

CREATE AND CONFRONT

A lecture given on 3 January 1960

[Based on the clearsound version only.]

Thank you.

Well now, I was going to do something else but there somebody just found my notes. And somebody left them on the rostrum in the Athenian senate or something. All done in Greek!

Want to talk to you about create and confront, before it's too late. It's darker than you think.

Now, it takes something like a course to cover the material which I'm going to give you right now, and it will be covered in a course. But I want to give you enough of this so that you'll have a bit of a gen of it; a bit of the gen in handling cases and so forth, so that you can understand a little bit of what's wrong with these cases.

It's fairly important that we have some clue of this because it's a minor subject. Has to do with the formation and creation of this particular universe. And something like this does - does rate at least a few minutes of one lecture at one congress. We mustn't overrate the importance of some of these things. And to a lot of people, the existence and continued existence of this universe is - well, they just can't see - they just don't recognize, you see, that it's there. It's gone.

There was one whole religious activity, they - to which we're indebted, by the way, for some of the clarification of legal codes in the United States. An activity, however, which - Christian Science - which didn't believe the universe was here. Now, that's all right, but it's not a workable philosophy because when you run a car into a lamppost, the car dents, the lamppost bends. And you can think all the right thoughts you want to, but neither the car nor the lamppost do anything but stay there not-ised. And there's been a bit of controversy concerning the creation of this universe, and I thought that you might like to know about it. There's been some argument concern-

ing who created it or something of the sort. And various credit lines have been given. I think the last one was Sam Goldwyn. But it's only fair that your part in this should be recognized.

I'm afraid this was a mutually creative activity. Apparently, you had something to do with it. Now, I'm not going to tell on you. Nor am I going to see that you get full credit, so on, because after that Sam Goldwyn affair, why - neon signs on the moon and all that sort of thing, you know, that didn't set well. Didn't set well. Because, I confidentially tell you, he didn't, you know, not all by himself. He did have a part of it, and so did you.

The universe got created, because the dynamic principle of existence in Scientology, is create. And you never seem to know when to stop! You just get going, and there's just no stopping you. You just go on making things and making things and making things. And when you get criticized for it, why, then you pretend you don't even know you're making them and you hide them behind your back and go on making them and making them and making them. And the basic principle of existence is create.

The cycle of action that was first discovered here - that I discovered, was create-survive-destroy. That's the first described cycle of action: create-survive-destroy. This breaks down further into create, continuous creation and, actually, counter-creation.

Now, counter-creation is what normally people call a destruction. You've got something sitting there, call it a house, somebody drops a bomb on it, and you say it's destroyed. Well, boy, that is the happiest piece of nonsense I ever heard of. That house was destroyed? No, the house was spattered; it was not destroyed. The mortar, bricks, threshold and the ruddy lot just got scattered over the landscape. That was what happened to the house. But it actually could have been reassembled into a house. So obviously the house was still being created even though it was blown all over the landscape.

Now, these bits and pieces scattered around actually continue to be created because they continue to exist. And you eventually wind up with a universe of rubble. And everybody has forgotten what he started out to create and is being doggedly persistent in continuing to create it, and you get lots of matter.

Well, it's a good idea. It's a good idea if you're in the matter business. But then you come along and you take this debris - you see, the house scattered all over the landscape, you see - and you take that debris and you press it together into new bricks and build another house out of it.

Well, this new house, of course, is part of the old house, only it's a continued creation, but there's an alter-isness someplace in the middle of it called destruction, which is counter-creation (a creation against the creation).

So now, you have creations following creations following creations. And after a while everybody loses track, and nobody could possibly not-is the thing, and you continue with a universe. And the solidity of the universe stays there. Now, that's evidently what occurs in a universe.

The cyclic aspect of matter, apparently, has something to do with - one creates, not as a mmmmmmm, but as a eh! eh! eh! eh! eh! You know? Theme is entered into the creation. There's a - a pulse of creation. There's a create, create, create, create, you see, instead of „*cre-e-e-e-ate*“ you know, see?

And you get things like, oh, the periodic chart and nuclear physics and all kinds of things, you know? All of which are studying what they should know all about.

Then somebody comes along and says he's going to blow it all up. What a happy thought, you see? Now, the only way... We're actually the only people in the universe capable of destroying the ruddy thing. All we'd have to do is persuade every life in the whole universe, every thetan in the universe, to just stop creating it in some fashion or another, and it would cease to exist. But unless we did that, it'll go right on, and no - no amount of atom bombs or counter-creations will ever bring about anything but chaos. They're just spreading chaos into the creation.

