

“I Let Him Undress Me
Without Resisting”

In 1975, while Hubbard was staying in Washington, D.C., another location was found for him in California and he moved there. It was known as ASTRA, and was located in Culver City, California, which is part of the Los Angeles metropolitan area near the Airport. This location of Hubbard's was part of a three-part telex network designed to disguise the fact that Hubbard was very much in communication with the Church. It was during this time that he possibly made visits to the seventh floor of the Fifield Manor in Los Angeles, also called the “Chateau Elise”. This building was constructed in accordance with the architectural style preferred by French royalty when building castles for their stays in the country. It was in its day a favorite hotel of many of Hollywood's great personalities. The seventh floor was cordoned off and secured as private premises to which only L. Ron Hubbard and his wife had access.

According to a sworn affidavit the following events occurred during this period. Heidi Forrester (not her real name) joined The Church of Scientology in July of 1974, just after having completed her senior year of college. She had read a science fiction book by L. Ron Hubbard, and had become curious about a book called *Dianetics, the Modern Science of Mental Health* advertised in the back of the book. She wrote for the book and received it shortly afterwards. Fascinated by the claims made by Hubbard about enhancing creative and perceptive talents, she responded positively

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to a call by a Sea Org recruiter who mentioned he had received the card she had sent in for more information.

As she tells it :

The next day, July 16, 1974, I went to the Columbus Airport and caught a flight to L.A. I arrived at seven P.M. I took a taxi to the Hilton Hotel and waited in the lobby. Ron Noe, the recruiter, arrived shortly thereafter. Dressed in a non-formal Sea Org uniform, he appeared to me to be extremely organized and high powered. We got into his car and drove to ASHO (American Saint Hill Organization) on West Temple Street.

Upon arrival, Ron Noe showed me to his desk and I noticed that on every desk was an identical color photograph of Hubbard taken on the bridge of a ship. There were also enormous posters on all the walls of Hubbard in full, formal Sea Org uniform and enormous Sea Org symbols painted in gold on many of the walls. The symbol of the Sea Org is a star surrounded by a laurel wreath. In the years ahead I would be given enormous power as a representative of that symbol, and in the end all the power would be taken away from me without explanation.

At his desk, Ron Noe handed me a Sea Org contract. I had no trouble with the one billion year bit, as most new recruits did, since I had already read that Scientologists believed in past lives. I signed it. It was witnessed by Ron Noe and Gerry Larson [not his real name]. I swore in while Ron Noe stood and saluted me, and I saluted him. He read a twenty-item covenant which I repeated after him. The items consisted of promises all Sea Org members make to the group. I was basically to adhere to all orders given by Hubbard. I was to apply the technology strictly according to his standards. After the swearing in I was taken to the center of the room : “Now hear this : Heidi Forrester has just become a Sea Org member!” In seconds the entire lobby was jammed with people in uniform, cheering clapping, yelling – it was pandemonium! The ovation lasted a full ten minutes. I was escorted to the registrar, a

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girl named Dawn Praeger, and signed a check for all the money I had, which was \$1,500.00.

I was taken to the Hollywood Inn that night by Ron Noe. It was a large red brick building located in the middle of Hollywood. It was not in good shape. I was put into a room with four other Sea Org members, none of whom I had met before. After four hours' sleep I had to go back to ASHO. I was told by Ron Noe that I would be going to the ship that night, the Excalibur, a fairly large vessel in my estimation, though much smaller than the Apollo I was told. It was used for training Sea Org members in the basics of seamanship. I spent some time on the ship and over the next year became fairly highly trained and audited (at my own expense). Word spread that I was on a fairly high auditing level. This fact, it appears, resulted in my being chosen for some very horrible experiences : I was raped on orders that had “come down lines”... by a person who fits the description of Hubbard...

