

DEMONSTRATION: VALIDATING THETA

A lecture given on
12 June 1951

Straightwire on Incidents of Pleasure

I want to demonstrate how this validation-type processing is done. Is there anybody here who has a chronic somatic? I don't mean a psychosomatic illness; I mean a somatic which has been chronic—today, yesterday, last week, ever since they came to the Foundation.

Joe: Well, I have, quite honestly. I have one on top of my head; it's been running for about three weeks. It has seen getting a little worse since I've been processed.

Okay.

Joe: I may be getting somewhere. I don't know.

[to class] Every time I do this, it's like being an old-time gunman. You always know that sooner or later you're going to draw slower than the other guy.

[to pc] Come on up here. Just sit down.

[to class] I hate to make stage presentations of processing for several reasons. One is that you can never be sure of your preclear, particularly with a stage demonstration where you have a thousand people watching.

You reach out and take somebody and you put them down on the couch and that is not successful. So the next time you put somebody out there that knows cases and you tell him, "Be sure and pick a case that has something to run so we can put on a good show." He picks someone, and when you go out you find the preclear lying on the couch already, all set. So you say, "What did you have to eat yesterday?" or "How do you feel?" or something of the sort, and this person, who has been perfectly sane standing up, all of a sudden lets out a piercing scream! Or, much worse from the standpoint of an audience, he just lies there. That is gruesome. You know the audience expects a terrific show of some sort or other and you can't do anything about it.

Big audiences are not interested in the techniques of Dianetics. They are merely interested in a show, and I think they would be much more satisfied if you had several lions that could jump through a hoop or something of the sort. But that is all beside the point. Let's go on to our demonstration.

LRH: You've had a headache. For how long?

PC: Well, it's between three and four weeks.

LRH: Do you remember a time when your head felt good?

PC: Oh, yes.

LRH: Do you remember anybody stroking your head?

PC: That's a long time ago.

LRH: Yeah. Just remember somebody stroking your head.

PC: Hmm, yeah, I can. (chuckling)

LRH: Can you?

PC: Yeah, oh yeah.

LRH: Pretty nice? Who was it?

PC: Her name was Corinne—Corinne Jaspers.

LRH: Good. What color hair did she have?

PC: (laughing) It's known affectionately as cherry blonde.

LRH: How old were you?

PC: Uh. . . eighteen.

LRH: Eighteen?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Like her?

PC: Oh yes, very much so.

LRH: Is there any earlier time you can remember anybody stroking your head?

PC: (pause) No, I can't pick up . . . I think my mother did, but I can't say . . .

LRH: Yeah, I was going to say "Mother."

PC: Yeah.

LRH: [to class] You see, it would be a great temptation for an auditor to say at this moment "What is the valence shifter? Now, get right in there! " That is nonsense, because if a person will stick in a valence, there is too much charge on the track in that area. So you don't say that to him.

[to pc] Do you remember ever lying out in the sun with the warm sun on your head?

PC: (pause; sighs) I get better than that; I was sunstroked so badly that I was . . .

LRH: [to class] Yeah, here we go!

PC: I was in bed for six days with it.

LRH: [to pc] No kidding.

PC: Hm, yeah. I—uh. . .

LRH: Did you ever know of a building the size of this one? Another building the size of this one?

PC: Did I ever know of one?

LRH: Yeah. Do you happen to remember a building that reminds you of this one?

PC: (sighs)

LRH: [to class] This one is the wrong way to. I will show you how this is not done now. But we can turn this off.

PC: Oh, I've worked and reconstructed hundreds and hundreds of buildings . . .

LRH: [to pc] Yeah.

PC: during and since the war, and . . .

LRH: When were you hit on the head around a building like this?

PC: (chuckles) Well, maybe we're getting somewhere. I never realized that I have hundreds and hundreds of hours in the bank of high-speed aerobatics, training combat students.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: I used to hold myself on the threshold of blacking out minute after minute, and bring my threshold level up above these students, because I'm an old man for combat flying.

LRH: Yeah, all right.

PC: And I used to hold myself on the red and black threshold.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And so my head used to weigh pounds for hours at a time . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: three and four, five hours a day.

LRH: What student gave you a lot of trouble?

PC: Had about four hundred during the war.

LRH: How does your head feel?

PC: It's just vibrating, on and off.

LRH: Right this moment?

PC: Well, no. It goes lighter as we say certain things and gets heavier as we say others. (chuckling)

LRH: Is it tougher than it was when you were sitting back in the chair?

