

THE ADMISSIONS  
OF  
L. RON HUBBARD

## PREFACE

BY

**GERRY ARMSTRONG**

This is my contribution to the celebrations and protests on the occasion of the birthday of L. Ron Hubbard in 2000.

Not all that long ago, someone sent me a copy of the set of writings which follow, written by L. Ron Hubbard in or about 1947. The original of these writings was in Hubbard's personal archive which I assembled and worked with in 1980 and 1981. I provided the writings to Omar Garrison, a wog ® writer with whom Scientology had contracted to write Hubbard's "authorized biography." In 1984 I read portions of them into the record at my trial in Scientology v. Armstrong, Los Angeles Superior Court, Case No. C 420153. The trial resulted in the widely cited decision by Judge Paul G. Breckenridge, Jr. wherein he described Hubbard as a "pathological liar." (URL?)

Omar first called these writings Hubbard's "Affirmations." Later, after it dawned on him that Hubbard was a stupendous liar, Omar said he was correcting himself, and thereafter called the writings the "Admissions." I believe that Omar was right, and that these writings are "Affirmations," but more importantly, "Admissions."

I will not now provide anything really of my own analysis or conclusions about Hubbard's Admissions, because I want every Scientologist or wog ® who reads them to be free, or with negligible influence, to think about them for himself. I will comment below, for legal reasons, on \*why\* I am posting the Admissions. I have my own experiences, naturally, with these writings, I have drawn my own conclusions about them, and I expect I will participate in a discussion or two they may generate.

I don't know who in this recent period sent me the copy from which I typed that follows. In any event I would not divulge the identity of the person because of the clear and senseless threat of attack from the people who now run Scientology. It is sufficient for legal purposes to state that the copy I received was not made by me. By the time the Admissions are posted to the Internet, I will have, pursuant to the wishes of the person who made it, destroyed the copy I received.

I will also immediately wipe the Admissions from my hard drive. Thus the people who run Scientology will have less reason or justification to raid me or break into my house or computer than they have to raid or break into the house or computer of a million other people.

The Admissions I received are not complete. Perhaps when the kind person who sent me the copy sees they have been posted he will send the rest of the writings. My recollection is that the remainder of the Admissions do not diverge from the substance, direction or tone of what I'm posting here. Included in the remainder is, I think, a deeper delve into Hubbard's sexual anxieties or aberrations, following the same vein he mined in the part I received. What I received, for example, doesn't include Hubbard's startling admission, "It doesn't give me displeasure to hear of a virgin being raped. The lot of women is to be fornicated."

I am posting the Admissions for all of the reasons stated in my declaration of January 26, 1997, specifically in paragraphs 57 - 65, which I recently posted to a.r.s.:

From: (Gerry Armstrong)

Newsgroups: alt.religion.scientology  
Subject: Making Light of Black PR, Part 2, January 26, 1997 Armstrong Declaration for RTC v. Ward.  
Date: Mon, 06 Mar 2000 08:12:59 GMT  
X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.11/32.235  
NNTP-Posting-Host: tch1c192.chw.dowco.com  
X-Trace: 6 Mar 2000 00:14:19 -0800, tch1c192.chw.dowco.com  
Lines: 1276  
Path: news.vphos.net!tch1c192.chw.dowco.com  
Xref: ares.vphos.net alt.religion.scientology:1212275

In that declaration I provided my expert opinion that the exposing or dissemination of Scientology's "sacred scriptures," which exposure or dissemination the organization prohibits, suppresses and punishes by commercial, secular copyright and trademark law and millions upon millions of simoleons to lawyer scumbags, is justified by the greater principle of religious freedom. I stated that publication of Scientology's "secret scriptures" is in my opinion Constitutionally protected religious expression.

Hubbard's Admissions are quite obviously a part of Scientology's "scriptures. On the holiness scale ®, they are holier than the holiest of the Advanced Technology scriptures, because the people who run Scientology won't show them to Scientologists even if they have a half million dollars to pay and agree to the organization implant. Although the Admissions are the holiest of Scientology's scriptures, the Miscavige regime withholds them for the identical commercial, secular, base and criminal reasons they withhold the "OT" "Levels," the "NOT\$," and the whereabouts of Xenu's mountain cave.

Scientology has set no prerequisites or punishments that I'm aware of for Scientologists reading Hubbard's Admissions, and for that at least I'm grateful. I believe that the Admissions should be read by every Scientologist at whatever point they find themselves on the bridge. Scientologists won't get pneumonia. They might have some good cognitions. ® They might become free.

The Admissions were very important to me in my getting free of the web of lies Hubbard and Scientology had spun, and getting free of their domination and suppression. I am posting these writings now with the prayer that they help to free other Scientologists from Hubbard's and Miscavige's lies, domination and suppression. If Hubbard has been humbled and regained his willfully lost humanity, I know he too would want every Scientologist to read all his Admissions.

Obviously I don't have any desire to profit monetarily by posting Hubbard's unpublished Admissions. My desire is that these writings help everyone, Scientologist and wog ®, to make informed and better choices about L. Ron Hubbard and Scientology. I was not freed by being a Scientologist, doing Scientology, and having all the experiences, cognitions and trappings of Scientology. I was freed by reading what Scientologists don't get to read, by being what no Scientologist would be, a wog ®, by doing what no Scientologist would do, and having my own experiences, cognitions and stuff. I share Hubbard's Admissions with everyone because God Who created knowledge does not want anyone to be kept ignorant.

I stated in the Jan 26, 1997 declaration that the people Scientology identified as violating the organization's copyrights and sued - Grady Ward, Lawrence Wollersheim, Keith Henson, Dennis Erlich, Arnie Lerma, Bob Penny -- were in general agreement that Scientology is not a sincere, and hence real, religion, but is a criminal cult engaged in harmful practices. I also stated that if these people are correct in their assessment, and if they did expose or publish Scientology's "secret" documents, they were and are completely justified in having done so.

Repeating what I wrote in the Jan 26, 1997 declaration, "In my opinion this kind of expression is an expected, logical response to Scientology's efforts to corrupt the meaning of religion in order to "sanctify" its antisocial and dangerous mind set and criminal activities. It is expression which cannot legally be prohibited or punished by judicial process." I agree completely that Scientology, that is, Scientology as directed by David Miscavige and his regime, is not a sincere, real religion, but a criminal cult engaged in harmful

practices.

I could, quite clearly, have posted the Admissions anonymously. I gave it serious consideration, because while I believe these writings, for the peace and health and spirit of so many people, should be posted immediately, I wanted to do what be effective and not the stupid end of martyrdom. I decided against anonymity, however, for a number of reasons. I believe that by U.\$., Canadian and international law, and common sense, I am permitted to publish these writings openly. I believe that by common decency, by human and civil rights codes, by being a Prophet to \$cientologists (Pt\$), and by God Himself, I am urged, in fact directed, to post these writings and post them openly.

I am also posting the Admissions openly to confirm their authenticity. The copy I received was not clear in places, and it is now gone. All words, spellings, punctuation and notations are Hubbard's, except for brackets [ ] which are mine. I pray that DM makes the complete original of the Admissions available for \$cientologists around the world. Indeed I pray that he reveals every hidden piece of Hubbard's writings, and yes, even his own secret documents, to all \$cientologists and interested wogs ®. Robert Vaughn Young and Stacy Brooks at least have read the Admissions and will be able to confirm that what follows here is, within reasonable parameters, authentic. I was very careful, but if there are any errors at all in what I have posted of the Hubbard Admissions, I urge DM to have them corrected.

Posting the Admissions, I believe, lessens the threat of harm or murder to silence me, but it ups the revenge factor ®. The person who sent me the copy emphatically doesn't want any trouble. Good Lord, I don't want any trouble, and I'm the guy who typed this copy and will now post it using my own name to a.r.s. The person who sent the copy certainly knew that I would recognize the writings and I'd like to think wanted me to do with them what I've done and what the person was in no position to do. I have not shown what I'm posting to anyone, but I will now email it to certain people when I post it.

I am aware that DM will almost certainly attack me. To justify his and \$cientology's continuing attack, as Hubbard did for his continuing attacks while he lived, they made attack their organizational policy of choice, or scripture of choice I suppose I should say. Nevertheless, perhaps this is a good time for Miscavige to learn that non-attack is the best policy.

I really think the \$cientologists would be silly to sue me. Then again I've thought they're silly for years and years and that hasn't deterred them. But perhaps in this instance they can learn to not do another silly thing. I'm giving \$cientology and \$cientologists another golden opportunity to stop being silly. It's God actually Who gives everyone opportunities to stop being silly. I'm but a simple messenger, with staggering inabilities, and at times admittedly silly. Miscavige's \$cientology is willfully silly. Suppression is no accident, it is willful. I am but a prophet who brings \$cientologists opportunities to be healed of their willfulness, silliness and suppression.

