

PAST LIFE AUDITING: EFFORT PROCESSING

Auditing Session given on
11 January 1952

The recording of this auditing session, when located, was unfortunately incomplete and begins mid-session. We have been unable to locate any transcript to supply the missing material.

Shame, Blame and Regret

PC: Right there he stopped. And this is just with the ax, (gasping laugh) barely touching the back of her bloody neck right here.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (coughs)

LRH: Get the effort to stop again.

PC: (chuckling) I don't think this could be me because I wouldn't have an executioner's job in this lifetime, and I negate against this sort of thing completely. (sigh) If I was alive, would I choose this for myself some other time? Chicken! And I didn't stop it! She must be squirming. And the blood starts gushing all over the place. She doesn't make any noise, but her body is moving in . . . a little bit. I'm not positive — (laughing) maybe. And at this time between this blow and the next blow, boy, I live a lifetime of regret (laughing) right here. It's right here; I have this — this cold horror and — and I'm glad I got this mask on as people can't see how I feel, and oh, horribleness, and worse, failing everybody that I know. (sighs) This is what they demand; this is what we have to have.

LRH: All right. Get the effort to stop it on its way down, now. Get the first moment of regret when you start to swing that ax.

PC: (pause) Hm-hm.

LRH: The indecision.

PC: Hm-hm. (pause) In my back and in my mind and in my emotions — right about here. I come right down like this, and right at this point my muscles start to turn to water, I start to shake all over and my m-muscles get limp. They don't have the gest it'll take to do that. And then by the time I get down here, they're getting tense again by trying to come back up this way.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And my stomach gets hard on me and my emotions recoil and my mind negates, and then the girl gets her neck half chopped off. Yet this is reality. She's half-dead, and what to do about it when you can't — got to finish it, you see? Comes khh! — got the anger that time.

LRH: All right, let's get it the first time you try to stop it again, and get the effort to stop it.

PC: How long do you have to do this?

LRH: Hm?

PC: How can you tell when this is reduced?

LRH: Go ahead, kid.

PC: (chuckles) I mean, I could keep this up for a million years. Have you got time?
(chuckles)

LRH: Stop the ax on the way down.

PC: (harsh breathing; softly) Can't.

LRH: Do it again.

PC: But it doesn't stop, and this is where I — I get hot and I get cold and I get sick, and I get all the symptoms of my goiter (laughing) back. I guess it isn't even this hot in here, is it?

LRH: It's not very hot.

PC: Unless I'm just working hard. (chuckles)

LRH: Try to stop it.

PC: Okay, I'm going to go through this four times and I'm not going to say another word. I'm just going to concentrate on seeing how much reality I can put into this.

LRH: You just concentrate on trying to stop that ax.

PC: Yeah. How much reality — I'm going to stop this ax.

LRH: That's right.

PC: (motions; long pause; coughs)

LRH: Feel your muscles fighting.

PC: Yeah, it's very sudden. It's like a fight; just like they refuse to work. And then — and then my big muscles back here just turn to water, right about there. And I'm just shaking all over like life went out of them. (brief pause) The heart wouldn't go off. Well, it just turns up reality that her neck is about half chopped off.

LRH: All right. Get her quivering as you start to stop the ax on the way down. Feel her shaking.

PC: You don't want me to throw up, do you? (slight gasping laugh)

LRH: Get her shaking — on the way down.

PC: (lets out a deep breath) Her — her shaking on the way down?

LRH: As you start to come down, get her body, her quiver — what she's doing — and that ax.

PC: Her counter-emotion?

LRH: Yup.

PC: Hm. (little laugh) Try to shut this off. My — maybe I was arrogant (chuckles) in here. (pause) All I can see is I'm being (laughing) a nervous wreck. I'm going to shut my

eyes and see what comes up when I envision it. And then she's getting the blood out. (pause) There might be a body there now. (pause) Mm. (coughs) She must have coughed. (laughs) She must have coughed — somehow, she must have coughed when I just cut half of her throat. She must have coughed telling me to cut the other half. (sigh) I need to kill her on dynamic two. I really do. (chuckles)

LRH: Good.

