

And in a field which has remained relatively unresearched, certainly somebody should think—sooner or later somebody would start thinking about it.

Now, here's an odd thing: We all depend on this thing called a mind. Everybody agrees on this in this whole society. They say that man's best weapon is his mind. And yet, as we look this over—man's best weapon—we find everybody totally certain about how everybody else ought to use theirs, and nobody knows how to use his! And the one thing, then, a society could use would be an operating manual for the human mind. And I don't mean a prefrontal lobotomy.

In other words, there ought to be a mechanic's manual. Somebody **3** builds himself a 155-millimeter gun, or builds a gun of 155 millimeters which is patterned after Hotchkiss's naval cannon which was "going to make war so horrible that then we would never again have war." Do you know how many inventions were invented that way? Nobel's invention was supposed to end all wars. All of Hotchkiss's inventions, which are naval big mounted cannon and machine guns, the original machine guns, and so forth—they were all supposed to make war so horrible that nobody would fight war again. And they came right on up. But nobody has the crust to say this about the atom bomb. This one—the only one that could even vaguely be true about.

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But all these boys, Nobel and the rest of them, give peace prizes over it; they're trying to end war by making something so horrible.

Well, these boys build themselves a 155-millimeter cannon that's scheduled to kill, murder, maim, blow up and destroy men and all their possessions and families, and they very carefully sit down and write an operating manual saying, "This is the lanyard. See figure 1, part A. Pull rope B. This is the right wheel. This is the left wheel. This is the muzzle. This is the breech." They write these manuals exhaustively. And probably the manual is the only reason a 155-millimeter gun works. It makes everybody make enough agreement so that they make the gun fire.

Well anyhow, here we have this avowedly wonderful and important thing: the human mind. And we go down to the library and we look under the stack cards—"Human mind: Libido theory—not to be read by Catholics." We read over here, it says, "Prefrontal lobotomies, number of fatalities omitted from data." We look over here: "Why everybody has to be electric-shocked although nobody ever got well from them."

Oh, we're not talking about the human mind, we're talking about doing things that have some bearing on, or related to, the human mind. Then we have a book, it's called *The Human Mind*—it's by some fellow by the name of Pettinger or something. And we look over this book, and we read it over, and we find out it's a bunch of detailed case histories about little girls that did something nasty. And fellows who get into institutions

and are very loving to their wife but keep writing letters to their girlfriends, and this is how crazy they are.

In other words, the whole book talks about insanity. And it says on the cover *The Human Mind*. And that's an insult, because there is no book around—if we've got to be so mechanistic—that says how crazy cannons can get! Everybody would think that was silly if all the operating manuals on cannons merely talked about was how crazy they could get and how they kept rolling over parapets and how they backfired and rimfired and spifired, and all we could ever find out about a cannon was that they blew up. We'd stop using them, wouldn't we? (I thought that would sink in!)

All right. As we look over—as we look over the field of the mind, we don't find an operating manual. We could use one. The proceeds of this congress will be utilized to create one, which I think a few people could use. And maybe they'll stop stuffing baby bottles into the cannon, and trying to load the thing by putting on hubcaps, and maybe they'll get over the idea that *mind* and *crazy* are synonyms. They might just barely get over this idea.

Faced with a tremendous amount of rational thinking, faced by a great many rational actions, people who have studied the mind—and, by the way, I don't tell you that we're studying the mind—but people who have studied the mind in the past have apparently written about craziness or upsets or

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irregularities. Well, if they know so much about irregularities, you and I could suppose that then they would know something about the regularities of the mind. Follows, doesn't it? "If we just write all this stuff over here about irregularities, then all these people over here will think we know all the regularities."

You walk up to somebody who has written all about these irregularities about the mind, and you say, "Where is the lanyard?"

"What are you talking about?"

"How do you make somebody laugh? Why do people cry?"

"You're taking an unfair advantage of me. All of this material would be far, far too deep for you. If you will look up several learned authorities, you will discover that this data is not for laymen, because it's all over your head." And at no time, evidently, should you be permitted to learn how to run this concrete mixer, or whatever it is, called a human mind.

Well, that's the status of the human mind. We have three categories, then, which evidently have very little to do with the spirit but have to do with something: We have medicine, psychiatry and psychology.

Well, now, psychology does have something to do with the human mind. It does. It does experimental work. It tries to learn something about it by observation. Started about 1862 by a fellow by the name of Wundt, the "only Wundt," and—that was a pun!—and he had a good sound idea. Matter of fact, I've used his idea very well, which is apply scientific

methodology to the mind in order to discover something about it. And they departed after that and didn't bother to study scientific methodology and didn't much observe the mind, but we've got psychology.

Now, if somebody is interested in psychology, that is all due respect to that, but let us be sure we know what we are interested in. We are interested in a subject which has certain definite boundaries, and these boundaries are announced many, many times in psychology textbooks. And psychology is not the broad field of thinkingness. That is not what it covers. It covers exactly what it says it covers. And it says it covers certain things in every college textbook on the subject of psychology. And the latest work on the subject of psychology (the only real psychologist who is included in "Who Knows and What"—his book, the authority) defines psychology in this wise: "It would be impossible to define the word *psychology* unless one studied the history of psychology, for the word *psyche* is Greek for soul or mind, and psychology is not related to the soul and probably not even to the mind." Unquote. Unparaphrase. That's almost an exact quote.

But there's psychology. Now, it's relatively undefined, but we look into the textbooks and we find it is a study of the brain and nervous system. You got that? The brain and the nervous system, and its reaction patterns. Stimulus-response is about its horizon.

Now, that has with it certain definite things. One of these things is this, very specifically: one of these things says that a man must adjust to his

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environment. This is part of the *philosophy* of psychology—there is such a thing. Man has to adjust to his environment and then he'll be happy. In other words, if you're in an insane asylum, if you're as insane as the asylum you'll be happy. Well, that follows from that definition. Doesn't follow? Seemed like it did.

Anyhow, all right. He must adjust to his environment. If he lives in Washington, he must wear nothing but paper, eat nothing but paper, talk nothing but paper.

Anyhow, there are other things which are very specific. One is that personality is unchangeable, and also intelligence. But particularly intelligence—that is unchangeable. Now, these are the limits of psychology. They are many times announced and they are muchly carried forward.

Now, one of the leading psychologists of the country and a very, very able man—I know him, he doesn't know me—Doctor Fred Moss of George Washington University, held down the psychology department; many times been called in by the president, say, "What are we going to do about this?" He proposes the right solution, so he gets fired. He one time was called in by Hoover as part of a commission to take care of all the accidents the country was having and to make a recommendation as to how to put them down. He added up all the figures, found out most of the accidents were people under a certain age and people over a certain age—so we just refuse driver's licenses to these people and we wouldn't have any accidents. Most

reasonable solution in the world, so he was fired. Well, anyway . . . Look at all the votes that would cost somebody!

