

Box 1 Folder 4

Robert de Grimston handwritten autobiography

1974

Piccadilly, London, England 1960. ~~At~~  
~~was in the middle of the road~~ 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 security of  
black & white lines. The law says that a vehicle  
must stop for a pedestrian who has already placed  
his foot on the sacred black & white 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 & ~~just~~ stayed on the north side of  
Piccadilly. Perhaps, perhaps, but anyway I walked.

I can't remember how far I ~~trav~~ was  
across, or <sup>even</sup> which way I glanced by some irrelevant  
thing. (I could say sixth sense, but I prefer irrelevant  
thing, it's more in character). Anyway I did glance  
& there was this ~~thing~~ 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, & 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 the headlamps has lines on it', & 'I think that car was made in Germany. The Germans make the best cars in the world', & 'I could do a lot of damage to the fender of this car', & so on.

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

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

Was it simply that my irrelevancies had run out or it was time for action? Or was it that the ~~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 & a blizzard all rolled into one. You can't pin her down, & 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 in one emotional attitude & try to solidify it. Allow the full range, because she does. And don't be mystified by your own ambivalence towards her. It's inevitable, because in answer to the question What is Mary Ann, I could validly & truthfully list every human characteristic imaginable both positive & negative & 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 & I'll tell you my impressions & what they led to, her impressions & what they led to, & we'll try to take it all step by step.

Well, that incident in frigidly 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 & I was a row boat. I suppose that's what they call Karma. And nobody quarrels with Karma & jets away with it, so I wasn't complaining. After all a thing decreed by the ~~law~~ 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 & how either of us responded to it. For me it must have paled into insignificance beside ~~this~~ Mary Ann, whom at first I didn't like but with whom later I fell in love — & those were only two of ~~my~~ countless emotions I felt towards her during our relationship.

We disagreed on music — that was just the beginning. She liked Tchaikovsky & Wagner. So did I, but I preferred Bach & Vivaldi. In ~~my~~ her book I was ~~musically~~ <sup>musically</sup> pretentious — which I was. In my book she was musically unsophisticated, — which she was. Looking back — although I still prefer Bach & Vivaldi twelve years later — I <sup>still</sup> cringe at my own pretensions & admire her lack of sophistication. Mary Ann has 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, & 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 get on my side was religion, an ~~of~~ ~~or~~ ~~of~~ fascination of mine since puberty & philosophy — a by word 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 wildly derisive. And we found it. A common interest in the mind.

That was really the beginning. A ~~kind~~ simple four letter word; M-I-N-D, but it has a cadence to it. It rings like Big Ben's ~~the~~ stroke of one, & 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, ~~playing~~ 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 — & if  
life 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, ~~was~~ it came to the  
same thing, & 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, an enemy to be defeated, a territory  
to be conquered, & she approached it with a combination  
of zeal & strategy. That little equipment to be sure of victory

For me the mind was a labyrinth;  
a ~~the~~ tortuous maze of anxieties & incomprehensibilities  
which could lead you one of three ways; all round in a  
complex circle right back to where you began, deep into a  
chain of fidelity & despair, or freedom & transcendence.  
The fact that it can & does lead you in 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?' & 'how?' & 'when?' & 'what for?' but became more  
complex as the years went by, were still revolving in

my head, clamoring 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, & 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. ~~had done~~ Possibly it added some more, & helped to confuse what was basically a simple issue, but that was all.

But the wound remained. Surely there was something inside it, an opening in the wall, a point perhaps at the very centre, where ~~at~~ the mystery & confusion vanished & all the answers were laid out one by one, explaining everything.

The Anglican tradition, of which I must have been fed the most tasteful & unappetising cut at an English public school had good naturedly & 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, & 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



a somewhat 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 & neater & more pure than everyone else. It was unreal & slightly suspect.