PC: Are you hot?

LRH: It could be a little cooler. (pause; sound of window being opened)

PC: Golly, I've been — I'm really working at this or something. It feels warm in here. (brief pause) Oh, that feels good. You know, when I close my eyes this gets pretty darn real. And then she squirms and coughs. Her — she can't move her head too well but her body jerks a little bit, although she's tied. And there's a convulsion of the back muscles, just here. Well, there's an — and then I realize with horror that this will never do. My God, you're so nice! Why just couldn't I have cut them — the rest of it off? And then I'm sick. Think I go someplace and throw up.

LRH: Okay. Let's carry on. (pc sighs) Only stop that ax on the way down this time.

PC: (gasping laugh) Oh-oh, brother!

LRH: Feel your back as you try to stop that ax, but look at her. Tell me every symptom she makes.

PC: Where do I first get her into line? Looking at her now. And all of a sudden I notice that, boy, the back of her neck sure is beautiful; I'd kinda like to kiss it instead of chop it off. (laughs) And so all of a sudden I'd be right about there and winging (chuckles) and everything starts to shut off in my back. (brief pause; sighs) Him, this is where I start all the way down too — not this noticeable but it feels this way — and right there I stop everything in my back, in my glands, in my neck — (laughing) all my glandular system and every part of me. (coughs)

LRH: Hm?

PC: I stop — I try to stop everything right there at this position, with that ax just barely hitting her throat so it wouldn't hurt her. And I. . . (whispers) "Come back! Come back!" (gasping laugh) but it falls on through.

LRH: All right. Try it again.

PC: Coughs, she jerks, and I'm standing there — I got to get started again. This . . . this is horrible reality, and — and (sighs) then I'm real sick about it, and somebody else has to finish the executions for the day and I think I really get bawled out for this . . . sweet thing. (sighs; pause) Okay, I feel it.

LRH: All right. Let's get it again. (pc breathes heavily) Let's get the emotional curve on this and the effort to stop that ax.

PC: The emotional curve is what I'm not getting.

LRH: All right. Get the effort to stop the ax.

PC: I can feel disaffected, but I sure am not getting an emotional curve of this. (pause) Except I can feel it wouldn't be regret. Oh, there's a bunch of stuff — horror. I can kinda feel that.

LRH: All right. Try it again. Get bracing yourself now just before you swing that ax back up to cut her head off. Get your emotional shut-off just before you start cutting her head off. Where is it?

PC: Well, this is one time I couldn't shut off my emotions very well.

LRH: Hm?

PC: I don't shut them off very well. Oh, I'm hid by a mask; I don't have to shut them off. I'm feeling them this time. And I really felt all the emotions in this incident. And I'm young and tender and this — (chuckles) this is real to me. And I feel horrible. I like this girl and I don't want to kill her, and I don't even agree with the people who do and . . . You know, I just don't , I wish I could be somewhere else, and she could too. This wouldn't be happening to us. And I just come down and I feel fear — fear. This is fear! I'm just kind of frozen in fear and horror, and . . . and don't want to d-do what I'm about to do. Kind of — emotion of Sear, and — and then I. . . almost if — if there weren't anybody around, I'd go "Oh!" like this after I cut her throat halfway through, but I can 't do that. But I realize with horror what a mess this is. First she's coughing here and trying to have convulsions in this part of her body, and so I just — right around here I feel good about this one. I'm angry about it, but this has to be done and destroyed. (pause; sighs) I'm scared. (breathes heavily)

LRH: Feel a great sadness come over you?

PC: No, I — I feel realization. I mean, I — I'm beginning to realize that maybe that this sort of thing could hare caused my life to be like this. I don't feel too much emotion on it right now though. I don't feel any emotion on that; I can feel the emotion that I felt then, but it just doesn't seem to mi — bother me now. I mean, I can't see why I should cry over that. So what if it did happen to me? What if I did have emotions in that lifetime? The thing that this has done to me is show me a pattern over this life, that I could really get emotion on this life and not on that one.

LRH: Let's cut the girl's head off again.

