

DEMONSTRATION

A lecture given on
27 September 1950

This lecture has been assembled from notes taken during the lecture in 1950 and prepared for publication by the Hubbard Research Unit, an organisation formed by Ron to help him in expanding Dianetics through new publications and research. We have unfortunately been unable to locate any actual recording or full transcript of this lecture.

Reverie and Straightwire

We are carrying through with Standard Procedure. You are not going to see me use anything but Standard Procedure; there has been no need to since last July. I found out that Standard Procedure is what produces the most rapid solution of the case.

Somebody was telling me that “one should know the fine points of Dianetics.”

I said, “Yes? What are they?”

“Well, you know—mental telepathy, sensitivity to the case and so on.”

I never did find out what else he thought there was!

With Step One, the inventory, and Step Two, you can solve the majority of the cases, and when you have control circuits you go into Step Three. When he stops moving, go to Step Three. There isn't anything outside of that, that I have used.

So, if any of this looks mysterious, I will try to keep it explained. In the case of your own auditing you will run into it.

It may have looked odd in the last demonstrations that I knew there was a “control yourself,” and so forth. I knew this because I wasn't getting answers from the file clerk; there was something between the file clerk and the “I.” When you ask the file clerk for information and you get no information or false information, you know there is probably a “control yourself.” Or sometimes you will find that the answer comes by means of somebody holding up a playing card; the preclear tells you he sees this kind of answer when you ask “Yes or no? Flash!” and then you ask him, “How did you get this reply?” “On a playing card,” or, “Oh, I get my flash reply very easily. A little model train goes by.”

Perhaps you don't think to ask for this data and one day your preclear tells you, “You know, I am all upset.”

“What's the matter?”

“Well, the ticker tape, you know, the ticker tape the file clerk answers on, well, it usually runs horizontally but suddenly it started running up and down and it upset me.”

One preclear was getting his replies on a Los Angeles traffic signal. These are dub-in circuits.

If suddenly there is a “room with a view” where there isn't any view, it is a control circuit. If you are running some part of the track where there would be no view and this occurs, and the preclear is in his own valence, there is a control circuit. He is suddenly exteriorised and he is getting pictures—a control circuit has clipped in.

At the beginning of the track there is one visio which is authentic: sometimes the preclear gets a spot of light. Nearly everybody gets one. Sooner or later you will spot this.

LRH: How many hours of auditing have you had?

PC: Twenty-two.

LRH: How many have you done?

PC: Thirty-two, about.

LRH: Okay. Have you been down in the basic area?

PC: I haven't. My preclear has been—once, that I know of. I was reasonably sure.

LRH: Did you ever know any mean people?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Who?

PC: Father.

LRH: How mean? (pause) What did he say? (pause) You might as well lie down. (pc lies down) Your father was pretty mean. Did he like people to obey him?

PC: Sure.

LRH: How did he go about that?

PC: Well,...

LRH: Did you ever have a doctor?

PC: No.

LRH: He didn't like doctors?

PC: No.

LRH: What did he say when he yelled?

PC: Well, "All right, now. Get up!" That was early in the morning.

LRH: Have you ever been in the prenatal area? (pause) What did he used to say?

PC: Get up or I'll come up there after you!

LRH: Do you have much trouble moving on the track?

PC: Quite a bit.

LRH: I'm not giving you any suggestions, but might not somebody be bounced into present time?

PC: With my auditor, every time I started to say something, he'd say he was running the case.

LRH: Is he here tonight?

PC: (mutters) . . . it is not my design (mutters) . . . I have to respect his wishes in the matter.

LRH: Does he run your engrams in his own words? (pause) You are not to tell?

PC: Let's put it this way: I get real eager. He doesn't say anything and I realize he is keeping quiet. He doesn't want to talk.

LRH: Did he ever run any engrams out, sort of on the side? How about this?

PC: I would like to think he did.

LRH: You don't know?

PC: My impression was he was doing good. Late painful emotion, mostly.

LRH: Any physical pain engrams?

PC: This cut on my lip. I can't see it but I couldn't feel anything.

LRH: Who used to say "Control yourself"?

PC: My mother.

LRH: How did she say it?

