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The following poem by Julian Cooper is suitable for publication in Scientology magazines.

ON THE STATE OF MAN BEFORE SCIENTOLOGY

Exiled to oblivion or condemned to fame,
It seems that net result was much the same:
A dwindling spiral ending in: no game.

As if in litigation with identity
Without the cash to pay the lawyer's fee ...
Each one imprisoned in the cell of "me".

All hung-up on some unfronted crime
All playing the ostriches with present time --
Each action not so much a deed as an unknowing mime.

Some fighting opponents of their former lives
Some even married to their past-life wives --
A road where every driver sleeps and every engram drives.

Interiorized and handcuffed each one tries
To grasp some happiness that eludes his eyes:
A kind of blind man's buff with pain for prize.

The dust of many bodies lay on the floor unswept;
The pain of a million years bottled in unwept;
Ability was like the Sleeping Beauty as she slept.

Evil was handled with the tool: resist,
Help was ignored and hope struck off the list
And then they wondered what made illnesses persist.

Wealth being merely pain without the poverty
Whole nations shipwrecked on responsibility,
Unwilling to control, unable to be free.

Ask any beggard: he wants to endure.
Ask men in prison: their goal is pleasure.
I speak of the disease; you know the cure,

You know that death is no such thing; that what men call
Pain, when re-experienced, is not at all
You know the key that opened up the lock that got us through the wall.

L. RON HUBBARD

LRH:GH:BG

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