

TECHNIQUE 88 AND THE WHOLE TRACK

A lecture given on
26 June 1952.

Ron spends 5 minutes telling audience with great enthusiasm just how terrific Technique 88 is.

Technique 88 is a big technique. It is as big as the whole track and the incidents on it. It's what you apply it to. It's what has been going on. It contains the riddles and secrets of all time. It not only batters the imagination, it makes you ashamed to imagine anything. When we examine Technique 88, we examine whole track. We take up (I am very sorry to say) in it's most sordid & horrible details, such things as power mania, greed, glory, and sex. Particularly sex. Any man permitted to make as much noise as Sigmund Freud, certainly must have had something. He was not un-smart to concentrate on sex. For one thing, it is popular. Of course he was trying to say it was everything, and the main war that they had over his work was everybody jumping up and down saying, "He should have said SOCIAL instead of SEXUAL." Actually, Freud should have kept on saying "sexual", but being born and raised in the conventional atmosphere in which he was, his imagination couldn't get up to the point of, "How sexy can sex get?" Well, that's in 88.

Don't think that sex is all there is in 88. There is everything else in it too. Sex is 1 dynamic in 8. In 88, as you examine it, the riddles, mysteries, and techniques beyond number: of how to make your fellow man miserable, how not to survive, how to be God, how to be a perfect ego-maniac - a technique is in there for everything. That is why it is Technique 88, there is an infinity of techniques inside of 88. These are the techniques (not for application) of being a complete dog. These are the ways by which you make such things as human beings. You can do anything with Tech. 88, because it includes all of the technology of doing anything that man or any other being has ever done. So don't limit yourself when you look at this technique. Don't get small minded about it. I hate petty things, I like them big - lots of space.

Well, you start in with the space of the MEST universe, and then you go on beyond the MEST universe into what you call "Home Universe". Then you go on even beyond that - to the original Body of Theta, and how far it extends is infinity itself. There is an infinity of universes.

It is with considerable reservation that I considered releasing 88 at all. In the first place, it presages at once a more orderly state than man has ever known, and a more chaotic existence than he has ever dreamed of. He doesn't know how bad things have been. Did any of you read "1984" by a fellow named Orwell? Well, he committed suicide. You ought to read that, because it is about 1/1000 as bad as some of the societies that you have lived in. You have lived through that 1984 and it was a mild version of it. There have been societies that have been policed with such thoroughness that the like of it you would never imagine. Police control, methods of police control, political control, methods of this and methods of that, methods for almost anything except how to be free and how to get well. Now we add those in, and that is the second 8 in 88.

Theta impinges itself upon MEST or enturbulates it until it is MEST - withdraws there from (it says in Science of Survival) with what it has learned and attacks again. Men on earth here (most of them) have been 60 trillion years on this track, getting more and more mixed up into MEST. Now, by withdrawing from MEST they take back all they have learned and that is considerable. If they can withdraw from MEST maybe things could go on, with what they have learned. That is fortunately true, that a man will withdraw his theta and still know what he has learned. That is very fortunate, because you poor people would be going through it all over again if you didn't learn a couple of lessons on this track. You can't exaggerate the importance to you as an individual, of knowing how to run anything yourself, because it is your shield. Practically nothing can happen to you, if you can run it out. But you couldn't run

it out before, so when anything happened to you it just kept on pyramiding and getting worse and worse. That's completely aside from the fact that you didn't have any sense at all about what you did. The freedom and abandon with which you got yourself aberrated is just fascinating. You can sit there and just look at what happened to some of these PCs and how they got themselves that way, and the avidity with which they returned back to the source of their aberration again. It's amazing! They didn't know what was aberrating them. They didn't know why things were getting worse. Well, you know why from Technique 88.

I don't mean to tell you that this technique is tremendous, that it is revolutionary, or anything like that. I will simply tell you that it is the doggonedest, hugest, most colossal thing that could have happened to the human race from the beginning of time. Now, how high can you get on the tone scale? Well, you have been experiencing that in theory. You've been saying: "A fellow could go way up there, wouldn't that be wonderful." Well, you can go there now. And from the beginning of your practice of this technique, on through, you are going to find out that you will ascend higher and higher, and higher - and you will say: "This thing is going to end somewhere."

