

**PROFESSIONAL AUDITOR'S BULLETIN No. 22**

**REPORT ON CERTAINTY PROCESSING (Contd)**

*January 1st, 1954.*

Preclear—Medical Student and HAS  
Professional Course Student,  
24 years old.  
Auditor—Eileen B. Hibberson, HPA

It is this preclear on whom I have cut the toughest of wisdom teeth. The running of his case, time and time again, made me feel very humble in my present knowledge of human beings. I am not content to be a rote auditor—I want to know and see just what is needed to be done with a preclear.

The goals of both preclear and auditor extend far into the many horizons that Scientology reveals for us.

This report was asked for many moons ago, and I have come to the conclusion that there is the plainest fact to be considered when people are getting up tone scale that all kinds of unpredictable random efforts hit one from the MEST Universe, and it is no exaggeration when I say that since last September I have done nothing but work and sleep and at times very little of the latter. High-toned preclears need to know how to handle the essentials of life speedily (differentiation is very necessary in this respect), how to control MEST time, and how to handle randomness.

After the three-day running of this preclear's electronic incidents, the following were immediately observed:

1. Increased vitality.
2. Increased mental ability.
3. An amazingly quick grasp of Scientology—he'd been a student about three weeks when this took place.
4. The very evening of the last day of running electronic incidents he was amazed to find that he could give a report of it to the students and discuss it naturally without any stage fright, for the first time in his life.
5. That same evening he gave his first auditing session which was on his auditor on basic Certainties and the Pc/Auditor hit Electronic incidents with great violence. The session ran beautifully and the pc had every confidence in him, and as one observer said afterwards, "he got his first certainty on Scientology watching this Student's complete detachment from the pc's reactions, as though he had unmocked the pc completely".

The following weekend when I was about to start another session on the pc a violent electric storm blew up. We had planned to tackle a mid-forehead somatic which he had had for some years and had become rather acute in the previous week-end's running—it was more a case of seeking the background of this somatic. Just as we were about to start the session he put down the cans and I felt the awful "curling" sensations in my tummy and a hard, breathless feeling in my chest. I thought "Oh, gosh, the electronics again." The pc said "I can't go on with this—I feel awfully frightened and I don't know why or of what." One cannot "force" a pc under such circumstances so out came cigarettes, and after a while we had straight wire differentiation comparing four years ago before he had given up the beliefs he had been brought up in, and after he commenced occultism, and again after starting Dianetics

and Scientology—before and after Electronic incident running—he carefully recalled all attitudes and changes in them, and how he had felt during the past fortnight. Suddenly I knew what was needed to be expressed, but lacked preciseness of language and I didn't want to risk evaluation by personally conveying new viewpoints in expressing what I knew to be his hopes. I had a sudden conviction that somewhere amongst the many books in "Magic Casements" there was one which was just the right medium of expression—I went straight to it, one I hadn't read for five years—Yes, there it was in the first chapter of "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran—it was a beautiful experience—the storm outside abated and inside was peace, and processing started with ease.

This pc is one of two pcs whom I have rather plastered with Certainty Processing, and judging from the E-Meter movements in both these cases, the masses of ridge systems had plenty of collapsing and shifting around. It is interesting to note in both these cases (they were both better able to handle Certainty Processing than my other pcs) that, whilst they didn't like this type of processing their sudden bounce up in Self-Determinism was very apparent—perhaps not so much to themselves—but to other people around them and they certainly introduced a great deal of randomness into other people's lives; tremendous increase in volatility of emotion which is fascinating to watch—sudden flashes of temper and just as sudden bursts of sunshine. I have the certainty when I'm observing such manifestations that the thetan is very detached from the GE and "enjoys" imposing his ability to create various emotions. Cats in their particular sphere are the absolute "tops" in the volatile way they range the tone scale.

SSSA was practised for an hour daily for about three weeks prior to our going to the Scilly Isles for a fortnight's processing, and was continued there in between individual sessions. About the second day there, after a particularly "touchy" session, my preclear suddenly picked up his glasses and smashed them to pieces. In this session I had been working on the Cause of his wearing glasses—Mother wears them. Double Terminalled "You must believe Mother" (positive and negative)—a saying of hers—"No belief in own space". Creative Processing on Drawing Room and Mother, "Revivalist" meetings—got communication line to mother and destroyed that. Beam processing on eyes to remove any black patches—no reality on this. All interspersed with plenty of anchor points. In breaking the communication line to Mother it was interesting to note what appeared to be Theta bop of needle. He said afterwards that he exteriorized at this point.

Second session that day. Double Terminalled Certainty "I can withdraw communication from Mother"—must withdraw communication . . . "No communication" in own space. Preclear then came out with "Everything's bloody awful—I can't do anything tonight". This was dealt with on Matched Terminals, in Brackets; then spacation, which he hated—didn't want to put anything in that he wanted, nor his goals—simply refused to. Then suddenly he said that as a Thetan he wanted to hide in black space—to be annihilated.

Late again that evening—anchor points and another spacation and still he would not put in goals. Plenty more anchor points and drawing under of geographical areas. There was a good rise at last. It was after all this that the pc broke his glasses.

On me, as an auditor, this was terrific effect—as a person, well. . . . I sat there completely dumbstruck and suddenly after a deathly silence I said "Well you've got courage which I have never had—I have always wanted to smash my glasses, but never have I dared to—I look forward to the time when after a session I can say "To hell with these—I don't need these crutches any longer." And then we both laughed and laughed. That action of his did knock up against a deepseated thing in me—I have never been able to deliberately destroy any part of the MEST Universe wantonly, *and* I got an uneasy feeling about myself! Again I was forced to realize the state of the auditor's own case which is of primary importance in relation to the extent of success in running a pc.

