

AUDITING A BLIND PRECLEAR

A lecture given on
1 September 1950

During the demonstration itself all comments by LRH are written by him on a surface on the table beside him and thrown onto a screen so that the audience can read his remarks. He does not speak to the audience, only to the preclear. These written comments about the case are set in parenthesis.

Dealing with Control Circuitry

First I am going to show you some Straightwire at work.

LRH: Now, if you'll sit down on the couch there. What is your name?

PC: Peter Anderson.

LRH: All right, Peter. What's been worrying you lately?

PC: That I haven't been able to get any auditing. I am terrifically restimulated. Several factors seem to be primary restimulators to me.

LRH: What is the primary factor that is restimulative to you?

PC: I think people are trying to knock out my sense of reality.

LRH: Oh, who knocked out a chunk of your reality?

PC: The auditor I had.

LRH: All right. What kind of a chunk of reality got knocked out?

PC: Well, when he attempts a demonstration, it's one thing or another. He challenges a preclear who says his first worry is something by saying "That's nothing to worry about." It seems to me it's not only invalidating the preclear's data, but inuvalidating the preclear himself.

LRH: Well, anything like that is not Standard Procedure. Now, answering that way is not invalidating data, I think, as much as it is invalidating the individual.

PC: That's what I said.

LRH: Okay. Now, when was the first time this was said to you?

PC: It isn't said in so many words. It's a specific characteristic that many people have, and is comparable to a forgetter mechanism, I think.

LRH: I see. When did your mother say this to you?

PC: Say what ?

LRH: Did your mother say this to you, "That's nothing to worry about"?

PC: Oh, those words?

LRH: Yes. Those words.

PC: Well, I imagine she has said them to me. My father has said them to me and five older sisters and an older brother. Very often said them to me.

LRH: They all have. Well, let's remember a time when these words were said to you.

PC: Well, let's see. "Nothing to worry about. Nothing to worry about. Nothing to worry about." Well, there have been some terrific instances rather recently. 1947, I had a nervous breakdown. My wife divorced me, and there were some terrific complications to the whole thing which knocked terrific chunks out of my sense of reality. And my sisters and brothers and everybody else said, "Well, that's nothing to worry about."

LRH: Remember one moment when they were saying "That's nothing to worry about." One specific moment.

PC: I am afraid—a specific moment was when after I had been smashed up in an automobile accident. The doctor told me I would be a cripple for the rest of my life, and my wife had divorced me, and I had to resign my job. My sister said to me, "Well, anything that's happened to you, you brought it on yourself." And I said, "From a metaphysical standpoint I can see what you are talking about, but it's damned hard to take." And she said, "Well, it's nothing to worry about." Intellectually I can see her point, but my reactive mind couldn't quite see it that way.

LRH: Do you remember that?

PC: Yes, I remember. She had just made this statement. She was standing there.

LRH: Let's just play a little game out of this. Let's see how early we can remember this taking place.

PC: Another incident, earlier?

LRH: Yes, another incident, a very early moment when this happened to you.

PC: Two or three incidents seem to come to mind, but I don't recall "nothing to worry about."

LRH: Go ahead. You remember the incidents. How old are you?

PC: 4.

LRH: Four. And who said this to you?

PC: I don't know.

LRH: Sure, you know who said this to you.

PC: Maybe I do, but . . .

LRH: What happened to you?

PC: I had this finger mashed up by a rock.

LRH: And who was patching it up?

PC: The doctor.

LRH: And what did he say to you?

PC: I suppose he must have said "It's nothing to worry about." That's why the file clerk hands it out.

LRH: All right. Let's remember this Straightwire now. Where was he standing when he was patching up your finger?

PC: I think in his office. He wasn't patching it up. He was cutting it off. Given up hope of trying to save it.

LRH: And?

PC: And took the scissors and cut the end of it off and tossed it into the wastebasket and said, "Nothing to worry about. "

LRH: You remember this, do you?

PC: Well, I'm not sure that I do, but . . .

LRH: Now the only reason I asked this question is I was wondering whether you were returning to it or remembering it.

PC: Well, I'm not quite sure which I am doing.

LRH: Have you got a somatic in that finger?

PC: No.

LRH: Then you are remembering it. Simple as that. Okay. Now, you remember that all right. Now, have we got an earlier one?

PC: Well, I don't remember it, but some people tell me it occurred. And it popped into my mind when you said there was an earlier incident. My older brothers and sisters seemed to get a kick out of saying I was, as a very small child, a very good child. I was rather slow and quiet, minded my own business. But there was this incident when some friends of the family were visiting and they had a boy that was about two years older than I, and he walked up and slapped me. I don't know whether it's true or not but they say I just stood there and he slapped me on the other side and I still stood there. Then he bopped me in the nose and I still didn't do anything. Finally somebody said, "You ought to hit him back." So I gave him a good trouncing. They say I was 3 years old or something like that.

LRH: Did anybody say "Nothing to worry about"?

PC: I suppose so.

LRH: All right. Who said it, where?

PC: I am trying to get these from the file clerk.

LRH: Well, this is just Straightwire now.

PC: I don't remember.

LRH: All right. Let's remember. Who in your family used to say "Forget it"?

PC: Oh, all of them.

LRH: Letb remember a time when they said "Forget it."

PC: Pretty well forgotten.

LRH: Come on, let's remember when somebody said "Forget it." Somebody said "Forget it."

PC: In early childhood?

LRH: Yes.

PC: I remember an expression that they used to use. I remember my mother, I can't remember the incident, "That will go away before you get married."