Well, I don't know that it will. That's why it is infinity - infinity. You will get up to a point where you are kind of bored running yourself, and you will probably bog down and get into some adventures of one kind or another. Here is man (homo-sapien) he is sort of staid, he is pretty well used up. Boy, is he in terrible shape. Horrible! But here he is, he got this far on the track. Do you know where some of man is dropping to now? He's not going on the whole track, he's not continuing on the whole track. Some of him is just too bad off, he has taken too much. It is almost an unlimited punishment that a man can sustain. A lot of these people in insane asylums etc. are finishing track right here. So actually you are looking in finite time, to the finish of a lot of people. You see, most of you are Crew One - MEST universe Crew One, and this is the final dumping ground, and Earth is a sort of prison. You have been on the track for about 60 trillion years. You will find other crews (invader forces) mixed up in here. These are designations to which people answer up, by the way, who have been here much shorter periods of time, like 3 trillion years. But, there is always new blood coming into this universe, always new theta coming in, new theta beings coming in. And gradually the old timers train people, they have been here and done everything, they have seen everything, they have been booted around, they have ruled everything there is, and they have been made into every variety of slave known. They finally get clear on out and they can get so bad off that they get sent to earth, which is the logical place you'd go to bail out and turn the track back. The logical place to head would be the worst place there is, and this place is pretty bad. You will think so when you start running PCs on the whole track. I don't wish to exaggerate this technique - you can't!

You have seen people getting 200 hours, 500 hours of processing and not changing very much. They are happier, easier to live with, more confident, getting rid of their psychosomatics, and so forth, but to date no one has suddenly grown wings on his heels. You haven't seen anybody walking down the street with a foot-diameter glow around his head. And when you are sitting in a room with a lot of people and you have an ash tray to the right of you, you are accustomed to somebody getting up, picking up the ash tray, and carrying it to where they are sitting - if the ash tray is going to move. In other words, these conservative things are what you expect to go on. If you want to go downtown, you ordinarily transportation. If you have a fight with somebody - well, you go poke them in the nose, or you go to the law about the thing. Not many changes.

The tolerance band of man right now is practically the tolerance band of what velocity can his body stand, what altitude or depth can he reach and still breathe, and what temperatures can he stand? It is a very narrow tolerance band. He can only go up about 15 or 16,000 feet and still breathe. He can only go down a few hundred feet and still breathe. He can't stand much temperature. His tolerance band of temperature (if he didn't have any clothing) would be somewhere between 60° and 90° F. or something like that if he didn't have clothing and shelter. It is very narrow. In other words, in the complete belief that you are a MEST body and nothing else, you are living the narrowest, most limited, possible existence. Here is this

little and narrow band of the mest body. Well, that is not very adventurous. Supposing you just doubled this tolerance band - suppose you could live at 26,000 feet, and suppose you could live 100 feet deep in the sea? And suppose you could live at 120° or at 32° F. Do you see how much would open up there? If you could go 3 or 4 days without eating, and without experiencing grave discomfort. You see again that things would get looser. If it was just a little more difficult for the police to lay their hands on you, life could get a little more adventurous. If you needed much less MEST to along on, or suppose you didn't have to work? That would be unimaginable. You might say that everything would collapse. Actually, if everybody stayed at the same point on the tone scale and nobody worked, everything would collapse - that is perfectly true. But supposing we got smart enough and clever enough that things ran on just beautifully, and nobody did very much work? Well, it's hard to think about it, because that sort of situation hasn't existed.

Social reform takes place when workable changes of considerable magnitude occur in the technology of any society. Social reforms follow those changes. If we should suddenly launch into the society a few electronic devices (not before known) we would change the social structure. Supposing you could change the mind of man or his state of being, you would get a changed society.

All sorts of societies have existed in the past, descending the tone scale. Now actually earth is not doing too badly. I didn't mean to malign people, but - What was that old British regiment, "The Incorrighibles" or "The Indestructibles", or something of the sort? That title is very descriptive of man. He comes about as close to being indestructible as you can get. He must be, because of what he has experienced in the past. Right now he has a nice, even, level, society, and he is forming into a nice economic static. Things are going on, people work from 9 to 5, things work out, it's not too much of a struggle to live, and the wild beasts of earth are tamed. In other words - Boy! Is this dull.

You start throwing in a few electronic changes (the atom bomb is no trick) but you start throwing in a few honest to goodness electronic changes into this society, and it's social structure would change immediately. Supposing you could throw-in a social change directly; by changing the minds of a few or many to a point where they work very very fast with their reason, to where they were very very quick, and very hard to get hold of? If that sort of thing happened, this society would go bzzzzt- bing - in all directions, like a watch that has been wound too tight. So, we aren't trying to shatter this civilization. This civilization is in a static, and actually is on a decline, whether or not you have noticed it. We are not giving you techniques because this society has to be changed, or because it would do any good to change this society or to change earth. There is only one reason to give you a flock of techniques. Just one reason to give you this information and this knowledge. Just for randomness! (laughter)

So, let's not be mockish about it, optimum randomness hasn't been attained by a long ways.

There is a distinct possibility that many of you will not care to stay on earth.

