

Nineteen EightyFour



GEIR ISENE

My way in and out of Scientology

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"Of all tyrannies, a tyranny exercised for the good of its victims may be the most oppressive."

— C.S. Lewis

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Foreword

Should, Should Not

IT WAS AUTUMN VACATION, and the family was on a sailing vacation in Greece. I was quite satisfied with myself after having stood at the helm of a 47.3-footer and docked without problems in the busy and narrow Hydra harbor. With the PC under my arm, I aimed for the coffee bar on the other side. Here the writing would happen, in peace and quiet in idyllic surroundings. A good sofa welcomed me, and I didn't need to be asked twice. The waitress noticed her new guest and came to my rescue as I searched for an electrical outlet. I ordered a latte, and she hurried toward the kitchen. I sat down, and full of writing enthusiasm, I was about to embark on my journey through the OT levels, the upper levels in Scientology, these well-guarded secrets that fascinate so many. Secrets that to many appear as pure science fiction, and which the church protects with tooth and claw. And because the church doesn't have that many means to resort to in its defense of the OT levels, they use copyright to protect their income stream. Founder Hubbard was completely clear that the content of the OT levels had to be protected at any price. The levels were supposed to set

a person free from suppression in the present and all previous lives, all the way back to the first civilizations in the universe, and even before that – from when humans did not have bodies and were capable of creating universes, from the time when souls were gods and played games far greater than what we know as life here on earth. And much has happened since then. From being almighty individuals, humanity has fallen so deep that we today sit trapped in a meat body and believe that love comes from chemical reactions in the brain. Along the way we have made great mistakes and experienced much suppression, and it is these mistakes and this suppression that the OT levels are meant to reverse.

If the uninitiated gained knowledge of the content of the OT levels, Hubbard believed that evil forces could again suppress others in a far more insidious and penetrating way than we have experienced in torture chambers and concentration camps in modern times. With such knowledge, a suppressive person could go further than tormenting a body. He could weaken a person's fundamental abilities and enslave the soul, or the "thetan," as it is called in Scientology, something that would give psychological torture a completely new dimension.

In addition, there was the point that people who were accidentally exposed to the material before they were ready for it could become severely restimulated – that is, the material would feed the suppression that had happened very long ago, and overwhelm the person in present time. The person could get psychological problems or even become physically ill from reading the secrets.

In the knowledge of how to free a person from previous suppression also lies the knowledge of how to suppress others. Therefore Hubbard was very determined when he wrote his guidelines for how

the church should protect the content of the uppermost levels on the Bridge. A person who revealed the content would first of all never be allowed to continue up the OT levels, and secondly the church would use all conceivable means to stop that person's revelations, even if they had to sue the person until he was bankrupt.

Anyone who begins with the OT levels must first sign a large stack of papers stating that he can be sued for millions if he talks or writes about what the OT levels contain. Several have experienced that the church takes this seriously.

I pondered. How could I write a book about my journey into, through and out of the Church of Scientology without revealing the content of the OT levels? Should I risk others' psychological health by writing about this just because my publisher would think this is important for the book's character? Is it actually true that people can become severely restimulated by the content, or is it just a self-fulfilling prophecy because the person himself believes he will be harmed by it? Should I risk house and home by irritating a church whose financial reserves make Røkke look like a small boy?

Thoughts flew through my head. For and against. Should, should not. On one hand, I had gained great benefit from the levels. On the other hand, it was clear to me that the science fiction story on level OT 3 did not hold water. But the famous story about what allegedly happened in this sector of the galaxy 75 million years ago does not determine whether the auditing on OT 3 gives positive results. It mostly serves to give the Church of Scientology a bad reputation. The story floats around on the net almost everywhere Scientology is mentioned. It was even subjected to national ridicule when the TV series South Park dedicated an entire episode to Scientology's so-called

creation story. Even though the media has gotten the idea that the story about the intergalactic villain who grossly suppressed this part of the galaxy is central to the Church of Scientology's teachings, it is at best an interesting anecdote. The creation story naturally goes much further back than 75 million years, and is well described in Hubbard's "The Factors" and "Scientology Axioms."

I continued pondering. Will readers become restimulated by reading about Xenu? Hardly, because then the degree of restimulation and psychological problems would have to be abnormally high just outside Lisbon, where an entire area is already named after the villain... or was it perhaps here that Hubbard picked up the name for the villain when he made a stopover on his way to Gran Canaria and recorded Ron's Journal 67 where he mentions the incident that took place 75 million years ago? No national health problems were ever registered, either physical or psychological, after millions watched the South Park episode. The myth about restimulation from being served the OT 3 story is... a myth. Hubbard himself wanted to film the story when he took the script "Revolt in the Stars" to the big shots in Hollywood in 1975.

All Scientologists I have met in the church firmly believe that it is dangerous to read the OT levels before one is ready for it. Most believe it can harm a person for life – or even longer. Many believe the reader will die or become seriously ill. But there is no documentation that anyone has ever been harmed after being exposed to the content of the OT levels. This despite the fact that Hubbard in plain language predicts deadly pneumonia for anyone who tries to get to the bottom of the content of OT 3 without using his redeeming methodology. What will happen instead is that Scientologists in the church who

read this will get a thorough going-over in the "ethics department" and will probably have to shell out several tens of thousands of kroner to "clean up" the (invisible) damage this book has caused. Here we have Hubbard's indoctrination at its worst. A completely unfounded fear is instilled in the members so that the secrets remain exactly that.

There are a couple of very good reasons why the OT levels are kept secret. The first is that such secrets function as a magnet on the members. They become part of an inner elite that "knows something others don't know." The second is that much of what is written there is quite silly and easily becomes subject to public ridicule. This costs the church a lot of money.

I continued the debate with myself while taking small sips of coffee. The contrast between my troubles and the magical Hydra outside became striking. I smiled. The whole thing was actually a bit funny. Here I sat as a dropout from a church that lives by making its members uniform, and I was trying my best to navigate my own former and current truths, signed papers, qualms about serving readers restimulation and means of suppression, and my fundamental ideological conception that information must be freely available. Because it is far better to teach people to handle information correctly than to shield them from information someone thinks they shouldn't have.

That is exactly why the internet is so good – an unfiltered ocean of information where users are forced to learn to evaluate for themselves what is correct and useful. The lack of absolute quality in Wikipedia is good for the same reason. You are forced to take what you read with a grain of salt – you are forced to train your own judgment muscle. It is the exact opposite of the Church of Scientology, where members are shaped to believe and obey what comes from above. Hubbard himself

is crystal clear in an article called "How to Study Scientology" where he earnestly encourages Scientology students not to believe what he writes, but to check it for themselves, whether it agrees with their own experiences. Nevertheless, that is not how the church functions. If you don't march in step, you get into trouble.

Transparency International, Amnesty and Wikileaks are assets in a free, democratic and open society. As ideologically principled as I was, I was nevertheless pragmatic. The world is characterized by colors and nuances, and I could not settle on a principled standpoint, at least not there and then on Hydra. It would not be right to potentially expose others to problems because I myself felt a need to settle accounts with my learned truths in the name of openness. It would not be right to let my family suffer because I made myself an easy target for a church that has shown it will stop at nothing to protect its own interests.

I decided there and then not to reveal the content of the OT levels. But after years of investigations and blogging about Scientology, and after realizing that the Church of Scientology could do nothing against those who spoke out, the ideal of the free flow of information won. It is untenable that some should have the exclusive right to others' access to greater freedom. I have firm faith in the individual's common sense and that each individual must have free access to information to make sensible choices for his own life.

Thus you get in this book both Hubbard's explanations of the content of the various OT levels and my own view of why they worked so well for me. If you think you will get permanent psychological damage from reading this, you can simply put down the book when you get to the confidential material. If after reading the confidential material in the OT levels you feel upset or completely calm, then I

would like to hear about it. Then readers of this book can help shape unofficial statistics on how it goes for those who are exposed to the Church of Scientology's innermost secrets.

But first of all I want to take you along on the journey up to and through the OT levels, as I experienced it myself.

I

An Autumn Day in 1984

THERE WEREN'T MANY MINUTES left before the performance began. Dag had a couple of meters' head start, and I was chasing after him. It would be by the skin of our teeth that we made it through makeup, costume and a quick sprint out onto the stage in the second act of Aida. The job as a soldier in the background of Verdi's venerable opera was exciting, and besides, we got paid a little for it. We rounded the corner of Nygata and Storgata. The Opera was in sight. With a slight taste of blood in my mouth, I was about to make a dash to catch up with Dag when a man stuck a piece of paper in my hand. I grabbed the slip and ran on.

A couple of days later I pulled out the slip I had received on the street. It said something about "dianetics" and "scientology." In large letters I was invited to the film "Freedom." I had never heard of either

"dianetics" or "scientology" before, but there was something about this slip that caught my interest. I decided to visit the place on Stenersgata.

The street numbers on Stenersgata were not clearly marked, and I fumbled around for a long time before I finally found something that looked like Stenersgata 16. A narrow, dark stairway in a worn building. It immediately became brighter when I entered the premises of the Church of Scientology Oslo. Several people were sitting around a table here checking off boxes on some sheets. A guy was playing guitar in the kitchen, while others looked like they either worked there or were students or something. A man came up to me and welcomed me. I was asked to take a seat on the sofa to complete a personality test. I thought it was probably okay, and ticked away on a sheet. I spent about three-quarters of an hour checking off one of three alternatives on 200 questions. Then the test was to be calculated, and I got to see the film I had originally come to see.

The film made an impression. It seemed like Scientology had some interesting angles on life and the universe. I was led into a room where a lady sat who was going to tell me who I was. Anita was accommodating and pleasant. She began explaining the various aspects of the test – what it measured, how it was structured and then what it said about me. Not that I remember all that much of what she said, but one thing left a noticeable trace: "If you're going to have a chance at picking up a girl, you should take a look at your communication level," she said. She pointed to a point on the test that wasn't particularly high. The point was in the "danger zone." I recognized myself all too well. I was far from being any ladies' man. The last time I touched a woman's breast was as an infant. Now I was 18 years and 7 days old.

Despite this crushing blow, they didn't get me to buy the suggested

communication course. Instead I asked Anita what they had to offer in astrophysics, particle physics, chemistry and mathematics. She became quite taken aback, raised the white flag and got the boss into the room. The boss turned out to be a Dane with a big beard and great composure. He smiled and explained briefly that Scientology encompassed more than 35 million words, and that founder L. Ron Hubbard had also written much about the subjects I was most interested in. He pulled out the book *Scientology 8-8008* and asked me to read it.

It's possible I've been a nerd my whole life, but in elementary school my interest in natural sciences truly awakened. From the age of 12 I used every chance to go to the University of Oslo to pester the professors with relevant and irrelevant questions about everything from cosmology and neutron stars to electromagnetism, gravitational theory and number theory. In middle school I got time off from math and science classes so I could attend mathematics lectures at Blindern.

When we were to enter new classrooms in middle school, I always made sure to position myself behind the tallest girl in the class to grab a desk right behind her. This would ensure I got less attention – especially when the teacher was going to point out who should read aloud.

The panic always came like a shocking cold shower when I was asked to read aloud in class. There is especially one episode I remember all too well. The Norwegian teacher I had at Oslo Cathedral School, "Katta," had written parts of the *Riksmål Dictionary* and was a skilled teacher. He tried his best to get me involved, and one day the dreaded words rang out: "Geir, then you can continue reading from the second paragraph on page 74." My heart beat hard. My head filled with fear, my mouth became dry and my legs and arms began to shake. I stuttered

and stammered, quietly at first, then somewhat louder so others could hear anything at all. Unfortunately, there were those who heard what I read. Håvard, who usually sat by the window right to my left, was now on the floor writhing with laughter. He hiccupped in rhythm with the rest of the class, who had also discovered what incredible distortions I had made with the text that was in the book. "Beam me up, Scotty." I wanted most of all to disappear, up to the starship Enterprise or down under the linoleum. My breath stopped, I gasped for oxygen and began to hyperventilate. Then it was straight down to the Health Directorate down the street, where I hoped to find a doctor who could save my life. There they checked if there was anything wrong with me. Nothing was wrong with me except the fear of reading aloud – a fear I was far from ready to tackle.

The book *Scientology 8-8008* is considered one of the most advanced within Scientology, but that is probably because it takes up subjects that are poorly explained in school. I read the first 31 pages and understood that these were sensible thoughts that linked physics to life. The book builds bridges between the physical and the spiritual, and gets a good grip on exciting questions within physics about energy, waves, matter and particles. Finally a book about physics that took the spiritual into account.

The next day I made the trip back to Stenersgata. This time Anita got a more manageable question: "What about this communication course?" She explained, and I started that same evening. It was three exciting weeks with a little theory and a lot of practice. The exercises in the course ranged from the seemingly banal to the really difficult. I learned to sit still and just be present, to have natural eye contact with another person, to say something clearly and distinctly, to listen and

acknowledge, to get my questions answered and to handle all kinds of digressions in a conversation. This was the start of a new period for me, a new and more open life. From a 14-year-old's thought that life wasn't worth living without the Nobel Prize in Physics, to living life as it was and to the fullest.

In the early 1980s, the Church of Scientology was not in the media spotlight, as it is today. Few of my friends had heard the word, much less read anything about the subject. I approached with unfiltered curiosity, without skepticism and with a desire to learn something new. Little did I suspect what power structures, abuse of power and violations of human rights I would encounter.

After the communication course I completed three different courses in rapid succession. The first was the Hubbard Qualified Scientologist Course, where I got to give and receive what is called auditing. This form of therapy gives the person the opportunity to discover aspects of themselves and get rid of mental blockages that they find limiting. The major study course was next – a thorough review of a study technique that gave me increased understanding of what I studied. Then came the great salvation for my part – the major communication course.

As early as March 1985 I signed a 2.5-year contract as an employee in the Church of Scientology. The contract lasted five months, as I found out that "being on staff" was not right for me. As an employee I could complete the major communication course as a full-time study over several weeks. The course transformed me from an introverted nerd to a radio program host.

In 1987 I started the local radio program "Midnight Magic" which a good friend and I hosted for three and a half years. We were told that

our program climbed to 2nd place among the most popular local radio programs in Norway – second only to Coca Cola Top 30. We had a wildly fun time, and imagination ran wild. Role-playing on radio was a new concept. Callers could play roles as knights in shining armor who were to rescue a maiden from a fire-breathing dragon, or James Bond who was to find and disarm an atomic bomb before it went off. The program is, as far as I know, the only one that led to a black market trade in recording cassettes.

When someone today asks what I have gotten out of Scientology, the story of the nervous nerd who became the program host for "Midnight Magic" is the simplest story to tell. It is by no means the only one, because it is clear that I have had great benefit from what I have done within Scientology. It is precisely this benefit that stands in such great contrast to the abuses I also experienced. Life and teachings are far apart in the Church of Scientology. Much can probably be explained through the quote from William Pitt the Elder, Earl of Chatham and British Prime Minister from 1766 to 1778: "Unlimited power is apt to corrupt the minds of those who possess it."

2

A Nerd Is Born

I WAS BORN at Rikshospitalet in 1966, seven weeks premature. I was 46 centimeters long and weighed only 1930 grams. I apparently lay in an incubator for some weeks and worked hard for my body to become strong enough to handle life's hardships. I don't remember anything from the time in the incubator, but the memories from the basement apartment on Nesodden where I took my first steps are short and vague.

It was on Nesodden that I began to wonder why – why the world is as it is and why people do as they do, and not least why we have it as we have it. Mom was closest. Dad a little further away.

The world was full of wonders: The grass was very green, the sky bright blue and the cat Lurva was deliciously soft. With insatiable patience she let me wreak havoc. I remember once I took her by the

tail and pulled her down from the bed where she lay almost on top of me so I could barely breathe. She was my protector, never growled and accepted that I was a small child. She placed her paws carefully against my face and made sure I was doing well. And I was doing very well as a child. I felt I belonged.

The family moved to Gullskåret in Fredrikstad in 1967. Here curiosity found fertile ground. Mom was at home and gave me a solid foundation to understand my surroundings. Dad had been a sailor since he was 15. Then he was told he had to move away from home to support himself. He continued as a sailor for the rest of his life, at least in spirit. Even today, as a retiree, he is a man of the sea. When I was two years old, Dad was captain aboard a boat with a Spanish crew, and I got to be with Dad at work and learned Spanish. I especially remember the episode where some Spaniards taught me to fetch beer from the refrigerator in exchange for payment in chocolate.

The full three years in Fredrikstad were for me the beginning of life. I remember all the wonder that everything was as it was. I wondered and asked, made friends and played. The attempt to get me into a kindergarten so Mom could work lasted only one day. I certainly wouldn't be parked with strangers who had no patience to answer questions. I didn't fit in. So it was a day-care mom instead – Mama Johnsen.

Life was harmonious, and it was never dangerous. Not even when Mom saved me from certain death as ball lightning struck where we had just been standing.

The rain was pouring on the way home from the store. We both had rain gear, but it was raining from all sides, so we got wet to the skin anyway. I didn't like sitting in the stroller, so Mom pushed while

trying to hurry me along. I liked the rain and thought it was a bit cozy walking there beside Mom. The groceries went into the stroller, and we walked together hand in hand. Just us. In the pouring rain. Suddenly I was thrown to the side, down into the ditch. The world spun around and Mom came leaping after. It banged. And gravel spurted. Lightning struck the ground where we had stood less than a second before. Mom was terrified, quite white in her rain-wet face with hair that stuck to her forehead. She explained that we had just avoided being struck by ball lightning. She barely managed to throw us aside when the lightning came. I thought the whole thing was exciting and wondered what ball lightning actually was. Mom took a few minutes to collect herself before she explained it to me. Not even ball lightning was dangerous, because safe Mom was there, and then nothing was dangerous.

Like most children, I was intensely present. The rain that day was deliciously wet, and the excitement tangible. The sky was gray. Not just gray, but different shades of gray. The gravel wasn't just gravel. It was stones – big and small, brown, spotted and some a bit gray. Even the sand was made of grains of sand, and none of them were alike. The taste of lightning, the smell of ozone. Mom's hand was big, soft and rain-cold. The cold was shut out by rain pants that went all the way up to the chest. The sweater was like a good duvet and kept me warm on the upper body. Only on the toes had the cold snuck in. But just a little. The sensory impressions were mine. I was the sensory impressions. We went as one. The world around me and I were equally strong. I belonged because the world was mine. It was also others'. But it was equally mine. My world. My adventure.

At home in the dry apartment I helped Mom get the groceries out

of the shopping bags. It's certainly not easy to help when the body is so small and the mind is so fleeting. The groceries were heavy and concentration was not quite at the top. I fumbled and tried to move the large package of OMO detergent. Mom came to the rescue. She felt the package. Felt it some more. Looked surprised and said: "But it's completely rock hard!" She opened the package and found that the washing powder had become hard as a brick.

We strolled into the laundry room where we tried to turn brick into powder. While Mom unpacked more of the groceries from the store, I sat there for an eternity chipping washing powder with a butter knife. Mom was unsure whether the small lumps would dissolve in the washing machine. She wondered if the brutal natural phenomenon we had escaped had petrified the powder in the package.

It was never lonely, except when I slept. Security wasn't there when I dreamed either. Fortunately, I had my own safety net at night. I often knew I was sleeping, and then I could control the dreams. In the beginning only to a certain extent, but as I became familiar with the dreams, the control became quite good. In the cozy dreams I could create excitement by deciding that I could fly. Or decide that some slightly creepy monsters came running that I could shake off, for example by making a new door in the cliff wall where I was rushing along with a bunch of scary creatures on my heels. Quickly out with a newly invented key, some fumbling, key in the lock, turn, slip in. But what if the villains also had a key? No problem, I just decided that the door no longer existed, and voilà the monsters were shut out from the cave inside the mountain. But in here there might be something even more dangerous... And suddenly new dangers came hopping into the dream. The control was only partial so it became exciting and fun.

Once in a calm and harmonious and a bit boring dream I introduced some creeps who came running after me. Across the streets and into a building. Elevator phobia commanded me up the stairs. Out on the roof I barely dared to peek down at the street. With a tense relationship to heights I felt the nerves take hold of me. It got worse when the monsters came leaping up the last steps and saw me on the other side of the rooftop. Now good advice was hard to come by. It wouldn't be long before they got hold of me, scratching with their monster hands and slobbering over a pair of child legs. Suddenly I remembered I was dreaming, and a clever little idea was hatched. I picked up speed and jumped off the roof. Fast but controlled, I fell down toward the street below, landed calmly and ran on. "I can't die in my dreams," I thought. "But the monsters don't know this is a dream, so they don't dare jump after."

Dream control as a safety net was useful against most things. But not against Muan. He was the most dangerous of all. Hanging outside the window he waited for me to fall asleep, and came creeping into my dreams when it suited him worst. He couldn't be controlled. He was mighty, dangerous and evil. Several times I forced myself to wake up, but it helped little. Muan was still there, outside the window. I took a running start out of bed and over to the bedroom door and rounded 180 degrees to the right, where with a jumping leap from the threshold to Mom and Dad's bedroom I landed somewhere in their bed. Quickly under the duvet I found the safety net and held on to Mom as hard as I could, who asked "Was it Muan?" I nodded and knew I was safe. For this time.

Even though I had reasonably good control over my dreams, I was clearly aware that I didn't have full control. And it wasn't just Muan

who was beyond what I could control.

The mind contained a lot of strange things. I had many strange thoughts. Often random thoughts came, and then I became distracted. In fact, I was often distracted and absent-minded. There was so much to think about. Fantasy and daydreaming took over and I was gone for a few minutes. I wanted to create. First my own world, and then I wanted to show it to others. I talked about my fantasies, about what I wished for and about how everything could have been. I thought a lot about my inner life, and although they were often naive thoughts, I had many reflections on what was going on in my mind. I wanted better control over my mind, something I didn't get a grip on until twelve years into Scientology.

Sometimes the mind wouldn't do as I wished. A spinning ball... it was fine to make it blue. Then red, although it took a few milliseconds before it changed color. But then I was supposed to make it spin the other way. It wouldn't obey. Thoughts tore and pulled at the ball spinning in my mind. But no way in hell would it stop or spin the other way. It was stuck and had gotten a life of its own. The only thing that helped was to think of something else – not feed it with life, but starve it of attention. After a while it was gone, and I could create a new ball that spun the right way. Just had to be careful not to think of a ball too early, because then the red, stubborn ball would come forth again, and it would take at least ten minutes before it was completely forgotten. Sometimes it was like that. Other times not. Parts of the mind were under my control, other parts were beyond my command. Did it have its own life? Or was it someone else who controlled it? Was it perhaps God? Or a Goddess? Or was it actually myself who had buried thoughts that wanted to come forward again and control a bit?

I didn't know, but I wanted to know.

We moved from Gullskåret to Bjølsen in Oslo in February 1970. I was glad that Muan stayed behind in Fredrikstad. A year by the banks of Akerselva in grandmother's apartment did me good. I got a little sister. Mom and Dad decided she should be named Anne.

It was a full 17 years on the east side of Oslo. The apartment in Erlends vei cost twenty thousand, and then we got a washing machine included in the purchase. I sat in the back of the newly purchased Volkswagen Beetle filled with excitement while we drove up Tvetenveien and onto Sigrid Undsets vei. It goes in a ring and makes Tveita a kind of island with forest on a slope on all sides except toward the east. There lie Tveitasenteret and several road junctions that connect Sigrid Undsets vei to Godlia and Haugerud.

It was a good environment in the block. Friendly children on all sides made up for my shyness. I stuck to what was safe, was a bit anxious about new people, about water, about heights and about elevators.

I don't remember what Mom was going to do that day, but she was determined to go to the top of Økernbygget. We were to enter the elevator. Then my stomach became defiant – more defiant than when I was supposed to be far under water. I had taken the elevator before and knew what feeling it brought with it. Into a small box that was pulled dangerously high up by a fragile little cable. A frayed cable would mean the end. No, here we would go up the stairs. Mom refused. Eighteen floors by stairs was too much. I tried my best to sell the dangers of taking an elevator, but Mom wouldn't listen, and the adults decide. So into the elevator we went.

The doors snapped shut in front of me, and it ticked a whole second before the disgusting feeling came. A sinking in the stomach

and the body became heavier. I thought about the cable and counted the number of bodies in the elevator, then looked over at the plaque where a maximum number in the elevator was written in bold type. We weren't that many, but some of the bodies had eaten too much. Under the maximum number was an explanatory number that showed what the manufacturer meant by so many people inside an elevator. It stated an exact number of kilos. I started calculating while trying to estimate by eye what each overfed adult could weigh.

Before I finished calculating, the worst of elevator feelings came: the suction in the stomach, and I thought I was going to throw up. Far too light-headed and with sweaty hands I grabbed Mom's coat. The liberating light from the corridor outside filled the elevator as the doors slid up. I was the first to get out.

Before the traumatic reading episode in third grade I was more social and physically active. There were several children in the block at Tveita who played baseball, cowboys and Indians, built huts in the forest that sloped down toward Loelva, and went on expeditions here and there in the neighborhood. Little-Dag lived three entrances further south in the same block. He was the bravest boy I've met. I doubt he ever felt fear. He was two years younger than me, and a bright and good friend. One day he had found out that I had elevator phobia. I was 10, and he was 8.

Little-Dag had gotten his mother to make a load of sandwiches, which he brought to me in two large lunch boxes. He said firmly that now we were going to take the elevator in the high-rises. I wondered if he had gone nuts when he said he was going to cure my elevator phobia. I had taken the elevator several times since I lost the discussion with Mom on the first floor of Økernbygget. But it wasn't something I

liked at all. Little-Dag pulled at me. I hesitated, and with good reason, because it did after all involve a danger to my own life connected with trusting a box and a cable. Little-Dag challenged me and used the word "wimpy." That did it. We trudged up to the first of the three monster blocks, and up and down in the elevator we went. After a couple of hours with steadily decreasing nervousness and several stops in the basement and between floors, we were thrown out by the caretaker. But that didn't matter, because there were two more blocks with elevators. For a full thirteen hours we kept at it, until I was completely calm and comfortable with riding elevators. You'd almost think Dag was a Scientologist the way he helped me confront my own fear.

Most subjects in elementary school went well. In gym it was a different dance. I wasn't fast, and I had no stamina. The picking for baseball was unpleasant. Tom, Tore, Arne and Morgan were first out. Then came some tough girls and the mediocre guys. Finally the weak girls were picked out, and at the very end the choice was between Merete, Sven-Tore, Geir Erling and me. Fortunately, Merete was usually left standing last.

Baseball was kind of fun. The whole class cheered enthusiastically when the teacher took out the bat and suggested we go out to the schoolyard. Tom and Tore were often captains of one team each. Having them on the same team would have been boring for one team and an exercise in pain for the other. They took turns picking players. In the beginning I stood there with a hope that Tom would pick me early. We were after all neighbors and very good friends. But no way. Tom was a boy with a pronounced competitive instinct. He had trained himself up to brown belt in judo as a little kid, and although he was

among the smallest in the class, he was among the best in all forms of sports.

As I became used to the selections I became more at peace with being bored at the beginning of the picking. Toward the end my heart began beating a bit faster, and the feeling of being a second-rate gym student became stronger. The desire not to be the last one nobody wanted took hold of me. Nervous and with clammy hands I looked with pity over at Tom where he stood with a determined expression and ready to crush Tore's team. Stine was chosen, and then Geir Erling, the weakest in the class. Thus there were only three left. "Please, then," I thought while almost trying to stare Tom down. Tom picked Sven-Tore! The biggest and slowest in the class. He was cross-eyed and could barely hit the ball, even if we had played on the moon with one-sixth gravity. I understood nothing... Sven-Tore? This was too damn bad. Merete and I stood there as third-rate gym students. She was used to being last and didn't seem to take it to heart. At least not on the surface.

In a fit of momentary madness it slipped out of Tore's mouth: "Merete." What the hell? That beanpole? Is it possible? I was demoted to useless. The emotions were chaotic. Humiliated in front of the whole class I shuffled over to my friend Tom. He was the captain of the team that had to make do with loser Geir. "Well, thank you very much," I thought, and was a bit less friendly with my accordion-playing neighbor in the apartment above.

Math, however, was easy, far too easy. In the summer vacation before third grade I raced through next year's math book and did all the problems – also those in the extra booklet. Proud as a rooster I delivered the books to the teacher. "Finished," I said and waited tensely.

He leafed through and asked if I had done all the problems. "Yes, all of them," I replied. I don't quite know what I expected, but Antonsen was quick-witted and gave me a couple of juicy problems to bite into. After finishing these I was free to find my own math problems. Sitting in the hallway nerding together with Jahn was great. I was in my element. But it wasn't particularly good for my reputation in the class.

I handled the social codes quite poorly, and quickly understood that I could compensate for this by being smart. As long as I could tinker with math, astronomy, physics and other natural sciences, completely alone, yes, then I was comfortable.

Social mastery took a severe blow in third grade when I was supposed to read aloud. It was known in the class that I had a good memory. I specialized in remembering homework by heart, especially poems and songs we were supposed to read. I usually stood with a straight back, and with pride in my voice performed poems. Until the day I had forgotten the lesson. I became completely desperate when the teacher said we were going to read aloud. Of course it was me the teacher asked to read. I wasn't so good at reading quickly and fluently, and that was much of the reason I memorized the poems by heart. I quickly skimmed over the poem and tried my best to "photograph" the poem. It went badly, of course.

Slowly and shakily up from the chair. The book lay down there on the desk and I took off. With my gaze straight ahead toward the teacher I recited a mangled poem, unsteady and fumbling. During the belly flop I often looked down at the book to fetch words while several in the class shouted: "You're cheating!" They were used to me remembering what we were supposed to read. The teacher tried to help me by saying that I didn't need to remember the poem at all. I

could just read it aloud. But it was too late. I had already made a fool of myself in front of the whole class. Perfectionism got a cold shower, and Norwegian was no longer a fun subject. Reading aloud became difficult after that episode.

My little world became so much bigger the day my mother pointed up at the starry sky and said: "Do you see those three stars that stand like pearls on a string up there?" She pointed at Orion's belt, and I looked curiously up at the stars. Funny that three stars should stand so straight in a line. As usual I began asking questions – about what a star is actually made of, how big they are, how far it is to Orion's belt, why they shine and so on.

I had just turned eight when interest in astronomy was awakened. Orion's belt was the start of a lifelong love for natural science. Mom was an excellent inspirer with her tireless ability to handle all my strange questions and observations. Until I was eight I was going to be a paratrooper when I grew up. After this late autumn evening I was going to be an astronomer.

The library at Tveita became my friend. And math teacher Antonsen inspired. He was a different kind of teacher with his funny stories and strange comparisons. He let me off to sit in the hallway and calculate the distance to our neighboring stars together with Jahn. A light-year is the distance light travels in a year. That's dizzyingly far, a full 9.46 trillion kilometers. And the nearest star is Proxima Centauri, which lies 4.2 light-years away in the direction of the southern constellation Centaurus. Proxima is a small red star in a three-star system where Alpha Centauri A is quite similar to our own sun.

It's not so easy to grasp the enormous distances and size of the universe. Mom bought a series of illustrated books where one of them gave

a good introduction to astronomy. Here I could read about the earth and moon, about the sun and planets in the solar system, about the nearest stars in our large galaxy, the Milky Way, about our neighboring galaxies and galaxies far, far out in the great void we call the universe. Math was much easier than people. In math there was right and wrong, in social life most things went wrong. And it was so unpredictable. I couldn't see the answer so easily. One day something was fine, the next day it was completely wrong. A rule was not a rule. It depended entirely on who had set the rule and who was supposed to enforce it that particular day. I wanted simplicity, symmetry, harmony – a good world with good adventures. But maybe it was precisely the world as it was that was the ultimate adventure. I just hadn't found my place in it yet.

There was a reason I got low conduct grades. In my head there were many unstructured thoughts, which resulted in lack of structure in school and at home. I was distracted and easily derailed. The project of reading Gyldendal's encyclopedia from the beginning lasted about 10 pages before interest in physics and chemistry distracted me into reading new books from the library at Tveita, then Deichmanske and then the University Library.

With the unofficial title of class nerd came the usual portion of bullying. Morgan understood that I was a suitable bullying victim, below average in strength and with a poor ability to fight back. I didn't have particularly many friends in the class who would defend me either. Morgan was most bothersome, but sometimes I got a beating, and I came home crying. The pain of being humiliated was probably greater than the physical discomfort.

While Morgan was physical in his bullying, some of the girls were

more insidious. The boys were rough and it was tough at times. But the feeling of being socially excluded was the very worst. The girls were good at that. The looks, the condescending attitude, the worship of Tom and Tore and the ignoring of the class nerd.

In sixth grade I discovered Einstein's theory of relativity. Fortunately I found a teacher at Tveita middle school who could explain the principles in an easy-to-understand way. She took me through the mathematics behind the theory, and I was completely hooked. After she had taught me what she could, she recommended that I take a trip up to the University of Oslo. There were teachers and professors there who could answer everything.

My stomach tingled the first time I, as a twelve-year-old, took the subway to Blindern and walked nervously into the physics building. The man at the guard desk was friendly and helpful. He would prove to be a fantastic educator. Frank was as big in spirit as he was around the belly. He was never going to have children, but he knew how to nurture the interest of a little nerd. Frank studied at the Astrophysics Institute and had the guard job in the physics building to supplement his student loan. Hour after hour we sat in the guard room. He drew, explained and enchanted me with mathematics, physics and astrophysics. Finally I got insight into theories about the origin of the universe, about the birth and death of stars, about gravity, space and time. Everything was well baked into fascinating mathematics on blank sheets and with pencil. I wish I had saved the piles of paper. They could have become a great textbook for young nerds.

My trips to Blindern became a whole separate world. It was as if I created my own universe disconnected from everything else. Here there was no one else who decided what I should do – I was independent

and stood completely on my own feet. None of my friends from Tveita were there, and my family just nodded approvingly when I told them about the day's trip to the citadel of knowledge. The actions were mine. The feelings were mine. No dictates, no tasks that had to be done, no obligations. It was just me and my free will. Pure exploratory drive mixed with creative desire was a wonderful feeling. Freedom.

After many trips to Frank's guard room in the Physics Building, I began to roam around in the tall building looking for new answers. The particle physicists were particularly interesting, because in the basement they had their own cyclotron. This was used to study particles that collide with different types of matter, and where the result of the collisions can be seen in different detectors. By accelerating particles and letting them collide with other particles, one can see what the particles consist of, and new ones can arise as "waste." Thus we gain access to new knowledge about how matter and particles are built up. It was also exciting in the Chemistry Building, but this interest was first nurtured after a friend had acquired a chemistry set.

In the Mathematics Building there was only theory. Without laboratories, the inhabitants here try to calculate why mathematics is as it is. And since mathematics is physics, chemistry and astrophysics' foremost tool, mathematics lays the foundation for several other sciences. In addition, mathematics is exciting in itself. It gave me many wonderful moments with mental challenges.

The most exciting of all, however, was the Astrophysics Institute, the small building west of the physics building. A brick house like the others, but on the inside it was much nicer. In the stairway by the entrance hung an enormous map of the moon, with craters of all sizes, and with a poster on the second floor showing the names of the

various details.

Jahn had gotten a chemistry set and wanted to show me some fun reactions in test tubes. We were at his house where he mixed and stirred, stirred and mixed. It hissed and bubbled, and so did the interest in chemistry. Mom had a set of books called *Studia*. They covered high school curriculum and then some. One of the volumes contained chemistry as a subject, and I didn't need to be asked. *Studia* became my friend, and I plowed through the chemistry section in parallel with Jahn playing mad professor. Then it was off to the library for more books about chemistry. When Tveita library had no more to offer, there were more visits to the chemistry building at Blindern. I skipped the chemistry set and went straight to professional equipment, because in the chemistry building there were several lazy chemists who couldn't be bothered to wash out the glass flasks after laboratory experiments. They gladly gave me several boxes of equipment that I sat for hours in the bathroom at home washing by hand. But – without strange substances, no chemistry. First I went to the pharmacies with lists of substances I needed for my innocent experiments. Most of it could be eaten without getting so much as constipation, but after a couple of months of harmless chemistry, the urge came to tackle the more exciting exercises in the textbook, and the pharmacists began to shake their heads. I was told that I could buy neither red nor yellow phosphorus at any pharmacy in Oslo, nor pure sodium or radioactive substances. But a little nerd does not let himself be stopped. Everything for science!

I became the little mascot who came in the warehouse entrance at Nerliens Kjemisk Tekniske AS and asked for steadily more unusual chemicals. Supplemented with substances from Blindern and a couple

of other historic industrial outlets for chemistry, I gradually built up an impressive collection. It bubbled and hissed in the laboratory at home, right next to my bed. The collection of chemicals included among other things phosphorus, cesium and uranium acetate, substances you need a police permit to buy.

It did not take long before it became uninteresting to watch the "iodine clock" change color from blue to clear to blue to clear to ... And it is not exciting in the long run to watch something bubble or hiss. More gunpowder was needed. In the beginning Jahn, Rolf and I made innocent fireworks. It went a little bang here and there, and eventually the police became aware that I could make noise. Once they had heard a loud bang and went straight to my block, where they found me in the grove right next door. I could tell them that this time it was not me. I was pretty bad at lying, so they could see I was telling the truth.

My mother had gotten wind of what I was up to and forbade me to take chemicals out. In fact, she body-searched me to make sure I had not hidden anything strange in pockets and inner pockets or possibly taped something behind my ears before I was allowed out the door.

It was shortly after New Year's Eve 1980/81 that it banged. It does little good to tell a little chemist that he must be careful. He must be shown how to protect himself when he moves out to the front where it bangs. No one had shown me sensible safety measures, and I was dead certain that nothing could go wrong.

Shortly after I told Rolf on the phone to stand below the window and receive the bag of chemicals, I strolled out into the living room for the body search before I, happy and content, was allowed out on new adventures. Down one flight of stairs and out in front of the entrance.

There Rolf stood, excited and wondering what I had in mind. "Zinc dust, sulfur, red phosphorus, potassium chlorate and a little copper sulfate to color the fireworks," I replied. We had done similar exercises before, and now we were going to pull off a blue-green explosion one meter above the ground. We hurried up to the high-rises. There we met another friend who stood debating inside his head whether it was smart to follow these two nutcases. Foolishness won, and he trotted after us over to one of those tables with crossed legs and a wooden bench on each side that you often see at rest stops in the forest. A strong floodlight was mounted on the roof of the red block right by. It gave good light when Geir and Rolf "Nobel" set about the task.

The substances were prayerfully mixed. Carefully in a matchbox. We knew the mixture was highly flammable, so Rolf stirred carefully. I stood bent over and followed closely when Rolf asked: "Do you think it is enough now?" "No, stir a little more," I answered nonchalantly. Suddenly it became light. Very light. In a powerful flash I was thrown backward and landed in a snowdrift right behind. It smelled of a hot dog stand and singed hair. I heard Rolf scream: "My hand is burning!" "Put it in the snow, then!" I shouted back. The second after I could hear it hiss as the hand with burning phosphorus vaporized the snow.

I was blind. It was completely black. The third man, who had sat on the other side of the table and nervously observed the experiment, came over to me after he had helped a screaming Rolf. He quickly understood that I could not see when he asked if I saw the floodlight on the roof. A shudder went through me when I understood that my sight was gone. I had lost my sight! Problems and new challenges passed in review. In seconds I went through everything from guide dog to Braille, career opportunities and how to recognize people. I

was quickly pulled back to reality by the fact that it hurt like hell. Fortunately I had glasses at the time, for in the plastic lenses there were two pits from red phosphorus that had hit and burned itself fast. Without glasses it could have gone much worse. The new down jacket I got from Mom for Christmas was perforated, and I had gotten a new hairdo.

Dizzy and disoriented and with second-degree burns we managed to stagger up to the third floor in the block right by, where the parents of the nervous but unharmed boy took us in. They washed Rolf and me, and then drove as fast as the car would go to the emergency room.

I got my sight back a minute too early. Eighteen minutes after it banged I could begin to see again while I sat in the back seat next to Rolf. He was naturally whimpering almost constantly while holding his left hand. The first thing I saw was his index finger cracking like an overboiled sausage. A yellow liquid ran out of the wound and I could see the blue-white bone, a sight I could well have done without.

Down at the emergency room we quickly passed the queue. I was laid on a bed, sprayed in the face with something cold, and with a kind of towel over my head and face. Out in the examination room I could hear the doctor explain to a desperate Rolf that the best thing was probably to amputate the finger, otherwise he would risk gangrene, and then they might have to amputate even more of his hand. Rolf begged and pleaded to keep the finger. Fortunately he escaped amputation. He got an index finger that could hardly be bent. The other fingers also got rough treatment.

One of the doctors took a phone in an office across the hall and called my mother. He calmly asked if he had reached the right next of kin and told her that they had her son at the emergency room after a

homemade bomb had self-ignited while he stood with his face right above it. I heard a resounding "WHAT??" through the telephone receiver, out of the doctor's office, across the hall and over to where I lay grilled under a piece of cloth on a hospital bed.

Shortly after I could hear determined stomping in the corridor, and I quickly understood who it was. When the steps rounded the doorway, good advice was hard to come by. I started to whimper a little carefully, something that would prove to work. The furious steps turned into a mother's sympathy as she came over to me and wondered how injured I was. After a short evaluation of the situation she put forward an absolute demand that all the chemistry stuff had to go out of the house. Some days later I, downcast, laid one flask after another into a big garbage bag, which later went to special waste at Grønmo. The only thing I managed to hide away was the cesium ampoules and the jar of uranium acetate – worthy souvenirs from an explosive time. The explosion left a trauma that I only got rid of after some rounds of Scientology therapy many years later. When I was fourteen, I was firmly determined to become a professor of astrophysics. Without a Nobel Prize in physics and a solid entry in Encyclopedia Britannica, life was not worth living. It was a tangible goal, one that did not include social mastery or handling people. I was going to figure out reality and solve the mysteries of the universe. That there was a man named Hubbard who had sort of solved this 30 years earlier, I was not aware of.

Life was astronomy, particle physics and mathematics. I was almost never to be seen in social contexts, and only once did I go to a class party. I felt like a positron trying to enter orbit around a uranium nucleus.

I sought safety in what I mastered and actively avoided the situations I could not handle.

It was at one of my early member meetings in the Norwegian Astronomical Society that I met Henning. He had lent me a calculator so that I could experiment with self-modifying programming. He was an only child and had parents who were old. Henning was 16 when I was 14. He was lightning smart and knew a lot, also a lot about other topics than natural science, like music and record players, programming and self-development.

He had read a book called *Love Yourself*, and recommended that I read it. The book was gripping, and the hours-long conversations with Henning were rewarding. In parallel I had gained an interest in philosophy and in figuring out what lay behind the universe, about metaphysics and about whether there perhaps existed something more than the purely physical. I read a little parapsychology and toyed with thoughts about the spiritual. Henning was purely mechanistic in his worldview at that time. Until he suddenly became Christian and invited me to a Bible class in the Haugerud congregation.

Mildly surprised and a bit reluctant I came along one subway stop northeastward. Inside the church sat a hopping-happy Henning folding pamphlets while he welcomed me to the congregation. True, I had recently opened my gaze to a possible spiritual worldview, but this was pretty steep.

Here the boy with a completely physical worldview had suddenly become a happy Christian and raced past me in tolerance for the spiritual. I was stunned where I sat in the church listening to the priest speak. Then it was up to the second floor for a prayer meeting. Here we sat in a ring and one by one we were to pray to God, within hearing

of all the others. This was more than what I was ready for. But I could not very well get up and leave. Henning was my friend, and I sat down on a chair in the ring. Here I just had to see it through.

I prayed for something or other. It was actually not so bad, for it was easier to speak to several while I had my eyes closed.

My time as a trial Christian lasted a couple of months. Henning was by then also back to his old self, and we could continue as before.

The glimpse into the spiritual had opened something in me. Maybe there was something to this spiritual? Maybe we have free will? Maybe I am a spiritual being? And maybe it is possible to find out what we are, why we are and why the universe exists? What is our place in the universe? Does the universe exist if no one sees it? Does an objective truth exist? With a new dimension came a wealth of questions. The questions towered up. Maybe I could contribute to finding answers to all these questions? But preferably without involving myself too much with people.

I had noticed that the sensory impressions were stronger in childhood than they were in the youth years. The sky was not as blue, the sand was sand and gravel was not different small stones. The wind was wind and the air was what it was. I sensed a lot, but not as strongly as before. A kind of dullness had entered life. I was more occupied with finding the answers to the big questions, in the physical universe, among stars and planets.

With the possibility that we are all spiritual beings, thoughts about my own world of thought came again. The degree of control was as before, even though I was no longer as occupied with dreams. The ball would still not always behave the way I wanted. "Were the thoughts only mine? Could I become master of my own mind? Could I achieve

a state of harmony where everything was quiet and calm and where I fit in and where everything suited me?"

Maybe the most important question of them all is "why"? Children are good at asking and digging to find out why the world is as it is. Adults can grow tired of children's tireless seeking to explore and know. Especially they grow tired when they themselves can no longer answer the kid's peculiar observations. When the answers fail to come, or they are told to be quiet, many children stop asking. Later they stop wondering. Instead of asking me to be quiet or to stop asking such difficult questions, my mother encouraged me to continue my search for answers.

It was many years with steadily more knowledge in natural science, and it gradually became obvious that this area did not have all the answers. I had a suspicion that I and all other life consist of something more than matter and energy, something other than the purely physical. First it was a suspicion, then a clearer thought, and then I began to search for answers to what life really is, where we come from, and what the meaning of life is.

This never got any speed to it before I came in contact with the Church of Scientology. In the youth years it started with me beginning to read science fiction. My cousin began to read science fiction already when he was eleven. Rune and I had this interest in common. We read Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury and not quite so well-known authors like Alfred Bester and Brian Aldiss. We discovered the students' science fiction association, Aniara, and joined some of the meetings they had at Blindern.

This genre is much about the meaning of life and the universe. It pulls the reader out of the box and challenges one to think in new

tracks and with new angles of approach. Boundaries are explored and alternative explanations shed light on reality so that we get to know it better. The leap from pure natural science to sci-fi was not as long as one might think.

We met many with shared interests in Aniara, and it was exciting to take part in the social life. Here I felt at home, and I was accepted as the one I was. The members were nerds. They were interested in physics, astronomy, computers and role-playing. The nerdiness continued in upper secondary school, and I was part of starting the Cathedral School's Natural Science Society and later the Cathedral School's Association for Cramming and Understanding of Universal Constants. In the last association we became only three members. There were not that many who were interested enough to pass the admission requirement – being able to recite 52 decimals of the number "pi" and 34 decimals of the number "e" – both important numbers in mathematics. The one who was leader of the association was the one who could recite the most decimals of pi. Dag and I took turns leading the little association, and we reached around 350 decimals before we lost interest and other even more exciting interests took over. Like playing mental pawn chess in up to six dimensions while we walked to and from school.

Nor in upper secondary school did I go to class parties. I was simply not comfortable in social contexts. I kept to my own interests, and to friends I had something in common with.

In third year at Katta, Dag had been offered a job as an extra in a new production of *Aida* at the Norwegian Opera. He wondered if I wanted to earn some kroner. That suited me quite well, for I had several role-playing books I would very much like to buy.

I was almost always late. Bad at keeping track of both time and money, I often came rushing in, at the last minute and with empty pockets. A few days after my eighteenth birthday we were to make a performance at the opera. And it was on the way here, then, that I got the fateful slip in my hand.

3

A Scientologist Is Born

THE COURSE COST only 240 kroner. And it lasted for a full three weeks. I reached out my hand and greeted cautiously. A guy named Trond welcomed me and wrote my name on the list of all the students. The course room was full, so I had to sit on a chair right next to the course supervisor's desk and read the little introduction to the course.

With maybe 20 students, Trond ran like a yo-yo back and forth to help those who sat there studying. Some were reading, while others sat with headphones on and were deeply concentrated in front of old-fashioned Tandberg reel-to-reel tape recorders.

In the small room next to the large course room sat four students. Two sat there mouse-quiet with closed eyes facing each other on their respective kitchen chairs. I had no idea what they were doing. Medita-

tion? Mental exercises? Hypnosis? Telepathy? God knows. I glanced down at one person's chest and saw that it moved gently. They were breathing at least.

The other two also sat facing each other. They discussed a little before all hell broke loose. I jumped when one of them after a short "Start!" began to scold the other according to all the rules of art. From "Damn bastard!" to "Horse cock!" it escalated to words I only thought they could come up with north of the moral circle.

