

EFFORT PROCESSING: INTENTIONS AND OVERT ACTS

Auditing Session given on
17 January 1952

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

Light Processing

PC: I was shaking him and then I kicked him and — and he fell down. And then this other boy came up and I just — just went off with him; I didn't even pay attention to him.

LRH: Hm-hm. How would you have felt about it afterwards?

PC: After — then after I got home I thought maybe I — maybe should have helped him or something.

LRH: And what happened to him later?

PC: (pause) Nothing that I know of.

LRH: Did he get lame?

PC: No, he just had bowed legs. (chuckles) Don't know why I keep thinking that.

LRH: He had bowed legs?

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: Because you kicked him?

PC: (laughing) Yes.

LRH: All right. Kick him and let him get bowed legs. Kick him. (pause) What happens?

PC: I just walk off.

LRH: So how do you feel when you get home?

PC: Well, I feel like I should have helped him

LRH: And then what do you feel when you — next time you see him?

PC: I look at him and he's walking like a cowboy (laughing) or something, and I just laugh at him (brief pause) — just laugh. I mean, I don't make fun of him, but I just

LRH: All right, kick him and laugh at him. Kick him. (long pause) Kick him again. (pause) Kick him again. (pause) Kick him again. (pause) Get the effort it takes to kick him?

PC: Hm-hm. (chuckles)

LRH: Do you feel it in your foot, your leg? Just . . .

PC: I feel it more right down in here.

LRH: Where do you kick him?

PC: In the shins, but I kick him in both shins.

LRH: All right. Kick him in both shins. (pause) Kick him again in both shins. (pause) Are you seeing yourself kick him? Or are you in yourself kicking him?

PC: What?

LRH: Are you inside yourself kicking him?

PC: Well, it — it seems like both in a way.

LRH: All right. Kick him again. (pause) What happened?

PC: His legs just bow, and I go off with this other guy — this other little boy — and start . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: playing.

LRH: Your legs kick him? I mean, how do your shins feel when your blows land?

PC: Mm, they don't feel any different. I mean, they just . . .

LRH: Do they change at the moment of the kick?

PC: (brief pause) No.

LRH: Kick him again.

PC: (pause) No.

LRH: Are you inside yourself when you kick him? Or are you watching yourself kick him?

PC: No, I'm there; I'm watching him.

LRH: You're watching him. Kick him again. (pause) Now get what you feel when you go home.

PC: I feel kind of ashamed of myself, because I just left him like that. I didn't help him home or anything. (brief pause)

LRH: Got that feeling again?

PC: Him?

LRH: Do you feel like you should have helped him?

PC: I laughed, but still it seemed like I — after I got home I felt like I should have helped him.

LRH: Did you have a sensation in your own shins the first time you kicked him?

PC: No.

LRH: All right. Let's go to the incident we need now to resolve this whole thing — the incident we need — for you to go there automatically. And give me a yes or no on this: Is it a kick in the shins? (snap!)

PC: Yes.

LRH: Is it also a stamp on the leg? (snap!)

PC: No.

LRH: And is biting connected with it? (snap!)

PC: No.

LRH: All right. You don't have to even look at this incident at first; let's just haul off and kick somebody in the shin but good, in a savage rage. (pause) Do it again. (long pause) Do it again. (long pause) Do it again. Get the real feeling it takes to swing that leg and kick him in the shin. (long pause) Who does it turn out to be?

PC: Who?

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Johnny.

LRH: Johnny?

PC: Uh-huh. (little chuckle)

LRH: Do you ever feel like kicking John in the shin?

PC: No.

LRH: What's John got on?

PC: Jeans.

LRH: Hm-hm. Is there still some grief on John?

PC: No. (chuckles)

LRH: Did you say to yourself when you left here that you were ashamed of crying?

PC: No. (chuckles)

LRH: Did you do that? You didn't.

PC: No.

LRH: All right. Kick John in the shins until John becomes somebody else. (long pause) Do it again. Did he change to anybody else?

PC: I think it's Gloria now.

LRH: All right. Kick Gloria till she changes into somebody else. (pc chuckles; movements) Kick her good.

PC: (long pause) Stan.

LRH: Stan?

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: All right. Kick him till he changes into somebody else. (long pause) What happened?

PC: Marilyn. (laughing) I don't know how she got in it.

LRH: All right. Kick Marilyn in the shins.

PC: (long pause) She kicked me back.

LRH: Where did she kick you?

PC: In the shins.

LRH: Which leg?

PC: Both of them.

LRH: Hm?

PC: Both of them.

LRH: All right. Kick her in the shins. (long pause) What happened?

PC: It's still Marilyn . . .

LRH: Yep.

PC: and I figure I'd better . . . feel like I want to stop, because she starts kicking me and — and she's bigger than I am, so I —

LRH: Well, get the feeling of wanting to stop on it. (pause) What happens?

PC: I wanted to stop, but she kept — kept kicking me.

LRH: You got a somatic from her kicks? Got any feeling of her kick?

PC: Not very much.

LRH: Do you get any feeling at all?

PC: Yeah. I can feel.

LRH: All right. Get the feeling of your toe connecting with her. Is it toe? Side of your leg? How do you do — exactly how do you go about kicking her?

PC: With my toe.

LRH: Toe. All right.

PC: My foot, and . . .

LRH: Well, kick her with a toe. (long pause) What happens?

PC: I just . . . she just went away.

LRH: All right. Kick somebody else. (pause) Just keep kicking something.

PC: Kicking a tree now. (laughing)

LRH: All right. Kick the tree. (long pause) Kick the tree again.

PC: (long pause; slight gasp) It's my grandmother.

LRH: All right. Kick your grandmother in the shins — or are you kicking her in the shins? Where are you kicking her?

PC: In the same place.

LRH: All right. Kick her in the shins. (long pause) What do you say to yourself as you're kicking them — these people?

PC: That I shouldn't do it.

