

SCIOGNOSTICS

N

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Franklin S. Sullivan
Editor

TRINITOLOGY

Herein is presented a new sectarianism. Its founder is:

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To quote Marijane: "Definition: TRINITOLOGY IS THE LAW OF THREES."

"Anyone who likes my ideas can join me in discovering new Trinity relationships, which are, after all our only true laws of the Physical Universe."

"Down with Duality! Down with single terminals, double terminals, cause/effect theory, the enforced choice of opposites, etc.#! Trinitology, properly understood and applied, can put an end to the vicious dualities and conflicts that have imprisoned mankind in the illusion that this is a physical, solid universe, ONLY, and that these solids cannot react other than to restrict the Spiritual activities of all who agree to experience such "reality." Not so! This is the illusion---that we are restricted."

(Indented paragraphs by FSS.)

Trinitology IS! It always has been. It is just a matter of putting it into clear focus. It is a truth of a magnitude which well deserves a concentrated attention. It cannot be by-passed if Spiritual understanding is to be achieved.

"There is a Trinity Prime. It is:

END/CAUSE/EFFECT

Herein, "END" is used in the meaning synonymous to "purpose," "goal," "intention," "Spiritual Determinism."

"Cause is used in deference to the generally accepted (tho inaccurate) concept of the physical universe cause/effect dichotomy-- which is the basis of karma. Actually, nothing of a physical nature ever truly caused anything. This typewriter is not truly causing this stencil to be cut. Its being cut is because of my purpose, goal, intention, Spiritual Determinism.

"The illusion has been fostered that there is an endless chain of cause and effect, and that one had to be either one or the other. Not so!"

Like with a row of dominoes that has been knocked down. We are not one solid domino--which is knocked down, becomes the effect of the one ahead of us and is cause in knocking down the next one. We evaluate, institute the end

"The Trinity Prime has been occluded by the apparent complexity of existence. But, in its basic clarity, it is very simple. It is the END which initiates, is senior to, precedent to, cause and effect."

Example: END CAUSE EFFECT
 I want money I work to get money I get money

Of course, the word "end" has another meaning-- like termination, finis. This applies, also. So, it is-- END Cause Effect end---- So, the question is--- How many Thetans lying from ENI to end would it take to stretch from hither to yon?

"This Trinitology Prime applies to long term subjects, short term subject-- to cycles of action of all sorts. It is our own Spiritual Determination of an END which is the origin or start of a cycle of action. This is within our own Spiritual Universe. The CAUSE is manifested in Change. The illusion has been fostered that there is an endless chain of cause and effect, and that one had to be either one or the other! This is not so!"

"Each cause ends... but when its effect is achieved. Now, knowing this, you can terminate any cause before its full effect has been achieved, if the end effect is not what you are willing to put more effort into to make happen!"

"Yes, it is as simple as that-- but, simple does not mean easy! The more a person has involved himself in complexity, the more he has to un-involve himself."

"The law of three is equated as Two Temporals balanced by a permanent factor. A Pyramid is the visual symbol for the Trinity thus presented for consideration... There are countless other laws of threes which assist and complement."

Marijane will, without doubt, have much more on this later. But, as her Trinitology is a segment of a high order of truth, it relates to all other truths, without the limitation of a frame of reference. This, in contrast to religious sectarianisms, which are true only within their own arbitrariness. Huborg Sect. is an example of this, in that they consider anybody having an original idea of his own to be suppressive. They even plague people like Arthur Burks and Arthur Coulter, who never have been Sectists.

OUR problem lies in successful application of this and of other Sectarianisms without: 1. Interiorizing into it to the extent that we get-- or most usually have impaled ourselves upon-- the "certainty" that it is the whole truth, and is sacred, or 2. Intellectually recognize its verity, and rationalize that because we accept, understand it, that that is all there is to be done.

These comments hold for ALL sectarian truths. They can be practiced and achieved to the degree that there is Affinity, Reality and Communication in one's environment. One can progress Spiritually only to the extent that there is some degree of agreement with one's purposes and goals with those with which one has affinity and communication. It is simply too difficult to try to change one's well entrenched habit patterns, while violently obstructed by one's own stimulus-response, reactive bank, and also his environment. Each of our problems is to place ourselves in areas wherein WE can have some validation.