I am aware that the posting of the Admissions makes a godsent legal test case. If I am guided by God, what I have done not being unsafe or immoral, my post is protected expression because it cannot be denied. Without including God, it is clear that \$cientology, \$cientologists and their agents (for there are wogs ® who are \$cientology's agents) are themselves responsible for my actions. What they have done to silence me, to 8-C my body from place to place, to invalidate me, to black PR me, to threaten me, to destroy me, has either been a source of my state of mind, and hence my actions, or God has. (I think it can be agreed that the mind directs actions, rather than actions directing the mind.)

If God is directing my actions, how could I do anything else? If DM and his \$cientology organization have affected my mind, they bear responsibility for the act about which they might complain. In truth both things are true. God is in control, and DM and \$cientology have unclean hands. It is observable throughout history that God sends prophets, and even the unprofitable, to deal with tyrants and regimes whose hands are unclean.

A case can be made that my posting Hubbard's Admissions is a fair and appropriate response to DM's dis-

semination and Internet posting of my writing known as the "pig dream." Obviously I held the copyright to that unpublished work. The pig dream was a glimpse in an extremely literary form into the mind of Gerry Armstrong. The Admissions are a glimpse in a different literary form into the mind of L. Ron Hubbard.

I certainly don't argue that Hubbard's Admissions are no more important or vital than my pig dream. There is, after all, nobody paying huge sums of money and spending their lives working for Armstrongology. On the other hand, Hubbard's dead. DM had his agents post the pig dream to hurt me. I'm posting Hubbard's Admissions to set Scientologists free. I'll copyright my portion of this post, and hereby give my permission for it to be copied and distributed.

For fair use purposes, the context for the post containing the Admissions is the global controversy about Hubbard, about Scientology's antecedents, about Hubbard's psyche, his honesty or dishonesty, his mental technology, "Excalibur," his promises, his aims, his history, his theology, his hypnotism, his navy record, his non-navy record, and other clearly controversial Hubbard-connected conundrums. The context is the controversy we see every day on a.r.s. and in media around the world.

The period when Hubbard made these Admissions involved John W. Parsons, Sara Northrup, his family, magick, his "development" of "Dianetics" leading to the publication of the book that would make him famous and lead on to Scientology. Funnily, Hubbard and Scientology claim that he was a "Special Officer" for the LAPD in this period and that he was working for the US Navy to break up the Parsons "black magic ring." There is a VA record showing that around the time of the Admissions Hubbard sought psychiatric help.

Just one last thought, which I'll repeat from my Jan 26, 1997 declaration, and which I pray that DM and his Scientologists take to heart. Although man may attempt to keep God out of his other realms, he surely cannot keep God out of religion, because in this world it is His Realm. That's sort of the message every prophet brings.

I hope Hubbard's Admissions are a blessing and a help to all.

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## COURSE I

The purpose of this experiment is to re-establish the ambition, willpower, desire to survive, the talent and confidence of myself.

To accomplish the above the following fears must be removed. Fear that I have written myself out by writing junk. I built certain psychoses in myself while living with my former wife as a means to protect my writing. I affirmed that my writing was hard work and took much labor. This was a lie. I was always anxious about people's opinion of me and was afraid I would bore them. This injected anxiety and careless speed into my work. I must be convinced that I can write skillfully and well, that I have no phobias about writing and no fears of it. People criticized my work bitterly at times. I must be convinced that such people were fools. I must be convinced that I can write far better than ever before, that a million people at least would be happy to see my stories. I must be convinced that I have succeeded in writing and with ease will regain my popularity, which actually was not small. I must also be convinced that I dictate stories to a dictaphone with ease.

I must be told that my memory is strong and reliable, that I can remember all I have ever read or studied, that no illness or medicine has affected mind or memory.

(b) My service record was not too glorious. I must be convinced that I suffer no reaction from any minor disciplinary action, that all such were minor. My service was honorable, my initiative and ability high. I have nothing to fear from friends about my service. I can forget such things as Admiral Braystead. Such people are unworthy of my notice.

(c) I can have no doubts of my psychic powers. My magical ability is high and clear. I earned my titles and command.

(d) Any distaste I may have for Jack Parsons originated in a psychic experiment. Such distaste is foolish. He is my friend and comrade-in-arms.

(e) Sexual feeling has been depressed by several things amounting to a major impasse. To cure ulcers of the stomach I was given testosterone and stilbesterol. These reduced my libido to nothing. While taking these drugs I fell in love with Sara. She can be most exciting sexually to me. Because of drugs as above and a hangover from my ex-wife Polly, I sometimes am unexcited by anything sexual. This depresses me.

My wife left me while I was in a hospital with ulcers. Polly was quite cruel. She was never a woman for me. She was under-sexed and had bad sexual habits such as self-laceration done in private. She was no mate for me and yet I retained much affection for her. It was a terrible blow when she left me for I was ill and without prospects. I know, by this, she actually wanted no more than my ability to support her. This has had an effect of impotency upon me, has badly reduced my ego.

Polly was very bad for me sexually. Because of her coldness physically, the falsity of her pretensions, I believed myself a near eunuch between 1933 and 1936 or ? when I found I was attractive to other women. I had many affairs. But my failure to please Polly made me always pay so much attention to my momentary mate that I derived small pleasure myself. This was an anxiety neurosis which cut down my natural powers.

In 1938-39 I met a girl in New York, Helen, who pleased me very much physically. I loved her and she me. The affair would have lasted had not Polly found out. Polly made things so miserable that I finally detested her and became detested by Helen, who two-timed me on my return to New York in 1941. This also reduced my libido. I have had Helen since but no longer want her. She does not excite me and I do not love her.

In 1942 - December 17th or thereabouts - while training in Miami, Florida, I met a girl named Ginger who excited me. She was a very loose person but pretended a great love for me. From her I received an infection of gonorrhoea (sp?). I was terrified by it, the consequences of being discovered by my wife, the navy, my friends. I went to a private doctor who treated me with sulfa-thiazole and so forth. I thought I was cured but on a plane headed to Portland, Ore. I found

I was not. I took to dosing myself with sulfa in such quantities that I was afraid I had affected my brain. My wife came to Portland. I took what precautions I could. I think actually that the disease was utterly cured very early. This fear further depressed my libido. My wife disliked the act anyway, I believe, even after she had a hysterectomy in 1938. (She was always terrified of childbirth but conceived despite all precautions seven times in five years resulting in five abortions and two children. I am quite fond of my children but my wife always tried to convince me that I hated them.)

I carried this fear of the disease to sea with me. I was reprimanded in San Diego in mid-43 for firing on the Mexican coast and was removed from command of my ship. This on top of having sunk two Jap subs without credit, the way my crew lied for me at the Court of Inquiry, the insults of the High Command, all combined to put me in the hospital with ulcers.

I returned to sea as navigator of a large ship and was subsequently selected for the Military Government School at Princeton whither I went in 1944-45 for three months. During my Princeton sojourn I was very tired and harrassed (sp?) and spent week-ends with a writer friend in Philadelphia. He almost forced me to sleep with his wife. Meanwhile I had a affair with a woman named Ferne. Somehow, perhaps because I had constantly wet feet and no sleep at Princeton, I contracted a staphloceus infection. I mistook it for gonnhorea and until I arrived at Monterey, believed my old illness had returned. I consulted a doctor there who reassured me. This affair again depressed my libido. The staphloceus infection has not entirely vanished, appearing as rheumatism which only small doses of stilbestrol will remove. The hormone further reduces my libido and I am nearly impotent.

Sara, my sweetheart, is young, beautiful, desirable. We are very gay companions. I please her physically until she weeps about any separation. I want her always. But I am 13 years older than she. She is heavily sexed. My libido is so low I hardly admire her naked.

I mean to be constant to her. I love her very much. But to live with her I must regain my sexual powers, my stimulus.

I must cease to take hormones. I must rebuild my feeling of excitement about things sexual.

I have a very bad masturbatory history. I was taught when I was 11 and, despite guilt, fear of insanity, etc. etc. I persisted. At a physical examination at a Y when I was about 13, the examiner and the people with him called me out of the line because my testicles hung low and cautioned me about what would happen if I kept on masturbating. This "discovery" was a bad shock to me.

I had to be so silent about it that now when a bedspring squeaks I lose all libido. I eventually found out I would not be insane, or injure myself but the scars remain.

Polly pretended a hollow passion which disgusted me. But I am lingeringly fond of her even so. I am also nostalgic about Helen.