LRH: All right. Let's remember that. Let's remember her saying that one time.

PC: I really can't think of a specific time.

LRH: All right. Let's remember it. Repeat it a couple of times.

PC: "Now, that will go away before you get married. Now, that will go away before you get married. Now, that will go away before you get married." Must have been sometime when I thought I was supposed to feel bad and they didn't think so.

LRH: "Now, that will go away before you get married."

PC: A number, 3, flashed in my mind.

LRH: All right. Give me a yes or no on this: Father?

PC: No.

LRH: Mother?

PC: No.

LRH: Hospital?

PC: Might be no on hospital.

LRH: Yes or no on doctor?

PC: No.

LRH: Now we know what we are looking for. "That will go away before you get married." Injury?

PC: No.

LRH: Sickness?

PC: Do you know what my demon's doing? He is writing out whatever you say, instead of letting yes or no come up.

LRH: Who used to feel like he was all alone in your family?

PC: I did.

LRH: Oh, you did. Who else used to feel like he was all alone?

PC: I remember a specific incident of my sister, just older than I, who, at her birthday or Christmas or something, was crying because someone had neglected to give her a present. The others in the family seemed to feel sorry for her. And I thought that was a pretty good idea. I would have to remember to use that sometime when I wanted a little sympathy.

LRH: Who used to say "I am all alone"?

PC: Straight line memory? I have some dope which makes me think my mother did while she was pregnant with me.

LRH: What did she say postpartum?

PC: What does that mean?

LRH: After birth, in your childhood.

PC: About being all alone?

LRH: Yes.

PC: Oh, lots of times. We lived a bit out of town, there weren't bus lines or things up there. Once in a while I think my dad would go out to church activities, practically every night, and she would complain about it and say, "I am all alone up here on this mountain. I can't go anyplace or do anything."

LRH: What was that again?

PC: I am all alone up here on this mountain. I can't go anyplace or do anything."

LRH: Yes. And where was she standing when she would say this?

PC: It happened on so many occasions. She might have been standing anywhere. There were a thousand places in the house.

LRH: (I am testing "I am all alone.") Well, what would she look like while she was standing there?

PC: I can't remember, not very well. I'm surprised very much how poorly I remember my mother, and how indifferent I was when she died. I had to force myself to cry so that I wouldn't make my brothers and sisters mad.

LRH: (Because he has "tape" response for the file clerk.)

PC: She just said it on many, many occasions, about Dad going out and working in church work practically every evening of the week and she was needing many things done around the house. He never seemed to be around.

LRH: She never seemed to get around to it?

PC: Not she, but my dad.

LRH: Oh, she said your dad never got around to it.

PC: That's right.

LRH: Okay.

PC: I am not trying to be stubborn. I really wish I could remember these things.

LRH: All right. Here's a pillow. Let's assume the angle on this.

PC: Stretch out, you mean?

LRH: Now there's a small matter here of the canceler. Come up to present time.

PC: I wish I could.

LRH: Are you on Guk?

PC: No.

LRH: On drugs of any kind?

PC: No, not even an aspirin tablet.

LRH: All right. Have you got a bad heart or anything like that?

PC: No. I am disgustingly healthy.

LRH: All right. Let's close your eyes, which you have done. Anything which I say to you while you are lying here on the couch, on the stage today, September the first, will be canceled when I say the word canceled. Okay?

PC: That's fine.

LRH: All right. Now, the file clerk will give us the incident necessary to resolve this case. The somatic strip will give us the first phrase in the incident. When I count from one to five and snap my fingers, that phrase will flash into your mind. One-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: You want the phrase that flashed into my mind?

LRH: Right.

PC: What occurs?"

LRH: All right; go over it a couple of times.

PC: What occurs? What occurs? What occurs? What occurs? What occurs? What occurs?"

LRH: (This type of file clerk is schiz.)

PC: I guess you know why that flashed— that's the phrase I use when I go through the same routine you just did.

LRH: All right.

PC: What occurs? What occurs? What occurs?"

LRH: Do you have any somatic?

PC: I haven't any.

LRH: Have you any perceptics, feel anything?

PC: No. "What occurs? What occurs? What occurs? What occurs? What occurs? What occurs?"

LRH: (Great control and probably stuck on the track. Coffin case. He is running auto.) All right. Is there another phrase subsequent to this?

PC: Well, I could go on talking. A lot of phrases pop into my mind.

LRH: What occurs here? What occurs at this time? How old are you?

PC: Seuen flashed into my mind.

LRH: Come up to present time.

PC: Okay.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: 7.

LRH: What is your age?

PC: Twenty-three flashed into my mind.

LRH: Give me a number.

PC: 92.

LRH: All right. (Circuits, but good.) Now, let's see. Who was the best friend you ever had?

PC: Oh, when you first asked me that question the name of my cousin Steue popped into my mind. I used to like him very much when I was a kid, but I got many a beating for playing with him when my mother and his mother had had a quarrel, and my mother said I couldn't play with him. I liked him very much, and in some ways envied him.

LRH: Have you ever been psychoanalyzed?

PC: Not psychoanalysis. I have had considerable psychological counseling, primarily the nondirective technique of Rush's. I have had analysis by Jung, depth analysis, the dream analysis, about a year.

LRH: (Talking a lot in concepts. Typical of just what he is saying. Wastes a lot of time.) Okay. Let's go over the phrase "I love you."

