Your about to fix one of the most gross lies the government of the USA has ever tried to tell. And it’s about me, your Founder, so listen up real close!” Hubbard began.

They were fired on their mission later that night catching flights to the US.

The missions failed.

In fact the US government brought charges against everyone involved with Hubbard being an unindicted co-conspirator. His wife, Mary Sue Hubbard spent a year in jail on behalf of him, along with the other Scientology execs who were involved.

Hubbard ensured he wouldn’t spend any time in jail by getting the others to cut a deal with the prosecutors.

And Hubbard was furious that his stupid wife and those idiots had nearly ruined him. He decided it was time for Scientology to close ranks on the world. His budding religion was about to become a cult for the rich and famous.

He’d get Mayo in on it.

“Amber get Mayo.” He said to his on duty messenger.

She ran off after a precise “Yes SIR!”

David Mayo was his senior technical specialist in the ranks of Scientology. His top ecclesastical leader.

As a true believer he was easy to control in anything if he could be convinced it was for the betterment of Scientology. The messenger returned with him in tow within 2 minutes.

After Mayo saluted sharply and Hubbard dismissively returned it from his seat.

“Come on in Mayo, grab a seat. Tell me, how’s it looking in the tech department?”

Hubbard was going under the radar with Mayo by using the too obvious. He’d cloak his plan in technical solutions.

“Sir. Looking on track to have all our statistics up this week and things are going really well in the training department.”

“Your doing well. Since you’ve taken over you have kept the statistics going up. I am impressed but bring me up to speed on your solutions for the refund requests we have had in some of the outlying missions”

“Internships Sir. We give any graduating student a provisional certificate and only validate it as permanent once they have interned. Say, give them a years provisional cert?”

“David I like what your saying.” Hubbard first names to bring an intimacy to a conversation when it suited him. “I want you to proceed with that and limit professional auditor training to our Orgs and not the missions anymore just to make sure.”

“That makes sense Sir. I should mention it may lower gross income for the training department.”

“Yes but we will package it as only the best training is available at Orgs and the reduction in public relations flaps will increase bring in more public.”

“That’s why I work for you and your the Commodore Sir, I would not have thought of that.”

“Glad we’re on the same page. Lets also republish KSW No. 1 and add even more gravity to it.”

KSW No. 1 is the instrument Hubbard used to make Scientology into a cult from a new religion. He used it to close ranks on the world.

KSW stands for Keeping Scientology Working and is a series of policies Hubbard wrote for his church. No 1 indicates this was the first policy in that series of policy letters.

In it Hubbard regales you over 7 pages of church policy about stories about how badly the church declined when ‘other influences’ effected followers. Essentially telling everyone in Scn that everything they needed was available in the church and only in the church.

Land on Hubbard lapping it up in the Gulf with his messengers and not caring about the consequences of releasing Scn on the world.

## Chapter 9. Charles Manson and Scientology

“You want to take your fucking own reality and try and impose it on my reality. I think your reality is fake and made up of bullshit!” - Charles Manson

Manson was in his element. He was safe on the inside again, had the screws eating out the palm of his hand and was now studying this thing called Scienotlogy and comparing it to psychology. Man were this crowd head fuck specialists.

This guy Hubbard was a masterpeice. In essence he’d found a form of brainwashing. Repeat the same shit enough to a benign enough audience and you created a new reality through the Illusory truth effect. It would only ever work on the extremely guilable, but the world had that in good supply.

This was the nuts and bolts of how you made a religion. Hubbard must be rightly laughing his head off at his followers. For the most part he talked utter crap about how great he thought he was but when you seen through that to what he was doing, it was fascinating.

Past lives, alien civilizations, between lives implants on Mars and tons more complete bollocks and he had his followers swallowing it all hook line and sinker. Manson was convinced Hubbard was a genius.

He was a bit of a bore on the drinks and drugs front but Manson bet that was just in his writings. He was sure if he had an evening with Hubbard there'd be whisky and drugs on the table. He could tell from the writing. You have to be out your head at least half your life to come up with shit this whacky, that was for sure.

But it was time to go see Lanier.