I didn't know whether I should smile, laugh, ask or get up and leave. The poor guy who sat there receiving the abusive words looked unaffected at the man opposite who in increasingly creative turns elaborated on the other's sexual inclinations. The course supervisor hastened to the door out to the sofa room where people from the street had been brought in to do a personality test. Neither "horse cock" nor "cunt" was particularly good for business. He excused the scene by saying it was a communication exercise and closed the door quickly before he came back to me. He pulled out some sheets and continued: "The course consists of a multitude of exercises, with a short theory part before each exercise. The communication course starts with some lectures where we take up all parts of a communication. You will learn about the Communication Formula, about what understanding consists of, how you can make yourself understood and how you can achieve better understanding of others." Trond understood that I was stuck on the session in the room next door, and explained briefly that what they were doing was an exercise that trains the student to be able to receive any communication without being knocked off his perch. They begin gently with communication that might possibly provoke a reaction in the student, until he masters it. Then the trainer will

proceed more forcefully until the student manages to handle almost any provocation or oddity.

"And the trainer is him there?" I pointed to the lunatic who was giving it all he had against the student who suddenly burst into laughter. The obscenities had apparently made him overflow into laughter. "Flunk!", said the trainer firmly, "you laughed, start!" And the trainer repeated exactly what had provoked the laughter. After several disturbing fits of laughter, it seemed that the student finally managed the scolding without being affected by it.

A bit nervously I asked if I should also go through the same exercise. "Yes," said Trond and fortunately added that it was as part of the professional communication course, which was the big brother to the course I was now going to do. "On your course, the gradient is much lower," he said. "The gradient?" I asked. "Yes, all courses we do in Scientology are set up on a gradient, so that the student can master one level before moving on to a more advanced level. This is what is meant by a gradient - that something becomes gradually more advanced, complicated or tougher. On your communication course we do the exercises on a lower gradient than on the professional course. There you really get worked over." Trond smiled. Here I was on unknown and shaky ground, in the middle of some kind of therapy or exercise group with lunatics screaming swear words at each other with a course supervisor who seemed completely unaffected, with personality tests, a guitar-playing guy in the kitchen, ancient reel-to-reel tape recorders and some strange graphs on the walls. "Completely crazy," I thought in my quiet mind. But for some reason I felt that despite all the strangeness, they had something to give me. A helping hand that could perhaps get the better of my total lack of ability to pick up a girl,

and which could perhaps remedy my general social insecurity. Maybe. I would give it a chance.

Trond continued right into a lecture about what understanding really is. He drew a triangle and asked if I knew what understanding consists of. "Uh, that you understand something..." I answered. "Well, yes. But Scientology's founder, L. Ron Hubbard, went further than that. He found out which three components make up understanding," said Trond, and wrote down one word in each corner of the triangle: "Communication," "reality" and "affinity." And in the middle he wrote "understanding." This is perhaps the most fundamental thing in Scientology. The triangle Trond drew is called the ARC triangle. A for Affinity, R for Reality and C for Communication. ARC. Together they make up understanding. Trond explained that to achieve good understanding with someone, you depend on communicating with the person in question, and the better you communicate, the better the understanding will be. So far, so good. "What about Reality, then?" I asked. Trond explained: "The more common perception of reality you share with someone, the better understanding you have of each other. If you are absorbed in astronomy, you will more easily be able to achieve good understanding with others who have the same interest. In this context you can think of Reality as Agreement. The more agreements you establish with another, the better the understanding becomes." Trond brought up marriage as the simplest example. A married couple who have many common interests will have better understanding of each other. The same applies to friends and acquaintances, he claimed. The more common reality, the better mutual understanding. "OK. What about this A, then?" I asked and pointed. Trond willingly explained further: "The word Affinity may seem foreign, especially in

Norwegian. It means the degree of mutual 'liking', that is, to what extent people like each other. If you and a friend have high affinity, you like each other a lot and like being together a lot. If you have low affinity for each other, you will like to keep a certain distance. If you have very low affinity, you will gladly have the other go where the pepper grows. So if you communicate very well with a person you have great agreement with and like very much, then the understanding between you will be very good."

Here I experienced that communication was put into a context for the first time. I was fond of systems and models, so this went right home. Trond quickly moved on to the explanation of how the three points were dependent on each other: "If you raise one of the points in the triangle, the other two will follow. If you actively work to communicate better with a friend, you will quite quickly find more common interests and things you agree on, and through this the affinity will also increase. You like people better when you communicate with them and have much in common. In the same way, if you work to find common interests in another, the chatter will flow more easily. Just think about what happens to you when you meet others with an interest in astronomy. Is it true that you then communicate easily with them?"

I had to admit that it was true. "And if you try your best to find something about another that you really like," he continued, "then you will also feel that the communication goes better, and with that you will establish a better common reality."

The latter seemed a bit far-fetched. I could see that Reality and especially Communication could be influenced directly, but that I should just like a person better like that, that was not so obvious.

Trond understood that this was not so easy to see, so then it was good timing for a practical exercise.

I was introduced to another student with whom I should do this first exercise together. After a brief explanation from Trond, we began by just talking together by introducing ourselves and our respective interests. Then we were to find concrete things we agreed on - everything from common interests, music or films we both liked, or viewpoints we shared within politics or social life. Finally, we were to say something about the other that we liked especially well - something physical, personality traits or something from what we had previously talked about.

At first I was hesitant and nervous. I gave a careful presentation and some somewhat fumbling explanations of who I was. Then it went much easier when I found out that the other student was also fascinated by astronomy. Then things loosened up. We found common interests in music and a couple of films we both rated high on our lists. The strange thing was that finding something about the other that I liked and then saying it straight out like that also had a releasing effect on the communication. We chatted away. Probably longer than the exercise was meant to last, because now I had found someone who was neither strange nor outrageous, but a completely ordinary guy with quite a bit in common with me.

I got the point, and Trond explained that I would get the same effect if one of the corners in the triangle was lowered. With lower communication follows lower reality - that is, more disagreements, and affinity will suffer accordingly. "If one experiences that one or more corners fall quickly, then we call it an ARC break," he explained. An example is the man who comes home and finds his wife in full

swing with the postman. Here the man experiences a sudden break in Reality. Their agreement about faithfulness in marriage is broken. Then Communication and Affinity follow downward at a furious pace. The man may resort to nagging and scolding, and he will experience that it becomes difficult to express himself as he really wants to. Love is wavering as affinity has taken a powerful blow, and understanding between the couple is in rough weather. Thus we get a so-called "ARC break."

This was the first evening of the communication course. I walked thoughtfully along Stenersgata and down the stairs to Jernbanetorget subway station. Thoughts swirled around this strange venue I had been to and all the strange impressions I had gotten. All the way to Tveita, on the walkway past the library, the football field, the blocks, the children's park and down to Erlends vei 20. It was a little harder to fall asleep that evening. But I had a good feeling. It took me back to the Church of Scientology a couple of days later. But church? Why church?

A couple of days later I hurried up the stairs to the third floor at Stenersgata 16 again. I had plenty of time before the course start at six o'clock, and sat down on the sofa in the kitchen next to Stig who was playing guitar. From here I could see people who had been taken in from the street, sitting and checking off on the personality test in the room where you entered. Just like I had done a week earlier. It was buzzing with life. A guy named Tommy constantly brought new people in for testing. "Body Routing" it was called, and Tommy was in a league of his own when it came to this. He just scooped in people from the area around Jernbanetorget for testing, and many ended up buying books. Some started courses, most of them on the

same communication course as me. The staff was accommodating and the activity high. Jan Hansen, the Dane who was the boss of the Church of Scientology in Oslo, had created a well-knit gang that worked diligently and with good humor. There was much laughter and a high ceiling of tolerance.

The clock struck six and it was time for "Roll Call." All the students went into the course room. Chief course supervisor Sigurd took out the list of students and read them out one by one in alphabetical order. A couple of other newcomers and I were last on the list. When it was my turn I answered loudly "Yes!" and felt that I was part of something. Something that carried a hope with it. I had a bit of the same feeling as when I first came to Haugerud congregation, but here there was more substance. It wasn't just faith and prayer and fellowship. Fellowship was important, but in the Church of Scientology they had a concrete plan, a set of courses that were laid out on a gradient with clearly defined goals for each step. There was something liberating about such a concrete and practical approach. I got a good feeling of "coming home" and really fitting in.

Every evening at six o'clock the course started with Jan Hansen giving a lecture to the students. He covered a wide spectrum of topics within Scientology - from the ARC triangle and the Dynamics to Auditing, Clear, OT levels and past lives. I became aware early that Scientology embraced an incredibly large area of life. It was almost impossible to ask a question that Scientology didn't have an answer to. And most of the answers were logical and verifiable.

"You are a thetan. You are not your body or your mind. You are yourself, and you have infinite potential." Jan drew all attention in the course room: "You are yourself to the degree that you are not

something else. To the degree that you identify yourself with your mind, your body, your name or your dearest possessions, then you are to that degree no longer yourself. You have no weight, no mass, no wavelength, color or other physical values. You are not energy. You are YOU. When you truly understand this, then you are OT." OT - Operating Thetan... the magical and unattainable, but still possible, if only I followed Hubbard's carefully marked path - the Bridge. I was spellbound. My gaze flickered over the course room for a second or two. Everyone else was equally spellbound. Jan was OT 2. He was a shining example of someone who truly was himself, without artificial inhibitions and with a vitality and passion I could feel across the room. He was much older than me, but not old. He had charming smile lines behind the good-natured beard. The clear, sparkling eyes rested for a second on me. "Right?" he asked. I hurried to nod. Jan smiled and continued: "You are God. You can create anything. You can understand everything and you can achieve your full potential through auditing and training." "I'm really home," I thought, and saw myself standing in front of a bridge that stretched far up and over to the other side of a wide chasm. On the other side was a paradise of harmony and peace, knowledge and incomprehensible abilities. The gaze kept returning to me as I smiled back a little uncertainly. It was as if we had our own invisible bond that bound us together. Jan was not larger than life. He was an example of life as it should be. He aroused engagement with his knowledge of everything from Scientology and geography to history and society, and could tie everything together with examples and anecdotes. He made Scientology come alive, exciting and so deeply desired. By me and everyone else in the course room at Stenersgata 16. And I felt wanted, because Jan saw a potential in me.

Jan was always unprepared and asked the students what they wanted to hear about. And he delivered, every time. He was informal, engaging and unique when it came to delivering a message. He really had a handle on this communication thing. This evening one of the students had a headache and asked about how she could best get rid of it. Jan didn't need to be asked. He brought her forward and asked her to sit on a chair in front of him. Jan asked if she was ready for an auditing process that might ease the headache. She nodded affirmatively, and so the stage was set for a practical demonstration of auditing - Scientology's own form of therapy.

The word "auditing" means "to listen" and refers to the fact that the therapist's or "auditor's" most important task is to listen to the client. The auditor should only ask questions or give instructions about what the client should do, and then listen to what the client says. The auditor should not come with his own views or evaluations of what the client tells. The client should find answers to the questions himself, and should himself have his aha experiences in pace with what he or she finds out. The auditor should not tell why the client has a problem or serve the client an aha experience. Everything is done with focus on the client's own exploratory urge. This distinguishes this form of therapy from very many forms of therapy within psychology, where the therapist often comes with his own assessments and interpretations of what the client expresses.

The word "client" is not used in Scientology. Instead one talks about a "Pre-Clear" or "PC." This refers to the fact that the person is on the way to Scientology's most important goal - "Clear" - a state where he is completely master of his own mind.

L. Ron Hubbard had already in the 1940s arrived at the basic princi-

ples within auditing. He had studied Freud's works and been inspired to write the book *Dianetics* - the modern science of mental health. In this book he describes a type of auditing that deals with traumas, or "engrams" that can prevent a person from using his potential. With the help of *Dianetics* auditing, a person can get rid of various types of fears, discomfort and other mental baggage that he doesn't want to carry. *Dianetics* can only resolve what the person himself wants to overcome. There are also other types of auditing, but this is one of them.

This evening Jan demonstrated another type of auditing. The student was asked to close her eyes. Jan asked her to describe the headache, first what form it had, then what color she felt it had, size, length, width, depth, and whether it was static or changing. Then Jan asked if she could move the headache a little. She nodded. He asked her to move it a little to the right. Then to the left, backwards and forwards. And then a little further in each direction. After several such exercises in controlling the headache, she suddenly opened her eyes and smiled: "It's gone!" "Really?" asked Jan. She answered affirmatively, and was now more than ready to study further on her course. I was impressed and myself wanted to try out auditing.

Trond was off that evening, and chief course supervisor Sigurd took me further in the course. He explained the "communication formula," a detailed description that breaks communication down into its individual components. He explained that by training on each individual part of communication, it would be easier to build the exercises on each other into a whole where I would finally master all communication situations. He emphasized that it's important not to go too fast, and that even though the first exercises may seem

completely banal, this is where the foundation for the later exercises is laid.

It could hardly have been more banal than the first of the "TRs." The course consisted of seven such "training routines" or "TRs," and the first was only about mastering being present. It's banally obvious that one must be mentally present to communicate with another. Nevertheless, I had also experienced that I and others had not been mentally present in various situations. Communication goes poorly when one or both parties are thinking about something else or mentally slip in and out of the communication. The person himself, the individual, the soul, or the "thetan" in Scientology, must therefore "be there" and "be operative" for communication to function.

Thus it was time for the first exercise, "OT TR o" - "Operating Thetan Training Routine o." I sat there on a chair facing another student. Sigurd asked us to close our eyes, and said: "Start." And there we sat, right across from each other with closed eyes, completely relaxed, training to be mentally present. Simple? There I was completely wrong. The exercise is so fundamental that it is casually skipped over in all other contexts in society. It's taken for granted that both persons are mentally present when they communicate. So wrong can one be.

I got to experience that I was not at all able to be mentally present for more than a couple of minutes at a time in the beginning. With a little training I managed it first for five minutes, then for ten and finally for more than half an hour straight. And it took several evenings before I got there.

Every time the thoughts began to wander, drowsiness came creeping, and it didn't take long before I nodded off. The course supervisor was quickly there and said: "Flunk, you're nodding off. Start." He

simply told me that I wasn't doing the exercise correctly with a brief explanation of what was wrong, and then got me started again. Simple and effective, because I really felt that this exercise enabled me to be clear and sharp in conversations with others, and otherwise in life.

After reaching a good level where I managed to be mentally present for quite a long time without problems, something strange happened that turned the world upside down. I had been sitting doing OT TR o for maybe half an hour. I sat comfortably in the chair with my back to the door out to the room with sofas and newcomers who were checking off on their forms. I could hear every slightest movement in my vicinity. People came and went, moved and chatted quietly. There were some talking at the other end of the venue. I was calm and relaxed and mentally clear like never before. In the middle of this peace and harmony it suddenly happened. I literally slid out of my head. No, not physically, but mentally. I floated calmly out of the back of my head and could see those sitting out there on the sofa. They were other people than those who sat there when I first closed my eyes 30 minutes earlier. I was surprised. But surprisingly not as surprised as one might think. I hovered 10-20 centimeters right behind my head and could observe the sofa room for a few minutes, before I became so curious that I opened my eyes, turned my head and checked if it actually was true. Incredibly enough, it was exactly right. The boy in the checkered shirt, the lady in the green top. And they sat exactly as I had seen them from the back of my head. I have thought about whether there could be another explanation for what I experienced, but I simply haven't been able to find one without it becoming a form of mental gymnastics to make reality fit into a skeptical worldview.

This episode changed my attitude to the world completely funda-

mentally. I knew that I was an individual. A spirit if you will. I was not a brain or neurons or chemical reactions. I existed independently of a body. And I was no longer afraid to die. Not that I was so afraid of it before, but now I became completely calm in my certainty that I was a spiritual being. Life became more harmonious, and people got a new and greater value. There was no longer any equivalence between chemical reactions in a test tube and a human being and its creativity. Humans, and surely also animals, were something more, something greater.

It could be that there existed a state of harmony, peace and stillness. I felt that a state of self-harmony was within reach and that I actually could become master of my own mind and my own life.

This was the first in a small series of out-of-body experiences. It stopped abruptly the night I woke up in bed and tried to get up. The body wouldn't obey. It lay there completely limp and without giving any sign of wanting to move. I became desperate and tried in a supreme effort to sit up. Suddenly it felt so light and effortless to get up. Then I discovered that I could look down at the body where it lay sleeping. I hung in the open air half a meter above the body. Everything was calm, dark and still. Light slipped in through the door crack. I floated calmly up toward the ceiling corner to the right by the feet. The room was small, but cozy. I thought I could go anywhere. Float over Oslo or go to other countries. I had always wanted to see the back of the moon. But what if I didn't find my way home again? Bang! With that thought I was immediately back in the body again, and the body woke up abruptly. I was fully awake the whole time, but this violent return to the body had awakened it too. The fear of not finding my way back to the body and the life I had was enough to give me a shock. There

were few such episodes after this, and the episodes became shorter and without such clear perceptions, without me being able to see or hear as clearly outside the body. But the certainty that I was a spiritual being was a gift I had received for all future.

This spiritual stuff became anything but something mystical or "New Age"-like. It became simple and logical and had concrete positive effects on life. It felt completely incredible that I could get so much out of a small communication course for 240 kroner. It was probably not everyone who got the same benefit, but I was more than satisfied.

The communication course was very practical and down-to-earth, so why did they claim that Scientology was a religion? Why church? The course supervisor explained that Scientology is a religion on par with Buddhism. Despite the fact that there was no clearly defined god, Scientology deals primarily with the human being as a spiritual being, a "thetan." The whole subject revolves around getting the human being as a thetan to be able to use his potential fully. Since a thetan is non-physical, it cannot arise in the physical universe, nor can it die. When the body dies, the thetan will find itself a new body - in a pregnant woman, and take residence in the body before or right after birth. Thus reincarnation is central in Scientology. And although no one needs to believe in past lives to be able to benefit from the courses and auditing, rebirth is an important part of the religion Scientology. Nevertheless, Scientology is promoted as a science where the practitioner is asked to try out whether the theories presented actually correspond to reality. This crossing between religion, science and practical exercises and therapy seemed strange to me. I was used to treating science as science and religion as religion, and didn't feel that this merger was quite natural.

Alongside the course I read in some Scientology books I had bought. What Hubbard wrote already in the early 1950s could easily be perceived as pure science fiction. He wrote about past lives, about life on other planets, about previous civilizations, yes, outright "Space Opera." But I didn't feel that this was so illogical. I thought that if it actually is true that I am a spirit and that a spirit is not physical, then a spirit also cannot arise or die. It will just be - through an endless series of lives. Life here on Earth has existed for a relatively short time, and it's natural to believe that there is other life out there among the more than ten thousand billion billion stars - also intelligent life. Given that a spirit has existed at least as long as the physical universe, it would be logical to believe that it has been involved in an incomprehensible number of lifetimes on different planets, with completely different settings and with civilizations at all stages of development. Thus stories about spaceships and other civilizations weren't completely unthinkable.

After becoming more mentally present through training on "OT TR o," the gradient was raised to the next exercise, "TR o." Two students were still to sit facing each other, but now with eyes open. "What?" I thought. Should I sit and look at another for several minutes, not to mention hours? I thought this would feel completely unnatural and awkward. And I was right. Sitting there looking at another in the eyes was unfamiliar and uncomfortable. I wasn't used to having much eye contact when I communicated, and this exercise really challenged my shyness. It took barely a second before I cracked and started laughing. "A completely normal reaction when one wants to evade," said the course supervisor, who without further ado commanded us to continue the exercise with a firm "Start!" A couple of

seconds later I giggled like a little girl. "Good God, this can't be so difficult," I thought, while struggling to fix my gaze. "Right, left, no actually right eye. Eyebrow. Nose. Both eyes. Darn, where should I fix my gaze?" "Flunk, you're shifting your gaze. Sta-" began the course supervisor. "But where should I look then?" I asked. The course supervisor pulled out the course material we had just gone through. He pointed out that I should sit there naturally, comfortably and without evading. "Naturally and comfortably? You can say that! This is not the least bit comfortable," I exclaimed. "That's why it's called an exercise," said Trond. "Practice makes perfect, and eventually you'll be able to do the exercise as described, including both naturally and comfortably. Start!"

The feeling of mastering "TR o" turned into pride. I really managed to sit there and look at another in the eyes, without it becoming staring and without strain, naturally and comfortably. And eventually it didn't matter which other student I did the exercise with, whether it was a wrinkled old face or a gorgeous girl. I felt that I was beginning to be ready for more advanced communication exercises.

I thought it was time to say something. Surprise. It was time for the madness exercise - the same one I witnessed on my first course evening, where some poor guy was scolded according to all the rules of art. It was time for "TR o Bullbait," the last of the most basic exercises before I got the chance to open my mouth and communicate myself. As with the first two exercises, I was to sit comfortably in a chair, and as with "TR o" I was to look at another without evading. But the gradient was raised in that the other was now to try to knock me off my perch. "Bullbait" means "to tease the bull" and points to the fact that the trainer here should try to "push the student's buttons." We

all have different "buttons" that others can learn to "push" to evoke different reactions. The course supervisor brought up marriage as an example, where husband and wife through many years have learned which buttons the other has, and know how to push everything from the jealousy button to the "parallel parking button" - sore spots in the other, to manipulate situations. He explained that if you train to push these buttons flat so they no longer work, you won't be so easily manipulated. You will then be able to master more difficult situations in life.

In "TR o Bullbait" the trainer worked to find buttons in me. He could say or do something that made me react in some way. If I started laughing, he said: "Flunk! You laughed. Start!" Then he said or did exactly the same thing that made me laugh, until I no longer reacted; then he tried to find a new button. After a couple of evenings with steadily tougher "bullbaiting," my trainers found no more buttons in me. A new mastery level was reached. I went from being the purest button collection to sitting there completely unaffected looking at another who said and did the most unexpected things, and that completely without evading. It was clear that this dry training on the foundation for communication worked.

It became increasingly clear to me that Hubbard had many of the answers to how the world was. From who we are and where we come from to what we do and why. The feeling of checkmate came over me. Hubbard had figured it all out. He had cracked the code.

After a walk in the winter cold we stood in front of the gate at Stenersgata 16 and talked about Hubbard's genius. Laila was Clear, and in full swing with her auditor training. She was an upcoming star among the staff at the Church of Scientology in Oslo, and before

long she would go to Copenhagen for her "internship." She was only a little older than me and had in a short time understood very much of everything Scientology had to offer. The conversations with Laila were exciting and inspiring.

"It's completely incredible how brilliant Hubbard is," Laila said admiringly. "Yes," I confirmed, "he has hatched everything from who we are and how we function, to the ARC triangle and the communication formula, to how the physical universe functions and our relationship to it." I sighed, slightly irritated. "This was something I was supposed to contribute to," I said carefully. "What do you mean?" asked Laila. "I was supposed to research this and come up with such solutions," I answered. "But now Hubbard has given us all the answers, so then all that's left is to study and follow his way," said Laila. It felt as if Hubbard was some kind of Jesus on the cross who had done the job for all of us. "Yeah, I guess it's just to study and follow the way," I confirmed and pressed on, "but it's irritating that he took my job away from me." It felt as if Hubbard had robbed me of the ultimate adventure. While Laila was full of admiration that we didn't have to do the job that Hubbard had taken upon himself, I was irritated that I now had to follow a path instead of making one. My life should be an adventure, not a walk along a measured route. "You're probably right," I said, and understood that it probably wasn't so smart to challenge her admiration and her country-road wandering. I should be grateful for what Hubbard had researched and that I could now quite simply walk up "The Bridge to Total Freedom" - all the levels in Scientology from the first small steps and all the way up to full OT - the state of totally clarified being, full harmony, peace and stillness, where the question of fitting in is no longer relevant. Where I am master of my own mind.

Beyond the superheroes. Where I would become completely myself, that is, reach my full potential. "I couldn't wish for more?" I thought, while the feeling of losing an adventure was calmly pushed away.

After the three "TR os" came the first exercise, or "drill," where I got to practice saying something. The course supervisor pulled out a worn edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, and I wondered if he was going to read fairy tales to me and my fellow student, also called "twin" in Scientology. We both looked a bit puzzled when he began explaining TR 1, children's book in hand. Here I was to take a statement from the book, make the statement "my own" and then say it to my "twin," as it is called in Scientology language. Clear and distinct, naturally and with a genuine desire for the other to perceive and understand what I said. The exercise was an exercise in conveying a message to another. I was still to sit in a chair facing another student, comfortable and with eye contact. All exercises built on each other, so the previous exercises were a natural part of the later exercises.

Next came, not surprisingly, "TR 2," where I learned to acknowledge another's statement. A clear "yes," "ok," "fine" or "yes, I understand that," marked that I had received and understood what my "twin" said. Here my twin was a trainer, and I was the student. He took a statement from *Alice in Wonderland*, said it with good "TR 1" to me, and I acknowledged. If my acknowledgment was too weak, unnatural or inappropriate, such as "so great" when he said "Off with her head!" the trainer said "Flunk. Inappropriate acknowledgment. Start." He then repeated the same statement until I managed to acknowledge it properly.

Hubbard's communication formula was drilled step by step. He had broken down communication into individual components and

presented the entire communication as a formula.

If one or more of the elements were deficient or failed, the whole communication would suffer from it. If one of the parties was not mentally present, let their gaze wander distractedly, mumbled or talked too loudly, did not acknowledge, or acknowledged too early by nodding irritatingly much, then the communication between two persons would become correspondingly poor. It seemed logical and scientific to break down a whole into its individual parts in this way. It was practical and handy to train on each individual part and then gradually put them together into an integrated communication.

I had often experienced not being heard in my childhood, and I was often too socially fumbling to make sure I got answers to my questions. "TR 3" was therefore a timely exercise. A seemingly silly exercise where the student sits facing another and asks one of two moronic questions: "Do fish swim?" or "Do birds fly?" The drill is about getting the trainer to answer the question - despite the trainer making attempts to knock the student off his perch, avoid answering or distract the student from getting the question answered. When the question was answered, I acknowledged the answer with a "thanks," "fine" or something else appropriate. Then I asked the question again. Time and again. And again. Until the trainer was satisfied that I really could master all parts of the exercise - from being mentally present, having natural eye contact, not getting knocked off my perch, asking the question naturally and with a genuine wish to get an answer, and acknowledging the answer in a good way. The course supervisor explained that the silly question was used so that the student would focus on training the communication, not on making up questions. "TR 3" made me tougher, more direct and more forward in my dealings with others.

The last of the exercises on the basic communication course took up important digressions in communication and how to handle that another has their thoughts somewhere else. Here it was about dealing with what the other had on their mind in a good and effective way, and then leading the communication smoothly and naturally back to the topic. With this exercise under my belt it felt like I reached a new level of social mastery. The next couple of weeks I was unusually conscious in my communication with others before the exercises had "settled in" and the communication again became completely natural, but on a new level. I no longer felt like Bambi on ice in front of new people. I now made contact with strangers without thinking much about it. And even though I was socially skilled within what I already mastered, I felt that here too it went one notch easier to communicate.

The benefit from the communication course, Jan's lectures and the answers to my very many questions about life, the universe and everything else, led to me wanting to take the next step in the Church of Scientology. Jan recommended that I take a course titled "Hubbard Qualified Scientologist," the HQS course for short. Here I would learn all the basics within Scientology, and I would both deliver and receive auditing. Maybe he hoped for some relief from the tirade of questions from me that seemed without end.

A feeling of security came creeping, spiced with a good portion of humor and a light and easy mood. It felt good to take a trip down to the org - a Scientological abbreviation for the organization. There were many new words and definitions to relate to. Two thick dictionaries contained the definitions of words and expressions that were unfamiliar and special to Scientology. The most important of these dictionaries was included in the book package I had to buy along with

the HQS course.

As an 18-year-old without income it was not entirely obvious how I would get hold of 6,000 kroner for the course and the books. But with eagerness, communication training and renewed persistence I took off and asked Dad if he would sponsor my next step in Scientology. He had never heard of the subject, neither from newspapers nor rumors, so he trusted my judgment of what I felt was right for me. Hopping with joy I walked past Gunerius and rounded the corner, tripped lightly up the stairs, in the door of the org and over to Jan with six thousand-kroner notes. A few minutes later I was back in the course room. This time as a proper Scientology student.

Scientology offers a philosophy with clear lines, a mathematical purity with focus on personal results. Here my thoughts fit in.

It had only been a couple of months since I set my feet in the Church of Scientology for the first time, and already Scientology had become an all-consuming interest. Role-playing, math, physics, astronomy, yes even school had to wait. As a rather single-tracked type I kept focus on few things at a time. Preferably just one. And now Scientology was the thing. And rightly so, for it felt as if I finally got the release I needed, with a combination of personal benefit and a philosophy that fit my interests like hand in glove.

The first half of the HQS course I spent in the course room with my nose in the books and with various small exercises and tasks as variation. The theory was very interesting, both because it was logical and gave a better understanding of life and our existence, and because it was immediately applicable in social situations. I learned quite simply to understand myself and others better.

Especially the "tone scale" I found interesting. This is a scale of

human feelings where Hubbard has plotted in a multitude of known emotions, such as enthusiasm, anger, fear, boredom, hatred, grief and apathy. The scale shows the relations between these feelings, and can be used to help others become lighter of mind and to motivate them to succeed better in life. And like most tools it can also be used to suppress others. The scale is the result of observations Hubbard made, and as a tool it is neutral. It is actively used within auditing to make sure that the PC, that is, a person who is Pre-Clear, gets the most possible benefit from the therapy. I could immediately relate it to friends and family, and could easily place them on the various emotions in various situations. I even discovered a correlation between the various emotional levels on the tone scale and the scale of particles within particle physics.

The second half of the course was practical. Here I was to deliver simpler auditing myself and receive the same auditing from my twin. Auditing can be divided into two groups: the one that helps the PC get better contact with his surroundings, and the one that helps the PC get better control over his inner self. The first is called objective processes, while the second is called subjective processes. A process is one or more questions or "commands" - instructions that the auditor gives to a PC in a session, until the PC achieves a specific "end phenomenon," for example that he clearly is in very good humor while expressing an aha experience important to him. The auditing on the HQS course consisted mainly of objective processes with a small bunch of subjective processes at the end. These helped us trim the memory for several senses. We experienced being able to remember better, not only in the form of images, but also getting better at recalling sound, smell, taste, touch, temperature, hunger and thirst and so on.

Several times I experienced coming out of an auditing session with great enthusiasm and energy. The surroundings were strong and clear, and I was more "awake" than ever. The wall was covered with roughcast. I went over and laid my hand on the hard, cold roughcast. I could feel the smallest detail, every single ripple, little unevenness, thread and temperature difference through the touch. My hand became like a microscope. My eyes followed. The colors were strong and the nuances clear. Shadings in brown, beige and white. My eyes became like magnifying glasses. A little draft, a faint sensation of cold came from the floor and up along the wall. Weaker than I had ever before noticed. I heard the sound of someone talking two rooms away. I could hear every word, my own breath and the car driving on the road below. A creak in a floorboard, and my fellow student and twin, Steinar, saying: "Come, we have to get back to the course room."

Other times I came out of a session with a stoic calm. It was unfamiliar, for in my head it was almost never quiet. I was thinking about a lot of strange things all the time. Maybe that was exactly why I preferred to focus on doing only one thing at a time. It became completely quiet, mouse quiet. Not a peep. I sat down on the sofa and took my time to feel the stillness. There were sounds from all sides, but in me there was calm. As in the eye of a storm. People talked, bodies moved. Some sat down, others got up and walked toward the kitchen. I sat completely still. It may be that the body moved. It breathed and did what it used to, but I, I was completely calm. Wonderful. Mental resting pulse, I was completely unaffected and without worries, ready to tackle any problem whatsoever.

Steinar and I had an incredibly fun time as alternating therapists and PCs. I experienced that I got about as much benefit from auditing

Steinar as I got myself when he audited me. We became a radar pair for several weeks, going in and out of sessions. We went in excited and came out grinning from ear to ear. It was during these exercises that I felt I actually became a Scientologist. And it was here I understood that Scientology was my way in life. I felt it could supply me with knowledge and practical results without me having to adapt to it. It felt like a natural extension of my curiosity, a curiosity that had started with a wish to know more about the universe, and that through Scientology expanded into an exploratory urge that also embraced the mental.

On several occasions we took deep dives into the philosophy. We asked ourselves whether animals had thetans in the same way as humans. Was there a controlling individual also in every animal body? Or was it just a body that with its single cells formed a functioning organism where no superior thetan had taken residence? And what about every single cell, was it governed by a thetan?

"If we become weaker than we are today, will we no longer be able to take a human body?" Steinar looked up from the sheet and chewed on it a little. "Well ..." he said, "maybe we then have to make do with an animal body?" "Just like in Hinduism?" I continued, "for there must be a host of thetans who are just yearning to get themselves a human body? For we are steadily becoming more here on earth?" "Yes, maybe those who otherwise would not have managed to fight their way to a body, or would have to make do with a monkey body or something, can finally get a human body, them too." Steinar and I were again in a deep philosophical discussion, and I continued: "So let us say there are billions of thetans or trillions of thetans. Some fight their way to a human body, others get an animal body, some hover around waiting for a body they want, others walk about as ghosts, some have sunk

down to making do with an ant or a cell as a body ... how far down can we sink?"

"To a particle?" asked Steinar. "Hmm ... is everything really thetans?" I did not quite know. "Is there one single long scale of possible existence from a god to a particle?" Steinar looked a bit worried: "Good God, imagine existing only as a particle!" "I don't think Hubbard says anything about these things," I answered. We began to search, but found nothing about exactly this, about whether a thetan could sink down to actually ending its existence as a dizzy electron in orbit around an atomic nucleus. "Or is it such that all MEST, Matter - Energy - Space - Time, the physical, is only dead and a result of what thetans create together?" I wondered. The latter I found good support for in Hubbard's books, and settled down with this somewhat more pleasant description of reality.

Now and then other students needed a PC to practice what they learned on a course. My eager hand shot easily into the air, and I got to try several different types of auditing. Especially the first Dianetics auditing left traces. I sat in an easy chair in one of the offices facing Stenersgata. The auditor asked me to close my eyes and describe some discomfort or other that I could think of. I had a fear of water as a child, and even though it was nowhere near as pressing anymore, I still felt discomfort under water.

I was asked to remember a time this discomfort was strong and clear. I thought back and found an episode when I was little and ended up under water for at least half a minute. I was terrified and felt I was going to drown. I cannot have been more than four years old. I described the event in detail, and the auditor asked me to go to the beginning of the event and describe it again. New details came into

view. Once more, from the beginning. Even more details, and the event became stronger. The auditor asked me to find an earlier similar event. I searched and searched. It was blank or black where I sat with my eyes closed, and no event came to the surface. I searched a little more, and I could see a time I was barely two years old and ended up under water. Again I was terrified and thought I was going to drown. I remembered the fear, the discomfort, the water in my mouth and the pain in my chest. After several run-throughs the event became clear and distinct and with surprisingly many details, something I got verified the day after when I asked my mother. When the auditor heard that the event became stronger and clearer, he again asked for an earlier similar event.

"Earlier?" I thought, a little incredulous, and set about searching. Nothing. The auditor asked me to focus on the same discomfort, and again asked for an earlier similar event. After several minutes of effort, some clear images came forth. They were as distinct as those from when I was little, but I was not little. And the surroundings did not at all resemble those I could remember as a child. And the time was completely wrong. It was not from this century. I was confused. I had fantasized a lot in my childhood, and felt I could easily tell the difference between experiences and fantasy, and these images were definitely experiences. But were they mine?

As before, steadily more details came into view after each run-through of the event. The impressions became stronger, and the discomfort likewise. It was strange to see myself in another, adult body, in another country and another time. And in a scuffle under water. Eventually it felt as if the whole thing could have happened yesterday. Just as for the events from when I was four and two years old in this life.

This was the first time I remembered something from a past life. But the job was not done. That we worked our way through an event in a past life was only the way toward the goal - to get rid of the discomfort of getting my head under water. Again I was asked for an earlier similar event.

Until the drowning accident from the year 126 AD came to the surface. In the middle of a sound in Greece I was tied behind my back and ready to be thrown overboard from a small boat. It was no use fighting, for I could not move a finger. Determined and without remorse they lifted me and the heavy stone I was anchored to over the railing. Some terrible minutes of fear, anxiety, grief and pain followed - until I could no longer hold my breath and had to give in to the masses of water. Life was torn from me and the body floated lifeless down there. I floated calmly upward without body and without pain.

After several run-throughs of this event, the discomfort tied to getting my head under water loosened. The event became clear, but the pain and the hurt disappeared. An engram was erased. Again there stood only clear memories. Memories that had no power over me. Memories that lay under my control. It felt good. A relief that lasted for several days. The discomfort tied to getting my head under water never came back.

I understand that others have completely different perceptions and explanations of what I have experienced around past lives. There are several alternative explanations, but for me these are actual experiences, on par with what I remember from my youth, and completely unlike what I "make up" from fantasy.

"If we have lived several lives, there must be billions of such engrams," I thought. If I have lived an incomprehensible number of lives

and experienced a bunch of events with pain and unconsciousness in each of them, then it would surely take a terribly long time to become Clear. Fortunately it turned out not to be quite so hopeless. The mind is built up in layers with several engrams in a chain that can be erased if one gets down to a "root engram," that is, the first of a type of engrams that all later engrams of the same type "rest on." Besides, one does not need to erase all engrams before a person's reactive mind disappears. The reactive mind is the part of the mind that according to Dianetics collects engrams and painful experiences that the person has no control over. And what you cannot control has the potential to gain power over you. The other part of the mind is called the "analytical mind," and contains accessible memory without it being "locked down" with pain and discomfort. It is this part of the mind everyone uses consciously. A Clear is a person who no longer has such a reactive mind. A Clear is a person who thinks, experiences and feels without being hampered by mental baggage that colors the impressions in present time. It was now clear to me: I wanted to become Clear.

In the course room I had met one of the few who were Clear in Norway, Sven Oluf. He was an engineer at Tandberg, lightning intelligent and a diligent student. In addition to having reached the important level on the auditing side of the Bridge, he was also one of those who had come furthest in the training as an auditor. He was studying to become a Class 4 auditor, and with that he would be able to take a person from the bottom of the Bridge and up through Grade 4, almost all the way to Clear.

We hit it off. With common reality, both in and outside of Scientology, it became easy to communicate, and the affinity and understanding followed naturally. Even though Sven Oluf was some years

older than me, and even though he had come much further than me in Scientology, I got audience several times. First we talked together about big and small things in the course breaks, and eventually we met over a cup of tea or coffee out somewhere.

I wanted to know what it was like to be Clear, and here I got to study a live and kicking Clear at close range. I asked and dug - about the reactive mind, about what he felt and how it felt, about thoughts and ideas, about dreams and nightmares, about relations to others and about how each step on the way up the Bridge had been for him.

In addition we explored new angles around Hubbard's philosophy. We speculated in new models, triangles and tried to fit even more of existence into a system. We were both technically interested and liked the mathematical purity of Scientology. We liked the symmetry and the elegance. And Sven Oluf was always just as calm:

- When are you going to do the OT levels, then? - When I feel like it. - But isn't that something you are just itching to do? - I am quite content with having become Clear, and I am very happy with life as it is now. I am in no hurry. - But aren't you awfully curious about what the OT levels contain? - Sure, but that time will come when it comes.

Sven Oluf was a different kind of Scientologist. He did not let himself be dictated or commanded into any line. He seemed unaffected by others' will and outer influences. He was quite simply Clear.

For me Clear meant that I would achieve an inner calm, like after the many sessions where I felt a stillness and harmony. It meant that I could finally trust myself fully and completely, and be certain of my own judgment and intuition. I had masses of intuition, but I seldom dared to trust it, for maybe it was my reactive mind playing me a trick, and it would turn out that I made intuitive but wrong

decisions. Without a reactive mind my intuition would become only mine, and then I could trust it. I wanted to become whole. I wanted to live in peace and harmony.

The org arranged several open events at that time. Trond diligently demonstrated Dianetics auditing from the stage. He got volunteers to step up as PCs, and he audited some discomfort or other they felt in life in front of an excited gathering of anywhere from ten to seventy people. There were both old Scientologists and new ones who had never heard of either Dianetics or Scientology before. On several occasions I got the opportunity to be the PC and get free auditing. That it all happened in front of an audience was not so important. Trond was skilled, and I got various discomforts worked through and had good gains from the auditing.

Now and then I also got some auditing from the boss. Jan was a brilliant auditor with his calm and harmony, humor and informal style. He could handle any situation whatsoever as an auditor, and it always felt safe with him as a guide. Before and after a session we could talk freely about philosophy and about Hubbard's angles on various topics. He always had more answers in stock and was never empty of good anecdotes. It became clear that an OT 2 was something more than a Clear, so even though my immediate goal was to become Clear, it was clear to me that I would go further than that.

With the HQS course and various auditings, the surroundings became brighter. I became happier. People around me seemed lighter of mind. Smells and tastes became clearer. The auditing came like a breath of fresh air and brightened thoughts and senses. It was a bit like being brought back to childhood again, where the flowers smelled more, the sky was bluer and the grass felt good between the toes.

In the middle of this intense and good period, two officers arrived from Copenhagen. They were sent from the continental headquarters to recruit for the Sea Organization, shortened to "Sea Org."

At the end of the sixties Hubbard created a new organization consisting of the inner core of trusted co-workers. He had served as a lieutenant in the American navy during the Second World War and wanted to establish an organization that would lead the expansion of the Church of Scientology from a fleet of ships. This was the start of the Sea Organization. The employees dedicated their lives and more to the Church of Scientology. In fact, they signed an employment contract of a billion years and swore loyalty to the Sea Organization for countless future lifetimes.

This was the hard, inner core of dedicated Scientologists. These governed the various churches like Oslo Org, and they themselves delivered the uppermost spiritual levels within Scientology. Within a few years the fleet grew to more than half a dozen ships, before in the middle of the 1970s it outgrew its hulls and Hubbard decided it was time to go ashore. The ships were sold, and the flagship Apollo became the Flag Service Organization in Clearwater in Florida, the spiritual headquarters of the Church of Scientology. The organizational headquarters, the top of the hierarchy, was established a short time later in California. Each continent had its own department that governed the orgs on its continent. From Copenhagen, Oslo and the other European orgs were governed by means of detailed programs that were to be followed up and reported progress on. The demands for progress and expansion were rock hard. There was no excuse for failing, and the punishment for not succeeding was tough.

With navy-like uniforms with stripes on their upper arms, the

two officers arrived at Oslo Org. Both worked within Security at the office in Copenhagen, "Continental Liaison Office Europe," with the abbreviation CLO EU. They interviewed one by one of Oslo Org's "public" - those who were not employed by the org.

When my turn came, I was mostly curious about what two such well-dressed men wanted to talk with little me about. The interview was well drilled in advance. They both knew what to say and which buttons to push. They played on my wish to help others and my interest in spiritual progress. They had a folder ready with an index of quotes from Hubbard, carefully directed to achieve a crescendo of enthusiasm to get me to take the big step and become part of the inner, hard core of Scientologists for the next billion years.

They painted a picture of a world in deep spiritual need. A world that could only be saved with Scientology. There were no limits to what Scientology could accomplish on the way toward a world without distress, crime or insanity. They explained how the Sea Organization was the driving force in this crusade and that there was nothing greater or better to spend your life on than to dedicate it to this total positive force for the good of mankind. It spellbound me. It was big. And I wanted to be part of something big. The idea of winning the Nobel Prize in physics paled in comparison to the crusade that the Sea Organization laid out. There was no doubt that Scientology had the answer to why mankind was in such a miserable state, and neither was there any doubt that the Sea Organization stood for the violent expansion the Church of Scientology experienced worldwide. What could be better than to be part of this absolute good?

Nothing. I could not think of anything that could be better than to join the Sea Organization. The contract lay on the table. For a

long row of directed seconds they sat there looking at me. It was like jumping from the five-meter board for the first time. I hesitated, but at the same time I knew I was going to jump. The pen was pushed across the table, across the contract, and stopped rolling roughly where my signature was to go. It lay there, completely motionless. My hand moved. A couple of seconds later I had signed the contract. Now there was no longer any way back. I was part of the hard, dedicated core of the Church of Scientology. I was going to the Sea Org itself, and there I was bound for the next billion years.

With steady gazes and solid handshakes they welcomed me as a new recruit. It was late, and we agreed to go through the details the day after. The enthusiasm lasted for about 15 minutes, all the way down to the subway platform and into the subway car on the way toward Tveita. A couple of hundred meters after Tøyen station the enthusiasm faded. Shortly after Helsfyr it turned into worry. Then into loss and then into anxiety. Away from Mom? From our cat? From Tveita? From Norway? From everything I knew and everything I loved?

I trudged up from the platform at Tveita subway station and out on the south side of the shopping center. It may have been starry clear. Or maybe it was overcast. Heavy thoughts turned into questions about how I could manage to wriggle out of this contract. It was far to Erlends vei 20 that evening.

Mom was already worried about my engagement in the Church of Scientology. She had read some notices in the daily press and in a weekly magazine, and even though she seldom let herself be governed by sensational writing, she was genuinely worried about what I was up to. On several occasions she had challenged me with questions about Scientology - everything from rumors of brainwashing and money

extortion to abuse of power and breaks in families caused by this "sect." I had answered from what I myself had seen, and Mom was reassured, mostly because I so obviously had positive benefit from the courses and the auditing.

The important thing was to present the episode with the contract in such a way that it became clear also to her that it was a mistake. Before I went in the door at home I had decided that I would not uphold the contract. We had a proper serious talk that evening. She got to hear about the whole session, and I told her that I had not intended to follow up the contract. She was naturally glad to hear the latter, and gave me full support that I had to stand by my decision the next day when I would again meet the high gentlemen.

All night I thought about everything I had in life. The slightly silly cat. The view from the balcony. It was a bit wonderful to feel these things I otherwise took for granted. Mom was often a bit cranky and difficult to discuss with, I thought. Now that too was something I appreciated. Life got a slightly greater value of its own.

The tension rose on the way up the stairs to the org the next day. Fortunately I had a communication course behind me, so I managed to man myself up on the way into the room where the two expectant officers sat. I was already counted into the week's statistics, and they were clearly pleased to have signed me as a new recruit. I went straight to the point. They listened and I talked as fast as I could. I could not hold back the tears when I told about the loss I had felt on the way home. They quickly understood that the race was run. The leader of the operation, or the mission, as it is called in the Sea Org, took hold of the contract and tore it in two while he spoke firmly, seriously and a little strictly to me. He said he would make an exception since I was so

young. He added that I must never do anything like it again. I nodded, relieved.

The meeting with the two officers was my first meeting with the power apparatus of the Church of Scientology. I was shaken, but as a Scientologist I was still clear in my faith in the "tech" - the concept that embraces everything of self-improvement in Scientology. The Church of Scientology had a method, a so-called "technology" for improving the human being. Of that I was certain. Steinar and I completed the HQS course with the same eagerness as before. We finished sometime in January 1985. With that, a new Scientologist had come into being.

It was not at all difficult to sell me the next course on "the Bridge" - the "Student Hat." The course gave a thorough introduction to Hubbard's study technique, and gives practical solutions to all types of study problems. The course cleared the deck for me as a student. I really learned to understand what I read, and I learned to convert theory into practice. I got to put on "my hat as a student," an expression that refers to having become a professional student.

In this course Hubbard first takes up the three barriers of a study. By that is meant the three problems a student most often gets stuck on. These are: 1) Lack of mass, 2) Too steep a gradient, and 3) The misunderstood word.

The first barrier shows up when you study something purely theoretical without being able to "touch and feel" what you study, or without getting it visualized in a good way. The example Hubbard gives is studying tractors without ever seeing a tractor. This can give the student a headache and other discomforts. I learned that the problem could be remedied by drawing what I studied or by demonstrating it with concrete objects on the table, or even with modeling clay. That

way the concepts really get demonstrated. The second barrier meets the student if he goes too fast. The third barrier is the one most often overlooked. I learned that if I read something and then "lost the thread" or "went blank" or came to the end of the page, was about to turn it and then did not remember what I had read, then I had passed a word or symbol in the text I had not understood. Then I was simply to go back in the text to where I still followed along, and start again from there, looking for words or symbols I did not understand. Here we had yet another example of Hubbard's genius. Every day teachers and students in school experience this phenomenon - coming to the end of a page and not remembering what they have read. Everyone I had met had experienced this. Without exception. Yet there was no one who could explain this phenomenon in a way that made it solvable. Except Hubbard. He even gave me a concrete solution: Find the word or symbol, look it up in a dictionary, make sure to understand the definition, use the definition in some sentences so it sticks, do this with all the definitions of the word, look up the word's origin and return to what you were reading. I quickly discovered that the problem was then actually solved. I came to the end of the page, and everything was crystal clear. This I could verify time and again, and it never failed.

