

THE ROCK - ITS ANATOMY

A lecture given on 6 August 1958

[Clearsound checked against the old reels. Omissions marked „➤”.]

Thank you.

Thank you.

Thank you.

You're all running a people pleaser on me.

Thank you. Thanks - thank you very much. I'm sure that would have been a rising ovation except for the fact that these chairs would have all fallen over.

Well, I'm very pleased to be here.

This is the eighteenth lecture, 20th ACC, August the 6th, 1958.

And this morning, just turned afternoon,

- we had better open on a devout note.

Actually - the title of this thing is „*The Rock, Its Anatomy.*“

- We're going to open on a devout note and we have I Samuel 2:2. „*There is none holy as the Lord, for there is none beside thee; neither is there any rock like our Lord.*“
- Isaiah 17:10, „*Because thou hath forgotten the god of thy salvation and hath not been mindful of the rock of thy strength, therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants and shalt set it in strange slips.*“
- Jeremiah 23:29, „*It is not my word like as a fire, sayeth the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?*“
- Psalms 61:2, „*From the end of the Earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.*“

➤ It's pretty gorgeous, isn't it? Millie dug those up the other night for you. Yep.

Well, we're going to talk about the Rock and its anatomy and take a whole new look - processing and living and how to get there and how not to get there. And I've given you several lectures but possibly you didn't have total reality on these lectures when I said ARC was the basis of aberration. So went up the line, told you for a number of years that aberration was a third dynamic fact.

When the thetan decided to become sociable he got into trouble, and about as high as he can reach on sociability right now is pleasing people.

Now, at first glance somebody is liable to look at „*pleasing somebody*“ as propitiation but the truth of the matter is, it's not propitiatory. Propitiation is a harmonic on wanting to please people.

I don't think you ever saw a circus strongman who was propitiating but he is certainly trying to please people. Get the difference? So, the Rock of the thetan is sociability, desire for. His difficulty is being sociable.

Now, when you realize the things in favor of being sociable, and the things against being sociable, I think you will see that the odds are in favor of going on being sociable. Now, there's - there is really the factor of the Rock that makes it a Rock.

And all the Rock is, is the accumulated barriers, tricks, betrayals and injustices which keep him from being sociable.

One of you sometime ought to run The Atom. It's an engram called The Atom and you'll find it on any case. Interesting engram. Any person cleared can mock it up again and take a look at it, that's for sure.

It's an interesting, interesting thing. This is from way, way, way back. First batting around an E-Meter on a number of pcs trying to get the story of the whole track, and we ran into this thing called The Atom.

There's the thetan with - usually it's sort of a hydrogen atom arrangement - and the thetan is the proton and something is going around and round him quietly. That is it.

Now, that's an interesting structure to look over; there you were, you might say, one electron going round and round.

And the state of mind in that particular incident clues the whole thing, tells us the whole way, all the way up the line, very interesting state of mind.

A person wants no affinity, reality or communication, but neither does he want no (hyphen) affinity, no (hyphen) reality, no (hyphen) communication. You get the idea? That's entirely different from someone trying to get away from it all. That's entirely different. He wants neither positive nor negative, you know? He's not refusing communication, he just is not in need of it. He's not refusing havingness or mass, he just is not in need of it; and he's not refusing communication, he's simply not in need of it.

In other words, here is a state of beingness, you might say, in which the individual is not sociable. Now, this is the name of it; we named it The Atom.

And that's a standard - that's a standard engram, you might say, or mental image picture, or something of the sort. Certainly it's a facsimile that a person is carrying.

Now, a person is not uncomfortable in this; he's not comfortable in this. You get the idea? I mean, this is just a - not even a „*whither are we drifting?*“ But he certainly does not have the cross-relationship described in The Factors.

The Factors come after The Atom and therefore you could say that this facsimile, or heavy picture, whatever he's made of it, is prior to The Factors.

And we have something earlier than The Factors which then makes it possible for one to understand The Factors, and this is the earliest mental image picture easily available on the track. Perhaps there are earlier ones; I've never found them.

The entrance to the MEST universe set of engrams are of course phonies, and they are engrams, they're frauds. You walk into your own front room and a bunch of gunmen are sitting there, and they say, „*Welcome to this new universe.*“ And you say, „*This is no new universe. This is my house.*“

And they say, „*Oh, no, it isn't.*“ And they bring up a friend of theirs, a psychiatrist, and he electric shocks you, fills you with sodium strychnine and other commodities and comestibles used in that profession. And after a while you will agree with them that you have now entered a new, strange house. Get the idea? This was a trick; this was pure and simple, a trick.