PC: No, as a matter of fact, it isn't. It's just a little lighter than it was.

LRH: Now, do you think it's possible this head is somewhat attributable to that? (pause) Did you ever swing when you were a little kid?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Fun?

PC: I got a pretty good kick out of it; that's how I got interested in flying. The sensation is rather nice in the stomach.

LRH: Yeah? All right. Do you remember swinging?

PC: Yeah, I can pick up the time—Indian Hill School.

LRH: Yeah? Is it a nice swing?

PC: Well, I was too small, but I transferred from the little box swings to the big ones. I can remember that.

LRH: Yeah? Who used to swing you?

PC: Guess it was an Italian kid. He lived up near me on the hill.

LRH: Did you like him?

PC: Well, I kind of admired him. He was a bigger, heavier-set guy than I. He could do a lot of things I couldn't.

LRH: Hm-hm Was he nice to you?

PC: Pretty fair.

LRH: Remember something he did good to you.

PC: (pause)

LRH: Are we getting near a fight?

PC: ah . . . we're getting nearer an antagonistic attitude.

LRH: Uh-huh. What was happening?

PC: Well, I think it was at the name-calling level....

LRH: Well, how did this guy look? How did this fellow look? Look at him at a time when you really felt nice toward him. What did he used to wear?

PC: (pause) Well, the one time I'm thinking of on the swings, he's wearing a gray suit—back in the days when we used to wear our trousers to here.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: Plus twos.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: That's an official term, as a matter of fact. He's. . . yeah.

LRH: What color tie? Did he ever wear a tie?

PC: No, he didn't have a tie. His hair was brown—brownny-black.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: A little light-colored for an Italian.

LRH: How did he talk? (pause) What kind of voice did he have?

PC: Kind of high-pitched.

LRH: Yeah? You don't remember anything nice or something that you liked that he said to you?

PC: (pause) Well, I was Betting out of the frame and he is saying "Get off that swing. "
(laughs) That wasn't just the type of phrase I wanted to get. (chuckles and sighs)

LRH: What happened? Why did you have to get off the swing?

PC: Well, he was bigger than me.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Quite a bit.

LRH: Is that the antagonistic period you were just speaking about?

PC: Yes! He was swinging me only to get me to swing him later, or something like that.

LRH: Oh. Now, you can close your ears if you want to.

[to class] There is an example. We went toward this thing . . .

[to pc] I'm not evaluating for you.

PC: Okay.

LRH: [to class] . . . we got down to an earlier sensation that had something to do with this, but possibly one that was pleasurable. There is possibly something in there that later material would hang up on. But we're not interested in finding the enttheta; let's find some Theta in this area. So we find somebody we like. All of a sudden he swings over toward an antagonistic moment; there is something wrong in that moment, but you notice he didn't come through with it. So we went and picked up some more Theta and then he swung back into it automatically and this came out. Now, if you want to do it again, just have the preclear look at the way that person walked.

[to pc] How did he walk? Any peculiar way?

PC: (sighs deeply) Ummm. Seems to me he swaggered a little.

LRH: Yeah? Did you admire that?

PC: I'm looking at it with a sort of a jaundiced eye—although would I have a jaundiced eye at that age? Maybe I would.

LRH: What did he do nice for you?

PC: I don't recall any other incident except this swinging, at the moment.

LRH: Hm-hm. What did he do real nice? When did he give you some candy?

PC: (pause) I don't—I can't remember....

LRH: When did he give you something?

PC: (pause)

LRH: No?

PC: This guy doesn't seem to be anyone who did that. I just happened to . . .

LRH: Hm-hm. Do you know somebody who did give you something, though? (pause) Who used to give you presents when you were a little kid?

PC: (pause) Well, I can recall my dad bringing home some little bits of toggery and so forth for me when—he was a traveler, a commercial traveler.

LRH: Remember being glad to see him?

PC: Oh, yeah.

LRH: Being real glad to see him?

PC: Yeah, sure.

LRH: Remember the time he stayed home because you were sick?

PC: (pause) Well, a similar situation; I used to go traveling with him in the summertime and I got sick, so he stayed in Melfort with me for three or four days.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: He drove me in to . . .

LRH: What was the matter with you?

PC: I just got carsick from traveling by car.

LRH: Oh.

PC: Hundreds and hundreds of miles up north. Hare you ever been on Saskatchewan roads...

LRH: Couldn't have been good.

