

Have You Lived Before This Life?

By L. Ron Hubbard

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IMPORTANT NOTE

In studying be very, very certain you never go past a word you do not fully understand.

The only reason a person gives up a study or becomes confused or unable to learn is that he or she has gone past a word or phrase that was not understood.

Trying to read past a misunderstood word results in mental "fogginess" and difficulty in comprehending the passages which follow. If you find yourself experiencing this, return to the last portion you understood easily, locate the misunderstood word and get it defined, using a good dictionary or the Glossary at the end of the book.

Before reading the book, we highly recommend to first take a glance at the words in the Glossary.

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DIANETICS AND SCIENTOLOGY

Dianetics means "through soul" or "through thought." It is that subject containing the basic discoveries by L. Ron Hubbard about Man and the human mind which led to and were the reason for Scientology.

Scientology means "the study of knowledge in its fullest sense." It is an applied philosophy founded and developed by L. Ron Hubbard which offers methods and principles by which the able can become more able.

Dianetics is Man's most advanced school of mind. The way up to a capable human being is the realm of Dianetics – Scientology reaches from capable human being upward. Dianetics was the ultimate development of the mind of human beings. Scientology is the road from there to Total Freedom.

The expansion of Dianetics and Scientology has been phenomenal. The movement is growing so rapidly that there are now over 45 central Scientology Organizations and Churches around the world, and hundreds of Missions.

In addition to the millions of individuals Dianetics and Scientology have already benefited, hundreds of new people every week are discovering Dianetics and Scientology for the first time and experiencing the great benefits.

The sun never sets on Scientology.

INTRODUCTION

Who are you? Have you lived before? What is your name?

Say your name over to yourself a few times. Say it over and over. Come on, say it some more. Now say your name a few more times. Now say it a few more just to make sure of it.

That is right. Better go back and do it a few more times if you missed.

All right. Now let's ask it again. Who are you? Where did you *really* come from?

How do you *know* you haven't lived before?

Dianetic techniques indicate that you have. And Dianetics, which has revealed so much to the Western World, comes up now with this strange datum. You are you. But you may have lived elsewhere under another name *without even* suspecting it yourself.

Curious, isn't it, that a top flight science would tell you, Mr. and Mrs. Modern, that not all the answers to everything were yet known.

Scientific experiments undertaken in the past few months strongly indicate that birth was no beginning. Seventy persons, wholly without hypnotism, were tested and

seventy out of seventy showed evidence of having lived before.

When Dianetics started the Bridey Murphy craze conservative practitioners were justifiably upset. Only in the hands of an expert is it safe to remember "past lives."

Now conservative Scientology practitioners have studied this newest Dianetic craze. Their findings are to be found in this book.

THE EDITORS.

THE CONDITIONS OF THE EXPERIMENT

In the fall of 1958 in London a group of Scientologists convened to acquire the most advanced methods of psychotherapy which had achieved success.

CLEARING

Their interest for the most part was in clearing, the newest and highest state that has been reached by Man. The action of *clearing* brings about a condition of high intelligence, above genius, and increased effectiveness in personal relations, a freedom from physical illness, and other goals of interest, and is, therefore, a matter of intense study by the modern scientific therapist.

It was determined upon that this group of Scientologists should study, during this review training period, older and sometimes more spectacular Dianetics, an American development in the field of the mind.

Many barriers can stand in the way of the therapist who is attempting to achieve the state of clear in a human being. This is true even when the patient is not at all deranged but is desirous of living a better life by being clear. These barriers to clearing have been the subject of much study amongst Scientologists and it was thought that Dianetic engrams might be the principal impediment.

Accordingly, the study and experimental practice of Dianetics was begun.

THE PERSONS OF THE STUDY

The group undertaking this consisted of seventy well-schooled British therapists, all of them practitioners of Scientology. Scientology is the broad unified study of the phenomena of the physical universe, the body, the human mind and human life source.

The intelligence of the group as a whole is well above that of the average professional person and, being therapists, none have more than normal aberrations. They, like any professional people in their own field, are inclined to be critical of advances and even sceptical.

The activities of the group were conducted by myself and three American experts in Scientological theory and techniques.

The point of study of this group was Scientology clearing, not Dianetics, but on the basis that the Dianetic engram was responsible in 50 per cent. of the cases where clearing was found difficult or lengthy, it was essayed to study and erase some of these engrams by Scientology, rather than Dianetic procedures.

CHARACTER OF SCIENTOLOGY

Scientology, which has been remarkably effective in handling conditions and various mental states, uses no hypnotism or drugs or shock. Some 82 per cent of the clinical cases in the records of Scientology Organizations show remarkable improvement in mental and physical condition. The records are meticulously kept and comprise the only validation programme of any therapy in Great Britain.

ATTITUDE OF THE GROUP

Before the group was convened few of its members could have answered affirmatively the question "Have you lived before?" Their individual replies would have ranged from the emphatic negative to the ridiculing sceptical.

THE ELECTROMETER

They were paired off in the routine Scientological manner and, using Electrometers, set about locating the possibility of Dianetic engrams.

The Electrometer is the oldest known instrument of psychotherapy. Invented about one hundred years ago and called "The Wheatstone Bridge," it has been, and is, the mental investigator's chief tool. Its most modern version is a transistor model. Various called "the skin galvanometer" and a "lie detector," older versions can be found in any mental laboratory.

The E-Meter, as it is called in the parlance of psychotherapy, detects areas of mental charge and stress. This is as useful to the police officer as it is to the therapist as all it denotes is that something is troubling a person and it then goes on to locate it in time and character. Some people with guilty consciences are justifiably afraid of the E-Meter since it reveals anything and everything they have done and been, when used by an expert practitioner.

SCIENTOLOGY TECHNIQUES

Scientology techniques used in therapy differ greatly from hypnotism. In hypnotism the aim is to put the patient to sleep and make him as irresponsible as possible for his answers. In Scientology the reverse is true – the patient is made more and more alert, more and more responsible and truthful.

A "past life," for instance, brought out of a patient by hypnotism has little value since it is taken from an irresponsible subject. A "past life" recovered by Scientology techniques is detailed by a fully alert, responsible person who, by heightened powers of awareness, has direct and full knowledge of anything that has occurred to him. Therefore, if this were simply a recounting of forty-two experiences taken from hypnotised people, it would have little value. But forty-two experiences recovered from fully alert people with no hypnotism, suggestion, or persuasion is of new scientific value and casts a different light on the possibility of "past lives."

In the first place, none of these people were told to recover a past life. They were asked only to "enter" the Dianetic engram (or trauma) "necessary to resolve the case."

Past lives and death are evidently painful experiences, recalled in full only with great difficulty and with much determination. That a person does not remember them, if they exist, is then no matter of mystery. If he remembered them in full he would be in agony, as these experiments show. Thus we see why there is a considerable reluctance to recall them. And if they *are* recalled, only the presence of an expert Scientologist can make the patient discharge the violent emotions contained in such engrams. Record of this is found throughout these actual case reports.

DIANETICS VS. SCIENTOLOGY

Dianetics (and its spectacular discoveries) is subject to fad and craze. Millions of persons have read Dianetic books. Dianetics ebbs and flows, is resurrected with vividness and dies out again.

Scientology is the broad, steady work horse that has gone on now for thirty years, growing evenly and quietly. Anything is grist to Scientology, whether new or old, common or strange.

"Past lives" and engrams still belong wholly to Dianetics. Scientology claims nothing for them or about them beyond the fact that the Dianetic engram apparently impedes clearing in at least fifty per cent of cases encountered. The character of the engram does not matter. But in this case seventy conservative Scientologists have been put through and have put people through engrams.

Their experience and conclusions are therefore of interest to the scientific world.

A NOTE ON PAST LIVES

Past lives, or times we have lived before, are suppressed by the painfulness of the memory of those former existences.

The memory is contained in mental image pictures which, on close viewing, are capable of developing a reality "more real" than present time.

Where a person has been tortured or killed without adequate reason, the injustice of it causes him or her to protest by holding in suspension in time the picture.

To restore the memory of one's whole existence, it is necessary to bring one up to being able to confront such experiences.

A person with amnesia is looked upon as ill. What of a person who can remember only this life? Is this then not a case of amnesia on a grand scale?

Psychosomatic illnesses such as arthritis, asthma, rheumatism, heart trouble, and on and on for a total of seventy per cent of man's ills – and women's too – are the reaction of the body against a painful mental image picture or *engram*. When this picture is cleared away – if it is the right picture – the illness usually abates.

The Scientologist can turn on actual fevers and turn them off just by restimulating mental image pictures in a person.

The recovery of whole memory could be said to be a goal of processing.

Past lives are "incredible" only to those who dare not confront them. In others, the fact of former existence can be quickly established subjectively.

There are many interesting cases on record since Dianetics gave impetus to Bridey Murphy. One was a case of a young girl, about five, who, hanging back at church, confided to her clergyman that she was worried about her "husband and children." It seems she had not forgotten them after "dying out of another life five years before.

The clergyman did not at once send for the chaps in white coats. Instead, he questioned the truly worried child closely.

She told him she had lived in a nearby village, and what her name had been. She said where her former body was buried, gave him the address of her husband and children and what all their names were, and asked him to drive over and find out if they were all right.

The clergyman made the trip. Much to his astonishment, he discovered the grave, the husband, the children, and all the current news.

The following Sunday he told the little five-year-old girl that the children were all well, that the husband had remarried pleasantly and that the grave was well kept.

She was very satisfied and thanked the clergyman very much – and the following Sunday could not recall a thing about it!

Past lives are not "reincarnation." That is a complex theory compared to simply living time after time, getting a new body, eventually losing it and getting a new one.

The facts of past lives, if you care to pursue them, are best seen from a preclear's viewpoint in the hands of a competent Scientologist. The hypnotic handling of such is not advised. Only by higher levels of awareness does one learn, not deeper levels of unconsciousness.

An amusing sidelight on past lives is the "famous person" fixation. This more than anything else has discredited having lived before. There is always some madman "who was Napoleon," always some girl "who was Catherine the Great." This evidently means that the person, living a contemporary life to a famous figure, was so unsuccessful that he or she "dubbed in" the great personage. A Scientologist who runs into "Beethoven," after the preclear has run it for a while, finds the preclear was really the handler of a street piano in that life – not Beethoven!

But all rules have exceptions, and a Scientologist once found a preclear who claimed to have been Jim Bowie, the famous frontiersman who died at the doubly famous Alamo in Texas. And after much work and great scepticism found he really did have Jim Bowie!

People have also been animals and perhaps some animals have been people. There evidently is no gradient scale of advance, as in the theories of reincarnation, but there are cases on record of preclears who got well after a life as a dog or other animal was run out by a Scientologist.

One case, a psychotic girl, recovered when a life as a lion who ate his keeper was fully run out!

And we have also known horses and dogs of "human intelligence." Perhaps they had just been generals or ministers of state and were taking it easy for a life or two to cure their ulcers!

Viewing children in the light of knowledge of past lives makes us revise our estimations of causes of child behaviour.

Evidently the new-born child has just died as an adult. Therefore he or she, for some years, is prone to fantasy and terror and needs a great deal of love and security to recover a perspective of life with which he or she can live.

Life is never dull in the researches and practice of Dianetics and Scientology. The motto is – *What is, is*, not what we wish it were.

THE INCIDENTS

The following are the incidents in the past of people indicating that they have lived before. Some are the reports of the Scientologists who did the processing, some are the reports of the people themselves.

Here we find various phenomena well known to the experienced therapist but not so well known to the public.

The fact that a person is not his body but can be detached from his body is too well known for much discussion. Anyone can be detached from his body, and the conclusion is that one is not his body. Therapists have known this for a very long while, but have never drawn the final conclusion, that one has had other bodies and therefore "past lives."

People forget these on the assumption of a new identity. But the startling fact that is new is that the consequences of having lived before can be reflected in a present life.

Here we find persons who have been troubled with ideas and illnesses in their present lives which they could not explain. The practitioner, using modern Scientology methods, located the mental image pictures of the former experience and made the person confront them repeatedly. In the process of confronting these, full memory of the incident returned. And with the memory came the shock and pain of the loss, and this had to be confronted as well.

This is the story of what happened to many people to whom this occurred.

Remember in reading this story that this is the data that was given during processing. It is a scientific assessment of what the subjects said. It contains no evaluation of the truth or falsity of data.

The data, however, seems to indicate that man has been "on the way" a very long time, has lived on other planets and in other places. He has engaged, evidently, in space travel, in barbarous jungle warfare, has lived as kings and commoners, citizens and commissars, for a very, very long time.

These people have greater or lesser evidence that they have lived before. These are their stories.

THE EDITORS.

REPORTS ON CASES 1 TO 42

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT
SCIENTOLOGIST: JESSIE GRAY, H.P.A.
PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 1

Former Condition

Not certain that I was able to audit, not willing to state my opinion, although I knew I was right. Letting a counter-intention overwhelm *me*, to take *me* off cause point.

Mental Outlook

I am now more confident and sticking to my own decisions.

Physical Improvement

Need less sleep, body less tired.

What you attribute improvement to

Auditing a preclear, being audited, having my buttons pushed, confronting the postulates made in the Engram.

The Engram

While exercising the preclear in facing up to things, a process on confronting, I noticed that she became very upset and uncooperative when questioned. She remarked that it was like being questioned by the police and she didn't like it.

Later in the course we were locating with the aid of an E-Meter the details of various painful experiences; whilst doing this I asked the preclear for the date of an incident which involved questioning. This was revealed by questioning and interpretation of the meter reactions, as having occurred 651 years ago, and there were indications of other painful experiences at intervals over the previous twenty years.

Eventually this was the incident selected as responsible for this preclear's difficulties in this current life and we proceeded to work on it.

Little by little, pictures came to mind of stone walls, straw, a flagstone and grass around it. A monk, a naked body of a handsome white-haired man stretched on the rack. The preclear recognised that she was that man at that time and went through a period of grief. As she confronted the things that had been done to that person, his ability and high station in life, she realised that her present unwillingness to accept responsibility and make good use of her abilities were due to the sufferings of that previous life when she had been highly intelligent and capable. Although she could not see the rack, she could hear the creak of the wheel turning as the body was stretched.

As the process was continued, by me asking the preclear "what part of that incident can you confront?" she got more and more details of her surroundings at different periods of time. When something unpleasant came up she would get angry and doubtful of the incident, before confronting it. A scene gradually unfolded of a part of the incident prior to stretching on the rack, where the man was subjected to torture by means of the thumb screw. At this the

preclear was waving her hands about, but became very angry when I told her to hold the E-Meter cans still, and when I repeated this she said, "I'll kill you if you make me hold them still." I asked her, "Who made you keep your hands still?" And she answered, "The monk," and then broke down and cried. After this the preclear could see a heavily built soldier standing outside administering the thumb screw under the direction of the monk who was sitting opposite the man across a large table in the large hall, as I was sitting opposite her during the auditing session. She was seeing me as the monk directing the torture.

Pictures came up of the scene on the beach, a ship at sea, a date of time mark in the sand, and a man's figure standing on the sand and then driving a camel across the sandy waste. Eventually it was discovered that the man was waiting for the ship. Later it came that the man was captured by four steel helmeted soldiers, one of whom first read out the proclamation from a scroll. What happened next was quite unreal for a number of hours of processing and different parts of the whole incident came into view. A night spent in a small cell, a man sitting at a desk near a shop window within view of the wharf and ship, the man talking to a bearded wise man with a long grey robe tied with a cord. The man handcuffed and mounted on a grey horse, in front of a drawbridge over a moat, stone steps, a soldier leading the man up curved steps to a cell and carrying a candle to light the way, the man sitting eating a bowl of soup, the man on the rack face downwards, whilst the soldier takes a whip off the wall, and prepares to whip him (at this time the actual whipping could not be confronted), soldiers dragging the body across the roof of the castle and throwing it into the sea. A scene came up of eyes being put out with red hot tongs, and this was found to belong to another life altogether. It only came up once.

The preclear was becoming rather confused, and particularly when the thumb screw period was confronted; with some difficulty it was discovered that the man was drugged and hypnotised at this time. The hypnosis was started in a cell by a candle flame being held in front of the man's eyes, then the man was carried into the hall and given a glass of wine in which was a drug. Then further hypnotised when the thumb screw was applied and a suggestion instilled. The actual words that were spoken had not been confronted by the end of the course, but the preclear knew that these were such as to leave the man thoroughly confused and subject to other people's will.

Whilst confronting this period the preclear's eyelids were fluttering continuously and she was swaying about in her chair as though in a trance. However, as she confronted it better and better these manifestations wore off. After this the preclear could re-experience and confront more easily the pain and sound in the incident and scenes and pictures, rather than just still ones. She also felt much brighter. The next part to come up was when the man was still free; there was a pretty fair-haired girl who he wanted to marry, but for some reason, which couldn't here be decided, "It was no use trying." Preclear recognised that this was often the way she acted in her present life when things got difficult. When this part which included the girl came up, we checked if it included the torture incident, as the scenery had not been encountered before. However it was, there seemed to be some confusion as to the date of the incident and it was discovered that the preclear was setting the time of the incident according to the time of two different calendars, by one the date was 1700 B.C. and by the other by the lunar calendar it was 6,571 years ago. Scenes had been on a hill with a girl, and in a bedroom with her, and of a king upon a throne, being given the king's black ring, and rows of soldiers

came up. Then a banquet at which the girl's engagement to the king was announced, the man was tricked into and later defeated in a duel, after which he was taken to a tent to rest.

All this part was rather sketchy and the emotion was not confrontable at that time, although pain was felt in the elbow which was run through by a sword in the duel.

By confronting thoroughly the girl, the king, and the girl's father one at a time, this part became much clearer. An earlier part where the man, the girl and her father were in a ship came up and preclear experienced some of the seasick feeling that the man had on board ship. This all became rather unreal and the sequence of events confused.

The preclear was showing embarrassment at being questioned, when it was found that the period in the incident was when the man was embarrassed when the torture on the rack was taking place. It was decided that this part of the incident needed more attention. The preclear was then got to confront the body of the man, little by little; and this was quite difficult, as the picture would fade out and become unreal. Each time this happened she was brought to confront a few hairs on the right leg and from this she got the body more and more real. After each period of unreality some more pain or unconsciousness would be confronted, re-experienced and run off. At which the whole body was fairly confrontable and the preclear could confront it without consequence. A window, a door, a wall, and then another wall, and then another wall were confronted many times each.

Much the same phenomena were observed when confronting these except on the last wall which was the one the man was facing as he lay on the rack. While confronting this the preclear re-experienced and confronted the actual death, and exteriorisation from the body, and going up into space, coming down again and staying near the body until after it went to the bottom of the sea, then going away into space again.

The next picture was of a baby's body (the next life). Continuing and confronting the same wall she went through quite a lot of pain and unconsciousness, emotion, etc., and got three postulates, "I've got to get out of here, I can't bear it any longer" – "It's too late now, I'm dying" and "I'm free at last." A discussion on these brought to her awareness that these decisions had been having a considerable effect on her present life. She would feel compelled to "get out" when things got difficult, put on an act of pretending she was dying when she felt embarrassed or silly, and did not like to be tied down or in any way have her freedom restricted.

Continuing on confronting that wall, it completely faded out and I got her to confront the door in the cell for a while until she could see the wall again. After confronting the wall again a number of times she re-experienced the effort and pain of having her right arm stretched, when this wore off she was less nervous and her hands had ceased perspiring, which they had been doing throughout most of the processing.

Later she realised that her embarrassment had been due to the monk and one or more soldiers affronting her right to die alone by watching her die on the rack. It was only at the last that she failed to put on a good front, and this left her ashamed and embarrassed. Her discovering that this was the underlying reason for her unwillingness to be watched or questioned, left her feeling much more composed and secure than she had ever been previously.

The details of the incident were not complete by course end but it was known that the preclear was a man of high station, education and intelligence, had lived an adventurous life which included life at court, soldiering and politics. (There were indications that this man was the king's brother, but was not particularly favoured by the king, whom he called a tyrannical fool.) The man was tricked in challenging the king to a duel in honour of the king's engagement, at the banquet, to the former's mistress. Another swordsman took the king's place and defeated the man by wounding him in the elbow of his sword arm. After this the king arranged for his exile to another land. However, the man was arrested on the beach and taken to the castle where he was drugged, hypnotised and cruelly tortured with a thumb screw, by whipping and stretching on the rack. Although there was still quite a lot more work to be done to completely dispel the effects of this incident the preclear was by the end of the process, observedly calmer, more self assured, more co-operative, prettier, her skin much dearer and her body movements were more graceful.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: C. SWEETLAND, H.P.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 2

Former Condition

Former condition was fairly good. Certain defects, pertinent here, are concerned with the fact that I was difficult to rouse in the morning; and that, when tired after long work, I would have muscle fatigue, especially in the neck, shoulder and back muscles, and some ache in the head and upper left arm. My olfactory sense was slight.

Mental Outlook

Since the running of this engram I am much more cheerful much earlier in the morning, rousing myself with comparative ease. I communicate more easily, have become more sensitive to slight odours, and am no more offended by strong ones.

Physical Improvement

I have experienced no more muscle fatigue, as mentioned in Former Condition, nor ache in head or arm when tired after long work. As a matter of fact I am not tired after long work, though I do get a bit bored.

What you attribute improvement to

The whole engram was based upon oversleeping in a very bad mood on that particular day. I ran very heavy neck, shoulder and back efforts (muscular) at decapitation, with left arm ache, and headache. The incident was full of strong odours, notably me.

The Engram

Life was hard for almost everybody in the 19th Century China, but the coolie had the worst of it. Half enough to eat, and a wall to sleep by, was our idea of prosperity. The incident which I am about to tell, though of no consequence save to its narrator, is remarkable for the complete apathy which pervades it. For apathy knows a thin little emotional life of its own. Apathy can feel a semblance of terror, though it cannot flee; anger, though it cannot fight; love, though it cannot reach; grief, though it cannot weep. These actions were quite beyond me at the time, but I yet could whimper, complain, need and endure. This all happened at a time when there was not much work for people of my sort, and I was not one of the best of my calling. The year was 1874, and at forty-two, I was getting on. I had to roll out at dawn and scrounge around the town, begging odd manual jobs. Sometimes there would be a boat loading or a piece of porter's work for the day; usually just a couple of brief tasks, paid by table scraps.

The woman woke me timidly that May morning, and then again a bit later to tell me the sun was up. I struck out at her, caught her a good clout, then sulkily went back to sleep. I didn't mean to hit her really, but when I rolled myself out later I was sulking because I had done it. I did not look at her directly where she sat in the stern of our boat, picking over some

rags, and making something from them. Leaving her, I walked over the neighbouring boats, pausing to relieve myself between them, and clambered up on to the quay.

The sun was well up. Obviously I was too late to find subsistence that day. I went up the steep ramp-road from the quay, and through the square with its big tree, its stalls, and children. After a few turnings I came to the bottom of the street, a crowded fare of business and noise. Soon I came to my first call, a great house by the tea-shop. Humbly I waited by the little door until it was opened. The servant there was a relative of mine, and not a bad fellow if one abased oneself sufficiently. He had no jobs for me this day, but he did give me a handful of rice scraped from the bowls. This was better than new rice, because the scrapings had the flavour of sauce; and this also had three acorns in it, rather tough, but nice. Having eaten, I started on my way, which led up into the main part of the town.

Before I had reached the bottom of the street there was a sudden commotion. The crowd was in panic, and soldiers pressed upon us. Mounted archers came down from the top, pushing all the people before them, and at the bottom, a troop of mace-men on foot channelled us across the broad avenue and into the gate. The gate, as I knew well, led into the Grand Cour of the Palace which lay all along the avenue. This Palace was no royal residence, but a sort of Customs House where the Imperial Agent, his Provincial Council, the Guard and the local Bureaux of State were all located. I knew the Cour well, for I had often seen soldiers there at practice, and quite a few executions, and had even been whipped there once, when suspected of complicity with some thieves who were put to death. In recall this was the most terrible moment of the incident; being swept along toward that awful gate. After that my fear was of some event ever more nearly known; but the first moment of terror was entirely animal, unreasoned, unspedulated, unquestioning: I must not approach that gate. The alternative, however, was resistance, an idea unknown to me; so I jostled along with the crowd. Near me was an old man in black, and I heard him tell some neighbour what was going on. It seems that a gang of bandits or outlaw-men had been detected incognito in the town. When chased, they had ducked into the Street, and had lost themselves. The troops were taking everybody from the Street into the Cour so that the felons could be sorted out. I never found out whether or not this was the true story of why we were pushed along; the old man may just have surmised it.

Inside the gate a squad of soldiers weeded us out. Women, children, old men, a begging monk, a cangued convict, they roughly pitched into the Cour behind them. We nondescript were hustled past to the right, along the wall inside, down to the corner by the Palace, where we waited. Some officers, and known men of the town came to inspect us. Many were thrown out, including one proper priest in a big hat. Soldiers bound those of us who remained. Across the Cour the other group was also vetted, and a few of them were sent over to us.

As the soldiers bound my hands behind me and hobbled my ankles with cords, I kept telling them over and over that they had the wrong party; that I was someone else – in fact, that I was nobody at all. They were entirely non-committal. They almost did not even hear me. They bound us all, thirty-five to forty of us, in this way, and stood back on guard while we sat waiting in the shadow of the wall for perhaps half an hour. The rejected group was herded out of the Cour. We who remained were all poor types, mostly coolies and boatmen, together with a few low travellers. We were obviously people of no importance; that was suf-

ficient qualification for us to be elected honorary bandits. So we sat in the dry clay-sand and waited. Soldiers, officers, came and went. We did not speak. We waited.

After a while we were led out into the centre, about half of us, eighteen to be precise. We were placed in a long line across the Cour, four to five feet apart, and we were made to kneel, facing the great steps down from the Palace. It was then that I really knew what was to happen; I refused to know, yet I knew. We all knew for we had seen this many times. Kneeling, we waited while the headsman came slowly from his little door beside the Palace, slowly down the steps, diagonally across to the right-hand end of our line. It seemed to me that he should have started from the left, and I snatched a momentary hope from this; but I was confused at the time, and when he made his address I saw that he was left-handed.

The first two victims were expostulating vigorously by this time. The headsman took the great black-handled sword from his boy, kicked the first man lightly on the shoulder, and gestured. The victim shouted, then bowed his head for the address. We groaned with one voice as the head rolled in the sand. The No. 2 man protested, and, although he bowed, he reared up again at the wrong moment. The blade sliced into his skull. Old Frozen-Face chopped the dead head from its shoulders, and wiped the bright steel clean with a towel carried by his boy. He wiped it almost every time as he progressed along the line. He met no more resistance. I watched, horrified, as the heads rolled this way and that, the blood spurted and flowed from the bodies, and the grimaces of death spun in mid air. I remember especially No 6, a plump, composed fellow, the only one of us, I think, who realised what was happening and bore his part calmly. One of the bandits? Perhaps.

As the headsman approached the No. 10 man, just before me, I was going quietly mad. Rigid and limp by turns, with an apathic kind of terror, I could hear someone screaming inside my skull, and I could feel the flesh of my face a wooden mask. The No. 9 head spun into his path where he walked around the pool of blood; he kicked it out of his way, and it struck No. 10 on the knee. As the man bowed his head, I saw a little vomit on his lips. I did not want to look, but I saw the glittering blow, and I saw the body hop twice like a frog, and I remembered that we used to think that very funny to watch. Then I saw blood on the lower trousers of the headsman, and the bloody sand caked wet on his feet and sandals. I saw him rear the glaive for his address. I stuck my little neck out as far as I could, I shut my eyes and squinched up my face, and I got almost ready. But not quite. I needed just another few seconds to get really ready...

