

AUDITING DEMONSTRATION

Session with Bob
8 June 1950

Auditing a Chronic Somatic

LRH: All right, Bob, let's come up to present time. How old are you?

PC: 37.

LRH: Come up to present time.

PC: 39.

LRH: Okay.

PC: When you ask me that, I start getting a . . . pain in my upper gastrium.

LRH: In your what?

PC: My upper gastrium—in the pit of my stomach.

LRH: Okay. Not to get technical.

PC: (laughs)

LRH: That's a chronic somatic? You've had that before?

PC: Yah.

LRH: When?

PC: Oh, for about three, four, five years, since 1944. Just notice it particularly after drinking something cold, like a lot of milk.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: It's an ulcer-like pain.

LRH: Well, we know about causes, that would be a key-in of some sort, probably. But tell me now, I want to know, Bob, (pause) name a date.

PC: February 21st . . .

LRH: Year.

PC: 1943.

LRH: Hm-hm. What happens on this date?

PC: 1943, I'm in the army. (pause) February the 21st? (pause) I'm in Denver, and I think that has something to do with being discharged from the army.

LRH: I see.

PC: I went to a board meeting about that time.

LRH: Hm-hm. Give me a holder.

PC: Wait here.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: Wait here. (yawning)

LRH: Pick up a visio on it.

PC: (yawning) Wait here. I can see the board room. I was sitting down with a bunch of other officers at the meeting of the board.

LRH: What have they got on?

PC: They're all in winter uniforms.

LRH: Hm-hm. Are you standing or sitting?

PC: We're sitting for the first part of the ceremony.

LRH: When does the Wait here come?

PC: And then we're taken outside to a vacant room or an anteroom. (yawns) Somebody says, I guess the sergeant says, Wait here, you'll be called in one at a time.

LRH: Uh-huh. And where are you standing when he says this?

PC: I seem to be sitting down, I seem to be exteriorised here too, sitting down on a wooden chair against the wall. And I sit there talking to Lieutenant Patterson, and he and I are both rather nervous. I get a visio on part of his face, it looks so compressed.

LRH: All right. What's the tactile on that chair? (pause) Let's go back over it again.

PC: I don't get a tactile.

LRH: All right. Let's pick up the words Wait here.

PC: Wait here. Wait here. (yawns) Wait here.

LRH: All right. Let's pick up a tactile on the chair with that Wait here.

PC: Wait here.

LRH: Pick up a tactile.

PC: Wait here. (pause) Wait here. I'm sorry to say I don't get a tactile.

LRH: No tactile?

PC: No. Tactile is feeling.

LRH: It's what?

PC: It's feeling. (yawning)

LRH: Uh-huh. Let's see if we can get that Wait here again.

PC: Wait here. Wait here.

LRH: Who's saying it?

PC: Wait here. I get the impression that a sergeant is saying that, but I don't see him.

LRH: Is he tough?

PC: Not particularly.

LRH: All right. Let's go over it again. Wait here.

PC: Wait here. Wait here. In fact I'm not even certain of the validity of this. I'm just giving flash answers on it.

LRH: From where?

PC: I'm not certain of the validity of this particular scene.

LRH: You're getting flash answers where?

PC: That you asked me about. You asked me to give you a holder and I got a flash answer.

LRH: Okay. (pause) All right. Let's contact the tactile. Are you sitting or standing?

PC: Both.

LRH: Simultaneously?

PC: No, first one and then the other.

LRH: What's the first Wait here?

PC: I seem to be standing, I guess.

LRH: All right. Lets get Wait outside.

PC: It seems to be one of the officers that I had at the board. (pause) All right. Now if you gentlemen will wait outside, we'll call you in individually.

LRH: Where are you sitting when he says this?

PC: I am sitting in the second row of a group of chairs. I think there are eight of them.

LRH: Okay. Let's go over it again. What is he saying?

PC: All right. Now, if you gentlemen will wait outside, we'll call you in individually for your hearings. (yawns; pause)

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: (laughing) All right. If you gentlemen will wait outside, we'll call you in individually for your hearings.

LRH: Okay. (chuckling) Go over it again.

PC: Now if you gentlemen will wait outside, or go outside and wait for a while, we'll call each of you in individually for a hearing.

LRH: Okay. Now let's see if we can go through this again and pick up a visio on this setup, a good one, interior.

PC: Well, there's a bunch of psychiatrists sitting around there and I recall the thought, what a stupid looking bunch of jerks they are.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And they look bored and angry.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I don't get a very true visio on this but I am well aware of my impression of them at the time. Ah. (pause) There's a civilian on the board.

LRH: Let's take a look at him.