The last part of the study course consisted of ten lectures by Hubbard where he covers the topic of study. The lectures were originally given in the early 1960s at Saint Hill, East Grinstead in Sussex, England. Hubbard lived there from 1959 to the end of the sixties, and the manor serves to this day as an advanced delivery organization for the upper levels of the Church of Scientology.

On the course I had also been introduced to several of Hubbard's recorded lectures. They were older lectures that had been recorded

on reel-to-reel tape. I sat with headphones and listened to Hubbard explain everything from study techniques to auditing techniques and how to handle life. Hubbard was spontaneous and funny in his lectures. I liked hearing him talk about not just studies, but several other themes that he used as examples of how to best study something new.

At the very end of the course I got my first meeting with a famous policy within Scientology, "Keeping Scientology Working #1" (KSWI). Here Hubbard is crystal clear: Scientology is mankind's only salvation. Scientology is the only religion that has the answer and can free a thetan's potential. Scientology works, and should under no circumstances be changed. It would be a suppressive act of huge dimensions to change anything in Scientology. It is suppressive not to lead others on the right path or try to lure them to other practices than Scientology. This was a hard nut. Despite my gains within communication, auditing and study technique, I wasn't sure that Scientology was the whole, full and only truth. In fact, I felt that this policy put a damper on my own creativity. I had a desire to contribute myself to finding truths. First through astrophysics and particle physics, and now spiritual truths. KSW put an effective stop to any such ambition. Here nothing should be tampered with. Hubbard had found the answer. It was the only right one, and there would be no other valid answers in the future. I read and accepted it in a way nevertheless.

The Student Hat stood as the first real step on the training side of the Bridge. Hubbard had in the 1960s made a map, a "bridge" that showed the different steps a Scientologist should take to develop into a fully operating thetan - an individual with fully released potential. The Bridge was divided in two with training upward to the left and auditing upward to the right. On the left side the student learned

to audit others. He gradually learned to become a more advanced therapist, so he could take others up through the right side of the Bridge, through the spiritual levels in Scientology. The courses started with the Student Hat and the professional TR course, and continued with training as an auditor - from class 0 all the way up to class 12. It normally takes many years to take all courses from bottom to top. The top courses are by the way reserved for those who are in the Sea Organization. On the right side the steps go upward from the physical purification program and the simpler types of auditing like Steinar and I learned on the HQS course, and upward what is called the grades, to Clear, which is halfway to the top, and further upward the OT levels to OT 15. OT stands for Operating Thetan, and refers to the fact that the levels help the individual to better operate as a spiritual being. In 1985, OT 7 was the highest released level, and there was much talk that OT 8 would soon be released. But first the Sea Organization had to acquire a ship again, because Hubbard had dictated that this level should be delivered in stress-free surroundings, aboard a ship.

In January and February 1985 I studied Hubbard's study technique diligently, something I actually saw immediate results from in third year of upper secondary school. At the same time it became increasingly clear that interest in Scientology overshadowed interest in school. I spent many evenings at the org, and some evenings went to explaining to family and friends what on earth I was up to down there in Stenersgata. It was not without critical questions, and my own experiences were constantly put to the test by doubters, skeptics and those who had decided that Scientology was directly dangerous - completely without knowing much about the subject themselves. The desire to help others by actively and full-time contributing to the Church of Scientology's

expansion had suffered a blow with the Sea Org missionaries before Christmas. The desire got new life during the first months of 1985. Not as a dedicated Sea Org member, no, heaven forbid, but maybe as an employee at Oslo Org?

4

Professional Scientologist

LRON HUBBARD was born on March 13, 1911, in Tilden, Nebraska. Every year, Scientologists around the world celebrate his birthday. An international event is arranged at a suitable place, for example near Flag, the spiritual headquarters of the Church of Scientology in Clearwater, Florida. The event is then shown in each of the roughly 170 orgs and the several hundred smaller "missions" around the world. Members worldwide are motivated or even commanded to attend the showing of the event in their local org. March 13, 1985, became a turning point for me.

I felt like doing something special on Ron's birthday. Something that would take my engagement in the Church of Scientology to a new level. I considered it for barely a minute, and then I decided to become staff at Oslo Org. However, it should be said that I didn't

do this without influence from others. For some weeks, several of the staff had been after me and asked if I was interested. Some with small hints, other times I had been called in for interviews where they tried to recruit me. The thought and desire grew, and when one of the employees suggested that I take the step as a gesture on Ron's birthday, I was quick to make the decision. It felt right.

Damn all of upper secondary school. I had a world to save.

Here I could contribute full-time to saving the world from all misery, and that without having to move away from home, and without ending up missing mama, the cat and all of Oslo. I could still take out the telescope and scan the sky before I went to bed, and wake up to a new day with meaningful work.

Mama said it was okay with her that I took the job at Oslo Org. With me still living at home, there would at least be no sudden changes in the family.

I waited until March 13 before I signed the smaller of the two staff contracts, the 2.5-year one. I didn't feel ready for a full five-year contract, so it had to be the small agreement. After signing, enthusiasm and eagerness came over me. In contrast to the emotional setback after I previously signed the billion-year contract, I now became so eager that I decided to do something wild. The same evening I packed my backpack with sleeping bag, sleeping pad, a little food, toothbrush and toothpaste, and took the subway to Sognsvann to spend the night outdoors.

Once across the lake, I crawled down into the cold sleeping bag. It was bitterly cold that evening, so I lay down with all my clothes on. The sky was completely clear and starry, and the feeling of being part of something really big gripped me. I fell asleep to the Milky Way and

a wonderful stillness. It was at least as cold the next morning, and with frozen toothpaste it wasn't easy to brush my teeth.

Then it was straight down to Katta where I quickly informed the administration, teachers and my fellow students that I was quitting school to start as an employee of the Church of Scientology. Some certainly thought I had gone crazy, especially considering that I quit just a couple of months before the final exam. Others probably didn't know what to think or believe. My eagerness was blinding, and I was met with surprisingly little visible criticism or skepticism. The teacher asked me to give a short presentation about Scientology to the class before I packed my things and left school.

There was great jubilation when it was announced that I had signed a staff contract. Both the staff, that is the employees, and the public, those who weren't employees, applauded. Jan grinned benevolently. Before them stood a dedicated Scientologist who had taken a step in the right direction - to work full-time for the Church of Scientology. And full-time it would be. Standard working hours were ten hours per day, except on Saturdays, when I only worked seven hours. With a 67-hour week, there was little time for other things. But that didn't matter. I was as happy as a pig in mud.

For four months, Scientology had been an all-consuming interest. I had parked my role-playing world, and the players had waited for my interest in Scientology to normalize so they could again experience dragon fights and magical swords in our fantasy world. But when the choice was made to become staff at Oslo Org, my role-playing world was officially laid to rest.

I picked up the phone to give Cathrine, one of the most eager players, the sad news: "I'm shutting down Tartimentos." "What?" she

said. "Yes, my role-playing campaign is now over. I'm shutting down," I answered. "But, but... you can't!" With a noticeable lump in her throat she continued: "We've played there for several years, you can't just shut down your world! Think about us players, then. Think about the role-playing characters!" With tears in her voice she said: "I'm not ready to let Tzirga die."

This was worse than I had thought. I had nurtured experiences for a bunch of players, and they had formed emotionally strong bonds to their characters and the world they lived in. We had had some fantastic moments with heroism, grandeur, intrigue, excitement and love. "It doesn't have to be forever, then," I said and tried to comfort her. "If you're going to start working at that Church of Scientology, then there will never be any more role-playing," she said. "Then it's over, then..." she said, as if it were a real funeral. "We'll see," I said, and could feel not only her sorrow, but also my own. I had after all invested hundreds, maybe a couple of thousand hours in this fantasy world. Tartimentos had been described in every conceivable way, and together with the players there had been many magical moments in an otherwise gray everyday life. It was hard to hang up.

But hell no, as I said, I had a world to save. Now role-playing, mathematics, astronomy and all the other interests had to give way. I had a task, and I intended to complete it. As staff at Oslo Org, I would finally get to make a difference. Finally I would make the world a better place - not occasionally flee from it and into a role-playing world. And at the same time I would reach my own potential. Nothing could be better than that. It didn't take many seconds to shake off the phone conversation with such solid rationalization. I bounced back into the course room, ready for more Scientology.

Oslo Org had many students at that time, and they needed another course supervisor. I got to study full-time to become the new course supervisor. I had just started on the professional TR course, and my first task was to finish it before I tackled the mandatory administrative courses that were the basis for any staff member.

The professional TR course took communication training to a completely new level. The first half was a solid dose of theory about communication - from the communication formula in detail to all aspects of the ARC triangle, the tone scale and more advanced themes. The gains from the small communication course made me study the material with eagerness and fervor. I would master this completely. We made diligent use of modeling clay in the theory part. With plasticine I was to demonstrate all the parts of communication. These were useful exercises that made the material stick better than just reading. I thought it was actually strange that this type of demonstration wasn't used more in Norwegian schools. The student got a better grip on the material, and the teachers could actually see if the student had really understood it.

I learned that the small communication course I had completed half a year earlier was on a much lower gradient than the professional TR course. Because when I got to the second half of the course, the practical one, I was really put through the wringer.

"OT TR o" was to be done perfectly for a full two hours. In other words, I had to be able to sit there on a chair in front of another, with closed eyes and be mentally present for two hours straight. Without moving the body, and at the same time be comfortable. For two hours. I nodded off, my butt, back, shoulders, neck and arms hurt. Yes, God knows where it didn't hurt. It took days before I finally got the hang

of it. Everything is apparently possible. Even this. I sat there looking another person in the eyes for two whole hours without moving the body other than breathing and blinking, effortlessly and mentally present. Looking someone in the eyes after this feat became completely natural. On "TR o Bullbait" it was I who sat there in the small practical course room being mocked, scolded and screamed at. Now I was one of the lunatics I had wondered more than a little about on my first course evening barely six months earlier. I learned to handle all possible communication situations without being knocked off my perch. I completed the rest of the course with flying colors.

After a couple of basic courses in administration, I was a full staff member, and I could start training as a course supervisor. The title was "Mini Course Supervisor Course." The first word in the title was anything but descriptive. It took about 400 hours to get through this one course. A course supervisor was supposed to know everything about study technology and how to get a student out of any tangle. But I didn't get very far in this course before an unannounced crisis hit.

Jan, our dear Executive Director, called all staff and public into the course room after the course evening ended. He had something important to communicate: Scientology was under attack. The SPs, Suppressive Persons, the suppressive people in society, had gathered enough forces to drag the Church of Scientology to court in a case that could destroy our entire expansion, maybe even close the entire Church of Scientology in the USA. He had been told from Copenhagen that all orgs had to send several people to Portland, Oregon immediately to participate in history's first Religious Freedom Crusade. Despite this serious message, Jan was his usual self - cheerful and

light-hearted. He asked if anyone would consider going. I raised my hand.

Since I wasn't in production yet, but "just" a full-time student, the statistics wouldn't suffer significantly from my absence. I got permission to go. Some five-six others would also take the trip across the Atlantic, including an acquaintance who would soon become a good friend, Johnny.

The desperation to get the statistics in an org to point upward wasn't so clear under Jan's leadership. He had an informal and good leadership style with movie and pizza evenings, good lectures and an admirable openness. The contrast was great when I arrived in Los Angeles, an international administrative hub for the Church of Scientology. Scientologists from all over the world came to protest a deeply unjust court case, a court case that could threaten our entire existence as Scientologists. A female former Scientologist had sued the church for several tens of millions of dollars in compensation. If the church were to lose the court case, it could set a precedent for many such cases that were brewing across the USA.

Johnny, the other Norwegians and I were ushered onto a bus, and it headed north along the coast toward Portland. After some short stops, the bus pulled up in front of Portland Org. A nice building a bit on the outskirts of the city. They also had another org right in the center of the city. It was here that a "Religious Crusade Org" was established for the occasion. An impressive undertaking where more than 1500 people from all corners of the world were posted on an organizational chart completely according to Hubbard's recipe, and that in under a week.

Here Johnny and I could easily have snuck away and taken a couple

of weeks' vacation. We could have followed the crowd of Scientologists to where we were staying and had a nice city vacation alongside some protest marches and protest concerts. And it became a couple of days of longed-for rest from the quite intense 67-hour work weeks. But then the need arose to participate in what was happening. I signed up for the "recruitment pool" inside the org that was in the middle of the city. In the room there were ten-twelve people who had signed up as staff. People from the personnel department constantly came in and fetched newcomers for various posts on the organizational chart. I sat there for a quarter of an hour before a man came rushing in and asked if anyone was ready for a post as "runner." Not that I was particularly good at running or knew what this "runner" business entailed, but I felt it was time to raise a hand. He asked: "Is your English any good?" "Well, I reckon so," I answered. "Good, you got a 'reckon' in there. That should do nicely. Come with me," he said, and I hurried after the man who clearly was in production mode. Just like all the others who ran around in the venue. There were people everywhere, and everyone was on their way somewhere. I had never before in my life seen so many people in such purposeful and coordinated activity.

Around a bend, down a corridor and around a new corner. I trailed after him like a tie and threw myself into the room after him. "Here's your new runner, sir," he reported. The lady he called "sir" got up and came around the desk to shake hands: "Your name is?" "Geir," I answered. "Alright, my name is Becky. I am the Port Captain of this Org. Or you may know that post title as the PES," she explained. Yes, after the basic administrative courses I was familiar with Hubbard's organizational chart. PES stood for Public Executive Secretary. The position had responsibility for communication with the outside world,

for PR, events and the org's image. The PES is one of three leadership positions right under the boss, or Executive Director (ED), as it's called in Scientology. Since this Religious Crusade Org had leaders from the Sea Org, they used Sea Org terms for all the post titles. Thus it was Port Captain and Commanding Officer. Military and authoritarian.

Becky explained that my job was to run errands for her. What she asked for was to be carried out. Without questions, and as quickly as humanly possible. I hadn't been in the military and wasn't sure how I should best receive or acknowledge her orders. I nodded. Working as a runner for the Crusade Org's own Port Captain was an honor. It turned out that Becky's day job was Commanding Officer at the International Training Organization in Los Angeles. She thus had responsibility for training the leaders in the Church of Scientology worldwide. She was an old hand in the Sea Org and enjoyed great authority. In this temporary org, the Sea Org people didn't wear uniforms. Everyone wore civilian clothes to better blend in among the population in Portland, and not to create an impression of us and them. PR was important. Here the religion was to be saved, and Becky was responsible for acceptance among the local population.

My first mission was to fetch Mr. Lewis from the Hilton Hotel right across the street. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me. It was important to impress. Up on the right floor I sprinted down the corridor and over to the open door at the end. There were people everywhere here too. They walked or ran in and out of doors. I positioned myself outside the door and peered into the hotel room when a couple of people swooshed past the doorway. A man sat on the bed with his back to me. "Just hold on for a minute. Just got to finish this sandwich before we go," he said. Still with his back to the doorway. I looked

around a bit confused, and he continued: "Yes, I am talking to you. No stress, I'll be there in a minute." "No stress," I thought, "that's easy for you to say. Here I am on a mission from the Port Captain herself, and you sit there chewing on a sandwich." But the stress evaporated in less than 15 seconds, and I stood looking at everyone who looked so busy. "Ok, I'm ready," said Mr. Lewis. The elevator seemed much brighter on the way down than it had been on the way up. It seemed as if this Mr. Lewis shone more than the light bulbs. We were alone in the elevator. "What case level are you?" slipped out of me. He answered: "I am OT 7." Wow! It was only during the last year that anyone had managed to finish OT 7, and here I had a live one in front of me. "Actually, I am OT 7 completion number 17," he said, as if he understood that I was wondering about exactly that. This "case level" business was a question about what level he had reached, because it's a person's "mental baggage" or "case" that is handled on the way up the right side of the Bridge.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "I am part of the weather corp," Lewis answered and smiled: "I make sure the weather is good for the concerts we are putting up." He explained that they were a handful of OTs who had responsibility for ensuring good weather. "Is it working out?" I asked. "Yeah, we're doing alright," he said. The weather was great, but that could just as well be pure coincidence, right.

It was a tough week with Becky as boss - at least 15 hours each day with running and errands. One day a crystal clear order came, which in a moment's inattention I managed to question: "Go outside and make sure all garbage is removed from the sidewalks around the org." "Why?" I asked. Silence. A second later "WHY?! You ask WHY? You question my order? Get in here and shut the door!" And then I got a

reprimand. Or was it a dressing-down? She explained at length that I was never to question one of her orders. I managed to get out an apology and ran down to carry out the mission.

Between bouts, all staff members were ordered to take part in protest marches past the courthouse, or at concerts downtown or at an arena just outside the city. I never quite figured out what this court case was really about, but I didn't doubt that my presence was important and that we had to save the Church of Scientology.

One day Johnny and I went out to the concert arena where some celebrity Scientologists were going to hold a concert, including Edgar Winter. But now it was actually raining. There were dark clouds over all of Portland, and it was drizzling. This wasn't going to be much of a concert at an outdoor stadium. As staff we were obliged by the program to go regardless of weather. We arrived at the stadium three-quarters of an hour before the concert was to begin. Rain and heavy clouds. After about 20 minutes the rain stopped. Then a hole opened in the clouds right above us, and 7-8 minutes before the concert started the sky was clear and starry straight up while there were heavy clouds a few thousand meters in all directions. We stood there gaping, and I told Johnny about Mr. Lewis and "The weather corp." I didn't quite know what to think.

In between all the seriousness, Johnny and I managed to sneak away and play tourist. We walked the streets and talked about this incredible journey, about our relationship to the Church of Scientology and about what the future would bring. We were both fascinated by everything we still didn't know about Scientology, about everything we still weren't allowed to know. We had heard that OT 3 was supposed to offer some of the most intense stuff, and that at that level we would

find out the reason why society is as it is and how we thetans had been totally suppressed 75 million years ago. "It's good we don't know," said Johnny. "Yes, because it's probably not smart to get it right in the face before we're ready for it," I answered, "Sven Oluf told about a guy who got to read the OT 3 materials before he was Clear, and he went completely crazy." Johnny continued: "Imagine if someone had made a movie of the OT 3 material!" "Yes, good God, then the world would have gone spinning," I answered, completely unaware that Hubbard had plans to do exactly that in 1975. We laughed heartily at the idea of doing something so wild, and we heartily agreed that it was good that the church kept such materials strictly secret, so that people only got to see it when they were ready for it.

After a couple of weeks in Portland we had done our part. The court case was over, and the Church of Scientology just had to wait for the verdict. I was told that if this verdict had gone against the church, it would create a precedent for others who wanted to sue us. Thus we could get a domino effect across the USA, and it would have been a coup de grace in the largest country on the Scientology map.

We simply missed our return flight to Oslo, but that didn't matter much, because ED International had commanded all the staff in Crusade Org to go to LA to demonstrate against another court case there. Executive Director International was the head of the Church of Scientology internationally. The court case in LA was less important, but he probably wanted to use the momentum from Portland to create a clear presence also in LA. We had no idea how we would get home again. Time would tell. We spent the night in sleeping bags on top of the garage that belonged to the complex - a couple of large, blue buildings right by Hollywood that had previously been a hospital. We got good

at slinking away for a few days. As two young men for the first time in LA, we managed to catch at least a bit of the surroundings around the Complex, but after a week in LA we got orders from our boss in Oslo, Jan, to drag ourselves home again. We heard about some with return tickets who had also missed the return flight. They had taken the trip out to the airport and pleaded their way to a new return ticket. Armed with communication courses, we took the trip to LAX. Surprisingly simple, and without using any noteworthy communication exercises, we got new return tickets.

Once home, there was a scolding from Jan. He read me the riot act that I should have made it back on the return flight. It did little good to explain that ED Int himself had ordered all staff members from the Crusade Org to the demonstrations in LA: Jan was my direct superior, and I was to listen to him. The command lines had become clearer in barely a month.

It was extra hard to get such a dressing-down from Jan. He was the calm, good-natured boss who was never angry or unpleasant. When he now raised his voice and the harsh words rained down, they hit harder. I fought hard to keep my composure, but couldn't hold back the tears. There was a difference between Jan Hansen and Jan, Executive Director, because as the boss at Oslo Org he did after all have a command line to answer to. There were layers upon layers of bosses above him whom he in turn had to answer to when they saw fit. And although Jan was very good at shielding his employees from all the fuss from "Management," it couldn't always have been easy to be a buffer. And sometimes he simply couldn't resist, and the peace and harmony cracked. That was at least how I interpreted it when it all became too much for him now. The episode changed my relationship

to Jan anyway. He was no longer just a good mentor or everyone's "dear ED," but my boss.

Within a month of returning from the USA, I had finished the course supervisor course. It was time for my "internship," my period as an apprentice. For the certificate to be valid indefinitely, I had to practice the theory as an apprentice at an "Advanced Org," and there was only one such org in Europe. Thus I was sent to AOSH EU & AF in Copenhagen. The abbreviations flourished in everything I read, and there was much to keep track of. This latest stood for "Advanced Organization Saint Hill Europe and Africa" - an organization that delivered the advanced levels in Scientology, both on the course side and auditing side of the Bridge. Here Scientologists from Europe and Africa could go to become top-trained auditors or get the levels above Clear, the OT levels, delivered. The ordinary so-called Class 5 orgs delivered all levels up to Clear and the auditor training that was needed to get another to Clear. When a person thought he was Clear, he had to go to an advanced org to get this verified. Then he could go to work on the OT levels. Simply explained, "Advanced Organization" means they deliver the auditing levels above Clear, while "Saint Hill" indicates that they deliver advanced training levels, including the big course "Saint Hill Special Briefing Course," which Hubbard himself delivered at Saint Hill in East Grinstead, Sussex, England in the early 1960s. AOSH, or "AO" as it was called, also delivers lower levels, but the purpose here wasn't to compete with the Class 5 orgs. In addition they deliver administrative education and "internship," such as mine, since I was to become a course supervisor.

Being staff in Oslo was cozy and not so strict. In Copenhagen I was back in the strict and tight regime, because here all the employees

were part of the Sea Org. The staff had dedicated a billion years to the Sea Org and were uncompromising in their view of Scientology as the only right thing, and mankind's only real hope. Much could and should be tolerated to reach the goal of a Clear world - a world where everyone lived in harmony, and where the reactive mind was a thing of the past.

The first stop was Hotel Nordland, a worn hotel for Scientologists visiting Copenhagen. With carpet edges one could easily trip over and with worn-down walls and ceilings. I checked in and got a bed in a room with five other sweaty men. Each morning I strolled a few blocks over to AO to answer a clear "Yes" at roll call. Then followed training and practice from 10 in the morning to 11 in the evening. Bone hard, but educational. Chief course supervisor Bernd Körtel was authoritarian and very knowledgeable. He made sure to drill me thoroughly on the TRs and on being a clear and service-oriented course supervisor. Here I got to learn and experience all the barriers a student could encounter in his studies, and I learned to quickly handle them so that the student could effectively move forward. As a course supervisor I wasn't to lecture or teach the way you see teachers do in school. The student reads the material and does exercises together with other students. The course supervisor is there to help the students if they get stuck. The course supervisor should only give lectures to completely new students on the most basic courses.

For some weeks I worked diligently as an apprentice. It was an exceptionally tough experience, with a bit of relaxation with vending machine cocoa at Nordland late in the evening and barely any sleep at night. I continued like this until Bernd thought I was ready. Proud as a rooster I received the diploma showing that I had graduated as a

course supervisor with a permanent certificate. After a small add-on course that lasted about a week, I was ready to return to Oslo - now as a full staff member and ready to take the course room in the org by storm.

There was a bit of fanfare when the brand-new course supervisor arrived at Oslo Org. I immediately took over as chief course supervisor. Sigurd and Trond were moved up to more important roles, and the org was strengthened in its delivery capacity. Jan had a steady course toward expansion, and more staff were recruited. It was buzzing with life, and the course room was quite full. Sven Oluf studied diligently as usual on his Class 4 course. As course supervisor I was measured on how many study points the course room produced during a week. The week went from Thursday at 2 PM to Thursday at 2 PM. Each student reported how many study points he or she had produced for each course period. Ten points for each page read, three points for each definition of a word they had cleared up, fifty points for each demonstration done in clay and so on. If a student had a downward point score per hour from the previous study period, I stepped in to see if he had encountered any problems I could help him with. The total number of study points per week showed my production as leader of the course room. Already in the first week I managed to help the students to a total that was a bit higher than the previous record. Thus I arranged a pizza evening that Friday. New week, new record and another pizza evening. Three hectic and fun weeks passed from when I came home from Denmark until doubt took hold of me. Something wasn't right.

Was this really what I wanted to do with my life? Was being a course supervisor at Oslo Org really my calling? Where did the interest

in astronomy and mathematics go? Thoughts swirled around in my head, and even though it was fun on staff, it felt wrong in the long run. Since I was tiny I had felt that it was right to work for something that was right for me. And although this could certainly change along the way, the direction had to feel right all the time. And it didn't as course supervisor at Oslo Org.

But hell if it was easy to get out of the course supervisor role. At the first peep of doubt I was called in for an interview with the ethics officer. Sten Rodin was normally the org's auditor, an old hand in the Church of Scientology, employed in the Sea Org and stationed at Oslo Org to ensure that we too could deliver auditing. He acted as ethics officer for the occasion. I was asked from all angles about my budding doubt. Doubt wasn't good. I was immediately taken off post and put in "Lower Condition." Hubbard had described a set of conditions and concrete steps one could take to raise oneself from one condition to another. First he had described the conditions "Non-Existence," "Danger," "Emergency," "Normal," "Affluence," "Power" and "Power Change." The explanations were simple. You start an activity in the condition "Non-Existence" or "Non-Ex" in Scientology slang. Under this condition Hubbard elegantly describes how you get an activity going from the merest nothing until you have lifted off the runway. Next you come to "Danger," and as most pilots know, the time right after "take-off" is some of the most critical. Here it's important not to make mistakes, so under this condition Hubbard describes how you make a fragile activity stable. Then the other conditions follow upward, with a simple recipe for each, so you can lead an activity to success. If you have a stable activity going, you will be able to measure the condition by means of production statistics. If these point somewhat

downward, you take out the recipe for "Emergency" and do this step by step, to again come up to "Normal." If the arrow points sharply downward, you use "Danger" and its corresponding recipe. Simple and quite brilliant.

But as you surely see, the condition "Doubt" isn't rattled off on the way from "Non-Ex" to "Power Change." That's because "Doubt" lies under "Non-Ex," and we rattle off in descending order: "Non-Ex," "Liability," "Doubt," "Enemy," "Treason" and "Confusion." Right under "Non-Ex" we thus find a condition of burden. The activity doesn't contribute, it hinders. The person who is assigned a "Liability Condition" doesn't contribute, he hinders development. This is easy to see in business when someone unconsciously sabotages an activity, department or company. If the person consciously sabotages, then the condition is obviously "Enemy." An enemy is however easier to relate to than a traitor, who would then be assigned a "Treason Condition." And "Doubt" sits on the fence between burden and enemy.

In the interview with the ethics officer it was determined that I was in the condition of confusion, and was thus assigned a "Condition of Confusion." I did the one step in the recipe which was "Find out where you are." After some exercises and a bit of pondering, I came to where I felt I was in life. After some quick steps up through "Doubt" it became even clearer that I was on the wrong shelf as course supervisor at Oslo Org. The ethics officer didn't like this. Not only had he expected the steps from "Confusion" up to and including "Doubt" to bring me to my senses. In his world there weren't two exits from a doubt condition. There was the one true way - to remain on staff, and that with renewed enthusiasm. He became downright angry and scolded me for not having done the "Doubt" formula correctly. He asked me

to do it again. Bewildered and put out, I took up the pen again. But the result was the same. I wouldn't lie, either to myself or to Oslo Org. Carefully I knocked on the door where a tense and stern Sten asked me to come in. He gave me a new dressing-down when he understood that I was firmly determined to end my engagement as staff in the org. It was completely unreal for him that anyone could be so absent-minded and blind to life's realities. That anyone could doubt that the only right thing was to be on staff. The only thing that could have been more right was to sign a Sea Org contract.

Completely exhausted, but still determined, I wanted out of the contract. Sten made new attempts to get me to see the light. I had to write down everything on my conscience from my five months on staff. He was firm in the belief that if I got my obviously guilty conscience off my chest, then I would see the situation with new eyes. I wrote and wrote until it was completely empty. Every speck of guilt was turned inside out. Still I wanted out of the contract. Sten was frustrated and threatened with damnation and lured with pleasures. But nothing helped. Sten gave up. And I was no longer staff at Oslo Org.

The price tag was 26,000 kroner. The contract said in black and white that if I broke the agreement before it was completed, I had to pay for courses and auditing I had received free while I was on staff. The amount was referred to as a "Freeloader Bill," and I was to be considered a "Freeloader" until I had paid the bill. Thus I couldn't receive service in any org before the debt was settled.

In 5 months on staff I had earned 15,000 kroner. That came to about 10 kroner per hour. Fortunately I still lived at home with mama, so it was possible to get a life back on its feet. The first thing on the agenda was to finish upper secondary. The rest of 1985 and the first half

of 1986 became a catch-up year where I took all the necessary subjects as a private candidate. It was easier than it had been now that I had drilled study technology both as a student and as a course supervisor. And social life went well after all the communication training. For the first time I could pick up girls, and for the first time I felt at home in social settings. I started dancing. Out on the town. At discos. It was like waking up from a stupor. There was much to explore. The work of making my own rule system for my role-playing world gained new vigor, and the thought of publishing a role-playing game came creeping.

In January 1986 the news came of L. Ron Hubbard's death. I was at Dag's playing role-playing games when he mentioned that he had heard it on the radio that morning. Incredulously I checked it myself, and found out that it was true. It was a historic moment, but I was in the middle of my sabbatical year from the Church of Scientology, and the news passed quickly. I think many took it hard, but since I wasn't part of the environment at that time, I didn't see the reactions. Nor the subsequent power struggle at the top of the Scientology hierarchy. I occasionally dropped by the org to say hi and barely registered that three figures unknown to me had come on the scene: David Miscavige, and Pat and Annie Broeker. Until then it had been three other leaders who were foremost in the spotlight - Executive Director International, Guillaume Lesèvre, Chairman of Watchdog Committee, Marc Yager and the church's spokesman, the president himself, Heber Jentzsch. Hubbard had left behind a writing where he promoted the three new leaders to a Sea Org rank above "captain." He called the new rank "Loyal Officer." Until then only a handful had been appointed with the rank of captain while he had given himself the rank "Commodore."

All ranks were taken from the American Navy. In the one-page writing he took the rank "Admiral" himself and said goodbye. The writing seemed plausible and in line with other things I had seen Hubbard write about administration of the church. But shortly thereafter a new writing came, authored by David Miscavige. Here it was said that Hubbard's writing was a forgery carried out by the Broecker couple, and that they had only worked in Hubbard's household in his later years and had no real influence in the Sea Org. They had simply exploited Hubbard's death and sneaked their way to power. They were now taken care of by Ethics.

While this power game went on behind the scenes, and while Scientologists worldwide were served what they were meant to hear, I stood on the sidelines and registered that "something" was happening and that it passed relatively quickly.

Much in life was different, and I was having a great time. Scientology was gone for more than a year, because I couldn't afford to pay my "Freeloader Bill." Life as a happy "Freeloader" was not bad at all. The topic of Scientology was almost never brought up. There had been some rough articles in the media on the subject, so it wasn't worth bringing it up in social settings. And it worked poorly as a pickup trick.

After a short time I found my way to Norway's Good Templar Youth Association (later Juvente), a wonderful social environment with an enchanting summer place at Kirkevik on Nesodden. Here I spent much time with many good friends. The need for security from outside had been transformed into genuine security from inside. There was apparently hope for me too.

The proof came with the opposite sex. Before I was hopeless with

the ladies. Now picking up a lady was quite simple. It was about moving the focus from myself and my interests over to her and her interests. Through much auditing my focus on myself had loosened its grip and I had started to interest myself in others. And it worked wonders. I could finally see another person for what he or she was. A lady became interesting instead of me needing to be the interesting one. And there were so incredibly many interesting people out there.

A longer period with several short relationships followed. I wasn't used to being close to another human being. Not in that way, and I had many years to catch up on. At the same time I didn't want to exploit anyone, so as soon as I felt that a relationship wasn't right, it ended quickly. A relationship didn't last more than two months. Only in one case did it last longer before I met my future wife. It turned out to be difficult to crack this lady code. They weren't easy to understand, even with a good deal of knowledge about the mind and about the tone scale. It took several attempts to get some kind of grip on what felt right in a relationship, and not least what felt wrong.

After finishing the exam in spring 1986, I enrolled as a student at MatNat at UiO. Finally I would get to cultivate my interests in the natural sciences properly. But it was no longer completely clear what I would become when I grew up. Scientology had changed my worldview. People were no longer a barrier that had to be overcome, people had become important. Role-playing had also taken its grip on me, and we were now three working on making a really good game system. We called it Mega. It was going to be that grand.

In between dilettantish studies at Blindern and the work on Mega, the desire to go further up the Bridge grew. I wanted to become Clear, that was certain. Eventually I tackled it, drew 26,000 from the student

loan and paid the bill to the Church of Scientology. Thus I could again step into the course room I had led more than a year earlier.

Jan had gone back to Denmark, and Sigurd would become our new ED. That seemed like a good change, although it was naturally impossible to follow in Wirkola's footsteps. Sven Oluf was in the course room more sporadically, and several old workhorses were there more rarely or not at all. New faces had come, and the atmosphere had changed.

I was satisfied to come back to the org, but that wasn't enough for the salesman Tore. Enthusiastic as few, he expounded on how good it would be for me to train as an auditor who would be able to take a person from the bottom of the Bridge and all the way up to Clear. I listened and let myself be carried away. Because by buying the entire so-called "academy" I got both the Student Hat, the big communication course and all the auditor class courses that would make me a fully educated and battle-tested auditor. The education would take more than four years if one were to do it at student pace at a university. I would be able to "co-audit" all the levels together with another all the way up to Clear. In addition I would be able to enjoy a full 50

With a well-hatched story in my back pocket I took the trip to the bank, and in the carefree 80s bank loans were easy to get. I delivered the good story, and the bank responded with 120 bills that I took in cash out to two waiting staff members. Together we went back to the org where I handed over the bundle of bills. But the intensity of the studies wasn't quite the same as before. There were other things that were important in life, and the time had come to take the work with Mega seriously. One of my "co-rule-creators" and I jumped into it, took out a joint loan and established Mega Games Ltd. Registered in

England - the most obvious market for a new role-playing game. Two small entrepreneurs sat in Slependen and made plans to conquer the role-playing world with the most realistic game system the world had seen so far. Bent and I worked intensively in the spring of 1987 to get the rules finished. We brought Dag and Stein along, and together we worked to get the rule set as realistic as humanly possible. We even took a trip to Bent's family's cabin in Telemark to try out the rules in practice. We climbed and snuck around in the forest to find out how much distance mattered for how difficult it was to hear someone else. We hid to see how difficult it is to find another who sits still, who crawls in the forest or tries to sneak up on one. We climbed in mountains with and without rope and were close to falling down into a scree slope 10-20 meters down. Dag and I even stopped by Ullevål hospital to ask how long it takes to bleed to death if you get an arm or leg cut off. It turned out difficult to get answers from shocked nurses who wondered what on earth we would use that knowledge for.

I practically lived with Bent's family at Slependen for more than three months while Bent and I worked our way through what finally became a rule book of 144 A4 pages and an accompanying booklet with a ready-produced role-playing adventure. I wrote, Bent did layout. We hung together like peas in a pod, around the clock. In between it all, Bent wondered what this Scientology stuff was all about. He wasn't so interested in the spiritual aspect at first. He asked and dug a lot about Hubbard's study technology. Bent was razor-sharp and a bookworm of epic proportions. I had never seen anyone read so much in my entire life. He chewed through a novel in a day or two, and in the room where I slept there were ten-odd meters of shelves with books he had already read. It was mostly science fiction and fantasy. Bent

could get inspiration for role-playing in this great treasure chamber of short stories and novels. That he was interested in study technology was perhaps natural. He wanted to read even more and remember what he read even better. I took him with me to the org where he quickly got started with courses in study technology. He actually took it so far that he, as the only one in Norway, completed what was called "Primary Rundown." Here he was first to look up in a dictionary all definitions of all the words Hubbard used in the entire "Student Hat." Bent worked his way through 8000 words with corresponding definitions, synonyms, idioms, expressions and origins of the words in Webster's Dictionary. Then he studied the material in the Student Hat with full understanding of all words. He came out the other end with a study speed I have never, either before or since, seen the likes of. While I was between 200 and 300 study points per hour, Bent was over 1400.

The org had moved from Stenersgata to Waldemar Thranes gate to larger and much nicer premises. Bent and I completed "Purification Rundown" - "Purif" in Scientology slang. Here we were to go through a session of between five and six hours each day. We jogged for half an hour to get the circulation going before heading into a sauna for more than four hours. Here we sat sweating out all the crud in the body while we drank several liters of water balanced with some salt tablets. For the body to release waste products in the fatty tissue, we drank oil and ate large amounts of vitamins, including B₃, niacin. It was this vitamin that was used as a measuring parameter to see if a person was finished with Purif. We started with 50 mg niacin, and it gave immediate effects in something that resembled sunburn. My head became glowing hot and my whole body warm because of the niacin

reaction. In addition it was hot in the sauna. After steadily larger, but balanced doses of vitamins and minerals, we got up to 5000 mg niacin per day without it giving any physical effects on the body. This was the "end phenomenon" on Purif, and we could say we were finished with this first level on the auditing side of the Bridge.

The theory is that various types of waste products are stored in the fatty tissue in the body. Several of the substances have a dulling effect on the mind and make the person not perceive the surroundings as clearly and distinctly as otherwise. By releasing these toxins by sweating them out, the person will become clearer mentally. Thus the stage is set for more effective auditing and a more alert Pre-Clear.

The results didn't fail to show for me either. I felt clearly more alert and quick. The surroundings became clearer and thoughts clearer. It felt as if I had put down a mental backpack.

Sven Oluf and I found our way back to our shared reality, and we continued our sporadic discussions and deep dives into Scientology. It was liberating not just to study, but also to be able to create something of one's own within such a complete subject. Hubbard didn't give much room for new thinking. This he had sealed with his famous "Keeping Scientology Working" where he forbids anyone to change what he has written or further develop the subject. But we didn't consider our private conversations any breach of this; we just doodled a bit further on what we had studied. We talked about the Bridge and about the future, my next steps and his own progress.

In the Church of Scientology worldwide, great expectations built up for the launching of the ship Freewinds. In step with more and more finishing the big OT level number seven, the Church of Scientology prepared to deliver the first real OT level - number 8. Hubbard

had described that the OT levels from 1 to 7 were actually pre-OT levels to make the person ready to tackle the real OT levels from 8 and upward. It was here we would see OTs with magical abilities. It was here we would see the great effects from OTs who used their abilities to save the world. The seventh OT level took several years to complete. Here one audited solo, at home, and several times per day. The first OT 7s were done in 1984. Hubbard had said that when 750 people were through OT 7, then OT 8 would be released, and that in a place completely disconnected from everyday hustle and bustle. Thus the stage was again set for the Sea Org to get a ship. Freewinds was later launched with great fanfare in summer 1988. The tension was palpable throughout 1987.

In 1987 I got a unique opportunity to start up my own radio program. Through the radio program I got to know Øyvind. He was an eager listener with a sharp philosophical mind. He struggled with difficult family relationships and sought escape from this into the world of adventure. Our program, *Midnight Magic*, was live role-playing on radio, and was probably a pleasant break from the problems. Øyvind was interested in the spiritual, and we found common interest in the spiritual sides of life.

When I got to meet Øyvind's mother, I understood what problems he struggled with. One day Øyvind had woken to his mother standing over him hitting him with a switch. When he somewhat drowsily had asked why she was doing it, she just answered: "I thought you deserved it." Another day she had nailed shut the exit door from the inside because she thought Øyvind was out too long and that he didn't deserve to come in again. Another time she had poured water in his bed in the evening so he wouldn't get to sleep. The mother was clearly

not mentally competent. And it would get worse when she discovered that I was a Scientologist. Then she went completely off the handle. Finally she had a solid point of attack against something her son was interested in. Not that I had talked so thoroughly with Øyvind about Scientology, but he was clearly interested in the self-development I had benefited from.

The mother began reading weekly magazine articles about Scientology. She contacted critics and swallowed everything negative she could find, raw and without objections. Scientology became the very work of the devil, and her son had been caught in pure evil. She ended up stationing herself on the sidewalk on the other side of Jens Bjelkes Gate where I lived, and stood there for many days with placard and candle and demonstrated against me. Øyvind barely got to set his feet in the Church of Scientology before he was politely shown out again. He wasn't 18 yet, and the org didn't want anything to do with him and his crazy mama.

One day I stood outside where Øyvind lived waiting for him, suspecting nothing. Suddenly she came rushing out the door just five meters away with a cavalry saber in her hand. With a wild look in her eyes she came toward me while she said: "I'm going to cut you with this!"

Right in the middle of all the fuss around Øyvind and mama, my mother, who lived two floors above me in the same apartment building, got a phone call early in the morning. An unknown voice told her that if I didn't stay away from Øyvind, I would be executed. In addition, a black belt in karate came to the door together with a couple of others, wanting to get into the stairwell. Landlord Haldis, who was a good friend of mama's, was herself capable in karate and wouldn't let anyone

with ulterior motives in to either me or mama.

The police took it as a pure formality that I reported the matter. They were little interested in going after an older, crazy lady. But it had had a cost, because a complaint had come in to Radio Oslo from Øyvind's mother. She claimed that I had used the radio program to recruit her son into an evil sect. Asbjørn, who was editor and very fond of Midnight Magic, didn't want any fuss. He was aware that the whole thing was fabrication, but was afraid of bad PR for the radio. He politely asked Stein and me if we could move the program to another radio. After three years with Midnight Magic on the same channel, we moved in the summer of 1990 over to Radio Oslofjord. The travel route around Bunnefjorden and out to Nesodden became long, and after half a year we shut down the program.

There were more hassles and more rounds with problems, and I had had enough of Øyvind's mother. She became increasingly unreasonable, and Øyvind could tell of several episodes with psychological terror. I felt compelled to break contact with Øyvind so this wouldn't escalate to real danger for Øyvind's life and health. It took some years before I again heard how Øyvind was doing. The situation had not become significantly better.

After we put in the years at Mega Games, Bent and I continued to work together. In addition we played role-playing games and were in the org on courses. Bent was eager on courses, while I increased the pace on the auditing side of the Bridge. After "Purif" came the "Objectives." Steinar and I had done much of this auditing at the end of 1984, so here I just had to complete the remaining auditing processes for a complete result. The "Objectives" are about getting the individual in contact with his surroundings. Scientology was much about getting the person

increasingly more awake, but after this I could hardly imagine that it was possible to become more alert and clear in the head.

The objective processes varied from the simply banal, like touching what the auditor pointed to in the room, to saying something about objects, following the auditor's movements or sensing what was around me. All the time the auditor was there as a guide and gave me tasks, maintained good communication, and without evaluating for me or saying anything about what I might express. The atmosphere was safe. I could explore my senses and impressions in safety.

After this came the level "ARC Straightwire," a set of processes that aimed to improve a person's memory in all senses. Again Steinar and I had plowed parts of this field, so it was about completing the processes on the level until it was completely finished. And memory actually became better. I was just as forgetful and scattered as before, but with clearer pictures and more distinct impressions when I did try to remember something.

Simultaneously with auditing I completed something called the "PTS/SP" course. An "SP," or "Suppressive Person," is a suppressive person. According to Hubbard, 2.5

A "PTS" or "Potential Trouble Source" is a person who is suppressed by an SP. He or she is a victim of the negative influence from an SP and can't resist. Thus a PTS will swing in mood, have accidents and generally not succeed in life. The person will because of his instability be able to create trouble for others in his surroundings, hence "Potential Trouble Source." According to Hubbard, at any time about

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During the "PTS/SP" course I learned about these suppressive people and their victims, as well as how such situations can best be

handled. I learned that if one came into conflict with the church, one could be declared "suppressive," and that other Scientologists then could no longer have contact with you if they wanted to continue in the Church of Scientology. I didn't place much emphasis on this. Probably because it didn't concern me at this point.

In auditing it had come out that I was PTS. Thus began a witch hunt where I was asked to find out who the suppressive person in my surroundings was. I searched with a fine-tooth comb to find out who was my SP. Was it mama? Papa? Aunt or uncle? A close friend or colleague? We found someone or other who satisfied the course supervisor and ethics officer, and I could continue in auditing. The thing was, I couldn't receive auditing or go on any courses other than the "PTS/SP" course before my PTS situation was handled.

Sven Oluf was a good friend, and it was good to air my thoughts and ideas with someone who was somewhat of the same temperament as myself. He had moved on after Clear. When he came home from Denmark after attesting as OT 4, I invited him out to a café to satisfy my curiosity. I looked at him closely. Was there something different about him? In his eyes? In the way he spoke? Did the room around him feel different? I felt and felt and thought I could sense another kind of calm. "How was it?" I asked. "It was good," he smiled calmly. "Come on, tell me," I pressed, but he wouldn't let himself be rushed by my eagerness. "OT 3 was exciting," he answered. "Exciting, is that all?" I asked as I sat there fidgeting. "OT 1 is a small level where you get an insight into operating as OT, creating effects at a distance. OT 2 is a longer level where you take off much charge from the time track, everything backward becomes easier, it's as if a fog lifts. OT 3 is the intense level everyone talks about, and it's where it really happens," he

explained. "What then?" I asked, well knowing that he neither could nor probably would talk about what had happened on OT 3. Instead he said: "OT 3 has made me calmer, I've become more myself." Yes, he was calm. In harmony with himself. "OT 4, then. We don't hear much about that one?" I asked. "No, it's a small level. While OT 1, 2 and 3 are done solo, you receive auditing from an auditor on OT 4, OT Drug Rundown. But I don't have much to handle in that direction, so this level went quickly," said Sven Oluf.

It wasn't possible to lure any of the content from the OT levels out of Sven Oluf. Not that I tried all that much either. I knew well that it was strictly forbidden to talk about this, and I didn't want to lure him into trouble. Besides, it would also mean trouble for me. Maybe I would also be mentally damaged by knowing what the levels consisted of. We talked further, and he told me about his new, harmonious world. Stronger senses, more peace and joy in life. I was sold. In front of me sat my own example of what Clear and OT could bring. I really wanted to continue.

But more money was needed to afford the courses and auditing. After Mega Games Ltd. had run its course, I got a job at the advertising agency where my sister was responsible for the model department. She was a skilled photographer and worked well with both people and products. I was put in charge of purchasing since I had gained experience with buying printed materials at Mega. Bent also came along, so we continued as colleagues.

I filled in occasionally as a course supervisor in the org, and it was known that I was a skilled course supervisor. I was offered a job at a newly started company that would offer businesses the small communication course that the Church of Scientology delivered. The

company was called Optim and the main shareholder was Dan-Viggo Bergtun. The managing director was the only person in Norway who had reached as far as OT 7. Wenche audited daily at this level, and with the experience from Michael in the elevator in Portland fresh in memory, I looked at her with big eyes. I would thus get the opportunity to work closely with a person who audited at the then highest level in Scientology. Delighted with the opportunity I said yes. No staff contract with lousy pay, here I got to shine with my skills as course supervisor and as communicator with people who were much older than me and had long experience in business.

We completed several courses, especially for employees in Bergtun's main company. Then came the daily grind where the courses were to be sold to completely new and unknown customers. This turned out to be much more difficult than assumed, and Optim went down for the count. The rumor that the company was a front organization for the Church of Scientology and that the courses would be used to recruit new members, made selling an uphill battle. Now it was never my idea that anyone should be recruited to the org through the courses at Optim, but I also didn't know what thoughts either Wenche or Dan-Viggo had about this. Regardless, my career as course supervisor for communication courses to business was over for this time.

It wasn't long before I got a new job offer. Søren and Tzipi Andersen were public at Oslo Org. He was Danish and she was Israeli. Together they had started U-MAN Scandinavia and offered businesses recruitment services based on the personality test used in the Church of Scientology. They wanted to move to Denmark to start an office there too, and would sell the office in Norway to a Swedish Scientologist. Mårten Runow had just bought U-MAN International from

the Israeli Izhar Pearlman after securing the franchise rights for Sweden. He wanted to expand further by buying up the Norwegian office, which suited Søren and Tzipi well. But with only one person who was able to evaluate test results, the company wasn't worth much. They needed another evaluator, and quickly.