It is interesting what happens when you take a head off. All the shoulder muscles pull in violently, and the neck and back muscles too, partly by their own elasticity, and partly in a stupid frantic effort to recover their lost burden. There is pain in the neck, of course; but for that instant I also had a rather bad headache (the result, I assume, of poor cranial circulation), a feeling of bruised eyeballs, pain from my twisted left shoulder and elbow, and a wrenched hip when the body fell over into a most uncomfortable position. I also bit my tongue, not badly; and got sand in my eye where my head, that delicate black box I had lived in so long, lay on its right cheek and temple, just at the high-tide mark, so to speak, of my thin red blood. I did not really notice the other seven victims, though they were not uninteresting when my auditor finally dug them out. The No. 17 man tried to get away, and had his arm chopped off, his shoulder butchered and his backbone split before the boia got him. All I noticed was my

own small head lying there a feast for flies. I did not exactly leave it, but rather drifted away, far up into the sky. From there I saw the whole scene: the line of bodies, the low sun, the next batch awaiting their turn, the meat wagon, the crowd at the gate...

Soon I come back to my boat, not reasonably, but in such an agony of grief and loneliness that this seems the only place to go. The woman is there, eating half a fish, sucking the bones. Our daughter, aged four, stands by her; she has the tail. Her mother has told her to be careful of tails and fins, and she has a morsel of spiny membrane on her back teeth, crunching and grinding very slowly, watching her mother with a kind of faraway concentration; she is being a good little girl.

I tried to communicate with the woman but could not. Then I wondered what she would think when I never came back; would she find out what had happened, or think I had simply left home? I had gone away that morning without speaking, after swatting her one; I was sorry for that then. I came back in the night while she slept on the boat with the children; I got into her head; I tried to move her limbs; I haunted her, but she would not move even in sleep. Desperate, I tried again next day. By then she was worried about me, and although she had heard about the executions, she had had no definite word of me. I screamed, I hooted, and beat with my little fists upon the inside of her skull, but she did not hear. At last I could not stay. The harder I tried to reach to the boat, the faster the planet drew beneath me, until at last I drifted, powerless, in the upper air.

So much for that story. But the auditor is not quite satisfied with it as it stands. "Que faisait-il dans cette galère?" is always the crucial question; and he had to turn over an almost complete life story to answer it. We need not dwell upon the somewhat discreditable incident which started this business in train. I was a servant, aged fourteen. My first love, my true love, was a maid in the same house. I stole some fine silks, and fenced them *off* through my connections among the local teddy-boys. Months later she was accused. Eventually she confessed, under the bamboo, our intimacy, which had given me access to the storeroom. I denied it. Forced to confront her, I managed to clear myself. She died as a result, by execution. This early misdeed, at the time a heavy blow to my adolescent amour-propre, was really the end of my unpromising career. I spiralled steadily downward after that, and ended up with my head in the sand, unable even to haunt my own family. It was her screams I heard there in the Cour. I wondered at the time why I should be screaming my own name. My name was Han by the way. More than that; but they called me Han for short.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: PETER A. DAVIES, H.A.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 3

Former Condition

In grief – easily invalidated, unsure of own potential.

Mental Outlook

Now more sure of my own potential, on first dynamic, for probably the first time.

Physical Improvement

Body feels clearer (more relaxed), and lighter.

What you attribute improvement to

Confronting engram which has resolved my case as follows:

I did not know I had lived before.

Engram Report

I located a moment of loss in the patient's past and she gave me the number 56. By using the E-Meter the time of this moment of loss was 56 B.C., the date being March 19th. On questioning the preclear, she told me that she had lost a body at this time by suicide. The body was that of a Roman soldier on garrison duty in Greece.

The preclear went quickly into the incident and there was a great amount of grief over what he thought had been the slaughter of family and friends. Later on, the preclear found this to be an hallucination due to poison he had been given, and it was not more than four hours before I had a good outline of the incident. The incident ran thus:

On the morning of March 19th the soldier preclear took his wife to a grove a few miles away from the city, for a picnic, accompanied by many friends all riding in chariots. He then returned to the city to see his mistress, knowing that he shouldn't see her. He was rebuffed at her house and, because of the jealousy of his mistress, she gave him a poisonous drink. The drink dulled his senses to a marked degree and caused a lot of misemotion. He made his way back to the grove by chariot; on the way back the chariot broke down, the wheel coming *off* after being jolted by a boulder.

The soldier walked and ran the rest of the way suffering agony from the poisonous drink, being delirious. On arrival the soldier went through hallucinations of his dead wife and friends, murdered around him. Through all this delirium he decided that no one could ever help him, and after some effort plunged his sword into his heart.

On the death of his body he was bewildered and for 45 minutes could not understand why he should be alive, and his body dead. He kept near his dead body for three hours, feeling the heat of the sun on the dead body and watching a soldier take the sword out of it. He had decided to stay with the dead body until it had been helped in some way. Now, detached from his body, he decided to use the body of the brother of the woman who poisoned him, as he

was in the vicinity. He wanted to feel bodily emotions again and also to feel the experience of seeing the woman who poisoned him through another person's body. During the time he was in that person's body he experienced the emotions of that person and also that person's profession.

He did see that woman again and later on in the evening left that person's body and went back to take a look at his old dead body to see if it was right. He sensed the "cheesy" smell of the body.

Three years later he came back to that area still without a body and was surprised to find a man sleeping in the same spot where he had left his dead body. End of incident.

During the running of this incident pieces of the incident began to fit together like a jigsaw puzzle, until the whole of the incident knitted together.

For a large part of the time the preclear went through and felt she was actually in the incident, and went through degradation, unconsciousness, effort, pain, physical agony, emotion and thoughts in the incident. Later the patient could view the whole incident objectively and take full responsibility for it.

The act of suicide was not easy for the preclear to confront, but with some prompting, she did it all right.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: RAY KEMP, D.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 4

Former Condition

Could not face a present time picture or a past picture. Could not create a good imagery. Would not act (do) because I thought what would other people think.

Mental Outlook

I am willing to face a lot more of my incident if the auditor is capable and willing to make me willing cause over my bank. Also, if the auditor is interested in my case just as I am. Still have quite a lot of unreality on the incident.

Physical Improvement

Movement of body has improved but still a lot of effort needed to move it.

What you attribute improvement to

The willingness of the auditor to face the reality of an en-gram and to allow me to be cause over and willing to face (confront) part of the incident. My confidence in my auditor which made me willing. My auditor's knowledge of the subject Scientology and his ability to duplicate a command during auditing. Ron Hubbard's interest in improving the science Scientology to make a better planet for people to live on.

The Engram

This takes place nine galaxy periods ago. I was a male, born of space parents. I seem to have two or three mothers who died or were killed. At the age of five I was already on the look-out for brothels. At nine years of age I asked my father if I could join the space academy. However, this does not occur until I am 14. I am 15 when I go with other boys and girls for three months to learn all about sex and homosexuality. When I am 16 I kill my father while fighting on the planet and I join a space-ship. It seems I have a journey here and rejoin the ship when I am 19. Then I learn all about space ship drill, take-offs, etc. There is homosexuality, as only officers are allowed women.

I did not care for homosexuality and soon gained the title of captain and so was able to have a wife of my own. She had a baby and a few days later I found the wife enjoying pleasures with another officer. I put her and the officer up for trial and they were condemned and burned (zapped with special ray equipment). I killed the baby because I thought it was not my child. I wanted to go back home so I went to see the captain who was in charge of all the space-craft men and who knew where the ship was going. I asked for the space-ship to be turned around and he said "No." I went mad and killed the captain with my hands and broke up his body. Next I went into the main hall and pressed a button to ring the bell for assembly. I asked for votes on turning back the space-ship for home. Sixty-five per cent said "Yes." As I was talking to the crew members I felt a gun at the back of my body and I was led off by offi-

cers along the corridor. I was screaming and struggling as I did not want to go to the Zap machine (a ray gun to destroy bodies).

However, I arrived and my body was held against the wall by clamps, hands were outstretched against the wall. This wall was made of special ray deflecting material about a yard to two yards thick. I felt the warmth of the ray until it grew so bad that I left the body. As soon as the head had been burned off, the clamps were automatically opened and the body fell in a trench in the floor – arms outstretched. A large trap door made of metal was slammed on my arms cutting them off. The arms were swept into the trench and the trap door was lifted up again. As it slammed tight again, my body fell into a space container and was thrown outside by tremendous pressure. A space coffin had its own power to fall away from the ship. /

That is all I remember for this was written by me ten days after I found out most of the story. The story is still disjointed so one day I hope to recall the whole story of my life in that incident.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT
SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS
PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 5

Former Condition

Inclined to be anxious about others and not asserting myself enough.

Mental Outlook

Much less anxious and more willing to accept even unpleasant situations as they are. More outspoken and less afraid of the disapproval of others.

Physical Improvement

My back is more able to resist a temptation to droop and ache with long sitting. I seem to need less sleep. Head is freed from a pressure.

What you attribute improvement to

To simply contacting past life and present life incidents and simply scanning them without running or flattening.

The Engram

No engram was fully run on me. I had the misfortune to have heaviest needle drop on a space incident 78 trillion years ago, two trillion years further than I had ever heard existed and this was not encouraging. So much of it was so fantastic that it seemed like dub-in but I am pretty sure now the incidents may have been held by a grouper but that they were, in the main, real.

There was a fantastic space factory with gold animals hanging concentrically from it all around, mainly elephants and zebra, by the necks. These appeared solid but periodically imploded or exploded. There was no gravity even near planets. Inside were four great bronze grinding wheels. During the incident, I look at times both ways as well as seeing it as a kind of circle from outside time. Therefore, it is hard to say whether discs from a case were ground up and made into small animals (which I think was the case) or whether animals were compressed into discs. I think the animals were subsequently inflated after blowing up through a totem and a cat devil and then broadcast (via the outside animals?) to other planets.

This was so fantastic I was unwilling to run it and considered it dub-in. The main and most awful part, and the most impenetrable, of the incident was the feeling of waiting and counting thirty to press a button. What was to happen then was uncertain. Either I was to blow up a planet, had blown one up, or failed to prevent it from being blown up. For this I felt I was punished by ^ bearded priest to whom I was betrayed by colleagues, by being compelled to work the grinder. There was also, towards the end, the stronger idea that all this appeared to happen in a robot body.

The incident was so heavy and so confused that a lighter process had to be run. During this, which lasted the remainder of course, many lighter incidents were touched, but none run,

such as Chinese tortures, meeting Christ, a crucifixion, a heart operation, a hanging, rape and attempted murder. All of these, and especially an arrow in the eye and the death of a Pope, a Carthusian, and a girl were extremely real, but I was not sure they had happened to me. I think I was mistaking me for the body however, as incidents run from this present body's life-time proved to appear, to my astonishment, less real than any of the above mentioned. This may be because I was apparently drugged; however, the face of a person known intimately to me in this life appeared less real than all these earlier incidents.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: A. J. CROMIE, H.P.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 6

Former Condition

Scared of looking at any past life time track and of taking responsibility for the game of life on a knowing level, letting past failures on the track side-step me into a lot of phenomena and mystery, allowing it to overwhelm me.

Mental Outlook

Reality on what an engram is and how it takes control of you when in actual restimulation, and what the mind is capable of doing when in restim with an engram. Also more confident in confronting a person's reactive bank, and not letting it overwhelm me to the extent of communicating to it instead of to the individual himself.

Physical Improvement

Much lighter and more vitality.

What you attribute improvement to

With having confronted the past of myself and lots of other people, and not just certain parts but the bad and good as well. Getting the actuality and distortions of an engram, getting an idea of what the thetan uses for souvenirs of a life experience. Also to three good instructors and the captain on his bridge who would keep it on a straight course somehow no matter what's ahead.

The Engram

It all started on a planet of perfection 1,600 years ago. By that I mean everything was orderly and routine. My part on this planet was a sort of engineer in a big power house that supplied the energy by means of beams to feed the machines that were in use for the welfare of the people.

One of these machines being a sort of God, it being the big boss giving us our orders by the use of a beam. And no man having the right to originate a thought, other than a copy of what the big boss says (machine).

Anyway, something goes wrong with the power house and the machine doesn't get enough energy, and the people put the blame on me, and give me a dose of this energy which is shot through a kind of pistol, this puts me out for the count. I then transferred to a space station where I am left to look after things. No one returns and eventually everything breaks up through the lack of this energy to keep it together. And my body breaks up into bits and pieces, having no energy to feed it with, the space-ship not having returned with the supplies needed to create this energy.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT
SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS
PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 7

Former Condition

Insufficient subjective reality on mental image pictures. Insufficient understanding of others and their subjective realities. Had a fear, but did not know what the fear was, nor had I recognised it as a fear. Sometimes seemed to be cruel, others I was kind and gentle, and yet a third time I felt I was being victimised and "others" were "doing it to me."

Mental Outlook

Correction of the above statement on realities, but could be better. More easily able to have a grief charge. Am now more able to audit despite my own condition. Recognised I had a fear, now I couldn't care less. No longer scared, even though the reason for the fear is still unknown. Found out that three states were three in the engram. Although engram not run out, now am able to be myself much more and can recognize any of the three states. Feel more stable.

Physical Improvement

Much more capable on procreation and ability to experience pleasure from company of my wife. Body generally more relaxed. Hair and fingernails seem to be growing faster. Body perspiring more easily (not a social improvement).

What you attribute improvement to

Confronting and handling my mind (i.e. pictures) and the discovery of an incident which when discovered has all the symptoms of my hitherto "present" disabilities that I was "aware" of, but not to the degree of being able to discuss them or verbalise them to myself. This takes into consideration the fact that although I know the incident is not run out, the mere fact of being partially aware of what might be in the incident has caused these improvements.

The Engram

This incident started off with a door that was shut and I was looking at it as if hypnotised by it. Nothing else occurred. After working around this door, for some time, and nothing happening, I then began to get some vague impressions of other things such as a wood and the fact that I was a burglar and that I had burgled this house. After this a facsimile of a little girl turned up. She seemed to have a knife wound in her chest and I was convinced that I had murdered her. After finding this out I then had the idea that I was by the door ready to make a break for freedom but that I heard a carriage coming to the door. I then began to experience fear.

My auditor made me go over this again and again, taking pieces and going over them. As this was occurring various other things began to show up and fill in, until, in the end, I discovered several things which had their counterpart in my present life. During the recounting of these present life things to my auditor, another, as yet unmentioned, and unexplained inci-

dent, in present life, came to mind and immediately I was filled with a petrifying horror, which within seconds became a violent grief charge. This was a grief that I had never before experienced. Not only was my body crying, and weak with no strength, but I was crying with anguish in every part of me, for I had found out that the thing behind the door that I was afraid of was my daughter's body as it was thrown into the hall of my house.

After what seemed an eternity, I was able to tell my auditor about this realisation and a lot more besides. It would seem that I had been a Statesman and that I had been "under pressure" to prevent a humane law from being passed. I had refused and this was a method of retaliation. After my daughter's body was thrown in through the front door I went into the lounge where I was beset by some people, whom I presumed to be a step-brother, some brothers, or friends, and a woman who was either my wife or my sister, who were blaming me for my child's death. Overwrought, I am next in a wood, crying. I have found what seems to be a white mist floating before my eyes, and feeling of the most abject helplessness and that life doesn't matter any more. The next thing I know is that I have the idea I have committed suicide and then that I seem to be a long way above the scene of the copse and the house.

I was all set with this engram, but on checking this over with my auditor, I found that in truth I was not sure that this man hanging from a tree was me. After this I went into a confusion. Later, when I came out of this confusion I seemed to have collected more data. The engram still seemed more or less the same except that I was a girl and that I was being chased by an intruder who caught me in the lounge and raped me and beat me. Then I seemed to see this from a man's view and the man was being tortured and forced to watch the girl being tortured. After this there was more confusion, I seemed to go unconscious, my body was heavy and seemed to be devoid of any energy. The main thing I could see was a white rug. When I looked at the rug I seemed to spin, or else pictures that made no sense appeared and blotted out the rug. Eventually, I was able to look at the rug. When I did I found out that I was, to all intents and purposes, the girl being beaten. I had all the pain of being beaten, and then miraculously I seemed to be the man with all the pain of having my wrists and hands tortured. Being the man I would then feel very dizzy and end up being the girl.

This went on for some time. Afterwards, in order to stabilise things, we scouted previously and I found I had recall of being a girl in France and coming to England, ending up by coming to this house to meet a brother or lover, and being tortured by some people to reveal my brother's (or lover) location. By this time, unfortunately, time was running short. On the last day everything seemed to be unreal. I recognised all the parts of the incident as present life things. The fireplace, settee, rugs, etc., as coming from a friend's house. The panelling of the walls from a recreation of an old English house I had seen in a museum, and so on.

This is how the engram has ended for the moment. However, so many things in it have appeared which fit into my daily life which have never before had an explanation, or seemed reasonable, now seem to fit. What is more, though in the past I could not handle these things, now I can go quite some degree. I now look forward to really clearing up this engram and being able to fully handle my life in the way in which I want to handle it.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT
SCIENTOLOGISTS: DON HARDY, H.P.A.
AND EILEEN HIBBERSON, D.SCN.
PRECLEAR CASE NO. 8

Former Condition

I did not feel too bad. However, fairly uncertain and sometimes a little obsessive in communication about some subjects concerning present affairs.

Mental Outlook

I am more confident in learning. I was never good in learning verse, this has improved as I can now remember the new processes much better. The ability of application of these has, however, increased many fold.

Physical Improvement

Less stomach pain – next to nil. Less somatics.

What you attribute improvement to

Tips and hints received during the lectures, mainly the ones teaching how to handle people and banks. The demonstration sessions which gave me more understanding how to relax during processing. My service facsimile which appears to be flat on confront makes me feel more alive but a little nervous. The processing before the engram was run eased off some effort.

The Engram

The incident was located on the E-Meter and has happened 3,225 years ago. I was positioned in North Africa near the coast. I was the leader of that sector of the Roman Army. There were only five such sectors in existence, reaching round the coast to Europe.

The Chief Leader is always the first one to go anywhere danger is present and also where danger might be present.

He is the first volunteer. At the distance of three days' marching time from the major camp to the east along the coast is a small outpost for communication and observation purposes. A nice looking well-built stone cave plus an enormous tropical tree, were the major points of that outpost. There is a small lockout basket on the top of that tree from which messages were conveyed during sunrise and sunset.

After that, one of the outposts has been found not working. I took off with fifty men to examine that breakdown. At arrival three men entered the cave and did not come out again. I stopped any further actions in that direction. With the aid of a rope tied round that huge tree I managed to work myself in a circular motion to the top of it. I discovered that the basket was vacant. As it was early morning I acted as a signal man, transferring all the messages and adding my own. Then I climbed down. Later I gave the highest ranked person the command to take the men to camp. After they have left I worked myself through some very high grass at

the back of the cave toward the near native village. I made a jump on my spear into the grass to avoid traces. It was hot and hard work. When I arrived at the village I found it empty. I hurried to the cave now on the usual pathway. However, I stopped at the side of the cave cautiously in the high grass and waited for a few hours. During that wait my chest started to ache. I decided to have a look inside without being seen from the inside by looking through some grass on the side of the entrance to the cave. I inhaled some very sharp powdery smell, which had a floral odour and gave an acid taste in my mouth. I saw a white circular object in the passage of the cave. I leaned back and felt very weak, giddy and got a headache. My chest hurt very badly, I started coughing and sank to the ground. At that moment I left my body. After twenty minutes the whole body was burned up, turned black and vanished. There was only the breastplate left on the ground. I was very disappointed and sorry that this should have happened to me. I have scanned the district and lessened the loss by the idea that the breastplate will be a warning to my people which means that a part of my mission has been carried out by me. There was no other regret present. After this I left that place.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: CORNELIA ALFORD, H.C.S.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 9

Former Condition

Body somatics left side of chest. Headaches seemingly originating from right side.

Mental Outlook

I can't succeed over life no matter what I do.

What you attribute improvement to

I still have some somatics and get others I didn't used to get. I can't say I've improved as I found the incident unreal.

Engram

The incident that has been run on me is one that started with the feeling of falling. The feeling itself was very real and after the actual fall the reality of anything else tapered off. I was falling through space and fell on to some barren rocky surface.

We again went over this and after a few times all of a sudden a hole appeared in the ground which had a tremendous suction power. I went down this hole at tremendous speed and after a while something (unidentifiable at this stage) bashed into me. I experienced a real urge to pull back very fast from it but couldn't do so, after that experience I had the impression of being in a calm wide space.

Now, as one obviously falls from somewhere, I looked around and had the idea it could have been a space ship from which I had fallen. This time (and here things were only concepts and ideas of possibilities) I had the idea of being pushed and falling to the rough rocky surface. On being questioned what was on the rock, some ideas of lizards, etc., came up but these later on fell away. I also then had an idea of me having a cat-like body, although still retaining abilities to think and decide, etc.

After going over this a few times we back-tracked past the space-ship to some strange place where none of the buildings had windows and were apparently made of some metal which was smooth all over like a cement covering or skin. Here apparently I was (now) a mountain lion and got captured. A gas was released in my cage which made me quiet and I was given as a pet to a woman who was eventually aboard this space ship. She took me into her room. I lay down next to the bed and she, taking a drug of sorts, lay on the bed. However, she died and I was dragged out and thrown from the ship.

This part of the incident, however, became lost again as we went through the pattern again. The next time it appears I was in the Space-ship's Observation Room at the top. I pressed a button for an Astral dome to go up to take some visual navigational checks and a meteorite smashed the dome. As the ship was pressurised I, along with all the other loose things, including a few other guys, was sucked out of the hole at the top into space. All of a sudden, down from my right, I had the impression of something big coming at fantastic speed.

It later transpired this was a large meteorite which slammed into me and carted me off at a mere 500,000 miles per hour. I then had the idea I was sitting atop it and my body was stuck on its lower edge. After a while I decided it was no good hanging on to things and slid off, letting it disappear. I was next back at the space-ship and after again deciding it was no good hanging around, went "down" and found a maternity home on another planet and got myself another new-born body.

Some of the details of the incident have since changed but the last coverage is still the same. It appears I was Navigation Officer aboard that ship and while sleeping the alarm bells rang. I jumped up and ran into the Main Control and Plotting Room, found out we were off course and close to a meteorite stream. I ran upstairs and the rest was the same as before. I did not have much reality on the incident, although ever since running it I have been getting small somatics in just about every part of my body. Terrific headaches turn on and off. The incident has not been handled by me in its entirety.

PRECLEAR'S AND SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORTS

SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 10

Former Condition

No reality on past lives. Good health – no somatics.

Mental Outlook

I can think constructively – envisage scenes of great variance without refusing to look. I now know that by looking I can resolve my difficulties and by confronting attain to a beingness of my own.

Physical Improvement

Smell keener and most likely improved the body's tolerance to radiation.

What you attribute improvement to

Realisation of a past track. Encouragement and success in being able to look at possibilities of past happenings and to confront the weirdness of same, the confusion, and absence of direction in them. Glimmerings of understanding regarding confronting and creativity and some better ability to do both, because of command "What part of that incident can you confront." The fact of confronting the many outcomes of confronting, I mainly owe my cognitions to, and to my auditor who confronted me sufficiently for me to do the process.

Preclear's Report

Incident 55,000,000,000,000,000 years ago. There is not good enough perception in this to be certain of what happened. I was in the sea and had thoughts only for Manta rays, and for a long time in running this felt I was probably a Manta ray. We went earlier and I was a flying saucer over the ocean, a man and a woman were evidently my companions. I fell into the sea after suffering some ailment, maybe radiation, and was frightened out of my wits by a Manta ray. The incident re-stimulated a cough which has persisted for three weeks now.

Later it seemed I was on land in an Atomic War and could smell what seemed like the smell of death or burning bodies. Pictures of absolute chaos with people terribly burned asking for help and to be put out of their misery quickly. Roads completely blocked – no communication anywhere and a migration of people to the coasts where they lived on raw fish and bathed in the salty water.

Scientologist's Report

Located the incident with the command "Have you ever died?" The E-Meter needle dropped. "Was it more than 100 years ago?" Needle dropped. "More than a 1,000 years ago?" Needle dropped. More than 1,000,000 years ago?" Needle dropped. Carried on like this and finally located it at 55,000,000,000,000,000 years ago. Did not pin-point it exactly. Asked check questions which confirmed date.

"Be in that incident." "What part of that incident can you confront?" and we were away. First picture that came was of the sea, great deal of unreality but by discussion and continuing the question "What part of that incident can you confront?" various other pictures and sensations uncovered which eventually added up to a section of the incident concerning a giant Manta Ray type of aquatic creature which the preclear had seen while underwater. Had been killed by the Manta Ray and had then assumed the identity of the Manta Ray. What had happened before and after this was hidden for a good while. In searching the area previous to the sea incident, a picture of a flying-saucer type of space-ship brought a marked drop on the E-Meter. Investigated this further to find that the engram started on this space-ship. The ship had needed an outside repair. On going outside, the preclear had been hit by a meteorite particle which had not punctured the suit. At this point an acute pain under the arm where the meteor had struck, occurred. The PC clambers back into the space-ship. Later the atomic engines of the ship break down and the PC has to repair these and apparently receives radio-active bums. He finds that he has to leave the ship and so falls from a ladder into the sea where he encounters the Manta Ray.

This is by no means the totality of this incident though. Occurrences on beaches, in modern cities that got blasted by radiation, falling free from other forms of space-ship are the main incidents composing this Grouper; many hundreds of pictures showed up.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: EVE HARRISON, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 11

Former Condition

Sometimes took instant dislike to people – and didn't know why. Also there were certain types of people I didn't like talking to.

Mental Outlook

Feel lighter, better able to communicate, more able to realise what I am thinking and feeling, and if this is not optimum, to do something about it.

Physical Improvement

Feel wider awake and more able to have my attention on what I am doing. Had a nose bleed after discussing a punch on the nose, and my nose felt less blocked afterwards.

What you attribute improvement to

Realised that someone I know who made me curl up inside when he spoke to me, was like the villain in my engram – as soon as I realised this the condition vanished, and I spoke to him at the first opportunity, feeling very friendly towards him. Feel lighter as if a big weight has been lifted from my mind – just by having taken a look at what was there all the time.

The Engram

Preclear a young girl of 24, student. The incident was located by using an E-Meter, asking for a previous death and by questioning on how long ago, pinning it to 6,254 years ago. On asking what happened then, the PC had a violent twitching in the left leg and saw a mental picture of a male body on a slab with the left leg moving slightly.

Further questioning on the earlier events leading up to this, brought out the following story: –

The preclear was a carpenter, aged about 35 when the story began, had been married for 12 years and had three children. He never earned enough money and was constantly reproached by the wife for this. Close by lived a man (about 40) who was always prosperous but rarely seemed to work, who habitually "dropped in" to the workshop and hinted at easier ways of earning money. After a quarrel with his wife one afternoon, the carpenter poured his troubles out to the neighbour who suggested he meet a woman friend who would provide some solace. He arranged for the carpenter to visit the woman the same night. She became his mistress and over the next six years he was alternately happy and frustrated – there was still never enough money. The woman became more shrewish and demanding and eventually he wished to break *off* the association. She demanded a large sum of money on the threat to tell his wife the whole story. The "friend," hearing of this, offers an easy way of getting the money and arranges a meeting for the carpenter with a man who wants a small job of "acquiring" an official document done. Two days later the carpenter meets this man in the market place (a tall, thin man about 55 years) and is told to go to a certain street on a certain night about a week later,

watch for a man coming out of a house and get from him some papers in a leather pouch, hidden under his robe.