By eliminating certain fears by hypnosis, curing my rheumatism and laying off hormones, I hope to restore my former libido. I must! By hypnosis I must be convinced as follows:

(a) I can write. I need not think commercially about writing.



- (b) My mind is still brilliant. My memory unaffected by drugs or experience.
- (c) That masturbation was no sin or crime and did not injure me. That no sexual practice has ever dulled me.
- (d) That things sexual thrill me. That I am now returned to the same feelings I had at 16 about sex where excitement is concerned. That naked women and pornography excite me greatly. That Sara excites me greatly and gives me much pleasure.
- (e) That I bear no physical aftermath of disease.
- (f) That I do not need to have ulcers any more.
- (g) That my eyes (which I used as an excuse to get out of school) are perfect and do not pain me ever.
- (h) That I love in Sara everything I loved in Polly or Helen and that such love is now transferred to Sara.
- (i) That I am fortunate in losing Polly and my parents, for they never meant well by me.
- (j) That I never need be jealous of Sara's past. That she loves me and is utterly faithful. That she thrills me more than Helen ever did.
- (k) That life is beautiful to me. That I want to live. That things taste and smell and look and feel wonderful to me.
- (l) That I wrote a great book in The One Command and that it removed all my fears even until now, except that my chapters on the mind do not affect my own mind. That I have will power and great mental control. That I need not associate anything unless I wish.
- (m) That I have only friendship for Jack Parsons.
- (n) That I feel no wish for vengeance toward anyone. That I love people and believe in honor and glory.
- (o) That I believe in my gods and spiritual things.
- (p) That nothing can halt my ambitions.
- (q) That I need not believe the criticism of anyone. That vicious criticism can be forgotten by me at will.
- (r) That I tell the truth and must tell the truth. That all past errors and lies are forgotten.
- (s) That I have started a new, free life. That the arts and beauties run strong in me and cannot be denied by anyone.
- (t) That I am well and that there is no advantage in appearing ill.
- (u) That my code is to be all things a "magus" must be, that I am those things. That I burn high and bright and will last as a potent and brilliant force until well after this century has run.
- (v) That I am not credulous or absorbent of other people's opinions.
- (w) That this hypnosis will not fade, but will increase in power as time advances.

(x) That my magical work is powerful and effective.

(y) That nothing can tarnish my love of life, my hours, my love of Sara. And I have the power of banishing anything which would seek to do so and that all things will seem wonderful and exciting to me all the rest of my days.

(y1) That the numbers 7, 25 and 16 are not unlucky or evil for me. That no number is any different in its influence upon me than any other number. That the 7th, 16th and 25th are not unlucky or unfortunate days of the month for me. I have no bad connotations with these numbers.

(z) That I need not subscribe to any moral code of sex anywhere. That I am constant to Sara. I have no terrors of sex or sexual conduct. Only pleasure and beauty are contained in it. That I may please myself with the act or be pleased with sexual things. That the sexual matters taught me by Flavia do not apply. My chastity lies in loving Sara.

(a1) That I will not forget these things but will enjoy them with all related ideas as more powerful than any other ideas in my head.

(b1) That all ideas to destroy myself are false, for I love life and I am a free and exuberant spirit in it.

(c1) That I cannot associate any of my lacking libido with Sara. The blame lies elsewhere. Sara has enormous powers to thrill me. Hormones and fears, now gone, were at fault.

(d1) Sexually I am as I was at 16, without any of the fears, with all of the powers, with all the knowledge I now possess turned to wonderful things.

(d1) That I see and hear Raon clearly.

(e) That anything which impedes my zest for living is small and puny and will dwindle before the power of these statements. That nothing in me which is evil can have heard these statements and commands without disappearing.

(f1) That I am not bad to look upon. That my posture is straight and excellent. That Sara likes my looks.

(g1) That my endurance in any climate is wonderful and any "fact" otherwise is completely false.

(h1) That I am not susceptible to colds.

(i1) That I believe in myself and am poised and dignified whenever I wish to be.

(j1) That I am not worn out in any way and never will be. That life is ever new, that I am strong.

(k1) That Sara is always beautiful to me.

(l1) That these words and commands are like fire and will sear themselves into every corner of my being, making me happy and well and confident forever!

Note Much of the above may seem cryptic but if paraphrased as rendered will be enormously effective.

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## COURSE II.

You are asleep. You are not accountable for anything you say now. No one will think any less of you. People want to help you.

In this one lesson you are going to learn several things. The first is the use of your beautiful new Soundscriber. The instrument is your aide and companion. It makes it possible for you to write ten times the stories you did before.

You have no urge to talk about your navy life. You do not like to talk of it. You never illustrate your point with bogus stories. It is not necessary for you to lie to be amusing and witty.

You like to have your intimate friends approve of and love you for what you are. This desire to be loved does not amount to a psychosis, it is simply there and you enjoy their love.

You can sing beautifully. Your voice can imitate any singer. Your tones are round and true. You have no superstitions about singing at any time. Your oratory is magnificent. Your voice tones perfect, your choice of words marvelous, your logic unassailable.

Your psychology is good. You worked to darken your own children. This failure, with them, was only apparent. The evident lack of effectiveness was "ordered." The same psychology works perfectly on everyone else. You use it with great confidence.

Nothing can intervene between you and your Guardian. She cannot be displaced because she is too powerful. She does not control you. She advises you. You may or may not take the advice. You are an adept and have a wonderful and brilliant mind of your own.

Everything great and beautiful that ever happened to you or that you know is available to your conscious will to remember. You can only forget by conscious will or at command of your own voice.

You recognize the evil or bad import of things that are evil and bad for you but their evilness cannot affect you or penetrate through your glowing and strong aura. You are light and you are good. You have the Wisdom of all and never doubt your wisdom.

You have magnificent power but you are humble and calm and patient in that power. For you control all forces under you as you wish. The strength of your Guardian aids you always and can never depart or be repelled. Your faith in her and in God is unswerving, blind, powerful and you never, never doubt their good intent toward you. They work with you. You help them exert their plans. They have faith unbounded in you.

You will never forget these incantations. They are holy and are now become an integral part of your nature. You enter the greatest phase yet of work and devotion and power and have perfect control without further fear.

Men's chains fall from you. Your head is high. Your back is straight. You can experience no evil or illness. You are wholly protected. You cannot guide yourself wrong for you are guided as a crown prince.

Material things are yours for the asking. Men are your slaves. Elemental spirits are your slaves. You are power among powers, light in the darkness, beauty in all.

You are not sleepy or tired ever. You do not sleep unless you will it consciously. Sleep to you is a deep trance. Nothing can touch you in that trance because it would not dare. Your Guardian

alone can talk to you as you sleep but she may not hypnotize you. Only you can hypnotize yourself.

You never wonder about how you write, you never distrust your ideas or ability. You merely write and write wonderfully well. You like to copy your own material and work with it until it is perfect. But it is usually perfect the first time.

The desires of other people have no hypnotic effect upon you. You are considerate of their desires because you are powerful. But you need never be dissuaded by their wishes about anything.

Nothing, no one opposes your writing. Everyone is anxious that you write. You do not need certain conditions to write. You are so strong you can write anywhere on anything at any time. You can carry on a wild social life and still write one hundred thousand words a month or more. Your brain is so fixed that you can write at any time, anywhere. The mere beginning of writing is sufficient to put you in a happy mood, any high mood. Writing does not tire you. You said writing was hard work but that you knew was a lie. You know now it is easy, very easy. Writing puts you into an ecstatic state of mind almost as high as intercourse. You love to write. The Navy had no influence upon your writing. The Navy never stopped you writing. On the 422 what you wrote were not stories. You love to write. Your writing has a deep hypnotic effect on people and they are always pleased with what you write. Having a market is immaterial.

You will make fortunes in writing. Any book you care to write now will sell high and well. You can dictate books. Words flow from you in a beautiful steady stream. Anything which goes through your fingers can come through your mouth. A dictaphone fills you with a desire to talk. You talk easily to a dictaphone and the copy is excellent. The copyist has no effect upon your work. You don't care what she reads.

Your psychology is advanced and true and wonderful. It hypnotizes people. It predicts their emotions, for you are their ruler.

You don't have to talk about all this. You know too well it is true. You never have to argue, all you need to do is sit back with a calm, kind smile and people will come to you with their opinions. You need never talk to fill silences in a group. You are an arbiter, a kindly one. You do not have to talk. But when you do talk you are amusing, witty, so personable no one can resist your charm. If they do not reply, it is because they are afraid of you.

Your health is wonderful. You need but 6 hours sleep. Your eyes are fine.

People dislike cripples. You need never be a cripple. You have never done anything for which you need feel guilty. You never need punish yourself about anything. You are in wonderful glowing health. You never have accidents because you are prudent and poised.