I sat outside the course room in the org's new premises in Storgata in January 1990 when Søren came over to me and asked if I had evaluated any OCA tests before. "Oxford Capacity Analysis" was exactly the test I encountered the first time I came in contact with the Church of Scientology more than five years earlier. In the meantime I had also gotten to know the test as an evaluator. On several occasions I had given curious people from the street feedback on their test results. It was an entertaining experience since the test corresponded well with people's own perceptions. With this basic experience Søren figured he had a candidate in front of him. A new round through the test revealed that I was a capable candidate for the position of evaluator at U-MAN.

5

Marketing Scientology

A SHORT WALK from Åsjordet subway station lay the building that housed U-MAN Scandinavia. After some days at the new U-MAN office in Copenhagen, I strolled on February 10, 1990, through the door at the Norwegian office. None of the three employees had been told that I was going to start working there. Gunvor sat with the phone receiver in one hand and a cigarette in the other. When she saw me, she hung up the phone and took the cigarette from her mouth. "Hi, who are you?" she asked. I introduced myself and said I was going to start working there. "Oh really, I haven't heard anything about that," she said. She looked kindly at me. Gunvor was 69 and worked as a meeting booker for Ivar. While he sold, it was Anne-Grethe who delivered all test results to customers. Anne-Grethe was managing director in addition to "evaluator" - one who evaluated

or assessed test results against a position at a customer.

Gunvor offered me coffee and told me that she had worked at U-MAN for barely a year, and that mostly for fun she had sent in an application when she saw a job ad for a meeting booker here. She didn't think anyone would respond to an application from a retired old lady. Incredibly, management didn't have the usual prejudices, so they had called her in for an interview. From there it had gone like clockwork, and she was hired. I wasn't surprised that this lady had done well in a job interview. She was very sharp, very charming and definitely had the gift of gab. Gunvor was funny and lively and always had a good story to tell.

We were interrupted by Anne-Grethe who came in. Unlike Gunvor, she had received notice from Søren and Tzipi that I was to start as an evaluator in the company. After some polite small talk, we went into the other of the two rooms in the small office. Anne-Grethe told briefly about her history at U-MAN, and that she was now expecting a child and was in the process of winding down her engagement as managing director. Fortunately I didn't have any coffee to choke on, and nervously asked if she was then going to quit completely, which she confirmed. Thus all delivery at U-MAN would be up to me. Talk about performance pressure. Here I was, only 23 years old, and incredibly thrown into the role of backbone of the company, and that after just a couple of days of training in how they used the test to recruit candidates for businesses.

And then Ivar came back from a meeting. A handsome, dark man from the Northwest with a well-trimmed beard and firm voice. He greeted me with a powerful handshake, and when he learned that I was the new evaluator, he took the surprise in stride. For Ivar, no surprises

were a problem. He was a salesman, an adventurer and a tough guy.

Right after I got another jaw-dropper when Søren and Tzipi appointed me as Anne-Grethe's successor. I was to become managing director in a company I barely knew. "This was probably hasty?" I thought while Søren used his speaking skills to convince me to take the job. It turned out they were in the middle of the process of selling U-MAN Scandinavia to Mårten Runow. He had just bought U-MAN International, and also wanted to acquire the Norwegian office. But Søren and Tzipi wouldn't get a good price for the office without a managing director in place, and I was the answer. The challenge seemed enticing, and I said yes.

Shortly after I came into the company, Mårten took over as sole owner, and the company changed its name from U-MAN Scandinavia to U-MAN Norway.

Fortunately Anne-Grethe stayed there until May. She was good at sharing her knowledge and experience with me. There was no question of me coming fumbling into a meeting with test results in my briefcase and stuttering out something half-hearted about a candidate's personality. What was needed here was methodical structure. I alternated between being a fly on the wall in meetings where Anne-Grethe delivered test results to customers and studying all the material I could find about the OCA test. Everything Hubbard had written and said, everything others had found, and everything the creators of the test had written. Week after week I sat with my nose in books, articles and references. I checked and cross-checked, read about other similar tests and used my mathematical abilities to analyze the test. It turned out that Hubbard was not at all the originator of this test that was so diligently used in the Church of Scientology. It's customary that

everything the church delivers has Hubbard as originator. Most people I had met in the org believed that no one other than Hubbard was the man behind the test.

The test was made by Julia Salmen in 1954. She had used the test "Johnson Temperament Analysis," which was developed by Dr. Roswell H. Johnson in 1941. It had nine personality traits:

- Nervous – Composed
- Depressive – Lighthearted
- Active-Social – Quiet
- Expressive-Responsive – Inhibited
- Sympathetic – Indifferent
- Subjective – Objective
- Dominant – Submissive
- Hostile – Tolerant
- Self-Disciplined – Impulsive

Julia used all nine traits even though she changed the wording a bit. The questions were practically the same 180 as in Johnson Temperament Analysis. She added a personality trait - "Certain – Uncertain" - and the corresponding 20 questions. She called the test "The American Personality Analysis." The extra personality trait turned out to be a stroke of genius. This gave the test an internal consistency check and showed whether the personality varied over time or whether it was reasonably stable. Thus one could easily see if the result was a snapshot of a variable person or if one could trust that the person actually was as the test showed. This personality trait could moreover easily be demonstrated in practice. One could test several people over time, and those with a high score on "Certain – Uncertain" would prove to vary little on the other test values. Those with a low score would vary more.

And this actually corresponded with reality.

Julia Salmen was employed in the Church of Scientology in Los Angeles in the 50s. The name of the test didn't work well, and Hubbard also wanted the test revised, and gave this task to another employee in the church, Reymond Kemp. The test changed its name to the more venerable "Oxford Capacity Analysis," but even though the test changed name and was revised several times up to today's version, it still looked confusingly similar to JTA. U-MAN used a version from 1978 and continued to use this even after the revision from 1991 was published.

Even though Julia Salmen had copied the JTA test, she took the copyright on the product herself. Ray Kemp's version was published under his name, but later all tests were published with copyright to L. Ron Hubbard - without Julia being asked or compensated for it. Reymond Kemp was later declared "Suppressive" and with the stamp as SP he was simply written off as unworthy in Scientology context.

I didn't care so much about the history of the test, and was more concerned with the knowledge of interpreting and evaluating the results. I had good experience from giving feedback on the test in connection with the Church of Scientology, and did diligent deep dives into the material that explained how the results should be interpreted. With Anne-Grethe's help and with theoretical confidence I went out to my first meetings.

I got my baptism of fire as evaluator at the Mustad group. They were to hire a new managing director, and had let seven candidates fill out the 200 questions and sent the forms to U-MAN. I typed in the answers, and the program came out with a long string of columns and text that explained the candidates' personalities. With seven folders in

the briefcase I took a taxi out to Mustad's main office at Lysaker. On the top floor, in the boardroom itself, I was met by several distinguished gentlemen and a lady. I had opened the door carefully and peered into a mahogany-filled room where the board of Mustad rose from the table. At the front stood Eckhoff, the chairman. He asked with a stern voice if it was I who was Isene, while he measured me up and down with a sharp look. I squeaked out a meek "yes" while Eckhoff seemed a bit exasperated that they had sent an evaluator who wasn't dry behind the ears. He asked if I wanted coffee. My heart pounded and my hands shook like aspen leaves. Now it was difficult to remember all the communication training. It was important to be accommodating, so I answered yes. One by one the candidates were described, first generally and then down to concrete details and reasons why one was better suited for the position than the other. I noticed that the various board members began to chuckle. First a bit carefully, and then more clearly. Had I spilled on my tie? Food in the corners of my mouth? Did I say something stupid? What the hell were they chuckling about? I had come to the last candidate, and asked: "Do you know the candidates well?" Mustad was a family group, so it could well be that some of the candidates were well known to the board. "How many tests do you have there?" The chairman pointed to the table where the papers lay spread out. "Seven," I answered, and wondered if this was a test. "And how many people do you see in front of you?" Only then did it dawn on me. "That's us," said Eckhoff and pointed across the table. "This was a test of the test," he continued. "Is it correct then?" I stuttered out. "To a T," he smiled. "And the one you thought was worst suited for the position, that's me," he said while the smile became even broader. "You're absolutely right. I would never have hired myself as managing

director for this group, and the traits you point out in the test are much of the reason why I'm now choosing to step down as chairman. And I'm eighty-two, you know." I sighed with relief. But Eckhoff wasn't finished: "The one you recommended as best for the position is my secretary here, and had it not been for the fact that she doesn't have the professional competence she needs for the position, I would have hired her on the spot, because she has the personality." Eckhoff concluded the meeting by almost shooing the board out of the room. He came over to me and put his arm grandfatherly around my shoulder and said: "This was good. Would you like to see my margarine factory?" He lit up and took me over to the window, where he pointed down at a building by the Lysaker river. "Yes, you eat margarine, don't you, Isene?" "No, I prefer real butter," came out rather impertinently from my mouth. "What? Then you drink milk too?" I nodded. "But, Isene! You're not a calf!" followed by a small lesson in nutrition. The whole episode seemed somewhat absurd and humiliating, but good. I wished I was 53.

The baptism of fire had boosted my motivation. The deliveries eventually went as smoothly as a knife through warm margarine.

U-MAN was a so-called WISE company. All companies that delivered something where Hubbard had the copyright had to deal with "World Institute of Scientology Enterprises." As part of the Sea Org, WISE operated as the church's extended arm into business. The purpose was threefold: 1) to ensure that licenses were paid for the use of Hubbard's works in commercial context, 2) to recruit rich business people to the Church of Scientology and 3) to ensure that Scientologists in business were cut off from recruiting org staff to their companies.

It was WISE's clear intention and command from above that all

Scientologists who owned or ran businesses were members of WISE. These Scientologists were almost commanded to subscribe to a minimum membership of \$500 annually, and those who wanted more status or the opportunity to deliver more services to their customers had to go up to a higher level on the membership ladder. The top of the ladder was called "CEO's Circle" and cost the neat sum of \$36,000 per year. Whether it was worth that sum? Not at all.

In WISE there were members from all parts of business, not just from companies like U-MAN that lived by delivering services based on Hubbard's works. Even Scientologists who owned masonry companies or printing companies were expected to sign up for WISE. These paid only the annual membership fee, while those companies that delivered something based on Hubbard's works in addition had to pay a royalty on turnover. While U-MAN paid 6

Church of Spiritual Technology (CST) held the copyright, while "Religious Technology Center" (RTC) held all the trademarks. Neither of these was to be able to operate without the other's participation. One thus had to have CST's approval to use the materials, and if any of the trademarks, like "Scientology" or "Dianetics" or several thousand others, were to be used, then one also had to have approval from RTC. In addition, in 1984 an organization called "International Association of Scientologists" (IAS) was set up, a pure membership organization for all Scientologists. As a newcomer to the church you got a six-month free membership in IAS. This gave 20

WISE was part of CSI. The staff were part of the Sea Org like all other employees in the upper hierarchy, whether it was IAS, CST or RTC. As managing director at U-MAN I dealt with the European WISE office at CLO in Copenhagen. Here too the staff were part of

the Sea Org, strongly dedicated and with a total conviction that the end justifies the means. As long as Daniele Lattanzi was Commanding Officer WISE Europe, the tone was nice and informal. The reporting requirements were nevertheless strict. Each week we had to report turnover divided by products and services and how much we had paid in royalty. This was child's play compared to what would later be reported.

The connection to the Church of Scientology was looser than the media would have it. Yes, Mårten Runow was a Scientologist, and he owned the company 100

When I said yes to the job as managing director, Søren had to swear that I would never have to go to any sales meeting. I reckon he crossed his fingers when he said yes to that agreement, because as managing director there was ultimately no way around it. Ivar was an eminent salesman, one of the best I had met. I could never measure up to him, and I didn't want to either. I simply couldn't imagine going to any meeting and pushing a product on anyone. That wasn't my style. Maybe I was a bit scarred by the violent sales pushes in the Church of Scientology. Here salespeople were referred to by the more pleasant name "registrars." They were supposedly just to "register" people for their next service. In reality these were hard-core sales pushes where the registrar used whatever means he could to ensure that the person in front of him bought before 2 PM that week. That's when statistics were tallied and honors distributed. A registrar with downward statistics was in hot water, while one with upward statistics became the hero of the week. I had witnessed this, and several times I had experienced that people were pressured to take out loans to buy courses and auditing. In Oslo this was mostly reserved for the 1980s.

Databuss was an eager customer. They used tests on all employees, and owner and managing director Pål didn't care about U-MAN's connection to the Church of Scientology or that I was a Scientologist. For him the most important thing was that the test worked, that it was a good tool in recruitments and that it revealed important traits of personality that made it easier to be a good leader for those he hired. Once early in 1991 I sat in front of Pål's desk after delivering four test results. He had one test left from the package of five he had bought, but he had obviously intended to hire more. Because suddenly he asked to buy five more tests, and asked if I had a form for order confirmation. Reluctantly I pulled out the one form among all the papers and thought the stage was set for an unpleasant round of bargaining and negotiation. But no, Pål pulled the paper out of my hand, checked off the package with five tests for 14,500,- and signed at the bottom right. So I began selling the tests anyway, despite the objections I had had earlier.

In the first years I was at U-MAN we sold only one product called U-TEST. The test was exactly like the 1978 version of Oxford Capacity Analysis, but with automated printout that described the various character traits. The user manual from the Church of Scientology was completely useless for evaluating the test in business. While an OCA evaluation in the church actually involved pushing negative personality traits into the face of the person sitting there, and getting him or her to realize how wrong life was and how much he or she needed a course or auditing, U-MAN used the test to match a person against a job description. The positive personality traits were at least as important as the negative ones. Companies weren't just interested in avoiding wrong hires. They were interested in hiring good candidates.

The texts in the test printout reflected this difference. In addition the evaluator wrote a one-page summary at the end, and this was a tailor-made recommendation for the position. At the very end came a recommendation score from 1-10 where 8-10 meant recommended, 1-3 meant not recommended, and 4-7 indicated that other factors than what the test measured would weigh for or against hiring.

After U-MAN International was bought by Mårten Runow, the expansion of franchise offices took off. New offices were opened in the Netherlands, England, Belgium, France, Greece and several other countries. Mårten was a strong driving force for the entire network. Each of the offices was owned by local interests and established as a franchise under U-MAN International, according to roughly the same model as several international chains like 7-Eleven and McDonald's. All offices paid 10

A unique opportunity presented itself at Easter 1991. At the new office in Moscow the salespeople had really swung into action. They had sold tests east and west, and that without the Russian evaluators being finished with their education at the international headquarters in Stockholm. Thus Mårten himself had to take the trip to Russia, and asked if I wanted to come along. Mårten had been there on several occasions to establish U-MAN. As managing director at his Norwegian office and as a capable evaluator I got the task of co-pilot for the first big delivery in the new market.

On the week-long trip we delivered tests to more than 170 people. Unlike at home in Norway, I would here deliver the results to those who had taken the test, and then deliver the analyses to management at the various customers. In Norway we had until then rarely delivered the results to candidates. The test was almost exclusively a tool for

use by HR departments at customers in hiring new employees. We delivered tests in Moscow, in Kharkov in Ukraine and in a small town right outside Irkutsk far into Siberia. The trip with domestic Aeroflot in a Russia in upheaval became legendary. We arrived at the small Siberian outpost with 250,000 inhabitants on a Sunday, after more than 25 hours of travel. We were received like kings. The testing was part of a larger reorganization of the company's management.

For sixteen hours straight I gave feedback to sixteen people on their test results. Four interpreters were exhausted, and I took some quite incredible episodes home with me in my baggage. Among other things I gave feedback on the test to a lady who had been responsible for sending more than 100 people to concentration camps in Siberia. She was the KGB's extended arm into the company, and ensured the removal of all political resistance among the employees.

The experience made us also start the practice in Norway of delivering test results directly to candidates. We also delivered many internal evaluations to employees to assess how leader and employee could best cooperate. Or to groups, to see how they could achieve better group dynamics. The test had a great many uses. Also as help in marriage counseling. On several occasions I was asked by customers to test both themselves and their spouse to see if it was possible to avoid a divorce. On several occasions I took assignments to save marriages and relationships, and here I could point to very good results.

Once a managing director asked me to test her son. She thought he seemed a bit down. The test scored a flat -100 on the point "Positivity," and the scale went from +100 to -100. "Down" was a powerful understatement. In the feedback I asked the son if there was anything he liked to do in life. He answered a sad "no." The same apathetic "no"

came when I asked if there was anything he liked to eat and if there were any colors in the room he liked. So there were no bright spots to be found. What then prevented him from committing suicide? Well, that it would be so sad for his parents to find him dead. This was the only thing that kept him alive. But most of all he was depressed about never being able to get a girlfriend. He thought he was too ugly. In my eyes, and surely in many girls' eyes too, he wasn't. But it mattered little when he perceived himself that way.

Here I was on home turf. Armed with knowledge from communication courses and experience in picking up girls, I began teaching him how to communicate with the opposite sex. His confidence increased, and he actually finally got a girlfriend. He was jumping with joy at being himself, and his life got an unexpected upswing.

After coaching both employees and leaders in many different companies and organizations, I could see that Scientology had given me solid confidence and self-assurance.

I got good use out of my Scientology training in all areas of life. The knowledge was particularly useful in helping others get along better. The administrative training also came in handy. Hubbard writes much about how groups can function optimally and how they can best organize activities. And although much of what he writes is outdated, adapted to the Church of Scientology or completely off base, I found several nuggets of gold that could easily be applied in business, and in getting people to function better together.

In the summer of 1991 two important things happened. U-MAN moved to new premises in Hegdehaugsveien. The other thing that happened was that a scathing article against the Church of Scientology was printed in Time Magazine. No one could avoid noticing the front

page, where in large letters it said "The cult of greed and power." The article dealt with several aspects of Scientology - families that were destroyed by the church's practice of disconnection, suicides, the power play at the top of the church hierarchy, allegations that the leader had beaten up a subordinate, and some negative aspects of the philosophy. First and foremost the article addressed the church's practices. It was common that media didn't attack the doctrine itself, but that they focused on negative events that the church was behind, like the church's use of personality tests.

I was used to hearing that media always write lies about the Church of Scientology, that I shouldn't trust anything they wrote, that media consisted of lots of SPs who wanted nothing more than to destroy society and everything that was good. On several occasions Hubbard gives media the full treatment, and the Church of Scientology has identified two important enemies: Media and psychiatry. I dismissed the article as "entheta" - the opposite of the good life force "theta." The word "thetan" is the "individual form" of the more general word "theta." "Entheta" stands for "enturbulated theta" and means life force that is corrupted and will work destructively on the good, on "theta." This dismissal was the most common reaction among Scientologists. The only thing that stuck was the alleged episode where David Miscavige had beaten up another. David Miscavige had gradually emerged as the leader of the hierarchy since I came into the church. In the 1980s there was at least an apparent balance of power where the leaders of CSI, Executive Director International, Guillaume Lesèvre, and Chairman Watchdog Committee, Marc Yager, stood side by side with the leader of IAS, Janet Light, and Chairman of the Board (COB) Religious Technology Center, David Miscavige. But in the 1990s, COB - David

Miscavige - became ever more dominant.

But that he should have been violent against another was almost unthinkable. Such a highly trained OT as him would have full control of his surroundings and ooze with harmony and wisdom. He couldn't possibly have hit anyone. The whole thing had to be a misunderstanding and yet another sick media fabrication. Yet another lie to stop the church. But what if it was true?

I had seen him at some of the international events, and although he wasn't the main speaker or main attraction in the 1980s, he appeared as a very capable speaker. He was clear and distinct, had a firm gaze, never stumbled over words and seemed to be a skilled leader in the church. Not peaceful and playful like the Dalai Lama, but powerful and effective.

When I came into the Church of Scientology, few of these international events were arranged, and they were moderate in form. In the 1990s they escalated. They came more frequently and became increasingly more spectacular as David Miscavige took over as main attraction. The stage became larger, there was more pomp and circumstance and we got to see increasing statistics for each event. The Church of Scientology's expansion appeared to be without parallel with arrows pointing upward on all fronts. There were increasingly more Scientologists, the Church of Scientology got more and more good PR, increasingly more people were helped on all continents, and Scientologists went up the Bridge like never before - if we were to believe the statistics. And we didn't doubt. We were convinced.

Not only had the org gotten new premises after accepting the consequences of premises that were too large and expensive in Waldemar Thranes gate. They had also gotten a new leader. Heidi came from

CLO EU, and was thus part of the Sea Org. She was tough and uncompromising and the org's new ED, or "Executive Director." We were used to looking up to dominating and tough people with authority, and Heidi was ready to restore order. After Jan Hansen's glory days until 1986 the org expanded and was full of life. The time in Waldemar Thranes gate had been a steady downward trend. Now Heidi was going to take action.

I didn't have so much to do with our new ED directly before the episode where I was to demand my "Service Completion Award" (SCA). At times, you see, students got back some of what they had paid for a course when they completed the course. This was meant as an incentive to get students quickly through training. In such a period where SCAs were practiced, I finished a course and naturally expected to get 15

With the SCA document in hand I showed her that I after all had a right to my meager thousand kroner, which she dismissed with a curt scolding. It was probably meant to dismiss the entire money problem, but I didn't give up. Principled as I was, I brought it up again, and she gave me a new dressing-down. After that she wouldn't have anything to do with me. It became known that we had a conflict, and the situation was sent to the ethics officer for mediation. Henning was new to the role, but followed the process and called us in for a kind of mediation meeting. I had known Henning for a couple of years. He stood up and asked me to sit. Heidi came in, and wouldn't sit down. She closed the door behind her, and Henning took the floor. Systematically and neatly he tried to summarize the problem, but it wasn't long before Heidi overflowed with venom and bile. She seethed with discontent and directed hateful looks at me. I explained that I

had a claim on my SCA according to the paper. I pointed. Henning admitted that I was right, but Heidi flatly refused, and finally she lost it. She came toward me where I sat in the chair and screamed right in my face. I asked her to stop since in her anger she also spat on me. "I will give you spitting!" she screamed while she began in earnest to spit in my face. I got up, and she withdrew and blocked the door. I asked her to move, because I wanted out. When she refused, I said I was going to move her if she didn't do it herself. I was very clear and determined, and she probably understood that I meant it, because she took a step to the side. I went out, and was surprised that Henning followed. Down the hallway, down the stairs, across the reception, out the door and down the stairs to Smuget and out into Storgata. Henning followed. I asked why, and he answered: "I'm finished there." Henning was finished being ethics officer and finished being staff at Oslo Org.

With increasing pressure in the org we also experienced increasing pressure at U-MAN. It became very clear that the purpose for all companies connected to WISE should be to spread "L. Ron Hubbard's Administrative Technology," and preferably with the intention of recruiting more members to the Church of Scientology. The world was to be saved with LRH Admin Tech. We heard that "the only working administrative technology" was moving at full speed into large and important companies and, in several countries, at government level. With LRH Admin Tech the world would be able to cope with everything from unemployment to inflation. And again we were convinced. Hubbard had written several very good guidelines for what money is, how economic systems should function and how one can best organize and lead companies and other types of organizations. With

the church's completely incredible expansion, where they in a few years had gone from quite few members to more than 8 million, Hubbard's organizational doctrine had a fantastic reference. The Church of Scientology was after all the world's fastest growing religion, and the organization was extremely well-functioning at every level. Except in Oslo and Copenhagen, but this I could easily attribute to local madness or simply lack of training in Hubbard's administration technology. If only the staff had been well trained, then Oslo Org would also have taken part in the powerful expansion we could see at the international events six times a year. It was Ron's birthday on March 13, celebration of the Dianetics book's publication on May 9, celebration of the launching of Freewinds in June, auditor's day in August, the annual IAS event in October and finally the New Year's event. At each of them we got to see that the Church of Scientology expanded throughout the world. We got to see graphs that pointed upward and hear about what fantastic results the use of Scientology could point to from the four corners of the world. The "tech" was on the advance and individuals' achievements were highlighted to show what proper OTs could accomplish in a world in need. It felt good to be on the right side in the battle for humanity.

WISE pressed for us to spread LRH Admin Tech to a greater degree, and we had weekly phone calls with WISE EU in Copenhagen. We got new statistics that were to measure how much we contributed to spreading the organizational philosophy. The pressure from IAS increased. Several companies had begun signing up for IAS to more directly give their support to the Church of Scientology. U-MAN Belgium gave \$40,000, and thus got the status of "Patron" in IAS. Several times IAS was on the line and wanted me, other employees or U-MAN

Norway to donate money to IAS. The money was to be used to fight psychiatry, to spread Scientology and to the many other initiatives like for example the publication of the booklet "The Way to Happiness" where Hubbard promotes a sensible and general moral code for people regardless of their religion and cultural background. Freddy Hunkeler was the most aggressive. He was making a meteoric career as Sea Org officer at the IAS office in Copenhagen. One day he was properly on the attack and had decided that I should give a significant sum to IAS. Where the money came from wasn't so important. What was important was that he got it in hand before 2 PM. The statistics week ends Thursdays at 2 PM and the entire Scientology world moves toward a crescendo that builds from Wednesday afternoon and reaches its full release at 2:01 PM on Thursday. Freddy called at 1 PM demanding money. I had neither desire nor opportunity to give what he asked for, but Freddy wouldn't listen. He put more coal on the boiler, and the phone receiver was literally steaming while he delivered one more loud argument after another. I calmly said no. Then another no. And then another no after that. No, no, no. Finally Freddy exploded. He screamed so loudly in the phone receiver that I had to hold it away from my ear. During the scolding about what a bad Scientologist I was, he delivered the message that he was going to get WISE to go through all of U-MAN's accounts, and that he was sure he would find financial crime there, because only people with skeletons in the closet would refuse to donate money to IAS. I warmly welcomed him to look at our accounts, and finally hung up.

The threats proved to be empty, just like several times before and after.

Late in 1991 I went to Hamburg to verify that I had become Clear.

The topic of past lives had come up many times in my auditing. I had examined countless episodes where I thought I could remember from past lives in the same way as I can remember episodes from this life. It became increasingly natural to refer to events from World War I, from Ireland in the Middle Ages or from Greece around year zero. I had particularly focused on one episode from my previous life, where I had been in England and received auditing from a student at Saint Hill. This older student had for a longer time given me Dianetics auditing, and finally I had achieved a completely incredible state of harmony and peace, where a lot of mental baggage suddenly disappeared.

The year was 1962, it was early summer, almost cloudless and delightfully warm. I sat there in the chair waiting for the next instruction. "Return to the beginning of the incident and tell me what you see," he said for probably the twentieth time. I again brought up the incident. It was far, far back on the time track - from before I had taken residence in bodies, from before I had any defined lifetimes. "I see..." and before I had said a sentence, it became dead quiet. It was like going from darkness to light. It was quiet, harmonious and I was alone. I was ME. Without any props, mechanical mind devices, mental baggage or shields. There was no need for a shell or shield, I had nothing to hide. It was just me.

"But how could I who was Clear in 1962 have gathered a load of mental baggage up to 1991?" "How could I again have accumulated a reactive mind?" These were questions I quickly got answers to during "Clear Certainty Rundown." Here I got revitalized and restored my state as Clear, and it again felt as if the world was crystal clear with a view from a balcony where I could look out without a burdensome reactive mind. The snow was deliciously cold, the wind soft and cool,

and my senses were unhindered, clear and powerful.

I completed "Clear Certainty Rundown" in Hamburg, because it was here they had sufficiently well-trained auditors to deliver CCRD. The org had a couple of hundred staff. There were people everywhere, and here I got to see with my own eyes for the first time that the Church of Scientology must be in rapid growth. I had a great time and went home with a Clear certificate. Thus I could tackle the OT levels.

But in the wake of the expensive adventure with Mega Games in England, plus the loan I took out for the academy and another consumer loan, I had debt of over a million that had to be serviced. And I had no idea how I would pay back this money. There was a pause on my way up the Bridge from 1991 to 1994.

After reaping much reward from my communication training in my dealings with the opposite sex, I eventually got tired of short experimental relationships. In late summer 1992 I decided to take action to find the right one. I took out a sheet and rattled off a kind of requirements specification for the perfect girl. Completely honest and unvarnished I wrote down everything that was of importance for my choice. On the sheet it said among other things that she had to have humor, be interested in learning new things, that she had to have a striking appearance and be good in bed, intelligent, not critical of Scientology, be high on the tone scale and thus be happy and positive, and with good potential to become a good mother. The sheet was filled with big and small wishes. I structured the wishes and came to a clear picture of the perfect lady.

A week later I was to go out to a small company at Lørenskog and deliver three test results. All three employees in the company had taken the test. There was a female boss and her partner, plus their new project

employee, Katrine. After delivering the test to the first two, I was to go in and give Katrine feedback on her personality. After opening the door and stepping into the room, a dazzling beauty rose. She rounded the desk, took a step and reached out her hand while she introduced herself. I became completely speechless and completely knocked off my perch. I think I remember saying: "Hi, my name is..." followed by an embarrassing pause where I feverishly searched for what my name was. As stupid and dull as it may sound, I actually couldn't remember my own name. After some seconds the iron curtain slid aside and I managed to squeeze out: "Geir Isene." She didn't seem to notice my absent-minded behavior, since she was so excited about her own test result.

What then happened, I don't remember much of to this day. According to Katrine I apparently said many sensible things about her personality, her strong and weak sides. What I do remember, however, was that toward the end I tried to hatch a good transition to suggesting a date. While I continued talking, I thought of something: "Oh, look at that! It's gotten late. I have to try to get going. Do you think this is interesting?" She confirmed very eagerly. "OK, I can give you more good tips. How about we continue over a dinner?" I asked. She confirmed again, eagerly, and the date was in the bag.

During the date I gave Katrine many good tips about everything from communication and ARC to different angles on problems in life. She listened with interest and offered her views on life, problems and opportunities. She had humor, was interested in learning new things, was lovely to look at, not critical of Scientology, and she was very high on the tone scale - around "strong interest" or "cheerfulness." Toward the end of dinner I used the same tactic again: "Oh, it's gotten

late, time to get home. Do you want to hear more about this?" She said yes, and I suggested a new dinner. Several meetings and three weeks later she moved into my apartment at Oppsal. I had never met this combination of very intelligent and drop-dead gorgeous before. I compared with the requirements specification I had written just a week before I met Katrine. An amazing perfect ten. Magic? Or was it that I saw her in a different way now that I had clarified what I really was looking for in the perfect lady? Had I perhaps not lost my tongue and instead let her pass if I hadn't visualized my ideal partner? Who knows? Regardless, we became engaged three months later, and later happily married with three children.

I never pushed Scientology on Katrine. I was happy with her as she was - as a Christian, smoker and EU supporter. As an opponent of the EU I got good counter-arguments that challenged my position. As a non-smoker it became a bit colder inside in winter when the window was open, and with different worldviews the discussions about life became interesting. She asked and dug a lot about Scientology, and I answered as best I could. Finally she took action herself and wanted to complete some courses in the org. I was careful that she shouldn't be "assaulted by the salespeople" as I had experienced a couple of times before. Since there were few public in the org, the staff were very much on the attack with selling and pushing on any new poor soul something or other that enabled them to pay rent the next quarter. I protected Katrine and made sure she got the service she deserved. She took the step into the Church of Scientology herself and began going up the Bridge on her own feet.

1993 was the year when Katrine and I built a solid and good relationship. There was also an opening at U-MAN for someone with

her background. She was educated in economics and had a master's in "International Relations and Diplomacy," and first came in to handle the accounts. Shortly after she took over responsibility for all administration in the company. I was in pause mode on the auditing side of the Bridge awaiting better economic times.

In October that year we got the invitation to the IAS event. All Scientologists were expected to participate, and no excuses other than one's own funeral were accepted. The venue where I some years earlier had gone up for private candidate exam right by Sentrum cinema, housed all that could crawl and walk of Norwegian Scientologists - at least 50 people had shown up. Expectations were hyped up beforehand, and we were told that the event would last longer than usual and that the content would be completely special. The staff bubbled with enthusiasm when we arrived at the venue. Something was obviously afoot.

The video rolled and showed the international event from a big stage in Los Angeles. Chairman of the Board, COB himself, David Miscavige, came straight-backed and confident out on stage and proclaimed "Welcome to Church!" It was a somewhat strange statement that would prove to get new meaning after a couple of hours. With a steel gaze and without stumbling over a single word he delivered the best speech of all time. I was mightily impressed while he took us through the Church of Scientology's history - from the humble beginning to today's organization. He emphasized the trials the Church of Scientology had faced with attacks from the government, media, psychiatry and from the pharmaceutical industry. He painted a picture of a church in strong expansion and which because of its good intentions and growth was attacked by evil forces - the suppressives,

the SPs. There were pictures and effects, and strong messages from our great role model. Everything culminated in an almost orgasmic climax when COB explained that the Church of Scientology after decades of struggle for its recognition had now finally gotten status as a religious community in the USA: A host of Scientology organizations had achieved tax exemption, which would lead to all donations to the churches in the USA being tax-free, at least for American citizens. Finally Scientology was recognized as a real religion! The standing ovation lasted for several minutes - even in the small hall in Norway where we stood clapping in front of the screen. Now I understood COB's opening words. We could expect enormous growth in the future.

6

The Bridge to Total Freedom

THE LEGENDARY EXPANSION failed to materialize in Norway. Here it was "business as usual." I went on courses. Katrine was actively busy with her auditor, Richard, who was a so-called field auditor. He wasn't staff at any org, but had opened his own practice under the umbrella organization "I HELP" - "The International Hubbard Ecclesiastical League of Pastors," an organization within the Sea Org that ensured certification and control of auditors with their own practice. Richard was one of the very best auditors I had ever met. Katrine was in safe hands on her way up to Clear. She could tell of great personal gains and shone like a sun every time she came back from a weekend trip to Stockholm.

It was naturally important for her that she got to find her own way into and up the Bridge. She had to find her own truth, without

me pushing, leading or trying to influence. I let her steer her journey in Scientology completely by herself. Nevertheless there was room to share experiences with each other and discuss basic principles in the philosophy. We had different views on several points of what we had studied, and that was completely fine and actually very good.

Our relationship became strong, both physically, mentally and spiritually. We used what we had learned in Scientology to build a fantastic relationship. Every evening while we lay in bed, before we were to sleep, we had a summary.

"Do you have attention on anything?" That was our way of asking if the other was mentally "stuck" on something from the day that had passed. The one who asked was the auditor and was only to empty the other of unwanted attention on the day's events. Everything that had made the other upset or created some discomfort was taken up, and without the auditor being allowed to offer counterarguments or defend himself. If Katrine felt that I had been unfair to her, then it was my duty to listen to everything she had to say about the incident without interruptions, counterarguments or my own viewpoints. Until she had said everything she felt like saying. Then it was my turn to empty my attention on what she had just said, or anything else I could feel some discomfort about. Then the roles were switched, she had become a listener while I explained. Then the roles were switched again until we both had gotten an outlet for everything.

"What was good today?" And out came all the good experiences of the day. It was important to focus on the good and build further on that.

"Did you achieve what you wanted today?" The day before we had asked each other what the other wanted. Everything from wishes for

more closeness and attention to more practical things like more time together or support in an important meeting at work. In the summary we got to tell if we felt that our wish was fulfilled during the day.

And finally we asked each other what we wanted for tomorrow. The summaries built good ARC. All feelings were brought forth, thoughts were shared and we created an open, honest and deep bond. With the help of Scientology we became the world's best friends and the world's best couple. In retrospect I see that it can be both unnecessary and perhaps even harmful in the long run to have such a very structured approach in a relationship. Everything in its time and place.

Katrine thought it was time that I too got started with my next level on the Bridge. The bank account was dwindling and I had large debts, so I saw no possibility of tackling the Solo Course which would enable me to complete the first three OT levels. She had heard of something called "OT Debug Service" - a type of service that was delivered aboard Freewinds. We decided to first try a week's stay aboard Freewinds before I might be able to go back and complete "OT Debug Service." We could combine a trip to the annual WISE conference aboard the ship with one of the many courses that were only delivered there. We had never had the opportunity to travel to the Caribbean on the Church of Scientology's luxury ship, and this unique opportunity became too tempting. Expensive it wasn't either, so we took the plunge.

Late in January 1994 we went to Antigua where Freewinds lay in port. When we arrived at the harbor, we saw the majestic ship lying there in idyllic surroundings. It tickled in the stomach. The ship wasn't as big as it had seemed in the brochures, but she took 360 passengers and crew after all. We were welcomed as participants to the WISE conference at the bottom by the gangway. When we

came into the ship, we handed over our passports to the security guard before we came into the lobby. A handful of officers waited there with a tray full of fruit cocktails and gave us a warm welcome. We were referred to reception where we were handed our "Routing Form." This was a control sheet that showed which different "terminals" or organizational roles we were to visit in a certain order before we were ready as participants at the conference. The whole day was spent on this. We went to Accommodations to get a cabin. Here we almost had to fight to get to share a cabin since we weren't married yet. The rules were clear - no hanky-panky was to go on here, and one had to be married to share a bed. After securing a double cabin we went to the registrar. Here we were registered as participants at the conference and we were registered to do a so-called "OT Hattig Course." Such a course consisted of listening to a lecture series by Hubbard, reading relevant material and doing corresponding clay demonstrations and drills. The nerd in me came out, and the choice fell on the course The secrets of the MEST universe. This course would give me new knowledge about the physical universe - MEST stood for Matter, Energy, Space & Time.

After the somewhat heavy bureaucratic first day, the rest of the week aboard the ship became an incredible experience. Never had we gotten such genuine and good service anywhere. The staff were sincerely concerned that we should get the most personal service, the best food, the best excursions, the best possible stay. Before we left the table after each meal, we filled out a little card where we gave the waiters a grade for service and the kitchen a grade for the food. We started by giving top grades in both, but eventually we had to add numbers to the scale and break it with increasingly creative numbers, such as π raised to π and one divided by an Angstrom. The waiters and cooks

followed up with increasingly more ingenious food creations - from a cucumber cut out like a crocodile to a swan made from an apple, until it peaked on the last day. Then we were served half a watermelon shaped like the entire ship, filled with ice cream and fruits and with blue gelatin around it as sea where both fish and sharks swam. The stay aboard Freewinds is something all other service organizations will struggle to measure up to.

Besides the many lectures at the WISE conference I completed the Secrets of the MEST universe course. The conference was packed with very good presentations. Several of the best speakers I had ever seen, both on TV and in reality, presented important parts of Hubbard's administrative doctrine. People like Mark Shreffler and Klaus Hilgers made topics like marketing, organizing, finance and PR into living and easily understandable practical subjects. We were very satisfied with the conference.

The course I studied gave me completely new angles within the topic of physics. Particularly the topic "time" was treated in a new way. At one of the lectures something strange happened. The course supervisor gave the signal that there was a fifteen-minute break as usual at 3:15 PM. I cleaned up a bit at the desk where I sat, and went out of the course room. To the right down along the corridor hung many beautiful pictures taken by the ship's photographer. There were pictures of passengers on excursion to various exotic places along the ship's route, pictures of local population, pictures of beautiful nature. I stood there for quite a while studying them, and a couple of passengers came over and stood next to me while we talked about the pictures. Then I strolled past the shop that sold clothes, books, lecture series, toothpaste and much else. I rounded the corner and went up

the stairs at the back of the ship, into the cafe on the stern deck and out back by the swimming pool. There I ordered a milkshake. The lady at the bar made a delicious milkshake that I was about to take a sip of when I realized I absolutely couldn't allow myself that. The break was only fifteen minutes after all. A bit stressed I glanced down at the watch. It showed 3:18. There must be something wrong with it. I asked the lady at the bar what her clock showed, and she confirmed it was 3:18. I had checked that the clock was actually 3:15 when the course supervisor called for a break. My watch was set according to the clock in the course room so I wouldn't come too late. This was completely insane. I shook my head while I slurped down the drink and strolled along the rail on the starboard side. We had anchored up by a small town, and there was much to see. I stood there looking out while I discussed the surroundings with a fellow passenger for maybe 8-10 minutes. Suddenly I again remembered that I had to hurry so as not to be late for roll call. The clock showed 3:21. Three minutes? I didn't believe my own eyes. Or ears for that matter, because the clock ticked exactly as before. More activity, more strolling and chatting and again 10-12 minutes had become three. And so it went on for more than an hour. Never before have I had so much time on my hands. It was as if I had come into a time loop where time went mysteriously much slower than otherwise. This episode remains completely unexplained to me.

After the very successful stay we decided that I should come back the month after for two weeks to complete an "OT Debug Service."

I went back to Freewinds alone a few weeks later.

All staff aboard were part of the Sea Org, and all had thus given a billion years to the Church of Scientology. There were few Norwegians among the several thousand Sea Org staff distributed over maybe a

hundred organizations around the world. One of the Norwegians in the Sea Org had worked on Freewinds for several years. Her name was Elisabeth and she was responsible for delivery of "OT Debug Service," and I was glad I got her as my "debugger." In the first session she listed several dozen potential problem areas in life, from money and time to studies, job and family. All the time while I held the two cans that were connected to the e-meter. She carefully noted the readings on the meter. In brief, an e-meter functions like this: A tiny current with a voltage about like that of a flashlight battery is sent through the body of the one holding the two galvanized metal boxes. On the machine that stands on the table in front of the auditor, all changes in electrical resistance are shown. The meter is very sensitive, and the slightest resistance change is registered in a needle that moves on a large dial. If the thoughts consciously or unconsciously touch a problem, the needle will fall to the right. This is just one of the mental changes the meter can pick up. It shows where the person has unconscious "charge" or discomfort. It cannot show whether a person speaks truth or lies, but only whether the person has "mental charge" in an area of the mind. So when Elisabeth rattled off potential problem areas, the needle reacted where I had difficulties in life. After the entire list had been read out, she tackled the area that gave the biggest reading. Then the one that gave the second biggest reading, until we had taken up all areas where the needle had fallen to the right.

Money naturally became a hot topic, and I got material to read, exercises to do, and I set up concrete action plans for how I should handle the debt. In the same way area after area was illuminated and studied, drills performed and plans made. Finally I had several concrete action plans that would help me clean up my life.

Back home I began handling what we had defined as problems. With great help from my boss, the owner of U-MAN Norway, Mårten Runow, I got a handle on the debt. In under two years the debt was gone, and Katrine and I had moved into a small apartment at Lørenskog that we bought together. We had also bought a car and were well established as cohabitants. We ran U-MAN Norway, I as daily manager, she as administration chief, and we had seven employees. U-MAN Norway had become one of the best-run companies among the 23 offices around the world. And although the pressure in the Church of Scientology increased, we learned to handle it. It was important to know when one could say no, when one should say yes, when one shouldn't answer the phone, which events one should go to and when one should stay away. The local IAS events in particular left a bad taste. Every time a delegation came from IAS in Copenhagen, they lured us with fantastic expansion news and important messages for us here in Oslo. The events were announced as pleasant and maybe an hour long. They rarely lasted shorter than two hours and consisted mainly of milking the audience of everything they owned and had. After some quick news as announced, the doors to the venue were closed and guards placed at the exits. The best speaker from the delegation framed the argument so that everyone would feel it as their obvious duty to pay up. A flipchart was brought out in front of the audience, and the man up front stood ready with a marker to write up the names of those who had understood their duty toward the world, IAS and themselves. It always went quiet at first. Until the piercing gaze landed on a public who couldn't hold back. The person gave in with a thousand kroner or two, and the man with the marker clapped and cheered and wrote up the name with the amount to the right. The audience clapped, and we

had a hero for one minute. Then came the gaze and some well-turned arguments back, until a new person gave in and added a few thousand. Sometimes there was someone who stepped up with more than 10, 20 or even more thousands, and the cheering hit the roof. The man up front had always set himself a goal for the evening, and wouldn't give up or let anyone out of the venue before the goal was reached. Thus it dragged out. I don't think I ever experienced that the goal was actually reached. The whole thing ended with no one having more to give. The wallets and credit cards were empty, and the man had to give up. The mood was steadily declining until the delegation understood that they probably had to go home with unmet statistics this time.

Now, it wasn't that those who donated money did it just because of pressure. There was also a good deal of self-motivation that made many dig deep into their wallets. The motivation came from a conviction that IAS was right. The arguments hit home with the Scientologists. The world was in need, and only IAS could save us from media, psychiatry and the pharmaceutical industry's attacks on our religion. Only IAS could ensure that we and our children could go free with the help of Scientology. At the big IAS event in 1993 COB said it in plain terms, it was the members' donations to IAS that had made the battle against IRS, the tax authority in the USA, possible. But this type of donation without getting anything back in the form of auditing, training or books was something new from 1984, when IAS was formed. It wasn't possible to find any basis for this type of donation in Hubbard's many writings. But what did that matter? IAS had found a way through the mess and saved the Church of Scientology from certain destruction. Nevertheless it was best to visit family out of town on the days an IAS event was held in Oslo.

One who was never to be found at such events was Sven Oluf. As usual he was very self-determined and decided for himself what was best for him. Events, and especially IAS events, were not best for Sven Oluf. We had regular café trips where we discussed philosophy and our own experiences. We avoided speaking critically about the international leadership or about IAS, even though we both probably had enough to say about it. We concentrated on philosophical deep dives. In between I got an insight into what it would mean to do the OT levels. Sven Oluf had gone further and through OT 5, a level where one receives auditing from a Class 9 auditor. OT 5 is regarded as one of the most important levels on the Bridge.

"Do you ever get scared?" I asked. "Well, I still have a bit of fear of heights," he answered. "Huh? How can you have that if you're rid of your reactive mind as Clear and have gone a long way further up the OT levels?" I continued. "There are other mechanisms than the reactive mind, there's more 'case' to handle after Clear," he answered. He obviously had knowledge I didn't have, because I only knew about the reactive mind and thought the OT levels would be more about training to go out of the body and such. "The OT levels still give negative gains," he continued, and by negative gains he meant that mental baggage, the negative, was removed. The opposite, positive gains, is what one achieves when one works at gaining new abilities. "For although you get back OT abilities on the levels from Clear through OT 7, these levels are about removing 'case' beyond the reactive mind which is removed when one goes Clear," explained Sven Oluf. This was reassuring to hear, because my mind had not become quiet and in total harmony after attesting Clear. There were still stray thoughts, strange feelings, occasional nightmares and unpleasant sensations - although I had felt

much more harmonious after 1991. I thought it was time to get rid of more of this.

During 1994 and 1995 David Miscavige became even more prominent than before. It was apparently a requirement in the agreement between the Church of Scientology and the American tax authorities that there should not be one leader at the top if tax exemption was to be granted. There should be "checks and balances," a balanced power relationship, and Hubbard had regulated the power relationship in the Scientology hierarchy precisely to ensure such a balance. After the war with the American tax service, Internal Revenue Service, was won, the other leaders in the church receded more into the background and COB stood more obviously at the helm.

In spring 1996 he really tightened his grip. There was much secrecy when several hundred people were recruited for a secret translation assignment in LA. Several Norwegians went over, and there was tremendous pressure to send those the Sea Org thought should go. One of them was Ellen, an employee at U-MAN. She was a very important resource, so I told the Sea Org missionaries who were on the case that she definitely couldn't leave the job for a month or two. As usual when one doesn't give in to "Command Intention," a verbal beating followed. The Sea Org, a paramilitary organization with a strict hierarchy, was driven by "Command Intention" from above that few dared oppose.

Only at the Dianetics event on May 9 did the average public learn what was going on. The event was as usual hyped up as the most important ever, but this time extra emphasis was placed on getting absolutely everyone to come. It was a grand event with David Miscavige where he proclaimed "The Golden Age of Tech." Now all delivery

problems would be solved with a completely new concept in drilling. Several shelf-meters of binders containing drills for learning Hubbard's material were launched. Translated into 14 languages. There were drills for learning important Scientology principles and topics by heart, drills for learning the theory so it really sticks, and drills for learning to do certain auditing processes correctly.

Miscavige said with force and hard-core intention that the fumbling in Scientology training was now over. Gone were the days when students did exercises and auditing processes differently. From now on everything would be 100% standard - completely identical auditing regardless of which org you got service at, completely identical course supervision, completely identical training.

Miscavige's thoughts hit home with me, because at U-MAN we had long worked to streamline recruitment. By means of standardization of the recruitment process we wanted the result for the customer to be the same regardless of which consultant carried out the process for a customer. The person hired for a leadership role at the Norwegian Institute for Air Research should be the same whether it was me, Ivar or Sigurd who helped them get the right man in the right place. Standardization was in vogue throughout the business world. At U-MAN we were positioned to become a spearhead in the recruitment industry. We wanted to lead the way with the best recruitment process and with the best hires. At least with me, Miscavige was preaching to the choir when he preached standardization.

Several hundred course supervisors were sent from orgs all over the world to be trained to deliver the drills in "The Golden Age of Tech" (GAT) in parallel with the drills being translated into the most important languages in the Scientology world. A course supervisor

and a word clearer from Norway came back for the event and showed that now it was serious. Øyvind Solheim had been the org's course supervisor for some years and was to be regarded as an institution in Oslo. Elin was an auditor and now also trained as a GAT word clearer. This role helps students in the course room find words they don't understand in their studies and get them cleared properly in the right dictionaries. I had always wondered why the Norwegian school system didn't have word clearers in the classrooms so that pupils who struggled with words and expressions could get help while the teacher continued with the teaching. With Elin as word clearer the Norwegian course room was also complete.