The carpenter keeps the assignment, attacks the man, but he manages to cry out. In panic the carpenter kills him, takes the papers and runs back to the appointed place – a spot outside the town (cave). He delivers the papers but is refused the money by the man who employed him (several people were in the cave – presumably the political group involved). He returns to his mistress's house – a quarrel ensues because he doesn't have the money. He nearly strangles her then goes to his own home in despair.

A week later officials arrive at his workshop to arrest him and he is taken away for questioning. The woman, who betrayed him out of spite, now identifies him. He confesses to the murder, but the officials are more concerned about the papers – who did he give them to? He has never been told the names of the group involved or the purpose of the papers and can only protest that he doesn't know. Interrogation continues with beating and periods of solitary confinement. During this his wife and children are brought in and one by one killed as he continues to say he doesn't know who employed him. Eventually his eyes are burned out with a hot iron brand – then his body stretched on a rack and placed on the marble slab where it dies. The last sign of life is the twitching of the left leg.

Auditing of the Engram

Period of incident three weeks. Events leading up to it covered six years.

This incident was difficult to enter as questioning of any kind was very restimulative to the PC. Her whole body became stiff and nervous and the eyes flinched constantly.

It was opened up by questioning on the early track of the lifetime, before any pain was encountered. Much secrecy (on the mistress and the arrangements with the political group) had to be uncovered before these terminals showed up and became real. Repetitive work on the two main people to whom she had assigned blame for the series of painful events (the man who introduced him to the woman and this woman who became his mistress) brought up the data on the sequence of events over six years – leading to torture and death.

The latter part of the incident has not yet been re-experienced – merely told in a flat, apathetic tone. The early part produced changes of emotion and some re-experiencing of slight somatics (e.g. the strangling episode with the mistress – the fight with the man when stealing the papers). The handling of the man who originally subverted him (the PC) assigned main cause, brought on aching and sharp somatics in all parts of the body – mainly stomach, legs, arms and neck, and dark circles appeared under the eyes (presumably the burning out of the eyes beginning to get realer).

The incident has been covered on "confront" fairly well up to the point of the interrogation. The latter part needs much more auditing and should be easier to get into when the interrogation with its repeated "I don't know" postulate is thoroughly run.

The incident may take place in Babylon. Long, mostly white, loose robes and sandals are worn. Male personnel are dark and bearded with longish hair. Poorer quarter of the town has rough stone buildings – doorways but no doors.

A ring worn by the main villain was very upsetting, emotionally and physically, to the preclear. Has a great antipathy to rings with jewels in them in this lifetime and to dark, bearded men. Both these manifestations have now disappeared already.

Should need about 15-20 hours to complete.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: JAMES MOMSEN, H.P.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 12

Former Condition

I was in capable condition but still tending occasionally to have unreasoning fears of certain persons and objects, occasional headaches (not so many as before Clear Procedure), and a considerable occlusion on any past life track. Tendency sometimes to be over withdrawn and uncertainty on my personal worth and place in life.

Mental Outlook

Tentatively happy beginnings of confidence in having a true place in life. No psychosomatics, no great willingness to be active or machine, some fright at glimpsing occasionally the terrible Nemesis that followed in the wake of the French Revolution, and in my opinion directly helped to cause World War I and II (I just hope not III).

Physical Improvement

Difficult to state at this stage, I have always been proud of being healthy. If I grow my hair and diminish my waist-line a bit as a result of running this engram (a possibility) *I call that Physical Improvement.*

What you attribute improvement to

Locating of personnel found in engram and their various significances, exhaustion and of pain in the incident and the looking at a thoroughly comprehensible, if complex, story that is real to me and that I know occurred to me. Dignity recovered by realising that it isn't true that the only lives we've led are degrading to one's personality that life was a pretty excellent example of worth-while living, ended only by overwhelming forces.

Engram Synopsis

The engram located by requesting from preclear date of a past death on a snap of the fingers. The date was checked on E-Meter and further information to the effect that the incident (death) occurred during a naval battle aboard a British Man of War. Preclear considered himself to be a naval officer of high rank (perhaps Lord Nelson).

Preclear was requested to return to the incident – he got a picture of a naval battle and was asked, what part of that incident can you confront? As the picture became more real, the preclear identified himself with a person in the incident and experienced the feelings and emotions of the person he had identified himself with. The command was used repeatedly throughout the first part of the therapy. First the preclear identified himself as the officer in charge of the ship (Lord Nelson) but after several hours this identity became unreal and the preclear identified himself in turn as another officer, a marine, and finally as a small boy attending one of the guns.

At this stage the story (it was related with much pain at the appropriate time) was that he was helping on one of the guns during a naval engagement, when the gun was dislodged by

enemy fire. He attempted to flee, but was brought back by the marine who proceeded to assault him with great ferocity. Head and chest were stove in by musket butt and the preclear was killed to the accompaniment of "you stay here," which explained the preclear's violent dislike of naval officers, particularly marines, in his current life. The body was then sewn up in sailcloth and the next day buried at sea.

The story gradually changed and expanded. New consideration that marine was not really cruel, but only doing what he considered to be his duty and not being completely responsible for preclear's death. Preclear next discovered that he was killed in the explosion of cannon which warranted for his injuries. Passing through a period of unconsciousness and pain. Explosion brought complete unreality to incident, which persisted until the preclear picked up decisions that he made during the explosions, that "everything was unreal." When this was picked up and run through, reality returned. Story was now that preclear was assisting on gun when an enemy shot caused an explosion which wrecked cannon and severely injured the preclear. The preclear was picked up by the marine, who carried him to a safe spot where preclear died. I now noticed that preclear had assumed a rigid position during session. Searched round and round: the preclear had found the spot he had been placed in by the marine so comfortable, that, after the confusion of the explosion, he had decided to "stay right here and never move again." When this was picked up the preclear resumed normal sitting position. Other stuck points located were where preclear struck deck after explosion, on cannon which had hit preclear, and on deck after death. Each of these were located and run out, so freeing the preclear from incident.

About this time the preclear became very angry and antagonistic but when angry and antagonistic parts of incident were handled these emotions disappeared. More information continued to come up. Stuck point after death was released by locating decision of preclear that he had not completed his life and therefore could not leave. He explained this as "I seem to be like a little ball of St. Elmo's fire floating in the air but when I made the decision I settled gently on to deck and stuck there." Another point that really stuck occurred when the preclear considered that when he had been overwhelmed by the cannon, it was good to be a cannon. At this point preclear straightened out into a good imitation of a cannon ball. Throughout the running of the incident preclear had periods when "it was a bit unreal" and had to be nursed through these to increase reality.

Final story of this life which began in 1790 and ended in 1804, was that preclear was born to French aristocrats and at the age of three was smuggled from that country to England. Both parents died in France – at about nine years of age he returned to take over his father's estates, which had been managed during his absence by a half-brother of his father's. The preclear's uncle, who had grown fat on the income from the estate, was not pleased to see the preclear return, more especially as the preclear treated him with contempt. Further reason for the uncle's dislike of the preclear, lay in the fact that he was a rejected lover of the preclear's mother. The uncle decided to be finally rid of the preclear, and had him taken aboard a British man-of-war, as a cabin boy. The preclear's duty was to keep the deck about the cannons wet during action and whenever a cannon was fired. On one particular evening he was bringing these buckets of water in preparation of the firing of the evening cannon. He was abused by the bosun, and running from him, tripped and fell into the rear of the cannon at the moment of firing. His ribs and chest stove in and he died in a few minutes. His body was buried at sea

next day and his last view of the ship was from an immense height from clouds above the ship which appeared as a white speck in the blue of the sea.

At end of intensive, although process was not flat, the pre-clear had excellent reality on past lives.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 13

Former Condition

Happy and fit. Tendency to be confused over directions and confused in thoughts. Unwillingness to control others. Unwillingness to use force.

Mental Outlook

More reality on my mental state. Feeling happier about my ability to control confusion. More willing to use force. A better understanding of responsibility. More reality on past lives and myself as a spirit.

Physical Improvement

None. Less fit.

What you attribute improvement to

(Engram not flat.) Finding out about the confused mechanism and finding out how willing I was to be responsible for causing havoc.

The Engram

The auditor contacted several engrams, but on final re-check the engram with most charge was one not previously contacted which appeared by chance and was ready to run. The PC had lost a robot body 468 million years ago. During the first five hours running the PC was coaxed to look further back at how he obtained the body. He had at first a stick body on Mars, later he decided it was a doll's body. Some parts of the incident were dub-in, but even some of this reshuffled fitted into the final form, only slightly modified.

The story, as near final as possible (engram not completely flattened), runs as follows. The preclear was on Mars without a body 469,476,600 years ago, creating havoc, destroying a bridge and buildings. The people were called by an alarm to temple. PC went and broke the back pew, and the Temple tower. He wandered in town and saw a doll in a window, and got entrapped trying to move its limbs. People seized it, beat it up, and threw the doll out of the window (30 ft. drop). The doll was taken roughly to the Temple, and was zapped by a bishop's gun while the congregation chanted "God is Love." When the people left, the doll, out of control, staggered out and was run over by a large car and a steamroller. It was then taken back to the Bishop, who ordered it to be taken (in a lorry with others) to dig trenches or ditches for 2,000 years. (The whole incident took nearly 2,000,000 years.) Then it was taken and the body was removed and the PC was promised a robot body. The thetan (PC) went up to an implant station and was put into an ice-cube and went by flying saucer and was dropped at Planet ZX 432. It was drawn to a building to an emanator. PC was interiorised by spinning and confusion into a dummy training and indoctrination robot body. In some way not very clear, a transfer was made to another robot body and PC was told to look after it forever. It reported to a village (after a doubtful encounter with a giant, and heat stroke) and was set to su-

pervise unloading of saucers. It zapped and killed another robot and PC took over its body to prove it could work. The PC was punished in first robot in a saucer and shipped off. The saucer exploded en route and body of robot was in space falling in two parts with PC vainly endeavouring to take care of it and the second body. This was sucked by departure of a saucer into water in a dock. Divers brought it up, but the PC left it, he thinks, to attend the other body.

There were other less real incidents of space stations and zapping and many engram command phrases. On final recount it came out the PC threw doll out of window (only 15 ft.) and got stuck, then beaten up on the ground. There were body jerks and head throwing at intervals throughout processing, and eye fluttering. During the fall of the doll the body and head jerks were much more violent.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: LEON BOSWORTH, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 14

Former Condition

Although the amount of chronic dispersal in my mental makeup is not particularly bad, it is still the biggest block on my mental efficiency, whether it's momentarily increased, or at its chronic level. This is how it seems to me and it corresponds with the personality assessment of the Oxford Capacity Analysis, nine traits of which are rated high and one lower. The latter being related to dispersal.

Mental Outlook

Optimism; persistence; logical; not easily pleased by poor standards; not enough aggressiveness; happy; sociable; a strong urge to survive and improve; some "ought to be more perfect criticalness"; originality; strongly ethical without much thought or respect for moral standards, and an amount of dispersal which can effect the foregoing in varying degrees.

Physical Improvement

None. Mental improvement:-a little less dispersed.

Report

Exercises in confronting logically produced imaginary pictures. Exercises in confronting non-sequitur mental pictures, some consciously produced, some not. There were present life memories, imaginary, and others, which subjectively (to me) were imaginary but produced unusual and unprecedented (for me) needle actions and readings on the E-Meter. The picture producing the most phenomenal E-Meter effects, was one of a machine, boxlike, with proportions of one wide, three high and four in length roughly. Approximate height was 20 inches. Two circular apertures were on the front at a guess.

Other pictures included tigers, gladiators, blackness, stars, interior scenes of a spaceship, a green humanoid with a trunk-like proboscis, who seemed to have some connection with the above-mentioned machine, the planet Venus and a damp room lit by a dim, diffused green light. At the same time as I saw a web-footed female the E-Meter needle reading was at Female Clear. I get the impression, or imagine, I'm strapped to a chair in the damp room, to my front left is a table upon which is this ray machine. Seated at the table is the green humanoid. Originally I saw only the machine.

Only two things could I definitely subjectively differentiate from imagination. One was the bodily pains that frequently occurred, one of which has just turned on again for ten seconds or so as I write this. It is a mild pain in the little and third finger of the left hand. The other thing was also something over which I had no control, no starting, changing or stopping. It was a few seconds long, a mental picture, a fast fluttering lightness and darkness effect in the shape of a square, usually, but once like an expanding beam directed at me. This I have experienced before occasionally during the past three and a half years. In a dark room at night,

my head under the blankets, my eyelids shut tight with both hands over my eyes, and yet I have seen it, so it certainly isn't my eyelids fluttering.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: JENNY PARKHOUSE, H.P.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 15

Former Condition

Inability to concentrate. Unwillingness to accept other people's ideas. Reluctance to be effect. Difficulty confronting.

Mental Outlook

Feel better able to handle people. Enjoy confronting people. Have more definite plans for future. Less concern, if any, what others will think.

Physical Improvement

Eyes in better condition. Better control of body.

What you attribute improvement to

Increased ability to hold and confront pictures. Cognitions on time. Realisation that I had been expecting to see myself. Willingness to accept what other people say, irrespective of believing it. Better understanding of other people's universes.

Engram

Incident with biggest drop or greatest stress located on E-Meter was 1 million, 15 thousand, 550 years ago. It took place on another planet. PC had no reality on the incident at first and then found he was a space pilot with a robot body. Something went wrong and his body burnt out. He found this out under my direction by looking at impressions which later turned into 3D pictures. Of course, at first he said, "There's nothing there, I could look at the incident if there was an incident there, but there's not."

From the robot body being burnt out, I asked him what he did next, (of course, now he was without a body) and found from him and with the help of the E-Meter that he saw something in the distance bright and glittering, liked the look of it and went to see what it was. When he wanted to go he found he couldn't, for he felt sort of pulled into the "trap." Then he found himself being twisted round and round very fast, so fast that he was extremely confused and his present body, as I was working with him, was also twisting and turning. We found that the purpose of the trap was to make him "forget everything." On working with him on this part of the incident he was extremely unwilling at first to re-experience and look at this trap. A point of interest here, PC's unhappiest time in present life, was when he was doing a job connected with diamonds and he felt he "could not get away" just as he "could not get away" from the glitter around the trap which pulled him into it. Apparently the diamonds re-stimulated the feeling of being "trapped." The next thing I found was that pictures began flying around in the trap covering the location where the incident took place – this phenomena is technically called a "grouper" and it is something, usually an object that pulls things into it rather like a vacuum cleaner does with dust. My PC and I had to sort this out as the incident was disappearing with all the pictures landing on top of it. We rectified this by finding out

what was putting pictures into it, we found this out by discussing what was happening and watching reactions on the E-Meter. The next thing to do was to get the PC to look at the actual grouper which turned out to be some sort of reflector, rather like a mirror and to "confront" it. The reflector would get covered over with pictures rather like a snowfall but eventually this ended and when it did the PC found the incident more real again, since he could see it again. PC then found there was some time, some years, between him and the engram, whereas before, unknowingly, he had been carrying tills incident around with him all the time, in the present time. This, of course, meant now he was more separate from the incident and so would be able to have more of his attention in present time. We then looked earlier in the incident to find out what harmful acts, if any, the PC had committed against anyone. So far the PC had been the "victim." This part of the incident had a lot of confusion on it. First of all, PC said that the bad action he had committed was that he had jeered at a man who had later killed him; of course, this was not very logical. Later, the PC thought he was a girl attacked by a man, but we found out eventually that what really happened was that he had murdered the girl just for the fun of it.

The PC in this present life had continued to adopt the personality of this girl. We straightened this out by running a drill of "what part of that girl can you confront?" This was difficult at first – the girl kept disappearing since he was being that girl. Eventually, however, the PC and girl separated and so the PC became that much more "himself."

On checking with the PC and by using the E-Meter, we found the PC had put the theta trap *before* killing the girl in order to have some excuse, but that what really happened was that he killed the girl and then went to the theta trap which he did not mind doing very much, since he decided after killing the girl that what he wanted was to "forget everything."

More time is needed on this incident – it is not complete, but in brief this is what happened: –

PC killed a girl – having the idea of forgetting everything and being attracted to the glitter, landed in a theta trap where he was "all jumbled up." PC then took over a robot body which burnt out.

PRECLEAR'S AND SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORTS

SCIENTOLOGIST: PAMELA KEMP, H.P.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 16

Former Condition

Pretty good. But could not get going with the work. Had a feeling it was useless, someone would spoil it (destroy). As a child I always felt somewhat unwanted and felt some sort of guilt. I think the Father in the engram was represented by Jesus in this life. This valence was cleared.

Mental Outlook

Always thought it was pretty good, but after running this engram (during one of Ron's lectures) I suddenly realised I had never *really* lived. I saw all the succumb attitudes all through my work and life. I suddenly became alive and felt marvellous, and much more confident.

Physical Improvement

Physically I feel very well. Far less tired than at the beginning of A.C.C.

What you attribute improvement to

- (1) A good auditor.
- (2) The instructors.
- (3) The process of "confronting" and also "being responsible for."
- (4) Confronting misemotions, frustrations, etc. Postulations, e.g. "I can't, and no one ever helps," etc.

Engram

The incident was 1,500 years ago – the first picture I saw was four arms sticking out of the earth. The next was a dead body lying on the back portion of a balcony with a huge piece of masonry stone on its chest.

I was standing by another man very tall, and beautifully clothed in cream rich robes with a gold border. He had large, very white, artistic hands. He stood perfectly still gazing at the mountain, which was Vesuvius in Italy. A beautiful bay horse came dashing out from behind the building with his coat smouldering. I was in agony because the man neither killed the horse or tried to help him, nor would he try to move the stone off the dead body. I was terribly upset and felt desperate. I kept saying, "I can't do it." "It is always like this, no one ever helps." I was very confused and angry with the man's white hands, which I felt had never done any work. There were two other bodies on the veranda, an old man, the grandfather. He had fallen as the house rocked and knocked his temple on the cornice of the pillar. Blood was flowing. Behind him lay the dead servant with his mouth wide open and a look of complete surprise in his eyes.

The mountain was throwing up huge boulders of rock and ashes. Red-hot lava was pouring from its mouth. Flames of all colours shot up. A woman and a child were trying to escape and got caught and covered with lava. I felt terribly upset and wept. An old man on a crutch ran as best he could. He fell and got caught by the red-hot lava. A herd of sheep with their fleece burning, tore down the plain from the hills. They were "baa-ing" in terror; they got caught and covered up. They were followed by a herd of goats. They were trying to jump out of the hot lava. Their coats were on fire and they made a terrible noise. A large he-goat fell, rolled on his side and was immediately covered, all but one side of his face and one horn. He had great terror in his eye. I felt very sick. There were two olive trees; they withered up. The bay horse was lying on his side covered with hot lava. There was a horrible smell of burning flesh and sulphur from the volcano. All the fur had burnt from his beautiful face – just one eye was left. I felt desperate. I went and looked at the dead body with the stone on it and felt terrible grief, guilt and despair. I realised it was my body. I looked at the tall man and realised he was my father. I began to come out of my confusion and to realise he could do absolutely nothing. I was feeling very grieved and guilty when the house rolled and tottered again and my father fell off the cornice of the pillar he was standing on. It bent right over and he was thrown off the balcony into the lava below – about four feet below. The lava immediately covered him – it was flowing very fast. It was about five miles wide, reaching nearly to the sea. I could see the foam of huge waves. One hand remained uncovered (the right). He was holding it up as if in forgiveness or blessing. It had a silver ring on the first finger. It stayed like that for a long time. I kept looking at it. I suddenly changed my considerations about him and felt a great devotion to him. I realised he could have done nothing. As that affection crept into me, the hand curled up and I fell by his side into the lava. I stayed by my body, hoping someone might come and remove the lava and the stone. The face was very beautiful. I stayed around for 1,426 years, and then some robbers in search of treasure came and cut up the lava over the mound of my body. I saw my body had turned to stone. The robbers throw the pieces into a pit. I did not care any more. After 100 years, grass began to grow, and then blue and yellow flowers covered the plain.

After 1,000 years I noticed a little pond had formed in the lava deposit and a grey blue bird, the size of a blackbird, came and sat on the edge and drank from it. I watched him for a long time and the apathy and guilt began to lift. I noticed a small brown beetle crawl over the ruins. Then a butterfly came, about three inches across, brown, with two yellow circles in the centre of each wing. I began to get thoroughly bored with the place but still wandered back and forth because I had such a terrible feeling of guilt, and thought no one would want me.

The beginning of the story was as follows: I was the son of a very rich nobleman 25 years old. The evening before the earthquake and eruption I took my bay horse and rode across the plain to the house of a villager who had six years ago been my mistress. She bore a son – a lovely child of whom I was very fond. I had not told my father. I went to see them that night because I had a feeling that the cripple father was going to blackmail my father over the matter. He was building a beautiful city called the "City of Beauty" and I helped him by designing the houses. Everything was rather religious and I was rather bored with it all. When I got to the cottage I kissed the child, talked to the old man and gave him money. I felt out of communication with the girl, feeling she had talked to somebody. I stopped only a very short time as I was afraid to be late for the evening meal as my father might suspect where I had

been if I was late. As I got on my horse, the sun was setting. The child laughed and I galloped back at full speed. I hooked the horse's rein on to a hook in the yard, washed my hands in a spout of water flowing from a small stream into an earthenware trough, then I walked slowly into the dining room. It was a large room with the balcony facing the plain. The mountain was at the end on the right. The room was supported by six pillars and three archways led on to the balcony, some five feet above the earth. The table was made of marble, also the stools. There were silver goblets, silver plates beaten at the edges into a design of ramping horses. The grandfather sat in a chair by himself. My father did not speak. I felt very troubled and wished to goodness something would happen. As the servant began to hand my father roast chicken with green parsley on the top, in a silver dish, a terrific rumbling started and the whole house began to rock. I looked out on to the plain and saw a part of the land rising like a huge wave and then a large fissure opened in the earth and many people who were running fell in and were covered up as the wave of earth subsided on the top of them. Four arms stuck out. My father said, "Harri, the Mountain!" and he went on to the balcony. The servant went to help the old man out of the chair: I suddenly felt furious with the servant, who was the brother of my mistress, for I suddenly knew it was he who had given the show away to my father. As I passed out on to the balcony I gave him a terrific biff on the jaw and killed him. He let go the old man he was helping, who fell, and was also killed. I went out on to the balcony hoping my father had not seen what I had done. I looked up into the sky and it was black with falling dust and ashes. I saw a huge block of masonry falling, it hit my left arm and shoulder, knocked me over and landed right on the middle of my body. My right temple struck the marble floor. The stone weighed about half a ton. Everything in my body was crushed. I could not expand to breathe. The only acute pain was the stopping of all the circulation in my limbs. It was agony. My hands and feet swelled up. I went stone cold. The last movement was a slight waggle of the fingers.

I exteriorised as the stone crushed me and in the confusion was for some time not sure whether I owned the body of the father or the son. My terrible grief over this body (the son) made me realise it was mine. I hung about in apathy and guilt, not because I had killed the servant, but because if I had not delayed going on to the balcony that stone would not have fallen on my body. I had no sense but to blame my father and then felt guilt for that. I felt no one would want to have anything to do with me.

During the eruption I was very excited about the volcano and went up to the mouth of the crater and looked in. It was a boiling cauldron of red and yellow liquid. The sides of the crater were like razed vertical pillars. Smoke, steam and sulphur smells came up. Flames of all colours shot up high each time the crater gave a new thunderous roar. A blue gas came nearly to the top of the crater and then exploded, forming flame, and a blue light like the blue of lightning flashed each time over the boiling mass.

It was a good sight to see.

Therapist's Report

I located the engram by various reactions on an E-Meter, having asked for dates and times of an incident of loss. Having done this I went ahead in getting preclear to confront parts of the incident. She cried a great deal at the loss of her body and made many considerations such as "I can't go on," and "If I create it, it will only get destroyed, so I won't create."

PC was unwilling to confront the moment at which she knocked down the two men of the family and killed them. She tried to ignore this part and this was completely occluded until the end part of the incident. PC was very stuck on the "rest" points, i.e. the points at which there was no motion. Such as the sunrises, the peace after the volcano had finished erupting and everything had been destroyed. PC had very great reality at the end of the incident and had the time and place located. The incident took place just outside Pompeii in Italy at 500 years B.C. Briefly the story is:

PC was son of a Ruler who was building a new city. Son had a mistress and son in village which was secret from father for six years. At the moment father was told of this the son hit the servant, brother of the mistress, and killed him. Volcano then started killing everything and everybody. The biggest loss in the incident was the loss of the good, healthy body.

PRECLEAR'S AND SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORTS

SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 17

Former Condition

I was in good communication and felt I could handle life pretty well. Physical condition excellent.

Mental Outlook

Life worth living, mankind is worth saving and I'm worth even more to all of them!

Physical Improvement

Much more relaxed and engram made a great deal of difference to the carrying and the eventual birth of baby. Found a postulate to succumb this PC body before birth of baby. This changed, therefore. I *do* have a physical improvement.

What you attribute improvement to

I attribute improvement to having found a great deal of considerations on the second Dynamic and my ability to be *willing* to confront. My auditor also did a good job, but engram nowhere near flat yet, so full improvements aren't yet available.

Engram

Time of events take place in Italian Somaliland in South Africa in the 17th or 18th century.

I was a son of a small family and became a doctor. The brother and the mother were very angry about this as I was breaking away from family tradition. One day I had been home all morning and my brother had been out; when he arrived home he had on my clothes and boots, which were very muddy. I became very annoyed at him for always loafing around while I worked so hard, and my mother was very angry and told me to leave him alone.

So I went off to the hospital to deliver the baby of my wife. Just as I was getting ready for this I noticed my brother coming up the steps of the hospital with two men. I decided to take no notice of them until after the delivery. I ordered the nurses to get the patient ready and then followed them into the delivery room. The baby was born without much trouble and the mother was doped. Just as I turned to receive the clippers for the cutting of the cord one of the nurses shouted, "She's dead, Doctor." I thought she meant my wife was dead so I turned very quickly to see how the heart was beating and in doing so went out of present time for a minute and collapsed over the body as I had not realised I had put my face too near the ether pad and that had knocked me unconscious. In collapsing I accidentally stabbed my wife in the stomach with the clippers – this killed her. The baby had been born dead. I was taken to a room to sleep it off and on waking I went to see the sister and in the room with her were the two men and my brother. This put the cap on it. I was questioned and arrested for a murder my brother and mother had planned (that's why the brother had been wearing my clothes previously) and was jailed for six years.

When freed I met a girl whom I eventually fell in love with, but she was so much like my wife, that one night I went psychotic and raped and killed her. I then ran off to my tent in which I practised with the natives as a doctor and found a pet lion which I kept had been killed by one of the natives. This native also attacked me and I killed him. I then became very ill and went to bed with a heavy fever soon after. That night one of the large lions with the black manes entered my tent and we had a very hectic fight for survival. The lion attacked my face and ripped the body to pieces and, of course, killed it. That was the end of that life.

While running this there was a tremendous amount of unreality to begin with. At times I was totally unwilling to confront it but with a little help and pushing from the auditor we got the story more or less straight.

I found an amazing amount of considerations made then which, until this week, I was still going around with, and of course, these were inhibiting me from doing many things in this life.

