

**CHAPTER FOUR**  
**FROM WILDCAT TO PUSSY CAT**  
**THE SAGA OF LISA KAY**

**L**isa Kay was designed and programmed by Becky to protect Sad Marie's rights. She acted out to the ultimate, committing all those "evil sins" we condemn in our society. As Becky told me when I complained, "I cannot stop her from acting out. She was made to do what she does. But I will stop her before she hurts anyone."

She drank and smoked. She tried to seduce anyone with pants on. She wanted to have fun in all the wild and crazy ways Americans have invented to take risks. She had no shame, and she wanted to be loved. Oh, how she wanted to be loved and treated with respect! What she failed to do was to treat anyone else with respect. As a result, Lisa Kay was the most flamboyant and memorable of all my patient's alter-personalities, the ultimate in what I called persecutor alter-personalities. Those were designed to contain and process the intense anger all the false-front Maries developed against those who brutalized her during the first three decades of her life. Ultimately, she was a protector, a warrior in the trenches fighting to keep the body alive until the Original Marie could come back home.

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The telephone rang. "Dr. A, this is Marie Kelly calling," the anxious voice said. "I don't like what just happened to me."

"What was that?" I asked.

"I was at home last night and blacked out at about 9:00 p.m. The next thing I knew, I was in a bar with a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other! Doctor A, I haven't smoked in 18 years, and I haven't had anything to drink for five years! This is terrible!"

"What were you doing when you blacked out?" I asked. The fastest way to determine what had gone on during her blackout was to find out

what happened just before and just after the period of amnesia. Those times would provide the brackets around her amnesic episode.

"I had my son over for the night," she replied. "I must have put him to bed, but I don't remember tucking him in."

"What is the last thing you do remember doing?" I asked.

"I was looking at my parents' Bible," she replied.

"What exactly do you remember reading last in that Bible?"

"Now I know! I saw the date my parents were married, and it was just nine months before I was born. I remember thinking my mother must have been pregnant with me when they got married. Then I got this terrible headache and blacked out."

"OK, then, what were you doing when you came to again?"

"I was in a bar smoking and drinking. I could see the clock behind the bar; it was 11:30 at night. My son was at home alone, so I got out of there real quick. I went home to check on him. He was still asleep, and he was OK. He had been tucked in real neat, but I didn't do it. Who did that, Doctor?"

"I don't know, Marie, but when you get to the office, maybe we can find out. You have a three o'clock appointment, you know."

When Sad Marie arrived, she added other details to her story.

"Yesterday I was watching the apartments while my mother was at work. One of the tenants called me to complain about his dirty rug. He got real angry with me, and I found myself getting angry right back. Then I heard myself cussing him out, but it wasn't me talking! It must have been

somebody else, 'cause I never get mad. I was so upset about it I went to see my brother and mother, who had just gotten home. I told them about it, and Mom went over and apologized to him for me."

"That is strange," I allowed.

"I felt like I did one time when I was eight years old, and the doctor gave me barbiturates. He said I had abdominal epilepsy. But I know now that I was just in a dreamy state and didn't feel like I was me. The pills made me feel that I was not in my body, but floating somewhere else. I didn't like the way I felt, but that was the same sort of feeling I had yesterday. Doctor, what's wrong with me?"

"Keep going, Marie. What else happened then?"

"Well, I could hear Mary Lou calling to me, but I haven't let her out like I promised her I would."

"Why not, Marie?" I asked.

"I don't know, I guess I'm just afraid to. Actually, the reason is because I don't feel comfortable with something that I really don't believe is true. But I also heard another voice say, 'You hate your father.' Now why would anyone say that? I love my father and always have. How could anyone not love their father? I love my father, I mean it. I LOVE MY FATHER. Nobody has any right to say that I don't love him. He's my father, and I have to love him, because he's my father."

The reason she was so intent on wanting others to believe she loved her father was because she didn't. She had to convince herself she loved her father because she had suffered so much abuse from him. I was going to have to tread lightly on this subject.

"Some fathers are not very lovable," I said. "Have you had any blackouts before?"

"Yeah," she said. "I had one last January when I took an overdose. I woke up at 5:30 in the morning, but I didn't know what had happened. I found myself choking on a bunch of pills in my mouth. I couldn't remember trying to swallow them, though."

I told Sad Marie to close her eyes. I asked

to talk to whomever was responsible for these blackouts. I knew there must be one alter-personality responsible for all these situations Sad Marie mentioned. The ISH brought to the patient's awareness events that were the responsibility of one alter-personality at a time, when it was that alter-personality's time to be involved in therapy.

When the new one appeared, I went down my usual list of questions -- name, age now, age of origin, incident of origin, and purpose of existence. She identified herself as Lisa Kay, age 21, created when her father took her dog away. She did not have a name of her own until 1971 when Sad Marie had a therapeutic abortion. Sad Marie had planned to name her second baby Lisa Kay.

"I'm the fighter, Doc. I have to fight for Marie, for everything, since she won't fight for anything for herself. And I'm going to kill Marie for killing that baby. I'm just waiting until her SSI money comes in. Then I'll set up a little auto accident for her after she goes back to Sacramento to live. That accident won't be too small, though, because I'm going to come back, and she's going to die. The accident's going to be big enough to kill her and let me live."

"Why the blackout in January?" I asked.

"That was to pay her back for aborting the baby. No one should ever do that!" she retorted. "Once I tried to kill her brother when we were both little. And that husband of hers! What a jerk! I got a gun once and pointed it right at him, but he got his hand on the hammer before I could blow the motherfucker's head off."

"I was the one who shot George, her no-good husband, when Marie caught him in the nude with her girlfriend after she brought Mark home from the hospital. He's a fucking asshole. He was great in bed once, but I took care of him. He couldn't keep up with me. He didn't even know that it was someone else he was screwing! He thought it was dear sweet piss ant, Marie! Boy, is he an ass!"

"What were you doing out at the bar last night?" I continued, controlling my curiosity.