PC: thirty, forty years ago ? (laughing)

LRH: Thirty or forty years ago! (laughs) You must have been going cross-country.

PC: I used to travel around with him when I was—yeah, well, we were, practically.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: They were just trails when I was up there. I got carsick and he broke his journey and stayed with me at Melfort.

LRH: What did he buy you?

PC: It seems to me it was an imitation—oh, sort of a cowboy outfit, a forty-years-ago Roy Rogers" thing.

LRH: Did you like it?

PC: Yeah. It was a suit and a pair of chaps and a rest thing.

LRH: Hm-hm. When did you feel real good around him?

PC: (pause) Ummm . . . this is very interesting. Every time I think of a very pleasant moment around him, I recall some incident where he was not addicted to the adage of “Spare the rod and spoil the child. “ He was “not sparing the rod “ when he felt it necessary. So every time I think of a pleasure incident with Dad, I think of a time when I got whaled.

LRH: Yeah? All right. But you remember pleasure incidents when he was part of the company present?

PC: (pause) Yeah. I was a kind of a little show-off, and I remember being asked to put on a...

LRH: [to class] If you notice, an auditory tendency is sometimes to start jumping at the entheta around the place. Obviously, his old man called him a show-off. [to pc] Right?

PC: ah...

LRH: But its possibly not in recall.

PC: Well, the family did. I know I have been ...

LRH: Sure.

PC: accused of doing that.

LRH: Sure.

PC: But nevertheless, they encouraged me. As a matter of fact, Dad taught me to... (pause)

LRH: See, it's

PC: elocute—elocute.

LRH: Elocute. Do you remember him teaching you to elocute?

PC: Oh yes, in his office with me standing— or I can recall him standing.

LRH: Did you like that?

PC: Not at first, no.

LRH: But after a while?

PC: Oh, yeah. I began to, after the first time when I didn't want to stay.

LRH: You began to be appreciated, in the immortal words of

PC: Yes, that's it. Yeah, I began to appreciate the applause of the multitude, which consisted (chuckling) of my own class in school.

LRH: Yeah, all right. Did your father ever swing you?

PC: No. He used to play baseball with me. He used to be a baseball pitcher.

LRH: Remember him playing baseball with you?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Have a good time?

PC: Oh, yes.

LRH: He used to be a pitcher?

PC: Yeah, he was a baseball pitcher.

LRH: Do you remember looking at a picture of him?

PC: Yes. Yeah, I have a picture of him with his old "Leeds County Champion Baseball Team" image.

LRH: Yeah?

PC: I still have that picture.

LRH: Yeah? Did you ever see a picture of him on his wedding day?

PC: Yeah, yeah. The wedding pictures are around.

LRH: What did you think of those?

PC: That collar looked damned uncomfortable. I remember thinking that.

LRH: Did you ever see a picture of yourself when you were a little baby?

PC: Seems to me I tried to tear them up when I found them. Yeah, there are a couple still in the house. I think they're preserved in an album. I've seen them.

LRH: What did you think about them?

PC: No matter how young—no, (chuckles) I shouldn't throw in a joke. I was just thinking no matter how young a prune might be it's always full of wrinkles! But, yeah, I didn't think I looked so hot. (LRH and pc laugh)

LRH: Ah, well. Do you remember a time when you took a very good-looking girl flying?

PC: Yeah. One time a very good-looking girl, one time a very nice girl. The very nice girl is my wife.

LRH: You didn't do any aerobatics?

PC: Not with my wife; I did with the other girl. That's what she wanted.

LRH: Hm-hm. How did you feel?

PC: Quite a sense of elation . . .

LRH: You did?

PC: because she got a east thrill out of it.

LRH: Yeah? Do you remember this?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Clearly? Remember how you felt at the time?

PC: Oh, as a matter of fact, she brought some people out to the airport to watch it. I was supposed to be pretty hot on aerobatics.

LRH: Hm-hm. Do you remember that?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Remember what the people said afterwards?

PC: Well, some of the things they said I felt were a little too elaborate. I wasn't that good.

LRH: Hm-hm. But you remember taking this girl up and feeling good.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Uh-huh. Do you remember a time when you had a student that you liked very much?

PC: Hm-hm. Came second in a whole class of 160 people.

LRH: Do you remember this guy?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: A nice guy?

PC: Bud...

LRH: You remember a time you were flying with him?

PC: He was a pleasure to fly with.

