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In December, 1972, after my first semester of college (in the state of Washington), I was introduced to Scientology when another Scientologist encouraged me to take a "Personality Test" at the Portland "Org". I was given a poor evaluation on the test. I later learned, however, that it is a customary practice of the "Church" to give one a poor evaluation on the test in order to induce the person into Scientology processing.

The Scientologists also told me that:

1. L. Ron Hubbard (L.R.H.) was the founder of the organization. He was a nuclear physicist and a graduate of George Washington University and Princeton.
2. Scientology raises IQ.
3. Scientology can cure disease and mental illness.
4. Scientology can handle any problems you have from drugs to marriage problems, to problems with studying.
5. College does not teach one how to prepare for or live in our world. Scientology, on the other hand, gives you the data you need to handle your life.

6. Scientology is really a science but it is called a "Church" because it involves a group of people with common beliefs and working towards a common purpose.

I was told that through "auditing" you could reach a state called "Clear". Auditing was done on a lie-detector called the E-Meter. I was quite skeptical about this at first, but I was promised that it was confidential. I met Scientologists who claimed they were "Clear" and their descriptions of it were very attractive. When I was told that it cost thousands of dollars to get started, I said I couldn't afford it. I was told that another alternative would be to join the staff where I'd get auditing free. The pay, I was told, averaged about 80-100 dollars a week. Later, I found this to be false, and I was paid 8-10 dollars a week. The hours I could work would either be 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Monday through Friday or 6 P.M. until 10:30 P.M. Monday through Friday, and 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Saturday and Sunday.

Based on these and other representations, I joined staff at the San Francisco Org. There was a POLO Mission there, (Flag Operations Liason Office), the purpose of which was to audit executives on the E-Meter for "Integrity" and to establish an "Integrity Processing" unit in the Org to audit all of the staff.

I was made an "expeditor" to the "missionaires" help them with PC (pre-clear) folders, getting the PC's ready for auditing, or anything else they needed. The Missionaires were Sea Org members (S.O.) and I became interested in the S.O. through them. It was described as being "the Elite Corps" and L.R.H.'s "right hand".

My working hours were 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P. M. Monday through Friday, and I had to study during the evenings plus at least one day on the weekend. Before I could get any auditing, I had to study and complete "Basic Staff Training", which is called "Staff Status I" and "Staff Status II". Then I would get the Guardian's Office (G.O.) approval for staff, and then sign a 2½ year contract with the Org. Next, I had to learn my job, and then I would be eligible for auditing.

The Guardian's Office is basically the Police force and intelligence agency of Scientology with access to the disclosures made during auditing.

Before I finished my Staff Status II, I talked to the Flag Rep there about the Sea Org. He reiterated a glorified description of it and told me that a policy was being instituted (which never happened) where Flag Reps would rotate every 6 months at an Org, and then 6 months at Flag for training then back to an Org, etc. Based on these promises I signed a billion year contract,

which was the standard Sea Org contract.

I finally left for the S.O. in May or June, 1973. When I arrived in Los Angeles, I was sent to the ship, "The Excalibur", to do my "Sea Org Basics". I lived in the women's dorm. There must have been 20-30 of us crammed in there, bunks all the way up to the bulk-heads. Here I learned:

1. Discipline: You called all seniors "Sir", man or woman. You were on time for musters, you stood in straight lines.
2. About ships: we pinholed, painted from the Bosun's chair over the side of the ship, had daily man-overboard drills and fire drills, stood Quarter Master watch, handled the shaffing gear, learned about conning the ship, docking the ship, etc.

In the Sea Org, we listened to "Welcome to the Sea Org" tapes by LRH (there are 5 of them) in which he describes the S.O. as "the Elite Corps". He talked about being "Fabian" which was the secret to the success and power of the S.O.--it's ability to come and go and disappear at will (referring to the ships).

We were up at dawn, mustered, and then went to work on the ship (pinholing or painting or the bilges, or things like that). We studied 4 or 5 hours a day on our

Sea Org basic training (issues and policies and Flag Orders and tapes dealing with the S.O.). We had 15 minute meal breaks, later it was extended to a half hour.

Part of completing the S.O. Basics was to receive Integrity Processing, in which they drill you on "overts" you've committed on different subjects. "Overts" are sins or "crimes".

I was on the ship for a few weeks. I went back to land when I completed the S.O. training. I then began my Flag Rep training. I studied from 9:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. for weeks, and then was ready to apprentice as a Flag Rep. I began my apprenticeship at the Los Angeles Org.

The Flag Rep was simply the "eyes and ears", or spies of Flag. They reported to Flag on everything that was occurring in the Org - any personnel changes, what the personnel were doing, if they were following LRH's policies and HCOB's, etc. They made sure the Org was complying with orders from Flag, and if it wasn't, the Flag Rep would find out why, or who wasn't complying, let Flag know, and Flag would handle it.

I was receiving 5 dollars a week "allowance", which barely kept me in cigarettes, not to mention trying to get basic things like soap or toothpaste, etc. I ate and lived in a Sea Org Cadet house on Beacon Street in L.A. The food was bad. The place was absolutely filthy. I didn't

even have sheets for my bed. The rooms were filled with bunk beds and nothing else.

I left and went home to Colorado. The next day my senior from L.A. called me and convinced me to return, although my parents were opposed.

When I arrived back, the G.O. immediately debriefed me, and I told them my parents were opposed to Scientology. I was told my father was a "Suppressive Person", (S.P.). An S.P. is basically one who is opposed to Scientology. I said my dad had a habit when I was younger of getting "handy with the belt". I was required to make a written statement that my dad was beating me recently and was a violent person so they could have that as testimony in case he did anything.

The G.O. also told me that people who are "connected" to people antagonistic to Scientology "go" to P.T.S., (Potential Trouble Source), which means they basically "go to the effect" of these people who are antagonistic and thereby become S.P.'s also. They convinced me that I "went PTS" to my parents and that all these other thoughts about how bad the S.O. was resulted from the fact that I PTS. I was ordered to "disconnect" from my parents. So I did. I never wrote them a "disconnection letter", which I was supposed to do, but I totally cut communication with them as ordered. I was then afraid of being thrown out of the S.O., so I, therefore, played down my father's opposition.

I was assigned a condition of "Treason" for leaving. I couldn't eat with other staff members. I ate and slept in the basement with the Estates Project Force (EPF). By now, the Scientology headquarters had moved from Beacon Street to a Manor they purchased on Franklin Ave. I had to wear dirty rags on my arm showing I was "treasonous". I had to do "Amends Work" during my sleep and meal times which consisted of painting my supervisor's room and furniture. I did amends for about a week, while working through the "Conditions" up to "Non-Existence". The conditions from lowest to highest at the time were Treason, Enemy, Doubt, Liability, Non-Existence, Danger, Emergency, Normal, Affluence, Power.

When I finished my condition formulas, I petitioned LRH to allow me back in the Flag Rep Network. While waiting for an answer from him, I was sent back to the Excalibur to do Product I, the next step in S.O. training.

Meanwhile, my petition to LRH was approved and I was back in the Flag Rep Network, and was sent to San Francisco.

#### FLAG REPRESENTATIVE

(SAN FRANCISCO & ST. LOUIS)

At San Francisco I was the Flag Rep for two Orgs-- one for day hours and one for evening hours (called Foundation Org). I received daily phone calls from the "Programs Chief" at FOLO who checked what the "stats" (gross income, etc)

were and what program "targets" (on programs that Flag would write to raise the stats) were completed and not completed. I received phone calls from the Flag Rep, W.U.S. (my senior) in LA, who would yell and scream if the stats were down. I literally had to hold the telephone a few feet from my ear, not to get blasted away. I learned to yell also. It was drilled into me as a Flag Rep that "you put more pressure and fear into them than the reactive mind does, and that will force them out of their bank into complying". This means that people who are not complying with orders are acting from irrational thoughts in their reactive mind (also called "the bank"). One does not particularly have any control over their "bank", so you have to "force" them out of it. This was all done to make money and bring people into Scientology--the two main "stats" or objectives.

I had done a 180° turn in personality. I had been "nice" and soft-spoken, etc. I don't think I hardly ever had yelled at anyone in my life.

After the San Francisco Org's stats went up, I was then sent to St. Louis, the largest West U.S. Org. I was "briefed" in LA, that the Executor Director there was "not quite with Flag", so I'd have to "handle" her to , to get compliance to Flag's programs.