The org had moved again - this time to smaller but representative premises at Lille Grensen. All public were expected to get on course and do update courses with the new drills. All courses on the training side of the Bridge were eventually supplemented with update courses or "Certainty courses," and those who had done courses before GAT had to do their "Certainty" courses to again be approved at the same level.

There was a small gold rush for the church in 1996 and for a couple of years after. GAT "Certainty" courses were sold in large numbers. The new e-meter, Mark Super VII Quantum, was sold to all auditors and auditor students. There was a clear new energy in the Church of Scientology at this point. At least among the old workhorses who now had to redo much of their previous training.

Katrine and I got married on Valentine's Day 1996. We were in love and highly motivated to go further up the Bridge. Our finances were in order and I was ready to begin the Solo Course where I would learn to become a solo auditor to audit myself through OT 1, 2 and 3.

Katrine had indicated that she was Clear, that she no longer had any "reactive mind," so her next step would be Clear Certainty Rundown (CCRD). We would both go away from U-MAN and concentrate on Scientology. We had five alternatives where both CCRD and the OT levels were delivered. I had been to Copenhagen before, and it was too close to the daily challenges at work. The way home would be too short if someone at U-MAN needed help. The same applied to Saint Hill in Sussex in England. Flag Land Base in Clearwater Florida was the very "Mecca" of the Church of Scientology. While the other advanced orgs delivered the OT levels up to #5, Flag was the only place where one could get OT 6 and 7 delivered. But Flag was more expensive than the other alternatives, so we ruled it out. Los Angeles was tempting, but Australia was even more tempting. As an amateur astronomer I had long had a desire to see the southern night sky. The thirst for adventure made the choice fall on Sydney.

We saddled up and turned our noses toward the other side of the planet. The adventure was truly underway when we arrived in Sydney in the middle of winter, July 3, 1996. It was raw and cold even though the family we stayed with wore t-shirts and had the windows wide open.

Lynne and Russell Fox had started U-MAN Sydney. They were very happy to have two old hands from Norway as guests. The agreement was that we got to stay there free in exchange for helping them in the establishment period in the evenings after we came home from the org. In Sydney there was a Class 5 org where everything up to Clear was delivered. For service above Clear there was an Advanced Organization (AO) just like in Copenhagen. AO was a short bus ride from the house where we lived, and we spent most of the day there on

course and in session. Katrine was finished with a new sauna round through Purification Rundown and her CCRD after a little over a month. As newly attested Clear she went home happy and satisfied. I had a bigger job and had to stay for another four months.

While I was in Sydney I got word that Øyvind, the one with the crazy mother, had taken his own life. He had been called up for military service, and after some months he had committed suicide. It hit me like a blow. Why? Was it wrong to push him away? Should I have stretched further to help him despite the hopeless family situation? The questions flew through my head, but I found no good answers. The boy with fantastic potential had left the body. I could only hope he found a new and better family to grow up in.

The first part of the Solo course was pure theory. I studied eleven of the basic Scientology books before I could tackle all the e-meter exercises. I completed all 29 e-meter exercises five whole times. A couple of them were quite daring. E-meter exercise 22 consisted of a person sitting on the other side of the table opposite me holding the cans. I sat with the e-meter on the table and followed the needle's reaction closely while I asked the questions. The person in front had written down a date on a piece of paper that he kept secret from me, and with only the needle's reaction as guide I was to ask questions so that I arrived at the date he had written down. With questions like "Is the date before 1980? After 1980?" I gradually arrived at the right year. Then I tackled the months: "Is the date before June? After June? Is it June?" and so on. The needle gave a reading on the question that was right. Thus I managed after much practice to find the exact date, and often also down to the exact second that someone had decided on beforehand. Quite impressive, and surely suitable for a good show. It

was also useful if in auditing one needed to find the exact time of an incident.

In parallel with the Solo Course I got auditing that would prepare me for the OT levels. Then came Solo 2 where I got to practice auditing myself - a really intense experience. I was both auditor and being audited. The solid training gave me a sense of security and good control, and it gave results. I literally flew out of the session and over to the examiner who checked that the needle floated after a finished solo session. At the examiner I just sat down, picked up the cans to her e-meter and she could verify that I had a free needle that floated calmly back and forth. This indicated that I had had a good session and that I didn't need any help getting free of mental discomfort. Through all the thousands of solo sessions I always had a floating needle at the examiner, which was nice since being helped out of any crud would have cost money with a professional auditor.

As the last step before the invitation to start on OT I, I was to go through "OT Eligibility" - a type of service that differs from all other training or auditing. It resembled auditing since I sat in a chair and held the cans while the auditor sat behind the table in front of me and asked questions while he noted all needle readings on his worksheets. In that way it was confusingly similar to regular auditing. But at the start of such a session the auditor always said: "I am not auditing you," and explained that this was a so-called "Security Check." This was something Hubbard had developed among other things because he had seen several spies infiltrate the church in the USA in the 1950s and '60s. A security check was thus there to protect the church, and was to ensure that I didn't have shady intentions when I was now to complete the strictly secret OT levels.

All my bad conscience and any bad intentions were scrutinized. I was asked if I had thought of misusing the OT materials, if I would reveal the secrets, if I had done anything wrong to the church, the church leadership or Hubbard. I was asked if I had drunk alcohol, taken narcotics, read negative articles in media or on the new internet. All parts of life from finances to sex were thoroughly examined to see if there could be any crud whatsoever there that prevented me from getting to do the longed-for OT levels.

The idea that I had nothing to hide meant I felt no discomfort at my private life being turned inside out in this way. Instead I felt relief after "confessing" everything on my conscience. I felt squeaky clean and ready to start on the OT levels.

But first the legalities had to be taken care of. A bunch of documents had to be signed to ensure that I would never reveal the secrets about the content of the OT levels, and to confirm that I completed the levels of my own free will and at my own risk.

7

The OT Levels

THE INVITATION was embossed with metallic foil and looked as if it were for a noble wedding. But this was even more important. Finally I too would get to go through the first OT level. While we were ten-twelve students in the solo course room, I was the only one in the small OT 1 course room. A couple of my other fellow students on the solo course had all moved on to OT 2 or 3, while the rest weren't yet through Solo 2 or "OT Eligibility." For a couple of days I sat alone with the course supervisor and studied the material. Then it was into session where I audited the processes. About twenty hours in the chair as solo auditor, and I could attest.

This small level made me more attentive to others, their wishes and needs. A nice little wake-up call. Then I moved on to OT 2. Again I was the only one on the level. The material was far more comprehensive

on OT 2. Here I studied the confidential material for several days. I studied the processes that should be audited, and was ready to solo audit. I kept at it for a couple of weeks. It was a lot of work, but very exciting and rewarding. A sprout of new creativity was sown in me, who was otherwise so realistically oriented. Granted, I had been creative within role-playing, but I was actually never interested in pure art or fiction, other than in science fiction. In the breaks between sessions I was a regular at the bookstore nearby. I began leafing through art books, and drew inspiration. For what? No, I didn't quite know. But the aesthetic had gotten an inherent value. Not just as decoration on boring walls or as a splash of color in existence, but because it was beautiful and enriching in itself. It was a careful approach and not some big pendulum swing, because in between I also read the newly purchased book by Stephen Hawking, *A Brief History of Time*. The title is a good description of what the book is about. The author, in an undertone of hard-core objectivist realism, settles accounts with relativism and the spiritual.

Hawking brings up an old hypothesis from the French mathematician and astronomer Pierre-Simon Laplace, which goes roughly like this: If you know all the laws of the universe and the entire state of the universe at a given point in time, then you will be able to calculate any subsequent event. In philosophy this is called determinism. Everything is predetermined, not because of some mystical fate or God, but only because all events are a physical consequence of previous events. Thus free will is removed, and all meaning in life is basically gone.

In addition to personally believing that free will potentially existed, I also thought I saw that the argumentation in the book didn't hold water. Not because it's provably impossible to know both the uni-

verse's laws and the complete state - that information would increase the amount of information in the universe and thus never add up - but because there also seem to be good reasons in physics to believe in relativism. That is, that the world is not objective and that objective truth doesn't exist. Relativism introduces the subjective as something real. A pure objectivist determinism excludes free will and the spiritual. It even challenges our legal system. For if free will doesn't exist and everything is predetermined, then it makes little sense to punish a criminal. Concepts like responsibility and guilt lose their meaning because the criminal had no choice. Then one can also counter that neither did the prosecution or the judge have a choice, since absolutely everything is predetermined. But in this, a meaning with existence disappears. With the erasure of real choices, actual responsibility and guilt, apathy and carelessness follow. The perfect defense for any murderer is in place: I had no choice. No one has any choice.

The concept "predetermined" is moreover misleading for Laplace's thesis - nothing is "determined," it's just a series of effects without any cause. It's quite a tough job to argue that this is a correct picture of our existence.

My thoughts around this went further than an appeal to negative consequences of accepting a thesis. I began slowly to tackle the actual foundation for being able to underpin a theory where free will existed, with relativism, with responsibility and where the world isn't predetermined. I wrote an article I called "Is physics the solution?" but not until many years later did this culminate in a more tangible theory in an article I called "On Will."

The foundation was laid to be able to build a bridge between the cold scientific and the warm spiritual, and that on a factual and logical

basis.

I had had my little spiritual and aesthetic awakening, and it led to me not long after beginning to make digital art and music, and starting on my first novel.

In Scientology OT 3 stands out as something really big. OT 3 is meant to solve the mental traumas that were caused 75 million years ago, and which we all allegedly are affected by to this day. It's announced and advertised, hyped up, mystified and kept secret and spread across the entire internet. I had no idea what I was getting into when I went into the course room. I hadn't read stories about the level on the internet, and I hadn't been confronted with it by critics or others. With a blank and open mind, but still with a healthy portion of skepticism, I began studying the theory.

Surprising, yes. But I was most interested in getting to try out the auditing process in practice. I was relatively agnostic to the story itself about what happened 75 million years ago, and didn't feel any great need to believe in the story itself. What was important was whether the auditing gave results. Done with theory. Into session. Exciting. For many dozens of hours I went on with the solo auditing on OT 3.

And it gave results. More creativity and aesthetic sense came to the surface, and I became much calmer. From being a bit restless and often slightly worried about all sorts of strange things, it became very calm around and inside me. My pulse settled and I could relax far better. In retrospect I see that much of my auditing has given the result that I'm calmer and more balanced. I think it's connected to me being so restless and nervous before, and that I was precisely seeking a solution so I could get more control and peace in life. I would think others experience or value other types of gains in Scientology.

After attesting on OT 3, the path was short to finishing the next level. OT 4 took about an "intensive," that is 12.5 hours. This level isn't done solo. Here I found myself again in an auditing session together with a professional auditor. Ian was very skilled, calm and efficient. He was the best auditor at Advanced Organization in Sydney, and had won the prize for most productive auditor several years running. OT 4 was almost like a rounding off after OT 3. The level handles the mental effects of alcohol, narcotics, medicines and other potentially harmful substances. I had had very little contact with medicines and alcohol and no contact with narcotics - at least in this lifetime. It was a short process that gave a somewhat unexpected result.

Ever since I was little I had felt that I never had full control over my thoughts. I could for example think of a spinning ball. If I decided that it should stop spinning, then it wasn't certain that it would stop. Sometimes it stopped immediately, other times after a couple of seconds, and sometimes it wouldn't stop at all unless I decided properly and often several times. During the week I did OT 4 I suddenly got control of this. Now I could think of spinning balls, role-playing scenes and possible scenarios in life without having any problem controlling the thoughts. They behaved completely according to my command. The thoughts also became clearer with more distinct images, sound, smell, taste and touch. It was like having a home cinema available in my head.

After OT 4 I turned my nose homeward in December 1996. At home an Oslo Org in great excitement waited. A new OT in the Oslo field! I gave lectures to amazed and highly interested public and staff who hadn't yet done the OT levels. It was clear they had great expectations for what I could accomplish, because suddenly people came to me with many different problems and wanted them solved.

From various discomforts and relationship problems to the desire that I should expand Oslo Org to new heights. The pressure clearly became greater. Now I was one many looked up to and from whom many expected great results.

As a newly minted OT 4 the opportunity opened to use what I had learned to help the church in its battle on the internet. After critics had posted negative posts about Scientology on several forums, the church had come out hard to stop the criticism. When the critics additionally put out confidential OT materials on the net, things really heated up. The church used large sums on lawyers and private investigators to get the material recalled and to smear critics. But as most have eventually realized, it's anything but simple to get something removed from the net once it's out. That didn't prevent the church from attacking both individuals, media and Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF), an organization that works for individuals' rights in the digital world.

Hubbard wrote as mentioned earlier clear guidelines for why OT material must not get out. The Church of Scientology enforces these guidelines as if they were Moses' stone tablets, but the only thing they know how to use to protect the materials is copyright law.

The church's intelligence organization, Office of Special Affairs (OSA), has a representative in each org who takes care of everything from critics and media coverage to people who want their money back and other legal and special PR cases. OSA's purpose is to protect the church so it can concentrate on delivering services.

OSA's Norwegian representative, Mathias Fosse, wanted to use me to obtain information about critics on the net. Since I had now become OT 4, I would at least not be able to be harmed by being exposed to OT 3 on the net. It was completely obvious to me that critics like Andreas

Heldal-Lund, with his website Operation Clambake, were suppressive and out to bury the church, Scientology and all who used Scientology to better their own and others' lives. He was the ultimate SP, and I stood ready to fight the man.

Mathias was aware that I was a whiz at computers and that I could find out much about people on the net. First I got some smaller assignments where I was to map what Heldal-Lund liked and didn't like, what he had posted about certain topics and where he was located at given times. After digging up more information than Mathias himself could find, I became a trusted OSA helper. Mathias wasn't even Clear, so he had gotten orders from his superiors at OSA EU in Copenhagen that he shouldn't search around on the net at risk to his own mental health if he should stumble across dangerous OT material. It was therefore very good that I as a computer nerd had gotten up to OT 4. I still had to be careful since I hadn't yet done OT 5. Those who had come all the way to that level could freely move around on the net without danger to their own state of mind. OT 5, 6 and 7 deal with the same thing, so a person who was OT 5 was out of danger even if he should happen to read material from OT 7. OT 8 was the one no one had posted. This level was the most strictly guarded secret aboard Freewinds.

In May 1997 I went back to Advanced Organization Saint Hill, Australia, New Zealand & Oceania, or quite simply AOSH ANZO and locally just AO. Sydney was a wonderful city that left you wanting more, and Lynne and Russell Fox fantastic people I would gladly meet again. And with Ian as auditor, it was obvious I had to go back to Australia to do OT 5. The level isn't done solo, it requires a very highly trained auditor to take someone through level 5. While it requires a

Class 5 auditor to take a person up through the grades and to Clear, it requires a Class 9 auditor to deliver OT 5, also called "Audited New Era Dianetics for Operating Thetans" (NOTs). The difference between a Class 5 and a Class 9 auditor is a couple-three years of intensive study, and in the Church of Scientology this means at least 60 hours per week.

It was a hectic month with several sessions each day. OT 5 can be seen as a series of smaller OT levels. They all handle the same thing in the person, but from different angles. For me NOTs was an exciting journey in the spiritual with the result that I became more confident in myself and who I was, calmer in difficult situations, far less vulnerable as a person, and more willing to take risks.

With OT 5 I could operate as a full OSA helper. I took the trip to the administrative headquarters for the Church of Scientology in Europe, CLO EU, where OSA EU was also housed. There I got to meet the lady who was responsible for investigation, and she gave me quick training in how OSA functioned and how I could best help. It was about attacking and never defending oneself. It was about taking action immediately and never resting or waiting for the enemy to make the next move. Just like OSA had previously dealt with anon.penet.fi, a service that made it possible to send anonymous emails. The Church of Scientology had taken the necessary steps to close this service which was also used by the SPs to spread lies about our religion.

It didn't go as smoothly when OSA tried to close the newsgroup alt.religion.scientology (ARS) by sending an rmgroup message, a technical command to the servers where the newsgroup was made available, with the goal of taking down the entire forum. The only thing they achieved with that was to fire up all critics who posted there, plus a lot

of others who fought for freedom of expression. In addition ARS got a lot of attention, and several began posting messages.

OSA EU was happy to get a computer-savvy OT 5-er on the team. Evening after evening I surfed the net and reported what I found. I looked up IP addresses, found useful information about important enemies and summarized my findings so OSA could easily use it in their attempts to undermine the critics' credibility. I warned about new websites with critical information, and once I downloaded the entire main FreeZone website to a CD and gave it to OSA. FreeZone were breakaways from the Church of Scientology. They were "squirrels" - a derogatory term Hubbard uses about those who pervert Scientology. According to Hubbard a "squirrel" delivers his distorted and thus dangerous versions of Scientology to unsuspecting public and former Scientologists without approval from the church.

I felt a small seed of curiosity about what FreeZone really was, but managed to suppress the thirst for knowledge. I couldn't deviate from the narrow path. The Church of Scientology was the only right thing. That's how Hubbard had organized the religion. The hierarchy and structure were in place so the world would get pure and unperturbed Scientology for all time. There was almost nothing we couldn't do to defend humanity's only hope. The end justified the means after all. It was never about physically harming anyone, but it was clear that OSA was within its right to undermine and harass those who would destroy humanity's bridge to total freedom. The SPs like psychiatry, the pharmaceutical industry, media and Scientology critics had to be stopped. And so did "squirrels." The latter were perhaps the worst, because they pretended to deliver Scientology while they obviously didn't deliver the real thing. I was quick to bury the curiosity around

FreeZone.

One of the OSA assignments was about getting in contact with Andreas Heldal-Lund and becoming his friend. I was known as a Scientologist from media coverage about U-MAN, so I couldn't contact him in my own name. Instead I took a new identity and contacted him via email. I ensured the email couldn't be traced back to me or to Norway. As a female dropout from Jehovah's Witnesses I wanted to get advice and help from the man who ran Clambake. But after a couple of email exchanges he stopped answering. He had perhaps smelled a rat, and I couldn't get further in my assignment.

Andreas was active in sending negative press coverage to U-MAN's customers. He really exerted himself to trip up the company I led. We ran from customer to customer doing damage control. We explained and demystified our connection to the Church of Scientology as best we could. Most customers accepted that we paid 6% royalty to L. Ron Hubbard Library. At that time I also didn't know this was part of the international Church of Scientology, and I managed to convince customers that the money definitely didn't go to feed the controversial organization. The other accusations that we were recruiting for the church were pure nonsense, so that was easy to deny. We lost a handful of customers, but managed to bring in more than we lost. Nevertheless it was a tough job to conduct this damage control. Finally I plucked up my courage and called Andreas directly. Completely without Mathias or OSA's approval. Even though it's strictly forbidden to talk to an SP as long as one is a Scientologist, I felt I had to take the bull by the horns. We had a good chat and he came across as an intelligent and balanced guy, which definitely didn't match my picture of a suppressive person. Hubbard describes an SP as covertly hostile, evil and with destructive

intentions. An SP always has criminal acts to hide. Andreas didn't fit into this enemy image. But so be it, because he was bound to be evil.

At U-MAN we were in full swing certifying the company according to the ISO 9001 standard. Det Norske Veritas conducted the certification, and U-MAN Norge AS became the first pure recruitment company with such a diploma on the wall. For us this was about much more than status. We had worked for several years to standardize the recruitment process. After evaluating about 1000 OCA tests and thus contributing to more than 300 recruitments, we understood that assessing a candidate's personality was far from the most important thing in a hiring. Mårten Runow had studied much of Hubbard's doctrine around recruitment and personnel policy, and concluded that Hubbard was probably right when he said one shouldn't hire people primarily based on their personality, but rather based on what provable results the candidate had achieved. Thus focus shifted from the OCA test being the saving grace to the OCA test being a tool that came second. In first place came Mårten's new process for uncovering a candidate's previous results.

We interviewed and hired while constantly fine-tuning the process and assessments based on feedback about how well a candidate turned out to function in his new job. With main focus on the candidate's previous results, the accuracy in hirings rose from around 85% to more than 93%. The quality assurance procedure meant we had a good overview of which candidates turned out to be exactly "right man in right place," as our motto was. After further fine-tuning with questions and forms to uncover the candidate's motivation for the job they applied for, with professional tests that revealed the candidate's professional competence within an area and with far more structured

interviews and reference checks, accuracy rose to a full 97.4%. This was measured by a customer having to answer a simple question after the candidate had been in his new job for 12-18 months: "Was the candidate the right person for the position?" The customer could check yes or no. Regardless of what was the reason a candidate turned out to be a wrong hire, we went back into the assessments to find why it went wrong. Then we tried to find solutions so the same misjudgment wouldn't happen again. All in the spirit of ISO 9001.

The process improvements were carefully documented, and during 1997 I wrote *The Interview Handbook*. It was printed and published by U-MAN Norge, and all 2000 copies were sold. It was very concrete and explained how our fine-combed recruitment process worked. Thus HR personnel could themselves benefit from the knowledge we had built up. After releasing the book I began feeling a lack of challenges in the job as daily manager for U-MAN Norge. I had mastered the recruitment profession and the responsibility as leader. U-MAN had more than double the turnover per employee as the second best office in the network. I had even become a good salesman, which was completely unthinkable when I came into the company. It was simply starting to become a bit boring.

In conversations with Mårten it emerged that he wanted me to take over as daily manager in U-MAN International. I was flattered and saw that this was the right step to get something more to "bite into." True to Hubbard's administrative technology, I would have to write down everything I could about my job and then replace myself in the position as daily manager. Ivar was my natural successor, and we geared up for him to take over when I went to Sweden. Katrine would come along to take over administration in U-MAN Int. She had been

responsible for the entire ISO 9001 process and was well known in the network as a unique resource.

I wrote around 350 pages covering everything from the recruitment process itself, how to interpret the OCA test, or "U-TEST" as it was called in U-MAN, and the entire spectrum of processes needed to run U-MAN Norge as we had done. For two and a half years we prepared to move on to U-MAN Int. We constantly updated Mårten on the status of how far we had come.

Katrine and I had our first child in spring 1999, and we felt it was the right time to get started with U-MAN Int. She would be a stay-at-home mom for a while as I got into the job as leader of the network. Then she would come in to handle administration and structure in the whole thing. We were ready.

Mårten wasn't. U-MAN Int and U-MAN Sweden turned out to be financially weak, and Mårten felt he couldn't afford to hire us to take U-MAN Int further. He didn't dare. I was disappointed and dejected, but didn't feel I could tell Ivar he couldn't become daily manager anyway. There was little else I could do but quit.

I sat there at the office looking out and down at Nedre Slottsgate. The office was nice. It was mine. Fine furniture, beautiful star chart on the wall and a globe of Mars on the bookshelf. It was good to be daily manager. It was good to feel I had led the company from the brink of bankruptcy when I took over almost ten years ago, to today, when we were the most successful office in the entire network. It was calm, and I was proud. And it was over. I thought about how many people and companies I had helped. I pulled out a calculator and typed in a calculation. A full 2000 people I had been involved in hiring. A full 6000 interviews, and more than 20,000 CVs I had read. A queasy

feeling came creeping. I couldn't stand the thought of more interviews. It had become like clipping a very, very long hedge. Sure, candidates and employees at different companies were still over the moon after an interview, but I would have hit the wall if I were to continue clipping hedges. It was autumn 1999. I had to move on.

The week after I had coffee with Dag at Møllhausen at Egertorget.

"6000 interviews. I'm going to throw up if I have to continue with that."

"Can't you come work for me then?"

"And do what?"

"That's not so important, just come along, it'll be fine."

We had known each other since the days at Katta when we competed at remembering decimals of pi. Dag was a Linux nerd and had started the first company in Norway that bet professionally on delivering services tied to the budding operating system. He had used me as a sparring partner when he started Linpro in 1995 and a few times along the way. I knew the company and felt that the nerd in me had slept long enough. It was time to do something technical.

But then I got sick. After a small food poisoning during the autumn holiday in Portugal in 1999, I began to feel pains in my body. First in a finger and in my back, then in more fingers, more in my back and in my shoulder. The chiropractor had no idea what was wrong. Neither did my GP or a couple of the specialists I went to. Most of all they wanted to give me cortisone to dampen the symptoms. I had pain in tendons and joints and swollen fingers. It hurt all the time, and I slept barely 10 minutes at a time before I woke in pain. It hurt least in the jacuzzi, but I couldn't lie there all the time. I was diagnosed with reactive arthritis.

After much bad advice from Norwegian doctors I found my way to the foremost in the field, a Dr. Robert Al Franco in Riverside, California. It was obvious that something was wrong with my body, but the suspicion was that it might be due to something wrong in my auditing. After three months of pain I went to Los Angeles with a two-fold purpose: I wanted treatment from Dr. Franco, and I wanted a refresher of my OT 5 at Advanced Organization Los Angeles (AOLA). Franco was fantastic, and the auditing likewise. With antibiotics for the body and balm for the soul I went home again. Franco had found out that I was infected with a bacterium that triggered the immune system to run amok and attack the tissue around tendons and joints. So I went on a narrow-spectrum antibiotic course for three months to help the immune system break the back of the bacterium, so that it would not overreact anymore. In the auditing I found some spiritual causes that could well have influenced the body to handle the illness worse. In any case the auditing was something that brought my courage back and put me in better shape to handle the course of the illness.

The pain hell lasted seven months before it finally let go. I so dearly remember the first time I could run again. I have never liked running, but then I ran - it was a wonderful feeling to be able to do something I had previously taken for granted and found downright boring. It was heading toward summer. The year was 2000. U-MAN was a closed chapter and a new job was waiting.

8

To the Top of the Bridge

SINCE MY FIRST trip to the Freewinds, I had taken several trips to the ship, particularly as a participant in the WISE conferences in January. And like everyone else who visited the ship, I both had to and wanted to complete a course while I was there. As a passenger on board, I got to taste genuine luxury mixed with fantastic service, a wonderfully cheerful atmosphere, and beautiful nature surrounding us in each port.

The annual celebration of the ship's maiden voyage went under the name "Maiden Voyage Event." This gathering was reserved for OTs at the two highest levels, but in 2001 a small exception was made. A handful of OT 5s were invited to participate in this very special conference. We were 45 OT 5s among more than 250 people on OT 7 or 8. In addition, leaders from Int Management were well represented

on the ship.

It was full speed from morning to evening with courses and excursions during the day and conference in the evening. The conference was of the same type as the other major international events, with speakers from Int Management who addressed the various parts of Scientology and expansion within their area. As usual, David Miscavige was the one who led, held the helm, and appeared as the leader of all leaders in the Church of Scientology. Even though the stage was small because it was on board a ship, the format was similar to the other events, such as the New Year's event that was conducted on a large stage and in a hall that held at least 2,500 spectators.

After the Golden Age of Tech came out in 1996 and the drills eventually also encompassed the OT levels, everyone who had completed OT 7 and 8 was put back on the Bridge to redo OT 7 and 8 – this time with proper drilling so that one could be completely sure they got the full and complete result from these levels. The first ones who redid the levels started in 1997, but since it takes several years with solo auditing at home on OT 7, none were finished yet. In fact, no one had done OT 8 since 1996 when delivery of this level aboard the Freewinds stopped in anticipation of the new Golden Age of Tech OT 7s becoming ready to do OT 8. What was completely special about Maiden Voyage in 2001 were the rumors that someone was about to attest to this great OT level.

It exploded in thunderous applause that evening when five newly minted OT 8s came up before the participants and proudly displayed their certificates in glass and gold frames. They had finished OT 7 just before Maiden Voyage and arrived at the ship before the other participants. Within a couple of weeks, they had completed OT 8, a

rather small OT level that is also done solo.

After thunderous stamping, they told about their gains from the greatest adventure of their lives. They literally radiated as they stood before the assembly of people who were still working on completing their Golden Age of Tech OT 7. One of the newly hatched OT 8s was from Sweden. Another was Stan Gerson, the stage magician from Los Angeles whom I shared a cabin with. While I was on course that week, Stan was in session in our cabin with the door locked. A funny guy who really could do magic. Several times I got to see card tricks and other impossibilities that Stan performed with complete ease on the cabin floor. What he did was astounding and quite irritating. I really wanted to understand how, but it was simply not possible. All the time I kept an eye on whether he was finished with the 8 and was about to attest. He was the very first to complete Golden Age of Tech OT-8, and I was one of the first to know it. Rarely have I seen such a happy and enthusiastic older man. He was like a youngster despite being almost 60.

Even though David Miscavige was the obvious and indisputable leader, and even though there was increasingly more of him at events after the victory against the American tax authorities in 1993, the other leaders in Int Management were still well represented. Here were Executive Director International, Guillaume Lesèvre, Chairman of Watchdog Committee (WDC), Marc Yager, President IAS Administrations, Janet Light, President CSI, Heber Jentzsch, WDC for OSA, Mike Rinder, Senior Case Supervisor International, Ray Mithoff, Trustee of L. Ron Hubbard's Estate, Norman Starkey and several others in Sea Org uniform with gold stripes on their shoulders. There was awe in the air with such a corps gathered in one place.

David Miscavige, the COB RTC himself, was most swarmed by OTs who wanted to impress with their results. I myself got to speak with both ED Int, Chairman WDC, WDC OSA, President CSI, President IAS Administrations and Senior C/S Int. The conversation with the best trained auditor in the world, Ray Mithoff, made a lasting impression. He had an extremely balanced and harmonious being. We had a long chat about what my next step on the Bridge should be. Should I tackle OT 6 and 7 or should I rather wait for the fabled Super Power to be released. This was a set of special auditing and training steps that would give a person superpowers. A massive building had been started in Clearwater Florida just to deliver Super Power, and there was talk that delivery was "just around the corner." Ray looked me calmly in the eyes and said: "Your next step is OT 6 and 7." He probably knew that Super Power was quite far away.

The next day a messenger came who said I had an appointment with Senior Case Supervisor International, that he wanted a personal interview with all 45 OT's on board. "Great," I thought, and ambled off to the delivery area. There stood Ray outside one of the auditing rooms. When he saw me, he said "But we don't need this interview. We already had our talk," and smiled. "Like hell," I thought and replied: "When I am called for an interview with Senior C/S Int, then I am going to have my interview with Senior C/S Int." He smiled a little wider and we went into the room. It was quiet. Not because we kept our mouths shut. We chatted away about quite unessential things. Still it was quiet. Calm and harmonious. I had never seen a person with such pleasant communication.

As part of Maiden Voyage, all participants were sworn in as so-called "OT Ambassadors." I was now part of the elite of the Church

of Scientology, the OTs who swore an oath to expand the Church of Scientology in their area. It was now my task to ensure that the Church of Scientology expanded in Norway, that the org became larger, that the Church of Scientology gained real influence in business and the public sector, in schools, healthcare and in criminal justice. It was my responsibility that Norway's population embraced Scientology, started on the Bridge and became Clear. Together with the rest of the participants, I had stood there with raised right hand and promised to do everything I could for Scientology to triumph.

The new status as OT ambassador did not help with the pressure when I came home. An OT committee had been formed six months earlier. Here the most important public in Oslo were gathered to contribute to the org's expansion from the outside. As Norway's OT ambassador, it was natural that I took the helm of the committee. It was also expected that I contribute every week at the org to get the statistics to point upward. Books were to be sold and new people were to be started on courses. I had given lectures at the org before, and now they became a permanent institution in the org every Wednesday. Since I made Scientology come alive through my lectures, many new people constantly came via their Scientology friends to hear the lectures. And many began the course that suited them. I refused to engage in the type of hard sell that Scientology was known for. If a person felt that Scientology was not for them, I let it be. Others were more pushy and wanted at all costs to ensure that the person they had before them coughed up money and started on a course. Immediately and without protest.

The folders that contained instructions for how the personality test evaluations should be conducted described in plain words that

the person should harshly and brutally be given feedback about how bad he or she was. They were to paint for the person how badly things would go in life and that Scientology was the only lifeline. I would not be part of this. Every time I conducted such evaluations under the auspices of the org, I did it as I had experienced worked best through my 6,000 evaluations in my time at U-MAN. First I explained what the test could show about a personality. Then I went through the person's strong points. These are, after all, the most important sides a person has and deserve plenty of attention. If I had brought up the weak points first, the strong points would come in the shadow of the weak ones and the person would not have listened when I got to them. After a good review of strong points, I took up one or two weak points. After getting confirmation from the person themselves that they matched reality, I asked if he or she wanted to improve them. If yes, then I recommended a course that best tackled exactly that side or those sides. If no, then I rounded off by giving the person some tips so that he or she could better handle the weak sides themselves. Simple, but directly contrary to the user manual in Scientology. Still, no one came close to my effectiveness in starting people on courses.

Tom Erik was Executive Director (ED) in Oslo Org at that time. He saw what value my lectures and test evaluations had, and let me contribute what I was best at. The pressure was great for me to contribute more and in other areas, but Tom Erik held a protective hand over my contributions. He understood that the results would suffer if I was dragged into other projects or schemes. Tom Erik was focused and effective and was the one who got book sales to new people going. He rented the basement apartment in our house in Rælingen, taught me to play pool and was a good friend. We had many evenings together

where we played Settlers 2 late into the night.

The work for OSA had stepped up to a new level. Katrine had done her OT levels in Los Angeles up to and including OT 4 during 2001. I had taken the trip over to visit her and after my work with OSA EU since 1997 and the meeting with Mike Rinder in 2001, I got an audience with OSA International. They were housed at the top of the building called Hollywood Guarantee Building. In Scientology most things are abbreviated, and thus they were housed in HGB.

They quickly found out that I had competence in IT, something they themselves had in pitifully small amounts. Gloria Idda was webmaster for Scientology – for all the websites of the Church of Scientology and associated organizations, her husband Gavino was the intelligence chief, Aaron Mason was Public Relations Manager International, Veronique Bromberg was Deputy Commanding Officer and Kurt Weiland was the boss, Commanding Officer. None of them had any noteworthy clue about IT, about the internet or how they should best conduct themselves on the net. Thus I became an internet consultant. Without payment of course, but it was an exciting task where I got the opportunity to influence the Church of Scientology's welfare on the net.

They asked how they should handle Google, which refused to give them first place in searches, and also would not push Clambake far enough down the list. They asked how they could best conduct investigation on the net without being exposed to OT materials – few of those who worked with the net were above Clear. They aired their strategies and I gave feedback. Aaron Mason and Kurt Weiland were soon to meet with Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF) and wanted input on how they could come out well from it. EFF aims to fight

for consumer rights in the digital world. They are concerned with consumer interests including privacy, product locking, free software and file sharing. The Church of Scientology and EFF had been at war ever since the church shut down anon.penet.fi and tried to shut down ARS. EFF fights hard for freedom of speech on the net, while the Church of Scientology was possibly the hardest in its fight against critics. On one side an organization that fought for the common man, on the other an organization that fought for its own interests. The church came across as the hardest in the class in its use of copyright law to gag critics and dissidents.

Aaron and Veronique got several hours of briefing about how EFF thinks, what free software is and the mentality around sharing and openness. Much of it went directly against the church's attitudes even though it went hand in glove with my own. With this I actually managed to change their attitudes enough that the meeting with EFF became completely different than they had expected. They came back and told me that surprisingly enough they agreed with EFF leadership that they should bury the feud.

I also told OSA Int that they should find other ways to protect the OT materials than by using copyright. If they used business law like copyright, they would in people's eyes be regarded precisely as a business empire. On par with Disney, Coca Cola and Microsoft. They should rather go the route of lobbying to get a new law that protected religious materials. They could join with other religious directions that had similar needs and fight for a law that was not meant to protect business activity, but instead religious scriptures.

From this point, a conflict started in me – between the Church of Scientology and everything it had given me, and my fundamental

attitude toward freedom. I was so fundamentally in agreement with freedom of speech, with the concept of free software and with sharing culture that I could not quite see how the Church of Scientology would be able to manage in the new internet landscape. A chasm simply built up between what I stood for and what the church stood for regarding freedom of speech and freedom in society.

In 2002 it was my turn to take the step further up the Bridge. As Ray Mithoff had said, I should not take any detours, I should go straight ahead on OT 6, a different OT level since it is a course, and not so much auditing. This is where a person learns to solo audit what was handled on OT 5. While one receives auditing from a professional auditor on OT 5, one audits the same type of processes further on OT 7. To manage this, the person must go through the thorough training on OT 6. The course is three-part. First one simply does the Solo Course again. For many it has been a while since they sat in the chair and solo audited on OT 3, so it is appropriate to take a new round to become completely sure and competent as a solo auditor. This part of OT 6 is not confidential and is called OT 6A. OT 6B is the confidential theory part where one learns everything about how to solo audit on OT 7. OT 6C is the practical part where the person solo audits under close supervision until it is clear that he or she can manage on their own at home.

In late summer 2002 I went to the only place where OT 6 and 7 are delivered, at Flag Land Base in Clearwater, Florida, USA. The adventure through OT 6 took about 2 months. At U-MAN it was a given that I got permission from my boss to be away from work for several months. He was auditing on OT 7 and knew that my journey up the Bridge to Total Freedom was the most important thing I could

do. Besides, I worked a couple of hours each day while I was away. At Linpro it was not as obvious, but my friend Dag understood that this was also an important part of my life.

Despite not studying in my mother tongue, I completed OT 6A faster than most Americans. The study technique was well in place. Also before OT 6B I had to go through a very thorough Security Check. Again private life, thoughts and intentions were turned inside out to see if I posed any security risk to the church. After all, I was going to read some of the most holy and confidential material the church could offer, and then it was important to find out if I had sinister intentions, such as writing about the content on the internet or telling about it in a book. After a new scrubbing I was shining clean of mind, relieved of all bad conscience and ready to enter the holiest of holies at Flag.

The security setup was considerable. There were security airlocks with key cards and pin codes. The course room had windows where we could see out and no one could see in. The material was plugged into the table with electrical cables to ensure that no one took anything out. Cameras and mobile phones were naturally strictly forbidden. It was like entering Fort Knox. Security conditions were strict also when I did the earlier OT levels, but here at Flag it was taken to the extreme. It felt safe, and the materials felt secure.

It was an honor to be allowed to enter the course room for OT 6B&C. The atmosphere was light and relaxed. The students were enthusiastic, and the course supervisors were very good. It felt like being spiritually "home."

The next three and a half years I would go back and forth to Flag every six months.

At home more pressure awaited. Now COB's program to get

"ideal orgs" in place had really gotten wind in its sails. All orgs on the planet were to become ideal, and an OT Ambassador Program had been created that encompassed every org and its OT committee. First the OTs were to procure enough money to buy a building in the center of the city where the org is located. Next, just as much money was to be obtained to renovate the building to five-star standard. The money was to be gotten from local Scientologists who with enough motivation, pressure and threats were to cough up without getting any courses, auditing or books back. It was to be pure donations, a practice Hubbard never put his name to. Rather the opposite, Ron was concerned that orgs should earn money by delivering Scientology to people who needed it, and not embark on wild schemes like magic shows, cake lotteries or simply pressuring people for money. He was concerned with exchange.

Since I now audited daily on OT 7, there were many who expected miracles. Not just with me, but also in my surroundings. When the Berlin Wall fell in 1989, it was said that it was because OT 8 was released the year before and that this auditing had changed the general attitude of people in the world. This had loosened mental blocks so that Germany was now united. In the same way staff and public in Oslo expected that as long as Geir audited on the 7, yes, then we would see the most incredible things.

Ernö was sent up from CLO EU as a Sea Org missionary to keep a grip on the finances in Oslo. After the OT committee meeting one Wednesday he waved me over into the hallway to the office at the other end. "Shut the door," he said with a sly smile. Clearly excited and a bit bouncing on the chair he said: "You want to hear a crazy idea? You want a real challenge?" "Sure," I said, and had little idea what was

now waiting. "Here's how we solve the ideal org for Norway." He continued: "You just call one of the landlords of a building along Karl Johan – remember, it must be at least 3500 square meters – and you ask him to donate it to us!" Unsure if he was joking: "Eh?" "Yes, with your OT abilities, you call him and make sure he gives the building to the greatest good. Cool, yes?" "Well..." I began. Ernö looked as if he had come up with the best idea ever. Proud and expectant and waving his hands he looked at the magician Isene... who wondered if Ernö had gone off the rails. He continued. And continued. "My God, he actually means it." He wanted me to pick up the phone, call Christian Ringnes and with my magical OT abilities ask him to donate a building, a large building right on Norway's main street, to the Church of Scientology. He was simply to transfer a building worth something like 100 million to the church because... I could do magic. I was not exactly impressed by this total lack of a sense of reality. I nodded along. The man was part of the Sea Org, and if I did not behave as expected, he could report me. And then there would have been trouble on my next trip to Flag. Unfortunately this was not the only crazy episode where someone down on the Bridge looked up to me high up here with big eyes and a gaze distant from reality. "You can just go and win the lottery, you. Why don't you do that anyway?"

Growing and impossible expectations became part of everyday life, and I learned to handle it in different ways. It was important to produce results that were visible to Flag. Next it was important to slip away from the most foolish expectations, nod when someone came with high-flown talk about OT, and not-answer meaningfully when staff demanded engagement. Besides, it helped to not answer the phone or get a phone with "black-list" functionality, because now

and then staff from Oslo, Copenhagen, Flag, LA, England or other places would call and want something. Money or time. IAS always wanted money. The org wanted both.

It was summer and good weather, and a CEO from an IT company in India had come who wanted a meeting to discuss possible cooperation.

"...if you believe in reincarnation." The man in the stylish suit and with the firm business gaze looked a little wonderingly at me. He had just told a somewhat funny joke in the middle of the business dinner in downtown Oslo. "Well, I do," I replied, and he raised his eyebrows. "But you're Norwegian..." "Yes, I know." From then the conversation moved from possible cooperation on programming of Linux solutions over to philosophy of life and religion. Both the man from India and his Norwegian-Indian agent sat on the other side of the table and looked a bit surprised. They had not expected a Norwegian who believed in reincarnation. I told them that I could remember many of my previous lives. After some brief philosophical exchanges, the Norwegian Indian told me that he had an "Indian holy man" staying at his row house in Stovner, that he was on a tour around Europe, and that he was to leave tomorrow. He asked if I wanted to meet him. I was very curious and accepted the offer.

The next day I showed up and knocked on the door. There stood Dr. Dutta with big glasses, orange robe and sandals, with a smaller version of himself on each side. The assistants said not a word, but Dr. Dutta grabbed my shoulders and enthusiastically led me in and over to the sofa where he sat me down. Without hesitation he started asking questions: "Have you always been a man? Ever been a woman? An animal? How does it feel to enter a fetus or baby body? How does

it feel just after you die and leave the body? Where have you been? How far back can you remember?" The questions came like pearls on a string, and I answered as quickly and well as I could. He wondered how I came to remember previous lives, and I told him about auditing. He wondered how it worked, and I told him about Dianetics. He asked about my view on a spirit, and I told him about Scientology. With violent intensity he kept the questions going for a whole hour. Finally I was completely out of breath and put up a "time-out" sign with both hands. "Could we return the flow so I can ask you some questions?" I asked. He was like a four-year-old at an amusement park. Full of life, but at the same time very harmonious. He let me ask some questions, but could not contain himself, because in between his answers he fired off a new question. He told me that until 1984 he worked as surgical chief for India's largest hospital. Until the day he decided to dedicate his life to a Hindu direction – The All World Gayatri Pariwar. Dr. Dutta quickly became a very trusted figure in the science-heavy direction. Here were physicists, psychologists, mathematicians and doctors in beautiful union. They really didn't worship any deity, they worshipped the concept "knowledge and wisdom" represented by a female goddess. He told me that they had a spiritual headquarters in Haridwar, some miles north of the capital Delhi. He told about the place, the thousand people who lived there and the university they had where all types of people could come to study yoga, meditation and spiritualism. Students could go all the way to officially accredited master's degrees or doctorates in these subjects. A full 20 million followed their direction within Hinduism. They ran pure charity and dedicated their lives to helping others. "A somewhat different model than in the Church of Scientology," I thought.

After two hours of intense fun and much learning from an Indian guru who had to run to catch his plane, Dr. Dutta asked when I thought we would meet again. "Within a year," I replied. He lit up and invited me to their headquarters Shantikunj. I accepted, and went to India barely nine months later.

After four hours of train travel north from Delhi, we rolled into the train station in Haridwar, the city with countless spiritual headquarters and where you cannot buy either meat or alcohol. The city lies by the holy river Ganges and has about 175,000 inhabitants that can grow to millions during certain holidays. I looked out the window and saw the train station slide ever more slowly past until it stopped completely. There were many people on the train, and I struggled with the suitcase to get it out between all the legs and arms. Out on the platform I looked for the man in the orange robe. It did not take long before Dr. Dutta and a couple of other eager ones came toward me and offered to wheel my suitcase. I gave Dutta a good hug and greeted the others. One was Gupta. He was responsible for the finances in the religion that had something like 400 times more members than the Church of Scientology. He was to be my guide and host for the next three days. I was led into a car, and we drove toward the Ganges. After 6 kilometers we arrived. There lay the university to the left across the road from the entrance to Shantikunj.

Several of the residents had gotten word that a man from Norway was coming who remembered his previous lives. It was a bit strange and somewhat oppressive to be met by a small flock of spiritually interested people who wanted to hear what I remembered and my view on life and death. I told freely about my thoughts and experiences, which again brought more listeners, among them a very special person

who was visiting Shantikunj. Kamal Bhairi was the name of the young Buddhist who was in the process of forming his own direction to use Buddhist principles to do something about the major world problems of hunger, need and global warming. He had apprenticed under a guru from Nepal and was now ready to stake out his own path in humanity's service. Kamal was a friend of the people in Shantikunj and was visiting.

During the three days I got to meet the leader of the religion several times, Dr. Pranav Pandya. He was their David Miscavige, and I was curious to see how he measured against our own leader.

He was completely different. Almost his direct opposite. While Miscavige was tough, hard, dedicated, efficient and an "in-your-face" type, Dr. Pandya was calm, harmonious, almost sedate and friendly. At the same time there was much of the same almost exaggerated respect around him that I had seen around COB during Maiden Voyage in 2001. And in the middle of this melting pot of Indians I wandered around with the finance chief as guide. It must have been an odd sight.

During one of our conversations where he told about his religion and I about Scientology, he asked me to give a lecture about Scientology to "the fifteen wisest people of my religion." Shortly after he had gathered fifteen of his most talented disciples for a lecture about Scientology in Dr. Dutta's office. I was told to take a seat in Dr. Dutta's office chair at the end of a long table where the video man stood at the other end behind a camera that was rolling. Dr. Dutta introduced me with a firm voice: "This is Mr. Geir Isene. He is from Norway. He is going to talk to you about something very important called Scientology, so please pay attention."

As usual when I give lectures I asked the listeners what they wanted

to hear about. They answered in unison that they wanted to hear about my previous lives. I told them much of what I remembered, about how these memories first came to the surface in Dianetics auditing and about selected topics within Scientology as my stories from previous lives opened up for it. They were fully focused. Rarely did one of the students get a somewhat wavering gaze. At the next intake of breath and almost imperceptibly, the man sitting to the left in front of me leaned forward and translated what I had just said into Hindi. He had noticed a flickering gaze and took it to be lacking understanding of an English word or expression I used. The student lit up and was again fully focused. The man to the left was the oldest in the gathering, around seventy years old. He literally radiated wisdom and harmony and was an unusually pleasant person to be around.

It came out that their highest wish was to achieve a certainty that they were spiritual beings. There were very many scientists among them, and they were concerned with evidence also within the spiritual. They studied spirituality, but common to many of them was that they did not have an inner conviction that they actually were spiritual beings. I told them that it is not so difficult to achieve that. They pricked up their ears, and I explained that it could most easily be achieved in one of two ways: Either they could go out of the body and see something they could impossibly see with their eyes where they sat, or they could experience remembering previous lives with the same certainty that it was memory and not fantasy, in the same way they remembered what they ate for dinner the day before. Dr. Dutta was ready, he leaned back and wanted a Dianetics session then and there. Since I was not trained as a Dianetics auditor, I promised that I would rather come back with a well-trained auditor, and preferably one who spoke Hindi.

After the two and a half hour long lecture everyone was well satisfied. The wise man stood up and said to me that what I had told about my previous lives and what I told about Hubbard's teaching matched 100% with what their founder had written. The man who founded All World Gayatri Pariwar was named Shriram Sharma Acharya, born in 1911 just like Hubbard, and died in 1990, only 4 years after Hubbard. This guru had read an incredible number of books and written many books about the same themes as Hubbard. Interestingly enough there were very many parallels between the two directions, even though Scientology was more concrete and method-focused. Perhaps they had drawn inspiration from each other?

