

## AUDITING DEMONSTRATION

Session with Mrs. White  
7 June 1950

### Bringing Preclear to Present Time

In a diagnosis when you're going through a case, if you strike a moment of pain you can't handle right away, immediately bring the patient up to a point when he is all well, and then firmly establish him in that moment. The purpose of this is to digest the track again.

Don't do what a man did recently. He sent his wife back to the time when she had measles and then said, "Well, that's very interesting. Now come up to present time." Two days later she was covered with spots and went to the doctor to find out what was wrong with her.

And the doctor said, "Well, this is a strange case of measles, because there's no respiratory infection, but these are undoubtedly measles spots."

Of course, in three or four days they were all gone again when the engram destimulated. But if he had used amnesia trance or narcosynthesis on her and gone through this measles incident just once, it would have stayed there and then the person would have been sick with measles. It really would have keyed in.

You don't do this with reverie. The person is perfectly well aware of you. The worst you will get by yanking a person out of an engram straight on up the line and bringing the engram up to present time is some slight kickback on the person. But by leaving the incident on the track and bringing the person forward to a day or so after he is well, you firmly establish him as being well in present time.

That is a caution that is not much stressed in the Handbook, because here was a man who read the Handbook and gave his wife a case of "measles." These things are not serious, but they have to do with the comfort of the patient.

LRH: Close your eyes. Now any time in the future that I say the word canceled, whatever I've said to you while you're lying here with your eyes closed will be canceled and will become null and void and unaberrative. Okay?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: All right. Let's go back to the time when you won a fight with your husband.

PC: Hm. Never did.

LRH: Ah, yeah? (laughs) Well, let's see if we can contact a moment you did.

PC: Let's see.

LRH: See if we can contact the moment when you won a fight with him. (pause) What are you contacting?

PC: I'm not contacting anything. I'm just trying to think of a fight we had.

LRH: All right. Trying to think of a fight.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: All right. Let's go back to the time when you get a brand new dress. A beauty.

PC: Yes.

LRH: Now, let's take a look at it.

PC: Yes.

LRH: What color is it?

PC: Navy blue.

LRH: How does it smell?

PC: Smell ?

LRH: Yes, just smell it. Take a look at it and smell it.

PC: Hm, it has a smell. It smells like rayon.

LRH: Smells like rayon.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Well, how does the dress look?

PC: Looks lovely.

LRH: How does it sound when you handle it?

PC: A little crisp.

LRH: Hm-hm. And who's there with you?

PC: Henry.

LRH: Hm-hm. And what's he saying about it?

PC: He says it's all right.

LRH: Aha.

PC: A little surprised, but very nice.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Because it's a two-piece and it has a sailor collar on it which should make me look very wide on top but somehow manages to make me look nice, which is just what I thought.

LRH: Aha. So he's in perfect agreement with this. How does he look when he's talking to you?

PC: He's smiling.

LRH: Okay. Let's go back to the time when you're having a dinner party.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: All right. Who's there?

PC: Hm....

LRH: Let's take a look at them. Just take a look at them.

PC: I see them.

LRH: What are they saying?

PC: All kinds of nice things.

LRH: All right. Let's pick up the nicest thing you hear there.

PC: You mean the nicest thing somebody's saying?

LRH: Yes.

PC: That is a very smart little girl.

LRH: Okay. Let's go over that.

PC: That is a very smart little girl.

LRH: Who is saying it?

PC: The piano teacher.

LRH: Oh? Now what's being said?

PC: That is a very smart little girl. Very unusual, very quick.

LRH: You feel good about this?

PC: Sure.

LRH: Oh, fine. Fine. Well, let's go back to the first day you go to school.

PC: (breathes in) Hm-hm.

LRH: The first day you go to school.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Now let's get the moment there. Did your mother take you to school?

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right. Let's pick up the moment when she's leaving you in school.

PC: Hm. Perfectly all right.

LRH: All right. How does she look? What's the last thing she says?

PC: My mother?

LRH: Yeah.

PC: I don't remember.

LRH: Oh, let's try and take a look at her.

PC: I don't even see her very well. I don't see her at all as a matter of fact. I guess she didn't take us to school, although she must have.

LRH: All right.

PC: My brother and I went together.

LRH: At the same moment?

PC: Yes, holding hands.

LRH: Aha.

PC: As far as I know she brought me in, yes. She had an argument because they didn't put my brother and me in the same room. They insisted on putting me downstairs, because I was two and a half years younger.

LRH: Aha.

PC: I remember now.

