

CREATION AND GOALS

A lecture given on
3 August 1961

Well, I will say that in ten days you look less human! good to see ya What is this, 3rd of August? Nineteen hundred and AD 11.

Thought you might be interested in where I've been. Isn't that fairly marvelous? Pretty wild, isn't it? Well, that's just about how wild that country is. Well, fortunately nobody has ever been able to civilize Spain. Henry the VIII, I think it was or some such Henry a long time ago, used to have standing orders to all British merchant ships. And when they got anywhere north of Cape Finisterre – any foreign ship got north of Cape Finisterre – a British vessel in sighting one . . . Cape Finisterre you know. That's down there. That's way down there at the top of Spain.

Well, the standing orders were that any British merchant vessel or war vessel, that any foreign vessel found in those waters, must at once dip his flag in recognition of the sovereignty of the seas of the English; and if he failed to do so, he must be compelled by whatever necessary force.

Well, we don't get down into those waters much anymore and they don't come up here much, but it's certainly an interesting area. you know, that's only 650 miles away. Yeah. Very beautiful, very beautiful.

Found a very beautiful ship down there, too. The Espanoles had been at her, which is a kind of dry rot, which is *manana*. It's a fever which has *manana* as its primary bugs, you see?

So I've been across all of these wild guarded waters where English vessels are supposed to coerce the firing of salutes and shots. And they – when they got this English vessel down to Spain, they took revenge for this order on a comm lag of about five hundred years or something like that, or three hundred years or something and so they just kept her there and kept working on her and they finally wore out the patience and pocketbook of her past owner. And they kept putting things in her like more mahogany, you see? That was just exactly what she needed was more mahogany; she didn't have any main engines, but what she needed was more mahogany. Most gorgeous interior you ever saw on a ship. Don't open the engine room because nothing there.

And the Espanoles and the owner – who was not a sailor of this particular vessel – had gotten to a point where they had made sufficient number of problems to suit them all and they couldn't solve any of them. They just couldn't solve any of them! And so everybody threw up

his hands and they decided they'd better sell the ship in a hurry and I've been waiting around since February for somebody to decide this about a good ship. And so we have bought her for buttons.

But she's a 106 feet long and 18 foot beam and she sleeps about twenty-two people. And for an additional – see, I sold some yachts over in the States and I've been kind of hiding the money since, you know? And I'm able to cover this one as a result. So I've been letting the money ebb and flow and disappear this way and that way, but I finally got it all collected back together again here.

And for only about thirty-eight hundred pounds of additional odds and ends, why, she all of a sudden becomes a vessel worth at least twenty-five thousand quid on the market. As a matter of fact, I could haul her up here with a tug right now and sell her for fifteen thousand pounds. Just nobody knew how to straighten her out, you know? She's all beautiful mahogany and varnish and everything is marvelous and she just glitters in all directions, but nobody could straighten out such things as how do you get her anchors up and down?

Her current consumption throughout the whole ship – she's got air conditioning and hot water and everything – and her current consumption throughout the ship is about 30 kilowatts, or in excess of the consumption of Saint Hill, which is plenty of kilowatts! Look at our light bill sometime.

Anyway, the – with this tremendous, fantastic current consumption, they put in two Sallé diesels built in Spain and two little tiny generators and the diesels make so much noise that when a mechanic started them day before yesterday, he leaped convulsively out of the engine room! And the whole ship started shaking from bow to stern, you know. So she has this 30 kw, you see, of potential power consumption and she's got about one watt to supply it and nobody could figure out how to get any power into her, you know? They couldn't figure out how to furnish all this. And she's had Grey diesel engines – very nice Greys, they were sometime in their career. They still run. But they kept wearing out their rings and they kept filling up their crankcases full of oil – fuel oil. You're not supposed to have fuel oil in a crankcase, you know? And they just kept getting all gummed up with sludge and there just wasn't anything they could do about them and they wouldn't run and they wouldn't push the boat and so on. So everybody kind of threw up his hands in horror.

So when they hauled the vessel – I'm late getting back here, by the way, because the vessel wasn't hauled till Monday. More *manana*. And when they – they hauled it, I sent somebody else down into amongst the brish-brash of the muck of the dry-dock, and got him to brush those propeller hubs off because there's something wrong with his screws, you see. Kept polishing up engines and repairing engines and the engines keep falling out of her. So, obviously, it isn't the engines. So when we got the hubs of the propellers brushed off, we find out that she is fitted with propellers which would make her do sixteen knots, but a Grey – a pair of Greys – at the wildest imagination would only ever drive her at ten. So what the

propeller has done is prevented the engines from running, because a Grey doesn't develop its horsepower until it runs at 2100 RPM and this has been very amazing to them all, because the engines ran very cool and there couldn't be anything wrong with the engines because they ran so cool. And everybody kept assuring me that the engines ran cool.

Well, a Grey – I finally let them in on the facts of life – has to be at a 185 degrees Fahrenheit or it doesn't achieve combustion! And if you *don't* run it at that temperature, its crankcase fills up full of fuel oil. Some of the little facts of life, you know? Interesting state of beingness.

Anyway, I've had about ten days of wrastling around with my old love, the sea, and finding out how many things people can do, who know nothing about the sea, to a boat to make it inoperative. But we're just lucky, man. We're just lucky that it got that inoperative and they made that many mistakes, because they're nothing I got a pair of Paxman 600 horsepower V-12s located up here – diesels that run on fuel oil of the very low quality – and I got a couple of light plants that are excellent and they will just take care of her lights marvelously and it's just a matter of yanking what's in her engine room out and putting in something new. And as far as her water is concerned, she's all fixed up to consume water at the rate of about five or six hundred gallons a day. She's got bathrooms, you see, and wash basins every place, you see? You can't turn a corner without having full facilities to take a bath and wash your hands, you know. So there's no water supply! Small omission, see. And they didn't know how to figure that out, because of course her bilge is all full of ballast and you can't get any more water tanks into her bilge. So they put a water tank up in the top of the pilot house. A couple of tons is just what you need up in the top of a pilot house. That's – it sloshes, you know, and makes the ship stagger and so forth.

It's a beautiful water tank. It has huge manholes, you know. And they couldn't solve that problem, so . . . Actually, what they don't know is that you can get war surplus water evaporators that run on electrical current that have a tray in them. you change the tray a couple of times a day and one of them will make enough water for fifty men a day. So you don't carry a water supply, you carry a water evaporator aboard her. That's very easy to put in.

These problems are all relatively simple. But this owner and the Espanoles ran into them head-on and threw their hands up in horror. Yep, had a lot of fuel consumption, a lot of water consumption, a lot of electrical consumption and no fuel, no water and no electricity. And then she could go anyplace, but no engines could take her. And boy, her mahogany is beautiful!