"Having fun, what else?" she answered. "Somebody's got to have some fun. That piss ant Marie won't go anywhere. She just sits around and feels miserable all the time. I get tired of that shit, so I dress up properly and go out to have a few drinks and meet some interesting men. And Doc, don't you dare tell Marie what my name is. She isn't strong enough to take that."

That protective feeling of Lisa Kay toward Sad Marie was one of the strange paradoxes I never got used to hearing. Here was an alter-personality determined to kill off her psychic sister, and yet she didn't want me to upset Sad Marie by telling her the name of her potential killer! It didn't make any sense, but what did in this system?

"Are you aware of Mary Lou?" I asked.

"Sure I am. I've met her before. I let her out one time when we were in a park, back in 1973. We get along OK. She doesn't give me any trouble. I know about a lot of things that go on with us."

I was running out of time, and I always told Sad Marie what I had found at each visit. I stood up and placed my right hand on Lisa Kay's forehead, as she strongly protested that she wasn't ready to leave yet. I could see she was not going to be an easy one to handle, and I had to let her know I set the limits of time out in the office, not her. Lisa Kay got up to leave, and I had to stop her. She was not going to give up control of the body. She was out, she was going to have fun, and nobody was going to stop her. Lisa Kay was not going to go back under. I moved swiftly and blocked the door. Lisa Kay did not like that one bit. With my hand on her head, I persuaded her to return to her chair. I kept Lisa Kay in the chair while I firmly called for Sad Marie to come out. Within a minute, the face relaxed and looked depressed, as Sad Marie had returned.

I explained to her that I had met a Lisa Kay, who handled anger and having fun. I suggested that she could de-energize her by having some fun on her own and accepting any anger that

occurred. I also suggested she allow Mary Lou to come out when her own eight-year-old son was visiting her. She should explain to him that there was a little girl inside of her who needed to come out and play once in awhile. She agreed.

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"I've just got to see Dr. Allison, and right now!" announced Lisa Kay to the mental health clinic receptionist.

"What should I tell him is the problem?" asked the receptionist.

"You tell him Lisa Kay says Marie is about to kill herself, and it isn't time for that!" she announced. "I've got to stop her, and he's got to help me!"

When the receptionist called me with that strange message, I came out and ushered Lisa Kay into my office.

"What is going on, Lisa Kay?" I inquired. I could see Lisa Kay was wrought up, but it seemed strange that she, who had so wanted to kill Sad Marie, was trying to prevent her suicide. Nothing was as it should be with this patient of mine.

"This morning Marie had to wait at the doctor's office, which really pissed her off. She can't stand waiting when someone has promised when to see her. The doctor was half an hour late, and she was fuming when he finally called her in. When she got home, her little boy told her there was some mail for her. She asked her brother where it was, and he said there wasn't any. Then her mother phoned and told her she heard Marie had gotten a letter from the Social Security people. Then, Marie knew her brother was lying. She got so upset she wanted to kill herself with the pills in her purse."

"What happened next?" I asked.

"I knew it wasn't the right time for her to die. I will decide when it is time for her to die! I want you to talk her out of it," Lisa Kay answered. "And I don't want her going back into that American River Hospital she was at the last time. She can't take any more of that place."

*What a bizarre situation, I thought. Here we have a murderous alter-personality coming to me to help rescue her psychic sister from killing herself over a couple of minor irritations, and she is so concerned that Marie not be traumatized by going into the wrong hospital! How weird can things get?*

Since Lisa Kay was acting helpful, I thought I might as well play it out and let her have a chance to try out that role instead of the persecutor role she knew so well.

"All right, Lisa Kay," I said, "close your eyes and go back inside of your head to find Marie." As I spoke in a soft monotone, Lisa Kay quickly went into a trance. "Now look at her and see the suicidal feelings that are in and around her." I knew that patients who saw auras identified red with anger and black with evil, so I expected those colors to be Lisa Kay's mental picture of Sad Marie's anger at the doctor and her brother.

"Now take that red-black energy from her and move it into your arms. I want you to move it from her body into yours and then out of you. That will stop her from feeling so suicidal and calm her down." This was my chance to use my "bottle routine" in which the patient moves anger energy from her body into some object that can then be discarded in the trash.

I looked around for some handy object that would fit into her hand, and all I could find was the root beer can left in my lunch sack. I took the aluminum can out of the paper sack and put it between Lisa Kay's hands.

"Now push all of the suicidal energy from Marie into this can, Lisa Kay. Push as hard as you need to to get it all out of her and you." While I urged her on, her arm muscles tightened and twitched. Her face was becoming contorted as if she was lifting heavy weights. Her breathing became labored as if she was pushing concrete blocks in front of her. Her hands gripped the can and slowly her fingers tightened around the aluminum cylinder, slowly crushing it between her two fists.

Lisa Kay shed that negative energy because she wanted to be the one who told Sad Marie when her time to die had come. She would not allow Sad Marie to decide for herself. Control was Lisa Kay's primary need. She wanted and needed that control, and nobody was going to take it away from her, ever. After all, her "so-called" father had taken her dog and killed it, and she had had no control over that. She now had control over Sad Marie, and she was going to keep it at all costs.

When Lisa Kay had shoved all of Sad Marie's suicidal anger energy into the can, her body relaxed into the chair. When her eyes opened, a depressed, worthless-feeling Sad Marie was in charge.

"Dr. A! What am I doing here? I don't remember having an appointment with you today? What's this can doing in my hand?"

I patiently explained that her erstwhile enemy, Lisa Kay, had come to her rescue today and had just saved her life. Her eyes widened at this news, but she was glad someone had taken charge. She explained how her brother had lied to her, and she was upset at getting mixed messages from her mother.

I decided this was the time to solve this problem, instead of sitting there talking about how she felt about having the problem. Why talk about it if you can fix it?

"Marie," I said, "I have some free time right now. You're too upset to drive, so let me drive you to your apartment. Then we can see if we can straighten this mess out this afternoon. Is your brother still home?"

"He should be, Dr. A."

"Let's go to my car and give him a visit."