PC: (chuckles; coughs; laughs) If I could put the cough back, it'd be all right, wouldn't it? (coughs) Well, I can cut her head off, and all I do is — and I can feel regret about it. And I can feel that if this were really happening and I were in this situation, I would feel horrible, and I can feel the horribleness of it in my body, and I can feel the effort through my . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Body and arm. I can keep this up.

LRH: Stop the ax going down there.

PC: So this is how you get your preclears to go up in a puff of smoke; they go out into a puddle of water. (laughs)

LRH: (laughing) Get your cockiness back (pc laughs) and swing that ax down, but stop it all the way down now. Stop it!

PC: Ah, there's a place in here I'm missing, be-because this happens fast.

LRH: All right. Let's get the place you're missing.

PC: Oh, right — right in here. I start to shake and my muscles come apart right here, with me just like this. This is a moment of in — of indecision.

LRH: What's your thought at that moment?

PC: Oh, I'm stopping and I — I shouldn't be.

LRH: Okay.

PC: Fear. Fear, because this isn't reacting like I should react, and what's going to happen. And, oh-h-h-h-h-oh God, what's going to happen? (little laugh) I want to stop. And this is where I just kkhuhh! Everything in me recoils — and that's all I know — in horror. Horror, that's it. The emotion of horror, and it's like you turn into a stone right here and thatch stop all this from happening. (coughs) And it goes on happening and it's just coughing.

LRH: Try it again.

PC: I had this cough when I came here . . . (little cough; pause) This happens rapidly. I mean, I don't stop this much motion, but I — I really go like this but . . .

LRH: What are your thoughts all the way down?

PC: See what goes on. I am worried about how I'm — if I'm going to do this right, and I'm worried about the people watching me . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: But I'm not arrogant. I'm worried because of — my father or somebody is watching me and they've taught me how to do this, and I — this is my job and I'd better do it. And I'm sweating on my palms. (little laugh) And then I don't want to do this. I'm worried if I'm going to do it and I'm worried if I am going to do it. I'm afraid to and afraid not to.

LRH: Nice maybe, isn't it?

PC: Nice maybe, (little laugh) yeah. I've got to, but I Amish I didn't — (laughing) but I'm not going to. So I've got to in here, and up here I give into "I'm not going to," and I go on down to "I got to," but I'm going to stop right here and I'm not going the rest of the way even if the ax wants to; it can't. I'm going to stop right here. Right here I cease all physical effort, except the effort to hold on and hold this back, and the ax kind of falls back from the momentum of the blow (coughs) and does a real sloppy job of cutting off her neck — (sigh) and . . . and I feel this horror at the result. I can't get that complete horror of killing somebody. Now all of a sudden I felt like this girl is innocent and sweet and good and alive and — and this is the way she should be left. Here's your body in all these ugly contortions and coughing blood, (sigh) and it won't be any good. I'll just finish it. So I did, with regret, and I was ill afterwards. Well, why am I saying I was? I don't know whether I was or not!

LRH: Chop her head off. (pc laughs) And invalidate the whole thing all the way through: invalidate her, ax, stop — everything.

PC: I don't know whether this is something that I dreamed up because you coaxed me into it or whether it really happened. And if it did happen, I can't remember it like I can remember everything else in my life, because I have real good recall on every bit of my life. And I know what it means to remember, and I can't get this sort of reality on this. (pause; speaks softly) Okay, boss. (laughs)

LRH: Sure.

PC: (laughs) Lay down so I'll have a body to make it more real. (laughs; clap; pause) I can feel this feeling. I can feel the effort to stop; I can feel the effort not to feel emotional about it; (coughs) I can feel that it didn't happen and is something I'm dreaming up anyway. And I had to really imagine hard for an hour and a half to imagine myself into this.

LRH: Cut her head off. (pc laughs) Watch her cough.

PC: (laughing) I get so mad at her now, I wish she'd hurry up and die. (laughs; sighs) I'm just going to start. Pshew. (laughing) One, two, three, four. . . 'Cause I really don't make all this stop.

LRH: All right. Chop her head off.