LRH: And what did they say about your brother?

PC: He belongs upstairs, he's a big boy.

LRH: And what did they say about you?

PC: That I didn't belong upstairs. (laughs) I didn't care, even if I am very small.

LRH: Well, all right.

PC: We were very big. I was seven and a half, or eight.

LRH: Do you feel upset there as you're talking about the teacher?

PC: No.

LRH: How does she look?

PC: Well, she looked as though she had a wig on, it was very high and dry and fuzzy, and the kind of permanent wave that ladies used to wear. And she was covered with rouge and lipstick and she had those kind of glasses that you pinch, and black eyebrows. And I think it must have been false teeth and a big smile.

LRH: How does she sound when she talks?

PC: She had rather a musical high voice and she didn't speak exactly correct grammar, but she was very nice.

LRH: All right. Let's listen to her voice there as she's saying something. YC: Hm-hm.

LRH: All right. How does it sound?

PC: Very nice.

LRH: Now, what's she saying?

PC: Oh, I think she al be very happy here, she can sit back down here and she can see her brother when he goes by in the hall to get a drink.

LRH: Okay. Now, let's pick up a moment when you're getting spanked.

PC: Hm, that's easy.

LRH: All right. Let's pick up the moment, get a moment there when you're getting spanked.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: All right. The first moment you're grabbed to be spanked.

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right. Where are you grabbed?

PC: Hm, by the hair.

LRH: Okay. Now what occurs?

PC: Oh, I get walloped.

LRH: All right.

PC: Then I get told to shut up, or I'll get hit some more.

LRH: All right. Where do you get grabbed first?

PC: By my arms.

LRH: Hm-hm, and where's the wallop?

PC: My pants are pulled down and I'm smacked.

LRH: All right. Let's contact that moment of smack.

PC: Hm-hm. I can feel it.

LRH: All right. What's said there?

PC: I just hear yelling, and I 'm being shaken.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: And I'm screaming very loud.

LRH: Can you feel this being shaken?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Hm-hm. How do you feel?

PC: And then my head hurts. I'm probably being shaken by my hair.

LRH: Okay. And how do you feel about this?

PC: I'm very angry.

LRH: What do you say about it?

PC: I think I just scream.

LRH: Hm-hm. What's being said to you while this is happening?

PC: I just hear noise.

LRH: Just noise. Let's go back to the moment of the first grab. (pause) The first moment you're grabbed.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Now what occurs?

PC: I just get shaken very hard.

LRH: Then what occurs?

PC: Then my mother says, Bend over my knee.

LRH: Continue.

PC: The longer you wait to bend over, the more you're going to get smacked, (laughs) until you finally do bend over.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: so I just scream louder and louder and louder, and stand there.

LRH: Then what occurs?

PC: She shakes me some more . . .

LRH: Okay.

PC: and I scream louder and then she finally pulls my pants down and pushes me over her knee.

LRH: Okay. And then what?

PC: She whacks me.

LRH: Well, okay. What happens then? YC: Nothing. As far as I know I'm still there.

LRH: All right. And does she say, Stay there?

PC: No, she just smacks as hard as she can, and her hand keeps going up and down and she is very, very, very angry.

LRH: What is she shouting?

PC: I don't know.

LRH: Now, let's go back to the beginning, honey, and get the first smack.

PC: Uh-huh, it hurts.

LRH: All right.

PC: It's not with her hand, it's with a stick.

LRH: Okay, let's keep going on it. Now what occurs?

PC: I'm probably screaming something like, You're cutting me, or I'm bleeding. (laughs, coughs) You know, I think I'm enjoying this being spanked.

LRH: Okay. Continue.

PC: I'll teach you . . . something—I don't know what. Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.

LRH: Continue.

PC: But she doesn't stop.

LRH: All right. What does she keep on doing?

PC: Well, I don't feel anything anymore. Her arm just keeps on going up and down.

LRH: Well, let's go through it again. What does she say? The first moment of it. The first whack. Contact that first whack. Is it as sharp as it was, or sharper?

PC: All I know is that my head aches.

LRH: Okay. Now what's she saying?

PC: She yells very loud .

LRH: All right. Let's contact the yell. (pause) Just keep on rolling.

PC: And her face is shaking and her mouth is very wide open.

LRH: Okay. Continue.

PC: My hands are sweating.

LRH: Okay. Continue. What's she saying?

PC: I'm trying to think.

LRH: Just listen to her.

PC: I'm listening to her. She just makes a lot of noise.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: But I don't hear; there's no sound coming out of her.