PC: Well, . . . (closes his eyes)

LRH: I don't want you to go back. Open your eyes. This is Straightwire.

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: She used to say you were like her mother?

PC: Like grandmother.

LRH: That is what she said. Was she nervous?

PC: Not that I know of.

LRH: Calm?

PC: She used to misplace things. This would aggravate her husband.

LRH: What did she say?

PC: I am getting this stuff secondhand.

LRH: Did your mother ever say this?

PC: She (mutters) . . . in the bathroom.

LRH: How did she say this?

PC: "You have thumbnails just like my mother's."

LRH: You like to be like your grandmother?

PC: At that time, yes. Now, no.

LRH: How are your perceptics?

PC: Very bad sonic.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: Twelve.

LRH: What happened when you were twelve? (pause) You know; you can remember this.

PC: “Stop and think”—so I am stopping and thinking.

LRH: What happened to

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: Did you like your teacher? (pause) What happened to him? (pause) When did you get hurt?

PC: At seven.

LRH: Give me a yes or no flash: hospital?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Doctor?

PC: No.

LRH: Nurse?

PC: No.

LRH: Mother?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Shock?

PC: Not much.

LRH: Delirious?

PC: Probably.

LRH: Somebody nice to you?

PC: Sometimes. I was about twelve.

LRH: That’s right. What did the hospital look like?

PC: It was a red brick building.

LRH: How did it look inside?

PC: It smelled funny.

LRH: How does it smell? Take a sniff.

PC: Not much here now.

LRH: Did you ever smell it? Smell

PC: I don't smell anything specifically.

LRH: Where was the bed? (pause) Where was the operating table?

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: How old are you?

PC: Twelve—oh, that's right! I had mumps. Let's see—we went down to my aunt's house, but I didn't come down with mumps on the trip. I got them after we got to my aunt's house.

LRH: Who was nice?

PC: My aunt.

LRH: Did anybody say "I'll take care of you"?

PC: No. We went all the way from the northern part of Wisconsin to Georgia. (mutters) She said I would have to stay in bed.

LRH: What else?

PC: I stayed there. She said it would be better.

LRH: Where was she standing?

PC: On a (mutters) . . . This was a sort of cabin.

LRH: Just Straightwire.

PC: She was on the porch.

LRH: How did you feel?

PC: We were up in the hills; used to go fishing and playing.

LRH: Did it make you pretty cross?

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: Where did she stand?

PC: I don't know.

LRH: Yes, you know. Where was she standing?

PC: I would get up out of bed. That is what made her say this. "You have to go back to bed. You have to stay there."

LRH: Let's take a look at that.

PC: (laughs) Never got out of there yet!

LRH: Okay. Shut your eyes. Come to present time. Take a deep breath. Come to present time. How old are you?

PC: Twelve.

LRH: What else did she say? Run it—"Go back to bed."

PC: "You go back to bed now. Go there and stay there."

LRH: Again.

PC: "You go back to bed now. Go there and stay there."

LRH: Again.

PC: "You go back to bed now. Go there and stay there."

LRH: Again.

PC: "You go back to bed now. Go there and stay there."

LRH: Again.

PC: "You go back to bed now. Go there and stay there."

LRH: Again.

PC: "You go back to bed now. Go there and stay there."

LRH: Again.

PC: "You go back to bed now. Go there and stay there."

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: "You go back to bed now. Go there and stay there."

LRH: What else did she say?

PC: "Stay there."

LRH: Go over that again.

PC: "Stay there. Stay there. Stay there. Don't let me catch you out of there. "

LRH: How does she look to you?

PC: (sighs)

LRH: Do you get a visio here?

PC: Yes. She is spare.

LRH: What is she saying to you?

PC: She is—she has come. The trouble is that she and my mother look somewhat alike. They look alike. I just noticed it.

LRH: Who used to say that? Anybody say “I am like you, Virginia”?

PC: Used to call her Ginny.

LRH: Do you see your aunt now?

PC: Yes.

LRH: What is she saying to you? (pause) How do you feel?

PC: I feel like I am being badly treated. All the other kids are out playing. “You can get up pretty soon. In a couple of days you can get up.”

LRH: Let’s go over that.

