

DIANETIC JOURNAL NOTES

PUBLISHED BY THE

CADA

VOLUME 9 Number 4

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION OF DIANETIC AUDITORS

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A POP VERSION OF SCIENTOLOGY/DIANETICS SWEEPS LIBERAL-INTELLECTUAL AMERICA --by A. E. van Vogt: One of the amazing qualities of dianetics and/or Scientology is that no matter under what guise the methods and theories are presented, they elicit enthusiastic response from some segment of the community or the world.

A recent development--called to my attention by a CADA member in the middle west--is perhaps the biggest of all these. This one is led by a man operating under the alias of Werner Erhard. He claims that he is an eclectic who has combined the following schools of therapy into his own system: Freud, Eric Berne, Coue, Gurdjiff, primal therapy, General Semantics, Moral Re-Armament, Scientology, Silva Mind Control, Dale Carnegie, Anton Mesmer, Buckminster Fuller, , and Arthur "Red" Motley. However, as you will see in the reprinted text, if you know anything about it, all of the therapy techniques used are Scientology/Dianetics. What Werner has contributed is a presentation style that has stimulated what is called in dianetics the "acceptance level" of the academic-intellectual-educated-liberal crowd. Nothing quite like Werner has ever before split from the Scientology mainstream.

Caryl Conner's article is too long to reprint in toto. As I did with the Dr. Green article last issue* I shall carry on a running comment of what she has written. But, before beginning, a comment about her. As you will see, she seems to have accepted Werner's statements about the origin of e.s.t. Since she herself clearly knows nothing about Scientology or dianetics, we can deduce that her comments about the former derive from remarks made by Werner. I shall point out the significance of these comments wherever they occur.

(Continued on Page 2)

QUICKIES BY DIANETICS: Marriage Revealed--Mary Jane Watson, a former CADA secretary and board member, but for many years now a leading personality in MENSA, the high I.Q. society, has married Hamp Stevens, also a MENSA member. Marriage took place in December, 1974. . . . Another former CADA board member, known to the membership as Mary Forbes, on May 23 last received her M.A. in psychology. The ceremonies were attended by A. E. van Vogt, her separated husband, George, and all 10 of their children, and their spouses and children. Mary, also a member of MENSA, and a strong Women's Lib advocate, got her second plum a few days after receiving the degree. She will serve on the Los Angeles County Grand Jury during the new term which begins shortly.

*Dr. Green was told of our reprint and comment of and on his article, and asked for a copy. Which of course was sent.

Werner Erhard is apparently very anxious to prove his claim that his method is eclectic--that is, it has its origin in many systems and not only in one.

But the first thing we observe in reading his references to those other systems is that they are loaded with contradictions and simplicities.

Before I describe what I mean by that, I need to point out that opening paragraph of Caryl Conner's article (reprinted to the right) contains one more of those unending slurs that easterners bestow gratuitously upon California, usually on southern California. Notice that it is California that is given the credit for producing est. There seems to be some idea that there are more cults in this state than elsewhere, and that they all start here. Dianetics, when it first began, had the same slur cast on it. Yet the first Hubbard Dianetic Research Foundation was located in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and there was a New York and Washington foundation before Los Angeles ever got started.

Now, there is a possibility that when the icy winds of winter start to howl around the ears of prospective subjects for self-improvement training, a percentage that might have shown in summer, decide to sit it out during the winter. Hence, we may have a more year-round availability of willpower.

To begin, note the pop mystic cults in Washington that are named include Scientology right in there with the Divine Light Mission.

Next, notice in paragraph 5, opposite this line, how Werner Erhard begins his lecture. Right there you can tell who his listeners are. There are millions of people in this country who would not stay one minute after those words were spoken, no matter who brought them to the meeting.

Now, the contradictions: I'm going to deduce that Werner throws in words like Zen, and Tao, and Gurdjieff, and gestalt, and even that he has a few one-line familiarity remarks about them. Let's just take the Taoist, "It's easier to ride a horse in the direction he's going." How does that fit with the promise of a "transforming experience"?

Self-improvement, it has been noted, is the only thing that sells better than sex. Having already enriched our lives with navel oranges and topless shoeshine girls, California is ready with a product for this market too—est.

est is an acronym for Erhard Seminars Training, the fastest growing remedy for our vast uncertainties. Pop mysticism is not new to Washington. Arica, Transcendental Meditation, Scientology, and the Divine Light Mission, among others, have been here for some time. Even old cold warrior Fletcher Knebel has succumbed to Tai Chi. But est's eclectic shortcut to salvation, its college mixer atmosphere, and its simple rules for making "life work" are awakening more sleepy consciousnesses than all the rest put together.

The primary est product is a high-intensity, \$250, two-weekend "experience." Graduates are "permitted" to enroll in a variety of follow-up seminars, training programs, and special events, at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$50, and four out of five do. Most display an enthusiasm comparable to those healed at Lourdes.

They get to be graduates by showing up in big-city hotels at 8:30 AM and sitting bolt upright in a hotel conference room for four 16-plus-hour days on two successive weekends with only the briefest access to food, water, or bathrooms. In addition there are three evening sessions—pre-training, mid-training, and post-training. Throughout the training these tough-bolted folk are not permitted to speak to each other, eat, smoke, take notes, stand up, or move about (with rare exceptions). Watches, books, pens, and food are surrendered outside the training room.

Once inside, the enterprise begins with several hours of repeated verbal abuse. "All right you assholes. . . ." and "You've got dog shit on your souls," are typical podium openers.

In return for this verbal and physical abuse, trainees are promised a "transforming experience," and most graduates feel they got what they came for.

The message, to oversimplify, is Taoist (It's easier to ride the horse in the direction he's going), Zen (What is, is. What's so, is. Equally, so what) and Gestalt (You have created your life, you are the cause in the matter, you have chosen what is. When you accept that responsibility, life moves on).