You will live to be 200 years old, both because you are calm and because of modern discoveries to be made in your lifetime.

You will always look young. Your weight is 180 lbs. And you will attain and hold that weight.

Your hair will always be its present color. It will be thick and beautiful all your life. Hair will grow out to replace what you have lost.

Your body organs are in perfect harmony. Your Guardian keeps you in celestial time. Your organs work well, all of them. You grow stronger each day. No drug or medicine affects your mind more than a few hours. You can consciously stop pain.

You have no doubts about God. You never speculate about him. You are assured that whatever you do is right in his eyes. Your faith is so strong you could move mountains. You have deep trust and faith in God and have no fear of what he may do to you and your friends. He will never punish you. Some day you will merge with him and become part of the All when his bidding you have finished in these lives.

You never speak ill of another because you are too powerful and may curse them. You love everyone. Even when you use force on people, you cannot hate them. You have no hate or jealousy in you. You are not in contest with anyone. God and your Guardian and your own power bring destruction on those who would injure you. But you never speak of this for you are kind. A sphere of light, invisible to others, surrounds you as a protecting globe. All forces bounce away from you off this.

You are not a coward. Fist fighting had no bearing on your courage. You were ill when you were fought before. You did not understand the rules. You can whip anyone now and have no physical fear of hand to hand fighting. They who fought you before were knaves and fools. You would be merciless to them now. Nothing can stand up to your fighting now. You are strong and wonderful in combat. You never know fear or defeat. You refrain from fighting because you are too powerful.

You are rich in wisdom. You are therefore dangerous beyond the claws of tigers. You never need speak of your dangerousness. Everyone knows you are and it scares them when you mention it. You are kind and soft-spoken always.

Your eyes are getting progressively better. They became bad when you used them as an excuse to escape the naval academy. You have no reason to keep them bad and now they can get well and they will become eventually starting now as keen as an eagle's with clear whites and green pupils. Sunlight does not affect them. Lack of sleep does not affect them.

Your stomach trouble you used as an excuse to keep the Navy from punishing you. You are free of the Navy. You have no further reason to have a weak stomach. Your ulcers are all well and never bother you. You can eat anything.

Your hip is a pose. You have a sound hip. It never hurts. Your shoulder never hurts.

Your foot was an alibi. The injury is no longer needed. It is well. You have perfect and lovely feet.

Your sinus trouble is nothing. It is not dangerous. It will vanish. A common cold amuses you. You are protected from further illness. Your cat fever has vanished forever and will never return.

You do not have malaria. When you tell people you are ill it has no effect upon your health. In the Veterans examination you will tell them how sick you are. You will look sick when you take it. You will return to health one hour after the examination and laugh at them.

No matter what lies you may tell others they have no physical effect on you of any kind. You never injure your health by saying it is bad. You cannot lie to yourself. Disgust not sympathy is generated in others by bad health. Injuries are not romantic. They are disgusting in you. You are a child of God. You are perfect. Health is a passport to friends. Women are not impressed by your injuries. Clear exuberant good health is your passport to their hearts. Adventure heroes may sound romantic when injured but it is really a bad comment on their expertness. The truly great adventurer is so expert he is never injured by anything. Dragging a wing is not romantic, it is silly. You will always be in wonderful health and well-being.

There is no veil between you and the world. You sense touch, color, music, poetry much better than anyone else. You never mention this superiority. But you show them the beauties of the world. You are not old or worn. You are young and experience is fresh and exciting. It will always be. Your brain is clear as a gong. No pressure sits on it or blinds you. Sulfa never affected it. Your speech is perfect. You are thrilled by music. You can engender any mood. You are an excellent judge of painting and sculpture and are thrilled by it in any one of its thousand moods.

You can enter or leave any mood at will. You can engender any mood. You can write in any mood at will and with great honesty.

You start your life anew. You need no excuses, no crutches. You need no apologies about what you have done or been. Your approach to work is wonderfully clear and fresh. No experience can daunt you. You can never be disappointed or morose for you know life for what it is and therefore are shielded against its suffering. You have suffered much and you are deep in understanding. But now you enter upon a long, long period of solemn joy.

What people think of you does not matter. You know when you are right. Women especially love you and you fear no man.

Testosterone blends easily with your own hormones. Your glands already make plenty of needed testosterone and by adding to that store you make yourself very thrilling and sexy. Testosterone increases your sexual interest and activity. It makes erections easier and harder and makes your own joy more intense. Stilbesterol in 5 mg doses makes you thrill more to music and color and makes you kinder. You have no fear of what any woman may think of your bed conduct. You know you are a master. You know they will be thrilled. You can come many times without weariness. The act does not reduce your vitality or brain power at all. You can come several times and still write. Intercourse does not hurt your chest or make you sore. Your arms are strong and do not ache in the act. Your own pleasure is not dependent on the woman's. You are interested only in your own sexual pleasure. If she gets any that is all right but not vital. Many women are not capable of pleasure in sex and anything adverse they say or do has no effect whatever upon your pleasure. Their bodies thrill you. If they repel you, it merely means they themselves are too frigid or prudish to be bothered with. They are unimportant in bed except as they thrill you. Your sexual power is magnificent and they know it. If they are afraid of it, that is their loss. You are not affected by it.

You have no fear if they conceive. What if they do? You do not care. Pour it into them and let fate decide.

The slipperier they are the more you enjoy it because it means their mucous is running madly with pleasure.

There is nothing wrong in the sex act. Nothing any woman may say can change your opinion. You are a master. You are as sensitive and sexy as Pan. Lord help women when you begin to fondle them. You are master of their bodies, master of their souls as you may consciously wish. You have no karma to pay for these acts. You cannot now accumulate karma for you are a master adept. Your voice is low and compelling to them. Singing to them, for you sing like a master, destroys their will to resist. You obey the conventions, you commit no crimes because you need not. You can be intelligently aware of their morals and the laws of the land and fit your campaign expertly within them.

Jack is also an adept. You love and respect him as a friend. He cannot take offense at what you do. You will not wrong him because you love him.

The most thrilling thing in your life is your love and consciousness of your Guardian. She materializes for you. You have no doubts of her. She is real. She is always with you. You love her very

much. You trust her. You see and hear her. She is not your master. You have a mighty spiritual will of your own. She is an advisor and as such is respected by you. She is wise and worthy and never changes shape. Your faith in her as in God is blind and unshaken ever.

She is interested in you and amused by you. She does not criticize you. She does not frown on your sexual acts but advises you on better game.

That she is with you always does not mean that she sees you as indecent ever. You cannot offend her. You cannot repel her. You are too good. You respect her and you love her and appreciate her advice. You are good always because you want her to feel good. This does not apply to sex. She has never and will never forbid you pleasures. She will never censure you. She is lovely and beautiful and radiant and part of your life. You can see her consciously whenever you wish. You are never startled by her because you are not afraid of her. You are partly in her plane, she partly in yours as you wish to see her. She has copper red hair, long braids, a lovely Venusian face, a white gown belted with jade squares. She wears gold slippers. Thus you see her.

You can read with ease anything she cares to show you. You can talk with her and audibly hear her voice above all others.

You and she are too powerful to permit any interference. You can work alone whenever you wish because she protects you. You and she are friends. You both have a higher master. She can teach you much. You love her. But she does not own your will, cannot affect your will and you are powerful enough to depend upon yourself. You do not consign will to her, ever. She advises. You do not have to take the advice. She cannot weaken your will. You have no fears of consequences if you fail to heed her. You can also be right for you know more of time than she does. She is wise and beautiful and powerful. Others may not see her, and you need not look at her or talk to her when others are around for they might not understand. You can talk to her "in your own mind" when others are near.

You need never be disappointed when material objects or people fail to move at your unspoken order. You can often control them. Not always. Leave this to your beloved Guardian.

Your vocabulary consists of all the words you ever heard or read. They are at your conscious command always. Your authority over words is absolute. You are a grand master of words and you can do with them as you will. You know what they mean to others. You know how their meanings and melodies affect others. Your vocabulary is under your complete conscious dictatorship. You know what they mean. No other in the world has a finer vocabulary. You can speak them just as easily as you write them and in a beautiful style and formation.

You can speak to a dictaphone using punctuation symbols, spoken. You see before you the brilliant colored scene of your story and with any mood you consciously wish, describe that scene in magnificent prose. You have no inhibitions against fine writing. You know that is a meaningless phrase. Overwriting, underwriting these are not true. You pay no heed to these terms. You have no fears.

You speak and understand all the French, Spanish and Japanese you ever studied and they remain wholly apart from each other and your English.

