

Initial Sketch for an

Autobiography

by

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Prefatory note by WSB:

In reading the following you might keep in mind the general backgrounds of Robert and Mary Ann.

Robert was the second of four children in a middle-class English family of upper class pretensions. His father was an engineer, but his grandfather was a minister, and various other relatives achieved considerable success in a variety of fields. Robert, in his personality and values, is clearly upper-middle class verging on upper, and might fit your image of a dilettante Lord. Unsure of his desires after finishing his secondary education, he did not attend College, but joined the British military, received elite cavalry training, and served briefly in the 15th-19th King's Royal Hussars. At the time of the beginning of this autobiographical sketch, he was in the process of dropping out of a marriage and a training program in architecture. I am told he has two children from his first marriage.

Mary Ann was opposite in every way, except her native intelligence. She was the illegitimate child of a poor Scottish woman, and grew up literally on the streets of Glasgow. Apparently she turned to prostitution as a means of livelihood and upward social mobility early in her teens. Only one adult showed her consistent love during her entire childhood, a man who died indigent of exposure behind a warehouse wrapped in newspapers. She boasts she never had so much as a day of formal education. At the time Robert met her, she had risen to become something more than a high-class call girl in London.

Autobiography - first sketch
Robert de Grimston
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Summer 1974

Piccadilly, London England 1960. Around midnight, maybe later. I wanted to cross over to Green Park, so I found a pedestrian crossing. There wasn't much traffic. I stepped off the curb onto the assumed serenity of black and white lines. The law says that a vehicle must stop for a pedestrian who has already placed his foot on the sacred black lines. But the voice of the law is no guarantee whatever, particularly around midnight in Piccadilly.

I walked. Perhaps I should have kept between the lines for luck. Perhaps I should have run. Perhaps I should have waited until no vehicle was in sight. Perhaps I should have changed my mind altogether and stayed on the north side of Piccadilly. Perhaps, perhaps, but anyway I walked.

I can't remember how far I was across, or even which way I glanced by some irrelevant whim. (I could say sixth sense, but I prefer irrelevant whim, it's more in character) Anyway, I did glance and there was this car speeding towards me.

I saw no driver only a gleaming shiny monster that seemed to be inflating at an enormous rate. In fact that was an optical illusion. It got closer, which made it seem to get larger. That had occurred to you, of course.

It's amazing how quickly the mind works in an emergency. Mine's no exception. The difference is that mine produces about a dozen totally irrelevant considerations within a space of two seconds, and usually fails to grasp the real requirements of the situation until it's almost too late. I say almost, because even on this occasion I did eventually make an appropriate move, but not before I had thought such things as: "I wonder why the glass on car headlamps has lines on it," and "I think that car was made in Germany. The Germans make the best cars in the world," and "I could do a lot of damage to the fender of this car," and so on.

Then I did see the driver; a woman, young, handsome, angry, red haired — I jumped backwards. The woman drove past without turning her head.

Now was it coincidence that I jumped after noticing the driver? Or was it that the car I was willing to meet head on and take my chances, but not the angry red haired woman?

Was it simply that my irrelevancies had run out and it was time for action? Or was it that the woman was a challenge that I didn't feel ready to meet right then? It probably doesn't matter. But the whole situation was undoubtedly significant — if it happened at all — because that was Mary Ann.

Who's Mary Ann?

Who Mary Ann is doesn't matter very much. But what she is, that's a question that deserves an answer.

What's Mary Ann:

She's unforgettable. When you meet her, whether you like her or not you don't forget her. Her personality is something like a thunderstorm, a heat wave and a blizzard all rolled into one. You can't pin her down, and it's a mistake to try. She has too many facets to be categorizable. Most people finally — or immediately — settle on one of them for security and live to regret it. But to relate to Mary Ann you have to remain ambivalent, because she does. You have to keep your options open, don't settle on one emotional attitude and try to solidify it. Allow the full range, because she does. And don't be mystified by your own ambivalence toward her. It's inevitable, because in answer to the question What is Mary Ann, I could validly and truthfully list every human characteristic imaginable both positive and negative and every one would answer the question. Living with Mary Ann is like living with the whole human race.

But that's no help. Let's go back to the beginning again and I'll tell you my impressions and what they led to, her impressions and what they led to, and we'll try to take it all step by step.

Well, that incident in Piccadilly wasn't what you'd call a meeting — more of a non-encounter. We passed in the night, as it were, like those proverbial ships. She was a motor torpedo boat and I was a row boat. I suppose that's what they call Karma. And nobody quarrels with Karma and gets away with it, so I wasn't complaining. After all being drenched by the

bow wave is nothing when you might have been cut in two by the bow.

Our first actual meeting was at the Albert Hall of all places. Some concert or other. I forget who performed whose work and how either of us responded to it. For me it must have paled into insignificance beside Mary Ann, whom at first I didn't like but with whom I later fell in love — and those were only two of countless emotions I felt towards her during our relationship.

We disagreed on music — that was just the beginning. She liked Tchaikovsky and Wagner. So did I, but I preferred Bach and Vivaldi. In her book I was musically pretentious — which I was. In my book she was musically unsophisticated — which she was. Looking back — although I still prefer Bach and Vivaldi twelve years later — I still cringe at my own pretensions and admire her lack of sophistication. Mary Ann had a way with her.

Our first meeting was brief. I suppose that's only a comparative term. Since then I've lived with her almost twenty four hours a day for eleven years so a few hours of talk would seem brief. We discussed our mutual interests. She was into all kinds of unusual things. Spiritualism, astrology, the occult, and all things related. I knew virtually nothing about any of them, but she got me interested. She can make almost anything interesting.

But equally, if she chooses to, she can make anything boring. She's a master of the power of suggestion. The closest I could find on my side was religion, — an on and off fascination of mine since puberty — and philosophy — a by road I had taken from religion on the sound advice of a school chaplain, also at puberty — mine not his.

There seemed to be a meeting point. Although her reaction to religion — which meant Christianity — was mildly derisive. And we found it. A common interest in the mind.

That was really the beginning. A simple four letter word; M-I-N-D, but it has a cadence to it. It rings like Big Ben's stroke of one, and it heralded for us the start of a strange adventure.

For her the mind was a great enterprise; something to be entered as you might enter a casino, weighing the odds, choosing the games, selecting the numbers, watching the other players, predicting the results, playing to win.