However, a thetan did have his own universe which more or less merged into this universe. You understand when you go looking for this entrance to the MEST universe, what you find is a bunch of fellows who were welcoming you into your own - where you already were. See, that's - you get the idea? They've taken ownership and proprietorship of what you already had, you know? One of the funniest sudden reliefs - sporadic, occasionally achievable by an auditor - is just to ask somebody to get the idea that he built this universe. The fellow is liable to go around for an hour, or a day, or two or three days in a totally different frame of mind and attitude, just to get the idea he built this universe, you know? And to somebody on the street this is such a strange thought that it kind of staggers him, you know; and he will go around, but he flip-flops through all of the engrams about a „*Creator who created the universe without his permission, and created him too.*“ And he goes through a lot of stuff and comes out of it. He usually comes out of this state of mind but he never felt better in his life than during that period of time when he, himself, is brought to realize that he built this universe.

He'll sometimes tell you, „*Myself and ten other fellows built this universe*“ or something like that. And then people kept coming in. And this is a great protest.

No, what he's talking about is CDEI, turned into EI. The scale which begins at the top with Curiosity, goes down through Desire, goes down through Enforce, goes down through Inhibit, has now lost the „*C*“ and „*D*“, the Curiosity and the Desire, and we now have left only the Enforce and the Inhibit.

In other words, his sociability increased beyond bounds of his tolerance or desire. After all, you can only talk to so many people as friends if you have a time track, and the fellow who has too many friends very often finds himself with no friends.

Get the idea? It's just a matter of how much time can you spend with your friends. It's a simple look.

The individual who goes to college, he maybe knows two or three hundred fellows, you know? He winds up maybe knowing a half a dozen well. Well, if the college were to be increased by a factor of ten, you would find a great protest from him. He would feel now that there were so many there that he couldn't know them. And in such a wise he simply becomes aware of more and more individualities. And above a certain level these individualities are a matter of protest.

Once upon a time the US Marine Corps, or the Army, or the Navy was so small that an officer, by the simple means or reason of being an officer, or a sergeant, or a petty officer or even a sailor, or a soldier, or a marine, knew practically every other person in the organization. So that you'd be having a conversation in some part of the world and you'd say, „*Well, you know, Giddy Jones, you know, why, he did so and so.*“ And everybody at the table would say, „*Oh, yeah, Giddy Jones.*“ Everybody would look pityingly at some new ensign or some new private, depending on what company you were in, because he hadn't been in long enough to know the people in the organization, you know? And then it swelled up to 225,000 men, the US Army did, as a result of World War I when it had four million in it.

Now, it'd be a great oddity for anybody to know anybody in the army - be a great oddity for any general to know any other general or so forth.

They have generals here in Washington to such a degree that people in Washington are forbidden to wear uniforms. I think you know that, don't you? Because the town would have the appearance of an armed camp. They found this out several decades ago, that the public at large, as the armed forces swelled up and as the heads swelled up - I didn't mean to say anything derogatory about that sort of thing because I have a great deal of tolerance for these fellows, see? Have perfectly good heads; they never used them for anything. And any time you're out of a home, why, just remember, there are always generals.

And as they swelled up these armed forces to a remarkable size, as they swelled them up, the public began to say, „*What is this?*“ Because naturally if you have a division scattered out through the Southwest, the military department of the Southwest or something like that, naturally it has a general, and it has colonels and it has other people. Naturally, in order to keep tabs on it, and so forth, requires, I think, a general in Washington for each officer of any other rank in the field, you know? And it's funny - it's funny - in some military post somewhere, why, a colonel drives up, and man, that chicken really - really gets some snaps and pops, you know, almost anyplace in the world except Washington. The fellow turns around and asks him if he's carrying a message or something, or if he has a hot-water bottle for some important man. You get the idea? It's just a downgrade.

So, long ago they have forbidden officers to wear uniforms. They discourage it here in Washington. Your streets would simply be crowded from one end to the other with military officers, and some of these sorry, unhappy-looking little men who are scurrying up and down the streets that you see here in Washington, nursing their ulcers tenderly, looking very, very harassed and wearing, always, a suit or a hat of several-years-old styling - especially the hat. You can always tell a naval officer - the hat is something that a horse wouldn't wear, you know, some civilian hat. He's had it crowded into a ship's locker and into a station locker for years, and when he gets to Washington, he breaks it out.

And you see these men up and down, and they are perhaps, in the general scheme of things, very important men in their own organizations, but they don't even know each other here. See, they're totally out of touch.

Now, they are objecting to too much sociability. These people are not happy with this kind of duty if you ever talked to them; they're not at all happy with this sort of thing. They are led to expect certain importances and certain rights and privileges. Even a good professional private has certain things that are supposed to come his way, and when he's simply drowned in the fact that he's just a particle, amongst a bunch of unnamed particles, that alone, (now get this) robs him of his identity. See? So, that numerousness is the best weapon to rob people of their identities. Numerousness.