PC: “You can get up pretty soon. In a couple of days you can get up. Go back to bed and stay there.”

LRH: (I am going to bring him up by degrees so he won’t have mumps in present time.) Is this the first time she said this to you?

PC: Once before.

LRH: Let’s pick up the first one.

PC: We get off the train, and after, I began to feel badly and she knew the others had mumps.

LRH: Continue.

PC: She said, “You will have to go to bed.”

LRH: Where is she standing? (pause) What did she say?

PC: How do you feel?” (sighs)

LRH: What did she say again?

PC: How do you feel?”

LRH: Again.

PC: How do you feel?”

LRH: Again.

PC: How do you feel?”

LRH: Again.

PC: How do you feel?”

LRH: Again.

PC: (softer)”How do you feel?”

LRH: Again.

PC: How do you feel?"

LRH: What else did she say to you?

PC: Are you going to have the mumps?" She felt my head.

LRH: Can you get the tactile? Are you outside yourself?

PC: I am looking at this whole thing.

LRH: What did she say?

PC: She says . . .

LRH: (Toes.) Let's get inside yourself and take a look at it. Let's see if you can get inside yourself. How high does she come?

PC: An inch taller. "Don't hit—" Pain right here. (indicating)

LRH: Feel the pain?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Let's go over it again. Get the sound of it? Let's go over what your aunt says.

PC: She is standing there and looking us over (phone rings)

LRH: When I count from one to five a phrase will flash into your mind. One-twothree-four-five (snap!). What does she say? (Take phones and doorbells, etc., out when they interrupt a session.)

PC: Four. But there were only three of us.

LRH: Let's go over it.

PC: "Four. Four." She had a small daughter.

LRH: What did she say about her?

PC: "Four of you now."

LRH: What did she say?

PC: She wants to know how I feel. She says she wants to know how I feel, and she says she knows the other two have mumps or have had them. She is afraid her daughter will get it. We have to be quarantined.

LRH: (Lots of charge on this case. Grief. He exteriorises too easily.) Is she dead?

PC: No, she is not dead.

LRH: Who is dead?

PC: My father.

LRH: Did you ever touch that?

PC: Yes.

LRH: What happened?

PC: About four hours.

LRH: Who else is dead?

PC: My father, grandfather and grandmother.

LRH: What does your aunt say to you that makes you stay inside?

PC: Makes me stay inside? She says, "You will have to stay in bed. You just have to stay there."

LRH: Let's go over that again.

PC: "You will have to stay in bed. You just have to stay there. You will just have to stay there, that is all."

LRH: Getting any perceptics?

PC: My jaws hurt, but not much. Partly from talking. I think I am thinking, "My jaws are all swelled up. " I see it but can't feel it.

LRH: Let's just shift into yourself. Take a look at her from inside yourself. Can you get inside?

PC: Okay. "See, I am not in bed; I am out."

LRH: All right. Where are you standing?

PC: I don't know; just out of bed.

LRH: How does she look from where you are? (pause) Who used to say "I will have to keep an eye on you"?

PC: My mother used to say that.

LRH: What did she say?

PC: She used to say "Don't go too far; I won't be able to see you."

LRH: What did she say again?

PC: Don't go too far away. " That is why I didn't leave home until twenty-seven.

LRH: Let's take a look. You remember the specific moment when she said this?

PC: Not just . . .

LRH: (I am mixing reverie and Straightwire because twelve years equals present time to him.) Do you remember her saying it to you? Where is she standing?

PC: On the porch.

LRH: And what did she say?

PC: Don't go away too far; I won't be able to see you."

LRH: Are you the oldest child?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Just remember the first time she said it.

PC: I wish I could but I can't.

LRH: It goes that far?

PC: It goes pretty far. There was a little canal and I can picture her running to the canal. She ran and jumped in, clothes and all, and pulled me out. I am not very big. She is probably about four feet higher. She is big, very big and she can move . . .

LRH: What is she saying as she runs?

PC: I don't know.

LRH: You do too. When I count from one to five, a phrase will flash in your mind. One-two-three-four-five(snap!).

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: Come to the time you had the mumps, to the day after the one you were told you had to stay in bed.