Now, this gets dramatized in political philosophies. Communist, for instance, is actually doing a fantastic amount of chaos. He creates chaos out of the chaos, you know, that sort of thing You'll find his whole tactics in a plant or something like that, or trying to bring about a political order - this is not being critical - I mean, this is an actual study of the thing - is devoted to a philosophy of chaos. If you can just make enough trouble and disrupt enough things, then something will fail, and you can put something else in its place. Sort of a gradual disintegration sort of an idea.

And if you look it over, you'll find out that's how nearly all low-order revolutionary activities have operated, Just bring about enough chaos and destruction and that sort of thing and chip away at the edges enough, and it'll all fall apart somehow.

Well, we have no intention of stopping the universe from going on being created, because there wouldn't be anyplace to walk. And it's comfortable to be able to walk, and it's nice to have something to walk in, like a body, you know, and there's space, and so forth.

And if you haven't done too many overt acts against it, it's a very comfortable place to be. But if you've committed too many overt acts against this sort of thing, of course, you keep on getting burned, incarcerated, fed to the Spanish Inquisition, tossed into the revolution, ground up in the hamburger machine - you know, that sort of thing. And the responsibility taken of the general area monitors the amount of punishment which that area is able to hand out to you.

The universe is a perfectly capable place to live in. It's just - it's baffling to some people that they get chewed up in it so much, because of course they can't confront their own overts.

But the formation of the universe can be demonstrated factually, and it's interesting enough to mention in passing. But it is simply the combined, continuous creation of the first objects created all along the line, which are still being created. They're still

being created. In other words, you must have some tiny portion of your attention on creating something somewhere that goes on. Got the idea? It's ...

Now, every time you try to run create or every time you are forced to create, every time you take a workman and chain him to the machine and do an Augustus - FDR Augustus: I think he was one of the early-things. Anyway, he chained everything into the machine and said that everybody must stay on the same job and create the same things from there on out.

Well, he was just operating with an inadequate knowledge of how things are, because a man can't continue to create the same thing without getting very upset. He's at least got to create it covertly. He's at least got to take his attention off of it someplace or another because if he fixatedly goes on doing nothing but create the same thing, he will eventually wind up with all of the debris. Well, the debris comes about that his creations run into counter-creations, and the resultant debris keeps stacking up. And after a while he doesn't know what to do about the debris, so although he's still creating that thing, he takes his attention off of it and goes on and creates something else that doesn't have a lot of debris, and it's a brave new world as far as he's concerned, you see?

He can go on. He can - he was a painter, and he painted until he just got so painter debriised that, you know, the bank was just totally stacked with counter-create.

See, all the critics, the people that sat for portraits and didn't pay their bills, the comment that the - the milkmaid used to make every time she'd walk by, you know, when he was painting a cow. And this nonsense, bits and pieces, so forth, got him stacked up to a point where he was just nothing but solid debris.

Well, he's not out as far as the arts are concerned. He thinks he'll take a crack at sculpting. So he goes on, takes a crack at sculpting next time and abandons this debris-strewn area, you see?

Well, there's an answer to this. There's an answer to this. Obsessive or continuous creation results in debris. And the debris exists and the creation continues to exist, because one never confronts what he creates. One seldom really confronts what he creates.

A fellow creates something and expects you to confront it. See? And you create something, you expect somebody else to confront it. It's like somebody taking pictures of his kids, you know?

Now, where - where this - this sort of thing goes on too long... As a matter of fact, the best customer, by the way, for pictures of kids is the kid. Nobody ever realizes that, you know. I'm always handing my kids out pictures of themselves. And they're their most cherished possessions. They're very good customers. It's just - they're trying to confront their own creativeness by looking at pictures of themselves.

But confrontingness is the panacea of creatingness.

Now, destruction is a limited button. It takes a case that's pretty well off to run anything like destruction, because destruction is not factual. It isn't true that things get destroyed. It's true that they get counter-created against.

Now, if you ask a case to run very much create, you'll find the case will make a tremendous gain for a moment or two and then go into a state of collapse. Because you've run into the debris factor. You've asked him to consciously create what he's already creating, and by putting his attention on the thing, he has to take the consequences of what he's creating, and he can't do that. It's just like throwing him into the bank head first and then toughening the bank up enormously. This creation factor is because he's not taking responsibility for what he's already creating.

Now, he can do this fantastic thing: He can go along and create something behind his back and not take responsibility for it. Now, people can create things they're not taking responsibility for. And people are right this moment creating things they're not taking responsibility for.