Now, here, out of this little fact all by itself, we get this great sweeping fact: that quantitative and qualitative aberrations are different to the degree that numerousness is always apparently overwhelming.

So you have some very severe incident which is a tremendously severe incident of pain and stress, unconsciousness, betrayal. The individual has made it into a DED-DEDEX, using old-time whole track terminology, an overt act-motivator sequence. In other words, it was done to him and then he did it to others. That's overt act-motivator sequence. He did it to others and then it was done to him, and that's a DED-DEDEX, which is much worse.

But here is incident quality. Now, that's a quality - qualitative fact. There it is, you see. I mean they took him and boy, they put him through the washing machine, the bread kneader; they put him in the toaster for a while. They had him on the skillet for some hours and then used him for fuel, you know? This is - this is qualitative aberration. See? Both of these are social in their source, but that's qualitative. That is severity; that is duress.

Now, he gets very fixed on qualitative - qualitative aberration and he pays very little attention to this thing called quantitative aberration. That is simply the numerousness of it all. There are so many people. One of the things that people object to about past lives, they

say, „*Well, what about this? There's two billion people on earth today and there were far fewer than that a few centuries ago. Where did all the extra people come from?*“ You know? And you get all kinds of corny arguments of this character.

I, by the way, always knock that one in the head by simply saying very mildly, „*Well, you notice - have you been hunting lately?*“ And the fellow says, „*Well, bah-rah,*“ and so on.

„*And you had, probably had trouble finding game, didn't you?*“

And he says, „*Well, yes, yes.*“

„*Well, where do you suppose all the animals went?*“

That finishes that.

But they will always stagger and boggle at quantity, and you get Scientology 8-8008 with its abundance and scarcity matters. Now, a thetan quite often overlooks the quantity, the numerousness of things as an overwhelmingness which goes along with him every day. Completely overlooks this one in favor of the more dramatic, heroic and much more easily spotted on the time track, qualitative aberrations where all of these people or some of these people, or one of these people he prefers, when he gets down the line, that just one person caved him in. He would rather run one villain than ten thousand villains any day of the week. You see? And the quality of incident is what he normally concentrates on. But remember, the quality - the amount of force, stress, betrayal, injustice, and so forth, wrapped up in that one severe chain of incidents - derives its power from his basic objections to quantity, number of thetans, number of people, because this basically robs him of his identity.

The identity robber is not then a theta trap that eats him up. The robber is the number of people he became sociable with after having been comfortably sociable with a few of his friends.

Now, I well know this mechanism. I've been through this cycle, myself, several times in this lifetime, and it's a very mild cycle; I know you have, too. As a professional writer one tends to be rather lonely. As a matter of fact, he seldom runs into his readers unless he's writing in science fiction and then he's knee-deep in fans day and night, but - and pleased to be so, usually.

But in writing general stories for the public, various publications, he'll eventually pick up a few friends. And these few sort of gyrate into an area of one kind or another - they more or less conglomerate - and you keep running into other writers, and so forth.

And then one fine day - then one fine day, why, you find yourself messed up with something like Hollywood, and there, everybody is a writer. Well, of course, there aren't but about 500 writers at any given time in the United States that write everything that people consume. That's not very many writers.

But in Hollywood, everybody from Ricochovakia that ever put anything together in a school primer has rushed to Hollywood, and has overwhumped the director's wife, or something of the sort - that's usually how it's done - and he is now a writer.

And you have writers, writers, writers, writers. And you have writers and writers and writers and then you have writers, writers, writers. It's absolutely fantastic.

You go out there and I was - an old pal of mine, whose works you know well from general publications, had me to dinner one day out at MGM. And we were sitting down in the dining room there, and he was telling me all about the great and the near great and so forth around there. And I said, „*Who are all those fellows over there at that...*“

„*Oh,*“ he says, „*that's the writers' table*.“

And I said, „*Well, what's the matter?*“ I said, „*Give me a knockdown on some of them; maybe I know some.*“ „*Oh-ho-ho,*“ he says, „*you don't know these writers, ho-ho!*“ He says, „*These are Hollywood writers.*“ „*Well, what's a Hollywood writer?*“

„*Well, he's director's cousin or something like that.*“

And I said, „*What?*“ You know, myself trapped right away with the quantitative side of the thing. „*All those people are writers? Well, I know you don't have very many writers over here.*“ „*Yeah,*“ he says, „*that's right. There are eight writers on the lot. Eight.*“ He says, „*But there's 125 on the payroll.*“ After lunch he took me out and showed me. They had writers in tents; they didn't have office space for them. And true enough, there were 125 of them on the lot. And this was the reason they were there: someday they might write something. One never knew but what they might not have an idea.