Towards the end of looking at this engram, I was getting a good reality on it, although as yet it is not quite all sorted out.

Scientologist's Report

The incident my preclear uncovered and ran occurred in the seventeenth century. It was uncovered by using an E-Meter. I asked the preclear if she had experienced a moment of extreme terror and the meter indicated that she had, and confirmed the date of the happening as 1630.

It was extremely difficult to get the preclear to confront the incident and it was only after six hours of persistent questioning and directing that the moment of terror revealed itself as a time. May 16th, 1630, when she was attacked and killed by a lion.

At this point the incident became very unreal and many incidents, seemingly from several lives, came to view. The "time track" for several hundred years was apparently collapsed at this point. By the use of finger snaps and flash answers the original incident was located more and more exactly, the track unravelled by keeping the preclear confronting "that incident" (the lion incident). After several more hours the pain, unconsciousness and death was run *off* and when this was accomplished other happenings in this life came to view, and in the end the preclear had reasonable reality on the whole of that life.

The unravelling of the incident was accompanied with physiological changes and body movement and position. For instance, when the lion was encountered the preclear's face and hands (the first body parts eaten) became very red and painful. Just before a poisonous spider bit her in the incident, her present body neck became red and swollen; and preceding the discovery of her dead infant (in the incident) she acted like a young baby, her attention span decreased and she became very tired and stretched out in the position of a sleeping child.

It was fascinating as an auditor to run this incident and see the changes for the better in my preclear. It was an experience that I would not have missed.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 18

Former Condition

Health generally good – except for pain in shoulder and neck muscles for a period of some four months prior to course. Some business and domestic anxieties.

Mental Outlook

Undoubtedly I am more confident and optimistic than for the past four years. Feelings of anxiety have entirely disappeared.

Physical Improvement

Disappearance of persistent pain (over a period of some four months) in neck and shoulder muscles.

Posture became more erect.

What you attribute improvement to

I believe the decided gains I have made are due to the running of an engram. In particular because my ability to confront bodies, especially female bodies, was increased.

Other perhaps smaller gains have been made due to the help and discipline given by the instructors, and from the L.R.H. lecture material.

Engram

I located the engram by asking PC if he had ever experienced a moment of terror. The E-Meter, of course, was in use. A single picture of some dogs killing a fox flashed up. The year in which this incident occurred was traced by E-Meter questioning, being September 19th, 1672. This particular incident was chosen out of some half dozen others, since there was obviously more charge connected with this particular life.

An entrance was made by asking PC "what part of that incident can you confront?" For some time the PC was extremely confused about his own identity in this incident. Nevertheless, the pictures expanded further, more countryside, more people, yet no apparent sequence to be seen. Some little time later PC ran into a death of a girl aged 14 in attempting to jump a fence. After some further confronting and questioning, the PC knew that this was his identity. Before this point was reached the PC went through a great deal of reluctance to look at this dead female body. The idea of his being a woman in a past life was, to use his own language, out of character, quite impossible and a final break through into an acceptance of his own experience.

Processing was now directed at clearing up the death fall. A trace back was done to two minutes before the accident. Here the PC was riding side saddle across this stretch of countryside, when the hunt horn sounded. On hearing this and knowing this was the kill, she urged the horse on, hoping to be in at the kill first. The shortest route was over a fence. Just as

the horse jumped, she saw the pack of dogs some 200 yards away, almost the same second as the horse hit the top of the fence. This was the moment of terror, since at that moment she was catapulted from the saddle. Her horse went one way, her body the other. The death came about by her head striking a rocky part of the gully. Head injuries, a broken neck, right arm and ankle and multiple bruises were sustained. From exhilaration riding this horse to death in a few seconds – a section of the incident which was tricky to run.

The emotion was shut off, so I tried for the physical pain of the engram. To get the PC to confront this was difficult. Shifting the PC backwards and forwards from the jump to the death loosened the frozen area. Pains in all the areas of the body which were injured showed up and were re-experienced and felt as if it were all happening now. The blinding pain of the first impact, the shock and finding herself outside her own body came off first. Then came the falling sensation, the terror and the blind panic, all re-experienced by the PC. This was one of the trickiest patches of the incident to run, since the PC was attempting to get out of looking at what happened. However, psychosomatic pains of some years in duration lifted off the head, spine and shoulders, and have not returned to date – nor do I expect a recurrence.

From this point a fairly straight run was made up to the funeral. A brief resume here is as follows. The people in the hunt came across to the scene of the accident. Naturally, the PC is now viewing the incident from outside her own body. The master of the hunt poured some whisky down her throat, found she was dead and made up a stretcher with coats and poles to carry her back to her home.

At various times up to the funeral, the PC exteriorised, took up the viewpoints of some 18-odd people. A deal of loss was experienced by the PC at no longer being a member of the group.

The scene moves through the journey back to the house. Nuns clean the body up and prepare it for the funeral, the girl's aunt having taken charge of the proceedings now. The body is clothed in a white gown, the hair combed, etc. and placed in a coffin the following day.

The girl's father (Sir Hugh Henning) returns that night. PC views her father's grief somewhat remotely – which gives a clue to some yet to be found facts. Father remains for some hours buried in grief by the coffin, the PC still watching. The funeral takes place a day or two later. Here the PC watches the cortege move off, and attempts to confront the Nanny who sobs bitterly at her loss. All to no avail and apparently the last act is the PC waiting around the garden. Hanging around the statue of a boy, sometimes moving around the garden, for a period of about ten weeks, enjoying the freedom of not having a body.

A further scout through the incident brought up some further data. The beginning of the hunt takes place that day with the PC (named Agnes) persuading her father to let her have Ra, a high-spirited horse, to use on the hunt. This is done with some wheedling.

A quick run from here to the fall – PC is looking at some pigs being born, alone with a friend, Marjorie by name. Following the birth, the pig eats the placenta. PC at this point starts to shy out of the incident and has to be held in hand. Some restimulation of something has occurred which the PC does not want to look at. Finally, I manage to get some more facts.

Another huntsman nearby had said, "Wait till your turn comes." The PC apparently has no desire to be a girl and would rather be dead than have children.

There is something around here which is too glib, and a little too pat. For an expert horsewoman to attempt such a fence side saddle is almost self-inflicted death.

So a check back was made to the birth. The mother died of some form of milk, or some other fever three months after childbirth. Steep drops showed on meter, the PC becoming more obstinate and recalcitrant the while. A further check back on the mother's pregnancy was done. Birth was on March 7th, 1672 – a marked meter drop was found on August 22nd-23rd, 1658. A great deal of checking and re-checking was needed here. PC obviously unwilling to look around this area.

This was the keypoint of the engram and the possible real beginning. The PC as a spirit takes over control of the mother and father. Such an incident is usually termed "blanketing" or possessing two people and monitoring their thought and behaviour to some nefarious end. From the fall to the Bedroom scene follow a train of demonical possession, overcoming the will of both people, the PC as a spirit throws them into sexual frenzies and an orgy results. The PC's intention is to degrade these people to the uttermost limits. Any extent will do, the intention being to kill the mother and child through the father. The mother become unconscious after the third coitus and a haemorrhage ensues. PC hangs about and tries again and again to engage the two in further sexual perversions. The mother holds out and comes through to birth, all the while being tormented by this disembodied spirit. The foetus has been injured but the damage is not permanent.

The PC decides to take over the body of the girl at birth. In feeding the child this incident is next isolated. The PC, still detached from the body, is still intent on injuring the mother. The mother died still being tormented by this decayed spirit.

This was apparently the entirety of the event. A further check showed up an earlier attempt at debasing this young woman at 20 years old. The incident concerned an attempt by this spirit to ravish the woman with a dog.

This may or may not be complete. The original intentions of the spirit to kill the mother and child succeeded. Original injury to foetus head, neck and spine corresponds to death of girl at 14.

PRECLEAR'S AND SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORTS

SCIENTOLOGIST: ADRIAN POTTS, H.P.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 19

Former Condition

Sometimes vague and confused and difficulty in receiving inflow of communication. Eyes lose focus and fog over easily, during last eighteen months only, pain acute with this.

Mental Outlook

Reasonable, optimistic, often irritable.

Physical Improvement

Eyes a little improved – less pain, many somatics, especially head, arm and legs continuing.

Engram

This happens in Tibet in 1500 A.D. I am a male of 30, son of a local politician, married, wife expecting first child. Father secures a diplomatic negotiation for son to carry out. Called before council and given my order; aware of some dissension at proposed negotiation with neighbouring state (Nepal). The scene is a council chamber, dark, lit with butter lamps; there is a tiled and tessellated floor. Embroidered hangings behind the carved seat of the President. He is an old man, stout, with bald head, no neck, a suave voice. His hands are on dragon heads at the end of the chair arms, his feet are on carved and embroidered footstools. He is wearing a long embroidered silk robe. Myself, I have a large long robe with a gilt sword and soft leather boots, I am five feet nine inches tall, fair, and more aquiline than the usual Tibetan. I am conscious of a difficulty of backing out, bowing and manoeuvring my sword down a narrow passage into a sunny earth-floored courtyard where I say goodbye to my father.

I step across the street to my own house opposite, it has a narrow passageway, leading to a large pillared room with no glass in window openings. A large (leather Yak skin) chest contains clothes and sword. I bid farewell to my wife, who has long black plaits and jingles on tunic, with yellow underskirt and turquoise and cornelian necklace. She has a simple submissive air, I am strutting about somewhat at my own importance. I put on a heavy sheepskin three-quarter length coat for the journey and felt boots over the leather ones. I leave off my sword, I stride along the dark passage into the sunny street, and I leap on to a pony from behind (like a leap frog game). There is no saddle and only a simple halter and rein, with patterns in colour on the latter. It's a brown pony, long black tail and mane. I wave goodbye with my right hand and leave the city – Lhasa.

I amble across the plain outside it, which is covered with coarse brown grass, and notice the river winding to the left, with the hill and the white buildings of the Potala behind.

Some way out of the city I am going along singing and swinging my legs, very content, when I look back and see three horsemen galloping towards me in the distance. I feel cer-

tain they have been hired by the dissentients, to waylay and kill me. So I put my horse to the gallop, leaning flat over his neck, his mane flicks my left cheek. I look back and see the men have weapons (spears). They are too far off to see clearly. I ride madly and decide to outwit the men by riding off the track in a westerly direction, instead of south-east where I want to go. I turn the pony into very rough rocky ground and make towards high boulders and hilly country to get cover. We are still riding hard and it is not easy to decide the route. I go to the right round a huge rock formation, only to be faced with a sheer drop of thousands of feet, and only a ledge of at most two foot six inches wide, which ends abruptly within twenty feet. I rein in the pony, but he panics and trips and I fall, luckily away from the precipice on to softish ground. The pony's leg is broken, I curse and push him over the precipice with my right foot, pressing my back against the earth behind. He whinnies and stones rattle as he falls. I scramble up the hill to the left which is slippery and very steep, and foothold is difficult. I hang on to the rocks which are rough and painful to my hands, I take cover behind a tall chimney of rock, not sitting or resting, the blood pounds in my ears, and I am sweating, my leg muscles are tautly braced. After an interval I decide the men have lost my track and I crawl across the steep fall of the hill to flatter ground, where I rest for a while among rocks with veins of quartz in them.

I then try to find landmarks and make my way due south, but I am hopelessly lost. After hours of rough walking, night suddenly falls. It is very cold. I wander on, hoping to reach a village, but I stumble often and my felt boots get torn. I hold my hands in front to feel my way. I find myself in front of a great boulder. It is higher than I can reach, and the hill slopes up to the right. The face is ridged, but has smooth places on it. I decide to feel my way to the left, down hill, but my left foot slips into a crevice and I pitch forward, hitting my head on a sharp overhang. I slump backwards and spend the night semi-conscious, with my head on my right hand leaning against the rock; it is bitterly cold and I get a lot of dream pictures of my home and wife. I long for her.

I wake with the dawn, and unstiffen my limbs, my head aches and it is still very cold. I have no food in my huge pocket. I totter along a rocky ridge, and the beauty of the dawn over the hills revives me. I feel (a little crazy) I have the idea I must get to the snow. So I trip and tumble over the rocky ground reaching snow; it is August and so it is very soft. I sink deep and drag my legs through it leaving a long track. I cannot go far, and totter forward using my arms and toes. Finally, I flop down deep into a drift and lying face downward quietly fall asleep, thinking and longing for my wife and home. As I leave the body, I notice the clean-cut wall of the snow drifts sparkling in the sun, and deep blue shadows at its base. The body has its left arm extended, showing the big turquoise on the ring. I look at the virgin snowfield, the peak and the snowy mountain 18,000 feet high, with pink and blue lights on it from the rising sun, and the hills behind are still dark and the ravine beyond, very deep.

I linger there a long time; it's free without the body, I can roam the hills easily. When I look at the body now it disgusts me because every cell is congealing with deep freeze. I feel it will be there for hundreds of years.

Auditor's Report of the Same Engram

On questioning the preclear on having lived before, I got a sharp reaction on the E-Meter and was given the year 1500 A.D., the month August, his age 33 years, sex male. The pre-

clear was slow to begin with, reviewing certain parts of the incident, but began to look more closely later.

The scene is a large city near the mountains in Tibet and the story begins when the son of a rich man interested in politics receives his first official job. The boy talks with his father for a while, outside the hall where everyone had gathered, bids farewell to his wife, puts on warm clothing and gallops away. Soon he is pursued by three men on horses, and has to quicken his pace. This is near the foothills and he decides to put the men off, and so he goes in another direction and comes across a big ravine. As the horse stumbles the young man throws himself on the edge, and later pushes the maimed horse over the edge. He climbs up a slippery slope to a rock where he rests, and hearing no pursuers he continues on. He came to a plateau covered with sharp little rocks and as it was cold and night fell, he began to feel very miserable. Fumbling around, he slipped, and moving up again he banged his head and slumped down into unconsciousness until morning. Still not too alert, he stumbled on looking for snow and feeling hungry. He felt in his large pocket for food, but found none. The snow was soft as it was the month of August, and he left a deep trail behind him as he sank into the snow. And there he died and there the body froze.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: MADGE STEVENS, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 20

Former Condition

When angry people spoke to me I couldn't understand what they said. I could not stand the thought of anyone seeing me naked. I was being compulsively responsible about men. I had the victim's outlook. When I knew I was right about something I could lose that certainty if another person brought logical argument and data to prove me wrong. I would agree with them. I had to see big effects on people and could not see small effects.

Mental Outlook

I can now observe small effects on people. I don't go "away" mentally when an angry person is talking to me. I face up to the engram and handle it. I am no longer ashamed at being seen without clothes. I am not compulsively responsible for men. I feel that I am here in 1958 rather than in 1603. I don't have the victim's outlook, because I know I have some responsibility in being made a victim. I know myself to be a real person and I am not made uncertain of myself by other people talking theory or ideas at me. Life is now more like a play than some serious heavy thing. I know now that to look at truth is not hurtful, and that to admit one's failures and to accept responsibility is better than denial. I take responsibility for making sure that other people understand exactly what I say and no more, then I don't get come-backs. I have learned to take on as much responsibility as I can cope with and no more. I understand people more and I also understand how a person can be influenced by past ideas which they don't even know they still possess. I can be interested in another person and not try to impose my understanding on them. I can respect them and their ideas and not try to run their life, it is theirs. If they need help I give it and if they don't I don't impose it on them. Before embarking on something new I ask myself, "is it worth it?" If it is not I don't do anything, I don't rush into things now. I have found that to pull someone down takes more trouble and effort than to pull them up. All these things are new to me and I keep them to myself and use them in my life.

Scientologist's Report

In 1603 during May the preclear, a young girl, went for a horse ride in the grounds of her father's house. He was a well-to-do merchant. As she rode away she noticed some of the women servants looking at her through a window, and felt a slightly irritated curiosity at being looked at and watched. She met in the grounds a military gentleman known to her parents, who continued his way to the house. That evening the gentleman was at dinner with them and he and her father in conversation discussed politics and the man said something to the effect that some trouble was brewing. The girl was bored and paid little attention to the conversation.

Next morning she was playing a piano, described as a "sort of organ thing" with higher sound than present-day pianos, when guns started firing. A woman servant came in and asked the girl to go with her to a cottage in the country until the trouble was over. The girl said she

couldn't go out without her papa's permission, papa had gone out earlier that morning. The woman coaxed her and seemed to be in a state of anxiety. They drove out of the town and along a county road, in a closed coach (not the family's coach). Arrived at the cottage, she stayed all day, very impatient, and slept there. The next morning after breakfast, the woman went out. Then two soldiers came with a carriage and said they had come to take her to the military gentleman's house, where she would be taken care of. She agreed to go, all the time wondering as she had been doing all the previous day, what it was all about to do with her. She did not like the servant and was angry at having to drive beside her and stay at the cottage, she expected to be taken home and by the time she arrived at the military gentleman's house, she was in a fine fury. Taken to a room at which she sat at a desk, she stormed a flood of questions at him. He replied very little but soothingly, and suggested that she had better have lunch; he took her to another room where he and she and some other officers had a meal. They didn't talk much to her. Afterwards in another room sitting on a sofa he intimated a liking for her as though sounding her feelings. She had been aware of his liking of her previously, but her parents had not encouraged him and she had little interest in him, nor in any particular man. She had gone to balls, ridden horses, learned French and the piano, and had a few romantic ideas, but seemed to have little understanding of the realities of life. He maintained the customary respect awarded to. Young ladies of good family. She now showed by some disdain and coldness, and laughing at the man, how little she had ever thought of him. He left her suggesting that she had better have her rest, and she dozed on the sofa until a soldier tapped her on the shoulder and told her to follow him.

She expected to have been taken home and was surprised and annoyed and not a little bewildered at being taken down to a small cell-like basement room with a window on to the courtyard. There was nowhere to sit, so for some hours or so she stood tapping her foot with anger on the wall.

After dark a man came down the stone steps that jutted out into the room, carrying a lamp. She saw that it was one of her own family's men servants, and thought that at last she was to be taken home. Near the top of the stairs, she was stopped short, and instead of going on up further on the stairs that she had previously come down from the living room, she was turned aside into a small windowless room containing a table, a chair, and six male figures with black hoods. She was pushed into the chair and questioned about a piece of paper with figures on it which it was said was her father's. She knew nothing of this and said so, so was punched four or five times between further asking, until her head spun. She spun out of this and then back in. She was wanting to urinate and had some thoughts about having to "pull it up" and "get out." She also got stubborn and silent.

Then she was jerked to her feet and her clothes torn off. She felt very ashamed at her nakedness and had a feeling of shock; verbalised by "That's the end," "I give up if this is what happens to you." It was surprised culmination of a rising incredulity, interspersed with irritation and stubborn refusal to recognise an incredibly unpleasant reality. They put her on the table. One man, a shortish man nearest to her, did most of the talking and bullying. They threatened to cut her and deprive her of her womanhood if she did not produce the paper. She had given up, a knife passed, a cut was made down the centre of her genitalia, she just gave up and died, after having slipped out of the body once and into the head of the bully and then back again.

When the body died she got out again, put its head over to one side and hovered above. The men went away, but she believed that they didn't intend to go so far. She hovered, considering such things as "So that is what you got if you had a woman's body." She felt grief and loss and anger, and a desire to be strong and "show them." The men returned and took the body back to the cell and left it on the floor. She stood near it, and later they took it back to the table and cut it still more, and took it back to the cell. She retired to the courtyard outside still watching it. She does not know if they ever buried it. She recalls the light dawning in the sky, a fire burning in the town, two men being shot in the courtyard, and a tree there. She waited some days. The body was never brought out and buried. She thinks they must have buried it in the earth floor of the little room where it was left. Eventually she drifted away and talked of "hoping and looking for a quiet place" and then going to Alouika.

When run on responsibility the preclear took over responsibility for her stubbornness and stupidity, lack of sensitivity, refusal to recognise reality, and also a snobbish dislike of the servants; and says that she was at least part cause of the death, forgetting easily that she was bored with that life.

The preclear had difficulty with running responsibility. In the engram during the most aberrative section when she was half conscious from the bullying and fear, the tallest of the six men had said something to the effect that she was only an irresponsible woman. She was very confused in this life about her own ideas and responsibility, and seemed to be using her husband's and other people's ideas theoretically, and theoretical ideas in general. A lot of work had to be done on this, and then she worked well on the clearing of the engram. It is interesting to note, that in this life, this woman gave birth to her daughter when she was 18 and that she fought the obstetricians and refused to open her legs to allow the baby to be born. It had to be born with her lying on her side. For six years after the birth she had continuous bleeding from the womb and had six operations on the womb for this without improvement. After Scientology processing, the condition cleared up, without the preclear understanding why. Running this engram seemed to provide her with a satisfactory explanation; she said, "The high sort of bed table I was on in the hospital with the light overhead, and the men all standing round in masks and things, was like the other room only they were wearing black, and the room was darker, and I fought like a tiger not to open my legs, and I never understood why."

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: GEORGE EDWARDS, D.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 21

Former Condition

I was in fairly good shape physically but somatics in ankle occasionally bothered me.

Mental Outlook

At conclusion of course I was in anger and felt that my goal of being a better auditor and also of being clear were very distant. For a while I was apathetic. However, since course end I have received a few more hours of auditing and feel more hopeful about realisable goals in the future.

Physical Improvement

More energetic and eyes more relaxed.

What you attribute improvement to

Running engram undoubtedly has helped my case to some degree.

Engram

The past life was contacted by asking the preclear for operations, past deaths and incidents of heavy emotion or loss, each incident being asked for singly, with the preclear connected to a Hubbard Electrometer or E-Meter, and its existence confirmed by reaction of the E-Meter needle. The exact time of each incident was pinned down by asking for dates and checking the E-Meter reaction. In this way, a number of possible incidents was obtained and listed.

Several days later, this list of incidents was checked over, with the preclear on the E-Meter. The one which produced the largest needle drop when mentioned by date and brief description was taken to be the most suitable to explore. In this case it turned out to be an operation, dated September, 750 B.C. The exact date was not established, probably because calendars were different then.

The preclear was asked to be in the incident, and he immediately perceived a red patch. When questioned further he recognised this as the open wound of an operation on his own neck, seen from above the body.

The incident was opened up somewhat by repeatedly asking the question, "What part of that incident can you confront?" This brought to light a number of pictures of the operation, in which a growth was removed from the back of the neck by surgery. An interesting feature of this was that all the views were as seen from a point exterior to the body, and, in fact, it was only after many hours of working on this incident that he would view events from within his own body during the more unpleasant parts of the story. Also at this stage he felt no pain.

Next step was to develop the story a bit more, so I questioned him on events leading up to the operation, largely with the purpose of establishing the beginning of the incident We

did not find the true beginning until we had been working on the incident about forty hours, but in these early investigations, a very large amount of the entire lifetime opened up. His visual perception of the scenes was fair, right from the beginning, but perception of sound, touch, smell, etc., was rather poor and somewhat fleeting. Also the certainty that these things had really happened was not high. All he knew was that he could find these pictures, which might or might not be an accurate record of what was happening.

The story which came up was that he was an inhabitant of some small state in the Middle East, the son of a general. He lost his mother at the age of ten. She used to punish him, then kiss him on the back of the neck to make it up to him afterwards. In his teens, he had a fight with another boy over a girl, and had the back of his neck injured. Later he became a tax collector working in the palace of the local ruler, and remained a palace official from then on. He had a knife fight with a man, over the man's daughter, and received a knife wound in the back of the neck. The neck later developed a growth, so he had it cut out. Hence the surgery.

This is the story we got early. It seemed to fit together fairly well, but there seemed to be occluded parts. For one thing, he would or could not feel pain in the operation, and yet there was no evidence of anaesthetic being used. Apparently he survived the operation, and yet what happened after it seemed rather obscure. We kept working the incident over and over, particularly in the part involving the operation. He was connected to the E-Meter at all times in order that needle reactions could be observed as a check on his verbal statements.

Eventually he got a fleeting perception of two staring eyes, but rejected it as not being part of the story. The meter, however, said otherwise; so, being suspicious, I threw the question at him, "Is there any hypnotism here?" Immediately he went very deeply into a previously hidden part of the story and picked up a very strong picture of being hypnotised prior to the operation, the surgeon saying to him words to the effect of "Sleep, sleep, feel nothing, feel no pain, forget," and so forth. We only succeeded in running off some of the hypnotism at this time, but it was sufficient to allow more of the story to lift after the "forget" command came up. Also the reality of the preclear increased and he started to get improved perception, particularly of sound, touch and, to some extent, pain. His perception of sound later became good enough so that he was able at times to give me words of the actual language used, which seemed to be something like Persian, a soft liquid language with an almost musical sound.

We never did quite finish the job in the 55 hours we spent on it, because the incident had to be worked over and over, lifting a new bit of the story each time, and discarding parts here and there as not belonging. The worst pain in the operation did not show up, except as a very faint sensation, but I am pretty sure we got just about everything else of importance. We did establish with good certainty the beginning and end of the story, which turned out at the finish to be quite different from what it first appeared to be. Here it is: –

The story begins at a feast in the palace of the local Emir or Shah, or whatever the ruler was called. The preclear, named Pamur in this incident (pronounced Pamoor), was conversing with a foreigner – possibly a Turk – next to him, named Mustapha, a man with a hook-shaped nose. They were discussing the growth on his neck, which Mustapha said could be removed by a surgeon, a countryman of his, living outside the city.

Pamur later discussed this with his girl friend back in the palace, who urged him to have the growth cut out, as it spoiled his appearance.

Next day, he visited the surgeon and consulted with him on the matter. The surgeon's manner was rather hypnotic and as he examined the growth, he tried to give hypnotic suggestions to ensure that Pamur would come back and get the growth removed. Pamur resisted this, and vacillated for about three weeks, but finally, on being threatened by his girl friend that she would leave him if he didn't get the job done, he made an appointment with the surgeon, and went along one sunny afternoon to have the operation.

He was taken into the operating room and almost immediately put into hypnotic trance by the surgeon in preparation for the operation. The hypnotic technique used by the surgeon is very interesting, but there is not space to recount it here.

At this point the plot thickens. After hypnotising the patient and shaving around the growth, the surgeon attempted to implant Pamur with suggestions to supply military information regarding the local ruler's plans to invade the surgeon's own country. The information was to be supplied to Mustapha who would relay it to the surgeon. Even though under hypnosis, Pamur's fear of the consequences of carrying out such an action, plus possibly his feelings of patriotism, was so great that he refused. The surgeon struck him and insisted in angry tones that he would obey. Pamur yielded and said yes he would.

The surgeon then strapped him face downward on to a narrow operating table, cut out the growth, sewed it up neatly, bandaged the neck and then put him to sleep for about three hours on a couch under a lion-skin rug. After waking up sufficiently, Pamur went back to his room in the palace and slept.

Apparently the hypnotism, though sufficient to enable the operation to be carried out without pain, was not totally effective, even though it had carried a command to forget what the surgeon had done to him. Pamur, on waking up, realised that the surgeon had commanded him to spy, and immediately went and had audience with the ruler. The ruler commanded that Mustapha be apprehended, but that Pamur should wait until he was, due to have the stitches removed in a few days time, to arrest the surgeon.

The evening before Pamur was to revisit the surgeon, Mustapha revisited the palace and was accosted on one of the balconies by Pamur, who attempted to arrest him single-handed. Mustapha resisted and drew a knife. A fight ensued which would have somewhat horrified the Marquis of Queensberry, and resulted in Pamur being wounded in the hand and Mustapha being savagely killed with his own knife.