Life was always a contest for Mary Ann. There was always an opposition, an enemy — or a potential enemy — and if none showed itself, she created one. No challenge was too great for her, no odds too long. Whether you saw it as courage because you liked her, or bravado because you didn't, it came to the same thing, and you had to be impressed by it. You had to be impressed by Mary Ann period, simply because she was impressive. In almost every possible way she was larger than life.

So for Mary Ann the mind was another challenge, and enemy to be defeated, a territory to be conquered, and she approached it with a combination of zest and strategy. What better equipment to be sure of victory.

For me the mind was a labyrinth, a tortuous maze of anomalies and incomprehensibilities which could lead you in one of three ways; all round in a complex circle right back to where you began, deep into a chasm of futility and despair, or freedom and transcendence. The fact that it can and does lead you all three ways was something I only discovered much much later on. But at that time the questions which had plagued me since the age of sixteen, questions which began with simply "why?" and "how?" and "when?" and "what for?" but became more complex as the years went by, were still revolving in my head, clamouring for answers which had never been forthcoming, either from inside or outside. I'd studied a little philosophy, as my astute school chaplain had suggested; Berkeley, Locke, Kant, Schopenhauer, and so on. I'd liked it, absorbed it, struggled with it, played games with it, taken it to pieces, put it together again, but it hadn't answered my questions any more than conventional Christianity. Possibly it added some more, and helped to confuse what was basically a simple issue, but that was all.

But the mind remained. Surely there was something inside it, an opening in the wall, a point perhaps at the very center,

where the mystery and confusion vanished and all the answers were laid out one by one, explaining everything.

The Anglican tradition, of which I must have been fed the most tasteless and unappetizing cut at an English public school had good naturedly and with the best of kind intentions, offered nothing. Religion was simple. You swallowed the story, shelved the mysticism, reserved judgement on the doctrine, partook with dignity but no emotion in the ritual, adhered to the accepted moral code, and behaved at all times like a gentleman. It wasn't that questions were not to be asked, it was more like there were no questions to be asked. What's to question?

Catholicism for me at that time was ~~was~~ somewhere else, a place that a few would go on Sundays in a slightly uncomfortable deviation from the norm, for which they always appeared to be cleaner and neater and more pious than everyone else. It was unreal and slightly suspect.

But the overriding impression in those early years, while religion was becoming more for me than just scripture classes and compulsory worship, was that religion was there to prevent sex. Sure it told us about God and Jesus and devils and angels, but these were only trappings. The basic purpose of religion was to stamp out sex. The two were completely and irrevocably incompatible. The idea of any reconciliation between the two never even occurred

to me. Sex, by definition was anti-religion and religion by the same definition was anti-sex. And it wasn't just an impression. There was concrete evidence. About the only thing that you couldn't do around a chaplain was tell a dirty joke. Boys who were religious were per se puritanical. Taking up religion automatically meant giving up sex, and if you gave up sex it almost certainly meant you'd taken up religion. This particular polarity was irretrievably ingrained into the culture, and I accepted it along with everyone else — and I mean everyone else, there were no rebels when it came to the separation of sex and religion, you were for one and against the other. No one was either for or against both.

Now at that age most of us swung fairly frequently from one to the other, increasingly perhaps trying to reconcile both, but only being aware of the painful conflict between them. Pious resolutions followed lustful temptations and guilt formed a bridge between them. As just as swiftly sexual indulgence followed spiritual experience, and guilt once again tied them together.

So as you can imagine, this dichotomy was added quite early to my list of questions.

But the mind was still there. And even if the church sounded like a broken record which said nothing but "God, Jesus, Moses, no sex... God, Jesus, Moses, no sex... God, Jesus, Moses, no sex..." over and over again, the mind would surely offer more if I probed deep enough. It had prejudices,

yes, but they could be penetrated because they hadn't been sanctified. It was the sacred status of religion that made it seem totally inflexible and unmaneuverable. But the mind appeared to be open territory that anyone could enter and investigate. It had defenses, yes, but they could be broken down, because they were not protected by divine decree. The church had written the name of God on every barricade it used to defend its secrets, and for many years I was successfully deterred from probing beyond the acceptable limits when the name of God was involved. But the mind had no such label on its barricades. So the mind invited entry.

I'd read little about the mind, and absorbed less. And I think I can say the same for Mary Ann, although she had several friends who were involved in psychology, and no doubt they talked a lot. But it was common ground. She had observed, with a probing eye for psychological significance. On her own initiative she had analyzed gestures, modes of dress, facial expressions, verbal expressions, every outward manifestation in terms of an inward motivation. Her observations were poignant and accurate, her judgements sharp and severe, her conclusions uncompromising and seldom favorable. This kind of vision was her primary weapon in the mind game. Her aim was to know more about people than they knew about themselves. That gave her the advantage, and it ensured victory in the event of a contest. And it had another purpose too. People can provide more than one kind of challenge. They can oppose and be themselves the enemy. That was a challenge which Mary Ann would always meet, and it led to a battle which she would

usually win. But also they can find their own opposition, their own oppressors, and that too would be a challenge to Mary Ann. Whether the oppressors were outside in the form of bullies and exploiters, or inside in the form of insoluble problems, she'd move in and take them on. No victim of oppression was denied her protection — which was uncompromisingly aggressive towards the oppressors. And no oppressor was spared her aggression. But also she'd move in against someone's personal problem with just as much ruthless vigor as she would against someone's enemy. She'd probe and she'd question, she'd analyse and she'd assess, she'd judge and she'd conclude, she'd exhort and she'd advise, and often she'd simply take the reins and solve the person's problem herself.

I was more abstract in my approach. The answers were buried somewhere in the mind, the reasons behind everything, the explanations, the keys to the paradoxes, the means of transcendence, the ways out of the human predicament; either in the mind or perhaps beyond it. But of one thing I was sure; if I could probe that labyrinth, I'd find what I was looking for.

Common ground. She was after success and victory. I was after knowledge and discovery. And we had both concluded that the mind was where we'd find what we were after. And

there was one man who had appealed to both of us; Adler. Coldly analytical in his approach, Adler evolved a compulsive goal theory. Every human being he reckoned was in pursuit of something, and he wasn't speaking of the conscious aims and ambitions that we all have, but the unconscious driving forces that really motivate our actions. This both Mary Ann and I were in agreement with. And we also agreed with Adler that bringing these unconscious goals to consciousness could relieve the tensions, the pressures, the conflicts, the problems and the sense of failure to which every human being is subject. This could be a real self-discovery.