Now, that fellow, in the field of psychology, found the first observations of Dianetics many, many years ago—"What? No! It's not psychology." So we've had an expert and authoritative opinion on the subject. We haven't been doing psychology all these years. And I have carefully paid attention to that fact. And I have also carefully not followed along in the tradition of psychology, just for the good reason that it said certain things were impossible. And when somebody starts to tell you things are impossible . . .

By the way, did you ever work with somebody in an armed service or an office, and every time you went over and said, "How about getting this letter out by five o'clock?" and they said, "That's impossible."

And you said, "How about taking my car around to the garage?" and so on, and they said, "Well, I haven't got any keys," you know, "it's impossible."

And you said, "Well, would you mind cashing my check, too, when you went to the b—," they said, "That's impossible." "Let's see if we can sell a little bit more this . . ." "That's impossible."

Did you ever do any business with a person like this? Well, you might have had some communication of sorts with them, but you never got anything done in that vicinity, is that right? So when they start to tell you,

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"This is impossible and this is impossible and that can't be done and this can't be done and that can't be done"—if you are of that novel disposition which desires to make some forward progress, if you belong to that small and insignificant majority that would like to get the show on the road—you stay away from these organizations that tell you, "That's impossible and that's impossible and that's impossible," and you'll get somewhere.

Because all a barrier is, is something across which or through which thou shalt not pass. So obviously that is operating and acting as a barrier, isn't it? That right? Somebody who says, "Not possible, no progress, can't," so on—we've just got a bunch of barriers here, haven't we?

6 All right. Field of medicine has its own sphere of operation: operation. It handles drugs, surgery, orthopedics, obstetrics. Fine. Mechanics. If they were good mechanics, I'd say that's fine. And most of them are. They're pretty good guys. But they should never forget that they're mechanics. They should never be permitted to forget they're mechanics. Because they get over in a field where they don't belong—the mind. They don't belong there.

Your medical doctor is a trained psychologist—all right, let him fool around with the mind, remembering that the mind is tissue. Remember that? Tissue. It's a thing. It's a machine that runs on neurons which transmit energy at ten feet per second velocity and do this and do that.

So let's just look at this—let's look at this carefully. Instead of feeling great awe in these directions, let's look exactly at what we're doing. If we're

handling a machine, then we'd better be an expert on the subject of that machine, right? The medical doctor then has a definite sphere of action, and his knowledge of that sphere and his ability in that sphere is his reason for existence, and therefore he does have a reason for existence. It's a mechanical reason for existence.

Every time he moves *out* of that, he starts saying "can't, can't, can't, can't, impossible, can't." Why does he say this? It's because you can't reach into a brain with a big spanner and adjust some of the hexagonal bolts and nuts in it. Can't do it. So it's out of his sphere. If he could do it—fine.

Now, let's take psychiatry. Let's see, where will we take it? Psychiatry actually has a definite function in the society, which is the care and feeding of the insane. And as long as they would stay in that sphere and not get out of that sphere, I would be very happy with them. We'd all be happy with them. We'd say, "Look at those self-sacrificing dogs. Look at those poor guys, in there batting the head against the wall with all those psychotics. That's a rough deal," and so forth. But that's their sphere. If these guys want spheres, we'll give them spheres. *Glong!* So psychiatry has to do with the insane.

Now, psychoanalysis specialized in the neurotic. And if you study the works of Doctor Freud—thrown out by the doctors at one time—but if you study the works of Doctor Freud you will discover that his specialty was neurosis. Person had to be able to talk at least consecutively with him in

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order for him to get anyplace with this person. Now there was his specialty. And he was good at this, and he made the only single advance along this line that was notable. So they can have the neurotic.

7 Now, we've got all these illnesses nicely comparted. We've got the mechanical troubles—the medical doctor can have these. Psychos, psychosis—psychiatrists can have these. Neurosis—why, that's the whole job of the analyst, and so forth. And this mechanical thing called a brain—why, everything to do with that, that can belong over here to the psychologists, huh? That's a good place for that. Now we're all set there, aren't we? We've got that all divided up. But all we've divided up to date was machinery, materialism. That's totally what we've divided up, isn't it?

Now, who and where are we going to put technology about the human soul? You can right away think of a religion. Although that religion exists in the belief that technology, or finite shape, exists in relationship to the human soul, remember something: It isn't concentrating on that. And we have found a body of technology and information which may be of interest to all those things I have mentioned, but which would be of peculiar and particular interest to religion, which nobody is sitting on—exactly nobody.

The technology related to the human spirit has gone begging since the last great yoga. He tried to do something about this.

That's an interesting thing. Here's a totally uncovered field. If there was anything practical to religion in this life at all, it would be in that sphere, then, wouldn't it? It would be the technology relating to the human spirit: if the spirit can make things well, if it can monitor the body, if it can change these other things. Doesn't matter if it can or can't heal a broken leg on the spot—you'd still have medicine. If somebody went mad, you've still got a house to put him in—psychiatrists.

But, here's—here's the point: There's a whole sphere of existence that nobody is taking any slightest responsibility for. 8

Now you want to know how psychology and Scientology line up, or how medicine and Scientology line up and—they *don't!* That's the answer to that—they don't. Not even vaguely. Here is this huge sphere in this society that is not at all demarked or boundaried. And every time we come along with this information—we say, "Well, that's psychology"—we come bump, right into the wall. And every time we come along and say, "This does something for medicine," we go crash, right into the wall. Every time we come along and we say, "Well, this complements psychi—," crash. Why? Because it *doesn't*.

Do you think that the repairer of a railroad locomotive has any business whatsoever taking the tonsils out of the engineer? Well, that's the size of it. That is actually the size of it. If everybody before has considered that we're dealing with a railroad locomotive and nobody was paying any

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attention at all to the engineer, they could then sloppily consider that they knew something about engineers, and if they were qualified to take on and take off a steam fitting in a Mallet locomotive, they, of course, could do a prefrontal lobotomy on an engineer. Follows. They could take a leg on and off—this is just part of the machinery.

Only it's not part of the machinery—somebody is driving the machine. Somebody is thinking, somebody is feeling his way through life as a sentient being, somebody is originating ideas, he's originating reactions, he's originating emotions. He's not just acting on a stimulus-response pattern forevermore. And who has taken the survey or purview of this thing or this individual? We have, that's who has.

9 Religion would wander badly unless it had the technology of the human spirit. That would be the vital thing to have, for religion to become a practical, everyday thing.

Now let's see how practical it could be: fellow, member of an insurance office—salesman. Other salesmen in the office, the girls in the office, and he just knows Scientology from a practical standpoint. Let's say he's the chaplain of a local group or something like that. Girl comes in, she's got a cold. She's going into everybody's face, "*(sneeze) (sneeze) (sneeze).*" And he says, "Find the wall. Find the floor. Find the end of your nose," and so forth. She stops sneezing and she comes off of that.

Well, he's actually healed something—or has he? Maybe he didn't heal anything; maybe he just restored the idea that she could breathe without sneezing. Maybe he just restored the idea that nothing was after her. You know? Bugs. A bacteria is a physical paranoia. If you're not afraid of bugs, they won't bite either.