LRH: All right. Go on and kick them.

PC: (pause) But I don't care so much with my grandmother.

LRH: Why?

PC: Because I don't like the way she does things.

LRH: Well, kick her some more. (long pause) What happened?

PC: I told her that she shouldn't have been so mean to Mother and my aunt when they were little girls. And that — that she wasn't going to boss me around like that.

LRH: Hm-hm. Kick her some more. (long pause) Kick her some more. (song pause) What happens to her?

PC: I think she just goes — hits me over the head with her broom and goes in the house. She was sweeping.

LRH: Well, hit her — kick her again. (pc chuckles) Do you get a moment when you felt annoyed with your grandmother?

PC: What?

LRH: Do you get a moment in this life when you felt annoyed with your grandmother?

PC: Oh, yes, all the time.

LRH: What's your impulse?

PC: I just want to tell her off. (little laughs don't like the way she . . .

LRH: Did you ever get an impulse to kick her in the shins?

PC: I may have when I was little.

LRH: All right. Let's see if we can pick up a time when you get this impulse to kick her.

PC: (pause; movements) When. . . I remember.

LRH: Yeah?

PC: I was . . . I used to practice on her piano for piano lessons.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And she'd hit my fingers with a pencil every time I, you know, made a mistake, and I just felt like I wanted to hit her or kick her or something.

LRH: Do you play the piano now?

PC: (laughing) No.

LRH: Do you like it?

PC: I hate it. I mean, I like to hear the music

LRH: Who used to make you play it?

PC: My grandmother.

LRH: How did she make you play it?

PC: She was just so mean and hateful and

LRH: This got anything to do with your not liking to play the piano?

PC: I think so.

LRH: She was pretty mean and hateful about it. You got the first impulse you ever had to kick her in the shins?

PC: Well, I hadn't practiced. (laughing) The reason I didn't practice is because I didn't want to — I just didn't want to do it for her. If it had been anyone else, I would have . . . I just would have been glad to.

LRH: Sure.

PC: But . . . so mean and hit my fingers and everything; I didn't like it.

LRH: Feel pretty sore about it.

PC: Yes, I — I still am, I think. (LRH and pc chuckle) Because I probably would have been playing the piano now.

LRH: Scan through the times you've been very angry at her. (long pause) Go over them again. Feel that anger an over again — each time you felt anger toward her — feel that anger all over again. (long pause) Do you feel that anger? Good. Are there times when you don't dare show it?

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right. Do you get your statements to yourself that you'd better not show it?

PC: (brief pause; sighs) Oh, she makes me mad.

LRH: All right. Let's pick up the earliest time that you felt angry at her. Maybe that time you said you didn't — maybe you showed it that time.

PC: I did.

LRH: And what did she do?

PC: Oh, she got — she said, "Well," she said, "you just don't appreciate all I do for you. " I said, "Well, you didn't — you never did do it for my mother or my aunt, so you might as well do it for me or someone." (long pause) Oh, she makes me mad.

LRH: All right. Let's run it again, and pick up the times you wanted to kick her in the shins when you said you shouldn't, and also when you said you shouldn't show any anger toward her. (long pause) How do you feel about her now? Just as mad?

PC: Oh, I don't feel mad about the other time, but I feel mad about the time — just the other day.

LRH: When what happened?

PC: Oh, she called me up, and she always wants me to do something, and she always . . . If I — if I said no, she'd just throw a tantrum and she'd just probably faint or something, she's so nervous, and you — you just can't say no to her. And no matter what it is, you just have to say yes.

LRH: Would you say you have this person solved?

PC: What?

LRH: Do you have any trouble handling this person?

PC: Well, I handle her better than anybody else does. But even I won't tell her what I think anymore. I mean — and everybody else in the family babies her and. . . Oh, she

LRH: When did she have a stroke?

PC: Oh, well, she didn't have a stroke, she had to have shock treatments and a bunch of stuff like that.

LRH: Shock treatment?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: What kind of shock treatment?

PC: Oh, you know, she went kind of . . .

LRH: Yeah?

PC: And she's just real radical about everything: about church and politics, and you just can't talk to her. And I — I just — lately I — Mother said, you know, well, I could just — you know, I was old enough to say what I want to say about things like that. And she wants me to go to her church and I want to go to my church. And when I say no, well, she just throws a tantrum and just — oh, just like a little baby or something. You know how little kids, when they're

LRH: Scan through all the times you ever got mad at her, particularly the times when you wanted to kick her in the shins. Maybe you did? (long pause) Did you?

PC: I never did but I wanted to. I wanted to kick her or hit her or something when I was little. Of course, I don't now, but — because I — in a way I understand her.

LRH: All right. Scan through all those times again. Feel that emotion — what you want to do to her. Go on.

PC: (long pause) The last time (laughing) made me maddest though. Can't get it.

LRH: You got it?

PC: I said the last.

LRH: You can't get it?

PC: Well, I can get it, real easy.

LRH: But what?

PC: But I just — I don't . . .

LRH: It doesn't reduce.

PC: Hm-hm. (little laugh)

LRH: Scan through it again. What did you tell yourself that inhibited your anger?

PC: I . . . guess I thought if I say no — you just can't say no to her, so I better go on. I told her I had a lot of studying and everything to do, and she just didn't take a hint.

LRH: When did something get wrong with her leg?

PC: Nothing with her leg. She had a — to wear a great big old long funny shoe because her . . . her arches or something are . . . they're not too low, I think they're too high or something. She has to wear

LRH: She has trouble walking.

PC: Well, her feet hurt her when she doesn't wear those shoes. She has to wear those

LRH: Is something wrong with her leg?

PC: No.

LRH: She ever hurt her leg?

PC: (brief pause) I think I remember once they said — it was before I was even here — but they said that she fell in the — the furnace. You know, thing was off — the grill — and she fell in the furnace, but I don't . . . I think it was her. (chuckles) I remember someone talking about it. (brief pause) I don't think I care much.