But the overriding impression in those early ~~by~~ years, while religion was ~~by~~ becoming more <sup>for me</sup> than just scripture classes & compulsory worship, was that religion was there to prevent sex. Since it told us about God, & sin & devils & angels, but these were only trappings. The basic purpose of religion was to stamp out sex. The two were completely & irrevocably incompatible. The idea of any reconciliation between the two never even occurred to me. Sex, by definition was anti-religion & religion by the same definition was anti-sex. And it wasn't just an impression. There was concrete evidence. About the only thing ~~you could~~ 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 <sup>up</sup> sex, & if you gave up sex it almost certainly meant you'd taken up ~~religion~~ religion. This particularly plainly was inextricably ingrained into the culture, & I ~~was~~ <sup>accepted it</sup> ~~went~~ along with everyone else — & I mean everyone else, there were no rebels when it came to the separation of sex & religion, you were ~~either~~ for one & 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, unconsciously perhaps trying to reconcile both, but only being aware of the painful conflict between them. Pious resolutions followed lustful temptations & guilt formed a bridge between them. And just as ~~guilt~~ <sup>swiftly</sup> sensual indulgence followed spiritual experience, & guilt once again tied them together.

So as you can imagine, this duality 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; "God, Jesus, Moses, no sex --- God, Jesus, Moses, no sex, --- God, Jesus, Moses, no sex ---" over & 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 & unmaneuverable. But the mind appeared to be open territory that anyone could enter & investigate. ~~It~~ It had defenses, yes, but they could be broken down, because they ~~didn't~~ were not protected by divine decree. The church had written the name of God on every barricade it used to defend its secrets, & 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 ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup> barricades. So the mind invited entry.

I'd read little about the mind, & absorbed less. But I think I can say the same for Mary Ann, although she had several friends <sup>who were</sup> involved in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> psychology, & so 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 & accurate, her judgements sharp & severe, her conclusions uncompromising & seldom favourable. This kind of vision was her primary weapon in the ~~the~~ mind game. Her aim was to know more about people than they knew about themselves. That gave her the advantage, & it ensured victory in the event of a contest. But it had another purpose too. People can provide more than one kind of challenge. They can oppose & be themselves the enemy. That was a challenge which Mary Ann would always meet, & it led to a battle which she would usually win. But also they can find their own opposition, their own oppressors, & that too would be a challenge to Mary Ann. Whether the oppressors were outside in the form of bullies & exploiters, ~~she'd move in & take~~ ~~the~~ or inside in the form of insoluble problems, she'd move

in & 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 she was also~~ But also she'd move in against <sup>someone's personal</sup> problem with just as much ruthless vigour as she would against someone's enemy. She'd probe & she'd question, she'd ~~analyse~~ <sup>analyse</sup>, & she'd ~~conclude~~ <sup>assess</sup>, she'd judge & she'd conclude, she'd exhort & she'd advise, & often she'd simply take the reins & 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 all 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 & victory. I was after knowledge & discovery. And we, <sup>had</sup> both concluded that the mind ~~is~~ 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, <sup>or he wasn't speaking of</sup> ~~but~~ the conscious aims & ambitions that we <sup>all</sup> have, but the unconscious

diving forces that really motivate our actions. This with Mary Ann & I was in agreement with. And we also agreed ~~that~~ with Adler that bringing these unconscious goals to consciousness could relieve the tensions, the pressures, the conflicts, the problems & the sense of failure ~~that~~ 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 ~~in~~ investigation of the mind & turned it from an esoteric adjunct of conventional medicine into a popular science. He'd written <sup>crudely &</sup> copiously about every facet of the human psyche. Most of it was unreadable & clearly in the realms of fantasy, but some of it bore the mark of sheer common sense. The man was well into the theory of compulsive drives below the level of awareness, but he had evolved a method of putting his theories to the test & helping people to relieve the pressure of those drives through a very precise & practical therapy.

The details of Hubbard's techniques aren't

relevant here. Though much later in his story our relationship with his organisation became very relevant. At that time Scientology was simply another mind game that took our interest. He took their course, made friends with a lot of their people, was star pupils, & graduated, ~~by a mere coin~~ seemingly by mere coincidence, on the same day. I remember that day very well. There were three of us; myself, Mary Ann, & a young man called Arthur March. We celebrated by going to the cinema together. It really was a special kind of day. We took a taxi, & 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 ~~surprise~~ that Scientology itself was such a big deal, but it had given me the opportunity to translate my interest in the ~~mind~~ mind into precise & practical terms. It <sup>started</sup> put me on the road of actual therapy; working with people in an immediate & down-to-earth manner. And it headed me in a direction which I felt at ~~the~~ the time - & have since confirmed - would give me more real & lasting satisfaction than ~~the~~ anything I'd done before.