PC: It's just a little part.

LRH: Can you see your aunt there?

PC: Yes, I can see her.

LRH: Are you inside yourself?

PC: This time I can see her. She is bending over. She is interested in seeing how fast these mumps can disappear.

LRH: (Chipped out the lock on "Don't go too far; stay where I can see you.") All right. What's she doing?

PC: She is pretty busy.

LRH: (Apparently he isn't so badly exteriorised.)

PC: Seems this is another time. I got sick the afternoon of the day I got there. I had hot milk. I remember this now.

LRH: What did she say to you? Lets see if you can go to the day you recovered.

PC: There is an ache in there. (indicating)

LRH: Let's go to the moment you recovered. The somatic strip will go to the moment you are well.

PC: It is not very strong. It is Tuesday, if I know . . .

LRH: (Well, why not? He is stuck in it.) Come up to the moment you are running around.

PC: (mutters) . . . chipmunks. (mutters) . . . sitting on the step.

LRH: Can you see yourself?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Let's get inside yourself.

PC: They are not very big; they are very quick.

LRH: How do you feel?

PC: They are—pleased.

LRH: Yes. You feel pleased looking at them? Are you inside yourself?

PC: No. I am scared, but up here on this couch.

LRH: You are? Let's take a look at those chipmunks. What do they sound like? Take a look at them.

PC: Funny little noises. (makes noises imitating the chipmunks)

LRH: Time to go back home.

PC: No can do.

LRH: Sure you can.

PC: We catch one. (mutters) . . . puts it in a cage.

LRH: Doyou agree with that?

PC: I think it is real cute but I don't like to see it in a cage. (mutters) . . . are bigger than I am.

LRH: Let's go to the first time you go to a dance. (Maybe we have got him moving. Maybe not.)

PC: I am about twelve. Visiting . . . dance. . . song, "Collegiate."

LRH: You are twelve?

PC: Twelve.

LRH: Go to the time you graduate from high school.

PC: I felt pretty good about that. I got a letter from the principal that says I am . . .

LRH: (I didn't run out the mumps. I am trying to pull attention units out of the mumps by running triumphs.) Hold it in your hands. How does it read?

PC: I can see the other honor student who had equal scholastic standing with me.

LRH: Who says this to you?

PC: It is written down, signed by the vice-principal. It says (mutter) . . . As I say, the only other name is the name of this chap. I can see the printing but I can't make it out.

LRH: When does somebody congratulate you and

PC: I think my parents.

LRH: What do they say?

PC: I can't hear.

LRH: Sure. Let's take a look.

PC: My mother is more proud than my father.

LRH: What does your mother say?

PC: The first words are "I knew you could do it, " but I don't think that is what she said.

LRH: Let's take a look at it.

PC: I am looking at her some now.

LRH: All right. Let's go to the moment when you get the letter.

PC: Let's see.

LRH: Let's go back to the moment you are reading the letter.

PC: I open the letter.

LRH: How does the paper sound?

PC: I pull it out.

LRH: How does it feel?

PC: I can see this letter.

LRH: How does it feel?

PC: It is folded like any ordinary business letter. Divided into six sections by the folds. I thought, "Why did he have to horn in on this?"

LRH: (The trick is to get all the perception in this triumph there up to the present.) Let's get the feel of it. Are you standing up? Feel the weight on your feet. Pick up the letter.

PC: I am looking at this. It is very nice.

LRH: How does the day smell?

PC: It doesn't smell.

LRH: Take a sniff of it.

PC: It looks good.

LRH: What's the odor?

PC: No smell of the paper. I can smell the room. (mutters) . . . no matter how much you cleaned. It seems dusty.

LRH: Let's feel your clothes.

PC: No clothes. But I had some on, obviously.

LRH: Feel it. Grab hold of the letter; smell the room. Feel how pleased you are.

PC: What the dickens is on the first line? "You and . . ."

LRH: Huh? Feel yourself standing there.

PC: No; I feel myself tying here.

LRH: Also feel yourself standing there.

PC: Oh!

LRH: Come on up to present time; forward to now.

PC: 1950.

LRH: Give me a date.

PC: '50.

LRH: Give me a number.

