

## **RUNNING REGRET AND THE EMOTIONAL CURVE**

Auditing Session given on  
13 January 1952

Running an Incident Backwards

PC: Ron, I think I put my cigarettes in my coat back there. (pause) Make this short and sweet. "Defend my wife" is a phrase that came to mind.

LRH: All right. Is that right?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Okay. Well, let's see, you've had one run with knocking out a —

PC: (murmurs inaudibly)

LRH: Yep. Okay. Lots of charge off of that. Let's get, now, pulling your wife back up from the bottom of the cliff, and getting her back in your arms again as you hold her over your head.

PC: (sighs) God, it's a horrible sight.

LRH: Pick her up at the bottom of the cliff and pull her right back on up into your arms.

PC: Yeah, it sure works . . .

LRH: Let's do it again.

PC: (sighs; pause; yawns) Only thing is (laughing) I feel good about the fact that I got her back up.

LRH: Okay.

PC: (laughing) When I threw her down I was angry.

LRH: All right, let's do it again. Pick her up at the bottom of the cliff, bring her right on up.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: All right. Do it again . . .

PC: (laughing) But she goes back down.

LRH: ... and get the weight of her body back in your arms, and set her back on the ground.

PC: (yawns; pause; yawns) Boy, I sure am in a rage. She doesn't weigh anything. (chuckles)

LRH: Now get her back on the ground.

PC: I — I — I don't go back any further. All I've got is her right here.

LRH: Oh, has it been quite an effort to hold her there? All right, make an effort

PC: It's the effort of holding back that I don't throw her. (chuckles)

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: I can't . . . I don't seem to be able to move back beyond that point.

LRH: Is there a postulate there — in that rage?

PC: The only solution is to get rid of her. (laughs) Oh, no. (laughs) Oh-ho-ho, Jesus Christ! Oh! (laughing) Oh-ho, hit by a ton of bricks! (pause; sighs) I'm just going through the locks like . . . (laughs; sighs) It's funny, the . . . some of the locks I'm hitting are when other people have told me to get rid of the woman I have. (sniffs)

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (whispers) God! Jud and Dave, Don, my father and my first wife. (coughs; sighs; pause)

LRH: Let's pick her up at the bottom of the cliff and get her back in our arms again. Now, see if we can back up further and put her on the ground.

PC: (pause) Her arm and my vision are a little dim. Yes, I do.

LRH: An arm?

PC: Yeah, it's —

LRH: Her arm?

PC: No, it's Esther's arm.

LRH: Oh!

PC: (laughing) Okay.

LRH: Run a little regret on it.

PC: I know I'm . . . I — I know one time I have done it. I was in a rage. Funny, I've never been able to get mad at women. Hah-hah!

LRH: Yup.

PC: (laughs) It's . . . (heavy yawns) Okay, she's being picked up — I'm picking her up from the bottom. (pause)

LRH: See if you can back up a little further.

PC: Now I got her . . . I've got her laying down. I got her bound . She's naked; she's nude; she's got her feet tied; she's got her arms tied behind her back, and I choked her. I just choked her and . . . (scuffling movements; sighs; pause) I'm brown.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I can see these copper or gold bands around my wrist — big bands around my wrist — and my skin is very, very brown.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Funny, but this woman is white.

LRH: All right, let's pick her up off the bottom of the cliff again, (movements) and put her back down.

PC: That sure is one hell of a big snag.

LRH: Get how she's landed down there.

PC: Yes, she was on her side. Her right side is up towards me, body is facing away. She's thin. (yawns) As I get her up now, just about midpoint, I get a jar, like . . . that's where I first tried to stop her from falling.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Got her in my hands.

LRH: All right, pick

PC: This is a very fast motion.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: I just . . . (grunts; scuffling movements)

LRH: Pick her off the bottom, again, put her down and this time unstrangle her.

PC: (yawns; laughing) Oh-ho, God ! (movements) I got the postulate that time!

LRH: What is it? Got to get rid of her?

PC: (laughing) I got to shut her up.

LRH: (chuckles) Okay.

PC: (coughs heavily) Oh, God.

LRH: Let's get the effort necessary to unstrangle her.

PC: (coughs) All my throat operations and junk are all coming in. (coughs heavily) Oh, God!

LRH: Get the effort to unstrangle her now, from the last moment of the (pc coughs) strangulation, straight on back.