"Lanier my man how's shit treating you, bro?" They had their daily ritual but Manson was convinced he'd get him today.

"Charlie Charlie Charlie, come on in. Did you recover from our last session then?" Lanier was a big American man at 6' 5" and plenty girth with a deep voice to complete the picture.

"Well the nightmares are back man, I don't want to be the downer here but this process does seem to be more like 2 steps forward and 3 steps back to me."

Manson sat down in the only chair in the cell. Lanier looked at him with that benign but emotionally dead face that he said he had accomplished through his training in Scientology.

"Charlie the way out is the way through, commit to complete this and I will tell you why I am in, I trust you enough you'll keep it secret and I am out next month anyway."

Manson already knew he'd continue with the processing but had wanted to see if Lanier would offer this bait. He's been badgering him for months to try find out why he'd got sent down.

"You have a deal, spill it"

"She was underage."

"How underage?"

"11"

"Well I guess if they bleed eh."

Lanier didn't look proud. He had some darkness about him Manson could recognize. He'd not been a gentle lover type, he'd actually used sexual violence against a kid.

Manson had to have some respect for him. He was only doing 18 months.

Manson continued "How'd it go down?"

"I don't mind saying now, one of my students at the Scientology San Francisco mission was staying behind after course time, as I was her supervisor she'd sit with me for an hour or two after hours, until her parents picked her up when they finished work. "

"One thing led to the other and we ended up lovers. I got her on birth control and it all was going fine for a few months then I got cold feet and decided to call it off. She told me I couldn't and things went south, I took her in such a way to put her off the idea, I took her by the ass for the first time."

“Once the dust had settled and the Church had negotiated with the Attorney General, I got suspended from the Church and had to sign a NDA and agree to a plea bargain of 18 months. The parents and kid were told to keep their mouths shut by Scientology.”

Manson could only say “She must have been pretty for me to dig it man!”

“She was petite, and blond and such a delicate hour glass figure. She was so perfect and too precious to not have. I know I fucked up, in Scientology they would say I have a minor aberration out here I get landed in jail with the like of you, if only she hadn’t gone to her aunt first who wasn’t in Scientology!”

“Chill man, you did proud! 18 months for a piece of ass like that! I dig it man Crowley would agree with you there mate. His thoughts on the perfect lover is likened to a 12 year old girl but with red hair. So you got the age right just missed making her a red head, we all make mistakes dude.”

“She is like a child of twelve years old. She has very deep eyelids, and long lashed. Her eyes are closed, or nearly closed. It is impossible to say anything about her. She is naked; her body is with fine gold hairs, that are electric flames which are the spears of mighty and terrible Angels who breastplates are the scales of her skin.” Manson quoted Crowley’s scripts of Babylon from memory.

“It’s not just your Hubbard I read bud.” Manson announced proudly after reciting a rarely memorized paragraph from one of Crowley’s works.

Lanier heaved himself up from his sultry position and sat upright on the bed.

“Come on a deals a deal. Lets get you back in session, smash up some engrams and see if we can’t make you a Clear anytime soon. You had your coffee?”

“Locked and loaded” Manson always failed to mention he also micro dosed on acid when inside.

They did another season of psychotherapy based on Hubbards Dianectics. Again trying to erase past bad memories by recouting again and again up to scores of times. Manson found it fascinating that as he went through this directed recall, as it was called. He got a much keener memory of the event. Sights, sound and even smells would come back to mind.

He took great delight in recalling times he was abused by a shop keeper he was robbing or hooker he was raping. Sometimes he’d even get a hard on while recouting some of the times he raped girls. He always had a slap or some scratches he would mention to satisfy Lanier’s, ‘Does this incident include any physical or emotional pain?’ test.

This time he recalled a time his mother beat the crap out of him for stealing \$5 she’d given him to get some shopping they needed. Always room to play the victim card.

Sometimes he got a kick from getting a hard on with recounting many times an incident when he raped a girl and sometimes he actually went deep into incidents that involved how his mother hadtreated him.

He was able to avoid dealing with most of the shit with his mother as Lanier seemed more than happy to take up his rape incidents to process.

But after months of work, Lanier declared he had attained the state of Clear through the use of Scientology processing. He’d made it at last, cleared of all his aberrations.