PC: I love you I love you I love you I love you. I love you. I love you." (laughs) I just thought of something. Don't let this deceiueyou. (indicating his eye) This is a crockery eye and sometimes fluid behind it starts to leak out. That doesn't mean that I am going to start to cry. "I love you. I love you."

LRH: (This is his first audit except for Straightwire. Suppressor on tears, "Don't cry.") What are you looking at?

PC: Nobody.

LRH: Who's talking?

PC: Me.

LRH: All right. Go over the words “I’m all alone.”

PC: I’m all alone.”

LRH: Let’s return to the earliest time this phrase is uttered, “I’m all alone.”

PC: I’m all alone. I’m all alone. I’m all alone. I’m all alone.”

LRH: Return to the earliest time this phrase is uttered.

PC: I’m all alone. I’m all alone. I’m all alone. I’m all alone.”

LRH: (I can’t use his file clerk very well, so have to start in straightening out the file clerk and somatic strip—he is held.)

PC: Should I try to put in words any thoughts that come into my head, every time I think of something?

LRH: Yes. Who used to tell you exactly what to do?

PC: Both my parents.

LRH: What was the phrase they used?

PC: Oh, many ways. “Don’t do it until I tell you.” And when I would make a mistake and say “Well, I thought . . .?” Dad would yell back at me, “Don’t think. “

LRH: Is your father a naval man?

PC: No, but he has a set of beautiful aberrations.

LRH: All right. Let’s contact a time when your father’s really bawling you out.

PC: The first thing that pops in my mind is he usually started his bawlings-out by beating me. One day he called the house and said for me to come out to the job. He was a building contractor. He wanted me to be on the job and to show a man who was bringing some gravel where the gravel should be dumped. The job was on East Avenue. While he was talking he said, “You might just as well come down and pick me up.” Well, he never had resealed where “here” was. And he had only been talking about the job on East Avenue. So I said, “Okay, I will go down and take a look.” I went down over to the job on East Avenue but I couldn’t find Dad. I couldn’t see any place where any construction was going on or anything. After I had looked around about an hour (he hadn’t given me a definite address) I came on home, and as I started to back the car into the yard I saw him running out of the house with his face all flushed and contorted with rage and the 15 hairs he had left waving over his bald head, and he looked like a wild man. Well, he ran out to the car and jumped on the side of it and started beating on my head with his knuckles; and I said, “What is the matter? “ And I jumped out of the other side of the car, and as I did he came running around the back of it. He had a stick in his hand and started beating me. He broke that stick and then got a stronger one, and I said, “What is the matter, Dad?” And he wasn’t saying any words—just yelling unintelligibly and not saying anything. And I kept saying “What is the matter, Dad?” Then I started to back off and run away from my father, and yet I felt guilty—that I shouldn’t run away from him. And so he chased me up through the back yard and around the side and through the front, and I ran down across the front lawn and jumped over about a four-foot retaining wall, and as I did I sprained my ankle. And as I did, he hit me in my testicles, and I passed out for a

little while. He kept on beating me across the back. Pretty soon I got up, and he was standing on the lawn, and he said, "Come on in the house." And when I got in the house he was going to start beating me some more, but Mama stopped him. And I kept asking "What is the matter? Why are you beating me?"

LRH: (He is in Mama's valence, among others. I noted earlier he considers injuries a sort of badge of award. Heavy sympathy engrams. Several allies— women.)

PC: He hadn't made it clear that he was several blocks from the East Avenue job. He was mad because I hadn't come to the grocery store to get him, which I didn't know anything about.

LRH: Ever use free association?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Let's go to the time when Papa is saying exactly what he said when he beat you over the head and said "Don't think." Let's get his words. No amount of explanation is as good as just a few brief words. Okay? Where did he hit you in the head? Let's pick up the somatic.

PC: Oh, I don't think I can feel it. I think I have a pain shut-off.

LRH: Where did he hit you on the head?

PC: Right up here. (indicating)

LRH: All right. What is he saying to you when he hits you on the head?

PC: Dod-rotted kid."

LRH: Let's go over that again.

PC: Dod-rotted kid."

LRH: What else did he say?

PC: Ooh! "Dod-rotted kid!" And he was just all bottled up with rage.

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

PC: Dod-rotted kid."

LRH: Let's feel those blows.

PC: Dod-rotted kid."

LRH: What did he say about "Don't think"?

PC: Oh, to feel the blows, I was going into the specific incident. That would be the one I just related.

LRH: All right. Did he say "Don't think" in that incident?

PC: No.

LRH: All right. Let's go over "Dod-rotted kid" again.

PC: Dod-rotted kid.”

LRH: Let’s feel those blows.

PC: Dod-rotted kid. Dod-rotted kid.” These blows aren’t in that specific incident. He was too mad to even say that.

LRH: Do you like this guy?

PC: Hell, no.

LRH: All right. Let’s get back to the first time he ever beat you up.

PC: Straight line, or any way I can?

LRH: No. Return to it.

PC: I can’t, but I remember a time when I came home and he beat me and beat me. Then, I went over the top of one of the dining room chairs. I can see that chair.

LRH: (He is “educated” into free association.) Can you see the chair?

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right. What did he say when he beat you and kicked you?

PC: You should come home when you are told.”

LRH: What is he saying again?

PC: You should come home when you are told.”

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: You should come home when you are told. You should do what you are told.”

LRH: All right. Let’s go over those again.

PC: You should come home when you are told, and you should do what you are told. Don’t talk back. You should do what you are told. Come home when you are told.”

LRH: All right. Let’s contact what he is doing. Contact the blows. (Papa is primary source of “control.”)