The trip to India in March 2004 is one of the most special experiences of my life. The only downside of the trip was that I had to bring the confidential material, since I had to audit on OT 7 every single day, 4-6 times per day. It was a constant stress factor all the time to watch over the material. I had it on me in a small suitcase with two combination locks at all times. At home it was simple, because there I could put the material in the safe between each session. In India I even had to hold the little suitcase up with my left hand while I desperately tried to swim with my right against the current in the Ganges. I could not refrain from bathing in the Ganges when I was in the holy city of Haridwar.

Back in Oslo, Katrine and I took on the dream of starting our own company. In the summer of 2004 we established FreeCode AS, a company that would deliver free software and sensible processes within IT organization. The idea was to build on the strong ideology around sharing culture that Linux and other free software had been a driver for. After four years in the IT industry we wanted to refine this concept

by hiring world-class technicians and help customers get better control over their own IT. With Katrine's unique ability to keep many balls in the air and my experience from recruitment and sales, we got the company to earn money from the second month. After half a year we were in the black.

Again true to Hubbard's administration we set about organizing the company according to his organization chart. We used his simple setup for vision, purpose, guidelines, strategy, description of the ideal scenario, focus on measuring what works and description of what the company actually delivers. Apart from this we let the rest of the administrative technology lie. We brought along the ISO 9001 system we had established in U-MAN, and built a solid structural foundation from it.

We were happily disconnected from the pressure we had experienced from WISE when we ran U-MAN. I kept my personal membership in WISE – it was expected that any Scientologist in business should be active in WISE. It also looked good on the boasting list if I had contributed to several Scientology organizations. This was updated every six months when I went to Flag.

My semi-annual "refreshers" consisted of a round of the usual "Security Checks" where everything was to be on the table. Had I drunk alcohol? Committed adultery? Cheated with money? Been careless with the security of the OT 7 material? Had negative thoughts about L. Ron Hubbard, Miscavige or any org or staff? Had desires I shouldn't have? Everything was supposed to and actually did come out in session with the E-meter as guide and an auditor as interrogator. Because the auditor was careful to say: "I am not auditing you" at session start. Everything was written down and then rewritten before

the meeting with the ethics officer. He then went through all my misdeeds from the last six months to then make concrete programs for me to get back in good standing. Sometimes I got sensible material to read that illuminated why something I did was wrong, other times the price was that I had to donate money to some Scientology purpose to move forward. Particularly popular was demanding that I buy books or lectures on CDs. It was important for Miscavige to show that sales of Hubbard's works were constantly rising.

There is no doubt that Security Checks are used to keep members on the straight and narrow, and the higher members are on the Bridge, the stricter requirements there are for what the person must do and what he must not do. This is outright thought control. It strongly reminds me of the book 1984 by George Orwell. It is not so strange that the Church of Scientology is referred to as a cult or sect. Moreover, it is clearly stated in Hubbard's technical bulletins that no Sec Check should be done in the middle of a level such as on OT 7. This has been completely ignored in order to ensure that everyone on OT 7 stays where they should. In addition to thought control and penance work come the requirements for how much one must contribute to be allowed to continue.

Tired and worn out I arrived in Oslo after a long journey back from Flag. Katrine called and told me that they were at the event that was announced, and wondered if I could come by so we could go home together. She wanted help with the children who were starting to get impatient. I went down to Kvadraturen where the event was held in an auditorium. I was led into what resembled a movie theater. Several Sea Org officers were present and a lady stood in front on the podium giving a presentation. I learned that she was D/CO CLO EU: Deputy

Commanding Officer for Continental Liaison Office Europe. In short, she was the deputy chief for Europe.

Bone-tough she stood there with her partner. Zara was blonde, but very sharp. Massimo was a rising star and her right hand. For the others in uniform I could get neither roles nor names.

Zara was fired up as she expounded on how irresponsible and useless the Norwegian public Scientologists were. With a broad brush she painted a picture of an apathetic field where no one helped and no one took real responsibility. We were in a state of treason, she maintained, while she waited for everyone to get a blessed aha experience. It lasted and lasted while she tried her best to tell us what slackers we were.

With two small children on our laps it wasn't long before our time was up. It was past nine o'clock, the event was supposed to last until eight and the children should have been in bed long ago. We got up carefully, excused ourselves all the way out from the row and over to the door. There we were stopped by a couple of guards in Sea Org uniform whom we had to persuade to let us out.

This terrible episode where we dared to leave the premises before the event was over did not go unnoticed. The next day I got a stern summons to the org. I was met by a half-exploding Zara and Massimo. When I closed the door behind me and sat down in the chair, Zara began screaming at me. She stood over me and berated me by the book while Massimo got in some thundering sentences in between. I didn't get to say a single peep while Zara accused me of coming into the event with the intention of retrieving my dedicated wife from Norway's most important event. How dare I do such a thing, I who audited on OT 7 and was the foremost opinion leader in the field! I had committed a transgression of the gravest kind.

I could only sit there and watch until she couldn't take anymore. Then I could calmly explain what actually happened while she felt the need to make occasional interjections. Finally I managed to hammer in some sense, and the situation calmed down.

It was good training anyway in handling unexpected situations.

9

Cruise Control and OT 8

IN 2004, the org was to move again. It had been located on the corner right next to McDonald's on Storgata for some years after they moved from Lille Grensen. Ernö's wife, Rita, took responsibility for finding new premises. The struggle to make ends meet and pay the rent was constant. There were continuous threats of eviction.

Finally, Rita had found the perfect location: 800 square meters right in the middle of Karl Johan. Now the org would get the premises it deserved. New public would come streaming into the beautiful facilities. Here you could simply stand on the corner by the Cathedral and scoop up hopefuls. It was said that the org would reach new heights, and it wouldn't take long before we had grown to capacity and would have to move into a proper ideal org – at least 3,500 square meters. Rita sold the idea with everything she had. She deployed all

her charm, and with all of CLO EU as cheerleaders, it would have been political suicide to point out the obvious: How could an org that could barely afford rent in somewhat shabby premises on the third floor in Storgata afford rent in three times larger premises on Karl Johan? The expenses more than quadrupled overnight. Actually, it was much worse, because we had to get out of the old contract and continue paying on it for several more months as well.

But Rita didn't give up. She received promises that a Management Team from CLO EU would come to become the new leadership of Oslo Org and ensure the long-awaited expansion. Besides, the Nobel Peace Prize was soon to be awarded, and the concert would be hosted by none other than Tom Cruise himself! Cruise was coming to town, and then it couldn't come down to something as trivial as the org's premises. All hands on deck! Scientology's foremost celebrity of all time was to arrive at Oslo Org – for it was almost certain that when he was in town, he would drop by the local church's premises.

Staff and public were coerced into action. And it wasn't without its fun. Many worked from morning to night to get the premises ready for the celebrated guest. Thousands upon thousands were donated for furniture, paint, renovation and decorations. As the field's only person on OT 7 and thus foremost opinion leader, I called around to get new and old Scientologists to open their wallets and put what they had into the pot. Nothing was to be spared here. There was even talk of buying a bed for Cruise in case he got the idea that he wanted to rest a bit when he dropped by.

At that year's IAS event, he had been the only Scientologist to receive "The Freedom Medal of Valor" from Miscavige, who described Cruise as the most dedicated Scientologist he knew. The video from

this event later leaked onto the internet and created an entire worldwide movement against the Church of Scientology.

The preparation was extensive around Tom Cruise's visit to Oslo. OSA had hedged their bets by getting volunteers to watch for critics or other troublemakers.

We waited and we waited. The premises were decorated, and people wandered around nervously waiting for the doorbell to ring. But no. No Tom. Just an empty feeling left after all the effort.

The Management team didn't show up either. Just large premises with few people and expenses five times as large. Another sigh went through all thirty active Scientologists. The other twenty who had been activated for the occasion shuffled dejectedly back to their usual, inactive selves.

After this followed an endless series of final pushes. Every quarter there was hellish nagging to get money to pay the rent of 270,000. In addition there was electricity and other expenses. Money for salaries didn't exist – here the staff had been living on bread and water for years. People worked in the org out of pure charity. But the rent had to be paid, otherwise it was the end of the road. When things got tightest, it probably felt natural to lean on the field's only magician, the one who audited on OT 7 every day. First the registrar tried to bring in money by selling auditing or courses. Then several other staff had to throw themselves into the work of selling. A couple of days before the rent's absolute final deadline, word came from Nils or Andreas that I had to come down to the org immediately. There I was presented with the case: They were short 160,000 before they reached the goal. And we had barely 48 hours. They had vacuumed the field for potential sales. Public had scraped the bottom of the barrel, used their savings or

taken out loans. Still we were short 160,000. All possibilities had been turned inside out and then I was supposed to come in at the eleventh hour and save the org from being thrown out on the street. Again and again this scenario arose, and each time the org took a solid breather after such a quarterly sprint before panic set in again toward the end of the next quarter. While the org employees managed to sell some books and a few courses for a few thousand kroner, I managed to land a sale of auditing for around 120,000.

The financial acrobat Dan Viggo usually came at the very last minute with a donation of 27,000 and thus entered the scene as a guardian angel. Nils was head-over-heels delighted, and thus Dan Viggo was safe from being scrutinized by "the most ethical church in the world," as the advertising claimed.

Once, landlord Christian Ringnes had enough, and the org was thrown out on the street. In full panic, everyone who answered the phone was commanded down to the Cathedral where the staff stood on the sidewalk frantically calling people to raise money. I regret that I got Henning to lend the org several tens of thousands. Ernö had promised that he would get the money back within a week or two. It didn't happen. I also regret that I got Mona to buy auditing for 120,000 in exchange for a Class 6 auditor coming to the org to give her service. He never came, and Mona had to settle for a less trained Norwegian auditor.

The focus was money more than service. First the rent, then all other necessary expenses, and then the IAS which frequently came with its local events, and then the library campaign which was to ensure that all libraries in Norway got L. Ron Hubbard's works on their shelves. On top of all this, money had to be donated for a new ideal

org for at least 70 million for just the building. As the leader of the OT committee, it was my task to conjure up more than 2 million per active Scientologist just to buy a reasonably decent building in downtown Oslo. And we're also counting a handful of active teenagers who regularly took courses. It was also my task to ensure that the building would be renovated for tens of millions, and that it would be filled with at least 100 staff, including more than 20 well-trained auditors and Case Supervisors who would keep the auditors supplied with the right programs for those they audited. Even if we had scraped together all the old-timers who had been inactive for several years but who had some of the training in place, it would take a minimum of two years to train the technical staff. But that didn't matter, because the ideal org was to be in place within a year. No discussion. No protests. The pressure came from all sides. Int Management sent a stream of orders for the year's OT Ambassador Program to be fulfilled, CLO EU was on it all the time, and locally Nils was in full war paint. No orders were to be defied here. They were to be obeyed. And it didn't matter if it was an ordinary member he was talking to; all public were hereby placed on the organization chart and were to be treated as subordinates to the staff. The Commanding Officer at CLO EU himself had said so, and he was the boss of Europe.

Katrine had for several years been active in the Association for Active Studies, a charitable organization started to teach children to read and write, Hubbard's study tech and basic communication exercises. FAS consisted primarily of a summer camp where 20-30 children participated for a week. In addition to reading training, study tech and communication training before and after lunch, the camp had a theme each summer that activated the children. One year the theme

was "Viking," and here the children made everything from leather belts to wooden swords and learned about how the Vikings lived. Another year the theme was "Circus," and the children learned to balance on a tightrope, juggle and do gymnastics. It turned into a fun show for the parents at the end of each camp. I began to get more involved in FAS since my two boys also participated.

The org wasn't so happy about the initiative. They grumbled constantly about how focus was being drawn away from the org and over to FAS in the summer. It made little difference that several of the children themselves became interested in Scientology and signed up for courses at the org. The parents were to be fully engaged in the org's wishes and commands, and then FAS was more like a fly in the ointment.

Now the intention was never to recruit anyone to the church through FAS, but since the parents were mostly Scientologists, the path to the org was quite short when the children reached their teens. FAS was built on pure fun, enthusiasm and learning. Several of the children experienced that the summer camp significantly raised their performance in the following school year.

Katrine and I were also initiators of a slightly new and different local WISE group. In 2005 we gathered all Scientologists who were interested in improving their results in working life, and delivered lectures and personal coaching to them. I delivered lectures on the tone scale, organizing, recruitment, goal setting and strategies and much more. Again, the staff in the org weren't exactly cheering. Such an initiative was fine enough, but it would have been even better if everyone was in the org using all their free time and all the money they had to make it do better. The org wanted all Scientologists to help sell

books at a stand at Egertorget, tidy up the files of everyone who had bought service there, buy more service and materials so the org could pay the rent, donate money to the many projects and everything else the org was measured on by the Sea Org leadership in Copenhagen. Everything else was to be regarded as diletantism, slacking off, and it was suppressive, or in plain Norwegian: Evil.

One of the more disagreeable initiatives within the church was TU EU. Translation Unit Europe was the part of CLO EU where Sea Org employees translated a stream of new releases of Hubbard's materials. Large amounts of text and lectures were translated from English to the 14 most important languages within the Church of Scientology. In addition, the most important books and texts were translated into even more languages.

COB had mercilessly commanded translations into these 14 most important languages, and for some strange reason Norwegian had crept onto the list, despite the fact that we were fewer than 50 active Scientologists in Norway. And the pressure from TU was formidable. Sea Org missionaries often came up from Copenhagen to flay alive everyone who wouldn't contribute to translating. Because it wasn't just those in the Sea Org who translated. If all the material was to be translated within the completely insane deadlines, then the entire field of public Scientologists had to step up. I managed to wriggle out of the pressure like a bar of soap in the shower, but others who weren't as good at saying no or wriggling away, like my friend Bent, they got to work for peanuts until late at night in periods that could last for weeks.

One day Daniel from TU EU and Nils saw fit to show up toward the end of a WISE meeting where I was giving a lecture on personality

to 20 new and curious people plus a small handful of seasoned Scientologists. There were several there who had never heard of Scientology and didn't care about that sort of thing either. They were there to learn more about personality.

Daniel and Nils and a couple of others stood outside the glass door and fidgeted until I concluded the seminar itself. Then they wanted the seminar participants to wait so they could put none other than Walter Kotric, CO CLO EU, that is, the boss of Europe, on the line. He had an important message for all of us.

Thank goodness Walter wasn't ready to take the call before the uninitiated had lost patience and left, because when Walter finally came on the speaker, all hell broke loose. Without warning and without so much as a "hello" for introduction, he began to berate those in the room. He had no idea who was present. Nevertheless, out came a juicy tirade about what useless good-for-nothing dilettantes we were who couldn't get the material translated so that we met the deadline that COB himself had set. In a loud voice and with a tirade of profanity he went on.

After he had thoroughly worked over us in the room, it occurred to him that he should ask who was sitting there at the other end of the phone. This was the boss of Europe, Zara's husband with the loud voice.

Besides running FreeCode, leading the OT committee, holding my weekly lectures in the org, contributing to WISE, coaching individuals who asked for help, trying my best to satisfy the wildest whims from Nils and other staff, and not least the 4-6 sessions every day, I had my family. It was wonderful to be a father of small children. It gave new life to be able to drop all adult inhibitions and play for hours with

train tracks and Lego building. In addition I had my hobbies. I built up what eventually became a fine collection of old HP calculators. For those that were programmable, I created new programs. Besides, I could occasionally free up time to create digital 3D art, music and writing.

It gave new abilities to juggle all this simultaneously. I don't think I would have managed it without the auditing. It gave more peace, better efficiency and more initiative. It made me able to maintain focus even when storms raged around me, and even when difficult situations sometimes towered up.

What gave the most joy in life was helping others, whether it was helping Katrine, the children, or coaching a stranger to a better life. In 2005 I became engaged in the work on the first public report on "Open Standards and Open Source in the Public Sector." I was in a group that quality-assured the content for Morten Meyer's Ministry of Modernization, via Electronic Frontier Norway. EFN was the sister organization to the American EFF and fought for the same causes – consumer rights, privacy, sharing culture and freedom of expression. The work went very well, and the chairman of EFN, Thomas Gramstad, wanted to get me on the board. But it wasn't entirely without speed bumps. I was interested, but it emerged that others on the board were skeptical about my being a prominent member of the Church of Scientology. They agreed to take a round of questions via email where I got the opportunity to answer for my views on privacy and freedom of expression specifically. The Church of Scientology was indeed a bad boy in the class, and the board wanted to know if I was cut from the same cloth. They had contacted EFN member and Clambake man Andreas Heldal-Lund to come up with good questions for me. It was

an open and orderly process.

It ended with me being recommended as a new board member, and that the board now had good grounds for their argument should critical voices arise at the general assembly. In spring 2006 I was elected to EFN's board.

The work in EFN tore at my convictions. It was difficult to be so fundamentally in agreement with what EFN stood for and simultaneously represent the Church of Scientology as an OT ambassador, who was expected to combat all criticism with all conceivable legal means. I was supposed to try to stop the freedom of expression of those who dared to go against mankind's only hope for freedom. I was supposed to fight for copyright to protect Hubbard's works, and I was supposed to fight for the patent system to protect the e-meter. This left a bad taste in my mouth. Especially after I had gone many rounds with myself, read books and research articles about the patent system and copyright and was myself very critical of both. When it came to society and personal freedom, privacy, freedom of expression, patents and copyright, I was an EFN-er. When it came to the spiritual and the goal that everyone should be able to reach their personal potential, I was a Scientologist. The latter became the most important. If everyone could become who they wanted and reach the goals they desired in life, then EFN's basic ideas would also triumph. Perhaps the church's own philosophy would become its downfall.

Eventually I felt that it was approaching the end of OT 7. There was nothing more left to audit at this level. I regularly sent my worksheets with everything that happened in session to my C/S at Flag. He followed everything I had written, including all the needle reactions on the e-meter, all my thoughts about what happened and all the pro-

cesses I had run in session. Finally I was put on the list of those who might be close to completing the greatest of all OT levels.

On my next "refresher" in spring 2006, I got special attention. I was on "Completion Line-up," and that was big, even for Flag. By then only around 650 people had completed OT 7 after Golden Age of Tech came out. So only that many had properly finished Solo NOTS.

The tension was palpable. Not only in me, but in my C/S, the many others who had helped me through the level and all other staff who were busy getting people through what was called "The EP Check." "EP" stands for "End Phenomena" and refers to a concrete result, or "end phenomenon," being achieved for each level. Only OT 7 has such a major "EP Check" where the person is checked out in every nook and cranny to see if he or she is really finished with the level. For a couple of weeks we kept at it. In and out of session, both with a professional auditor and alone in solo sessions, but where the session and all e-meter reactions were recorded to see if absolutely everything went correctly. I had never experienced such standardization and quality control.

And I was done. Three and a half years and several hundred hours of auditing, and I had achieved the result for the level. Full of peace, self-confidence, harmony, happiness and a wonderful feeling of communion and affinity for other people, I attested to OT 7. The actual procedure for an attestation is that the technical staff in the org first verify that all auditing is done, and that the so-called "end phenomena" for a level have been achieved. Then the person is asked several questions while holding the cans of an e-meter about whether he feels he has really achieved what the level was meant to give in terms of benefits. Next he is asked if he wants to attest. He then puts his signature on the attestation form and writes a "success story" where he explains in

his own words what he achieved on precisely this auditing level.

There were hugs and cheers, and there was a speech in front of everyone in the building. Some 60-70 OT-ers stood and heard my improvised speech in the lobby. While everyone else had to get their speech checked out first to see if it was good enough quality-wise, I quickly argued my way into giving mine on the spot. There was applause and jubilation for the first OT 7 in Norway. After the photo-shoot and rounds of greetings, it was time for the next level. A couple of days later I was to fly to the Caribbean, where Freewinds and OT 8 awaited.

It was my ninth visit to the ship, but this time it was to do what the ship was launched to deliver. I was to go through the very highest, the most sacred, the greatest within Scientology, namely OT 8. But not right away, because after having been through the most thorough scrutiny in living memory, the OT 7 EP Check, and a subsequent Sec Check before I left Flag to see if there could be the smallest little shred of bad conscience in a small corner of the mind, I was now to tackle the biggest Sec Check of them all. For 25 hours we worked on more than 70 questions about everything from hidden intentions and deviant thoughts, to sneaking peeks at critical material on the internet and whether I was really going to keep the supreme secret of all secrets to myself.

It felt strange that the church didn't trust me after three years of regular Sec Checks, a monster of an EP Check and yet another Sec Check. But so be it, I could get through this to reach the great treasure. I also felt cleaner than ever after this microscopic examination into my inner self. And finally I got my invitation to the OT 8 course room.

With reverence I walked through the doors. The security was a

notch sharper than what I had experienced at Flag. It was no wonder that this material hadn't been leaked onto the internet, because one would have had to be Tom Cruise in Mission Impossible to get anything out of here. I had scoured the internet for OT materials to report what existed to OSA. I had never seen the materials I now got to see.

The theory part lasted several days. The solo auditing took a week. And what auditing. The whole thing seemed so simple. There were much simpler processes than on OT 7. The whole thing seemed so unassuming. Right until the end of each session. Because here tremendous things happened completely without warning. It felt as if the room was moving. Things became larger. I had a tremendous awakening. I ended up walking more than 50 meters along the pier one day with my eyes closed, and one day I lay in bed wide awake for half an hour while my body lay sleeping. Regardless of what theories might exist about why such things happen, there was little doubt that it was precisely OT 8 that catalyzed it.

I was so awake and clear of mind that it beat all previous records. All stuck attention on the past disappeared. Past lives became completely uninteresting. It was the here and now and the future that occupied me fully and completely. It was as if I had been dragging around a set of chains and anchors that were now suddenly gone.

I felt like a new person when I went home just two weeks before Maiden Voyage 2006. I was to go home and work for two weeks before I would again take a trip to the ship to participate in Maiden Voyage. Last time, in 2001, I was specially invited because I was only OT 5. This time I was expected to participate. I was OT 8... But first I want to take you on a journey into Scientology's innermost secrets.

IO

The Innermost Secrets

IF YOU SURF around on the internet, you will find a multitude of sites that give you information about the secret OT levels in scientology. Many contain correct information, while others contain speculation masked as facts, or even pure lies and tall tales.

What you will learn here is what I myself have read and experienced on my journey from Clear to OT 8.

After completing Solo 1, I was well versed in the use of the e-meter and all the non-confidential basic procedures in auditing. I was to audit alone and had to know all the tools I might need in my auditing sessions. I had to be able to get a floating needle on the e-meter at the start of each session. If the needle wasn't floating, where everything felt light and easy, I had to make sure to clear away any ARC breaks that might be troubling me. I would find out exactly what was preventing the

needle from floating – whether it was a break in affinity (A), reality (R) or communication (C) with another. An argument or a sullen mood could easily be corrected with simple steps at the start of a session.

If clearing ARC breaks out of the way wasn't enough to get the needle to float rhythmically from side to side on the e-meter, then I had to clear up other problems. I would ask myself if I had any "present time problems." If the needle reacted to the question, it would indicate that there was a present time problem below my consciousness preventing the needle from floating freely. I would then think carefully and search for what the e-meter was reacting to. When I had found it and written it down on the worksheet, and the needle still wasn't floating, I would look for an earlier, similar problem. If this also didn't lead to a floating needle, I would look for an even earlier problem of the same type, often back to earlier lives. Until the needle floated.

It could happen that it was neither ARC breaks nor present time problems that prevented the needle from floating. And then there was only one possibility left – that I had something I didn't dare to say. If a person does something he gets a bad conscience about, he will also prefer not to talk about it – or even stay away from the entire subject. A person who steals from his employer might be afraid to go to work. Such secrets can steal attention and feel uncomfortable. Often a secret can be withheld so thoroughly that the person no longer sees it himself. But the e-meter reacts when you are asked if you have a secret.

A secret in itself is not particularly troublesome. It's only when someone almost finds out about it that it becomes bad. The heart beats extra fast if you think the employer has possibly found out that you've committed embezzlement. Such a secret that someone almost finds out about is the root of much worry. In Scientology this is called

a "missed withhold."

Think of a time you did something you got a bad conscience about. Can you remember a time when you wondered if someone knew about what you had done? It might not have taken more than a glance in your direction to make your stomach turn. Or a phrase or word from another. It often doesn't take much to send chills down your spine, if you've done something really wrong.

The third and final question asked at the start of a solo auditing session where the needle isn't already floating is: "Is there a missed withhold?" If the needle reacts, I take it up with myself and find out what lies underneath, and clear it out of the way until the needle floats.

These three questions at the start of a session where the needle isn't floating – "Is there an ARC break?", "Is there a present time problem?" and "Is there a missed withhold?" – constitute the three most common "rudiments" that are important to have cleared up before the session really starts. This is called "getting in the rudiments" so that auditing can begin – that is, clearing up whatever might be worrying me and preventing me from getting benefit from the session. This in addition to the more obvious rudiments like having to be healthy and alert, having eaten and slept enough.

Beyond getting started properly, handling the e-meter, writing everything correctly on the worksheets during the session, there are a multitude of tools that are useful to know during a session. On Solo I I learned how to clear up if I encountered various difficulties during my auditing. Several dozen different techniques were drilled in until they really stuck – so that I wouldn't need to use cheat sheets or spend time finding the right references if I got a headache or felt tired or strange during auditing.

On Solo 2 I got to practice many of the tools. Here I experienced that they really worked. I went into session, made sure to get a floating needle before I started on a "program" that my "Case Supervisor" had prescribed. A "Case Supervisor" is the one who tells an auditor which auditing processes should be run. He's also the one who corrects the auditor after a session if something has been done incorrectly. On Solo 2 these were quite simple programs, such as asking myself questions from a standard list. This might, for example, address earlier ARC breaks to clear these up. Another such program is to train oneself to recall earlier incidents through different senses like sight, hearing, smell and so on.

Even though the content of Solo 2 isn't of a secret nature, the level is classified as secret. This is probably to train the coming OT to handle information confidentially. I was drilled on security routines like locking a briefcase with materials, locking the door, and not forgetting worksheets or other material when leaving the auditing room.

Once I had finished a session and was about to staple the worksheets together – and discovered I didn't have a stapler. I snuck into the neighboring room to borrow one. I hadn't locked the door to the room where I had been sitting and auditing, and even though it only took a couple of seconds to borrow the stapler a couple of meters away, this was classified as a security breach. But since the content of Solo 2 isn't secret, I was assigned a "Danger Condition." If I had done the same thing on one of the OT levels, I would have automatically been assigned a lower condition, probably a "Treason Condition," and then the road back to the auditing chair would have been a good deal harder. Then I would have had to do all the steps in the conditions "Treason," "Enemy," "Doubt" and "Liability" before I was no longer considered to

be in a "lower condition" as a solo auditor. Getting through a "Liability Condition" means I would have had to make amends for the damage I had caused. And I would have had to do what was necessary to get the group's blessing to continue as a solo auditor. This would have meant that I would have gone around to other solo auditors and asked for a signature on a sheet listing what I had done in volunteer work and donations to repair the damage from fetching the stapler in the room next door. Normally something like this would have cost me a couple of days of volunteer work and a couple of thousand dollars in donations.

Fortunately, it was only on Solo 2 that I had broken the security rules. I never broke them again in the next 10 years as a solo auditor.

After I had proven my skills as a solo auditor and my ability to maintain security, I was then invited to start on OT 1.

OT 1 is a kind of warm-up to OT 2 and 3. The level is short and is completed in a few days. The actual auditing involves cleaning up rudiments in other people. I experienced that it was possible to influence the relationship others have with me by taking it up in session. If I were to clean up "Ole's" relationship with me, the questions would be:

- "Does Ole have an ARC break with me?"
- "Does Ole have a present time problem with me?"
- "Is Ole withholding something from me?"

If the e-meter had registered on one of the questions, then I would handle the question with the standard procedure for that rudiment until the needle floated freely.

I listed all people who could have a strained relationship with me, asked the three questions for each person, and handled the questions

as they registered on the e-meter.

It took many sessions to get through OT 1. After each session I went to the "examiner," sat down, picked up the cans connected to an e-meter, and heard: "Thank you. Your needle is floating." The examiner's only task was then to acknowledge that my session was successful by confirming a floating needle.

When all the people had been gone through and all registering questions handled, I could attest to OT 1. I then took the trip to the examiner who was given the task of conducting the attestation. I attested that I was finished with OT 1 and wrote the mandatory "success story." The needle should both float after the attestation, where I sign for the completion of the level, and when I wish others to get similar gains to what I describe in my success story.

The Church of Scientology uses members' success stories extensively to motivate others to continue up the Bridge.

If I hadn't had a floating needle at the examiner after a completed OT level, the trip would have gone straight to "Qualifications Division" ("Qual") where I would have been examined closely to find out what was wrong. This could, for example, be that I wasn't completely satisfied with the gains, that I had made mistakes in solo auditing or even cheated with what I had written on the worksheets in the sessions. If I had committed such an unethical act, I would have been sent further to "Ethics" where I would have had to make amends to again become an ethical solo auditor.

But I was a good boy and a competent solo auditor. I never got into any significant trouble, either with Qual or Ethics.

While the study program before my first session on OT 1 took a couple of hours, the study program on OT 2 took a couple of days.

Here I got a thorough introduction to what problems on the time track OT 2 would solve. A thetan who has lived countless lives has also encountered countless problems. Some of the problems Hubbard outlines are so-called "implants" – various forms of heavy, electronic brainwashing where the thetan is subjected to terrible abuses with radiation, forced pictures and other psychological torture. All in an attempt to modify the individual to become someone other than himself. These terrible incidents from up to trillions of years ago have burdened the thetan with "mental charge" that affects him to this day.

OT 2 seeks to relieve the pressure from such "wholetrack implants" (psychological torture from far back on the time track). I got to see several confidential films with Hubbard from the 1960s where he describes how such incidents work and affect a person, and how they can be solved so the person reaches his potential.

The auditing on OT 2 is quite simple. I was given a set of "dichotomies," or paired opposites, that I was to say aloud in the auditing room. Each time I said one aloud, the e-meter gave a reading, and I would continue saying them aloud while the readings became smaller and smaller until they were completely gone. Then I would move on to the next pair of opposites.

I was to take up, for example:

- "I should survive."
- "I shouldn't survive."

or

- "To stop is to start"
- "To start is to stop"

or

- "I must create"

- "I mustn't create"

All the questions were in English. I was to say these aloud alternately and note the e-meter's readings on each of the statements. As the readings became smaller, I felt a relief that was difficult to describe. And after some such pairs of opposites, the needle began to float so wide and free that there was no point in continuing. For if the needle floated wide, I wouldn't get any readings in auditing since I became too "light and easy," too extroverted to contact difficult areas in my mind. The rule is therefore that one ends a session if the needle floats constantly and no longer reacts to what one is meant to go through in auditing.

Much of the foundation for the theory on OT 2 is described in the book *A History of Man* that Hubbard published in 1952. The content here is perhaps more fantastic and incredible than what I learned on OT 2. But even though the mythical backdrop of OT 2 would seem anywhere from ridiculous to strange to the uninitiated, and to me as well, the auditing worked strangely well.

The purpose of auditing in general can be said to be that one "restimulates" or contacts difficult areas in the mind and then with the help of concrete procedures relieves the problem until it disappears completely. One relieves various parts of the mind by removing mental tensions or "charge." The e-meter reacts to such charge even when it is well hidden, and makes it possible to find the problem areas and thereby relieve them until they no longer affect the person negatively.

On OT 2 there are hundreds of such pairs of opposites, and I came nowhere near going through all of them before I achieved greater relief and thus could attest to the level.

My body trembled and tension tore at me as I was about to enter

the OT 3 course room. Here I was to become acquainted with what I had heard were the innermost secrets of Scientology.

The content of the course part of OT 3 can be found via Google today. Even in 1996 when I did the level, one could find all the material on the net. But the material is extensive, and it's not so easy to understand without reading up thoroughly beforehand. Therefore I will give a summary here.

According to Hubbard, OT 3 handles the fact that you are infected with thousands of old, confused thetans who are not as alert as you. While you are awake and have your abilities intact enough to take up residence in a body and control it, these weaker souls are unable to take their own body. They have instead attached themselves to you and your body. You thus have thousands of souls around, on and about your body that influence you daily. Hubbard calls these "Body Thetans" ("BTs"), or in Norwegian, "kroppsthetaner." OT 3 is the auditing that sets these free. You will then no longer have strange, disturbing thoughts or actions, voices in your head, or pictures that suddenly appear.

While a Clear no longer has his own reactive mind, he can still be influenced by the thousands of reactive minds of the body thetans attached to him.

Other religions have exorcism. Scientology has OT 3. And 4, 5, 6 and 7. For on OT 3 you learn that you will get rid of all BTs you are infected with. But this is far from the case. It's not until you have completed OT 7 that you can be sure that the exorcism has been completed.

But where do these BTs come from?

Hubbard has a fantastic explanation that one gets served on OT

3: 75 million years ago, 76 planets around stars in our vicinity were part of "The Galactic Federation." The planets had become severely overpopulated with an average population of 178 billion. The leader of the federation, Xenu, solved the population problem by sending populations in hordes of DC8-like spaceships to Earth, dumping them in volcanoes and blowing them to bits. The souls then floated up confused, were caught in electric fields and implanted with various images to degenerate them. Most then sank to a spiritual level that made them unable to take their own body. They were thus forever doomed to cling to those who were alert enough to control their own body. Many became so degenerate that they "melted together" in clusters that during auditing correspond to a BT. A person can be seen as a large cluster, where the thetan controlling the body has main control, but where he is constantly influenced by other thetans in the cluster called Tore. Or Per. Or you.

A Clear is thus a free and alert thetan without a reactive mind, but who is infected with lower souls who all have reactive minds. Hubbard warns all who are Clear that they must get up to OT 3 as quickly as possible – because they are in danger until the OT 3 "case" is handled. He probably says this because a Clear might become confused when he discovers that he still has unwanted thoughts, pictures and behavior, which shouldn't exist if one doesn't take this infection of half-sleeping souls into consideration. A person between Clear and OT 3 is said to be in "the non-interference zone" and should not do any auditing other than what is prescribed in a straight line up the Bridge from Clear to OT 3.

The auditing on OT 3 involves finding these BTs, steering them through the memories of the gruesome incidents 75 million years ago

(called "Incident 2") by means of telepathy and then through an incident 4 quadrillion years ago (called "Incident 1"). Then the BT will wake up and come to his senses and leave the solo auditor. The e-meter will give a recognizable large reading and the needle will float. I carried out several such exorcisms per session before the needle floated enough that it was time to take a break. The examiner verified the floating needle between each session.

After a couple of weeks with many sessions each day, I couldn't find any more BTs to get rid of. My "Case Supervisor" wasn't completely satisfied with the amount I had gotten rid of, and ordered me to complete a special level – old OT 7 – before I tackled finding and removing the remaining BTs that I should be able to find on OT 3.

It so happens that OT 1-3 were developed by Hubbard in the late 1960s. Then he believed that OT 3 handled all the BTs a person had. He then developed OT levels 4-7 which were meant to further develop the abilities of an OT. Here the OT drilled everything from telepathy to being able to leave the body when he wished.

But Hubbard himself became seriously ill in 1978, and his then auditor, David Mayo, got the task of saving his life, which he reportedly also managed to do. Together they concluded that Hubbard had many more, unhandled BTs that OT 3 hadn't handled. There was thus a deeper layer of BTs that required completely new techniques to find and then remove. Thus four new OT levels were developed, and shortly after these replaced the old levels and became new OT 4, 5, 6 and 7. Nowadays there are few who remember or mention the old OT levels, and new OT 4-7 are just referred to as OT 4-7.

But old OT 7 was still dusted off and given to those who couldn't find enough BTs to remove on OT 3. Like me.

Old OT 7 was an intense level. Here I was audited by Ian Fraser. First inside, and then out on the street. I got various questions and commands that functioned as pure will training. I was asked to do everything from recalling something I had decided beforehand, to clearly deciding something then and there, to telepathic communication with another person. All aspects of will were illuminated until I felt much more strong-willed and clear in my thoughts. Then I was told to go out into the city myself and project my will onto other people – in other words to get them to do something by means of telepathy.

I thought I succeeded quite well. I got people to scratch their noses, bend down and pick up trash and turn around as if someone called them, and thus I could attest to old OT 7.

Back in the chair and with e-meter cans in my hands, I hunted down some more BTs until I was finished and could attest to OT 3.

New OT 4 handles BTs that the solo auditor himself cannot find because they are unconscious and not very receptive to communication via telepathy. The level handles BTs that have been dulled by drugs sometime on the time track. The level is thus not done solo. Here an auditor is needed to help the person find these BTs and wake them to life so they can be run through "Incident 2" and "Incident 1" until they become free and disappear.

After attesting to OT 4 I thought I was finally free of all BTs. I had good control over fantasy and thoughts. I had gained a fantastic ability to create my own pictures with strong sensory impressions, with sound, taste and smell. It was wonderful to have control over everything mental.

I was very excited about what OT 5 would bring. I had heard that OT 5-7 handled the same problem. I knew that while I received

auditing from another on OT 5, I would complete the problem by solo auditing the same thing on OT 7. And that OT 6 was the course where I learned precisely this form of solo auditing.

I was surprised in the first auditing session on OT 5 when I discovered that even more BTs were to be audited out. There was thus an even deeper layer of BTs to be freed. These were completely unconscious, and completely different techniques were needed to wake and free them. OT 5 consists of 26 sub-levels that handle different types of situations and problems that BTs can be affected by. One sub-level handles, for example, BTs that are suppressed by others, while another handles BTs that identify with a body part.

On OT 5 and later, BTs are handled that haven't necessarily been degenerated by the incidents caused by the evil Xenu 75 million years ago. The upper OT levels tackle the problem of BTs more generally because many have been degenerated through completely different types of incidents over quadrillions of years. Thus the auditing technique of telepathically steering BTs through "Incident 2" and "Incident 1" is no longer used. Instead, the BTs are asked two questions that are suitable for freeing them.

The first question, "What are you?", reveals what the BT identifies with. Here the BT comes up with answers that can be anything from "an arm," or "your cold" to "sun," "crazy" or "an idea." It can be anything. I noticed that there was something there that should be handled in auditing. Whether it was a separate being or just part of my unconscious mind wasn't so important then and there. All answers are noted, and with the help of the e-meter one finds the most immediate, the real answer of the BT. When this is confirmed, the meter gives a floating needle. Then the question "Who are you?" is asked until the

BT answers telepathically with "Me." Then it will normally be freed, which is confirmed by a clear and recognizable reading on the e-meter followed by a floating needle.

There are several dozen different techniques for waking a sleeping BT, handling it when he doesn't find answers to the two questions, that he won't answer, that everything stops, or that he doesn't go away after acknowledging that he is himself to the question "Who are you?" The toolbox for solving all the world's problems in auditing is enormous. And there are specific correction lists that can take the person out of difficulties during auditing.

After attesting to OT 5 I felt mentally much stronger.

OT 6 consists of three parts. OT 6A is simply doing Solo 1 again. OT 6B goes through the theory behind OT 5-7. Here I learned a lot about all the auditing I had received on OT 5 – about how an individual can become so fragile that it ends up as a BT, about what it takes to get a BT to wake up, and much more. OT 6C is the part of the course where I practiced all the techniques in the toolbox, one by one.

And on OT 7 I audited away all BTs that could be found until it wasn't possible to find more with all the techniques that were available. But before I could attest to OT 7 I had to complete what is called an EP-Check (where "EP" stands for "End Phenomena," that is, the end result). Here I was asked several hundred questions by an auditor to reveal whether there really were no more BTs in and around me. Everything was video recorded and double- triple- and quadruple-checked by several technically highly trained auditors and several Case Supervisors. Until everyone was sure that I was completely shining clean and free and no longer infected by worn-out, old souls. Although the EP on OT 7 is actually that one has "control over life," I only

attested that I couldn't find more BTs. Hubbard meant that a person would be "master of life" if the person was free of his reactive mind and free of infected souls.

I believed in the concept of BTs when I audited on the OT levels. I no longer do, and there are several good reasons for that. First, there are no verified stories where a freed BT has come back and taken a body and then received auditing, something Hubbard indicates would happen. There are several cases of ordinary, alert souls who have had a body, died, come back and received auditing. They have then had to describe their earlier life so that an auditor can again find the worksheets from earlier lives and continue auditing where the person left off before he died. This is quite similar to what several Buddhist traditions do when they verify the next incarnation of their leader – such as for the Dalai Lama, who must recognize several objects from his previous life as proof that he really is the reincarnated Dalai Lama. But there aren't even stories or rumors about BTs who have been freed by someone who has audited them and who have then taken their own body. This despite Hubbard claiming that a freed BT is a thetan who is alert enough to take a body of his own. Such a returned BT would want his full freedom by being attracted to what freed him from a terrible existence as a BT – of course Scientology. It would be simple to discover such a freed body thetan on the way up the Bridge, and give it Hubbard's prescribed auditing process for returned BTs as described in the bulletin "Clearing BTs." There would be more than 200 million BTs that have been freed during all the auditing people have done on the OT levels over the years. If Hubbard's theories had been correct, the chance would be very small that none of these millions of awakened souls would take a new body.

In addition, there are a multitude of factual errors in the theories

behind OT 3. Most of the volcanoes Hubbard lists as the scene of the bombing of populations from other planets didn't exist 75 million years ago. Moreover, not a single trace of such incidents has been found despite humans' unstoppable search for earlier civilizations, dinosaurs, bone remains and other things from ancient times. The archaeologists are many and skilled. But remains of the greatest catastrophe this part of the galaxy has experienced, they have not found.

But something happened on these OT levels. They actually worked on me. I got steadily better control over my mind, became steadily calmer and more strong-willed, and much clearer in the head. So it must have done something right. And I have a theory.

The entire Bridge handles basically the same thing – mental fixation. It brings to consciousness everything unconscious, everything you no longer take conscious and alert responsibility for. Up to and including Clear, auditing tackles the upper layers of the subconscious and brings it up to consciousness. Then it digs deeper and deeper, and you bring parts of yourself forth into the light. So it's not separate souls or BTs you bring forth and free, it's parts of your own subconsciousness. These parts can very well seem like separate beings, just as you are able to create a gallery of personalities that you don't seem to have conscious control over when you dream. Old, often dramatic incidents that you have packed well away and that you are no longer conscious of or take responsibility for. These are brought to the surface, and you become steadily more conscious.

When the answer to the question "Who are you?" ends up with "Me" or "I," then I see that the solo auditor actually has a personal realization that "it is I who create this." It is the person himself who creates his own mental obstacles, his own subconscious. Such a realiza-

tion is what brings the mental obstacles from the subconscious to the conscious. One doesn't really have anyone else to blame. No BTs or "clusters." Becoming more oneself simply means taking responsibility for oneself and everything one constantly creates.

I no longer believe that Clear is a clearly defined plateau, or that I actually handled lower souls on the OT levels. I believe the Bridge gradually handles more and more subconscious incidents until you are clear, awake and conscious.

But until the autumn of 2012 I still couldn't get my theory to completely align with what happened on OT 8. For this uppermost level seemed to confirm Hubbard's theory about BTs and exorcism.

On OT 8 I first read the entire book *A History of Man*, a book that to most would seem like pure science fiction. Then I read some other material in addition to again completing all the e-meter exercises as I had done on both Solo 1 and OT 6A. Then I began the auditing. First I was to make sure I didn't have fixed attention on anything whatsoever in life. I completed an auditing list called "C/S 53," a non-confidential list of points that can register on the e-meter. I was to go through the list until the needle floated freely while I read all the points in rapid sequence. Then the actual procedure on OT 8 began.

I was to take up in auditing things I had recalled from earlier lives. Then I was to check on the e-meter whether this memory was really mine or whether it was actually a memory that a BT had given me. I did this by asking myself until the e-meter registered whether it was my memory or not. Every memory from earlier lives was examined in this way, and I had only a couple of memories that I could verify via e-meter reaction were really from my own earlier lives. After turning everything around in this way I could attest to the EP of OT 8, which

is: "I now know who I am not, and I am interested in finding out who I am."

Thus all false time track was supposed to be gone, and I stood ready to find out who I really was – presumably on OT 10 which has the title "Character" (OT 9 has the title "Orders of magnitude" and thus doesn't seem to have anything directly to do with who I am).

It's easy to understand that many who have done the entire Bridge struggle after they have completed OT 8. Many have had a desire to handle a personal problem of some kind ever since they came into the Church of Scientology. They are told that "The Bridge to Total Freedom" is the solution to everything. They pay and pay and invest decades on a path that perhaps doesn't solve what they came into the Church of Scientology to get handled. When they then end up with a clarity about who they are not, life can become incredibly hard. This is one of the reasons this book became important for me to write. Scientology doesn't solve everything for everyone. I actually don't know how much it solves for how many. The only thing I can say is that it did a lot of good for me. Perhaps much of the reason is that I didn't have any strong expectations about what scientology should do for me. I had after all gotten my biggest problem, shyness, solved very early in my scientology adventure. The rest was an interesting and open journey.

OT 8 was some of the most intense auditing I have done. I was no longer bound by any past. I had no fixed attention on any of what had happened earlier. Everything was about now and what was to happen. A wonderful and liberating condition that I have to this day. In addition, I haven't had a single nightmare during the seven years since I did OT 8, something I had quite often before those two weeks

on the Freewinds.

But how could I get the theory behind this OT level to align with BTs not actually existing?

I was sitting at a restaurant in Skøyen talking with Anette about her father who had died earlier that year. She told me about the moment of death and how she had experienced being there while her father left the body. Then and there it struck me what had actually happened on OT 8. Suddenly it dawned on me that it wasn't about false memories from BTs. It was about all memories not really "being me." We identify with a lot of strange things. Some identify with their mother, others with their education, their car, their possessions, their social status, their name, their body or their past. "I am my past" is an example of identifying with one's memories. On OT 8 I detached myself from my memories. I am no longer my past. I am me – here and now. And nothing else. This is perhaps what has given me the most benefit in scientology – no longer being anchored fast in the past and instead being able to focus fully and completely on what happens and what is going to happen. It has given me a much stronger experience of "here and now." And it has removed all nightmares.

As I see it now, the memories from earlier are mine, but I am no longer bound by them. All past is "deactivated" – I am free from my past.

As a newly minted OT 8, and after a short trip home to Norway, I was to return to participate in the Maiden Voyage aboard the Freewinds. Together with more than 300 other OT 8s I was to take part in a four-day journey with the leader of the Church of Scientology, David Miscavige. He was to tell us who had reached the top of the Bridge what the status was and what next year's strategy would be. He would

present his expectations to us who were OT ambassadors. I was now among the supreme elite, and then came a whole new set of tasks and duties. It was expected that I would save Norway.

II

The Meeting with David Miscavige

"

WHERE'S THE GUY from Oslo?" A strong and determined voice rang through the restaurant followed by equally determined footsteps and an authoritative small body hot on their heels. The leader of the Church of Scientology himself came striding across the floor while I made myself known. He reached out his hand and commanded: "So you're the next ED of Oslo Org. Congratulations." Despite being quite taken aback, I quickly countered with: "No sir, I am not." David Miscavige was small – he came up to somewhere in the middle of my chest. He looked me determinedly in the eyes with an energy I could feel.

His word is law and his orders are followed to the letter. He had an impressive appearance – a well-trained body in a tuxedo, tanned and with ice-blue eyes and not a hair out of place on a well-groomed head. He looked like a cross between a movie star and a fighter pilot. Except for the height. Self-confident and arrogant, he stood there expecting me to accept the position as the new leader of the Church of Scientology in Oslo. He didn't take no for an answer and continued: "But what could be a better game?"

There were about twenty people in the restaurant, and everyone looked expectantly at me. No one contradicts the Chairman Of the Board for Religious Technology Center, the supreme organization within the Church of Scientology. Despite a rapidly increasing pulse, I managed to get out quite clearly: "I can think of a few." I could think of several things that were better than becoming the leader of Oslo Org. Oops. I had contradicted COB himself. He hid his reaction quite well. It was still clear that he neither expected nor liked that I didn't accept the offer on the spot. He turned to his subordinates and said: "We never hear anything from Oslo. We don't know anything about what's happening there." He received confirming nods from the court and looked over at me and said that it would be right of me to take the position since I, as the only Norwegian OT 8, was the opinion leader for the Norwegian scientologists. I said again that I had other things in my life and that it was therefore out of the question to become Oslo Org's new ED. He understood that this wasn't going anywhere, turned around in the middle of the conversation – without apologizing – and went straight out the back door of the restaurant.