PC: I'm in an operation. (sighs) Got the visio of the doc before they put me out.

LRH: To hell with it!

PC: (laughs) Yeah, I know! (yawns; coughs; breathes heavily)

LRH: Get the full effort now to unstrangle her again.

PC: I'm trying to. All I can do is run my effort to hold back from strangling her. That's what comes to mind. (sighs) Oh, God, I just take her down and I go orrrh! (movements; heavy sigh) How many times I've felt like that. Whew!

LRH: Hm.

PC: (sighs) One day I felt like I was going to do that to a woman; I was either going to turn myself into the police or go to a — my psychiatrist, so I went and sat in his office and . . . Oh, goddamn, I damn near killed her. (sighs) So I'm back trying to run the effort to not strangle her.

LRH: All right, let's run it. The . . .

PC: Oh, Christ. She. . .

LRH: I.. effort to get your hands off . . .

PC: screams. (yawns; pause; sighs) Wow! This woman and I have been in love. We're not supposed to be, of course; I'm black and she's white. She's going to go to someone else. That's why I almost killed her.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (loud clap; sighs loudly) She's pretty. (sighs; yawns) I'm back to the point where she tells me this. Boy, do I go into apathy! (chuckles)

LRH: Get the curve.

PC: I don't want to hear what she's saying. No! (sighs)

LRH: Get the curve again.

PC: I'm trying to run it backwards. Is that what you mean?

LRH: Yeah.

PC: (pause; yawns) I'm clear back up to the point where I'm happy about it. God, she's . . . she's waiting to tell me this, and . . . so after we've been together and happy together . . . She is so beautiful and she just — boom! Yike! (yawns; choking coughs) Damn it! You know, my throat has been sore ever since the day we ran that one out.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I couldn't . . . I tried to cut down on my smoking. I thought I was burning my throat up. Huh. (sighs; movements; pause) I'm trying not to strangle her.

LRH: Okay.

PC: (yawns; coughs; movements; long pause; sniffs) God!

LRH: What are you telling yourself while you're trying not to?

PC: Don't want to do it.

LRH: Do you know why you don't want to do it?

PC: Don't want to kill something I loved so much.

LRH: Take a look at her.

PC: (pause; laughs) Oh, God!

LRH: Take a look at her. Try not to.

PC: Well, I just got kicked by a horse, (movements) if you can believe that literally.

LRH: Try not to strangle her. Try not to strangle her. (pc yawns) Get your first action toward her. Get your first action toward her. What do you do with her?

PC: Grab her by the left arm (movements) — there.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And I (mumbles inaudibly), too.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Oh God, what power! Why am I so strong? (chuckles) Talk about locks!

LRH: Yeah . . .

PC: (chuckles) These arms can really grow. They've now busted out of two suits since they got better and so I am busting out two more right now. Oh, damn! I never could chin myself; my arms would never grow. And I think I start to squeeze her. Oh, why am I so strong? Why can't I not kill her? (chuckles) God, what a conflict! Feel like my mind is literally being torn apart in the incident — I'm not wanting to and wanting to. (yawns) God, I'm in a rage! Ooooh! (pause; whispers) God, she's beautiful. (pause; yawns and coughs) You know, habit and . . . and . . . the actual fact of running through them this way, when I find myself running through them again I'm going that way in them, and I now have to make up my mind to run them backwards. And it takes a hell of a lot of concentration to run them backwards.

LRH: Hm-hm. Because why? Postulates? You been postulating you had to run them forwards?

PC: (laughs and yawns) Oh gosh, old Parker keeps coming to mind. He's always talking about how he tells people to come up out of the swimming pool. Guy always convinces them about that.

LRH: Hm. All right, let's pick her up from the bottom of the cliff now, Jim — bottom of the cliff. Look at her there, at the bottom of the cliff.

PC: (movements; whispers) God, it's awful. I keep seeing her like that — like this. (pause; yawns heavily) I got a funny confusion in this thing. I can't understand why her arms and hands are taped, but they sure are; they are tied together.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: But I can't find when I did it. (coughs)

LRH: You'll find it. Just back it up till you get to the apathy of her telling you.

PC: (yawns heavily; movements; sighs) I don't know what it is, but I got a somatic in my — got a somatic.

LRH: Roll it back.