Again quite independently we had both become interested in another investigator of the mind who was onto Adler's goal theory: the brash dynamic founder of Scientology, L. Ron Hubbard. Now here was a man who had taken the investigation of the mind and turned it from an esoteric adjunct of conventional medicine into a popular science. He'd written crudely and copiously about every facet of the human psyche. Most of it was unreadable and clearly in the realms of fantasy, but some of it bore the mark of sheer common sense. The man was well into his theory of compulsive drives below the level of consciousness, but he had evolved a method of putting his theories to the test and helping people to relieve the pressure of those drives through a very precise and practical therapy.

The details of Hubbard's techniques aren't relevant here. Though much later in this story our relationship with his organization becomes very relevant. At that time Scientology was simply another mind game that took our interest. We took their course, made friends with a lot of their people, were star pupils, and graduated, seemingly by mere coincidence, on the same day. I remember that day very well. There were three of us, myself, Mary Ann, and a young man called Arthur Marsh. We celebrated by going to the cinema together. It really was a special kind of day. We took a taxi, and I remember saying to the others: "That's one of the most satisfying things I've ever done." I think both of them were a good deal less impressed, but I also suspect that they were playing it cool.

But to explain, it wasn't that Scientology itself was such a big deal, but it had given me the opportunity to translate my interest in the mind into precise and practical terms. It started me on the road of actual therapy; working with people in an immediate and down-to-earth manner. And it headed me in a direction which I felt at the time — I have since confirmed — would give me more real and lasting satisfaction than anything I've done before.

As a trained and qualified therapist (they called the auditors) Mary Ann and I worked for Hubbard's organization for about six weeks and it was during that time that we really began to know one another. That was the beginning of 1963.

During the last few weeks of our training with Scientology Mary Ann had been my therapist and a transference took place which probably never dissolved until we separated eleven years later. Initially I hadn't liked Mary Ann. Her brash exterior and her general air of supreme confidence had offended me and probably threatened my masculinity. But, needless to say I'd been impressed by her. From the time that she began to be my therapist, however, I became obsessed by her, fixated on her. I felt the warmth that had been hidden behind the arrogant facade. I saw the gentle delicate femininity that had been covered by a cloak of masculine aggression. I saw humor, I saw vulnerability and uncertainty, I saw beauty and a touching self-consciousness. I'd found real contact, perhaps for the first time in my life, and I was in love.

I remember the sessions as clearly as though they had happened yesterday. I remember them as quiet gentle hours with no one but Mary Ann and me in the whole world, sitting facing each other across a small square table. She the therapist, I the patient; she controlling, I completely willing to be controlled. And after each session, we'd smoke a cigarette — hers of course because until that time I was a non-smoker, and we'd talk in low voices, because the room was full of people, and she was as warm and gentle with me as she could have been. And I responded accordingly.

I can't remember when I first decided that I wanted to be with her on a permanent basis. My reaction to the obsession that I felt was that I'd better get through it and out the other side as soon as possible. Being in love was one thing; I had no objection to that. It's not all pleasure, but if you can handle it, it's a good state to be in. (The real pain came later) But an obsession can become crippling unless you pass through it. It's a state of intense demand and constant frustration. So that had to be surmounted, before I could assess my true feelings towards Mary Ann.

While she was my therapist I accepted the obsession and lived with it without regret or apprehension. Then came the day of our graduation and she was no longer my therapist, but the obsession remained. It was time to exorcize it.

I took a vacation with my family. But my thoughts were constantly with Mary Ann. I knew about transference, and I know that it could be transcended. I also knew that Mary Ann wasn't about to help me transcend it, because she saw no harm in it. A fixation on her was no problem to her. An awful lot of people suffered from that particular ailment, and she could live easily with their dependence, as long as they met her requirements. These amounted to a total and unswerving emotional loyalty to her and her interests and desires, which was easy for a while, but sooner or later a person's individuality broke through the compulsive submission to her

will, and disaster ensued in the relationship, followed by separation.

This may sound like ruthless egotism, and maybe that's a way of describing it, but if so it's a crude and inadequate way. Mary Ann is an extremely able person with a psychic strength and confidence which I've not seen equalled. For those who submit to her will, and continue to do so, she provides enormous security. She makes their decisions for them — once they've made their initial decision to submit — gives them a black and white moral code to live by, supports them in pressure situations, rescues them from disasters, encourages them, validated them, gives them purpose, direction, protection, and consolation when they need it. The only thing she takes from them in return is their individuality.

Now to a true individualist this is a poor bargain, but to someone who has very little of his own within himself — or if he has something, he can't find it — it's paradise; it's life, it's comfort, it's incentive, it's security. Don't knock it if it appeals to you. It appeals to a large percentage of the human race.

Mary Ann is a God figure for those who can't find God within themselves. And everyone needs God, either inside or outside, and very few can find it inside.

But what was I after in my pursuit of Mary Ann. The transference must have temporarily satisfied the need for

a God figure. For years I'd looked for God inside myself and found nothing but fleeting images which never crystallized. Any looking outside that I'd done was not for a God substitute but for the answer to questions which had begun to all about the age of sixteen and had gone on increasing in number and complexity since then. But the answers had never been forthcoming, either from outside or inside. Perhaps unconsciously I'd given up on God within, and part of me was prepared to settle for a God figure. But I don't think that was my chief motivation, if it was one at all. Because after a while the effect of the transference dissolved, and yet I still wanted a permanent relationship with Mary Ann, and I wanted it badly enough to be willing to play her game on one level whilst I very gently and unobtrusively influenced her to play mine on another. But that's going ahead a little.

When I got back from my vacation, both she and I began to work for the Scientology organization in the capacity of therapists. I think we were quite highly rated by the staff there. Certainly she was, because I gather that they offered her practically every high level post in the place — all of which she turned down, with the same unconflicted confidence that she had turned down offers of marriage from film stars, boxing champions and peers of the realm. [The boxing champion was Sugar Ray Robinson; the peer was probably Sir John Gielgud (born 1904), and the film star was probably Danny Kaye (b. 1913).]

