

## RUNNING THE SERVICE FACSIMILE CHAIN

Auditing Session given on  
16 January 1952

*This tape, when found, was unfortunately not a complete recording of the session. It begins partway through a discussion between Ron and the preclear. All of the recorded material of the session has been transcribed and is presented here.*

Tracing the Service Facsimile Line

LRH: It was pretty — pretty big. Big enough so that practically — it's almost unrecognizable in some spots, although it's come right back to the first tenets of the first book again.

PC: Is that right?

LRH: Yes, the idea of the dynamics is about the only thing that shifts, and they're exactly the same. And, really, if I had looked at them just a little bit harder several years ago as an idea, I would have come to the realization that one can betray on other dynamics and get it back himself. There's a new phenomenon I isolated not too long ago, which made it possible for techniques to work in as little as ten hours on a case.

PC: Hm, swell.

LRH: And oh, sometimes a case will run up to fifteen, but sometimes they run down as low as two and a half hours.

PC: Now that's — that's for an assist.

LRH: No. That's for the relief of a chronic somatic and the knockout, you just might say, of a psychosomatic ill.

PC: Hm.

LRH: And almost 100 percent deaberration of a person. The button. The button.

PC: That's the one you've been looking for all the time. (laughs)

LRH: Yeah. I found a lot of buttons that shortened it up, but nothing like this button did — fantastic thing. There's a young lady . . . You understand I can't promise you one way or the other, with this new technique, that it will be very fast. In the majority of cases which I have worked, there has only been one: there's an old lady with arthritis — she's about seventy-two — and boy, she is so far out of present time! The calcium is practically in her mind, (LRH and pc chuckle) rather than her knees, and she is sure that nothing can possibly help her. As a matter of fact, the way she gets along with her family is to be lame, and so on. I mean, that's her whole computation. And her case is just moving at a snail's pace. I guess I've put in about eight hours on her, total, and all I've got to show for it is the relief of an anxiety in her stomach, and nothing showing up on the arthritis, yet, at all. But a young lady came in here, for instance, last Thursday — young lady who was hit by polio — and her left leg was shortened and muscularly incapacitated, paralyzed, much smaller than the right leg, on a crutch. And she was processed — I think it was two and a half hours — and at the end of two and a half hours she found out she could wiggle her toes. And at the end of the session, she went out of here on her crutch. I called up to check how she was the day after — the next day — and she wasn't in the house. She had left her crutch home. Her crutch is sitting here, but she is downtown.

PC: Well, fine!

LRH: And (chuckles) I've got to do a checkover on her tomorrow, but that was only two and a half hours worth. Of course, she was only seventeen, eighteen. But God almighty! (laughs)

PC: It's a little bit wonderful.

LRH: Now, her mother was in the lecture on Monday night — I give lectures Monday night down here at 211 West Douglas — and her mother was there. And she said they were trying awfully hard not to get too excited about it around her, (pc chuckles) and try to get her to take it more or less as a routine proposition. Now, that's awfully fast. But that is by this new technique as compared to the old techniques, whereby a young lady who had been in braces for thirty-five years — she was processed for about three months, maybe five to ten hours a week, pretty heavy, for about three months. And her muscular paralysis did not begin to recede until another six months had gone by. She had been thirty-five years on crutches and braces, and the muscular tones came back in all muscles, and she is now walking without her crutches. But that's about — took almost fourteen months . . .

PC: Hm.

LRH: I . . . as a total on a rehabilitation basis. So we have no idea how fast polio will rehabilitate. We know it may be very quick, a matter of a few weeks . . .

PC: Hm.

LRH: I . . . there's this possibility — on up to a point where it may rehabilitate — take months. We know it will rehabilitate.

PC: It's just a matter of time.

LRH: It's a matter of time; it's how much. Well, I've only worked — let's be blunt about it — I've only worked this one case of polio since the first of the year with this new technique. There are — oh, there must be twenty-five cases that were worked as research cases in the old Foundation. All of these people have recovered on the older types of technique, which I consider a pretty good average.

PC: Decidedly.

LRH: (laughs) One girl down in Texas — I've never run into this, really, with polio — but a shortening of the right arm and muscular paralysis on it. And she was thirty-eight years of age and she grew two and a half inches on her arm. How is a human body able to do this? Nobody knows its ability to recover — nobody knows.

PC: That's right. You know, I read a statement by Sporsansky — he's a Russian doctor; his book was put out just before the Iron Curtain came about. And he said that the human organism has it, within its power, immortality. . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: if it could avoid injury. If Dianetics erases injury, then the remark that you didn't make, but implied in your book, of lengthened life . . .

LRH: Yeah.

PC: is definitely not only feasible, it's — it's absolutely there.

LRH: Well, for instance, we have found why an injury gets held in suspension. I located that, shortly after the first of January.

PC: Hm, I see.

LRH: Why does the human body pick up one particular injury? We find out the other injuries — short of amputation or some terrifically horrendous piece of damage — are evidently not very effective. They're unable to cope with the resilience of a body. But there is one particular type of phenomena which makes it very difficult for the body to recover. And that's why the body will pick up one incident . . .

PC: I see.

LRH: . . . and hold on to it. Another thing that has been discovered (and jump sideways on this if you want to), but a person, apparently, as a personality — this sounds incredible, even to me, although the reality of it is not questioned — as a personality seems to survive through the generations. This is fascinating. In other words, what you get is not a one-shot-at-it proposition, but you get a series. There's the evolutionary chain. Now, the way evolution comes about is by blueprints, by memory.

PC: Hm.

LRH: Well, how are these things carried? Well, I went on a project during this last year trying to locate exactly where the genetic blueprint is stored in the human mind. And I ran into it head-on. (LRH and pc laugh) And you can find the blueprint of almost any life form the human body has gone through.

PC: Incredible! It's gone through all of life —

LRH: Yes, yes.

PC: all of the life forms.

LRH: They exist as memory and personality. Now, you stop and ask yourself, how could they do otherwise? If you've got a blueprint, and so on, what's this blueprint consist of? All we know that the body is doing is perceiving and utilizing its perceptions in the form of memory. Well, all right. If it's going to have a blueprint at all, it should, of course, have a complete file on the personality, and it does.

PC: Hm. Well, I never thought of it in a form of personality, but I see no reason why it shouldn't.

LRH: Yeah. That's what's interesting, is that if you follow it out on a logical conclusion, you say, "Well, that's it." I found it almost by accident. I kept running into a couple of phenomena that were almost inexplicable, and what I was doing was clipping into early or evolutionary forms by accident.

PC: Oh, I see.

LRH: And they really had me scratching my head; (pc chuckles) I didn't know what the heck this was all about. Well, there's that, and we find out that that plays a role in aberration. One of the reasons why we couldn't immediately — why some cases took a long time, some took a short time: it doesn't matter how many times a person has been knocked around, so long as he hasn't committed too many overt acts against other organisms. If he has committed one of these and has felt sorry for it, felt sympathetic for it, he'll hang himself up with a type of aberration which matches the aberration which — physical aberration — which he has caused. And that's an interesting thing, isn't it? In other words, a young man does survive along all of these dynamics; he survives for others.

And when he finds himself guilty of having injured others, something like this — he does it himself, judge and jury — why, he'll hang up. This has come around to the basis of self-determinism . Now, back of engrams: engrams are used by an underlying self-determinism. There was a button back of the whole engram thing, and it actually was choosing which of the engrams to use. Practically none of them will be demonstrated unless this button has been pushed. Well, that's what is fascinating. So it makes a fast case. Examining the human mind, many years ago, there wasn't anyone around sufficiently self-determined to locate this button on. And everybody was sort of running on a stimulus-response basis — stimulus-response — with the environment. Well, a lot of examination and working with people who had had their engram banks just knocked to shreds, and didn't have any, all of a sudden found this other manifestation. I found this other manifestation is self-determinism . For instance, back of all of these other things, of whatever everybody else said, is what the fellow decided to do with what they said. So you can go earlier and you find out that he is forecasting what's going to happen to him later in any given situation. In other words, the first book is perfectly valid; all that phenomena exists. But just back of it is an individual's self-determinism. You might say what we've located is the "I" that is really the "I" of the body, and that most individuals are running on an "I" which is being monitored by — way back — individual who is the individual, they are the individual, but they sort of feel like they're being — sometimes they feel in possession of themselves and sometimes they feel possessed, more or less, by the environment; they have to react to the environment. Well, that's when "I" loses control.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: And they don't quite feel themselves when the environment is controlling them. Simple.

PC: Well, (chuckles) involved.

LRH: Yeah. Involved. Actually, I've been processing — I've processed little kids. They didn't know a darn thing about Dianetics; they just knew nothing at all. I'd start asking a few questions — wheww!

PC: That's all.

LRH: That's all. Another thing is Effort Processing. That was a large advance. You see, I located and identified about four months ago a description of what you'd call the life source — described well enough mathematically so that you could use it. So an awful lot of things fell out fast.