NONEITY ONEITY TWOTITY TRINITY

This is a solemn discourse, mainly, on what TRINITOLOGY ain't. It is an underwhelming description of the horrors and degradations of what is. You see, we only minutely allow the practice of Trinitology to seep thru. This relates Trinitology to present practice.

NONEITY. This is the lost soul, the broken piece, with no solid rock to cling to-- no certainty, no stable datum. He has no END, purpose goal-- not even a Cause. He is effect, without anything being cause. His only evaluation is in terms of degrees of baadness. His highest misemotion is fear, and from this he drops to grief, shame, apathy---- Their most glorious dramatization is the "freedom from" apostles-- like some of the Beatniks.

ONEITY Herein, the laser beam of a singularity of truth penetrates the darkness. It is as an absolute certainty. This truth becomes a solid rock to which to cling. The ONEITY upon which the fixation occurs is as an absolute truth, as an

ultimate truth. It HAS to be right. Everything within its frame of reference is accorded as holy, sacred-- everything outside its frame of reference is considered to be a lie. Its only basis is authoritarian imposition and affirmed agreement to such.

But, both plausibilities and hallucinations in a dichotomy are at the level of ONEITY. It is not good or bad, it is just limiting. To the degree that one creates, he establishes definition which is a ONEITY. Any bit of knowledge, data, fact, information is a ONEITY. Any singularity of cause/effect is a ONEITY. However, for clarity, reference is herein made only to the ONEITY which is fixed,, limiting, operates on its own mechanical reaction to control us.

Anytime anything imposes itself upon us, and we react, without evaluating, we are at the level of ONEITY. This holds in every case wherein WE COULD NOT DO OTHERWISE, ANY COMPULSION OR INHIBITION.

TWOTITY. The physical universe is a two poled affair. It is dichotomic, very much including good/evil, cause/effect. Herein, interest, aspiration and adventure are obtained by succumbing to the strongest force, calling it "good," and resisting, and/or denying its opposite, calling it some form of "bad." With this motivation, reaction can occur. All of this becomes most solid, as we later rationalize, "I did it. This is my decision!"...and we are really impaled! We become certain!

Of, course, a bit later-- maybe the next, or some future bodytime-- we BALANCE this by doing exactly the opposite. This is called karma by the mystics-- and they worry and worry and worry and worry about it.

As you probably noticed, certainty, as above sought is at the ONEITY level.

Definition: CERTAINTY. (At the ONEITY level) Impalement on the fixed hallucinatory apparency that some solid other-determinism is ultimate truth. That which we identify with, are very "certain" about, owns us. It is cause. We are its effect. This condition is so usual that it is not recognized that it exists. Then, upon the recognition of its existence, it seems--"how else could it be?"

Our only choice ever seems to be between certainty and uncertainty. Ron Hubbard defined uncertainty in terms of the resultant of two certainties. Uncertainty is the basis of confusion, problems. This problem can be "solved" only by taking one of the certainties as "truth" and altering/denying/resisting the other one. With this "solution," we achieve certainty and stability. To the degree that our "truth" coincides with local, present enforcement and agreement, we achieve the psychiatric perfection of being well adjusted and conforming.

PLEASE UNDERSTAND: I AM NOT SAYING THAT THE ABOVE IS BAAAAD. I AM MERELY SAYING THAT IT IS LIMITING. The solids of the physical universe are there because of resistance, denial, agreement and other elements involved in NONETIES, ONEITIES, and TWOTITIES. It is merely that these are not all that is.

The physical universe, our basic play field cannot persist unless it maintains balance. Otherwise, its elements would fly off tangentially. This is a Principle. Wins equal losses. Pains equal pleasures. It has always puzzled me that the mystics always talk as if they are now being good to make up for the baaad they have been. The opposite could just as well be true. I have run several people who were preachers/alcoholics alternately thru a number of lifetimes.

You see, THIS PHYSICAL BALANCING PRINCIPLES DOES NOT HOLD WITH IN OUR OWN SPIRITUAL UNIVERSES-- EXCEPTING TO THE DEGREE THAT WE CONSIDER OURSELVES TO BE A CAUSE/EFFECT, STIMULUS-RESPONSE MECHANISM. This is occurrent to the extent that our motivations are in terms of solids.

So-- a NONEITY IS CONFUSION; A ONEITY IS COMPULSION,INHIBITION; A TWOTITY ISGOOD/BAD, CAUSE/EFFECT DICHOTOMIES, KARMA.