LRH: Hm-hm. Okay. Let's get to the end of it, the end of the licking.

PC: There is no end to the licking. Her arm just keeps going up and down and up and down. And I guess I don't yell and scream so much anymore and I stop kicking my legs. I must be hanging over her knee with my arms and hair hanging down this way.

LRH: Are you watching yourself? Or are you there over her knee?

PC: No, I'm up here.

LRH: Are you seeing yourself?

PC: No, I feel my hair and I can see my hands.

LRH: Okay. Let's go back to the beginning of it, and get the first whack again.

PC: But the first whack is up here someplace because I wouldn't pull my pants down.

LRH: All right. What did she do then?

PC: She shook me.

LRH: All right, can you feel that shaking?

PC: Yes, of course. My arm hurts.

LRH: Okay. What happens next?

PC: Then she pulls my hair and she slaps the back of me, here.

LRH: Hm-hm. Continue.

PC: I don't know what she's got in her hand, but it's not her hand.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Then she hits me—that's all. I wouldn't bend over.

LRH: Okay.

PC: so she pushed me over and she pulled my pants down.

LRH: What's she yelling as she does this?

PC: I will teach you you I will teach you,you....

LRH: Go over that again. I will teach you....

PC: I will teach you, you.... She doesn't say any more because she gets stuck on the word you.

LRH: All right. What else goes on now?

PC: That's when she spanks me. The more she spanks the more I scream, because if I scream very loud maybe she'll stop.

LRH: What are the sounds of the blows?

PC: There's no noise. All I hear is screaming and she is yelling and telling me to stop yelling.

LRH: How does she say it?

PC: Stop yelling or I will give you something to cry for. I'll give you something to cry for.

LRH: Hm-hm. And?

PC: There, how do you like that? You want some more? I'll give you plenty to cry for.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I'll teach you. I'll teach you. I'll teach you, you.... I'll teach you, you....

LRH: Continue.

PC: I don't know, because by then I gave up. My hands are down here.

LRH: All right. Let's contact the beginning of it and roll on through again. Get the first whack and the shake.

PC: She doesn't say anything, she's just . . . yelling.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I don't know.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I can't hear anything except moans.

LRH: All right. Now what's going on there? Where does it hurt you?

PC: My arm hurts and my head hurts because she has my arm and she keeps shaking me. I told you to bend over, I told you to bend over.

LRH: Continue.

PC: No, I won't—I won't say anything, I just stand stiff because if I say anything she'll hit my face.

LRH: Hm-hm. Then what occurs?

PC: I just scream.

LRH: Okay. And then?

PC: And then I get whacked on the back of my head and she pushes me over and she holds my hands down and she whacks me.

LRH: What's she saying while that's going on?

PC: Moan, moan, moan. I don't hear anything.

LRH: Let's go over it.

PC: Just screaming, and tears are running down my face and I can see them. I mean they run down my face and then I see them drop down here, and some of them are dropping on her skirt.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And I can taste them . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: and I can feel them, and I can feel air going down my throat while I'm screaming, because when I'm through screaming I go Eeeeh (loud inhaling noise) backwards and I make a nice, big noise. (laughs)

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And then she whacks me some more. And she says, Stop that, stop that, do you hear me, stop that! And then she shakes my shoulder.

LRH: Hm-hm. Continue.

PC: And then I stop. Because she's going to go on longer than I do.

LRH: Okay. What does she say about that?

PC: Nothing, I'm just tying there.

LRH: Does she say, I can go on with this longer than you can?

PC: No.

LRH: Hm?

PC: No.

LRH: What does she say about keeping it up?

PC: I warn you.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: I warn you

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: I warn you I warn you I warn you (pause)

LRH: Continue.

PC: Oh, I get very frightened.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: She must be telling me she's going to do something because I feel frightened.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: But I can't hear anything.

LRH: Okay. Let's contact the first part of it when you can hear something. (pause) Let's contact the first part of it when you can hear something.

PC: She started telling me not to do that.

LRH: Continue.

PC: (pause; then murmurs) You bend over, you bend over. Because I wouldn't bend over she grabbed my arm and shook me.

LRH: Let's feel that shaking.

PC: I feel being shaken.

LRH: Okay. Now what's she saying?

PC: Bend over

LRH: Continue.

PC: Bend over. The longer you stand there, the worse it's going to be for you Bend over.

LRH: Hm-hm. Continue.

PC: But I can't bend over because I'm too stiff to bend over. I couldn't bend for anything.

LRH: Okay. Continue.