PC: Twelve.

LRH: (gestures) Did you have a headache when you had the mumps? Were you hit in the head when you were twelve?

PC: I don't know.

LRH: Birth?

PC: Sure; got a headache now. How can I tell birth? I am the doctor.

LRH: Did your auditor ever run you through birth?

PC: Nope; not that I know. I am here.

LRH: How does this headache feel?

PC: It is beginning to go away but it is over this part of my head. (indicates)

LRH: What's the matter with present time? What would happen if you came to present time?

PC: I might tell something I don't want people to know.

LRH: Do you have secrets?

PC: More than you can count.

LRH: Was your mother a secretive woman? (pause) Give me a man's name.

PC: Her name is Ann. Also, she is living. She doesn't like publicity. I am up here and that is too bad.

LRH: We will keep all your

PC: I want to get rid of it!

LRH: Anything you tell me up here on the stage I won't tell a soul.

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: What was the first funeral you attended?

PC: Mike. Seventh grade.

LRH: (Stuck on track or not, I will try for painful emotion.) Who was with you?

PC: All the kids in my class.

LRH: How old were you?

PC: Thirteen.

LRH: How old?

PC: Thirteen.

LRH: Thirteen. Let's take a look at this fellow.

PC: I see him. He is small. He is in his coffin.

LRH: Who says not to cry?

PC: Teacher; we could go and see him if we wouldn't cry.

LRH: (I was going to say it may be because there is a charge of grief at twelve years.)

PC: My father says "Stop crying. " Going to shoot cannon. I don't want to hear it. "Stop crying!" Dragging me along. My brother isn't scared but I am scared to death and I am crying like anything.

LRH: Are you watching yourself?

PC: Yes; yes.

LRH: I will tell you what I am going to do

PC: Don't sound so discouraged, goddamn it!

LRH: Now, tell me, would you like to see a little new technique?

PC: Anything; you try it.

LRH: I want you to go back to a moment— you don't have to tell me—but I want you to return to a moment when you kissed a girl you liked very, very much. You don't have

to tell me about it. This girl you like very, very much. You are standing up and you kiss her. Kiss her! Big kiss! Give her a real big kiss! Do you like this girl? Notice how she looks.

PC: (chuckles)

LRH: All right. The file clerk will now give us conception. (snap.t) The somatic strip will go to the beginning of conception. The first words will flash in your mind. One-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: Oh, oh. No. No.”

LRH: What’s the whole phrase?

PC: No! No! No, no, no!”

LRH: What’s the phrase? The first phrase?

PC: No, no, no!”

LRH: Again. .

PC: No, no, no!”

LRH: Again.

PC: No, no, no!”

LRH: Again.

PC: No, no, no!”

LRH: Again.

PC: “No, no, no!”

LRH: Again.

PC: No, no, no!”

LRH: Again.

PC: (grief) “No, no, no!”

LRH: Again.

PC: Don’t you understand ? This is an operation!

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: No, no, no. No, no, no!”

LRH: Contact that.

PC: “No, no.” My auditor ran this. Nothing to do with conception.

LRH: Let’s return to the bouncer.

PC: "Go. Go."

LRH: Is that the full bouncer?

PC: "Go. No. Go. Go. Go. Go. Go."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "Go."

LRH: What's the matter?

PC: I am picking up the stuff you gave to her— "Go away. Don't go away mad. Just go away." This is over in (mutters) . . .

LRH: Early, earlier on the track. (Non-coitus conception?)

PC: I can't even see who's saying this and I can usually see.

LRH: What are they saying?

PC: "No. I don't want to go on. I don't want to go on."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "I don't want to go on. I don't want to go on. I don't want to go on."

LRH: Go over "No."

PC: "No. No. No. No. No." It hurts in here. (indicating)

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: The deuce I tell you! This is when I am suppressed (mutters) . . .

LRH: Let's go earlier, earlier. The somatic strip will go to the earliest part after conception.

PC: I feel a click; guess conception. "No! I don't want . . ."

LRH: Let's go over it again.

PC: "I don't want this. Control yourself. Control yourself. You have got to learn to control yourself."

LRH: Go earlier; earlier!

PC: "Control yourself. Control yourself."