I went to St. Louis at the end of February 1974, and was Flag Rep there until the summer of 1976. St. Louis did not have two separate Orgs. There was only one Org with a schedule of 9 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Monday through



Saturday, and 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Sunday. Sunday night was the only time off, except in the last 6-7 months I was there, when the stats were up for the week and staff was allowed to have Friday off, except me. Since I was an S.O. member, not just an Org Staff Member, I worked Friday's as well, occasionally taking a few hours off on Friday if it was slow. I usually was there working until about 11 P.M. or midnight each night, except on Wednesday nights, when I would usually stay up the entire night typing my reports to Flag, which had to get out by Thursday.

I was also receiving daily phone calls from the Programs Chief and FR WUS. The entire goal was to "make money, make more money, and make other people make money". There was an international Scientology campaign to "Five times the stats", particularly gross income, by LRH's birthday (March 13th). I received 5 calls a day from the Programs Chief requesting information on the primary stats, and if they hadn't risen since the last time he talked to me (an hour before that), why not? Plus, the FR WUS called 2-3 times a day. Additionally, the St. Louis Org had no LRH Communicator (in charge of LRH's orders to the Org). So I was made "Temporary LRH COMM" as well. I received 2-3 calls a day from the LRH COMM U.S. requesting the Gross Income. The LRH COMM's had been made directly responsible to raise the Gross Income. LRH had ordered the gross income increased, and Flag Reps were primarily responsible for course and auditing completions which produced most

income. I was literally swallowed in a mad drive for money.

Meanwhile, I found out many of the primary stats were false and "padded", such as course completions, Gross Income, salvaged Scientologists, etc. I discovered this before the end of the "5X" program, but I didn't know whether to report it or not, because of the intense pressure to raise the stats 5X. So I waited until March 13th, and then reported it. Flag then recalled the Executive Director and sent a "Mission" to the Org. The Missionaires were to do a "Bait and Badger", Situation 3, on the Executives. This requires you to follow someone around and hound them about why they're not doing their job. At one point I was even thrown against the wall by one of the Missionaires. This and his yelling really scared me.

The Executive Director later returned from Flag, and shortly afterwards, a G.O. Mission arrived in the Org to do a G.O. investigation. All staff members were required to write up all their crimes and overts to the G.O., and accept forgiveness. By doing this, no ethics action could be taken against any staff member for anything he revealed. The G.O. Mission went through the confessions and "graded them". They put them in different categories as far as who "took responsibility for thier overts" and who didn't, etc. They demanded that people who didn't write up overts, write them up, and those whom they felt hadn't written enough, had to write more.

The G.O. was also investigating the boyfriend of the Executive Director and concluded that he was a "Suppressive Person". The G.O. Missionaires concocted a plan to get the Executive Director out of the Org and demonstrate to her that her boyfriend was an S.P. Meanwhile, the G.O. would "take care of" the guy. The plan called for Flag to send a telex to her requiring her to report to FOLO West U.S. for a "briefing". I was required to allay her suspicions and make her go, which I finally did over much protest from both her and her boyfriend. I was so "brain-washed" I did it and now it almost makes me sick to think about it.

You are taught in Scientology to do "the greatest good for the greatest number of dynamics". And I was told that what I was doing was "the greatest good for the greatest number of dynamics", so there was nothing wrong with it. It was not an "overt", or "contra-survival act", as an overt is defined.

So, her boyfriend drove her to the airport, and I never saw either of one of them again.

The next day, I talked to the head G.O. Missionaire who told me that they (G.O.) had followed them to the airport. After the guy let the Executive Director off, the G.O. followed him to his apartment. Then they took him to a motel room, and security checked him on the E-Meter-- G.O. style. The Missionaire said that they had "come up

with information" to use against him , and that they "handled" him so he would never return to the Org (which he never did). The Missionaire also said he'd stop at nothing for LRH and Scientology, and that he personally had put two people in mental institutions who were "making trouble". No names were mentioned. Meanwhile, the Executive Director never did get "handled". She "blew" from FOLO WUS and joined her boyfriend. They've both been expelled from the Church, and declared S.P.'s.

Sometimes, in order to raise the Gross Income and sell courses, "all night academies", would be held where students were required to stay up all night to finish courses so you would get the stats for completions. One of the Executives at St. Louis threatened to throw students off course or in ethics if they refused to stay all night and finish a course. The sequence would be that the stats would be sky-rocketing up, while this was going on, then when everyone would finish so fast, of course, the stats would then start to crash. Once the stats would start to crash, then Flag would attack the "all night academies", and those involved would be placed in Ethics. But as long as the stats were going up, you could do what you wanted and Flag wouldn't do anything.

Flag manages Scientology internationally, under LRH's direction. Hubbard's preoccupation with science-fiction and paranoia led to some bizarre occurrences. On

one occasion some "plants", or spies, were found in the Org. The H.A.S. (head of Division I, HCO) thought some students were "plants" (I don't remember why he thought this) and reported it to the AG (Assistant Guardian-- head of the G.O. in an Org). The students started getting security checked, on the E-Meter, G.O. style. The G.O. did these sec checks all night. The Executive Director and H.A.S. "helped out" with the sec checks at times-- where two or three people would be in the room, and they'd get information by asking who they worked for, and if they couldn't get a name out of them, they'd go down the alphabet, with the "plant" on the E-Meter, and see which letters got a reaction on the meter and put together names from that. It was just crazy. Then the AG handed the Executive Director a gun and told him and the H.A.S. to stand guard outside the room, while the G.O. finished the security check. They were on a deserted floor in the Org. The next thing I knew, the AG had "discovered" some incredible "plot" and called in G.O. people from the U.S. Headquarters.

Believe it or not, this great discovery was that there was an "implant station" located in Ohio, where dark invaders from space were implanting people and sending them into the Orgs to spy. Implants are something supposedly done to people (thetans) billions and trillions of years ago, where, by the use of electronic means, evil people would attempt to control and "suppress" people and install

false ideas in them etc... It's in the Scientology Tech Dictionary and is a product of Hubbard's paranoid imagination projected onto his followers. Anyway, there was supposedly this implant station right in the U.S., implanting people to spy on and destroy Scientology. They convinced the students themselves that they were implanted!

Staff pay in St. Louis averaged from nothing to 10-30 dollars a week. There were 2 months straight that the staff received nothing because the Org was getting behind in paying it's bills, so the bills came first, except for Hubbard, the G.O. and Flag, in that order, who received their percentage regardless of the bills. Nearly half the staff was usually on food stamps the whole time I was in St. Louis. This was also common in San Francisco.

I didn't like St. Louis and requested my seniors to let me go to Flag which had moved to Clearwater, Florida. I wanted to be an A/FFR (Assistant Flag Flag Rep--in charge of all Flag Reps on a specific continent), but was told I was to be the Flag Rep for the Flag Service Org (FSO) on Flag. I objected to this.

#### AT FLAG

In June, 1976, I arrived on Flag at Clearwater and found that they had posted someone else as the Flag Rep for the FSO, since I didn't want it, but that I was now to be the Deputy FR, because they needed one. I refused and

ended up in a condition of "enemy".

I worked out of the condition and took post as Deputy Flag Rep for the FSO. The Flag Rep FSO was sent on an LRH Ordered Mission, and I was then told to be the FR FSO. I refused. I then received a visit from two Flag Bureau staff, who gave me an order from the Commanding Officer of the Flag Bureau that I either took the post of FR FSO, or I would be sent to the Rehabilitation Project Force (R.P.F.). I said no, and when one of them tried to grab me to "escort" me to the RPF, I ran out the door. They came after me, and I told them I wanted to leave the SO. Meanwhile, the FFR (in charge of all A/FFR's and Flag Reps) returned from vacation. She talked to me, cancelled the ethics conditions imposed on me, and put me back on post as Deputy Flag Rep.

I was put "on Rice and Beans" by LRH, as D/FR FSO. The FSO stats were down, so LRH ordered all FSO Executives on rice and beans for breakfast, lunch and dinner, until the stats went back up. Then we had to petition LRH to get off "rice and beans". It's a common practice in the S.O. when stats go down.

As D/FR FSO, I often ran into the Commodore's Messengers, since we worked together on investigations ordered by LRH into the FSO.

In November, 1976, I received a personnel order

posting me as a Commodore's Messenger. LRH was Commodore.