All right. This fellow does this. He does this, he turns off this cold. Customer comes in, sits down, he says, "I'd like to buy some insurance. I . . . I don't know, things are pretty awful. I'd like to buy some insurance, because one day the atomic bomb is going to kill everybody and then my wife and children won't be cared for." And if he has any interest at all in his company, he doesn't promptly pick up that pencil over there and lick its point and start to write up the order; he tells them about another company right down the street. Because at the end of a year or two, whenever the suicide clause runs out—*bang!* Or this guy is going to go through a bridge, or this guy is going to do something. In other words, he takes a look at him and sees how liable this individual is to succumb and finds him far too liable to succumb. So he's a bad risk.

Fellow walks in, said, "Like to buy some insurance—wife keeps insisting on it."

And you say, "What's your name?"

And he says, "Jones."

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Hah! Pick up that pencil, write him up. He's going to live to be ninety. It's real practical, isn't it?

Well, that's not psychology—that's religion. Isn't that odd?

Psychology would never find this out. Never discover this. They wouldn't predict the length of time this individual was going to survive by his spiritual action. Guy is tired of life, he's going to kick himself off, because there's no liability to it at all. Psychologist sits there fondly believing that people are restrained by fear of death. Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh. No, there's many a soldier goes out and charges like mad because it's such a nice thing to do to die. Far from being restrained by death, people wouldn't be playing this game at all unless they thought they could be killed at it. That's a hopeful fact. To many, many people it's a very hopeful fact: "Gee, you mean in the next year or so, I'll kick the bucket? Thanks! Thanks. I didn't have any hope there for a while."

Because it's the being who is surviving, not the body. And it isn't true that everybody is trying to keep his body running on and on and on and forever and forever and forever, not unless he could change it around or do something more in keeping with what he wanted to do.

10 Let's look at the backtrack now. I said we were going to look at the backtrack and I've been talking about all these other sciences. What's that got to do with it? These things are an expression of man's deterioration on the subject of materialism and the machine, to where the law tries to

enfranchise only the mechanic, where the law attempts to restrain people from healing because it's a mechanical procedure.

We find things kind of far gone and shot, because this is about as far as you can get from the truth. This is not the truth. And unless very soon we get some freedom to heal, we're going to get freedom from healing. There is no reason under the sun why any of the groups I have mentioned should have any monopoly at all. And equally no reason under the sun, except by knowledge alone, should we have any monopoly whatsoever on the human spirit.

The only test of proprietorship would be how well you could work or control something; and if you can make somebody well if he's sick, then looks to me like you're the boy to get hold of. And if you can't, then you're not the person to get hold of. And that's the only test there has ever been and the only test there should ever be in the field of healing. Can you make them well? Okay. You can't? Huh! Don't bother to send the bill.

Sent a doctor some plumber's wages the other day. Figured out how many hours he'd been on the job and figured out what a plumber would get for that length of time and sent him plumber's wages, because he did a plumber's job. He rushed a delivery with great violence and severely injured his patient, because he had to get home to dinner. So he wasn't a good mechanic, was he? Well, by golly, when a guy can't even be a good

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mechanic, it's about time for him to either go back to school or get some processing or something.

But here's the main thing I'm driving at: To that field which can accomplish does accomplishment belong. Doingness belongs to those who can do; dyingness belongs to those who can die; livingness belongs to those who can live. And as we look on the backtrack, we are not looking at the backtrack of one man's endeavor or a group's endeavor in the field of Dianetics and Scientology. This is not what we're looking at.

We are looking at a whole civilization which step by step and grade by grade has dropped further and further into the idea that the mechanic and the mechanical aspect are everything, and that the spirit and livingness are nothing. When we get to a point where a man dealing with a mind starts raving about the efficacies of a drug, we've gone a long way—a pathetically long way down.

Sanity is thinkingness! Now, if it's going to be handled with a needle . . . Of course, we could take a needle and make somebody think differently—just take one and jab it into somebody and he'll think differently. But the sensation and the pain are what make him think differently, nothing else.

11 Now, we look on this backtrack and we find out that in the days of the Greeks they still had, scattered around, all kinds of gods and goddesses and all sorts of things. In other words, Operating Thetans *all over* the place—Athena, the rest of the boys and girls. Why, very certainly an Operating

Thetan could come over a battle. We hear today, "Of course, the Greeks were sort of childish. They had various myths which are all untrue, untrue, untrue. And there's no explanation for anything they did or believed, and they were all nutty and so that's what they believed because they were all kind of childish and it had no bearing on any reality, so we have to accept them just as the fairy tales they are."

Boy, if that isn't an evaluated viewpoint! Yet there's a paperback book down here on the newsstands right this minute, *Mythology*, and it starts out that way. They teach kids in school, "Of course there's no such thing as a spirit, god or goddess or anything like that. This is a bunch of stories, you know."

I'll bet you back in Greek times—and a lot of GEs have been on the line through the Greek era—I'll bet you there wasn't much doubt in somebody's mind after he'd been zapped. One good, solid zap on the field of battle; he hasn't got—nothing is being fired at him, and he's standing there saying, "I'm not going to have a thing to do with it. The dickens with defending Minerva or Juno or anything else." *Bang!* "All right. I'll get in there and pitch."

They used to tell stories about these gods and goddesses sweeping down over the field of battle and taking a hand in human affairs and mixing things up one way or the other. They're not necessarily fairy tales, we find out today. That's a fascinating thing to discover in this practical, solid age of

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the twentieth century. Cute, since we can by processing put somebody in a position where he could influence individuals other than his own body. If he could influence individuals other than his own body, certainly you can follow out that a spirit must be able to influence other things and other destinies. And it doesn't have to go very far from that to understand the idea of gods and goddesses.

And furthermore, if you wanted to get up above the gravity of Earth and have a good time, you'd probably live on Mount Olympus or Mount Rainier or any of these other mountains where they've always said the gods lived. Wouldn't that be a good idea? You know, you get up there and it's cold—you can make nice mock-ups where it's cold. Good area to make mock-ups.

Now we're moving right out of the realm of the probability and apparently into the realm of the fairy tale, but that was a long time ago. That was a long time ago, and so we can look at it as, you know, they didn't know anything. Maybe they didn't, but boy, they sure had a lot of fun! Had a lot of fun. Life had more zip, and additionally more zap!

12 All right. We come on down into the Dark Ages, and we find demon exorcism—people had invented demons by that time. Enough thetans had gone bad, enough spirits were enwrapped in blackness, for demons to be the usual order of the day. So we had everybody involved in exorcising demons.

Now if they'd exercised them instead of exorcised them, they would have gotten somewhere. Fellow would have recognized the error of his ways and snapped up to it and gone and found some other body to haunt. We can do that today. Demon exorcism, however, is a very crude effort at healing, but what do you know, has a percentage of success in its day comparable to anything this civilization had five years ago. It was just as successful. There's no reason to look down on it. But they were still dealing with the spirit, if with the demon.