There is a distinct possibility that some of you will make earth so horrible that nobody would stay on it even if you hired them. And there is a distinct possibility that this will run along so far, and then some of you will decide that it's gone far enough and all of the books will get burned. I don't think that one will happen, because man is basically good - within his limits and viewpoint. But when he didn't consider himself the same as other beings (right now he butchers cattle doesn't he?) well, he considers that a good action. Once upon a time he butchered human beings, and considered that was a good action too. He was way up the tone scale from them. There isn't a one of you that hasn't been so far up the tone scale that if you were to walk in and look at yourself right now, you would say: "Well, where have I wound up?" You would probably be highly offended if all the others didn't immediately get up and start bowing to you or something - "What's the matter here, have I slipped?" The young are rather subject to ego-mania along this line - they consider themselves above lesser beasts, and

they have no concept at all of what you were, where you were, what you were doing, or what you were capable of.

As you come along the track and down the tone scale (you can say either one, they are synonymous) stage by stage and step by step, you got into trouble only because you didn't know the next trap. So, you walked from one trap to the next, and you made each trap in turn - made them for yourself to fall into. There isn't any "they", nobody did it to you. It's just the inevitable consequence of living in the MEST universe, because the MEST universe contains facsimiles. A being in the MEST universe accumulates facsimiles, and after he has accumulated so many facsimiles, he then has too many facsimiles. That is all there is to it. Simple!

When he started making a specialty out of having facsimiles and said: "Having facsimiles and reasoning are exactly the same thing," that is when he got into real trouble, because he started cherishing his facsimiles. When he thought, "My identity is only the identity of my memories," he said: "I am my environment." You see if he says: "My only identity is my personal memory of my past," that is synonymous with saying: "my identity is pictures of my environment - I am my environment." That is just not true. In other words, there are a lot of misconceptions, and one of them is that a mest body is alive. That's a wonderful misconception. Another one is that somebody can come along and take over a mest body. That the mest body is sort of there, existing, living, and that you can come along and take over this mest body and there won't be any other Theta being present. Oh yeh! That is a big mistake, a really grim mistake actually. You got into more confusion with that one than anything I know of. Then there's being unaware of the motivator - overt act and ded sequences, being unaware of this mirror action (where you get mad at somebody and they get mad at you), glare fights, and things like that. The wild abandon with which the youth of man was wasted, and his fantastic ability to recover are both very remarkable and very apparent.

I described in an earlier talk, the first building blocks: illusion becomes reality, and then reality gets handled in certain ways. Then we started through a series of finite incidents. The first incident, "Separation from Theta" is simple and easy to run. The fellow feels like he has been kicked out, he's just been separated, he's individual now, he feels he has been rejected - it's basic on the rejection chain. He goes along for a while and he runs into the Home Universe - he starts thinking up a universe of his own. He has other beings; they co-operate with him. Then there is a peculiar incident where the Home Universe gets all overgrown with mold. That is the encroachment of the MEST Universe. All of a sudden one day, the expanding MEST Universe ran into what you had and absorbed it. It absorbed it in some horrible, peculiar, and grim fashion. You will find the individual suddenly being frozen dead-still, and other things happening to him. He can't explain it, and you will find it in every PCs bank. He will wonder if he could find out the secret of the MEST Universe and so forth. He doesn't. He goes on from there.

After a while he learns how to float free and he runs into an incident you might call "The Bubble Gum" - these are just some of them. The Bubble Gum: it feels like bubble gum, that is why you call it the Bubble Gum Incident. You could just as well call it "The Fly Trap", because every time he pushes against it, it pushes back. It finally gives him an obsession about motion, and somebody picks him out of it. That is the first incident on the track that has any words in it. It is usually the last incident on the track of any magnitude that has any words in it, for millions of years afterward. It sits there all by itself. It is a verbal implant, a thought implant. A person becomes obsessed with returning motion in that incident, the bubble gum incident. Every time he pushes it, it pushes him: push-push, bang-bang, crush-crush; he becomes very obsessed by it. These are electronic incidents. You couldn't run an electronic incident (I don't think) without knowing how to run attention units. So, there is where attention unit running is not just important, it's all there is right now, because the incidents are very heavy. You run electronic fields and that sort of thing. Actually, what is your identity at the time it is happening? A field, sort of.