While his staff and camera people milled around in the ensuing vacuum, I got some time to digest what had happened. Here the leader

of the Church of Scientology, COB himself, had offered – or rather commanded me – to take the job as leader of Oslo Org. And this completely without knowing anything more about me than that I was the only OT 8 in Norway. He knew this because it was one of the points in his speech a couple of days earlier. Someone had whispered in his ear that I would be the perfect leader for Oslo, and that was all he needed to form an opinion.

He didn't know me, what I worked on or my projects, something that became apparent about seven minutes after his rude conversational interruption. Not only was he ready to give a stranger the most important job in Norway without a background check and without any interview, he was also shamelessly about to dismiss the current leader on the spot. By his own admission he didn't know what was happening in Oslo, but Nils was still to be fired. On the spot, because now I as a newly minted OT 8 was to take over the helm in Oslo. I chewed on this and thought that this had to be the most reckless hiring process I had witnessed. L. Ron Hubbard has written several thousand pages about how one should lead and run organizations. One of his important principles within leadership is that one should not strip responsibility from and "bypass" those who work under you, unless it is strictly necessary and because there is danger afoot. A leader should thus not intervene directly in a subordinate's area of responsibility without the person having demonstrated that he or she no longer takes responsibility for the area.

In this farce of a recruitment process, David Miscavige had bypassed and undermined the responsibility of approximately fifteen people between himself at the top and Nils Baardseth at Oslo Org. Completely without conferring with either the one who is "Program

Chief" for Oslo and sits in Copenhagen, or any of those who actually knew something about Oslo.

I felt as if I was on Candid Camera. It was at this moment I understood that something was very wrong. All the pressure, all the threats, "the end justifies the means" and the deviations from what LRH had written, were not local misunderstandings or staff with little training or education. The madness came all the way from the top. From Miscavige. This strange episode took place at Freewinds Maiden Voyage Anniversary XVIII in June 2006, just two weeks after I had attested as OT 8. I had arrived at Freewinds very expectant now that I had become part of the Church of Scientology's spiritual elite.

For a week more than 300 OT 7s and 8s lived aboard the ship. There was a unique atmosphere, light and easy and with much laughter. The staff made sure the guests were pampered and even the smallest wish was fulfilled. The whole thing was surrounded by an almost magical aura. The contrast to the strict David Miscavige was wiped away by everyone seeming to blindly look up to and obey the leader. During the week David Miscavige held four presentations. These were put out on DVD and sent to all orgs worldwide. During July, events were set up in each org four Saturdays in a row, one for each presentation. All scientologists in the world were expected to participate in these local events. Each presentation had its special theme and culminated in the participants having to buy a new release of books or lectures on CDs or donate money to an important cause. The events came like pearls on a string, four evenings in rapid succession. In addition, we got a special closed briefing where Miscavige addressed those who had achieved OT 7 and 8. Here he spoke without a script and more freely. There was massive pressure for everyone to buy the new materials that

were presented, and for them to donate large sums of money to IAS – The International Association of Scientologists. The money that goes there is used mainly for lawsuits and advertising campaigns.

An important part of "The OT Summit" was that all participants are sworn in as so-called "OT Ambassadors." This was not optional. If you are aboard as a participant in the event, you are taken to the OT ambassador meeting where before you know it you find yourself in a group swearing-in. As an OT ambassador I had to swear that I would take on this year's OT Ambassador Program with all my heart and ensure that this was carried out in my local org in Oslo. The program was the same for all orgs regardless of size – directly contrary to what Hubbard has described as good leadership. It goes without saying that there must be different strategies and programs for orgs of different sizes and for different parts of the world. Nevertheless, Miscavige and his staff had hatched a program that was to be implemented at any cost in every single org on the planet.

A tremendous pressure awaited all ambassadors when they came home to their org. Everyone, local staff, the continental headquarters and all the way up to the international leadership with Miscavige at the top, expected the program to be carried out to the letter. A separate international leadership had even been set up to follow up the implementation of the program. Here we sent our "Compliance Reports" (CRs) with proof of completed points in the program. If an OT ambassador didn't execute the program quickly enough or with enough zeal, there was trouble. The OT ambassador was then called to the local ethics officer, who was given the task of ensuring that the person dedicated enough time and energy to the program. No mercy. If there wasn't rapid improvement to be seen, the "problem" was escalated to

"OT Ambassador in-charge International," who would resort to more pressure. If there still wasn't improvement and zeal to be seen, the ethics section aboard Freewinds could be brought in, and then the ambassador could be called on the carpet by an ethics officer here. In that case all of life's duties had to be set aside, and it was straight to the Caribbean. All expenses in connection with ethics handling and trips abroad were naturally covered by the person himself.

In recent years the OT ambassador program has mainly been about ensuring that all orgs in the world become so-called ideal orgs. Hubbard wrote about the concept of ideal orgs in a policy letter in May 1970: "The ideal org is the image one builds toward. It is the product of the causative actions of many. Anything which is short of an ideal org is an outpoint that can be put right. The end product is not just an ideal org, but a new civilization already on its way." From this, David Miscavige has defined in detail what an ideal org actually is. And the entire program for achieving an ideal org rested on the OT ambassador's shoulders. And for Norway it was me alone.

After the last evening of events in 2006, all OT ambassadors were to do a photo session with Miscavige himself. We were shepherded up to The Heritage, one of the two restaurants aboard Freewinds. We were to gather in groups and be photographed together with David Miscavige. There were several larger groups. I stood outside in line together with two friends from Sweden, Gert and Gunilla. Both had attested to OT 8 some months earlier. I was the only one from Norway, and they were the only ones from Sweden. Gunilla suggested that we should gather as one group – Scandinavia. Here I had to lodge a protest. I told Gunilla firmly that the union between Norway and Sweden was dissolved in 1905 and that Norway has been an independent country

for more than 100 years. I represented Norway and was my own group. They laughed and said ok, but that they were going to tell Miscavige that I was the next leader in Oslo Org. Gert had the year before taken over as ED in Stockholm Org and Gunilla was responsible for finance, delivery and quality assurance. They weren't joking. They had actually intended to set up the ball for COB to get me to take over Oslo Org. This spelled trouble and I tried to protest when it was suddenly their turn to go into the restaurant. I was left standing outside looking around at the array of staff in uniforms with officer insignia, most of them women. The atmosphere was tense and clearly more serious than before. The security around Miscavige was higher than I had thought beforehand. We were after all aboard a closed ship where all the passengers had spent large parts of their lives getting to OT 7 or 8 and undergone several extremely thorough checks and verifications along the way. There could not possibly exist any security threat against the man aboard this boat. I was called in and had barely found a place at the fruit table before I heard the determined and commanding voice say again: "Where's the guy from Oslo?"

After David Miscavige suddenly decided to end our little conversation, I stood there a bit stunned and thought for about five minutes before he came in again refreshed and sprightly and said: "OK, let's do the photoshoot." I was waved forward to the backdrop in front of the camera. David pointed at me and said: "I'm keeping an eye on you. You're the next ED of Oslo Org!" He pointed at one of his subordinates and added: "Note that!" The stern and somewhat artificially cheerful lady in officer uniform answered with "I'm tracking you, sir." The man was funny. Arrogant, but amusing. He joked and had fun while we were photographed. Between pictures I got to tell

about my projects within scientology, mostly to get him onto better thoughts than insisting that I should take over the helm in Oslo. I got the picture in the mail a couple of weeks later. It looked like we were having fun. All fun aside, my meeting with David Miscavige was the seed of doubt that three years later would lead to me breaking with the church I had been a member of for 25 years.

I told Katrine about the disturbing meeting with Miscavige, but let all thoughts about the incident lie. I managed to trample the seed of doubt down into the ground again, because I had sworn an oath that the OT ambassador program should be carried out. I had taken on a responsibility, and I was to stand by it. For a year I was a good boy. Active as leader of Oslo's OT committee, active as a lecturer and active as a coach for several who asked for help. Ulf was my right hand in the committee. He had come into the Church of Scientology about the same time as me and thus had long experience. Together we worked to get as many points in the program done as possible. There was nagging from all sides, but we carried it out. No, not donations in the millions. But we gathered the field for events and engaged many new public.

Nils was not satisfied. Nils was never satisfied. Even though he had confided to me crude stories from his time as an auditor student at Flag in 2004 and several other stories from after he took over as ED, he was fanatically firm in his faith. Perhaps that was how he handled his insecurity, by letting the pendulum swing over to fanaticism.

"It doesn't matter if your children have to suffer for a couple of years if we can save the world in the meantime." Nils had no children. He only had scientology. He had also sold out of his company to dedicate his entire life to the church. A bully with a conviction for violence behind him. But behind this facade of fanaticism lived a good

boy I got to know in 2004. It just became harder and harder to find him.

It finally became a bit absurd when Nils commanded on the phone: "Every morning you shall deliver a battle plan to me about what you're going to do that day, and every afternoon you report back your statistics." I was public, not staff. Still he wanted daily plans and daily reporting with follow-up and ethics problems if the statistics didn't point upward. He simply wanted to treat me as if I had signed a staff contract with the explanation that I had just taken on the responsibility as OT ambassador, a responsibility he believed required much more than staff. He even believed that my responsibility lasted forever, because while staff signed a contract for two and a half or five years, the oath as OT ambassador had no time limit. Even in the Sea Org they could take their hat and leave after a billion years. I was swallowed by an everlasting contract, and I had to obey.

At the top of the Bridge, at the bottom of the administrative hierarchy. Spiritually everyone looked up to me, while administratively the staff at Oslo Org could command me around. Forever.

Toward the end of the phone conversation I asked sarcastically if I could have weekends off. He thought I was completely with him, chewed on it a bit and managed to squeeze out: "Ok, then."

I had several conversations with old seasoned scientologists in the field. We sat and reminisced about old days. In the 1980s scientology was fun. We even had the motto "If it's not fun, it's not scientology." Back then Stig or Trond Inge sat on the sofa in the kitchen and played guitar. There were pizza and video evenings. The atmosphere was light and easy with Jan as ED. Now there was constant seriousness with impossible demands from all sides, a chase for money and time like

no other. It was like going from a pleasant farm in the country to a bombed-out city.

Mathias waved me into his office at the end of the hallway. His room was always locked, because he was OSA's representative at Oslo Org. Director of Special Affairs was the title. We went into the messy room, he moved clothes and other things off one of the chairs, and I sat down among the paper stacks. "It seems like there are some journalists who are about to start writing something about David Miscavige supposedly having beaten his employees," he said and rolled his eyes. "Huh?" I asked. In my work as an OSA helper I had scoured many critical sites on the net. I had never seen this as a point of criticism against the church. I thought for a bit. Wait now, hadn't there been something about such an episode in the Time article from 1991? Mathias was convinced it was just nonsense. He asked me to check if there were any Norwegian journalists working on the case. He had obviously received orders from OSA EU, which in turn had received orders from OSA Int which had then caught wind that some American journalists had begun to poke at David Miscavige's perfect image.

That evening I sat with the laptop in bed hunting for hints about Norwegian journalists who were to smear our leader. I found none. But I found several accusations that Miscavige had beaten and hit his subordinates. There were stories all the way back from 1981, several episodes in the 1980s and even more in the 1990s. A pattern emerged. I didn't fall out of bed in surprise. The little story inside the Time article from 1991 had left traces. My own experience with Miscavige was clear to me. My own experiences with Heidi Messerli when she was ED at Oslo Org and spat in my face, Zara Kotric and her explosion and countless others I had witnessed, stories from friends who had

experienced worse things. The authoritarian, military atmosphere in the Sea Org was not accidental. It was apparently shaped by a violent leader.

A chill went through me. Scientology is about communication, agreement and affinity, about spiritual alertness, harmony and balance. And here we had a man at the top who practiced leadership directly contrary to these fundamental principles. Something was really wrong.

I reported dryly back to Mathias that there was no Norwegian journalist on the case.

But I was on the case.

I2

A Thousand Hours of Awakening

FROM SUMMER 2007 to summer 2009 I sat evening after evening for hour after hour surfing the net. I wanted to know everything. About Miscavige, about Management, the church, scientology, Hubbard. For a thousand hours I read everything I could get my hands on. Many of the critical websites I had covered in my work for OSA, but now I went much deeper. I read legal documents and testimonies and placed more faith in this type of documentation than the large amount of sour grapes out there.

First of all, this was an assignment for Mathias. Afterward I could blame it on having to keep myself updated as an OSA helper. And I could hold onto that excuse for a couple of months. Admittedly it

was a bit too much updating with an hour and a half every evening, but never mind. It was possible to stretch the excuse quite a long time. Because this was strictly forbidden. It wasn't just that it "wasn't proper." If anyone in the church had known that I was reading critical sites on the net because I was interested in finding everything about all sides of scientology and the Church of Scientology, then I would have immediately been called back to my ethics officer on the ship, Samantha – a tough "babe" in her early twenties. If I had shown up, I wouldn't have come down the gangway again until I was completely brainwashed back to the belief that all was well, that Miscavige was the perfect leader, that Hubbard was the greatest in history and that everything that smacked of scientology was spotless. And if I hadn't taken the bait again, I would have gotten serious trouble. I would have been scolded and harassed, verbally abused, and they would have tried to suppress me and threaten me into taking the bait. If that hadn't worked, I would have been thrown off the ship with a yellow sheet in my hand – a "Suppressive Person Declare." Such a declare means that all scientologists must break contact with you, and you can never again receive service in a scientology church without taking the very heavy road through the so-called A-E steps. These enable a way back for one who is declared SP. They entail that one must do all the training over again, that one must do some hefty amends projects and a multitude of administrative obstacle courses to perhaps, possibly, if everyone likes you again, come back into good company. Very few have managed this. In other words, it was definitely not okay to sniff around on the net and read all the criticism that was found there.

I had plowed through Operation Clambake before. The forum there was mostly an indulgence in negative emotions. The old news-

group ARS was even more pathetic. On the forum Ex-Scientologists Message Board (ESMB) there were some who posted factual information. Among others BlownForGood (BFG) who posted insider information from the international headquarters. He obviously had sources on the inside at Int Base in Hemet, California where the entire international leadership was located. The base's whereabouts turned out to be widely known to everyone except members of the church. For us it was strictly secret where the international leadership was based. A friend of mine, who had also worked at U-MAN in the 1990s, went over to Int Base and became the Norwegian voice on the translated Hubbard lectures. A few scientologists who didn't belong to the Sea Org had set foot here. Jørgen had lived there for several years. On his rare visits to Norway, he couldn't tell where he lived. Google Maps knew where it was and could show detailed pictures of the base. And now information was leaking from the very top and from several sources. The place leaked like a sieve.

There was no shortage of stories about David Miscavige's brutality and violent behavior, psychological terror, sleep deprivation and abuse of power. While BlownForGood delivered information about how it was at Int Base in recent times, there were several who told about how it was at the top of the hierarchy all the way from the time the Church of Scientology was established in the mid-1950s. It was clear that it had gotten much worse as Miscavige climbed toward the top, from his time as an auditor student at Saint Hill in England where he had hit his Pre-Clear in an auditing session. Miscavige turned out to have had violent tendencies already as a 14-year-old. Later he climbed rapidly in the hierarchy because of his tough appearance. From 1981 until he took over as leader of Religious Technology Center in 1987,

he went from exercising psychological terror and systematically having rivals for power removed, to outright physical violence against those he didn't like. Among other things, he removed his opponents by feeding L. Ron Hubbard false information about others, so that with backing from Hubbard he could declare them suppressive. After 1987, as the undisputed leader of the entire conglomerate of organizations, he could do as he pleased, something he gradually exploited to the maximum. In the end he stood alone as the only one with power in the church. He had gotten Guillaume Lesèvre, Marc Yager, Ray Mithoff and most others at the top declared suppressive persons. Despite this he kept them at times in various positions where they slaved for him. It became clear to me that the Church of Scientology had developed into a cult, a sect that was controlled by a power-mad dictator. And this agreed well with my own observations in the church and with stories from friends and acquaintances.

Eventually it came out that the man behind BlownForGood was Marc Headley, a man who worked closely with Miscavige and the other top leaders for 15 years. He also published a very revealing book titled Blown for Good which is well worth reading.

Even though the environment in the church became much harsher after Miscavige took over, it was far from rosy in the time before either. Hubbard also had his dark sides as leader of the empire. It could seem as if the organization was run in a benevolent way until the mid-1960s, when it took a noticeable turn toward the more militant. Hubbard established the sea organization, wrote several brutal policies about how critics and dissidents should be treated, and set in motion practices to undermine and in some cases seek to destroy people's lives. I read the story of Paulette Cooper, who wrote critically about scientology

and about the church's brutal counter-reaction "Operation Freakout," where they tried to get her imprisoned or committed. The string of stories where people were negatively and harshly affected by the church's practice was long. The church had also carried out the largest infiltration in history of the American state when up to 5000 secret agents had tried to remove critical material about Hubbard and the church at 136 public institutions, including the American tax service. The result was that eleven high-ranking leaders in the church were imprisoned, including Hubbard's wife, Mary Sue.

The Church of Scientology's epochs could roughly be divided into four: From 1938 to 1955 Hubbard worked to uncover life's fundamental principles, something that culminated in the therapy dianetics and the philosophy and practice scientology. From 1955 to 1965 Hubbard developed scientology to encompass processes that could take a person all the way to Clear. From 1965 until his death in 1986 he built a hierarchical organizational structure led by militant organizations (the sea org) to secure delivery of the OT levels and to ensure that the Church of Scientology could grow to deliver service to the entire world. From his death until now fanaticism has gradually taken over with a dictator who leads the whole thing with an iron fist.

Parallel to this development thousands of well-meaning staff and public have worked hard with a burning desire to help others. They believe that scientology can be a fantastic tool for accomplishing something positive for other people. There has been a gradually steeper uphill climb where their desire to help, and their hope for personal freedom for themselves and others, has systematically been exploited by a greedy and power-mad organization that has ended up existing not for the good of most, but for its own sake. This is the recipe for a

cult where the end justifies the means.

It was heavy reading. It was even heavier to see the stories documented and verified. The gap between scientology and the Church of Scientology had become steadily larger, and all the while the church kept coming up with ever more glamorous PR to wipe away this chasm. With doctored statistics and hyped-up stories they managed to blind thousands of members for years, members who so wanted to believe that the Church of Scientology was advancing, who wanted to believe that we had a real positive influence on the world, on the Berlin Wall, on the wars that disappeared and on individuals who had had their lives improved. We wanted so much to believe, and we were ready to dismiss all criticism by sticking the convenient label "entheta" on everything we didn't want to hear or see. It was easier to stick our heads in the sand, to justify the wrong we nevertheless saw, to think that the madness comes from lack of training among the foot soldiers and that at the top, yes at the top, everything is surely like paradise. There they are harmonious, dedicated and sacrifice their lives for humanity's best. We had never believed that Miscavige was a power-mad psychopath, that he wallowed in luxury, drank the most expensive whisky, and shameless amounts of it, lived it up together with Hollywood's elite and that he beat up those who sucked up to him behind his back when he wanted to. I had never wanted to believe it. Before I met him personally. Then doubt was born. And with Mathias's little assignment, the doubt was fertilized.

In January 2008 the video with Tom Cruise from 2004 leaked onto the net. There, as "the world's most dedicated scientologist," he lets loose to motivate the dilettantes among the Church of Scientology's members. It was supposed to motivate all of us who were pressed

harder and harder to give up our daily activities and dedicate all our time and all the money we had to the church. I was proud when I first saw the video in 2004, even though I thought it was a bit strange. But I was quick to suppress that thought. After all, I was on OT 7, and the semi-annual Security Check would catch an impure thought that hung around too long. The world out there reacted as one could expect. They saw a fanatic Cruise who overacted, and the whole thing was very strange. The church reacted by trying to get the video removed. This irritated many. The website Gawker picked up the story and posted the clip themselves. The church had irritated a group of anonymous users from the internet's back alleys, and they took the fight to the main street. First a video appeared on YouTube from Anonymous, where a computer-generated voice challenged the Church of Scientology and said they would fight for its downfall. Then came a massive attack against the Church of Scientology's website that took down Scientology.com. Shortly after, demonstrations against the Church of Scientology were arranged in record time in 93 cities worldwide where 7000 people participated, many wearing masks from the movie V for Vendetta. Other demonstrations mustered just as many and were arranged the month after. Month by month the anonymous demonstrated in many cities, and even though the number of demonstrators became smaller and eventually dried up, the Anonymous phenomenon had damaged the church. This massive information campaign had now made many avoid the church. And among the members there were several who took to the net to find the background for what was written on the demonstration signs.

Misinformation and misunderstandings flourished among the new anonymous critics. Lack of social antennas, arrogance and exaggerated

thoughts about their own results characterized Anonymous. They quickly got it into their heads that they were the Church of Scientology's nemesis, that the useless critics from previous years were a limp joke and that no one could measure up to the new anarchistic "flock of sparrows" as they called themselves. They would single-handedly level scientology to the ground. Many were unable to distinguish between the church and the philosophy; they thought in fanatical black-and-white terms and gave "sour grapes" a whole new meaning in their posts on various forums.

When the flock of sparrows found new seeds elsewhere, only a small part of the original demonstrators were interested in scientology. The original purpose of demonstrating for fun had been traded in for seriousness. Just as the Church of Scientology had gone from fun to seriousness, Anonymous had largely suffered the same fate. There was nevertheless little doubt that Anonymous had made history.

I followed the events closely, and was curious about what effects Anonymous would have. They had stirred things up something fierce and created much commotion about the church and its practice. Mathias and I talked several times about the phenomenon, and OSA was clearly confused about what to do. OSA was very happy when they saw that the number of demonstrators was rapidly declining. They could note that the internet generation's attention didn't last particularly long. I myself thought the phenomenon had its value. V for Vendetta showed what power such a phenomenon could have in, for example, fighting an oppressive regime. Anonymous showed in practice that it was possible to create a completely new concept in the modern world where the internet enables mobilization in record time.

Now and then I asked Mathias if the church had material that

could disprove certain claims I came across. I had to present it so that he didn't become suspicious that I was in the middle of a major investigation of the Church of Scientology on the net. In addition I read all the church's arguments against the criticism that I could find. The strange thing was that there was pitifully little of the latter, and the church seldom tried to argue properly against the criticism they were subjected to. They were more concerned with building a glamorous image through their own websites.

From the very beginning, the church had equated itself as an organization with scientology as philosophy or religion. They had presented themselves as a monopoly, the only place where you as an individual, as a thetan, could go free. The thought that if scientology actually is the only way to freedom, that the church should hold a monopoly on this way, is in itself terrible. Then a psychopath could all too easily act as a highway robber and stop everyone from going free. To take a monopoly on a way of thinking or a philosophical direction or a religion was so thoroughly repugnant to me that in itself it was enough to make me object.

Equating scientology with the Church of Scientology also meant that everything the church did would have direct consequences for how people perceived scientology. If the church did something negative, people would distrust the teaching. Now that the church time and again shot itself in the foot through unethical behavior, gagging of freedom of expression and other violations of human rights, the church's and thus scientology's reputation was in free fall. Surveys showed that the Church of Scientology was among the very worst sects in people's eyes.

The fact that the church time and again had lied about its size,

expansion and intentions led to a large gap in the perception of reality between members and the man on the street. While the church said they had 8, 10, 12 or even 20 million members, surveys showed that the number couldn't be higher than 750,000 and probably wasn't higher than 50,000 worldwide. The last number seemed much more realistic when I took out one of my pet HP calculators and began calculating. I knew how many scientologists there were in Oslo, in Hamburg, around Flag, in Sydney and many other places I had been. It was just a matter of adding up. That I had ever believed there could be 8 million scientologists in the world made me embarrassed. To admit that I had been thoroughly fooled, and that with my background, was simply embarrassing. That the church then claimed that scientology was the world's fastest growing religion became completely ridiculous. I had myself been to India and experienced a religion that in the same time period had become 400 times larger than scientology. It was completely incomprehensible that they had gotten away with such lies – both in the media and among their own members.

In addition, the church had painted a glamorous picture of its founder. Hubbard was admittedly in many ways a genius. He had created the philosophy that had given me more personal benefit than I could list, but he was definitely not a spotless man. This deification of Hubbard again created a chasm between the church's whitewashing and the real world. They had lied about his military background, about his academic background and what he had achieved in a number of other fields. Yes, Hubbard himself had lied about much of this. He was also a PR man who painted pretty pictures that didn't correspond with reality. Not that this made any difference to me in my impression of scientology, but it made a world of difference in my impression of

the church. Scientology I judge from what results it creates with the training and auditing it offers. The church must likewise be judged from what results it creates, and that was rather deplorable. It had dragged a, in my opinion, very useful, practical and applicable philosophy down into the mire, both by corrupting its use internally and by making so many blunders in handling media, critics and selected enemies that they appeared as a cult.

It became clear to me how Miscavige had almost systematically corrupted scientology since he took over in earnest in 1987. From Security Checks every six months on OT 7 to removing important policy, reintroduction of systematic shunning, to changing definitions and additions that he himself felt were appropriate. Hubbard had in the mid-1960s introduced the forced severing of ties, or "disconnection" as he called it, a practice he shortly afterward cancelled. He nevertheless didn't think it was necessary or right to force anyone to break the connection with people the church didn't like. With this practice the church could declare a person suppressive, and thus all scientologists had to break the connection with this person. The stage was set for brutal family breaks where wife and husband were separated or, even worse, where children were separated from their parents. But Hubbard did cancel this practice in 1968, just three years after he had introduced it. Later investigations made it clear to me that he probably cancelled this practice mostly because it gave the church bad publicity.

In 1983 Miscavige cancelled Hubbard's cancellation, and thus "disconnection" was again a practice the church used, just like the Catholic church's historical excommunication. And the Church of Scientology which wanted to appear as representatives of a modern religion. Miscavige introduced a regime of threats where the church could at

any time threaten its members into following orders, because if they didn't obey, they could be declared suppressive, and family and friends be forced to break with the troublemaker. Many scientologists work for other scientologists, or some of their most important business connections are scientologists. Thus disaster is a fact if they should be declared suppressive. The fact that the church then has a monopoly on what the person perceives as the only way to freedom makes it very easy to swallow a whole flock of camels.

I read critical sites about the philosophy. And even though Hubbard writes that one should learn to think for oneself and actually encourages the reader to assess what he writes with a very critical eye, it doesn't work that way in practice. In the Church of Scientology there are several mechanisms that are supposed to ensure that the members agree with what Hubbard and the church write. And even though Hubbard writes that one should question an order that seems wrong, there is usually trouble if you actually do it. Just as it was for me in Portland in 1985, when I questioned a direct order. If you disagree with something Hubbard writes and don't pretend to agree, you will first be given a thorough word clearing. If you have understood all the words and still disagree, you are referred to a couple of policy letters where Hubbard writes that scientology works 100

The more I read, the more I settled accounts with everything I had learned in the church. I really had to think for myself now.

"Argumentum ad Hominem" is a term in logic that means to discredit the source to remove the person's arguments. This is a poor excuse for a debate technique where the debater takes the man instead of the ball. On the football field it means a free kick, yellow or red card depending on how ugly the tackle is. On the net it happens

continuously in forums where scientology is discussed. It doesn't matter if it was Newton who came up with the laws of gravitation. It could just as well have been Hitler or Jack the Ripper. The laws are valid regardless of who came up with them. The same applies to all types of products or results. The Mona Lisa doesn't become a worse painting if we find out that Leonardo da Vinci was an evil man. Likewise a philosophy doesn't become either worse or better because it comes from a given source. The philosophy must be assessed by how well it works. While many scientologists swallow what Hubbard writes without judging it themselves, there are plenty of critics who reject something just because Hubbard wrote it.

Amid all the Argumentum ad Hominem on the net, I got enough facts to form my own opinions. I gradually settled accounts with everything I believed and thought about scientology, a reckoning that still continues and will never end. I am on an eternal search for truth and what works to achieve good results. And it's utterly irrelevant to me who the originator is.

It was clear that the gains I had gotten through scientology were mine. No one could argue against that, even though many have since tried. The various elements within the philosophy have on the other hand been examined one by one. This strengthened my confidence in many of the elements and weakened or invalidated others.

The ARC triangle, the tone scale, the fundamental axioms, communication training, auditing and a wealth of other themes within scientology stood out as very effective and for me true. Other themes, like the administrative technology, I rejected almost entirely. The story in OT 3 was likewise scrutinized. I know that the auditing works – possibly not for the reasons Hubbard gives, but the background story

about what happened 75 million years ago I rejected. It simply didn't hold water. Such a heretical thought was completely unthinkable before I actually started to judge the content of it myself. The conclusion came as I assessed facts related to the story. But this didn't in any way invalidate the gains I actually had on OT 3.

I also found several large holes in scientology where Hubbard hadn't done sufficient work.

One thing that had struck me during the 2000s was that the leaders who gave speeches at the international events became steadily fewer. Even though Miscavige became more and more clear as the undisputed leader during the 1990s, the other leaders were still well represented at the events. ED Int regularly gave speeches, the same applied to Marc Yager and Snr C/S Int, Ray Mithoff. I had after all met the entire gallery in 2001 when I participated in Maiden Voyage. After 2001 they gradually but rapidly disappeared from the public sphere. They were hardly to be found in the fine magazines the church sent out either. During the annual Ron's birthday event on March 13th the most important part dealt with "the birthday game." Guillaume Lesèvre was a permanent fixture, telling how each organization had done the preceding year in competition with the other organizations. Even here Miscavige took over. He was everywhere and had displaced the others. When I was on Freewinds in 2006, David Miscavige was the only prominent scientology leader present. It became clear to me that we now had a dictatorship.

I found the explanation for what I had seen on the net. Miscavige had clipped the wings of the other leaders, declared several of them suppressive, kept them as slaves in various positions, shuffled them around in what Hubbard called "musical chairs" where they constantly

had new jobs to deal with, and even locked many in a room where they had to sleep, eat and live under house arrest. The once so proud leaders of important organizations within the Church of Scientology were reduced to nodding dolls for a dictator. While Hubbard in his day had promoted leaders, Miscavige had devastated the entire leadership.

Just as in the old Soviet Union where people who fell into disfavor were written out of history, suppressive persons within the church were also written out and airbrushed out of pictures. The church practiced systematic falsification of history where once important contributors no longer existed in the system after they fell into disfavor. People like David Mayo and Mary Sue Hubbard had been erased. They only existed as blackened memories among old scientologists. Hubbard's wife became a non-person after Hubbard let her take the hit and go to prison for something he was himself responsible for. Mayo was Senior C/S International before Ray Mithoff got the job. He fell into disfavor with Miscavige, who had him so thoroughly smeared that Hubbard let the man undergo both psychological and physical torture. It was uncertain whether Hubbard actually knew what treatment Miscavige gave Mayo, but that he didn't protect the man who had saved his life and been his own auditor was incredible to me. Mayo was written completely out of the Church of Scientology's history together with hundreds of others. What remained was a constructed impression of an evil and suppressive David Mayo who intended to destroy scientology and thus humanity's only hope. The story from Jeff Hawkins gripped me. Jeff had gone into the sea org in its infancy and climbed the hierarchy as a very skilled marketing resource. He was responsible for some of the most successful marketing campaigns in the Church of Scientology's history. He wrote in detail on his blog

Counterfeit Dreams about the whole adventure from beginning to end when he left Int Base in 2004. He wrote very well, with detail and with genuine emotion. During my investigation I had shared what I could verify with Katrine. Jeff's story became bedtime reading where I read aloud. We discussed much of what we had learned and swallowed whole, set up against the wealth of facts, information and viewpoints that floated around on the net.

One website stood out as an oasis of concrete points of criticism against the sitting dictator, friendsoflrh.org. Here someone had carefully gone through the perversion of scientology that Miscavige was guilty of. With concrete facts, statistics and historical evidence it became clear that scientology was corrupted by Miscavige.

As summer 2008 approached, admonitions came from several quarters that I had to participate in Maiden Voyage. The year before I hadn't had the opportunity, and this time I wasn't allowed to. By Katrine. I completely agreed with her conclusion that if I went to the ship, it would come to light that I had open disagreements with how the church was run. That would have meant the end for me in the Church of Scientology. With my rock-solid faith in my own integrity and that I really stood for what I believed, they wouldn't let me off the ship without first giving me a round of mental beating I would not soon forget and then declaring me suppressive because I wouldn't give in. Katrine and I completely agreed that it was a bad idea to go to Freewinds. I avoided the pressure, and Maiden Voyage went its way without me as a participant.

"What shall we do?" Katrine looked questioningly at me after we had discussed how one after another of the old leaders had disappeared from the international scene and only Miscavige remained as the auto-

crat. "I really don't know..." She continued: "We have to handle the situation. In one way or another." "But how?" I asked. Katrine looked determined: "There's no point in trying to handle this via Oslo Org anyway. They have no possibility or authority to influence anything at all. We have to handle this on an international level." "Via OTC Int?" I asked, referring to the chief of all OT ambassadors in the world. "Yes, and we have to use our acquaintances all the way up toward the top. We have to take responsibility for stopping the violations of human rights. We have to write Knowledge Reports and send them to Int." In the Church of Scientology one should write a Knowledge Report, a KR, if one discovers something about a person that breaks the ethics rules. Such reports form the basis for an informant system, even though there are also good arguments for getting matters reported. I was skeptical: "But do you think anyone will handle a KR on David Miscavige himself or reports that indicate him as the source of abuses?" "No, but we have to try to handle it from within," said Katrine. "Well, the thought is good, but I think it's naive to believe we can solve the Miscavige problem by appealing to an ethics system where he sits as dictator at the top," I continued. Katrine nodded worriedly. If one of us had picked up the cans in a session now, our disagreements would be caught. The ensuing hell would have been particularly unproductive.

"You understand that we can't go into session again, don't you?" asked Katrine. "Yes," I answered, and felt the thought that auditing was now over tear at me. It was a cold wave that washed away all hope. The hope of becoming full OT, the hope of achieving my full potential. We looked at each other and both felt the same. It was a great loss. This was about more than our immediate lives. It was about eternity. "If I had gone into session with what I now know, I would have been declared

SP, because I would never have been able to deny what I know," I said. "Yes," said Katrine, "you're probably not the first to back down just to preserve domestic peace, no." We both placed personal integrity very highly, and neither of us was a nodding doll who could easily be made to follow orders just because they came from above. Truth was more important than fitting in. We chewed on it. It tasted fucking awful, and we said it simultaneously and calmly: "We can't go into session again." I had after all reached the top of the Bridge and didn't have so much to lose here, even though there were some important steps to the side of the Bridge I would have liked to do – the famous L's. These were three Rundowns that had a reputation for giving a person hefty OT abilities, and they would have been my next steps in Scientology. Katrine had just done OT 5. Her next step would have been OT 6 and 7, so she obviously had more to lose. We looked at each other, and could both feel each other's loss. At the same time we both knew that this was about personal integrity, and how could one sacrifice one's personal integrity in hope of achieving it? There was no way back.

We continued for a while discussing several hopeless strategies for how the problems could nevertheless be handled from the inside. We thought it would be best if we took responsibility for actually changing the culture, the deviations and thereby getting the Church of Scientology back as Hubbard had described it. Because there were mechanisms in Hubbard's policy for correcting the problems.

We held fast to this strategy for a while, until we had to realize it wouldn't work. We had ourselves several times tried to get deviations from Hubbard's policy changed without it leading to anything but being overlooked or to us ending up in trouble for pointing out something wrong. Moreover, attempts flourished from others who

had gone through official channels to get certain situations corrected. It was the exception that anything was actually corrected. My friend Mårten had spent several years getting a misinterpretation of a single policy corrected without getting anywhere. Most who had pointed out gross deviations had fallen into disfavor, and many had ended up being declared suppressive and thus thrown out.

What we wanted to change was anchored with Miscavige, and when other much more powerful people got into serious trouble for trying to correct much smaller problems, then it was futile to try to correct Miscavige himself.

I read again about FreeZone, these independents who practiced scientology outside the church's control. I quickly understood that there were hundreds of very well-trained auditors out there who actually practiced scientology. The lost hope was slowly won back. It was with great relief we noted that very many of the most highly trained auditors had left the church, and that many still practiced as auditors.

While I was sneaking truth from the net, I continued to hold lectures in the org. However, I had clearly stated that I would no longer be responsible for the OT ambassador program. There was trouble from that. From summer 2006 when I attested OT 8 and two weeks later participated in Maiden Voyage until summer 2007 I took responsibility. But from then on it was clear to me that the program wasn't just unrealistic, but downright wrong to implement. The megalomaniacal idea of getting public to donate buildings worth tens of millions in every city where there was an org, appeared to be a clever plan to enrich an organization with ambitions for power. I could no longer be responsible for contributing to this.

Nils became furious that I wouldn't give him an ideal org. He

accused me of treachery, which I categorically rejected. With policy in hand I got that accusation cancelled. Nils took this further to my ethics officer on the ship. Samantha sent an ethics program that I was to complete. It consisted of reading several policies from Hubbard and demonstrating that I understood the content. My lectures more and more dealt with personal integrity. I held lectures both in Oslo and in Russia and Ukraine where FreeCode had newly opened offices. While I was on business trips to Moscow and other places, I used the opportunity to hold lectures for scientologists in the area. In a short time I became a much sought-after lecturer in CIS (Commonwealth of Independent States). WISE CIS embraced me with enthusiasm every time they got the opportunity to use me as a lecturer for their conferences and gatherings. Participants varied from groups of a few dozen to more than 300 at one of the annual WISE CIS conferences.

My lectures in Oslo and in CIS meant I escaped much unpleasantness. I was popular and delivered results. Thus it became difficult to make too much trouble for me. Nils tried as best he could. He couldn't withstand the pressure he himself got from the leadership in Copenhagen, and wanted all too much to find someone to offload it onto. I was immune, and that created frustration.

In May 2009 the Church of Scientology had been banned from editing articles about scientology-related topics on Wikipedia. They had violated Wikipedia's rules and embellished articles so they would function as marketing and removed critical information. After a bit of commotion in the media about this, Ingo from OSA Int called me to ask for advice. He poured out his troubles and said they now had to find a solution to the problem – both to be able to contribute to the articles and to handle the bad PR.

I said exactly what I thought: "First you make a public unconditional apology for having broken the Wikipedia rules." He laughed and said: "Yeah, that will be the day." I continued: "Then you pay the Wikimedia Foundation to create a tailored course for your staff and pledge that every staff that will edit any article will first have to complete this course. Then you ensure the course is licensed under a free license so that other organizations may use it in a similar manner." He understood that I was right. We both understood that it would never happen. One of the world's most arrogant organizations would never grovel. They wouldn't even bend their knees just a little.

The two years of thorough investigations from summer 2007 to summer 2009 were like an OT level in their own right. It was constant drilling in thinking for oneself. And everything became clearer to me. My viewpoints were mine. I stood with an open mind and took in facts. The sour grapes fell on stony ground. With logic and a talent for verification as weapons I snuck out hunting for truth. I even had a meeting with Andreas Heldal-Lund to get certain facts verified. No stone was to be left unturned. I was ready to confront anything to find my own truth.

Finally I came across a really big catch.

I3

Out of the Church of Scientology

ANDREAS HELDAL-LUND had hinted that something big was going on. I had met him just two weeks before it exploded in the media. The scientology-critical newspaper Saint Petersburg Times near Flag in Florida dropped the bombshell of all time: "The Truth Rundown."

Four former high-ranking Sea Org officers had come forward and told about conditions at International Management. Former Inspector General RTC, COB's right hand, Marty Rathbun, led the way with a video that shook the scientology world. Amy Scobee was in the Watchdog Committee and told about her experiences. Tom de Vocht was the man from Management who had responsibility for Flag and

the surrounding areas. In addition they had interviewed Mr. Scientology himself, Mike Rinder. He had been the church's face to the media since the early 90s. He had been the leader of the Church of Scientology's intelligence organization, OSA, for many years and was in the Watchdog Committee when I met him in 2001.

All confirmed many of the stories I had read on the net, but when some of the very foremost leaders in the hierarchy had now come out and so clearly described the problems I myself had experienced the symptoms of, the whole thing became very clear. They told about violence, psychological terror, manipulation and a culture that was completely warped. Still it was the church's own response that shocked me the most. The press spokesman and Mike Rinder's successor, Tommy Davis, delivered the worst response I had ever seen. SP Times had posted the recording where Davis, like Bambi on ice, tried to kill the defectors' statements. The only one who seemed powerless was himself. He actually went completely off the rails during the conversation with the journalist at SP Times.

In desperation he went so far as to use confidential and personal information about Marty, Amy, Tom and Mike to discredit them. I got chills, and I understood that no one was safe in the church anymore. When the church was now willing to break the trust between a counselor and the one being counseled, and use the content of completely confidential conversations in the media, then the church was dead to me.

I decided to take the step, and dug up Marty Rathbun's phone number. I had seen him give speeches in the 1990s. I had also seen him in passing during my first visit to Freewinds. He figured in publications as one of the most important in the church.

I was nervous and knew I was about to break the last boundary. A conversation with Marty would be irreversible. I dialed the number. It rang on the other end. Marty Rathbun answered. It was an uncomfortable, but eventually very good experience to talk with the one who was now sticking his neck out and would become Miscavige's enemy number 1.

I had a list of fifty questions I wanted answers to. He was in the middle of a storm from media, the church, defectors and members who wanted to talk with him. We had a long conversation, but the question list was too long and deserved better treatment than simple answers over the phone could give. He recommended that I take them up with a good friend of his, Dan Koon, who would soon visit some friends in Denmark. I could take a little trip to Copenhagen while he was there. That sounded good.

Dan Koon was the man Hubbard had chosen as the lead in the instruction film where the training routines in communication were demonstrated. He was the master of communication. In addition he was a very highly trained auditor and had been responsible for Ron's Technical Research and Compilations for several years. He was thus responsible for compiling all the technical material for courses and auditing. I was aware that Dan had left the Sea Org in 2004. Much was written about this on the net when it became known. He was also described as one of the nicest, most even-tempered and harmonious people in Int Management.

It was early in July 2009 when I found myself on the train from Copenhagen on the way to a small town north of the city. Dan was to meet me at the remote station. It tingled. It tasted of forbidden fruit. He was certainly declared SP, like many of the others from Int Base. It

was standard practice to declare everyone who revealed anything from Int Base as suppressive persons. And here I was going to meet a real live SP, something that quite certainly would mean that I too had to break with the church. But I was ready.

Dan was as nice, even-tempered, balanced and harmonious as he had a reputation for being. In addition he was very funny. I got to meet his girlfriend, Mariette Lindstein, ex-RTC, and Neel Smed, a Danish lady who had worked in one of the top organizations at Int Base. We went home to Neel's. There I met another old hand from Int Base, Ian Cunningham. He had been responsible for the financial Sea Org reserves in the Watchdog Committee while the work to get religious recognition from the American tax authorities was ongoing. He could tell about gross financial crime and 200 people who had sat for months falsifying invoices so that the IRS would approve the application. Ian looked over at me and said: "We made Enron and Worldcom look like schoolboys."

We went through the list of my fifty questions. I got confirmation of much of what I had found on the net. All four could tell about their own episodes that illuminated the destructive culture at Int Base from new angles. Neel told about briefings where Miscavige had stood for hours preaching in front of 300 standing staff while his own RTC staff stood below the podium and scrutinized the 300 listeners with notepads in their hands. They diligently noted who of the employees closed their eyes or blinked a bit long, looked at the clock or didn't clap enthusiastically enough. If a staff member didn't display impeccable behavior while he or she listened to Miscavige, it was straight to the ethics officer the next day. She told about months of sleep deprivation and that at one of Miscavige's long speeches she had rested her eyelids

for perhaps a second or two. She had slept from two to four hours each night the last three months and was totally exhausted. The next day she was called to the ethics officer. There the e-meter was in use, and the ethics officer started an interrogation to uncover what criminal acts she had committed. Because she had obviously done something wrong since she hadn't embraced what Miscavige said with full attention and enthusiasm. Incredibly enough the e-meter showed a floating needle, something that indicated that all was well – "incredibly enough" because she hadn't slept sufficiently and thus wasn't what is called "sessionable." It's directly contrary to standard procedures to take someone into session if they haven't slept or eaten enough, because then the meter gives little or no reactions. With a floating needle she should have been clear of further trouble, but no, the auditor was replaced because he couldn't uncover her evil acts and intentions. The new auditor also got into trouble when he too found nothing but a floating needle. For me as a scientologist this was pure madness – diametrically opposed to how Hubbard says the technique should be used.

Psychological terror was confirmed in many different forms. Miscavige's violent episodes likewise. When I asked Neel what she thought the first time she saw him hit another person, she answered that she thought loud and clear: "He is God, he can do what he wants." And this was only one example of the effect of years of brainwashing at the top of the Scientology hierarchy. It gave me food for thought regarding the gradual manipulation I too had been subjected to. I got information about the old heroes, what had happened to Marc Yager, Pat Broeker, David Mayo, Guillaume Lesèvre, Ray Mithoff and many of the others I had seen come and go over the years.

It was unavoidable, I could no longer be part of a church that daily committed human rights violations, that perverted scientology and that betrayed its members by using personal and confidential information to discredit them if they wouldn't comply.

As usual Katrine got a full briefing. We had now both decided to resign from the church. But it had to be done in a proper and orderly way. I wanted to complete the procedure for doubt that Hubbard had described. He had set up a concrete formula for how one could obtain sufficient information to make a decision and how one could resolve a doubt and inform those who were affected.

The family was going on a two-week summer vacation to Turkey. It was a good opportunity to use the time to get my "Doubt Condition" written down. We were aware that it was going to be a real hell when Norway's only OT 8 was going to take his hat and leave. Until now OT 8s had been the very core of Miscavige's cheering squad. They were his power base among public. They were OT ambassadors, the foremost to donate large sums, and they were opinion leaders for all other scientologists. The church would be shaken to its foundations if I, as one of the very first OT 8s after the Golden Age of Tech, should decide to quit.

We knew that all our friends in the Church of Scientology would be affected. They would have to make a choice, to break with us or with the church. Because the church was uncompromising, and even though Tommy Davis just the year before had stood on CNN and sworn that the church didn't practice "disconnection" as a policy, all scientologists know that's a blatant lie. Those we knew would be faced with an ultimatum.

Two of the employees at FreeCode were scientologists. Eline was

the most central because she had responsibility for finance and personnel. We decided to inform her about the situation. After the shock had settled, she too took to the net to find facts. For several days she read until late at night, and decided to come with the family to Turkey to discuss the situation and consequences further.

My "Doubt Condition" was finished, and on August seventh 2009 I posted the first part of it on my website. Then I booked meetings with all my close friends in the Church of Scientology in Norway. One by one they were presented with the six-page document where I explained my decision. They got to read:

To: relevant parties

GEIR ISENE'S DOUBT WRITE-UP ON THE CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY, 2009-08-07

My name is Geir Isene. I am a Norwegian public Scientologist. I became a Scientologist in 1984. In 2006 I attested to OT VIII. I have had an enormous amount of spiritual gain from my 25 years in Scientology.

I have seen similar gains in my family and friends and in countless others I have met and helped with the teachings of Scientology. The gains are there to be had – but can be suppressed by malpractice and suppression of free will.

After two years of extensive research, I have decided to leave the Church of Scientology. I am not leaving Scientology, only the church. In fact, I consider that the present management is not practicing its teachings, and that in order for me to continue practicing Scientology, I need to leave the church and its suppressive management. The management of Scientology is creating massive bad PR for the technology developed by L. Ron Hubbard and others. By equating the Church

of Scientology with the Scientology Technology, the church is lending its bad PR to the technology through its oppressive acts.

I acknowledge and validate the many good staff and public Scientologists that are working assiduously to help others with Scientology. I acknowledge that great results are accomplished. It is hard work indeed. It is made harder by mismanagement.

Contrary to what we are led to believe, the church is not the fastest growing religion on earth, there are not 8 million Scientologists and the PR for Scientology is not good. It is in fact among the worst of all religions {1}. This is not caused by "someone else". It is caused by the church management. As one knows when studying Scientology and attaining spiritual freedom, one is causing one's own enemies. It's time to stop the technology of L. Ron Hubbard from being dragged down by misapplication and the ensuing bad PR.

I hereby submit my write-up on sorting out my own doubts regarding the church. I am a Scientologist. I will continue to help people with the Scientology technology, but I am no longer a member of the Church of Scientology. The following is a valid WOIM list. For explanation on mark-up, see the WOIM definition page {2}. References in Appendix A.

Doubt formula (LRH instructions in quotes and as main points in the list)

1. "Inform oneself honestly of the actual intentions and activities of that group, project or organization, brushing aside all bias and rumour."

- 1.1. The expressed intention of the current church management is to buy more than 170 new church buildings using parishioner's money and without delivering any exchange to those parishioners.