The Commodore's Messengers started, originally, as young, pretty girls--8-15 years of age. Hubbard required this because he could "train" them easier at a young age. There is now a "Commodore's Messenger Org" (CMO) located in Clearwater, one in the PAC area (Pacific area), and one with LRH. The Commanding Officer, in charge of all Messengers is located with LRH. Then there are three "D/CO's" (Deputy Commanding Officer). Each of these are the Commanding Officer of the Messengers at each of the three separate locations. The messengers with LRH are still young pretty girls, although many have grown older. But in the "outer units" there is no longer any such requirements. Many males are now recruited into the CMO, and older girls (mid to late 20's).

When I got to Flag, I found LRH was not there. He had been in Florida, about 20-30 minutes away from the Fort Harrison until about February, 1976. He was in Daytona at first, when Flag was moving to land. Flag also operated out of New York. When Flag moved to Clearwater, so did LRH, but a little ways away from the Fort Harrison (F.H.). Most of the staff didn't know he was there. The messengers delivered his messages



going back and forth to LRH and the Fort Harrison.

During the time I was a Messenger, National Elections came up. These are handled in an interesting way. The G.O. prepares a list of all the candidates or propositions and tells you about each one. From reading it, it is obvious who to vote for. For instance, on Jimmy Carter, the G.O. said that he was a supporter of the Mental Health Field. That tells any Scientologist not to vote for him because Scientology has an extreme hatred for the AMA and Mental Health Field. On election day, I hadn't had time to read the whole list, so I just walked up to the AG at Flag and got a list of who I should vote for. I took the list of names given to me, and voted accordingly. I have no idea who I voted for, just whatever was written on the paper.

When I first became a Messenger, I was Deputy In Charge of the Investigation Unit in the CMO CW (Commodore's Messenger Org located in Clearwater). By January or February, 1979, I was made Chief Officer of the CMO. As Chief Officer, I was in charge of the Investigations Unit, which did investigations for LRH and also made sure his orders were carried out on Flag. I handled numerous telexes and orders (daily) from LRH on different things he wanted to know about or wanted done. He and I usually had 4-5 different "Telex cycles" going daily, on different things. I had a "direct communica-

tion line" to him, with "info" copies to the CO CMO on telexes. Written communication, though, went via the CO CMO.

As Commodore's Messengers, we were considered the "extension of the Commodore". No one had any ethics authority or any other authority over us except for CMO Seniors or the Commodore himself. Hubbard tends to "protect" his Messengers as long as they are very obedient to him.

I was involved in two main programs as a Messenger. The first was a program initiated by the CMO, and approved by LRH. This was an "Ethics Program", which was proposed due to too many "blows" from Flag, requiring all Flag staff members to do the following:

1. Write up all of their overts, and then get meter checked.
2. Read policies on ethics and overts.
3. Find a staff member "whose ethics were out", and handle them.

This was a mandatory program for every Flag staff member. Like most of Hubbard's policies, it was designed for every member to spy on every other member.

Their overts could supposedly not be used against them. But everyday I'd collect all the lists of overts people had written, go through them all, and hand them over to the G.O. Anything that could possibly be a

"PR threat" or a "Security threat", resulted in the G.O. taking over from that point and its operations were kept very secret.

#### LIST I R/S PROJECT

I eventually left this program and became involved in the 2nd program which was also ordered by LRH. This was called the "List I R/S Project". LRH had written an HCOB on R/Ses and R/Sers. The HCOB basically said that R/Sers were Suppressive Persons. An R/Ser is one who "Rock slams on the List One". An R/S is a reaction on the E-Meter where the needle slams back and forth. It supposedly shows an area in which the person has overts and "evil intentions toward". If someone R/Sed on "work", that meant he had evil intentions about work and overts on it. The "List One" is a list drawn up by LRH of about 50-70 items on Scientology. The list includes LRH, Mary Sue Hubbard, auditing, E-Meters, auditors, clears, and basically anything else on Scientology. So if someone R/Sed while talking about LRH or Scientology, they were an "R/Ser", and therefore, a Suppressive Person. You were told that the overts someone has committed on LRH were not necessarily this lifetime--they could have been done in previous lifetimes, but the R/S showed that there were overts "somewhere on the time track"--all past lives to present. This program leads to the R.P.F., expanded dianetics,

and potential suicide.

LRH found that many auditors didn't know what a R/S really looked like, so they were miscalling R/Ses or missing them. I had to "re-check" all reported R/Ses that people had in their pc folders. I was required to get everyone's pc folders, and have every single folder gone through page by page. Any R/Ses were noted down with exactly what the pc said when he/she was R/Sing. I went over the lists daily and noted from there any "List One R/Ses". I then wrote up a security check for that person on the subject they R/Sed on. I had about a dozen other people working with me actually going through each pc folder and writing down the R/Ses.

For example, if someone R/Sed while saying, "I'd like to be an auditor", the security questions I'd write up would be something like:

1. Have you ever committed overts on an auditor?
2. Is there anything you've done that you wouldn't want your auditor to know about?
3. Has an auditor missed a withhold on you?
4. Have you ever harmed an auditor?
5. Have you ever wanted to harm an auditor?
6. Have you ever harmed anyone who tried to help you?
7. Have you committed any overts trying to help someone?

8. Do you have any evil intentions towards auditors?

These security checks supposedly would "bring out the R/Ses if they were correctly reported R/Ses in the beginning.

The auditors I had doing the security checks had to first get "brushed up" on their R/Ses and get an O.K. from the Senior C/S (Case Supervisor) on Flag to do the sec checks.

When someone would R/S on a "List One" item during the sec check, he or she would be sent to the Rehabilitation Project Force. I must have seen 2 or 3 dozen people going to the RPF in a matter of weeks, because R/Ser's were SP's, and our superiors didn't want SP's running around, so SP's were sent to the RPF to "get rehabilitated".

Meanwhile, a "problem" arose on this project. Many people had no "reported R/S's " in their pc folders. This didn't mean that they weren't R/S-er's-- this just meant that none had yet come up. So, to handle this "problem" a new security check was created based on all the items on List One. I worked with LRH's Tech Expeditor on this, and LRH approved a 250-300 question Confessional which was called "The Classified Confessional". This sec check was then given to people who didn't have R/S's in their folders; that way no one got missed-- everyone got one type of sec check or another. When

I was sent to the RPF, the "Classified Confessional" had become part of the RPF program and I received it myself.

In April or May, 1977, I was made the D/CO CMO CW because the D/CO was sent to where LRH was. I was still a fairly "new" messenger. Many other messengers had been with LRH for years. So, the CO CMO flew over to Clearwater to "back me up" and "establish me on post". She worked with me for awhile and got me security clearance to go and work with LRH himself, in a training program, as a Messenger.

I left for La Quinta, California. The first night I was there, one of the Messengers took me over to LRH's office. LRH called it "rifle". I didn't talk to LRH that night since he was busy, but I saw him. He had long reddish-greyish hair down past his shoulders, rotting teeth, a really fat gut, and I believe at that time he had a full beard for "disguise". He didn't look anything like his pictures. The next day I met him. He was doing exercises in his courtyard, and called me over. I was nervous meeting him. I was really surprised that I didn't feel this "electric something or another" that I was told happens when you are around him.

My life as a Messenger there was pretty much pure misery. When I first arrived, I had to get a security

check, which everyone gets when they arrive. They asked questions like who you talked to on your way there, if you told anyone where you were going, etc. Well, something must have been registering on the E-Meter, because after I thought I was done with the sec check, I got taken back in for another one. I kept being asked over and over again what I was withholding, and I couldn't come up with anything. So the next day, I got taken back in for a security check from Mary Sue's personal auditor. That apparently handled it, because I wasn't taken back in anymore.

Meanwhile, I was on "fulltime study". First, I had to do an orientation to where I was, and learn the "shore story". According to this story, we were to say we were guests on the ranch of some lawyer in LA who owned it. We all had aka's (also known as), which we had to learn. LRH's aka was Mr. Blake. The Messenger's kept their first names, but our last names were changed slightly. This was so LRH wouldn't have to learn different names for us, since he was already accustomed to our real names. So when we were in town with him, he could just use our real first names. The last names were only slightly changed so that if we ever got caught in a lie, we could say that someone "misunderstood what we said our last name was" or something like that.

Part of my training as a Messenger was "Messenger

TR's". These included things like having a coach give you a whole string of orders and I'd have to repeat them back verbatim, and repeat them in the exact same tone as they were given. Messengers, when "running a Messenger for the Commodore" have to deliver the message or order verbatim, and have to do it in exactly the way Hubbard said it--if he's mad at them, the Messengers just blast it, or if he's commanding someone, we'd have to give the message in that same tone of voice.