There was one major difference though between our way of running our sessions and the way the other therapists did it. They all went by the book, asking the correct questions, the correct number of times, and making no extraneous comments or evaluations. The formats were rigid, effective sometimes within their own terms, but severely limited. I began by conscientiously — and rather unimaginatively — doing the same, resisting constant temptations to branch out into other territories as various things came up that promised all kinds of possibilities. Not so Mary Ann. From the start she did it her way. She followed her own leads, gave her own advice, made her own evaluations and came to her own conclusions. Of course she was in her element. A one to one relationship. Her in complete control. The challenge of a whole series of problems to be tackled. A mind to be probed. Nothing could have held Mary Ann to the book.

Mind you, she had to be careful, because they had the session rooms bugged. They didn't often listen on your sessions, but if an when they did and you weren't doing it "right," there was hell to pay — or so we assumed, though it never happened to us.

When Mary Ann discovered this listening-in device, she was furious. She stormed into the director of whatever's office and objected.

Now let's get this storming in bit quite accurate. Mary Ann doesn't really storm into people's offices, not in the conventional sense, i.e. yelling and shouting, she's far too dignified and far too good a tactician for such crude methods. She enters with a set expression on her face, kind of cold and yet hot, cold because you feel her complete conviction of being right together with the singleminded ruthlessness which goes with such a conviction, and hot because there's anger there, a raging storm inside the head, untempered by doubt, on the contrary given full rein by that conviction of being right.

Mary Ann angry and determined can be a terrifying spectacle. And let me testify that the fear is well founded. The anger may be only one side of her, but it's certainly no shallow facade that's easily broken or penetrated. It's real, and the threat behind it, if you're vulnerable at all, is equally real.

Mary Ann had the capacity to make almost anyone feel really good, sometimes better than they've ever felt in the whole of their lives. She has a healing magic which would be hard to equal let alone surpass. She's used it on me many times. But she also has the capacity to make almost anyone feel absolutely terrible, sometimes worse than they've felt in the whole of their lives. Her destroying magic is as powerful

as her healing magic. And that too she's used on me many many times. So from first hand experience I know what I'm talking about.

There's a psychological strategy behind all this — needless to say. I've never been quite sure how conscious it is with her. But I suspect not very. She knows she plays games around people, but I think part of the effectiveness of the games actually depends on her not knowing quite what they are. One, for example, is to make someone feel tremendously good. That draws him in. Then she makes him feel equally bad. That drives him down, but not away. (He remembers how good she made him feel.) Then she lays down conditions whereby he will be made to feel good again. When he fulfills the conditions she fulfills her promises. It sounds crude when stated so baldly. But the subtlety with which it's put into operation is an inspiration to watch. And both sides end up satisfied. She has what she wants through the fulfillment of her conditions; he has what he wants by the fulfillment of her promise. Whoever is swift to condemn such a means of mutual satisfaction should pause and reflect. Because it's not for him, does it mean that it's wrong? Because it's not his method, does that make it bad? Every dogmatic religion in history has operated by this method in order to keep its following in line. The whip followed by the carrot, followed by the whip followed by the carrot....,

with precise requirements stated or implied to point the direction. An ancient and tried technique, that goes back to the Garden of Eden. And Mary Ann was a master of it.

You remember I said that she had a really sharp awareness of people; their needs, their problems, their emphasis, their fears, their desires, their weaknesses, their strengths, their secrets, and their hopes. With that knowledge she knew the nature of the whip she'd need to wield, the carrot she'd need to promise and the requirements she could safely and effectively lay down.

But the central point of this technique, the basic ability needed to put it into operation is a control of people's emotions. To know just how to make a person feel on top of the world, to know just how to raise his confidence in himself, or his joy in his environment, or his delight with his circumstances; to know just how to give him intense satisfaction. And conversely to know just how to make him feel utterly miserable, to know just how to undermine his self-confidence, or his happiness, or his sense of security; to know just how to give him an equally intense dissatisfaction. That's the secret. And it all hinges on the power of suggestion.

Whatever someone might be feeling about himself or his situation at any given moment, if you can convince him that what he feels is invalid and make him feel something else entirely, you have the power of suggestion. If a person feels guilty for something he has done, and you can convince him that there's nothing wrong with what he's done, and thereby lift that sense of guilt, that's the power of suggestion. If a

person feels no fear towards a specific situation, and you can convince him that that situation is a threat to him, and thereby create a sense of fear, that's the power of suggestion. Mary Ann could do both with most people with whom she came in contact. She was a master of suggestion.

Again before you criticize, reflect. What is every counselor, every minister, and every psychoanalyst, trying to do for those whom come to him for help? He's trying to change their reactions and responses to themselves and their circumstances. He's trying to "suggest" the validity — the necessity sometimes — and the wisdom of a different response. Sometimes he succeeds, sometimes he fails.

But there is a difference. And it was perhaps this difference that lay at the root of the conflict between myself and Mary Ann; a conflict which was never resolved, and ended in a painful separation many years after we first came together.

I don't say she's wrong and I'm right. I simply say: there's my way and there's her way. And they're at opposite poles of the universe. Her way is right for her, mine is right for me. But neither way is right for both of us.

When you make contact with someone in a particular way, and as a result of that contact his feelings change, he inevitably assumes that you changed them. If they change for the better, he loves you; if they changed for the worse, he hates or fears you. But either way he becomes tied to you.

In his terms you controlled him. He doesn't feel able to control himself, that's why he sought you out in the first place, but in his head you've proved that what he can't do for himself, you can do. That's transference.

Mary Ann's way was to encourage and validate this agreement. After all there's truth in it. The evidence speaks for itself. Without you he couldn't change, with you he did change. You must have changed him.

My way was to convey to the person that he'd really changed himself, and if he'd done it once he could do it again. If you convince someone of this, you break the transference link. If you don't — either because you can't or you don't try — you could have a dependent for life.

But this is a rather abstract digression from the point of Mary Ann complaining about having her session room bugged. I don't know exactly what response she got from the Director of whatever. Scientologists are trained to be able to "confront" anything — even an infuriated Mary Ann! — but most of the ones I met were as vulnerable as anyone else, so the confront was little more than a well-intentioned facade. I'm sure this particular Scientologist was polite but firm. Rules are rules and you don't back down. You kind of maneuver the situation into a position where you give the other person what he wants, but still maintain the impression of holding your ground, and all the while your expressionless expression doesn't falter and your unblinking eyes are fixed on your opponent. It's quite an act.

Whether they ever listened into Mary Ann's sessions or not I don't know, but they certainly never complained about her methods. Besides she got results, and her people kept coming back. So there wasn't really much to complain about. Mary Ann was clearly an asset, and people put up with quite a lot from someone who's an asset. That's the way of the world.