LRH: Earlier; earlier. How old are you?

PC: Five. No, that is not right! Thirty-six.

LRH: (He's very badly stuck at twelve. I can't get him out of it unless I either run grief or discover the twelve-year-old incident.) All right. How old are you?

PC: Twelve.

LRH: Who died when you were twelve? Who died?

PC: (pause)

LRH: A name will flash into your mind. One-two-three-four-five (snap!). Who died? Who died?

PC: Greene died.

LRH: Who died? You know who died. When I count from one to five a visio will flash before your face. One-two-three-four-five (snap!). What is it?

PC: The coffin where the boy was.

LRH: Who tells you not to cry? (pause) Go to work on "Don't cry."

PC: "Don't cry. You don't have to cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry."

LRH: (I guess it is this one.)

PC: Don't cry. Mother will take care of you. " Did she stop him from taking me? "Don't cry."

LRH: How old are you? (snap!)

PC: Thirty-six.

LRH: What's your age? (snap!)

PC: Thirty-six.

LRH: Give me a number. (snap!)

PC: Twelve.

LRH: All right. What is she saying to you? (pause) Who's dead? (pause) Go over the words "Don't cry."

PC: Don't cry. Mother will take care of you."

LRH: Again.

PC: Don't cry. Mother will take care of you."

LRH: Father?

PC: Yes. He is dead. Not then, though. At my father's funeral I bawled, and this is very humiliating. Very humiliating. It is very humiliating.

LRH: (Sometimes you have to run shame or humiliation.)

PC: It is very humiliating. I am sitting on the bench and the back is hard. It is wood, and I am crying. This headache is coming back. A certain amount of being up here, understand ? It is very humiliating.

LRH: Who is talking to you?

PC: It's me. I am saying it. It is very humiliating.

LRH: How is that headache?

PC: It is gone, but it

LRH: Bouncer?

PC: Get out. "I get all set for it. "Get out."

LRH: Repeat.

PC: Get out. Get out. Stinker."

LRH: What's he saying?

PC: I wanted to pop him, but I didn't, see? He is in a chair. "You stinker."

LRH: What is he saying?

PC: "You stinker. "It is very humiliating. This applies to this incident, too. It is very humiliating.

LRH: Return to the first time you hear this word "very humiliating." Repeat it.

PC: "Very humiliating. Very humiliating. Very humiliating."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "Very humiliating. Very humiliating."

LRH: Return to the first time, the first time you hear it. Go over it again.

PC: I don't see—"Very humiliating."

LRH: Let's go over it.

PC: "It's very humiliating." (whimpering) "Very humiliating."

LRH: (Toes; no visio.)

PC: I am small and I am listening and there are two very tall people talking. I can't see them; they are just big.

LRH: Do you get a visio?

PC: Mary Dodd. This was a long time before Mike. There are candles, and she was very still. Gee! Huh!

LRH: Who cautioned you not to cry? (pause) Let's take a look at this coffin.

PC: (mutters) I don't see the flowers. Mary is crying because her mother was dead.

LRH: What is she saying? Who tells her not to cry?

PC: I forget.

LRH: How do you feel?

PC: It makes me feel good.

LRH: Are you watching the coffin?

PC: Yes. (mutters)

LRH: All right. Let's take a look at this

PC: Not the one I used to fight (mutters) . . . I am sure about it, but you could get to it (mutters) . . .

LRH: All the time. Sure.

PC: Not all the time.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: Twelve.

LRH: What happened to you? Yes or no: death? accident? What happened?

PC: It was something both pleasant and scary. Do you have to . . . ?

LRH: Sex?

PC: Exactly.

LRH: You sure made me work hard for it!

PC: The auditor never ran into it.

LRH: Come to present time.

PC: Thirty-six. Except that the first was twelve.

LRH: Tell me on Straightwire: Did this girl tell you not to tell anybody?

PC: No. I was alone. You know—self-abuse is bad.

LRH: Who told you?

PC: She did. She didn't catch me.

LRH: All right. Another incident at twelve.

PC: More of the same.

LRH: This we mustn't know?

PC: That is apparently hell to talk about.