The fellow who can be run over by a car is unknowingly creating a situation, morning, noon and night, week after week, whereby he has overts against cars, and he has this situation continuously mocked up, but he has no responsibility for the situation, so he can be run over by a car. You got that?

Now, this oddity exists, that people can create things they're not taking responsibility for. You notice some parents. See, they can create kids and not take any responsibility at all. Funny part of it is there's some families in some parts of the world, all they do is go into kid production, you know? They take no responsibility for anything they create. Like the story I heard one time... Well, that's neither here nor there. Oh, the traveler was down in southern part of the United States and he's walking down along the bayou and he sees an alligator eating a child. So he runs up to the nearest house and he says to them, he said, „Say,“ he says, „*there's an alligator down there eating a child. Is it your child?*“ and so forth. And this old fellow was sitting on the porch steps, and he uncoiled himself and leaned inside the house and he says, „Mammy,“ he said, „*I told you something was gettin' those chilluns.*“

Yes, a person can create and not take any responsibility for the creation. That's what gets most anybody in trouble. Any - and if any trouble is going to be gotten into it's; right from that factor there, you see? The creation is not hooked up with responsibility.

So creation can exist almost independent of knowledge, control and responsibility, This is another factor in another zone, It sits over here. Creation can be done in a total state of irresponsibility.

You never saw a pc admit any responsibility for his service facsimile. You never did. Yet he's creating it all the time.

Well, this triangle that we've run into of knowledge, control and responsibility handles this obsessive creation.

But when creation itself is engaged upon as a process... Datum here: a process - not to be used, not recommended, not unless you've been real grooved and trained and know all the ramifications of this darn thing, because it's dynamite - „*What part of a, oh, mother (any terminal) would you be willing to create?*“ And that run all by itself, of course, just turns on the irresponsibility like mad. It doesn't particularly influence the knowledge, control and responsibility triangle.

And the bank just gets bigger and bigger and beefier and beefier and stronger and stronger, because you're not handling the control, all you're doing is turning on creation. And creation is already on an automaticity, and this phenomenon of a bank getting tougher is simply the runaway phenomenon of the automaticity of create which makes this universe.

If you were going to run that at all, it'd have to be on the order, I think, of about one to ten. If you ran it for one minute or ran it for one hour, you'd have to run ten hours of the counter-process.

Now, the counter-process to this is Confront, Alternate Confront. So it should be run. If you're going to run any Create at all, you'd have to run it about ten to one on Confront.

So if you said, „*What part of a mother would you be willing to create?*“ and if you said that for ten minutes, well then, certainly for a hundred minutes you'd have to run „*What part of a mother would you be willing to confront?*“ or „*can you confront?*“ or „*could you confront?*“ as an alternate question with, „*What part of a mother would you rather not confront?*“ which gives you the plus-minus confront and takes away the debris and takes the maybes and mysteries out of the line.

Now, it is in our power to restimulate any terminal in the bank we want to. The terminal is totally flat, is not giving the pc any trouble whatsoever, he's acting like he's Clear, and then we start clearing him on things he might run into someday.

And just by running Create, we can restimulate and artificially key in any terminal we want to get our hands on in the bank and clean up.

We know this fellow once had epileptics - fits, and he doesn't no long - any longer have epileptic fits, and they dropped out somewhere along the line, you see? Well, we want to get real thorough about it and we determine this, we locate the terminal it dropped out on, and it's flat. Well, all we've got to do is run „*What part of that terminal can you create?*“ or something of that sort, and it'll bang back into view again, you see? And then we run it - Confront or Responsibility, and we knock it back out. Only this time, of course, it'd go back out with much less tendency to pop up. Got the idea?

Scientologist now has in his hands the ability to restimulate at will any engram, facsimile, terminal or anything else. It isn't that those things that are flattened can always be restimulated. That isn't true.

The two processes: The weakest one of the two, which is one of the strongest processes there are, is Confront. It's the weakest of the two. The process which is strong-

est of this is Responsibility. That is the strongest process, run in some version that's an intelligible version.

So that you get as a very fine process - a very, very, very fine process for use on anything and everywhere... Don't expect this thing to do tremendous, miraculous things in three seconds, you know? It's no trick process. But just for the long haul, it does a wonderful job in the hands of almost anybody. If you were being audited by a very inexperienced auditor and were audited on this process, you would get someplace regardless of whether he held the E-Meter with his toes or kept yelling at Bill out the window or something of the sort, see? You'd get someplace.

And that process would be Alternate Confront: „*What can you confront? What would you rather not confront?*“ And that, just as a general process, tends to knock off the debris incident to having created. In other words, by getting Confront run, you knock out the debris kicked in by all of this irresponsible or responsible creatingness.