PC: Boy, this pain is so sharp! (yawns; pause) In the session this morning, preclear has got a sharp pain in the ovary.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: (laughs) It turned on and shut off. (chuckles; yawns a lot; long pause; sighs loudly) Down from the grief into the apathy; it's rough. The anger and the grief, damn it. Boy! See her feet; they're not tied. (movements) Whew! (movements) Huh.

LRH: Get the sensation of a blankout between the period of her telling you and seeing her feet tied.

PC: I'm blanked out right now. (brief pause) I'm as blank as I can get. This business — this jerk: it's apparently when I grabbed for her . . . I've been doing that a lot . . . the whole time in session — (movements) like that.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And my urn . . . I have no visio — just the vaguest visio. (yawns) Things are kind of swimming in front of my eyes right now.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (movements) I don't know where this comes from, but the way to live is to not talk.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (yawns) If she only hadn't said that to me, I wouldn't have had to kill her. (mumbles inaudibly) Whew! (sighs; pause) I get her foot . . . (coughs; pause) Yeah, I tie her up. (sighs; pause) Got her tied up. (yawns) I bounced a whole bunch of incidents involving leather. (chuckles)

LRH: Hm-hm. What's weather got to do with it?

PC: Leather!

LRH: Oh, leather!

PC: (chuckling) I'm just tying her up.

LRH: (chuckles) Okay. Belts?

PC: (chuckling) No.

LRH: 'Cause I notice you're wearing a plastic belt.

PC: (yawns and chuckles) I'm trying to talk and yawn too. Um . . . leather thongs for shoes and laces on shoes and

LRH: Not liking shoes?

PC: Not liking ah . . .

LRH: Belts?

PC: long, high-top laces. I always cringed at the goddamn things. I don't like belts because I got beat with them (laughing) so often! (chuckles and yawns) God, Dad hit me with a belt buckle one time right in there. (chuckles) I'm back against it. (pause; movements) I do this. She starts to struggle and she kicks me in the face. I grab her and hit her. Bend back hands and feet and I tie her. She's pretty limp when she comes to, and I just give her hell on the neck, (movements) and choke her to death! Oh, Jesus! (chuckles; yawns) Every time I look at her body, this phrase "I did it, I did it, I did it" keeps beating through my head. (movement) God! What a horrible scene! (pause; yawns

while speaking) I don't know what I do next, but I would turn around and walk away.  
(yawns)

LRH: All right, let's run it forwards now, from the moment she tells you — straight on through — till the moment you see her at the bottom of the cliff.

PC: (movements; yawns; pause) I see her feet. (yawns; pause) She knows I'm going to kill her. I can just feel the terror rise up in her. She goes to kick me here, and this isn't going to do any good. God . . . (sniffs) I can feel my hands grab her feet — ankles — and pull. (yawns; pause; jerky motions) I don't know what's happened, but I got a . . . as I was tying her, this church springs into view.

LRH: Church? Run the feeling of regret on the church. Got it?

PC: Yeah, it's another life and I'm in a graveyard next to the church . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: crying over somebody. (yawns) Guess I lost my wife. Maybe I got rid of her too.  
(chuckles)

LRH: All right. Let's pick her up at the bottom of the cliff; (pc yawns) pick her back up into your arms, and so forth. Let's get the effort it takes to do that, straight through now.

PC: (very heavy yawns; long pause; movements) Apparently where I start to strangle her, this pain turns on . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: the church pops into view.

LRH: You'll find it in a minute.

PC: I'm back to where (movement) she starts to tell me, and boy, I . . . it just seems like there's about . . . the Mississippi River ready to flow . . . underneath here when I ran all that stuff. (yawns) Every once in a while this doctor in the throat operation pops in and pops out.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: That's the one where I go down and damn near die on the operating table. They take a tumor out of my throat so I can talk again. I even lost my voice for six weeks. (yawns) I'm trying to pick her up . . . (yawns; pause) I'm running the effort to not let go of her.  
(chuckles; pause)

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (pause; heavy yawns) There is where everything is stopped, right there! (chuckles; pause) I hear myself talking in some strange tongue — "Kaboom-zoom-zoom" — nice and calm.

LRH: Pick her back up. Get the effort to pick her back up and put her over your head.

PC: (heavy yawns; pause) Whole body is getting numb. (pause; motions; yawns and grunts) Every time I've gotten rid of a woman it's been this same postulate: I'll never have anything to do with another one. That's all I'm getting here. (movements)

LRH: Well, can you get visio on her at the bottom now?