PC: I don't see him sitting on the board, I see him in his office. He is fat, bald-headed, wears glasses.

LRH: Have you seen him elsewhere?

PC: I think I've seen him in his office back of the board.

LRH: Did you have your vasectomy done under general or local?

PC: Local. (pause) Had it done about this time too.

LRH: Is there a wait in it?

PC: (pause) Doesn't seem to be.

LRH: Okay. Now let's go to the moment when you carry away the prize.

PC: Him, two prizes, they're essays.

LRH: Okay. Let's pick up number one.

PC: Well, I guess the one in high school.

LRH: All right. Where do you stand when you receive it?

PC: I don't recall receiving that prize.

LRH: All right. Let's see if we can see where we're standing.

PC: I might have. I don't see where I'm standing.

LRH: All right. Let's go to the time when you really make the old man back down.

PC: I am thinking of the time, I'm around 14 or 15. I go downtown to ask him if I can have the car. He's standing in front of the garage we have for the trucks at the store, and he's talking to somebody. I go up to him and I say, Dad, can I have the car this afternoon? He says, You cannot. I say, Well, then stick it up your ass. And he kicks me.

LRH: All right. Let's go over that sequence. Let's get a visio on him, go over the sequence.

PC: He looks mad.

LRH: Okay.

PC: And unreasonable.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Dad, can I have the car this afternoon? What do you want it for? I want just to take it around and learn to drive. You've been driving it too damn much lately. Well, can I have it? No, you cannot. All right, then, stick it up your ass. Then he kicks me. But for some reason or other it amuses me that he does.

LRH: He kicks you?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: What happens to him when he kicks you?

PC: He just kicks me, that's all, and I leave. Still felt rather triumphant that I told him off. I didn't get the car either that afternoon.

LRH: All right. Let's go over it again. Who's he standing with?

PC: Some other man. I don't see who it is.

LRH: And what has the old man got on?

PC: A dark gray suit, I would guess.

LRH: Doyou see this?

PC: Pretty well.

LRH: Okay. Doyou see it in motion?

PC: No, it seems to be still.

LRH: Go over the word still, Bob.

PC: Still. Still. Still.

LRH: Let's pick up the central incident of the case. The key. Right now. Still.

PC: Still, (pause) still Hold still Shave a lot of other still incidents.

LRH: What?

PC: Came up with four other quotations like: All through the stilly night, and Moonshine still, and I can still feel it, or something like that.

LRH: Hold still.

PC: Hold still Hold still

LRH: Lie still.

PC: Lie still

LRH: Which one is it? The incident we're looking for now is the one which will permit you to move around more accurately in reverie.

PC: Lie still seems to come up

LRH: Lie still.

PC: Lie still

LRH: Contact it.

PC: Lie still

LRH: Contact the somatic.

PC: Lie still

LRH: Contact the somatic.

PC: Lie still. I seem to get a coitus somatic. (yawns) Pressure. (yawns) Lie still.

LRH: Painful?

PC: Not necessarily.

LRH: Got a tactile?

PC: Yes. Rhythmic, very rhythmic pressure.

LRH: Tactile. (pause) What's the visio? (pause) What's your visio on this?

PC: No visio.

LRH: Go over Lie still.

PC: Lie still. Lie still (pause) Lie still Something about I want to feel it. I want to see how it feels when you don't move. Lie still for a while. I want to see how it feels when you don't move.

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: Lie still for a while. (yawn) I want to see how it feels when you don't move. (yawn) Lie still for a while, I want to see how it feels when you don't move.

LRH: Contact the somatic.

PC: There's a rhythmic, intermittent, generalized pressure.

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: It seems to be getting stronger. Lie still for a while. I want to see how it feels when you don't move. And there's some confusion here about That feels good too, or It doesn't feel so good to me. I can't, I can't hold still. Lie still for a while, I want to see how it feels when you don't move.

LRH: Now, let's have a dream.

PC: Okay. About what?

LRH: Dream about being suspended someplace, or being blind someplace.

PC: I can see a man who has been hanged by the neck, the gibbet is not visible. Hanged by the neck. He's very obviously dead. I don't see him moving around but I get the impression his body is rotating slowly from about 90 degrees clockwise to 90 degrees counterclockwise. It's finished, end. I find myself sitting with a slight constricting sensation in the throat as I discuss this.

LRH: All right. Let's look at this figure swinging.

PC: Let's see, he's rotating.

LRH: Rotating. And what would be the last thing that the figure heard? Let's have a dream about that.

PC: (pause) I don't get any ideas about what he heard, but there seems to be a piece of paper pinned to his chest with writing on it.