PC: so she hits the back of my head and turns me around. I had been looking at her till then.

LRH: Hm-hm. Then what occurs?

PC: She says, Take that face off.

LRH: Okay. Continue.

PC: Take that face off

LRH: Continue.

PC: I can't help my face.

LRH: Continue. (pause) What occurs then?

PC: (small moan; pause) Well, I began to scream because I knew she was going to hit me.

LRH: How does the ruler sound?

PC: I don't hear any blows at all. She pushed me over. And I can feel my pants coming down . . .

LRH: Yah.

PC: and I can feel my behind afterwards, it's very hot. And I can see it too, because I looked at it in the mirror (chuckles) and it was very red, and it had little streaks across it, but I can't feel it. And I can't hear anything except her yelling.

LRH: This won't hurt you?

PC: Oh, no. Stop screaming like that. Do you want the neighbors to think that I'm killing you? You really want something to cry for? I'll give you something to cry for. Go ahead, scream, see if I care. Scream, scream pretty loud, I'll really give you something to scream for. I'll teach you. But I don't know what I did.

LRH: She says she's going to teach you.

PC: I'll teach you. I'll teach you to.... (pause)

LRH: Now let's contact the beginning of it. Are the pains as sharp this time as they were on the first shake? Are they as sharp as they were?

PC: No, I just feel as though I'm being roughly pushed.

LRH: Okay.

PC: She didn't roughly push anybody, she pinched when she took hold of you.

LRH: Uh-huh. Feel the pain of the pinch?

PC: Ooh, no, not really. I mean I can feel it but it doesn't hurt.

LRH: Did it hurt?

PC: It didn't really pinch, she just kind of did this. It didn't really hurt, I just screamed.

LRH: All right. Continue on through with this. Roll it right on through. Just give me what's occurring there.

PC: I told you if ever you did that again. I told you. Turn around and bend over and take your pants down. You know what you're going to get.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Take that face off

LRH: Continue.

PC: You'll get one more for that.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I can't help my face. Don't talk back to your mother.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Turn around, I said. The longer you stand there.... (murmur)

LRH: Continue.

PC: Bend over, bend over. Wham.

LRH: You feel the pain of that?

PC: No, I feel pain on the back of my neck.

LRH: Well, let's go back to that blow on the back of your neck. Give me the words right there at the moment of the blow. The sounds and the words of that blow.

PC: I feel as if she has punched me in the stomach—she certainly never did that.

LRH: All right. Let's go back to this incident there and pick up those blows.

PC: Turn around. Turn around and wipe that face off, wipe that face off. (laughs)

LRH: What?

PC: Wipe your own face off!

LRH: Is that what you say?

PC: No. I never said that to my mother. Maybe I wanted to say it, but I certainly never said it.

LRH: What did she say?

PC: Nothing. Wipe that face off. Turn around.

LRH: All right. When did she say, Hold still, or anything like that?

PC: Stop kicking.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: Stop kicking.

LRH: Run it again.

PC: I scream and scream. (panting noise)

LRH: It was a rough deal, wasn't it?

PC: Yes, on my back, I can feel it. She's either beating my back or punching me in the stomach and maybe that's the line my mother mainly used.

LRH: Well, come up to the moment when you've completely recovered from this beating.

PC: I'm not recovered, I'm just tying there, I'm removed.

LRH: The moment you're completely recovered, a day afterwards.

PC: Errh.

LRH: Now do you remember being beaten up yesterday?

PC: Certainly.

LRH: How do you feel about it?

PC: Errh—since then she hugged me and kissed me a hundred times . . .

LRH: Oh?

PC: I . . . and told me how sweet I was and how naughty I was and how bad I made her feel, and how I must never do such a thing again because I'm such a sweet little girl, and such a good little girl and how I make her upset and angry.

LRH: How do you feel about her when she's doing this?

PC: I feel very bad! That's very sad to do such things to your mother.

LRH: Oh, dear.

PC: Terrible.

LRH: Now let's come up about a week from there.

PC: Hmm.

LRH: What about getting that beating?

PC: Do you mean am I mad ? I forgot about that beating, I had another one soon.

LRH: (laughs) Okay. Come on up to present time.

PC: Ooh.

LRH: Present time.

PC: (quickly) I'm here. That's all.

LRH: Right. Just a moment now, give me a flash answer of any reason you have to be motionless at this point?

PC: The only thing I can think of is that I'm happy to stay here. If I move something will happen.

LRH: All right. Go over that line. If I move something will happen. I can't move.