We drove the three blocks to her apartment house. We walked up to the second floor where she pointed out her brother's apartment.

"Art, it's Marie!" she yelled as she knocked on the door. "Open up. I need to talk to you."

A short thin man in his twenties timidly opened the door for his sister and her psychiatrist, who stood a head taller than he did. "Come on in,

Sis," he said.

"Art, this is Dr. Allison, my doctor. I was telling him what you told me about no letter coming for me and then Mom telling me there was a letter from Social Security. He thought we should come and talk with you to see if we could straighten this out. Would you please explain to him what you told me, so we can find out what happened?"

Her brother looked sheepishly at his sister and nervously shuffled his feet. He was used to keeping things from his sister, but he hadn't counted on her coming home with this big, tall psychiatrist who loomed over him. Maybe he hadn't been so smart to go along with Mother on this deal. "Mom told me not to give it to you, Marie. She said it would get you too upset."

"Then why would she tell me on the phone I got it, Art?" she asked.

"I don't know, Sis. I was just doing what she told me," he mumbled in reply. "I'll get it." He knew he should have known better than to get himself caught in another double play between his mother and sister.

He walked over to his desk, opened the top drawer, and pulled out an official looking envelope, with the Social Security Administration address in the upper left corner. He handed it to Sad Marie, who found the flap already opened. She pulled out the single sheet inside. She read it quickly and started to cry. I took it from her hand and read a rejection letter to her application for SSI. The last paragraph was what was most important as it told the claimant to file an appeal if she disagreed with this finding. The instructions were on the other side of the letter.

"They turned me down for SSI, Dr. A," she moaned. "Now what am I going to do? I might as well kill myself. I can't keep on going this way. Now Mom will write bad checks for me and go back to jail."

I had heard enough of this sad tale of woe, and I had had plenty of experience with patients with MPD who had been rejected for SSI. "Don't worry, Marie," I said. "The facts are different now.

When you filed this, no one knew about these other personalities of yours. I'll write a supplemental report about what I have discovered, and I'm sure you'll win the award on appeal." Half the applicants were turned down on their original application, but, of those who appealed, 80% won their award.

Marie then had one of her few good ideas. She picked up her brother's phone and dialed her mother's work number. When she got her mother on the phone, her voice was stern and strong. "Mom, I'm at Art's place, and I have the Social Security letter. Mom, why did you tell him to hide it and then tell me it had come? . . . Mom, you didn't have to protect me from seeing it; it was my letter, you know. . . . I've shown it to Dr. Allison, and he says we can win an appeal 'cause he's going to write a new report on me. So you didn't need to hide it. I can take care of it. . . . Mom, please don't hide my mail from me, ever again! Mom, do you hear me? Don't you ever do this to me again, understand?"

When Sad Marie hung up the phone, her heart was racing. She started to feel guilty for talking to her mother that way, but she had strength with her therapist there. After all, he was going to help her get her SSI. He was a wonderful person, even though he told her things she didn't believe. How else could she explain the blackouts? His explanation might be the correct one.

She hung up the phone with a defiant look in her eyes. Never before had she dared to tell her mother she had done something wrong. It was always the other way around, with her mother pushing her buttons, messing with her mail. Thanks to her doctor being there, she had been able to tell her mother off. Maybe there was hope for her after all!

When the time came for the SSI appeal hearing, Sad Marie was living in Woodland, and the hearing was to be in Sacramento. She would be a danger on the roads if she drove alone, so I offered to drive her. Her hands were shaking, and her stomach was tied in knots. She was having a

panic attack over the very idea of being at a hearing. She was waiting for me when I pulled up to her apartment house the morning of the hearing.

"Hi, Dr. A," Sad Marie said, as she got into my car. "I'm sure glad you're willing to drive. This whole thing makes me nervous. By the way, Mom will be coming from her job, so she will meet us there."

I headed for the freeway to Sacramento. I hoped that Sad Marie would stay calm, as I had no body guard if she started acting up. In the office, I always had arranged to have someone sit in with me, just in case, but I couldn't expect anyone to take the afternoon off because I was scared of one patient.

Sad Marie was so frightened her voice was shaking. Inside her head, the voices were talking a mile a minute, and she had a horrible headache, having not slept the night before. I tried to keep her mind off the SSI hearing by talking about other things, but the only thing she could think about was getting the voices to SHUT THE FUCK UP! She didn't tell me about what was going on in her head because we were not in a therapy session, and I was driving. The voices were saying, "YOU ARE MINE! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU TONIGHT, MARIE! DON'T THINK WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TRYING TO DO! YOU ARE TRYING TO GET RID OF US, BUT YOU WON'T! WE ARE STRONGER AND YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!"

As we drove east on Highway 80, Sad Marie did her best to keep up a normal front. But soon the tension got the better of her, and she decided to close her eyes and get some sleep, hoping the voices and headache would stop. She knew that I was treating her for MPD, but she didn't believe it because she never saw anyone, and she couldn't understand how other people could inhabit her body and call themselves by other names. Her body was only one. How could others live in it?

I saw through the corner of my eye that she had shifted in the seat and someone else had come

out. I hoped against hope it wasn't Lisa Kay, as she was always angry with me. I had no free hand to put on her forehead right now.

Lisa Kay sat there, sassy as ever. "Hi ya, Doc," she started. "Well, here we are on the way to Sacramento, to go to the great big SSI hearing. I sure hope we get

until the right time. And the right time is when Marie is dead, and then you are next! This is your only warning, you fucker!"

This conversation continued the 25 minutes it took to drive to the office building. Fortunately, Lisa Kay only wanted to sit there and badmouth me, flirt with me and taunt me. She loved to get under my skin and see if she could make me angry. This time she kept her behavior within the bounds of civility, and the bantering back and forth between us two was about equal. Neither one tried to one up the other one, as neither wanted a physical confrontation in the car on a busy freeway at high noon. Both of us were careful to mind our manners and knew how far we could go and not really irritate the other one.