But now, lest you think I am opposed to what Werner is doing, let me say a word of praise. His rejection of any compromise on the use of drugs to ease the physical pains or aches of persons taking the seminars, shows that he takes his scientology and dianetics seriously underneath that consistently-maintained acceptance level abuse of his audience. In the clinches, in short, he allows no deviations from Scientolgy-Dianetic attitude about the use of such alleviatives during processing. Not even aspirin.

That last especially significant. Dr. Christopher Evans, the British psychologist-author of CULTS OF UNREASON, in discussing Scientolgy states that Hubbard is the only person he knows of who has made an issue of aspirin as being absolutely forbidden in relation to psychotherapy. And there's Werner making the same proscription.

As some of you may know, Scientolgy has a drug-cure system in operation that apparently is being operated in competition with Synanon. The Scientolgy is called Narconon. I was quite interested to read in the daily paper about 1½ years ago that the Los Angeles City Council vote a commendation to Narconon for the good work it was doing. And last year the city council of Denver, Colorado, voted their branch of Narconon \$550,000 to help along the work they were doing.

In his article on drugs on the new book, DIANETICS TODAY, Hubbard goes at length into the methods used by the Narconon organization.

However, as will be seen in the second column of Miss Conner's article on this page, Werner Erhard seems to be moving much more rapidly into acceptance than any Scientolgy group or subsidiary. His dramatic method of presentation seems to be reaching the group in power in liberal-intellectual America; seems to by-pass their normal resistance to non-authorized systems--or else we are witnessing a breakdown of the 100-year aloofness and pride of the professional people of the world. Perhaps, suddenly, they also feel a need

est training is a distinctly different experience for everyone. For the uninitiated, George Leonard, author, lecturer, and former senior editor of Look magazine, says describing est is as if you are trying to describe sex on a sexless planet. You could write 500 pages with detailed diagrams, full-color illustrations, and in-depth interviews. It would still be unfathomable to those who haven't experienced it. No matter how you describe the training, you can't communicate it. So here are notes from my training.

The First Day: 8:30 Saturday morning at the Jack Tar Hotel in San Francisco. My co-trainees are reassuringly ordinary looking. In the training room, straight-backed chairs face the platform in three large, pie-shaped wedges. The mood is subdued anticipation. We get down to business fast.

Werner is to be our trainer (a treat—it's the first training he's done in a year) but trainer-trainee Stuart Esposito, an uncompromisingly stolid young man, starts us off with an interminable list of our "agreements with est": no eating, smoking, gum chewing, knitting, talking, note-taking, reading in the training room. No tape recorders, watches, transistor radios. No chemical substances until training ends a week from Sunday—no drugs, alcohol, medicine. No meditation, no yoga, no . . . someone raises her hand to complain of a headache.

"No aspirin. No exceptions."

No one may leave the room FOR ANY REASON before the first break.

"When will that be?" asks Jack.

"When it is announced."

We may eat only during food breaks. We may not sit next to anyone we know. We may not speak ("share") without one of the portable microphones that seminar attendants rush down the aisles to us. We will acknowledge sharing with applause. We may leave with a full refund at the first break; if we return we agree to stay to the end of training.

By the time Stuart finishes his rule dispensing we appear as subdued as Buchenwald Jews. There is a collective shudder—half fear, half anticipation—as Werner takes over with his attention-riveting opener: "All right you assholes . . ." he bellows.

I calculated a two-month gross in excess of \$1 million. est is registered in Sacramento as a private, for-profit California corporation; thus its books are not available for review. But est's financial health is fine, thank you, and whatever its 1974 receipts, they will skyrocket in 1975 as the organization moves into East Coast markets.

Money isn't the only measure of est's success. In the three-and-a-half years since Werner offered his "direct personal experience of the truth" to a handful of friends, he has won a surprising amount of recognition from establishment organizations. The California State College system gives course credit for est training. The former director of the Hawaiian Department of Social Services endorsed est. The San Francisco city schools have given in-service training credit for est; Rockefeller Foundation funds have supported teachers in the Oakland city schools. Federally funded education projects provide est training for students in Castro Valley and teachers in Cupertino. There's been a workshop and training in Watts, a training in Harlem, and two trainings in Lompoc Federal Prison with the endorsement of the federal prison system.

Werner has been invited to lecture to the American Management Association, law enforcement associations, the California Association of School Psychologists, the Pacific Telephone Company, Wells Fargo Bank, several county mental health departments, clinic staffs, hospital psychiatric departments, schools for children with learning disabilities. Last fall he was a featured speaker at the annual meeting of the Association for Humanistic Psychology in New Orleans.

that extends beyond the cold limitations of a scientific future. If such a breakdown is indeed beginning, then very shortly the mystic cults of America will be in a state of ecstasy as M.D.s, lawyers, professors of logic, and other authority figures sit in their audiences seeking some kind of assurance that there is something more to life than a collection of organic chemicals (i.e. a body.)

Werner's message, I gather, includes this reassurance.

Now, here on this page, again, we have a list of all the systems that Werner claims have been melded into est. Since Miss Conner mentions them, I presume that he does also. But right now all I'd like you to notice is that the only antecedent that has a modifying term printed after it is Scientology. The modifying term: a heavy influence. Yet, as you will presently read, Scientologys is treated with put-down words by the lady--which would also indicate that the same type of put-down remarks were made by Werner.

Werner claims to have put the best of each of these various systems into est. It is difficult to imagine how one man's mind is qualified to winnow out the exact perfect essence of each system, including General Semantics, without using a single word to indicate that he knows what General Semantics is about.

Creator, developer, owner, operator, guru, and ultimate source of est is enigmatic, charismatic Werner Erhard, born Jack Rosenberg in Philadelphia 39 years ago, a man whose literature proclaims you to be "perfect just the way you are." That message is making things pretty perfect for Erhard too. He is the hottest property on the cosmic circuit, publicly adored and served like a feudal baron by his private retinue.

He is the father of seven children, four of them left behind, along with his first wife, when he left Philadelphia and picked a new name out of *Esquire* 14 years ago. Now he has a "totally satisfying" marriage to another woman and a "totally satisfying" relationship with his ex-wife, whom he sought out after his experience of "total clarity" in 1971. Both wives and all seven children are est graduates. So are his parents.