PC: That's funny, my legs are....

LRH: Go over it, I can't move.

PC: I can't move.

LRH: It isn't moving.

PC: It's not I can't move.

LRH: It isn't moving.

PC: It isn't moving?

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: It isn't moving

LRH: Don't move.

PC: Don't move. (pause) Stand still.

LRH: Huh?

PC: Stop.

LRH: Stand still. Stop.

PC: (murmurs) Stand still. Stop. Don't move. (louder) Don't move.

LRH: All right. Go over it again.

PC: I m not moving. Don't move. I'm not moving.

LRH: Run over that again.

PC: Don t move

LRH: What somatic do you get with that Don't move?

PC: I m not moving

LRH: I'm not moving. What somatic do you get with that? (pause) What somatic do you get with it? (pause) Does pain show up there someplace?

PC: Oh, I'm holding things very tight so that I won't have a pain.

LRH: All right. Go over that again.

PC: I m not moving. Don't move. I'm not moving.

LRH: What's this about holding things so tight you won't get a pain?

PC: I m not moving at all. I can't relax.

LRH: What incident is this?

PC: Relax. I don't know. I don't even know who that is.

LRH: Go over I can't move, I'll get a pain.

PC: I can't move. If I move, it hurts. It hurts if I move.

LRH: Go on over that again.

PC: It hurts if I move.

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: There's somebody perfectly strange standing there that I never saw before, never.

LRH: What does he say?

PC: Relax.

LRH: About what?

PC: But I can't relax. I have no idea what this is all about, absolutely none.

LRH: How does the back of your neck feel?

PC: I don't know who he is.

LRH: How does the back of your neck feel?

PC: The back of my neck is stiff and sore, and my legs too, and so are all my muscles, and I don't know who he is at all.

LRH: Now what does he say?

PC: I don't know. I don't even know who he is.

LRH: All right. Let's come up to a week after this experience. Come up to a week after this experience.

PC: I don't even know what it is.

LRH: (chuckles) All right. You can identify it. Give me a flash answer, what is it?

PC: Oh, it must have been my mother, and somebody she knew that was a doctor.

LRH: A doctor?

PC: Must have been. It's a man I don't know.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: It seems very serious.

LRH: Is this an operation?

PC: No.

LRH: An injury to you?

PC: Just a man.

LRH: Birth?

PC: No.

LRH: Sickness?

PC: No. I can't believe it.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: I can't believe it.

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: I can't believe it, that that's what she's got.

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: (small moan)

LRH: Go over it again. I can't move.

PC: I can't move, you'll have to loosen them.

LRH: Go over that again. PC You'll have to loosen them.

LRH: Can't move. Go over it again.

PC: Can't move. They're stuck that way, I can't move them, I can't move them at all, they won't move.

LRH: All right. Letb go over those lines again. Let's see if we can contact the sonic on it and run it again.

PC: (scattered murmurs) I can't move them, I can't....

LRH: Continue.

PC: I know they're stiff. I can't move them.

LRH: How's that pain in the back of your neck?

PC: can't do it, I...

LRH: How's the pain in the back of your neck?

PC: My legs are stiff, I know they're stiff. I can't move anyplace. I can't move anyplace at all.

LRH: Continue.

PC: He's just standing there. He doesn't say anything. He's just standing there looking.

LRH: Well, what are the words that come through on this?

PC: But he's not saying anything.

LRH: Who's saying, I can't move?

PC: I am.

LRH: You sure? Go over I can't move.

PC: Or somebody else is saying it, but it's I

LRH: All right. Go over those words again. I can't move.

PC: I can't move, I can't move anyplace, plus my legs hurt. (pause) Everything hurts.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I just can't move anywhere.

LRH: Continue.

PC: (sigh)

LRH: Continue.

PC: (crying)

LRH: Continue.

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: What?

PC: (exhales)

LRH: Run over it again. I can't move. Repeat the line I can't move.

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: I can't move. Let's look at this thing. I can't move.

PC: It all went away

LRH: All right. Go over that again.

PC: Ooh.

LRH: It all went away. Repeat the line It all went away.

PC: It all went away. They're all gone. They're all gone. I can't move my legs. I can't move my legs at all. I can't move I anything and it's all dark. There's nobody anywhere, they've all gone home. There's nobody there to talk to.

LRH: Continue.

PC: There s nothing there; everybody's gone. There's no sound, there's nothing.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Something is spinning around and around and around and around and around.

LRH: Continue.

PC: (couple of grunts) I feel dizzy.