As soon as I parked my car at the office building in Sacramento, I was relieved to see that Sad Marie had come back in charge of the body. The timid, depressed patient walked into the lobby with me. After entering the door marked "Board of Appeals," we met Mr. Manuel Gonzalez, the paralegal from the Legal Aid Society who had been assigned to represent her in this hearing. He had all the papers on her case, but this was the first time I had met him.

At 11 o'clock, the clerk opened the door to the conference room and asked everyone to come in. In the center of the room was a long mahogany table, with chairs positioned around it. The referee, Henry Stonebridge, a large, stocky man, sat at the head of the table, farthest from the door to the waiting room. Sad Marie took the chair to his immediate right and Gonzalez sat on her right. I sat directly across from the referee. Across from Marie sat a man who introduced himself as Mr. Henry Taylor from the Department of Rehabilitation. The seat next to Taylor was empty. The clerk had her stool and transcription machine near the door, where she could see everyone and record all that was said.

"I have here a petition appealing a rejection of the SSI grant for one Marie Francis Kelly," said the referee, as he read through the pages before him

in a most formal manner. He covered all the legal points as prescribed by the Social Security code so that there would be no chance for an argument, once he had concluded this hearing. He had been through this type of hearing many times, and he knew what needed to be done to keep it legal. After he finishing reading the required paragraphs in front of him, he asked Taylor for his report on this applicant.

"We have here," said Taylor, "a woman who has only gone to high school with mediocre grades. She attended one trade school but could not hold down a job in that field. She has been unable to stay out of psychiatric hospitals for any time at all before she attempts suicide again. She has no marketable talents that I can determine. She is constantly in a state of crisis and cannot be expected to handle even the minimal stresses of a simple job. I note here that she is now attending classes at American River College. I frankly do not see how that is possible, as she is too disabled for that, in my opinion. She is totally disabled, I am afraid, and I see no hope for her rehabilitation."

When Sad Marie heard that gloomy prediction, she almost bolted for the door. How horrible to say that about someone who is in the room listening! GOD, how the voices had a field day with that one after he finished testifying. They would not SHUT UP! The voices kept saying, "SEE, WE TOLD YOU, THAT YOU ARE NO GOOD! YOU ARE GOING TO DIE, MARIE, A HORRIBLE AND SLOW DEATH, AND WE ARE GOING TO MAKE YOU SUFFER! WE ARE LAUGHING AT YOU!"

Referee Stonebridge looked at me and said, "I see here that we have a recent psychiatric report by Dr. Allison. Would you care to elaborate on what you have written regarding this applicant, Doctor?"

I gave a short synopsis of how I had met her at the clinic earlier that year and my subsequent finding of several alter-personalities. I described the hostile and suicidal actions of Lisa Kay and Lynn. I could tell Stonebridge was politely skepti-

cal. I knew the referee must be used to seeing chronically mentally ill patients at this table looking somewhat like how their doctors described in their reports. Here was a quiet, well behaved, subdued woman sitting before him while her doctor described a wild woman. She couldn't be the one he was looking at now.

While I was speaking, Sad Marie couldn't take it anymore, as the voices were driving her out of her mind. Her headache was blinding her, so she closed her eyes, and that was all she knew.

Lisa Kay was out like a flash. She hiked up her skirt and swung her legs around so the referee could see them. She batted her eyes at the referee while she yelled at the still-testifying doctor, "YOU ARE A LYING TWO-FACED ASSHOLE OF A DICK DOCTOR, AND YOU BETTER STOP LYING!"

The room was suddenly quiet, and Lisa Kay knew she had everyone's attention. She then turned to the referee and asked, "Wouldn't you like to leave, go for lunch and then do something fun afterwards? You get my drift?" She coyly winked at him.

I looked at Lisa Kay and then at the referee and said, "Now you can see what I have to deal within the office all the time. The person in front of you is not Marie but an alter-personality named Lisa Kay. She has joined us and is doing her usual thing."

Lisa Kay retorted, "You bet that I'm not that PISS ANT, Marie! I'm me, Lisa Kay! NOW SHUT UP! I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU! I'M TALKING TO THE CUTE JUDGE AND NOT AN OLD FART LIKE YOU!"

Turning to the referee, she shifted into her seduction mode. "Judge, now that we got the damn doc to shut his mouth, let's you and I get out of here and go for a drink, and really get to know each other. You are very cute, so let's get it on. What do you say?"

Stonebridge's mouth was open, but he must have forgotten to breathe, since, when he did remember, he took a very deep breath.

Lisa Kay just smiled at him like a cat at her prey.

The referee asked me what he could do to stop Lisa Kay, how he could get her to sit outside so he could finish the hearing.

Lisa Kay did not like being dismissed, and she just stared at everyone, refusing to leave. Nobody was talking to her, so what fun was that? Lisa Kay decided to retreat for the moment, and Sad Marie came back in charge of the body, knowing only that she had blacked out again. The referee asked her to leave the room while they finished discussing her case.

Sad Marie hated being dismissed. It was her hearing, so why should she leave? She thought it was grossly unfair. But who was she to complain? She was a nobody, absolutely a NOBODY!

With that brazen exhibition, Stonebridge was convinced that his initial skepticism of the psychiatric report was unjustified. Here he had a hussy trying to make a date with him in front of his staff and clients, and he could not call that normal behavior. His voice and manner clearly indicated that no more need be said to convince him that this patient had other personalities. All he needed to do was complete the formalities of the hearing.

Stonebridge issued his judgment. "I hereby find that Marie Francis Kelly is totally disabled as defined by the Social Security regulations and is entitled to receive a grant of Supplemental Security Income. Now, Dr. Allison, how do you think we should handle the funds she will now have coming to her?" He was obviously anxious to make sure this claimant not waste her SSI grant or that Lisa Kay get her hands on it.

I had conferred with the Yolo County Public Guardian to learn how he might help me. He was willing to handle Marie's money and let a responsible relative stay involved as conservator of the person. For a mentally ill person, often the worst person to handle the money was a close relative. The family relationships were usually severely strained because of problems between the sick relative and the healthier relatives. Money



meant control, and the mentally ill relatives usually resented being reduced to an infantile position of being totally dependent again on a parent for all their worldly needs. This put too much pressure on both parties. The Public Guardian was a neutral party who could handle the money while allowing a responsible relative handle the social and medical crises that inevitably occurred.