TRINITY. The three letter word EMD is used to represent Spiritual Determination. It most efficiently includes Knowingness, Lookingness, Thought/Evaluation, Emotion as Determination/Decision, Effort/Command. These consummate in true Action(not reaction) which is true Cause. This is Spiritual Operation.

MORE ON SCIOGNOSTICS--

Previous conversation may have suggested that SCIOGNOSTICS included ALL sectarianisms that bloom in the spring tra-la. Not so. For example it does not include Edgar Watson's "New Principles Society." His latest book contains at the beginning some very good material borrowed from Amprinistics. The remainder of the book is spewings from the limitations of his own reactive bank. For example, he leads to represent that all past lives are the result of the suggestion of the auditors of material taken from "History of Man," by L. Ron Hubbard. For the past fifteen years, almost every client I have worked with has gotten Theta-Determined recall of past bodytimes. ONLY ONCE, ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO, DID I CONTACT ANYTHING RESEMBLING ANYTHING FOUND IN "History of Man."

This is an example of what seems to transpire in all great teachings. They strain and pollute the original truths with their own aberrations. This is usually done by lesser force characters. Scn. is a bit unique in that the originator and the polluter are within the same body. A scan over all religious sectarianisms will bear out that of which I speak.

That which is Sciognostics is consistent of those Sectarianisms as original findings which contain viewpoints of Truth which complement all other viewpoints, without contradiction or conflict, and are so without the imposition of a limited frame of reference.

It does seem that the fresh, new looks contain higher orders of relative truth which are complementary to all others. Like, Monica Saxon's simplicity in Dram-anatomy vs the tricky complexities of Yoga practice. Any religious practice, to the degree that it is solid-- that I have looked at up to you-- contains alterations of the founding sectarian truths, lies. They contain beliefs that are found within its local area of agreement, but are not consistent with that which is outside of it.

TALE

The above reference to past bodytimes brings to mind a sequence of incidents.

Way back in ancient times, about 1958, while attending the 21st Scn. "Advanced Clinical Course," I keyed in an horrendous incident, dated 465A.D.

My first recall was of awaking one night, looking out the window, seeing some dark figures prowling around my outbuildings. I grabbed my bow and arrow, let fly. There was a shriek. They left, and I returned to bed. I knew that they were a group of a sort of black brotherhood which inhabited an area some long distance from our town. They would wander around the country side, were mostly scavengers, but had a reputation for stealing most anything.... including children. They always walked single file; one leader and seven dark skeletal sub-human creatures.

Later on, a group of us ambushed and massacred one of these groups of eight. I got full details on this. Still later, I was alone in a forest, taking a noonday nap. I awoke, found myself surrounded by a squad of these black guys. The leader told me that they knew who killed the other squad, etc., that they were going to take me to their headquarters. He seemed so nice and sympathetic.

We walked the rest of that day, slept in the open that night. Beside binding my hands and arms, they had a rope belt around my waist, with four other ropes tied to it. At night, each one of these ropes was tied to one of the seven low lifers.

After a half day's walk the next day, we came to the south shore of The Mediterranean Sea. We walked a half mile or so, and the leader said that we were about there. Now, he had been saccharinly nice to me, telling me how I would enjoy my life with them. He used the word, "love" about every other sentence. The seven others could not talk. They just grunted and hissed, had some sort of a crude language I could not understand. They had an indescribably foul odor about them.

The stone hereabouts was a bright, light yellowish color. Then we came to a place where there was an interrupted stair, and as we went up it, we would come to a trail, and where it was too steep, there would be another crude stairway.

Finally, we reached the top. To the extreme right, at the edge of the precipice, there was a building. To its left, a path running on along the edge. To the left of the path was the cooking area. Eating was apparently done in the open. Then came a path which led up the hill; then the latrine; finally there was a second building at the edge of the valley. Everything was made of this native yellow stone.

A dozen or more of these black cadaverous low lifers moved toward me making their usual guttural cacaphony, and in a threatening manner. Immediately, one of the leaders shouted at them. Immediately, they assumed a grimacing smile and began bowing most benignly.

What appeared to be their leader then emerged from the building, first described, to the extreme right. This appearance was supposed, because he had on the whitest robe. I suspected that he first wore all of the robes. Then they were passed on to the "squad" leaders, looking like a sort of tattle tale gray. The robes of the low lifers were anything from a dark brown to almost black, were tattered.