Next day, Pamur went to the surgeon's house, taking with him a couple of sturdy soldiers and planting them outside the back door of the surgery to act as hidden witnesses and make the arrest if required. The surgeon removed the stitches and then asked if Pamur had got the information. Pamur replied that he refused to have anything to do with such a thing and the surgeon was liable to find himself in custody. The surgeon became abusive and reached for a knife. At this point the two soldiers rushed in and overpowered him and took him away.

This is the end of the incident, but it might be mentioned that the surgeon was later tried, found guilty and most unpleasantly executed under Pamur's direction.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: EDWARD FULLER, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 22

Former Condition

Felt myself to be in pretty fair shape: but not satisfied with my apparent lack of ability to cope with things outside of myself in my life.

Mental Outlook

Had some improvement – more mentally relaxed and alert.

Physical Improvement

Had some improvement – more physically relaxed and fitter looking in the face.

What you attribute improvement to

To the running off of some of the emotional charge in the engram and the contacting and re-evaluating of my considerations made at the time I was beaten by my grandmother in the engram – I came out of her valence.

The Engram

In this life I was born in 1666. My mother died in childbirth (my birth) and as my father had died three months before my birth I was raised by my grandmother. The relationship between my grandmother and me was a bad one and we were always at odds with each other. For instance, she once came into the room (I was five years old) and caught me busy bending one of her metal knitting needles. She then promptly hit me very solidly across the mouth with the back of her right hand (on which was a heavy, silver, ornate ring) splitting my bottom lip. In a rage I then grabbed hold of the fire tongs and snatching a piece of glowing hot coal from the fire threw it across the room at her, just missing her. She then came across, tore the tongs away from me, hit me across the back with them, took up the piece of hot coal and taking my right hand pressed the coal on to it, burning it badly.

I had a brother two years older than I whom I fought with often and always came off loser.

When I was eighteen I lost my temper with my grandmother and almost strangled her. As a consequence I had to leave home (which was somewhere in London) and went into rooms in another part of town.

Note: – From the above point until the time when I visit my brother's house and kill him is very vague, but I'll write what I have got.

It seems that whilst in that new part of town I meet and fall in love with a beautiful auburn-haired girl by the name of Anna. At some time following that I go away for a period of three months (for some reason) and on returning find that (somehow or another) she has gone off with my brother. She marries him two months later.

Apparently angry with my brother – our relationship was always pretty antagonistic, and has been made worse by a court case regarding possession of certain property (what exactly and why is pretty vague) and, on top of that, his marrying Anna – I ride, on horse-back, to an inn in a village in Sussex (close by his estate), stay there the night (it is 10.15 p.m. when I arrive), then ride over to his large mansion-type house next day.

He is not there when I arrive, but Anna is, and I remonstrate with her about things (just what, I'm not certain). My brother rides up on horse-back after about two hours and (at her wish) I go to wait in another room whilst she speaks to him first.

After I have been waiting for some twenty minutes my brother bursts into the room and grabs hold of me angrily (why, I'm very vague about). Losing my temper, I draw my sword, having pushed him away from me, and kill him. Confused, I leave the house hurriedly and gallop my horse back to the inn, where I go straight to my room, and throwing myself on to the bed (still in a confusion of thought and emotion) eventually fall asleep. There whilst sleeping I am stabbed to death by Anna.

Note: – The above account of the incident is just as much as I was able to locate when the engram was being run on me – it was not very real and so could easily be a lot different from the above.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 23

Former Condition

Somewhat undecisive, hypercritical and intolerant. Varying between inferiority and superiority complex; sometimes rather withdrawn.

Mental Outlook

Feel that I have more point to living now and things in general do not appear so difficult. Improved tolerance of stupidity. Have a better balance between inferiority and superiority which enables me to communicate with others in an altogether relaxed way.

Physical Improvement

Feel as though a weight has been lifted from my shoulders. A good deal of physical tension has been eased in the body, particularly in the region of the neck and shoulders. There is a sensation in the head which I can only describe as a feeling that it has been "washed clean." Bodily warmth and aliveness has increased. The whole body feels better.

What you attribute improvement to

This was undoubtedly an incident which has had a harmful effect on me. In the mental sphere it has posed problems which I had found unsolvable as I had died whilst in the process of solving them. By increasing my ability to confront these I relaxed on the subject, and it no longer was necessary that I should solve them. I realised whilst running through this incident that I had been unconsciously keeping some attention on it. I am not doing it now. In keeping some attention on it, I had re-stimulated the physical pain to a slight degree constantly. Thus I had developed tensions in the neck and shoulders and a minute aching awareness of the head, which I was only fully aware of when it disappeared.

The Engram

Preclear, called Robert, who is 24 years of age in 1746, is a man of great charm. He is handsome and of good physique, of aristocratic origin, with a disdain for the less fortunate, such as lackeys and "underdogs." He has got the making of a Don Juan and is aware of his physical attraction and his influence on women. His association with them is, in fact, easy and rewarding. His favourite colours are black and white and he owns a black arab horse of outstanding beauty and performance.

Robert has been staying for four weeks at a large mansion as the guest of an influential family, situated somewhere in the north of the Midlands. He is in love with the daughter Julia whom he intends to marry. Politically they are in a different camp, the family favouring the present ruler, he supporting the pretender or opposite party, but only Julia knows this, not her family.

So when on April 11th, 1746, he had to fulfil a secret mission, he does not leave by the front entrance, but at midnight climbs out of a window, and, on his own black horse, rides to a

neighbouring farm to meet the special messenger. The latter treats him with great respect, addresses him as "lord" and hands him a hand-written scroll, provided with a blue seal. Its contents are of a disquieting nature. He is informed that owing to his undesirable or treacherous activities he is doomed and will have to pay for it with his life when caught.

He leaves the secret rendezvous but on the way back to the mansion where Julia lives, he has a fall when going through a wood, and loses his valuable arab horse. Walking back to a neighbouring village, he finds food and shelter at an inn, with the proprietress, who is well known to him and with whom he has been on terms of intimacy. He is provided with other clothes and another horse and drives back to the mansion.

On entering he is confronted with a near relation of Julia, an uncle, with whom he has now become good friends. This man is 45 years of age. At that moment he is dressed as a monk, although actually he does not exercise the profession of a monk. The monk's cloak is therefore more in the nature of a disguise. This so-called monk makes a remark which Robert interprets to be hostile, and reveals that he is aware of the fact that Robert belongs politically to the other side. Robert become irritated and, being weary and tired, is drawn into a useless argument very much against his will. The monk draws his rapier, which is a stupid thing to do, because the monk is a bad duellist. Robert hesitates, knowing full well that he can finish the monk off with the greatest of ease, being far superior in skill. After some short skirmishing, Robert pierces his chest, which scene is witnessed by Julia, who is horrified and screams. The uncle dies.

Without paying a great deal of attention to Julia and realising that he now has got to leave the premises hurriedly, he saddles his newly acquired horse, a brown one, to make off for London. In spite of everything that has happened, he is full of zest, vigour and the joy of life. While galloping south through the fields in damp rainy weather, he notices at one stage that he is followed by two men whom he recognises as Julia's brothers, and whom he always dislikes because of their poor speeches and conduct.

(The above is the introduction, the actual incident started here)

He spurs his horse on to greater effort, and takes one high fence successfully. The chase is fast and exciting, he feels the big horse's supreme staying powers and large movements, and approaches another fence. This time the jump is miscalculated, the horse takes the jump too early and hits the fence with his front legs. He is thrown, the horse comes down on top of him, one of his rear hoofs hits the right side of his skull in the region of the ear, his left foot is twisted and hurts badly. He loses and regains consciousness several times. Meanwhile, the two brothers have arrived on the scene, pick him up, rig him on to another horse, and whilst he is suffering great pain and discomfort ride him to a nearby cottage.

After entering the cottage, they put him on to a sort of bed or table. Whilst withering in misery, pain and agony, he is aware that they are preparing some sort of an operation, and is under the impression that they are going to help him.

But he is to realise quickly that nothing of the sort is going to happen. Whilst the one brother is hurting his head on the left, the other approaches with a red-hot and flat-headed iron, the kind of branding iron used for branding cattle. He now realises that they are going to brand and torture him. He sees the iron approaching, feels the red heat. The agony of being

thus finished off fills him with indescribable horror. The first branding, followed up by one or more others, produces indescribable pain, agony and bodily convulsions. When the branding is stopped, the right side of his face his horribly mutilated. He has been trying to resist, but it was all of no avail. The two brothers have had his face tightly gripped, his face is now a horrible mess, the room is filled with the frightful stench of burning flesh and hair, the sight of his right eye becomes involved and he can stand it no longer.

He feels that he is gradually "unhooking" himself from the body and exteriorises for good. A man comes into the room and remarks "Good God, he is dead." He sees the body some three to four feet away, horribly mutilated and unrecognisable. He feels sad for this body and for the loss of it, it was so attractive and full of promise. He feels he should not have met that kind of horrible fate. But he realises that in that condition it is not much good to him any more, he can now abandon it without much regret. He stays around for some time, for more than an hour. When the body is carried away, he leaves the scene, and blackness ensues.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: JAMES DIMMOCK, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 24

Former Condition

Fairly good condition, no body illness.

Mental Outlook

Had a changed consideration that I have been looking too much at counter-effort, instead of looking at my own efforts. Despite everything not going just the way I wanted them on the course (this refers to my own doingness), my tone through the course remained high. I am of the opinion that I have made gains in responsibility.

Physical Improvement

Have not noticed any change.

What you attribute improvement to

When looking at the engram I have been running, it seems somehow to parallel my struggle in this life. To me it is steady confrontingness of the facets of the engram and factual havingness which have improved my ability to confront, as I noticed quite a change in confronting. When going in and coming out of anaten I just continued to confront.

Engram

This engram occurred in the year A.D. 54 I believe, somewhere in Europe. It concerns the decision of a fair-haired boy of 18 years coming under the influence of an older person of some influence to undertake a mission to obtain possibly a manuscript. The journey was started a year and a half later and entailed long hundreds of miles across country possibly in direction of Greece. The course of the journey was through towns, rough country, the crossing of rivers, but the arduous part of the journey seemed to be while going through forests when I would lose my way or when I had to go miles out of my way to cross a lake or bog. The first serious mishap on *the* journey was being attacked by thieves at night in a town whilst going through a tunnel-like opening which was bridged by a house. The injuries I got in this attack were mostly to the head and seemed to put a grim aspect to the rest of the journey as, from there on, everything connected with the journey was of the grimmest character. Further along on the journey whilst crossing a bog I went down a hole and almost drowned and compulsorily exteriorized from the body for the first time at this event. After this near death I must have been in an emaciated or weak condition as the consideration was that this body could not handle itself very well. Most of the journey seemed to be of a furtive nature as I seemed wherever possible to avoid people or dogs. The objective of my mission seemed to be a castle or abode of monks as when I did get within sight of the place I seemed to take every precaution not to be seen. When I reached the vicinity of the walls of the castle I was quite fearful and my main concern seemed to be to find a secret entrance into the interior of the castle.

All crevices in rocks on which the castle walls were built were examined for a secret entrance, and this meant searching along the shore as the castle was built near the sea. Finally, in a small ravine near the castle a secret entrance was discovered and after a lot of squirming through underground passages an entrance to the castle was obtained. There was evidence of incarceration in a dungeon, the bed of which was a ledge cut out of rock with hardly any movement that could be made in the confined space. Later, three monks did something to my head whilst I was strapped in a chair. This consisted in placing a metal cage over the head: during processing this brought on ear-ache and head somatics, and the heavy dopiness I went through seemed to indicate a period of unconsciousness.

A final, scene where the body was concerned, was being strapped to a table. Three more monks were present, but only one of the monks present at the aforementioned scene was there. At this part of the engram the death of the body took place as one of the monks removed a circular portion of the top of the head. Whilst being processed on this part of the engram, considerable apathy, head somatics and dopiness occurred. Final exteriorisation from the body occurred at the body death, and I seemed to go to a considerable height and distance from the castle area, only to return and try and locate the body. There seems to be a period where I was stuck in a position a few yards outside the building where the body died and could not move from same. Whilst being processed at this stage there was a period when I felt acutely the loss of the body, that it had been a good body, and that I had not done the right thing by the body. Also it might be mentioned that when the monks were doing something to the body in the first stages of the engram it seemed very dramatic, a considerable amount of perturbation was present, deep apathy and a form of amazement at the monks not seeming to realize what they were doing was an injury to the body. At this stage in the engram I am unable to tell whether the monks were trying to operate on me or to torture me; as far as I can see it seems the former.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 25

Story of Engram

This incident was first contacted by asking the preclear for a "time when she lost the body." This produced a large reaction on the E-Meter. Further questioning, using E-Meter technique, produced an unmistakable reaction on the time of three million years ago. The repetitive process "What part of that incident can you confront?" was immediately started. This resulted in the preclear seeing large quantities of jumbled mental image pictures. This confusion was accompanied by a great deal of grief and convulsive body movements. Persistent use of the process, with interpolations of questions on specific details, developed after several hours a fairly consecutive narrative of the incident, which was found to contain torture of the body of that lifetime. The torture consisted of compression of the body in a casing similar to the "iron maiden" of mediaeval times. This was designed so as to allow the body to be subjected to electronic shock. During this period in the casing the body was also twice mutilated by electronic cautery.

It was necessary in running this incident to direct the preclear's attention to her efforts to resist all the compression, shocks and pain. This resulted in a great deal of body movement, actual pain in the areas concerned and swelling of the lower limbs; these physical manifestations ceased completely as the incident was thoroughly contacted and confronted although, in order to obtain this result, it was necessary to make an E-Meter "scout" for two separate occasions prior to the main incident when the preclear was responsible for committing similar hostile acts against other beings. When these were found and confronted, it was found that the main incident ran very easily. More details came to light, and the preclear was able to confront them satisfactorily. During the running of this incident, there were periods when the preclear was unwilling to confront certain details;

at these times the preclear felt that the whole incident was "unreal, imaginary, etc." but, by getting the preclear's interest in the details which were "confrontable," she was persuaded gradually to confront the difficult part. This resulted in the incident becoming completely real to the preclear and she realised that many of her thoughts during the torture have been "stuck" in her mind and have been the cause of much of her present-life behaviour and physical condition. There is more work to be done on this engram.

PRECLEAR'S AND SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORTS

SCIENTOLOGIST: NADINE MOERAN, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 26

Former Condition

I got on quite well. I tried to the best of my ability to keep myself and my reactive mind separate. I didn't look at my reactive mind much for fear of not being able to handle it. Too much uncertainty on my part.

Mental Outlook Now

My bank (forgotten but recorded past) now looks very impressive to me. I have more respect for it – it seems more real to me. There is a tremendous amount of uncertainty and "maybe I'm wrong" in the engram I think, but I am not sure at the moment that it has made any difference, although it does fit in with my present life personality so well.

I have more subjective reality on how a preclear feels when he is feeling upset during auditing, because it has happened to me. '

What you attribute improvement to

My increased acceptance of my recorded past life track is due to being run on "what part of that incident can you confront?" plus the instructor's reality on it.

Preclear's Report

The incident was rather confusing as I had two deaths in the same house on the same bed. The first death was as an old man.

The other death was in 1903, I am a child about 11 years old, I am in a four-poster bed with a green coverlet and drapes, in front is a window, to the left a fire and on the right a marble-topped table and a door.

There is a housekeeper who I feel wants me out of the way, and, although I am told this is just a "childish fancy," I wonder if it is so.

I don't feel I can get away from the house because I will be brought back and no one will believe what I say about the housekeeper. I feel I must be careful not to be ill, and must always be on my guard. The housekeeper gives me some medicine to dope me; I am wondering what she is going to do, but take the medicine. I fall asleep and wake to hear heavy footsteps. She comes in, she tells me she is going to kill me and takes out of her dress a kitchen knife. My attention is not on her but on the glittering knife. She stabs me just above the heart.

The above is all unreal to me.

More unreal still is my mother's death. I see the funeral carriage taking her away. I don't believe it. I stay for a long time with my pony, not wanting to meet anyone and hiding under the dining-room table. A manservant comes in and goes out. I pinch a grape from the table.

Scientologist's Synopsis of Engram Running

This engram was selected out of five incidents detected five days previously by finding the one that dropped most on the meter.

For the first three hours there was a lot of confusion and unreality for the PC. By the end of five hours it appeared as if there were three deaths in the same room, with confusion over change of furniture and period. This all seemed "make believe" to the PC, but by use of the meter one incident was disentangled and worked on for a further two and a half hours with increasing reality and increasing ability to face up to what was going on.

Briefly, this was PC's death as a girl of 12 on May 31st, 1903. This was in a four-poster bed in a room she had apparently lived in, in three different lives, possibly by being knifed, after being drugged, or with diphtheria. Being given the drug or sleeping draught was very real and PC has *in this life* the period spoon with which this was administered in the incident. Also in this life, she has a carved box which is at the end of the bed in the room in the incident.

The following morning it was very difficult to keep the PC in session. The incident flicked to and fro between the dread and unreality of her mother's death, fear she was to blame, the funeral, being in the stables with her pony.

Much of this time her body was restless and as if feverish, and, all the time, tense. The slightest pressure from auditor and PC would become very alert, and in the present and was very aggressive. Phrases like "I might as well give up" levelled at the auditor were found to be in the engram, as also, "I will not speak about it," and certainly the sense of "I'm making it all up," "it can't really be true," said to the auditor derived directly from the little girl, incredulous at her mother's death, and the machinations of the bossy housekeeper.

A further day's hard work elicited very little gain, and at the auditor's insistence that there was something keeping PC unable to confront so much charge, the chief instructor came and agreed that it would be best to run the far more general process "what can you confront." This brought up some present life problems which were lightened and PC went willingly into session. Confronting much better; PC less fearful of "going out of present time."

Next day, with chief instructor's approval, auditor decided to investigate the engram – but this still proved too tough for PC to work on.

PC repeatedly tells auditor what to do, what she has done wrong and how to do it, and so on. This is probably "being" the woman who took charge of her in the incident.

The auditor met total unwillingness to continue and had, regretfully, to give up the case as she felt it was impossible to help the PC using only the processes allowed on the course. Far more needed to be done by way of clearing up problems and goals and generally getting the PC's confidence. This was not permitted on this course for research reasons.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: CHRIS MOSTART, D.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 27

Former Condition

Knowing that I was always looking at something, listening and talking to someone or something. Most of my attention kept elsewhere than here. Having ideas I knew did not come from me, but from an unknown source. Felt at times uncommunicative and strongly desiring to be elsewhere than on this planet.

Mental Outlook

Walking less as if on egg shells. I have less feeling of having to hold something down or keep from exploding. I have more attention in the present time, though I still feel a lot more improvement must be made. I feel very certain that this incident has a great deal to do with my present-time life.

Physical Improvement

My face looks "clearer." Varicose veins are slowly disappearing. I have more energy and less tension in my abdomen where my operation was performed. Less heavy feeling (not change in weight – just feeling). Less fear around me (there was lots of terror run off the incident).

What you attribute improvement to

To having run the vanishing part of factual havingness. To having found out part of the wording of the implant and also the "ideas" of having been made into a monster.

Knowing that this incident is the engram that will really change my life when completely run out. The instructor helped me to have more interest in my engram and to have again a desire to run through the incident.

I also attribute my improvement to the perseverance of my auditor.

Auditor's Report

The scene is 11th century Norway. This person was the unwanted male child of a woman "who lived in ships." Abortion was attempted during the third month of pregnancy and the baby's right eye blinded by the instrument. The mother saying to the man "You're no good, you're driving me crazy." The boy was not loved by the mother nor by the man she married. "Nobody likes me" was a recurring phrase in processing.

Scene II was at seven years old on a hot day when the boy and stepfather were walking along the cliff's. The child was verminous and scratching and the man got angry calling him "dirty little bastard, I will kill you." He pushed him over the cliff, mother consenting. The boy lay semi-conscious half way down and later ran away to sea.

scene III was at age 30. He got drunk, went berserk and killed the captain of a trading vessel bound for Iceland. The crew set on him saying, "You're crazy, we're going to kill you."

His head was clamped into a metal frame and his left eye blinded with a hot instrument and his ear drums pierced. Now there is a gap in the story. The next recall is of the body in the-sea still alive, washed up for awhile on to the beach and finally swallowed by a huge monster (whale?) with gaping mouth, vast rib cage, and intestine half full of water. Exteriorisation took place at this point and there were many pictures of sea and coast from above. "I've the idea I've been there for a very long time."

On account of the PC's great unreality, "Look around here and find something you would permit to vanish" was run, which produced the following much earlier incident, date not spotted carefully (c. 3 trillion B.C.).

Change of Sex Operation

PC dopey, reclining posture, nostrils dilated, somatics in groin, back, left eye and between eyes. She had impression of revolving circle above head and beams of light hitting centre of forehead. Much teeth clenching, voice change: "I felt like a girl, now I feel like a man." "I feel I'm being hypnotised." Audio of voices: "You will kill whatever you are told to kill." "You will be crazy, if you are a girl."

Under sea incident (not finished). Disconnected pictures of huge "fish-craft," smaller ones with four "engines" in front and one at rear. PC felt like a cat, saw her hands as claws. The atmosphere was damp and heavy. She was underwater.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT
SCIENTOLOGIST: LANCE HARRISON
PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 28

Former Condition

Reasonably energetic toward life.

Mental Outlook

Good memory, quick thinker, but now am easily confused and inclined to be depressive.

Physical Improvement

Nil.

What you attribute improvement to

In my case there has been no improvement. I'm sitting in the middle of engram and am worse *off* in some respects.

Auditor's Report

This incident was located by another auditor by flash answer and further checking as to accuracy of the place and type of occurrence by meter. At the point of taking over PC, he had run about 20 hours, and, owing to unreality and some reluctance to run incident, had not been able to view anything of the sequence (story) of the incident or locate any pictures which would indicate what the incident was about.

The amount of data available at this stage was that there seemed to be something to do with a stork eating the PC, which on further checking got unreal and left the PC with a somatic in the forehead which came on consistently at the contacting of the established time of the incident 5,100 years ago. Further scouting around this time elicited the fact that "There was a feeling of some sort of operation done on the forehead." This was not real enough to see, but, as this did not change in content and read consistently on the meter, it gave a starting point to the incident.

It was at this point that I took over the case.

We established the time of the incident and from the pieces of data in hand gradually widened the content of the operation to being done in an anti-chamber of a temple by a Chief Priest. It was being done as an initiation into priesthood. This had some confusion about it, however, as on further viewing it appeared that during the ceremony and with his body lying on a marble slab and having some object inserted into his head, the body ceased to live. Therefore, why perform an initiation ceremony which defeated its main purpose?

On further confronting the area of the place of operation it very slowly became real enough for the PC to piece together more of what actually did happen. His forehead was opened and an operation done with drugs and hypnosis as control medium, in which his soul was extracted from the forehead and placed in some container, sealed in and placed with other

such containers in a cupboard. Later, this is removed by another priest who has a private purpose to practise black magic with it. In doing so, the PC in the lamp finds that owing to an accidental mishandling, the lamp explodes, he with it, and is left in a dazed but free state and at an apparent end of incident.

With further running of the incident, however, the PC discovered that the object he is placed in is a type of lamp and one in which he is hypnotically told he is to stay in for all time and to keep burning to "Light the gates of hell for the Prince of darkness." The lamp is really left in the outer-chamber and he in the lamp until he is suddenly aware that there is an explosion in a 17th century drawing room. On going over this again the story resolves into the fact that he did remain in the lamp 4,800 years and gradually became so unaware that his removal from the original place and the elapsed time had gone completely unnoticed.

At this point in running the incident a lot of unconsciousness started to interfere with confronting and an earlier portion of the incident was opened up. One in which an initiation of a different nature is experienced and one that he is tricked into by being given drugged liquid to drink. During which time he is haunted by an ape which one of the priests uses to perform part of an enforced personality change.

As no more data was available at this juncture in the incident, a very early part of his life was contacted and a rapid scan done up to the beginning of incident proper. This brought the PC to view the fact that he led a comparatively normal early life as an Egyptian, of a Royal household, hunting, chariot racing, spear throwing, the latter making him become slightly lame. (A manifestation in his present life in a very slight form in his right leg.)

He later becomes involved with a mistress, and at the time of his first initiation at the age of 20 he is very powerful spiritually, though not wisely, and is feared, hated and partly in disgrace in his household, owing to his general attitude to others and their standards of living. He constantly challenges those who stand in his own personal path, frequently to their demise and often kills his opponents by will power, which also has an effect of weakening him too.

At this point is uncovered the fact that at his first initiation he is operated on by drugs and hypnosis and has inserted into his forehead a jewel which causes much of his later trouble. Its purpose is to increase his powers of will over others and make him a member of the priesthood, which it very effectively does. At the same time making him a party to their purposes right or wrong as well as to some degree changing his character to partly that of the ape experienced some time earlier.

The effects of these experiences lead to a fairly short and temperamental life which is terminated when he is attacked by lions whilst hunting and the wounds go gangrenous. As he is dying he is taken to the anti-chamber and removed from the body, placed in the lamp in which he remains until his freedom 4,800 years later. After the lamp's explosion he is very dazed and for a period of seven years, gradually recovers from his complete unawareness to take up life again very reduced in ability and with no memory of his free life and the fall into unconsciousness.

This incident is not quite fully viewed and many small pieces of it, although mostly in sequence, are still unconnected. However, during the running of it many unwanted effects in this life are traceable to the incident as the source of their origin. Such as the spear wound in

the right leg and its occasional slight weakness in present life. However, a little further work on it will clear it up.

PRECLEAR'S AND SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORTS

SCIENTOLOGIST: CLARENCE KILLIP, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 29

Former Condition

I was in very good shape.

Mental Outlook

I have certainly noticed an improvement in my ability to confront situations. This is apparent in my business life, when I have been able to direct employees' roots of problems without any tendency to feel "sorry" for being too direct with them. Two gains here, of course: one, to confront problems better and, two, to better confront people.

Physical Improvement

Not yet observable, but my appetite has increased somewhat.

What you attribute improvement to

I had the processes run on me which were undoubtedly therapeutic. Further, I had to contend with what I considered indifferent auditing. Once or twice I felt like throwing in my hand but persevered, and this showed me that Scientology was beneficial even when it had not, in my opinion, a fair chance.

Preclear's Report

The story starts with my first being aware of a leather-aproned bearded man. As it developed a group of people became apparent standing around a pinkish coloured stone post. This was about four feet high. It was square in shape, each side being about eight inches wide. I was led up to the stone, chained to it, and the leather-aproned man proceeded to burn out my eyes with a red-hot rod. I hastily got out of the body and followed it, when it was released, down to the edge of a nearby lake. All the rime I was trying to get back into the body but considered I couldn't do so. However, I maintained some control and let it fall into the shallow water, where it pathetically bathed its eyes. I turned the body on its side but then decided to abandon it. Incidentally, some distance away in the lake was another body but, try as I would, I had no ideas about it. I returned minus body to the stone and group of people and, feeling lost, seemed to shoot up in the sky from where I regarded the scene with very mild interest and then passed into oblivion.

I could not get any earlier recollection as to why I was so cruelly treated.