PC: Hm, I see.

LRH: And in a space of maybe four months of it — wham! So Effort Processing, you find out that the perceptions can be pinned down only by physical effort — a former physical effort or an effort that takes place during the perceptions. In other words, underlying the pain, the somatic and so forth in the engram, and this bundle of perceptions, is the physical effort. And if you hit the physical effort the rest of this stuff flies out of it.

PC: Well now, how does — how do you accomplish this?

LRH: Well, that's very simple. You get what I mean by physical effort? Take ahold of that and hit there a couple of times.

PC: Hm-hm. That's physical effort.

LRH: All right. Now that's just force and effort. Now, can you hit that again?

PC: There.

LRH: Hm-hm. Do you get any sensation of weight on it?

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right.

PC: Just a little.

LRH: Sure, just a little. Well, that's what's known as effort. Now, you've made a recording of the amount of force in the thing. Now, when that is very heavy, let's say under a heavy blow, something of the sort (the reason people couldn't recall through unconsciousness was mainly because of effort), the perceptions all get sunk down into the tremendous weight. Did you ever pick up a desk or something that was . . .

PC: Yeah.

LRH: I . . . so heavy that you got sort of black — blacked out a little bit? Did you ever do that?

PC: Hm-m.

LRH: Well, you can feel your consciousness go down under the heavy stress, of pushing a car or tearing up something with your hands?

PC: Nothing I — I think I know what you mean.

LRH: Well, as a matter of fact, if you pull hard enough, you go unconscious. And a heavy impact goes into unconsciousness the same way. In other words, terrific — it's the physical force involved with the thing. Now, there's a technique by which you strip out this physical force, and the rest of the perceptions just fly off; you don't have to bother with them.

PC: Oh, well, swell.

LRH: Yeah. And another thing is the aberrative power of words is no less aberrative than it ever was, but the central button on what makes words aberrative, that's been discovered. And actually, we don't care a darn thing about phrases — not anymore, because what you do is knock out the physical definition of the thing. How does a child learn language? He learns it in the physical universe by example, by mimicry, by injury. And how does he learn to forget and remember? Well, he learns to forget, evidently, by having things taken away from him. They say, "Well, you better forget about that." He gets the idea that something is gone, but it's just missing. It's an abstract word which actually means that something has happened. Remember? Well, it's something he's got. He learns it in physical-universe objects.

PC: I see.

LRH: You see? Well, you can hit that strata and you can clean up a person's vocabulary — like Korzybski was trying to do — just wheww! all the way on up the track with Effort Processing. You just take out the basic efforts of definition. But we don't bother to do that. The human mind is too agile. Boy, it is really a power plant. But no kidding about that; it is a power plant.

PC: Potentially.

LRH: Well, when you stop and think that actually the only thing that can hold in . . . the body and the mind: the mind has the power of choosing what injury it's going to

demonstrate, and choosing, to a large degree, how much it's going to be affected by an injury.

PC: I think you're right.

LRH: Yes. It's choice.

PC: I think that sometimes that's even conscious to a certain extent.

LRH: Sure it is.

PC: I mean, I knew, for example, or at least I wrote it down in my diary, that in the course of service, I was either going to lose, or lose the use of, this particular leg.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I got overseas, I had polio.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I had the feeling that I was going to come home. I was an officer in Signal Intelligence. I was attached to the navy, and I had the feeling I was going to be home. And the war wasn't even over, or wasn't going to be over in the foreseeable future, yet I had the feeling I was going to be home . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: in a matter of two months. Two months later I was home.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Consciously, I knew this was going to happen but . . .

LRH: Sure.

PC: there wasn't a thing I could do about it, and it seemed like everything was going to be all right. And actually, after this occurred, there was a complete personality — well, not change — but a certain amount of satisfaction that it had occurred.

LRH: Yeah.

PC: Strangely enough. I mean . . .

LRH: Yeah.

PC: now this had happened I was happy, and (LRH and pc chuckle) I had my pension, didn't have to work for a living — what the heck?

LRH: Yeah.

PC: But I'm still not particularly happy; I still want — really, I'd rather have the muscles than the pension. That's what it amounts to now. (chuckles) In other words, it . . .

LRH: I had to come to that conclusion myself. (LRH and pc chuckle)

PC: Strange as it seems.

LRH: I lost my naval retirement because of Dianetics, as it turned out. Knocked out existing injuries and so forth, and when I went back to the hospital again to get examined, why, disability wasn't there anymore — arthritis and ulcers and a couple of other minor things. And — just arthritis of the spine. And old-style processing knocked it out very fast. Don't suppose I had more than twenty-five, thirty hours. And it was pretty good processing. Those are easy injuries to handle. Some arthritis is hard to handle in somebody like this old lady; she's too old. She really wants to whistle herself over the "Great Divide," only she is doing this because her children want her to, and so on. Ah, well, we won't worry about that. Well, let's just really get down to business, if you're all set.

PC: All right, if you're ready.

LRH: Okay. Now, all I'm going to ask you is just . . . Don't worry about incidents which would happen in this life particularly, or incidents which seem real or unreal; it doesn't matter. Well, what would you defend at all costs, beyond anything? What person or life form would you defend beyond anything? (brief pause) What was your first response?

PC: My first idea would be my child, and then my wife and child, and then — and then . . .

LRH: And then your wife and child. Hm-hm. In that order. How would you go about injuring the leg of a child?

PC: Well, am . . . I didn't tell you; I am a chiropractor.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: The first thing that I thought about was moving a spinal segment sufficient to interfere with nerve supply. Injury to the spine would be the correct answer to that.

LRH: Injury to the spine would do something to the leg.

PC: Hm-hm.

LRH: Okay, how would you go about injuring the child's spine?

PC: (pause) Well . . . Uh . . . you want the first response that I — I think of?

LRH: Yeah.

PC: Well, I thought of automobile accident — was my first conscious response.

LRH: Hm-hm. (short pause) Automobile accident on a spine. How would the child's spine get injured in an automobile accident? Child be in the car or on the pavement or what?

PC: Probably would be in the car.

LRH: In the car. Would it be your child?

PC: If it's in the car, yes. Outside the car, it would be some other child.

LRH: Well, what would be the most efficient way to injure this child's leg? By hitting them or having them in the car?

PC: The most efficient way would be to hit them . . .

LRH: Did.

PC: with — with the bumper, and I thought of the right bumper — right side of the car.

LRH: Hm-hm. Well, now, just as a — I'm not hanging you up with any reality on any incident in any way . . .

PC: Right.

LRH: Don't — evaluate it as you wish. But have you, by the way, hit a child in this life?

PC: No.

LRH: You haven't. All right. Let's take ahold of the car. Would you be driving?

PC: Yes.

LRH: You'd be driving. Do you have perception, by the way? Is your vision good, and so forth?

PC: Only very fair. I mean, it's not so very good.

LRH: All right. All right. How would you go about driving this car into a child? Let's just imagine an incident, a sequence.

PC: I got it. I'm driving along — possibly a little too fast — the child run out between, or around the end of the car or between two cars, see it — possibly turn around and, in the process, you hit the child from the back; it's the right-hand side.

LRH: Hm-hm. How do you feel about doing such a thing?

PC: Horrified.

LRH: All right, let's do it.

PC: (slight laugh in voice) All right.

LRH: All right. Get ahold of the car wheel, and you can get the

PC: Do you want the . . .

LRH: See if you can get the feel of the car wheel, just like you're driving — that's right — eyes open or shut, it doesn't matter, and just drive along and hit the child.

PC: I turn like this, since I drive like this.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: (pause) All right, I just hit that child. Do you want me to ah . . .

LRH: M1 right.

PC: revamp that or what?

LRH: Now I want you to pick it up again before you hit the child and get all the physical effort which you would have to exert to try to turn the wheel or stop that car.

PC: All right. You're driving along. Feel that — feel the wheel under your hand, holding it probably like this. Suddenly, as you're driving along, you see this child. Just get a flash there but you might see it . . . You reach over and touch the brake like this and like



this. You hear those brakes squeal and you hear that death — that deathly thud. You get out of the car, pick up your crutches out of the back and open the door. Go around and look. There's a child down there; it's almost in front of your own home. You run around the — around the — go around as fast as you can over to the other side. The child has, apparently, a red dress on; it's a little girl. She's bruised . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: seems to be, and she's bleeding from her head. The leg seems to be broken — it's the left leg broken. Or — at least there's a trauma there.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: You look around for help. You don't know what to do; you're — get all excited. Virginia, my wife, comes out the door. She comes over, and I've probably been hollering for her. You pick up the child and look around — there's no one else around. Only thing you can do: put the child in — in the car — Virginia does. You get back down in the car — Virginia's holding the child — you turn around and you drive into your own driveway, place the car in reverse, turn the wheel around, straighten it out and head for the hospital.