Meanwhile I was doing my unimaginative thing in accordance with the rule book — frustrated, but still enjoying doing the thing that gave me more real pleasure than anything I'd ever done before.

One day Mary Ann and I who were getting kind of closer as time went on, had a little talk. When she discovered my respect for the rule book she was understandably derisive. This kind of line-toeing was contemptible. Well, I could see her point. Contemptible seemed like an overstatement, but there was certainly no reason why I shouldn't experiment a little and follow my own instincts. As long as I got results, what else mattered? So from that point on I loosened the rules and began to deviate.

Scientologists used a psychogalvanometer in their work. We'd heard about these gadgets before, and thought they'd be interesting. They were. A simple Wheatstone bridge device that was highly sensitive to every minute change in skin resistance. Normal models are constructed so that the electrodes are tied around two fingers of one hand and when the subject thinks and talks about something emotionally important

to him (consciously or unconsciously) the needle on the dial reacts dramatically.

Now Hubbard's explanation of the workings of a psychogalvanometer was science fiction at its best — or worst. But it was in keeping with most of his theories on mental phenomena and we lived with it, somewhat surprised that everyone else in the organization appeared to swallow every word of it, but prepared to play the game for the duration.

We knew pretty much what the machine was capable of doing and it was useful. It told you when you were in a meaningful area and when you weren't. But of course our assessment of its capability led us straight into deviations from standard practice. We'd go often back to an area when the rule book said leave it, or leave it when the book said continue. And once I felt the freedom to deviate, that machine was a joy to use. A gigercounter for relevant areas, it was better than a divining rod when it came to searching out the root of a problem.

I enjoyed that time. It was only a few weeks, but two important things were happening which made it a landmark in my life. First of all I was getting to know Mary Ann, and secondly I was starting to investigate the mind in a very paractical way.

It was the winter of 1962. I was currently living with my parents, having separated from my first wife some months before.

Mary Ann lived quite close by, alone in an isolated two floor apartment above a shop in Kensington Church St. She liked the isolation. From 5:00 PM to 9:00 AM the shop and the office above it were deserted, so she was alone in the building. I liked it too — as long as she was there.

I spent more and more time at her place and less and less at my own. Those were days full of magic. Whilst a cold and uninspiring English winter made everything outside even bleaker and more drab than it already was, the warmth and excitement of being with Mary Ann day after day and night after night, talking, relaxing, going out, staying home, talking some more, planning the future, making love, sleeping, eating, shopping, visiting friends. It was a whole new way of life for me, and I loved it.

But that wasn't all by any means. Is that the Mary Ann whom I've described? Well, it's part of her. But there's all rest as well. And the closer we became the more of her I saw. And believe me, not all of it filled my romantic heart with joy.

I told you that the obsession went. But the love remained. How did I know the difference? It's hard to say. Perhaps the nature of the pain was different. Perhaps the need and the urgency had a different taste to it. Perhaps I saw her more clearly. Perhaps I just fooled myself. Anyway the feeling changed.

I wanted her. I needed her. And I knew that nothing — but nothing — would prevent me from having her. I knew that it was fated, that it was meant to be. I knew that everything

would be against it, and yet nothing must be allowed to prevent it — that nothing would be allowed to prevent. I knew it meant pain, misery, all kinds of agonies, and I'm not a masochist in the normal sense of the word, but I knew all that was unimportant beside the fact that she and I had to be together.

All this was out of character for me. My instinct in almost every situation is to find and take the line of least resistance — unless a fundamental principle is involved. Here was a situation where I would go through anything in order to achieve my aim. And it wasn't long before the tests began.

As I said, I was married at the time, but separated. The marriage was over — bar a legal divorce. But for Mary Ann it was far from over. The fact that it had happened at all was a betrayal of her in her terms. The fact that any love making there'd been in the marriage had been more than an occasional, silent, unemotional, conventional, five minute coupling, under the blanket and in the dark, was further betrayal. The fact that it had been fairly uninhibited by conventional standards — although thoroughly unsatisfactory by mine — made it the ultimate betrayal.

Now not having felt mightily ashamed of my sexual experiences previous to Mary Ann — it all seemed perfectly normal to me and quite acceptable — I had failed to pour out my Confessions of licentious evil doing — which anyway

amounted to a somewhat naive deficiency in the whole area compared to most people's life stories. Specifically I'd confessed nothing in relation to my alienated wife. So when the details did come out — as points of interest so far as I was concerned — I discovered that I was a great deceiver. Somehow, without saying anything, I'd apparently managed to convey the impression of an almost non-existent physical relationship with her. How I'd done this — or why, since such a thing would be unpraiseworthy in my terms — was a mystery to me. But for Mary Ann it was all as clear as day. I'd wheedled my way into her affections under false pretences, and now I had to go.

But the dice had been cast. There was no going back now. This was the sheerest lunacy, but it had to be circumnavigated. It couldn't be abandoned.

One point to remember though. The reality that my relationship with my first wife was a) degrading, b) disgusting, c) distasteful, d) animal, and e) a complete betrayal of Mary Ann, never took hold. Nor did the reality that I had deceived her. These were her realities, not mine. And I never made them mine.

This is important because it explains so much that happened later on. It explains how I could perform the function that I did, and why it was such a basically different function from that of my later friends and associates. I never adopted or became subject to Mary Ann's values, agreements, realities, standards, or ways of seeing things. I always maintained my own, whilst living with hers. I kept my own personality, despite the pressure which she exerted on me to adopt hers.

And that was essential so that I could play my part.

I began to know what I was dealing with when this first real test came trundling at me. And I also began the dogged strategy of deflection. Her intention was that I should go. I stayed. I sat on her doorstep. I stood across the street and watched her windows. I followed her when she came out. I got into taxis after her. I refused to leave. And eventually she relented.

But the game had really started now. I wanted her come hell or high water, and for that I paid dearly. I'm a hopeless liar in any circumstances. I don't tell the truth because I'm virtuous; I tell it because I'm practically incapable of doing otherwise! With Mary Ann's penetrating eye upon me, watching every flinch, every flicker, every blink and every hesitation, terrified though I was of her irrational and unpredictable reactions, I laid out everything she asked for. I'm not very brave, and if I could have I'd have kept most of it back. But her sharpness coupled with my incompetence to carry off even the most harmless deception, made that escape route impossible. The truth came out. Every detail of my past. Things that had held not the slightest shameful association for me, but that for her were the most horrendous crimes against everything, particularly her. And of course it was all sex.