Well, there are various adventures after the Bubble Gum: You usually get pulled out of the Bubble Gum and there is a saccharin-sweet sort of a Universe, just on the borderline of this universe, and everybody is so sweet to you. If you can just imagine some nice dear old lady who has organized every single church bazaar in her home town - well, that is the one that greets you as you come out of the Bubble Gum. You find yourself rather nonplused as to how you got there, and they say: "Now dear, I'm sure you will be happy here, everybody just loves you here." You get a lot of enforced ARC, and of course that doesn't last at all. You get tired of that after a while, and you go out looking for more randomness. Well, along there someplace you start running into other beings. By the way, you are liable to become an angel or something of the sort along about that area. We call that area, "The Dear Souls Area" The dear old souls, they educate you to be religious, and to love thy neighbor, and everything else - this is billions of years ago, trillions of years ago, there's nothing very new about it - this has been a standard routine. It's like Fink's Mules. Any vaudeville show that was any good (on the old Fantasia Circuit) it ended with Fink's Mules.

You will find out that everytime things got boring on the time track some place or other, somebody winds up with a religious act. All of a sudden everybody gets gets religion, and then everybody doesn't get religion, and then everybody goes out and shoots everybody, and then everybody burns everybody, and then they all go helling around and decide there is no God. The first thing you know things quiet down, and then you go on with the usual randomness of fights and that sort of thing. Then all of a sudden one day somebody comes along with a new religious implant - a new Fac. One - stirs it all up again, everybody gets very religious, they get very devout, they find a new God, they rush off to a new temple, everybody is helping everybody else, and then they find out that this is no good at all, and it all blows up. They burn all the nuns, they smash all the temples down, execute all the priests, ruin all the vestal virgins in the only way you can ruin a vestal virgin (laughter), and so forth. I'll just leave out all the religious sequences, and we will take it for granted they just keep occurring.

All right, about the time you leave "The Dear Souls Area", you probably think of yourself as an angel or something, flying around. By the way, the air-war pictures that you saw in this life, usually restimulated these angel sequences. You know, the Fokker is there and he is on the tail of a Spad, and the Fokkers' machine guns go "chak, chak, chak," and down goes the Spad, or something of the sort. That is kind of the way it was with angels. (laughter) You are hanging around, sailing in the blue, and all of a sudden you see another angel, and you start a Glare Fight. Then you get a whole sequence of glare fights, and they are the doggonedest things. The glare fight mechanics are very simple, very simple mechanics. You glare and they return your glare, but if you glared first, the chances are you won - but if you didn't glare first, you didn't win. Because the simple physical arrangement of energy is that if they got in the first glare, you after that were adding your glares to their glares, and they were both coming back and hitting you. And you would generally glare your- self at them, and with their glares coming in, would just glare yourself down into apathy. After that, they would say: "Heh, Heh, Heh," and you would crash. You will find glare fights by the thousands usually, lots of glare fights, and not many of them were important to you. Maybe just 20 or 30 of them, something like that.

But, more important than glare fights were the times when they decided that you shouldn't be running around loose, or you decided that they shouldn't be running around loose. You will find yourself doing both.

And there is a sequence of Theta Traps. A theta trap is very interesting. It is usually a post sitting on a planet, or sitting out in space, or it's sitting some place or other. All it is, is a post with a field, and a fellow comes near this field (and he doesn't have a body up to this time, he is perfectly happy in other words - though he has a personality, and he knows he is he, and he has lots of fun and that sort of thing, but he doesn't have a body, that's later, right after he hits the theta trap) so, he hits the theta trap and it sort of brings him in - shlooop- like soup off a hot spoon, and he hits it, and he fights it. Actually he thinks it is building things up on him; the actuality is that he is building attention units up on it. It fights him with fields

(conflicting fields, one way or the other) and he will spread himself around until he becomes more or less a globe. He is trying to suppress this energy. He is just being beaten to pieces by energy, that's all - energy fields. They are hitting him harder and harder, and he piles up attention units and attention units, more and more. Then somebody comes out and gets him and puts him in another field for a couple of minutes - lots of fun - and when he gets through, he has built a body. Of course it's a body that doesn't move, it's just sort of a lump of flesh. They have to come along and shoot him where he is supposed to have joints. They fix him up real good. Fortunately it is just an engram.

He goes along for a few centuries or a few thousand years with a body, because the second they give you a body they can make you a slave laborer, see? That is the way you get a laborer. You put up a trap and you catch somebody, you make them build a body, you put a pick or shovel in their hands, and you figure some method to control them. You make them come back to this place everytime they die for instance, to give them a new body. You do various tricks to keep them in circulation, any way to control them. Societies - push button societies- where you are all triggered up, you go to work every morning, you go to sleep every night, done by rays that hit the whole area. Somebody pushes a button, that's recreation time - everybody feels happy and they go out and recreate (laughter), somebody else pushes a button, that's sleep time and everybody goes to sleep. Somebody else pushes a button and this is when you eat, so you get hungry.