You cannot forget words. It is impossible. You have them at your conscious command.

You can do automatic writing whenever you wish. You do not care what comes out on the paper when your Guardian dictates. You can hear her easily and when you want her to write or talk dictation you have only to consciously will it and the result is written or spoken by yourself without any intrusions of your own thought. It is entirely automatic. It does not in the least affect or

reduce your spiritual will. You may or may not believe what she dictates. That is part of your conscious will and judgment.

Anything you were told about religion as a child you can forget or recall. It does not affect your present mighty faith.

You are a calm and rational being with very fine judgment. You may collect facts, you need not believe them save as they appear true to you. You can remember an erroneous fact as an erroneous fact.

You need not believe anything you read. Other writers are often in error and you have no great respect for their printed words. You can appreciate their quality without regard to your own. They cannot change your true self and thoughts. Their jeers in print and their criticisms have no weight on you. You know what is true. You don't even have to defend your beliefs. They are too powerful.

Your memory is marvelous and reliable. You can remember perfectly in one reading or one speaking. Your brain capacity is infinite. You cannot hold too much consciously in your brain. You could cram ten billion new facts or scenes or impressions into your brain and remember them all with ease. You have no mental limit on memory or learning. You can remember a thing without accepting it as truth. You accept as truth only those things which you yourself believe after you consciously examine them. You accept all I say here as absolute fact however. You will reverence and believe everything here, consciously and forever. These words sink into your whole being. They remake your entire life. They are your code, belief, your guiding star.

You will know everything you ever knew in any life. You will feel no guilt or lack in yourself about any of your experiences. You can recall them all without pain. Your past was what it was. You cannot change it. But you had the whole right to use or help or hurt people and you are too powerful now to be more than amused by your folly.

You can tell all the romantic tales you wish. You will remember them, you do remember them. But you know which ones were lies. You are so logical you will tell nothing which cannot be believed. But you are gallant and dashing and need tell no lies at all. You have enough real experience to make anecdotes forever. Stick to your true adventures. Tell nothing discreditable but tell them well. Or if you wish, as you will, tell adventures which happened to others. People accept them better. You can recall in detail tales of adventure from all you ever heard or read. You remember easily. You can quote for company or a book all the adventure poetry you ever read or heard. You can sing all the songs you ever heard, even once, and sing them well. You have no fear of forgetting or stumbling. You cannot forget stories, songs, tunes, skills and at will can call them consciously to mind.

You can consciously banish any train of thought from your mind, any time, any song. You can recall words, speeches, whole books verbatim at will. You are not a victim of chance thoughts. You are in powerful and wise conscious control of all your thinking. You are a master without limits. Your brain has no limits, consciously, unconsciously or psychically. You can perform any mental trick or stunt consciously of which you have ever heard. You are in perfect poise, balance and control of your brain.

You are punctual but never worry if you keep people waiting. You are a master adept and do not exist to serve people. You are kind. But you are not affected by the desires of others save out of the deep and graceful courtesy which you know so well and use.

You are honest and proud of your honesty. You are too powerful to cheat.



You have no fears of not being first. Because another comes out with an idea which you thought up is no cause for your sorrow. You are merely proud to be able to serve without gain, for your gain is of the spirit.

Money will flood in upon you, for you are wise and able. You have no phobias about the rich. The rich are only people. You need not be offended or impressed by them. You can and will own large arms[?] of your own. You are wiser than the rich. Your money will exist to serve you. As you spend it, more will flood in for you will spend wisely if well. You have no fears about money. You will always make it. You do not care how much you have. Having money gives you a comfortable feeling. You do not worry if you do not have it. You just make more. You want to make and spent money. It is not a primary concern with you, you do it with such ease and have such boundless energy.

You need never expose or betray any secret God or your Guardian wants kept. You can be trusted with vast knowledge and never give it away or use it with express authority. What you know is riches. When you give away all you know, you are poor. You can give out exactly as much as God desires people to know. You never try to make an impression with what you know. You don't care what people think of your mind. So long as you refrain from telling what you know, vast secrets can be entrusted to you with safety. You will guard your secrets. You can be trusted always by everyone.

Vida does not resemble your mother. She looks like a wood nymph. You like her. You do not love her to desperation. You are not jealous of her. She thrills you physically and you enjoy her.

Taking medicine to make you healthy sometimes makes you happier or sadder but you need have no fears about being synthetic, or experiencing synthetic reactions. Testosterone and stilbestrol makes your reactions real enough.

Self pity and conceit are not wrong. Your mother was in error.

Masturbation does not injure or make insane. Your parents were in error. Everyone masturbates.

You need never be clumsy in parting from people. You have poise and part from them with ease and grace.

Colds are nothing. You are not afraid of them. You can defeat them with ease. You can will yourself consciously to resist anything.

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## THE BOOK

You are radiant like sunlight.

Your poetry memory is wonderful.

You can recall songs and poems which you have known before, line for line, word for word, tune for tune. You can quote anything you have read twice.

You can read music.

Criticism does not affect you emotionally.

You are a magnificent writer who has thrilled millions.

Nothing bars you from writing.

Fears do not restrain you in any way in writing.

You know you "convinced" yourself

That writing is hard work. You know now that this "hard work" is a lie. Writing is easy to you and nothing interferes.

Ability to drop into a trace state at will.

Remember clearly what you read.

Eyes and ulcers improving.

Faith in power and its necessity.

Ability to please women and have women.

Faith in own judgment.

Ability to dictate.

Ability to write on mill.

Ability to plot cleanly.

Lack of necessity of following pulp pattern.

You have no inertia which keeps you home or inactive.

You did a fine job in the Navy. No one there is now "out to get you." You are through with its Navy and will utterly forget any derogatory instances.

You are psychic. You do not need to "press" to receive communication. You can let "people" in any world talk to you while you are wide awake. You can see them clearly. You have no doubts of any kind about them. You are afraid of none of them but can cancel them out at will if they are evil to you.

The voice of your holy Guardian is distinct from all the rest. It comes to you loud and clear. You can see her with brilliant clarity when you wish.

You can read futures for people with ease. You are not much interested in your own. No enemy can stand against you.

You are always calm, always in perfect possession of your social presence. Nothing discommodates you at all. Nothing embarrasses you.

Your speech is musical and lovely. Your words are well chosen and beautifully rhythm'd. You never forget what you want to say. Nothing can prevail against your logic and choice of words. You have no speech or thought impediments.

You will forget all derogatory criticism you have ever received. You cast it out. You know it is only a weapon used on you for others' gain.

Desires of others do not affect you except as an appeal to your courtesy - and you are courteous and gentle.

Merely by concentrating upon them, a thing you do with ease, you can change their minds and smooth whatever anger they may feel.

The lot of humanity does not outrage you. Its government is merely amusing. You are a major adept and such considerations are far, far beneath you. You are not cynical or bitter about people. You have no jealousy in you of any kind for fellow craftsmen. You are not in competition with them for your work is infinitely superior and will sell quickly as you desire. Editorial desire does not affect you for you can write whatever they publish with ease, and any length.

You understand all the workings of the minds of humans around you, for you are a doctor of minds, bodies and influences.

You have no fears about working psychically for you are safe, always safe, protected by your Guardian as in a mighty fortress.

You can recall at will all the plots and situations you ever thought up. You can create new plots and characterize people clearly and wonderfully. There is no rush about writing. It is immaterial to you if people are or are not amused. You write cleverly and your writings never fail to amuse.

The two women you knew - Helen the Comrade and Polly the Skipper were not worth an instant of your time. You do not love them, they were not worthy. You won over them.

The love of women is not necessary to your ego. You are above them. You know well that many women are mad about you, that you satisfy them perfectly. You will satisfy them easily. You do not care.

Testosterone makes you sexy. It makes things beautiful and arouses you. But this is will. You can be aroused at will.

Naked bodies and sexy allusion stimulate you wonderfully.

You have forgotten the case histories of Havelock Ellis. They did not surfeit you. You have forgotten them.

You do not masturbate. Masturbation cannot harm you in any way but you would rather have women. Your penis and erotic centers are very sensitive to women. You are not afraid that

someone will catch you masturbating. No one knows or ever will know. Such discovery would be harmless. You do not masturbate. Only women thrill you and very deeply.

You do not have to be a clown or a wit to be thought grand. People adore and respect you for your opinions and wisdom. You are always kind, always graceful, always courteous.

You have no mental flaws which hinder you. You have nothing which hinders you. Everything helps you. You are crown prince of your portion of the universe. Everything does your bidding perfectly. All elementals and other dimensional things obey you with eagerness. All things love you and their love makes you strong. You are strong. You love with great force all things and your will controls them. You may use force and your will with utter impunity for all things obey.