It became apparent to me that as a Sea Org member at ASHO, there was a very strong law concerning relationships. Sea Org members did not have any sexual contact with public students or preclears. At ASHO anyway, this law was observed rigidly among the staff. An interpretation of the S.O.'s feeling about sex with public persons was that the S.O. was “above” such activities. We were so “elite”, that sex with the public would “spoil” our control over the public. However, there was no law preventing S.O. members from having sexual contact with other S.O. members. In fact, this was expected if one had been with the S.O. for an appreciable length of time. Marriages in the S.O. were common... I could never understand the amount and frequency of “swapping partners” in the S.O. This went on constantly. One week two staff would be married (in a Scientology marriage ceremony) and then the woman would become pregnant. A few weeks later she would marry another Sea Org member, have the baby and then marry another S.O. member and so on. When a couple married they would obtain a marriage certificate from city hall, but it meant

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nothing. It was all done as part of a “shore story” to keep legal problems relating to marriage from reaching the S.O. If a couple wanted to divorce, they just broke up. There were never formal divorces in the S.O., they didn’t have to get permission from anyone to end their relationship. There was never much property to divide between them anyway. The offspring of these “marriages” went to Pumpkin School, Apple School, and the Cadet Org to be indoctrinated with Hubbard’s techniques so they didn’t become problems to the Organization. I observed all this during my first year in the S.O. It bothered me. Here were all the staff, supposedly ethical people, who were all-knowing about humanity, busting up relationships all the time. I independently decided that I would have no sexual contact with anyone in the S.O. I totally suppressed my own sexuality and decided I would not play that game.

In late 1975, I was told to report to the Hubbard Communications office. The senior officer there at the time, informed me that I was to report to the Fifield Manor and go to the seventh floor. She gave me no other information. I did this without knowing why I was going.

At the Manor, I was directed to the elevator and went to the seventh floor. The entire floor was elaborately furnished to the point of suffocation. An S.O. member appeared and showed me to a door that was partly open. I went into a very large living room with heavy curtains, pile carpet, overstuffed chairs and clean to the point of obsession.

Sitting on one of the chairs, drinking what looked like sherry, was a heavy-set older man. He had reddish grey hair, slightly long in the back. He was wearing a white shirt, black pants, black tie, and black shoes, highly polished. He didn’t say a word and slowly got up, motioned me to allow him into the next room. I didn’t know if it was Hubbard, and wondered if I was to have either an auditing

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session or an interview. I followed him. I found myself in a lavish bedroom. This still didn't worry me as sometimes interviews and sessions were held in bedrooms at the Hollywood Inn for staff. There was small table set up with an E-meter on it and again I thought about a session.

Without a word he suddenly began to undress me. I was repelled by him. I did not want to sleep with him. Yet, I felt really chilled and cold to the bone at that moment. I acutely sensed real fear and danger in the room. In an instant I realized the calculated power coming from this person. If I resisted I knew that my punishment would be extreme. His eyes were so blank, no emotion, no interaction, nothing was there. I made the decision to not resist no matter what happened. I realized it would be a bad mistake for me to do so. He seemed to be completely divorced from reality. He was so strange that I realized that if I provoked him he could be extremely dangerous.

I let him undress me without resisting. I was totally unprepared for what happened next. He lay on top of me. As far as I can tell he had no erection. However, using his hand in some way he managed to get his penis inside me. Then for the next hour he did absolutely nothing at all. I mean nothing!

After the first twenty-five minutes I became about as frightened as I have ever been in my life. I felt as if in some perverse way he was telling me that he hated me as a female. I then began to feel that my mind was being ripped away from me by force. That was the worst of all. I really felt he “coveted” an aspect of my personality and he wanted it. This was weird, total control on a level I could not fathom at that time. I had no idea what was happening*. After half an hour I really thought I was going crazy. I couldn't move my body from underneath him, and I could feel he still had no erection. He wouldn't look at me, but instead kept his

*This sounds like a form of “spiritual vampirism”, a kind of “Black Sex-Magic”.

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head averted to the side and just gazed into space. I had to discipline myself to keep from screaming because I felt I was having a nervous breakdown. Then I got the terrible thought that he was dead. He was hardly breathing. Then I thought he would kill me too. My thoughts became very morbid. After an hour he got up and walked out.