Come to find out she's classed: She's a classed vessel with Lloyd's, which is quite amazing. Almost never do you find an ex-Admiralty craft, like a Fairmile B. that's still classified by Lloyd's and she's all in perfect condition, nothing wrong with her.

But due to our ability to confront problems and their inability to confront problems, why, ship falls in our lap. you see. see the advantages of Scientology?

The British vice-consul made a funny remark. He took me out to the airport when I left Santiago and of course this was just Spanish courtesy, possibly. You know, he didn't buy that "being in the locale." But he says, "I have learned more about ships in the last ten days since you have been here than I've learned before in my life!" He says, "I didn't know there was that much to know." I didn't even know I was wearing a hat, you know? I didn't. But I didn't also know how little they know about them and yet he's the Lloyd's representative for the area.

No, they threw up their hands in horror. I did too, actually, in the first twenty-four hours. I just said, "How could a group of people make this many problems?" That's impossible, see, unless they're a government. How could they? How could they make this many problems? And yet they sure had and I said, "Well, there's nothing at all can be done with this ship. She's beautiful, she sits here, she's got gorgeous lines, her hull is good, no dry rot in her, her decks are good, everything's fine, she's beautiful, but nobody can do a thing with her."

They have just run her out to the far rim of total confusion, you know – no power, no water, no engines, no winches, can't handle, can't anchor, can't move her. And they'd fastened all the mahogany ply in her with iron fastenings instead of copper and of course they'll go to pieces in a hurry. Ah, man. It was just too much! And after about thirty-six hours or something like that, all of a sudden I came out of my stupor and began to confront the problems of the ship and found out they were all just – they were nothing. Weller, here, who is an expert on that sort of thing, all he's got to do is go down there and start pulling nails and hammering brass back in the same spot – nothing to that. We've got companies up here that'll drop a pair of engines into her just as quick as you can send them a telegram, you know? And just right in the next room in there, there's enough electrical fittings to rewire her from one end to the other. There's really no problems to her.

But, of course, it is dismaying that people would put a ship together, you see, that can't run, can't anchor, you see; has enormous electrical consumption and no electricity, has enormous water consumption and no water, has enormous fuel consumption and no fuel. They forgot one area where they could have put tanks. Guess where that was? Between the engines, of course! Right where you would expect to find it. And there's enough for an additional five hundred gallons of fuel between her engine beds. And they've got fifteen tons too much ballast in her which, of course, fills up the remaining space you could put tanks.

You see, if you put the ballast in a ship – your ship's got to have ballast, you know – that's in a book someplace, you know – particularly ships which are planing vessels, which are made to plane when they run, you see? And if you gonna get a vessel that stays up on top of the water and you know, runs like a skipped rock, of course you want to ballast her, don't you? Let's put lots of ballast in her and fix her up so she won't run on top of the water. Let's make her run deep, see? And then because she needs lots of fuel in order to run high, you see, well, you occupy the whole space with the ballast so you can't put any fuel in it. you get the nonsense?

It's marvelous! I watched 1.1 problem creation here. And actually these problems have not just been for lack of knowledge or lack of solution. A lot of these problems are just overt – overt creations. Nobody'd be that dumb! They wouldn't live to the age of five! Isn't it marvelous?

Name of the ship's the *Eimor*; her name will probably become *The Hurrying Angel*. For some reason or other that name is blank at the Register of Shipping and Seamen. For some reason or other that name has not been used. And that's John Masefield's famous novel and you'd think the country of John Masefield's nativity certainly would – you know, I have submitted about three pages of names to the Register of Shipping, without finding more than about five names vacant? I've thought of every name I could possibly think of for a vessel and every one of them, but just this little handful, has been occupied. They've already got – you see, you can't name them twice because you might get charged for somebody else's bills. You know? And weirdly enough *The Hurrying Angel* was one of the names that's vacant. So there it is.

I've had that all ready to put on nameplate. I've got her barometer and her clock. They're a beautiful set – clock and barometer. They sit on the file cabinet in my office in Washington and years ago – years ago – I was trying to find somebody to cut the nameplate of the ship for that clock and barometer. Didn't have the ship but I had the clock and barometer. See? And I was going to cut a brass plate there for the *The Hurrying Angel*. And so at last I've got a ship to go with that clock and barometer!

Well, anyway, this is all part of an operation here which is going on. We'll be going down about October into southern waters for a winter of instruction and all that sort of thing. So maybe some of you will have a ride someday on *The Hurrying Angel*. And you'll say, "I'm very, very happy – " when you have had a ride you'll say, " – I'm very, very happy that Ron audits more smoothly than he drives a ship." Because I drive *hell* out of a ship! Okay. Well, you're invited anyway!

Audience: Thank you.

Okay. Well, now let's get back to where we were and where you have now reached. I notice we have some new faces. I welcome you and I notice, additionally, some new faces which have been acquired or have been uncovered, so on.

Now, something very funny is going on. People elsewhere are getting a spattering of Clears. And we're slugging at it here and we're slugging at it very, very hard. You'll notice there's a difference here. All of a sudden they make four or five down in Johannesburg. They've made more, since. They're making Clears all over the place and meanwhile some of you have flattened problems, confusions and emotion of various kinds.

Now, I guess it's just a question of how thoroughly can you make a Clear? And that's the whole question. It's just answered in that. I think that's about the way it is. How thoroughly can you go about this? How many brands of Clear are they? I couldn't answer this

question. Because you can get people up to a perfectly good Clear read on a meter and it will stay there, and they'll go along just fine.

But how many zones are there above this state? And how thoroughly do you have to prepare the ground to attain one of those zones? And those are the questions.

Those are not necessarily well-answered questions at this time because Scientology, after all, is – well, I've been making Clears of one kind or another, stable or unstable, for a long time. Those that I made originally, way back when, the bulk of those remained stable. And the secret of those Clears was just that they had been able to – and I couldn't have stated at the time this succinctly – they had been made capable of confronting any type of mental image picture. That made a Clear.

And if you will read Book One and the chapter on it, it wasn't somebody who didn't have any pictures. This is some new interpretation. It was somebody who could control his pictures or who had a bank or whose bank wasn't victimizing him.

All right, taking off on this line, let's go back now – from ships to less mundane things – to the earliest unanswered problem in Dianetics and Scientology, circa 1948. The question: Why does a thetan mock up bad pictures? Now, that is the un – was the unanswered question and that question has remained unanswered all these years. You can see at once that that is a very, very interesting question. After all, he is doing it. Well, why is he mocking up accidents and collisions and burns and crippings and so forth? Well look, there's all kinds of things to mock up. you could mock up this scarf! You don't have to mock up an automobile accident. But they *do* mock up an automobile accident. They also occasionally mock up scarves. But you'll almost never find anybody with a fixed pleasure moment.