You do not know anger. Your patience is infinite. You are calm. Your patience never fails. Nothing can make you hate or be jealous or be small. You have all the time in the Universe of which you are crown prince. You waste none of it, but you do not fear for its passage. You employ time well. You are not lazy for there is nothing, no single thing in your universe to oppose you. You have no thoughts which oppose you.

It is indifferent to you whether your work is accepted. You do not care if it sells. You are confident for it always has sold.

The anger artist like people feel does not affect you in any way. You are always calm and patient. You understand they are weak and cannot batter through your calm. You are not influenced by them or their anger.

To survive you need only do these things - be patient, calm, beautiful. Write what you yourself think is good and worthy, govern yourself as a powerful force. No human being has authority over you. No human being's opinion has weight with you.

You are not possessive. You are not jealous because you are too strong. People are much afraid of what you think of them, what you may do to them, therefore you must be kind and courteous to them.

You owe no debt for the kind things people do for you. This is your due as an adept. But you are always gallant, kind and considerate to people. You do not vary your own thoughts to be kind. Kindness need not impoverish or discriminate you.

You are able to trance. No other human being can hypnotize you in any way. You can believe or disbelieve whatever you read at will. You cannot be hypnotized by any but yourself.

Lies are not necessary. You have no need of lies for you are brave and can take any consequences.

You are courageous. You fear nothing. Your prudence results from judgment, not emotions. You have no emotional fears.

Snakes are not dangerous to you. There are no snakes in the bottom of your bed. Snakes are wise beings. They are your friends.

You love the sounds of wind. The wind will not get you ever. It will drive your ships. The air is your friend and the wind its voice.

Darkness is a cloak you may don. Your guardian and your own courage protect you utterly in darkness. You control anything you meet in darkness for that is part of your universe.

You do not care how much work there is to do for you have all the time there is and can work forcefully and with patience. You can work whenever you please. Nothing obstructs you.

There was no danger for you from government or navy. You are too big to be touched by their petty opinions and force. Your force and destiny is infinite power.

You believe implicitly in God. You have no doubts of the All Powerful. You believe your Guardian perfectly. You hear her certainly and clearly.

You are too strong, too big to be touched by mortal opinions.

You are tolerant towards your mother and Father. You loved them. You have no respect for their opinions for you know much more. You are always kind to them. Their good opinion of you is assured. Their good opinion and praise mean nothing whatever to you. Only Flavia Julia and then the All Powerful have opinions worth inclining toward. You have always done right by your parents. You did your best. You have no worries about it. Your mother's theories on psychology were wrong. They do not now affect you.

The opinions of your aunts and uncles are worthless. You are kind to them. They mean nothing to you.

Music and color are beautiful to you. You sense them delicately. They affect you strongly.

You are expert at modeling, drawing, painting. Nothing hinders you from painting magnificently. Mediums of art are your slaves. You have entire confidence in them as servants. You are powerful in the arts. Nothing opposes you. You create wonderful music. You do not care what people think of your art.

Your penmanship is wonderful, beautiful. You control a pen like a great artist.

You write wonderful poetry. Your guardian dictates it and she is all wise. People gasp and thrill to your poetry. You handle all forms superbly. You do not care what people think of your poetry. You have always written the most magnificent verse known because of your guardian.

Your guardian can dictate stories, poems to you at will. You do not oppose them. You accept and write them easily. You are not eager. You cannot doubt.

All objects are your friends. You can ask from and receive past history of any object. No part of that history affects you emotionally or psychically. The past of objects cannot harm you.

You are in perfect harmony with the All Knowing. Your future does not alarm you. You understand and cheerfully accept your future. You are not afraid. You cannot feel fear. You are safe in the control over you of God. He is master of destiny and what he does must be.

You are in control under God of the material objects and beings around you.

You cannot think a fact into actuality. You can will a fact into being with ease. You are confident of your control over will. You have will power. You can consciously use it. Accidental thoughts of incidents do not create them.

Your book the One Commandment applied only to the material. It is true. It freed you forever from the fears of the material world and gave you material control over people. There is no material will.

The One Command applied but slightly to the spiritual world and other planes. There is psychic will power, possessed by a very few. You possess such will power and it is enormously strong and irresistible. You work it consciously. Those things you consciously state that you will come to be.

The criticism of the One Command which was given to material things was not leveled at you. It was not worthy. It did not detract from the value of the book. It was from small people. You gave it no heed. It did not affect you.

There was one error in that book and you have psychically willed it into nothing. It was the electronic theory of the workings of the human mind. Human, material minds do work this way and you were right. Your own mind does not work this way. You have great spiritual strength. Your mind is not material. It does not react like any human mind. Whatever is fed to your mind can be sorted out. You can forget at will. Men's facts fed to you need not affect your thought if they are a part of the lives and mores and morals of men. Your thought processes do not warp on facts which are fed to you. You can receive sense messages and remember them but you need not add them into your own thought processes.

You use the minds of men. They do not use your mind or affect it in any way. You have a sacred spiritual mind, too strong, too high to be touched. Your league with Higher Beings, your mighty Guardian and the All Powerful, renders you beyond all human criticism.

You can distinguish between your doubts and what is said to you. You have no doubts because you have no fear. You are kind and considerate to all because you are so powerful. You need never defend your motives to anyone because your motives are right. You have never done wrong and need never apologize to anyone. You never justify or explain your acts because you are careful that these acts are good and kind.

You can be merciless when your will is crossed and you have the right to be merciless.

You are eternal. You are satisfied to live within God. Human death is not your death. You will never die. Your personal memory is not important but you will retain it.

You recall all your past times on earth. You have and will live forever. You are part of God. You are the crown prince of your small section of the Universe.

You are just and kind. You are merciless to any who cross your rule but they do not affect you emotionally. You have no fear of anyone for everyone in your own Universe is under your dominion. You will never tell them, never explain. They know.

You observe their rules of conduct outwardly. You do this because you are kind. You never say why you do this, that you do this. You are kind and love everything even when you force it to your will.

You have no inhibition about sexual intercourse. You respect how other people feel about it but you are not bound by that respect. You conduct yourself with great courtesy.

**A**

ability.....	7, 8, 13
abortions.....	8
absolute.....	18, 19
absorbent.....	10
accepted.....	24
accidents.....	14
ache.....	17
act.....	4, 8, 11, 17
activity.....	17
actuality.....	26
adept.....	12, 17, 20, 23, 25
Admiral Braystead.....	7
admire.....	9
adore.....	24
advantage.....	10
Adventure.....	16
adverse.....	17
advisor.....	17
affairs.....	8
affect....	10, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28
affected.....	4, 7, 8, 16, 17, 20
afraid.....	7, 8, 14, 17, 18, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26
aide.....	12
alarm.....	26
All Powerful.....	25, 26, 27
ambition.....	7
ambitions.....	10
amused.....	18, 20, 23
amusing.....	12, 14, 23
anecdotes.....	20
anger.....	23, 24
anxiety.....	7, 8
anxious.....	7, 13
apart.....	19
apologies.....	16
approve.....	12
arbiter.....	14
argue.....	5, 14
arms.....	7, 17, 20
arouses.....	24
art.....	26
artist.....	24, 26
arts.....	10, 26
at will.....	10, 16, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27
attractive.....	8
aunts.....	26
aura.....	13
authority.....	18, 21, 25
automatic writing.....	19

**B**

bad.....	7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16
banish.....	20
banishing.....	11
bars.....	22
batter.....	24
beauties.....	10, 16
beautiful.....	9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 18, 24, 25, 26
bed.....	17, 25
bedspring.....	9
belief.....	19
believe.....	2, 8, 10, 11, 19, 25
believed.....	8, 9, 20
beneath.....	23
bidding.....	15, 24
bitter.....	23
blame.....	11
bodies.....	17, 23, 24
body.....	4, 14
bogus.....	12
book.....	5, 10, 14, 20, 27
boundless.....	21
braids.....	18
brain.....	8, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20
brilliant.....	9, 10, 12, 19, 23
burn.....	10

