

CONFUSION AND THE STABLE DATUM

A lecture given on 13 December 1956

Thank you.

Well, I as usual don't have a single thing to talk to you about. But as we go along, why, we may dream up something. Something might occur.

Now, I've given you several talks on the subject of organization here in the last few weeks, and it is highly possible that these talks might have found some small interest, since a Scientologist should be totally capable of taking over an organization and straightening it out for people who can't. After all, what is an organization but third-dynamic sanity? That's all it is.

If you were to go up to General Electric right now you'd find a madhouse. And I don't advise you to do it. Go over to Saint Elizabeth's for a conducted tour instead.

Of course, there is this difference between Saint Elizabeth's and General Electric: At General Electric they're below dramatizing. They just sit there and shuffle the pieces of paper. Then they shuffle them back and pass them on to somebody else.

Any one of these big corporations is subject to an enormous amount of confusion.

Now, what is a person subject to when he is mad as a hatter? Simply confusion, nothing else. That's all.

One of the most fantastic processes you're ever going to run, on anybody is simply, "Mock up a confusion." That's all. "See that chair? What kind of a confusion could you make with it?" You run that in a complicated enough version so as to suit the appetite of your preclear for complication and you're liable to have some interesting and wonderful things happen.

In the first place, every stable datum, every fixed stable datum which comes into being as an aberrated datum to your preclear, is an island of refuge in an endless, pounding sea of confusion. And they're on the island because the sea was tumultuous. And so you find somebody saying, "Well. Where do horses sleep? They sleep in beds."

And you say, "Oh, come now, do they really sleep in beds?"

"Yes, of course they do." He believes this. He believes this utterly.

How did he come into possession of this datum? Oh, very simple. The situation was so confused that only by assuming this datum could he himself feel even vaguely safe.

I really shouldn't tell you about this particular instance, because it happened. His wife was from Warrenton, Virginia, and they have horses down there, you know. And his wife was mad about horses, you know, and never paid any attention whatsoever to her husband and did pay some attention, though, to the chauffeur. He liked horses too, he said.

I shouldn't tell you this story, really, because this tape will go through the U.S. mails, right? It's not you that I worry about. It's the postmaster general. He can't stand these things, you know. I mean – sensitive, sensitive. He has a stable data that "Purity is the only way to get a letter through." I don't know what it has to do with, but it's set. Even religious magazines like Esquire have been barred the use of the mails. Well, that's a religion. It's a religion known as man. Many people subscribe to it.

Anyway, as you look this over, this picture of "horses sleep in beds..." I've never really told you the whole story about this before. I've mentioned the incident, but I haven't told you the real lowdown. We'll take a chance on the postmaster general.

Anyway, he walked in and the bed was all rumbled up. Well, that was the end of his life, wasn't it? He'd have to shoot the chauffeur, divorce the wife, you see? One of these situations, so forth. But he looked in the bottom of the bed and he found a horseshoe. Obviously, it explained the whole situation.

And years afterwards when she had finally done everyone in, he went to work for a livery stable and one of the first things he ordered was, of course, a number of four-posters for the horses.

From what confusion did he retreat? See? The confusion of marital infidelity, the confusion of all the surroundings being upheaved and unsettled and so forth. So he grabs this datum. It explains everything. He doesn't have to take any action. And he himself, however, has to sell himself his own total conviction on the subject.

Now, one day – I hate to use these dirty words, but as long as we've ruined this tape anyway, let's just go whole-hog – a psycho-anal-ist gets hold of him and says, "Now, what is this I hear about you insisting that all horses have innerspring mattresses, and turning people in to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals if they don't give their horses innerspring mattresses and Simmons beds?"

He says, "Well," he says, "doesn't everybody think this?"

And the psychoanalyst says, "Well, no, as a matter of fact, nobody thinks that but you."

And fellow says, "But, please, don't horses occasionally sleep in some bed somewhere?"

Psychoanalyst, being a good therapist, says, "Never! Under no circumstances. You mustn't get these ideas, because everybody will think you are peculiar. And in view of the fact that psychoanalism is a good subject and it's nice and it's kind to people, and so forth, I won't be able to give you an electric shock; but my psychiatric friend across the hall, he's got a machine all ready for you. Now, you do still believe that horses sleep in beds?"

And this fellow says, "Heh-heh, no. No, horses don't sleep in beds."

Now what happens to him? Instantly all the confusion which this datum held in abeyance collapsed on the guy. Got it? Boom! And now he's very confused. Although this is twenty years later, he has the entire sensation that he has just been jilted, messed up, betrayed. Get the idea? But there isn't anybody in his vicinity to betray him. Not twenty years later. So what's the final analysis? Now he is crazy. He has no stable datum to support all that confusion.

Now, if you wanted to play it in the quiet way as a Scientologist, all you'd do is have to give him some stable data. You'd just say to him, "When did you have this trouble?"