Today Erhard is the unlikely spiritual leader of a growing empire. The est organization is Werner Erhard, but the est program has antecedents that run the therapeutic gamut from Freud through Eric Berne and cover the philosophic spectrum from Coue to Gurdjieff. est's experiential and theologic parentage can be traced back through most Eastern and a good many Western sects and religions as well as primal therapy, General Semantics, Moral Re-Armament, Scientology (a heavy influence), Silva Mind Control, Dale Carnegie, Anton Mesmer, Buckminster Fuller, and Arthur "Red" Moley. est has more parents than a fish has eggs and Erhard has sampled them all. A self-acknowledged discipline freak, he has, he says, distilled the best of each into est.

Striding back and forth in bush-jacketed elegance, hairless chest showing in the vee of a shirt always open to the second button, Werner promises that est "will turn your life around 180 degrees," that "you will experience the truth."

Werner is cool. He dispenses Mort Sahl one liners for the sophisticates, grams plenty of "bullshits" for the Fids, cosmic code words for the mystics, simplistic pieties and easy analogies for the slow, and backstops it all with glib references to Freud, Pavlov, Maslow, and Carl Rogers for the intelligentsia.

The training is crowded with truisms and simplistic pieties, but they are presented in a hip, semantically challenging jargon that is both fresh and entertaining. The 250-member training group, for the most part, greets each as a revelation. The package makes excellent theater. It is a potent force for change in many lives and seems relatively benign in the rest.

est is not quite therapy nor is it theology, though it covers both territories. Yet est's impact on conventional psychotherapy and cosmic gospel may be radical and profound, which is to say est's packaging and marketing methods may hit the helping professions and the mystic sects like flash freezing hit the food industry.

One San Francisco psychiatrist believes est is worth three years of analysis. "One-to-one therapy is limited, expensive, and slow," he said. "est forces the pace."

Michael Murphy is a serious student of Eastern disciplines. He lived for a year and a half in an ashram in India before founding Esalen, the institutional granddaddy of the human potential movement. Murphy thinks the next generation of cosmic and experiential therapies will follow the est model. Content will improve and the mechanics will be refined, but he thinks Werner Erhard has found the way to simplify Eastern concepts for Westerners.

It's now February 1975 in the main ballroom at the Sheraton Park. Werner has come to Washington and, with what must seem boring predictability to the est regulars, 1,600 Washingtonians have turned out to hear him talk, although there's been, as usual, not a dime's worth of advertising.

This time I am an est graduate. Like Jane, I persuaded a friend to come along. When my friend comments irritably on the insistent friendliness and dippy, beatific smiles of the est groupies, on the constant clapping, the too-perfect arrangements, I hear myself six months ago. But my friend is more open and less antagonistic than I was. Which may be a function of the change in Werner's presentation. He is less scatological in Washington and more serious—more lecturer, less entertainer.

The photographer on my right whispers that Werner reminds him of his college philosophy professor. On the left, my friend, a foreign policy advisor to a Senator, says the fervor reminds him of his Baptist youth. But he says he will probably take the training. "Why not?" he asks. "It costs less than three weeks of therapy."

To give one example of a General Semantic tenet, you don't make allness statements or other absolutisms. For example, Werner promises 180° transformation to everybody.

But now here on this page we finally have a description of the techniques and of the terminology. All those that refer to finding spaces in various parts of the body are old, old, old in Scientology group auditing. The opening request: "Recall a time when you were happy!" is dianetics circa 1954. Notice the "Thank you" at the beginning of request #2--the acknowledgment. That also began with the ability "processes" of 1954 (Maybe they were earlier; that's when I first heard them.)

Werner apparently can unblinkly allow all of these techniques to be described as his discoveries. I remember about 1957 Wayne Dunbar broached to me the idea of dropping the word, dianetics, and using the same methods under another name. At the time I said that it sounded incredibly complicated, because we would constantly be living a lie, and I couldn't even imagine --I said--delivering a lecture without continually stumbling over some aspect of the lie. He thought about that for a while, and then grinned in his infectious way, and said that he saw what I meant. But apparently we were wrong. Werner does it, and is called "professionally honest".

It should be noted that the one phrase in the lists on this page that he seems to have picked up from Transactional Psychology is "playing our tapes". The use of this phrase fits in with the dianetic concept of the Reactive Mind, and a little later in fact--as you will read--he correlates exactly that way. I would guess it to be one of his one-line red herrings. Also, the matter of choosing instead of deciding has in it just a touch--one line--of existentialism.

The item on Scientology given in a box in the center of this page is a cut-out from the last 2 pages of Miss Conner's article. In those pages she lists about a dozen mystic cults which are going full blast in Washington, and makes a comment on each. Of them all, Scientology gets the comment that has the most "attack" in it. Which tells us

est training consists of varying proportions of three basic elements: long monologues by the trainer, something est calls "processes" (a sort of guided tour of one's psyche meant to provoke self-discovery), and "sharing" by the audience of their self discoveries, concerns, and tabential thoughts.

Late in the afternoon we finally do our first process. Sitting up straight, buttocks to the back of the chair, legs apart, feet flat on the floor, hands open and resting on our thighs, eyes closed, we go "into our space." In a newly soothing voice Werner directs us to:

"Recall a time when you were happy." Pause

"Thank you. Recall a time when you felt loved." Pause.

"Fine. Recall a time when you really communicated." Pause.

And on. An endless list. Later we follow hypnotic instructions to:

"Locate a space in your left foot." Pause.

"Good. Locate a space in your right foot." Pause.

"Fine. Locate a space in your left ankle." Pause.

"Thank you. Locate a space in your right ankle." And so forth, up the body and back down. (For reasons obscure to me, "Locate a space between your genitals and your rectum" comes after we have worked all the way up to our heads.)