Back came my memories of the absurd religious morality which I'd so coolly left behind. "God, Jesus, Moses, no sex. God, Jesus, Moses, no sex." But this was a hundred times more extreme. This was a nightmare of bigotry which didn't even

bother to soften the blow with God, Jesus and Moses. This was just "no sex, no sex, no sex, no sex, no sex, no sex...." with one proviso "...except with ME."

Now I say rather smugly that I never actually went into agreement with Mary Ann's extraordinary code of morals. And because you don't know her — I mean really know her — you may think: "Well I should hope not! What's so clever about that?" Ah but then, if you did know her.... well if you knew her and still know her you might be thinking: "What a fool! Mary Ann's is the only code of morals worth subscribing to. How could he not have seen that from the first, and made them his own at once?" And who knows, maybe you'd be right. But for those of you who can't understand how I could have done otherwise than I did, and so what's all the fuss about, let me remind you: I was in love with Mary Ann. And besides she was not a raving lunatic, she was an intelligent, civilized, rational, warm, gentle, attractive, fun-loving person, with a great sense of humor and a very remarkable brain — most of the time. And it wasn't even that she changed her scale of values in a Jekyll and Hyde manner. They were always there, always the same, either being presented with cool and utterly irresistible conviction, or being flung at you with the most terrifying passion — and sometimes the nearest hard but handleable object. No, it wasn't that easy for me to retain my own reality. (Many have lost their's under a fraction of the pressure that I

withstood. And I can't claim that mine was never severely shaken.) But it survived, and so did I. And I didn't have to abandon my pursuit of Mary Ann in order to preserve it. I almost had to abandon my own claim to security, though.

The situation worsened. Sex became a hideous monster once again. I'd exorcized the damned thing once in my own head. But here it was back in a totally unexpected but even more monstrous form than before. My sexual history, innocuous as it was even by the most prudish standards, was not enough. We moved from past to present and the slaughter continued.

I'd never felt such a strong sexual attraction to anyone as I did to Mary Ann. Even with my wife, to whom I was only sexually attracted in a normal kind of way, I had never had any inclination to be unfaithful. With Mary Ann, the attraction was so powerful and so singular that the thought let alone the feeling had never entered my head. But of course as soon as I knew what the game was, the thought came by with regularity.

Have you every tried not to think of something? Yes, it can be done with an effort of the will. Has your life ever depended on not thinking of something? I doubt it. 1984 is still some way off. But imagine. Imagine this situation. If you so much as think a particular thought (no feeling has to be attached, the thought alone is enough) you are compelled to disclose it to someone you're in love with. And at once that person begins to hate you, abuse you, condemn you, and attempt to get rid of you. "He's mad,"

you say to yourself. "How could he be in love with such a person to begin with? The answer is simple. One doesn't tolerate such a situation. One leaves." Oh no, my friend. That wasn't in the game. Mad or sane, my decision had been made. Whatever happened, I was going to stick with her. Why, I didn't know. I just knew that it had to be. Whatever she did, whatever she was, I had to go along with it, and although there were times then when I hated her, I never stopped loving her. And I never stopped feeling that my first priority was to stay with her.

I forget how many times she threw me out. I forget how many times I sat for hours on her door step until she took me back. I forget how many times I beat my head against walls because the frustration was almost unbearable. I forget how many times she looked at me with cold distain and remained for days unmoved by my protestations. I forget how many times I wished I were dead so the pain would go away. Only once did I seriously contemplate suicide, when I really believed for a brief while that there was no way back. I forget how many times I paused before a crucial confession, and contemplated the inevitable hours — perhaps days — of anguish that had to follow it. I forget how many times she finally relented and took me back into the warm and stimulating magic of just being close to her. It was so strange that I never once carried one grain of resentment back into that closeness. As soon as the pain was gone it was forgotten. And all that mattered was the joy of being with her.

Not that I took her rejection lying down. I didn't. I fought it. First I'd try to argue her out of it. That never worked. It simply made it worse. Arguing was a cardinal sin — for me, not for her. And even to ask a question was arguing, so I had to be careful — except I never was, I always walked right into it. Then I'd protest. That also made it worse — of course. Then I'd refuse to move. That didn't help. Then I'd get angry. That was direct opposition. Then I'd get miserable. That was emotional blackmail (I often used to wonder who was blackmailing who!)

But I really don't think that during all this time she knew what she was trying to do. All she knew was what she felt about me and what I was and what I'd been and what I'd done. Feelings for her were all that really mattered. If she felt it, then it was right. And can you question that? Aren't you the same? Isn't it right if you feel it? Especially if you feel it really strongly. And she felt it really strongly. She felt it with the intensity of thunder and lightning. Wouldn't that be enough for you?

But what she didn't know was that a battle was taking place. She was after my soul. She wanted to drown my individuality in her own. She wanted to encompass me completely, starve my reality and replace it with her own. She'd done this with countless other people and she'd do it with countless more. I was just another candidate. There

was an alternative she'd settle for. If she could drive me away — on my decision — that would also be a victory — not so great a triumph as owning me, but a triumph none the less. If I couldn't take what she handed out and still stay with the game, she'd have won by my default. But that was second best. The first and foremost goal was to have me believing everything she believed, and with as much conviction. As credit to the extent of her power of suggestion, I must admit that there were many times when she almost succeeded. It shouldn't have been hard to attribute to Mary Ann the infallibility of God.

But although at low points — really low points — I thought maybe I was mad to persevere, and at high points — really high points — I wavered momentarily in my own convictions, I managed to retain both my sanity and my individuality — at least I think I did, but who am I to make such a claim? And I look back at that time as a combination of pleasure and achievement.

But there was other work to be done apart from holding on to Mary Ann with one hand and my sanity with the other. We'd discovered a practical and down-to-earth means of becoming involved in an area that fascinated both of us.

Adler had given us the theory, Hubbard had given us the equipment. What Hubbard had made of Adler's theory and his own equipment was very clever and very imaginative, but to

us it was pure science fiction. All we were concerned with were goals, unconscious drives, or compulsions, as we called them, and using a simple psychogalvanometer to track them down. Freud discovered that when something unconscious became conscious, in other words when you unearth something from the subconscious mind and look at it in the cold — or warm — light of day, it loses its power over you. That's the basis of psychoanalysis, and we went along with it. Our intention was to apply it not to the influences and experiences of childhood, but to the unconscious compulsions which drive a person in the here and now. Help a person to know himself in terms of his chronic compulsive activity, and hopefully — we weren't counting any chickens until we'd tried it out — the compulsion would go.