See, first we—dealing with gods, you know, and goddesses and splendor and beautiful statues and all of that. And it went down through Rome and came on down the line and we finally got to a point at where we're dealing with demons. Not bright, shiny gods anymore that could put out flutter, but guys that were awful black that made you sick if they grabbed you. Tells us something, huh?

All right. We come down the track a little bit further and we discover, according to the early Puritan Calvinists—the Calvinists and the early Puritan fathers, the boys who were doing preaching when they first hit this continent—and boy, those were rugged boys, too. I read a great deal of their newspapers. I haven't read the schoolbook histories. I have some feeling that the schoolbook history is sometimes colored. And I've read some of the original papers, newspapers and sermons from 1600, 1650—you know, that period. *Rrrrrrr!* It's a wonder they lasted that long. It's a wonder that

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the paper would hold those words that long, you know, without burning straight through. Because when they weren't talking about hell, they were talking about demons. And when they weren't talking about demons—that is to say, hell's demons—they were talking about brimstone. And when they weren't talking about brimstone, they were talking about the certainty that your sins were going to land you there.

And with this great variety, they did, however, build a strong race on a strong continent. You could even get that bad off on the field of religion and produce an effect! Hellfire and brimstone. And man, they kept at it till about 1800, hot and heavy—very hot and very heavy. But these were the civilizing influences of this continent. There weren't any others to amount to anything. The fellow used to go out and say, "Well, I better be a good boy. Well, I won't kill him today, I'll kill him tomorrow—God probably won't be looking tomorrow."

The hellfire, brimstone, if-you're-not-good-you're-going-straight-to-hell school of religion was still better than no religion, because it at least mentioned the spirit—it at least gave it some acknowledgment. Now does that make more sense to you? It at least said "hello" and "okay" to it.

13 Then we come on down the years and we find the Industrial—what is called the Industrial Revolution. The "Industrial Evolution," it should be called. And the wheels began to turn, and the mills began to mill in long sheds, and people started getting more TB because of cotton lint—in other

words, we had progress. And we started turning out more goods than Mama could turn out on her hand loom, and we started running out of game—which is also very handy stuff to cover yourself with if you're cold—and we start running out of game, we start making fur, or blankets.

And we get a kind of a questioning period of "Is it or isn't it?" you know—it's all milder—or "Is God there?" or "Is there a spirit?" you know? "I wonder about my soul, if I have one." Which finally culminated in the Darwin trials in Tennessee—the "monkey trials"—where a whole country is treated to the fantastic spectacle of its finest orator shouting and screaming on the side of Darwinism or the Lord or wherever he was, and other people shouting and screaming about it.

One of them saying, "It's just evolution," and—you know, by this time we'd heard all about "man came out of a sea of ammonia." (You know, that's a good place—somebody must have had an ammonia AA as near as I can figure out, to get that together.) Anyway—"Man came out of this sea of ammonia and he just got there by accident and he's here by accident and he's just a machine and he just runs and that's all there is to him and there isn't any soul there at all and this is evolution and this is the way it is and if you don't say this on the examination paper you will get zero." Biology.

So, here all of a sudden it becomes questionable whether a soul exists or not, with the "monkey trials" of Tennessee. Darwinism. Did the soul even exist? What do you see in this but a dwindling spiral?

14 Now we come up to modern times, where no sensible scientist through the '20s would permit himself to discuss this embarrassing question of godly origin. This soul sort of thing had just dropped by the boards—that there was a godly origin, God-created. He wouldn't be pulled in on that. It was not the fashionable thing to think. The fashionable thing to think was cytology, biology—that was fashionable. Physics, chemistry, but nothing about the soul at all.

Until in their old age, some scientific philosophers finally wrote their final books and said, "Well, when we get all through figuring this out, we really can't conceive of anything but that something like God must have had some sort of a hand in it somewhere." Of course they'd have to get to be seventy or eighty years of age or Sir James Jean-ish to get up to this point and finally make this confession, put it in their memoirs and then die real quick so their confreres couldn't cut their throats.

And that was about where religion stood until we hit the atomic age. And nobody has challenged the morality, or discussed it, of destroying whole nations. Some writers have inferred that it might not be the right thing to do. But where is a militant ministry, where is the moral sensibility of this nation? You mean to tell me that the people who are in control of these things haven't even thought that there was any spiritual side to life at all, or no responsibility of any kind for keeping any kind of a show running anywhere? Well, that is the history of this civilization.

And right now if you were to walk up to a nuclear physicist who is up to his ears in gamma rays and you were to say to him, "Do you know that there is a process known as exteriorization by which an individual is told to be three feet back of his head, and that 50 percent of the human race can do so," the fellow would absolutely gibber. He would—I mean, he'd just ridicule, he'd make fun of you, he'd push you around on the subject: "Hah! Can't be! Ha-ha! Heh-heh-heh! Man has a soul? Hah! We know he hasn't got a soul, and that's why it's perfectly all right for us to destroy everything everywhere. There's nothing guarding it anywhere. There's no liability whatsoever."

You know, it's a very funny thing, but we've even forgotten that horrible lesson. Back in the old days, duelists very often had an embarrassing thing occur to them. And if you read their memoirs (not Dumas's accounts), if you read the memoirs of duelists, and so on, you'll find out that they every now and then had a very bad experience; because their opponent when killed exteriorized *at* them and chewed them up most horribly. And those are in the accounts of duelists. You know, he's dueling there left and right, and all of a sudden skewers the guy right through the heart and the guy exteriorizes right straight out of there, comes right up his arm and *bon!* And won't leave him alone, you know? Say, "Well, you killed *me*. Go ahead, try to make love to her. Go ahead."

You'll find these things in the 1500s—in memoirs, personal letters, things like that. "Dear Charles; I'm in terrible condition. I killed a man three

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days ago and he's still around." Modern psychiatrist has an explanation for this fellow—say he's haunted by feelings of guilt, and therefore is hallucinating and he believes that he's being bothered by this individual.

But the funny part of it is, a psychiatrist could say that, but he wouldn't have any cure for it. No cure at all. Whereas the other fellow has got a cure for it—back in the 1500s they had a cure for it. Fellow would put out enough funds to the family of the deceased and make enough concessions and pray hard enough, the guy would finally leave. It would happen. Now this is an oddity, isn't it, that we look back through the many thousands of years past and we find great spiritual awareness.

Even in the earlier days, spiritual perception—had nothing to do with facsimiles, engrams or hallucinations—we had lots of perception of this, lots of discussion with this. Fellow comes down and he's sitting down alongside of the road, he's feeling bad—maybe two or three thousand years ago—he doesn't seem to be doing well. And the fellow says, "I'm haunted."

The passerby understands this. He says, "What do you know, the guy is haunted. Well, get away from me." You know, just "So what?" All kinds of odd manifestations of this kind and that—seem perfectly routine and usual.