Scientologist's Report

This engram was located on the E-Meter as to having occurred in the year A.D. 856. The beginning was walking as in a trance towards a stone where two people stood. The preclear's hands were tied behind his back and when he reached the stone a chain was tightened around his neck binding him to the stone. One of the two persons who appeared to be like a blacksmith then heated some irons in a fire and hammered them out on an anvil. The red-hot

irons were put into the eyes of the body chained to the stone. At this stage the preclear, who was getting processed, got some somatics in the eyes, throat and head, coughing and a desire to vomit. As soon as the red-hot irons were placed into the eyes, the thetan exteriorised from the body. The body wobbled its way down to a nearby lake or sea and threw itself into the water, washing the eyes. The thetan returned to the body and turned it over in the water, when doing this it looked at a castle on a hill in the distance. It then returned to the scene where the eyes had been put out and, seeming to find nothing there, went to a considerable height overlooking the entire scene of the death of the body. When the preclear was processed on the attitude he had when walking up to the stone where his eyes were put out, he doped off, and during the processing this lasted for a period of over four hours. The scene of this incident was near a lake or sea, and lying in the water was another dead body for which no explanation was given for its being there.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT
SCIENTOLOGIST: JESSIE GRAY, H.P.A.
PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 30

Former Condition

Emotionally unstable, insecure with regard to holding positions. No physical disabilities.

Mental Outlook

Fluctuating between positive outlook and negative.

Physical Improvement

Ability to do with less sleep, despite very heavy schedule.

Story of Incident

The incident was found by asking the preclear for the date of a past death and snapping my fingers.

The preclear gave me a number and I pinned this down to years, months, days and hours by means of finger snaps. I got a number of incidents like this, and some were this life and some were of previous lives, and made a chart of these. I then asked him in return about each incident on the chart and chose one which caused the preclear the most discomfort and showed the most charge on the E-Meter. I then told the preclear to return to the incident in 3 A.D., June 10th, at 1 a.m. He said that he was strangling a girl by means of a cord – this was quite real to him. I then went straight in and ran this process "What part of that incident can you confront?" After a few commands of this the preclear found himself in an arena being attacked by a lion. This was at first real to him and then became less real. This was the first time that he complained of the unreality. I continued with the process, keeping his interest up by asking questions and gradually the details of the incident came to light, although the preclear complained bitterly that he didn't want to look at it any more. The preclear was a Roman soldier in 3 A.D. and he meets a girl at a party and marries her soon afterwards.

Shortly he is sent off to fight at the border with his regiment; while there he is sent out on a scout of the enemy camp and returns to find that his own camp has been attacked. He leaves the location and heads back to Rome and alone. The trip is long and uneventful, except that he spends the night at a farmer's house and makes love to the farmer's daughter. He leaves next day. On arrival in Rome, he finds sentries on the road to the city, so he falls in with some marching troops and slips away once inside the city.

When he reaches his home his wife is not there. He beats a slave and finds out that she is living with another man. He goes over there and kills the man by throwing a spear and hitting him in the back. He then strangles his wife with a cord; and, as he is leaving, a servant tries to stop him, so he kills the servant with his sword. On the way home, a couple of officers in a chariot stop to ask him his business there, and notice the blood on his sword. They take him in for questioning.

He is brought before the presiding officer and he is beaten across the face with the handle of a chariot whip until he confesses to the murder. He is sentenced to the lions. He is taken down chained to the arena in a chariot, and put into a cell. Some hours later he is unchained and pushed out into the arena; the lion is then let loose.

The preclear stands in the arena frightened, but knowing that to be a good Roman he must not be afraid, so when the lion comes towards him he does not run away. The lion jumps at him and knocks him over backwards. He rolls over on his face to protect it, but the lion puts his front paws on his back and chews off his head and neck. The preclear exteriorises from the body and the body dies. The preclear then watches from a few feet above while the lion plays around with and paws at the body. Later the body is taken away and burned.

While the incident was being run, the preclear dramatised many of the happenings. In the early stages it was mostly the effort showing up in the form of tenseness in the body. One particular time the preclear's body went stiff as a board. He lost his voice and his mind went blank. This lasted for three quarters of an hour and I continued, by repeating the command and getting him to continue the process. Somatics turned on many times in the preclear's body in the running of the incident, especially when going over the parts where he was beaten, and where he was mauled by the lion. The somatics were pains in the head, a stiff neck, a sore face, the pressure of the lion standing on his back, and others.

Emotions showed up in the form of anger, fear, boredom and others. The preclear picked up many of the thoughts, considerations and postulates of the incident and saw how many of these affected his present life. Most of the perceptions were picked up in the incident, such as the smell of the lion's body, and the sound of his snarl.

The preclear's reality on the incident fluctuated throughout the running of it. Many times when he was in doubt as to the authenticity of it I would get him to look around by asking questions concerning the environment of the incident, thus getting his interest up so that he would keep going. There was some change in the original and the last version, apart from new details coming up all the time, but as the incident gradually developed, things fell into place. The incident is not yet flat and needs more processing.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S AND PRECLEAR'S REPORTS

SCIENTOLOGIST: HERBERT PARKHOUSE, D.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 31

Former Condition

Unwilling to change in myself, with strong tendency to destroy people with whom I associated.

Mental Outlook

Feel free, and am willing to change – if I want to.

Physical Improvement

I have lost some excessive weight.

What you attribute improvement to

Knowing what I was doing and why I was doing it.

Scientologist's Report

The engram run on this preclear (a male) was located by the use of an E-Meter. I had asked preclear for a moment of death and he gave me the first thing that came into his mind. I next checked for the time of this incident by asking him if it was before or after certain dates, and then into responses. When a full date was established, I asked whose death was this and found out that it was a woman that he had murdered. Having located this incident, I next enquired as to whether or not the preclear had any pictures of this incident. He had; it was a picture of a large nude woman on a bed. Taking this still picture, I then began to run a process on it. It was not long before the preclear began to say that this incident was a figment of his very good imagination, that it might have happened, but actually the preclear was just making it up. The preclear then treated it as a game, adding pieces here, taking pieces away and building a story around this original picture.

After a while this story of "imagination" begins to make sense and suddenly the preclear is telling me that in his present life many years ago he had an affair with a lady friend that ended in the same way as this "made-up" story. Except that he did not murder her. The preclear was a little surprised to find this, as he had definitely not been thinking of this particular episode in his life. Furthermore, on discussion, the preclear found out that he had not realised before that, with large women, something happened that always made him feel that he had broken faith with himself. Shortly after this while running a process the preclear's voice, which had been very deep and froggy, became more normal, he also developed many somatics in his neck, shoulders, and back. Even so, he still said, "This is all silly, it is all my imagination."

The next thing that happened went further to convince him that this was nothing more or less than giving rein to his imagination or fancy. He had established his story as that of being a coachman and driving his coach up to a pub. He made a date with a maid servant, and had an affair with her that was rather disappointing and the maid taunted him. His temper be-

ing what it was, he put his hands around her throat to silence her. She screamed, there was a knock on the door, the maid was struggling madly, so he picked up a gold candlestick and smashed it on her head. The next instant, the door opened and a man came in. He then hit the man, got out of the door, found a horse in the yard and rode away. Now his story changed, and this time he was taking his mother to get the coach, and he killed the maid for her money. After making these additions he added that no maid would have money enough to warrant killing her for it. And, besides, she had a bookcase in her bedroom and that was highly improbable.

Despite these protestations I had noticed that he had watched the coach for quite long periods, and that he was most meticulous about the details of the coach and that they did not change in any way, so I began to concentrate on the coach. I kept asking, "What is so special about the coach?" "Where had it come from?" "Where was it going?" "Where had he sat in it?" etc. Eventually I had him giving me a detailed description of the coach from every angle. Nothing happened until I had him do it from the driver's seat. Immediately he changed his physical body position in the auditing chair to sitting back a little more, legs stretched out in front of him, and he swivelled the E-Meter cans that he was holding so that the leads were going away from him to the E-Meter. A perfect picture of a happy coachman with the reins held easily in his hands. We carried on with a description of the coach for another five minutes until the preclear said, "Ah! that's it, I'm the driver of the coach."

As soon as he knew this, it was as if his memory had suddenly returned. For he was then able to answer my question of, "Well, what is this incident all about?" He replied, "You see, I'm the coachman and this is an overnight stop. I have been having an affair with the landlady. Tonight I got there and went to her room, across the roof, and stole the money from the bookcase. She woke up and went to scream. I put my hands around her throat. She struggled, there was a knock on the door and I panicked and bashed her head in with the candlestick. I got out of the window, and shut it behind me. The catch was a bit stiff and fell into place, locking the window from the inside. I got back to my room, hid the money, and went out and joined all the others who were aroused by now."

Having recalled all this, the preclear was delighted. We talked it over for some time and then I got him to go over this incident again. After getting up to the point where the horses were removed from the coach, he had a great reluctance to get down from the seat, and then, without any warning, he said, "That's funny, I now seem to be in a barn, but I am still on top of the coach." I had him look around and describe his environment; this he did by saying that this was an old, dirty, unrepaired bam and that, horror of horrors, the coach was covered in cobwebs and rusty. Furthermore, he seemed to have the body of a young girl about 12. This did not all come out at once but gradually developed as we ran the process. The next thing that seemed to happen was that she (the preclear) fell off the coach and broke her neck.

At this moment the preclear became his old self, and said, "See – engrams, huh! – past lives, huh! – my imagination is real wild. Now you try to make sense out of that." To get him back into session at this point was a little hard going, but we made it. I ran a snap check for the time of this incident of the little girl and found it to be January 1st, 1800, the same date as the murder of the woman in the pub. This really set the preclear laughing. "Now what are you going to do?" he said. Fortunately, there was an answer to that which was this. With two dif-

ferent incidents showing up at the same time there must be something contained in both incidents, that is very similar and "holding" them together. So, getting back into session, we set to work to find the "holder." Eventually we found that the link between the two incidents was the driving seat of the coach. With this established, I then ran a process and got the two incidents separated. And then located the incident of the child in time; and found it to be 1815.

We then went back to the original incident and traced it from the murder to leaving the pub and going to Portsmouth, where he left his coach and managed to get on board a ship as a seaman bound for either Australia or America. Aboard ship he was flogged for stealing food. Then he left the ship for a new country, got married and had a daughter. And he killed his daughter by pulling her off the top of a coach in a bam in a fit of temper. This was fine, but not good enough. We had found out why the incident of a girl had suddenly shown up, and the fact that he had killed his daughter would explain why he had believed himself to be a young girl (trying to live her life for her). But both I and the preclear were intrigued as to why he had killed his daughter. Previously he had mentioned that he was in a temper. Well, why? So we set to work using the pictures that he had of killing the girl, and we ran the process that we had been running all along.

After one and a quarter hours nothing had turned up, my preclear began to get agitated, he began mumbling about the stupidity of it all – that once again it was all his imagination, he had made it all up – and, as we continued, he became more and more agitated until he was eventually quite annoyed and began to demand that we finish "mucking around" and get down to some serious work. But we still carried on. The preclear then became quite belligerent "and angry with me. I was told that I didn't know what I was doing, that he was quite sure that this was a waste of time, and from that moment on, as far as the preclear was concerned, I couldn't do a thing right. I was talking too loud in one command; the next command, I was too quiet; and then I disturbed him if I moved a finger. He couldn't concentrate because of all the noise in the environment, I held my head wrong, we should have a break – all of which was stated in a very loud angry manner, which was curious because we were looking for something that had made him angry in the incident when he had killed his daughter in a fit of temper. The preclear couldn't recall what it was but it was surely having an effect right now in the auditing room. For my manner had not changed since we had begun auditing, and the environment noise at this moment was less than it normally was.

The only conclusion to be drawn from this was that we had found what was making the preclear mad in the incident. But that it was not available to his normal memory could only mean one thing, and that was that something or someone was withholding something from the memory of the preclear. And that someone or something was contained in the incident. So I quietly asked the preclear, was somebody withholding something from him in the incident. Instantly his face became beetroot red, his hands gripped the cans he was holding very, very hard, and he sucked his breath in. "Yes," he managed to say, "Jack was holding the gold from me" – and out poured another part of the incident. Apparently he had a friend called Jack. They had robbed a bank; he had been shot while robbing the bank. They had got back to the farm and his wife had dressed the wound. Then when he saw Jack, Jack had refused to give him any gold or tell him where it was. He had been too scared of Jack to do anything about it, and had stalked off into the barn to get his horse. When he got into the barn his daughter was on a buck board and had some reins in her hand. She threw the reins to him and

asked him to pretend to be a horse. At this, his suppressed anger had broken loose. He grabbed the reins and gave them a tremendous jerk that pulled her off the buck board. She fell head first and hit her neck on the iron rim of the wheel and had then fallen on to the cobble stones of the barn entrance.

At this moment the preclear then said that he had really felt tremendously angry during that incident especially when I mentioned the gold. He also mentioned that sometimes while fighting in the ring he had felt like this, but had never known why.

As for the anger with me, why, this had totally disappeared and we were now the best of friends. What is more important, though, was that the incident was now once again very real to him. Now we checked over the incident and eventually found out that the story was this: As he was passing his barn, he heard some giggling, went in, and found a worker on the farm, a young boy of nineteen, on top of a haystack with his daughter of 12. He became very angry and called the boy down. The boy came down grasping a pitchfork. He went for the boy, and the pitchfork pierced his own shoulder (at this moment he felt the full pain of this happening); he then pulled it out and knocked the boy unconscious with it. His daughter screamed and he threw the pitchfork in her direction, and said, "I'll deal with you later." He was horrified to see the pitchfork hit the girl in the chest, all three prongs going in deep and sticking there; and just at this moment the boy moved, he looked at him and blamed him for being the cause of the girl's death.

Two of his farm workers came and they led the boy over to a post and flogged him. As they did this, the boy shouted out that he would tell all about it. The preclear thought that this meant about the murder of the fat woman, so he had the young boy hanged from a chain from the seat of the buck board. Just before they hanged the boy, he himself was knocked unconscious by hitting his head on the buck board seat. While unconscious he seemed to be looking down at all this. He saw the body of his daughter, and thought of the murder of the fat woman. He next saw this boy struggling and the chain around his neck. He knew the boy was being hanged, he thought he himself ought to be hanged; then he didn't know which was his body and then decided that he must be the boy, because he ought to be hanged. In a hazy way after this, he came to, but had no recollection of these thoughts. He then proceeded to hang the boy; and after this he rode away, but then changed his mind and returned to make amends. But his wife shot him in the back, "like a dog," and he died. When he died, he seemed to be looking down at his body, his horse dying (for the bullet had gone through him into the horse), his wife, and the full scene.

The preclear on viewing this went into a violent grief. He was crying about being betrayed. He had decided to change his way of life and be what his wife wanted, and she had shot him "like a dog in the back." Then we began to pick up further decisions he had made at this time, such as "I'll never change," "I will destroy and no one will ever stop me," "I'll destroy everybody and nobody will ever get at me," "I'll be inside a tube and no one will ever hurt me but I'll be able to destroy them," etc. When we had cleared up this, the preclear said, "So that's what it was, boy! Is it true? Have I destroyed things! (And then related all the things he had been destroying.) And I sure wouldn't let anything have an effect on me. God! isn't this stupid, fancy living like this." Whereupon, he promptly changed his decisions, still retaining

the ability to destroy, but having the abilities to create and change which he now can do with ease.

Having got all this out, we now went over the end of the incident a few times, but it did not change. So we went back to the incident of the fat woman 15 years ago. This incident was still confused. The woman seemed to be confused with a young girl like his daughter, and another girl (who he had murdered in 1500). Also every now and again, he seemed to be the woman on the bed who was strangled and killed with a candlestick. Unfortunately at this point we had to end our Intensive. We will be continuing, but not in time for the completion of this incident.

Preclear's Report

The engram was picked as the murder of a woman at an hotel somewhere in England on New Year's day 1800. I seem to have killed a woman for money which was hidden in a cupboard. I escaped to Australia and bought a farm with the money; I married and had a daughter. When the Australian part of the incident was picked up the year was 1815, I had been married for 13 years, and the daughter was about four years old. The story this time was that I had robbed a bank, been shot during the robbery, and my accomplice had escaped with the loot. He defied me when I asked for my share, and pointed out that if I killed him I would never get it anyway. In a rage I flung my daughter off the high seat of a wagonette, and she was killed by impact with the cobbled yard. Still angry, I rode away; but a couple of hours later I changed my mind, decided I shouldn't have done it and came back to make amends. My wife shot me in the back as I took the saddle off my horse and, as I died, some man from the bank I had robbed came and hanged my dead body.

During the running of the incident, it became unreal many times, so that I doubted that it ever existed. The location, however, remained stable irrespective of how the incident twisted and changed. In turn, the story unfolded, I was first myself as the murderer, and then the woman I had killed. Then the boy who later became part of the story, and then the wife, I felt regret about. The final story was as follows:

I was walking alongside the barn, on the farm (location of the incident) when I heard a scuffling in the hay loft. As I reached the doorway and looked up I saw a boy of about 19 years of age, whom I had befriended and who lived with us on the farm, kneeling beside my daughter, who I have now established as being about 12 years old. I was angry and shouted to the boy to come down, he picked up a pitchfork and threw it at me, it hit me in the shoulder, and he then slid down the hay and came towards me. As he approached I took the tine from my shoulder and hit him on the side of the head with the handle. My daughter screamed out not to hurt him, and, enraged, I threw the pitchfork at her and hit her squarely in the chest; she fell backwards out of sight on the top of the hay. I was dismayed at what I had done but blamed the boy for the occurrence. Two of the convict workers on the farm had been attracted by the uproar and I ordered these to handcuff the boy to a nearby post in order that I could administer a flogging. On the first stroke the boy said that if I did anything to him he would tell everyone about me. Meaning that he would tell people about the murder and robbery in England. I knew then that I must kill him. The three of us got him into the back of the wagonette, but in the struggle I was knocked out.

During the resulting exteriorisation I saw the top of the hay with the dead girl lying on it. And I blamed the boy for her death, and said to myself that he deserved to hang; but, knowing that I had really killed the girl myself, I actually considered I should hang and to some degree identified myself with the boy. I saw my body get off the wagonette and fix a chain to the beam over the doorway, I saw the chain placed about the boy's throat and experienced the sensation of hanging when he was hung. After this incident, several times I picked up the decision that "I should hang there," and from then on became myself again. After the hanging I rode to a look-out point and there decided that I was sorry for what I had done, and I would go back and make amends. The recovery of this decision, brought a flood of tears. I rode to the farm, and as I took the saddle off the horse my wife shot me through the lower part of the back. The ball passed right through my body and hit my horse in the stomach, eventually killing him too. This produced further tears; and after the body was dead I remained poised over it and decided that I would never change, that I had changed, and this was my reward. I decided that I would put a tube around me to protect me. For I would never trust anyone or change ever again.

At this point, the Auditor requested that I return to the clearing. As I rode up the hill I said that I had never had a chance anyway. That the decision about changing had been made a long time before. I felt as though I were moving rapidly back in time. I felt stuck to a post, and amid feeling of terrific indignity, anger and grief, said that "I had decided never to be curious, and then I had changed and been curious, and here I was, stuck to a post." Immediately this decision was recovered, I was freed from the post and once again flew back in time. Quite suddenly everything felt still, the anger, grief and indignity disappeared. I said "This is where it began, I was perfect and I made a perfect tube. It was a perfect creation and I decided that I would never change it," but since it was *the* perfect creation, I must be less than perfect, and so to be perfect I became the tube and it went on from there. Then I saw where the mistake lay. I had said I would never change the tube and then confused the decision into never changing myself. The engram had lost its importance except as an interesting validation of past lives.

Since then I see that always before I was *being perfect*. But I don't have to be anything, I only have to *be*. This seems to have been the restricting feature of this life and doubtless of many other lives, too.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: MIKE FURSE, D.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 32

Former Condition

Truly willing effect, but only secondary cause. If I wanted to be cause, I had to get someone else to want, need or flatly tell me whatever I wanted to do. Or I had to think that someone else would be happier by my act. I went to extraordinary lengths to avoid being primary cause, and especially as I have a great deal of enterprise, this was evident to me, but I could not pin it down.

Mental Outlook

Searching, and being fairly certain, I am still in a male valence.

Physical Improvement

None, but there was formerly nothing wrong.

What you attribute improvement to

Putting into words the decision of my engram. "I will accept whatever comes." Thus, in 1958 "I can cause whatever I decide to cause," whereas, in the engram, at the time of my decision, this would have been pointless as I was entering a period which I knew would be a pure effect.

Story of Engram

The incident took place in February of 1703, and I was attached to some fighting group, possibly around the Pretender to the English throne.

I was a healthy young boy of about 15, and had been given my first solo assignment. My father seemed to have been an important person, probably first in command, and I was extremely anxious to do a good job, and very excited at this chance. I started out from the Royal encampment about 5 a.m., I was on horseback and thoroughly enjoyed the cold wind and the feel of the horse beneath me, as we crossed country which I knew well. We arrived before dawn near a hermit's cottage. I tethered my black horse to a bush near some trees, some distance from the cottage. I left him in a place where there was plenty of fodder. We were great friends.

I think my message was to my father, to warn him of our force's approach, and speed was second to safety, so I had to remain in hiding until nightfall, when I would continue my journey.

I walked to the hermit's cottage with spring in my step, and tapped a significant rhythm on the door. The hermit was expecting me, and first opened a peephole in the door, to ensure that I was a friend. I entered, and while he was rebolting the doors, I went directly to the fire which awaited me, after a few moments of warming myself I took off my cloak and

sat down on a stool by the fire. Meanwhile, apart from enquiring what was happening, and how things were, the old man had been preparing something like porridge in a wooden bowl.

He was wearing a sack brown, monk's habit, with a cowl (round). After I had eaten and got thoroughly warmed through, I took off my jacket and went over to a wide bench bed, and snuggled up under some rugs and went off to sleep. I had a young and active body and was thoroughly tired out after a hard ride, apart from the strain and excitement of riding to the quarter of light of night. I slept until about midday, when I remained for a few moments more in the warmth before I arose, and also before I resumed the small talk with the old man, who attentively hovered attempting to forestall my needs.

Then I got up and stretched my light young limbs, and tried to restrain the exuberance bubbling to the surface. The old man was faithful, and I didn't want him to suspect how restricted I felt in his small house, but at the end of the day the physical limitations imposed by my imprisonment were too strong for me, and I was pacing the floor, counting the seconds until dark. At last dusk fell, and our goodbyes were said, and my reassurances to the old hermit who had shown me such hospitality. And so I set off with an easy stride, enjoying the fields and the feel of the leaves around my feet, as I trudged over the little hills to where I had tethered my horse. As I approached, the horse whinnied audibly, and I broke into a run to see what was the matter; while releasing the lead I patted and stroked him, and talked reassuringly, having left him all day, and thinking that he must have felt lonely.

But I was suddenly aware of the true reason, as I felt my shoulder grasped, and with one swift stroke I slapped my horse soundly on the flank and whispered "home." Off he went at a gallop and I prayed he would reach my father who would draw the correct conclusions of my message.

The man who had first grasped me had me more firmly now, and he and his companions tied my wrists together behind my back. And set me on course towards a group of trees not far distant. They held me by a lead, long enough to permit me freedom of my legs. Though I knew they were too close to make it worth my while to attempt to escape. I kicked the leaves and breathed deeply, as I made my way through the descending darkness. I could still move freely and thus kept my courage, and used some of my repressed energy.

Blackness descended and we entered a group of trees which surrounded a small stone dwelling, and my hopes sank. The door opened and for a moment I was transfixed. In that instant I felt suspended in time. I realised that liberty was no longer mine, that freedom of movement and the joy of living were at an end. I saw objects which could only mean torture and captivity. In that moment I grew from a carefree youth to man, and I made a decision to fit me for the role in these circumstances. I would accept willingly whatever they would do, and so I took my first step into the room and into my manhood.

They put me behind bars so that I could not lie or sit. In the morning I was sorely tired and aching. Something about my clothes must have given me away for they made little attempt to question me and the third man who came then just ordered my captors to get on with it as if my treatment were a softening up process to prepare me for questioning. So they put me on some kind of contraption I can only describe as the rack. Slowly from a horizontal position the head and feet were descended until I suppose the support described an arch. The de-

scent was very slow, and I was kept there for maybe half an hour, and the rise was even more painful.

I was more or less unconscious at this point, and someone's attempt to raise my head was useless. They lifted me off and put me in a chair. Perhaps an hour later I was led outside and in the bitter cold in only my shirt and tight black trousers, I was tied on to a kind of flat cartwheel, which was lifted on to a post and revolved slowly. This, with a dip where the surface was irregular to add to the rhythm, made me feel very sick, but my being kept flat by my bonds prevented me from relieving the inner agony and thus many minutes passed with waves of sickness coming and going. Until some sort of upper disc with spikes projecting. This did not revolve but gradually descended and I was not sure whether it would stop descending before it had taken slices off my face. I did not so much as let out a murmur of disapproval, I was truly willing effect, and grateful for having made such a decision, for I could never have endured such horror and still remained my father's son if I had once begun to express what would have previously been my reactions.

Thus came the moment when the spikes ceased to approach my face. They removed this contraption, lifted the wheel off, and released my body. I remember little more than that I was violently and lengthily sick. I was led back to the room and put into a wooden chair with arms to which I was tied and left for some time in solitude. With barely time to re-muster my courage, a man with similar bearing to my father entered and drew up a stool to face me. In that first moment he knew that I would never reveal any useful information, and we both knew that mine (i.e. political) was a hopeless cause, and it was only a matter of honour that my side held out. Somehow I managed to withhold my father's name and my questioner was so convinced that no further torture would get more out of me, we almost talked as equals. As he left he gave me the impression that we would soon be meeting again. No longer as enemies. This all seemed a bit vague and unreal, but feeling as ghastly as I did I suppose it is not surprising. They tried to put me back behind my bars, but I suspect I was too weak to remain upright and I was soon returned to a chair and here ends all I know at the moment.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: JAMES PEMBRY, H.P.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 33

Former Condition

Body in fair physical condition, skin colour good, slight patch of red enlarged veins on left-hand cheek bone. Ridge pressures evident from processing on forehead, somatics occurring during processing, faint trembling noticeable in jaws with teeth touching.

Mental Outlook

Had a hope at course commencement that ridge pressures would be released and head somatics cleared.

No Physical Improvement

Skin dull, colouring high, heavy patch of red enlarged veins on left-hand cheek bone, right cheek veins now prominent. Ridge pressures as evident as ever. Body somatics. Body in poor physical condition. Face is drawn and shows accumulated strain. Turned on T.B. type cough which interfered with sleep. Trembling more noticeable in jaws, and extended into cheeks.

Mental Position

Now appear to spread through four women's valences on track. Anticipation of improvement now thoroughly blunted. Disgusted that any person should be allowed to end course in such a confusion of half run engram. Feel supervision was insufficient and sloppy.

Engram

A. sound swelled and filled the huge vaulted structure, a multi-phased beat reaching toward a climax of intoxicated ecstasy, the culmination of a life was near.

The great red eyes glowed, the white elongated body throbbed on its dais, above the monitoring crystal floated light cascading in reddish magenta-hued flashes from its many facets as its structure vibrated ever higher in its song of approaching destruction.

Then the sound became one pure all-embracing note, which seemed to echo on through time for ever, filling the whole universe, and as the crystal shattered into seven shining, lustrous duplicates, the white shape split like a broken cocoon, the light in the high lambent red eyes flared and died.

Seven white creatures with glowing red eyes crawled forth, and seven crystals floated vibrant above them. The thought, long formed, caressed them: one to stay" six to leave Alloa and build six more crystal empires.

Along six equal spaced radiant paths the creatures passed, each crystal floating with it, a subdued song of power, vibrant in its magenta flashes through six locks into the control sphere of subspace, inter-galactic vessels, which were designed to form the control and power centre for an Empire.