LRH: What does it say?

PC: Something about shame. Shame on it, or Shame on you. For this, shame. He hangs here in shame for what he has done.

LRH: And how would his throat feel just at the moment he was being hanged?

PC: He has the constriction of choking.

LRH: Does this finish him?

PC: Yup.

LRH: And now let's have a dream about somebody cutting him down.

PC: I seem to see that he just hangs there.

LRH: He just goes on rotating?

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: Now let's have a dream about somebody that didn't want him hanged.

PC: I seem to see a woman with her hands clasped in prayer and her eyes looking upwards. She has flaxen hair and heavy braids that hang down the front of her shoulders. She's sort of an unreal figure, looks sort of doll-like. Looks like the illustrations you'd see in a children's book. She's saying some prayers for the repose of his soul.

LRH: Is this the end of it?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: What happened to his soul?

PC: It went to heaven, or hell.

LRH: All right, now let's have a dream about somebody who's glad about it.

PC: I see a man with a thin, evil face. He's sniggering about it. He's sort of walking away sniggering.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I also see the picture of Abner Dean's book *It's a Long Way to Heaven*. It's a picture entitled *The Optimist*. The picture is of a man hanging by the neck from a parapet, in the middle distance.

LRH: Hm-hm. And now let's dream about the moment this person first gets hanged.

PC: (pause) I see a picture, an illustration from a child's book.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: A man is standing there with his hands bound behind his back and a rose between his teeth, and there stands the headsman. He has got a black mask over his face with just eyeholes. He has got this great big headsman's axe. I see nobody hanging this guy.

LRH: All right. Let's get the crowd of little boys when they hang him. Get the crowd of little boys when they hang him.

PC: Hang him?

LRH: You. The somatic strip can locate it. What are they yelling?

PC: I don't get anything like that, Ron.

LRH: A crowd of little boys. (pause) Let's pick up the somatic.

PC: (pause) I just get the phrase Give him enough rope and he will hang himself.

LRH: Hm-hm. Let's pick up the crowd of little boys. (pause) Rope. How does the rope feel around your neck?

PC: Well, we played that but I don't recall when I was ever hanged.

LRH: All right. How does the rope feel around your neck?

PC: Scratchy.

LRH: Hm?

PC: I get the impression of scratchiness, it's a hemp rope.

LRH: Scratchiness.

PC: I don't feel it however.

LRH: And how does it feel when the rope first gets tightened?

PC: And afterwards the—it's frightening. Again I don't get the impression that it ever happened to me, certainly not with any degree of seriousness.

LRH: And how does it feel when the thing gets tightened to the extent your feet come off the ground?

PC: I'm certain that's never happened.

LRH: And how come they would become frightened?

PC: If that happened to me, I would become frightened.

LRH: Who else would become frightened?

PC: Nobody else.

LRH: Nobody else would become frightened, why not?

PC: It's just a game.

LRH: Go over that line, Just a game.

PC: Just a game. Just a game.

LRH: Contact that neck somatic with Just a game.

PC: Just a game. There is no somatic. Only the sense of a sore throat.

LRH: He doesn't feel anything. (pause) Go over the word feel.

PC: Feel. It doesn't hurt.

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: It doesn't hurt. It won't hurt. It won't hurt. We won't hurt you. We won't hurt you. Let 's pretend. Let 's pretend. I get a very vague and disorganised memory. I'm playing with some kids. And we're playing hangman. And my mother comes out and stops us.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Don't you know that's dangerous? You could kill him. Oh no, we're not, we're just putting a rope around his neck. We're not really hanging him. (pause)

LRH: Couldn't feel anything.

PC: It doesn't hurt. We're not pulling it tight. I don't want you doing that. Now cut that out right now. You stop that. I don't want to see anybody get in any trouble around here. (pause) Oh gosh.

LRH: Hm?

PC: Oh gosh, she won't let us do a thing. All right, we'll play something else, then.

LRH: Okay. Go on over that again.

PC: (pause) Something about some of the other boys who are bigger than I am. And they've got a rope and I can't see where this is. This is confused with the scene where I was playing, I was one of the older boys and playing with some younger boys. And we're playing Indians. And we've got one of the kids tied up to a tree, and we're piling leaves around him. And I have some matches.

LRH: Continue.

PC: And I'm pretending to light the leaves. And someone stops me.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: It seems like it's Mrs. Bunker.

LRH: Hm-hm. And what does she say?

PC: Oh, she gives me hell. She says, What are you trying to do? Burn him up? No, we were just pretending. She was really mad at us. I think she can't see that this is just a game. I wouldn't do anything to hurt him. But I just wanted to make it look as real as possible and outside the limits of let's pretend. It doesn't bother him any, he's not scared. Just playing burned at the stake, that's all.