Now, what's this tell you? This tells you that artistic rehabilitation is in your hands. I'm going to write a book on this subject one of these days if I can get a couple of moments to breathe. Necessary to breathe, you know, to write a book. You have to be able to breathe at the same time; I'm developing it as a skill. You can write a book and handle dispatches and audit a case all at the same time, but I found out that the absolute necessity is while you're doing this and you're in a body, that you also breathe. It's a discovery I made.

Of course, I haven't told you what I mean by breathing. Breathing has to do with going out and looking at the weather, you know? Breathing has a lot to do with wondering how fast motorcycles go and other irresponsible things, you know? You take a breather.

Now, creatingness requires a certain amount of confrontingness, and any artist who has ever been artistic has practically destroyed himself by out-creating himself.

You want to know what happened to your ability to write? You want to know what happened to your ability to paint, your ability to sculpt or your ability to mock up as far as that's concerned? You want to know what happened to your ability to dance? Why, one day you're being run on something, you find yourself looking at a grand piano and realize that someplace or another you've been a concert pianist, and you sit down to the local apartment-sized piano in a friend's place and you can't even pick out „*Yankee Doodle*“ with one finger.

And you say, „*Well, I couldn't have been that person.*“ No, I'm afraid you've run into the best guarantee that you were that person.

In other words, your creatingness has gone beyond your confrontingness. See, you've created further than you've confronted, and created further than you've actually taken responsibility for. Boy, I tell you, the fellow who starts handling responsibility for his „*grand pianisingness*“ - boy, that's a tough word, you know?

I remember when I was a concert pianist. Boy, we didn't have any trouble with that. You hand it over to the box office: The reason you play is because the people want to pay money to hear you play Ha, ha.

You're creating and they're confronting, aren't you, huh? Ha, ha, ha, ha, heh, heh, heh! You're not creating and confronting, see? You're creating; they're doing the confronting.

You put confronting on automatic while you're creating, and you've had it any day.

That doesn't mean that you shouldn't play grand pianos in front of Carnegie Halls or whole track halls or something of the sort, you see? But it does mean that if you're going to create, you've got to learn how to breathe.

About the dirtiest trick I think I ever had be played on myself as a writer comes very much to view. I used to want to go out and research what I was writing about. Everybody that was connected with me at that time thought this was a horrible thing for me to do.

Of course, you must realize that when I did this sort of thing, I would turn up three, four, six weeks later with nothing left of my wardrobe but a pair of gumboots and some old corduroy pants, you know? Stubble of beard. I'd gone out and lived the part, you know? I'd be in a remarkably secondhand condition - broken fingernails and all that sort of thing, you know?

If you're going to write a story about logging, well, you'd better get in and log, man, you better get in and log. You go down and sign up on the logging crew. You know? And you decide you know all about being a sawyer now; you'd better be a feller. Something of that sort. So you'd fell some tall tales.

You have to be awfully slippery, you know, to be able to do this, because it means you've got to acquire professional skill while walking up to the manager and then exhibit it after being hired. Makes for a quick study.

They didn't like to see me do this. I'd just disappear out of ken. Of course they'd worry about me and all that sort of thing. I'd come back with engine oil all over me, having been a stunt pilot for seven weeks, you know? Write a story about it or something. It worried them, as one could see, but it was a dirty trick. Because I used to have a system of not writing about things I didn't know about. And I think it's a fairly good maxim. I would advise it to almost anybody, particularly science-fiction writers.

If they'll just get somebody - some auditor to cooperate with them a little bit and give them a session now and then and so forth, they can go off and have all the space opera they want. They can get firsthand knowledge of the situation. Of course, they might never get back here, but that's beside the point.

But firsthand knowledge is - is the thing a person should have, because it gives you a chance to confront. Get the idea? And you just never get tired of writing, that's all, you see? You don't get tired of writing. You go out and you do a lot of confronting and get your hands dirty and get in brawls and mixed up one way or the other.

The next thing you know, why, you just feel fine. You just feel fine as silk, you know? Just „*Ah, pooh!*“ And you get back in there and do some more creating. I don't care whether you're painting or playing a piano or anything else, you got to be able to breathe, too.

And if you don't learn how to breathe, you're not going to last long as an artist, let me tell you. And I say the overt act that's played against me is people were arguing at every side, trying to keep me from breathing. They still do. Every now and then, people object to my handling hot machines or something like this.

They say, „*Well, Ron, you're valuable*“ Well, I know I'm valuable. Nobody has to kid me about that. I know exactly how valuable I am, how - how small my value is and how large my value is. I don't make a mistake in this particular direction. It's a total estimate of the situation. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here.