Like all mind benders, he has developed his own lexicon, an estian code in which commonplace words have meaning only to the initiate, words like space, experience, certainty, acknowledgment, validate, considerations, conditions, item, harder, being. There are important new distinctions to master: We "choose," but we cannot decide, we "never help, always assist." We have been "playing our tapes," "doing our act," "having our buttons pushed," and "where we are coming from" is "our ground of being." What we have been calling spontaneity is really automaticity, which is "appropriate only to a past moment" instead of being "appropriate to our being."

The mystic rubric, downplayed earlier, appears during the afternoon in a long reality-unreality dialogue. Werner gives us "physicalness" (matter, energy, time, space) as the test of reality, then does a neat reverse.

"You'll get your vote cancelled," he roared when Bruce said "experience" was the test of reality. Surprise! In the end, Werner says experience is the test of reality.

A woman who has been raped tells haltingly of her fear of another attack. "You choose the rape," Werner insists. "You like to be a victim. That's your act."

Candy vehemently rejects this interpretation and insists her fear is based on reality.

"What's the payoff for being a victim?" Werner demands.

"Payoff?" she asks. "There's no payoff. I didn't want to be raped. I don't want to be afraid."

once again against whom Werner was dropping his verbal venoms. (We can deduce that he just didn't know enough about the others to undermine them.)

A few years ago I engaged in a brief correspondence with a lady on the east coast who was writing a book on rape. Having read my novel, *THE VIOLENT MAN*, she wanted to have my views on rapists. What I mentioned as being of great importance was the whole body of opinion of some males that women secretly longed to be raped.

I told the lady that this point of view needed to be strongly opposed, since rapists justified their actions with this very argument. The idea is that the woman, who has been brought up in a restricted society, secretly has a primitive lust for men which the rapist can satisfy, in that under the enforced condition of rape she can feel blameless--thus satisfying the requirements of her early training--and simultaneously be in a state of ecstasy, thus satisfying her deep, primitive need to be overwhelmed by a super-aggressive male.

The whole matter of being at a place where she can be captured in order to be raped, is a very complex thought. It takes two forms. The first is metaphysical. The woman is at that location at the moment when she can be captured because she has psychically spotted

est friends point out that Werner tells these tales on himself before large audiences--3,000 people in San Francisco's Masonic Auditorium for example--and that est funnels special lecture fees into a foundation whose board includes such reputable persons as Mrs. William Sloane Coffin. Further, the est operation is watched over by an advisory board whose chairman is another super-reputable--Dr. Philip Lee, former HEW assistant secretary for health, former chancellor of the University of California, and current director of health policy programs at the University of California's medical school. Still, est's secretiveness is frustrating and, for a reputable organization, satisfying.

My own judgment is that Werner's PR policy is based on the tease. Elusiveness heightens desirability. Maybe not, but that would explain the paradox of Werner's extraordinary hospitality to those media people who do get to him. Reporters are invited along for a ride in his leased Cessna airplane or Mercedes limousine, fed lavishly in his baroque mansion (an elegantly remodeled San Francisco Victorian), chauffeured to and from airports, and wine and dined at est expense.

est staff member Howard Sherman contacted the *Washington Post's* Howard Simon, and Werner subsequently sat up until 4 AM with *Post* reporter Judy Bachrach on his only night in town. Not exactly someone trying to duck publicity. Nor are his appearances on late night (Johnny Carson) and early morning ("AM-America") television.

Whatever. The conflict about the photographer is not resolved. Nonetheless, Werner kisses me goodbye as warmly as he kissed me hello.

"What did you think of him?" I ask my friend as we go back to the crowded ballroom.

"He's professionally honest," he says. "That's very powerful."

The est training is rigorous; Freudian psychoanalyst Ivan Heisler thinks that is part of its strength. "Voluntary abstinence is one of society's strongest organizing forces," Heisler said. "So too is participation in a mutual endurance/hardship situation." est is certainly that and, like army buddies, some graduates become friends for life. But est also is typical of the curious social phenomenon of the middle '70s--the Jesus freaks, vegetarians, and guru-following ashram dwellers of all stripes who grew up in the permissive Spock generation and then as adults seek authoritarian structure.

California, July 1974. "Belief systems are no damn good!" Werner roars. To illustrate, he tells the rat story: "Ten years ago I became an expert in psychology--I read three books. I learned that almost everything people think they

know in psychology is theoretical. Which means it can't be proved. But one thing can be proved and that is the difference between rats and human beings.

"If you put a rat in front of a bunch of tunnels and you put cheese in the fourth tunnel, eventually you have an educated rat--a rat who understands that he has to go down the fourth tunnel if he wants his cheese.

"Now you move the cheese. The rat will go down the fourth tunnel and come back, go down the fourth tunnel and come back, go down the fourth tunnel and back a good many times. But eventually the rat will stop going down the fourth tunnel and look for the cheese in the other tunnels.

"And that's the difference between rats and human beings. The human being will keep on going down that fourth tunnel forever. And that is because human beings have an ability rats don't have. They can believe in something, so they'll go down that fourth tunnel forever.

"A belief system is how people justify the things they do in life that don't produce cheese. Rats don't have belief systems. If you've got cheese in your tunnel you don't care about belief systems."

Obviously, for Werner Erhard life has turned around 180 degrees. And his reception in Washington is typical. Although nearly a quarter of the seats in Sheraton Hall are empty after the break (not typical--West Coast audiences would never leave Werner in mid-program), a post-seminar poll in the lobby produces a four-to-one majority in his favor.

Negative respondents call him "con" and "huckster" (the West Coast antagonists say things like "eclectic rip-off") but a majority voice enthusiasm. And act on it.

The April training--Washington's first--was booked a month ahead of time and the July 12-13 and 19-20 training is so close to sold out that a third training already has been scheduled for August (call 291-2760 for information).