LRH: Hm-hm. All right, let's drive that car into that child again.

PC: All right.

LRH: Let's get one question answered first: What kind of a car would this be?

PC: My '47 Hudson.

LRH: '47 Hudson.

PC: This is equipped just for invalids.

LRH: Have you almost hit a child in this life?

PC: Not to my knowledge. I mean, I can't think of a time when I did.

LRH: Have you almost hit anybody in this life?

PC: No. I've never had an — (knock-knock) the old superstitions — I've never had an accident with my car, or nearly so. I do have a — incidentally, I do have a fear of hitting someone, hitting small children who dash out from the side streets. I have had that fear for some time . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: so normally I drive very slowly in areas where there are children.

LRH: Okay. Let's drive this car straight on into this child again.

PC: All right. (pause)

LRH: Get all the effort it takes to stop that car; how you put the weight on your feet to stop it and so forth.

PC: All right. I'm just driving along, driving along. (pause) Going down the street. Suddenly there — between two cars you see this child. (pause) You hit the child. You get out of the car. You — first thing you do is you pull the crutches out behind as you

open the door, and you get out, pull the crutches out of the back seat and walk over on those crutches. And then you look down and you see the child. The child has a red dress on, bare-legged. She has black shoes on, white socks. There's blood on her — on her head, deeply bruised and bleeding on the leg. You look down, you look around; there isn't — there isn't anyone around. Suddenly Virginia comes out of the door of your home. She comes running out. She picks up the child while you're standing there just looking. She jumps in the car; you run back on your side. You open up the door, throw those crutches in, let go of the door handle, unlock your brace, throw your leg into the car, get in as quick as you can, get that leg back over on that accelerator. You start that car, grab ahold of that steering wheel, flip it into — into — into low. You swing that car into the driveway, stop the car, flip it into reverse and turn the wheel, get it out on the street again, turn it around and then you're on your way to the hospital.

LRH: All right. Give me a flash response. I want the first thing that comes into your mind on this: Date of accident. (snap!)

PC: July the third.

LRH: The year will flash again. (snap!)

PC: '51 or '52 One was over-imposed over the other.

LRH: Yeah? A blur on the date, huh?

PC: Yes.

LRH: All right. Now let's get a flash on this: Yes or no, was there an accident? (snap!)

PC: No.

LRH: All right. The date will now flash. (snap!)

PC: July third.

LRH: All right. The year will now flash. (snap!)

PC: '52 — 1952.

LRH: Uh-huh. Well, let's see if we can't roll this incident, but this time let's drive another kind of a car. What is the worst old-style car that you know of?

PC: A Model-T Ford.

LRH: A Model-T Ford. And let's drive the Model-T Ford down the street and hit that child.

PC: You want the same street?

LRH: No, any street.

PC: Any street.

LRH: Any street. Let's drive a Model-T Ford down the street and hit that child.

PC: You want me to drive it down?

LRH: Yup.

PC: All right. I'm driving this Model T down — down the street in a small town in western Kansas. This is a real Model T. incidentally. As I drive it down — get down to the street, halfway down the block — we'll turn this into an alley. Let's turn this in — right into an alley — you straighten it back up, get halfway down — down that alley, then you turn in — in behind the house and put on those brakes. The car doesn't seem to stop and it almost runs over — or it does run over — a child. The child seems to be me, incidentally. (chuckles) Just hit that child in the same place as you did before, the right — on the left leg.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: The driver, instead of being me, tends to be my father, and it's my mother that runs out of the — of the house — the back door.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I'm picked up; I don't seem to be hurt and so on. I'm taken on into the house. As far as I know, this accident — this never occurred so I've got it . . . (pause) Mother picks me up and carries me. I go into the — up the steps, and my head faces in — headfirst. I go back in-into the house.

LRH: Okay.

PC: Don't seem to be badly hurt at all.

LRH: Okay. Now, let's drive it with two good legs and with its full pedal reaction; let's drive that Model T into this child again.

PC: All right. Driving along, (pause) turn into the alley, decrease the sp-speed a little bit. Just seem to be coasting up this alley just a little bit. There's a little incline there, so you have to accelerate a bit. And then there are just between two trees that you have to turn in the — into, and so you have to slow down, fairly slow. The brakes aren't very good on this at all. So, you come up to this point and you slow down a little bit and you start turning this and braking at the same time. The brakes aren't working and — and you turn it back this way to keep from hitting the house and decelerate it, and yet you still seem to be sliding forward; it doesn't do you any good to put those brakes on. There's a child standing there, seems to be waving "Hi." You see that you're going to hit him. There's nothing that you can do, and yet . . . You touch him, you clip him. He falls down. You get out. God, what have you done? You get out; you jump over the side of that — over the side of that door. You rush around to see what it is, and there's a child down there. You holler; someone comes out the door. You're all excited inside; you don't know what you've done. You don't know whether you've hurt that child or you've killed that child; you don't know exactly what you've done. There doesn't seem to be too much blood and yet you know you've knocked the child down and it's crying. They pick the child up and you walk in. Your legs are all right; you walk perfectly on them — right behind you. You help open the door and you get on in and you go from there. You go in through the kitchen into the dining room, into the living room, and you go from there. You walk right up to the stairs, up into the bedroom. After you get to the top of the stairs, you turn to the left and they deposit him on the bed. You place — you pull down the bed; you put the child on the bed. After that, you — you look the child over; your heart is still beating pretty fast. You want to see if there's anything that you can do. There doesn't seem to be any broken skin; there's going to be a bruise or two; it's not very bad. Fortunately, it — it — it was a very easy accident. You know, though, you have that feeling that, my Go-God, you've got to get those brakes fixed. You're not going to let that happen again. From that time on you're going to have good brakes. You betcha.

LRH: Hm-hm. Okay, now let's — let's see if we can't do this. Let's figure out, if you had any period of history to choose from, from the earliest dawning's of time on forward to the present time, what would be the most — what method would you use in going about hurting a child's leg? Any period.

PC: Middle Ages of — possibly with torture — I'm standing with the screw press. It leaves an impression which mutilates you all at once. Fiendish looking individual. Or being run down by charging cavalry and . . . something of that order.

LRH: Now, how would an individual go about hurting a leg?

PC: Oh, I see what you mean.

LRH: Hm.

PC: Well, I'd — I'd — as a rider on a horse, kicking or being kicked by flailing legs of a horse that you were riding. That's still not what you wanted, is it?

LRH: Well, more or less, but (pc coughs) something that you would try to effect, (pc coughs) something you would try to achieve, or something — injury you would try to effect, and then you'd feel sorry for having caused the injury. Anywhere down through the spans of history.

PC: (pause) Hm . . . Why does it have to be the left leg all the time? Swinging a sword, for example, cutting it off completely and then just . . . being horrified at what you find.

LRH: Okay. Let's cut (clap) somebody's leg off with a sword.

PC: All right.

LRH: Which — where did we go about it?

PC: We were engaged in fighting, sword fighting.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: We go in and I'm left-handed again.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Now, suddenly I discover (little laugh) I'm right-handed. We're fighting. I'm feeling that I have to lose.... Then you're — suddenly you're fighting.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And then you discover that someone — some child, a small child, runs into the side trying to stop this. For some reason or other, she doesn't want this fight. She doesn't want this fight to go on. Trying in every way to get it to stop. The child is about eight or ten. We're still fighting, and yet . . .

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: I . . . you see an opening. And just as you start to — to make a gross swing, this child runs in and in your gross swing you amputate that leg just above the knee. Of course, the fighting stops at that time. Little angers that you might have had, those differences of opinion with the other, are suddenly forgotten in the horror of how that — at being horrified at what you've done. You — I mean, you were . . . (little laugh) You were

angry completely with the man that you were fighting with and yet this particular incident removes all anger. And you're suddenly just horrified at what you've done.

LRH: All right. Let's get the effort, the force it takes to swing that blow at the child — at the man but hit the child instead. Let's get the force — that's right — the weight and so forth of the blow, and feel it connect with the child's leg.

PC: (movements) Uh! You can feel it all right!

LRH: All right, let's try it again.

PC: (movements) Crunch — just feel that crunch, really.

LRH: Hm-hm. (movements continue; pause) Hm-hm. Try it again.

PC: (movements) Was a little high that time, I think. (movements)

LRH: Now, what effort would you make to keep the blow from landing on the child's leg the second that you saw where it was going to land? What effort would you make?

PC: I don't think that there would be any effort to stop that, because I wouldn't even see that child. I didn't even see that child.

LRH: All right. Let's swing it again.

PC: I am just concentrating just on one thing, and that's to kill that fellow. Just . . . (movements) There she is. You see the leg over there, pointing over in that direction — toes in this manner. Blood is flowing out; it's flowing out in a big puddle. You can see the blood flowing away.

LRH: Okay. Let's try it again. Let's take a look at how the — at how the scenery looks and so forth when you go about it.