LRH: Yeah? Remember a time you were flying with him?

PC: Yeah. I do. Bud Draper.

LRH: Yeah? Nice guy?

PC: Yeah, Very nice.

LRH: Remember another student you knew.

PC: My head ache's getting worse. Pardon me for putting that in, but I . . .

LRH: (softly) I know.

PC: Yes, I had—some of the early students that came in, in the first few years of the war before we started scraping the bottom of the barrel, they were the pick of the personalities you could want to work with. I can remember . . .

LRH: Nice guys.

PC: Yeah, they were.

LRH: Remember an officer you worked with that you liked very much?

PC: Hm-hm, yeah.

LRH: Fellow instructor? Remember a time when you were standing around one of the planes talking to him?

PC: Well, I'll tell you what I'm thinking of now. I'm thinking of when his jet crashed in Lake Erie last year. He stayed on the permanent force. He was my best friend. He just crashed last year in testing over Lake Erie—a jet.

LRH: Still alive?

PC: No, oh no. (laughs) They haven't found his body yet.

LRH: Well, let's remember a—

PC: Pick up another one now. I'd forgotten that he crashed in that jet.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: Uh...

LRH: Let's remember a time when you really thought a plane was flying sweet.

PC: There's hundreds of hours when I felt that way! I will tell you that one of the most beautiful times was when I first took a new Mark II Harvard ' up—that's your AT-6A Texan down here. I thought that was the nicest training airplane I'd ever flown, and I still do. I remember the first time alone up in it. It was a wonderful thing, compared to what I'd been flying. Oh, then another time, yeah, I took up one of the new stripped Hurricanes—stripped of all its guns and armor, but with everything . . .

LRH: Remember how it looked when you were flying?

PC: Well, you can only see a little bit.

LRH: I know.

PC: A Hurricane is just about that big. That was a beautiful thing.

LRH: Remember how it looked on the ground?

PC: Oh, yeah.

LRH: Remember how it looked when you were flying it?

PC: Well, it just sort of—a machine that powerful, you didn't look, you just felt. It just felt wonderful.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: It would . . .

LRH: Do you remember how it felt?

PC: Yeah. I remember it would slow roll up at thirty thousand feet nearly, it was so powerful and so light.

LRH: How's your headache?

PC: Lifting. It's not as heavy as it was.

LRH: All right. Now lets remember a time when you were issued a new plane, they gave you a new plane.

PC: Hmm . . . yeah. Yeah, when I was chief instructor at the air force base . . .

LRH: Gave you a new

PC: they issued me the first new Cornell.

LRH: Did you like that?

PC: Yeah. It's a pretty smart aircraft, for a small plane.

LRH: How did it look the moment you received that?

PC: Well, unfortunately, we made them all very much the same color, all done in yellow.

LRH: Yeah, but that's still one plane.

PC: Yeah, it looked very smart . . .

LRH: Looked very smart.

PC: as an airplane.

LRH: Remember taking it out?

PC: Yes, I do. They had put my squadron leader stripes on the side of it.

LRH: All right. Remember taking it out?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: How did it take off?

PC: Well, of course, I'm a little critical, probably.

LRH: It didn't take off right.

PC: Well, it performed quite well.

LRH: You have to have it rerigged a little bit?

PC: No.

LRH: No?

PC: It's just that, well—oh, I now realize I wasn't very happy about that job. I only wanted to take it to find out what it was like to handle an elementary school. I really wanted to stay on secondary stuff, but . . .

LRH: Remember the best plane you had during all that service?

PC: Oh, the best plane I had was that stripped-down Hurricane.

LRH: Hm-hm. Did it fly good?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Stunt well?

PC: Oh yes, beautifully.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: You just had to think with your finger and . . .

LRH: Did a good job?

PC: Doing continuous slow rolls at 350 miles an hour? (laughing) I'll say!

LRH: Okay. Well, do you remember how the ground looked when you were doing it?

PC: Yeah. One time particularly, I was up over—between Oswego, New York, and Trenton, Ontario, in combination. . .

LRH: Were you having a good time at this time?

PC: The Thousand Islands' were just changing position. (laughing)

LRH: Yeah? How did your pack feel?

PC: Well, of course at that speed I had my harness pulled on very tight.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I was just locked right in.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Because...

LRH: What was the kinesthesia Of rolling?

PC: The kinesthesia of rolling is the sweetest thing, once you get the horizon back and er your feet again. (laughs)

LRH: Yeah.