Whatever Werner Erhard is--mendacious or sublime, dangerous or divine--he is a marketing genius. Without a dime's worth of conventional advertising in its three-and-a-half years, est has drawn almost 40,000 converts--more than ten times as many participants as Esalen has in its first three years--into a mushrooming psychic pyramid that makes Glenn W. Turner look like an also-ran.

the rapist and is rushing madly to the place where he is lying in wait--without of course consciously realizing her purpose. The second reason is more mundane. It holds that the rape victim has a fairly logical idea of where rape incidents can take place, and repeatedly places herself in such locations. And finally the law of averages works out for her. There she is in a state of delicious terror being raped, as befits her secret desire.

Some years ago I audited a rape victim. Her story was as follows. She is a divorcee, and she spent a lot more time at home watching TV and reading than she was entirely happy with. On this particular evening a woman friend phoned her and said that she and her husband and another couple were at a cocktail bar a mile or so down the street, and would she like to join them. It was still light when she drove up, but the parking lot was crowded, so she parked about 150 feet up the street. Later, near midnight, when she came out, one of the couples drove her along the by-now deserted street to her car, dropped her off, and drove away without waiting for her to get into her car.

Their rapid departure shocked her slightly--but there was nobody in sight. However, as she hurried up to the driver side of her car, two men appeared from nowhere, caught her, forced her into her car, and drove to a nearby location--a vacant lot--where the rape was then consummated.

Now, the average person who drops you off at your car usually waits until you start your motor, the idea being that it just could be that your car won't start. At which point they do something for you--like waiting until the Automobile Club service car arrives. Since she never told her friends what happened, she didn't find out what motivated a man to drive off, leaving a woman under such circumstances.

At lunch a week later, trainer Ted Long tells me the est training provides "a totally safe environment for people to bring up their stuff."

"When it starts to get uncomfortable, people start to talk," he says. "None of it's left to chance--sooner or later everybody gets their button pushed. The ways they protect themselves--the 'patterns'--are stripped away and they have to confront the repetitiveness of behavior that's been screwing up their lives. As soon as you confront it, it becomes insignificant. When people get that, they aren't afraid to let it go. That's when they start to change."

The Last Day: Everything that has happened so far was "just to soften us up." Werner explains on the morning of the fourth day. The *real* training happens today. How can he give us 20 years of Eastern wisdom in one day? "Simple," he grins. "I just give you the last day."

The fourth day is an interminable examination of our minds. "The mind," says Werner, "is a linear arrangement of multisensory records of sequential moments of now. The pur-

His conclusion: We don't get to make choices. Except: We can choose what is. In the brief instant between activation of the circuit and playing of the record, we can choose to have that record play. That's all

"That's it," he shouts. "That's all there is."

Trances sit in stunned silence. "That's all there is," Werner shouts more loudly. "There are no hidden meanings. All that mystic stuff is just what's so. The truth doesn't mean anything, it just is. Do you get it?"

After the break I decide I've had enough and turn in my name tag--an est requirement. Ron Bynum, an appealing young apprentice trainer, stops me in the hotel corridor. "Can you tell me what you're feeling?" he asks.

"Boredom."

"Fine. Any other feelings?"

"Just boredom."

"Thank you. What other feelings are you having?"

"None." I say irritably. "I'm just bored."

"Good. Are you ready to go back?"

"No. I want to leave."

"Fine. Any other feelings about that?"

"No other feelings. I'm just bored."

"Good. Are you ready to go inside?"

To my surprise, I return to my seat and participate in the evening's entertainments: a joint dramatic enterprise called "making fools of ourselves."

The Mid-Training: Eight PM Thursday, the Fairmont Hotel, Stewart Emery, dapper former advertising photographer from Australia, is in charge of our mid-training. Several in my group told me they really got off on the mid-training process: "We go into our space and imagine our bodies as transparent plastic filled with orange fluid, which drains slowly out of taps on the ends of our fingers and toes, taking with it any aches, pains, or tensions. Silly as it sounds, the process was inexplicably relaxing. A knee joint that had been sore for months hasn't bothered me since."

pose of the mind is survival of the being or anything the being considers itself to be. Ego is the functioning of the mind when the being considers itself to be its own mind. The being disappears when it considers itself to be its own mind. Ego is the survival effort by the mind. The total purpose of the ego is to secure agreement. That is, the mind's job is to make you right and everyone else wrong.

He uses Candy as an illustration. "How about the righteousness of being a rape victim? How about the soap opera of the woman who's been scarred, the soap opera of rape? How about it Candy, don't you think you were *wronged*? Don't you feel righteous about it?"

The lecture continues: The mind consists of two stacks of records (he draws them on the blackboard). One stack is "necessary to survival," the other unnecessary. The former contain early incidents of pain, threats to survival, loss or shock not fully experienced, and reminders of all these things. "Whenever anything in your current environment reminds you of anything in the stack it activates a circuit and you become a puppet acting out the content of the old record. The logic of the mind is that everything is the same as everything else which is the same as everything else."

Her automatic reaction: She has never been really friendly with that couple since then.

What I did on her was the equivalent of an Assist; it required several sessions, because of the fear of being physically mutilated. One of the attackers seemed to be under the influence of drugs; he was wild and brutal, and drew blood. Not one instant of ecstasy could she recall.

On the top of the previous page, Miss Conner walks out of the seminar, intending to leave. She is intercepted by one of Werner's trained aides. The questions that she is repetitively asked have been standard dianetic-Scientology on ARC breaks and other abrupt departure situations. However, a portion of the questioning could, by a stretch of logic, also be attributed to Rogersian counseling. Let us suppose that you say to a Rogersian that you don't like your fellow worker--Jones--at the next desk. He feeds your statement back to you: "You feel that you don't like Jones?" And goes on in that vein. The difference to note is that each time Werner's aide used the dianetic acknowledgment: "Thank you." "Good." "Fine." etc.

On this page, we have something that at first look could come from the encounter "sensitivity" groups that had such a vogue a few years ago, where people point out your faults.

However, there's more to it than that. Hubbard early brought up the subject of the individual's Service Facsimile--basic behavior pattern in present time. This seems to be the target in the comments made by the three experts: "Quit doing your act!" The implication is of a major personality set.