And "Well," he said, "it all happened when I went to see this psycho-anal-ist. All happened then."

Of course, you know it didn't happen then. Something got unsettled then, but what happened, happened earlier. So you would suppose then that your best gambit in this particular case would be to simply invalidate the invalidator. You see? If you wanted an immediate result, the best thing to do is to prove to him statistically that all psycho-anal-ists are psycho-anal-ists, and nothing worse could happen to anybody. You see?

And the fellow says "You know, he did have a goofy look in his eye."

"Oh, yes," you'd say. "Yes, yes, absolutely. It shows you right here according to the British Colonial Shipping Board – British Colonial Shipping Board has it here as an entire proof of the subject, but it shows that every 2.3 people who go to see a psycho-anal-ist become one."

And the fellow says, "Do you suppose I became one?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't know," you'd say. "That's up to you. But they're all crazy, because all they do is tell you you're wrong."

"That's right," the guy says. "That's right."

And now you run him a little bit more with some two-way comm, and he will confide to you very cautiously, "Is it possible for a horse to sleep in a bed?"

And you say, "Pff. Why not? Why not?" You'd say, "What did you say?"

"Oh," he says, "horses – do they ever sleep in beds? You know." You can get the pleading in his voice as he says this, you know.

And you'd say, "Absolutely. I can prove to you statistically..." You've got the other side of the incident. You got it?

Now, here is a whole picture, if a humorous one, of the rest point and the confusion. Now, every strange idea that every person has is in itself a stable datum for a much wider area of confusion. If you destroy every stable datum a person has without doing anything at all to the confusion, you'll leave them very confused. Do you see that?

If you had an idea of a river flowing along as usual within a quarter of an inch of the top of the levee, and the levee eighteen hundred feet above the level of the plain... I think that's supposed to be the optimum condition the Army Engineer Corps has for the Mississippi,

isn't it? The levee is eighteen hundred feet above the plain and the river's within two inches of the top of the levee. That's for normal-waters condition. Of course, in floods that's something else.

The way this happens, you know, is the river keeps coming along and depositing floods and spilling over and finding weak spots in the levee and pouring out into the plain, giving Eisenhower another excuse not to give any farm relief.

What happens if you have a weak point?

Now, the whole levee, let us say, is built out of mud, and nothing but mud from one end to the other. And you see a trickle of water coming through this levee, and you take a rock and you shove it into this particular spot. Well, it's stopping a big confusion of river.

Now, we admit that it should have been mud all the way along the line and everybody should have been sane. But you did take a piece of rock.

Now the U.S. Army Engineers Corps says, "Somebody has been throwing rocks at our levee. And there's a five thousand dollar fine for anybody to push any rocks at our levee. Remove it at once." Boom!

The trickle becomes a torrent. The torrent becomes a raging fire hose and suddenly there's no levee. You got the idea?

Now, the mud, you might say, in human relationships is the fellow didn't know there was that much confusion. He suddenly discovers that there is that much confusion by punching a little hole in his ordinary, routine ramparts of life. A little hole occurs. He plugs it up quick. See?

He learns how to do this, and seventy-six trillion years later he's still in the same universe. All around him is endless mud dikes. Not only do we find stones in his levees, but we find bricks, bits of mortar, chips of glass, old bodices, anything you could think of that was handy at the moment to shove into the hole when it happened. You got the idea?

Now, let's get another analogy on it so that it's a little different. Let us say that a whirlpool is annoying to somebody. Now, there's no particular reason why a whirlpool would be annoying to anybody, but some people find them annoying.

As a matter of fact, I had a friend once, E. A. Poe. He was a writer of minor stuff, so forth. Got two cents a word. That's all he got. That's not very high word rate. But this fellow Poe – well, he was a good pulp writer in his day, you know. This fellow Poe wrote something about descent into a maelstrom, and it sold extremely well. People were very happy with this. They bought the magazines even though it didn't make him any more money and it made the publisher a fortune. Descent into a maelstrom. And an awful lot of people then must have considered this very forbidding to have bought so much of it.

You get the argument. People only buy what is annoying to them; they read it to get rid of it. Probably the whole philosophy back of reading.

Anyway, here's this whirlpool, you might say. And a fellow one day finds out that if he says "Abracadabra boo" at it, all of a sudden there's no more motion in the whirlpool. It

suddenly becomes very calm. And he says, "What do you know about that? What magic is contained in this 'Abracadabra boo'? Hm!" So he goes around and he finds another whirlpool and he says, "Abracadabra boo." It stops, too.

Well now, he's doing this because he didn't like whirlpools. Actual fact of it is, he mocked up the whirlpool this way, see. And then he said, back here someplace, "Abracadabra boo equals still whirlpool," see. So he says, "Abracadabra boo"; whirlpool becomes still.