This white robed figure was full of apologies, embraced me, then escorted me into the building from which he emerged. This was where the leaders lived. He spoke expansively about how I would enjoy my life there, about how they all loved each other in this beautiful brotherhood; about how bad things were in the outside world-- on and on and on--

Then, they brought on "food" and "drink." It seemed that they were, excepting for dire circumstance, carnivorous. The meat was non-descript, and next to rotten. The drink had a foul odor, was fermented.

After I had lost some sensibility from either the alcohol, or something else that they might have put into the drink-- the process of induction began.

They laid me on a slab-table. The head man placed both hands on my forehead. Three of the leaders placed their hands on me, on each side. An eighth one placed his hands on my feet. The leader then incanted a phrase, such as, "We all love you." "No one loves you but us." "It is beautiful here." "It is ugly and painful outside of here." With each single sentence or phrase, the other seven would then repeat it. Then the head man would give another-- on and on and on. I never seemed too pass completely out. If I became too conscious, or struggled in any way, they would give me more to drink.

This continued until early the morning of the second day. I do not recall how these guys relieved each other, on shifts. They then let me get off of the table, allowed me to drink water, revived me.

Later that day, they asked me if I were ready to become one of them. I, of course, knew that I really had no choice. So, they prepared for the rites, but, they

told me, I would not receive my final test for a few days. They proceeded with the ceremony, which seemed to me just a continuation of their incantations, with me affirming everything.

Then, came the blood drinking routine. Each of them scratched his penis with a knife, placed a few drops of blood in a cup. I noticed that the head of each's penis was missing. This made me very nervous. They handed me the cup, and I had to drink it.

Then, came the climax. They brought in a wooden block, placed my penis on it. They then placed a knife at the base of its head, hit the knife with a wooden mallet. The head man then picked up the head, swallowed it with one gulp. They filled the same cup with my blood, and each of the other leaders took a sip.

For the next several days, I was allowed full freedom of their monastery, but I was under constant surveillance. Then, one morning, a squad of low lifers and their leader appeared below us, and started to ascend. Then, I saw that they had someone with them-- a girl.

As they got closer, I recognized the girl was-- my older sister. Now, I knew that I was to be tested, and immediately sensed that this had something to do with it. I had not bought their stuff, was in a state of apathy over the loss of my sexual future, had decided that I had everything to gain and nothing to lose by pretending that I was taken over.

She was, of course, in terror, which was augmented by the low lifer's chortling hissing and poking at her. She looked at me beseechingly, but what could I do? They continued to bedevil her, stripped off her clothes, etc. One of the leaders then told me that they were going to barbecue her.

I had been hoping against hope that this was just an act, that they would let her go if I did not break. They started building the fire. They put her arm on a chopping block. They were going to dismember her alive! I broke, attacked the low lifer with the axe.

They seized me, trussed me, threw me into the basement of the latrine, tied me to an iron ring embedded therein. Finally my sister's screams ceased. Then they brought over her body parts one by one. They did any degrading act they could think of.

I remained down there as a target for a couple of days. Then, they took me out, carried me into the second building-- which housed the sub-humans. Again, they laid me on a slab. I do not recall that they drugged. Perhaps, the shock was sufficient.

This time a leader, at my feet, and seven zombies took over. The leader would shout a debasing negative sentence, such as; "You are the loest of the low!" "You are not fit to live." He would keep shouting the same phrase many, many times. The seven would then try to say it the best they could, would chortle and hiss.

I somehow knew-- and correctly-- that this process was designed to make my body into one of these degenerates. After less than two days of this, I as a Spirit took off, and I feel that a black entity moved in to run the body, and it did become one of the black low lifers.

Shortly after I first contacted this sequence, my left foot began to swell. It kept getting worse, looked like blood poisoning. I finally went to an MD, who diagnosed it as such, gave me aureomycin. It kept getting worse, started to spread up my leg. I could not wear a shoe, went around in a large old soft slipper which I cut up, used a heavy umbrella for a cane.

I was worried. One Friday, I was so sick I had to be dragged in to class. While being audited, I decide to KNOW what was causing this. I got an implant symbol that looked like a round medallion, black with white streaks and splotches. Then,

I remembered the "curse" made by these guys. "If you remember this, you will lose the body that you have at that time." That was sure what was happening!!! Then, I decided to KNOW how this could be thwarted. I got it that if I remembered the exact time that I first recalled the 465 AD sequence-- the whole thing would blow. Using the meter, it was pinpointed to 11:10 PM Jan. 17 1959.