My guess would be that they missed everyone's Service Facsimile because of a total unawareness of the Acceptance Level which had brought all these types into Werner's clutches. When an Acceptance Level is shared by the auditor and the preelear--that is, they both have similar attitudes--there is a strong tendency of the auditor to be unaware of the preelear's condition in that area.

Life situations are much worse than appears on the surface. When people have engrams that fit, they are "unconsciously" attracted to each other.

Werner seems to have found exactly the people who respond to him wholeheartedly; and it is interesting indeed to note who they are and what walks of life they come from.

Late in the afternoon, lying on the floor, we go through the "truth process," which is supposed to rid us of an "item" we select to work on. The item I select is "inability to admit weakness" but although I follow directions diligently, I still seem to be stuck with it.

We have more than an hour for dinner the second night and Grover, a high-school athletic coach, drives me to a pleasant Fillmore Street restaurant. We return to a theater-of-the-absurd evening that begins with the "line-up." In groups of 40 we take the stage to be stared at by co-trainees and eye-balled by graduate assistants, who stand close enough to bump noses. From the back of the room Stuart, Werner, and his attractive young assistant Landon bellow relentlessly:

"Quit doing your act. Halle, GET OFF IT!"
"What's so funny, Grover?"
"Get rid of that silly smile, Bruce, let's see who's really there."

"Stand up, Linda, you don't need to slump. Nobody's sorry for you."

To me Landon mystifyingly shouts, "Get off it, Caryl, you always look so damn interested!"

Half the trainees cry during this exercise. One faints. Most are visibly uncomfortable.

The first weekend ends with the "danger process." Werner and Landon shriek warnings of unspecified dangers--from the person lying beside us (we are on the floor now), from everyone in the room, the city, the nation, the planet--it goes on and on. The noise is horrendous--moaning and wailing from all sides. Vomit bags are in frequent use. Californians are apparently familiar with this sort of emotional button-pushing and they respond dramatically. Not I. To me it is contrived, and the caterwauling mystifies me. The noisier it gets the more I retreat to my "observer" role. It ends with a banal and predictable message: "The person you were terrified of was terrified of you."

A let down. It's after 2 AM. Physically, I feel terrific. Linda gives me a ride back to my bonowed apartment.

Acceptance Level is, essentially what you can "have". Do you drive a beat-up old jalopy--that's your acceptance level. Do you have largeness in your soul--as Werner claims for himself, and presumes exists in the people that come to him. Since they agree, that is his and their acceptance level.

Have you a feeling of inner security when you are with certain groups of people? Notice who they are. Do you feel "out of place" with a different group? Notice who they are. These are clues to your acceptance level, reflect your early decisions and your reaction to your early environment. All this needs to be "processed".

Note that Miss Conner gains part of her security in the est movement from the presence of professional people. She is happy to discover that a foreign adviser to a senator is impressed by Werner and plans to take his therapy course. And she walks away from her final meeting with an M.D. from San Francisco.

Actually, none of this matters. We are in a middle period of history, and people don't know why they do what they do. The thing that Werner needs to notice in himself is that his behavior has the appearance of being excessively overstimulated. I would diagnose that as being an engram of great power; yet--I must add--if he were to come to me for auditing I would probably not process that engram; but would merely take note of it, and call it to his attention with a warning to keep an eye--rough guess--on his heart. Why not audit it out? Because success on the special level where he is operating is hard to come by in our society. The best story I have on that is of a man who was audited out of his mother's valence. She was a London Music Hall star, and in her valence he was a pretty good performer and singer himself. Out of her valence he lost both his voice and his ability to perform.

Being in someone else's valence means that at some deep, automatic level of your being you have become like someone else--usually mother, father, teacher, or an idol. Valence is probably an ability which, under control, could make it possible for you to be anybody at will.

That singer was not my preclear, but his experience made me cautious about eliminating engrammatic causes of success--unless death or illness is involved.

For me, the biggest thought that has come out of the est success is the question: is Werner actually reaching a liberal-educational-authoritarian group that was always reachable--but nobody ever hit the line before? Or are these people changing? Are they breaking out of their rigidity, and reaching beyond the certainties of academics and humanism?

If that last is true, then some mighty big changes are coming in this country. The last half of the seventies should tell us that tale.

In the coffee shop a few blocks from the hotel we are approached by a cheery older man who leans over our booth. "Didn't I just see you at the est graduation?" he asks. Bruce nods.

"Congratulations!" the stranger says. His grin widens. "I'm Sam Goodman from New York City. My wife and I are here for the seminar leaders training program." He pauses and the grin spreads to fill his face. "I want you to know you'll never be alone again." Sam says. He gives each of us the ritual est hug, a graduation kiss, and returns to his own booth.

Bruce and I grin sheepishly at each other. "I hate it," I say. "I feel all weepy. I haven't felt like this since the big kids let me join their club when I was four years old."

"I know," says Bruce, a 50-year-old San Francisco surgeon. "Me too."

SUMMING UP ON WERNER ERHARD--It would be interesting to know when Werner actually changed his name from Jack Rosenberg. My own guess would be that he has used it off and on, reverting many times to his original name. But that, at the beginning of his est career, he re-assumed the nom de plume so that Scientology orgs wouldn't find out what he was up to.

Contrary to Miss Conner's vague guesses as to why Werner avoided publicity, my guess would be that he was anxious at the beginning not to have the Scientology orgs find out what he was doing. The fact that he is now allowing himself to be interviewed--now that he has money to defend himself in court--effectively contradicts all that bushwa he put out when Miss Conner first ran into him. There's nothing mysterious about it. He was scared stiff. Now he's not scared anymore.

I'm curious about the term, "That's your act". I am not familiar with all of Scientology, so that and the accompanying term--not the idea--"That's your payoff" could be another of those one-liners from another system. It was in the 1951 Handbook for Preclears that Hubbard introduced the dianetic versions of Need for Sympathy, Need for Approval, etc.; the basic concept, of course, is not original with him.