PC: Yeah. (yawns; pause; movements)

LRH: Get the feeling of her limpness there at the bottom.

PC: (yawns; pause; movements) She is . . . Oh, God. (movements)

LRH: How's she lying there?

PC: Just like this. And she's bent over a rock — a rock sticking in here. (pause; movements; sighs) Oh God, no!

LRH: What's the matter?

PC: She goes . . . (movement) Then her hand flies back. (chuckles) That doesn't make sense because I got her tied.

LRH: Take a look at her again. (movements) Take a look at her again. Now move back and take a look at her when she falls and hits.

PC: (pause; yawns) God, I'm damn near pushing my (chuckles) jaw out. Oh. Oof !

LRH: Take a look at her as she falls — hits. Is she bouncing?

PC: Oh, yeah. She cracks her head and . . . Oh, God ! What a horrible mess! She just. . . Oh! (coughs) The sounds are starting to come. (movement; sigh) God! She doesn't fall very far, but I threw her with such force — Jesus. (movements) God! It's just as if there are two rocks. There's a whole bunch of rocks, but this . . . they're black rocks — they are dark. Huh! Oh, gosh! When I drove out to California and looked at a desert and they had these black lignite rocks that . . . That's what it looks like. I guess it's late night, and then she hits her head. (sighs) I get the pain here, but she hit here. (sighs)

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Oh, God! (movements) Every time I watch that point where she hits, I jump.

LRH: Let's take a look at it again.

PC: (yawns; brief pause) Well, there's our friend "I shouldn't have done it." (chuckles)

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (sniffs) Hm. I feel like passing out right now. Then I feel like I'm swaying on the edge of the cliff, and then I turn around. (yawns) I have the feeling that I wanted to die too, but I can't. I have a — have some responsibility — something that I am responsible to her for — some loyalty that I have to pursue . . . pursue. Oh, God! (movements; yawns) I guess I make a terrific effort right at that point to not let her hit. (movements)

LRH: Try it again. (movements) Try it again.

PC: Oh, God! (movements; pause)

LRH: Try it again. (pause; pc yawns; movement sounds) Try it again.

PC: There's a beautiful postulate.

LRH: What?

PC: The woman hurts me and I get rid of her.

LRH: Go over the postulate again.

PC: (pause; coughs heavily; yawns) God! (sniffs; sighs) Locks, locks, locks, locks, locks, locks, locks, locks. (clears throat; pause; yawns) Hm! Must be running for my preclears; I'm not crying. (chuckles)

LRH: All right. Watch her hit again. (pause; movements) Watch her hit again. (pause) Get the feeling that you'd like to help her at that moment.

PC: (laughing) I know damn well I'm going through the motions she went through, but then I — I don't see any other way to do it. (movements; yawns)

LRH: All right, get the moment she's lying there still and crumpled. How does she look?

PC: (pause; yawns) Oh, God, all I can think about is how much I love her and what I've done to her. Boy, oh boy, what a mess I made of her. (brief pause; movements) I'm trying to find the desire to help her. (sighs)

LRH: All right. Pick her up from that position — get the physical effort it takes to pick her up from that position — stop her from bouncing and get her back up into your arms again.

PC: (pause; movements; sighs) Effort to keep her . . . Running it backwards, the effort is just a concept. Um . . . it's not like. . . it's. . . (sighs) There's some rigidity in the pull you make back . . . (mumbles inaudibly; pause; sighs) Didn't get this out of this this morning when I realized I had this visio. Many times I've had the (brief pause) feeling or desire to be a woman.

LRH: Get yourself holding on to her as she comes back up. Try and keep yourself from throwing her down.

PC: (movements; yawns) Hm. Hm! First time I've seen this. There's some sort of valley — there's rocks and there's some hills way out there and clouds, sky. (pause; yawns)

LRH: All right, get the effort again to hold on to her and not let her fall.

PC: (brief pause) It's sure wearing off; I can't feel it like I did.

LRH: All right. Get the effort, now, from the moment she's lying inert, to stop all of her motions — run it backwards — to stop all of her motions all the way down and afterwards.

PC: Run it backwards?

LRH: Yeah, to stop each motion she makes.

PC: Why, when she rolled back like this . . . (pause; movements) Just put some knives through? (pause) Do you know this is my usual position on the couch?

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Just like so.

LRH: Yep.