But everything that MGM did and produced and so forth, was written by eight old standby novel, magazine, playwright type person, any one of whose names you would know, you know? And these boys had to carry on their backs, in every story conference, eight or ten of these duds who, with their suggestions, could completely spoil the mood of a scene, the thread of the plot. And they'd all of a sudden lean forward in order to order their pay, and make sure that they were heard at the story conference; they would say, „*Well, I don't think it's dramatic enough in scene 178. Why don't we kill Joe?*“ A writer there has to say, „*Look. Joe is the hero of the piece.*“

Fellow said, „*I don't see what that's got to do with it.*“

You know, he's quietly getting him out of the road and so forth.

But this was hard to take for any pro out there. And what they didn't see (and what I didn't see at the time) that it was quantity that was getting our goats, see, because a writer is as good as his name is known, or his pen names. Now, you see, that's - he's as good as that. And you suddenly surround him with a tremendous number of people who are totally incompetent as far as getting their names known; and you give them equal status with him, he gets unhappy.

Old Nunnally Johnson used to come in every night when I'd be having dinner at the Palms - cafe down there on Hollywood Boulevard - he'd come in, I'd be sitting there - same ritual.

„*Red, you still here?*“

„*Hiya, Nunnally. Sit down.*“

„*Red, I tell ya - it's no good for ya. Get the hell out of this town! Go anyplace! I'm drinking scotch.*“ And he'd sit down and have a drink. This poor guy had on his back, Lord knows, how many writers, so-called, you see. He was feeling this - this quantity pressure.

After all, Nunnally Johnson, in his earlier days, was simply a person who wrote in his name, wrote and appeared. And he was sufficiently scarce to be valuable and he had it nicely balanced. And then one fine day he was no longer valuable from the determination of scarcity, don't you see? So, his identity had been invalidated. You get the idea there? I eventually took his advice and went back to New York, where editors were editors, bums were bums, drunks were drunks and writers were writers, instead of staying in Hollywood where they were all seven.

Now, here's a rather dramatic idea, you know? You're a writer and people read what writers write. This is a somewhat favored identity in a society - which is somewhat delusory - somebody who can make up universes and pitch them out. But that isn't the purpose of what I'm telling you here. The purpose is that this happens one way or another, whether a person is in the military, in the arts, whether he is acting and actually whether or not he's shoveling coal.

Now, you don't think a coal heaver runs into the same thing, look around sometime. This fellow is doing a perfectly good job shoveling coal, the boss likes him, he's getting along fine, he is a good coal shoveler. There's two more men that he likes to work with and they're shoveling all the coal that's being shoveled around the „*Burn 'Em Up Coal Yards*,“ you know? They're just shoveling coal and everything is fine, and everybody trusts their work.

And someday, why, somebody all of a sudden decides that „*coal shovelers are shoveling too slowly*,“ or „*it's too expensive*,“ or something of the sort. And they suddenly hire a bunch of very cheap labor that doesn't shovel very much coal, but it's certainly numerous, you know? And these fellows, as the company (quote) expands (unquote), find themselves swamped in about it. And the first thing they will complain to you about is „*These other fellows won't work. These other fellows are getting in the road*.“ One of the things they will tell the boss, probably with great truth, is if he would just get rid of his supernumeraries and shove them off somewhere and get them lost, why, things would be much happier and maybe something can get done.

With some truth they will say this. I know - I know this is a fact around the FC [Founding Church] organization buildings. We have had some chap, matter of fact, the current man who is a very, very fine boy, and we've had him plead with us to get rid of somebody because the person was just in the road.

Well, I don't know whether the person was in the road or not. We listen to somebody who does his job when he - when he wants to be less numerous. But somebody who isn't doing his job quite ordinarily goes on the government solution which is: „*If you can just be anonymous and get totally lost ...*“ You see, the government is on total inversion. „*Why, you want to get more numerous and the more numerous you get, the better off you are, because the less easily you can be located*.“ And these guys have already gone up the spout; their identity is shot; they're dependent on the government for an identity; and they themselves don't have any anymore and their numerousness depends on their overwhelmingness.

Now, you say, where's team spirit in all this? Well, I'm talking about teams when I'm talking about a half a dozen writers or three coal heavers, don't you see, or anything like that. These are teams as well as individuals.

A man and his friends - could be said that a thetan considers himself as strong as he has friends. So here is also his strength, you see? But it gets so numerous that he can't have any friends anymore, or things are so hectic, or the lines are so crossed up, or things are so confusing that he can no longer govern this quantity thing.