PC: From many experiences I know pretty well what he did. He clubbed me on the side of the face with his open hand, but I can’t feel it.

LRH: (The same circuits in this preclear.)

PC: You should come home. You’re very disobedient.” No, he wouldn’t say it that dignified.. “You should come home when you are told. Why don’t you do what you are told ? You should come home when you are told.”

LRH: Where is he hitting you?

PC: I don’t know; I got it from both Mama and Papa. I would be glad to let him beat me again if I could feel the somatic.

LRH: Yes. When are you supposed to be very brave about pain?

PC: When was I?

LRH: Yes.

PC: When I was told to be or inspired to be?

LRH: Inspired to be what?

PC: Brave about pain—I probably am misusing the word “inspired.”

LRH: All right. When did your father beat you last? When was the last time he beat you?

PC: That was what I just told you about.

LRH: Who’s dead?

PC: Damned if I know. I wish I were.

LRH: You wish you were dead? Why?

PC: Why, if this Dianetics doesn’t work, I don’t see what the hell’s the use of living.

LRH: All right. What do you feel about this in general?

PC: Well, I think most people are pretty silly about it. It makes for a lot of sins. The organism or life put on a planet and told to survive; that makes about the most damn good sense. Survive calls for goals and purpose and I am not achieving any purpose. You are not accomplishing a hell of a lot of sin in not surviving. The life energy will flow on in other channels and probably do a better job.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: 16.

LRH: All right. Who’s talking? You are, of course, but are you hearing anybody saying this at a funeral?

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right. What did it look like?

PC: Well, I never was to a funeral before I lost my sight. And incidentally, here’s an interesting thing for research. Although I have been blind for 24 years, I have better uisio recall than I have anything else. And although I have a sort of analytical dub-in on uisio and make allowance for it, I act and do everything I do by a sort of uisio dub-in. But I have tried to go back to the funeral of my mother’s and can’t get a damn thing out of it.

LRH: (Here comes forth a dramatization of somebody around some funeral. He has been to a funeral while very young. He is badly occluded.)

PC: But I couldn’t get a hell of a lot of grief, not as much as it should be worth.

LRH: All right. Who used to say “God will strike you blind”?

PC: Nobody said that, but it was a common expression around my home when I bumped or knocked a lamp off a table or did something, somebody would say, “What is the matter? Are you blind? Can’t you see what you are doing?” Incidentally, my mother was very nearsighted. Without her glasses she probably often made the statement “I’m practically blind.” It’s been restimulated for 23 years. I was quite indifferent toward being blind. It never bothered me quite a bit, but something during the dream analysis triggered something.

LRH: Dream analysis? Was this deep analysis?

PC: Yes.

LRH: With what drugs?

PC: No, not any drugs at all.

LRH: Oh.

PC: No drugs. Deep dream analysis.

LRH: How did they get what the deep dreams

PC: Started interpreting dreams and started to come by the boat-load.

LRH: All right. Speaking of Jungian analysis, let’s go back to your last death.

PC: Last death?

LRH: Yes. Let’s go back to your last death.

PC: The last person that died?

LRH: No, your last death.

PC: My last death?

LRH: Yes. Your last death.

PC: I haven’t died yet.

LRH: Yes. Let’s go back to your last death.

PC: Okay.

LRH: Your last death.

PC: You want me to return to it? I will wait until the file clerk hands something out.

LRH: (I am testing for early lives.)

PC: Something interesting here. A brother in-law for whom I never had much affection—after all the eye doctors had given me up, and they finally started taking me to a school for the blind—a brother-in-law, who, incidentally, is an old nary man, showed the first sign of affection towards me that I had ever seen from him. He shook my hand and said, “Well, you are starting a new life.”

LRH: (Maybe we can blow a charge. Early lives are, officially, dub-in.)

PC: When you ask such an obtuse action as my last death, maybe the reactive mind has done something here....

LRH: Let's go back to the earliest death we can reach, then, your own. Are you familiar with Jungian analysis?

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right. Let's go back and find the death.

PC: I never had any deaths in Jungian analysis.

LRH: No? Well, let's see if we can find one.

PC: I don't recall dreaming about any deaths that we discussed. I have had about ten months of it.

LRH: Let's return to your last death.

PC: I'm not sure I know what you mean, because I don't go for any of this previous life stuff.

LRH: Well, let's see if you can find one anyway. Let's see. Here's a chance to prove if there is one there.

PC: Such a thing as a previous existence?

LRH: Yes.

PC: Oh, I have got an aversion to the stuff.

LRH: Got an aversion to it.

PC: It may be all right....

LRH: Let's go back to a time when you are going fishing.

PC: Well, wouldn't it be more practical at a time when I was a sperm or an embryo, get into the prenatal? I would like to do that.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: Nothing came. There was a F-L-A-S-H answer as you did that there. Oh, incidentally, I saw a sensation of light as you snapped your fingers. My posture, incidentally, if I didn't have this coat on, would probably be up this way, or most likely up this way.

LRH: (Get that fast cover-up.) Let's go back to the time just before you went blind.

PC: The nearest day that I can recall?

LRH: Yes. Let's go back to it.

PC: Return to it?

LRH: Yes.

PC: Okay. There are two things. The day before, I remember what I was doing . . .

LRH: Yes.

PC: and I could pick that up. I could return.

LRH: Let's go back to a pleasant moment just before this.

PC: Oh, a pleasant moment?

LRH: Yes. Let's see....