PC: I really go like this, but it just seems like I'm trying to do this in — in a flash . . . second with the — there's more action like this than there is like this.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (coughs) This thing's done subtly. I mean, not subtly but more mental than physical. The physical thing keeps going on but the mental thing tries to go back. They don't notice out there I stop; they just thought I missed. (sigh) I'm just going to keep chopping (laughing) till something — till either you tell me I can stop or she dies or I go up in smoke or something. (laughs)

LRH: Get the effort to stop it.

PC: I'm angry (laughs) at this. (laughs)

LRH: Okay.

PC: I'm half-mad in the incident; (laughing) I'm half-mad in present time.

LRH: Are you half-mad in present time?

PC: I'm mad because I have to keep doing this. (laughing)

LRH: All right. Go on through it?

PC: I'm getting tired! (laughs)

LRH: (laughing) All right. Go on through it.

PC: And I'm mad because I have to keep doing this in this incident too.

LRH: All right. Let's roll it.

PC: (sighs) There's one way I can get out of this: I can materialize an ax in my hand. (clap; laughs)

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Good God! What a mess! (pause; motions) Pretty good dramatization. Do you want me to go . . . I can really dramatize this for you. I mean, I can give you a dramatization of all the emotions.

LRH: All right. Give me a dramatization.

PC: You don't want me to cut you on the neck, now. (coughs) I might even go so far as to faint and have to be carried off.

LRH: I'm ready for it.

PC: Okay. (sigh) I'm just a young executioner, see? Here's the old man; he's killed millions of these people. I don't — I step up and, of course, my first victim is this beautiful girl. (long pause; laughs) Wasn't that good ?

LRH: Yeah, it was pretty good.

PC: (laughing) Yeah, I'd like to make it . . . (trails off; laughs)

LRH: You would, eh? (pc coughs; brief pause) Cut her head off.

PC: (laughs; pause) Have to adjust my mask. (long pause; motions) I'm sick, and I can't do that; I'm an executioner. Got to stay.

LRH: Do you feel a little wave of nausea with it?

PC: Well, this is what I dread. (laughs)

LRH: Okay. (pc coughs) Do it again. Get her coughing. (pc coughs)

PC: (coughs) 'Course if you could get down and cough, it'd be more real. (chuckles; pause) Oh, Ron! What do you want me to do? I mean, what am I supposed to — how is it supposed to end up there? Let me know and I'll see if I can do it.

LRH: Come on, run the emotional curve on this; get all the stops on it — all the efforts to stop out of that sequence — and then the effort to rush time immediately after the stops. (brief pause) Stop time, then speed it up.

PC: Well, I'd be trying to stop time from the beginning, or I'd be trying to make myself somewhere else. I try to act brave, and feeling awful. And why did they have to give me a girl the first time (laughing) I get into this? (mumbles; sigh) There's my effort to stop — in my muscles — and I can feel it. (sighs) Then I'd want to stop everything; I'd want to stop — I'd want to throw the ax away and get down on my knees and see if I couldn't heal this wound, and take this girl in my arms and — and kill everybody around us. I really wanted to do all those things. I mean, I feel this with a lot of emotion. Yet this is stupid; I couldn't do this. There's only one thing to do and that's finish it. (coughs) I'm trying to stop her from dying, and then I realize I had to make her die. I wanted her to live. So I just keep doing it.

LRH: Try it again.

PC: Look, even in those days I got a rest (laughing) between things!

LRH: You're almost through. (pc sighs) Come on. Feel the emotional curve and the regret. Stop time, then start time and make it rush. Try to stop time, then start time.

PC: Why would I try and make it rush?

LRH: Kill her quick before she suffers.

PC: Yeah, I'm going to do that. (pause) I would dec — I would want to die right here. I'd try to die instead of her, even. Or I'd try to die with her. I'd like to lay down right here

and put my neck on this, let somebody else chop both of our heads off. There's no use in living like this. Then. . . I know what I'd want to rush — her convulsions and her coughing. I got to stop this fast, real fast. This — it's the only logical thing left to do.

LRH: You got to go into action on that cough?