LRH: Did you feel regret at the time?

PC: No.

LRH: No?

PC: She caused so darn much — so much trouble I don't . . . didn't care. Oh, I care in a way. I wouldn't want anything like that to happen to anyone, but you know how . . .

LRH: How do you feel about it now?

PC: About what?

LRH: About your grandmother.

PC: I don't like her.

LRH: Well, I mean, how do you feel about these incidents now? Is any of the tension taken off of them?

PC: Mm, yeah. The first ones. The - the very last one, though, I'm still mad about it.

LRH: All right. Go through it again.

PC: (long pause; sighs) I know I was mad about it, but I just — I still don't want to do this.

LRH: All right. Go through it again. I'm not trying to coax you to do it. (pc chuckles) When did it happen?

PC: She called me — oh, I guess it was Monday night. (long pause)

LRH: Good.

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: Good.

PC: I still don't want to do it.

LRH: Well, that's all right.

PC: I don't think I ever will. (chuckles)

LRH: How do you feel about it emotionally?

PC: Oh, I don't — I don't feel as mad about it. I mean, in a way I can see where I should, maybe, but. . .

LRH: Is there a maybe on it? When did you first start feeling maybes — “Maybe I ought to . . .” “Maybe I should . . .,” “Maybe I shouldn't . . .” — about your grandmother?

PC: Well...

LRH: Would you say your grandmother is the biggest maybe in your life?

PC: About the biggest maybe.

LRH: Who is the biggest one?

PC: Well, she is — she is.

LRH: All right. Scan through all the times your grandmother is a maybe — where you should or maybe shouldn't or . . . (long pause) How did that make you feel?

PC: H-oh. It just brings back what I — I think I . . . just as well — I — I should have said, you know, well . . .

LRH: Do you have to choke back things rather than say them to her?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Now let's go over all the times you've had to do that. (long pause) All right. When you were very young could you have kicked her in the knee, or the leg?

PC: I very easily could have.

LRH: Let's see if we can scan over all possibilities.

PC: (long pause) Most of them are on taking music lessons. And she'd get so mad at me because I wouldn't hit the right note.

LRH: All right, let's get it very, very young now — maybe two, maybe one? You can get down to one year of age. Can you?

PC: (chuckles) I don't know; I never have before.

LRH: You never have before? Well, that's because most people don't believe they can remember back that far, that's all.

PC: Well...

LRH: Well, here, I'll give you an example. Shut your eyes. Go back to the time of your first birthday. (brief pause) What do you get?

PC: I got — well, I got a birthday, but it wasn't my first one.

LRH: Which one did you get?

PC: I think it was my fifth one.

LRH: All right. Go back to your first one: fifth one, to the fourth one, to the third one, to the second one.

PC: (mumbles)

LRH: Just go down the time track — fifth, fourth, third, second . . .

PC: I think I've got it.

LRH: What is it?

PC: We were living in a little duplex and my folks got me a dog — first birthday.

LRH: How old were you?

PC: I was real little; I was only about

LRH: All right. See the dog?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: What's he look like?

PC: He's awful ugly. (LRH and pc chuckle)

LRH: Awful ugly. What's wrong with his leg?

PC: His leg?

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: Oh, nothing, but he's just got spots all over him . . . (pc trails off)

LRH: Were you scared of him?

PC: No, I liked him. But I called him Pickle Pot, (chuckles) because I like pickles.

LRH: Hm-hm. What happened to him?

PC: Him?

LRH: What happened to him?

PC: He got a disease and my folks had to take him away.

LRH: What kind of disease did he get?

PC: Some kind of a skin disease.

LRH: Hm-hm. Which leg?

PC: It — it was on his neck.

LRH: On his neck?

PC: Uh-huh. All over.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Down the neck.

LRH: What did you feel about him?

PC: I . . . kind of cried and I felt sorry for him.

LRH: Hm-hm. How old were you when this happened?

PC: I must have been about four.

LRH: Let's go over the time they're taking him away. (long pause) What happens?

PC: Seems funny. (laughs)

LRH: Okay. What other dog did you have?

PC: Oh, we've had several dogs.

LRH: Which one hurt his leg?

PC: Mm, our dog that we have now hurt his leg yesterday.

LRH: Which one?

PC: His back — left leg, I believe.

LRH: Yeah? He probably feels sympathetic for you. Anyway . . . (LRH and pc laugh)

PC: Daddy asked him this morning if that's what happened, (chuckles) 'cause we didn't know what happened, and he asked him this. Oh, we — you know, we always talk to him like he was human, (laughing) almost.

LRH: Which dog hurt his leg real bad? Which dog got run over?

PC: One we had when I was about thirteen.

LRH: What happened to him?

PC: He died. We couldn't find him.

LRH: Did you ever find him?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: And what did he look like when you found him?

PC: I don't know. I didn't see him.

LRH: What did they say about him?

PC: They said he was all bloody and dirty and everything. People had run over him several times. So we got another dog.

LRH: How did you feel about that dog?

PC: Oh, I felt bad because Mother did — Mother just loves dogs, and I felt bad because she did. But otherwise, urn . . . we hadn't had him very long; we'd only had him about three weeks.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: You know, like we hadn't become attached to him.

LRH: Well, let's go back and kick a dog in the leg.

PC: (long pause) Excuse me.

LRH: What happens?

PC: It was my aunt — or my urn . . . my aunt's dog.

LRH: Did you kick him?

PC: I really did, too.

LRH: All right. Let's kick him in the leg. (long pause) What happened?

PC: He . . . um. . . well. . .

LRH: Does he look so sympathetic?

PC: Oh, he always did; (laughing) he was a cocker spaniel.

LRH: Did he look hurt?

PC: No.

LRH: Kick him in the leg again. What's he do when you kick him?

PC: He whimpers and walks off.

LRH: How do you feel?