But there was still a lot that we hadn't resolved. How, for example, do you go about helping someone to find his chronic compulsion? Does he have more than one? What do you do — what does he do — when he's found it? Adler laid his patients on a couch and got them to talk about themselves, and eventually after countless hours of such talk he'd sift the evidence and deduce their goals from it. Then he'd tell them to go and sin no more. Hubbard told his patients what their goals were before they started, because everybody's was the same having been implanted electronically by space beings on some distant planet some sixty three billion years previously — give or take a few millennia. Neither of these methods

altogether satisfied. One was too slow and imprecise; the other was ludicrous.

So we experimented. We quit Hubbard's organization, with much good will on both sides, gratitude on our side for what we'd learned, and gratitude on theirs for what we'd contributed. We'd just been passing through on our way to "the answers" and it was time to move along. The move was timely. A few weeks later — this was early spring of 1963 — Hubbard's "tech" — the word he used for his technology, or was it technique, I forget [it was technology] — took a mighty leap so far into fantasy land, that I doubt if we'd have been able to run a session for laughing. No seriously, he way have been right for all I know. Many sincere and intelligent people believe that he is. But if so, I wasn't ready for it, and nor was Mary Ann. Anyway, by that time we'd moved along, and our next port of call was a small group of four young hopefuls also working on the theory of goals and also using Hubbard's machine to track them down.

Their inspiration — and material backing — came from an old friend of Mary Ann's, a lawyer who dabbled in metaphysics, psychology, and parapsychology, forever searching for the universal light switch. He was quite frank about the matter. He was after instant total illumination. He wanted the key that unlocks in one swift movement all the secrets of the cosmos. And he'd set this foursome up to work on one of his ideas.

We picked their brains and they picked ours, and Bernard — the lawyer — watched from the wings, waiting for the sudden flood of light that would fulfill his dreams.

But freedom doesn't come as easily as illusion, which is why so many of us settle for the latter when the former has eluded us. There was no flood of light, only a growing pain.

There's an old saying that says: "It has to get worse before it gets better." It sounds trite, and when put to the test, I think that very few people really believe it. But in fact it has a profound significance which should never be forgotten. There's a Process Precept which makes the same point, though perhaps more dramatically — or more pretentiously, depending on how you stand in relation to The Process! "The only road to life passes through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Well, we didn't know that in those days. But what we did know was that you don't give up just because the going gets tough. Even Scientology subscribed to the maxim that the way out is the way through. And we were in full agreement with them on that score.

So we bore the pain and ploughed onwards. But Bernard's fearless foursome decided to move over onto safer ground. And I can't say I blame them. The mind is volatile territory to explore. When probed, it's elusive, aggressive, evasive, and often downright destructive. They began to manifest

dramatic conflicts in several different directions, both within pairs and between pairs, and finally they all split up and went their separate ways.

As you can imagine, Mary Ann and I weren't exactly having a psychological vacation. Extremists, the pair of us, and at opposite ends of every conceivable spectrum, the conflict between us intensified considerably as we delved more and more deeply into our compulsive drives.

Briefly the theory was as follows. We don't have only one compulsive drive, but several, and each is a solution to problems created by frustration of another. For example, if a person is baulked in his efforts to attain one goal, he heads for the closest substitute.

Now we can see this manifest on a conscious level. If I want something but I can't have it, I might settle for a substitute, something that either replaces what has been denied me or looks like a step on the way to it. I can't have a Rolls Royce, so I settle for a Volkswagen — but still of course keeping my eye on a future Rolls Royce. Or I might miss one bus, so I catch the next. It's all very logical. But the unconscious works that way as well.

This was Bernard's theory, and we experimented to see if it was really so. The results were dramatic, and the sense of reality which people felt when probing for these compulsive solutions, was, as far as we were concerned, conclusive evidence. We were satisfied, after taking one another and a few

willing subjects, through several sessions of this kind of probing, that the theory was valid and worth pursuing on a serious therapeutic basis.

There was nothing orthodox about Mary Ann and me. We had a theory which felt right. We tried it out on a handful of people, produced results and decided that it worked for everyone, and we could go into business at once.

Now I'm not saying we were wrong. This is the basis on which empires are built. We could have retired into seclusion, worked on our experiments — or possibly abandoned them because we did not have the acceptable academic qualifications for such work — and perhaps, after several agonized years, produced an insignificant, unnoticed and inconsequent report on our findings, diluted out of existence by the inevitable inconclusiveness of every activity in the field of psychology. But instead we did it our way. We played around for a while, knowing in advance what our conclusion was going to be, and then took a jump of faith. It felt right, it felt good, it felt valid, it felt like it was going to work. That was good enough for us.

Understandably, one thing we never examined too closely at that time was the power of suggestion. Though even if we had I think it would have strengthened our resolve to go ahead rather than deterred it. You see we never did anything by halves. And if we'd studied suggestion, we'd soon have discovered its real place in the scheme of things. It

permeates everything. You can't avoid it. You can't deny it. You can't either not use or not be subject to it, to some extent or another.

Our conclusion would have been simple. All right, if our theory works only because we "suggest" very convincingly to people that it works, that's good enough reason for us. We don't mind how it works so long as it does work. In fact we'd prefer that it works because of something we're doing, because that means its success or failure depends on us alone. If we do it right, we'll get good results; if we don't we won't. We're dependent, not on some elusive psychological structure which may or may not be as we believe it to be, but on the power of our own conviction and intention.

But then maybe knowing that too clearly — I think we both suspected it from time to time — might have lessened that conviction. So perhaps it was just as well that we didn't after all.

Anyway we leapt into action. Basically, Mary Ann was the real drive in the situation, I was the intellect. She had the certainty; I had the answers. She had the eye for an opening; I had the means to navigate it. She knew the move to make; I knew how to make it. Without her, I'd have been too uncertain to plunge ahead; without me she'd have been too ill-equipped to plunge ahead. But between us we had the essential elements and in no time at all we were in business.

We took an apartment in Wimpole St., where we rented two of the rooms to help pay the rent, and used the other two to take clients through an intensive investigation of their compulsive motivations.