That's very interesting, intrigues him mightily, keeps him amused for half a million years. Great magician. Great magician. He can go all around and still whirlpools and raging torrents and back up the tides and all sorts of things. Probably, he gets overly proud as a matter of fact and gets a big turret, drags young girls off to it. These magicians are – I mean, it's a sad career. None of you, of course, have ever indulged in this particular sport.

But one day he meets a psychoanalyst, see? And uh – uh pardon me, a psychomagicless – and this fellow says to him, "Under no circumstances should you permit yourself to believe that 'Abracadabra boo' is an adequate and sufficient charm to still whirlpools. Actually, it takes some bath powder. In fact, here's a little box of it here."

The fellow says, "Will that do it?"

"Oh, yes, yes, nothing to it." See?

So he says, "Well, all right, I'll try it."

Not only goes on whirling, froths up the place and drowns him.

In his next life – in his next life, he sees a whirlpool and he says, "I know how to do something with these, but I'm not quite sure what it is. But I'm sure that if I said something, and didn't put anything in it that it would be all right."

So, after a while he says – he finds a still pond and he says, "You know that's an awful confusion. I'll try out this magic." So he says, "Spooie." It's still. (Still pond in the first place, you see.) He says, "It worked!"

Now, what do you think he did? What do you think he did?

Well, in the first place he didn't dare unmock or still the thing, so he had to choose something that could be unmocked and stilled. And he was very careful after that to stay away from whirlpools, see, but he would tell people how he had stilled the waters in ponds that were already still. He would make some sort of dodge about this whole thing. He would try to hold on to the illusion that he still had some power, but he wouldn't quite make it.

One day you come along and you're running some process on him, and all of a sudden the fellow says, "There's a word keeps occurring to me."

You say, "What?"

Fellow says, "'Abracadabra boo.' I don't know where this came from, but it's a silly word. Silly word."

So you, obliging, use repeater technique on him. You say, "Abracadabra boo. Abracadabra boo. Abracadabra boo. Abracadabra boo. Abracadabra boo." And the preclear drowns in the chair. Well, anyway...

The most fantastic nonsense can stem out of this rest point and stable datum proposition. But the greatest nonsense is this: that people don't like confusions. And that's a great piece of nonsense. That's classic!

What's the matter with a confusion? Nothing wrong with a confusion. People don't like them. Makes a game.

Well actually, it goes further than a confusion. Motion, just motion all by itself is the basis of it. A thetan basically fools around with motion because he doesn't like it very much.

You see, he can't duplicate motion. It's one of the things he can't duplicate best. He is actually himself, still. He is quiet. He is not in motion and when he sees things in motion, to make them duplicate him, he tries to make them quiet. After a while he gets things obsessed on the subject of quietness and here we go with the "Nonduplicative is bad. Things which will not duplicate me are evil." And when you get a lot of motion that actually attracts his attention very thoroughly, he decides that's very, very bad. So we get his not liking a confusion.

How does he stop confusions? With such nonsense as postulates, with getting onto one particle and saying, "Look. It's motionless." It's going around at a mad rate, see, but he's riding it. He says, "See? That's motionless. But look at this room spin." "Room is a terrible confusion," he says. "Demolish it."

All kinds of oddities could occur as you look at this, but the basic of it is, and the basic idiocy of it all is, a thetan doesn't like a confusion. He likes order. He doesn't like a confusion. And if he fights enough confusions, he himself becomes one, of course.

Now, this whole problem goes as far as pain. What is pain? Pain is a very simple thing. Pain is too much confusion in too close a space. That is all pain is. Because you start running confusions on somebody and he starts hurting.

Now, with a sadistic eye most auditors like to see a somatic turn on in the preclear. It tells them something is happening. What is this somatic that turns on? It is a confusion starting to unroll. Here we have the mechanics of the whole situation. There's no more, no less to it than a mechanical application of postulates.

These things were basically postulates. Now, he didn't like disorderly postulates. He wanted his postulates in a line of logic. A thetan is very good at this. And his postulates should be in an orderly parade. They shouldn't be all mixed up. So when postulates get mixed up and the wrong writing on the wrong walls start to occur, he considers that a confusion. Well, that is the basic confusion.

And now you might say this can be envisioned as a solid, and we do get such things as whirlpools, hailstorms – any rapid, disorderly motion. And a confusion is simply that: a disorderly motion.

A thetan can tolerate, to a marked degree, an orderly motion. But everyone has a different idea of what an orderly motion is. And if we could agree thoroughly on what they were and what they weren't, why, we would have a much different-looking society.

For instance, what does a policeman consider an orderly motion? It would be a mile-long chain of cars, backed up behind a red light that he held the switch of and was never going to turn.

Now, that is a proper state of motion to a traffic cop usually. He himself has never learned the lesson that if you're going to handle traffic you have to get it off the streets. You have to get it rolling. You have to move it, and then it is not very confusing if it's moving. But if you just stop it and stop it and stop it, why, then it stays on the streets and is in one of the more interesting confusions.