He was due out soon and it was time to make a fresh start.

He sure had a use for this Scientology stuff, it's addictive!

## Chapter 10. The Manson Family

"In scientology we acknowledge that a cleared cannibal is simply a clear cannibal. He will conduct his life much more efficiently and competently." L. Ron. Hubbard, Scientology Processing Bulliten of Jan 1967.

"Hey man, if your into Scientology as much as you say you are then I am going to invite you into our family and you will be impressed." Manson had met Bruce Davis while at a rest stop on the way to L.A. from San Fransico. He looked like a typical lost soul at a truck stop.

"I want on that bus, your troupe looks amazing and the gals are something, I tell you I worked at their London Org for over a year. I even attended one of Rons lectures about engrams on the 2D. Even sat with him afterwards for an evening! I have been trained how to audit Dianetics and have run 100s of engrams out for people. Did you say your also Clear like I am." Bruce knew if he threw out enough lingo it'd get him an in with this crowd.

At the mention of 2D engrams Manson paid more attention... by 2D, Hubbard was referring to the sex/family dynamic of survival, by engrams of course he meant moments of physical or emotional duress.

Manson was convinced. "Welcome to The Family young sir."

Now would be a good time to mention a massive difference between these 4 lieutenants. Crowley and Hubbard came up with their own scripture. Parsons and Mason didn't.

Crowley wrote the book of Thelma, Hubbard came up with Scientology. Both are stand alone original works of their own creation that needed their input to evolve. Certainly their followers treated them as prophets.

Whereas Parsons was certainly a trail blazer for rocket fuel and explosives and Manson had his own brand of racism, neither rocket fuel nor racism is unique to Parons and Manson. That doesn't say they were not very proficient in their fields but they weren't 'only one' creators.

Parsons followed Crowley and Manson followed Hubbard.

All brought their own twist into the deal.

Excessive drug consumption and sexual indulgence were the order of the day for all 4 but only Parsons contributed to the world in any meaningful way. Crowley, Hubbard and Manson all had their own spin on ideology but not a one did anything for technology. Therein Parsons is an exception in this group as one who did actually constructively contribute to humanity. Which gives Hubbard another black mark for destroying Parsons... who know's how much Parsons could have achieved for space travel if he didn't meet an untimely end.

While Parsons arguably did the most good, Manson arguably did the most evil but even this is open to debate. Manson certainly gets the most brutal prize but there's been more than a few deaths associated

with Scientology... and countless families destroyed. And no guessing the massive amount of angst it's Sea Org members suffer in the name of glorifying Hubbard, since 1967.

Manson's most brutal crimes would seem to be fitting fodder for a chapter about The Family in this book. But it's been covered in more than a few recountings over the years and is old news in popular culture. What might be less known is that he took on the mantle of Jesus to convince The Family to follow him.

The depths of his control over The Family and how he got there using sex, drugs, rock n roll and religion is worth a telling.

Manson had Bruce in his 'temple', away from the rest of The Family. The whole back 8 rows of seats of the bus were enclosed in draps covering the windows and separated the front to make the back into Mansons private space. The back row had been replaced with his 'alter', which was a table covered in drugs surrounded by cushions on the floor.

A bong was being passed back and forth and the beer was flowing.

"So your telling me your convincing the girls your the 2nd coming and the guys know your full of shit but play along to convince the girls so long as they can shag any one of them?" Bruce was well impressed.

Manson had got him washed up and fed and watered at the truck stop, he was already looking half decent and Manson was stacking up the favors due to him, already trying to get a handle on his lever, it sure wasn't Scientology anymore.

But it had been. He was someone who had bought into Scientology. And Manson sensed a deep inner anger in Bruce that he wondered if he could exploit. Everyone had a lever.

"I am telling you, if you give me your loyalty, you will be a vertiable preist in The Family and the girls will worship you. What's your kink with the girls?"

"I like it when they want it rough."

Manson had him now – violence.

"Dude my rule there is don't leave obvious bruising, the girls have another use in The Family, income!"

Bruce let it sink in, winked and tapped his nose conspirately. Manson was pimping his girls out.