PC: All right. I can tell what this is; this is a tavern — chairs and tables around, there's an open fireplace; there's a pot on that fireplace. Must be a tavern, a place of drinking. The little girl, if anything else, is probably the tavern owner's daughter, very young — eight or ten years of age. You — for some reason or other you drank a little too much and have gotten angry at something that someone has said. Suddenly, you're in a fight. You don't know what is causing it; you're fighting. You see a chance . . . (movements) and the child runs out. She's suddenly run in — you didn't see her — suddenly you're completely sober; the child is down there. Her leg has been cut off; she's been twirled around so that she's laying on her back. Her feet — one foot pointed in that direction, the other leg, which is amputated, the toes are up here. The blood is slowly flowing down, as you watch it. It seems to be flowing over towards the fireplace. The table over here, just in front of the fireplace. Tankards — apparently you've been drinking and that's the bocks you've been drinking.

LRH: What would be your emotional change or your — you would undergo such an experience. What would be the emotional change?

PC: You mean, your . . . At the start you're completely angry; so mad, so angry that you can hardly breathe, hardly talk. In fact, you can't talk; all you can do is — the only thought that you have — you have only one thought in your mind: to kill that son of a bitch — just kill him. That's all you want to do; there's no other thought in your mind at all. It's just one — the whole body is concentrated on one thing — rage, anger. Suddenly, as soon as the accident occurs, you just take your sword and go forward. You're through. Even if he killed you, that's all right. You're interested only in the child — what you've done. And she lays down there. You do as best you can. You

place a tourniquet on her leg; the emotion is “My God! What hare I done?” You’re completely sober now. The — the emotions of anger are completely gone. You’d give anything in the world this hadn’t occurred. You’d only give — you’d — you’d even give up the use of your own leg, or you — you’d give up the — the use — the loss of a leg, if you could only restore that leg to that young girl — complete. “My God, what have I done?” You — you’d do anything if you could undo that what you’ve done. Suddenly that’s the only important thing in the world: to do something for that child; to give her, or to make up in some way — any way that you know — for what you’ve done to her. You know that you’ll spend possibly the rest of your life making up for what happened in a mad — in one little moment of rage. And over and over, within you, just bubbling up, “My God! What have I done?”

LRH: Okay. Let’s run the — let’s run the incident backwards. Pick it up from the moment and get the force it takes to pull the sword back up from the blow that you aim to strike, with the concentration, up to a point where you’re just about to strike the blow.

PC: All right. (little cough) Well, you’re just looking down; the girl’s on — on the floor, blood is flowing. Suddenly . . . the blood starts rolling back into the leg.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Slowly you reach over, take the sword; you hold the sword back here like this for a moment.

LRH: Get the force in it.

PC: The girl slowly starts pulling back up on — pulling up and standing up, and as she does the leg goes back. And your hand comes over like this, then slowly, as your leg — as your arm comes back, it passes through her leg and it’s miraculously going together, and you’re up like this. And suddenly the emotion of hate comes back. (whispers) You don’t like the guy.

LRH: Okay. Let’s just play that backwards again. That’s very good; you work very easily.

PC: The sword is stuck over there in the floor — just stuck in there with the — the — though you’ve taken it backwards, the hand — hand grip is backwards to you, stuck over in the f floor. There’s a roaring flame in the fireplace. And you’re looking down. It’s a horrible thing to see the blood — leg is off completely; it’s just completely severed. The blood starts coming back gradually, coming back into the leg. And as you stand there . . . (let me see if I can feel horrified) “My God! God, what have I done?” So as you stand up, you reach over there and the blood keeps coming back — there’s so much blood — as you stand up. You get that horrified — first horrified look on your face at the first — when you know what you’ve done. You reach over and you grab the sword — grab the sword like this and you put it into your hand. There’s still horror on your face. Horrible! My God, what have you done? You stand there for a moment; you moue this way just over . . . then you bring . . . See — you see the — the girl starts slowly bringing herself up, as though she was just a puppet being drawn up, and the leg — the other leg being drawn up so that one meets the other slowly. And as this occurs, your arm is drawn back like this — it is the completion of that stroke. Gradually it comes back like this; you feel that emotion again of hate. But you’re not concentrating on the girl at all; you’re concentrating on that man over there. Backwards, and you bring it back. You feel that tug as it goes through that girl. You bring your hand back like this and then all you feel — the little girl isn’t even there now; all you can see now is just that man. He has a dark sort of cloak on, a big hat and a sword, and all you want to do is just kill that . . .

LRH: Okay. Let’s roll it backwards again.

PC: (sighs) All right.

LRH: What's happening? Anything happening particularly as you do this? Do you get any sensation?

PC: Nuh-uh. No. Emotionally just the emotion of rage.

LRH: Good, good.

PC: And also the emotion of "My God. My God, what have I done?" That — definitely those are there. You can feel those. This is to be run backward again.

LRH: Run backwards again on it.

PC: All right. (pause) You're looking at the big fireplace; it seems to be — oh, faced to the south. It's a tremendous thing; they don't build them like that anymore. Fire is burning, great logs — there's a pot. There's a table. It's had two, possibly three, people sitting at it — tankards of ale and a big plate of meat; you can see that on the table. Floor is grimy. It isn't earthen but it's not much better. You're looking — you look down, or you're kneeling down, and you see this blood starts creeping back. The emotion that you feel is — is there. You've done something; something that you're extremely sorry for. And slowly blood starts going back into this member. The blood is beginning to roll back even into the severed leg. You see it gradually; it's seeping back into that too. And as you watch, before your eyes, the little girl starts coming back as though she were a puppet, just gradually being pulled back upward. And by this time you're standing up. As she comes closer to being there, you get ahold of that blade, pull it out like this, place it in your hand, drawn over like this. And then you feel — you begin to feel that emotion for that other fellow. You begin to feel that emotion of hate, and the girl isn't even present in your mind, hardly. Slowly you're being pulled back. As you pull back, with the girl — comes back. All you feel now is just that feeling that you want to just kill that guy.

LRH: Okay, good enough. Let's roll it backwards once more.

PC: All right.

LRH: The incident seem any different than the first time you ran it forwards?

PC: Mm, it's just more. Same — just becomes more vivid.

LRH: Okay. Let's try it again.

PC: You look at the — you're there and for some reason or other the fireplace is very prominent. It's still there, still roaring. Big tremendous fire in a big tremendous fireplace. Table's there. Those are not conscious too much, because you're concerned mainly with what you've done. As you watch, you see the life blood flowing back into the . . . this . . . into the . . . into the leg of the little girl. And even blood beginning to seep back into the severed member — gradually, very slowly, you can just see it. You rise from a kneeling position, walk back over in a rather — take three or four steps back and you're standing up. You're still stooped over and watching; however, you pick up the sword, put it in your other hand — you're holding it here — then suddenly it drops down. And as you watch, the little girl — for some reason, drawn backwards, she's being picked up. And the leg is slowly pulling back upward, so that it's joining the — almost joining the other — other member. As this occurs, your arm is drawn over like this. When you — this occurs, you feel the . . . feel the rage. Rage starts coming back and you can feel that. You start bringing it back, and that rage is — feels good though, really — wonderful! Bring it back and then hit the girl. (sighs) You feel fine; you like that rage.

LRH: All right. Complete it forwards, right from there.

PC: You're angry, but not real angry — not deeply. You just — just don't like that son of a gun, that's all. All you want to do is just cut him up, just a little bit. You know you can whip him, you know that you can beat him. All you want to do is just cut him up a little bit. Right? You're just drunk enough that you just don't give a damn, that's all. You see a chance. You knock his sword out of the way. You pull it back like this; you're going to really cut him up. (movements) And then suddenly you become aware — into the line of vision, just as you've swung, a little girl arrives — someone from the tavern, someone who loves the — the other man. My God, what have you done? You didn't want to hurt his family — goddamn! All you wanted to do . . . “What the hell have I done?” You're down on your knees — you're down on one knee. You look down at the child; there isn't much you can do. You see blood oozing out of that member. You can see the blood rolling out of the leg. You know that you've done this. Well, this is his daughter. You had no fight against her; you just didn't like him. You reach up, you grab something, anything — a napkin off the table. Turn it around her leg and turn it just a little bit. You've got to stop that blood; you don't know what to do. My God, what have you done? The child is down there. “If I'd have stopped the other man . . .” You have the feeling — you have the feeling now suddenly that in spite of what you've done, the way you feel, this man now has more reason to want to kill you, or want to fight than he had before. You wonder if you're now going to have to fight with your life. Suddenly you grab that thing again, because you don't know what's going to happen. The child is there. Suddenly, you tell him “I didn't mean to; I didn't want to. I had — I — I didn't want to kill her. I didn't want to hurt that child. My fight is with you, not with your family.” Still you don't know. You say, “Well, let's not fight now. Let — let's get someone to take care of the child. The child comes first; my argument with you comes later.” You don't know if he wants to fight or not. You wait just a moment until you find out. If you have to, you're going to defend your life. Suddenly he says, “it doesn't matter. Killing you won't make any difference. The leg is gone.” And you put your sword back down again. And by that time, the — the child's mother comes in and she sees — takes one horrified look and is gone. She's after the neighbor who can take care of the child. You're down on your knees again. Her name seems to be Rosalie. You say, “Rosalie, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Rosalie.” She doesn't say anything; her face is all white. Apparently she is unconscious. You — suddenly the door — door opens and someone comes in . . .