He usually looks over here into quality to find out what's wrong with him. He makes this as a basic error. That it is an error is manifest, but that he does look over into quality of happenstance, he says, *„I am unhappy because my pay is too small; my boss is too mean; that incident whereby I was dragged up and put on the carpet for forgetting to light this or that, that is a shameful thing“* he says. You see? He's looking over here for incident; he's looking for experiment, like into the field of *„What has happened to me that I do not feel important or myself anymore?“* See? Do you see this? He's experimenting around in his mind, you get it? To find out what circumstance in terms of incident, duress and so forth, it is, that's made him feel less himself.

Now, all aberration can consist of in its mechanism is the loss of identity and the assumption of new identities in the hopes that these will be more dominant and more successful, and thus we get qualitative activities modifying the quantitative problems.

So, a half a dozen guys get together and they make great big theta traps and they grab all the thetans that ever come anywhere near them, and they're trying to bring the quantity down somewhere into a more reasonable level. That's all they're trying to do.

I think that all the government is trying to do with these huge armed forces that they're accumulating - who will never be any good in atomic war, they'll never even have a chance to pick up a rifle to fight a real war. And yet three-quarters of the tax dollar, or something like that, is being spent on their maintenance right this minute; and a lot of guys who would much rather be out in some bar as a civilian enjoying life, are being held, confined in service.

I think this is a sort of a huge collection machine. I've seen generals do this.

I remember I didn't have a single replacement for my deck force. I needed - I certainly rated thirty or forty seamen first, you know? I just didn't have anybody of the deck force, and I was told there were no seaman first available for sea duty in the middle of the World War II.

And I said, *„What?“* You know? *„What's this?“* And I found there were a thousand seamen first class engaged in sweeping dry docks. A thousand of them, just doing that one thing. That was just one group of them, and some admiral had them there on the base. And I went over to the personnel officer, and I chewed him up one - down one side, and ripped his braid off the other side, and bored a hole straight through his head with a little invective. And he all of a sudden shook loose and he gave me forty prisoners. I didn't get any seamen first.

That was the second prisoner crew I had. I got awfully well acquainted with criminals before the war was over. First ship was totally criminals, and this was a total draft of criminals that suddenly came aboard - made men out of them anyhow.

Now, here is this thing of „*Collect all the bodies,*“ or „*Put all the bodies in boxes,*“ you know? Do you get the idea? „*Push all the bodies under the bed*“ or „*in cellars.*“ Or „*Let's reduce them all to statuary,*“ or so forth. „*Let's get a theory that every thetan should become a molecule and join up with the forces of earth,*“ you know? „*Let's get a bunch of weird ideas spread around that will reduce this confounded quantity! And if we can get this quantity reduced, why, we're all set.*“ Now, he goes the other way, too, and he gets too few people around. So he says, „*How on earth can we solve this great scarcity?*“ „*How we going to make some more thetans?*“ So, somebody like Abraham Lincoln opens the gates of the United States, which I don't remember what population it had back in the War between the States. I have no idea what the population of the country was, but it probably couldn't have exceeded - oh, I don't think it was thirty million. I don't think it was anywhere like that. I don't have my data on it.

But I do have this data - that the population of the country practically doubled and trebled and quadrupled because he said, „*There's too few people in this country.*“ So he opened the gates of immigration, and even financed immigration and so forth.

Of course, the States, as opposed to the nation, began to get the idea that he was simply trying to recruit cannon fodder to burn up against Southern soldiery by this heavy immigration inflow and so forth. But I think that was unkind. I think Abraham Lincoln simply suffered from a scarcity of people to some degree.

And he said, „*Look at all this tremendous country*“ (after all, this man had been raised in the West) „*and there's no people in it. And a fellow can get awful lonesome out there, sitting in a cabin.*“ He was a very sociable sort of fellow, so he just didn't want all that space.

I'd disagree with him. I like to be able to look for a number of miles in all directions and not see a darn thing, you know? You heard about the fellow down in Texas that moved. Fellow asked him why did he leave? He said the country was filling up.

„*How do you mean, filling up?*“

He said, „*Well,*“ he says, „*I got up this morning*“ and he said, „*I looked over there to the horizon,*“ and he says, „*to the north of me.*“ And he says, „*You know, I saw the smoke of a cabin.*“ So he left and went to a less heavily populated country.

You get these ideas, however, of scarcity and abundance.

Now, do you see how ideas of scarcity and abundance regulate the qualitative fact of accumulating and getting rid of people and things? You see how this is? Now, as far as things are concerned - as far as things are concerned, anything is a good conversation piece; and I think everything in the whole universe is simply a conversation piece, or was at one time or another - something to talk about, something to use so that you could make something to talk about. I think the only reason man began to eat is so he could talk about it.