And also realized he would have free reign to be beat over 10 very attractive ladies and girls.

Manson knew he had to find another outlet for Bruce. He'd make a good enforcer. Meanwhile he'd up the opiate use for the girls and less upper's, it'll bring the income down a bit but they'd still stay, despite the beatings.

Manson passed the bong back to Bruce and made a mental note to keep him in a steady, for the greater good of The Family. Bruce wasn't small and broken bones weren't helpful. He hoped there wouldn't be an issue with strangling.

But take life as it comes he thought.

“So Bruce, tell me two things, what did you take from Scientology and how am I going to best use your knowledge of it to help me with The Family, I want more Scientology being used.”

Bruce put the bong down, gave his head a moment to hit the stars then dragged it back down to Mansons question “Well I did some supervising of Hubbards course rooms while I was working in the London Org. Give me the Temple every morning and I will put the girls through Scientology courses, I’ll have me some fun being strict.”

“Of course, remember about the visible bruises but I agree, your now officially my Scientology supervisor for The Family.”

Bruce was ruthless with his academy. Being late got you slapped. Not trying in class got your hair pulled. Talking back got you shoved to the ground and a scary rollicking with a fist threatening to smash you in the face the whole time.

The girls knew it had to be a strict regime. Manson had said this was powerful stuff they were learning and he had to know their heart was pure.

Bruce had started weekly confessions with them. Manson added in questions about them having any bad thoughts about him.

Rule was every Friday night they would be made to consume enough drink and drugs to be border line conscious and would then have to attend confession with Bruce who would slap them about a bit to cause a scare and get from them any thoughts of leaving or harming Charlie.

Next morning they’d wake bruised and know they had achieved another week of advancement under Charlies tutelage. Bruce was tough on them but that was only because they had to be tough to be able to control the powers being taught.

Saturday was a veritable orgy, everyone would take LSD except Manson who would dress up as Jesus and give sermons in candlelight. The sexual orgy after would eventually let exhaustion take over.

The abused and the abuser were keenly intertwined and dependant.

Chapter 11. The Worst Lieutenant, or Best.

“And if you gaze long into an abyss, the abyss also gazes into you. Keep that in mind.” - Nietzsche

If you can judge a man by how he leaves the world and his legacy I think we could judge Hubbard and Crowley to be the Devils Lieutenants.

Chapter 12. Conclusion

“Most men and women lead lives at the worst so painful, at the best so monotonous, poor and limited that the urge to escape, the longing to transcend themselves if only for a few moments, is and has always been one of the principal appetites of the soul.” - Aldous Huxley

Ah the march to transcend.

For the most people want to be led, they want answers, security from the unknown, whether it be a secure future or death or a safety in numbers. People want to belong and be led by others with all the ‘answers’.

Some lead and ask for a voice in the world. They’ll find some listeners, garner a few followers and some start a religion.

But some of the crap some of these leaders comes out with begs belief.

I think Hubbard, Crowley and Manson were all deliberately controversial to have their name written down in history more prominently. Parson would have given the chance I believe.

Looking into their take on ‘it all’, I have to use Hubbards as an example.

Even his basic premise is wrong from the start.

Survive is not the dynamic principle of existence. Hubbard was wrong there, survival was the first skill humanity accomplished.

Our principle for being and meaning now is to defy gravity and perhaps also time and mortality.

Hubbard claimed to combine religion and science but he connected high education level knowledge with mysticism and made a cult based on levels of achievements that more often than not is determined by how rich you are and how much you donate.

That’s what they all share in common... levels of achievement, or being more IN, most owned by this idea that money rules everything.

And therein lies it’s moral compass, money.

Authors Note:

Scientology is losing ground.

Thelma is greatly unknown.

The Manson Family is dead.

However mainstream religions that have stood the test of time, have found a means to work with the world. For the most part. With some factions failing.

Scientology, Thelma and Manson never got off the start line with popular society and neither should they.

How the Mormons got this far, is to me a testament to humanities ability to be gullible.



But Scientology takes the top trump for the gullible.

Tom Cruise gave up his own daughter for it.

David Miscavige gave up his father.

My mother gave up two of her sons.

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