[gap in recording]

PC: and their — the — their blush. She's becoming white and drawn as the accident and severity of the accident and shock and trauma suddenly make her very pale. At that moment, even though you're — you're there on your knees defenseless, it wouldn't matter whether he killed you or not. You don't care. “My God! What have I done? Oh, what have I done?” You look up at the fireplace; you're looking for something; you've got to do something. Suddenly your — your attention is drawn to the fact that there is a napkin on that — on that table over there. It doesn't have any tablecloth; it only has just a napkin — a cloth. You grab the cloth and put it in this tourniquet around this leg to keep that flow — that — that gushing of blood — keep it down. You tie that on up making it as tight as you can or tight as you dare. And you see the blood stop from spurting and — and flowing. It gradually becomes less and less and less. Then you look up. The fellow is still standing there; he hasn't moved. And you look up at him and you tell him, “I'm sorry about this” — is it Ed? — “I'm sorry about this, Ed. I wouldn't — I wouldn't have had it happen for anything in the world.” He's stupefied; he just doesn't seem to be able to understand what has happened. He just stands there with his sword in his right hand just dropped against the floor. He hasn't — the shock of the trauma has been almost as much to him — almost . . . he's almost knocked unconscious on his feet. Suddenly he sort of looks at you and growls, “What have you done?” You're not just sure what's going to happen then. You reach down and you



grab up that sword, put it in this other hand. You leave it down so that it points to the floor, and you can rest it on the floor then. You're there just in case — just in case he decides that he wants to kill you right there. You've decided now that you want to live. You're going to make it up to that child one way or the other; you're going to do it, but you're going to make sure that he doesn't stop you from your doing that by trying to kill you. And you say, "There isn't anything we can do. We'll just have to take care of it as best we can. I'm sorry. I haven't any fight with you, Ed." He just doesn't seem to get it through his head what's going on. Suddenly the door opens and a girl comes — rushes in. She sees what's occurred, she screams, she puts both hands up to her face, pulls her face back, runs her hands into her hair and screams. Then she turns around and runs, and you suspect she's going someplace after some care. Then she suddenly runs back into that room again. You're still standing there; you can still feel the — the same weight on that sword — standing there something like a wooden Indian. You don't know what's happening. She runs over and says, "My baby, my baby, my baby." Holds her and cries. Suddenly, Ed seems to say, "Well, go get a doctor! Quickly, go get a doctor!" And, as though it suddenly occurs to him that he could do that, he goes. He goes out through the door. He's after someone to take care of his baby too. And the mother continues to cry and hold that baby's head, the child's head. You relax; you walk two or three steps over to the table. You need that drink. You take a drink — take a deep one. It doesn't set well on your stomach at all. You look down and you know that you caused all of that trouble. And you look down and notice that there's even imprints in blood from your shoes, and as you walked across the floor over to your table, you'd walked through that blood, even though you'd tried to miss it. Suddenly, the realization — real realization — of what you've done comes to you. You feel yourself getting weak, you feel your stomach boiling out of you — just feel that you know that you're going to be sick. And you go outside. You just open the door and just put one hand up against the wall — just like that — and you know — you just feel everything, all the contents of your stomach, just coming up. Then your hands drop and you've been sick physically, but it isn't anything to compare to the mental sickness that you have.

LRH: All right. Let's try it again. This time, let's get the force of the blow completely.

PC: (coughs) Excuse me. All right. We've been drinking at the tavern. All at once, each — everyone has had a little bit too much to drink. The other table, now, I find that people are standing around. Suddenly you get a little angry with someone and you're — you're mean drunk — just mean, just plain mean drunk. So when someone makes you a little angry, you start to say, "Well, I can whip him. I can beat him." So you start to fight a little bit. Pull that old sword out; you just know that you can whip him. So, you start in. People around the other table now — they're silent, somewhat. You just don't care too much; you're just having a good time. Suddenly, he hits you. You feel it right across there, just a — just a sharp cut, just a scratch, really. Suddenly you're mad. This was something to be fun and suddenly it — it's gotten out of hand. Now you just happen to hate that son of a bitch. Now you're going to show him. Suddenly, you're getting madder all the time. The more you think about it, the more you think about that scratch, the more you hate his guts. Suddenly, you get a chance, you get an opening and you come back. Then you swing like this, only you — you knew that you hit something, but it wasn't that guy. You sort of relax and look over; you forget about him at all. You want to know who it was you hit. And you look down and you see a girl with a leg way over here, and there's the girl over there, blood flowing out. She said little more than "Oh! I'm hit." And there she is, she's knocked out and you see the blood flowing out of that leg — just sort of oozing out of the leg itself. And you just take that sword and jam it down. You run over and look — get down on one knee. You look at her for a moment. Oh, my God, what have you done? Suddenly you look around — nothing on the fireplace. You look around, you find on the table just what you want. You reach over and you grab that cloth; it's not too far. You reach over and you place a tourniquet on it; you see the blood. First it's spurting out in big spurts. Now slowly it's — it's smaller and smaller as you tighten up the napkin — tighten it

up, and gradually just falls into nothing. You've stopped the bleeding. Just about as this occurs, the door opens in the east wall — west wall. A woman rushes in down through the tables into this little clearing in front of the fireplace and screams, "My baby, my baby! What have you done to my baby?" And you're still on your knees on the other side of the girl, feeling terrible. "What have I done? What am I doing? What have I done?" Suddenly you look up and the fellow you were fighting with is just standing there; he hasn't hardly moved. He doesn't seem to be the girl's father; he's closely concerned with the girl. You don't know what he's going to do. In fact, you don't know what any of the others in the room is going to do. You reach up and you grab your sword, but you hold it down. You don't want to fight anymore; your fighting is finished. You're only concerned with the little girl, but you're also concerned with living too. You look up and say, "Ed, I think we-we've fought enough. We've done — I've done enough damage. We'll quarrel — we'll settle our score some other time, but now let's take care of the girl." Ed finally gets things organized; he knows something to do and he — and he gets — he rushes, he says, "I'll get a doctor!" and he rushes out the door — rushes to the outside door and is gone. And the little girl's mother is still there. Sword is hanging down at your side. You still feel the weight of it, however, in your hand — like a heavy conscience in your hand. You see the mother sobbing. You feel that funny feeling in your stomach, that let-down feeling in your stomach, that sick feeling in your stomach. Your shoulders droop a little bit. You walk over to the table, pick up your tankard and drink a little. Then you set it down; it doesn't settle. You just sort of — you turn around, wheel around; you've still got that sword in your hand. You just drag it along after you; you just go out. And the people, all of them, as you pass them, they're silent; they look at you, staring accusingly. Yet they're leaving you alone for some reason or another. They're not bothering you at all, and you go outside. You open up that door, you walk outside, and that's as far as you can go. You just turn to the right and just beside the door you put your hand up against the wall and drop that old sword — with a hand up against the wall — and you're sick. Everything that's in your stomach is coming boiling up as you lean against that wall. You feel weak and sick — not physically anymore, just mentally — at what you've done. You wonder what you can do for that family; what it is you can do for the little girl. And the answer is always "You can't replace a leg." There's nothing that you can do.

LRH: Okay. Let's do a — just a consistent series of slashes now — down — feeling every effort possible in the blow, the effort to strike.

PC: This — oh, you want just the effort now?

LRH: Just get the effort, and get the surroundings and so forth, but just get — repeat that over and over and over — get that effort to strike.

PC: (movements)

LRH: Okay, get it again. (movements) Now get all the tension that goes into the blow.

PC: (movements) Wasn't any weight to that sword. (chuckles; movements) The sword is reducing its weight.

LRH: Hasn't got as much weight in it?

PC: Not in the swing.

LRH: All right. Where is it in the swing?

PC: It's just above the handle in the swing.

LRH: All right.

PC: I mean, it di-du — it doesn't have the full weight like if you utilized it here.

LRH: All right. In that whole curve, in that whole curve, where do you think that sword might be stopped, if it stopped in the swing?

PC: In the whole — in this whole swing, you mean?

LRH: In the whole swing. Where do you think it might be halted?

PC: Right here. Right there.

LRH: All right. Let's go up against that again and get that — get that stop. Get the effort it takes to stop it there. (movements) Strong effort required to stop it there? (movements)

PC: A lot of effort to stop it.

LRH: All right. Let's try that again.