And whether it's - whether it's a bit of stuff, in the case of a piece of something, you know, when something becomes too numerous, it is no longer a subject for conversation.

For instance, there are five brands of foreign cars, you can still talk about them, see? But what if there were 280 brands of foreign cars? What would be their respective merits? It's beyond the person's ability, utterly, to know all the characteristics, and to have driven one of each of these cars, and to have an individual opinion on each one, unless the fellow was practically a swanking millionaire, don't you see? I mean, that's - that's - would be a rather fabulous study, and he'd have to come off of other things and it could no longer be a hobby. He'd have to devote a great deal of time to the study of this sort of thing.

But so long as there's five, why, he can say - he can say, *„Well, a Jaguar is always, you know, falling to pieces, but you take an Alfa-Romeo, why, that's - yes, sir, that's a car, that's a car!“* And he can always get into a nice argument with somebody else about it.

Probably the „C“ is why you have friends, and when there's too much „C,“ you wish you had fewer friends. And it's probably the monitoring factor of how many people can you talk to at the same time. Something on that order, something that stupidly simple.

So, if you've got too much of something, the answer is to get rid of some of it. And when you've got too little of something, the answer is to get more of it.

And what is too much or too little totally depends on the individual. Abraham Lincoln or the Texan? Which? See? Abraham Lincoln says, *„Well,“* he says, *„we - we need - we need five times as many people in North America as we have.“* And the Texan says, *„We need one cabin less.“*

You get the idea? *„It's gettin' too crowded.“* this fellow says, when he sees one plume of smoke on the horizon.

And Abraham Lincoln said, *„Well, there's a place where I can walk for two or three days in perfectly fertile land, without seeing anybody at work in the fields at all. And this is a shame. Open the gates of the United States to Europe.“* See? Now, these are two vastly opposite looks.

Australia has a lot of this, and for years they've tried to monitor this thing. They have arguments about whether they should have people or not have people.

And one day I was looking across a very vast stretch of country there, bush, and populated solely by a few lonely wallabies. And I said, *„Boy,“* I said, *„you certainly got some space around here. This is for me.“* And two Aussie officers were there and one of them said, *„No,“* he said, *„it's just empty.“* He said, *„It's empty, it should have a lot of people in it.“* And the other one said, *„What are you trying to do, drive us all out?“* You know? So here were two fellows from the same country, raised more or less the same way, with contradictory ideas upon quantity. And perhaps the only argument there is, is quantity.

Now, you wonder where all this is going and what it has to do with the Rock. I'm telling you that the Rock that you are running is the qualitative summary of incident, based on the individual ideas of proper quantity. Now, that's what the Rock is.

The Rock then, has still, scarcity and abundance for its basic modus operandi.

Now, you could do things to a case by telling him to mock up enough men, mock up enough women, mock up enough men, mock up enough women. Just enough! You understand? One fellow would chop out 90 percent of those he knows. He'd mock up „*no womens*“ and „*no mens*,“ see? And the next fellow would mock up thousands, and the next fellow would mock up billions if he possibly could. Do you see? His ideas of quantity are the individual fact, because his identity and his threat of identity - the threats to his own identity - depend upon how many people are identified individually.

Now, that's the long and short of it - the way he loses his identity, his individuality, which is to say his basic personality, which is not a „*Russian T-36 Model Yatglup*“ which comes off an assembly line and falls into a slot at the end.

And most people, when they get into this - ideas of mass - will go back into their old communist days, couple three hundred million years ago, or something like that when the philosophy was still old. And they will say, „*Masses! Masses! Masses! That's the thing*“ You know? „*And if everybody has a basic personality, then it's all alike*“ Hell, no, basic - person to person they are not all alike.

An individual is an individual. He does have his own ideas which are not in any way regulated by experience. That's a basic personality. It's the individual unmodified by experience.

Now, when you start modifying by experience, he starts dropping off some of these characteristics and adding others, and swapping, eventually, his individuality for some general individuality that he thinks would serve him better.

But the first invalidation of you came about through numerousness, or lack of numerousness. And there's no good to be king of a country that has one other subject. All small boys playing army learn this. There's no good to be a general when you only got one private.

- And the Mexicans, they can't even enlist people in their army because there's only one private and several tens of thousands of generals. Get the idea?

Now, here's this basic personality, individual's in - is himself, and then he gets the idea of third dynamic sociability. He meets somebody.