I knew that her mother had been sitting all this time out in the waiting room. I wanted to make sure that Mother did not come off looking bad in this hearing. I also knew Sad Marie resented her mother's control of her funds, and that anything we could do to remove money from her mother's hands would greatly reduce Sad Marie's internal level of tension. Any reduction of chronic stress in Sad Marie would make my job that much easier.

"Mrs. Kelly is now under a probate conservatorship in Sacramento County, with her mother as conservator," I stated. "Since she had no money of her own, there has been none to deal with. But she is now living in Yolo County, where I see her in the county clinic. I would recommend that the probate conservatorship be transferred to the Yolo County Public Guardian and he be in charge of distributing the SSI grant. I am sure he would be glad to have her mother still in charge of her personal affairs, such as permission for medical treatment."

The referee nodded his agreement and asked his clerk to have Mrs. Garrett come in and join them at the table. She sat in the empty chair to my right, staring straight ahead so she didn't have to look at me. I felt as if an iceberg had moved in next to me, so chilly was the atmosphere.

Stonebridge did his best to look as official as possible. He realized the importance of his decision and how he presented it to this particular patient's mother. He had seen the intense love and equally intense hostility that often exists between the severely disabled adults and their guilt ridden parents, who thought authority figures, such as him, were looking down on them with shame for having such problem children. He knew he had to

handle this lady with kid gloves, or the patient would be the one to suffer.

"Mrs. Garrett, I have heard the testimony in this appeal of the rejection of the SSI grant, and it has been determined that Marie Kelly meets the criteria of the Social Security Administration and should receive the grant." He could see Mother's posture soften somewhat with the good news. Now he had to soften the bad news and make it sound like more good news. "In addition, since she is

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such a high pressure environment. I mentored one second year resident at a time at the clinic in Woodland. This month, Dr. Sam Talbert was assigned to journey with me for a while. I invited the ex-USAF flight surgeon to sit in on my sessions with Sad Marie.

This time, Lisa Kay decided that it was going to be her turn to be the patient. She did not think there was anything wrong with her, since it was Sad Marie who was so depressed and suicidal all the time. She liked the looks of that new doctor, Dr. Talbert. So he wasn't as young as the guys she met in the bars in Davis, but she had a hankering for older men, too. After all, they should be more experienced, shouldn't they? She showed up for the scheduled session, ready to do her business.

"Hi Docs, how ya doing today?" she piped up.

"What are you doing here today, Lisa Kay?" I asked. "By the way, meet Dr. Talbert, who is with us for a while."

"Yeah, he's quite a turn on for an old man. Hey, you guys, I have a great idea. Let's just forget this therapy nonsense and skip out of here, OK? I think that we could have a fun time this afternoon. After all, you don't have anybody else scheduled after me. We can go out for a few drinks and see what comes next, get my drift? I'll pick up the tab, I've got some money. Well, what do you say? I'm not as bad as you think, Dr. A. Just give me a chance to prove it to you."

"Well, thanks for the invitation, but I think I'll pass. My wife wouldn't like it, plus a doctor and patient can't mix business with pleasure. How about you, Dr. Talbert?" I was hoping that the resident, an retired Air Force Flight Surgeon, would catch my drift and reject the invitation to a party with this patient's alter-personality. I didn't want to tell Dr. Talbert what to do, but I wanted the two of us to be solidly unified in rebuffing Lisa Kay's invitation.

"I think I'll pass, too, Lisa Kay," Dr. Talbert replied. "I've got too many things to learn around here to go out socializing."

"Well, what a couple of virgins you are today! I can't even talk you into coming out for a couple of drinks after the session? I promise no monkey business. Come on, what do you say?"

"No thanks, Lisa Kay," I said. "Now, let's get on with therapy, shall we? What would you like to talk about today?"

"Well, I want to talk about you handsome men, but if you two are going to be nothing but virgins to your wives, then I want you to know that I intend to do Marie in even before she gets that SSI money. I don't think I can wait that long. She doesn't deserve to live. You both know that, right?"

I didn't like that kind of talk. It meant Sad Marie was getting more depressed, as her depression always fueled Lisa Kay's murderous impulses. After all, they were a part of the same energy system inside the mind. What one thought affected the other's emotions. I decided I had better get on with age regression therapy to see if I could undercut some of the depressing memories I knew were behind it all.

"Just close your eyes and become younger as I count backwards," I said. With that, Lisa Kay went into trance and drifted backwards in time, growing younger by my count. "Twenty-eight, 27, . . . 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5," I intoned. "When you open your eyes, you will be the five-year-old Marie, able to talk to me about whatever is important."

When the eyes opened, Lisa Kay was gone, and in her place was the five-year-old girl she used to be.

This young Marie talked with me about recently leaving the hospital after a tonsillectomy. Her parents didn't visit her during the first two days there, and she wondered if something bad had happened to them. She also had a little sister now. She complained that her parents played with her sister a lot, but they never played with her.

Her name was Marie Francis, she knew, but she hated that name now. The girl next door was named Lou. She decided to borrow that name and wanted to be called Mary Lou after this. I agreed to go along with her wishes, now I had

discovered where this new name came from.

What she couldn't tell this strange doctor was that the sound of the name "Marie Francis" grated on her ears. But she liked the sound of "Mary Lou." So she had asked her father to call her that. Now, when he raped or tortured her, he whispered in her ear, "Mary Lou, my sweet Mary Lou." She loved her new name, but she also came to hate it. She knew what her father was doing to her was wrong, but he told her he loved her while he was doing it.

After Mary Lou had explained this, I started counting up from five to 28 again, so she could age progress back to the present. When her eyes opened, it was Sad Marie who was in charge, but only for a moment. She blinked, and Lisa Kay was there again.