Now, usually you consider things confusing that are moving rapidly, but this is not anywhere near as trying as a confusion that is happening slowly. A slow-happening confusion is one of the more maddening things that can occur to anyone. Modern American traffic – it's a slow confusion.

Here you have the idea of disorderly motion. You have the idea that a thetan doesn't like this. And now his remedy for it is usually to conceive a datum or counter-motion which explains or holds in check the existing motion. In other words, he doesn't like this disorderly motion so he explains it or arranges something mechanical to hold it in check. Now, having done this he then is able, you might say, to as-is the confusion.

Well, he never as-ises the confusion. To get a stable datum for a confusion is to alter-is the confusion. And so they persist with what gorgeousness.

Now, that is a bank. That is what you call an engram bank. It is "the periods when I stopped a confusion." You got it?

There was a confusion going on, fast or slow, and there's some moment in it when it just stopped, just like that. Ha! That's a win.

Oh yeah? It leaves the guy with the picture for the rest of his days.

See, he says right at that last moment, just as the dentist is getting right down to the root of the thing... He manages, for instance, in his last glimmering gasp of consciousness to put his hand or elbow out so as to restrain the dentist for just a moment. You know? He held it in stop for just an instant. That's it.

You run this moment out and you get the moment when the tooth stopped the dentist for just an instant. And there he sits in the middle of a confusion. You got it? All other motion was intolerable, but there is a moment when it didn't hurt. In other words, there is a moment when it didn't confuse.

Now, if you go on defining hurt as pain – as in Peanuts; he said the other day, "Well, pain hurts" – this is not an adequate definition for Scientology. You can't take it apart on this. But if you say that pain is one thing and a disorderly motion is another thing, you never can unsnarl a case.

The fellow holds on to these rest points, and every time you shatter them or move them the tiniest bit, this movement causes the next disorderly motion in sequence to take place, which of course turns on pain, and he grabs for a new rest point. So if you ran an engram directly, it would be: rest point, somatic, rest point, somatic, rest point, somatic. You get the idea? And if you didn't give him some new rest points somewhere along the line, his rest points would continue to be totally in the terms of bank.

Now, you could probably make a preclear feel lots better by having him stand up and stamp on the floor for a while. Stamp, stamp, stamp. He'd say, "What are you doing?"

"Well, just go ahead and stamp," you'd say. "Stamp some more. Stamp more. Does that floor seem solid to you?" That's just thrown in, see.

"Well," the fellow would say, "well, it shakes a little bit."

"Well, come on outside here where we got this concrete walk. Now, stamp. All right, stamp some more. Stamp. Go on, stamp some more. Stamp! Oh, you can stamp harder than that."

The fellow says, "Yes, but I'm liable to hurt my leg."

"Oh, go on and stamp."

He says, "This is the funniest technique I ever heard."

You say, "Cures gravity. Go on. Stamp some more."

And he'd be stuck in the session, but the session was relatively painless. And he could substitute the session's rest point for the engram rest point. Couldn't he? Well, that is swapping rest points by substitution. Very simple mechanism.

Now, a preclear starts to fly into flinders in the middle of a Stop-C-S sequence, something like that. If you were to simply grab him and give him a hard shove and slam him against the wall and hold him there for a couple of minutes – I mean, bodily with your two hands, you know. You could give him a verbal holder: "Hold on, here," you would say, or something of the sort. "Stop it, now," something on that order.

This is not good auditing. But it is actually better than letting him fly to flinders. Got that? I mean it's actually a bit better. What have you done? You've given him a rest point in the middle of the session.

Now, he wouldn't necessarily have come through this. He would have found a rest point. Of what kind? Out of the engram bank. So you give him one before he reaches for the engram bank. He merely gets nervous; you shove him up against the wall; you hold him there. You've given him a rest point, haven't you?

Now, you could actually pin somebody there with a very simple mechanism. (I'm not telling you this is good auditing; I'm just giving you examples.) He stands here. We hold him against the wall, and then when we've got him pinned there real good, we shove his shoulder with this hand and then give him a bunch of motion, and then shove him some more, and then give him a bunch of motion. Got the idea?

This is confusion in front of his face, see? That's a rest point. He'd come out of it. He'd tell everybody from there on out that you were a very forceful auditor. He'd be stuck right there, see. But maybe it was better to get him stuck there than in his tonsillectomy. Got the idea?

This is not good auditing. It's merely a substitution of rest points, just to show you what a rest point is and what a confusion is.

This is all based, however, on the idiotic fact that a thetan does not like confusions.

Now, let's get this real good, see? He doesn't like confusions. He considers something confusing, therefore he wants to get rid of it. So therefore, he will not confront a confusion; so therefore, no space will then exist between him and bank confusions. If he won't confront a confusion then he gets no space, because space is the viewpoint of dimension which puts him in the confusion. Have you got that?