I had to study "Messenger Logs". These are logs which the Messengers keep that are an hour-to-hour and minute-to-minute log of everything the Messengers do and everything LRH does. It includes waking up, taking a nap, yelling at a Messenger, visiting, reading and issuing telexes, eating, Messenger's washing his hair, giving him a back rub, etc. It's a daily log, kept every day, of everything he does and everything that happens.

Part of my Messenger training program was to study and learn all of the medications LRH took. I know he took many medications, but I left before I was actually assigned to do it myself.

The Messenger watch was designed so that there was always two Messengers on watch with LRH. In addition, there was a "Messenger Traffic Watch". This was one person who went through everything being sent to LRH.



The Messenger on Traffic Watch would handle most things himself. On things that he knew LRH wanted to see himself, he'd send them straight in to LRH. On the rest, the Messenger would read the communication, and either reject it (if it didn't have enough data, or wasn't done well, etc.), or would handle it--like approving a program proposal, or an issue. On ones he approved, he would type up a short summary of what it was and what he did with it, and send it in to LRH. This way LRH didn't have to read the whole thing--he could just read the summary.

There were two watches when I was there. One was from about 5 A.M. until 3 P.M. The second watch came on at 3 P.M., and though they were "off" whenever LRH went to bed (about 11 P.M. or midnight usually), they usually were there until 2 or 3 in the morning working on things he had left for them to do. When I was there, I worked as a "ghost" (that's what they called Messengers in training) on the second watch.

LRH had the following schedule: He arose about 6 or 7 A.M., audited himself for about an hour, went back to sleep until about 9 A.M., had breakfast, and then went to his office to work. He had lunch around noon, and went back to sleep for a nap. He awoke about 3 P.M., did 15 minutes of exercises in his courtyard, and then returned to work. He had dinner about 6 P.M.

Then he went back to work. He went to his room around 11 P.M. The Messengers on Watch would go with him and he would dictate the next day's battle-plan to one of the Messenger's while the other would give him a back-rub. First thing the next morning, the Messengers would xerox the battle-plan and give copies to everyone involved. Wherever LRH planned to go that day, the Messengers would give a copy of the battle-plan to the person in charge of that area so that they would be ready when he came.

The Messengers went everywhere with LRH. We chauffeured him, we followed him around carrying his ashtray and cigarette lighter, and we also lit his cigarettes for him. LRH would explode if he had to light his own cigarette.

LRH and Mary Sue slept in different quarters. Though I never did this, I understand the Messengers helped pick out the clothes LRH would wear in the morning, then help him dress, and at night, help him get ready for bed.

I found LRH was very moody, and had a temper like a volcano. He would yell at anybody for something he didn't like, and he seemed mad at one thing or another 50% of the time. He was a fanatic about dust and laundry. The Messengers, at the time I was there, were also doing his laundry. There was hardly a day that he

wouldn't scream about how someone used too much soap in the laundry, and his shirts smelled like soap, or how terrible the soap was that someone used (though it was the same soap used the day before), so someone must have changed the soap. Well, believe me, no one argued with him. If he said someone changed the soap, then someone must have changed the soap...that's all there was to it. I was petrified of doing the laundry.

He is also a fanatic about cleanliness. Even after his office had just been dusted top to bottom, he would come in screaming about the dust and how "you are all trying to kill me!". That was one of his favorite lines--like if dinner didn't taste right--"You are trying to kill me!"

At the time I was there, LRH was very involved with photography, movies, and making cassettes (at that time, he was making the "TPC Cassette" which is now out in all the Scientology bookstores). He would visit A/V (Audio/Video, where the cassette was being recorded) practically daily. He acted like an expert authority on virtually any subject, and that included movies, tapes, etc. One time when I was with him at A/V, he yelled 4-5 times about one thing or another wrong with the recording. It was like "The Emperor's New Clothes". He yelled even if the recording appeared flawless. Of course, everyone would agree with him,

and jump to fix it. One day he was so furious with someone in A/V that he threw the person across the room. Needless to say, that person was busted off his post, and assigned a condition of "Stupid" (LRH would do that to people when he became really mad--assign them "Stupid"), and ordered him not to communicate with anyone else in A/V or on the ranch.

At this time a movie studio was being built. Since it wasn't finished, all the video movies were being done by Unimed (Universal Media) which was located near Clearwater at the Fort Harrison. All video's would be sent to LRH to critique. Meanwhile, he experimented with different film to choose which type he was going to use to make movies when the studio was finished. We (the Messengers) used to model. We had to sit and do what he told us to do--like pose for a mug shot, or pretend to pose for an advertisement in which we were selling him something, etc. Later, in 1978, when the Movie Studio was finished, he moved all Unimed personnel to the ranch to shoot movies.

Mary Sue had two little dogs on the ranch. There was a story about these dogs, that they were "special dogs". First, they were "clear". Second, they could tell if people had overts and withholds--especially overts on LRH or Mary Sue. The dogs barked at anyone who had the overts or withholds. I first met one

of the dogs when I walked into the living area of LRH and Mary Sue. The dog came tearing out of Mary Sue's room barking and raising a racket. I realize now, of course, any dog will bark at a stranger. But at that time it totally distressed me. I started walking around wondering what deep, dark terrible overts I had committed on LRH or Mary Sue in this life or past lives.

Writing this now, I find it hard to believe that I believed so much of this nonsense. I don't know how to describe it other than I no longer had anything in me that questioned or wondered about things LRH did. It was simply fact. There was nothing else to it. When it came to the subject of Scientology or LRH, I had no ability to reason. I would justify in my own mind anything that I would even start to think was weird. Any and everything could be justified if LRH said it, wrote it or believed in it. If I doubted, I thought it was because there was something wrong with me.

There was also a "political clique" within the Messenger Org at the ranch. This is actually important in Scientology. The hierarchy is a game of "politics". You stay on the good side of the right people, and you will do fine. But if you get on the wrong person's bad side, you will get busted quickly. The Messenger's at WHQ (Winter Headquarters--the name of the ranch), were mainly ones who had worked with

LRH for years and had a great distaste for Messengers in the "outer units". The Messenger's at WHQ were "better", etc. So my life there wasn't too easy, though there were a few Messengers I knew whom I had worked with in Clearwater before they transferred to WHQ.

With the combination of everything I have stated, I started having serious questions and doubts about the whole situation, and I "blew" in June, 1977. I don't know how to describe this other than what I felt was that there was something wrong with me, not with Scientology, because of the fact that I didn't feel I could conform to what was going on around me. Therefore, I was not good for the Sea Org. It is a whole guilt trip that they lay on you. You see, according to Scientology, people leave only because they have committed overts etc.

So I left and went to Indiana to a friend who was a public Scientologist. At this point, I didn't know anyone who WASN'T a Scientologist. She talked me into calling the CO CMO, which I did. The G.O. then paid for a ticket for me to fly back to Clearwater. I went back and was put in the Rehabilitation Project Force.

#### REHABILITATION PROJECT FORCE

The RPF was created by LRH in 1974 for people who were in ethics trouble and not getting handled, as well as for R/S-er's. The RPF rules and regulations are all

garage. We took roll call, and then went to do "Cleaning stations" (cleaning the bathrooms and hallways of the F.H.). Then we had breakfast, then roll call again, then went to study for 5 hours. After that we went to work on handling the SO-1 files. We did that until about 10:30 or 11:00 P.M. Then we had another muster and then went to bed. Then there was a bed-check of everyone.

The rules of the RPF are:

1. No walking. You had to run all the time.
2. You were not allowed to speak to anyone outside the RPF.
3. You were not allowed to originate any communication, written or otherwise, to anyone outside the RPF, unless there was an emergency situation, or unless you cleared it with your RPF senior's first.
4. You were not allowed to go anywhere by yourself, unless authorized to do so. Even when going to the bathroom, someone had to go with you. You would also get in trouble if you saw anyone start to go off by themselves and didn't go with them, then report it.
5. You had to call all RPF seniors "Sir". If there was some reason you had to talk to someone outside the RPF (and got

covered in the "Flag Order 3434" series. The basic issue which gives the outline of the RPF is Flag Order 3434. There are numerous other issues as more rules and regulations were made. These issues are all in a series (i.e. F.O. 3434-1; F.O. 3434-2, etc). I believe they were up to around F.O. 3434-30 by the time I left.