As a trained & qualified therapist (they called the auditors) <sup>Mary Ann</sup> worked for Hubbard's organisation for about

Six weeks & it was during that time that we really began to get 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 & a transference took place which probably never dissolved until we separated ~~in~~ eleven years later. Initially I hadn't liked Mary Ann. Her harsh exterior & her general air of supreme confidence had offended me & 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 ~~and~~ delicate femininity that had been covered by a cloak of masculine aggression. I saw humor, I saw vulnerability & uncertainty, I saw beauty & a touching self-consciousness. I'd found real contact, perhaps for the first time in my life, & I was in love.

I remember those sessions as clearly as though they had happened yesterday. I remember them as quiet gentle hours with no one but Mary Ann & me in the whole world, sitting facing each other across a ~~little~~ 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 — ~~and~~ <sup>of course</sup> hers because until that time

I was a non-smoker, & we'd talk in low voices, because the room was full of people, & she was as <sup>warm &</sup> 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 & 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~~ can ~~to~~ become crippling unless you pass through it. It's a state of intense demand & constant fixation. 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 & lived with it without regret or apprehension. Then came the day of our graduation & she was no longer my therapist, but the obsession remained. It was time to exorcise it.

I took a vacation with my family. But my thoughts were constantly with Mary Ann. I knew about transference, & I knew that it ~~had~~ <sup>could</sup> 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, & she could live easily with their dependence, as long as they met her requirements. These amounted to a total & unswerving emotional loyalty to her & her interests & desires, which was easy for a while, but sooner or later a person's individuality broke through the compulsive submission to her will, & disaster ensued in the relationship, followed by separation.

This may sound like ruthless egotism, & maybe that's a ~~correct~~ way of describing it, but if so it's a crude & inadequate way. Mary Ann is an extremely able person with a psychic strength & confidence which I've not seen equaled. For those who ~~do~~ submit to her will, & 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 <sup>black & white</sup> moral code to live by, supports them in pressure situations, rescues them from disasters, encourages them, validates them, ~~direct~~ gives them purpose, direction, protection, & 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 life in 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 doesn't happen to appeal to you. It appeals to a large percentage of the human race.

Many Ann is a God figure for those who can't find God within themselves. And every one needs God, either inside ~~or~~ outside, & very few can find It inside.

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

mine or another. But that's going ahead a little.

When I got back from my vacation, both she & 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 <sup>practically</sup> every high level post in the place — all of which she turned down, with the same unconflicted confidence that she <sup>had</sup> turned down offers of marriage from film stars, ~~heavyweight~~ boxing champions & peers of the realm.

There was one major difference though between our way of running our sessions & the way the other therapists did it. They all went by the book, asking the correct questions, the correct number of times, & making no extraneous comments or evaluations. The formats were rigid, effective sometimes within their own terms, but severely limited. I began by conscientiously — & 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 & came to her own conclusions. Of course she was ~~less~~ in her element. A one to one relationship. Her in complete control. The challenge of a whole ~~series~~ series of

19

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 ~~they~~ & when they did & 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 & 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 & shouting, she's far too dignified & far too good a tactician for such crude ~~but~~ methods. She enters with a set expression on her face, kind of cold & yet hot, cold because you feel her complete conviction of being right together with the single-minded utterances which goes with such a conviction, & hot because there's anger there, a raging storm ~~at~~ inside the head, untempered by doubt, ~~or~~ on the contrary given full rein by that conviction of being right.

Mary Ann angry & 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, & the threat behind it, if you're ~~at~~ vulnerable at all, is equally real.

Mary Ann has 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 ~~of~~ again. When he fulfills the conditions she ~~made him feel good of~~ fulfills her promise. 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~~ mutual satisfaction should pause & 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 <sup>& tried</sup> technique, that goes back to the Garden of Eden. And Mary Ann <sup>was</sup> a master of ~~it~~ it.

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

could safely & effectively lay down.