Now, it isn't necessarily true that all Scientologists dislike confusions. Not true at all. Because we have run processes, one kind or another, and we've seen confusion in the bank and we have finally, most of us, said "So what?" We get a big engram suddenly swings into restimulation and causes the left hind leg to jerk or something of the sort for a couple of days, and we say, "Well, that's just that damned engram I was running, you know." Not impressed. And it fades on out.

Why? Because we're to some degree confronting it. We understand it. We are able to communicate with it.

So therefore, we're not subject to the same reactions. But nevertheless, we still don't like confusions in magnitude that we call aberration.

Now, I've talked to you about these other confusions, but I haven't talked to you about thought confusion; disorderly thought patterns. We don't like those. They're illogical. They're professorial. They're scientific. We don't like those disorderly confusions.

Somebody says, "Well, I'm very glad that you came over to the house. I'm very glad you came over to the house because yesterday I ate ice cream."

We say, "Well, it's about time somebody called the little white wagon here," if this fellow insisted on this pattern.

Well, to a certain degree we are, then, hypercritical of a disorderly thought pattern. Well, see that a confusion of matter or a confusion of particles just moves upstairs one jump and it's a confusion of thought. Get the idea?

Now, you can actually have somebody with a confused thought pattern. He can't get his thoughts aligned or in a logical sequence. Has practically nothing whatsoever to do with any material confusion, see. So this is a lighter one.

Now, the individual is fixed into a bunch of fixed ideas by material confusions. You might say he doesn't have a time track. He has a consecutive series of aberrated rest points surrounded by untolerated confusions. And this sounds awfully logical to him, you see. "I'm glad you came over to see me. I ate ice cream all day yesterday."

You wait in vain for some explanation. You say, "Well, what's the matter? Have you got a stomachache? You want me to audit you?" Something of this sort.

"No, no, no. No," he said "I feel fine. What's that got to do with ice cream?"

And you said, "But you said ice cream."

"Oh, yes, but that was yesterday."

Well, here is a whole new aspect. Here's a whole new aspect as far as you're concerned. You don't like this because it throws him out of communication. So he becomes out of communication to some degree as far as you're concerned, and because he's out of communication, then, you're not sure what you're confronting. And in view of the fact you're not sure what you're confronting you don't confront it and it tends to close terminals on you. You got it?

That which you do not confront snaps in on your physiognomy. This is because space is the viewpoint of dimension. One makes space. That is the hottest proof of that subject you ever heard of.

We never had any proof of this, by the way, until fairly recently. Space really is the viewpoint of dimension because when a man won't look, there's no space. And we get the phenomenon of problems closing in on people, and so on.

It's quite an interesting series of phenomena which occur here. We get the whole phenomena of valence. The whole phenomena of valence comes out of this: Those things at which we will not peek-sneak.

One day we wake up and we say, "Well, I'm so glad you came over to see me because I ate ice cream all day yesterday."

Why? Well, we couldn't confront this.

Well, there is a method of confronting it. There is a method of confronting it, actually and factually. There are two processes. One, which is "Mock up a confusion," and another process which talks wonders to a Scientologist, if he can get it run on him, is "Mock up aberrated people." Total auditing command.

You know, he'll see nothing for the first half hour of the session. Why?. He hasn't confronted them, he's made them well. Get the idea?

Now, when one cannot get a mock-up, it is merely that he has not confronted the basic image he is trying to approximate in his mock-up. And when he has not confronted this image, the mock-up is blank. So to say "He can't get mock-ups" is an incorrect statement. "He can't get confronts" is a correct one. You see that?

There isn't a case in the world that can't get mock-ups. One does not exist. That I assure you.

But there are cases who have so negligently not confronted a great many things, that when you say, "Now, mock up a cow," and he says "Moo" – we would have an extreme case, wouldn't we? But he'd sure get no mock-up of a cow.

Now, some people don't moo; they just get a blank out there. You know, and they get another blank. They get something black. They get another blank. They get shields, screens. A screen is just a symptom of "I won't look at – I'll put a screen there."

By the way, the liability of ever putting a screen between you and anything you won't look at is you never know when it leaves.

I remember this about a lion one day. Well, anyway... Four or five days later I said, "What the hell's that screen doing there? What's that screen doing there? I don't even know what's behind it. It says here 'Don't look.'" Picked up the screen, there wasn't anything behind it.

Well, a totally black case has got total screens, none of which he must lift.

Now, you ask him to start mocking things up that he can't confront or won't confront or has used a screen on, and he gets a screen. Or he gets a blank. And you can ask him to go on for a long time and he won't get any mock-ups. But all of a sudden he gets a stray shoe or a hoof or a bit of tufted tail out here somewhere.