Dale was telling me about one where they had a big tower in the place, and anytime anyone had a contra-survival thought a bell rang, and something was done about the contra-survival thought right at the moment. Oh, it was really rigged up, a nice thorough civilization that was very heavily policed. There is a good reason why it was heavily policed, because the people they had were pretty wild. Well, there is a whole series of sequences on the track where you have been in a body, then somebody comes along and the civilization got destroyed or something of the sort, and you all of a sudden found yourself without a body and remembered who you were or something like that. You developed a new life and everything was happy and gay for a long time - 4 or 5 million years. Then you hit another theta trap.

There is also a sequence where a bunch of beings without bodies will suddenly come along and see you working there "Poor Fellow" and take a sort of fancy to you. They all stare at you, and they sort of go POW, and there you are free. Now that is not the rule, but it did happen quite often.

In other words, you go through a whole string of civilizations - like Arclycus, and each one of them is named. You have been through the same locals. You have known each other before, because most of you are invader force "Crew One", and went pretty well over the same track and have had remarkably similar adventures. There are about 10 of these societies where you get caught up and used as laborers, and you go along for a long time as a laborer or a slave "the like of which you have never heard of." Being fed as a slave - they open your mouth, take a squirt-gun and shoot cold grits into your stomach. That feeds you for 6 weeks, that's typical, and that's why some people don't like cold grits. Some of those societies are so static - that is to say, the routine is over and over and over, that you will find that the fellow lives through 10 or 12,000 years as just one lifetime. And it's just ghastly. He gets all the way through this lifetime doing the same thing, and then when he finishes up, he dies. You see, they have kept a little piece of his body and they agitate the cells of it so it hurts him (he is convinced that if they do this it will hurt him) and he will report back. So, he reports back. He has just died and they pick him up on one of these theta traps (because he has form and shape) and give him a new body. He sticks with this new body (this is /Arclycus, by the way) and they say: "This is number 7862, he is a glazier. There you are, you are fully trained as a glazier. You don't even have to go back to school. So, you go on glazing, and then one day the scaffold breaks, or you say something to the foreman, because you've decided chat you're finished with this glazing. You say: "I won't do another tap." They say: "Bang" and you explode - they blow you up or something of the sort, because you mutinied. So you wind yourself back up and they say: "This is number 7862, he's a glazier." They put you in a body,

the body grows up rapidly, and you go out Glazing! Try that for 50 or 100 consecutive lifetimes, or 2000 consecutive lifetimes, you get tired of it after a while.

It's no wonder you want to be able to shift your identity every time you die. You come up kind of alertly one day when you are 2 years old and you say: "Try, try and tell me that I'm a glazier. Nope! I'm just me, I've never lived before, you can't put me to work." Actually with most people, that is the big break-point. Somebody tries to put them to work. They say: "No!" because they have it all mixed up on the track with complete slave labor. It's the darndest thing. You will see the confoundest contraptions and some of the most wonderful architecture, the most wonderful gimmicks and electronic processes, painting and glazing processes, artistry, statuary, methods of travel, and everything else on the track that you ever dreamed of. Boy, they are all there. You won't find them out of just one PC who is hallucinating. Oh no, don't get this mixed up with hallucination. You could take the same electronic formulas out of 3 widely separated PCs, and they would be electronic formulas that would make Einstein say: "Huh? I didn't know it had been solved." It's been solved for the past 3 trillion years.

You see, we have known in the MEST Universe and the knowledge has been there for an awfully long time. Why? Because you could observe it empirically. People who were coming along the track could observe what was actually happening all the way along the track, and the knowledge would just keep adding up into the culture, but it would get destroyed here and there in fragments.

So, not wanting to work, of course you would like to forget. That is one of the reasons you forgot past lives. Kind of silly! A lot of that stuff is hung up on that place called Arclycus. There are 10 like Arclycus on the track. There is a whole space-opera sequence (10 or 12 million years it will be) in the lifetime of one individual here and there. Not everybody has been through space. This is a rare one. This is only the bums, the tramps, the scum of the society. (laughter) By the way, nobody likes spacemen while they are spacemen. They really don't like them, because they never have any home. You see, it takes too long to voyage from here to there (a galaxy apart or something of the sort) and by the time they get to this new galaxy they don't settle down or anything like that. They arrive someplace and there they are; they take off from there and they go someplace else. There are regular runs inside one system, and they will shuttle back and forth. Then one day they will get tired of this, and some hot bos'n or something of the sort will throw up a mutiny and kill all the officers - or the officers will have a mutiny and kill all the bos'ns, and boy, you certainly can get lost out in the universe. There is nothing easier to pull off than a mutiny, and go sailing off someplace and make your own law. There's plenty of planets, lots of space, and not very much law to go with it. Wonderful!