I just lay there for ten minutes. Then mechanically I got dressed. Instantly after that I began crying hysterically. I cried and cried and cried. I wasn't afraid of becoming pregnant. I was so afraid of whatever had been going on in this man's head. Finally when I couldn't cry anymore, I went downstairs and took a bus back to ASHO [American St. Hill Organization]. I didn't say a word to anyone.

Months went by after this. I got my period on schedule which made me feel a little gratified at least. One night I was working late. Gerry Larson, who was now the deputy C.O., came into my area and asked if I wanted a ride back to the Inn. This seemed a little strange as he was a senior officer, OT7, Native State, class 7 auditor; but I accepted.

On the way in the car he asked me if I had ever fallen in love sexually in the S.O. I said "No." "I think that's true", he said, "because you are much too powerful theta-wise to be controlled." When we got to the Inn we went up in the elevator together and as I was about to get off at my floor he said he needed to talk to me. I said "O. K." as he was an officer and I thought a friend. Also he was married...

We went to the eighth floor of the Inn into a little bedroom. He sat on the bed and started talking about eight being the symbol for infinity and the highest level of OTness. I thought that was interesting, but couldn't figure out why he was telling me this. "Ron works in eight-year cycles", he said. "You were born in the

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eight month of the year (August). Orders had come down lines that you are to conceive a child”, he said. This really shocked me. “I can’t tell you who sent the order”, he said. “Your abilities are such that the Sea Org needs you to have a baby.” Without another word he pulled me up, hurriedly undressed me and threw me on the bed. Again I felt the same feeling that I mustn’t fight him. He got undressed and for the next hour the exact same performance that had happened to me at the Manor was repeated... Afterwards I felt ripped apart mentally. As he was getting undressed I couldn’t stand it anymore. I was in tears again. I said: “Sir, I can’t understand what you are doing to me.” He looked at me and said: “Heidi, you haven’t seen the OT materials for OT7 yet, but you know what you are. You are an invisible spirit operating your body. You and I actually live in a totally different universe, far away from this one. This Earth, this galaxy, our bodies are just pictures we are mocking up to play and have a game. Sex for a thetan is nothing. It’s the postulates and control of mind and body that is the prize. If I postulate you will have a baby from the viewpoint of my home universe, then you will. You are under my command coming from far away. I can make your body do what I want.” Then he left. I was so mixed up. I had been trained to believe everything he said, yet I couldn’t believe he had just told me what he had. I felt really defenseless. I cried all night.

A month later I got my period. A month after that my senior called me into his room. “Go to ethics !” he said. The “ethics officer” assigned me a condition of treason because I had disobeyed command intention and was not pregnant. I had to do amends for this “crime”. After this I never had any other sexual relations in the Sea Org up to the point where I left. It was made apparent that I was a failure in this area.

Heidi did her amends. She was put on a special program. She was to eat by herself. The diet consisted of coffee for breakfast, liquid protein for lunch, and one piece of fruit for dinner. (She was

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at the same time put on a running program – three hours a day). This was all she got to eat for several months before finally leaving the Sea Org in 1978, yet she was an officer in uniform – granted more privileges than most.

Events that led her to finally leave the Sea Org were described by her as follows (the setting being the Cedars Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles shortly after the Scientologists had moved into it in 1978) :

...the ASHO Ethics officer came up to me. He said there was no door on the room where all the OT folders were and that I would have to guard the door for four hours. Silently I followed him to the very bowels of Cedars, the morgue where the folders were. I felt as if I was now dreaming. I couldn't believe what was happening. I wasn't even an OT, yet I had to guard all the OT folders.

Let me describe the morgue. It had not been cleaned out. There was the scale for weighing the bodies, the huge stone tables where the autopsies were done. Drains for blood, etc. There were no lights. I was left to sit on a milk crate in the dark, with racks and racks of OT folders all around me. The floor was covered with trash and there was no fresh air. It smelled of death, really stank of death and chemicals and dissection.