PC: (coughs) Yeah. (laughs) Let me run action on that cough.

LRH: Try it again.

PC: My God! (laughs)

LRH: Come on. You only got a few more minutes.

PC: (coughing and laughing) I know what I — I know what restimulated this for me a lot. (sniff)

LRH: What?

PC: My dad's cough. (laughs)

LRH: No kidding!

PC: (laughing and coughing) This is my dad's cough. And that's it too. He always coughed in an attempt — (coughs) an effort to go into action.

LRH: Oh, yeah?

PC: (coughs) Oh, Jesus, what a nightmare. Honest!

LRH: (chuckles) All right.

PC: My dad had a — had a bad cigarette cough, and there was something about his cough that every time he coughed, I would come (laughing) to attention or be alert or something.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And usually he'd be sitting quietly, and he'd cough and then he'd tell me something to do. Or ever — or always after he bawled me out, or insisted that I do something, he'd cough a little bit. I just remembered that.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Why I have to go into action on this cough — got to do something whether I want to or not.

LRH: Blow out a few locks on it.

PC: Yeah! (coughs; blows nose)

LRH: I wondered when we were going to get a lock off of this thing. We kept working

PC: Oh! Um — the lock is . . . I've got bushels of locks on this arrogance; I could lay down and — and bawl and howl and scream about that for five hours straight, right now. Um . . . this — this doesn't bother me too much. I could lay — I can only feel grief on this. But on that arrogance thing, I could — I could really just stay in grief, because that's really a horrible, horrible

LRH: We evidently have to get rid of this one before we get the knife — throat-cut one.

PC: (sighs) Can I feel the emotion while you do the chopping? (laughs) Well? I mean . . .

LRH: Feel the emotional curve.

PC: Really.

LRH: Feel the emotional curve.

PC: The emotional curve — I can feel that without doing all this.

LRH: All right. Feel the emotional curve.

PC: Or I can lay down and go over that in reverse. Ron, I really can! (laughs) I mean . . .
(LRH and pc laugh)

LRH: Feel the emotional curve.

PC: Well, I would be . . . I am heartsick over this. I mean, I can feel this. It's real easy for me to go into grief when I feel . . . And I feel grief at this point; I can feel the grief I feel at this girl being killed and me killing her. And I can feel the horror — just simply horrified at somebody's body moving like this. This is why it was so hard for me to process Margie. (laughing) I was always afraid she was going to have a convulsion. (coughs) I can tell her. (brief pause) And I can feel (sigh) how sick I feel afterwards. Then I can feel a feeling of futility — for us to live.

LRH: And then you can feel a feeling and make up your mind to what?

PC: Make up my mind . . . (pause) that I had to live anyway.

LRH: Hm?

PC: I'd have to make up my mind I had to live anyway. (sniff)

LRH: Got it. But how would you go about that living in the future?

PC: Well, I had to be an executioner, so from then on all I was going to see was that block. I don't care if they lead the Queen of Sheba in front of me, I was only going to look at the end of that block. That was my salvation of sanity. And I can see the end of that block (laughing) right here in my mind. I mean, it's a big one. From then on, that's all I would do is look at the end of the block. I never looked at another neck.

LRH: What would you decide about arrogance? Every time an emotion came up, you would try to what?

PC: I'm not feeling arrogant at that time; I'm just feeling desperate horror. I know th — I wouldn't postulate at this time that I would feel arrogance; I would only postulate that I would only see the end of that block, and I'd cut everything else off. But I wouldn't postulate what I'd feel in the future, at this time. That arrogance would be something I'd find later, because I'm not arrogant in this incident, I'm sick. Now, if I ever had to do this without a mask on, that would be where the arrogance came in, but, see, I'm

masked. I don't have to be arrogant. Oh, I — I have to stand there and I've got a mask on and they don't know how I'm — how I'm feeling. So I didn't decide to be arrogant here.

LRH: All right. You know what you decided to do.