The idea of the RPF is to "rehabilitate" people who are out-ethics, Sp's and/or psychotic. The RPF is a totally "self-sustaining" unit. In other words, it handles all of its own tech, ethics, etc. The senior person is called the RPF Bosun. Directly under him is the RPF MAA. Under him are the section leaders, and then the section members. There are 5-8 people in each section, and each one is numbered "Section A", "Section B", etc. Each section is assigned different "cleaning stations" and projects to do. The only exception to that is the "Tech Section", which doesn't work on projects because they have to handle the co-auditing in the RPF.

The RPF operates on "two watches". While one watch is on study, the other watch is on work. When I was first sent to the RPF, the Clearwater Bank building (Scientology owned) had just burned down, and my section was assigned to "salvage the SO-1 files" (SO-1 files are all the letters people write to LRH). I was up at about 5:45 A.M. and we mustered in the Fort Harrison



permission for it), you had to call them "Sir" when speaking with them.

6. All letters you wrote had to be put in a stamped, unsealed envelope, then dropped in a box in RPF room. The RPF MAA then read all out-going mail. You are not allowed to send anything directly out of the RPF, including and especially, personal letters.
7. You are allowed only in "RPF designated areas", which, for me, was the Fort Harrison garage (it is a spiral 4 story garage), and the RPF course room, right off the second floor garage. You were not allowed to go anywhere else, the only exception being during morning cleaning stations when you cleaned the rest of the Fort Harrison.
8. Had to wear dark blue boilersuits or dark blue shirts and pants
9. Were not allowed "luxuries" (their word for it) such as music, seeing T.V. (at one point half dozen people were sent to the RPF's RPF for having seen some T.V. in a room they were in when they were sick), playing cards, perfume, etc.--anything like that.

10. There is an F.O. 3434 series called "Rocks and Shoals". These are penalties one gets for anything they do wrong such as non-compliance to an order, not calling a senior "sir", walking instead of running, missing a spot on a mirror you were cleaning, etc. The penalties consist of doing so many laps, sit-ups or push-ups. The laps are running up and down the garage ramp.

When I first arrived in the RPF, I went to the RPF MA (Master-at-Arms, in charge of "ethics") and was given forms to sign. I don't remember what I signed. I don't remember reading them. I only vaguely recall one of them which was something about how I entered the RPF voluntarily to be able to get redemption, and that I'm being treated well, being taken care of, etc. I don't remember at all what else I signed. For one thing, I was still in a state of shock and confusion at being in the RPF. They were forms to go to the G.O. - I do remember that much.

The next step in "routing into the RPF" is to work out with the PPF MA what your condition is on the 1st dynamic (yourself). The RPF in itself is your "liability" on the 3rd dynamic. The 3rd dynamic is the group dynamic, that is, your relationship to others. That's why the RPF

is sort of an amends project. When you complete the RPF program, you have to get every staff member in the Flag Land Base to sign your liability formula, and then you're considered out of the RPF. The condition of the 3rd dynamic, acceptance of the group, is thereby fulfilled.

To complete the RPF, one has to co-audit the RPF program during the 5 hour daily study time they are allowed. The auditing program at the time I was there consisted of:

1. Classified Confessional;
2. Expanded Drug Rundown including a full battery of objectives;
3. Word Clearing Method I;
4. Any other Expanded Dianetics;
5. Expanded Dianetics including full R/S handling;
6. Conditions and Exchange by Dynamics

Everyone in the RPF has a "twin" whom they co-audit with. Each person not only has to complete the RPF auditing program themselves, but they must audit someone else fully through it. So "twins" audit each other.

The actions are learned (how to audit) by what is called the "Read it-Drill it- Do it" (RDD) basis. You read the necessary HCOB's on how to audit the action, then drill it and get a check out on it by the RPF

Tech Supervisor, then go audit it. The auditing is set up like the old Saint Hall style - everyone audits in the same room, lined up, or on separate tables all over the place. At first it was hard to get used to doing that, but after a while it stops bothering you, and then you really don't care if everyone hears all the crazy things you say in session because you know everyone else around you is just as crazy as you. This is the general thought of people there.

After you're in the RPF awhile, you just learn to "accept the fact that you're crazy and that's why you're in the RPF".

Frequently PC's would go nuts in their auditing, and start hollering and yelling and crying and carrying on. So the Tech Supervisor would just move the co-audit outside and they'd continue auditing in the garage.

We received \$4.00 a week here. If we needed to buy soap or cigarettes or something like that, we'd give a list of what we needed and the money to this guy who would go to the store once a week for the RPFers to get the things we needed. We were not allowed to go ourselves. We weren't allowed to step foot outside the building!

I was actually only "on the decks", working on projects for a few months. I then became the Tech In Charge of a watch. After a few months of that I began having

trouble sleeping, and my auditing was becoming weird. My mind was starting to fall apart. I was used to late night work, from being a Messenger, so I requested to become an RPF C/S (Case Supervisor): I'd read over all the sessions each night and "grade" the auditor and tell him what things to run the PC on the next day. The C/Ses had to work at night so the PC folders would be ready the next day for auditing. This was approved, and I became a C/S, which I continued until I left the RPF.

When I was first in the RPF, we ate on a table set up in the garage. But as winter came around, it was a bit cold, and it was also "bad PR" for the FCCI's who saw us. FCCI means Flag Completed Case Intensive. They are public scientologists who were paying for services at Flag. The FCCI's would always walk past us on their way to and from their cars. So we were moved into the "lower" staff dining room and ate there after the staff finished eating.

Our sleeping arrangements were bad. The guys slept in what was used as the RPF course room during the day. It was an old storage room, with no windows. They would throw their mattresses on the floor at night, and the room was filled with wall-to-wall mattresses.

When I was originally in the RPF the girls slept

in a hallway near an elevator shaft, leading to the garage. The mattresses covered the floors there also. We were later moved to an old locker room in the Fort Harrison, with no windows. They let us turn the vents on during the night to keep from suffocating but the door was closed to prevent someone from blowing. An RPF MAA or someone "high up" in the RPF, would sleep near the door, and of course bed checks were done nightly. There were also F.H. Security Guards constantly policing the F.H. plus an "RPF Guard" in the garage at night.

In December, 1978, we were moved to a storage area in the garage. It was a partly wooden, partly cement, enclosure built against one of the garage walls. It was built to be a storage area, but as the RPF grew so large, it was made the RPF girl's sleeping area. Wooden bunks were built, that were about 1/2 to 1/3 the size of a regular twin bed. The bunks were built 3 and 4 stacks high, and were put in there side-by side. Our "mattresses" were pieces of foam cut to fit the bunks. It was like crawling into a hole to get into bed. You couldn't even sit up because of the bunk above you, and it was difficult to try to turn over because they weren't wide enough. The worst problem was that being in the garage, we inhaled all the car fumes when cars

would go through, in addition to the noise of cars that FCCI's and staff would make driving in and out.

We had routine visits from Fire and Health Officials in Clearwater. Somehow, the G.O. seemed to know in advance when they were coming, and were warned. When they arrived, we stacked mattresses, boxes and all sorts of junk in our sleeping space, to make it look like a storage area. The officials apparently never suspected that people were actually living there. If an official surprised us, the G.O. would take him around other F.H. areas while we received the message to make it look like a storage area. The staff lodging in the Fort Harrison was pretty bad also. Many staff and students had 6-8 beds in a small room. When officials came around, those rooms were locked or signs put on them "Confessionals in Progress" so no one would go in, and the G.O. would randomly show them other rooms with only 2 or 3 beds.

I find it very difficult to describe what happened to me mentally and emotionally in the RPF. I spent the first few weeks getting one security check after another. The first was a security check on anything I had done or told anyone while I was "blown" and any overts while I was at WHQ. After that, I received a visit from the G.O. and was accused of taking money from W.H.Q. I was security checked on that. Then I received a special

security check written by the CMO on everything I had been involved with or knew as a Messenger.

After all that was finally over, I was given a "twin" and started on my RPF auditing program. At this point, I realized I was a List 1 R/Ser because the person I was 'twinned' with was a List 1 R/Ser. According to RPF rules, only List 1 R/Sers could twin with List 1 R/Sers. This order is one of the F.O. 3434 series. Obviously I had R/Sed on one of the sec checks and was now considered a threat to L.R.H.

This really shocked me, because I knew List 1 R/Sers were SP's and therefore I was a Suppressive Person, which according to their policies meant I was evil and psychotic. It took me weeks before I could "accept" that I was an "SP". I finally realized and accepted the fact that I was an SP, psychotic and needed the RPF. It was my only hope for salvation.