The best auditing command, of course, is something of – take this – "Mock up as much as you can of a lion." Be diplomatic. Be real. Let the preclear obey your command by making the command obeyable.

All right. Now, if we're going to go in on processing Scientologists, you find something they can't mock up. You'll find there isn't one, I don't think, who can mock up (you know, I said plural) aberrated people. See? They'll mock up something maybe, see, get a blank, and so forth. They get zeros.

Why do they get zeros? Well, they haven't looked at aberrated people. They've looked at potentially sane people. Got the difference?

It's quite amusing. The second that you're able to mock up a tremendous number of aberrated people, just mobs of them you know, and so on, you become in essence a very able auditor. Because you don't care whether you drive this guy stark staring mad, or operating serenity. Get the idea, though? You don't care which way you go. In other words, there's no pressure on you to do either way, and you will improve him for the better.

If you have to process him because you can't confront him as he is, you're going to get minimal results because you'll never be processing the preclear who's sitting in front of you. As a matter of fact, he gets kind of dim.

I remember when the first preclear disappeared in my auditing chair. I started to check up on this. He got thin. He got awfully thin. I couldn't quite see the chair pattern through him, but almost. And I said, "See here, what is this?" And because I didn't care whether he was crazy or what, I looked at him real hard and he got thick again.

But I've always remembered this peculiar phenomenon and I have seen other auditors experience similar phenomena. I have seen auditors have times when the preclear just sort of fogged out on them, you know? "Preclear looks foggy. Head looks foggy. You know? I wonder what is happening to that preclear?" Well, it isn't anything happening to the preclear. The auditor just isn't confronting something about this case. Get the idea?

Well the remedy for it is a very simple remedy. "Mock up a confusion," of course, is the basic command. "Mock up aberrated people, just swaths of them" is, of course, quite another command.

Now, the mechanism of closure on a mechanical level is wantingness. You want somebody to talk or you want somebody to say something, or you want something. Wanting is simply the mechanical expression of the postulate "close distance." When you want something you want a distance closure. So that which you want you wind up not confronting.

The child gets a toy – throws it away the next day. Why? He wanted it. It closed the distance. So he identified this with confrontingness. He said, "Well, if it's that close to me, I can't confront it. I'm not confronting it. Something is wrong with this. I must be afraid of it. It must not be what I want after all."

So we get those old-time 8008 postulates: "What you want, why you don't like," and so on.

Well, this is a very simple thing to see and understand. But the entire pattern of aberration in a preclear's mind or in an organization's organization is totally a basis of a rest point surrounded by a confusion. And the more confusion there is, the more fixed the rest points become.

If you want to stop somebody on the street and practically have him freeze in his tracks, just walk up to somebody and start waving your hands in front of his face like this. And the guy will just go, freeze. It's quite interesting. It's an interesting phenomenon.

This is the basic explanatory phenomena back of all mechanics. This confrontingness, the confusion, the rest point, and so forth. Now, whether that's applied to a huge struggling organization like General Electric or a preclear, you're just applying it on a different dynamic.

It works the same on each one of these dynamics. There is the same phenomena of disorderly thought, and below that level – with a thought solidified – a disorderly pattern of particles, which we call a confusion. And a thetan doesn't like the thought in a disorderly pattern and he doesn't like the particles in a disorderly pattern, and he doesn't confront either of them.

In order to get him to confront them, it is only necessary to have him mock them up. He'll eventually find out there is some part of them that he can confront. Naturally his mock-ups for a long, long time are totally unreal.

The fellow who has a spook out there is simply proving – you know, a mock-up that he can't get rid of – he's just proving he can confront it by not confronting it ever. He sort of tells you, "Yes, I – I know I've got a – I know I've got a mock-up of my mother out there. It's right there." Only he never swivels around inside of his head and looks that way. When his face goes this way, he goes that way. Get the idea?

Now, somebody must have dreamed up the idea that there was something wrong in having a disorderly thought pattern. There must have been phenomena involved with this which made it intensely unpleasant in some fashion or another in order to get out of this, pain. And you wonder about the mystery of pain. Well, the mystery of pain is simply the mystery

of confusion. It's how much confusion is there and how invisible is this confusion. That's about all there is to pain. It's an invisible confusion. Obviously it'd have to be invisible or he wouldn't get so close to it that he could feel it. It's quite amazing.

If you were to look at any pattern of flesh that hurt, you would see that it was in a constant confusion all the time it was hurting. That the particles were running into the particles which were running into the particles which were running into the particles, and this bounced back and forth creates a sensation we know as pain. We can approximate it just by throwing random hot particles, random cold particles and random electrical particles together in the same package and touch somebody's arm with it and he'll be in agony at once. We can synthesize pain by making a synthetic situation of a confusion.

Of course, cold particles and hot particles – you don't expect one or the other to be with the other. See? Things that are hot are hot. Things that are cold are cold. That's orderly. But hot things that are cold things, that's kind of mixed up, see.