PC: You can make yourself drunk that way.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: After two or three miles of it, you know.

LRH: Its okay.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Do you like the sensation?

PC: Hmm.

LRH: When did a fellow congratulate you very much on aerobatics—when it really meant something to you?

PC: This Bud Draper.

LRH: Yeah?

PC: One of my top-flight students; he was also a wonderful aerobic student.

LRH: What did he say?

PC: Well, he was saying he didn't think he could have done nearly as well if his instructor hadn't known so much about aerobatics as he did.

LRH: Hm-hm. Made you feel good?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Who else was present?

PC: The chief instructor of that station, and several other of my students.

LRH: Where did you and he go afterwards, right after he said that?

PC: Well, (clears throat) I had to take him up to the country club for a drink because he was only a sergeant and I couldn't take him to the officers' mess. (laughing) So I took him up that weekend. And we had a little party up there.

LRH: How's your headache?

PC: It's almost gone, as a matter—just the faintest trace up here over this eye.

LRH: Uh-huh. How drunk did you get then?

PC: Uh . . . not very as a matter of fact. My moments of being . . .

LRH: Do you remember being in a contest, an aerobic contest with somebody, when you won?

PC: Uh . . . no. No, we never indulged in that kind of stuff.

LRH: Do you remember being in formation aerobatics?

PC: Yeah. Yeah.

LRH: Remember flying with a sweet team that really knew what they were doing?

PC: Yeah. In that case, of course, I always had to be the—well, except one time, I was in a demonstration where they were all instructors. All the other times I was the senior man, so I was leading the other guys. But I did have some wonderful fellows—the way they could lean with you and just go . . .

LRH: Yeah.

PC: Five or six aircraft moving like one. (laughing)

LRH: Yeah. Good feeling.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Good team.

PC: My headache just about disappeared then at that point.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Just up to residual here now.

LRH: Do you remember this particular incident of seeing your picture—of you in an aircraft—published?

PC: Oh, yeah. They used to fine us for that. But I remember when the fellow from the Ottawa newspaper got my picture one day.

LRH: Hm-hm. Did somebody send you this picture or clipping?

PC: No, my wife had cut it out of the paper when I got home that night. She was down

LRH: And nobody else mailed it to you?

PC: No, she found it.

LRH: She found it. Didn't anybody else send it to you?

PC: No.

LRH: Do you remember another news story about your flying?

PC: (clears throat) Hmm. There was one in Fort William. But, again, I don't think anybody else saw it. My wife spotted it and cut the picture out.

LRH: Yeah. You don't think anybody else saw it; were you afraid of somebody seeing it?

PC: Oh, I guess they could stand it, you know.

LRH: Yeah. (pc chuckles) When did you really feel like you were part of a plane? Really part of a plane, part of the aircraft?

PC: Well, I've run into that two or three times, but I have been

LRH: [to class] That's "A".

PC: I have been lost sometimes, once or twice, when I didn't trust my own analyzer, but I felt part of the aircraft so that I depended on it absolutely. Oh yeah, I had to land wheels-up one time. I felt a rather high affinity, because I landed on the grass with—and all I smashed was the prop. Undercarriage wouldn't work.

LRH: How did you feel toward that aircraft?

PC: Pretty good. That was a pretty high union right there.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Yeah. Pretty good about it.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Okay. Now, remember a time when an aircraft did exactly what you wanted it to do with a minimum effort.

PC: Well, I have a lot of wonderful experiences like that because I finally developed an affinity for this Harvard and its feeling and touch and, well, I could do such things as starting at about six thousand feet, do continuous rolls, top to bottom.

LRH: How did it look when you were doing it?

PC: I don't know, but it felt wonderful.

LRH: Did you ever have an aircraft that seemed to anticipate what you wanted it to do?

PC: Yeah. I finally got to a point with that Texan where it knew what was going to happen before I'd do it.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: Yeah. And so they assigned me the job one day of finding—to find out if this plane could be made to stay inserted if the weights were taken out of the tail. So I spent four hours hanging by my | safety belt at about seven thousand feet until my eyes got all red, and then I had to come down. (chuckles) They figured I had high enough affinity to find out if the Texan was dangerous in an inserted spin.

LRH: What's the realest moment that you remember there?

PC: (pause) The realest moment I had was a bad one. I had to come in from Poison . . .

LRH: What was good about it?