They don't have to tell me I'm valuable. In the first place, there's nothing can happen to me. I know. Better people than this planet have tried. See? I mean, there's nothing can happen to me, and actually there's nothing can happen to you. But there's something can happen to your identity and presence. See, and they want to preserve your identity and presence. And they don't think you'd look nice all poured in between the wheels and motor of a racing car, see? Well, your body and identity don't look nice that way, and it's not something that people like to confront. And of course, there's nothing can happen to you beyond the loss of an identity.

And of course, you re so knuckleheaded and have gone down so far on create that you can't mock up another body at this particular moment and you need processing. (This, by the way, I keep picking up here is just a list of my crimes.)

Now, wherever we have a - an over-create, too much create and too little confront, we've got difficulty in the field of artistry. That's what happened to your pinaner playing, and that is why you as an auditor can take a former pinaner player, you know, like Chopin or so forth, and get him to run Reach and Withdraw on the piano. Next thing you know, he can play the piano.

Did you ever stop and think of what a mystery that was that that thing happens, you know, that the guy goes out and he feels an automobile, you know? Feels an automobile and he can drive an automobile. Some of you probably don't realize you can do that in Scientology. Fellow's unable to drive a car or paint a picture, something like that, well, you just make him reach and withdraw from the tools of the trade. Make him withdraw from the objects he's trying to handle. Make him reach and withdraw from the areas, familiarize himself with this sort of thing. It's just ordinary contact. Just as simple as that. Hardly any auditing commands to it at all. And the next darn thing you know, you run out of - a lot of his create - obsessive create.

Well, factually, you run out his counter-create. And what do you think an overt act is but a counter-create? Something is being created, so you counter-create against the thing. Well, that's a create, too. And your counter-creates get all mixed up with creates, and you don't know whether you're creating or counter-creating, so one fine day, why, you're stopping yourself from writing a book. Instead of creating a book, you

counter-create a book every time you write a book, you know, like James Joyce. Ah, it's an overt act against James Joyce; he's got a right to be unintelligible, just like I have.

Now, Reach and Withdraw then is a specimen of this confront, that's all. And you get a fellow to reach and withdraw from a piano, and he'll recover all of his abilities to play piano. But the funny part of it is, it takes about ten to one.

Now, if he spent a lifetime playing a piano, at first glimpse, to recover his concert accuracy, you'd have to spend ten lifetimes of confront to recover that thing totally. Fortunately, he didn't spend the whole lifetime doing it. Actually, the number of hours he spent at a piano was relatively minor. And the number of hours he was playing found only a few amongst them where he was really creating. See?

So at first, creatingness seems to spread itself all over the place and then it comes down to actually what he is creating. The rest of it he's simply repeating.

So you could have this sort of thing happen rather rapidly. But if somebody's interested in painting, doesn't seem to be able to paint, well, the thing to do is to go and paw pallets and daub paint and pull reach and withdraw from brushes and canvases and so forth and make him get paint on his nose and so forth, and not let him do a doggone thing creative about it.

Now, these therapies - these hobby therapies have a certain workability in this direction, but they lose their target the moment that they ask the fellow to create anything.

You mustn't let the guy create anything. All you want him to do is handle the materials. I don't care what he uses them for, but don't let him create with them, and hobby therapy works.

You're trying to recover basket weaving: well, just let him handle miles and miles and miles of raffia or something, see? Don't let him do a lousy thing with it, you know, just handle it. The second he looks like he's going to tie up anything that looks like a basket and so forth kick him in the pants. Just let him handle the raffia, you know? „*Raffia!*“ Next doggone thing you know, he can make beautiful baskets.

Thetans do this, you know? They make things for other people to use. The cobbler's children, you know, never have shoes.

Now, it's pretty hard for a writer to handle enough stuff to make up for the amount of writing he's doing, because he's writing about the universe. And he's creating in and out and about and this and that and characters and the universe, and so forth, and he actually would have to do a lot more breathing.

Similarly, a painter. He's reducing to two dimensions a tremendous amount of three-dimensional, heavy-mass material. So he's apparently dramatizing a „*make nothing out of it.*“

And similarly, a writer is „*a make nothing out of it.*“ Actually, he's doing a create job, but he's taking big, solid, massive things, and he's putting them down to the thinness of thought.

And the painter is taking these big, massive scenes and that sort of thing and reducing them down to the thinness of canvas, the thinness of a two-dimensional picture. You see? And his creativeness gets mixed up with a not-iness, in his own head. It's perfectly all right to make a smaller duplicate of anything, but he never thinks of doing that. He thinks of creating.