Now, in the contest of this meetingness, in order to achieve communication, you get a modification to some slight degree of the total potential of the individual. And you get at times an increase of some characteristics, again to facilitate communication. So, you subtract from and add to the person, don't you see, in order to continue communication.

All right, now this communication goes out, then, further along the line where an individual is just seeking to adjust himself socially. And he has never ceased to do anything else from the beginning of the track until now but try to adjust himself socially.

And his two ideas are quantitative and qualitative.

What sort of a series of experiences are sociable experiences? Now, that is a whole vast panoply of ideas all by itself. What is a social experience? You'll find somebody from the middle of the war meets an old buddy of his, and all they talk about is the time they were pinned down in the foxhole for three days and three nights with four nurses.

Now, that's a type of experience which is very desirable, which I've had myself. Well, as a matter of fact, I was the only man on an island with a hundred nurses. That's the sort of thing that one could... That's correct, I mean, that's absolute fact. They were talking about this in the South Pacific for a long time. „*Hubbard always lands on his feet.*“ I'd personally disagreed with them. I didn't think that was landing on your feet at all.

But here is this adjustment a person goes through, you see?

What is his idea of experience? What is an experience? Now, that's totally an individual thing. So we have, one: person's ideas of how much or how few of anything is enough. See, that's totally up to him, it doesn't - remember this, remember this, please. Don't go so communist party, psychiatric „*everybody's chipped off the same piece of mud*“ idea, you know, to a point where you try to reduce every individual to every individual.

This has been the primary barrier in researches of the type that have been attempted before and which we have successfully undertaken for the first time.

The barrier has been that everybody tried to chip everybody down to some kind of the same looking piece of mud. Don't you see? And that isn't what's going on. We won because we can recognize this fact: that an individual is himself.

Now, he has characteristics and foibles in common with other individuals only because there is a sociability factor! And people rub off on each other.

And what you're trying to cure up with somebody is not anything very specific but the modus operandi of how they rub off on each other. You got the idea? How do they lose their individuality? How do they lose their basic personality? And this thing we are not necessarily trying to preserve, but this thing, to have a better person, we certainly must uncover, and that's BP. And boy, that's as wild and as different as you can possibly get. All you had to do was look at a few people after you've cleared them up, and one's this way and the other one's that way, and so forth.

And you'd have to - you get the idea of the social machinery of the society as being some huge coffee grinder, and you pour in a whole bunch of individuals, and you get out a whole bunch of ground coffee. Now, that's what communism attempts to do.

The cult of the personality, the individual - they take the greatest clown probably that the world has ever seen, and he's just wowing everybody. He's selling Russian and

Russkies and Vodka by the million butniks' worth, you know, and he's just having a time.

And actually somebody in Moscow sends him a wire and says, „*You mustn't be so popular.*“ He mustn't be so popular? And since that time „*Popov*“ is still very good in Russia, but he is not permitted to perform properly.

Why? Because by God his individuality shines through! They put him through a coffee grinder and so help me, he came out Popov! This is the one thing they can't stand when they're trying to deindividualize everybody.

Now, when people talk about socializing everyone, they are going on the basis that all men are evil, and you have to do something to them to make them good.

This is not the truth at all. To socialize men, you would have to give them their experience with one another, not in good, solid, biting form but just give them their experience with one another, and desocialize them on all their compulsions to a point where they, themselves, could meet their friends. You see? Not Khrushchev could meet, some muzhik could meet a bunch of people. It'd have nothing to do with personalities. They're all - they're all coffee beans that went in one end of it, and came out all coffee, you know? Now, socializing it to knock everybody down to a lowest common denominator, and I do mean lowest, is doomed to failure because all you're working with is a person! That's a horrible thing. I mean, it's one of these awful simplicities, and why no philosopher has ever recognized this is more than I will know.

The only thing with which you can make a society is people, but that doesn't mean masses. Sheep are okay! Being from Montana I have my opinions; I'm entitled to those. But sheep are okay in their place, you know, but not in all of the chairs of government, the chairs of universities, in all the restaurants. See? They shouldn't be full of sheep. I've had experiences with sheep.

Socialization and most of its principles are levered toward

taking people and putting them into the school or something of the sort and getting sheep out the other end. And it's quite interesting.

Now, your job is quite the reverse. You very often will find yourself with a whole bunch of sheep, which include many rams, which inexplicably - the socializing process doesn't account for this at all - also includes several elk. And then you have to put them back through the line, and at the other end, what do you get? You get people! Now, this thing flip-flops and inverts on itself as a society goes along the line and there begin to be great customs, a social fad, you might say, of „*Let's get rid of everybody,*“ and succeeded by a social fad of „*Let's not get rid of anybody,*“ and social fad of „*Let's get rid of everybody,*“ and a social fad of - Space opera, for instance, is a „*get rid of everybody*“ sort of thing.