Now, hot things and cold things obviously aren't electrical things. But if you throw electrical things in there too, the confusion is sufficient – so actually, merely touching somebody on the arm with hot and cold and electrical particles at the same time won't make a mark, but he will swear that his arm has been drilled by a Mauser bullet or you've just sawed it off or something has happened, see? It's agony. Some day for a fee, why, you might teach a fraternity this.

Where we have the phenomena, then, of disorderly thought or disorderly particles, we also get the phenomenon of fixed thought and fixed particles. You got it?

The phenomena of disorderly thought and disorderly particles: in other words, confusion in the field of thought, confusion in the field of mass. Where we have those two things, we have the thetan answering them with a fixed thought for one, or a fixed mass for the other one. And naturally, we'd expect to find mass confusion full of disorderly thoughts; we would then expect to find the fixed particle that was resisting all that confusion to be full of thought, too.

Well, sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't. Sometimes you take apart a mass on a preclear, a ridge like that, there isn't a thought in it. See, it's simply a mocked-up mass there to resist that much moving mass and that much confusion. And sometime we take apart a thought pattern expecting to find a key thought, and we find a ridge or a mass. See?

And sometimes we find a huge area of particles all in motion one way or the other, and instead of any mass resisting them, why, there's a thought resisting them. See? In other words, we get the thought sometimes goes with the masses of particles. Sometimes a mass goes with the disorderly thought pattern. And sometimes they combine. It just happens the way it happens. It too is a randomness because it is the subject of randomness.

Now, the intolerance of disorderliness and the intolerance of confused masses, alike, cause aberration, alike cause pain.

You see, it isn't that pain proceeds from this and a thetan doesn't like pain. Don't draw the pattern that way. That's a crooked course, see. A thetan dislikes a confusion and when it

gets too tight and too confused he feels his dislike. Get the idea? In other words, the confusion gets confuseder and confuseder and tighter and tighter and closer and closer and one fine day, why, he hurts. It hurts.

Now, you take a series of cells on the hand, let us say, and these cells are in a nice, orderly pattern. They are all well arranged; they are doing fine; the conduits, communication lines are all fixed up fine. And you jab them with a needle; you feel pain. Why do you feel pain? Well, you've interrupted – no more than this – you've simply interrupted the orderliness. You have caused some random particles at a very tight level and you've caused this to be a confusion then. And that confusion is minute and it is experienceable as pain.

Big organization experiences some confusion. What actually is its expression? It feels like it's being hurt. Now, we get used to reorganizing things around here. We get used to it. We get inured to it. Just like we can stand somatics, we can stand reorganization every few days. It's a healthy symptom. We know what's going on. We know we'll be able to get our work done as soon as the desk gets put down. And we try to keep other people from finding out where our desk is now because for days a great calm is liable to ensue before somebody catches up with the proper baskets. It's the only way you ever get a vacation in Scientology, is get your desk moved by a reorganizational plan.

But this isn't true in somebody like General Electric. They are in such a tight-packed, total confusion, knowing very little about organization, that if you disturb one piece of paper, pain is expressed in all directions. That's for true.

If, for instance, an invoice for repair parts on some unit were to be displaced in the communication lines, probably the least that would happen is that somebody would be threatened with starvation. In other words, he'd be fired. See? They run a "taut ship." They run such a taut ship, and everything is so close together, and it's so confused anyway, that the only way to get along in this taut ship is not to move anything.

The best thing to do is to sit there. Don't put pieces of paper in your baskets, because they're liable to get on lines and interfere with people. Shuffle them under your nose. You know? Next week start through the same pile.

Of course, you always run the chance that somebody may find out some directive that was issued three or four years ago that said that your particular post – Engineering Draftsman's Clerk, or something like this – that said that your post took care of where the coffee machine was to be located.

And then it's up to you to become a lawyer and prove that the thing was outdated by reorganizational plan 865, wherein it was clearly stated that... You'd have to get out from under, under your own steam. Nobody's going to help you get out from underneath anything in General Electric, let me assure you. They just help you drown.

Well, they don't get much done. What's phenomenal, what is utterly phenomenal, is that sets and things and stuff move off their assembly line, and advertisements appear in the papers, and stuff gets put into the hands of distributors. This is phenomenal – that people issue stocks and bonds someplace in this vast mass and finance things. You see? This is fantastic that this happens. That's because new blood keeps coming into the firm, and finds

out eventually, and gets settled down – and they get new blood into the firm. So actually, there's as much action as it is expanding.

You look that over carefully, you'll understand the U.S. services.

In time of war it's quite common to look around – you know, not to confront the beachhead or something like that – look around and find out who's with you on this invasion, see. Who's with you on this trip? "Why, there's Joe over there. Hi, Joe! How you doing?. Haven't seen you since Guadalcanal. Ah, yeah. Fine, fine."