PC: Oh, here's a good one. I know it happened to me the same summer. In 1926, it was evidently that summer, a bunch of us young kids, 15 years old, several boys and several girls, going for a little picnic hike.

LRH: All right. Where did you stand there when you first started out on the picnic?

PC: Well, the incident is a brief moment of triumph when I climbed the hill.

LRH: All right. Let's climb this hill. (Time I got down to work on him. I am testing perceptics.)

PC: A couple of gals up on top of the hill, we fellows start climbing the hill, a very steep climb.

LRH: All right. Let's start climbing the hill. What kind of a day?

PC: It's a hot summer day.

LRH: All right. Hot summer day. How do things smell?

PC: Well, I can dream up a smell. I can't smell anything, but I know the hill well enough to know that there's just primarily weeds and grass.

LRH: All right. Let's see if we can walk up that hill. Let's take a look at those weeds and grass. Take a look at them. All right. Now, where are the girls with relationship to you?

PC: They're up the hill. Sitting on some rocks up there.

LRH: How do they look up there?

PC: Oh, they're kind of cute and sassy.

LRH: What are they saying to you?

PC: Come on up Let's see who can make it first," or something like that.

LRH: Let's go over that again. Let's repeat it a couple of times.

PC: Come on up Let's see who can make it first."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: Come on up Let's see who can make it first. Come on up. Let's see who can make it first. Come on up. Let's see who can make it first. Come on up. Let's see who can make it first. Come on up. Let's see who can make it first."

LRH: (Everything here is stet. This means terrific controls.)

PC: Can a demon go through all of an incident ?

LRH: "Come on up," again, again. Let's go over it again.

PC: come on up let s see who can make it first. Come on up, let's see who can make it first. Come on up, let's see who can make it first. Come on up, let's see who can make it first." I am out of it. I can reconstruct this whole scene from straight line memory, but I don't feel like I'm in contact with the things.

LRH: (This means terrific controls controlling "I")

PC: I don't have a hard time visualizing it. Do you want me to go over the words some more? I don't mind at all. "Come on up. Let's see who can make it first."

LRH: How does she look when she says this?

PC: Well, which one? The little one, Linda or Margie?

LRH: Well, which one says it?

PC: Damned if I know. I can't hear, and I don't get an impression.

LRH: All right. What have they got on?

PC: Well, I think Linda has got on some kind of a sloppy joe sweater, sort of a little scarf around her neck. She has dark curly hair. . .

LRH: (Notice I started using present tense; now he is using it.)

PC: blue eyes . . .

LRH: Go on.

PC: oh, I think she's got on some kind of what they call riding breeches. Now she's sitting up there on a rock that sits right on the crest of this mountain. We call this mountain Hogback.

LRH: (He is settling down into the vicinity of the incident.)

PC: I might as well do what I did the other day: make this up.

LRH: Oh, no. You don't need to make this up. Don't you want to see these girls?

PC: I wish to hell I could.

LRH: They're there. Let's take a look. What goes on?

PC: Well, Linda has got

LRH: Ah, you've already described her. Does she have boots or puttees on?

PC: She's got some sort of low-heeled shoes on. The way I'm viewing it right now, I'm a hell of a long ways outside of myself.

LRH: That's all right.

PC: I am looking at her from a different angle, not the angle from which I should have seen her. I am out in space looking at her now, and she wasn't sitting on the rock the way that I see her now.

LRH: (He is very uneasy about staying in one place. Exteriorization' is characteristic of a schiz. He is in synthetic valences, out of actual ones.)

PC: And Margie is sitting just a little bit further back along the rock, and her sister Linda is standing down beside this large rock. I can see the hill quite distinctly. Shall I go through the impressions, too?

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

PC: Well, let's look closer at Linda. She was my girlfriend at the time. She has on some kind of a blouse. It was a high neck.

LRH: What would happen to you if you didn't move around?

PC: What?

LRH: What would happen to you if you didn't move around?

PC: If I didn't move around?

LRH: Yes.

PC: Damned if I know.

LRH: Well, do you have any trouble, have you moved often lately?

PC: No.

LRH: You haven't?

PC: I have a terrific trouble with squirming and wiggling. Poor people that have to sit by me, I feel sorry for them. Because I'm always wiggling my seat or scratching my legs or twiddling my fingers or spelling out the deaf-mute alphabet on my fingers. .

LRH: When you did this when you were a little kid, who got mad at you for doing this?

PC: Oh, hell. They scolded me all my life for doing that.

LRH: All right. Let's find a point where you were a little kid. What's said to you?

PC: sit still

LRH: (Drama in childhood. Perceptic tune-up is not possible here at this point.)

PC: Well, the wrong things come to mind. I look for an incident when I am wiggling and I get an incident when I was rowdy and boisterous and get reprimanded for it. Probably one of those characters that never had a hand laid on me in my life, and I think I have a terrible beating.

LRH: (I am now trying to find control circuits.) All right. You are sitting there and someone says, "Stop wiggling around. You are always doing something." Who would say that?

PC: Oh God, they'd all say that. My father, mother, older sisters, everybody would say that to me. They always have. I wish I could help you, Ron. I wish to God I could make something click here.

LRH: All right. (I'm going to valence shift him.)

PC: There would be too damned many of them that—I am trying to think of one now.

LRH: Now, I want to find something which has suppressed your emotions. Who has argued with you and told you and told you and told you that.

PC: Oh, all my older brothers. Oh, God.

LRH: All right. Let's see your older brother sort of bawl out this little kid for being so rambunctious. Let's be your older brother for a moment here and just bawl the hell out of this little kid. What are you going to say now?