Sometimes you will find a person on this line who has been a galactic police officer or a well trained system police officer. He is supposed to look after this sort of thing. The most novel and wonderful police methods you have ever encountered, you will find there.

What happened to spacemen? to get back on the subject. For I'm sorry to say, you are going to have to resolve some of these spacemen cases. You will probably be perfectly conversant with this sort of thing after a while. Wild as it sounds for me to be standing here and telling you nonchalantly that about 12 million years ago- be perfectly conversant with this sort of thing after a while. Wild as it sounds for me to be standing here and telling you nonchalantly that about 12 million years ago- There are probably 2 or 3 people here in this room (about 80 people present) who 10 or 12 million years ago were sailing around, and there is at least 1 person in this room who has blown up a planet and killed everybody on it. That's a fact. You needn't laugh so hard. (addressed to that person)

Your spaceman, because of the liability of such freedom of motion, was quite ordinarily drugged into his passage. So he would come off one space-wagon, the Boasarius 16 or something of the sort. He would walk off this space-can and turn himself in and go on a wild drunk and shoot up the town, and get into trouble with the police. The inhabitants would

throw him out and so he would walk back out to the space port, take a look at the gangplank and walk up the gangway. The Medical Officer on the thing says: "Step this way," and he steps into a cabinet or lies down in a bunk. Quite ordinarily the space ships' bunks were equipped this way - he would lie down in the bunk and a gong or something would ring and he would go out like a light. He would get an implant saying: "There is a barrier between you and your officers," or "There is a barrier between you and the men," for they did it to the officers too. The recruits' implant went on to say: "There is a barrier between you and your officers, you shall not attack officers, you must obey officers, you must obey petty officers, you are loyal and faithful to the good ship Belasatius 16." Of course this gets tangled up after a while, because there was the Belasarius 14, the Arcton 18, the Graviton 14, and the XL 394, and there is this one, and there is that one, and there are ships, ships, and ships. Every time he reported aboard for a new cruise he got an implant, and it gets boresome after a while.

These implants only ball up on the track by the way, when he started in giving his men implants, or something of the sort - an overt act. Otherwise these things are sleepers; they audit out rather rapidly and easily. They were implanted only to trigger in case he mutinied on that ship, and sure enough, they didn't trigger otherwise. You will find on the space-opera chain a number of accidents. When a space ship hits atmosphere, believe me, it burns. You don't get many crashes with space ships, but you sure get a lot of cremations. Did you ever see a meteor hit the atmosphere up here? It burns, doesn't it? Well, a space ship burns the same way; the skin gets hot, hotter, and hotter and pfst- everybody is gone. Now sometimes you will find some spaceman that was riding a series of controls when the ship was getting hotter and hotter, and he is trying to stop the speed of the ship, and then all of a sudden he is gone. He will hang up in that incident. You can't audit anything else on the track until you get that incident. He is trying to stop all motion there, and it's hot, and a lot of other things.

There are other things that happen. He runs into a shower of meteorites, he goes of f course or something like that. He leaves an Ensign navigating on the bridge, and all of a sudden there he is in his bunk and he hears "Clang, clang, clang," as the meteor alarm gongs. He no more than gets up and the meteors come through the bulk head, and go by the door as he starts to grab for his cap, all of a sudden he is in empty space and a couple of meteors cut him in half and pfst - he's gone. It's not a comfortable death. It's surprising too, because it happens so fast. In other words, there are all sorts of cataclysms. Now on some of these space-opera lines, you will find guys getting trapped on heavy gravity planets, or marooned, and that is a serious one very often, because they will spend the rest of their lifetime trying to get off of it. They will go on for lives and it will crop up later on. They will think of being in some place and it's horrible to them. If that has happened to anybody (of course, when they died they generally reported back to head-quarters) but by that time, by the time space-opera came along for most people, they were totally accustomed to forgetting the last life. That was a good solution no one could put them to work glazing anymore. Well now, as wild as all of this sounds - I'm talking not so much romance as I am auditing. You had certainly better be prepared to audit this stuff, because you can avoid it, but you'll also avoid the PC.

Now, there's all sorts of weird ones in space-opera. Normally you don't find very many incidents hanging up. In a space of millions of years there's only 2 or 3 incidents serious enough to ball up into "maybes." You will find each one, is one of these maybes as described in Technique 80, if they are hanging up. All right, all of this is just garden variety incident - mild, simple incidents.