Alloa was far behind the ship, seemingly hung motionless in a black void. I floated quiescent above the dias on which the body I monitored rested, then as the ship re-entered universe space and time, the blue white-hot incandescence of a star flared around us, the ship exploded and the terrific energies blasted the crystal momentarily into subspace, reappearing in the carbon dioxide ice of Frozen Ledera III. The super-heated crystal shattered into a million fragmentary crystals, and I, my beingness and harmony destroyed, listened for 50 billion years for a lost sound. Slowly, as aeons passed, I realised that life cycles had commenced on this planet and I became interested. At the 35th life cycle I found myself again looking.

It was a yellowish foot of peculiar shape, long and centrally arched, and it was half buried in the sand, caught in mid-stride, and then I was aware of the events before and frantically a tortured refusal beat in my imprisoned mind. The thought appeared "Shock him" and suddenly pain lacerated the body, and my futile resistance crumbled as, one foot in front of the other, the body stumbled across the yellow sands in an eternity of time. The body lurched forward, the ship came closer, until at last in its polished side a reflection of a creature appeared on two legs, a peculiar bloated abdomen and fastened in the centre of its forehead a crystal of reddish-magenta here glowed.

What was this peculiar numbness and heaviness in my stomach, this haunting memory as the crystal flashed "Lift your right hand and touch the ship." This inexorable command closed on my vagrant thoughts, with vague uneasiness my body obeyed, the last futile spark of resistance faded, contact occurred, a condenser discharged a flaming pulse, my stomach, body, ship, and sand disappeared in the white hot heart of an atomic blast, and I knew.

The child was happy, its mother serene and thoughtful of its welfare, it was celebrating its third birthday at a table laden with delicacies to titillate its palate, but favoured of all was the pink aromatically flavoured jelly which glistened as if imbued with life of its own. Angriily a voice spoke: "You glutton, you'll turn into jelly like the mass which covered and ate your father 50,000 light years beyond our system, when you were but a babe." The pink mass shimmered and sickness numbed him, he vomited. Days later his mother introduced him to a man, "This, Bill, is your new daddy." Dislike was mutual.

Two years passed and his step-father, a proud, arrogant plenipotentiary from neighbouring Laurii had obtained a small amount of the purple iridescent hair dye used by his ruling family on state occasions for his mother to use at his bidding. Impishly he surveyed the carved bottle and delightedly poured its contents over his hair. A heavy step sounded, a hand gripped his left shoulder. "You were told to leave it alone" – temper burst its bonds – "You purple headed little bastard." A heavy rod bent its impacts into his reeling senses, a jewelled buckle flashed its reddish-magenta in his face, his screams rose to mock a sound echo, plucking ghostly fingers at his memory, while a pain red haze dropped mercifully over his awareness, as he thought, I'll kill him for this.

He entered the room stealthily, holding the poniard behind his body, hilt clenched. Stilling his breathing, he silently approached his step-father from behind, and, as the latter's attention was held by the exquisite taste of his food, he struck swiftly, guiding the needle point through the right ear into the brain until the hilt thudded home. With a moan the man rose, falling face downwards across his table on his own table-ware of precious Comdian charged with his family name Philli Stierre. Withdrawing the poniard he slipped silently away

exulting that only four years had passed. It was a wonderful funeral; his step-father had lain in state for four days, but even at the funeral feast he noticed his mother's eyes assessing the men present. Soon he found that for his mother he was an encumbrance to be put on one side except on his birthday.

It had been a wonderful day – his mother had made it a day of dreams, at last he felt owned and loved, and he sat bemused in the red glow of the beating and emotional stimulating rays switched on as evening entered. His mother said, "Darling, I'm now going out," and stood in the doorway – a beautiful mature figure dressed in a figure-caressing gown of blue iridescent metallic strips edged with gold lace, her shoulders covered with a flashing network of precious stones. She approached him and, as she neared, the glow reflected till her body seemed a pulsating flaming mass that reached for him and enveloped him.

Suddenly he was fighting the jelly, he was helping his father. With his spaceman's rifle he lashed at the pink mass and as it wavered, he smashed and smashed while his voice echoed the faraway sounds that sobbed and faded. What was he hitting, this crumbled thing? Realisation. Oh mother, he dropped on his knees lifting the bruised and bleeding face, and kissed her chilling lips. What had he done! His reason slipped, he screamed as footsteps came running.

The court had been kind, the position of his family had protected him to the uttermost of its influence. The Psychiatrist glibly explained away his lapses, his real shock and grief were accepted and the treatment followed, forty shocks, till his responses were judged suitable for a sanely controlled state.

At 14 he joined the Space Fleet, and moved away from the civil controls; at 16 he married, but married the base flirt. He soon found her stretched naked with another man, and killed her quickly without remorse.

He married again a black-haired beauty, who loved to tease him. One evening she was teasing him while dressed in a low cut black dress wearing a large Lederan jewelled drop on a Comdian chain, looped round her head so that the jewel rested in the centre of her forehead. She knew he disliked the red flash of the jewel, and persisted in flicking her head from side to side so that the jewel danced and sparkled, laughing as he winced. Gradually the flashes dazed him and her voice merged into a sound, and he was reaching for the red flashing scourge and grasping it and struggling with it while the sounds went higher and higher, his head was bursting, full of red sound. Suddenly it stopped, and the haze grew less, and the stone appeared in his hand, a chain sunk in blue flesh, and blood trickles were running down her head, but she was lifeless.

They found him sitting benumbed at her side, and took him away. He survived their further treatment and immediate need for his skill in the fleet kept him on active service.

Several years had passed; now happily married to Malanie, he was the proud father of a girl, and two boys rapidly growing up. His space fleet duties had taken him away for long periods, but his last turn of duty was approaching. He lived at Amberly, and was anticipating with some eagerness the last flight. For dull routine was past, the second expedition for Alcyon was being prepared and he was assigned to it. To celebrate with a few friends they'd called at one or two local clubs and he'd taken aboard rather more than he could manage of Ampline, a drink that amplified the emotions.

He walked quietly into the house. A strange voice, his wife kissing another man. "Darling, I'll look after our little girl." Stunned, he watched the man depart. He walked in an emotional hell towards Malanie, she turned and smiled, and then his hands had caught her throat, and, berserk, he was smashing her head against the wall, blood was running from her nostrils, and foaming at her mouth, when with savage rage he ran his spare knife into her vagina and ripped her up to her chest, while the blood ran, and the body collapsed. He tore her insides out, and raging mad, stuffed her womb in her mouth, scattering her entrails around the room. His daughter ran in screaming and he cut her throat with one deft slash, and as the boys came in their frightened white faces disappeared into bloody mash as he pulverised them with a metal stand. He careered around the room, hacking the bodies, till blood splattered and physically exhausted, the ampline-generated rage faded.

Senses reeling from shock, he washed and changed. Shutting the house behind him he hurried to join the fleet. Would he get away in time? His face and hands felt dirty and shiny, he couldn't wash himself clean, this duty was a continuing nightmare. Steeling himself, he approached the lens to examine the reactor heart of the ship's drive. He looked and the red flame enveloped his face. Bemused, time seemed to reach out of time, if the colour altered slightly the watch gong sounded; and tendrils of memory fluttered, his fingers caressed the controls, the colour was changing.

The new watch pulled him off the controls as the needles ran on to the red. Hastily they neutralised the controls as he was carried moaning to the hospital. The Psychiatrist and ship's surgeon spoke to the captain: "He has become emotionally unsound, his past history given under narcosis shows that he cannot be usefully used in any category in space command. His life is in ruins, he is useful only in purposes to suit us, as he will pay the full penalty on return. I suggest we use him as the probe." Unemotionally, "Agreed."

He was looking at his body. He was cold, his benumbed state came from the freezing – when would they finish? Carefully the electrode network was inserted into his brain. The top of his skull was being fitted with a sealing strip as it rested on the table. The wires were being run into the control box strapped to his back. He'd murder the lot for doing this to his body. The surgeon straightened. "Check the circuits." A blaze of light surrounded his consciousness, white hot pain lashed through his brain, the body convulsed. Faintly a voice came through: "You'll obey or we will keep this pain stimulation in being. We have connected your brain so that we can utilise your perceptions. You will now board scout ship No. 3 and will obey all instructions."

The ship flew low over the rugged landscape, a sandy plain appeared, a white cluster of buildings shimmered in the distance. The reaction brakes sang their muted thunder, the ship hovered and sank into the golden waste. He stepped out of the sand on to the smooth stone of the highway, and turned to the entrance of the glistening white city. All sound seemed stilled. 15,000 miles above him, the captain gazed into the faithfully reflected picture and bit his lower lip thoughtfully.

With leaden feet he walked slowly into the entrance. His face still felt the coating of his wife's blood, her name echoed silently in his mind. It was silent, nothing moved. Quietly he moved forward, a crackling discharge hissed. The left side of his face flashed into a searing

flame as a terrific force picked him up and threw his body with bone-shattering violence into a crumpled heap at a nearby wall base.

He had atoned, his face was burnt clean at last. A charred, bloody mass gazed with sightless sockets from the broken body, the connections to the box were broken and the wires led to connections at the base of the table. A voice cut the silence of the huge chamber. "What was our purpose?" The questions went on. He refused to answer as the mental blocks stood the probing, "Enough! Apply shock." The electrodes in his brain shot bolts of energy through his brain cells. His voice was a screaming echo, and the body tried to vibrate to pieces. Shock after shock seared his being and the mental blocks blew; he talked.

I was to enter, find the control centre and place the bomb where it would destroy it, so that the three cruisers now in orbit could land safely and take this centre over.

They knew his purpose, his answers only confirmed. The voices said, his body will live only a few days, we may as well use him.

They slit his stomach open and removed his lower organs, and replaced them with three containers; the centre one was the charged trigger, a wire was taken from this to his right index finger tip and the wound in his stomach sealed. Around his temples a metal band was fitted and in its centre glowed a crystal; from the faces of the crystal minute wires ran to the rear of the band and entered the skull behind each ear. The electrodes placed by the Lederans were removed and the finer than hair-like filaments from the jewel were placed in contact with his pineal gland, where they seemed to dissolve into the very structure. His skull was replaced.

In the control centre the crystal pulsed above the white form on the dias, and an answering pulse beat in the jewel in the centre of the band. Red fire bathed him.

The thought formed "You who once were the essence of a crystal may know that again you will serve Alloa. Once this service is performed you will be free but never again will a crystal be your beingness."

They transported him to the roadway and stood him on his feet. The thought appeared again: walk forward. Slowly his feet rose and fell. The golden grains flashed in the sun. Time plodded endlessly by. He was listening to the vaguest kind of sound trembling in his memory. It was a yellowish foot of peculiar shape, long and centrally arched, and it was half buried in the sand, caught in mid stride – for all time.

The above version is the fairest run through of the many variants met during the processing. As the PC, the majority is unreal, one or two pictures in colour and 3D showed but disappeared when auditor enquired because of needle response on meter.

My present attitude towards it is that it is unresolved and indefinite, mainly thought variants without controlled perceptions.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: WILLIAM DICKS, H.P.A.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 34

Former Condition

Somewhat stale, and stuck, and seemed to have come to a standstill psychologically, while continuing to have unwavering certainty. Decided to launch a fresh onslaught on my case.

Mental Outlook

Before course, worried and depressed. After course, general gains and feeling of expansion. Determined on continued auditing along the new lines.

Physical Improvement

Rather tired, fairly fit before, as I don't overeat and get in a good deal of sea bathing and real air in Jersey. Small improvement in neck and head somatics.

What you attribute improvement to

Two-way communication, button pushing and gains in earlier part of the course. Seeing the processes working steadily, even on my tough preclear; mostly running (probably about 50 per cent out) the resolution of the case engram:

though basically my own death at the age of 32 in 1824, there are at least five other heavy incidents spread over that lifetime. There are still items and persons of importance popping up, more in the last few minutes of last session, obviously to be continued.

The Story of the Engram

The story is set in Shropshire in 1792, when I was born the son of a local squire, the only child. Father was apparently a waster, and mother a bitter and disappointed woman. My parental grandmother was my very chief ally, inculcating the idea of service and leadership to the local community and giving me the love and understanding that my mother lacked. dark, the gamekeeper, provided the training of outdoor sport and knowledge of the estate. He was always there to answer the thousand and one questions of a small boy and was steadfast but unimaginative. The first incident is myself at the age five, summoned to my grandmother's bedroom. I am shocked to see how ill she looks. She says, "I am glad that you have come, boy. I am going away on a journey and I will not see you again for a long time." She then slumps back on the pillow and I am led away hurriedly. Next day, mother says, "Would you like to see grandmother?" I agree with joy, because I have postulated seeing her just once more and imagine her dressing for the journey. Mother takes me into the cold, locked bedroom and suddenly confronts me with the scarcely recognisable corpse, laid out with flowers and candles. After a bewildering moment she hisses at me, "She's dead." I am put out of the room to wander away alone.

The next item is at the age of ten. I am dressed up for a house party and expecting to dazzle my girl friends. I wander out into the orchard, and on an impulse climb a favourite tree,

slip in my new shoes and fall ten feet head first into the soft wet turf. Bodily hurt, half conscious, and with clothes ruined with muddy water, I stagger back to the house. The old nanny fetches mother, who says, "Disgusting boy – put him under the pump, nurse, and put him straight to bed, I don't want to see him again." No one realises or even asks if I am hurt, and the sentence is duly carried out.

The next episode is as an officer in the cavalry, when I see a cannon burst when on manoeuvres. It blows some of the crew to pieces and kills the C.O., to whom I am particularly attached. I feel so shaken that I retire from the Army and go home more or less as a result of this.

Suddenly, I am by now so pushed in that I fail to take responsibilities properly, although wanting to and feeling baffled by my inability to cope. In 1821, when inspecting the fore-foot of a treacherous horse, it seizes my ear in its teeth and swings me by it. The pain makes me faint. Mother greets me with a snort saying, "What do you expect from that beastly horse – you should have shot it long ago." In 1834, when riding the same horse, I allow it to rush me into a tree, a branch smashes in my lower forehead and eyes, and breaks a collar bone. I am unconscious for about a day and a half, and die. Exterior, I see the local doctor's grief, and realise that he is my real father. There was great grief over the fact that there was no real communication with mother, because she and the doctor had not told me I was really their son. As I exteriorise over the locality I realise what a beautiful fertile countryside it is, where all life lives to the full. I have failed to marry, failed to raise a family, failed the faithful Clark by not running the estate properly. I have also failed the doctor and mother who had hoped by raising me to achieve this through me. I have also failed my employees, and the villagers in their need to get a fair deal from the local farmers.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: MARIANNE CHRISTIE, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 35

Former Condition

Fairly good mentally – tendency to disperse. A lot of fear repressed and not able to be got rid of.

Mental Outlook

Probably very close to being entirely clear of all junk (i.e. inhibitions and aberrations).

Physical Improvement

Much healthier and brighter and more in control of my thoughts, actions and life, and can do much more work on much less sleep with practically no physical discomfort whatsoever. Was over-weight and have lost at least five to seven pounds weight, which is a great improvement. My colour is better and complexion is clearer and eyes very bright.

What you attribute improvement to

All credit to my auditor who has been direct and well controlled. Have never experienced better auditing and my trust in my auditor's ability to help me could not have been higher from the minute we sat opposite each other – consequently my willingness to work with and for her for both of us, could also not have been higher. That is the most important factor of the lot.

Also I was not too aberrated in the first place, so consequently was able to work quickly and achieve the maximum results in the minimum of time. It was a team job and, although the going was tough at times, "my head was always above water" and I never was unaware of what I was doing or saying or thinking at any time.

Engram

23,064,000,000 years ago I was a very happy being who, with many others, strayed to the planet Nostra. All that we had there, to show what we were, were little gold identity discs.

On seeing a great number of robots descend from an immense space ship, we wandered down and were a bit teasing to these robots – who seized our discs by clapping their big claw hands upon either side of them and took them from us – for by then we were unable to exert a great deal of force as, though happy, we had lost a great deal of our power. They told us – or the chief did via telepathy – that if we helped them manufacture a new type of body that they were trying to form they would, at a later date, return our original identity discs to us. This we did – but never got them back – at least, I didn't.

My actual incident started 64,000,000 years later, and the part that was run took place over a period of four months and twenty-one days.

Apparently we were all issued with similar type prototype bodies about five feet tall and by this time were all so thoroughly hypnotised that I thought I was the only being

present – but discovered on running the incident that there was a being with each body and that we were all completely and thoroughly enslaved to the beings who ran the robots. Their story was that we were in different ways to help form bones and organs inside these bodies – by different types of experiments – which I did; but others were used to develop the mechanical ability of these bodies. There were two types of being running the robots – orthodox and progressive. Orthodox wanted to retain robot bodies but progressives wanted these new-type ones developed and, as our powers were greater than theirs, they enticed us to do the work for them – so we were really entrapped.

The story opens when rows of us were standing outside a big temple-like whitish building, and when we were telepathed we walked forward – one at a time up the steps into this building. At the far end was a long white table where five similar bodies to my own were sitting. I progressed to a certain spot where I stood – energy flowed around me up from the floor and its light was reflected on to two mirrors on each side of the wall in front – in the centre of which were vertical reflecting bars of metal and, right in the centre, a round flat disc. The mirror showed mirrors within mirrors and drew the attention inwards and the vertical bars gave the illusion of whirling inwards until the attention was fixated right in the disc which seemed to be a long hole extending into nothingness. When hypnotised thus, one was given the order "go do as before," telepathically – one bowed, turned and left. This was a split second occurrence and could only be seen at one spot and gave the impression of an infinite power, so that one was led to believe a powerful being was present, while, in fact – as was discovered later – no one was present, and the bodies behind the table were not motivated at all, it was a "being substitute" machine – or another method of entrapment.

I then left, climbed on board a space-ship with five other similar-type bodies and a 12-foot high robot to watch over us, and left for outer space to do my project. I sat in a chair inside the door and immediately lapsed into an unconsciousness which lasted for two months.

On awakening, I walked to a control room, lay on an "operating type" table and caused the body I was motivating to be impregnated by radiation from a lamp, whose rays I resisted, to make the body resistant to radiation. I gave myself a bit of an overdose, but in doing so awakened a bit of awareness within myself and had to summon the robot to carry the body to a bunk near the end of the space ship. Was aware at the time that he was suspicious of my being more aware than I should have been, also that I was being a bit too much the effect of my body and thought that I mustn't get caught. Here was another trap – becoming the effect of the body, i.e. traps within traps under the guise of experiment.

Went unconscious again but soon was aware again and left the body and space ship, which by this time had landed on another planet and the other bodies were outside getting practice in using the mechanics of their bodies in an atmosphere in which they had to use extra space suits for breathing, and lungs were being developed by them.

When I left, as a being, I went to another part of the planet and took over a walrus's body for about twenty minutes. I had great fun swimming and gambolling with it and then left it and went back to the space ship – my short allowed "holiday" over. I couldn't escape, as both my identities, i.e. body and disc, were in the hands of the robots and I thought I couldn't get along without them, either one or the other.

The space ship soon took off again and this time, after collecting my body and moving it to a type of lounge. I went unconscious for another couple of months or more, on a settee. Just before I did so I caught the robot eyeing me again and felt he knew I knew more than I should have. After this I awoke and went to another room where I performed an experiment on the body. This entailed placing the body in a dentist-like chair which, when motivated, jerked up and down on a back rod; and I exerted pressure against limbs and chest, forming ridges of energy which helped to form bones and lungs, and at that time nostrils and air passages. This I overdid, too, and felt weak but aware as before, and the robot caught me again; but I was strong enough to stagger the body back to my bunk myself where I lapsed into unconsciousness again. However, I soon awoke to find a white gas seeping into my room. This was used to catch unwary beings with bodies who had become too much the effect of them, and started one coughing. Very foolishly I got up instead of staying where I was (which was another trap) and staggered to the ship's control room, at the end or stem. I activated an electronic beam, which I should have turned off, and so gave the alarm that I was there and was surprised to see that there was no one there.

I turned to find the robot coming for me, dodged and tripped him up somehow, on recovering saw the other five bodies motivated by beings of my own type (although I didn't know it then) standing there and one, motivated by long distance telepathy over control of himself, shot me and completely disintegrated the front of my body with an energy gun – I convulsed forward and then backwards coughing, breaking my neck in the spasm backwards. Writhed on the floor for a split second, saw the collapsed body of the robot when I had tripped him, hated him for finding me out and causing the complete loss of my identity of which I had become too fond, and left space-ship and body and floated in space.

My body was released through the air lock and I was left contemplating my fate. I had a body but it was no use to me in the state of no solidness to use it against, and no gravity, etc. I bemoaned my loss and degradation and the beautiful sadness of it all. I investigated the body, found it no use and just sat around. The body finally was hit by a meteor and was carried off and I sat around there for 22,999,500,000 years before going off to find a new life and a new game. What a performance!

So much of this incident was related to my present life. *As* I left the space-ship I felt – well, now you can't hurt me – but of course I hurt – the body doesn't feel except if I make it. I have always had to watch myself for being just a bit too clever – I've had trouble with chest coughs, especially with fogs – trouble with blushing and curious energy and heat somatics associated with my face. A tendency not to want to get too fond of bodies and get too much sensation from them – so I thought – a tendency to be all alone – have loved to gaze into space and enjoy big spacious countries like Australia (where I was born) and Rhodesia (where I have lived) as well as England, which I find too cramped.

Was always being made to do things first at school and couldn't understand why – had trouble with sea-sickness and vertigo on board ships and in confined spaces like them and felt I was trapped and couldn't get off. Sea-sickness could be attributed to the illusion in the temple place – which also impelled awe – got my compulsion about religion from there.

As a whole, this incident could in many ways be a complete prototype of my present life. Also my biggest pleasure has been in swimming and diving – see the walrus.

I always had complete reality on the pictures in the incident and the occurrences and on being further run on it was able to assume complete responsibility for getting myself into such a situation in the first place and get all situations, happenings and ideas put in their proper perspective.

Many of the somatics, for example, coughing and blushing, are practically non-existent now – I am very concerned about the enslavement of humanity and know that as a being "I am" and need no further identity than my knowledge of my own existence. Further changes, I've no doubt, will be noticeable in my future attitude towards situations but, as the incident was only flattened the day on which I write, I haven't had a chance to put it into practice in everyday life.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: JACK CAMPBELL, B.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 36

Former Condition

I was in good condition except for unaccountable easy invalidation by others. ARC breaks always took place on misunderstandings.

Mental Outlook

Brighter, calmer, more certain. Less influenced by entheta; no "distortion" of incoming opinions, and assignment of significance.

Physical Improvement

Slight constipation over one year now cleared.

What you attribute improvement to

I attribute improvement to the discovery and the handling of the distortion sphere aspect of the Rock incident contacted.

Engram Synopsis

Seventy-six trillion years ago, being in space, and totally at Knowingness, I decided to create a game. I closed down to having "A Space," and created blobs and geometrical forms. Considerations about "to create" postulate a no-creation, and a duration, namely, time.

I mocked up a pyramid, and was most pleased that this was the perfect form, since at all times there were four sides, no matter how near to the point one went. I found some others to whom I could demonstrate this. They were interested in pyramids, but they had become rather degraded. They could not appreciate the simplicity of the pyramid, and wanted to see the "point" of it. Investigating the point, they became smaller and smaller, and finally, "vanished."

Enjoying this joke, I went on a "Grand Tour," doing the same thing with others, but finally grew bored with the ease of deception, and decided to find someone in a group who would be a little more difficult to fool. I tried the same game, and this time the person "found the point," became confused, and rapidly pulled out so as to discover "what was wrong" with the pyramid. I decided to improve it by enclosing it in a distortion sphere, thus making it more difficult to solve. Having done so, I adopted the view of someone who had never seen the pyramid before. Becoming fascinated by my own creation, I interiorised to check it over. On exteriorising again, I saw an image of self in the pyramid and was pleased.

I moved to another group and presented the pyramid, rather than self, very quickly. The pyramid, not I, received a lot of admiration. I was concerned at this, and located self at the receipt point of admiration. Due to the distortion sphere (unknown) the admiration was turned to scorn and "dead-ness," so I checked up by exteriorising, and again read the emotion as admiration and respect. Interiorised, I once again received scorn. That was painful, and I

was overwhelmed by the "wrong emotion," passing through pain, degradation, woe, shame, regret, blame, unconsciousness and despair.

After two trillion years I decided that the only way out of this was to return to the time when the pyramid was created. I tried to do so, but succeeded only in coming out of the sphere. Again I saw the pyramid, and grew angry, blaming it for all the trouble. I ejected it, hoping to explode it as it left the sphere, but as it did so the distortion passed from it, and it was restored to its valuable and pleasing original form. I tried to prevent the explosion, and flipped back to the position I was in before, namely, in the distortion sphere, in a part of the hollow where the pyramid had been. I was looking at a distorted picture of the explosion, which I refused to accept as having happened. The factors of this situation I was unable to compute, neither could I go back or sideways in time or space, since I would be forced to see the destruction of my own creation, so I decided to hold everything as it was, and one day to sort it out.

This has been the state ever since: sitting in a distortion sphere not knowing that it exists, fastened to a pyramid that is not there, and looking at a distorted view of an explosion which I know happened, but which I am trying not to look at.

SCIENTOLOGIST'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: JOHN FUDGE, D.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 37

This engram is actually not one single incident but more like a part of a series of lives ending with the completion of that series.

It was located by E-Meter dial drop and the question "Is this the incident necessary to resolve the case? An affirmative answer was noted on the meter. It was probably in constant daily restimulation and had been entered on briefly in earlier auditing six years ago. The PC was anxious because of this to have it completely run out, contacted the time area and entered it with little difficulty.

Located some 2,000,000,000 years ago in an area of the physical universe many galaxies away, it is basic to the PC's major problems in current life, including a T.B. condition and other intimate problems.

Using the process "What part of that incident can you confront?" it opened up with the aid of finger snaps to pin point exactly occluded portions and the PC's sense of the reality of the incident increased. At first reluctant to confront the pain the PC overcame this in a few hours and the major somatics were located and confronted to some degree. The plot had to be located and straightened out as the great force and violence received did not appear reasonable to the PC till this was done. Progress was held up considerably because throughout the period of the incident special implants were being used on the PC to bring about hallucination. It was difficult in these circumstances to get the story accurate and comprehensible to the PC, but though the incident cannot at this date be said to be entirely cleared, its power to dictate aberrated action can be said to be thoroughly broken.

Only the briefest synopsis can be given here. PC, after a period of 440 years without a body, arrives in error on a planet which is being taken over by "Black Magic" operators who are very low on the ethical scale and using electronics for evil purposes. Having come originally from a "good" planet he battles for a long, long time against the forces of "black magic," which, like a fifth column, are subverting the originally "white magic" populace. It is a losing battle, implant after implant gradually weakening his ability and control by causing hallucinated perceptions. Eventually after a period of spiritual torment and grief he abandons his former high goals and goes over to the "Black Magic" faction, not having entirely given up the idea of outwitting it from within. This occurs some 74,000 years after his first arrival on this planet.

He now goes to another planet by space ship and here ensues the more aberrative part of the incident. A deception is accomplished by hypnosis and pleasure implants (rather like opium in their effects) whereby he is deceived into a love affair with a robot decked out as a beautiful red-haired girl who receives all his confidences for a period of 50 years. When he discovers the deception a tremendous unreality factor is thus installed in his memory and, now reduced by this betrayal to ruin, he is softened up for the final implant and degradation. Many serious shocks and operations are performed on him, he has become a very weak being, is

given a final implant to "be good" and "obey" and never to return to the home planet. He stayed around in the vicinity of the implant area for several hundred years in a state of apathy, and then came up sufficiently to go in action and move off to another planet about forty-eight galaxies distant.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: ANN FOX, D.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 38

Location: Planet Setus. Time: 3,750 years ago.