For the first hour I just sat. Then I realized that it was very cold down here. So I walked back and forth for the second hour. My mind was blank. I knew I could look at all the folders but I didn't care. I couldn't have cared less what was in them. Suddenly, during the third hour I was aware of shadows in the corridor beyond me; they were people. Slowly I realized that an entire group of people lived and worked down here. I was so tired it took me a long time to realize who they were. Then it hit me. The Cedars RPF. They lived and worked down here in this stinkhole; this was their org. Then I really found out what had happened to them. Filthy, tired, skeletons appeared before me and started

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begging to see the OT folders. I thought I had looked bad, but I looked beautiful compared to them.

They crowded around me, pushing and shoving, then the mood turned ugly. They started hitting each other to get into the room behind me. I realized then what had happened. They had been totally broken. They were animals, not humans. I saw four of my friends... fighting to get by me. They were punching each other in the face, pulling hair, kicking. And way down in this cellar no one could hear them, no one cared.

Someone suddenly hit me hard. I realized they were turning their anger on me; they would beat me up to get to the folders. I guess in periods of deep stress we all go a little insane. Survival of the fittest. From somewhere inside my brain, strength came... “Friends”, I said, “believe me, I am your friend. By some strange fate I am not with you on the RPF. But believe me if you don’t get out of here right now, I know you will be punished. Go now before it is too late.” And they ran away into the dark.

When I sat down I was trembling all over. Because the real intent of my message had been for them to get out of the hospital. Leave Cedars. But I don’t think any of them got the message.

My last week in the Sea Org was a dream. One night I was told to go to the basement and stuff letters. I did this in a little room with no ventilation and moisture dripping down the walls. There was never anyone around. I was left alone most of the time at night now. That was their mistake. It gave me time to think.

This night I started stuffing my 2,000 letters. The old innocent days of the Sea Org seemed very far away. The idealistic little girl who had come here in ‘74 with dreams of new-found powers and increased understanding had died...

Far above me the org hummed with activity. Every day someone else like me, gullible and hungry for answers, was being drawn

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into Scientology. Every day someone joined the Sea Org looking for security within the group, not knowing the total control of their personality they were handing over. Every day someone was sent to the RPF. These were my thoughts as I stood there.

Suddenly I flung the letters down. I needed to walk. Underneath the nine buildings were long tunnels that connected each building. Great steam pipes ran along the sides of the tunnels. It was like being in the engine room of a ship. The public didn't even know these tunnels existed. I walked for miles, thinking. I knew now that I was going to die: My body was completely emaciated, my mind had developed frightening blank periods when I could remember nothing at all. I had very few emotions I could feel any more. Things were breaking down.

I walked through tunnels I had never been in. Then I heard it. Inhuman screaming and ranting. It was coming from my right. There were four doors and someone was pounding on one of them. I ran over and tried to open the door. It was locked. I yelled, "Are you all right?" I got more screams. Suddenly someone touched my shoulder. I turned and looked at a man in clean overalls. "Hello", he said. "I'm the Ethics officer for the RPF." "What are you doing to her?" I said. "Oh, she's just blowing off some charge. When someone flips out on the RPF, we lock them up for a couple of hours. They calm down after a while." He smiled. I was stunned. "You lock them up in here?" "Sure, you know the tech. The tech always works*." I looked at him. Totally triumphant, with Scientology tech on his side. I felt sick to my stomach; the corridor started spinning around me. So this was it. The final answer. Cold, calculated, step by step progression to stamp out anyone who questioned, rebelled, criticized, disliked Scientology. Break them, all of us. You don't agree, you make a mistake, you are a staff member and you flip out. No mercy – just Scientology tech. Pure

*In 1974 Hubbard formulated "tech" dealing with incarceration of "psychotics".

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Ron Hubbard, turned insane.

He was still looking at me. “Sure”, I said “maybe she’ll drop her body and pick up a new one. She’ll get regged again and come back for another try. Death doesn’t exist, does it? Suffering doesn’t exist either. Only the tech sent from another galaxy.” “Wow”, he said. “What OT level are you?” “None you’d want to know about”, I said. I turned and left him standing by the locked door.