You start running pleasure moments on a preclear, and they go into grief charges and they break down and life is horrible. Old Validation Processing, as Mary Sue was remarking last night, was the most productive of grief charges that anybody ever tried to run. you talk about agony and sudden death! All you had to do was ask a preclear to “Recall a pleasure moment. Thank you. Recall a pleasure moment. Thank you. Recall a pleasure moment. Thank you,” and Niagara Falls would ensue!

And I remember one girl vividly back in Wichita, about 1951, she was being audited, and the auditor asked her to recall a pleasure moment, and she recalled winning a cup at a horse show, which seemed innocuous enough. And the auditor just opened his mouth ready to audit the next auditing command and the pc said, no, that wasn't a pleasure moment. And she really shouldn't have done – think of the other people she defeated to do that and she really didn't deserve the cup anyway and she went on down the toboggan. And the next thing you know it – apparently, the most horrible thing that could ever have happened to her was winning this cup at a horse show! And that's the way it goes when you ask a thetan about pleasure moments.

Now, what is this fixation on death, disaster, collision and whatnot? What *is* this? And let's get back to this original question: Why does a thetan mock up bad pictures? Why? Why?

Well now, theoretically, many things could be said about this and one of those things could be that he's getting even. He's been made to produce and made to produce and made to produce and made to produce, so now he mocks up a bad production. Got the idea? I mean that could be, basically. Now, we can look at the mechanics of it and we say, "Well obviously, the thing has not been as-ised, he has not looked at it so therefore, not having looked at it, it is still there. But remember, that is a mechanic and remember that this thetan is party to the original agreement that creates those mechanics. Why did he want to agree to these original agreements that then would make it impossible for him to ever as-is anything unpleasant? You see? Let's get terribly fundamental, here. And we find out that it must come down to the fact that – you can't say he wants to, but you can certainly say that he *does* mock up in preponderance; death, disaster, collision and what-not and you could say, then, that having made some kind of an original agreement he then caps it with some other revolt against the original agreement of some kind. Well, what is this revolt? Well, you could say that this revolt consisted of – he's made to mock up, produce, produce, produce, produce, produce good things. So he eventually invents a mechanic, you see – a mechanical aspect – that when called upon to mock up something good, he promptly mocks up something bad.

Well, the direct thing, the proof of this is that you ask somebody to run a pleasure moment and he mocks up something bad. He doesn't mock up something good. you tell him to mock up something good and he mocks up something bad.

Now, we take some Espanoles and we turn them loose on a ship and we tell them mock up something good, you see? Well, they almost do it. you see, they just come right, right close to doing this, but somehow or another – don't lift the corner of the paint, see? See, there is going to be something bad about this.

You get maintenance men around sometimes in organizations and wow! You know? Just wow! How can they do these things, you know? You're saying, 'Well, now straighten up the hall,' you see. And you go back out and there's old machinery lying all over it that doesn't even belong to the organization. You say, "Where does this come from?"

"Well, it was here . . ."

We've never seen it before in our lives. Well, yes, it's here. you know? You say, "Well, why don't you sweep out the lecture hall? There'll be a lecture tonight." And you go in, and they've dumped all the waste baskets in the place in the lecture hall. Well, that would be a direct revolt, don't you see? You tell them, "Clean up the lecture hall, because we're going to have a public lecture tonight and we want people to think well of Scientology." See, bang. The direct revolt response would be to go and get every waste basket in the place, go get the incinerator and so on, get every scrap piece of paper you could get out of the files and then get all the oddments of furniture in the joint and throw *all* these things in the lecture hall and then

mix them. That would be a direct revolt. Then you would *know* this fellow was in a revolt and you would stand there with a machine gun with your hand pressed on the trigger and you wouldn't let it up. That would be a direct revolt, wouldn't it?

Well, so let's get an in – the – assuming that this fellow is in revolt – now this is going down scale from this. you see, that's a fairly high manifestation. All right, let's push it down now – this fellow has gotten down to about 1.1 – and you say, “Clean up the lecture halls,” you see? So he – his revolt consists of sweeping the aisles only and sweeping the stuff in the aisles kind of back under the chairs and not having the chairs quite straight – they're not quite straight and the things the lecturer needs will not quite be there. Well, you can't censure him for that. Because he can always say, “Well, I have too many things to do.” He can always have a lot of excuses, don't you see? And so he gets out of trouble this way, but he still makes his point: that he's damned if he's going to produce a good-looking lecture hall. you see the idea?

All right. Well, the highest harmonic would be “Well, to hell with you, I'm not going to touch the lecture hall.” But there's a lower harmonic of this same thing which is you tell him to do it and he forgets. That's simple, isn't it?

I've even heard a court case was being tried. I was actually on the witness stand. I was asked some burningly intricate twisted question, you know, that looked like a Scotch still gone mad, you know, and – by the prosecuting defense attorney, or whatever he was – and I looked at the man. I said, “Well, I've forgotten.” It was some burning question that very much applied to the whole case. I just didn't care to be implicated. So I said, “Well, I've forgotten.”

And this defense prosecutor went up, just – he was like a rocketry, you know, and “My God, how can you forget such a thing?” You know? “How could you possibly forget such a thing?” and he's *raving* And the judge said to him in a very cold, bored voice – he says, “The witness says he's forgotten.” That was it.

That's amazing, you know? It took me by storm at the time! I didn't even think I'd vaguely get away with this one because it's pure corn. It's straight from Iowa. “I've forgotten.” Wasn't even challenged; couldn't be challenged. So you – lecture hall was messed up and you've got a comparable level in occlusion.

And you see, the fellow, well, he can't remember all his past overts or anything like that so how could he be responsible for them? And we let everybody get away with it. Do you realize the *degree* that we let everybody get away with it? Where's the bird for instance that started the last war? Hm? He's around someplace. He's around someplace. He's probably gibbeting in some Russian school about this time learning to say “*Verdammt, gottdammt* Hitler!” But there he is and they're letting him get away with it. Because what's he saying? He's said “I've forgotten.” Simple mechanism.

So you get these various mechanisms that you can see out in life of forgetting and bad pictures and accidents and sudden death being mocked up in the bank and so on, as basically a

covert response when you see them and that would then apply to most everybody. There must be a covert response of some character or another to an "I won't." You see? Instead of saying "I won't," they say "I can't" or "This is just the way it is," you see? "Yes, here are all these horrible pictures and I can't do a thing about it."

Now, the oddity is that the mechanism, apparently, is so submerged and is so lost that it itself has become a *modus operandi*. And that becomes the way of life and the fellow *now* isn't actually in active revolt at all. He just mocks up bad pictures and forgets. He doesn't know how; he doesn't know why or anything like that.

Well, there have been some civilizations on the track which were corks. Man, they were marvelous! You talk about production-crazy. These boys were *really* production-crazy – Arslycus.