PC: Well, the thing is that it was a beautiful instrument job. I hit right on the button. As I got in to Yorkton, my home station, fog turned to ice, and we were just in a solid sheet of ice. I was flying one of your Cessnas' from here, and I had three fellows with me ...

LRH: This is the realest?

PC: Oh, yeah. This was real. The plane itself—ha! The ice shut me in until I couldn't see at all, so I was flying with just a little bit of vision out of one side of the windscreen. And another Cessna went by—just like that. I just saw his tail. We were ten feet from a collision. He was on the approach leg and I was on the crosswind. That was very very real! I just saw the yellow flash of the tail out that corner; I couldn't see anything straight ahead.

LRH: Okay. Now, what is the moment of highest communication you have had with an aircraft?

PC: There was one time with this is going to turn out not to be full of pleasure either. One time with this Hurricane, I realized that it had—with a new 1280 engine and a thousand pounds of guns taken out—it had tremendous performance. So, I was climbing at about twenty-eight thousand feet, and still going up at around three thousand feet a minute when I suddenly noticed a tremendous elation. And I'd been feeling . . . as an old hand I had been through the decompression chamber so often that that is dangerous—that euphoria is dangerous. I had—at my age, I was thirty-seven—I only had three minutes to unconsciousness and six to eight minutes to death without oxygen at that altitude. So I suddenly noticed a ski run, away 170 miles north. It looked wonderful! I'd seen it

before. But it, and the curse of the dock there at Collingwood—it was marvelous to be able to see 170 miles! So I said, “Hey, Joe, “ and looked down and my oxygen supply was falling and the pressure was going right off. And that was the most wonderful moment, to find a machine that would still climb three thousand feet a minute at twenty-eight thousand feet—that sudden speed.

LRH: What was the best-looking aircraft you were ever in?

PC: I think that Hurricane was, that I was in that day. That is probably the smoothest aircraft.

LRH: Remember—what moment did it look the best to you?

PC: After taking it up and finding out its performance, then coming down and looking at it. It looked better than it even did before I took it up.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: All right. Remember the sweetest sounding aircraft?

PC: I think that’s your old AT-6A Texan that we call the Harvard. It always sounded like an airplane. It just sounded like hell! (pc and LRH laugh) Its propeller tips on everything except low-cruising revs were always beyond the speed of sound.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: And they always sounded like the devil, but it really sounded like an airplane. (laughing)

LRH: How is your headache?

PC: It’s just a tiny little residual thing. It’s gone way up to the top of the head. It’s just a little residual thing.

LRH: Yes or no: two somatics? (snap!) (pause) What did you get?

PC: I got “yes. “ I got “yes.” One of those is from an engram I think. This one.

LRH: Is the aircraft one dissipated? (snap!)

PC: Yeah.

LRH: The name of the chain on which the other one is will now flash. One-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: Birth.

LRH: Did you ever have a kid?

PC: No.

LRH: Did you ever attend a child being born?

PC: No. No, the nearest I’ve ever come to that was . . . I remember studying with great interest—my wife is a registered nurse—I remember studying with great interest the

pictures from Life: birth of a baby. She was telling me all the technical details thereby involved, having presided at many of them.

LRH: Hm-hm. Do you remember how she looked when she was telling you that?

PC: My headache's getting bad. (laughs)

LRH: Remember how she looked when she was telling you this?

PC: (laughs) As a matter of fact, my co-auditor in Saskatoon, before I came down here, got me halfway through the birth engram and then suddenly decided he didn't want me to run birth at that time. And I was kicking with my left leg and getting cold flushes when he pulled me up

LRH: Do you remember what those pictures in Life looked like?

PC: (laughing) Oh-ho, yes! I can now!

LRH: Huh?

PC: I can now!

LRH: Yeah. Pretty good?

PC: Very interesting!

LRH: Remember another birth.

PC: (pause) Yeah, I can remember helping the old cat have her kittens.

LRH: Yeah? Did this please you?

PC: O-oh. It gives me a headache. (laughs) Makes it come right down to here.

LRH: You remember somebody who was very pleased about having a child?

PC: Ummm—yeah!

LRH: You remember somebody? Very pleased?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: What were they saying?

PC: Well, the conversation I'm recalling is my mother talking about how pleased she was to have my sister and I.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: Should I suspect an AA there?

LRH: No. Do you remember her saying this?

PC: Yeah, I can.

LRH: Who was she talking to?

PC: She was talking to Dad and us. It was a little family gathering.

LRH: Do you remember this—what room were you audited through birth in, first?

