

CLEAN HANDS MAKE A HAPPY LIFE

For the first time in the soggy stream that's history to the human race, it's possible that happiness exists.

This goal, repeated many times and sought so heavily, has been ungraspable as sun motes, unattainable as a loved one's sigh.

What makes Mankind, basically good beings all, such strangers far to happiness?

The rich man geysers out his wealth. The poor man peers in every crack. But wealth buys nought and crevices are bare. The child hopes he will realize it when grown and, grown, wishes he were happy as a child.

We grasp it but like gossamer, it's nought. We marry a most perfect girl or man and then throughout our lives weep to make the other make us glad.

Often sought, but seldom found, there are no riches, gems or palaces as valued as mere happiness.

But listen! Here is happiness, just at our finger tips, awaiting only magic words "Start Session" to begin its quest.

But like we walk through rain toward a banquet ball, our happiness in processing is gained by passing through the phantom shadows of our "sins".

What has made all Man a pauper in his happiness?

Transgressions against the mores of his race, his group, his family!

We care but little what these mores were or are. It was transgression did the trick.

We agree to fixed moralities and then, unthinking, we transgress, or with "good cause" offend, and there we are, the first dull bars of misery draw stealthily behind us.

And as we wander on, transgressing more, agreeing to new mores and then transgressing those, we come into that sunless place, the prison of our tears and sighs and might-have-beens, unhappiness.

Mutual action is the key to all our overt acts. Agreement to what ought to be and then a shattering of the troth works all the spell that's needed for a recipe of misery.

There must be pain. So we agreed. For pain restrains and warns, shuts off, forbids. But goodness now must then consist of bringing in no pain.

Mutual motion is agreed. And then we disagree and part and so are tied no more—tied not save back there in our minds, with scars of broken faith. The faith we broke, and said it had to be.

We all agree to feel the sun and then protest it burns. We all agree to kiss and love and then are startled that such pain can follow in that wake.

Mutual motion is all right—until we act in cruelty to the rest.

Tied by agreements and co-actions, we dare be cruel to that to which the hard steel clasps of promises have bound us.

And so in being cruel to part of self—extended self as in a couple or a group—we then find pain in self with great surprise.

The overt act sequence is simple now to grasp. The scope is limited. But it began when we first had a cruel impulse to others bound to us by mores or co-acts.

Why does one suffer pain in his own arm when he or she has struck another's limb?

Because the cruel impulse has been a break of bond with others where pledge once lived.

The only overt act that can bring pain to self is that cruel act which then transgresses things to which we had agreed.

Share action with a group or person in your life, agree to mutually survive by some specific code and then be cruel to them and so transgress and you'll have pain.

All Mankind lives and each man strives by codes of conduct mutually agreed. Perhaps these codes are good, perhaps they're bad, it's only evident they're codes. Mores bind the race.

Co-action then occurs. Thought and motion in accord. A oneness then of purpose and survival so results.

But now against that code there is transgression. And so because the code was held, whatever code it was, and Man sought comfort in Man's company, he held back his deed and so entered then the bourne in which no being laughs or has a freedom in his heart.

So down the curtains come across the brightness of the day and dull-faced clouds enmist all pleasant circumstance. For one has evilly transgressed and may not speak of it for fear *all* happiness will die.

And so we shut ourselves from off the light and enter grey-faced gloom. And seal within our deepest vault the reasons why we dare not face our friends.

And afterwards we go on making others guilty with the rest, when like some scrawny scarecrow of a priest whose tattered filthy robes are rough with sacrificial blood, we point the way to hell for those who kill.

And deep within us secret gnawings ache. And then at last we cannot even cry.

The road to hell—Man's very good at painting ugly signs that point its course and way.

The road to heaven—Man's often sent but never yet arrived—more like he found the "other place".

But now a road that's wide has opened up—in Scientology.

The meter and the process check, when done by auditors with skill, can open up transgression's rush and loose a cascade out until hell's spent.

And day will once more have a drop of dew upon the morning rose.

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