If you ever want to see tiredness overwhelm the pc, run him into the area of the whole track called Arslycus. And, there, thetans were actively producing matter, you see. And they were hanging off walls, making walls and making tilework and mocking everything up, you see – actively mocking it up and smoothing it out and you couldn't get away. They had various mechanisms where they kept a piece of you in a big boiling pot or something of this sort and if you got away, why, then they put this piece into the boiling water and it caused you a lot of pain so you had to come back. There are all kinds of weird mechanisms here of entrapment involved and everybody had to produce, had to produce, had to produce, had to produce, had to produce, see? And it's no wonder that production got a bad name, because they were producing against their wish to produce.

Therefore, production against power of choice of production is revolted against. Creation against wish to create is revolted against and you get that dramatized by the bank. The fellow doesn't want to mock up the bank so he mocks up the bank. you see how that is? He's creating something against a wish to create. Well, evidentially his will to create has been badly overwhelmed. Both because *he* has overwhelmed other peoples' and because his has been overwhelmed. Do you see how this would work, both ways?

How about the fellow who ran Arslycus? How about the overt, man? Look at that level of overt. Thetans by the ton, all around, working like mad to build walls and build this and build that and finally, through some mysterious circumstance that nobody has ever been able to trace, Arslycus fell apart and everybody fell and fell and fell. It, by the way, wasn't on a planet. It was, of course, just a construction out in space as itself – nobody had invented planets yet and planets undoubtedly were invented to cure things happening that happened at Arslycus because they had walls and roads and courts and houses and towering buildings and everything. And of course they just ran without foundation – uninfluenced with gravity or anything else. And one fine day it all fell apart.

Well, which one of those workers invented disintegration? See, that's what had to be invented – not disintegration by explosion, disintegration because of gravity or anything of

this sort, but just who invented disintegration? Who invented the idea that these things could fall apart? Somebody had to and, of course, it was the workers of Arslycus. This was their only possible response, was to out-create with some new idea – something worse than was happening to them.

Well, when you get the crisscross of production and creation going – and creation, compulsive creation, creation against one's will, and so on – creation itself begins to have a bad name.

But now let's take the reverse side of the picture. I was never as unhappy as when I didn't have any stories to write for anybody. Well, that's an interesting state, isn't it? You say, "Well, it's very tough sitting there grinding out stories and all that sort of thing." But nobody needed any stories – all the markets were full. I was good at that. I'd not only filled my own markets but several other writers' and these boys would be unhappy about it and I've really been condemned for creating like mad in the field of the arts – here, there and every place on the track – because I get interested, you know? And I decide, "Well, let's really mock one up!" You know? "Let's get some volume out here. Let's make it shapely." And the next thing you know, why, everybody around that would consider this, if this was the new standard – this is the trouble you get into – they'd be licked. You see, it's an out-create proposition. So you decide you're trying to out-create them, which you aren't doing at all. All you're trying to do is put something up, see?

So they decide they – you've out-created. So they say, "Well, this creation is bad," and so forth. Well, that actually doesn't affect you, particularly. What does affect you is not having any – any market for your creation or not having any observers for your creation or not having your creation wanted in any way. That's what's upsetting. It isn't creating; it's not having it wanted.

Well anyway, we look over this scene and we disentangle a few more facts here. Here – here's another case history that parallels it. Mr. Weller here is one of the most terrific carpenters you ever wanted to have anything to do with. And he runs maintenance here at Saint Hill. He can't miss walking down this passageway – particular passageway – and there's a spring broken on the swinging doors and it's broken today and it's broken tomorrow and it's still broken. The swinging doors won't swing. The days go by. Mr. Weller walks right back and forth past those swinging doors and he doesn't do a thing about it till I finally look down my nose and I say, "Mr. Weller, repair the swinging doors." At which moment he repairs them with the excuse that he can't get the proper spring to do it with, so it's liable to break again anytime.

Well this, you say, would tab the boy. Well, it doesn't, at all. Because I asked Mr. Weller to fix me up something that is rather incredible, you know, like a file box out of mahogany with a swinging top or something of this sort – something that's very difficult and involved and can't be done in the realm of finite human carpentry – and he brightens right up

and nobody can get him to tend the furnaces or anything else. He's right out there, right now, knocking together a mahogany box, figuring it all out, straightening it all out.

I just saw him a few minutes ago, having come back. Right away, why, he had set up a bookcase for me, upstairs. I get flooded with books. People keep sending me books and I'm always happy to receive books – don't get that idea. Books are just fine. I'm always happy to have books. But it was getting to a situation where all anybody had to do was send me about four more despatches and two more books and nobody would ever have seen me again! I just would have disappeared!

So to solve this situation, I wanted some file trays for my papers and some bookcases and so forth and Weller, boy! By the time I came back – he's obviously been racing flat out. He's got one of these bookcases all built, apologizing for not having the other one all built. He's only built it three times as fast as factories – which build furniture untouched by human hands – would build them. It's too slow and he's got these file cases now. He's got only five of them done. There's two more to go and they're all laid out with their varnish drying and he's just proud as punch, see? He hasn't got anything against creating something rather fantastic and rather beautiful. He's got nothing against creating it at all. But he will walk past oddities that nobody will appreciate or he doesn't think they'll appreciate.

I imagine the staff here started making rather crude cracks at him after a while about this particular door, because the staff was walking through it several dozen times a day, you see, and there it was gaping open, ready to black peoples' eyes and so on and they probably snarled at him one way or the other about it.

And I've noticed there are people around who have asked him to put up – oh, I don't know – put serrated edges on the garbage cans or something of this sort, don't you see? And people have asked Jenner out here, the bricklayer, to do various things of this character. But it's not in the field of where they – (1) they don't think it will be appreciated; (2) they don't think it's probably the right thing to do; and (3) they don't think it's aesthetic, which all adds up to (4) they don't want to do it. Which brings us to (5) if they *do* do it, why, the serrations are going to fall off or into the garbage cans, don't you see? It's a revolt against creation.

All right, now there isn't a person in this room that can't paint with perhaps an exception or two. put a canvas in front of you and a brush in your hand and a nice big palette with numerous colors of this and that in your paws and just say, "Have at it, now. Let's – let's get something here. This fellow da Vinci has been getting away with it too long. Let's – let's get cracking here." And you would all turn around to me and you'd say you can't, or "I've forgotten how," or you have a whole bunch of things like this.

Well, that must be borne out of a conviction that a good creation in a certain field will bring one into a state of victimization, or will bring one into some unpleasant consequence. That's the conviction. And that conviction causes one to take a vast retreat and to back up like

mad full speed astern and say, "I can't" or "I've forgotten how" or "I don't know how to do that."

You get two excuses out in the broad world. They say, "Well, I haven't got any talent" or "I haven't been educated." These are the two things which you hear consistently.