A friend of Mary Ann's was our very first paying client. Bernard was already committed to probing his own unconscious with the help of one of his four protegés, who had set up their operation not far away in Harley House, a vast decaying Victorian mansion full of respectable but equally decaying physicians who couldn't quite make Harley St.

Jerry Cohen was a sharp and polished east end Jew. He'd fallen in love with Mary Ann many years ago and vaguely tailed around after her grateful for the occasional favor of being permitted to give her some exotic and excessively expensive gift. But poor Jerry was out of his depth. Mary Ann was a total enigma to all the men who sought her favors, of which there were many. They never had the faintest idea what she was after. The extremity of her emotional demands made them wilt with terror. The sharpness of her intelligence made them feel inadequate. Her complete irresistibility as a woman made them unable to go away.

She'd discovered her power over men at a very early age and she used it well. She took what she wanted but she equally gave generously in return. It was only when they crossed her, betrayed her, failed her, or in some way fell foul of her — by her standards of course, not theirs — that she gave them no quarter, and the result was a wake of bemused rejected ex-suitors, who never really knew quite

what happened to them.

Jerry had reached that point. He suffered under the burden of a cool and distant relationship with Mary Ann, who was not even vaguely interested in him emotionally but treated him like a pet poodle. As such, it was virtually on command that he became our first paying client. Our therapy was meaningless to Jerry. Compulsive goals were about as real to him as flying saucers and he couldn't have cared less anyway. But in Jerry's position it was out of the question not to enroll for six sessions.

That was our system in those days. People who came to us for sessions, paid eighteen guineas and for that they received six fifty-five minute sessions discovering their compulsive drives. If after those six, which they could have at any frequency they chose, they felt they had made progress and been helped, they could have six more on the same basis, and so on.

But Jerry was the first to start, and predictably the first to finish. I can't remember how many sessions he had with Mary Ann, but eventually he departed. He probably felt that now I was on Mary Ann's scene there was very little future in their relationship anyway, so why bother to prolong it at such cost. I'm quite sure he never even asked himself whether the therapy was helping him. The crucial question was whether his contact with Mary Ann was worth three guineas

an hour or not. Finally, it wasn't and that was the last we saw of Jerry.

But meanwhile, two friends of mine, who had both been studying architecture with me, became interested in our process.

Neither of them thought much of Mary Ann. But if I said the process worked, then as far as they were concerned, it worked. So they both paid their eighteen guineas and launched into their first six sessions.

Peter and Tim were both extremely English. Public school background, Oxford accents, and thoroughly middle class. And on all those counts I was in precisely the same category. And yet three more utterly different characters it would be hard to find. They were at opposite ends of the universe from one another and I was at the opposite end from both of them.

Peter was quiet, conscientious, stolid, reliable, unadventurous, meticulous, and utterly predictable. I didn't have many friends. I'd always been fairly isolated — by choice — and since I'd left school I'd had very little interest in being sociable. But Peter was as close to being a friend as anyone had been.

We shared a background, which is probably what initially drew us together. But also we shared an unspoken sense of inadequacy about our architectural talents. His bothered him considerably more than mine bothered me, even though it was considerably less justified. But then Peter was something

of a worrier generally, and if he had no problems of his own to worry about he got other people to burden him with theirs. Girls in trouble were his speciality. Jilted, pregnant, loveless or lovelorn, they all came to Peter for solace, and Peter absorbed it all into his reservoir of worries.

Tim was quite the reverse. He played games with people. Highly attractive to women and stylishly talented in the art and architectural fields, Tim had cards to play, so he played them. It wasn't malicious, he was too oblivious of his effects on people for that, but it was fairly devastating. And Peter, supposedly — and actually — one of his friends, constantly fell foul of Tim's eternal one-upmanship.

The girls came to Peter to have their burdens lifted. They came to Tim for excitement. Peter had a plodding precision in his architecture that his teachers quietly approved of. Tim had a flair in his that his teachers openly admired. Peter looked stable and respectable. Tim looked casual and glamorous. Peter was loveable. Tim was irresistible.

They were a strange pair, constantly at odds and yet drawn together by their very oppositeness — just as Mary Ann and I were.

And perhaps I provided a part of the bond between them. Because in relation to me they had a great deal more in common with one another. When I was with both of them, the polarity was not between them, but between them and me. Their

similarities emerged, or were highlighted, by my difference from both of them.

In their totally different ways they were both highly social creatures. Both had a large group of friends and acquaintances. Most of Peter's were from the past old school friends and old army friends. His parties had always a preponderance of suits and collars and ties on the male side and cocktail dresses on the female. Tim's of course were the opposite. If it had been five years later they'd have all had long hair. They were casual, hip, artie, and calculatedly down at heel, and they lived in "pads" instead of flats or apartments.

On the other hand I was almost completely non social. If I gave a party, which was rare, a very motly crew usually appeared, almost none of whom fitted either Tim's or Peter's groups. An Italian interpreter in his late thirties trying to remain young and virile forever, a handsome lawyer cousin, always immaculate in pin stripe. Tim and Peter of course. A helplessly aging divorcee with a thick mid-European accent and long earrings. A footballer who lived next door and played for Fulham when he wasn't being a plumber. And so on. But I had no group, no social strata to which I could say I belonged. And I certainly never fitted into either of theirs.

Well, they came next. Mary Ann, needless to say, was a threat to their masculinity — more so to Tim's than Peter's, because Tim was a swinger — but they came nonetheless. They

were my friends. And somewhere they knew I had the answers.

And after them came their friends. A whole group of them, male and female, eager to discover what they had discovered.

[Peter and Tim must be Father John and Father Aaron, and I suspect Peter = John and Tim = Aaron.]

[Out of this network of friends was built a group. Social ties within the group grew stronger, while those between members and outsiders grew weaker. A social implosion took place 1965-66 which separated the group from the larger society and put it in opposition to the surrounding culture. Born as a therapy process, the group matured as The Process. About twenty-seven Processeans left London in 1966 and ended up on a wild beach in Yucatan, which they called Xtul. There the search for their unconscious goals led them to what they interpreted as religious visions, and when they re-emerged into the world it was as The Process - Church of the Final Judgement. From 1967 through 1970 they travelled and developed their doctrines and rituals, ultimately establishing six chapters of the church in New York, Boston, Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, and Toronto. In early 1974, the intense, agonistic, archetypical relationship between Mary Ann and Robert ended in the separation of The Process into fragments.]