PC: Yeah. I decided just to see that block in the future, (pause) never to look at another person I killed . . . Yeah, that's the postulate: I'll never look at another person I kill. I'm only going to look at the block and draw a bead. I'm not . going to — I'll just go like this and all I'll see is a block. And if they want to look horrible, well, they look horrible and it's not going to kill me. Yeah, that's what I — that's what I'd postulate in this situation.

LRH: All right, let's run the emotional curve on this girl again.

PC: (coughs; pause; sighs) You know, I'd probably be crying under that mask.

LRH: Hm-hm. And somebody would be urging you on to do it.

PC: Yup.

LRH: Who would it be?

PC: Oh, my father. (laughs) My — my father would be standing there . . .

LRH: What would he be saying?

PC: Counter-emotion going all over his . . . (laughs) "You disgraced the family, you rascal. I've taught you and taught you and taught you how to make that first blow." (brief pause) No, he wouldn't say anything there; I mean, there's too many people around. And I could feel his disdain. And I could feel all the quiet disdain in him, and I would feel embarrassed.

LRH: Okay.

PC: This is a pattern of my old man, too. He never bawled me out; he just made me wish I was dead (chuckles) by not talking. And this is how it would feel. I feel like I let the family down. Oh, I'm — I'd be a mixture of emotions. I feel like — I'd feel like dying myself in a situation like that. (pause) I don't think I postulated that I'd never kill another person, though.

LRH: No.

PC: I postulated I'd never look at another person I killed. That's why I couldn't see this fellow; I'd-I don't think I looked at him. In arrogance you wouldn't look at somebody like that.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Not me. I wouldn't do that. I always find a way to get over it real easy and make it look real hard so I can be arrogant around it — about it and everybody else will wonder how in the world I knew. (brief pause) Well . . .

LRH: Run the curve on it again.

PC: (chuckles) Okay. (brief pause) Yeah, I want to sit down and close my eyes and see if I can see this . . . (motions)

LRH: All right.

PC: Picture, because if I can get visio on something, I can really get reality on it. I'm looking at that rug in present time. (long pause) Boy, this way, I feel like I'm on the block, (coughs) with my head down . . . (heavy gasping coughs) Ooh.

LRH: Let's run the girl.

PC: Let's run the girl? Oh, this would be easy.

LRH: Let's run the girl.

PC: (laughing) Oh, I can get emotion off of this probably (coughs)

LRH: Let's run the girl.

PC: O-o-oh. (pause) He had someone chop my head off. (pause) I'd feel superior to him. Yeah, I'd know that he felt a sexual attraction for me too, even as he swung that ax. I know that. (long pause; sighs) I can get somatics on that. (pause) Except my neck isn't very real. My head and my back hurt. (long pause) I'd hate him, and I'd be determined not to show my emotion. You know, I wouldn't feel half so bad if he was killing me as I would if I was killing her.

LRH: Now you learned something.

PC: (chuckles) Yeah.

LRH: All right. Now, cut the girl's head off.

PC: (laughs) She didn't feel so bad; it's me that's suffering. (laughs)

LRH: All right. Let's run your emotional curve. Let's get a visio on her.

PC: (laughs) I think I can kill her now, and maybe even look at her.

LRH: Go ahead.

PC: (coughs) Yeah, you know that . . . ? That's funny: I wouldn't feel bad if I died, but I'd feel bad if other people die.

LRH: Now you've learned something.

PC: Yeah. I don't want to die.

LRH: Sure. (pause) Go ahead.

PC: Well, I think she was — yeah, I learned something about counter-emotion too: you don't feel counter-emotion; you only feel what you think the other person feels, but it's re — restimulation of your own service facsimile. It's not what they feel at all. (brief pause) Okay, I'd stand up here and I'd think of her as feeling horrible, afraid and alone, and being a white lily of womanhood — and she's probably slept with (laughing) plenty of men the night before. (laughs) So I feel awful and I come up and cut her head off. And I didn't want to stop, and I didn't want to save her, and I didn't want to die for her, I didn't want to li-live for her; I didn't want to do anything for her. There was only one thing left for me to do was kill her completely, and then I go like this — blood and guts and a big slaughter. I let myself down, my profession down and my family down and my creed down, 'cause — you know what I mean? All sorts of funny things.