**C**

calm.....	13, 14, 19, 23, 24, 25
campaign.....	17
cancel.....	23
care.....	14, 17, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 26
cast.....	23
cat fever.....	16
cautioned.....	9
censure.....	18
chains.....	13
cheat.....	20
chest.....	17
child.....	16, 19
childbirth.....	8
children.....	8, 12
clarity.....	23
claws.....	15
cleanly.....	22
climate.....	11
clown.....	24
clumsy.....	21
code.....	10, 11, 19
cold.....	16
coldness.....	8
colds.....	11

color.....	14, 16, 17, 26
combat.....	15
come.....	14, 17, 27
comfortable.....	20
command.....	7, 8, 13, 18, 19
communication.....	22
companion.....	12
companions.....	9
company.....	20
competition.....	23
Comrade.....	23
conceit.....	21
conceive.....	17
conceived.....	8
concern.....	21
conditions.....	13
conduct.....	11, 17, 28
confidence.....	7, 12, 26
confident.....	12, 24, 26
connotations.....	11
conscious.....	13, 18, 19, 20
consciously.....	13, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 26, 27
consequences.....	8, 18, 25
considerations.....	23
constant.....	9, 11
conventions.....	17
convinced.....	7, 9, 22
copper.....	18
courage.....	15, 25
Court of Inquiry.....	8
courteous.....	23, 24, 25
courtesy.....	20, 23, 28
coward.....	15
craftsmen.....	23
credulous.....	10
crime.....	9
crimes.....	17
cripples.....	14
criticism.....	10, 23, 27
crown prince.....	13, 24, 28
cruel.....	7
crutches.....	16
cut.....	8
cynical.....	23

**D**

dangerous.....	3, 15, 16, 25
darkness.....	13, 25
dashing.....	20
daunt.....	16
death.....	27
decide.....	17
deeply.....	24
defeat.....	15, 21

delicately.....	26
denied.....	4, 10
depressed.....	7, 8, 9
depresses.....	7
derogatory.....	22, 23
desirable.....	9
desires.....	13, 20, 21
desperation.....	21
destiny.....	25, 26
destruction.....	15
detested.....	8
dictaphone.....	7, 14, 19
dictate.....	7, 14, 22, 26
dictatorship.....	18
dignified.....	11
dimensional.....	24
disbelieve.....	25
discommodes.....	23
discoveries.....	14
discovery.....	9, 24
discreditable.....	20
disease.....	8, 9
disgusted.....	9
dissuaded.....	13
doctor.....	8, 9, 23
dominion.....	28
dosing.....	8
doubt.....	13, 26
doubts.....	7, 15, 17, 22, 25, 27
down.....	8
drawing.....	26
drugs.....	7, 9
due.....	25
dulled.....	9
dwindle.....	11

**E**

eagerness.....	24
ease.....	7, 18, 19, 21, 23, 26
easy.....	14, 22
eat.....	15
ecstatic.....	14
Editorial.....	23
effective.....	4, 11, 12
effectiveness.....	12
ego.....	8, 24
electronic.....	27
Elemental spirits.....	13
elementals.....	24
embarrasses.....	23
emotions.....	14, 25
employ.....	24
endurance.....	11
enemy.....	23



English ..... 19  
 enjoin ..... 11  
 enjoy ..... 12, 17, 21  
 erections ..... 17  
 erotic ..... 24  
 erroneous ..... 19  
 error ..... 19, 21, 27  
 escape ..... 15  
 eternal ..... 27  
 eunuch ..... 8  
 evil ..... 11, 13, 23  
 evilness ..... 13  
 examination ..... 9, 16  
 excite ..... 8, 9  
 excited ..... 8  
 excitement ..... 9  
 excuse ..... 10, 15, 16  
 exert ..... 13  
 experience ..... 9, 13, 16, 20  
 experiences ..... 2, 20  
 expert ..... 3, 16, 26  
 expertly ..... 17  
 exuberant ..... 11, 16  
 eyes ..... 10, 14, 15

**F**

fact ..... 4, 11, 19, 26  
 facts ..... 19, 27  
 fail ..... 18, 23  
 failure ..... 8, 12  
 faith ..... 13, 15, 18, 19  
 faithful ..... 10  
 false ..... 11  
 Father ..... 26  
 fault ..... 11  
 fear 7, 8, 9, 13, 15, 16, 17, 20, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28  
 fears ..... 7, 9, 10, 11, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 25, 27  
 fed ..... 27  
 feelings ..... 9  
 feet ..... 8, 15  
 Ferne ..... 8  
 fighting ..... 15  
 fire ..... 12  
 first ..... 2, 12, 13, 20  
 fixed ..... 13  
 Flavia ..... 11, 26  
 flaws ..... 24  
 flood ..... 20  
 folly ..... 20  
 fond ..... 8, 9  
 fondle ..... 17  
 fools ..... 7, 15  
 foot ..... 15  
 forbid ..... 18

forced ..... 8  
 forcefully ..... 25  
 forces ..... 13, 15  
 forget ..... 7, 11, 13, 19, 20, 22, 23, 27  
 forgotten ..... 10, 24  
 fortress ..... 23  
 fortunate ..... 10  
 fortunes ..... 14  
 free ..... 2, 10, 11, 15  
 French ..... 19  
 friend ..... 7, 8, 17, 25  
 frigid ..... 17  
 frown ..... 18  
 futures ..... 23

**G**

gain ..... 20, 23  
 gallant ..... 20, 25  
 game ..... 18  
 gasp ..... 26  
 gentle ..... 23  
 Ginger ..... 8  
 girl ..... 8  
 glands ..... 16  
 glory ..... 10  
 God ..... 3, 13, 15, 16, 18, 21, 25, 26, 27, 28  
 gods ..... 10  
 gold ..... 18  
 gonnohorea ..... 8  
 govern ..... 25  
 government ..... 23, 25  
 gown ..... 18  
 grace ..... 21  
 grand ..... 18, 24  
 green ..... 15  
 Guardian ..... 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19,  
 ..... 21, 23, 25, 27  
 guiding star ..... 19  
 guilt ..... 9, 20  
 guilty ..... 14

**H**

hair ..... 14, 18  
 halt ..... 10  
 hangover ..... 7  
 happier ..... 21  
 harmless ..... 24  
 hate ..... 15, 24  
 Havelock Ellis ..... 24  
 head ..... 11, 13  
 health ..... 4, 14, 16  
 heed ..... 18, 19, 27  
 Helen ..... 8, 9, 10, 23  
 help ..... 3, 12, 13, 17, 20

heroes .....	16
Higher Beings .....	27
hinder .....	24
hip .....	15
holy.....	13, 23
honest .....	20
honesty.....	5, 16, 20
honor .....	10
hormone.....	9
hormones .....	9, 16
hospital .....	7, 8
human.....	4, 25, 27
humanity.....	3, 23
humble.....	13
hurt.....	5, 17, 20
hurts .....	15
hypnosis.....	9, 11
hypnotize .....	13, 25
hysterectomy .....	8

## **I**

idea.....	20
ideas .....	11, 13
ill8, 10, 15, 16	
illness .....	7, 9, 13, 16
imitate.....	12
immaterial .....	14, 23
impedes.....	11
impediments .....	23
import.....	13
impotent.....	9
impoverish .....	25
impressed.....	16, 20
impunity .....	24
incantations.....	13
inclining .....	26
indecent .....	18
indifferent .....	24
infection.....	8, 9
infinite .....	19, 24, 25
influences.....	23
inhibition .....	28
inhibitions.....	19
injure .....	9, 15, 16, 21
injuries.....	16
insane .....	9, 21
insanity .....	9
insults .....	8
integral .....	13
intelligently.....	17
intercourse .....	14, 28
interference.....	18
intervene .....	12
intrusions.....	19

## **J**

Jack Parsons .....	7, 10
jade .....	18
Japanese .....	19
jealous .....	10, 21, 24, 25
jeers.....	19
joy .....	16, 17
judge .....	16
judgment .....	19, 22, 25
Julia .....	26
justify .....	4, 27

## **K**

karma .....	17
keen .....	15
knaves .....	15
knew .....	4, 14, 20, 23
know .....	2, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 28
knowledge.....	3, 11, 21
knows.....	15, 24

## **L**

lack .....	12, 20
laugh.....	16
laws.....	17
lazy .....	24
less.....	2, 12
leveled.....	27
libido.....	7, 8, 9, 11
lie .....	7, 12, 14, 16, 22
lied.....	8
lies .....	3, 10, 11, 16, 20, 25
life.....	10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20
lifetime .....	14
like.....	4, 12, 13, 17, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27
limit .....	19
limits.....	20
live .....	9, 10, 14, 27, 28
logic .....	12, 23
logical .....	3, 20
looks.....	11, 21
Lord .....	4, 17
loss.....	17
love .....	7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21, 23, 24, 25, 28
loved .....	8, 10, 12, 26