LRH: What does she say?

PC: Just a boyhood prank.

LRH: Never do that again?

PC: Oh, sure. Never do that again. Don't ever let me catch you doing that again. I said, I wasn't going to do anything. I don't care. Supposing you dropped the match or something and the leaves caught on fire? I could get him out. I'm not ever going to give you a chance to do something like that again. That's not a nice thing to do. Why can't she see that there is nothing serious there? Don't you ever do that again.

LRH: Let's go back and contact how the leaves smell when you're holding the match to it.

PC: I get a vague idea of the way they smell.

LRH: All right. Let's see if we can clip it.

PC: It isn't a clear smell but I get the impression that I have known such a smell.

LRH: All right. Let's go over it again when you're holding the match down to it.

PC: I'm kneeling. And I'm also exteriorised, partially.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Now I can look down at my hands, I have them cupped and I'm holding them down by the leaves, being careful not to let the match go (yawn) in the leaves.

LRH: Hot or cold?

PC: It's a warm, sunny day.

LRH: All right. Can you feel this match?

PC: I've got it in between my thumb and forefinger of my right hand, it's a kitchen match.

LRH: Hm-hm. Pick up the moment you lit it.

PC: I lit it on the seat of my corduroy pants.

LRH: How does it sound?

PC: I get an idea of the sound.

LRH: Hm-hm. Where would you do this?

PC: I kneel down to shield the flames and hold it by the leaves.

LRH: Okay. Let's go back and get hanged.

PC: Never was hanged.

LRH: Somebody's got a rope around your neck. Who is it?

PC: It's figurative.

LRH: Contact the somatic.

PC: I seem to feel this is hands rather than a rope.

LRH: Rope.

PC: Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And I seem to see Jack Gordon's face, and that dream I had about him last October. And he was choking.

LRH: You'll be hanged. You ought to be hanged.

PC: I'll be hanged if I do.

LRH: You'll be hanged if you do. You'll be hanged if you kill me. They'll hang you if you kill me.

PC: They then left me to dance with feet upon the vacant air.

LRH: Let's contact this rope around your neck.

PC: I don't get it.

LRH: Don't get what?

PC: The idea of a rope around my neck. If there is such a thing it was just as a very minor part of a childhood game.

LRH: Who insisted it was a childhood game?

PC: Now, then.... (pause)

LRH: Go over the line He's dead.

PC: He's dead. I killed him. I killed her father. I'm afraid he's dead. I'm afraid I've killed him. Get Mary. It's a time when I was about 17 or 18 years old and she hit the old man over the head with a poker.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: He's dead, I'm afraid.

LRH: Who's saying, He's dead, with relationship to you?

PC: He's dead. He's dead. He's dead. I'll give him what I get, I won't mind for I'll give him what I get.

LRH: Okay.

PC: He's dead and I killed him and I'm glad. And then there's this laughter, Ah-ha-ha-ha.

LRH: Let's go over it again.

PC: Mad laughter. He's dead and I killed him and I'm glad. He's dead now, and I killed him, and I'm glad. Mary, what are you doing? What have you done? He's dead now and I killed him, and I'm glad. I would kill him all over now. Mary, what are you doing? He's dead now and I killed him and I'm glad. He's not your son, he's mine, and I'll do with him what I damn please. Get out of the way. Get out of here. He's all right. He's still breathing. God damn you. There's an impression of a scuffle. Get away from him. Don't you come near him again. I'll take care of him. Get away, you've done enough damage. I have the impression Mary is starting to enjoy it. Let me at him. Let me finish him off. No, by God. You stay away. Oh Bill, Bill, come in here quick. I believe the old man socked Mother then.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Here, take care of her, take her out of here. What'll I do? I don't care a damn what you do. But get her out of here. Go call the doctor. (pause) Partly exteriorised view of a man trying to give artificial respiration to the baby.

LRH: How does it feel for the baby?

PC: (pause) Feels like a coitus somatic. That's what I've been calling a coitus somatic.

LRH: Early pain.

PC: Intermittent pressure.

LRH: What's he saying?