Then we come on up through the centuries, and although we increase a great deal in mechanical knowledge, we seem to lose all spiritual awareness. And then we say, "Well, we're much better off not believing in

those horrible things called ghosts and demons and things that go boomp in the night. No. Aha! We're practical, scientific people and we don't believe in these things." And that's why our asylums are more full today than they ever have been in the history of man, and why psychosis, neurosis, is at a higher incidence today than it ever has been. Isn't that fascinating? You don't suppose there's any coordination between these two facts?

Well, looking at the backtrack then, and looking forward until now, 16 we discover that there is really—if a person as a spirit were so inactive that he could not avenge himself upon his accuser or murderer, then we would find no liability to murder, would we? Except maybe, maybe *Dragnet*. Maybe we would have to depend upon the TV programs that they manufacture especially for five-year-old children to convince them that they shouldn't kill their fellow man—maybe this would be our moral restraint. Maybe we could depend on this, and maybe we couldn't. But the fact is that there's no actual, spiritual kickback for reason of destroying some other being or his possessions. So we wouldn't have to be careful, would we? "Kill them all!" And that's just what we're saying right now as a nation.

It's an odd thing that these two, three facts seem to go together. It's also an odd thing that as long as we address the spirit, as long as we exteriorize the person, as long as we return to the individual some belief and faith in himself, he gets better, brighter, his IQ goes up, his ability to handle things gets better, he becomes more powerful, more persistent and

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he becomes kinder and more merciful—more tolerant, less critical. And if we start treating the machine we get a patched-up broken leg. And that's all we get.

Now this is a fantastic state of affairs to discover in the middle of the twentieth century, because what we've discovered is *not* popular. If I were standing here telling you today about a little machine—you start this little machine running and you ask the other fellow to put his head in there and it goes sparkety-sparkety-spark and it polishes up his eyebrows or something—you'd say, "That's fine, we can just make a million out of that, very easily."

But this other thing is a hard thing to sell, because the spirit of man has gotten so little acknowledgment. There have been so few "hellos" and "okays" to the individual as a spirit, and so much "hello" and "okay" to the individual as a body, that people have begun to feel safe in the destruction of bodies. Because all a body can do is hit or fire a gun. So it's perfectly safe to do things to people, to whole nations of people. What feeling of guilt would you possibly get? None. So we get a lessening of moral responsibility.

And that isn't the only reason we've got a lessening of moral responsibility. We've got a lessening because less and less people can *have* anything. The only person who would think of destroying a whole nation or a whole Earth would be somebody who would be sickened by the thought

of owning it. Only such a person would contemplate its widespread, wholesale destruction. He would have to be a sick man—very sick.

And so we find sick men today advising many policies, and unless some few of us become active and thoughtful in the direction of a practical religion, the technology of the spirit, and revive some feeling, some height, some decency, this planet will be as bald as a billiard ball. And there are some around that are.

And this is a good playground. The back history of this race was destruction and more destruction and more destruction as far as this planet was concerned, with less building and less building and less building, until we get today where we can deliver the big punch to end it all.

It never occurs to anybody that there might be some few amongst us who didn't feel it necessary to end it all.

It is to that few that I am today appealing.
Thank you.



DIRECTION OF TRUTH IN PROCESSING

A LECTURE GIVEN ON 4 JUNE 1955

61 MINUTES

How are you today?

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Thank you.

Well, today being the second day of this congress, seems to me like we'd better get down to business and stop this fooling around, this talking about religion and junk and stuff, and getting down to—well, at least solid gold tacks.

Now, the essence of the situation is that a great many years ago, a caveman named Ugh decided he could do something for a caveman named Oogh. And at that time there were no laws preventing Ugh from doing anything to Oogh, and he fooled around and he said, "Be three feet back of your head." And after that the technology was lost and we've just rediscovered it.

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All fooling aside, there is a great deal to be known about processing as it exists today, and a great deal of differentiation should be made by us who are doing processing to understand rather clearly that we are not trying to find something wrong with somebody so we can make it right.

Do you know what would happen if you started to make something wrong—tried to find something wrong with somebody and then made it right? Well, I invite you to look over the Axioms of life as contained in *The Creation of Human Ability*. That which you change persists. Now, let's look at that very clearly. That which you change persists. The only way you get a persistence, the only way you get time, is by changing MEST. By changing matter, energy and space, you get time. And if there's no change, there's no time, and it's as simple as that. So that if you try to change in any degree matter, energy, space and—you get time, you get persistence. What is time but persistence? So *that* which you change, if it be made of space or of energy or matter, will persist. You should see that very clearly.

We take a car and we move it around in space—and I call to your attention something that every motorist has noted and no motorist had quite understood: that when he failed to drive his car it went to pieces. Have you ever noticed that? You park it in the garage, that's that; the battery goes down, the tires go flat. Maybe it was up on blocks, maybe the battery was taken over to the service station and put on continuous charge

and all of this was done. That's some small prevention of the situation. But then—then three months later you put the battery back in, you take it down off the blocks and you “rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr,” “rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr,” and oil smoke goes out the rear end, won't steer. That's an oddity. The only reason it stayed there at all is because Earth is going around and it was being changed in space, at least to some degree. If it were not being changed in space at all, it would not be there; it would cease to persist. Now this is a great oddity—a great oddity. I don't call upon your superstition in this regard, I merely call upon you to observe in its crude form something else.

All right. Let's take a chronic somatic, what we know as a *chronic somatic*: 3
 a pain which persists. And we take this preclear with this nice pain and we say, “Move it to the right, move it to the left, move it up, move it down, move it to the right, move it to the left.” Now if it weren't for the fact that life was present, that pain would go on to the end of time—if it weren't for the fact that life was present. Another factor alone occasionally lets you get away with it, and that is the factor of pan-determinism: You're exerting control over something, so you change your mind about its dangerousness. And although you might not feel the pain anymore, believe me, it still exists.

You could take a preclear who has had a chronic somatic treated as it is treated in the healing sciences, so called—as this chronic somatic is treated

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in the healing sciences—and we know very well that little Roscoe had a bad set of tonsils. We know this. He had a very poor set of tonsils. And so they held him down, you know, kindly, and put the ether mask on his face, kindly, and when he tried to struggle, why, they kindly shoved his *brrm-rm-brrm-rm-bm-rm*, and they got some loops, some water and they scrubbed around like this and worked him over this way and that, packed him off, changed his position after the operation while he was still asleep and put him in a hospital room right down the corridor. Well this, of course, cured the tonsils. See, he's cured of tonsils—that's a great certainty. Everybody would agree he no longer has tonsils, is this right?

Well then, how in the name of common sense can a Dianetic Auditor take this person back down the time track into the past and find tonsils and pain in an operation? How does this exist? How can this be? And yet it's done, and many, many of those present have done this. So we have this fellow going through life: "Ooh . . . *rub* . . ." these tonsils . . . he can't talk very well, you know, he has sore throats all the time. And we wonder what's wrong with him. What's wrong with him is his tonsils, but they're not there anymore! But that's what's wrong with him: the fact that his tonsils were changed. So the second we operated, we got ourselves a persistence of the condition.