LRH: Sure. Let's scare up the holder. When I count from one to five, you'll get a flash on a holder. One-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: No.

LRH: Holder—one-two-three-four-five (snap!).

PC: No.

LRH: Go over the word “No.”

PC: I don’t know a particular holder but “No.”

LRH: (“No” is not a holder; it is a denyer.) Go over it again.

PC: No. No. No. No.” The “no” applies to this, you understand ?

LRH: Go over “I won’t tell you.”

PC: I can’t tell you. I can’t tell you because there are other people involved.

LRH: Let’s go over it again. Go over “I can’t tell you.”

PC: I can’t do it.

LRH: Let’s go over it again.

PC: I can’t tell you

LRH: (There is a denyer here.)

PC: I can’t tell you The trouble is you see

LRH: Are you telling me “I can’t tell you” or are you running repeater technique?

PC: No, no. “I can’t tell you. “ “You’ve got to tell me.”

LRH: “You have got to tell me.”

PC: No, I am not going—”You have got to tell me.” Yes, it is my mother. Way back. “You have got to tell me. You have got to tell Mommy everything, so she can survive.” (softly) All kinds of things, I would guess . . .

LRH: You remember?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Now, you used to tell her

PC: No, no! I can’t tell! I wouldn’t dare have said such a thing. I wouldn’t have dared; don’t you understand ?

LRH: Huh? You wouldn’t have dared. Where your mother is saying

PC: “You tell Mommy . . .”

LRH: Get the moment your father says “You have got to tell me.”

PC: He wasn’t so interested. He didn’t care.

LRH: But your mother

PC: Tell Mommy everything. You have got to tell Mommy everything.” Yes! Yes!

LRH: How old are you?

PC: Twelve.

LRH: Come on up to the time. The file clerk will give us the first phrase. One-twothree-four-five (snaps).

PC: Shall I tell them? This is about masturbation—sex.

LRH: There isn’t a holder on the subject? (pause) “If you do that you will go crazy”?

PC: Who said I wasn’t crazy? “Shall I tell them?” And I said, “No. This is fun. I don’t know why they have to know about it.”

LRH: (He is running the “Mama” chain of) In other words, we have

PC: See, I don’t know.

LRH: You wouldn’t tell me?

PC: Well, it says, “Shall I tell them ? “ And it says, “No.”

LRH: What’s your age?

PC: Twelve.

LRH: Days, weeks, months?

PC: Days. Nuts!

LRH: (Twelve days.) Postpartum?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Postconception?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Which one?

PC: I don’t know what I am answering to. It would have to be . . .

LRH: Are you in an automobile?

PC: No. No. “I don’t dare tell.”

LRH: “I don’t dare tell”?

PC: Yes. “No one has to know. No one has to know.”

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: “No one has to know.”

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "No one has to know."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "No one has to know."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "No one has to know."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "No one has to know."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "No one has to know."

LRH: Next phrase.

PC: "I will ask—shall I ask them?"

LRH: These are consecutive phrases?

PC: No. So they don't know. Well, this is in my mind. I came to a conclusion as a result of this.

LRH: All right. Let's do a little Straightwire. You remember running your father's death?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Let's return to the moment your father died. The first moment you saw him dying.

PC: He was very ill. I saw him just a few hours before he died.

LRH: All right. What's being said there at that time?

PC: I don't understand it—"He has got a fever."

LRH: Go over it again. Is your mother there?

PC: No, not at the time. The doctor is saying . . .

LRH: Go to the first moment you get word he is dead. The first instant.

PC: (pause)

LRH: (This is a terrific secrecy case. Dub-in; control; stuck on track.)

PC: I get one answer one time and another, another time. I don't even know who is saying it.

LRH: What are they saying?

PC: "He is dead."

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: "He is dead. He is dead. He is dead. He is dead. He is dead."

LRH: You answer the phone?

PC: I don't—whew! It is sort of mixed up at the hospital. I am holding his hand. It is paralysed. I ought to know him. (mutter) . . . but I know he is my father. (sighs)

LRH: Huh?

PC: It isn't very interesting. (softly) He can't speak to me. He tries. He can't say anything. (grief hits) I can't do it. I can't do a thing, see?