They used to bore me like mad when I myself was very deeply involved with the arts. I would turn out something that was *bingety-bang*, *splash-bong*, and then have somebody come along and tell me that he wasn't doing it because he had never been educated to. Now, there's a – secret of the thing is, if I'd ever listened to anybody's education with regard to this thing, it never would have gotten created, don't you see? Get the idea? Creating by the rules, as far as a painting is concerned, of course, immediately denies its self-expression.

So we look at these various aspects of creation and we begin to understand something more about this thing called a bank, and we begin to answer up this problem that has been around since 1948. And the problem is, with everything else he can do, why does a thetan mock up these things?

Now, I had an answer – I had an answer one time in 48 which was on the idea of harmonics. And I said, "Well, the guy's general tone brings about what he mocks up. And he mocks up something with resonance between himself and tone – you see, his own tone – and what he creates in the bank and that must be about the way he goes about this." 1948.

"The guy is at such-and-such a tone level." Well, that was a bit of a breakthrough. You could change a guy's tone level and he'd mock up something else and it's true. He will, too. But that doesn't give us the full story. And the full story is that an individual mocks up or doesn't mock up in an effort to prevent his will from being overthrown on the subject of creating. He's "protecting his self-determinism" is a very good way to state it; protecting his self-determinism with regard to creation.

If he could determine to create it, he would. But if he's being forced to create it under vast duress, he won't. And he therefore acquires mechanisms to inhibit his creativeness; and these mechanisms to inhibit creativeness are what we run into in processing. That's why old Creative Processing works, but why eventually they finally dreamed up – some preclears did – that the bank got solid if you made them mock up. Now, get that just as a mechanism to prevent creation.

See, "We can't do this," you see, "because the bank gets solid." There's another answer, you know.

Well, it's a very funny thing. I'm looking at one or two or three people here who've been around for a long time and used Creative Processing for a long time before any banks started to get solid. Banks didn't disbehave for long time. We never heard about this and then we got this new mechanism.

Maybe some old banks did get solid but nobody ever objected. I never saw it happen – not until I started running some tests on the thing and paying attention to it, very generally, and this other series of mechanisms Sell out of the hamper. Well, they'd already existed. It wasn't just people in Scientology inventing the thing, but the mechanism had already been established. This was a *new* method of not creating.

So methods of not-creating or methods of denying creation, methods of denying ability and so forth, are basically what you're involved with when you are processing people. That's the most fundamental fundamental

Now, this is so boobytrapped as the basic road to Clear that it's something Like driving through a – an antitank mined zone in an enemy sector on a bicycle and you go round and round and up the roads and down the roads and of course everywhere you see there are nothing but mines, barriers, pillboxes and chattering machine guns, you see? It's just not ar – it's not a driveable area.

So we have to figure out what the guy is afraid of on this subject of creation and disarm it from that angle. Now, what's he afraid of? Well, he's obviously afraid of being made to *do*. Creativeness, doingness. You don't say 'creating,' you say "doing." You see, this gets us a little closer to a driveable road, a little further from those minefields. You don't say "creating," you say "doing". Now that substitute actually is quite workable.

Now the next thing you get him over it – something there, some fundamental, has brought him into a state of mind whereby he believes that there are enormous consequences involved in his doing some of these things; otherwise, he wouldn't be so fantastically afraid to do them. you know, he wouldn't be inventing all kinds of mechanisms that, "If I mock up a good picture, it'll turn into a bad picture" and "If you force me to create something, then this way, that."

The most *basic* mechanism is why does the fellow mock up an automobile accident? Well, he's got an old mechanism around which goes like this: In order to get things created you have to hit somebody. That's the best way to get anything created. You have to hit a thetan and that makes him create and that's one of the most *basic* fundamentals you ever heard of. You have to hit him to get him to create . . . Way back when.

So, therefore, when a person is beaten or defeated he's liable to start creating Therefore, you get the birthrate of the (quote) lower classes (unquote). Birth rate of the upper classes isn't high because they aren't beaten. If you'd beat a few more women in the upper classes, you'd have a higher birthrate, but I don't advocate this! But this is about the way it is, don't you see?

You get this beatingness and creation or punishment and creation or the way you respond to a blow is to create. How do you create? You respond to a blow. That's the best way to do it. If you don't believe it, get somebody to hit you sometime and you find out that you'll have a picture of it. Well, you didn't have a picture before. See, you didn't have a picture even

of the scenery before. You were just skipping it and get somebody to hit you and see if you got a picture of it. You'll have one. Well, what are you doing Well, you're responding with a creation to a blow. So a fellow gets in an automobile accident. Whir, crash, bang! He's hit! So he mocks it up.

Now, this explains to everybody, too, that he's a victim. He's been made to create this thing. These would be the basic mechanisms back of this. He's been made to create it. He has responded, however, and followed the law which is: The best way to keep from being hurt is to create. Since, if one's being beaten so as to make him create, then of course the best way to keep from being beaten is to create and if one creates the picture, then the rest of the automobiles won't hit him.

Now, I suppose where you get the most involved point in an engram is when the fellow has already mocked up the engram in full, he thinks. Oh, he's hit – he's hit by a car on the highway, so he mocks up the engram and this, obviously, will keep him from being hit by any more cars, you see? And having mocked up the engram of being hit in full and now having it in full restim with all the mechanisms involved with it, he is now hit by a tank truck, so he mocks that up too, you see? So that will keep him from – anything else from happening, don't you see? And then the tank truck catches on fire.

Well, this defeats him. you see, his best answer to a blow was to create and that always got him off the hook way back there in Arslycus and other places, a trained mechanism always got him off the hook. He always fell for it when other people did it to him. He wanted them to create and he hit them and they created and so on.

And so you'll have three phases here. You'll have engram one, engram two, and then a total not-is of engrams which is an utter defeat and the disappearance of engrams one and two and you'll find these things all present in a serious accident. The fellow is hit, so he mocks it all up and he thinks that's the end, but it's not. So he mocks all this up again and the additional, you see? And then something so catastrophic happens that he buries the lot, because he can't mock up. Obviously the mechanism is not working and people with invisible fields have simply gotten into a chronic state of where they believe utterly that it won't do any good to create. This mechanism no longer works, don't you see? Black field is the same thing. They've not-ised the mechanism. The mechanism has gone out.

Now, these are the various mechanisms involved with people mocking up painful pictures. They mock them up and there's nothing they can do about them, except mock them up.

Now it's a defeatist sort of a thing. A person is not really playing much of a game, because the pictures really have ceased to be visible to other people. That again is a protest against being made to create.