Since this was the time after I had met Wendy, a helper, I let Lisa Kay know I had some help available. I told her about Wendy, and Lisa Kay told me I was full of shit. Still, she knew that I didn't lie, so she asked for proof.

I asked Lisa Kay to write her name on a piece of paper, knowing that when she did, I could switch her to automatic writing. She wrote "Lisa Kay Grayce Spaulding." Then I quietly said, "Wendy, will you please write something for Lisa Kay?"

Her hand started to move as the pencil seemed to write by itself. "Dear Lisa Kay, you are done for. [signed] Wendy," appeared on the paper in front of us. Then Wendy came out.

I warned, "Wendy, I feel it is a risky time right now. Lisa Kay is getting too strong, and Marie is not helping, with all her suicidal tries over every little thing."

"I know that," Wendy answered. "Last night Lisa Kay made Marie take eight of her antidepressant pills. Luckily, they didn't seem to do any harm, or we wouldn't be here today."

"Keep a sharp eye out for trouble, will you, Wendy?" I suggested. "If Lisa Kay acts out bad enough that you have to stop her, you can 'pull her plug.'"

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

I had told her how, on the psychiatric ward in Santa Cruz, I had instructed a helper alter-personality of a multiple how to stop a persecutor alter-personality from running out of the ward. I told the helper that she could "pull the plug" on the runaway one and cause her to faint as soon as she put one foot outside the ward. The would-be runaway alter-personality then opened the door and promptly fell on her face in a full faint. Disconcertedly, she came back into the ward on the arm of the nurse and tried to escape again an hour later. When she woke up with her nose on the linoleum of the hallway the second time, she decided she could not outsmart Dr. Allison that way, so she stayed on the ward until I decided to discharge her.

"Inside Lisa Kay there is the same switch you can pull which will cause her to faint and fall on the floor. If worse comes to worse, just pull that switch and stop her in her tracks before she has a chance to hurt anyone. Then call me. OK?"

"Sure, I can do that, now that you tell me I can. Well, I'd better let Lisa Kay back now."

With that, she faded from control, allowing Lisa Kay to return to consciousness. When Lisa Kay came back in control, she looked down at the pad and saw the writing. She told me that I was the one who had written the words and signed Wendy to it. I told Lisa Kay that I had not, and there was someone else in there to help Sad Marie if anything might happen to her. Lisa Kay said, "Nothing will happen to Marie, until I decide enough is enough, and then I'll kill that BITCH forever and ever."

"Hey, you men," she continued, "I guess you're going to just have to miss out on all the fun today. I've got to get back to school to meet with a couple of guys there who are willing to enjoy themselves." With that, she stood up, and sashayed her way out of the office.

We two doctors looked at each other and burst out laughing. What a sight to see this depressed, overweight, suicidal patient come in acting all sexy and seductive, thinking she could invite us

out for a good old time on the town tonight! We both wondered if she had really expected us to take her up on her invitation to party with her. The whole scene was so incongruous and inappropriate, we just could not keep straight faces. What was coming next, we wondered?

As Lisa Kay walked out to the parking lot, she was also laughing, but with scorn. She was going to fix our wagons. She had pretended she had forgotten something and went back to the office. She heard us laughing when she went by the door. She was angry and hurt, and she was going to get us -- every last doctor. If she couldn't do that, she was going to seriously hurt me for laughing at her. She was going to start making Sad Marie's life miserable and kill her. She was going to hit, punch, and anything else that she could do to Dr. Allison. How dare he laugh at her! She was just trying to be nice. What's wrong with a couple of drinks? She was just being sociable. She was going to get her revenge on him.

*I'm going to get that ASSHOLE! SON OF A BASTARD, DR. ALLISON! Marie is mine, and I'm going to prove it! It will be so easy to finally kill her, and I, LISA KAY, will be the only true person to live on this earth! Marie is a PISS ANT and does not belong in this world, because only the strong should survive, and the weak will die a thousand times! I'm the strongest one here and she is gone. She doesn't exist at all!*

A week later, Lisa Kay took over at college and ran toward the street, trying to get hit by a car driving by the school. Wendy remembered my advice and, as soon as Lisa Kay set foot on the grass between the sidewalk and the roadside curb, Wendy "pulled her plug" and sent her face down on the lawn. Before Lisa Kay could recover, Wendy took control of the body and walked to her car in the parking lot. She drove to a nearby gas station and phoned me for further instructions.

I told her to drive directly to the Broderick clinic across the Sacramento River to see me. I waited for her in the clinic playroom. When she arrived, Wendy appeared quite composed as she

explained what had happened. Then, without warning, Lisa Kay came out and started battling me with all the anger and hostility that she could muster, so angry was she at everyone in the world.

I struggled to keep my skin intact, my eyes in their sockets and my clothing untorn, while calling loudly for help from anyone next door. Sad Marie's psychiatric nurse, Jane Parker, heard me and came to my aid. The two of us struggled with Lisa Kay all over the floor of that playroom for an hour while I tried to push Lisa Kay back inside and call out a stronger helper alter-personality.

For a full hour, no one but Lisa Kay was out, and Parker and I grabbed her wrists and ankles, fended off her blows, and listened to the most vulgar swearing imaginable. We tried to explain to the secretaries, who looked in curiously, that we knew what we were doing and, no, we didn't need the police yet. Both the doctor and nurse wondered who was craziest here, we or the patient. We were rolling around the floor with her while I kept yelling for a helper to come out, all the while trying to keep a hand on her forehead.

I had learned this method of control in Santa Cruz. One day one of my flamboyant multiples had told me how the bangs hanging down her forehead upset her when they touched her skin. That evening one of the nurses on the psychiatric ward showed me an article reporting that a patient with MPD could be induced to switch if the therapist put a finger or hand in the middle of her forehead. A Swedish psychiatrist had described this approach in an hypnosis journal over a decade before. When I tried it on my patient, she immediately switched alter-personalities. My touch on the spot just between her two eyebrows upset her internal equilibrium and allowed the alter-personality waiting in the "foyer" to come out and replace the one then in control of the body.