LRH: And what occurs? Is the nurse there?

PC: Yes.

LRH: What does she say?

PC: First he gets chills and then fever, " she says. He looks at me. He tries to say something. Not a sound comes out. Sort of an awful . . .

LRH: Who is there?

PC: The nurse; she is watching. She's holding a bottle. He is light on the bed. Hands still. She is standing there. I get up. (crying)

LRH: Was he big?

PC: He was big.

LRH: Does he look so big now?

PC: No; he looks shrunk.

LRH: What is he trying to say to you?

PC: He is trying to . . .

LRH: How far does he get?

PC: Just the first—(sighs) as if he were trying to say Terry and can't say it. (sighs) Pretty sick.

LRH: How do you see him?

PC: He is propped up. Lifts up his legs like that. He never would admit his leg was paralyzed. He never would say it was paralyzed.

LRH: Did you feel badly?

PC: But I was glad, too.

LRH: Who told you?

PC: I keep thinking . . .

LRH: Let's go over the words "He is dead."

PC: He is dead. He is dead. He is dead.”

LRH: Go over it again.

PC: He is dead. He is dead.” (clenching fists)

LRH: Who is saying it to you?

PC: (pause; hands quieter)

LRH: Who is saying it to you? Does your brother say it? (pause) Who is the first person you see crying?

PC: “You know, I never saw anybody cry about it. Nobody but me. I was the only one. I feel very ashamed. Nobody else is crying. Why should I cry? (sighs)

LRH: How does he look?

PC: They have him all dressed up . . .

LRH: Are you inside yourself?

PC: shaved off his mustache.

LRH: Inside yourself?

PC: Yes.

LRH: Who is the first one that speaks to you after you see—who is the first one that speaks? (pause) The words

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: You see them? (pause) What are they saying? (pause) How does the church sound? (pause) What are they saying?

PC: Just shuffling of feet, the singing— family, close friends, coffin. (pointing)

LRH: Got a headache?

PC: (shakes his head)

LRH: Who died before you were born?

PC: My mother’s oldest sister.

LRH: She died while you were on the way?

PC: No, before. She was very, very ill. She was very, very ill.

LRH: Go over that.

PC: She used to tell me about it.

LRH: What did she say to you? (Coffin case. Prenatal contains a death.)

PC: (murmurs)

LRH: Let's go over it again.

PC: (silent)

LRH: Yes or no: died before you were bom?

PC: Age of twenty. My mother was thirty-four when I was born.

LRH: What was the difference of age between these two?

PC: My mother was (mutters) . . . child.

LRH: Who else died? (pause) When did your mother's grandparents die?

PC: No can remember.

LRH: When did they die? Her grandparents.

PC: "You said her great-grandparents.

LRH: I meant her grandparents.

PC: He died—well, she liked to talk about her father and mother and elder sister and brother.

LRH: Her brother died?

PC: No. Her elder sister.

LRH: Okay.

PC: I am trying to think what her grandparents were like. We used to go visiting there. It must have been pretty . . .

LRH: Come up to present time.

PC: "You are Mr. Hubbard.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: Thirty-six.

LRH: What's your age?

PC: Thirty-six.

LRH: Give me a number.

PC: Twelve.

LRH: Give me this again. Who is dead?

PC: I dreamed once I was dead. I got out of there quick!

LRH: You dreamed you were dead? Did anybody say you were like

PC: They said, "You will never be handsome."

LRH: Okay. Come to present time. All the way. (pause) Go back to the last time you went swimming. Last time you went swimming.

PC: Last time?

LRH: Feel it. Feel the water.

PC: Makes your nose all stopped up.

LRH: Taste it. Taste it real good. Sound of the water. (pause) Come up to present time. Present time.

PC: All right.

LRH: How old are you?

PC: Thirty-six.

LRH: What's your age? Present time.

PC: Yes.

LRH: Five-four-three-two-one! Canceled.

PC: The book says you will be alert.

I am sorry I wasn't more spectacular, but we did get data. This is rather typical of a stuck-on-the-track case. Alternate Straightwire and reverie. I think we would have gotten the incident if we had gone on. Somehow his emotion is locked on the track, at twelve years or twelve days.