PC: (chuckles and coughs) Ah, God! Never in all my life have I ever seen a pair of hands with such strength in them as those hands I've got. God. (mumbles inaudibly) Hm.

LRH: All right. Let's pick her up again, from the bottom of the cliff, straight on up — the effort it takes to stop each motion she's making.

PC: Yeah. (pause; yawns) I'm back now and I've got this struggle in clear view, and I've got the effort to stop that foot from . . . (movements) I twist.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I can feel the effort to stop it. God, she was a fast mover. (movements) I went clear through it back to where she hit. When I said "God, she was a fast mover," I was right at the point when she hit the rocks.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Now, it didn't work and I'm stopping this foot.

LRH: Where are you now?

PC: Stopping the foot.

LRH: All right. Get the effort to stop that?

PC: Yeah, I'm trying to; getting the effort to stop the motion of that foot. (movements; sighs) Hm. It's funny . . . (laughs)

LRH: What have you got?

PC: Oh, I moved into another life, and somebody is staked to a post (chuckles) or tied to a post.

LRH: You or them?

PC: Them. I'm just part of a group, but I feel regret for this person, because she's standing in front of me while she's telling me this. We're outside in the bright sun. (pause; movements; yawns) Got a real funny feeling. I'm — I got a tent — I can see that. It's an odd thing; it's shaped like a tent. She starts to talk. When I realize what she's saying, I try to stop her talking. I mean, I've just . . . (mumbles) Hm. (brief pause) Boy, I've got to go to the john.

LRH: Okay. (long pause)

PC: Those somatics feel pretty good.

LRH: All right. Let's run the whole thing through from the start to the finish, with the effort it takes to do these things. Let's pick up the time when — each time something happens to her side.

PC: (whispers) Oh, God. Run it forwards or backwards?

LRH: Forwards.

PC: Okay.

LRH: Feel the emotion.

PC: (pause) Oh, oh. Hm. When I bent her back — right on top of that is a time I dose off a diving board and my feet kept going but my body got in the water. Choong. (chuckles)

LRH: Parker and the swimming pool.

PC: (laughs) Yeah! Oh-hum, there's a reason, isn't there? Just as mechanical as an erector set. (pause; movements; yawns) You know, most tension in my side and in my gut are . . . (mumbles) Well, that's after she struggles. (yawns) Boy, does she make one hell of a lot of noise. My muscles all ache through here. (pause) The other night when I left here, I had a pain in my left arm. I kept trying to run it out; I kept trying to reduce it; I kept trying to find what keyed it in. I ran the whole session — lock-scanned it. I finally went to sleep with the pain. (chuckles and sighs) (whispers) Goddamn it. That postulate about "Why are my hands and arms so strong? Why was I so strong?" just keeps booming, boom. (sighs) I call it a postulate because it affected later. . . (movements; pause) I shouldn't be so strong; I wouldn't have hurt her so. Oh. Oh no, it's just — just god-awful when I squeeze her neck. (yawns) That's the biggest effort I find in the place — is just — is the effort to stop her face and tongue and so forth from contorting when I strangle her. (pause) Well, I sure have lived out of this one. (long pause; yawns) I'm running through on her side again.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: God, I'm mad. Oh, Jesus Christ! (pause) Silly enough to even . . . (mumbles; pause; yawns) Apparently going through the locks so fast, Ron, I can't keep track of what they are. (chuckles) This isn't fair. (chuckles) How am I going to keep an inventory? Mmph! We used to have a big fence out back of the school with a two-inch vertical — plank, two inches wide, and we used to walk it. And one day I slipped and fell on my side. (sighs; pause)

LRH: Jaw somatic?

PC: Huh?

LRH: Jaw somatic turn on?

PC: No.... I never could figure out that day when I fell, why I felt so excited sexually! (laughs) It wasn't before, it was after!

LRH: All right, let's pick up this woman at the bottom of the cliff, and all the way through feel yourself turning off sexual excitement.

PC: (long pause; movements; sighs loudly; pause; yawns) Him! (chuckles) If I run it backwards, I end up with it on! What. do you mean?

LRH: I mean, that's right. (pc yawns) Doing exactly right. All right, let's pick up turning it off, now, from the moment you see her limp body down there at the foot of the cliff — realize she's dead — straight on back to the beginning.

*At this point the recording ends abruptly. This is the only recording of the session we have been able to locate.*