But the central pivot of this technique, the basic ability needed to put it into operation is ~~to~~ 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 <sup>self</sup> confidence, or his happiness, or his sense of security; to know <sup>just</sup> 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 & make him feel something else entirely, you have the power of suggestion. If a person feels guilty for something he has done, & you can convince him that there's nothing wrong with what he's done, & thereby lift that sense of guilt, that's the power of suggestion. If a person feels no ~~just~~ fear towards a specific situation, & you can convince him that that situation is a threat to him, & thereby create a sense of fear, that's the power of suggestion.

Many 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, & every ~~pt~~ psychoanalyst, ~~trying~~ trying to do for those whom come to ~~the~~<sup>him</sup> for help? He's trying to change their reactions & responses to ~~of~~ themselves & their circumstances. He's trying to 'suggest' the validity — the necessity sometimes — & the ~~best~~ wisdom of a different response. Sometimes he succeeds sometimes he fails.

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

I don't say she's ~~is~~ wrong & I'm right. I simply say: there's my way & 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, & as a result of that contact his ~~is~~ feelings change, he inevitably assumes that you changed



them. If ~~you~~<sup>they</sup> changed ~~the~~ 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 ~~been~~ proved that what he can't do for himself, you can do. That's transference.

Mary Ann's way <sup>was</sup> to encourage & 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, & if he'd done it once he could do it again. If <sup>you</sup> ~~can~~ convince someone of this, you break the transference link. If you ~~can't~~ don't - either because you can't or you don't try - you could have a dependent for life.

But this is all 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 Chateaux. Scientistologists are trained to be able to 'confront' anything - even an encephalated 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. But I'm sure this particular Scientologist was polite but firm. Rules are rules & you don't back down. You kind of manoeuvre the situation ~~into~~ into a position <sup>where</sup> you give the other person what he wants, but still ~~maintain~~ <sup>maintain</sup> ~~the~~ the impression of holding your ground, ~~throughout~~ all & all the while your expression ~~is~~ expression doesn't falter & your unblinking eyes are fixed on your opponent. It's quite an art.

Whether they <sup>even</sup> listened into Mary Ann's sessions or not I don't know, but they certainly never complained about her methods. Besides she got results, & her people kept coming back. So there wasn't really much to complain about. Mary Ann was clearly an asset, & people put up with quite a bit ~~from~~ 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, ~~by~~ but still enjoying doing the thing that gave me more real pleasure than anything I'd ever done before.

One day Mary Ann & I who were getting kind of close ~~as~~ 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-tong 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 & follow my own instincts. As long as I got results, what else mattered? So from that point on I loosened the reins & began to deviate.

Scientists used a psychogalvanometer in their work. We'd heard about these gadgets before, & thought they'd be interesting. They were. A simple Wheatstone bridge device that was highly sensitive to every minute change of skin resistance. Normal models are constructed so that the electrodes are tied around two fingers of one hand & when the subject ~~thinks~~ thinks or talks about something emotionally important to him (~~either~~ 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 best of his theories on mental phenomena & 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 ~~inside~~ for the duration.

We knew pretty much what the machine  
 was capable of doing & it was useful. It told you when  
 you were in a meaningful area & when you weren't.  
 But of course my assessment of its capability led  
 us straight into deviations from standard practice.  
 We'd <sup>often</sup> go back to an area when the rule book said  
 leave it, or leave it when the book said continue.  
 And ~~soon~~ once I felt <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ freedom to deviate, that  
 machine was a joy to use. A geiger counter 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, & secondly I was  
 starting to investigate the mind in a very practical  
 way.

It was the winter of 1962. I was  
 currently living with my parents, having separated ~~from~~  
 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. At from 5:00 PM to 9:00 AM. The shop & the office above it were deserted, ~~then~~ so she was alone in the building. I liked it too — as long as she was there.

I spent more & more time at her place & less & less at my own. There were days full of magic. Whilst a cold & uninspiring English winter made everything outside even bleaker & more drab than it already was, the warmth ~~of~~ & excitement of being with Mary Ann day after day & 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, & I loved it.

But that was it 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 & the urgency had a different taste to it. Perhaps I just saw her more clearly. Perhaps I just felt 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 ~~to~~ knew that everything would be against it, & yet nothing must be ~~not~~ allowed to prevent it — that nothing would be allowed to prevent. I knew it meant pain, misery, all kinds of agonies, & I'm not a machivist in the normal sense of the word, but I knew all that ~~was~~ was unimportant beside the fact that she & I had to be together.