Let me, for the record, give a dianetic interpretation of what is going on inside a woman who's "act" is being raped. First, if it only happens once in her life it's scarcely an "act". The truth is that young women are as naive and unaware as young men. In addition, they are often very trusting, taking it for granted that the young fellow who is pursuing them is as sincere as they are. One of the applicable terms is "dumb bunny."

What can modify this normal naive behavior is a phrase in the Reactive Mind. Exactly what kind of phrase would fit the rape situation is not obvious, but let's suppose that various phrases operating hypnotically from the deep of the mind require her to seek out sexual situations. This is the girl that all the young guys have been looking for, and she is soon the high school prostitute (without fee). And if she was actually looking for someone to truly love her, then she is also a very bewildered young lady full of guilt. At no time in such situations has there been any understanding or compassion from the young fellows that take advantage of her. But there are so many of them available at all hours of the day or night that she scarcely needs to seek out a rape situation. Girls who do not have the phrase in their banks (dianetic term) have for the past many years been subjected to a group pressure and what might be called re-education in the sex area, so that they presently have all those "reasons" for being available to the local youths. These reasons, applied with emotion, exert the equivalent of the hypnotic phrase command; and it is only when they grow older and realize they really want a one-to-one relationship with one man who loves them (her) that the individual can throw off these reasons. The buried phrase is harder to dispose of, and should in fact be audited. By the way, a phrase requiring rape would actually come into the conscious mind, and might even be fought for a while before being yielded to.

To paraphrase early critics of dianetics, what's good in est is from dianetics and Scientology, and the rest of it is a verbal smokescreen and Werner's own case.

About DIAN AERO ETICS

BY: A. E. VAN VOGT

Until September last year, my own exercise history was sad. Since age 20, almost zero, in fact. Except for a few haphazard attempts that led nowhere, I figuratively didn't stir a finger, exercise-wise, for most of my adult life. And I was born in 1912.

Earlier, in my pre-teens and teens, I had discovered that if I engaged in friendly wrestling matches with boys of my own age and size, I was great for about a minute--and then I became exhausted. Had there been rules in the rough and tumble of the backyard and school ground, I would have won many wrestling engagements before the exhaustion set in. In that first minute, I would have my opponent down, and with his shoulders pinned to the ground--only he would not give up.

And he was wise. Because what I presently experienced was not just a gradual weakening. Abruptly, I couldn't exert any strength. Whereupon, I was defeated quickly. I in time abandoned wrestling and other active sports, and took up reading.

After dianetics, of course (i.e. since 1950) I've realized that an exhaustion (unconsciousness, illness, etc.) engram must have keyed in on me at such moments of stress. But I took it for granted that sooner or later the related engram(s) would be erased in the course of my continuing generalized dianetic auditing, and I'd have enduring strength.

This tolerant approach produced a few results. A few times, when I was driving--and nearly always when I had to move from one house to another--I seemed to be tireless. But since such moves were three to ten years apart, and fifteen hour drives rare in my life, these periods when my tiredness was keyed out contributed very little to my knowledge of how to produce enduring physical strength for myself and others.

In February, 1968, a friend urged me to buy the book, Aerobics, which he said had in it a new idea in exercise. I reluctantly agreed, scanned through it, got the idea--thought the oxygen credit build-up concept a good one--and decided, well, why not?

So, on a Monday morning at 8 A.M., I went down into my backyard, pulled up a chair, and sat there, thinking: "Why don't I want to do this?" Because I sure didn't. I decided to make my reluctance the subject of a dianetic investigation. That was the wrong direction, I later realized. Some time during the hour that I remained outside, I forced myself to do at least 12 minutes (the prescribed minimum) of jogging.

I hated every second of it.

I was bored stiff.

My dianetic interrogation got nowhere, and I had an awful sense of time used to no purpose.

Nonetheless, I repeated this performance for a week, beginning at 8 AM. At the end of the week--on the 8th day, in fact--I was so exhausted after my that morning effort, I stayed in bed all that day staring at the ceiling, realizing ruefully that it had happened again. Once more, I had keyed in an exhaustion engram. Lying there, I made an effort to erase the extreme tiredness with dianetic techniques. But I am a semi-occluded case and after a very short time lose contact with past incidents on the recall (correlates with regression) level. This happened here again.

Later, when I read that doctors were warning people away from jogging, I deduced that 70% of people who--like myself--had never been able to exercise--had keyed-in their engrams when they tried jogging. The difference was: I understood what had happened, and they didn't.

Understanding it didn't at first do me any good; for I now abandoned my backyard stint. It could have been the end of my exercise efforts for another three years. But my interest had been aroused in the problem (not in the exercise) and all spring and summer of 1968, I considered the matter off and on.

What was my goal, in trying to solve this problem? The solution had to be--I told myself--on the same level as the systematic thoughts which I had arrived at in three other studies I had made since 1954. I refer to my study of the violent male, which is described in my Red China novel, The Violent Man; my study of the personality qualities a person has to have to make and keep money--about which I have recently written a non-fiction book titled The Money Personality; and, thirdly, my study of the nature of women, about which I have written an as yet unpublished novel titled The Color of a Woman.

In my study of exercise, I was not about to accept anything less thorough--I decided. However, after reflection, it became obvious that the subject of exercise is different. It is a similar difference to longevity, prolongation of life, methods. How do you prove now that someone will live longer than he might have normally?

Analogically, how do you know the benefits of exercise will continue? It is not even proven that exercise--if you can do it without getting engrams restimulated (as happens accidentally or as a result of persistent training with a portion of the population) is good for one. I should state, however, that at the moment I take it for granted that

it is. Nevertheless, on exercise one can only issue interim reports.

This is such an interim report.

But it is quite a report, ladies and gentlemen. I feel that I'm on the trail of perfect and enduring physical strength.

Here's what happened.

One morning late in September--my hypothesis as complete as I could make it in advance--I got up at 8 AM (an hour earlier than my normal get-up time), took my dog, and went for a run in the Hollywood hills. I ran for 40 minutes--with a few gasping stops--and during that 40 minutes I was not bored and at the end of it I was not exhausted.