PC: That's the way. That's the way. Look at his neck. The neck's all swollen. That's the way, kid. Impression of a child crying. Impression of somebody talking in an excited, disturbed voice. There's somebody else there, and one of those post-mortems as they say in bridge, and someone says, Lucky thing for me I came here, I don't know why. I just got the idea something was going on here that shouldn't be. Lucky for me I came in when I did. Caught her right in the act. My God, I thought she was up to something. She's been acting awful Queer around here lately. Yah, he's all right now. Damn, I'm glad you came in here. I never came so close to killing anybody in my life. Imagine that. Imagine that. Doing that to a baby. Bob, call Audrey. Bob, you've got to do something about her. You can't have her around that child. She'll kill him yet. Mark my words. Mark my words. She's not responsible. She's not a fit person to be around him. Oh, I can't believe it, it's unbelievable. I don't see what could have gotten into her to do such a thing. She's a wretch.

LRH: All right. Let's go back to the moment she's closing down on your windpipe, if it's there. The moment of closing down on your windpipe.

PC: Somatic in my neck increases.

LRH: Closing down.

PC: I get the idea of a contorted face above me. There were two hands. Now is my chance, now is my chance, now is my chance to get rid of you. I'm tingling all over. Now is my chance to get rid of you. I've tried and tried. I've tried and tried time and time again. Now I'm going to do it. I'm sick of the sight of you. Now I won't have to listen to any of that squalling of yours anymore. There is a very marked feeling of terror here, and as I'm sitting, the tears are very close to the surface. Now's my chance to get rid of you at last. I've tried and tried. You little bastard, you lived in spite of me. You won't go on living much longer if I've got anything to say about it.

LRH: Continue.

PC: The somatic around my neck has disappeared. You bastard. I won't have to listen to your squalling anymore. Mary, you cut that out. What the hell are you doing with that kid? Skilled him, and I'm glad, he's dead, I'm glad. She says this with hysterical laughter. Clunk, crash, as if somebody got knocked over. Bill, oh Bill, come up here right away. Impression of rhythmic pressure.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Compression of the chest seems to cease. (exhales)

LRH: All right. Let's start back at the very beginning of this. Very, very early beginning of this.

PC: I was thinking about the singing.

LRH: Yes.

PC: (imitates singing) Da, da, da-da.

LRH: Continue.

PC: Da di-da.

LRH: Let's get it (chuckles) at the first moment there. The first moment.

PC: (hums words to self about a little baby) Impression of a baby crying. A little tired and fretful, hot and warm. Oh, shut your trap and stop your crying. Stop it, do you hear me. Stop it. I'll give you a good shaking. (pause) Exteriorised view of a woman shaking a baby. (breathes deeply)

LRH: Continue.

PC: Then she sort of throws the baby down. The baby's about six months old there, I guess. Stop it. Of course after that the baby cries all the more. (pause) Stop it. (breathes deeply) I can't stand that crying. Either you stop it or I'll make you stop. Shut up for keeps. I'll make you shut up for keeps. Stop it, do you hear me, stop it, stop it. Stop it. (breathes deeply; pause) Stop it. Stop it. Now's my chance. There's nobody watching. Pressure on my mouth. And now, you little bastard, I'm going to get rid of you. Somatic on my chin. (breathes deeply) Impression of a hand on my throat. (yawns) A hand over my nose and mouth. Be quiet. Be quiet. Be quiet. I'll be so glad when you stop that crying. (breathes deeply, sigh) The impression that there's more than one incident here. More than one similar incident. Stop it. Stop it.

LRH: The next time you come back here you'll know all about where these incidents are, won't you?

PC: That's right.

LRH: All right. Let's come up to the time you're 5 years of age and having a good time.

PC: The first answer is, I didn't have a good time.

LRH: Come on. Let's pick up that good time you had at 5 years of age. It's absolutely impossible for a kid 5 years old not to have a good time some time, isn't it?

PC: No.

LRH: You don't think you had a good time anytime there?

PC: No.

LRH: All right. Let's pick up a moment when Ducky's reading to you.

PC: A good time is not 5 years, it seems to be some time when I was playing with my building blocks. That I used to enjoy. The things that I remember having made were never quite right. But yet I always hoped to do a little bit better the next time. They were never quite as I wanted them to be but still I enjoyed it. (yawn) I had my stone blocks, and I can see the little man that I had that came off a fire engine, a little iron man, and he had a couple of prongs where his buttocks would be and he'd fit into the seat on the fire engine. And the hands were outstretched so they could

fit on the steering wheel. And there was one of these stone blocks that was just exactly the right height to be a seat for him. And I used to build a throne for him and have him sit on it master of all he surveyed. (exhales)

LRH: Present time.

PC: Okay.

LRH: Present time. How old are you?

PC: 37.

LRH: Contact the 39.

PC: (breathes deeply) 37 was the time I had my cystotomy. Okay, 39.

LRH: Abracadabra.

PC: Yah.

LRH: Five, four, three, two, one.

PC: Yah.

LRH: (snap!)