So you'd sum all this up to the responses to the summation of all overwhelmed choices. The responses to the summation of all overwhelmed choices. In other words, the

person's choice is overwhelmed so he responds in some way, still trying to make his postulates stick, down scale, but still trying to make it stick. Now, the basic assumption of a thetan and the first thing that he wants to have happen, of course, is the communication formula. That's his game. That's his most fundamental game – right there in the Axioms.

If we modify the statement by saying it is the most fundamental game in the interrelationship of thetans – in other words, it's – he can have a game sort of all by himself just creating things. He's above Axiom 10, don't you see? He can have a game above that. But when he gets into an interrelationship and a real games condition, the first entrance point is that Axiom, and from there on all he wants to do is just make his postulates stick and make his power of choice felt – creation of an effect, in other words. He's got to create the effects and create the effects and create the effects.

Now, when he doesn't create the effects, he'll *still* try to create the effect. He'll still try to create the effect and even though he is unable to do so, he'll still try.

And of course, now we get down to Routine 3. Why is Routine 3 so effective? It is very effective. You're not pushing it as hard as you could in this unit, but it's terribly effective. It's because you're looking over all of the powers of choice he has hoped to effect, most of which have failed, and you're running out his failed powers of choice when you're asking him for goals. You're asking him, in essence, “What postulate and – have you tried to make stick.” You say, “What do you want to do in life,” you see?

Now, we're getting a little further from these minefields when we say “What goals do you have?” We say, “What postulates – make stick?” This is beyond him. *Cool!* The last postulate which he made to stick – if you just said it just like that – the last postulate. We could – “Let me see, I think that was somewhere about five minutes after the start of this universe!” It's all that time ago, don't you see? So here we are, all this long, long time ago, that was it and, of course, he's not going to process on that.

But now he has goals and these goals are in essence what postulate he hopes to make stick, re-formed and substituted into what conditions would he like to bring about. So the conditions he would like to bring about dropped back instantly and at once to what postulates he would like to make stick, which drops back to what postulates he could make stick, which drops back to power of choice over his own actions and postulates. Do you see that?

And everything we call a reactive bank is the odds and ends and bric-a-brac and mechanisms of one kind or another which tend to *defend* his assertion of self. And those mechanisms that are making a ruddy mess out of him – these very mechanisms – are basically intended as prevention of his postulates disintegrating and not sticking so you see, the disintegration of these postulates is what's wrong with him and, of course, his cure is so much more violent.

You know, you wouldn't think a fellow would react this hard. So he looks out there and he says, “Oak tree, oak tree, split apart. You damned oak tree!” It doesn't do it and he

goes and he looks around at it to find out what's wrong with it and decides there's something else wrong with it and he goes and gets an axe. And he takes this axe and he aims a terrific blow at the base of the oak tree, you see? And the shaft quivers and the head flies off so he goes and he puts the head back on the axe and he pounds it in with wedges so it couldn't possibly ever fly off again. He gets back there and he spits on his hands and he braces his feet and he hauls off and he takes a *terrific blow* at the base of the oak tree and shatters the handle of the axe!

So he says, "Well, let me see now. Let me see now. Hm-hm! Let me see now." And he goes back and he prowls and he snarls and so forth and invents a saw. And then he finds out the oak tree is on somebody else's property, by this time, you see? And it's not permitted to do anything to the oak tree. And next thing you know he's telling you how wonderful oak trees are and how one should preserve oak trees, and actually, probably, has joined or formed several societies, you see, to defend and preserve oak trees and to punish malefactors who go stand off and make postulates at oak trees and tell them to split apart. Don't you see?

But, functionally, what he's done there is trying to make his postulates stick – the original. See? He's trying to push it through. He's trying to push it through. And it isn't the postulate; it's the effect. He's still trying to have an effect on oak trees.

And the effect of making an oak tree survive is still an effect on an oak tree. He actually hasn't even changed his mind at all. He's simply modified it and the basic of this chain is the basic overt, which is why overts work so well. And the basic is that he has stood off and said, "Oak tree, oak tree, split apart. You damned oak tree!" and that will be the basic on this chain.

You find anybody who is part of the Peskadora Audubon Society for the Accumulation of Colored Paintings of Robins' Feathers and who devotes his entire existence to getting out papers on the subject of this; you, of course, quite rightly assume this bird has had an awful lot of anti-bird action! You assume this must have been the case and that it really has deteriorated like mad, because he's on an apparent "preserve birds" to such a marked degree that it is in itself an overwhelming situation.

Well, let's look just a little bit wilder and further on this thing, and we'll find out that this guy is not as dumb as we have thought he is. He is still trying to make his basic postulate on the subject of robins stick. See, he's still trying to do it.

Well, that's pretty good. He ought to at least get a medal for persistence. You uncover any of those states of mind and you go back to this.

Now let's drop back just a little bit further. Then why does he make this postulate of "Split apart, split apart. You damned oak tree"? Now, why is he doing that? Well, I don't know, somebody else created the oak tree. He's gotten into some kind of a games condition on creating, you see? He was mocking up oak trees and somebody else mocked up this oak tree. And they were making nothing out of his oak trees and he didn't mind this particularly but all

of a sudden somebody boobytrapped it. And he somehow or another couldn't make nothing out of the oak tree that somebody put up there – he figures. There's something wild goes on around this.

And you'll find very early on the track thetans specialized in these fantastic mechanisms, you know? They said, “Now, if you'll just go in that hole there, in space, and throw out what you find in that hole...” you know, goofy games of this character. And the guy'd go in and he'd fool the other thetan, you see, and he'd mock up some things in there and start throwing them out, you see? This would surprise the other thetan terribly, you know? All kinds of wild, crisscross gags of one character or another.

And the oak tree probably got mocked up basically and fundamentally an something on this sort of a basis; it was a substitute oak tree, don't you see? Somebody substituted the oak tree in the field for another oak tree in another field and the fellow couldn't as-is it because he'd had purposely lost for him the right oak tree that he could as-is, and he's trying to as-is the wrong oak tree, don't you see? And it's probably one of his own oak trees, you see, and it's got a postulate in it that “You must survive,” don't you see? Now, he's going against his own postulate and it won't disappear and he still, two hundred trillion years later, is very likely trying to still have an effect on that.

Well, there's evidently something wrong, then, fundamentally with getting the wrong postulates, or something goes wrong in the whole field of postulates. So you say, “Well, what postulate – .” Now this is theoretical, this is not practical. You say, “What postulate could you make stick?” or “What effect could you actually create?”

Now, that would lay us out a process pattern which would be a very nice process, and it's theoretically very good. And it's been run with singular lack of success in all directions.

Well, why? It's going straight through the minefield, don't you see? Boy, there's antitank mines all over the place and pillboxes and trees fallen across the road and explosions and signs are all backwards and you're trying to shove the preclear through too hard. So what's he tell you? He tells you, “It's *unreal* to me. I can't do it,” and so on. Well, as a matter of fact he's dead right. He can't because it's too direct.