When Lisa Kay had finally dissipated her anger-energy, Sad Marie was able to take control of the body. She had no idea why she was sitting on the clinic playroom floor with toys scattered around as if there had been a tornado through the

area, with her doctor and nurse sitting there holding her arms and legs. All her muscles were sore, and she could feel her heart pounding as if she had just finished the marathon.

"What's going on here?" she asked.

"We've been fighting with Lisa Kay ever since Wendy brought you over here from college," I panted. "Thank God you came out. I was about ready to give up and call for the ambulance."

"I'm not about to go to any hospital," Sad Marie responded, getting up from the floor and sitting herself in one of the child-sized chairs in the room. "I think I'll just go back to college where I should be. I'm signed up, and I had better get back to class, or the teacher will drop me. I can't afford to miss any school, or I will lose my grant money."

Parker and I shook our heads. All Sad Marie could think about was keeping her college grant money, to prevent costing her mother more money. What about her safety or her health? How about protecting those, too? Sad Marie felt she was going to die anyway, so she didn't care about her safety or health. She felt she was dead already.

Exhausted, I decided to take charge. Since, at the time I was operating on the hope that Mary Lou was the original personality, who could grow and mature, I wanted her out to force her to take charge of this mess. I called again for Mary Lou to come out, all the time keeping my right palm on my patient's forehead. I said to Sad Marie, "I'm going to count to ten and, if Mary Lou isn't out by then, I'm sending you to the hospital. One, two, three . . ." As soon as I pronounced "TEN," Mary Lou was facing him, wondering why I had called her out. She immediately started playing with the toys on the floor, ignoring us.

I was really irritated by then. I had stalled this long, hoping to get control of the situation so I could avoid the complications of a hospitalization. I had embarrassed myself in front of the clinic staff by wrestling on the floor of the playroom with an obviously hysterical adult female patient, risking my neck as well as the safety of a nurse. Now I had out the primary personality who should work

with me, and she preferred to play with dolls. What more could go wrong?

"Mary Lou, it is your turn to do something for yourself," I announced. "You have the power to take control of this mess right here and now, and I hope you will do so. You are the one who has to get rid of Lisa Kay before she kills you or someone else. Now do your job and help me!"

"It hurts too much," she moaned.

"What hurts too much?" I asked, puzzled.

"Growing up. I don't know that I want to grow up anymore. I don't know if I even want to live anymore. It just hurts too much."

With that pathetic announcement, Mary Lou disappeared, to be replaced na06lisa Kay. By then, I had had enough of this charade. I picked up the phone, called the local ambulance company and ordered an ambulance dispatched to the Yolo County Mental Health Clinic in Broderick for transport of one Marie Francis Kelly to Yolo General Hospital seclusion room in Woodland. Enough was enough. It was time for me to take charge and stop waiting for my patient to regain control. I felt I had been patient quite long enough to allow Sad Marie, or someone inside her, to gain control and avoid hospitalization. Since no one appeared who was willing and able to do that, I was morally obligated to hospitalize my disabled patient.

With my decision ringing in her ears, Lisa Kay withdrew from the battlefield, and Sad Marie returned to operate the body as we waited for the ambulance. She stayed in charge while the body was peacefully driven off to the county hospital in Woodland.

lisa Kay was ecstatic. She had accomplished her revenge against Dr. Allison. Not only had she had a knockdown, drag-out fight with him in the clinic playroom, she had humiliated him in front of his whole staff. *Those folks think a doctor is so high and mighty and can do no wrong*, she thought. *And they give those guys the right of life and death over other folks, such as me. I showed him for what he was, just another big man that I*

*could knock on the floor, kick, hit, bite and bruise.*

*So he is supposed to be our new dad, too. Well, I don't need him or any other man for a dad. If that nurse, Jane, thinks she is like a mother to us, well, we took her down a notch or two. Both of them ended up on the floor of that playroom because that is where I wanted them -- Down and Out.*

*I bet neither one of them ever laughs at me again. Now they know what I'm capable of doing. Hell, I didn't want to kill Marie when I ran out into the street in front of the college. I knew that Wendy could stop me. I wanted her to do that. She did what I wanted her to do next, call Dr. Allison and get me into his office when he wasn't prepared and didn't have his bodyguard around. He's been too afraid of me to face me all by himself, so I figured a way to get to him on my terms. And that is just what I did.*

Lisa Kay had assured the body of Marie Francis Kelly being sent to Yolo General Hospital. There Mary Lou was primarily in charge, and she cooperated in telling me whatever I wanted to know about the origin of Lisa Kay. I needed that knowledge to be able to deal with her capably. I had to understand her and her origins to figure out what to do next.

I had heard several times in age regression therapy that both Lisa Kay and Marie, a young false-front alter-personality, had been created during an episode in which her pet dog, Bonnie, had been killed by her father. I needed to focus in on that episode and get the full picture. I asked Mary Lou to tell me what she knew of that afternoon.

"It was cold for three days and my cat was lost outside," she said. "My dad wouldn't let me go out and find him. I loved that cat, but he didn't seem to care. When I did get outdoors, I found him frozen to death."

She continued, "That meant Bonnie, my little Scottish terrier, was my only friend. I knew that she was the only living thing in the entire world who loved me, and I didn't have to do any-

thing special for her to love me.

"One day, I was playing out in the back yard when Dad came rushing out, yelling that they had to get rid of Bonnie since Bonnie was too much trouble. Well, she did keep chewing up the flower beds, but he had never been so mad about it before."

Then, Mary Lou's face went blank, and Lisa Kay appeared in her place. I braced for an onslaught of insults and threats, but she was mellow and ready to give her version of what happened that day. Becky, the ISH, had decided to test me again that day to see if I was the correct therapist for her charge. After my anxious beginning in therapy with Sad Marie, Becky and the CIE had decided to keep testing me to see if I met their high standards. This was why they sent out Lisa Kay in a helpful mood this time.

"Father was mad at Mother that day," Lisa Kay related. "He just took it out on Marie. As usual, Marie thought she had done something wrong, but that wasn't the way it was. It was something else that was getting Father so mad at that time."