And you look over this way: "That's Pete. Hey Pete. Hey Pete, your ice-cream machine running? Oh, you haven't got it this time. Oh, you got a bigger one. Oh, fine, fine. Be over to see you right after we hit the beach, you know."

And after a while you say, "Now, wait a minute. You know? Pete, me, Pete. You know this is my fifteenth invasion? Hmm. I always see Joe and always see Pete. I'm always here. I'm seeing them, and then there's Oscar, and then those Aussie pilots that always show up." And you say, "What's the total manpower in this invasion? Let's see. It's probably – oh, let's see. Per ship, so on, there's probably about twenty-two thousand men. Hey now, wait a minute. It's the same twenty-two thousand. But I just read in the papers back home that there are now four million men in the navy. Where are they?"

Well, it takes that much turnover of new blood coming in from civil life... They know a war is going on and they want to get something done, and in those few weeks before they're detected, they ship enough to this group that's carrying on the invasions, you see (you see how this works), so that another invasion can happen. You see? And that's how a war goes on. It goes on in exact ratio that the navy gets bigger. You see? Because it always takes this much new blood.

You think I'm joking, don't you? It seems incomprehensible to you perhaps that this is the case, because you know that when you join the services you immediately go to the front. No, you go to the desk. They have a worse fate for you than the front.

You see how this could be? Here you have a big organization, and its communication lines are fixed up so that they have to move in a very exact pattern or it apparently causes pain to somebody. See? This goes down the line and it hurts somebody. It goes off-line or it moves too fast or it moves too slow. And there's nag, nag, nag, chop, chop, chop, you see, all the time. Evidently the organization is already in pain or there wouldn't be this much bad feeling going on.

Well, their lines are too tight, too badly planned and there's too much incipient confusion, and every stable datum there is simply curing some horrible malady that is immediately over the horizon and still exists. See? So we have this whole mass of maladies held in check by a few stable data. You got it?

This huge number of things that could go wrong – being held in check by a huge number of regulations that must be obeyed. And finally we get one regulation per one thing that can go wrong, you see? And you're up to the optimum, then, of having a stable datum for every particle. And the same time this happens, then the person considers every particle that

exists capable of hurting him, capable of confusing him. So you have a one-particle confusion, and that's pretty hard to achieve. Real hard to achieve.

But here's this whole problem. Now, I want you to see this, that on a third dynamic you would have a regulation to hold in abeyance certain confusions. Do you understand that? In a preclear you would have a stable datum or a thought or an idea, "Horses sleep in beds," to resist another area of confusion. Do you see that?

Now, the confusions may or may not exist. They may or may not be real. But one never finds it out because he's never facing the confusion. The confusion might or might not be there.

And in an organization the size of General Motors or something the size of the United States Navy, nobody's looked for years and years and years. You walk in, you take a look, you don't see anything there. They say, "What's this silly regulation about 'all employees who have coffee at the coffee break must file past the supervisor's desk which is now in building fourteen.' That makes a coffee break twenty minutes of walking past the supervisor's desk and one minute getting some coffee. What is this all about?"

"Well, that's a regulation," they tell you, because that's their stable datum. A regulation is a regulation.

Well, no, it's holding in abeyance some confusion. But when did the confusion generate? Well, it generated, actually, in 1914 when there were only five employees, and the supervisor's office and room and desk were all there, right by the coffee pot. And he wanted to make sure everybody came back to work. There were only five guys so he could check them off – you know, one, two, three, four, five. They're back to their posts, see.

But now there's two thousand in the same room and they have to go over to another building to file by. You'd say, "Gee, this looks silly. What's this all about? What would happen if they didn't file by this desk?"

Don't ever ask that question. It gives everybody pain. You see why? Something painful is liable to occur. But what?

And they won't be able to tell you what. And it becomes one of these fascinating studies in resisting things that aren't present. And you, walking in from the outside, look at all the not-presentness of the situation. You see? You see everything is running along. You see the willingness of the workers to work. You see the willingness of people to sit down at their desks and shuffle the papers, and the willingness of guys to watch the assembly lines roll. And you occasionally hear them after hours, and they've got some ideas they'd like to put into effect, but they sure better not.

And you say, "Why not?"

And they look at you like "You stupid fool. Why not, he says. Ha-ha."

Why? Well, you can't see the confusions that are not there. So if you're ever going to psychoanalyze an organization – which would be removing all of its stable data – remember that you have to give them more stable data, not less, in order to have them even listen to you removing any confusions.

Now, that works for a preclear, works for an organization – work for any dynamic.

You've got to put more stable data there than you take away or they won't let you remove any confusions. In the final analysis, however, you're trying to make people face patterns of confused matter or patterns of confused thought. And if you can get them simply to confront these things, then space occur between themselves and those things. And they're no longer upset, in pain or aberrated.

Thank you.

[End of Lecture]