Now, here and there you'd find a preclear could run this on a modified basis. I'll tell you a process that a preclear *can* run that is very close to it: “What decision would it be all right for you to make?” That's a very good process. That'll unconfuse somebody rather decently, because he's in a state about decision.

Now, a thetan must – as – to gets along, he must have some feeling that are confusions and things which he cannot tolerate. There are motions and confusions that he cannot tolerate. So he must avoid these motions and confusions and he avoids them with various mechanisms of creation. These things do cross one against the other.

So if a person's tolerance of motion and randomness is raised, then his fear of the consequences of his power of choice being overthrown are reduced. You see how this could be?

But nevertheless and most fundamentally obtaining a tolerance of motion, a tolerance of catastrophe and that sort of thing would wash away, on a rather grand scale, fear of failure. You go out and ask a businessman, "What's – what would be the result of you keeping on selling dishpans" – take something rather esoteric – "and what would be the result of you going on selling dishpans and not recording them and not reporting the sales tax to the government?"

And he – he'd tell you, man. They'd fix him up, man. They'd fix him up good. They – they'd really – really fix him up. They'd send him up to the hoose-gow for a couple of years for fraud, and he'd lose his right to be a director or something and have to pay all the money back to the government and have to be – I suppose the worst of the penalties – he'd have to be polite to Inland Revenue or whoever does the collections or something like this. It'd be consequence after consequence that he can face, you see, by merely telling you about them. Yes, he can tell you about these things and if he omitted doing this, why, he'd be avoiding the rules of the game and he'd have rather terrific consequences. So the guy sits up all night and he creates these slips of paper which the government requires.

I don't know why governments require slips of paper, frankly, but they do. It's just a peculiarity like a lot of other banks. They sure love their slips of paper! You know, there isn't anybody ever reads them, did you know that? And fifty thousand monkeys equipped with fifty thousand pairs of spectacles wouldn't be able to peruse all the pieces of paper that get accumulated for government in one day, you realize that? I have the statistic actuarial proof of the matter, although it's been rather costly accumulating that many monkeys.

The point I'm making here is that the fellow has got to create this much administration to stay in business and stay out of jail. That's a what? That's an unwilling creation, isn't it?

So how's he do it? He does it wrong. That's the best way to get around it. Don't do it quite right. Fog it up a little bit at the edges, don't you see? And then get so crazy as to vote for the kind of person, you see, that would make it necessary to keep this kind of a government system where the government isn't doing any governing, you see; the government is sorting paper. It's gotten so the armies and navies and governments of the world and so forth, actually no longer travel on subways, roadways, passageways; they no longer sit in chairs. The navies float on paper and the armies fire paper, you know, and the government rides home to work on paper and so forth. Well, everybody is creating paper like mad.

Well boy, if you ever want to see corny arithmetic, you should look at some income tax reports. That can get pretty wild. Particularly in the United States where everybody does them himself. This can get pretty wild. Boy, they can add up 2 and 2, and sometimes oddly enough it isn't even in their own favor, you see? I've seen fellows pay seven hundred, a

thousand dollars too much tax just on some kind of arithmetical error. The thing is of the silly nature of adding up 6 and 6, you know, and getting 180! They manage it! Unwilling creation, don't you see?

And eventually, under this duress, they begin to mock up no income tax reports at all – like Suzie even. you see, because it's just too much. See, it's just all too much, you know, and the penalties are too much and it's nothing can be this serious, don't you see? So the best thing to do is just forget the whole thing. Just skip it all. Let it all slide. So those are the responses to creatingness, don't you see?

But it's going to produce – even that forgetfulness is going to produce an effect on the government, let me tell you, man! They're going to be a missing slot.

I remember the old writer, Paul Ernst, one time. He was discussing a story with me and he was just about to write this story, and I don't know if he ever did or not. But it was a story to be called *He Didn't Like Soup*. It's one of my favorite unwritten stories. And this guy from the twentieth century gets in the twenty-fifth century, and it's all mechanized and it's all laid out and it's all taped and they've got this big endless belt, you see? And they – his friends that he's now met in the twenty-fifth century take him down and they show him this endless belt. And it's lunchtime, you know, and they're all standing there and he – they say, “Well, take your plate of soup off now: take your plate of soup off the belt and then you turn around one and one-half paces to the table. And there you eat your soup, you see? And then you push the belt eighteen degrees to the left and it – it goes down a little chute and it gets washed and so forth.”

And then this guy from the twentieth century, he stands there alongside of the table, you know, this – with this big endless belt going by and he doesn't take his plate off. And this one plate of soup then goes traveling along this thing, you see, and it tips over the edge of the endless belt and goes into the machinery and the machinery *stops*. This blows out the fuses in the main powerhouse. The main powerhouse at once is reprimanded left and right from all directions; calls pour in; the switchboards blow up. Here it goes!

And Ernst had it all traced out, the total failure of this entire, precision civilization and they asked the guy afterwards, as they're sitting in the smoking ruins of it all – they ask him aft “Why – why – why didn't you take the correct action?” and the fellow says, “But I don't like soup!”

I can assure you it will never happen in England! But there it goes! There it goes.

Now, there's your introduction of your various errors and the concatenations as they move on through, everything getting all complicated and so on.

So this fellow *not* doing his income tax return hopes to leave this plate of soup on the table or hopes that somehow or another that file cabinet will have the missing consecutive number in it and somehow or another in some part of the vast government structure there will

be a breakdown, which will then cause the machinery to go off, you see, and the power lines to blow and the telephone switchboards to explode. He's hoping – he's still hoping. Got the idea?

So the creation of a confusion is the last echelon of a postulate and the last echelon of the confusion is the creation of a confusion by omission – not commission anymore; it's omission and therefore we're on a very safe road in processing of pcs if we give them bountiful exercise on the subject of the Creation of confusions. You see where we are?

Now, if you could devise an auditing command which stressed the creation of confusions by omission, why, we would even go a step further down, you see? “If you just sat still, what confusion would occur?” or “If you said nothing, what confusion would occur?” or “What not-knowingness would create a confusion?” or “What not-doingness would create a confusion?” And all of a sudden, why, you'd see a kind of all-is-revealed sort of a – of an atmosphere coming into view. “Oh, is that why I never go out of the house?” You know, that sort of thing.

Now, those are the roughest cases to get anything done with – are those cases which don't move, don't go and so on. This actually goes on down to catatonia. You should recognize in catatonia, the last possible despairing effort of a thetan to make a postulate stick somewhere. It isn't a notdoingness.

There is probably no such thing as a thetan who is not trying to do something. He can be trying to do something by not doing, which is what gets Confused. But there would be no such thing as a thetan, anywhere, who is actually – could be said in an absolute sense to be doing nothing. All thetans are busy, even with omission. They're all busy, even with omission.