I remember when I was a young writer, I used to be able to write anybody's style. I was tremendously pleased to be able to do so. I've been able to do it for generations. Just pick up - just pick up anything, you know, and say fine. You know, write it. I wrote a - a western one time in total - I was never Shakespeare - wrote it in total Shakespearian verse. And neither the editor nor any reader ever noticed it. They merely thought it was a very fine story, and I think it was just a year or so ago that it was filmed - dragged out of the archives and filmed as one of the prominent TV plays. The thing is written in Shakespearian prose; it scans, every single bit of it. I've even pointed it out to two or three people, and they say, „*By golly, you're right, you know? Well, why didn't I notice that?*“

Well, you escape creating by copying very often.

A very good craftsman doesn't care who he copies. He just couldn't care less. He'll just duplicate anything. Anything comes into his mind, he'll duplicate it.

It's only some guy that's practically spinning who has to be totally, personally, individually, separately original! He's not long for this world when he has to do that.

It's a big joke on my part now and then to float into an existence an extra work of some writer. Sometime before this century is out, I'm going to float into existence another story by Edgar Allan Poe. Just because it'd be an amusing thing to do. It was one that he missed that he should have written. I happened to think of it, so I'll write it, see? Don't know how it'll get discovered but somehow it'll get discovered somewhere. Probably in the rare manuscript collection at the Library of Congress.

But who cares about something of this particular character because that's not serious. You'll find that I am ordinarily only serious about those things that are relatively important on the dynamics. The rest of the time, I play hooky. That's a fact. I play an awful lot of hooky.

But when you create, create, create - „*Got to create! Box office! Public! They expect it!*“ you know? Create, create, create. Never look at anything, you know? After a while you can't write. After a while you just can't do it anymore, you

know? After a while you can't paint.

And somebody shows you a pallet and so forth and, holy cats, you might have been Rembrandt. He was a pretty good boy. He's a pretty good boy, Rembrandt. But he isn't painting now. Otherwise, there'd be some Rembrandts lying around. And there aren't. So, you just create, create and don't confront, and after a while you say, „*Well, I just can't do it anymore,*“ which means you can't take responsibility for it anymore, which means you better not know about it, which means you lose all control of it.

And somebody shows you a Rembrandt a couple of generations later, a pallet and a brush and says, „*Daddy, paint me a picture.*“

„*No, I just don't have anything to do with that, son. Huh, huh. I just never was able to do anything like that.*“ That's a fact. He couldn't even do it for his own kid. You know, he couldn't even make a picture of a cat with the two ears, you know?

And if he was stupid enough to do so in kindergarten, a tremendous weariness would settle over him, you know? He'd say, „*I don't know what's wrong but I don't feel well.*“

Well, of course, it couldn't be the creativeness of drawing a picture of a cat because he's Rembrandt. You get the idea?

Well, a man doesn't have to be a stellar name. A stellar name presents us an interesting problem all by itself. Any time you grab off a stellar name and really put yourself up in lights and so forth, you've ordinarily had it for a while anyhow.

But an individual just gets to a point where he just can't bear the thought of taking any more responsibility for creativeness.

Now, this is all mixed up with overt acts, all mixed up with counter-efforts, all mixed up with this and that. And it's all resolvable in various ways but the simplest and easiest way to resolve it, if the longest, is just to get the person to confront or run any kind of a confront, like „*What part*“ or „*What about a painting*“ or „*What about a painter could you confront? What about a painter would you rather not confront?*“ you know? And eventually the guy will start sorting it out, and he'll go through phases of „*Got to paint, can't paint. It's all right to paint. No, it isn't.*“ And the moral problems associated in painting... It's - all that's happening is you're rehabilitating his ability to create by running out his obsession on the subject, which in itself has taught him that he runs into total apathy about it.

This business of running into the repeating identity is, of course, one of the more amusing phenomena. It's a phenomenon of - that's broke more hearts.

You keep trying to beat your own record, you know? I was mentioning this racetrack. It was about nineteen thousand years ago, twenty thousand, thirty thousand, forty thousand, In the Marcab Confederacy they had a race-track. And you were probably there. And you either have attended its races or had something to do with it, because you find it on most cases.

There's one 1216 B.C, that shows up on any case - the Brotherhood of the Snake. 1216 B.C. It shows up on any case. Well, evidently, this other one is the same breed of cat. Almost anybody going through Marcab Confederacy sooner or later got mixed up with the racetracks.