LRH: Do you hear somebody talking?

PC: Nobody's saying a word. There's just silence, there's just the thoughts. I think somebody has me by the throat.

LRH: All right, let's contact it.

PC: That's strange.

LRH: Let's contact the first part of this, the first moment you get a somatic on this.

PC: There's nothing. It's all quiet and it's all dark. Then there's something in my throat. Somebody picks me up by the back of the legs—it's not my legs, it's where my legs would be.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I'm just going round in a circle all by myself. I'm in the center of the room.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Going around in a circle.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: There's nobody there, not even me.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I'm absolutely sick to my stomach.

LRH: Go over the words There's nobody there.

PC: There's nobody there.

LRH: Repeat the words again.

PC: There's nobody there.

LRH: Repeat the words again.

PC: There's nobody there. There's nobody there. There's nobody there.

LRH: I feel so sick to my stomach.

PC: Hmm....

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: I feel so sick Oh, I feel so dizzy.

LRH: What?

PC: I feel so dizzy. My head's going around, and something's wrong with my throat.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: And the back of my head hurts, and the back of my legs hurt. And my legs feel stiff.

LRH: Does it make you feel tired?

PC: No, it doesn't feel anything. I don't feel queasy.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Right there.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: My legs, I can't move my legs.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Around and around and around and around I go, and my head hurts, and I can't move my legs.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I can't move my legs, I can't move my legs. Oh, somebody's rubbing them.

LRH: Continue.

PC: It hurts, my head hurts. My head. I can't move my legs. (heavy grief, howls and sobs)  
I can't move my legs. (more sobs)

LRH: Continue.

PC: (panting, howls)

LRH: Continue.

PC: (sobbing then howls)

LRH: Continue.

PC: (sobbing, sobs out words for a minute or more, then recovers calmer tone of voice)  
Take her away. Take her away or I'll scream! I hate you. (breathing hard and spitting  
out sounds) Go away. Take her away.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Take that cat out. I don't care what you do with her, take her out, take her out.

LRH: Continue.

PC: The poor cat.

LRH: Let's return to the beginning of this incident. Let's return to the beginning of this  
incident.

PC: (pause) The cat is sitting in the middle of her.

LRH: What?

PC: Take her away, the cat is sitting on her. (pause)

LRH: Let's contact the beginning of the incident.

PC: She's got a cat there. Take that cat out, take the cat out. Take it out.

LRH: Okay. You know about this, you can remember this. You can remember this. (pause)  
You can remember this.

PC: (murmur)

LRH: Aya! You can remember this.

PC: The cat? It's a yellow cat.

LRH: Let's go back to I can't move. Let's repeat I can't move.

PC: But I can move.

LRH: Huh?

PC: I can move.

LRH: You can move?

PC: Certainly I can move. Of course I can move.

LRH: Okay. Come up to present time. (pause) All the way up to present time. Canceled.  
(pause) Canceled. Okay.

PC: (murmur)

LRH: How was it?

PC: (draws in breath; pause)

LRH: Now, what on earth?

PC: Strange that I couldn't move.

LRH: Now who couldn't move?

PC: I couldn't. I mean me.

LRH: Before you were born?

PC: Before I was born. When I was born I was paralyzed.

LRH: Who said this?

PC: My mother (coughs) told me that when I was about 7 years old.

LRH: Want to lie down and let me run this thing out now?

PC: All right.

LRH: Okay. Lie down and let me run this out. Close your eyes. Let's go back to the beginning of the incident of I can't move. I can't move. I can't move. Repeat it. I can't move.

PC: I can move.

LRH: Well, all right, but give me the line I can't move.

PC: I can't move.

LRH: I can't move—early, early, early, early, early, early—I can't move.

PC: (pause) I can't move, I can't move, I can't move, I can't move.

LRH: Contact it very early.

PC: I can't move, I can't move.

LRH: All right, contact it.

PC: I can't move.

LRH: Okay. I can't move.

PC: It's all over me.

LRH: Uh-huh. Now let's contact the voice there. I can't move.

PC: Oh, but it's not my voice.

LRH: All right.

PC: It's somebody else's voice.

LRH: Good. Let's roll it. Just tell me what you hear there.

PC: I can't move, I can't move, I can't move, I can't move.... I can't move my legs. I can't move my legs.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I can't move my legs.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I can't move my legs.

LRH: Is there sonic on that?

PC: I cantmovemylegs

LRH: Continue.

PC: (raises pitch) Oh, my ears.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Oh, she's screaming at the top of her lungs.

