

HUBBARD COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE
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MA

HCO POLICY LETTER OF AUGUST 19TH, 1959.

MAGAZINE ARTICLE

The following are poems written by Julian Cooper.

RESPONSES AT THE MARRIAGE OF TRUTH AND MEMORY

Did Lao Tzu speak the truth, yet fail
Because he underestimated doingness?
He did.

Did Buddha speak the truth, yet fail
Because he lacked data on structure?
He did.

Was Christ crucified because he tried
To get men to confront their facsimiles?
He was.

Is Scientology capable of succeeding
Where all of those men failed?
It is.

WILHELM REICH

(This poem is dedicated to the Food and Drug Administration
of the United States of America, which believes that a dead
genius is better than a live one. -- See title.)

Was he the only sane man
In a world of madmen?

He left the question unanswered.
And he left his body unthanked.

And he left us with a choice:
Between theta energy and bicarbonate of soda.

EARLY 16th CENTURY

While in France and Spain
The rulers made rehearsals of despotism,

In England our noble King Henry VIII
Wrote a song in which he said:

"... But every man hath his free will";
And we see the beginnings of rule by agreement.

TO THE PARENTS

A creature whose life to be is a film
Of which you are the Producers
And he is the Director.

/... over

DEFINITION

Poetry is the supreme orderliness.
It is the spring cleaning of words.

It is taking 3, 1 and 2
And placing them 1, 2 and 3.

It is the replacement of effect cause and
By cause and effect.

It is not a thing of imagination:
It is the imagination of a thing.

ON THE POSSIBILITY OF STARTING

At any time in history,
If a man in prison for a long spell
Had begun to emerge from the apathy in which he was plunged
by the severity of the sentence,
And begun to sweep the dust from the floor of his cell,
And begun to audit his fellow prisoners and the warders,
He could have started the greatest civilization
we have yet seen.

GENUS: CRITIC: SPECIES: BOOK REVIEWER

Most of his life is spent underground, concealed.

But when the bright new leaves of the new novels appear
He emerges and flies about and begins to chew,
Not pausing until the author has died.

And the larger the crop of books
The more of him there are.

Shall we classify them under the coleoptera or the diptera?

And shall we be driven to spraying the dust-jackets
of review copies with insecticides?

I HAVE LEARNED

I have learned to look at clouds
Not just as obstructions between me and the sky
But as things to be valued for themselves.

And to look at a tree with buds but no leaves
As a thing which is about to explode.

And to look at the shadows that dart
Across the fields in the evening
As things which are running a race with time.

DESIRE FOR ADMINATION

But does the Supreme Being wander up and down
Among the orange groves, beating his chest
And declaring very loudly: "I did it"?

/... over

ADVERTISING

Try Cadenza
The new, magic shampoo-hair-restorer.

Try Aria
The new magic detergent that sings while you rinse.

Try Minuet
The magic new stockings that make you feel you're dancing on air.

Try Flamenco
The only Spanish sherry that's truly British.

Try Symphony
The new, magic deodorant. In Bach, Mozart or Beethoven sizes.

UNDESIRED EVENT

Picking up the profile, she sneers,
"Well, what is he dramatizing?"

But I say to you that Scientology is not just
A means of telling what is wrong with people,
But the science of cultivating the gods and goddesses that
are hiding within.

THE DATA OF SCIENTOLOGY

When I walk in dangerous places they are at my side:
And the Codes are more precious to me than a suit of armour
with etchings;
and the Axioms are more precious to me than a flexible
sword with jewels;
And I would rather wear the Factors above my head than a hat
with plumes.

AH YES, BUT SHE WAS A GODDESS

When her feet moved, did her sandals touch the pavement?
I swear that they did not.

When he eyes shone did they breathe light?
I swear that they did.

Were the movements of he limbs not superior
to the most graceful of trees?
And were her thoughts not restful to be with
as a lake with stars?

ANOTHER KIND OF SCIENCE

To emerge from the darkness and complication of the
technological museum
And watch the flow-pattern of the water going over the weir
And see the spiralling curl of the hair of a blonde.

3 RANDOM QUESTIONS ABOUT A PASTORAL SCENE

Were you restimulated by the song of the nightingale?
Shall we go out and congratulate the shepherdess for enjoying
the sunset?
Was the Lorelei responsible for the drowning of the boatman?

/... over

4.

MORAL TALE ABOUT A SUNSET

Seven men with seven glasses
Drank toasts to the sunset in seven languages.

But the sunset was unimpressed by the flattery, and went on
Being the sunset until the sun had gone.

L. RON HUBBARD

LRH/jj:prd
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