This thing of "psychosis" is very much imposed on you in the RPF. When I didn't think I could handle the RPF, I talked to the RPF MAA about it and he had me read policies on R/Sers and psychosis and psychotics. Then he explained how the RPF is set up in a way to handle psychotics. Because psychotic people cannot follow orders, or complete cycles of action (in other words, finish any-



thing they start). You are told that the RPF rules are there to keep everyone's psychosis under control long enough to audit and handle them.

At musters people told "success stories", such as:

"Today I realized why I'm in the RPF. I realized that I really am psychotic about many things and that I really have to handle it. And all I can say is thank you L.R.H., for giving me this chance to get handled and redeemed."

"Today in my auditing we handled a psychosis I've had for trillions of years, and we ran it back to the basic and it just blew. I know I'll never have that psychosis again."

"I just finished handling an ethics cycle with the MAA and it's probably the best thing that's ever happened to me. I found that my ethics have been out ever since I got into Scientology, and because my ethics have been out, the tech wasn't going in on me so I wasn't getting the gains that I should have been getting. Well, I can now say that I really am a Scientologist, and I know that LRH's tech is the greatest in the world."

Everyone at musters would cheer and clap. These are just examples of some of the things people said.

Within the RPF, is the RPF's RPF. This is where

people who haven't realized that they need the RPF, are sent. In Clearwater, they were sent down to the boiler room under guard, of course, and had to work there the entire day scrubbing pipes and walls in the boiler room. They are segregated from all other RPF members. They were given a pen and paper to write their overts and write lower ethics condition formulas while in the boiler room. They were allowed 15 minutes to shower before going to bed at night and allowed an average of 5 hours sleep. They ate after the RPF ate, and were only allowed enough time to eat. They did this until they realized how evil and suppressive they are and how much they need the RPF.

About a dozen people were sent to the RPF's RPF during the time I was there. One guy was sent there because he tripped down the stairs and accidentally set off the fire alarm in the Fort Harrison. Usually, the people there were those who wanted to leave or who had been involved in some sort of "out - 2D". "Out - 2D" consisted of kissing or holding hands with the opposite sex. You were not allowed any relationships with the opposite sex, unless you were married.

People who were married saw their spouses during one meal break (30 minutes) a day. The spouse had to join the RPF member when the RPF ate, because the RPF

member could not go to a staff dining area. They were allowed one night a week together regardless of whether both were in the RPF or not. Then, if the RPF member stats were up, they could join their spouse after the nightly muster, but had to report back in the morning. The "night-out" room was in the day care center, which wasn't used for anything at night. The couples would throw their mattresses on the floor there for the night.

The one night out a week was cancelled by LRH sometime in June or July of 1978. RPFers were not to have contact with their spouses except once a day at a meal. This was an F.O. 3434 series written by LRH.

If they had children, RPFers were allowed to see them during the meal time, plus one hour a week, if their stats were up.

Auditing in the RPF almost destroyed me. For one thing, I had had trouble going "Backtrack" - into past lives. After I finally learned "past track remedies" where you say anything that pops into your brain, like monsters or fighting space wars, or whatever, my imagination ran wild and I began having two or three pictures popping up at one time, I wouldn't know which one was actually a past life or if it was my imagination or if they were all past lives but at different times, or what. I was "run" on stuff I'd already been "run" on. I had

3 - 4 drug rundowns, "re-verifications" of my Method 1, 35 hours Opro-by-dup, etc. I was getting upset and the more upset I became, the more I was subjected to auditing. As my "auditing program" deteriorated, I became more of a security threat and they then put me on security checks to go over all my overts and withholds. I finally just shut up, submitted, and let them audit whatever they wanted on me.

This led me to Expanded Dianetics. This is where you audit out or "run out" all your "evil purposes", and evil intentions and handle your "Rock Slams". Evil purposes that you run out are "to destroy" or "to kill", etc. I must have run dozens of these evil purposes, then we turned to my R/S handling. By now it's somewhere around the beginning of 1978, I think. I really have very little sense of time here - for one thing, one day was just like the next. There was no variation. Week-ends were the same as weekdays. It is all sort of one big lump to me - especially after I started on my Expanded Dianetics and my brain really started to come apart. I was in sort of a cloud or a daze most of the time, that's the only way I can describe it.

My R/S handling I think was the point where my brain wasn't just falling apart, but it started to get fried. I was running out all these evil purposes connected

to the R/Ses, and I started spouting out and running out the weirdest things like, "to be somebody else", "to blow up a planet", "commit suicide", "to never grow up", "to kill myself", "to destroy bodies". The list was endless. My brain was just getting fried on all of this. I mean I had to have been the most evil and craziest person that ever existed. I don't know how to describe what happened other than my brain was frying right up. I felt like I was in a daze half of the time. I'd do things, sort of like watching myself doing them but not realizing I was doing it, as if it was somebody else, except that I knew it was me. I'd scream at my auditor, I'd throw down the cans to the E-Meter that I was holding, I'd refuse to get auditing. I just created a real scene. So of course, I ended up in ethics, and had a "body guard" put on me.

This whole thing was a period of weeks, I think. But actually, in the state I was in, it could have been 2 days or it could have been 2 months. Somewhere around here I got sick and was "off post". I was in "sick bay". I was sick for a few days, running a high fever. One morning, the RPF member who handles the sick RPF people, woke me up very early to take my temperature. I told her it was too early, and turned over and went back to sleep.

She called another RPF member and they made me stick the thermometer in my mouth. I did, and went over to the bathroom, because I had just gotten up. My temperature was still high. They left, and the next thing I knew, the RPF MAA was in there. He ordered me out of bed and onto the decks. I was angry, upset and running a fever. I was ordered onto the decks because the RPF MAA received a report that I went to the bathroom with the thermometer and had put it under hot water to raise the temperature.

It's an LRH order that sick people are supposed to be "isolated" from others. When the Flag "Medical Officer" found out I had been pulled out of isolation, she came over and took my temperature. It was high, so she sent me back to Sick Bay.

When I finally left "Sick Bay", it was in the evening. I walked into the RPF course room and there was an order on the bulletin board throwing me off post and back "on the decks." I couldn't handle that in the state I was in. My auditing was crazy, and the only other thing I had in my life was my C/S post.

I looked at the order, turned around, and went to a phone in a hallway (interbuilding phone) and called the Registrar in the F.H., giving him a false name. I convinced him to give me the phone number of another Scientologist in

Clearwater. She was the only person I knew who wasn't an S.O. member and I believed that she would not turn me in. Then I walked out of the garage, jumped over the wall, and just kept walking. No one noticed me, I don't think anyone knew I had left Sick Bay, so I was not guarded at the time.

I walked like a zombie for about 15 minutes, at least I think it was about 15 minutes. There was nothing going through my mind. It was completely blank - like a zombie. It was like my mind was off in space somewhere. I noticed nothing around me; I don't know where I walked. Anyway, after about 15 minutes, I began to realize that I had just jumped over the wall. I was in serious trouble. I was petrified and wanted to return but if I did, I would be under guard again and placed in the RPF's RPF. I would also again be placed on their Bad Indicators (B.I.) list, which consisted of people who were under guard at all times. I was on the B.I. list when I was taken off the C/S post, except no one knew I left the sick room, so they hadn't assigned a guard to me yet.

I'm not sure where I was, somewhere on Fort Harrison Avenue, I think. I sat down on a stairway to figure out what to do. Then I remembered I had made that phone call to get my friend's number, so I walked to a 7-11 and called her. I received directions to her house. It was approximately 4-5 miles. I walked it, and when I got there, there were

4-5 guys waiting for me. I'm not sure if my friend called them or if someone heard me asking for my friend's phone number. I completely broke down when I saw them, crying and carrying on. I told them I wanted to talk to my friend alone. I was pretty incoherent talking to my friend. I wasn't making too much sense by this point, and the tears were just flowing. I kept crying about how I couldn't handle the RPF anymore. That it was not them, but it was me; I said that I needed Expanded Dianetics and I had to get myself handled because I was psychotic, but I couldn't get it handled while in the RPF, because I was too "restimulated"; and therefore, I would never get out of the RPF. I was just rambling. Meanwhile, my friend was convincing me to return to the RPF. She said I would be a fool not to go back because I'd have such a "freeloader bill" that I could never pay it back. She told me of a friend of ours (mutual friend) who had left Scientology, and then was killed in a motorcycle accident. If I left I'd probably pull in a "motivator" like that, (Scientology believes if you do something bad, then something bad will happen back to you - called a motivator). Finally, I agreed to go back, and "route out" of the "Sea Org".