LRH: Continue. What's she saying?

PC: She's not saying anything. She's just screaming. My ears!

LRH: Continue.

PC: Oh. Oh, my legs. Oh, I can move. She's saying, I can't move.

LRH: Fine. What's she saying there? Pick up what she's saying.

PC: She's saying, I can't move, and she's screaming at the top of her lungs. She's shrieking. Everybody's running around saying, Who is that?

LRH: Continue.

PC: They're all running around. There's somebody in a white dress. She's fat and she has red hair and she's running. She's running like mad. Why am I hanging here all full of grease, and stiff? I can't move, I can't move a thing. I can't move a thing.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I can't move, and they shut it all down. Shut it all down. And I'm all full of grease and I can't move.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I'm hanging by the legs, I tell you, full of grease and dizzy.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Full of grease and dizzy and somebody has me by the throat.

LRH: Okay. Continue.

PC: I wish they would let go of my throat. How can they do this? And I'm all full of grease and my head is still hanging down, and there it hangs. Hanging down, hanging down and nobody's doing anything about it. She's screaming her lungs out. I can still hear her. How can she go on so long? Ooh, I can't move, I can't move. I'm hanging there, I'm all tied up.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: All tied up, with my head hanging down and I don't know what I'm hanging by, and somebody 's swinging me, and somebody else has me by the throat. (coughs)

LRH: Continue.

PC: (constricted noise in throat) I can't move, I can't move, I can't move.

LRH: Continue.

PC: She's stopped. I can't move, I can't move.

LRH: Continue.

PC: I can't move and I'm all tied up and I can't breathe, and the back of my head looks like the insides of somebody's stomach.

LRH: Okay. [gap in recording]

PC: And it smells.

LRH: Now, what are you getting there? You know what this is all about.

PC: I am right back here.

LRH: You know what this is all about.

PC: Right back here. There's no covering on it, it's rolled up, it's a funny shape. She told me it was shaped like a turnip; it isn't shaped like a turnip at all. Isn't that funny looking. And I'm all covered with dark grease and I can't move. My hands are tied up. They have let go of my throat, thank goodness.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: That's good. And she's stopped screaming. But I can't move. I'm just stuck there.

LRH: All right. Go over stuck, stuck, stuck.

PC: My head and my shoulders are out, and my arms are tied up.

LRH: Uh-huh. Who says stuck?

PC: Oh, nobody, nobody.

LRH: Go on. Let's see. Stuck.

PC: Stuck, stuck. Oh, my head hurts.

LRH: Go over the word stuck.

PC: Stuck. She's stuck.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: Shes stuck

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: She s stuck She's stuck. She's stuck. It doesn't make any difference anyway.

LRH: Why?

PC: What difference does it make whether she's stuck or not? Forget about her.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: Hm.

LRH: It doesn't make any difference.

PC: She s stuck it doesn't make any difference whether she's stuck or not. They do all the rest. See what you can do about that mess up there. What are you going to do about that? That same guy is there and there's somebody else there talking to him. .

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: What are you going to do about that mess up there? Never mind about that mess up there.

LRH: Continue.

PC: (groan) Oh, my head hurts and I can't....

LRH: Contact the voices.

PC: They must try to get that out of there. No, no. It's no use. It's no use, I'm telling you.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: It's no use.

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: It's no use.

LRH: Can you move?

PC: No. I can't move.

LRH: Okay. Go over She's stuck.

PC: She s stuck

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: It doesn't make any difference whether she's stuck or not. Can't do anything for her, she's gone.

LRH: All right. Let's go over that again.

PC: She s stuck Sure she's stuck, you'd be stuck too. It doesn't make any difference whether she's stuck or not, can't do anything about her. What are we going to do about that mess up there? (murmur) I think I'm falling asleep.

LRH: Hm-hm. That's right. (sharply) Aya! We want the time when you're all the way out. All the way out.

PC: Hm-hm. I'm still all tied up and I can't move.

LRH: All right. Let's see if we can't wrap you up in a blanket.

PC: No, it 's not a blanket.

LRH: What is it?

PC: It's more of that same grease. (goes into howling sob)

LRH: Continue.

PC: (sobs, cries out) Oh, oh.

LRH: Let's move forward.

PC: (sobs)

LRH: All right. Listen. Two minutes more time gone by.

PC: Um.

LRH: Now five minutes have gone by.

PC: Um.

LRH: Now five minutes more have gone by. (pause) Now an hour has gone by. (pause) All right. It's now five hours later than that. Where are you lying five hours afterwards? (pause) Let's contact the moment they wrap you up in a blanket.