We get a little more complex when we start getting "Double-Track Incidents." A guy has a body here (a), and they hypnotize him and put him under an electronic field here (a), and tell him he is here (b). So he departs (most of him) from here (a) and being under control of the people here (a), and he starts living a life with a MEST body here (b). See, the MEST body is not important, he is not his MEST body anyhow. So, he starts here at (a) - they take him, hypnotize him, and shoot him over here to (b) and he goes on living here at (b), but he is also living here (a) at the same time. In other words, he goes along on one time track (he thinks he is all there and that he's completely alive there) and then one day he dies there - and he wakes up in the other place, because that is what he is triggered to do, "The second you die,

you come back here.” And some of his attention units are still with that other body. A wonderful mechanism for getting back theta bodies, because they are hard to trap. They give a person an implant, “You are supposed to so and so. You are supposed to do such and such, and so on,” and there he goes. That is going on right now, and there is a sequence running right now. There are 4 of them that I know of, that affect earth.

This is a political football, anyone that wants to get anything done here on earth; land on earth? Do you think they're crazy? It takes a brave man to come down through the atmosphere and land here on earth, because this is a ... this is a psycho-ward. People wonder why the flying saucers never hang around and say hello! They don't know what you're going to do, and they're not interested. But political maneuvering goes on via earth. It's an unfortunate fact that this is true, because they are rough incidents to run since your PC protests and says, “I'm here,” when he is actually there. Only when he has run out a couple of deaths of the other body on Mars ... you see, that other body will go on along preserved more or less in a field for maybe 4 or 5,000 years, getting along just fine. He returns back, he comes back here, he goes back there, he comes back here, he goes back there (and they run a certain kind of incident that makes him somebody else) and he comes back here. Everytime he dies on earth he just reports back there automatically, gets a new set of orders and it goes along just wonderfully until one day he dies up there, and when he goes back --- “he is gone,” and they promised him faithfully that he would still be there. This upsets him and he goes and sees psychiatrists, and so forth down here. He wants to know what happened, and they shoot him with a new electronic field, and that does not help him. He gets awfully confused. Well, there are evidently other spots in the solar system that are picked up this way, and used as monitors this way. It is a wonderful game. It's actually a sort of chess game that people play. You are the pawns, and once upon a time you played this chess game and somebody else was the pawn. It's - body- body, - where's my body now? You run into this one with a PC, and he gets to be a very confused guy.

All this is going to be covered in “What to Audit” (now known as “History of Man”) in complete detail. I don't plead with you to credit this material. All I ask you to do is to run it on somebody. If you don't audit this stuff you aren't going to get well PCs, because it is all there.

There is one rather famous case in Dianetics which had a considerable lot of trouble. This person, as far as one-life auditing could do, was clear - as far as one life was concerned, but she is still crippled, still on crutches. She had polio at the age of two, and had had it for 35 years. She had a chronic back somatic which no one would spot, and she didn't believe in past lives. She couldn't credit past lives. Nobody could unravel this case, so I put her on an E-meter one night and audited her for about 5 or 6 hours. This character was, in 1851 on the Jersey Coast, in the surf. Hitting the surf evidently shattered a vertebra, knocked her down in the surf, almost drowned, and woke up in an insane asylum at that instant on another solar planet. At that point she was of course grabbed by the attendant, because she said, “I'm drowning,” and he said: “Forget it,” and patted her on the head. She goes on living there very puzzled, but feeling very apathetic. She knows she has been there for about 10,000 years - but can't figure out why. She kicks off a few days later there, wakes up on earth and tries to tell the doctor, “I know something, and I died somewhere,” and is afraid to tell the doctor. She tries to tell her husband and nobody understands her, and she goes on rather miserably, a cripple the rest of that life, and holding on to this big maybe. She came along evidently and lived a life or two that was OK, and then came along in this life where at age two she got polio, and it all banged in (keyed-in).

What do we have? WE have a horrible incident, we have two time tracks, that is to say: they are the same time track, but there are two bodies running on the same time track with two sets of somatics at the same time. The person can't find out which time track, which somatics, or anything, and they don't know where they are, or anything else. She not only (you see, what made that one tough) she not only was in a past life, but she was on two time tracks. Nobody could solve this case, and she has been audited by the best. Well, the back somatic went, the physical aspect of the case changed enormously, and only on about 5

hours of auditing on this incident. That's all, no reality on the incident, wouldn't believe it, wouldn't credit it, run exclusively and wholly on the auditor beating her through, according to the data he found on the E-meter. The data he found on the E-meter only, read the surges - she would not even answer properly, but she would audit this stuff when it was demanded of her, when she was pushed through, banged through, and crowded through the incident. She came out of it at the other end, and ran a grief charge on the collapse of the home universe. She wouldn't credit that either. In other words, she is still held seriously in heavy heavy field incidents which hold her invalidated - hold her belief low.