So I was "escorted" back by the guys, and put under immediate guard. I think by now it's about the beginning of August. The next few weeks until I actually left are pretty



hazy to me - sort of like one mass of confusion. I know I got a "Court of Ethics" and a "Committee of Evidence" and a "Fitness Board." All of these were ethics actions showing how bad I was for wanting to leave. If I began to "doubt" Scientology the MAA would tell me that I wasn't doing the formulas right and to go back and do them again. I was slowly becoming crazy.

Meanwhile I was under guard, and I refused to work most of the time. I was a real "basket case." I finally reached the point where they would just let me sit and do nothing, or work on my condition formulas all day long with someone watching me. Sometimes they would have two people watching me. One of the MAA's tried to throw me in the RPF's RPF, but I screamed and yelled that I would "bite" him if he touched me. So they just let me sit, except for hassling me during the day about being a "freeloader." They would say: "Don't you think you should do a little work, at least to pay for the food you're eating?" I usually replied with a "no." Sometimes I agreed to work. I think they were at a point where they just didn't know what to do with me anymore.

I finally announced that if I didn't leave I would become insane. The CMO then announced that LRH had approved an "amnesty" for RPF members." When I came in, there were about 40 RPFers. There was around 130-150 when I left because people were not getting out. This amnesty was that any RPFer who wanted to, could leave the RPF. They would not have a

freeloader debt which generally amounted to \$30,000 - \$40,000. They would be a Scientologist in good standing, but they could never work on staff anywhere until they completed their RPF auditing program at their own expense.

This meant that I could get out of the RPF and not have a freeloader debt. This very much concerned me because I knew I could never pay the debt off and Scientology was rabid about making money and having you pay your debts to them. But I also had no money of my own to complete the RPF auditing program because I had worked for them for virtually nothing for six years, 7 days a week. I was caught in a terrible situation. I was brainwashed into believing that I needed RPF auditing but had no money to pay for it; and if I didn't get it, I could not continue in Scientology.

I accepted the amnesty, along with 7 or 8 other people. We all then received security checks concerning whether we were taking any Scientology data with us, what our intentions were when we left, etc. Then our luggage and stuff was all checked and searched to make sure we didn't have any internal documents, etc. They went through all our pc folders and made a list of anything that could ever be used against us, such as crimes of this lifetime, including stealing, selling drugs, prostitution, etc. - anything considered illegal in the eyes of the law or immoral in our society. These lists were then drawn up as affidavits, and we had to sign them. Then we were all taken over to the C.O.'s office and signed

other forms. I don't know what I signed. I don't even remember reading what I signed. I was just handed a pen and told to sign.

On September 2, 1978 I boarded an airplane to Colorado with pre-paid tickets from my parents.

If I could sum the RPF up in just one sentence, it would probably be "it is a process by which they make you believe that you are psychotic, and then you actually do become psychotic."

#### AFTER LEAVING

After I arrived in Colorado, I spent the first day glued to a chair listening to the radio. I didn't move from that chair until 2 a.m. I wanted nothing more in this world than to hear music.

Although I now live in a great deal of fear and terror because of what Scientology did to me, the constant control and deprivation imposed on me has left me with an appreciation for the simple things in life. Things like being able to get in a car and go for a ride, being able to be alone, being able to walk outside, feeling the sun on you, and all by your own choice without anyone telling you that you have to do it or that you can't. I don't think I ever really understood what it means to be free and have freedom, until it was taken from me.

Shortly after I returned home, Jonestown occurred, and

that did it for me. I realized that if at any point LRH had handed me a glass of poison and told me to drink it, I would have, with no questions asked and no second thoughts. At that point, I think I got "shocked" out of Scientology.

I later wrote to some Scientology friends with whom I was still in contact. I told them I was no longer a Scientologist. I never heard from them, but instead received an Ethics Order declaring me a Suppressive Person and expelling me from the "Church."

Emotionally and mentally, I went through quite a trauma adjusting to the outside world. I experienced a culture shock. My parents helped me. They left me alone the first few months and I slept and rested most of the time. Occasionally, my parents took me for drives in the mountains. My mother was very understanding and she never made me talk about my experiences. But if I wanted to talk, she was there. They didn't make me feel like a fool for what I had done, though I certainly felt like one. I started to come out of the "daze" I was in, within 2 months, with a lot of "TLC."

I was 23 years old, and I didn't know anything about opening a personal checking account, taxes, investments, buying a car, shopping, social security (that was a word I heard that had something to do with retirement). Watergate was something that I remembered hearing about, but I only had a vague impression that the President was impeached or

resigned because of something he did to the Democratic party.

I also experienced something that I believe most ex-cult members go through - a sort of "void" where everything you believe in all of a sudden vanishes, and it leaves you with nothing to hold on to. It is a very strange feeling. I went through a long period where I simply didn't believe anything, T.V., books, newspapers, etc. I didn't believe because if I had been so wrong before, how could I trust myself again to believe anything was right.

I eventually researched and studied mind control and the effect of it. I began to understand what had happened to me.

Around January or February, 1979, I decided to do something about Scientology. I heard Senator Dole was doing an investigation on cults. I wrote him a letter about Scientology, LRH and the RPF. I didn't sign my name, but I suppose it is possible to ascertain who I was by what I wrote. Anyway, shortly afterwards I began to receive threatening phone calls. In one call the caller said: "You like your parents don't you?" Then he laughed and hung up.

The next incident that happened is very vague and uncertain to me.

Following one of these threatening phone calls, I went to a restaurant/lounge where my brother and friends usually meet, across from my brother's home. I remember ordering a "Tequila Sunrise" while waiting for my brother.

I spoke to a man I didn't know who approached me and started a conversation. He left after about ten minutes. I left shortly after that feeling a little strange, the next thing I remember is waking up in a psychiatric ward. My front teeth were knocked out. Apparently, I lost my balance and fell on my face. The doctor told me that the laboratory found amphetamines, thorazine and other drugs in my blood.

I do not take drugs, nor do I have access to them. Aspirin is about the strongest medication I take. I had no knowledge or memory of having taken these drugs. I have little memory of the lapse of time between being in the lounge and ending up in the psychiatric ward. I am trying to piece the days together prior to my hospitalization.

I don't know what happened to me. I received a call at work about a week after being discharged from the hospital. The caller said: "Next time you won't be so lucky."

I consulted a therapist at the Mental Health Association after I was discharged from the hospital. Initially, I was terrified and frightened. Then I felt the most intense hatred and anger I had ever experienced directed primarily toward myself and to Scientology. I turned inward, and came very close to putting a hole in my head.

I'm over that now and the anger has left me. I do get upset when I think or talk about the RPF or what happened.

to me in the hospital. I shake and I get the chills, and I suffer from insomnia. There are times when I "flash back" to the "daze" that I had. It only lasts about 3 or 4 seconds. It occurs when I'm in an uncomfortable position, such as being near someone I don't know. Someone will say something to me, and I hear them. What was said to me registers, but my mind goes blank in response. It can be something as simple as someone asking me what time it is, or asking me if I like the food I just ate. It takes me a few seconds to answer. It doesn't happen too often, but when it does, it scares me, and leaves me shaken for a few hours.

I moved to California in June, 1979, to start a new life.

Shortly after I moved, my parents received calls from people who identified themselves as "a friend" wanting to know my new address, or where I was. A few months after I moved, someone called my former place of employment in Colorado and said they were from Avco Finance "doing an employment verification on me." Debbie, the girl who received the call said that I didn't work there anymore. The caller acted suprised, saying that she had a loan application from me, and asked for my current address. Debbie gave it to her. Another friend at this place of work called and told me what had happened. I hadn't applied for any loans.

My mother called all the Avco Finance offices in the Denver area, and no one had called about me. I notified the people where I worked not to give anyone information, unless I let them know to expect a call. Fortunately, I had just moved, so the address the girl gave them was incorrect.

The following week, my former employer received another call. A different girl in the office answered the phone, and the caller said that she wanted to speak with the girl that she had spoken to the week before about my employment verification. So Debbie took the call, and the caller identified herself as "Janet, from Aetna Finance Company." She said that she wanted to re-check the address that was given to her. Debbie wouldn't give her any information. The lady became upset and harassed her about not giving the address when she had been willing to disclose it the week before. Debbie told her that I had instructed her not to give out the information, and "Janet" said something to the effect of "Oh, then you're in touch with her, and you do know where she is." The caller said that I had applied for a loan and that this would affect the application. Debbie finally hung up. The person called right back and asked to speak with Debbie. "Janet" said she had just talked to her supervisor and he didn't understand why Debbie wouldn't give her information on me. Debbie told her not to call again. "Janet" then said, "Well, thank you, Miss Sheffield," in an



angry tone, and hung up. Debbie had never disclosed her last name.