PC: In the living room of this guy's house.

LRH: Do you remember something pleasant happening in that living room?

PC: Uh . . . yeah! Yeah! Yeah, I do.

LRH: Pretty good?

PC: Well, this chap's wife, two friends of hers were beauty operators—quite smart girls—and they really had a routine. (chuckles) I can remember them coming down one night, and his wife and I and he were sitting . . .

LRH: How did the room look?

PC: Well, quite frankly, the room was furnished in rather poor taste.

LRH: Yeah, but you had a good time that night?

PC: Oh, yeah! You bet!

LRH: Is that the room you were audited through birth in?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Remember something else pleasant happening in this room.

PC: Hmm. (pause) Quite often, yes. Almost every night. My co-auditor/preclear has a compulsion to skip. He thinks he's a boxer.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: And so he used to, every evening when he came home, before dinner, he would just get into shorts and come and skip in the living room. So I can just sit here (chuckles) . . . I can sit here and watch him with that skip rope—flick, flick, flick on the floor. (laughing) And him thinking that he was doing something that was necessary for his health.

LRH: What was a pleasant thing he said to you?

PC: (pause) Hm . . . (pause)

LRH: When did you feel some real affinity for him while he was auditing you? (pause) Was there a high affinity level while you were auditing him?

PC: (pause) Gosh.

LRH: Do you remember one? Did you ever feel any affinity for him while he was auditing you?

PC: Yes, I did.

LRH: Yeah?

PC: ah...

LRH: What were you going through?

PC: I was running him through some of the terrible nightmares he had gone through as an alcoholic—days when they were all occluded to his ordinary memory.

LRH: When was he auditing you, now, that you felt some good affinity?

PC: (pause) ah. . . (pause)

LRH: Is this boy a little bit occluded?

PC: No, I can see what's wrong now. I had forgotten that . . . his auditor break the last night I was up there.

LRH: Oh?

PC: Uh...

LRH: Yes or no: Is this what's holding that somatic in? (snap!)

PC: Could be! Uh . . . the answer I got was an inhibited reality.

LRH: All right. Remember auditor validations, when an auditor did something right.

PC: (laughs) Okay. You really pulled a break, I'll tell you.

LRH: Now let's remember a time when you and he are in

PC: This one suddenly sticks, now that it's come up. But anyway, I'll . . .

LRH: Let's remember a time he did it right.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: What really validated him as an auditor? Something he did that was smart?

PC: (mutters) ah—gosh. This is tougher than I thought! He . . .

LRH: When was he in good communication with you?

PC: Just for the first few hours. Then he started shouting at the file clerk and so on. But the first few hours, now—let's see, there may be something . . .

LRH: Aaah. How's your head?

PC: before he got desperate because I wasn't running prenatal.

LRH: How's your headache?

PC: Well, it gets better when I think of . . . (laughs) it gets better when I think of the few good times and it gets worse when I think of that last break in the last few hours when he was getting desperate.

LRH: All right, shut your eyes. Let's go back to the first time he audited you, and scan through all the pleasant auditing, all the pleasant auditing; from the first moment through all the pleasant auditing. (pause) Got the first moment?

PC: Hm-hm!

LRH: All right, from there forward to present time, begin scanning. (snap!)

PC: (pause) Yeah.

LRH: All the pleasant moments?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: All right, lets go back to the first time, now

PC: When I came out of that, opened my eyes, the headache had just gone completely for a few seconds, just settled back, just a little bit.

LRH: All right.

PC: Just a little bit.

LRH: Let's contact the first auditing.

PC: Right.

LRH: Got it?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Now, through all the pleasant moments that you were audited, begin scanning. (snap!)

PC: Hm-hm. (pause) Hm-hm. Yeah. Yeah, it lifts. It lifts—it's just gone when I open my eyes, and it settles down just a little bit above my jaw. (laughing)

LRH: All right, shut your eyes. Now let's go back to the first pleasant moments that you were audited.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: First moment there, pleasant moments when you were audited. Tell me when you're there.

PC: I'm there now.

LRH: All right. Forward to present time, begin scanning. (snap!)

PC: (pause) Yeah. There's quite an amazing thing happening. At least it's quite interesting. There are one or two little moments when I was—when he rubbed me the wrong way that creep in each time. Just as they do, the headache moves in right there and lifts, just as if you were squeezing a ball.

LRH: Let's go back to the first pleasant moment again. (chuckles)

PC: All right. (laughing) Okay.