From then onwards whenever we did SSSA and any other drills in session the pc would get very annoyed with himself and impatient because it wasn't doing him any good as he couldn't do these techniques properly, in particular "Nothingness". The day

arrived, however, when he was full of glee—we had introduced into SSSA admiration of one's own body on two terminals and holding the mock-ups for ten minutes. He had done this perfectly. Well, that was a change! Approximately two days later when having afternoon tea my pc suddenly dropped his cake and went ashen; then clutched his stomach in agony. He had every symptom of acute appendicitis. I quietly finished my tea and went outside and cursed Dr. Hubbard, Dianetics and Scientology, etc, etc, and what the hell could I do—there we were isolated on a tiny island with only a midwife and the nearest doctor and hospital miles away across a stormy ocean.

Considering it from the GE point of view, the only available things of any use that I could see were Olive Oil and Lime Juice, so I decided upon a day's fasting using these ingredients hopefully to wash out pus and heal.

Suddenly I recalled that this "Body" technique which he had done so perfectly had taken place 36 hours (approx) earlier. Rightly or wrongly I took a grain of comfort from an old Dianetic datum—that a psychosomatic may key in with effects approximately a day and a half after a "failure". I thought, "Well this technique must have contacted a ridge based on the failure which was ready to flare up as an acute appendicitis when the next failure takes place. Probably the ridge is on the way to blowing out but making its past presence felt, so to speak." Then I remembered L. Ron Hubbard saying "Well, we never have a dead preclear on our hands" and took hope from that. So, if I had any courage, I should go ahead and commence processing. But what could I do, I didn't want to apply directive techniques in this case because the preclear had all his available attention units on the GE and he seemed to me to be in such a state that even to suggest a session might produce the most hellish of resistances. So I decided on co-operation for my own case—the preclear being an advanced medical student with the utmost sense of responsibility towards people—I felt that no matter how sick he felt I could expect some assistance and thus gain some of his attention units which was what I wanted, "off" his body. Back I went and said would he mind if I gave myself a dose of "Self Analysis"—I badly needed it, I can tell you, as my mind was "blinded" with my preclear's outward manifestation of illness. I then read out the Chapter on Sensation, endeavouring to keep my voice perfectly steady. After a few minutes I surreptitiously opened my eyes to see the preclear's eyes closed and a look of intense concentration on his face—"move the pictures in and around the body"—ignoring for the most part the area of the psychosomatic. Later I took another peep—colour back in his face and after half-an-hour he opened his eyes—literally like stars—and said "You know I feel a most awful fraud but I can hardly feel the pain." I was so relieved that I went out and had a tiny weep, came back and we laughed and talked Scientology until nearly midnight. I did, however, insist on a day's fast on Olive Oil and Lime Juice, and so far in the last three months there has been no return of the condition. Whilst all this was happening there was a tremendous gale blowing—unusual for the time of the year.

The Friday before returning, PAB 9 on Formula H arrived, and as each session during the preceding week (after the "appendix" incident), I touched on Mother, Father, Revivalists, occultism, religion, etc and the area of his eyesight, the preclear repeatedly became very irritated, extremely so—once he admitted he nearly picked up the E-Meter to bang it on my head—another time had the greatest impulse to pick me up and drop me into the sea. Then I wasn't doing the techniques properly, etc, etc, so I decided to use Reach and Withdraw to spaces containing all these aberrative factors, and after about half-an-hour of this with Anchor Points, Nothingness, etc in between, he suddenly banged down the cans and refused to go any further with the session. Said I had given him far too much to do—how could he put in all those things in all those spaces in front of him—I replied "How about between you and the Moon?"—No, he just refused to keep on with this technique. Since then he went into a terrific band of destruction of the MEST Universe, e.g., clock, fountain pens, shirts, towels, etc. Every time he visited home he came back in the most argumentative and critical moods which lasted for about a couple of hours; then a day came when he suddenly felt very lost and went to a past room of his to gain some old anchor points, came back feeling worse, as though he had no place anywhere and that he belonged nowhere—just as suddenly he had a grief charge which lasted for about an hour. Because of randomness from the MEST Universe and tremendous resistances built up against processing, I

arranged for Mr. A.R. McManus to give him some sessions, and he gave him two very excellent ones on Viewpoint Processing about a fortnight prior to this report, and it does seem that with these two sessions the preclear's condition stabilized to a very great extent.

**CONCLUSION:** A high-toned preclear can build up the most tremendous resistances, and sweep an unwitting auditor into all kinds of so-called present-time problems to be solved and dealt with in processing, but these things follow a certain pattern and the basis of this is to avoid touching the essential sore-spot. When "god" (enforced religious indoctrination and family evaluation, etc) occupies a preclear's space, it sure is a terrible thing.

At the date of printing, I have read some of the latest data as given at Philadelphia and Phoenix, and I am glad to see that the answers to all the questions are there.

There are no problems for the auditor, until the preclear starts resisting.

And the state of the pc? He shifted heaven and earth and all "authority" in order to take the Clinical Course, and I understand he has "lost" his glasses and made many more advances towards his goals.

In the actual running all bands of emotion were experienced including at one end exhilaration, and at the other manic glee and sheer terror. The auditor time and time again had to make high-powered decisions and postulates to cut away from her own aberrations in order to take the sessions through to a successful conclusion. In other words an auditor can be audited to a higher state whilst auditing a high-toned preclear.

In conclusion, I wish to thank Mr. A.R. McManus for his very able assists, both as an auditor and a terminal, and also my pc who very well described all the medical manifestations to produce the report.

To L. Ron Hubbard, my appreciation of his work is beyond words. He knows and understands. To all other auditors—here's to the first Goal—let's all attain his degree of knowingness and beingness.

Eileen B. Hibberson, HPA  
of "Magic Casements"