Shortly after I contacted Attorney Michael Flynn in Boston about the class action suit brought against Scientology, my supervisor at work received a call from an unidentified person. The person said that I was rude, bad for business and would cause the loss of customers. My boss said, "I don't know what you are talking about. Annie is a great girl. Happy New Year." She hung up.

I have never been rude on the phone at this job and if it was a customer, they certainly would have identified themselves because we know all our clients by name.

I have read about the cases in Washington D.C., involving burglary, theft, and bugging by the G.O. and I have been told of various instances where the G.O. have wiretapped the phones of ex-Scientologists. If the G.O. knows I have joined the class suit I am afraid of what to expect from them.

Since the foregoing affidavit covers many years, some of the dates set forth in this statement may not be precisely accurate, but the dates given are my best memory.

Those facts with which I have personal knowledge are true. Those facts with which I do not have personal knowledge I believe to be true on my best information and belief.

Signed under the pains and penalties of perjury.

Anne Rosenblum  
Anne Rosenblum

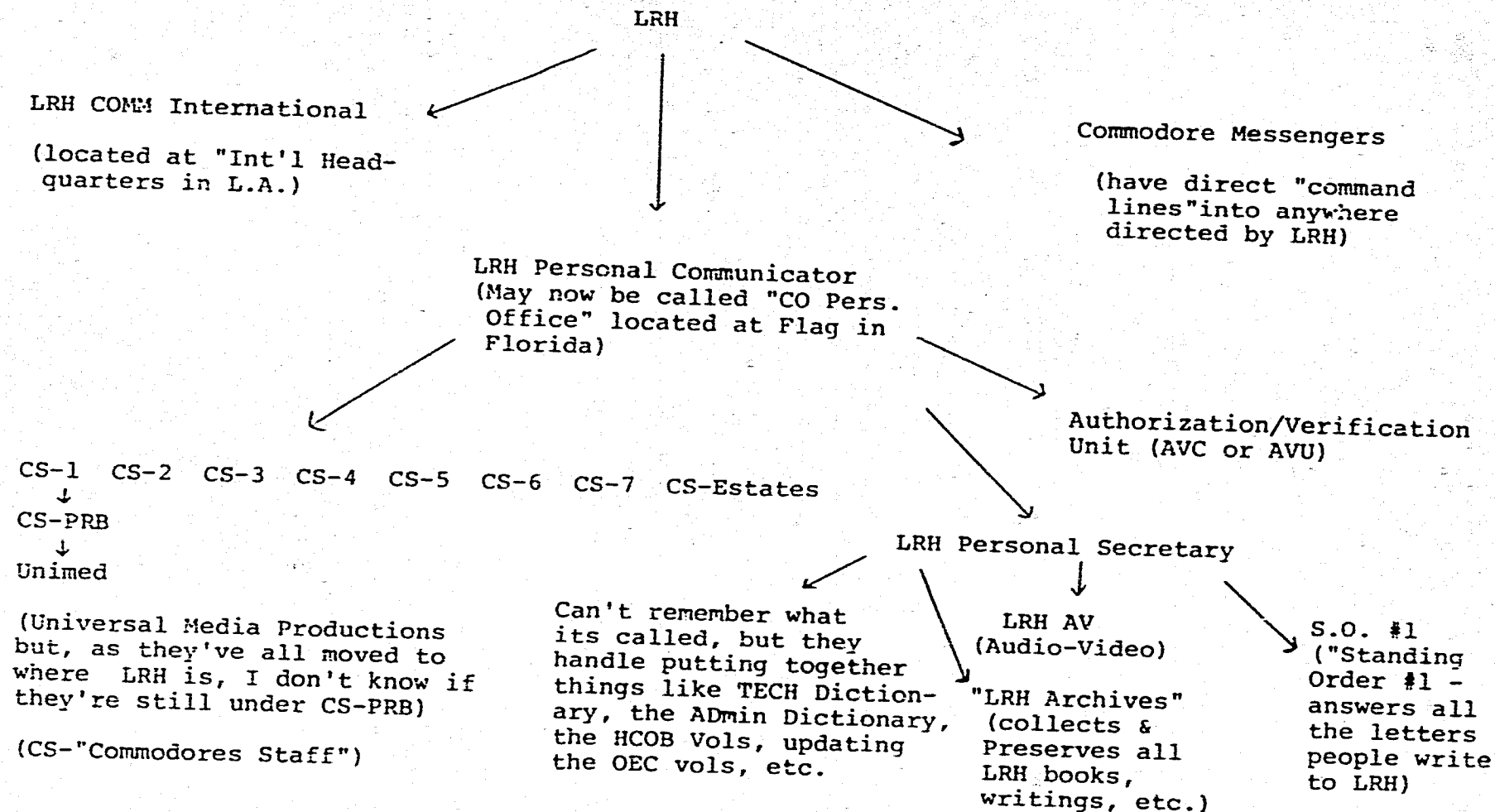
ORG BOARDS

The following "Organizing Boards" or "Org Boards" as they are called, are a rough sketch of the "command lines" of Scientology.

They may not be totally correct, as Org Boards are continuously being changed, though the basic command lines (i.e. from the Flag Bureau to the Continental FOLO to the local church) do not change.

When I was a Messenger, I did an evaluation of the Flag Bureau and proposed a complete Org Board change to Hubbard. I went to the RPF shortly afterward.

PERSG. & OFFICE OF LRH



Guardians Office

LRH

This I know the least about. I never bothered with it, as it didn't concern me. I only handled internal management of the orgs. The G.O. handled everything else - like P.R., or Bl.

Controller or CS-G (Commodores Staff Guardian)  
(Mary Sue)

Guardian W.W.

D/Guardian of the Continent

Handles missions  
and franchises.

Asst. Guardian of the org.

to the Executive Director, or  
directly into anywhere or anyone  
in the org if they "deem it  
necessary for the protection of  
Scientology."

CO FB

D/CO FB

## Supercargo

## Chief Officer

<u>Division 1</u>	<u>Division 2</u>	<u>Division 3</u>	<u>Division 4</u>	<u>Division 5</u>	<u>Division 5A</u>	<u>Division 6</u>
Recruitment, mail in and out. ethics handlings	Promotion - made literature for Flag Services and other services.	Collects "debts" of those who left the F.B. and are therefore charged for auditing and training received while on staff. Does inter nal audits, payroll, Sea Dog reserves.	Collects and files reports and information on every organization on the planet. Does evaluation of the organizations based on this data and writes programs to make the organizations to better. Ensures compliance is gotten to these programs.	Sends "missions" to organizations which aren't doing well.	Handles auditing and training of F. B. staff. Also handles correction of staff members of the F.B., such as finding these "misunderstood units" on policies they would apply correctly.	Gets Missions and franchises to become full-fledged Churches.

I.T.O. - International Training Organization - students from programs came to train as Executives here.

Any orders from the F.B. to Organizations go (1) to A.V.U. - Authorized Verification Unit, (2) the Continental F.O.L.O., to (3) the local org.

Command lines to and in Orgs.

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Note: A.V.U. may have been moved out of the "Personal Office," to "Int'l. H.A.S." there were plans of that, as I recall.

CO FB

LRH Comm FB

LRH Comm Int.

A.V.U. (for U.K.)

Continental F.O.L.O.

Continental LRH  
Comm

Flag Rep

Executive Director

LRH Comm

H.C.O.  
Exec. Sec.

D/E.D.

Org. Exec. Sec.

Div. 1

- (1) Dept. of Personnel.
- (2) Dept. of Communication
- (3) Dept. of Ethics Officer.

Div. 2

- (4) Dept. of Promotion
- (5) Dept. of Publications
- (6) Dept. of Registration

Div. 3

- (7) Dept. of Income
- (8) Dept. of Disbursements
- (9) Dept. of Reimbursements

Div. 4

- (10) Dept. of Technical Services
- (11) Dept. of Processing
- (12) Dept. of Training

Div 5

- (13) Dept. of
- (14) Dept. of Correction
- (15) Dept. of Validation

Div 6

- (16) Dept. of Information
- (17) Dept. of Public Services
- (18) I can't remember