PC: Oh, I felt ashamed of myself.

LRH: All right. Let's kick him in the leg again. (pause) Which leg is it?

PC: It's the front one, kind of.

LRH: And which leg do you use?

PC: (slap) This one.

LRH: Hm-hm. (pause) What subsequently happens to this cocker spaniel?

PC: My aunt gave him away because he was (sigh) so dumb, and he wanted — oh, he just . . .

LRH: Did you like him?

PC: No, I didn't like him.

LRH: Did you cause him to be taken away?

PC: No.

LRH: Let's kick another dog in the leg.

PC: (pause) There's my grandmother's dog, but I wasn't kicking him, I was pushing him away with the vacuum sweeper — (laughing) the end of the vacuum sweeper.

LRH: What happened to that dog?

PC: She's still got him.

LRH: Hm-hm. Hurt his leg?

PC: No.

LRH: Let's kick a dog in the leg. (long pause) Make your leg feel tired?

PC: Hm-hm. After I get through.

LRH: Hm?

PC: After I get through kicking him.

LRH: Each time when you kick, does your leg feel tired afterwards? (brief pause) Now, let's really kick something now; let's kick something again. (long pause) What did you kick?

PC: A car.

LRH: A car.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Where did you kick it?

PC: On the fender.

LRH: Hm-hm. Did you ever kick a car?

PC: No.

LRH: Well, let's kick something else now.

PC: (pause) My cat.

LRH: Did you ever kick your cat?

PC: Once.

LRH: With what leg?

PC: I can't

LRH: Well, just kick the cat again.

PC: It was different when I kicked it just now.

LRH: All right. Kick the cat again. (long pause) What happens?

PC: I don't know; it just doesn't seem like . . . oh, I feel sorry for her. I mean, I don't feel sorry for her, because she woke me up, but I feel like I shouldn't have done it.

LRH: All right. Let's kick something else. (long pause) It's what?

PC: It's a rock. (little laugh)

LRH: All right, let's kick the rock again. You mad at it?

PC: No, I just don't have anything, so — anything to do, so I just kick it . . . along the sidewalk. (pause)

LRH: Well, kick again — kick something else. (long pause) What have you got now?

PC: Volleyball. (little laugh)

LRH: A what?

PC: A volleyball.

LRH: Do you kick it?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Hm-hm. Okay, kick it some more. And what's it change into?

PC: (laughing) It's a basketball now.

LRH: All right. Kick it some more.

PC: (long pause) It's when we were playing football — a bunch of us girls.

LRH: Yeah?

PC: And we were playing against . . . am, another team over at East, you know. I mean, it was just a by our — bunch of girls we knew over at East. And I was kicking the football.

LRH: And what happened?

PC: One girl hurt her back. She was from East.

LRH: After you kicked the football?

PC: N-no.

LRH: Where did you kick the football and hurt somebody?

PC: I didn't hurt — I didn't . . . do that.

LRH: Did you feel like it was your fault?

PC: Oh, I thought . . . I didn't think we should have done it in the first place, because I don't think girls are supposed to play football. But they talked me into playing, so I did.

LRH: All right. Let's kick something else.

PC: (long pause) Just water. I don't see how you could kick water though.

LRH: Well, kick water. (pause) What is it?

PC: Water.

LRH: Where?

PC: Oh, it's in the — in the ocean in California.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: We went out there.

LRH: All right. Kick it some more. What do we get next?

PC: What?

LRH: What do we get next?

PC: A fish.

LRH: Do you kick a fish?

PC: Accidentally.

LRH: All right, let's kick a fish. (pause) Now what?

PC: Still a fish. (chuckles)

LRH: All right, kick the fish.

PC: (pause) A shoe.

LRH: A what?

PC: A shoe. You know, a shoe?

LRH: Yeah. Okay. Kick it some more. (pause) What happened then?

PC: Front door. I couldn't get it open.

LRH: All right. Let's kick the front door.

PC: (pause) Still at the front door.

LRH: Kick it some more. Get the effort to get it open. (pause) Won't it open?

PC: (sighs) No.

LRH: Are you still kicking the front door?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: How many times have you done this?

PC: When?

LRH: Kicked the front door?

PC: Oh, I — I remember it once happened when . . . Mother had gone to town and told me to go up to my aunt's and I forgot.

LRH: Do you feel mad? All right, get that anger and kick that front door. Get real mad and kick it.

PC: (pause) Then I remembered that she went uptown.

LRH: Are you still kicking the front door? What are you kicking now?

PC: (laughing) Nothing.

LRH: Well, just kick something; just kick. Kick and wait for something to turn up.

PC: A tin can.

LRH: Hm?

PC: A tin can.

LRH: All right. Go ahead and kick it.

PC: (long pause) It's still a tin can.

LRH: Kick it some more. Is there another, earlier tin can? Do you recognize this tin can?

PC: It's just a coffee can. (laughs)

LRH: Have you ever seen it before? Did you really kick this one?

PC: I don't feel I ever did.

LRH: Well, kick it some more. What's it say on it?

PC: Folgers.

LRH: What does it do?

PC: Every time I kick it, it . . . when it comes down it makes a noise — kind of, you know, rings.

LRH: Hm-hm. Do you enjoy this? Oh, you like this one.

PC: Him?

LRH: You like this one. (pc laughs) All right, (laughing) kick something else.

PC: (pause) The piano. (little laugh)

LRH: All right, kick the piano. Did you really kick a piano?

PC: Cause Grandmother didn't want me to.

LRH: (laughing) Okay. Let's get the time of that. She didn't want you to what?

PC: Kick the piano. Well, she didn't even want us to hardly sit down in a chair.

LRH: All right, let's kick it. Feel the anger you kick it with.

PC: I didn't kick it very hard because I didn't want her to hear me.

LRH: Did she?

PC: Hm?

LRH: Did she? (brief pause) So what happened?