PC: That foot starts moving; it's got to move too.

LRH: Yeah. (pause; movements) Hm-hm. Do you get a visio at the second there that that sword stops?

PC: Not much.

LRH: All right. Let's do it again.

PC: (movements; sighs) That . . .

LRH: It's all right. Is it holding higher now?

PC: Yeah, seems to be.

LRH: All right.

PC: (movements) Doesn't even want to go down now.

LRH: Okay.

PC: (movements; chuckling) Okay. (motions)

LRH: Good.

PC: (movements) There's more.

LRH: Yeah. (chuckles) Let's get the sword down and through . . . with all effort.

PC: (movements) All right, sir. Okay. (movements)

LRH: Now, can you get the muscular reaction that it takes to pull it back? Does your arm pull when you do that?

PC: I actually have a — it takes all the effort I've got to get that all the way through there just then.

LRH: Okay. Let's hit it again.

PC: (motions) It stops right there, almost.

LRH: Okay. Now, as you bring it down get the effort — concentrate on the effort that is stopping it — the effort to try to draw it back as it comes down.

PC: Actually consciously try to stop it from going down. Uh-huh.

LRH: Get the effort it takes to draw it back. (movements) Do you feel a different muscle pull? Different set of muscles operate?

PC: Well, actually, it would lose contraction of the other muscles on the other side.

LRH: (chuckling) Okay.

PC: (movements) There's a definite drag on that from about a third on.

LRH: Hm-hm. (movements)

Hm. Went all the way through, didn't it?

PC: Right on through, but the — you — you — I'm beginning to pick up the drag from the — the

LRH: Okay. Let's pick up that drag.

PC: That drag starts right after "hit."

LRH: Hm-hm. All right, let's pick up the drag and the feeling that goes the instant you've got that thing hitting something. (pause; movements) Hit it again. (movements; pause) What's happening?

PC: Well, it's getting a . . .

LRH: Heavier drag?

PC: Heavier drag.

LRH: All right.

PC: Just gets heavier all the time.

LRH: Real good.

PC: More of it. (movements)

LRH: Yup.

PC: (movements) I'm sure no sword would swing like that.

LRH: Go ahead.

PC: Not even with a cutlass. (little laugh; movements)

LRH: Very heavy drag, huh?

PC: Hm-hm. (movements) All right. (movements)

LRH: Drag getting less?

PC: Yes, it is.

LRH: Okay.

PC: (movements) Emotional content — loss. (movements) Doesn't feel as heavy as — as it was. (movements)

LRH: How's that drag now?

PC: Just . . . medium now.

LRH: Medium.

PC: Medium, but . . .

LRH: It's getting less?

PC: Getting less? I mean, it was . . . um heavy — got heavier — then it gets much lighter. Now, it's back a little bit, but it's

LRH: Do you have any feeling in your body as you — as that thing scrunched down?

PC: Mm-mm. (movements)

LRH: Very heavy that time.

PC: Very heavy that time.

LRH: All right.

PC: (movements) I think part of that — part of that drag is just plain — or in that time was — was — was the idea of part of the emotion of hitting that guy, just part of the anger, that you just want to just — just sever him right in two and cut him right square down, right down through the middle. Part of that drag is just the idea that you — you just want that sword to be heavy enough that when it hits it's going to damage — a hell of a lot of damage — that's all. (movements)

LRH: Lighter again?

PC: Yeah, lighter.

LRH: Good.

PC: (movements) [inaudible whisper]

LRH: What happened?

PC: Losing the drag. I — I suddenly not doing much cutting over here; I'm just swinging at air but the . . . missing that child completely now, so to speak. I mean, there's no — I can't get — there's no drag at that point but there should be.

LRH: Hm-hm. Is there any earlier realization that a child might be there, now?

PC: No, you just — you know, might be aware that she was someplace in the room or something.

LRH: All right. Let's see if we got an awareness that that sword is going to go through the child there anytime. Doesn't have to be, but let's just see if it occurs.

PC: (movements) The child was there; we knew it. I don't think it's — we'd have had to stop right there.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: Emotional content: “My God, look what I could have done. Let's stop this goddamn thing right now; let's — let's . . .”

LRH: All right. Let's get that.

PC: Lets go outside. If we're going to fight and be big boys, let's go out where the big boys can fight without injuring the women and children here.” Now, we're — we're there, seated at a table, like a couple of drunken bums, so to speak — both there at the same table and had a few drinks. You know it. A couple of drinks and I have a feeling that I just don't give a damn. He's a sort of a braggart. I haven't cared much — too much for him anyway; he just happened to be my companion for the evening. We — uh-hm — totally . . . he gives me the impression that he can — he thinks he can whip me, and I know damn well that he can't. So I said, “If that's the way you feel about it, stand on your feet.” He stands on his feet and begins to slowly draw that sword. I jump up; I've had my back to that fireplace. I kick that chair back, jump out into the middle of the floor and I slowly draw that sword — not too slowly; I draw it out rather fast.

LRH: Hm.

PC: This is what I've been wanting — just enough to drink that I just don't care what happens, and I just don't like him enough to make any difference. So, it's easy just to swing your sword back and forth, you know? Just — just moue it back and forth. Just sort of inviting him to come in, go ahead and try. Suddenly he does. He comes right on in. We start (movements) — not too angry — I think just enough. I just want to cut him just a little bit, that's all. Let it show who's — which one's the best one. Suddenly in the back of your mind you become aware that there's a little girl who's been running around and helping her father. She's been serving beer — tankards. She's a little young for that, but — suppose it didn't make any difference in this day and age. Suddenly — you're still fighting. You get a chance here; you get a chance to just cut him up just a little bit. Maybe cut — you know, just cut off an arm, so to speak. (movements) There was a girl. You see her; she has a tray and tankards laid on it. We just about — just about cut her. You step back; you just drop your sword to your side and say, “Now that's enough, Ed. We've fought enough. Come on back. Let's have a drink.” He sort of — it sort of sobered him up when he saw this. “Yeah, okay.” So you run back and you have a drink, and suddenly you find that maybe that guy isn't such a bad guy after all. Maybe you can become friends.

LRH: Would you rather it had been this way?

PC: Well, it — (laughing) yes.

LRH: Let's swing it. Let's go right through her leg — crash!

PC: (movements) I had to do that consciously; had to go right through that one hard — twice. (movements) How come it gets harder to go through that all the time? (movements)

LRH: What happened that time?

PC: We severed that leg that time. It's right there.

LRH: Hm-hm. Okay. And that occurs, at any time that you've — look at this girl: do you have any feeling, any change in the feeling of your own leg?

PC: No. Not yet.

LRH: Think there might be?

PC: There might be.

LRH: Where did you cut that girl's leg?

PC: Just above the knee. Just — right here.

LRH: All right. Do you ever have a somatic in that leg just above the knee?

PC: In this one?

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: Yes, I do.

LRH: Right at that point?

PC: A somatic.

LRH: Right at that point?

PC: Also in the area itself.

LRH: Do you have a line somatic; that is to say, is there a line in that knee, just above the knee? I mean, a line of pain sometimes?

PC: No.

LRH: What is it?

PC: Uh . . . mostly it's just confined right into the — into the joint area itself, apparently. But it's concerned in that area right in there.

LRH: All right. How would you go about hurting that exact area, maybe earlier? Maybe an earlier period in time? Would you cause that exact type of thing to it?

PC: (movements) Let me see . . . (pause) Earlier time.

LRH: What would you do to somebody's knee to make him lame much earlier?

PC: A child ?

LRH: Yeah, or — I don't care. Anybody's knee.

PC: Excuse me. (pause)

LRH: A woman's.

PC: Or a man's.

LRH: Or a man's.

PC: I'm seeing right back into those medieval torture chambers again.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: You got a board. You use it just like the shape of a — it just fits over the top of the leg. You want some information; that's about it. You want a confession. He's not doing too much confessing. He's already been pretty weak with the other tortures. So you bring him up in such a fashion that you say that there's this board right above his leg, about so high off the ground, and you tell him that if he doesn't confess, you're just going to take his leg and pull it up against this board. And then you're just going to pull it up. And yet you don't seem to be pulling it yet, but you're going to get a pulley — pulley is even better. You — you explain to him how you will do it.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: But — so, then you just hook it on — you just pull it up just a little to let him know what would hurt, how it would hurt, how it would feel, how it's going to feel. Still got a few muscles left. You hook that on to a pulley onto the ceiling — gives you the terrific leverage, so that you know that you can just grind that knee, just — just crunch those bones in there just as easy as you please, against the lever and the board.

LRH: How would you feel immediately after you did this?

PC: Hm, sick sensation in the stomach, particularly. And you look at it for a minute: "No, this is my job. It's the thing I'm supposed to do. It's what I get paid for. It's what I'm supposed to do." And yet you still feel just a little queasy about it.

LRH: I want something much earlier. A woman's knee.