They had turbine-generated cars that went about 275 miles an hour. They ran with a high whine. I notice they've just now invented the motor again. And they had tracks that were booby-trapped with atom bombs, and they had side bypasses. The tracks were mined, and the grandstands were leaded-paned. And the audience - it got to be kind of a „*no audience.*“ You never could see the audience.

And oh, they had loose-sand sections and they had slick-oil asphalt and they had ice sections and loose gravel. Any kind of hazards you could think of. A mountain that you went up to the top of and fell off; you know?

And just - there were just more drivers killed. There was more blood pouring on that track, you see, all the time. I mean it was always goofed up. Ten, twelve thousand years, this was the favorite sport of the Marcab Confederacy, apparently.

If I'm restimulating you, okay. It's not done intentionally. You'll run into this sooner or later. You'll wonder... You've probably often wondered what that needle-like ping-ing was in the back of your neck. Well, you probably wound up on the track some time or another as a driver or something of the sort.

Because nearly everybody, when he wanted to go to the devil, went to this track and became some part of its operating personnel, because it was the fastest ticket out in a society which absolutely insisted that you live!

The Marcab Confederacy's medicine was so excellent that an individual just couldn't die out of it. That was all. They would drag you back and fit an arm on, fit a leg on, fit a nose on, fit an eye in. They could give you artificial voices and artificial vision and artificial digestion and artificial everything else. The next thing you know, there wasn't even an original part left including you, you see?

But there was always a road out, you know. You could... If there was too much peace, and you couldn't go to war and get yourself killed, you could always get involved with something like the racetrack, you see? That was a sure ticket out.

Well, one of these things of a repeating identity - this happened to me over a course of quite a while: I'd be doing something constructive, and so forth, and I'd go play hooky. Or I'd get tired of that particular body setup. I'd go play hooky, wind up down at the racetrack driving a car, you know? Just hooky, you know? This is a rough thing to do on people because it was awful hard on their equipment.

And just go in there and be the Silver Streak, you know? The Silver Streak. You know, so many laps in so many seconds, you know? Track record! Track record. I'd get bored with it and do what I went down there to do anyhow. Work it out in such a way that it really wasn't my fault for knocking myself off, you see? And take one of these cars and wham it into the grandstand or some such place, see, and that'd be the end of that body. And nobody could argue with it, see? Medical science could do nothing after that. Go pick up another body or a doll or something like that and go on about my business and carry out the mission.

But after a while this got rather bad because - come down the track and I'd be the Red Comet, see, driving around. Get to walking in and out of the lobby, and I'd see this picture here of the Silver Streak. And I'd look at this, „*Track record so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so. Aaah, who's this guy,*“ you know?

And so before I used the track for the purpose it was intended, which was knocking off a mock-up, why, I'd get in there and, urrrr-rroorn! you know, and managed to take a minute off of that time, you see? Manage to take this many laps off as the total

endurance record, and.. Oh, they had races there that'd go for two weeks. You'd be driving for two weeks. They'd just keep doping you up. Needles hitting you in the back of your neck, you know, giving you new jolts. This is space opera. This is what this planet is in for. I mean, boy. And knock it off, you know?

I remember I got tired one time. Did have one overt act on the track - it was real bad - is I got tired of wondering whether or not there really was an audience back of those leaded panes. Took one of those tracks - cars, turned it at right angles, and threw it through one of the windows. There was an audience there.

So anyhow, a few lifetimes later, why, things would be going along pretty good, and the mock-up would be all patched up, and I'd think I was due for a new issue or something like that, and I'd wind up down at the racetrack. Total nom de plume identity - my own identity totally masked, you know, and go in there as the - the Green Rocket!

And as the Green Rocket, you know, be going errrr-vrooom! you know, that sort of thing. And one day walking through the lobby, „*The Red Comet. The Silver Streak. Nyah, who are these bums? Track record so-and-so and so-and-so and leaped six cars. Six cars.*“

And the Green Rocket, of course, would get a picture, posthumously: „*One of the great drivers of all time who had leaped seven cars and had taken eight minutes off the track record,*“ you see?

I think in the course of about twenty-five hundred years there were an awful lot of pictures in there, but I had about sixteen of them.

I'd just keep going back and beating my own record, see? And I finally would just be exhausted, you know? You know, the Green Rocket. The Red Comet. The Silver Streak. You know? The Gold Bomb, you know? Oh! Whoo! How in the name - 'cause, you see, the equipment for eleven-twelve thousand years never changed one iota. Nothing was ever bettered. It was just ability, you see? It'd be pure, raw ability. As a matter of fact, the equipment was getting a little bit worse. And always beating your own record. You get down to a point finally where it isn't possible. You just have to give up. Well, who defeated you?