PC: Oh, you are not hurt. Look at it. It isn't even red." Clout! Hit him on the other side. "See, it can't hurt you. I can't see any bruises, any marks. What the hell are you crying about? You're just a big bawl baby, that's all. Shut up. Keep your mouth shut."

LRH: That's pretty good. Now, let's look at this little kid as we are slapping him.

PC: Well now, you have got me looking at my little brother. I have got a younger brother three years younger than I. But once or twice I felt like slapping him, and I did lots of times.

LRH: (I am going to find a chronic valence and move that on the track.) Let's be your older brother. Let's slap this kid. What is this kid's first name? Now, what do you call this kid?

PC: Well, he used to call me a lot of things, "Bonehead, pothead, lunkhead, damned chump. Go on, don't be yellow." One time he bought me a pair of boxing gloves. He was going to give me a great present. And I was about 9 or 10.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: 9 or 10.

LRH: All right. How old are you?

PC: Nothing comes.

LRH: What is your age?

PC: A-G-E. I tell you I have got a tough deal. He bought me these boxing gloves . . .

LRH: Let's beat up this kid. Let's just beat the hell out of this little kid. We will call this little kid a bonehead. What is your brother's name?

PC: Harold.

LRH: All right. You be Harold and beat this kid up.

PC: I couldn't be like him. I don't see how I could be so damned dirty to a kid six years younger than him.

LRH: All right. Let's be Papa and beat up Harold.

PC: I couldn't do that, either. It doesn't make sense. I could make a try, and I don't mind making a try.

LRH: All right. Let's make a try.

PC: Okay. I will put the gloves on like he would do with me, and shoot that straight left out to the kid's face. About six inches longer than his is. "You damned baby. I didn't hit you. You just ran into that one." Well, bang! I hit him on the nose again. "Come on, I'm not tough. You just run into them. You bat-head. Don't run into them like that. Now, come on and fight." Whap! I hit him right on the side of the face. "Come on, don't be a quitter. Don't be yellow. Just your nose is bleeding. That's nothing; what the hell? A good fighter can fight with his nose bleeding. Come on. Well, you walked into that one, see? Now, keep your guard up and come on."

LRH: (This whole family talked "That's nothing.")

PC: Well, if you won't fight, I will make you fight." Well, clout him on the side of the head and "Get up. Don't lay down that way. Get up and fight."

LRH: (We started by looking for why his auditor upset him.)

PC: Get him down, stand him up and slug him. He is crying and says he is going to tell Mama. "I don't give a damn if you do tell Mama." Well, no use hitting him anymore. He is down, nose is bleeding. He is bawling.

LRH: (He is sure slightly out of valence.)

PC: Poor little bugger. I feel sorry for him. Say, I got a pretty good grief charge once. I went over the death of my sister, and my brother who committed suicide in 1919. The phrase "poor little kid" kept coming out, and I got terrific grief out of that. I was able to cry.

LRH: All right. Let's just return now to basic-basic and run it.

PC: Good. That's.

LRH: All right. Let's just return to basic-basic and run it. All right, basic-basic. When I count from one to five, the first words of basic-basic will flash into your mind. One-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: (no response)

LRH: What do you see?

PC: Well, just before you started I saw. . .

LRH: What does that mean?

PC: That's my demon giving me a bad time.

LRH: Shall we stop worrying about this demon for a short time and run basic-basic? (He won't stop using it.)

PC: I know that's true, because you have run it on a couple of people who have demons.

LRH: All right. Let's run it. The first words of basic-basic will now occur to you. Let's roll it. What is the phrase that occurs to you? Any phrase?

PC: What s wrong?"

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: Whats wrong? What's wrong here?"

LRH: That's a fine answer. "What's wrong here?" Next line?

PC: Whats wrong here with you?"

LRH: Next line.

PC: I don't think there's anything the matter. Why do you complain?"

LRH: Next line.

PC: This is no time to make a fuss about it."

LRH: Next line.

PC: There isn t really anything the matter with you. You're just putting on."

LRH: Next line.

PC: Why do you pretend so? It s all in your head."

LRH: Next line.

PC: If I were in your position I wouldn't make such a fuss about it."

LRH: (The validity of this is poor, of course, but he is at least getting practice.)

PC: You are always dramatizing. You always exaggerate every little thing. Why can't you be simple and quit pretending?" This can go on for days, you know.

LRH: Yes? (He needs hours and hours.) Let's go back over this again from the beginning.

PC: Well, that shows you what kind of a damned liar I am. I can't remember the first "What's wrong here? What is the matter with you? Why do you complain? There really isn't anything the matter with you. You are just pretending. Why do you dramatize every little thing that happens to you? "

LRH: (We will try to get something dramatic.) Who could be talking in this incident?

PC: Well, it could be—let's see, my mother might say things like that to my dad.

LRH: What would she say to your father?

PC: She wouldn't say those kind of things either. She would say, oh, "You are not. . .?" Oh, she would never say that.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: One. Both 1 and 2 came at once.

LRH: Days, weeks, months, years?

PC: I wish I could feel that any of them fit. They all seem to fit just as well as any others.

LRH: All right. Now, Let's go to the place where you have a chronic holder. Let's see if we get a little bit of sonic on that holder. Let's get sonic on something like "Stay there" or "Stay here" or something of the sort, and see if we can get a tiny bit of sonic. If you were about to hear a word, what kind of a holder would it be?

PC: Stop that damned noise."

LRH: All right. Would that hold you?

PC: I think "Stop that" would.