All this was out of character for me. My instinct in almost every situation is to find & take the line of least resistance — unless a fundamental principle is involved. Here was a situation where I would ~~not~~ 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 — but a legal divorce. But for May 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 ~~had~~ been in the marriage had been more than an occasional, silent, unemotional, conventional, five minute coupling, under the blanket & in the dark, was further betrayal. The fact that it had

been ~~unintentionally~~ fairly ~~uninhibited~~ uninhibited by conventional standards — although thoroughly unsatisfactory by mine — made it the ultimate betrayal.

Now not having felt mightily ashamed of my ~~past~~ sexual experiences previous to Mary Ann — it all seemed perfectly normal to me & quite acceptable — I had failed to pour out ~~all~~ my confessions of Vicent's 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~~ Somehow, without saying anything, I'd apparently managed to convey the impression of an almost non-existent physical relationship ~~with~~ with her. How I'd done this — or why, since such a thing would be utterly 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, & 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 navigated. 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) distant, d) unnatural, & 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~~ later on. It explains how I could perform the function that I did, & why it was such a basically different function from that of my later friends & associates. I never adopted or became ~~sub~~ 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 that I was dealing with <sup>And I also</sup> when this first real test came tumbling at me. I began the dogged strategy of deflection. Her intention was that I should go. I stayed. I sat <sup>on</sup> her doorstep. I stood across the street & ~~the~~ 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, & 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 flutter, every blink & every hesitation, terrified though I was of her irrational & unpredictable reactions, I laid out everything she asked for. I'm not very brave, & if I could have I'd have kept most of it back. But her ~~power~~ sharpness coupled with my incompetence to carry off even the most hamless deception, made that escape route impossible. The truth came out. Every detail of my past. Things that had held out 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~~ was a hundred times more extreme. This was a nightmare of bigotry which ~~was~~ didn't even bother to soften the blow with 'God, Jesus & 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 ~~that~~ <sup>simply</sup> that I never actually bent into agreement with ~~the~~ 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 & still know her you might be thinking: 'What of a fool! Mary Ann's is the only code of morals worth subscribing to. How could he not have seen that from the first, & 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, & 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, ~~loving~~, fun-loving person, with a great sense of humor & a very remarkable brain — most of the time. And it wasn't even that she changed her scale of values in a Jekyll & Hyde manner. They were always there, always the same, either being presented with cool & utterly irresistible conviction, or being flung at you with the most terrifying passion — & ~~the~~ sometimes the nearest hard but handleable object. No, it wasn't ~~at~~ that easy <sup>for me</sup> to obtain my own reality. ~~And~~ (Many have lost theirs under a fraction of the pressure that I withstood. ~~I~~ And I can't claim that mine was never

severely shaken). But it survived, & so did I. And I did not have to abandon my pursuit of Mary Ann in order to preserve it. I almost had to abandon my own claim to sanity, though.

The situation worsened. Sex became a hideous monster once again. I'd excised the damned thing once in my own head. But here it was back in a wholly unexpected but even more monstrous <sup>form</sup> than before. My sexual history, inaccusatory as it was even by the most prudish standards, was not enough. ~~to~~ be moved from past to present & 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 & 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 ~~to~~ by with regularity.

Have you ever 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, or 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 anyway is simple. One doesn't tolerate ~~for~~ 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, ~~but~~ & 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 ~~was~~ almost unbearable. I forget how many times she looked ~~me~~ at me with cold

contain & remained for days unmoved by my protestations. I forget how many times I ~~would~~ 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, & contemplated the inevitable hours - perhaps days - of anguish that had to follow it. I forget how many times she finally relented & took me back into the warm & stimulating magic of just being close to her. It was so strange that I never once carried one grain of resentment back into that chamber. 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. I first tried 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~~ 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 did at 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 & what I was & what I'd been & what I'd done. Feelings for her were all that really mattered. If she felt it, then it was <sup>right</sup> ~~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 & 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, stave my reality & replace it with her own. She'd done ~~this~~ this with countless other people & she ~~could~~ could 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 ~~be~~ 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 & still stay with the game, she'd have won by my default. But that