Ah, the only reason I'm telling you this rather humorous anecdote is just to pound it home to you a little bit that you're basically in competition with you.

You are - have most in common with you. You, in this life, have most in common with you in another life. Unless you keep in fairly clear view... In all of those lives, there was no question in my mind about who I was as long as I was going about my business and not playing hooky. See, I knew who I was, I knew what I was supposed to be doing. I knew what I was... But I'd go play hooky, bury the identity, counterfeit it and take no responsibility for it. and knock off the mock-up, which of course I couldn't take responsibility for.

Naturally, I'd get these doggone identities stacked up, and after a while just couldn't face the idea of driving any more racing cars because those guys were too good! I knew I couldn't be that good.

Now, writers, pianists, all the rest of the artistic world, to some slight degree, are running into their own identity - to some slight degree, whether great or small.

If a man is on the track doing painting, I can assure you that some scrap of his work has survived somewhere. Now, he doesn't have to be the great name. You would be amazed how many people there have been who were great in their times. An awful lot of great right now.

But a writer just gets to a point where he can't compete with himself anymore. You get the idea? When he runs into that sort of thing, he's more or less had it. And a fellow who has just gotten through being a famous writer in the last generation is practically sunk in his next lifetime, He's liable to be taught his own books in his own literature classes. It's horrible! I'm not in that position right now. I just happen to speak from a pc.

But for the last twenty-five hundred years I have been taught my own speeches. I've still got extant pieces of writing up and down the track. There's quite a little bit. Amazingly constant. And I have not necessarily taken an irresponsibility for the thing. I - one of these days, I thought I might get together a little book of extant writings of one character or another. Thought you might find it amusing.

But where you're - where you're in constant competition on creation with yourself why, you've more or less had it, you see?

What you're looking for when you try to solve a case is the points of greatest creativeness which haven't been confronted, because that lifetime will be in total restimulation, with total irresponsibility for it.

The one person you're not willing to be is the person you were. Isn't that funny? The one person you're not willing to be is the person you were.

It's no good even sitting down and asking a pc, „*Who would you most be - most unwilling to be?*“ because he'll always miss it. It's a total not-is-total not-is. And when you're auditing on it, he's most of the time, „*No, I wasn't it. No, I wasn't it. No, I wasn't it.*“

Sometimes he picks out a famous identity of one character or another which is an offbeat or a repetitive identity on another civilization millennia. You know, this civilization thing is - repeats itself like a baby's development.

You know, you have these various circumstances. There's been seventeenth-century France time after time after time on the time track, you know? And there's been - there's been a Renaissance time after time after time. There are Greek civilizations time after time after time. You get the idea.

About the only thing there hasn't been enough of according to the American public, has been cowboy civilizations.

But you'll find the point of greatest creativeness of an individual or what he is creating or what he's most, in this lifetime, been involved in creating is most what's wrong with his case as a computation. And you've got to get that confronted. You've got to get him to take some responsibility for it; you've got to get him to confront it. The

easiest way to do is just to get him to confront it; the fastest way to do is to get him to take some responsibility for it. The rest of the case will fall out in the soup.

But of course, in order to audit a case at all, you have to establish two-way communication. To establish two-way communication, you've got to get off the overts and withholds.

Similarly, you'll find that most writers when they fail, fail because, Lord knows how long ago, they killed a writer.

And when they've killed a writer and then they afterwards try to write - they're actually not trying to do a life continuum on him - they accidentally started to write and then got that other one restimulated and so failed.

All kinds of crossplays occur in this field of creation, but creation is so much the button, that it's practically everything wrong with a case. And creation without responsibility is the downfall of any case anywhere.

The rehabilitation of artistry is rather easy, and to you would probably pay off greater dividends than any other single activity because you could put every stage and screen star you could lay your hands on, every painter and everybody else in the field of the arts and communication right back into the run. All you'd have to do is get him to take some responsibility for what he's doing, get the overts off on what he's doing and you would have him back there doing a stellar job instead of limping and not being tired when he'd finished with a performance.

It's a broad field of Scientology. It's a field of Scientology which exists of course in our own technology - just rehabilitating cases - but it exists as artistic rehabilitation and would be well worth doing for the sake of dissemination of Scientology, as well as for the arts and culture of our times, if anybody undertook this as a project.

We have the answers to this now. It's been a long time in coming. What I actually should do is write a book about it, something like that, and scatter it around. And you'd find an awful lot would result from it because people are very interested in create, because create is the dynamic principle of existence in Scientology.

Thank you.

[End of lecture.]