LRH: Do you try not to cry now?

PC: Well, I don't think there'd be some grief — that man wouldn't feel grief like I do in this time. I mean, he would — he wouldn't discharge grief like I do. There's something funny about my grief. I'll — I'll — I'll grant the auditors that. It's — it is strange.

LRH: Who's crying in that?

PC: My mother is, I think.

LRH: Feel the girl. Look at her as she's brought up and put on the block.

PC: I know who my mother looks like. (motion)

LRH: Look at the girl. (pc laughs) Don't worry about your mother; you look at the girl. What's she doing as she comes up and gets put on the block?

PC: Oh boy, she's looking at me. That's where I fall in love with her. She is giving me a haughty look of "You may be bigger than I am, you brute; (chuckles) spiritually I'm your superior." This sort of thing. She has this long hair, dresses and stuff. That's where I get the feeling, is when I look at her there. I make the mistake of looking at her. . . face.

LRH: Where does she cry?

PC: Where does she cry? No violent sobs, just tears roll up in her eyes and run down her cheeks. But no violent sobs, an-and I admire her for this an awful lot.

LRH: Get the feeling of that admiration again. Get a visio on her face.

PC: Yeah. She 's being arrogant. (laughs) She's being arrogant and I admire her for it. (laughs; coughs)

LRH: Then you feel what?

PC: Huh?

LRH: Then you feel what?

PC: Admiration.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Yeah, this really makes her tough. She's really tough, boy. She's tough and beautiful and everything at once. Man, what a woman! She's arrogant (laughing) — I mean just her grief. (coughs)

LRH: And after you chop her head off, what happens?

PC: Well, then she coughs. Then I'm sick. Boy, am I sick about her arrogance! I'm really sick about her arrogance. If she had cried, if she had fought, ulk! I wouldn't have had the same feeling, because I — I — basically, I don't like these people, because we're in a fight with them. I mean, you know, I've got a grudge against them too, but . . . Arrogance. "Okay. Think you're going to drag me up here? I can walk up and put my head on your block, brother. Now swing your ax. Do a good job of it." (little laugh) But tha-that's what gets me, the sense of . . .

LRH: All right. Scan right through on your visio on her, straight on through the incident.

PC: (coughs) I love her for her arrogance; I would like to save her for it, and probably because I'd like to take her out in the woods and take it out of her. (laughs; pause; sighs) And you know what I think? The crowd likes her and they don't like me too pretty good.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And they like her arrogance too. (laughs) I mean, I feel like a crumb in front of the whole crowd. (coughs) Yes sir. I don't postulate that I could ever feel arrogant, but I sure love it. Oh, man! My admiration knows no bounds for this arrogant woman. (coughs; pause) It's her arrogance that frightens me, too. You're supposed to be afraid of death, you're supposed to be — and she isn't. It may be hard for the rest of them, but for her it's easy, right? Then she gives me a sidelong look, sideways glance, that melts my heart, boy, makes that ax shake in my hands, like "Go ahead, I dare you to. (little laugh) Yeah, you're the blood-spilling murderer, you're the big executioner. Swing that ax. Go ahead and kill somebody and see how it feels" (chuckles) — kinda like that. And so I do and it almost gets me. It's hard to feel the emotion in this because I'm getting too much reevaluation out of it. (chuckles) I mean, I don't know whether this is a part of me or not, but it sure adds up to a lot of stuff in my life.

LRH: Hm-hm. Let's get him through it again.

PC: This is amazing to me. Effort and counter-effort. It's interesting, isn't it? Am I me or am I the counter-efforts? (laughs) Maybe that's why I decided to be a woman the next time I lived. No, I've been a man since then, haven't I? (pause) Something — what have I decided about sex in here? I've got some horrible aberrations on sex; they must be found somewhere back here. (pause) Can't find any, except that I liked her; I mean, she had appeal for me. Sure didn't want to swing that ax when I did. Took all my nerve; it took all my self-will and determination to do it. Then I only did it halfway. And that was worse, even. Then she coughed and she struggles. I wanted to pick her up and put her back together. That really is a bull, to leave after her. (pause) Well, anyway, I made the postulation that I was never going to look another person I killed in the face. Then I — well, I've probably knifed people in the back. But I wasn't even going to look at them in the back; I was never going to look at . . . at them again at all — was never going to know them as a human being. I'm just going to know them as a block of wood. (brief pause) I wouldn't be too surprised if that wasn't what my dad told me after this. (pause; chuckles) This seems half unreal and half real. (pause)

LRH: What are the unreality factors remaining in it?

