

## SELF ANALYSIS

A lecture given on  
15 August 1951

### Early Effects

I want to give you a little news on the book *Self Analysis*. It contains tone scale charts by which a person can put himself on the tone scale—if he is dumb enough to do so. But there is still an out; these tests still depend on his judgment, so he can still welsh out of it. *Self Analysis* contains about a thousand questions, in various categories and types, of Validation MEST Straightwire, I which resolve valence problems, invalidation cases and occluded cases. It even resolves cases that are afraid of the weather.

This very interesting conglomeration of questions, of course, is designed to strike straight home to the lowest level of aberration on the analytical plane. I had an awful time dictating these questions. I had a formula set up and I was just reading off this formula, and all of a sudden I would go out of present time. Then I would come back up to present time and dictate a few more questions I had figured out, and all of a sudden I would discover that I had been sitting at the desk for five minutes doing nothing. Then I would get back up to present time and go on with my work.

I had the dictation records taken down to a girl at the office, and she transcribed them off the platter. The first day, I think, she was awfully groggy, and the second day I think she had to go home at noon. She was really skidding out of present time.

Now, it is well known that a linotype operator, at the moment he embraces his profession, ceases to be a human being and becomes a candidate for a science-fiction robot. He sits there with copy of all sorts and descriptions and just very rhythmically types it into the linotype machine— bobby-bobby-bobby-bobby-bop. I know how these people are because I have written deathless prose and have seen it go into a magazine printing office, and I have seen it go on the Linotype. This was the stuff that was supposed to exhilarate and petrify the reader and fill him full of chills and all that sort of thing, but the linotype operator would just sit there typing it right into the machine. And I would say, “How do you like the story?”

The operator would just turn and say, “What story?”

It was very hard on my ego. Fortunately the ego of youth heals. I have gotten to a point now where I don't even expect linotype operators to emote.

But we got one who did. This copy came off the platters and went over to the linotype at Wichita Publishing. There is a chap there who is deaf and dumb and who is noted for his unemotionalism. I went down there today and asked the owner of the place, “Did you have any trouble yesterday with your Linotype operator?”

“How did you know?”

I said, “Well, just tell me. Did you have any trouble?”

“Well, yes! All day! I went around and I asked Bill and Jim and so forth, ‘Is he sick?’ And we have a boy here in the shop that talks with the hands with him, and I had him go over and ask the man if he was all right. And, you know, last week I raised his pay twenty-five cents an hour!”

“Well, what happened?”

“Well, he slowed down! I mean, he just wasn't doing anything.”

To prove to me how badly off the Linotype operator was, he took me around and introduced me to each member of his printing team and asked each member, “Now, what did I ask you yesterday about the Linotype operator, machine number 2?”

“Well, yeah, you were worried about him all day.”

That Linotype operator had been coasting out of present time on these questions. He would run along and then stop. Then he would type a little while longer and all of a sudden stop. And then he would get up from the chair and walk around, very agitated, smoke a cigarette—just light it, put it out—and sit down again determinedly. It cost Wichita Publishing a young fortune to get out that day’s work yesterday!

So, this material is evidently going to come off the press on Monday or Tuesday.

You shouldn’t confuse this material, by the way, with self-auditing. Actually, the author is auditing the preclear. There isn’t anything very confusing about it.

I really couldn’t say what happens with this book. I have been turning on some percepticls and making people nervous and so forth with it. But it is very interesting.