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

PC: Stop that. Stop that. Stop that. Stop that. Stop that. Stop that right now. Stop that. Stop that. Stop that. Stop that." I am trying to think of any incident where it could be. "Stop that. Stop that. Stop that this minute."

LRH: (We've probably got it. His demons may be moving on his track, but he hasn't yet.)

PC: Stop that. Stop that this very minute."

LRH: Let's go over that and see if we can get a somatic.

PC: Stop that. Stop that right now. Stop that." (laughing) You are going to have a lot of people down there hung up on the track, you know, listening to this.

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

PC: Stop that. Stop that. Stop that. Stop that. Stop that. Stop that. (getting louder and louder) Stop that. Stop that. Stop that this very minute. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Stop that."

LRH: What would be the phrase just adjacent to that, right next to it?

PC: Just before it ? I get "Damn you, stop that."

LRH: All right, let's go over that.

PC: Damn you stop that. Damn you, stop that. Damn you, stop that. Damn you, stop that. Damn you, stop that."

LRH: What comes right after?

PC: Stop that noise."

LRH: All right, go over that.

PC: Damn you stop that noise. Damn you, stop that noise. Damn it, stop that noise. Damn it, stop that noise."

LRH: What would come right after that? Would it be anything like "Get out of here"? "Get out of the house" or anything like that?

PC: Get outside."

LRH: All right, go over that.

PC: Go outside. Go outside. Go on outside and play. Go on outside and play. Damn it, stop that noise. Go on outside and play. Damn it, stop that noise. Go on outside and play. Go on outside and play. Go on outside and play. Go on outside and play.”

LRH: (There’s exteriorization.)

PC: Would it do any good if I encouraged anything that seems to be the inkling of a somatic ?

LRH: Go ahead. Can you turn them on and off?

PC: Well, I wish I would get a genuine somatic so that I could cry.

LRH: Would there be a slap that would go with “Stop that” or something of the sort?

PC: Oh, there might, and there might not. If that was my mother or anyone angry enough to say “Oh, damn it,” anyone but my brother, why, there probably would be a slap with it.

LRH: All right. Let’s go over it again.

PC: Damn it stop that noise. Go on outside and play. Go outside and play. Go on outside and play. Damn it, stop that noise. Go on outside and play. Damn it, stop that noise. Go on outside and play. Damn it, stop that noise. Go on outside and play. Get out of here. Get out of the house. Get out of here. Get out. Get outside and play. Go on out and play. Get out. Get out. Get out. Get out now. Go on out and play.”

LRH: (Here’s the engram.)

PC: You re always underfoot. Damn it, get out of here. Get outside and play. You’re always underfoot. Can’t hare you around. I’ue got things to do.”

LRH: All right. Let’s go over that. “Get out.”

PC: Get out. Go on outside. Get out of here. I’ve got things to do. Get out. Get off that floor. I am mopping it. Get outside and play.”

LRH: (Older child in family. Could be prenatal.)

PC: Get on outside the house. Get on outside and play.”

LRH: Go over it again. What have you got?

PC: Oh, Ijust had to think of my dad, when he’s working on some cement or something, and these bouncers, “Get away.” He usually said, “Get out; get away.” Struck me kind of funny. Funny, those I can remember straight line but—okay. “Damn it, stop that noise. Go on outside and play. Get out of here. I am busy now. Get out. You are always underfoot. Get out in the yard.” There’s a lovely holder: “Stay in your own back yard and play. Go on out. Get out of the house. Go on outside and play. Get out from underfoot. Get away from here. Get away from here.” Oh, I am just loaded with these.

LRH: (We have a break of reality.)

PC: Damn it, get out of here. Get out from underfoot. Get out of the way. Get away from here.”

LRH: All right. What would she say about coming back?

PC: I have a somatic, a chronic headache that I have battled with ever since this course started. It doesn't bother me at the moment.

LRH: What have you got?

PC: That's the somatic, the absence of this headache that's been bothering me.

LRH: All right. Go over it again.

PC: Which one? "Damn it, stop that noise"?

LRH: Yes.

PC: Damn it, stop that noise. And get out of the house. Run out of the house. Go on outside and play. Get out of here. Get out from underfoot. Go away. Get away from here. Get out of that garden. Don't step on the cement. Get off the floor. Get out of the house. Keep out of the car. You can't come near here. Stay down out of the trees."

LRH: Go on.

PC: You want some more?

LRH: Let's go back over "Stop that noise."

PC: Damn it, stop that noise." Well, if we want to get early, we'd better leave the "Damn it" out, because my mother wouldn't have said it, not in the house with the small children.

LRH: "Stop that noise."

PC: Stop that noise. Don't bounce so hard when you walk down the stairs. Stop that noise. Go out and play. Get out of the house, we are busy. Get outside. Stop that noise. Get away from here. Don't come by the window with all that noise. Go out in the yard and play."

LRH: They moved you around a little, didn't they?

PC: Well, they're all around. One phrase is just as good as the other.

LRH: No, I wasn't talking about your data. I was saying your family.

PC: Well, I lived in the same house from the time . . .

LRH: Did anybody ever let anybody stand still?

PC: Well, I don't know. When you have got nine kids around in a big family like that, there's a big amount of activity

LRH: Well, how would you have been called for in this family?

PC: Come on home." I could almost get a sonic on that. My mother out on the front porch calling, "Peter, come on home." Or my father coming up and yelling, "Peter, come on home, " with a growl in his voice. If that worked, I will go home and practice on those. Maybe I will have sonic tomorrow.