They take somebody—I'm talking now about the healing sciences—they take somebody with arthritis. They shoot them full of gold shots and

they massage them and they shake them in a bag—I don't know what they do to them—and they work them over one way or the other. And these people curl up a little more and a little more and a little more. Occasionally some terrific thing occurs and they get well—you know, *bang!* sort of, get well. Well, this bang-get-well idea is something that has haunted the healing sciences for many, many centuries. They felt that there must be a button—there just must be a button—if people suddenly would recover from things. It never occurred to them they might be, all of a sudden, confronting another being who wasn't sick. Think of that for a moment. The sudden recovery might very well be another being who wasn't sick, because all a life-form would have to do, or a life unit would have to do, rather, would be to change its mind about who it was and just abandon all connection with and responsibility for anything and everything it had been, which would come down toward amnesia, and so forth, and say, "Well, I'm not that person anymore; I am somebody else."

We see this in religion. We see somebody walk up to the front of the room to Aimee Semple McPherson or some other great spiritual leader, and we walk up—see this person walk up to the front of the room and all of a sudden he said, "Wow! I'm saved!" And Aimee or somebody says, "Roll again," and . . . What exactly has happened? Well, we've had a remarkable communication change but we've also had an identity change. We've had an identity change on the part of the person. 4

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Now, you could say, "I am not (my name)"—see, "I am not (your name)"—"I'm somebody else," and if you were very good at this, you could actually make it stick. You know? You could say, "I am no longer . . . I am no longer Oswald. My name is Joe and I live in Keokuk." What would happen to the chronic somatic? Well, if he did it to change the chronic somatic, he'd still have it. That's the most fascinating thing.

Now, we're not talking—we're talking about a chronic somatic, we're not talking about a psychosomatic illness. We've too long confused these things. A chronic somatic is simply a sensation; sex could be called a chronic somatic. The point is that to have a sensation is not necessarily to be ill. You know, a lot of people believe that's the case, you know—if they have a sensation they're sick: "Something must be wrong with me, I have some feeling in my nose!" And we say these sensations are good and we say they're bad.

I processed a little girl one time, and she—about halfway through the session (we weren't processing what she was worried about, we were just getting her located, and so forth)—and she all of a sudden looked at me and she said, "Wow!"

And I said, "What's the matter?"

And she said, "Do you know, I've had a headache."

"Oh?" I says.

“Yes,” she said, “I’ve had a headache for years, only I didn’t know what a headache was, and all of a sudden I haven’t got a headache!” She sat there thinking about this. She said, “How am I going to get my headache back?”

Now, Lord knows—Lord knows what a headache was to her. I don’t know. Maybe it was a delightful sensation! Who knows?

We found in reviewing, in the healing sciences, the work of Freud—we discovered something very fascinating: that he had people all categorized, and there have been lots of them ever since. And he had them all lined up and the masochist was the interesting one—he evidently enjoyed pain; he enjoyed being beaten, and so forth. Freud describes him. Personally I’ve never met anyone who was a masochist, but I’ve met a lot of people who hoped they were. And we have to ask of this: What is the degree of pain? What is this degree of pain? What do they call pain? It’s an interesting thing. A fellow comes in and he says, “Oooh, my hip is killing me!” What is it? A little quiver or an agonizing ache? Now, every individual has his tolerance of pain but we are all too prone to assume that pain is a finite quantity which is measurable.

Now, we meet somebody else and he is screaming, he is writhing, he is getting down on the floor and chewing the rug because he tapped his finger lightly with a nail file. Now, you’ve known people that just superexaggerate any sensation.

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5 Now, we commonly think of—again, referring to the work of Freud—we commonly think of sex, and we popularly think of it and so on, as a pleasant series of sensations. I mean, this is more or less definition: supposed to be something desirable and attainable. Maybe this sensation called sex, to a great many people, is intensely painful. And they know it's intensely painful to them and at the same time they are assuming, because everybody else knows that it's pleasurable, that it ought to be pleasant, you see. And they would get into a rather dreadful state of mind about this situation because it would mean they were different than other people, or there was something changed or altered about life—and the funny part of it is, maybe we're all under the same delusion! See? Maybe there's just a popular belief sitting out here that has nothing to do with any of us that says sex is pleasurable, and maybe it hurts everybody. You see how quickly we can go adrift when we start to classify this situation.

Now I am fascinated with the fact that one man's experience, described, is apparently understood by another man. This is the most fabulous thing that you could possibly view. Here you have an individual, a personality, and he himself does not have inherently (except as he would make it with postulates) time or space or energy or mass. He apparently has no slightest logical method of creating those things in such a way as to go into communication with some other such unit. And these two people talk gaily together and one of them says, "I have a terrible pain." And the other

one of them says, "Oh, I've had an illness similar to that." If you listen to human beings, they talk this way. They go into a hotel—the hospital room, you know, they walk into this hospital room and there's this fellow lying there and he's in a beautiful state of somnolence—he's practically in an hypnotic trance, you see. And they say, "My brother had an illness just like yours. He went on just like you are going and they told him he was getting better and he was getting better, but he died." Have you ever been in a hospital and had visitors? Well, anyway—always happens. It's quite remarkable.

Now, nobody would do that if he never got a kickback of what he was doing to other people. Would he? That's an interesting fact. People wouldn't go around butchering people with words or swords if there was any slightest recoil, if it could happen to them, now would they? They wouldn't do that. So obviously nothing can happen to a person as a result of having made an effect out of another person. Isn't this obvious?

Well, this is a great oddity. That must be an agreement, too. The recoil itself must be an agreement. "One of the best ways I know," somebody says, "to protect myself from damage is to enforce the agreement upon those who would attack me that they will suffer in some mystic and mysterious way because of their activities agin me." Now, that's an interesting agreement, isn't it? But what a wonderful protective mechanism! Or is it mechanically a fact? These are mysteries. These are mysteries very germane

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to the field of religion. Is it a mechanical fact that if you go out and cut off Gertrude's head, you'll at least have a pain in your throat? Is that a mechanical fact?

Well, if you're going to be in communication with anybody anywhere, it happens to be a mechanical fact. But basically it was probably an idea of a wonderful way to restrain. But it has gone so much further than just a wonderful way to restrain that you could absolutely count on the fact, going down here to a taxi driver and start in convincing this hard-boiled fellow that he had harmed you, and he would go into apathy. You actually could do this, if you worked on it long enough.

6 One of the interesting things to do to a human being as a little test of this—an interesting test, too (how solid can an agreement be, is what I'm talking about)—is we take a dog. A dog doesn't think, he just reacts, according to one of the sciences called—hah!—psychology. And I had a dog once that could think—he had me figured out. Anyway, we take this dog, and it's a very funny thing, but these mechanisms are so exact that we can make this dog go into propitiation by screaming and running away from him. Now, the dog comes up and he nibbles at the cuff of your trousers or your wrist or something like that and you say, "Ow! Stop! Don't!" You know? He didn't hurt you at all, and you say, "Don't! Don't! Get away!" and you turn around and you start to run away, and so forth. And the dog will get real brave—oh! And if he's in pretty good shape he'll just get awfully

brave, and then all of a sudden he'll say, "You know, maybe I hurt him." And he'll come over and he'll lick your wrist—he'll look at you real worried.