PC: Well, she came in with her — oh, I don't know what all, trying to fix the scars — and she said I'd have to pay out of my allowance to have it refinished. (laughing) So I ran home.

LRH: Did you scar it up?

PC: I meant to.

LRH: All right, let's get your meaning to. Kick it some more. (pause) What happens?

PC: I don't seem mad or anything.

LRH: How do you feel? What is your emotion when you — do you walk up to the piano boldly or do you sneak up to it? What do you

PC: No, I was playing . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: and I just decided I wanted to do something to make her mad, so I started scratching with my shoe against the piano and she came in and caught me. Stop —

LRH: What did she do to you?

PC: Oh, she didn't do anything to me. She — what was worse, she said that I'd have to take all my allowance for . . . that I had for show money

LRH: Did you have to?

PC: I thought I was going to, but then Mother said that she'd done things bad before, too, when she was little and that I wouldn't have to.

LRH: Your mother defend you against your grandmother?

PC: Yes, because Mother doesn't like her either very well.

LRH: Okay. Kick the piano again. (long pause) Well?

PC: Well ?

LRH: What are you kicking now?

PC: The piano.

LRH: Well, keep kicking it till you find yourself kicking something else.

PC: (long pause) I kicked a bowling ball. . . (chuckles)

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: and it stubbed my toe.

LRH: Can you feel that stub? Kick it till you get the pain. (pause) You got it? Did it hurt much?

PC: Not a lot, but . . . because I had shoes on. (pause)

LRH: What are you kicking now?

PC: Bowling ball.

LRH: Huh?

PC: A bowling ball.

LRH: Okay. Kick it some more, till you really stub your toe on it. (pause) Now kick somebody so they'll never walk again. (pause) What happened?

PC: But I don't even know her. The lady that . . . (small laugh)

LRH: What's she look like?

PC: I don't know.

LRH: Kick her so she'll never walk again. What's her face look like?

PC: Oh, it's kind of frail, and she's got long hair.

LRH: How's she wear her hair?

PC: Filled back.

LRH: Hm-hm. Kick her so she'll never walk again. (long pause) What happened?

PC: It's . . . you know, I listen to a story in the afternoon on the radio? And this lady is — is . . . in a wheelchair, you know? And it's her. (chuckles)

LRH: She's in a wheelchair.

PC: It's all

LRH: Is it your fault she's in a wheelchair? Yeah?

PC: Hm. I kicked her and then she had to be in a wheelchair the rest of her life. (pause)

LRH: But this isn't true.

PC: No, because I just listen to it on the radio. You know, it was one of these stories. I was

LRH: How long ago did you hear about this?

PC: On the radio? Oh, it's been about a month ago I started listening to that program. I listened to it before

LRH: How would you feel if you really had kicked somebody so hard to lay them up for life?

PC: Gosh, I'd never forgive myself.

LRH: Hm? Never forgive yourself?

PC: No. (little laugh) Not unless they got all right.

LRH: All right, kick somebody to lay them up for life. (long pause) What are you kicking?

PC: Rod.

LRH: Who's that?

PC: (laughs) Not my boy . . . It's my girlfriend's boyfriend.

LRH: Well, kick him. Lay him up for life.

PC: (pause) Why would I want to do that?

LRH: Do you ever remember having an impulse to?

PC: (laughing) No. Rod's awful nice to me.

LRH: Would you feel guilty if you had?

PC: Yes.

LRH: What would be your feeling if you had?

PC: I'd feel . . . well, I'd — I'd just feel that I — I couldn't ever make things right for him if I — I'd just try to pay him back in some way. I don't know . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: what it'd be.

LRH: Hm-hm. Pay him back by kicking him in the shins?

PC: No, I mean . . . (LRH and pc laugh) I get mixed up.

LRH: (laughing) Yeah. All right. Let's kick somebody else and lay them up for life.

PC: (long pause) It's Janet.

LRH: Kick her again. Where do you kick her?

PC: In the shins.

LRH: Hm-hm. Did we get a — mention ever kicking Janice before — Janet before? We didn't, did we? All right, let's kick Janet. How many times have you been mad at Janet?

PC: I never have.

LRH: Never have. Kick her in the shins. (long pause)

PC: Doesn't seem like it 's Janet, but I don't know who it is.

LRH: Well, how are they dressed?

PC: It was a girl and she looked like Janet, but it wasn't, because I never . . . never did get mad at Janet. (chuckling)

LRH: What's she got on?

PC: She's got on a skirt and blouse.

LRH: Modern?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: All right. Kick her again. (brief pause) What's your emotional feeling when you kick her?

PC: I'm mad. (brief pause) Oh, I know who it is.

LRH: Who?

PC: It's that . . . the lady that I worked for last summer.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Sheila. I never got mad at her. Isn't that odd?

LRH: Do you suppose if you ever kicked anybody . . . Now, what do you suppose it would take to give a person a guilty conscience so it'd make them feel like they'd kicked everybody they met in the shins? What kind of an incident would it take to make a person feel like that?

PC: Well, if they'd have. . . if they maybe were . . . were driving a car or . . . or something that — that made someone have an accident . . .

LRH: You ever been in an automobile accident?

PC: No.

LRH: Hm-hm. Do you think that would?

PC: Well, and then if they'd have . . . say they had broken their leg and then — someone's leg — and they never had . . . oh, I don't know, something like that, they might feel — have a guilty conscience.

LRH: Hm-hm. Do you feel you have a guilty conscience about anything?

PC: (sighs) No, I don't think so.

LRH: You don't have a guilty conscience about a thing?

PC: Well, I — I started going to this church and I went for a long time and I never did go back. And I

LRH: Let's kick Christ in the shins.

PC: Oh! (pause) I don't want to.

LRH: Come on, let's kick him in the shins. (pause) What do you get?

PC: Hm ?

LRH: What do you get when you try?

PC: He's there at church, except it's — it's our preacher instead of Christ.