Well, the auditor (in this case: Me) didn't bother to worry about whether she believed it or not. I banged her through, booted her through, kicked her through, and drowned her a few times. She came up at the other end, she hasn't had that back somatic since, and it's been months - and it had troubled her all of her life. It is quite important then. Did I find her . . . she was telling me: "It's this incident, it's that incident, it's some other incident, I'm worrying about this," and everytime she would say: "I'm so worried about X," the E-meter just sat there. And "I'm so concerned about something else," the E-meter just sat there. "Did you ever live before?" Bang! "is the incident we are looking for a past life?" Bang! "Well, I am very very worried about this (something in present time life)." The E-meter just sat there. "What is the approximate date of the accident that caused the back injury? Is it after 1850?" Bang! "Is it after 1860? Is it less than 1855?" Bang! "Is it 1854? 53? 52? 51? Bang! "OK, where did this take place? United States?" Bang! "Eastern Seaboard?" Bang! "Where were you at this time? Inside? Outside?" Bang! I was just locating her, and she was all this time talking about other things, and I just went ahead. "Did you suddenly wake up on some other planet when you thought you had drowned on this one?" Bang! "Well, I tell you, it isn't anything like this at all. I was on a horse not two weeks ago . . . I was on this horse and the horse fell over with me and I hurt my back then - that's when this thing keyed-in." "All right, now what other planet was it?" In other words, it was just as though the PC might as well have been talking to a guy here, and I was talking to somebody else there. Interesting- and by the way, a very sweet girl, but I got a big kick out of the fact of the difference it made in her case. I don't know whether she believes in past lives yet or not. You see, that's beside the point!

Where did any of you - or where did any human being get such a phobia in what's the difference in what who believes? You see, you are trying to be Cause - all right, make an Effect. What's the reaction? You don't care whether this person likes you for it, dislikes you for it, or believes you, invalidates you, or anything else . . . IF YOU CARE, YOU ARE NOT CAUSE - YOU ARE BEING AN EFFECT. You just want to make an effect over here - you are causing an effect and you want their somatics to relieve. So, you just do it, and relieve their somatics. That's all there is to it, simple and effective. If you go at it with that attitude you will run it all right. Now, this double track sequence didn't just take place here in this solar system. You will find it to some degree, going on in Arclycus, which is the first one - and there it's a piece of meat they are holding. They made an operation and they took some living cells of you, and like Alexis Carrol's little gadget that keeps the chicken-heart cells alive, they keep these cells alive. They are there on that time track, and you are another place on that time track. They can whistle you home with these cells. So, anytime you get out of line, they can really fix your clock. You start to sass somebody, or not do something you are told and so forth, and you get the doggondest pain. Psychiatry, with the prefrontal lobotomy is merely dramatizing this one. They are cutting slices out of the frontal lobe. They very often did that in Arclycus.

Here then is a large category of incidents - some of them baffling, some of them more or less ready, but you will find up to this moment that the most baffling incident is this double track incident, and the entity situation. You will find people who think they are several other people and they will shift around, person to person. What happens here is that you have 4 or 5 bodies held in 4 or 5 places, and they are shot at you. The people who are these bodies can be shot at you, or included in with you, or you can merely be made to believe that you have all these people with you, or you have been these people in the past, and you think they are happening all at once; that is, you died in 5 different lives and you think those 5 different

deaths are all there together. You can get this all balled up. You can ask people: "Is the left side of you a woman? is the right side of you a man? etc." and get these replies - Entities.

It's a confused picture for this reason only. There are a tremendous number of variations of what is happening. In the first place, your Theta Body can be softened up in various places by electronic fields which makes it possible then for people to implant in these areas various new personalities, and when you are a bad boy with one personality, you've got a something in there that will trigger you into the new personality - that's all. They certainly can play "Strauss" or "Monkey Doodle" on you. Anybody can, if they have a few tricks up their sleeves. I'm not even asking you to follow this Entity Situation, because it is not very important.

There are incidents there of great complexity apparently, they make you do this, they make you do that, etc., over the humps, but you don't have to worry about them. You had better know what they are, but I can better write that down and give you as complete a list as I have and keep it up to date, than to stand here and tell you the anatomy of each one of these incidents- They are fascinating: what you have done, and what you have been, what you have done to others, and what they have done to you. The times when you were the proud conqueror walking across the face of planets and space, and when you were a mean, humble, no good, lousy slave being walked across the face of. It's an up and down, roller-coaster proposition. That you are here at all is wonderful to behold.

All that is of course very fascinating, very fascinating! But what is much more fascinating of course is sex, because Freud was right- We have to know quite a bit more about the anatomy of the theta body before we can understand why sex (of all things) was the stuff- The subject of theta bodies - in several different ways, in several different directions, is what I am going to give you now as a sort of summary so that you know what to expect, and then we will expand it.