The moment I got that date, all pain left my foot. That foot started to heal as fast as anything could possibly do so. By Sunday, it was healed.

In the past few years, I felt that there was an energy mass by my left ankle. It got most active when I audited Vacuum Cleaning Procedure-- particularly if the preclear got careless about letting guck accumulate on the floor. It kept getting worse. This seemed to invalidate everything I was doing in Vacuum Cleaning Procedure; not, or anyone else, could lift this. I even started to limp a bit.

Several weeks ago, a client with whom I was working said that she had a stuck picture--that is, a mental image picture which persists. She said that it was in an ancient town, and someone she was afraid of was coming toward her. When we broke the stuck picture, and time started to flow, she said there was a group of repulsive people; they grabbed her-- and no one seemed to raise a hand to help her. She told of travelling with them, climbing the stairs of yellow stone, described the layout, about as I described it to you, said that her brother was there, but would not help-- even recognize her. Then she said to me--"You were my brother." She was plenty mad at me until she got to the part where I broke-- and she realized that I, too, was a captive. This was meter dated as 465 AD.

Now, incidently, she ran this without too much discomfort-- because we ran Vacuum Cleaning Procedure on EACH AREA as it was encountered. This is easiest when there is a lot of stone in the environment. I do not make a practice of running incidents-- but do make a practice of having the client contact just enough of them to get a good reality on past bodytimes. Of course, they most certainly would get a lot more reality if I slugged and sloughed them thru incidents, using Dianetic or Scn. procedure-- like I did. Incidently, I had to run mine out thru using training drill commands. I would just answer the auditor's command from the incident, instead of present time. In spite of my mess-- Dr. LRH would not allow the auditor to run it as an engram. My buddy!!

So, just remember that in Vacuum Cleaning Procedure: RUN OUT THE SOLIDS OF THE AREA, THEN ASK THE CLIENT FOR THE CONTENT. That which is usually engrammic just falls apart. Like with my client, as above, it took only one 75 minute session. She started at 2.0 with a free needle, ended at 2.0 with a free needle.

Incidently, that energy mass in front of my left ankle blew when SHE ran this incident. ???? &????? Why? Who cares?

 Within the last eighteen months, I have worked with three different people who had recently used marijuana. These people seem to have considerably less mass about them than the average. I am not ruling out the possibility that narcotics and psychedelics-- like fire, for example-- might have a considerable use, when employed appropriately. It could be that they might make the able more able by temporarily keying out obstructions. It could be that in making obstructions more acute, it merely puts them into direct focus, that they might be handled more cleanly with Vacuum Cleaning Procedure. This is at this time just a suspicion borne, perhaps of incomplete evidence. But, it is worthy of investigation. I do not intend to participate in the use of either: 1. I can mock up the effects at any time, 2. If I did, I might not be thoroly impartial in my observations.

WALTER RUSSELL

About four years ago, I had the opportunity to scan over Walter Russell's book, "The Secret of Light." In the short time, I did not understand too well what he said, but I KNEW that it was right. The book was out of print, and since that thime, I have been looking in vain for another copy. Lao Russell, his widow, who runs his foundation said that they had no intention of reprinting the book, offered me a course for \$100.00. I had heard from a person whose opinion I respected that the course was an alteration of Russell's original teachings-- so I did not accept. Every exponent of every great teaching I ever heard of has done this-- as mentioned earlier in this issue.

Just this week, I finally got access to another copy. I have the text on tape, and have photocopied the complex sketches, which can be traced on stencil. Should Lao Russell persist in refusing to reprint this book, I stand ready to set the text up and mimeo it.

Upon careful reading of this book, I found much of what I have ascertained as being in full alignment with all other truths. That which I have not thorsly looked at, herein, seems to be in full accord...I have Russell's Divine Illiad, vol. I&II. These, also, are becoming scarce--reportedly forsale at Russell Foundation for \$25.00 ea. The last price I got on Secret of Light, used, sold in Hollywood, 2 1/2 years ago, \$62.50. They are reportedly going for several times that amount, now.

If anyone is interestbd in asisting in this project, let me know.

Subscription: \$2/Epoch--13 issues; \$5/eon--51 issues.

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