PC: A woman's knee. (pause) Well, I was thinking of a case. You're living in a cave.

LRH: Okay.

PC: Captured a girl. Remember that beard, muscles. She's got long hair, and she keeps running away. You keep telling her that you have to keep running after her all the time. She can be a mess but you still want her to hang around. You want her there. You keep telling her that if she doesn't stop that, if she doesn't stop running off, you're going to fix her so that she can't run off. And so she runs off again. You get pretty mad at her. You're picked her up and carried her back to that case two dozen times. And so — suddenly this time you're really angry with her, just really angry with her.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: And when you catch her, you sort of hold her with one arm — confine the bitch against a shoulder or against the upper arm, then you just swing and (thump) hit her across the front of the knee — breaks that bone, breaks the kneecap, ruins the joint. You want that, you're — you do that because you are angry, and yet you know immediately afterwards that it's not the right thing to do, that you need (chuckles) a normal, healthy girl around the place, rather than one that's crippled — rather than one that can't run in case of danger. And while you've still got yourself a woman, you're got one that isn't quite as it should be.

LRH: What's the force it takes to drop something on her knee?

PC: What?

LRH: What's the force, physical force, it takes to do something to her knee?



PC: It's a left-handed blow.

LRH: Okay. With what? Anything?

PC: A hammer.

LRH: Okay.

PC: A hammer or a hatchet or a stone hatchet or a stone . . . Seems to be bound with old reeds or a roll of reeds, tough fiber grass or something like that.

LRH: Okay. Let's come down with that hammer on that knee.

PC: All right. First you're running after this gal. Suddenly you catch her, grab ahold of her like that; you pull her back like this. And while you're just — not even thinking but just — just angry . . .

LRH: Hm-hm. Pc You just do it for (smack) anger — hit her on the knee like that. Then you pick her up and you throw her over that knee and start carrying her. Then, as you start carrying her away, you look down and you notice that you've caused damage there — damage that you can't repair. You know that you're done • something that you shouldn't have. You feel the weight of her on your shoulder. The weight isn't nearly as great as it is deep inside of you.

LRH: Hm-hm. Let's go through that again and feel the strike of the blow.

PC: Suddenly you look up from what you're doing around the cave, see that the girl that you're just captured is running away again. You've tried to be nice to her; you've tried everything that you could do to keep her there, keep her with you, because you want her. Somehow or other she's — she's running away again. Without thinking, you just pick up your — your — your club that you always carry with you, you pick that up, you turn around and you start running after her. You can run much faster than she can. You pick it up and then — and you are carrying a-a hammer, a stone hatchet, in your right hand — left hand. Suddenly you catch her; you reach over and you grab ahold of her like this, and you pull her back and stop her. And without even thinking, hardly, as she stands up, you just come down like this. (clank!) Then you pick her up, throw her over your hand — over your shoulder like this and carry her like this, and you throw that hammer in there and you've got her over your shoulder and you carry her. She whimpers just a little bit, and suddenly you wonder whether — what you've done; why is — what is it that you've done. Why is it that in a moment like that you've allowed yourself to — to ruin what you like so very much?

LRH: Okay. Let's hit her over the knee again. (movements) What happened?

PC: I'm going to sleep a little. Cold.

LRH: Hit her over the knee again.

PC: All right. Suddenly you're aware that the girl is running down the — is running away again. She seems to be running down the side, away from the cave. You reach over beside the fire on the left-hand side and pick up your club and start running after her — you just take right after her. She runs down the hill and she starts to climb the other one — she is just running into the unknown. You don't know what — even what's around; it's all very dangerous. You're angry; the only reason why you're chasing her is because you are so angry. Suddenly, you catch her. She's running just part way up the hill; you run up and you just sort of reach up and catch her and you pull her back like this. She stands up again and starts to scream and struggle. You just pull back like this and . . . (thump) hit her on the knee like this. The shock of that — you still have to hold

her up from the shock of that heavy hammer. You pick her up and put her on your shoulder, put your arm around — and — around her legs, hold this hammer there, then you start gradually walking back towards the cave. And she does — she moans a little. Suddenly you wonder . . . (brief pause) And then suddenly that seems more like the right knee than the left that you've hit.

LRH: Hm-hm. Okay.

PC: Ah, it is the right because when her face — when she's — has her (slap) over here, it's this other knee that you've hit. You've struck it around, beyond the left; it's the right.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: That's the one that seems to be injured — it's injured and you can feel it, and you go back towards your cave.

LRH: Hm-hm. Okay. Let's hit her on the knee again.

PC: (brief pause) You're squatting by the fire, getting ready to cook something — something that you've just captured, something that you've just killed. Your hammers are beside you; they're still a little bloody. Maybe you've used it — I think you've used it to kill that animal, whatever it is. Suddenly you look up and there 's that — there's that girl that you've captured. She's running away. She's running down the hill away from your cave. Quickly you grab that-that hammer and then you start to run — you run after her. As you run down the hill, across that small valley and up towards that other hill, you reach over and . . . you reach up and grab her. You can feel that force; you can feel this hand (movements) sinking into her skin as you pull her back like this. Gradually she gets to her — to her hands and gets to her knees, and then she gets up on her feet and she's screaming and she gets ready . . . She reaches over even to scratch you and as she does, you pull this hammer back like this — (thump!) this, and you just kind of pull back and you hit her square on the knee — on that very right knee. She sort of moans and relaxes; you pick her up — treat her rough, you don't care — pick her up. You throw her over your shoulder; you still want her. Put your arm around her, hold her in place and start on back towards the cave again. Hopefully they — the wild animals haven't gotten your food yet while you've been out chasing this damn fool woman. (coughs) And suddenly she moans. And as she moans, you begin to realize for the first time — your anger is abating — for the first time you realize what it is you've done.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: You don't seem to be very aware of the thing, but yet you know that man doesn't . . . hasn't . . . can't ever run very fast, and now, now you've fixed it up so that she can never run, and she can never walk with that foot again. You realize, then, for the first time that you've ruined something that you wanted. You ruined it and you don't know why (thumps) — because you were angry. You know that you're going to have to spend the rest of your life making up to that girl the things that she's — she's going to miss. The thing that — she'd have to stay in the case all of the time; she can't run out and she can't help you hunt anymore, and you'll have to take care of her. You know that the rule seems to be that if they can't take care of themselves that they have to go, but you know this particular one, that you're going to keep her in the cave and make it safe for her, and you're going to make sure that she lives a good life.

LRH: Hm. Okay. Let's do it again.

PC: All right. (pause) You're squatting before the fire. Animal seems to be parked over there to the right, and you're in the process of building that fire. Suddenly you look up — you hear a stone rattling against other stones — and you look up and see that the girl

that you've (slight sigh) captured beginning to run down the hill. She's getting away from you. You reach over and you grab up your hammer, then you take down after her. You run, you run, you run, you run down the hill and by that time she's started to climb the other — another hill. She's running across the short, small valley and you reach over and grab her just as she's climbing up that hill. And you go and you grab ahold of her, (movements) pull her back like this; you pull her off of her feet. She gets up to her feet, she gets on her knees first, then she jumps up to her feet and she reaches over to claw you and it makes you mad. You just reach over and hit her right on the knee, and you — crunch! — an awful crunch! The leg suddenly just bends backward farther than it should. You don't care; you pull her anyway and you pick her up and put her on your knee, up on your shoulder. The knees hit you on the chest, and you put your arm around her like that. You're going to take her back to the cave. Suddenly she moans. (pause) She's moaning. Then you sort of glance down and you see over here this knee over on the outside; you see that that knee is beat and battered and bruised. Doesn't seem to be bleeding any, just hardly broke the skin. But you see that the end is swelling; you know that there's a great deal of difficulty there, that you've caused a lot of trouble — there's a lot wrong there. And suddenly you remember how nicely she ran, how nicely she walked. And even in your sort of dumb way you understand that whatever it is you've done — just fixed it up so that she can't walk and maybe can never walk again. You know you're going to take her back to that cave. You're going to help her get well as best you can and give her lots of ever-loving care, even though the word doesn't seem to have any meaning to you at — at the moment.

LRH: All right. Pick it up a little bit later. See her walk, pulling herself around the cave.