LRH: All right. Let's kick the preacher in the shins. (thump; pause) How does it make you feel?

PC: Terrible.

LRH: Which leg do you use?

PC: This one.

LRH: All right, kick him. (pause) Kick him hard enough to cripple him. (pause) What happened?

PC: (murmurs inaudibly)

LRH: Kick Christ in the shins. Can you? Try it. Try the effort that you'd have to make with your leg. Can you make your leg kick him? (brief pause) Try it again. You can.

PC: I . . . start to, but then I just can't finish it.

LRH: All right. Try to kick Christ in the shins again. Get the effort it takes to stop yourself. (long pause) What happens?

PC: I stopped and he just started talking to me.

LRH: Hm-hm. All right. Let's kick him, only let's get that kick just a little bit further.

PC: (pause) I did then.

LRH: Hm?

PC: I did.

LRH: You did? All right, now let's get the full effort it takes to kick him in the shins. (pause) Get it again — the full effort it takes to kick him in the shins and cripple him. (long pause) How does it make you feel?

PC: Well, that makes me feel worse, because he . . . he said that . . . that people have hurt him a lot worse than something like that.

LRH: All right, let's kick him again — kick him in the shins; follow it all the way through. (long pause) Kick him again; follow it all the way through. (pause) What's the sensation in your leg as you do it?

PC: Tense.

LRH: Is there an effort to hold back the kick? All right, let's get the effort to hold back the kick. Afterwards let's get the feeling of regret for kicking Christ. (long pause) Let's do it again. (long pause) What happens?

PC: It doesn't seem like I do it anymore. I mean, I do it but it just doesn't seem like I'm mad or anything; I just don't have any feeling.

LRH: All right. Now, look at the wound it makes when you kick him in the shins. (brief pause) All right. Now let's run that backwards and let's take your foot away from the shin, watch the shin miraculously heal and restore it to the place it was when you began the kick — kick him backwards, in other words. (long pause) What happens?

PC: I d-don't think it seems possible.

LRH: Well, get the effort it takes to hold — to bring your foot back — wheww! Reverse the kick — the effort it takes to bring your foot back. (pause) Can you feel that effort? All right, try it again. Get the effort it takes to bring your foot back. (pause) All right.

PC: Hm?

LRH: Did you get the effort?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Well, does it change — make any sensation in your leg?

PC: No, it just . . . No.

LRH: All right. Let's kick him in the shin again. Let's really get him there and kick him in the shin again and make an ugly wound and cripple him. (long pause) What happened?

PC: I can't imagine why I did it. I mean, I just — I wasn't mad or anything; I just did it and . . .

LRH: All right, let's swing your foot in there and kick him in the shin again, and get the feeling that you might have of regretting kicking him about halfway through the kick.

PC: (pause) All right.

LRH: What have you got?

PC: I got . . .

LRH: The effort to stop the kick?

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: Did you see your foot land anyhow?

PC: I just . . . right before it hit, well, I started to pull back and then . . . and then it . . . I saw that I wasn't in time.

LRH: All right, do that again. Get the physical feeling it takes to do that.

[gap in recording]

LRH: Kick the bowling ball again. Is that it?

PC: Well, it doesn't hurt.

LRH: Well, what — how do the toes feel — like, what's just happened to them?

PC: Let's see. Feels like I just kicked something, but it doesn't

LRH: Well, kick the something again two or three times. Just kick the something.

PC: (pause) End of a bed.

LRH: All right, kick it again. (long pause) Well?

PC: Well what?

LRH: They feel better?

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: They feel better?

PC: Yeah.

LRH: Okay. How does your leg feel?

PC: Just fine.

LRH: Feel there's any difference in it in the last few hours?

PC: No.

LRH: Doesn't feel there's any difference in it? Have you felt any sensations in it during this session?

PC: The last time when I was in a . . . (murmurs inaudibly) I don't know, but my foot just kind of — right down in here — just kind of tingled, you know?

LRH: Hm-hm. Well now, let's

PC: But my leg never did that.

LRH: But you felt your leg get tired today.

PC: Yes. But it doesn't feel tired now.

LRH: Doesn't feel tired now?

PC: Uh-uh.

LRH: But it felt tired for a while.

PC: It felt tired when I was kicking all those people and everything. (chuckles)

LRH: Hm-hm. All right. Do you feel inhibited about this leg in any way?

PC: What does that mean? (little laugh)

LRH: Well, do you feel sort of held in about it?

PC: (pause) No.

LRH: Do you feel you shouldn't kick people?

PC: No, I don't think anyone should, unless . . .

LRH: Nobody should kick people? What would happen to people if you kick them?

PC: They'd get mad at you and they wouldn't like you, or something.

LRH: Is it necessary to have people like you?

PC: Well, it is to me.

LRH: Well, think it over for a moment. Is it necessary to have people like you?

PC: It isn't necessary.

LRH: Well, what's the value of having somebody like you?

PC: Oh, you - you have someone to talk to.

LRH: Is it more important to like people or have them like you?

PC: (pause) Hm, I believe I'd rather like them, but I'd like for them to like me too. (slight chuckle)

LRH: But you'd rather like them?

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: Who is it that won't let you like them?

PC: (pause) Phyllis and Sharon.

LRH: They won't let you like them?

PC: I just don't want to.

LRH: When did you kick them in the shins?

PC: Oh, I never did.

LRH: Would you like to?

PC: No. (little laugh)

LRH: Phyllis and Sharon won't let you like them.

PC: Oh, I like Sharon. I mean . . . but I don't like her very well. She likes me, I think.

LRH: Who won't let you like them — in your family? Does your father let you like him?

PC: Oh, sure.

LRH: Does he ever push you away when you try to kiss him?

PC: No.

LRH: Your mother?

PC: No.

LRH: What's the most horrible thing that could be found out about a person?

PC: (pause) That he didn't have any friends.

LRH: Didn't have any friends?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Hm-hm. That's pretty bad.