PC: Well, there are none on a reevaluation basis, but on a perceptic basis it's — it's something that could have happened in time. (brief pause) Why is it so hard for me to accept this past death and past life and . . .

LRH: You can clip the lock right now that unsettles you on the subject.

PC: (pause; laughs) I'm scanning over some of the things he's told me about it. (pause) I'm always trying to keep my feet on the ground. (chuckles; pause) Well, there probably is some past memory of lives. You know, I reduced more fear than by myself or reduced any other way by touching on what I thought was a past death. Must be real. At least the sonic came on. And I feel like I discharged something this morning in my body, my muscles — tension — and I've had a biochemical change in my body, emotions discharged, but mostly a reevaluation of data. Not reevaluation of data, actually, but more understanding on the data that Shave. (brief pause) Well, I don't know whether it's true or not but something happened, and it felt good. Probably have more understanding.

LRH: Well, I've got to give you another run, but you'll get along with that one, particularly if you will go home in some quiet place and sit down and spill all the tears (pc squeaks) that accumulated today and wouldn't spill.

PC: I might just — I might go down to the Foundation and do that because I can't go home and do it. There isn't any quiet place in my home to do it. Yeah, I feel like I could have a real good emotional discharge on grief. Boy, I could scan up over times when I

LRH: Do you have a postulate that you shouldn't become emotional in the presence of anyone? Where would you get this postulate?

PC: I never had this postulate, until . . .

LRH: Yeah?

PC: In Dianetics.

LRH: All right, let's get blame on your emotionalism as to why you missed and hurt her.

PC: Oh, no one ever — everyone admired my emotional arrogance; I never showed it.

LRH: No, no, on this incident.

PC: Huh?

LRH: On this incident.

PC: Oh, on this incident. Blame on this incident? I blamed everybody in the environment? I can feel myself crying in that incident, with an ax in my hand, and blaming everybody in the world for this but me, and myself too. Everybody but this girl. (chuckles) But mostly I can cry about this lifetime; that's when I really get good emotional discharges, when I — 'cause I've got real full-rolling, full-colored visio in this. I can see things happening and hear sonic on it some of the time; some of the time only recall sonic.

LRH: But yet you blame everything on the environment in that other one.

PC: Yeah. But, I don't blame the environment in this one.

LRH: Hm. (brief pause) Was it emotionalism that made you miss?

PC: Yeah. Sure.

LRH: Where do you realize that in the incident?

PC: Oh, the minute I look at her . . . arrogance. Her arrogance just unnerves me. I mean, I just start to cry — I start to back up emotionally right then. Because she's arrogant, I'm . . . afraid; so now when I want people to be afraid of me, I act arrogant. When I find someone who acts more arrogant than I do, then I'm afraid of them. (laughs) Oh, brother!

LRH: Okay. We'll give this another run later.

PC: (coughs) I'm a real good auditor unless I get a preclear who's more arrogant than I am. (laughs; coughs) Oh, hell.

LRH: Let's — (pc coughs) let's take another run at this later, but you can still carry on. And I think you savvy what this is all about now. (snap!) Come up to present time in your environment.

PC: Yeah, but — now, wait a minute! There's one thing I didn't understand about this.

LRH: What?

PC: How do you draw a computation to start with?

LRH: Oh, that's diagnosis. We'll go into that.

PC: Mm ?

LRH: We'll go into that. That's diagnosis. That's the big trick.

PC: Well, thank you, Ron.

LRH: Become aware of your present-time environment.

PC: Oh, I'm not out of present time.

LRH: We have . . . Got some more? (pause; pc coughs)