PC: It isn't a blanket.

LRH: What is it?

PC: It looks like torn sheets.

LRH: All right. Torn sheets.

PC: Oh, it's turning warm.

LRH: Are you warm?

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right. Now let's bring this to a moment when you first get hungry. PC; (pause) I'm not hungry.

LRH: You're hungry some time along there.

PC: Um.

LRH: A couple of days go by.

PC: I just have a headache.

LRH: All right. Let's come up five days after birth, five days after birth.

PC: I'm still tying in the same place and I have the same bandages on me.

LRH: Uh-huh. Let's come up ten days after birth. What are you doing ten days after birth?

PC: Somebody kneads the back of my head because it hurts. But I'm in the same place with the same sheets wound around me.

LRH: All right. Go over this: She can't move, she's paralyzed.

PC: They roll me over.

LRH: What do you get?

PC: A lot of hair.

LRH: Okay.

PC: A lot of hair. It will never go down. (Who's saying these things?)

LRH: All right. Let's pick up a moment about being paralysed. Can't move her legs.

PC: She's got a lot of hair. It's very pretty, very curly. It will cover the bump. Makes me want to cover it up for her. It's very pretty curly hair. There's such a lot of it and she's so fat. She'll never move. She'll never move.

LRH: Go over that again. She'll never move.

PC: She'll never move.

LRH: Contact that voice.

PC: Hah, I guess it's somebody I don't know.

LRH: And what are they saying?

PC: She'll never move.

LRH: Run it again.

PC: She's shaking her head.

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: She should have long hair and it isn't long. (murmur)

LRH: All right. Come on up to the time when you're creeping around on the floor. Hiyah!  
Come on up to the time you're creeping around on the floor.

PC: Um.

LRH: Hah! Take your hands off from your head.

PC: Um.

LRH: Up to the time you're creeping around on the floor. (pause) How does it feel creeping  
around on the floor? How does the carpet feel under you?

PC: All right.

LRH: Let's contact the floor.

PC: All right. Feels good .

LRH: Feels good.

PC: Um.

LRH: All right. Come up to the time you're sitting in a high chair.

PC: I'm in a rocking chair.

LRH: All right. Feel the rocking chair?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: How does it feel to be rocked?

PC: It's scary.

LRH: All right. What's happening in this rocking chair?

PC: It just moves back and forth. Every time it goes forth I feel as though I'm going to fall  
off; now it comes back, I like the feeling on the back of my head.

LRH: Oh.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Okay. Come on up to your first day at school.

PC: Okay.

LRH: What are you doing there on the first day of school?

PC: De-chalking erasers.

LRH: All right. How does it feel?

PC: Fine, wonderful.

LRH: How do they smell?

PC: (chuckles) They have no smell really, stuff gets in your nose, but it doesn't smell.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: No smell.

LRH: What are the other kids doing?

PC: They're busy, they didn't finish their work.

LRH: And how do the erasers sound?

PC: Just some thuds. Funny noise, I never heard it before.

LRH: You happy?

PC: Sure.

LRH: You feel very cheerful?

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: How do you feel physically?

PC: Wonderful.

LRH: You feel good physically?

PC: Sure.

LRH: How big are the desks around here?

PC: Ooh, not so big.

LRH: Not so big?

PC: Nah.

LRH: How high are they?

PC: Ooh, I can put my hand on them when I stand up.

LRH: Aha.

PC: I'm much taller than everybody else.

LRH: Okay. Come on up to the time you get married.

PC: Yes.

LRH: How does that feel?

PC: Kind of silly. (chuckles)

LRH: Kind of silly?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Happy though?

PC: Ooh.

LRH: Hm?

PC: It's all right.

LRH: All right. Now come up to present time.

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: Present time.

PC: Yes.

LRH: Canceled. Five-four-three-two-one (snap! snap!).

PC: You know, I must have been at school about six weeks, and had the most wonderful time while I was there.

LRH: And then what happened?

PC: My mother didn't approve of school. I She took us out. She took me out first, I guess. It was only an old schoolhouse and they didn't have enough textbooks and they didn't teach us right and she didn't think I should be clapping erasers. That wasn't what a lady's daughter did.

LRH: (chuckles) Well?

PC: Ooh, but I feel like I can still see myself wrapped up in the funniest looking torn sheets, all greasy. In a strange bed, I don't know what the bed was.

LRH: Come up to present time! (three loud snaps; pause)

PC: (chuckling)

LRH: Okay.