Please note: I didn't run uphill. In fact, I had to stop six times on one hill while walking up it--but I ran level and downhill stretches.

For three months I was up every morning at 8, and out 40 minutes running. During that 90 day period, the difference was that I paid no attention to the jogging--i.e. to the exercise. Instead, I concentrated my attention on the engrams that were repeatedly restimulated by the stress of running. I have been interested in psychotherapy most of my adult life. In the late 1940's I wrote a book on hypnotism for a psychologist friend, and though I later abandoned hypnotism in favor of dianetics, my intent was the same: self-improvement through brainwashing of one kind or another.

My difficulty with hypnotism was that I never got beyond being a middle medium trance subject--regression was not possible for me--and in dianetics the recall equivalent of regression was always brief. But here at last was a method which in a few moments had me in contact with one or another tiredness engram, and as I persisted in running kept me in contact. Each time an engram was restimulated, I identified it and for the brief time it was in restimulation, I erased as much of it as I could with dianetic techniques.

This went on to such effect that at the end of three months I could run up the hill on which that first day, and many subsequent days, I had had to stop six times, walking.

Physically, I felt perfect. I was wide awake, bouncy.

And then, at Xmas, I got the Hong Kong flu.

By dianetic theory, a virus can only affect a person when he has an engram in restimulation. So--by that theory--my daily effort to force restimulation had opened a chink in my armor, which had kept me free of illness for nearly

20 years.

I gathered from the accounts of other persons who had the flu that mine was a light case. I was up and about every day, but it was nevertheless the third most severe illness of my life. The Hong Kong flu has my respect.

On the fourth day, a doctor friend dropped by and took my temperature, pulse, and blood pressure. My blood pressure was 80/120, my temperature 97.4, and my pulse 64.

That last interested me, because my pulse has always been slightly fast: 76 or even higher. Was it possible I had broken that over-stimulated condition? (Some kind of basic fear incident, I hoped, had let go.)

After I got over the flu my heart speed came up to 68, and there it stayed.

By this time the heavy '69 rains had started, and jogging was out of the question for all except ducks. So one Monday morning late in January I began to do push-ups from the waist. That is, I kept my legs to the hips on the floor, and merely pushed up the top of my body. That first time I was able to do only 11 push-ups without stopping, but altogether during the 40 minutes I persisted I did 263 push-ups that first morning.

Naturally, as with the jogging, my attention was not on the exercise but on the engrams that were re-stimulated by the continuing stress of the unaccustomed exercise.

On the tenth day after I started the push-ups, I did 100 without stopping --altogether during that day's 40 minutes, 430 push-ups . . . from the waist.

The following day, I moved my hinge location down to my knees. Immediately, I could only do 34 push-ups without stopping. But I did over 300 altogether in that 40-minute period, and in 10 days I was up to

a hundred without stopping.

During this 10-day period I twice had a significant experience. In two different sessions I improved markedly during the 40-minute period. In one I started with 45 push-ups without stopping, and suddenly I did 72. The second time--a few days later --was from the 70's to the 90's during the session.

After I started pushing-up from the toes, I realized that this is what separates the men from the boys. In spite of now-considerable background in exercise, it took over two weeks to reach a hundred without stopping, but I never did less than 300 hundred during the 40 minutes I exercised each day.

To give you some idea of the difficulty of my doing push-ups from the toes, I'm six feet two inches long, and weigh 198 lbs.

Having attained my intermediate goals with the push-ups, the next day I lay on my back and began leg exercises. It would be too tedious to go into the details of what happened there, but it was going in the same successful direction when there was an interruption. I had been invited to Rio de Janeiro for two weeks to be a guest of the International Film Festival in that great city, and had to take an advance "shot" against small pox. This entire matter of giving oneself a disease in order not to get sick is something that I haven't studied dianetically. But I decided to suspend my exercise program when I began to react to the shot, and only resumed it recently after I returned from Rio. Meanwhile, my pulse went up to 78, and is only slowly coming lower.

I feel perfectly fine, but an anti-small pox shot like that is an engram all by itself, and will eventually show up as such.

But it's only another engram; not in itself any more serious than the many scores I already had from other severe experiences in my life. Meanwhile, I am two or three times as strong as I ever was before in my life, and I can probably catch a tired deer.

That about concludes this interim report.

A few additional points in the event you decide to participate in the program described in the enclosed pamphlet. If you know you are healthy, and are willing to sign the Release, the preliminary medical exam is probably not necessary.

Why sign a Release Form at all? Because I deduce from my own siege with the flu that a participant may be more vulnerable to any going-around virus. The IDS cannot take responsibility for your hidden potentialities to illness. It is worth noting that now, while you are still in good shape, would be a good time to deal with engrams that make you susceptible to disease. At some later time, when they break through under the weakening conditions of age, it may be too late. In my experience with dianetics, the probable benefits are worth the slight risk.

In any event, I have now summarized my personal dian-aero-etics experience.

Dian-aero-etics is also available Saturday and Sunday mornings on a once a week basis, beginning at 9 A.M., and as a part of private, professional sessions--this latter indoors only. Phone 467-7260 for appointment.

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ADDENDA I: Is dian-aero-etics suitable for women? Absolutely. Indeed if there is enough interest we might make one of the weekend mornings an exclusive for the ladies.

ADDENDA II: The novel, The Violent Man, is available in most L.A. area libraries. Published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 19 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003--1962, at \$4.95.

RETURN ADDRESS:
International Dianetic Society, Inc.
2850 Belden Drive
Los Angeles, Calif. 90028

OTHER IDS STUDIES: There are two other studies under way by the International Dianetic Society, Inc., in which you may participate: (1) Dream auditing (takes 4 minutes of your time a night), and (2) Perfect Memory (a co-audit project that will soon be getting started on Sundays at 12.30 noon (Total cost \$75. for 20 sessions). Phone 467-7260 for details.