LRH: Now let's scan up through all of the auditing that you have had from first to last in Dianetics, but only touch the moments when it was good, adequate, excellent auditing. Okay?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: All right. You find the first moment again.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: From there forward to present time, begin scanning. (snap!)

PC: (long pause; chuckles) Hm-hm! That's quite an amazing thing. The sessions here that have been so satisfactory and the two or three sessions with him at the start, at which there was nothing unsatisfactory (chuckles), the headache just goes out of sight, and then just squeezes in again if I hit a moment that wasn't very satisfactory, just like turning on a rheostat! (laughs)

LRH: All right. Shut your eyes now. Let's go back to the first moment you came to the Foundation.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: And through all the pleasant times you've had at the Foundation here, forward to present time. Tell me when you're there. First moment you came to the Foundation.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: All the pleasant times you've had since you've been at the Foundation, there forward to present time, begin scanning. (snap!)

PC: Hm-hm. (long pause) Hm-hm! (chuckle) Same thing! One or two little things. ah...

LRH: How is your headache now?

PC: Just about—there's just the faintest trace up here at the . . .

LRH: Is it very faint?

PC: Huh?

LRH: Is it very faint?

PC: Oh yes, it's very faint. I mean it's not

LRH: Has it lessened little by little, since you've been audited?

PC: It's been going down and down steadily, and . . .

LRH: All right. A moment now . . .

PC: Yeah.

LRH: ... of such tremendous horsepower in terms of Theta, pleasure and so forth—shut your eyes. Shut your eyes.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: All right. A moment of tremendous horsepower and Theta in your life when it was really a blaze of glory will now flash, when I count from one to five. One-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: Hm-hm! (laughing) I was there ahead of you!

LRH: Its all right, isn't it?

PC: Oh yeah, that helps! Of course, there are quite a few of those in my life. At least I feel there are.

LRH: All right. Sure. What has happened to your headache?

PC: This funny little residual is still sitting up on top there.

LRH: Did it alter it any?

PC: Oh, there was no headache even . . .

LRH: All right.

PC: I couldn't even feel a headache while I was in that moment. Just gone.

LRH: All right. Now, a pleasure moment—a pleasure moment, which, if you recall it, will turn off your headache, will now flash. One-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: All right. I'll try it. (pause) Yeah.

LRH: What's the pleasure moment?

PC: It was with my wife.

LRH: Good.

PC: As long as I keep my mind fixed on the residual pleasure, I just feel as if this headache is going to stay away! (chuckles) That's the feeling I have.

LRH: Is it lessened?

PC: Oh, yes. It isn't a headache, really—just a little trace of something up there.

LRH: All right, you will remember the final moment necessary to remember in order to blow the headache out completely. Shut your eyes. All right. You can remember it when I count; one-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: (pause) This is definitely another one here; it went away with that. This is a little pain across my eye. I just don't think it's the same one.

LRH: No, I'm not going to buy all of your somatics tonight.

PC: Okay. I honestly don't think that's the same one that's lying across there now.

LRH: Okay. All right.

PC: (chuckle) Okay. That really did it.

LRH: Okay.

PC: Uh...

LRH: Now, thank your auditor.

PC: Oh, yes! Yes! (LRH and pc laugh) I was going to remember to indicate that you're a very good auditor. Thanks very much, Ron.

Now, that of course is one of the primary principles of judo: misdirection. We could undoubtedly have tackled that somatic in the fashion of getting to the basic of the chain, running out an engram, running out another engram, running out a secondary and so forth. But a lot of Theta has been invested on this case and some of it has been invested poorly—just as in the business of living, many a preclear has his Theta invested very poorly, particularly those who have to pay income tax!

I hope you understand the modus operandi here; it is just that Theta will knock out entheta. And this should also teach you something else: It should teach you that what you need more than anything else are a lot of pleasure moments on your time track.

It is a very, very good investment to like what you are doing and to build up present time pleasure. There is nothing terribly evil about pleasure, and as a matter of fact the person who is almost impossible to process is that person who has never been able to experience any pleasure in his life, or that person who knows some things which give him pleasure but has never been able to express them. Of course, don't go to the point of criminality— the person who finds pleasure in robbing stores because society frowns on it. But something short of this is definitely to the point.

I pass on this information to you as a good piece of advice to hand your preclears when you are doing professional auditing. And also, I pass this on as advice on getting rid of chronic somatics, and getting cases straightened up.