PC: I . . . (murmurs inaudibly)

LRH: What happens if you kick people?

PC: You wouldn't have friends.

LRH: Who told you so?

PC: I guess I just . . . Well, even Mother, but she didn't say about kicking, she said it about biting.

LRH: All right. Who said it about kicking?

PC: (pause) I don't know as anybody did.

LRH: What did you decide?

PC: I decided that if kicking . . .

LRH: Where were you when you decided?

PC: (pause) When Mother told me about biting.

LRH: And what did you say to yourself?

PC: I said I'm never going to — I'll try never to hurt people again.

LRH: You remember saying that?

PC: To myself, I mean.

LRH: Now, where were you standing?

PC: In the kitchen.

LRH: What did she look like?

PC: She looked the same. She looked bigger than me, though, I think.

LRH: What did you say to yourself?

PC: I said, "I'll try never to hurt people again."

LRH: Hm-hm. Is it important to have friends?

PC: It is to me.

LRH: What happens to you if you don't have them?

PC: Well, you get . . . well, I — I know that kids at school, if they don't have friends, they just don't seem happy.

LRH: Well, who doesn't have any friends that you know?

PC: One of my cousins. She's hateful and . . . Oh, she has a few but they're not close friends. I mean, they wouldn't — I don't know whether they'd stand by her if anything ever happened or anything, you know?

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I like her pretty well.

LRH: Is there any — what's the sensation of coolness in that leg?

PC: There isn't any.

LRH: Do you feel it's warm?

PC: Hm-hm. Feels just as warm as the other one.

LRH: Oh. The last time, you remember, you said it felt cold a lot of the time. Has it been doing that? (brief pause) Maybe your leg is getting well.

PC: I hope so. You know what I dreamt last night ?

LRH: What?

PC: I dreamed that when we were looking at houses, you know, I don't know why, but . . . and all of a sudden my . . . I could pull my — my, you know, my toe up from the floor. . .

LRH: Uh-hm.

PC: my other one. And I just sat down in front of everybody and started doing that and I could just see — I just kept doing it. And I asked Mother, I said, "Am I awake or am I dreaming?" And she said, "No, you 're awake. " And so I just kept doing it. And then I woke up this morning and I thought I was well; I tried to do it and I couldn't. (chuckles)

LRH: Do you remember the difference of feeling it made . . . then?

PC: I was disappointed but . . .

LRH: Hm. How do you break somebody's joint like that so they won't walk again?

PC: (long pause) Well, I don't know. With a hammer, something hard . . .

LRH: Hit somebody on the joint like that with a hammer. (pause) What kind of a hammer is it?

PC: One of those round ones, those . . .

LRH: Hit somebody on the joint like that. (pause) Hit them some more.

PC: (pause) Kind of hard to.

LRH: Now, hit them some more. Which hand do you use?

PC: This one.

LRH: Ail right. Hit them! Is the foot shod, or what? or bare?

PC: It's bare.

LRH: Bare foot.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: And lets hit it again. (long pause) Hit it! How does it make your arm feel?

PC: Makes my arm feel kind of stiff and tired.

LRH: It does?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Hit them again. Does the hammer change any?

PC: It feels heavier.

LRH: All right. Is it a different kind of hammer?

PC: No, it's the same kind.

LRH: Hm-hm. What's it look like?

PC: It's got a brown handle and on the end it's . . . it's not like an ordinary hammer; it's a big round one all the way through.

LRH: All right. Strike again. Hit it again. (pause) Hit it again. Is there any place where you started — try to arrest the rush of the hammer?

PC: I don't want to do it.

LRH: Well, bring the hammer down with a good, solid crash. (pause) Bring it down again. (pause) Bring it down again. Did you ever see this hammer before?

PC: Daddy has one out in the — in the garage.

LRH: He has one. Bring it down. Now, what part of the foot or ankle do you bring it down on?

PC: Right here.

LRH: Right there? All right, bring it down, smash! What's your mood when you do it?

PC: I'm mad, I think.

LRH: All right. Feel angry and hit it. Watch the blow land. Does it break the skin? (brief pause) Do it again. How would the person walk afterwards?

PC: With a limp.

LRH: What would happen to their toes?

PC: They'd — oh, they'd . . . just — they wouldn't move; they'd just be . . .

LRH: Would they be able to flex the ankle? Would they be standing on the floor or lying down on a table or what?

PC: When I did it ?

LRH: Yeah.

PC: They — they were sitting at a bench.

LRH: Sitting at a bench. How old would you be?

PC: Now.

LRH: Now?

PC: I mean, seventeen. (little laugh)

LRH: All right, seventeen. Get the intention that goes with it. (pause) Does that hammer try to stop any place along the line? Where does it try to stop?

PC: Right before I do it. I don't want to do it.

LRH: All right. Bring it down anyhow. Get the force trying to hold it back as the hammer swings down. (pause) Get it again. (pause) Get a full swing; get a full, furious swing at it. (pause) What happens?

PC: I . . . don't want to do it. (little laugh)

LRH: Is there any sensation in your foot when you do it?

PC: No.

LRH: All right. Get it right down at the end there and just keep hitting the ankle, just one time and then it . . . Just go over the incident again — the other time — right close down, the hammer hitting the ankle. (long pause) The hammer hitting the ankle. (pause) Can you hear it hit? Hit it good and solid. How would you feel immediately afterwards?

PC: I'd feel sorry that I'd done it and — and I . . .

LRH: How about afterwards when you saw the person limping?

PC: I'd — I'd just — I'd feel sorry for him.

LRH: Is there any sensation in your own ankle when you do that? (pause) Take a stone ax and smash somebody's foot off. (long pause) Find that easier to do?

PC: No, it — it's just as hard and it makes me kind of sick.

LRH: All right, do it again. Take a stone ax and smash somebody's foot. (pause) What's the position of the foot when the ax comes down on it?