This is the foulest trick you can play on a little kid. The cycle of action of a little kid in this regard is quite interesting. A little kid, swatting away at you, you know—normal childhood reaction—pasting you around one way or the other; you all of a sudden say, "Go! That hurt! Don't! Stop that now, that hurt!" Kid would look at you, probably come over and look at you, kiss the spot to make it well—kid is worried. You've zinged him down Tone Scale to a propitiation and concern over having injured another. Only there was no pain involved. Now do you see where we're going? You can do this. You can do this to anyone. And there's no pain involved.

I wonder if there's any pain involved anywhere? Well, there isn't, unless you have to convince somebody. Now let's take this mechanism—let's look this mechanism over very carefully and let's have this little kid—this is a tough little mug; he comes from Park Avenue. And this very tough little mug, he comes over and he says, "*Nyarrth*, you big sis," and so forth, and he hauls off and swats you one. And you say, "Ow! Don't do that! Hey you, you hurt. Don't, now!" And he says, "Ha-ha!" you know, and *bang!* *bang!* hits you some more. By the way, when they're pretty stuck and pretty aberrated, they'll keep on a persistence along this line and they'll hit you around, and so forth, and . . . You know what you'd have to do? You'd

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probably have to turn on a bleeding wrist to show him—say, “Look. See what you did.” And the kid would say, “Gee! I really didn’t mean to ruin you.” See, now he’s convinced.

The problem is, what degree of energy or mass is necessary to convince? How much pain does it take to convince somebody else that you have been hurt? How much pain would you have to turn on to convince some son of the devil? How many swellings and malformations would you have to turn on to convince this person that he ought to go down Tone Scale to be nice? Are we talking about the same mechanism?

7 All right, here is one of the interesting things. We have this person fighting and he’s got a spear, and he lunges and we say, “Ow! Hey! That’s dangerous! Don’t!” and so forth. And he draws back—because he’s being paid to do it by some government—he lunges again with this spear. Well, if we just let him come in close and nick us, he’s liable to stop. But if that doesn’t work, then the next—you see, there’s no reason why we should be inaccurate at all, no reason why we shouldn’t just get run through in the first place; we can be accurate that way as well as be accurate in stabbing people. All right. And the next time that he lunges, well, we have to get bunged up a little bit more. And finally when we’re lying there in a mass and welter of blood and battered armor, this fellow says, “Ha-ha! Poor fellow. Well, he was a worthy fighter,” and walks away. What did it take? It

took almost a complete destruction of the mock-up to convince this other person that he has harmed or done wrong, and that is death.

So after a person has lived through a number of incidents of one kind or another, he comes at last to the realization that the only way he could really convince others that they had better regard him a little better—since he cannot seem to enjoin it with the sword in his own hand, he puts the sword in theirs and dies, then you have this wonderful mechanism called death. And that's how to really get even with somebody.

Ask some little five-year-old kid sometime, "Did you ever wish you were dead? Did you ever wish you were dead?"

"Did I ever wish I was dead, are you crazy? Of course I've wished I was dead. That'd make them sorry!"

Get some seven- or eight-year-old little girl sometime—and it'd be absolutely impossible, I'm sure, to find one who was in fairly good condition anywhere who would not be able to list you a dozen such incidents. There she would be lying in a coffin, flowers—that'd fix them! That'd convince them they should have been nicer to her! They all should have been nicer to her, or to him.

You could take some little kid and you can ask him to repeat over and over, "They should have been nicer to me." Just that, you just ask him to repeat this over and over with no former description or comment of any kind—and what are you going to get? (*sniff*) He'll start to cry. Just like that.

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He's already gotten himself two feet deep into the grave, just by repeating this thing: "They should have been nicer to me."

Now let's say that we're going to address a chronic somatic: some persistent ache, pain or sensation or malformation or condition, or condition of living. We were going to address any one of these—chronic condition—and we would find that if we had the person repeat over and over, "They should have been nicer to me," this condition will turn on more and more and more. If we're merely treating the fact that he can't earn a living or something of the sort, he'll get worse at it. You know, he'll get even poorer. If we're trying to get him over a broken leg or something of the sort, why, it will start hurting and he will develop complications. This we are sure of.

This is the spirit affecting the body, and the thetan running the anatomy and the machine. It's proof, conviction, convincingness. And when they fail with ideas, they make the ideas solid, and we have mass.

8 What's *mass*? Mass is an idea that has failed. And it has been changed many times, and heavens, is it persisting! And if you want it to persist some more, roll it around some more.

Now there's really two levels on the Tone Scale. Above 2.0 is survival. Below 2.0 is succumb. In other words, above this artificial arbitrary figure of 2.0, we have the goal of an individual is to survive. See, that's *survival*—is there. But below that level—and please grasp this fact, please, because it

makes things so much easier for the auditor—below that level, the goal is to succumb. Now, we have a percentile of goal. In other words, somebody wants to 70 percent succumb and 30 percent survive, and so we get a very conflicting state of mind, as we could call it colloquially—state of mind. (I don't know what a state of mind would be. Call it an arrangement of ideas, and you would come much closer.) All right. So this person wants to succumb some percentage and survive another percentage.

Now we go down Tone Scale and we find out this person wants to succumb 90 percent and wants to survive 10 percent. Well, there's not much conflict there. One of the first things this fellow will think of, in terms of himself, is how he could kill himself—if he could think about himself at that level. If he thought about you, he would think kind of how he could kill you. And we get the criminal bands—quite interesting manifestation. Once a person has failed to convince the society around him of his worth, he is liable to take the course, the downward spiral, into levels of succumb which require murder or death as the only sufficient proof—criminality. He cannot have, he has to steal, it's covert havingness. Stealing is just covert havingness. And he has to butcher, make nothing of, chew up, slap around anyone in his vicinity. He can't afford to be nice to them. Why can't he? Well, he knows the best thing for everybody: that's succumb.

It's just as you run on an individual some process of duplication, and have him then run this process on some body part, like an ear. You know?

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“Get the idea, now, of the goals of your ear.” You know? “What are the goals of this ear?” you know, and you go on. The first thing you run into is—one of the first things you run into is: “Gee, let’s everybody be ears!” That’s what this ear thinks, you know, “Everybody has got to be an ear!” Big toe thinks, “Everybody should be a big toe.” And this person thinks, “Everybody should be dead.” And we get that wonderful philosophy, that glorious ornament to the thinkingness of the human race, *Will and the Idea*, by a guy named Schopenhauer who conceived out of the greatness of his Germanic wisdom and out of the deduction of reduction to absurdity, that the best possible thing for the human race would be for everybody and everything to quit and stop it in its tracks and that would be the end of that! And that’s the best thing to do!