PC: Two weeks later. . . suddenly, a week later, you come back; you've been on a trip — looks as if you've been out in the woods, out where everything is bigger or faster or-or has more equipment against nature than you do. All you've had was — has been this little hammer — your only weapon. You step through the cave and you . . . you see in the mouth of the cave itself, how you built the fire. Makes it smoky in the cave, but you know that no animal will dare come into the cave — very smoky in there. And yet, by doing — by putting the fire there, you know that no animals will come in and bother her. You step through the cave, then you holler "Hi!" You look over a little corner and you see that the leg that you injured a while back — that the swelling is beginning to go down. Suddenly, you just smile at her and she smiles back. She's been tamed — tamed so that now she knows that she can't return to her own people; she has no place else to go. And after she first discovered that you weren't going to kill her after you mutilated her, she began to sort of like you. So you smile at her and she smiles back. She's laying down. Suddenly she leans up on one shoulder, puts her hand underneath her and pulls herself up to a sitting position, making sure to keep this one leg — sort of keep it straight. By a little manipulation and picking up the side of the cave walls, she finds a place where she can stand up and she stands up. And then, by a sort of a supreme effort, she hops, hops along first on her — on her left foot, sort of dragging that right one. She sets down by the fire and throws some more on . . . some more — some more wood on, some more fuel on . . . on to the fire, and then you begin to-to roast meat on it. And she eats and chatters, and you understand what she's chattering about. You feel compassion for what you've done. And yet you begin to know, begin to realize that that would have been the only way it would have been possible to have kept her; she was a wild one. And you've taken the only means that was possible to have kept her. You hate it in a way — hate it that it was necessary, that you'd like to have kept her on her own terms; that wasn't possible. Now, she's yours — not quite as good as new, except she's yours.

LRH: All right. Let's pick it up even at a later time and take a look at the leg.

PC: Spring. Spring of the year. There's a little water running down the side of the hill down near the cave. The grass is turning green. You still have the fire in front of the cave. You've pushed it out a little ways now; you can do that. The — you're out there and

suddenly you reach in and grab ahold of the girl's hand. You want to pull her out into the weather, out into the springtime — early spring. She can walk on that leg now, a little. It's stiff — completely stiff at the knee. She still has the motion of the ankle, of the hip. You see, of course, that this is quite a limp. She has to rotate her hip to bring the leg around or rise up on the toes at the end of the foot to push it straight through. But the leg is not — not exactly straight either. Seems to be an — a little bend in it, too much, but that's the way the — that's the way the bones have joined together: they've all — all worked together. All three of them have joined in such a fashion that they're completely fused so that there's just a little angle there.

LRH: Hm-hm.

PC: She walks with this so that she drops down — gives her quite a — quite a limp.

LRH: Uh-huh.

PC: She doesn't want other people to see her that way at all, but we seem to be isolated away from everything. We wander down to the edge of the stream. By that time she's tired. We sit down. By this time, she's quite happy, quite happy to be where she's at. Perhaps for the first time she has known security and happiness, even though she has that injured leg.

LRH: How would you feel about her injured leg?

PC: (thud) Sick. Now you begin to realize for the first time that in time this would have happened anyway: the feelings and emotions that you have that seem to be returned would have happened in spite of the injury to that leg.

LRH: Would you think about it very much?

PC: All of the time. Every time that you run after a bear or a smaller animal, every time that you find it necessary to run away from one of them, you find that — that she can't do that. You know that. All of the time you are aware that she can't walk anymore, she can't run as you run — and it's all your fault. And you wish sincerely that she could.

LRH: All right. Let's hit her on the knee again. (movements) All right.

PC: All right. She's . . . Have the animal all ready by the fire. Suddenly you hear this rock running — rolling down the side of the hill, this little path that's been formed on this hill. You look down and there's that girl. She's running away. You don't know why, but she just always wants to get away from you. You pick up your stone hammer; you're going to take her back; she's going to be your gal and that's all there is to it. She's your girl. You run down the hill, you run after her, and when you finally catch her, you reach up and you grab ahold of her; (movements) you grab ahold of her and you pull her back. She gives up, but she's going to claw at you with that right hand of hers. She's reaching up to claw you because she wants to get away from you. She doesn't even want to mess with you; she just wants to get away. You're still holding on to her and so you just reach over and you swing that hammer. (small sigh) She's off-balance, her leg is straight and there's a crunch — and the leg bends backward. At that moment you don't really care. You just swing it around like that and she starts to fall, and you pick her up and put her over your shoulder. Your shoulder sags from the weight of her, but not much. Pick her up and you stride down that little hill and up towards the cave. As you get up near the cave, why, you hear a moan and suddenly you know — you look down at her knee and you can see you've done something there. Already, in that short length of time, the knee is beginning to swell and she's in pain. She's still a little — she's still unconscious, yet she is moaning from that pain. "My God!" you think, "What have I done?" You didn't want to do that; you — you didn't

want to harm her. You just wanted her to straighten up so that she'd stick around. That's all you wanted.

LRH: Okay. Let's hit her on the knee again. And let's just go through rapping her on the knee just as a physical action — bring her head down and rap her on the knee.

PC: All right.

LRH: Just repeat it over and over, getting all the physical effort to hit her on the knee.

PC: (movements) You just reach up and you just grab her, I guess, and pull her back, like that. She gets up. Even though you're holding on to her hand, she gets up; she reaches over to claw at you. You pull her off like this, and then you get mad and you just swing at her like this and hit her on the knee. There's a crunch. You pull her back like that and put her over your shoulder and walk off. You're just — you're running along. Suddenly you're close enough to reach her. You just reach out and grab ahold of her and just pull her back. She starts fighting up good. She's trying to fight to get up. She pulls forward on her knees, then finally she makes her feet. She reaches up; she's going to claw you with her right hand. You sort of pull back, pull her off balance again and then you swing at her, then you hit her on the knee. And then you just (thud) hit her. There, you've taken care of her. She won't be pull — running off on you anymore.

LRH: Okay. Get it again.

PC: You're running along; you run down and you reach — get real close to her; you reach over and you grab her by the loin cloth (movements) with your right hand, and you pull her backwards like that. Gets up to her knees, and then up to her — on her feet and she reaches over; she's going to scratch you. She's going to get away from you any way that she possibly can. You pull her (thump) off balance and then hit her on the knee. Crunch — fall over, and you just pull her over anyway, put her on your shoulder.

LRH: Okay, let's put her down on the ground now, and run the whole thing backwards.

PC: Uh-huh. Just place her down. She's over here. Suddenly you just pull her back like this. And then your hammer is just drawn down just like this — it's laying on the crushed knee. (thump) You pull it out just like this — you can even hear it crunch — and you pull it back like this, and then she comes forward, back, (thump) forward again. And then suddenly she's reaching over to — to — to claw you, and her hand pulls away from you, not clawing anymore. Now she's down on her knees — knees, and then she's swinging back again. And gradually with a hand pulled out forward like this and she's standing there, but she's just running; your hand releases it, and you . . . she starts running backwards and you're running backwards.

LRH: All right. Let's get that again, backwards.

PC: All right. (pause) She's on your shoulder and you just dump her down like this. She's down on the ground, and your hand pulls her back like this; your hand comes forward like this onto her knee and the knee is bent backwards. And you bring it up like this and you return to normal, coming back like this. And she pulls forward, and then she pulls backwards and then forwards again. Then suddenly she's (thud) down there; her hand pulls up and tries to scratch you. And then she's back down on her knees; now she's back — laying back like this. And then she gradually comes forward; she's standing up and your hand releases her like this and you start running backwards a little faster — quite a lot faster than she starts running backwards.

LRH: Okay. Have you noticed anything in that knee?

PC: ah . . . a little pain.

LRH: Hm?

PC: Little pain in the knee is all.

LRH: When did you notice that?

PC: Oh, sometime in the last two or three recountings of this.

LRH: All right. Let's run it backwards again. Now we're cooking with gas.

PC: A little upset stomach too. (little laugh)

LRH: Okay.

PC: Now, begin to — she's up on the shoulder. Take her to put her down on the ground. She watches me pick her up. Your hand brings her back pulls her backwards like this. Hammer goes down like this, into the crushed knee. Then you pick that — that hammer is picked up and carried backward easily. She comes forward like this, and backwards and forwards again as — and she's trying to scratch you. Then she's coming backward like this; first she's on her knees, then she's back — back on her hind end.

LRH: Okay. Let's run that backwards again and let's get all the force necessary to resist the jolt of the hammer as it comes off and get it back into striking position again.

PC: I see. All right. Um . . . (coughs) she's down on the ground. Her hand comes forward like this and she's pulled back — backward off balance. This knee — and she's off balance and you hit her, and your hand comes back away from it. And as your hand comes back, the knee is restored and she comes forward. Then she moves backward and forward a couple of times, and then she's back on her knees and back on her ankles and back on her butt.

LRH: Is there any change of pain in your own knee?

PC: There isn't any.

LRH: It's gone again?

PC: Hm.

LRH: All right. Just swing down and hit the knee and then bring the hammer back up and see the knee restored; swing down and hit the knee, see it damaged, then bring the hammer back up and see the knee restored. And get the force it takes to go both ways.

PC: All right. You pull her off balance and you swing down like this. Suddenly you pull it back, and as you pull it back the knee is miraculously restored. (movements; pause)

LRH: Let's go through the cycle again several times.

PC: (movements) You pull her off balance, swing it; this hits her just above the knee, just back. Then you bring it back, and as you do it's restored.

LRH: Okay. Continue.

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