So your Goals Assessment is basically targeted at recovering postulates he hoped would stick, which actually is basically knocking-him-on-the-head failures. You're getting his postulate-stick squared around, in other words, and you get a lot of these failures off and so forth. So that you would actually mate a dreadful error if you never asked him for failed goals or secret goals or withheld goals. You'd have an awful mess on your hands if you never ask him for these other categories of goals.

If you just asked him for goals:

“Well, when I was a little boy I wanted to be a soldier.”

“Well that's good. Do you have any other goals?”

“Well, just that one. Just when I was a little boy, I wanted to be a soldier and that's it.”

And you wind up with a list of one. Probably, if your list was that limited, you could make a bet on the thing that the reaction you're getting on the E-Meter is the fact that that goal happens to be a lie. He never *did* want to be a soldier. The only basic goal he has is the defeat of an auditor. That's one to think about.

Now, very often a pc will become so confused on this blow-create proposition that because an auditor says something to him, then he has to create something. It's quite interesting. He's so confused about it that just being talked to causes him to mock something up. In other words, the blow doesn't have to be a blow. It's just a mere slightest drift of zephyr of air, and he instantly mocks something up, you see? “Well, now it's my signal!” Or, conversely, if he goes down a little bit more, just this mere waft of air causes him to obsessively mock nothing up. So he got out of session; he gets all sorts of ideas and so forth.

I knew this one so well that I used to have a modus operandi, which was just a straight modus operandi. I used to start a session – this is the original short sessioning. Short sessioning has another purpose these days, but this was its original version. I'd start a session on a pc and I'd get him all set and I'd run a little bit through a lock and so forth – and about ten minutes, you know? And I'd say, “Well, how do you feel now?” and bring him up to present time, everything is fine; end the session. Then just sit there for a moment and then he'd hand me a case – now it was safe.

You note it sometime – note it as a mechanism. A pc that you're having an awfully hard time with and so forth, why, just give him a little short session and he'll hand you his case. That's the phenomenon that I'm pointing out, not the fact that he's influenced by short sessioning.

You say, “Well, do you have any present time problems? Or anything like that you could, now – you know? Is there anything you're worried about in life? Do you have any ARC breaks with anybody?” and so on. “Good. Good. All right. Well, now that we've checked this thing over, is it all right with you if I end this session now?”

“Oh, yes, yes. Fine.”

“All right. End of session.”

Now, he's fool enough to crow, see? And he says, “Well, a couple things I didn't tell you. Ha-ha! As far as present time problems, I'm being shot tomorrow morning by Castro,” and so forth and he gives you the lot, see, because it's safe now. You're not demanding that he create anything, so he'll create. Marvelous! I mean, watch it happen sometime.

And after he's given you all the dope, why, wind up on him and say, “All right. Is it all right with you if I begin this session now?” Now you've got all the gen, carry on.

He's on a total reverse. He creates when he's not supposed to and when he's supposed to he doesn't. He's got it all locked up backwards and as far as occlusion is concerned, you could assign occlusion to many things. But basically occlusion is a thetan's last answer. It's the last answer of omission. It's overt act by omissions. It's his last effort. He just hopes something will happen to the oak tree if he forgets it. What might happen? It's leaves might go all haywire, and worms might eat it up and almost *anything* might happen to the oak tree if he *forgets* it. But that's his last answer.

Some process such as “What confusion wouldn't occur if you forgot?” Probably would make no sense to you at the present moment, but I'll guarantee you can find pcs around that'd be the most sensible sentence you'd ever uttered in your life. That would be marvelous. Come up with a total roaring automaticity of answers to this thing. All kinds of things wouldn't happen, because he's on a failed forget. It's how far can you go.

Well, now you're attacking the same targets. Naturally, a tolerance of confusions, a tolerance of problems, a tolerance of motions winds up fine. But remember failed postulates is what you're after, and that's closest attack level is goals, which is failed postulates.

Now, trying to get some version of something that runs a failed postulate was very difficult to do, but we eventually achieved this and I was able to get around to goals. You'll notice that failed postulates first showed up at the 1st Saint Hill and then goals all of a sudden showed up down in the South African ACC. They're sequitur in actual fact – getting a pc's goal, see? Very good.

Now, trying to find out exactly what a pc hopes will happen if he does exactly what he's doing would be another version of running Goals Assessment. You'd say, “Well, now, what do you hope will happen if you keep on exactly as you are?” If he can't answer this, you can undercut it. “If you keep on exactly as you are, what won't happen?” Now you're asking him for the failure.

“Oh, well, I won't get run over by cars,” and he'll give you all sorts of things. If he keeps on just as he is, lots of things won't happen and this expresses itself as caution. And this is laudatory, you see? This is commendable caution. And all of a sudden, why, this sneaky idea starts rising in the back of his mind that there might be some other side to this coin. It even starts occurring to him that if he keeps on exactly as he's going, something *is* going to happen someplace! See, you've run the not-is off the front of the – of the shell.

And, “Well, if I keep on going *sak-tha-rah-thu*.” You could also run an intentional series of overts off a pc simply by saying to him, “Well, now what won't be damaged if you forget it?” or “What could be damaged by forgetting it?” and maybe the both questions would produce some rather fantastic reactions. They're both practically the same thing. He's still trying to create an effect; he is still riding out Axiom 10. Well, if he is still riding out Axiom 10, then for sure, man, *whatever* he is doing has an intentional effect connected with it *somewhere*. And if this has gone into forgettingness, then part of the forgettingness is to not-is the intentional effect. But it's almost integrated; it's almost intelligible; it's almost on the top of his mind.

Another way of expressing this: “Who would be sorry if you didn't get better?” Now, that sounds like a different type of question. It's more socially acceptable. But actually you haven't asked him, really, that question, or what he thinks you asked him at all. You're just asking him, “If you went on knuckle-heading along, here, in a total occlusion, who'd get

hurt?" Chats what you've asked him, not "Who would be sorry?" But that's more socially acceptable, you see? Little kids are always telling you this.

"What damage would forgettingness cause?" Another type of question along this line. And you're running O/W now, crossed with unstuck postulates, crossed with forgettingness, crossed with this and that and on the whole subject of creation of an effect, or creativeness, you're right on down to rock-bottom. Well, that might be a pretty high level of theory, and it might or might not have any degree of workability and actual application to the preclear, because as I say, it's through fields full of mines and this would be a pretty rough passage, in many cases.

But that is the road you are paralleling. And if you haven't got a map of the other road, because the devil himself couldn't draw one and you at least know what more or less is on it and I hope that helps you out.

Okay? All right.

There'll be a lecture tomorrow to make up for some of the lectures I've missed, if that's all right with you?

Audience: Yes.

And right now, I will say, good night.