Fellow can become so easily accustomed to being with nobody, anyplace, anywhere, at any time, that he thinks „*There are too many people anyhow.*“ And so he'll go off on the line of trying to waste and get rid of people like mad. And somebody - somebody is born in New York City, or something like that - he goes out to Sioux Falls, South Da-

kota, or some such place. And he looks around, and boy, he doesn't find any people at all, so he goes down and joins the chamber of commerce, and tries to paint up the beauties of Sioux Falls in order to get some people in there, you know? More people, less people, more people, less people - you think there's an optimum number, there's an optimum more or an optimum less. No, there is not, not any general figure; there is simply the more or less for the person. That's what he has decided.

Now, if you understand clearly that you are trying to unburden a basic personality, not get rid of a preclear, and if you understand that his ideas at the final end of the run may turn out to be quite different than his ideas were before on the subject of „*How much is enough?*“ and „*How little is little enough?*“ You know? And that his capabilities should be so and so, and his activities should be so and so - in other words, he turns out with an idea of what sociability should be.

Some gradient degree of sociability is desirable. And he will try to achieve that level one way or the other. Then you can understand where you are going when you are chipping off a Rock.

Now, I said the anatomy of this Rock, and to understand the anatomy of this Rock, you must realize that it rests on the foundation of sociability, desire for. And that sociability becomes aberrated, first by numerousness, which gives you a very hidden, „*can't see it anyplace*“ sort of a aberrative combination.

Now, these ideas of numerousness are not aberrative in themselves; they are simply out of agreement. You don't have to process anything to get rid of these things, you see? But the attempts to run the „*EI*“ on numerousness or scarceness, you know - enforce and inhibit numerousness, enforce and inhibit scarceness, the EI end of the CDEI Scale - where you've run into that, you've got qualitative aberration, and that you can tackle. These qualitative aberrations have paralyzed the thinkingness of the person by enforcing or inhibiting his data.

Now, until you can free his compulsions, obsessions, his unknowingness concerning all of this and his confusion about it, by removing the pain, duress, unconsciousness and the rest of it, he can't readjust his ideas back over here to numerousness again. But he could do that awfully easily if he was able to adjust his ideas.

Now, numerousness, the quantitative side of this sort of thing, is susceptible to personal adjustment without any real processing or anything. You could think up processes that would help it along. But if an individual could change his mind, he could certainly change his mind about that. And that's just a matter of changing your mind.

But how about the actuality of pain? You can talk all you want to about „*pain is an idea*“ and that sort of thing. It still hurts! You get the idea? And if somebody steals your wife, by God, you haven't got a wife! You got the idea? You could say, „*Well, it's all in his mind that he thinks it's bad to lose a wife.*“ But he hasn't got one! See, he feels bad about it and an individual can feel bad.

And don't, as a practitioner, overlook this tremendously valid factor: that an individual can hurt. Sure it's in only his mind. This doesn't make it any the less painful.

Sure he's capable of producing all this pain. Sure he's capable of producing all this apathy and subapathy and all this confusion, and all the rest of it. Yes, because he's capable of producing it, does not make it any the less unpleasant.

And so you have this qualitative line, and this qualitative line is the Rock. It's those experiences aimed at getting rid of or increasing people, readjusting them toward one's own ideas of how many there should be, or shouldn't be. And these add up eventually to such a potpourri of incident that an individual finds them simply confusing pain.

Now, when the individual first raised his hand against his fellow man, his fellow being, his fellow thetan, to run into „E“ and „I“ - Enforce and Inhibit - of affinity, reality and communication; when he first raised a beam to enforce and inhibit affinity, reality, or communication, outgoing or incoming, was the first Rock. Got that? It's the first comm break, reality break, affinity break. Got that?

Now, we don't care whether it was in or out, whether he did it, or it was done to him. Who cares! Now, on this you get a rather monstrous pinnacle of incident built up.

And this incident accumulates just on this basis, whether it's by being smashed in the face with a mailed fist, being robbed by robbers, being taxed by governments, being blown up on planets - no matter what the incident is - all the incidents consist of, on the qualitative side of it from beginning to end, is simply enforcement or inhibition of affinity, reality and communication, done to or done by the preclear.

Therefore, ARC breaks from the first to the last make the Rock chain.

And that is the entire anatomy of the Rock: just an effort to adjust numerousness and scarcity, resulting in enforced and inhibited affinity, reality and communication.

When you've got this whole package, when you look at it, you can see at once that you have the Rock. And it is, of course, curable just by curing ARC breaks, and it's hinderable just by making a few.

Thank you.

[End of lecture.]