But that’s still higher toned than a Hitler who says, “Now, let’s see, the best way for Germans to live is to kill everybody.” Because the universe is so set together that an individual who goes out to kill everybody, dies himself. There is a retribution. There is a rapid and exact retribution for one’s acts.

If a person thinks he can be happy without making those around him happy, he’s crazy. Now, I beg your pardon, that’s a technical term which belongs in the field of psychiatry. It is the total and sole proprietary matter of psychiatry. But this fellow is crazy anyhow.

Now, here is a great oddity, then: that there is an interaction from human being to human being, and this interaction follows an agreed-upon pattern for there to be sustained any communication at all. If we are going to sustain any communication or concourse with our fellows, then we become liable to all of the laws, rules and offshoots of communication. And if we do not feel ourselves strong enough, wise enough, competent or able enough to support these liabilities, then we have no business whatsoever living with the human race, but should find ourselves a nice little cave someplace back of the Atlas or somewhere and sit down and live on goat milk.

Now, an individual could not help but come to that conclusion that he could not sustain communication—he could not help but conclude that it would be impossible for him to go on communicating with all these people—if he himself believed that everybody, or at least a lot of bodies, should die. Now, you follow this? The individual who has to go and find himself a cage or a cave would be somebody who had already come to the conclusion that everybody else must die. Why? Because talking to people gives him a kind of dyingness, which tells you immediately what the intent of his communications must be. If by talking to people, he himself experiences dyingness, he must then intend no good for his fellows; but quite on the contrary, if turned loose and let go just a little bit, he'll get that sword nice and sharp and get to work.

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It's that individual, and the restraint of that individual, which brings about the condition known as police—who, in a rational, sane society, are about as useful as bubonic plague. And yet we're taught that if there weren't police in the society, everybody would get murdered. Well now, this is a great deal of confidence in our fellow man, isn't it? Whose conclusion is it? It must be the conclusion of a person whose intent and goal is to murder everybody, to show them. So therefore, the idea of restraint, the idea of restriction, barrier and breaking off, must perforce spring from people who had better be barriered.

The feeling that one is being mauled around by the society is not an unnatural feeling. It is when that feeling amounts to the conclusion that in order to survive, one has no other course but to maul around everyone, that one becomes lost to himself and to all others and had better go find that cave.

Here are the liabilities of communication. All by himself with no space, no energy, no matter, the individual theoretically could survive in a timeless state which would persist forever. It's a paradox, isn't it? Theoretically, he could do this. Theoretically, one could be in a condition which desired no communication, which wanted no concourse, which needed none, and which wouldn't even know about any. Theoretically, that condition can exist.

But if there is communication, we have to have, first and foremost, two terminals. Even when a fellow is talking to himself, he still has to say part of himself is somebody else. So we're talking about a two-terminal condition. And the moment we have a two-terminal condition and communication, we have a universe in construction. And if that universe sweeps along in its construction to where communication seems to be unbearably painful to the majority of its inhabitants, somebody had better as-is it.

Here we have a condition here of the only panacea—the only real 10 panacea in mechanical terms—for space and energy, matter and time: communication. It is the sole curative element which can dependably change, alter and eradicate, without penalty, space, energy and matter.

What happens to a person who shuns it? What quality of black glass does his bank become? What happens to an individual who says—having already assumed communication and having gone into communication—now says, “Communication, that makes me feel bad. I don't like that. It's too painful to talk; it's too horrible to contemplate. I've got to draw barriers here and secretaries there and cut telephone wires over here and torn-up mail over in this corner.” He's on his way. Where? Well, one thing—he's on his way to believing that everybody is going to be after him and at the same time, to the conclusion that he had better be after everybody. In other words, a Wall Street man.

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Now, this condition is not particularly perilous. But we go four or five harmonics down this Tone Scale, we get into a condition which is very interesting indeed. We get to your political fascist, your criminal, the insane, the psychiatrist. We get to people who have to use mass in a violent way in order to convince anybody of anything.

The Chinese know this very well. I, once upon a time, heard a little story about the Chinese. There were two coolies, two rickshaw boys, and they had drawn up in the street and they had dropped their rickshaws and they were going "*Nee-chongy-tonky-alamon-pinyon.*" and—at each other and screaming back and forth. And an American was standing there with a Chinese friend and he watched this conversation going on and on, and on. He finally turned around to his Chinese friend and he says, "Hey," he says, "what's the matter with those guys? Why don't they fight?"

"Oh," his Chinese friend says, "the fellow who strikes first blow confess he run out of ideas!"

- 11 So we have this interesting thing. We have an interesting thing here: We have the idea as sufficient unto itself, and then we have the idea which has to be backed up with some space and some energy and some mass, and then we have the idea which has to be backed up with lots of energy and lots of space and lots of mass, and then we have the idea which is so perilously and tenuously held that it has to be backed up by the consideration that space, energy and mass is bad and you're going to get it!

When somebody tries to tell you how bad it is over there and how you're all going to be cut up and you're going to be sliced up and it's going to be horrible things happening to you and you're going to go to jail for 126 years and the jails are terrible, and so on, and when they start on along this line, this fellow has just confessed to you he's run out of ideas. Certainly effective ones—certainly effective ones.

Now, people get into this state of being quite easily. They believe that the space and the energy and the mass is the important driving force, and that there is no more important driving force in this world than space and energy and mass. And they believe these are things—are just fabulous. And they believe, at the same time, that the greatest healer is time.

Time is not the great healer; it is the great charlatan. Because time, mass, energy and space do not exist independent of the postulates of life. We're merely looking at another set of postulates represented with the urgency of conviction.

So we have a problem here when we're looking at a human being. We have a problem. This human being has gotten into the interesting state of believing that he could convince nobody of his presence unless he hands up a body. The only way you can convince somebody you're there is to give them a body. Now, isn't that interesting? Think of it for a moment. It will start to appear rather ridiculous to you. The only way you could convince anybody you were there, or that you were anybody, would be to present

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them with a body. We show them a body; that convinces them. It stands in space, it moves with energy, and it is mass—and they know you're there.

If some of you are having a hard time trying to figure out how the devil they *would* know you were there unless you *did* present a body, be aware of this interesting thing: You must be trying to keep from being located.

Think it over for a moment. If you think the only way you could make anybody else aware of your presence would be to present a body, then you're presenting some kind of a substitute over here and you're saying, "Hey," you know, "*tsk, tsk, tsk*. That's me. Ha-ha!" Big joke! Everybody says, "How are you, Mr. Jones?" you know, and so forth. And if Jones is up here not making himself known, he still must have the conviction that he mustn't be located; that something will happen to him if he's located.

And there we get the top peak of aberration, and that is the highest level of aberration: "There is something rather detrimental to being located. There is something slightly wrong with being located."

"There's something slightly wrong with locating things" is your Black V case. Not only slightly wrong: "I sure better locate nothing, I'd better not locate a thing. If I do any looking, I'm liable to see something, and if I see something, *nooooo!*" But the funny part of it is, is there's no argument or reason at all that goes behind the *nooooo!* but just that—*nooooo!*