I started space training at 17 years of age and, while 21 years old, war broke out. I then married and left my wife with my parents and two sisters. When I was 22 I was given the task of destroying an enemy ship that had broken through the protective screen. During the attack my ship, a one-man attack type, was holed, so I pulled out of the dive, in spite of training which emphasised the danger of doing this.

My thoughts, activated by the shock of near death, turned towards the importance of returning to my now pregnant wife and home, and this, I believe, prevented me pushing on with what looked, at that time, to be a most promising attack.

I then became aware of a body in a space-suit attached by line to a damaged ship. This raised the problem of whether I should save this pilot or keep on going away from a disturbing situation, as I knew that with a holed ship my air supply in the suit would barely outlast the emergency. I was conscious of choking and the feel of hands pulling me through a hatch, followed shortly afterwards by the prick of a hypodermic needle in the upper left arm.

It was then that I realised that the body in question was my own, and that in pulling out of the attack I had suffered a direct hit which threw me out of the ship. This was understandable as this type of ship is a "sitting duck" when turning away from an objective as I well knew. I recall further treatment at base and, after reporting, was given permission to return home although in rather poor shape with bruised legs and back. (Could have been a type of bends; seemed possible.)

I was aware of a strange attitude in those around me but felt that it was due to my recent experiences. From the "air car" my first sight of the home town was a collection of burnt-out houses and it was then that I realised the meaning of the attitude of my comrades. The city had been blasted with a thermo-nuclear type bomb by the ship that had *not* been stopped by me.

Up to now I do not recall having seen this type of burn as the bodies of all my family were seared rather than burnt. Light fabric, i.e. clothing, etc. had disappeared but furniture, and so on, was still standing, although surface charred. My family were all dead – death was so sudden that from their location I could reconstruct their activity at the time. My wife was lying on the bed and her last act was an attempt to protect the unborn child with one updrawn leg.

It was then that I made the consideration that sentiment was the greatest inhibitor of survival, i.e., if I had been ruthless in the attack on that enemy ship these people would have survived – obviously the cold, calculated efforts of the enemy had been the winning factor.

I threw the bed over on top of my wife's body and left.

Regarding the rest of the war, I recall the building of a reputation and rank on the basis of "efficiency in carrying out a task." I do know that a larger power's (the Empire for want of a better term) intervention as mediator settled the war, although leaving us under their control – a situation which I actively resisted later. I joined the Empire's forces as "mercenary" and there seems to have been considerable "helling around" as I contacted many incidents of a callous, destructive nature – second and third dynamic in poor shape even amongst my comrades.

Around about the age of 37, I returned from duties earlier than expected and found a woman, who belonged to me at that time, in bed with one of the space-station personnel. His challenging attitude and the woman's pleas not to hurt him provoked a fight in which I felt that he was playing into my hands. I was watching his body twitching with a broken neck when I was struck from behind, and turning, saw this woman with the neck of a broken glass vase in her hand.

I threw her on the bed and scarified her face with the broken glass – she was very attractive. Afterwards I threw the body over the porch and left her lying on the bed. I left the building and never returned.

I went AWOL for a month, was arrested and went before a court martial. The charge had as its basis information given by the woman on my subversive activities for self-government for Setus. The "Director's" attitude was so unjust that I feel he was concerned personally with the lover I had murdered. I know that my attitude to the council, and particularly to the Director (i.e. chairman) was most irrational but this incident keys in with a much earlier incident upon which there is considerable charge. Had trouble in staying out of this previous one.

I was placed under restriction (i.e. constant surveillance) and felt that the game was finished with collapse of career and second Dynamic.

While at a "drinking dive" I got interested in one of the women there who refused favours until I got myself straightened out. To do this I accepted "advice" to go to an old shrine belonging to an ancient religious culture. The whole interior of this Shrine or Temple was bathed in a glow emanating from the roof. I got the understanding that there was a better game to be had doing good and forsaking the life I had been leading. Didn't have much to lose, did I?

After dumping all I had with me into a box (thoughtfully provided) I was met by attendants who were to show me the way – I had terrific unwillingness to enter this "new way of life" of sacrifice of self.

The preparation was as follows: –

I was laid on an operating table, given hypodermic injections through the corner of each eye, deep into the skull. A machine having an amber green lens was swung over my eyes and seemed to pull me into its interior. I later found that I had been fixated into a small glass jar. The body was preserved and placed into a glass-type container, then taken away. It was when I tried to follow that I realised that I was located by this jar on the shelf of the theatre. The taking away of the body and the fact that the attendants left without a backward glance, was responsible for a terrific emotional upset – especially when I realised that the "Council" representing the Empire had been responsible for the situation in which I found myself.

I was later dumped on Earth about 1750 years B.C.

This was followed by life as a Hittite in Anatolia. What I have written here is as close to factual as I am at this stage able to go, and I have not included the cognitions that, looking at this incident, have come to me, apart from the effect of the implants. I do, however, realise that much of my past activity has been influenced by my experiences during this past life on Setus. An intolerance of the honesty of any authority, a desire to do good on my terms, coupled with "don't be a sucker" are discernible in much of the past, in Cromwellian times, and in convict days in Australia, to mention a few that I am aware of at this time.

I realise that I would not be in England now if it were not for this incident. Well, there it is – like all games, good while they last.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT
SCIENTOLOGIST: ANONYMOUS
PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 39

This incident began 17,543 years ago on a "Space Command" post on Earth. I had the idea that I could go to Mars incognito to learn how they handled disorder. The government warned me, but finally gave me unwilling assistance and transport to Mars and through its protective field of force to its surface.

On landing I was immediately surrounded and interrogated by Martian automatons who recognised me instantly because I did not broadcast the same vibrations.

I was taken to a massive hall with insulated walls, where I was seated in front of a grey-green curtain and bombarded with invisible particles which caused confusion. Then I was immediately transferred to a cigar-shaped metal holder and whirled around rapidly to further increase my confusion. At the same time I was told that if I ever did anything or remembered any of this I'd get "zapped," i.e. hammered, again. At the end I felt I was just a heavy little object with practically no life at all. After elementary and technical school I was given a metal body fitted with every conceivable electronic gadget and put as a solitary observer on a space outpost.

When the monotony of the robot life began to bore me I began to give all my reports a double meaning to amuse myself. Without warning my replacement arrived and I was told to join the "Reserve." When I arrived at the barracks two official automatons came out, turned me around, opened my back and began ripping out all my apparatus, the flexes from my legs, the batteries from my stomach, the computers from my body. Then they threw my empty shell of a body on a scrap heap.

I remained in the right lobe of my head, while my body rusted and disintegrated. When the head disintegrated I found myself outside the body. I hung around for a long while but finally decided I could leave, and I reported back to "Space Command."

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

JEAN GILL

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 40

Former Condition

Good health overall. Short-sightedness and tendency to colds in the nose, frequent but never serious. Difficulty in originating communication – always had to overcome all sorts of inner resistances to do it.

Mental Outlook

Have greatly increased subjective reality on past lives – had reality previously only from running a number of PC's and from having own psychosomatics (usually migraine) run out by overt act-motivator techniques which did not at the time give reality on specific incidents. I expect improved facility in communication and much more free attention (see contents of engram).

Physical Improvement

Although restimulation from so far incompletely run en-gram had brought on a heavy cold, I feel certain that after settling out – even with engram not completely run out – the tendency to colds in nose will be removed or at least reduced. More energy.

What you attribute improvement to

The engram contained a Fac One type disabling operation fixing attention in body and implanting "Only the body feels, sees, hears, emotes, etc.; I am a body." In addition, there was brain surgery to make body useless and deaf. Head ridge in centre of forehead and on nose, presumably affecting colds and eyesight, has been much reduced.

Engram

The incident was dated by the death 25,016 years ago, and occurred over the preceding 14 years.

From vague and fragmentary information, it appears that I was a member of a foreign ruling group in a civilisation advanced in electronics, space-travel and mind control, e.g. electronic irradiation and brain operations were used for controlling people.

In some manner not yet clarified I appear to have been concerned with such control operations, although out of sympathy with the ruling group and carrying on secret activities against them. I trained a slave-girl, who I had bought fourteen years before the end and with whom there was a strong bond of love, to be able to undo the effects of an electronic control operation, which I knew I should be subjected to if caught.

This duly happened, though the circumstances are yet vague.

The operation itself and the following three episodes have very considerable reality, as they ran with much pain, emotion and perception, though this was yet limited to own body and to the person or machine immediately concerned therewith.

For the disabling operation, the body was strapped on to an operating table, above which a wheeled electronic machine, running on rails and having different projectors for hitting various points in the body and for diffuse radiation over the whole body, was mounted. This was operated by a person standing on a raised platform, higher than the table and to its right, who adjusted the position of the whole machine and aimed the various individual projectors, and switched them on and off in the required time-cycle.

The first part of the operation consisted in directing a strong beam at the centre of the forehead and below. This I resisted strongly by counter-beams from the forehead which the machine, however, pushed back, forming a ridge. During the presumably very brief time in which the impact-point of the beams was pushed from the projector to the forehead, I was violently interiorised into head, and enormous rage was experienced. This changed briefly to fear and grief, and then to apathy, confusion and unconsciousness as the radiation entered the forehead.

The radiation then proceeded to impose a stress, in some painful way, on all the bones of the skull, including the teeth, making them light up, as it appeared, and the same happened to all the bones of the skeleton. All this interiorised attention. Other radiation produced similar effects on the soft tissues of the body. This was followed by an implant to the effect "Only the body feels, sees, hears, emotes, etc. I am the body..."

A second stage of the operation directed beams at the solar plexus and the sex organs, giving a pleasant sex-type sensation with the implant "I do as I am told." This was for laying in orders and suggestions concerning specific tasks later, by means of a small portable projector, for use in the army to which apparently the subjects of such operations were later assigned.

This was the usual disabling operation, which I had trained the girl to undo, so, in spite of pain, etc. I had not despaired.

However, imagine my shock and terrible despair when I noted that a leading member of the rulers, apparently a personal enemy, then stepped up and, lifting up first the right eyelid and then the left one, pushed a needle above each eyeball into the frontal brain lobes. This ruined the body as a communication mechanism – for good measure, the ear-drums were also pierced – so that it was impossible to undo the effects of the previous operations.

This produced enormous despair and rage, and body-convulsions which, although held down in the incident, came out in the running of it, apart from the pain of the actual operation.

The chronologically following episode – although it was the first to gain some visual reality – was that after I had been in the army, the girl had traced me and got me to meet her alone. She tried in vain to communicate to me, and finally could not, in her despair, do anything else except make love to me. However, even this was terribly disappointing as she got nothing except body-reaction – so she went away, crying, and left me in a confused and desperate stupor of inability to communicate – unable even to show grief.

The next episode is that I am called to a briefing room in a space-ship by a "commander." There, by means of a projector beaming on the solar plexus and sex-organs, I get an implant with orders for an individual scouting or perhaps bombing mission in a "saucer" type craft.

In this scene, the projector and beams and the gist of the commands are most real to the effect: "They are only savages, easy meat. Get the town. Don't ever tell about this. Forget it."

The final episode is that, seated in the pilot-seat of this "saucer" – which largely runs on exterior or automatic guidance, but requires some little guidance from me at times – I manage to decide to crash the machine, in order to do some damage and to get away from this body which had become a terrible trap.

The crash, with the head in the helmet being pinned against a kind of dashboard, and the legs crushed underneath this, got very real through the pains involved. Following this was an inrush of freezing cold air, and then an explosion with an enormous release of heat. This, hitting the body from below and behind, burnt it up very fast, enabling me to exteriorise as it shrivels up to a white hot mass.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT

SCIENTOLOGIST: ALIX STANSFIELD, D.SCN.

PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 41

Former Condition

Physically well and overweight, slight skin irritation between the toes. Mentally fairly alert, but a lot of trouble recalling.

Mental Outlook

I have half cognited that I have not been willing to accept responsibility because of penalties of failure. I feel I am more willing to accept responsibilities now. My memory is worse than ever. Persistence has improved.

Physical Improvement.

None.

Engram

Still vague and not flat.

It appears that I was in charge of a Sector of a star system and that I caused some destruction in this Sector (like causing its disintegration). The next part of the incident appears to be an observation sphere connected to a larger sphere. I have the idea that it is through this black sphere that a wreck of a space-ship was contacted; the next scene is the space-ship wreck which seems to be some sort of a trap, the trap appears to be a ball of black energy. (I've got the idea I went to investigate this wreck). The next scene seems to be composed of television type screens all over the place, which are handing me pictures, this appears to be in some kind of flying saucer. I get the idea that there is a special kind of screen that gives out a bright warm light in front of me and a block of ice behind me in this same incident. In this flying saucer everything keeps changing. I have the idea that objects in the room keep changing their shape.

I think that I am packed off to another flying saucer in a block of ice. In this other flying saucer a peculiarly shaped being appears, his head is shaped like a water melon and his body seems to be match-stick thin. In this part of the incident I have the idea that this space-ship is for storing bodies or body parts. The next incident appears to be on a planet similar to this planet Earth and the people seem the same except that they have very long chins; there are a few scenes, but the end seems to occur when I see a new born baby.

Throughout the running of this engram everything keeps changing. The one object that appears all the time is a frame of a television screen.

PRECLEAR'S REPORT
SCIENTOLOGIST: CARL JENSEN, B.SCN.
PRECLEAR: CASE NO. 42

Former Condition

- (1) Light burning sensations in legs occasionally when in great tension. It did not bother me and it was vanishing after a few minutes.
- (2) On the death of my father I had a "blank," not remembering anything from the moment the coffin was brought out of the house, though I attended funeral and went to cemetery.
- (3) After the divorce from my ex-wife I could not mock up or recall her face.
- (4) I had a sort of intolerance of gas smell – I had a gas poisoning with unconsciousness in 1922.
- (5) I had occasionally a sort of pressure on top of my head and sensitivity there in cold, when strong physically and not complaining about health.
- (6) In recent years I had difficulty working with artificial light – a sort of intolerance of artificial lights during work – and almost I stopped working at night, unless in case of great urgency.
- (7) Processing, with Scientology, a psychotic last Spring, I noticed for first time a sort of slight difficulty in confronting him at certain moments he was in bad shape. It lasted only a few moments, yet it was there.

Improvements after my below-described engram was run out and entirely flattened.

- (1) On burning sensations, will report later as they were not often.
- (2) The "blame" on my father's death disappeared. Now I have recall of father, funeral and burying.
- (3) The "blame" on my ex-wife's face disappeared. I can recall and mock it up.
- (4) I regained full tolerance of gas smell.
- (5) My ability to confront was considerably improved in every case, including bad psychotic cases.
- (6) Intolerance of artificial light during night now entirely vanished.
- (7) More alert, more awareness.
- (8) On pressure on top of head I will report later on as it was not frequent.

Improvement Nos 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 I attribute to running out of engrams. However, improvements Nos. 5 and 6 I attribute also to whole ACC work.

A few years ago my father died. He was in a desperate condition. Members of the family wanted him to be operated on (grandpa died during operation for same trouble). I objected

and proposed that father should be treated otherwise by a competent doctor applying different therapeutic methods. My opinion was finally accepted, but father died during treatment. After a while a relative said to my mother that "I was responsible for father's death" because I objected to the operation. This somewhat affected me. Later on when getting The Hubbard Dianetic Auditor's Course I noticed a "blank – a total oblivion" on my father's death, as I could not recall at all the funeral which I had attended and the burying, from the moment the coffin was brought out of the door of the house. A glimpse of father's coffin in the church was, for the first time, achieved during my first ACC I got in London in 1954, during the application of the process "Recall something you don't mind forgetting." But nothing more.

In recent years, after my father's death, I started feeling burning sensations in my legs, when in great tension. They were occasional, light and did not bother me, and lasted for a few minutes, vanishing as soon as I was relaxing or stopping work. Yet, they were there and they were unexplained.

During the recent 5th London ACC (October 20th to November 29th, 1958) during the process "What can you confront?" these burning sensations appeared again, and for the first time they were developed all over my body.

Then a previous life engram was detected by flash answer and the assistance of the Hubbard Electropsychometer. It was the engram containing the greatest charge and the biggest needle fall on the E-Meter and it was closely associated with the above-mentioned.

- (a) Burning sensation of my legs.
- (b) "Blank" on my father's death and a sort of doubt, uncertainty and guilt about the treatment used.
- (c) Intolerance of artificial light during night work.

The engram was father's death on fire (father-was burned on fire) and death of mine in battle when trying to rescue father, with a guilt feeling that it was too late and I died failing to save father's life. The incident happened according to the flash answer verified by the E-Meter, during the year 549 before Christ, in the ancient town Krotona of South Italy. Sicily (Magna Grecia) during the destruction of the Pythagoras Philosophical School, and the Pythagorean Order. According to historians it happened in the middle of 4th to 5th century before Christ. Yet the flash answer and the E-Meter located this incident in the year 549 B.C.

To run out and completely flatten above engram, were needed fifty hours of "confrontingness Scientology processing." Here is the incident:

My "father" was a great philosopher – mystic-master, having an occult philosophical school. But a mob of fanatics put fire to the houses of people belonging to the same brotherhood or society. Just after we started processing the engram I have seen a living picture of Pythagoras walking in the garden of his school. Yet my "father's" burning on the fire was not Pythagoras himself. I could judge from his characteristics. He was rather a little younger than Pythagoras himself.

The mob seized my "father" and brought him to a square to bum him alive on the fire. He was tied on a trunk of a tree and the fire started raging below his body. I was in some town or suburb close to Krotona, A young man of our Order rushed to my house, knocked fiercely

on the door and told me that the houses of our Order members were put to fire by the mob, the mob destroyed and burned our philosophical school and were killing our people, and that "father" was in great danger.

I rushed from the balcony into my room and put on in a great hurry a specific for the case, officer's uniform of the Order. Then I rushed to a nearby gymnasium-camping-like place where there were a lot of young men of our Order and a lot of fine horses. I announced to them the grim news and I asked them to follow me at once and try to save "father" and what could be saved. In the twinkling of an eye all of us were on horse-back almost flying to the town. I led them to a square, on the opposite edge which we were confronted by a horrible spectacle. A big fire was raging, and above it, tied on a tree trunk, was "father" in agony, calling for help. All around the fire were soldiers guarding the area, armed with spears, and big, heavy shields. We attacked fiercely and a wild body to body battle took place close to the fire. I had penetrated into the enemy's ranks, fighting against a group of soldiers, and I reached too close to the fire. At that point a spear was shoved into my stomach and I died looking at the burning father with a feeling of guilt because I came late and failed to rescue father. At that moment there were visible a lot of burning houses in different points of the town, as well as a big building with high marble columns – Doric type, of a classical ancient Greek building style. Close to "father" on the left was visible a big, empty cross, below which a big fire was raging, awaiting some other victim as it seemed, to be crucified and burned. My initial impression was that "father" also was crucified before being burned.

During the last twenty-five hours intensive processing of the engram the whole firing was clarified, as it is given now:

My body was put on a stretcher, brought to a place outside a cemetery and buried in a ditch. Same night young men of our Order exhumed the body and took care of it according to the rituals of the Order, burned it and put the ashes in a nicely decorated vase in an atmosphere of devotion, respect and love. In this incident I was 25 years young and father was around 55 years young. Previously to this incident, at the age of 10, I was in a gymnasium exercising a bow. In a moment when father was close to the target I threw an arrow to the target. At that moment father extended his hand and was wounded by the arrow in his forearm. I rushed to father, and crying, I embraced his feet, asking to be pardoned. Father pardoned me and sent me to bring a doctor. I assisted father to lie down on a nearby marble seat and rushed to bring the doctor. I returned running with an officially dressed doctor.

Doctor has done four incisions around the arrow on father's forearm and removed the arrow, rinsed the wound with water, put on some oil and herbs and wrapped it with a bandage. Father was almost fainting and in great pain during doctor's intervention. I was also in great agony with strong sorrowful emotion and a sort of guilt for father's suffering at the moment the arrow hit father's forearm, as well as at the moment the doctor was removing the arrow, loudly crying with a lot of tears during the session, so real was this incident which was at the root of the guilt feeling for failing to save father in time when he was burned in the first above-mentioned incident. This guilt feeling had its origin in the guilt feeling of wounding father with the arrow and was responsible for the guilt feeling for the death of present life father. Yet "intention wins" independently of any failure in action. With the marvellous process "What part of that can you be responsible for?" the engram was entirely flattened down to the

"clear point." With recent "confrontingness" Scientology process it seems that L. Ron Hubbard and Scientology hit the nucleus of human suffering and behaviour.

Lot of strong emotions, efforts, shaking of the body and somatics I have experienced during running both above-described incidents.

I have to add that from early childhood I had Pythagorean inclinations, and that my writings have the "seal" of Pythagorean principle and teaching, that I entered occultism twenty years ago, that I quitted practising law (I was practising law for twenty-one years) and entered the "drugless therapy field" and finally Scientology besides naturopathy and chiropractice, having as a basic goal in my life "to help humanity in health and truth on an international scale." Twenty-three years ago I turned to vegetarianism. My basic motive was that ancient Greek philosophical teachings, and particularly the Pythagorean ones, together with Jesus Christ's teachings, *applied* in every-day life are the highest form of human behaviour and civilisation. The above engram gave me one more vivid explanation of the "origin and the why" of my inclination and goals in life.

CONCLUSION

Now what do you think?

Seventy conservative, well-trained Scientologists, the most effective practitioners in today's world mental improvement have gone through these experiences. Seventy sane people have some evidence that they have lived before.

What about the rest of the human race?

Verify the matter yourself. Contact your local Free Zone Scientology Center.

These Organizations are only interested in clearing people. They have no real interest in fads and crazes. They exist only for public service. But they have had to view past lives with more than ridicule. Past lives come up too often in auditing to be ignored.

Will they come up in you?

THE END

GLOSSARY

ABERRATIONS: Irrational or deranged behaviour or thought on, or about, a specific subject or subjects, resulting from the influence of the Reactive Mind upon the individual in relationship to that subject or subjects.

A.C.C.: Advanced Clinical Course.

AUDIT: To apply Scientology processes or procedures to someone. This is done by an AUDITOR – a person trained and qualified in applying Scientology processes to others for their betterment.

BANK: A colloquial name for the REACTIVE MIND.

BUTTONS: Items, words, phrases, subjects or areas that are easily restimulatable in an individual by the words or actions of other people, and which cause him discomfort, embarrassment or upset, or make him laugh uncontrollably.

CLEAR: A thetan (the person himself – not his body or name, his mind or anything else – that which is aware of being aware) who can be at cause knowingly and at will over *mental* matter, energy, space and time as regards the first dynamic (survival for self). A Clear is a being who has attained this state by completing the Saint Hill Clearing Course and been declared Clear by the Saint Hill Qualifications Division.

CLEARING: Scientology training and processing of an individual to bring him to the state of Clear.

DYNAMICS: The urge, thrust and purpose of life – SURVIVE – in its eight manifestations.

THE FIRST DYNAMIC is the urge toward survival of self.

THE SECOND DYNAMIC is the urge toward survival through sex or children.

This dynamic actually has two divisions. Second Dynamic (a) is the sexual act itself and Second Dynamic (b) is the family unit, including the rearing of children.

THE THIRD DYNAMIC is the urge toward survival through a group of individuals or as a group. Any group or part of an entire class could be considered to be a part of the Third Dynamic. The school, the club, the team, the town, the nation are examples of groups.

THE FOURTH DYNAMIC is the urge toward survival through all mankind and as all mankind.

THE FIFTH DYNAMIC is the urge toward survival through life forms such as animals, birds, insects, fish and vegetation, and is the urge to survive as these.

THE SIXTH DYNAMIC is the urge toward survival as the physical universe and has as its components Matter, Energy, Space and Time, from which we derive the word MEST.

THE SEVENTH DYNAMIC is the urge toward survival through spirits or as a spirit. Anything spiritual, with or without identity, would come under the Seventh Dynamic. A sub-heading of this Dynamic is ideas and concepts such as beauty, and the desire to survive through these.

THE EIGHTH DYNAMIC is the urge toward survival through a Supreme Being, or more exactly, Infinity.

E-METER (HUBBARD ELECTROMETER): An electronic instrument for measuring the mental state and change of state of Homo sapiens and uncleared individuals. The E-Meter is not intended or effective for the diagnosis, treatment or prevention of any disease.

ENGRAM: A mental image picture of an experience containing pain, unconsciousness, and a real or fancied threat to survival – it is a recording in the Reactive Mind of something which actually happened to the individual in the past and which contained pain and unconsciousness both of which are recorded in the mental image picture called an engram.

ENTHETA: Means enturbulated theta (thought or life); especially refers to communications, which, based on lies and confusions, are slanderous, choppy or destructive in an attempt to overwhelm or suppress a person or group.

FAC ONE (Facsimile One): The one basic engram on top of which all this life engrams are mere locks.

FLAT: Meaning that the incident when "flat" has been discharged of all bad consequences to the preclear.

GROUPEE: A Dianetic term meaning that part of an incident which is similar to parts of other incidents and which tends to make all the incidents group together as if they were one.

INCIDENT: A series of mental image pictures held together by a common sequence.

OVERT ACT-MOTIVATOR: A sequence wherein someone who has committed an overt – a harmful or contra-survival act – has to claim the existence of motivators, i.e., consider that he has been wronged by another. This consideration is characterised by constant complaint with no real action undertaken to resolve the situation, which indicates that the motivator is being held in place to justify overt acts committed by the individual.

POSTULATE: (noun). A self-determined conclusion, decision or resolution based on data of the past, known or unknown (the postulate is always known), and upon the evaluation of data by the individual or on impulse without data. It resolves a problem of the past, decides on problems or observations in the present or sets a pattern for the future.

POSTULATE: (verb). To conclude, decide or resolve a problem or set a pattern for the future or to nullify a pattern of the past.

PRECLEAR: A person who, through Scientology Processing, is finding out more about himself and life.

PROCESS: A set of questions asked by an auditor to help a person find out things about himself or life. More fully, a process is a patterned action, done by the auditor and preclear under the auditor's direction, which is invariable and unchanging, composed of certain steps or actions calculated to release or free a thetan. There are many processes and these are aligned with the levels taught to students and with grades as applied to preclears, all of which lead the student or the preclear gradiently to higher understanding and awareness. Any single process is run only so long as it produces change and no longer.

PROCESSING: That action or actions, governed by the technical disciplines and codes of Scientology, or administering a process to a preclear in order to release or free him from his aberrations.

REACTIVE MIND: That portion of a person's mind which works on a stimulus-response basis (given a certain stimulus, it gives a certain response) which is not under his volitional control and which exerts force and the power of command over his awareness, purposes, thoughts, body and actions.

SOMATICS: Painful or uncomfortable physical perceptions stemming from the Reactive Mind.

TERMINALS: Anything or anyone who can receive, relay or send a communication.

THETAN: The person himself – not his body or name, the physical universe, his mind or anything else – that which is aware of being aware – the identity that IS the individual. (From Theta Θ), the Greek symbol for "thought" or perhaps "spirit".

THETA-BOP: A peculiar rapid action of an E-Meter needle. It means separation from the body.

VANISHING PART OF FACTUAL HAVINGNESS: One segment of a three – part process used in Scientology.