- This violates the writings of L. Ron Hubbard on:

Exchange {3}

Financial policies regarding buildings {4}

L. Ron Hubbard's explicit statement on not to focus on buildings {5}:

- When buildings get important to us, for God's sake, some of you born revolutionists, will you please blow up central headquarters.

- I find the Ideal Org program to be a scam where the church tries to add to its value of assets by pressuring its public for money with no exchange back.

- The focus on "pure donations" (with no exchange) drains the public of bridge progress momentum.

1.2. The activities of the current church management is to enforce compliance to command intention by use of force, harassment, invalidation and oppression.

Force: I have witnessed use of excessive force on several occasions, I have had senior church management scream to my face at point blank only because of a misunderstanding on the part of the Sea Org Officer. I have been spat in the face by another Sea Org member. But this is just a fraction of the force in regular use in the Sea Org - and the higher up, the more force. This is both written extensively on the Internet, and verified by me as I have spoken to several current and ex Sea Org members that have experienced serious breach of basic human rights in the Sea Org – such as sleep deprivation, confinement and repeated and regular use of physical violence. This use of force is diametrically opposed to LRH's writings on ARC, Understanding, Tone Scale and management in general.

Harassment: The church harasses its former members, the latest

example being the use of confidential data obtained from ethics files to publicly harass four defectors {6}. This point alone is enough for me to conclude on this doubt condition.

Invalidation: I have seen church management invalidate public and treating public in a condescending manner simply because they are not church staff

Oppression: I have witnessed on several occasions that the church has threatened to bar people from going up the bridge and thereby denying them their spiritual freedom unless they do as they are told. It becomes a hostage situation when a very few people can decide to bar the rest of mankind from attaining spiritual freedom.

1.3. L. Ron Hubbard says to "Never use lies in PR" {7}.

The Church of Scientology is lying to its public and the public at large when it refers to the number of Scientologists world-wide. Figures of 8 or even 10 million are given by the church. Any Scientologist should be able to calculate that this is a vastly exaggerated number, at least by a factor of ten probably even more. This extends to the whole makeup of the international events where Scientology, LRH and the church is put forth as perfect and infallible. Most public I have spoken to know that this is not the truth and hence know the church is lying.

It is easy to falsify and so it generates an out-reality with the general public and by personal survey comes across as arrogance. The lies are plenty – another obvious example is this PR line by WISE: We have the only workable administrative technology. It is hard to envision anyone having believed this line as it would make companies like Google or projects like Wikipedia an impossibility. And the Church of Scientology should be several times as big as Google.

1.4. The Church is hypocritical when it spends millions of dollars

on a campaign for Human Rights. Although this campaign is for PR purposes, it only serves to widen the gap between what the church says and what it practices.

2. "Examine the statistics of the individual group, project or organization".

2.1. Although the world-wide statistics are unavailable for inspection, there are several indicators that can help analyze the production trends of the Church of Scientology. The statistics shown at international events are seldom the same from year to year and very seldom show the main statistics of real expansion.

I have been to many organizations around the world, and I see no expansion of the like shown at the events. On the contrary, I see many orgs that have been shrinking over the past decade or so. It is obvious to me that the strategies during the 1990's and 2000's have not been working. It is possible to correlate this with point #1 above and suspect that the strategies are failing due to wrong intentions on the part of the most senior of management.

2.2. The church has released only one new OT level since LRH passed away in 1986. The target for the release of OT IX and X was for all Orgs to reach the size of old Saint Hill. We hardly hear mention of this target any more. Most of the Orgs that attained this size in the 80's and 90's have shrunk. Few if any public knows how few Saint Hill size orgs there are. At one event in the 90's the COB of Religious Technology Center, David Miscavige promised there will be a new Saint Hill size org presented at every international event thereafter. It quickly faded.

3. "Decide on the basis of 'the greatest good for the greatest number of dynamics' whether or not it should be attacked, harmed or

suppressed or helped."

- The current management of the Church of Scientology and their suppressive acts should be stopped. The practice of focus on material goods should be stopped.

The focus should instead be on delivering good service. The tech should be made freely available on the Internet for everyone's benefit. A "project Freedom" should be started where the purpose is to give the tech itself for free to all. See the Appendix B, #LRH4all.

4. "Evaluate oneself or one's own group, project or organization as to intention and objectives."

- I am a strong believer in free will and my objective is to help people achieve spiritual freedom and the ability to exercise their free will. I can testify that the technology of L. Ron Hubbard has helped me recover my own and I have seen it help countless others recover their free will and able to exercise it. Sadly, I have also seen the church all too often suppress the free will of its members – in fact the higher one comes up the bridge, the more suppression of free will. As an OT VIII and OT Ambassador, one is given a large number of "supposed to's" in order to act as a poster boy and to help drive through the command intentions in one's area. Force is attempted used in order to make the OT VIIIs toe the party line.

5. "Evaluate oneself or one's own group, project or organization's statistics."

- I am doing very well in life – both spiritually, as a person, in a family, forming and making groups prosper. I am doing well on my creative line (may each be his own judge of that {8}).

6. "Join or remain in or befriend the one which progresses toward the greatest good for the greatest number of dynamics and announce

the fact publicly to both sides."

- This is a matter of personal integrity. I cannot be part of or condone the human rights violations, off policy, out tech and out ethics that is rampant within the church. I will not be a silent watcher to these suppressions. I am true to my own purpose of forwarding free will. This is not forwarded by the church, so I am off to my own crusade of helping people regain themselves and to help them exercise their free will by the use of LRH tech. I am a strong admirer of the works of L. Ron Hubbard and a firm believer of the human spirit, of goodness, greatness and of love. I will seek out like-minded and help expand true delivery of Scientology. This write-up is published to all relevant parties. The introduction is also published on my web site {9}.

7. "Do everything possible to improve the actions and statistics of the person, group, project or organization one has remained in or joined."

Project Freedom is born.

"The work was free. Keep it so." LRH, Clearing Procedure (1957)

I am adamant on forwarding people's freedom. I will help people attain and exercise their free will.

8. "Suffer on up through the conditions in the new group if one has changed sides, or the conditions of the group one has remained in, if wavering from it has lowered one's status."

I will do my utmost.

I will not be still or silent.

I will be effective and vocal.

For extensive information, read <http://www.scientology-cult.com>

Note to the Church of Scientology:

Please do not contact me in an effort to "handle" my viewpoint.
 The data from 2 years of extensive research is vast and decisive.
 May you wake up and see what is now running the church.

Appendix A

References

{1} Poll on religions http://www.cbsnews.com/stories/2006/04/12/national/main1494697.shtml?source=RSS&attr=HOME_1494697

{2} The WOIM definition page <http://www.isene.com/woim.pdf>

{3} Exchange (the four levels of exchange) HCO PL 10 Sep 1982
 "Exchange, Org Income And Staff Pay" (Fin. Series 36; MS3, p513)

{4} Financial policies regarding buildings HCO PL 18 Jan 1965
 Financial Management Building Fund Account (Vol3, p42) HCO PL
 23 Sep 1970 Quarters, Policy Regarding Historical (Vol7, p1394)

{5} Tape: The Genus of Scientology, 31 December 1960 (Anatomy
 of the Human Mind Congress)

{6} Article revealing the inner workings of International Manage-
 ment <http://www.tampabay.com/specials/2009/reports/project/>

{7} HCO PL 13 Aug 1970, "The Missing Ingredient" (PR Series 2;
 MS3, p45)

{8} Some of my creative output <http://www.isene.com/>

{9} My public announcement on leaving the church <http://www.isene.com/isene.cgi?geir>

Appendix B

LRH4all

ULTIMATE PLANETARY DISSEMINATION OF THE
 WORKS OF L. RON HUBBARD

PURPOSE

- To get L. Ron Hubbard's technology into the hands of everyone as fast as possible and in the most user-friendly way.

HOW

- Release the full body of publicly available LRH material on the Internet, fully indexed, easily searchable, free for all to access without restrictions.

THE BENEFITS

- Everyone could get free access to all LRH material
- The public access to the technology would reach places where there are no libraries
 - Access to the material would be almost instantaneous
 - Pointing someone to specific parts of the technology would be as simple as relating a link
 - Finding exact references would finally be practical with a proper search back-end
- It would revolutionize academy training in the orgs as the students would finally have all the references they could ever hope for by the click of a button
- It would revolutionize the running of the orgs as the staff would have all the references they could ever hope for by the click of a button

TIME

- If the materials of LRH are already digitized, a full release of the materials on the Internet should take no more than 6 months to complete.

IMPACT

- Releasing all publicly available LRH material on the Internet would be the greatest dissemination of his technology ever.

OBJECTIONS

What about the lost income from book sales?

- The purpose is the dissemination of the materials to as many as possible. This would generate a substantial increase in the interest for services, for training and auditing – which would by far compensate for any lost revenue. The purpose is to get the technology in use, a cleared planet and not to cater primarily for short-term income.

What about copyrights?

- Releasing the materials on the Internet would not violate any LRH copyrights just as shipping books to libraries would not have any effect on the copyrights of the materials

What about protecting the purity of the tech?

- By releasing and maintaining the originals on the Internet, the public can finally refer to the authentic materials and for the first time be able to spot any altered materials on the Internet by easy comparison. Today altered material is floating on the Internet with no easy way of checking its authenticity.

But the public will not fully understand the materials ...

- LRH writes in HCOPL II Aug 1972 "Films and tapes not prohibited": "No words at all is worse than a few misunderstands!"

I sincerely hope this would inspire action.

"The work was free. Keep it so." LRH, Clearing Procedure (1957)

This write-up was to be given legs to walk on, but first I wanted to give all my friends an opportunity to read it while I was present so that they could ask questions and get answers on the spot.

More than fifteen meetings with 25 people were held over the next three days. The format was the same: I asked them to read. They had questions that I answered. The reactions varied from full agreement with what I wrote, to shock and disbelief. A couple reacted with anger,

even though they too had to admit that much of what I wrote matched their own experiences. Most were appalled that their only OT 8 could take such a dramatic step, and like lightning from a clear sky.

Several took my resignation personally. They felt stepped on. They expressed that I didn't appreciate them. But it wasn't about them. It was about a warped church that exploited its members, and that I could no longer stand tall as an idol and promote the church.

Mathias Fosse also got to read and ask his questions. He was mostly upset, and said that I wasn't exactly making his job any easier now. I asked how he would handle it if we one day ended up in a debate program on TV. He had to admit that it would be difficult to balance between telling the truth and sticking to the church's line. For him too it was obvious that these did not coincide. I recorded the conversation in case he should later claim that I said something I hadn't said or try to deny something he himself had said.

It became, as we thought, a storm. Reactions came from all quarters. Horror, acclamation and everything in between.

After a week I had to get an outlet for everything that was happening, so I created a blog, elysianchakorta.wordpress.com. It quickly became popular, and comments poured in on my posts.

I had sent my resignation by email to all the scientology organizations I had been in contact with, including Flag, Freewinds, OSA Int, WISE Int, Oslo Org, AOSH ANZO and all the other places I had been a contributor or received service. I had also sent it to all my scientologist friends. Among them there was one in particular who reacted – Mårten Runow.

I4

The Outcasts

MÅRTEN WANTED to meet me. He had, like many others, received the email with my declaration and was shocked. We met at Kjøkken & Bar in the Liberal Party's building on Youngstorget and he had many questions and wanted to hear how on earth I could come to such a terrible conclusion. I was putting my entire eternity at stake, I could be cast out of the church. Cast out? I had resigned.

Mårten was clearly shaken after the meeting, and concluded that if what I had found out was true, then we were in a serious situation that we had to take responsibility for solving. I agreed.

The week after, Mårten wanted another meeting. He was going back to Oslo and wanted to meet Friday evening. On several occasions he contacted me to confirm the time and that the meeting must not

be moved. I had never experienced Mårten stressed before, but now something was brewing. I said I could be a bit delayed, and he seemed worried about that.

I hurried over to Kjøkken & Bar. I was late. I went in and looked around quickly to find Mårten. Over there, innermost in the room, he stood up and waved. I strode over and took his hand when I saw that another person was also sitting at the table. A lady. I asked who she was, and she answered: "I am Kirsten. From OSA." "EU or Int?" I asked. "Int," she replied curtly. Mårten stammered something about how we had always been good friends and that he only wanted the best for me. He was on the verge of tears while he continued to apologize for having arranged this ambush meeting. Kirsten explained: "I just happened to be in the neighbourhood." She had flown all the way from LA and happened to be in the neighbourhood and just dropped by to meet me. The lie was pathetic. I asked her why she wanted this meeting, and she explained that she had some information I should see. Mårten said the information was very valuable and that I probably wouldn't have made my dramatic decision if I had had access to this information at an earlier time. I had a feeling this would be interesting, excused myself and went to the bar counter to order and at the same time set my phone to record.

Back at the table I learned that the information they wanted to show was at a nearby hotel. It was about a set of testimonies from high-ranking officers in the Sea Org. I emphasized that I was allergic to "Argumentum ad Hominem," and Kirsten assured me it wasn't about anything like that. "Nearby" became "a bit further away." Several blocks later we took the stairs up to the hotel near the Grand. There they had prepared a conference room, probably with recording of the

whole thing. Then we were probably even. Mårten and I sat down while Kirsten was to fetch the material in another room.

Kirsten Ceatano came back with a stack of papers, books and another lady, Anette Refstrup from OSA EU. Kirsten leafed through testimony after testimony full of character attacks on Mike Rinder and Steve Hall, and unreserved praise of David Miscavige. They contained few or no factual counter-arguments against what Marty, Mike or hundreds of others had pointed out. It was a world championship in character assassination and glorification of a dictator. That they could believe something like that could get me into the net again or stop me from blogging was incredible.

I was fully aware that the church would want to discredit me too. It wasn't as easy since I didn't have any skeletons in the closet, and since I was a Golden Age Of Tech OT 8. To criticize me would be to criticize one of the church's products, which would hit right back at them.

To ensure that the church wouldn't get the opportunity to serve up a false story about me, I contacted Halvard Sandberg at NRK Dagsrevyen. We had once started Oslo Katedralskole's Natural Science Society almost 27 years earlier. This resulted in a seven-minute segment on Saturday Review. This made it difficult for the church to serve any tall tale.

Suddenly I became an active Scientologist outside the church. I took the trip to the US to again meet Dan Koon, whom I had gotten along so well with a couple of months earlier. In Denver I met both him, Marty Rathbun, Mike Rinder and the man behind scientology-cult.com, a website where Miscavige gets it good and hard. It was a fun meeting. During the trip I also got to meet Jason Beghe, the

actor who in 2008 had delivered a powerful video that was posted on YouTube. Here he settled juicy accounts with both the church and the philosophy. Jason was one of the most genuine and honest people I have met. He never minced words. I stayed with Jason for a few days, and we had many long and deep discussions about life, Scientology and what the future could bring. As an OT 5 and Class 5 auditor he had deep insight into Scientology and appeared much more nuanced now than in the video four years earlier. In a short time we became good friends. Jason was in the same continuous process as me where he turned all imposed truths inside out. With him too, nothing was to be left untouched, uninspected or unevaluated. He had eaten camel for years while he was in the church, and he had gotten the special attention and service that only celebrities inside the church receive. Now the taste of camel was over. Now Jason was in the driver's seat.

Kirsten made another attempt to get me to talk while I was in LA. To no avail.

I continued to blog, and the comments piled up. Emails came from defectors, critics and Scientologists on the inside. I had contact with several hundred who had something they wanted to say or ask about. Several sought advice on what they should do – people who saw the same as me, but who felt they couldn't break with the church for fear of losing their job, family members, children or circle of friends. Many didn't know what to do with themselves, and there was much despair to read.

There were also several high up on the Bridge who made contact, which led to several OT 7s and 8s also resigning. My "Doubt Condition" had spread like a contagion throughout the entire community, and many had resigned after reading it. Eventually a dozen OTs had

resigned as a result of this.

Mary Jo Lewitt, OT 8 and responsible for all OT ambassadors in South America, had read my resignation and took to the keyboard herself. She wrote an elaborate explanation of a couple of hundred pages about why she too was resigning.

I made contact with a multitude of FreeZoners, or Independents, as many preferred to call themselves. There was a buzz of life among defectors and people who were well trained in Scientology, and who in fact had never set foot in an org. I even made contact with a Class 10 auditor who had never been in an official church. There was quite a large underground movement out there delivering Scientology without license from the church.

Since very many don't dare to leave the church because they are afraid of not being able to receive Scientology auditing or training again, this gave new hope. People actually had a real choice. The church didn't have a monopoly. That warmed my heart.

At home the org panicked. An extraordinary meeting led by missionaries from the Sea Org in Copenhagen was called. They were to convince the members that all was well and that I had gone mad. Norwegian Scientologists were told that I was an SP and that they must not talk to me. If they did, it would have serious consequences.

Eline was well informed. Her father, Sigurd, my course supervisor from 1984, was also informed. He had plowed the net to form his own opinion. His wife, Anita, who had given feedback on my personality 25 years earlier, also had to confront the actual circumstances. Together the family resigned from the church. This also created waves even though it had been a long time since they had been active. They were highly regarded by many in the community.

With few exceptions, the rest of the Scientologists reacted by rallying around an enemy image. Katrine and I had become suppressive. We had gone over to the dark side. Or had we been evil all along? How could that be right, we were both OTs. For a Scientologist in the church, one becomes well trained in making reality agree with what the church preaches. Justifications, excuses, mental constructions and hypocrisy characterize the thought processes. It probably wasn't easy, but several managed to make 1 and 1 equal 3. Or -1. Or whatever it was the church wanted as an answer.

We lost four FreeCode offices overnight. The one who was the initiator of our venture in Russia was a Scientologist, and was ordered to break all contact. This also included the employees, even though several of them weren't Scientologists.

Friends we had helped for years turned their backs on us. They admitted that what we had observed was correct. They saw that the church was off the rails. Still cowardice or brainwashing took over, and we became the outcasts.

One of the episodes was disturbing. Katrine had spoken with the mother of a boy whom our middle child, six years old, had played with a lot. They first agreed that our resignation shouldn't have any effect on whether our sons could play together. But after a few hours came an SMS where she announced that her husband meant that "the vendetta that is unfolding against Geir must also apply to his children." It's scary when someone uses the words "vendetta" and "children" in the same sentence.

Finally it became clear, the church had declared me and Katrine to be suppressive persons. In what must be the thinnest "SP declare" of all time, I was stamped as suppressive for using my freedom of speech.

Katrine was stamped for letting me do it.

According to Hubbard's policy there should be a hearing where the accused gets the opportunity to defend himself before any declaration is written. Nothing like that ever happened. We didn't receive the yellow paper either. It was strictly guarded.

A friend who defected after reading my blog took the trip into the org and photographed the yellow paper with his phone. With a little Photoshop the text became clear. It read like this:

CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY INTERNATIONAL
FLAG CONDITIONS ORDER 12812 3 November 2009

All Orgs

All Missions

SUPPRESSIVE PERSON DECLARE

GEIR ISENE

KATRINE ISENE

Geir and Katrine Isene, of Oslo, Norway, are hereby DECLARED Suppressive Persons and are EXPELLED from the Church of Scientology, pursuant to HCO PL 7 Mar. 1965RB I SUPPRESSIVE ACTS, SUPPRESSION OF SCIENTOLOGY AND SCIENTOLOGISTS.

Geir Isene publicly and broadly announced his departure from the Church of Scientology, making false, denigrating and derogatory statements about Scientologists in good standing and about the Church. He connected to a known squirrel, who is engaged in a spiteful rumor-mongering and black propaganda campaign, in an attempt to discredit and vilify Scientology and Scientologists in good standing.

Geir is guilty of the following suppressive acts, per the above referenced policy;

"Public disavowal of Scientology or Scientologists in good standing

with Scientology organizations."

"Engaging in malicious rumormongering to destroy the authority or repute of higher officers or the leading names of Scientology or to safeguard a position."

As Katrine Isene condones these suppressive acts of Geir, she too is guilty of the same as per HCO PL 7 Mar. 1965RA III, OFFENCES AND PENALTIES;

"Being a knowing accessory to a suppressive act."

Geir was given assistance and opportunity to get true data and resolve his situation with Standard Tech. However, he continued to associate with squirrels and continued to commit suppressive acts.

Any certificates or awards that may have been issued to Geir or Katrine Isene are hereby cancelled. Any licenses they may have signed to use the marks of Dianetics and Scientology are cancelled as well and they may not use the marks in any manner whatsoever.

Should Geir and Katrine Isene come to their senses and recant, they are to do steps A-E of HCO PL 7 Mar. 1965RB I, SUPPRESSIVE ACTS, SUPPRESSION OF SCIENTOLOGY AND SCIENTOLOGISTS.

Their only Scientology terminal is the International Justice Chief via the Continental Justice Chief.

INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE CHIEF

for

CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY

INTERNATIONAL

With this we were cut off from all Scientologists in the church. Usually the church manages to come up with some real skeletons in the closet, be it financial irregularities, sexual escapades or something

else dirty that they can publicly throw at the person via such a yellow sheet. It's strange that so few have sued the church. A lawyer would probably see it as a simple matter to win a lawsuit when the church so openly practices libel, in writing and hung up on the bulletin board in all Scientology organizations.

All the comments on the blog became too much to handle, so in October 2009 I started a forum where several could share the burden of handling all the traffic. "The Scientology Forum" (scnforum.org) became one of the few places where Scientologists, critics and generally interested people could discuss on neutral ground and where simple rules for good behavior were enforced. To ensure that Scientologists would feel safe, we blocked all confidential OT material.

After blogging for six months I put together my articles into a hundred-page book and posted it on the blog and my website. A few months later I felt the blog had done its job. I then chose to start a new blog that wasn't aimed at the topic of Scientology, but rather was a personal blog where I could post everything from 3D digital art and music I had made, to philosophical reflections, computer programs and much else in addition to articles about Scientology.

I had gone from being a nerd to a Scientologist to a doubter to a defector to a heretic to one who sought truth on free ground.

As time has passed since I left the church, I see the whole thing more clearly. I still see much good in Scientology, but I am at the same time merciless in my criticism of it. I no longer go around defending Hubbard for the wrong he has done or the Church of Scientology, either to others or to myself. Where I before could create explanations for why situations were handled poorly or why something Hubbard writes seems insane, I now look at it purely analytically and refuse to

go on the defensive. I have David Miscavige to thank for this. It was he who got me to wake up.

My blog still creates more discussion about Scientology than any other blog in the world. Here both ardent supporters and sharp critics discuss. Scientology is turned inside out and constantly put to new tests. And it becomes steadily clearer what should be discarded and what can have real value.

In the summer of 2011, a full two years after I left the church, I received a special auditing called L11. This is a type of auditing that can be done on those who have reached Grade 4 or higher (one of the grades before a person becomes Clear). There are three such lists, L10, L11 and L12. They can only be delivered by the very best trained and most experienced auditors. It takes many years to become a Class 12 auditor so you can deliver this very advanced auditing. While in the church I would have paid about 400,000 kroner for L11, I got away with paying about 30,000 out in the free world. Then I paid for the service and for travel and accommodation for a Class 12 auditor from Canada. He was the most productive Class 12 auditor in the world until he left the church in 1991. After that he has continued to deliver every kind of auditing there is in Scientology.

There are actually more highly trained auditors outside the church today than there are within the authoritarian organization. These auditors charge a fraction of the price, can practice freely, and deliver service completely without the money-and-time chase that the church is known for.

I want to complete the two other lists, L10 and L12, in addition to old OT 4-6. Life is better than ever, even though I am now separated from Katrine and live together with Anette – a person who has a far

more brutal story to tell from her ten years in the Church of Scientology. Her book will describe in detail a tough process of breaking away and how she as a very intelligent and capable person found her way back to herself after abuse in this sect. I have found great love. I have a job I love together with Brendan Martin, where we only do fun projects with people we like, and where we know we can create great value for customers. We work with organizations to increase service level, productivity and job satisfaction, with departments to improve cohesion and efficiency, and with individuals such as leaders and athletes to improve mental performance and focus.

Together we have, as the first two white men, visited a Barabaig village in Tanzania. There I learned much about responsibility. We have helped top athletes become "stronger in their thinking," helped teams and organizations function better, individuals reach goals they didn't think were possible. I look forward to almost every day, whether it's Friday evening or Monday morning.

I use what I can vouch for in Scientology. But most of all I use my personal experiences with people when I help others succeed. Inspiring others to success is a privilege. I have had many opportunities in life thanks to Scientology, but everyone must take responsibility for choosing their own path. I no longer believe in sales, in convincing others that they must do something they don't really want to do themselves. I believe that each person deep down knows best what is right for them, and that an inspirer must never try "to will something for another," but instead find out what the person wants for themselves and then help the person achieve their goals.

But all this can change. I am in constant change. As life should be.

15

My Own Truth

"**M**AYBE truth is not an answer. It's not even something fixed. Maybe truth is our creative contribution to the evolutionary process of this universe."

(Rafael from my blog, <http://isene.me>)

I had taken on a superficiality from my time in the Church of Scientology. I was supposed to be a hard, productive, invulnerable and perfect person. This became more and more prominent the higher I went up the Bridge. I wasn't supposed to show any vulnerable side. I wasn't to give Clear or OT, or for that matter the Church of Scientology, a bad reputation. This was common among my OT friends. We had to appear as superhumans without negative emotions, without baggage. The church had a hard facade that was difficult to penetrate. I also built a correspondingly hard facade that was difficult to penetrate.

Self-control was very important.

But it was good to cry when I was sad. When a pet died or when things were tough and I was tired. I sat and wept at the movie *Rollerball*. And I liked to play like a little kid. I liked to completely flip out and be exactly as I wanted. But it was best to leave this alone as long as I was in the church.

Gradually I have been able to let the emotions loose again. Admit that I'm not at all perfect, that I have emotions like everyone else. The whole spectrum. That I can be hurt and that I enjoy love and attention and love to hug others. I actually like that others can see right through me, regardless of what they might see. To be completely honest with my emotions and who I am.

In hindsight I'm glad I didn't lose my mother while I was still in the Church of Scientology. My mother passed away in the summer of 2012. It was incredibly wonderful to be able to cry freely and not give a damn what others thought about an OT being terribly sad. I sobbed my way through the speech at the funeral. I composed music for her. I still cry over her.

I have achieved what I perhaps wanted most of all through Scientology – to get control in difficult situations in life, to get an inner peace and harmony. But this medal also has its flip side. When I now look back, I sometimes miss the nervousness. There was something alive and vibrating about the tension I felt the first time I set my feet at the University of Oslo, or the first time I wished I could pick up a girl. I can miss the lack of control, that emotions tear at the body and that the heart beats right up in the throat. With a great degree of control comes a certain "flatness" and lack of excitement. Maybe that's why I now constantly seek to challenge myself in social situations – to

get back the feeling of a little uncertainty and insecurity. And it takes increasingly difficult situations to knock me off balance. I think this is the price I have to pay for the goal I so wanted to reach.

I have learned a lot in Scientology, but the most important thing I have learned since I stopped considering myself a Scientologist – that the most important thing in life is to love what I have, that the journey and the adventure is life itself, and that not everything is about reaching goals or yearning for something better.

There is a lot in Scientology that works and that worked for me. There is also much that doesn't function as it should. Scientology is a subject that was frozen in its development when Hubbard died. And as Hubbard himself says, what doesn't expand will contract. This also applies to the further development of Scientology as a subject. The subject will necessarily meet a slow death because it is not continuously improved. I am very satisfied with the service I have received, and find it hard to think of anything that hasn't given me concrete benefit. This doesn't mean, however, that the various levels in Scientology give the benefit that is marketed. If you believe you will get the benefit the brochures promise, you will be disappointed. To this day not a single Clear has been demonstrated who fits the definition given in the book *Dianetics, the Modern Science of Mental Health* where Clear is first presented and defined. There a Clear is described as a person with total and infallible memory – that is, the person should be able to recall 25 impressions per second across all senses from birth onward. A Clear should also never catch a cold, and never have any mental ailments.

I have also never seen anyone who can live up to the concept of "Control over life" ("Cause over life"), which is the alleged end phenomenon for OT 7, without twisting and turning what both "control"

and "life" mean. There is no doubt that Scientology is oversold. I went up the Bridge without any particular expectations, because I believe that expectations have little or no value. Thus I wasn't disappointed like others who have expected what the advertising proclaims.

I did the entire Bridge up to and including OT 8, and here I have supposedly handled the very cause of memory loss on the entire time track. No, I don't have perfect memory. In fact I'm quite forgetful and absent-minded. I also can't lift a car with willpower alone, or other similar magic tricks. I also can't easily leave the body, although it sometimes happens. I can get tired and weary. But life is mostly playful and exciting, challenging and fun. I no longer have attention on what has been, I am myself and love to help others.

Despite having spent more than a million kroner on service, I would do it again, even though I think the price tag is far too high. It should have been much lower so that more could enjoy the service, also those outside the rich West. There is much learning to be gained for a person who wants to find their own truth. Scientology can offer concrete methods for achieving personal freedom. There are also quite a few things I no longer agree with. I take what works for me.

Labels are no longer important. It's irrelevant whether a person is a Scientologist, Buddhist, Christian, Muslim or atheist. Socialist, capitalist or anarchist. Gay or bi. The essential thing is whether the person is a good human being, warm and helpful – whether he or she is willing to change their viewpoints and wants to find their own truth.

I cast away my labels. I am no longer a Scientologist. Scientology has been important to me. Truth is more important. I am a world citizen searching for my own truth.

After all the upending of my previously learned viewpoints, I felt

more bedrock under my feet. It was no longer forbidden to think something other than what Hubbard had written. It wasn't forbidden to read something on the net. To sniff around other religions, philosophies and directions was also not associated with threats of negative consequences. I was free to find my own way.

I6

What Is Good? What Should Be Discarded?

WHAT IS Good? What Should be Discarded?

Scientology is an enormous field with something like 30 million published words. It covers an incredible amount – from spiritual development and mental therapy to communication training, study technique, ethics and administrative philosophy. In the beginning I absorbed much without being particularly critical. I have never been a proponent of taking a skeptical angle on what I study, because with that I would have put on a filter of preconceived attitudes. When I speak here about critical sense, I mean a curious, questioning attitude where I really try to find out if something works. Even though Hubbard in some contexts encourages members to have such a critical attitude

toward what he writes, in even more contexts he deprives those same members of the possibility of using it. I swallowed several things raw in the beginning.

After getting some distance on the whole thing, it's easier to distinguish between what actually worked, and what I imagined worked, or what I explained away or justified while I was in the church. Since I got such great benefit from what I did in the beginning, it became easy to swallow quite a bit of what I couldn't easily test out myself. After 10 out of 10 techniques worked excellently, it became easy to continue.

I will here attempt to give an overview of what I think has real value in Scientology, and what is worthless or even harmful. Let me start with the positive.

Hubbard's theories and training routines (TRs) for communication are very useful. The theory is simple and practical, and the exercises are concrete and give good results for everyone I have seen perform them. An important part of communication training is to train a person to listen and acknowledge. This is worth gold in most social contexts.

Hubbard's study technology is practical and very good. His focus on really understanding all the words in what you read is especially useful if the subject you are studying is important to you. His practical focus is also valuable – that you should be able to "touch and feel" what you study, and that you don't go too fast in your studies. Here he has several features in common with Maria Montessori's pedagogy. Hubbard has a set of study tools that I clearly recommend. But study technology is not complete. There are more barriers in studying than what Hubbard has described. He took for granted, for example, that if you understand all the words, then you understand the whole. This is

obviously not true. There are also several other fundamental barriers that he elegantly skips over – but the three he points out are essential anyway.

Auditing works. Getting "relieved of pressure" through auditing things that trouble you is an enormous relief. It makes a great difference to air worries, bring to light secrets that gnaw and ventilate sorrow that weighs you down. The therapy at the various levels up the Bridge is a fantastic piece of work. The problem is that it is a linear sequence, a fixed set of steps everyone must go through – something that definitely doesn't suit everyone. Hubbard places great emphasis on an auditor not "evaluating." This means the auditor shouldn't tell the person being audited what he should think, feel or believe. The auditor thus shouldn't influence the person directly, but rather let the person come to his own aha-experiences and realizations in life. The Bridge itself functions as one big evaluation, so the whole thing directly violates the principle of not evaluating, as stated in "the Auditor's Code" – the rules for how an auditor should perform his job. Scientology should instead be a smorgasbord of possible paths – more like a tree of possibilities than one path from zero to OT 8. "One size fits all." This path doesn't suit everyone as it is set up. Hubbard had an annoying tendency to cultivate his methods rather than present a set of tools that a therapist can use to achieve what a person himself wants to achieve. It's as if Hubbard already knows what's best for you, even though he has never met you or has any idea what needs you might have.

Auditing has given me a security as an individual independent of the physical. It has given a certainty that I am a spiritual being who will live forever. This creates for me a security and an inner peace that I value highly.

It is sensible to find earlier similar incidents to get to the bottom of a mental problem. Combined with not evaluating or "invalidating" (finding or pointing out errors), it is an excellent tool for improvement. But if auditing focuses too much on introspection, people all too often become too preoccupied with themselves and their problems. Scientology easily becomes a deadly serious practice of digging in one's own mind and past, which easily makes one lose the ability to "not give a damn." Mårten Runow once said something to me that describes this quite well: "The advantage with non-Scientists is that they don't know they have a reactive mind they can dramatize." As soon as a person knows all sorts of things about what problems and barriers the mind can contain, then many will dramatize, worry and speculate. One of the most important abilities I have rehabilitated after leaving the church is precisely the ability to not give a damn.

The E-meter actually works. It's quite incredible what this instrument is able to pick up. It's not a form of lie detector as many critics think. It only picks up that you have "charge" in an area. There can be countless reasons why you have "charge" in an area of life. The fact that you can cover over lies and that it gives an uncomfortable feeling that registers on an E-meter is only one of very many problems that give readings. The E-meter has been invaluable in my auditing – it has saved me hundreds of hours where I would otherwise have fumbled around for possible questions and answers.

In Scientology there is a set of techniques called "assists." These are simple methods for easing a person's troubles – from pain in the body to dizziness or even getting a person more sober. I have myself experienced that assists work, both on myself and others.

Hubbard has a principle in training that you only correct one

problem at a time. If you're going to train a person to become a good speaker, then it's important that you only tackle one problem and correct it completely until it's handled. Only then do you tackle the next one. This way the student doesn't get confused or have trouble juggling several things he should fix at the same time. I use this principle daily, both at work and with my children.

Scientology is based on you being fundamentally responsible for your own life – that you really possess the "key" yourself to getting better and reaching where you want with what you have. Little room is left for blaming others or justifying why you can't reach your goals. This is good as long as you follow up with a solid portion of understanding for the situations people find themselves in. You get a fundamental belief in yourself, your value, and that you really can.

Even though Hubbard's "administrative technology" is in my opinion a formidable catastrophe, there are two elements I want to highlight as very valuable. The first is what he calls an "Admin Scale," a scale of what is important in the administration of something, whether it's a business, a person's life or a smaller activity. The scale represents a prioritization where the most important and largest is at the top, while the details are at the bottom:

- Goal (the overarching goal for an activity)
- Purposes (subordinate goals – what you do on the way to, or why you want to achieve the overarching goal)
- Policy (overarching rules for the activity)
- Plans (strategic plans)
- Programs (programs that detail the plans, and these consist of the next two points)
- Projects (larger tasks that make up points in a program)

- Orders (smaller tasks that make up points in a program)
- Ideal Scene (a description of how the activity ideally looks)
- Statistics (measurement parameters to see if the activity is really moving forward toward the goal)

- Valuable Final Products (what should be delivered of value daily)

This structure works well. It gives an overview and prioritization, and gathers tasks toward a concrete goal. I have myself developed a much simpler way to help others reach their goals, but Hubbard's scale is far from stupid.

That employees should be evaluated based on their actual contribution and production is a good thing. Employees shouldn't be evaluated based on face factor or how well they manage to ingratiate themselves with the boss or others with influence.

Hubbard's organizational model is the other good contribution I want to highlight. He presented a model based on one main process for an organization – an overarching sequence in how they deliver products and services. Instead of setting up more or less random boxes in a hierarchical map as in most companies, he organized the whole thing as a flow, from left to right. This must have been the earliest example of such process organization. All Church of Scientology churches and organizations are organized according to this model. This is quite brilliant, but not enough alone to create success, something I will address in a few paragraphs.

[Organizational chart showing Executive, Dissemination, Personal, Organization, Treasury, Technical, Qualification, Public with various departments underneath]

Hubbard writes a lot about this organizational model. He has a wealth of good explanations for why such a model is sensible and how

it can be adapted. Here I think Hubbard has made a stroke of genius that many companies can learn from.

There is much more Hubbard has to offer that can be valuable to many. The elements I have taken up here I think are the most important.

A great deal of Scientology is filler material – Hubbard's opinions about this and that and pure anecdotes. Much is quite uninteresting. There are also several elements I think should be discarded.

The biggest problem with Scientology is that Hubbard sells it as the only real solution for all individuals' and groups' problems. He claims this is humanity's only hope – in fact he says it is the only hope you can have for reaching your spiritual potential. The only hope ever in the history of all universes. When Scientology can't even produce a Clear as defined in 1950, or an OT, then I will claim that Scientology is the ultimate spiritual trap.

Those who believe that Scientology can solve all their problems and give them complete spiritual freedom will exclude all other possible methods. Thus they are trapped. The belief in Scientology's excellence causes the "carrot syndrome" to take hold. A Scientologist working his way up the Bridge to get a problem solved will often be told that the next level will be the solution. He does the next level, but finds the problem still isn't solved. He pays up and is again told that the next level will take care of what he struggles with. This is what I call the "carrot syndrome." This is what causes Scientologists to get into deep debt crises.

Hubbard had a habit of overselling and underdelivering. That mentality is alive and well in the church to this day. Benefit from several levels is oversold, while the service that is delivered doesn't give

the promised or expected results.

I was probably lucky to come with few expectations on my way up the Bridge. And maybe that's why the disappointments have been absent. I generally have little faith in having expectations in life.

With the belief that Scientology is the supreme truth, a noticeable arrogance takes hold among the believers. A Scientologist is part of an elite. One of the very luckiest in the universe. A "wog," "raw meat" or non-Scientologist is an ignorant, unenlightened person who hasn't seen the light. A "wog" stumbles around in his worthless life without a thought that Scientologists are working their asses off to save both him and the rest of the world. He is lower on the tone scale, struggles with his reactive mind, is "out-ethics" (immoral and irresponsible), and he uses only a fraction of his full potential. If he is also a journalist or, God forbid, a psychiatrist or psychologist, then he is also afflicted with evil intentions. He is an enemy.

It was important for Hubbard to establish external enemies. Having someone to fight unites the members. If Scientology is to have a future, then the entire view of humanity must change drastically. Labels that are used diligently to stigmatize must be discarded. The arrogance must be crushed. The idea that no one may change or improve Scientology must be scrapped. The policy letter "Keeping Scientology Working" must be cancelled. Here Hubbard says in plain language that his works must not be defiled, that no improvement must be attempted, and that they must not be deviated from at any point. It's also here Hubbard says that Scientology is a deadly serious activity that no one must tamper with. This policy letter is the first thing one studies in any major course in the church. This "holiest of holies" of Hubbard's policy letters is what will ensure a slow but sure death for

Scientology. Because what is not constantly improved will eventually become outdated and finally wither away.

The practice of everyone snitching on everyone must be stopped. There must be major changes in the regulations that ensure everyone marches in step, and that punish those who don't follow the leadership. The ethics system in the church has created suffering for far too many people. Hubbard followed his own ethics system when he on March 6, 1968 encouraged the killing of 12 defectors for having distributed OT material – a somewhat lesser offense than what I do in this book.

What the church has gotten the most criticism for is "disconnection" – that members are ordered to no longer have contact with critical defectors. Here the church has split families and caused much sorrow and pain. Parents have been cut off from their children, children have not been able to experience their parents' last years of life, and deep bonds of friendship have been effectively severed. This must come to an end.

OT 3 and 4 could well be removed. A person should be able to go directly from OT 2 to OT 5. OT 3 and 4 handle the same thing as OT 5, but in a more complicated and silly way. Hubbard himself asked that a pilot project be set up to test such a leap. This was never carried out. By removing OT 3 and 4, the most science fiction-like parts of Scientology would be gone. The exorcism could also well be driven out of Scientology. OT 3-7 can be better explained with what was David Mayo's thinking behind OT 5 when he developed the level – namely that what is really handled is not independent souls or body thetans, but the person's own false identities and viewpoints.

With the exception of a few elements, Hubbard's administrative technology should be cast into the sea. The marketing methodology

is outdated, the organization is over-bureaucratic, the management principles encourage micromanagement and employees are treated like robots who need everything spoon-fed. Hubbard's attitude to recruitment is to shovel employees in one door and toss those who don't work out the other. He says clearly that one should set the bar very low for who one hires, because it's just a matter of removing those who don't measure up.

The church's guidelines for handling critics are probably the foremost reason the church has as many ardent critics as they do. Hubbard commands the PR machinery and intelligence service to always attack and never defend. Policy dictates to sue enemies into the ground – not to win, but to ruin. They use all conceivable laws to crush any criticism. Intellectual property laws are among the most popular tools.

Hubbard's administrative system is founded on reward and punishment. Those who have statistics pointing upward and are "upstat" can get away with anything, while those who have statistics pointing downward and are "downstat" walk a tight line... the slightest mistake and trouble comes calling. I know of examples where lawbreaking has been hushed up because the person was "upstat," meaning the person was valuable to the church.

It's important not to throw the baby out with the bathwater, and to be able to preserve the value in Scientology, it should be stripped down, and each element should undergo thorough scientific testing to verify what actually works.

I7

Understanding a Scientologist

TO UNDERSTAND a true Scientologist you must first realize that Scientology is truth. Full – complete and consistent. It is your only hope of becoming spiritually free. Scientology, exactly as described by Hubbard, is humanity’s only path to peace on earth, to a world without crime and without insanity. Without Scientology you are eternally lost. You will live life after life in a downward spiral of constant spiritual deterioration. There is nothing more important than Scientology – not your friends, your family, your money, your time, your body. Scientology is more important than everything else. And Scientology is equally important for absolutely everyone. Those who disagree with the Church of Scientology’s goals or views on life are either ignorant or intend to destroy Scientology and thus all humanity. Scientology must be spread to everyone. And the end

justifies the means.

When you confront an ardent Scientologist with something in Scientology that doesn't work, or is obviously wrong, they will immediately justify and explain away the error. First to themselves, and that takes a few seconds, then to you. The same applies if you should criticize Hubbard or the leadership of the church. There are no limits to what incredible explanations and distortions of reality you can witness. I have seen it far too many times in discussions on my blog. If you press on, you can get general admissions like "no one is perfect, so Hubbard obviously wasn't perfect," or "Hubbard himself said that Scientology isn't perfect, just workable," without them being able to come up with any concrete examples of what isn't perfect, and certainly without admitting specific errors.

The mathematician Kurt Gödel proved in 1931 that no complex systems can be both complete and consistent. In other words, Scientology cannot be perfect – regardless of how it had been made. A Scientologist knows this deep down. He has a nagging little suspicion that everything doesn't match what is preached. He gladly closes his eyes to what doesn't work, and explains away left and right. But the little irritating feeling is there – that something is wrong. When you then choose to criticize this holiest of holies, you touch this uncertainty. It can lead to him becoming nervous, uncertain or his mood starting to swing. To avoid falling into disgrace in the church because of his budding uncertainty, he really has no other choice but to break contact with you unless you realize that Scientology is the way, the truth and the life. We know this from many similar closed sects.

Few Scientologists have reflected on how a Scientology world would look. How would the world function if the church had reached

its goals? The church's goal is "a Cleared planet" and "a civilization without insanity, without criminals and without war, where the able can prosper and honest beings can have rights, and where man is free to rise to greater heights" (directly from the Church of Scientology's Norwegian website). Since Hubbard's administrative philosophy is based on endless expansion and that statistics should always point upward, the church will eventually take over the world. We would have had a world based on Scientology ethics and organized according to Hubbard's administrative technology. Everyone would have had to conform to the new world order. Everyone would snitch on everyone. Those who were critical would be quarantined, as Hubbard prescribed in the book *Science of Survival*. Freedom of speech would be a thing of the past, and press freedom would be weaker than in North Korea. The productive would get away with crimes, while those who have downward statistics would live in a type of hell we witness at the church's international headquarters today. Having downward statistics can mean something as trivial as you spending time celebrating your grandmother's birthday, playing with the children, going on vacation, visiting family or friends instead of saving the world. Everyone would be subject to thought control by having confession forced on those who seem critical or deviant. The whole thing would make George Orwell's 1984 pale.

For these and many other reasons the church must be stopped, the materials freed, the elements tested, and the valuable preserved by those who want to practice this freely.

It's important to remember that the reason someone becomes a Scientologist is that they want to help themselves and others. The reason they continue is that they have gotten real gains and want others

to get them too. The reason many don't react to the wrong they gradually see in the church is that they become masters at explaining things away. And thus reason is gradually weakened. Others quietly withdraw or leave the church in protest.

What makes a Scientologist endure is hope – the hope of Clear and OT, the hope of spiritual freedom and a better world. Several gladly give up house, home and family before they give up Scientology.

Many of those who have left the church practice Scientology sensibly outside the business empire. There are many skilled and helpful Scientologists out there who offer courses and auditing at a fraction of the church's prices. They have no goal of taking over the world, and treat people with respect and empathy. There are steadily more independent Scientologists. More and more get to partake in the positive sides of Scientology without being hit by the negative. I hope this book can get more Scientologists inside the church to wake up and speak out by walking out the door, and instead practice their religion freely if they wish.

I8

History Is Being Written

THE PRESS COVERED my resignation on several occasions. In the spring of 2010, VG Helg came out with the largest article about Scientology ever in Norway – over nine pages it covered my story and the church’s situation both in Norway and abroad. The media stir had awakened interest in the publishing industry. It became clear that a book would be written.

Perhaps my story could show that there is also hope for introverted nerds, that it’s possible to go from inward-looking and socially fumbling to outgoing in a short time. Perhaps the story could show how power corrupts, and how individuals’ hopes can be exploited for the benefit of organizations and power-hungry leaders. I saw a hope of striking a blow for free will, personal integrity and freedom of speech.

I sat down and didn’t quite know where to begin. In childhood?

No, the story had to start that autumn day in 1984, a few days after my 18th birthday, when I first came into contact with Scientology:

"There weren't many minutes left before the performance began. Dag had a couple of meters' head start, and I was chasing after him. It would be by the skin of our teeth that we made it through makeup, costume and a quick sprint out onto the stage in the second act of *Aida*. The job as a soldier in the background of Verdi's venerable opera was exciting and slightly income-generating. We rounded the corner of Nygata and Storgata. The Opera was in sight. With a slight taste of blood in my mouth, I was about to make a dash to catch up with Dag when a man stuck a piece of paper out toward me. I grabbed the slip and ran on ..."

Afterword

MY VIEWPOINT ON SCIENTOLOGY, the Church of Scientology and Hubbard has changed quite a bit in the 25 years I was with the church. It has changed dramatically since I left in 2009. I am often asked where exactly I stand today.

My viewpoints are constantly changing – like most things in life, and what I think today may have changed quite a bit in the course of a few months or years. I constantly question what I believe and think, and what I experience in life. My overarching viewpoints now, in the summer of 2013, are:

- The Church of Scientology is a manipulative and fanatical organization.
- The Church of Scientology lies, oversells and underdelivers.
- I believe the Church of Scientology must be thoroughly investigated, the unethical must be brought to light, and the criminal must be prosecuted.
- The Church of Scientology will dissolve or collapse.

- In the years ahead we will see steadily more defectors and groups that break out and practice their own version of Scientology. I am myself not interested in engaging in such groups.
- Scientology as a subject is dogmatic and religious.
- Scientology is a locked system that according to Hubbard himself should not be changed or improved.
- Consequently Scientology as a subject will corrode and become steadily more irrelevant – despite an undergrowth of splinter groups practicing their interpretation of the subject.
- Sensible and valuable parts in Scientology will find their way into science.
- I believe Hubbard was a smart, narcissistic guy who was good at systematizing knowledge and looking for methods that could give good results.
- Hubbard took ideas and methods from many without giving noteworthy credit to the originators. He was a master at overselling his philosophy, and was poor at delivering what he promised.
- I am finished as a Scientologist, also as an "independent Scientologist."
- I wish those who want to practice Scientology freely outside the church good luck. I myself am on my own spiritual path and will use the methods or tools that suit me best – be it Buddhism,

Scientology, scientific methods or anything else that helps me become a better human being and that enables me to better help others.

It is my hope that others can learn something from my story, that they get a balanced view of Scientology and treat the subject as a kind of toolbox they can use without being caught in a power-hungry organization. Thank you for reading.