PC: It's just like mine is now.

LRH: All right. And what do you do?

PC: I just swing back and just go like that.

LRH: Do it again.

PC: (long pause) Nothing.

LRH: Make you sick?

PC: Yeah, it makes me feel funny.

LRH: All right. Swing it again. (pause) What's the ax look like?

PC: It's just like an ax except . . . It's . . . it is an ax. It's not stone, it's just an ordinary ax.

LRH: Hm?

PC: It's just an ordinary ax.

LRH: All right. Swing an ordinary ax. (pause) What happens when you do that?

PC: I . . . don't want to do it at first, and then I go on and do it. It makes me sick.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And...

LRH: Cut the Achilles' tendon of somebody's foot now so that he will never walk.

PC: What?

LRH: Cut the back Achilles' tendon of somebody's . . .

PC: Oh.

LRH: I.. leg so he won't walk — she won't walk, he won't walk. He won't walk. What kind of knife do you use?

PC: A butcher knife.

LRH: How do you go about it?

PC: I just go like that.

LRH: What happens?

PC: It just . . . it bleeds and . . .

LRH: And does what?

PC: bleeds and just . . . and he just crumples down.

LRH: What crumples? (pause) Take a look at the foot.

PC: (pause) It's big. (little laugh)

LRH: Big foot? (pause) How big is your hand on the knife?

PC: (pause) Just ordinary size. I mean, just like my own.

LRH: Hm-hm. Is the foot much bigger than it ought to be? (pause) All right, saw through it with the knife.

PC: (pause) Oh, getting to my stomach.

LRH: Do it again. (pause) What's the matter?

PC: (gasps)

LRH: You getting sick? (brief pause) Do it again. (long pause) Is it as hard to do now?

PC: Well, it's just as hard to do, but it doesn't seem like I . . .

LRH: Are you angry when you do it?

PC: I'm not as angry as I was.

LRH: All right. Do it again — saw through that tendon. (pause) How do you feel immediately afterwards?

PC: I just . . . I just feel terrible. I feel sick and . . . perhaps I shouldn't have done it.

LRH: All right. Let's saw through it again. Is the person aware of you at the time you do it? Do they know what you're going to do? Do they just stand there? (brief pause) Don't they think you'll do it?

PC: Apparently they think I'll lose my nerve.

LRH: What do they tell you?

PC: They just say that . . . they just don't think that — that I . . . urn have nerve enough to do it, and I — I said, "Well, I do. What you've done to Marilyn, I'll just — I'll just show you what . . . what"

LRH: Is it a man or a woman?

PC: It's Marilyn's father.

LRH: Hm?

PC: It's Marilyn's father.

LRH: Marilyn's father.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Is he bare-footed?

PC: No, he's got on his shoes and his feet are about that long.

LRH: Hm-hm. Do it again. (pause) What happens?

PC: It doesn't seem like it's as bad as it was.

LRH: Do it again. Have you had any feeling in your own heel?

PC: No.

LRH: Haven't, huh?

PC: Uh-uh.

LRH: Okay. Saw through it a few more times. (long pause) Okay, kick the tin can — Folgers. (pause) Kick the tin can some more, that you were kicking earlier. (long pause) Got it? How do you feel emotionally?

PC: Just happy.

LRH: You're thinking about something else? What is it?

PC: am . . . I'm just doing it . . .

LRH: Are you thinking about one of these other incidents while you're doing this?

PC: No, I thought you meant — oh, I misunderstood you. No, I'm not thinking about anything like that.

LRH: All right, let's get a time when you really felt you were in communication with somebody. Really felt close, somebody talking to you. (pause) Got one? All right, let's

get a time — another time now — when you were talking to somebody and you knew they were really hearing you, they were really listening to you, appreciated what you were saying. (long pause) Got one?

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Okay. Now, let's get a time when you really knew somebody liked you. (long pause) Got one? All right, get a time when you really liked somebody. (long pause) Okay. Now can you remember a time when things seemed really real to you, very real? The last time when things seemed very real to you. (pause) The world looked very bright. (pause) Got one?

PC: Uh-huh.

LRH: Why does that make you feel bad? Does it?

PC: What?

LRH: Doesn't make you feel bad, does it?

PC: Oh, no.

LRH: Good. All right, get the feeling of the environment here. Get the feeling of the room around you. (brief pause) Okay. Get the feeling of the ceiling over your head. (brief pause) Feel the bed under you. (brief pause) Are you okay?

PC: Sure.

LRH: Sure. Okay. Now, we'll have to catch you again. (brief pause) We'll have to catch you one more time next — week from now.

PC: A week from now . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: same time, here?

LRH: Your leg's getting better; it's getting well. I was just trying to kick it along the line a little faster. (LRH and pc chuckle) Let's see the color of your leg. It was kind of bluish for a while.

PC: Yeah, I don't know why it gets that way. (pause)

LRH: Well, it's just because you're using it. Is that leg — is a comparative size with the other one now, isn't it? It's getting there.

PC: Well, you know, I don't know why, but when I first wake up in the morning, it's always real little right down in here. I mean, it — maybe it's because I'm sleepy or something, but I — I looked at it this morning and it looked so little. I mean, right down in through here. I know it is a little bit smaller because, you know, I had . . .

LRH: How's the muscle on it?

PC: Oh, it isn't as hard as the other one, but I think it's better than it was. I mean, you know . . .

LRH: It's getting along. Okay.

PC: Last night when I dreamed that I — it just seems so real and Daddy said, “Well, that’s a good sign.”

LRH: Hm?

PC: My dad said, “Well, that’s a good sign.” (LRH chuckles) He promised me a new car if I got well.

LRH: He did?

PC: Yes. So I decided I’m going to get well. (LRH laughs) Of course, I decided that before then, but . . .

LRH: Well, you’re sure getting there.

PC: Yeah.

LRH: The leg looks a lot different than the first time I saw it.