## **M**

madly .....	17
magical .....	7, 11
magnificent .....	12, 13, 17, 19, 22, 26
magus.....	10

malaria..... 16  
 market..... 14  
 marvelous ..... 12, 19  
 master ..... 17, 18, 20, 26  
 masturbating..... 9, 24  
 masturbation ..... 9  
 masturbatory ..... 9  
 material..... 13, 18, 26, 27  
 Material things..... 13, 27  
 matter ..... 16  
 medicine ..... 7, 15, 21  
 Mediums ..... 26  
 melodies..... 18  
 memory..... 7, 9, 19, 22, 27  
 men..... 27  
 mental control..... 10  
 merciless ..... 15, 27, 28  
 merge..... 15  
 Miami..... 8  
 mighty ..... 17, 19, 23, 27  
 mind ..... 3, 7, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 18, 20, 21, 27  
 miserable ..... 8  
 modeling..... 26  
 money ..... 5, 20, 21  
 month ..... 11, 13  
 mood..... 14, 16, 19  
 moral ..... 11  
 mores ..... 27  
 mother ..... 21, 26  
 motives ..... 27  
 mucous..... 17  
 music ..... 16, 17, 22, 26

**N**

naked ..... 9  
 natural ..... 8  
 navy ..... 5, 8, 12, 25  
 necessary..... 12, 24, 25  
 never..... 7, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18,  
 ..... 20, 21, 23, 24, 27, 28  
 new ..... 10, 12, 19, 23  
 nostalgic ..... 9  
 notice ..... 7  
 numbers ..... 11

**O**

obey ..... 17, 24  
 objects..... 18, 26  
 obstructs..... 25  
 offend..... 18  
 offended..... 20  
 offense ..... 17  
 old ..... 9, 14, 16  
 older ..... 9

opinions ..... 10, 14, 24, 25, 26  
 oppose ..... 24, 26  
 opposes..... 13, 26  
 oratory..... 12  
 order..... 3, 18  
 outrage ..... 23  
 outwardly ..... 28

**P**

pain ..... 10, 15, 20  
 painting..... 16, 26  
 parents ..... 10, 21, 26  
 passage..... 24  
 passion ..... 9  
 passport..... 16  
 past ..... 10, 20, 26, 28  
 patience..... 24, 25  
 patient ..... 13, 24, 25  
 pattern..... 22  
 pen ..... 26  
 penetrate..... 13  
 penis..... 24  
 penmanship..... 26  
 people..... 2, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21,  
 ..... 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28  
 perfect ..... 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 20, 23, 26  
 petty ..... 25  
 phobias ..... 7, 20  
 pleasure..... 8, 9, 11, 17  
 plot..... 22  
 poetry ..... 16, 20, 22, 26  
 poised..... 11, 14  
 Polly..... 7, 8, 9, 10, 23  
 pornography ..... 9  
 pose..... 15  
 possess ..... 11, 27  
 possession..... 23  
 posture ..... 11  
 potent ..... 10  
 powerful .... 11, 12, 13, 15, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 27  
 powers..... 7, 8, 9, 11, 13  
 precautions ..... 8  
 presence ..... 23  
 pretensions ..... 8  
 prince ..... 13, 24, 28  
 print ..... 19  
 private ..... 7, 8  
 processes ..... 27  
 prose ..... 19  
 prudence..... 25  
 prudent ..... 14  
 prudish ..... 17  
 psychic ..... 7, 22, 27  
 psychically..... 20, 23, 26, 27

psychology ..... 12, 14, 26  
 psychoses ..... 7  
 psychosis ..... 12  
 publish ..... 3, 23  
 pulp ..... 22  
 punctual ..... 20  
 punctuation ..... 4, 19  
 punish ..... 14, 15  
 pupils ..... 15

**R**

radiant ..... 18, 22  
 Raon ..... 11  
 react ..... 27  
 reason ..... 2, 15  
 recall ..... 19, 20, 22, 23, 28  
 red ..... 18  
 reduced ..... 7, 8  
 regain ..... 7, 9  
 reliable ..... 7, 19  
 religion ..... 3, 19  
 remember ..... 7, 13, 19, 20, 27  
 renders ..... 27  
 repel ..... 17, 18  
 reprimanded ..... 8  
 resemble ..... 21  
 resist ..... 14, 17, 21  
 respect ..... 17, 18, 19, 24, 26, 28  
 restrain ..... 22  
 retain ..... 27  
 rheumatism ..... 9  
 rich ..... 15, 20  
 right ..... 2, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 26, 27  
 romantic ..... 16, 20  
 ruler ..... 14  
 rules ..... 15, 28  
 running ..... 17  
 rush ..... 23

**S**

sacred ..... 3, 27  
 sadder ..... 21  
 safe ..... 23, 26  
 Sara ..... 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12  
 satisfied ..... 27  
 scares ..... 15  
 scars ..... 9  
 sculpture ..... 16  
 sea ..... 8  
 sear ..... 12  
 secrets ..... 21  
 section ..... 28  
 sense ..... 4, 16, 26, 27  
 sensitive ..... 17, 24

separation ..... 9  
 serve ..... 20  
 service ..... 7  
 sex ..... 9, 11, 17, 18  
 sexed ..... 7, 9  
 sexual ..... 2, 7, 9, 11, 16, 17, 18, 28  
 sexual powers ..... 9  
 sexually ..... 7, 8  
 sexy ..... 16, 17, 24  
 she ..... 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 19, 21, 26  
 shock ..... 9  
 shoulder ..... 15  
 sick ..... 16  
 silent ..... 9  
 sin ..... 9  
 sing ..... 12, 17, 20  
 singing ..... 12  
 sinus ..... 16  
 Skipper ..... 23  
 slaves ..... 13, 26  
 sleep ..... 8, 13, 14, 15  
 slipperier ..... 17  
 slippers ..... 18  
 small ..... 7, 8, 9, 11, 24, 27, 28  
 smile ..... 14  
 Snakes ..... 25  
 social ..... 13, 23  
 solemn ..... 16  
 sore ..... 17  
 sorrow ..... 20  
 souls ..... 17  
 sounds ..... 25  
 Soundsciber ..... 12  
 Spanish ..... 19  
 speak ..... 15, 18, 19  
 speculate ..... 15  
 speech ..... 16, 23  
 spend ..... 20  
 spirit ..... 4, 11, 20  
 spiritual ..... 10, 17, 19, 27  
 startled ..... 18  
 stilbesterol ..... 7  
 stimulate ..... 24  
 stimulus ..... 9  
 stomach ..... 7, 15  
 stories ..... 7, 12, 14, 20, 26  
 strength ..... 13, 27  
 strong ..... 7, 10, 12, 13, 15, 17, 24, 25, 27  
 stumbling ..... 20  
 suffered ..... 16  
 sulfa ..... 8  
 sunlight ..... 22  
 superbly ..... 26  
 superiority ..... 16

superstitions.....	12
surfeit.....	24
sympathy.....	16
synthetic.....	21
synthetic reactions.....	21

**T**

talk .....	12, 13, 14, 18, 19, 22
tarnish.....	11
terrified.....	8
terrors .....	11
testicles .....	9
testosterone .....	7, 16
The One Command.....	10, 27
thick.....	14
things.....	4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 19, 24, 25, 27
thought .....	4, 8, 19, 20, 23, 24, 27
thoughts.....	19, 20, 24, 25, 26
thrill.....	9, 11, 17, 24, 26
tigers.....	15
tire .....	14
tired .....	8, 13
tones .....	12
training.....	8
trance.....	13, 25
true .....	4, 12, 14, 19, 20, 27
trust .....	15, 17
trusted.....	21
tunes .....	20

**U**

ulcers .....	7, 8, 10, 15, 22
unassailable.....	12
uncles.....	26
understanding .....	16
underwriting .....	19
unimportant .....	17
Universe.....	24, 28
unlucky .....	11
utterly .....	8, 10, 22, 25

**V**

vanish .....	16
vary.....	25
veil.....	16

Venusian.....	18
vicious.....	10
victim.....	20
Vida.....	21
vitality.....	17
vocabulary.....	18
voice.....	12, 13, 17, 18, 23, 25

**W**

warp .....	27
waste.....	24
weapon.....	23
weariness.....	17
weeps .....	9
weight .....	14, 19, 25
well.....	7, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 20, 23, 24
whip.....	15
wild.....	13
will power .....	10, 26, 27
willpower .....	7
wind.....	25
Wisdom.....	13
wise.....	18, 20, 25, 26
wit.....	4, 17, 24, 27
witty .....	12, 14
woman .....	7, 8, 17
women.....	2, 8, 9, 17, 22, 23, 24
won .....	3, 23
wonderful.....	10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 22, 26
wood nymph.....	21
worn.....	12, 16
worn out.....	12
worth.....	23, 26
worthless.....	26
worthy .....	18, 23, 25, 27
writing .....	5, 7, 9, 13, 14, 19, 22, 23
wrote.....	3, 10, 14

**Y**

you.....	12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28
young .....	9, 14, 16

**Z**

zest.....	11
-----------	----