LRH: Well, go over a couple of them anyway.

PC: Peter, come on home. Come on home. Come on home right now. I want you to go to the store and get me some chicken feed." Those damned chickens.

LRH: Okay, you can practice that. All right. Come on up to present time.

PC: I think I have been here all the time. But not in present time.

LRH: All right. Let's think of something very pleasant that happened to you in the last few days.

PC: Oh, I feel very good about the day before yesterday. I was auditing a guy, and he was so loused up that he was panicky, and I tried to run him down on that. Well, I didn't try to but he damned near got himself into an AA, and he got into an "against me.?" "They're all doing something to spite me." And I started running him down on that but he got panicky when he got into prenatal, so I dropped him down on an "I can't tell." And he was so surprised when the words came out of the file clerk, and then added up and made sense. By keeping track of where I was, I got two of them—one at two weeks, one at five weeks after conception; and he was so astonished when he could see that I could keep track of where it was, whether it was five weeks or two weeks, get the number of phrases left in the engram, and back him up, back up to the front, and I had to chuckle when he got a phrase on "What shall I do now?" And it would reduce quite a bit, but it hung there and I backed him up to ten seconds before the incident started and counted him into it and got a flash and got?" "what"—got?" "what" and had him run that, and then got the phrase "But I don't know how." And that hooked on "What shall I do now?" His mother was saying it, and he was into his mother's valence. I got him back in his own, and the damned thing reduced enough so that I could go on to something earlier. And you see, this poor guy had read the book and thought he knew something about it. But you see, he had such terrific doubters, "I can't tell; I don't know." And this whole phrase, this whole engram, apparently Mama had done—"I don't know how. What can I do now?"

LRH: (He projects his case into others. He likes to audit!)

PC: And the phrase he dropped into was "I can't tell now," and "It's too early. I can't be sure at all at this time." When he hit some of those phrases he quickly decided to back out of them. It would have been awfully easy to have an argument with him as to whether or not he actually said that. But, it was so much easier to just run him and then let them drop out of sight, and he couldn't find them again. I don't think there was an erasure, but I got the whole darned thing, counting the number of phrases left, came down from seven to five to two and then one. And then couldn't get any more, but I asked him for a denier and there wasn't a denier. And I took the bouncers out, kept him from bouncing over to that one at seven weeks, and held him over at this one at five weeks, and took him earlier to get something to reduce. And he got something terrific. I got something like a grief charge, but it was close to terror and the tears flowed, and he cried something about it. It was more of a terror.

LRH: How did you feel afterwards?

PC: I feel very good, felt encouraged. I wish Dianetics really could do something. Now, I just wish we had got something to do to me.

LRH: Well, at least we have got you going home, anyway. What did they say, again?

PC: Which ones?

LRH: Your parents. When they called you home.

PC: Oh, "Come on home."

LRH: Okay. Come up to present time. All right canceled. Five-four-three-two-one.

This is the type of case which is peculiarly bumped along, usually by Guk, if you can get this one started rolling. He is locked up on several places on the track. It is a rough deal. What he is saying about these beatings and so forth hints of being to some slight degree exaggerated, but believe me, there have been plenty of them.

That is generally the background characteristic of these cases. The control circuitry, notice, was not in evidence. We got it there at first a little bit, and he started off from it. There is a kind of control circuit that is a bouncer circuit, like?" Snap out of it," "Control yourself," something like that. The case is just lots of bouncers and so on.

I was not working very hard. I don't like to work anybody too hard on a demonstration like that or to slug them around too much. It is not the situation as far as audiences are concerned, but his case is really terrifically suppressed. There are probably five, six, eight valences in there, a lot of controls from various identities and individuals. In all, a very interesting case. However, not a very difficult one.

His Straightwire was improving toward the last. He was picking up material. He was getting a little tone 4, trying to rise on some of this stuff. He is actually held all the time somewhere on the track. But he is held so obscurely and perhaps so severely that it's pretty hard to strip out.

This is the kind of a case where you just go in and slug. Use Standard Procedure, take him back on Straightwire. If he goes right there, I would try to get him down the track. I was going no place, so I used Straightwire to try to take him to something. I was not telling him I was using Straightwire. I was just getting him to talk about something. Of course, I had to be alert for he was going to wander up to present time a bit and tell me about it. And then, by repeater, I would take him down the track a little.

We were playing exclusively with locks. A terrific pain shut-off in this case is occasioned by his being so thoroughly out of valence. He is not only out of valence, but he goes very easily into another valence not his own. When he would approach areas where he shouldn't be, he would go into a synthetic valence. He does not occupy anybody. There are commands there for him in this that are valence shifter commands, lots of them. "I can't be myself around you. You are beside yourself all the time."

"I am just past myself" is an interesting one—combination valence shifter and dislocater. "I can't be myself around you," that sort of stuff, will cause a person to oscillate through these other valences. "If that had been you, you'd have been dead" is another one, and that just labels "you" as something not to be occupied.

That is the general shape-up of the case, it is not very dramatic in its first workings. It is going to take a lot of skillful auditing, but it will break down quite rapidly using Straightwire.

It was suggested that he was in the valence of fear all the time. One wouldn't go into a valence of fear. A valence means specifically the shadow of another person.

The engram in which he is held, that boxing match with a brother, contains nothing but bouncers and holders, bouncers and holders, holders and bouncers, and he's just retreating back, and retreating back, until when anybody says anything to him you get the defense totally aside from what would be the natural defensiveness of somebody from whom a vital perceptic was mlssmg.