

The Organization Executive Course

by
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**EXECUTIVE
DIVISION**

**VOLUME
7**

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CAPTIVE BRAINS

Pity the poor scientist. He is a captive brain.

Today he has no liberty. He may not, must not utter blasphemy against his captors.

All he is permitted to do is slave.

The cause for which he slaves derives from an accident of geography. If he was born in the "West," he gets to slave for the Extreme Right. If born in the "East," he slaves for the Extreme Left.

Should he find anything or invent anything, his discovery becomes the boast of Leftist or Rightist.

At once, he has been persuaded, he must *deny all further responsibility for his creation* and sign over the whole thing for a ruble or one dollar to his captors and must remain anonymous.

And then he must also wear his old school tie and belong to the right society. His credentials must always be in order. If he invents or discovers anything, his credentials are examined first, its political use is examined next and then he's given his microcosm of security and sent back to his cell.

His government, his society, his employer, all have managed to insist that these conditions exist and, more, are normal and fitting.

If he utters blasphemy, such as "I feel radiation is not assimilable for babies" or "Science was invented to serve man," he is sacked. His security is taken roughly away and they tear up his old school tie. They say nasty things about him in the papers and glare at his former fellows hoping they start no nonsense now.

When you make a man grind enough years at the moldy texts of yesterday's prejudices, he is already on the ropes. He is dimly peeping through bad eyesight at a myopic world. He has been made to feel that if he doesn't treat life like a tightrope, he'll fall.

And so he is piteously grateful to receive his old school tie. He is cringing with gratitude when they offer him anonymous rewards. If he destroys mankind thereby by dreaming up a bomb, he never finds it out. He forgot mankind. He denied all responsibility for his creation.

Once scientists stood for truth and tried to serve humanity. Now they serve economics and political creeds.

Why has no defense been built against fission? Because nobody wrote a check to build it. Scientifically, it is a problem only slightly more complex than atom bombs. Why has no *scientist* started to work on it, check or no check?

Can it be they gutted scientists of guts when they perverted Newton?

Can it be he or she is a coward, this scientist? Can it be a paycheck and an old school tie mean more to him than life?

Ah yes—I well recall seeking to shame some apple-cheeked young officers, strayed like blinking lambs into a man-of-war. I graded them on their watch standing with A and B and C and put gold stars on their records on the bulletin board. Such was my irony, so heavy was my hand, as I stood back, that finally I could only weep. They thanked me!

So the product of the group-think, the death of the individual in a university of today, extends further than the scientist.

Slaves, it has been said, love their chains. No more so than a scientist who sells his tiny spark of a soul for a pat on the head from a political boss.

And so, as the responsibility of the individual for his creation dies, so we enter in upon a madness of destruction where all human suffering is made available to all.

The man who would destroy all man for pay, not even vengeance, is so far below contempt he is no longer man but animal, a beast unclean who cares not what he kills so long as he is fed.

You want to end the threat of bombs, then please awake. Politics died with Victoria. Government is no longer done that way. It's done not by appeals to men but appeals to their bellies and their fears. The world is now controlled by economic groups who debase laws and rewrite texts and so make slaves.

For anything to happen now, enough to end this crazy dance, it will be needful to amend man's pride and confidence and teach him he can stand alone on his two feet. The re-creation of the individual is all that's left, no matter what you would improve.

Man buys his lies from cowardice. Afraid to face the truth, he cannot view his death—coming fast, for *all* mankind.

In companies, in every path of life, show men they can be free and you'll have courage back for them.

How do I know this about scientists? For thirty years I've been a maverick, an iconoclast. Each old school tie they sought to hang me with I painted its stripes comically. And I have watched in thirty years almost every other maverick go down. I've seen them denied security, given bad notices. I've seen them produce brilliant work and have it lie neglected even though their nation bled.

America had the V-2 in 1932. Why did she have to import a foreign scientist to “recover its secret”?

America had helicopters in 1936. Why did she copy a German machine, the Focke-Wulf, ten years later?

America had a thousand things she would not buy from men who would not wear the old school tie and bow their heads in abandonment of their creations.

I was myself once threatened with expulsion from a university because I said that students should be allowed to think. A terrible crime.

We go into the teeth today, we Scientologists, of the greatest slavery of them all, the slavery of thought. The battle is not ended yet—but listen, we’ve broken through!

We today are the only group on Earth that is not owned by either camp or any creed. We serve no flighty masters.

Once there was only me, sickened sometimes by lying press inspired because I would not be a slave. But now there’s you and you and you. Sometimes we’ve lost a man or a girl but only because they were not brave enough to stand upon a mountain top and say “I’m me! I think. I feel. I am no slave. Come on! Be free!”

But even in our very trying days, we still kept most of us and now we grow into a crowd whose mutters shake the cornerstones of prisons.

And we’ve won technology. Why should I give you sales talks now? Upon every continent an HGC is turning people into Clears.

We’re winning or why should the press begin again to growl? On one hand on the stands we read that a grayayayt university now believes that IQ can change, while in the same day a huge scientific group says we are no good.

Our hands lie heavily on destiny, yours and mine. We’ve turned a downward trend upward again. And so as we mount higher, be clever and understand what’s happening.

Attacks in press and elsewhere will mount up. Upon me. Upon us. No. No violence. Just entheta. And money, lots of money will be spent to scream out more and more. Be gratified. Their hysteria is our index of win, nothing less.

Pity the poor slave master! There in his Extreme Right or Extreme Left den, he’s penned successfully the cream of brains and wit. And just as he licks his chops to say, “You’re now all slaves!” a mighty host cries back, “Who us?” and strikes the fetters from his prey. Poor fellows. Commissar Gulpski and Capitalistic Grab will have to unite to have a quorum in their caves.

Oh no. It’s no mad dream. Politics is dead. Economics now dominates the world. And we sit laughing with technology to undo all their buttons and their charms.

As we improve organizations, we will improve people. And as we improve people we make men brave. And then at last the slave looks down and says, "Why, what *are* these chains?" and shakes them off.

The vested interests of the world, since its beginning, made but one mistake. They thought that punishment and hard duress were all that made man work. But man just worked so long as he could help. And when his wares were turned to bringing hate and death, he struck. Until someone, you and me, give back his willingness to help, the world, like tired wheels, will grind down to a stop.

It is an overt act by you and me to leave in power any group that denies men freedom, knowing what we know. Therefore, attack.

We are the only men and women left on Earth who are no longer slaves.

And we are now well past the point in knowledge and in numbers where we will wear their chains.

The men who need us most are the slave masters.

We will get around to them last, I think. It is more fitting so.

P.S. And *now* do you wonder why the mutter grows: "Scientologists are *dangerous*." But Scientology is the only game where all dynamics win!

L. RON HUBBARD
Founder