Since I knew that Lisa Kay had been "born" as the dog was being killed by Father, she could not know, from her own memory, what had happened in the minutes before Father came rushing out the back door. I needed to talk to an alter-personality who existed before her dog's death, so I politely asked Lisa Kay to let Mary Lou come back and talk with me. For a change, Lisa Kay was completely cooperative and faded, allowing Mary Lou to take charge again.

"Mary Lou," I said, "I want you to do something different for me now. You were talking about how you saw your dad rush out the back door and yell about the dog being too much trouble. I want you to close your eyes and see in your mind's eye that scene again, as if you are looking at a movie. As the back door is opening, see your dad coming through the doorway. As soon as you can see him in the doorway, freeze that frame of the movie. Stop everything and go into his mind.

There, I want you to read his thoughts, feel his feelings and tell me what you find there."

Mary Lou cooperated fully and reported to me, "He's mad at Mom, and he needs to get back at her."

"Why?" I asked.

"Mom is real unhappy about the marriage. She complained to him that she has no one to love her, and even Marie has her dog, Bonnie. She tells him that he is no man, and, if he has any balls at all, he will do one thing right for her. And that is to kill Marie's dog. Then Marie will be as miserable as she is."

"OK," I said, "what happens next?"

"Father has had it with Mother always complaining about how no good he is. He can never do anything right by her. He thinks that maybe now he can please her by making Marie totally miserable. If he kills the dog, Mother will be happy because Marie will be more miserable than her. So he heads out the door to get rid of the dog one way or another."

"What happens then?"

At this point the entire scenario began to unfold in slow motion in Mary Lou's mind. Here is what she envisioned:

As he bolts out the back door, Father has his son's loaded BB gun in his hand. He sees Bonnie digging up the flower beds, and that really gets him going. Father is a perfectionist about his landscaping and cannot tolerate any animal's claws tearing into it. He has also used that area to punish Mary Lou whenever she is bad, when he would order her to weed, prune, water, paint, or sand whatever needs improvement.

When Father sees Bonnie in the flowers, his mind snaps, and he yells at the dog. Bonnie bolts and runs to Mary Lou as she is climbing the steps to the slide on the Jungle Gym in the play-yard area. As Bonnie tries to climb the steps with her, Father grabs Bonnie by the collar and yells at Mary Lou. As he drags the dog away, Mary Lou reaches the top of the slide where she can see Father jerking on the dog's neck. Suddenly Mary

Lou is no longer there, and a new Marie is created. Marie slides down the slide, crying all the way, and runs to her father, begging him not to hurt Bonnie. She pleads, "Please, I'll do anything for you, just don't hurt Bonnie, she didn't do anything wrong! Please, I'll fix it!"

Marie holds onto her father's leg until he kicks her off. Then she disappears, to be replaced by the new Lisa Kay. She starts to kick, hit, punch, and bite him, all the while yelling to him, "DON'T KILL BONNIE!"

Father yells at Lisa Kay, "STOP THAT OR YOU'RE GOING TO HURT FOR A LONG TIME!"

Lisa Kay hollers back, "YOU CAN KILL ME INSTEAD! JUST DON'T KILL BONNIE!"

Father kicks Lisa Kay out of his way, but she goes after him again.

At that moment, Lisa Kay sees her mother standing in the back doorway, watching the drama with a sick grin on her face.

Bonnie is trying to bolt and run away, but Father has a tight hold around her neck, and he still has the BB gun under his other arm. Lisa Kay yells again that she was going to make him pay if he hurts Bonnie, but he just laughs and tells his daughter, "YOU JUST WATCH!"

He ties one end of the leash to Bonnie's collar and the other end to the garage doorknob. As Lisa Kay grabs onto one of his hands, he raises the BB gun with the 20 pellet magazine with his other hand and fires the first shot at Bonnie. The dog yelps in pain, and Lisa Kay disappears. Marie comes back, stops fighting with her father and goes limp like a rag doll. She glances up into his eyes and is shocked to see a look of joy as he gazes down at his daughter's face. He fires the next shot, and the next, and the next, until Bonnie can no longer cry out.

Bonnie is still breathing when he runs out of pellets, so he goes into the garage to finish the job.

When Marie sees her father stop shooting her pet, she thinks it was safe to hold her. With her

dog in her arms, she sings, "My Bonnie lies over the ocean; my Bonnie lies over the sea; my Bonnie lies over the ocean; oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!"

When Father comes out of the garage with a shovel in his hands, Marie is still holding Bonnie, and he tells her to step away. "NO," she yells back. When she sees her father raise the shovel in the air, Marie runs away, hearing the blade cracking down on the dog's skull.

When the dog is finally dead, Mother goes back inside the house. Father puts Bonnie's carcass in the trash can and tells his daughter, "If you ever get out of line or don't do what I tell you to, I'll do the same to you." That warning stayed with her for as long as he was alive, making it impossible for her to tell anyone what he had been doing to her.

When I had heard the gist of the story, I was quiet for a long time. The emotions in the room were too much to intellectualize about. Finally, I had to put it into context for my present-day patient, Mary Lou.

"Now that I know the truth," I said, "I can see that you were not the one at fault. You did all you could to save Bonnie, but you were not big or strong enough to stop your father. The other thing you can see now is that your mother issued the execution order, while your father carried out the sentence. You were only eight years old, but you did all you could do to stop them. I can't see that there was any more you could have done."

Mary Lou saw my point. All these years she had been filled with guilt at somehow having been at fault for causing her father to do what he had done to Bonnie. Now she could see that it was not her fault, and she didn't have to feel guilty any longer.

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In September of 1978, Sad Marie was admitted to Woodland Memorial Hospital Psychiatric Ward for the first time, under the care of Dr. Romero. Michelle had reported that Lisa Kay had stored butcher knives in the trunk of their car and razor blades in the glove compartment. After I sent

her off to the hospital, I called her mother and asked her to check her daughter's car to find any such weapons.

Mother knew her daughter with the creative imagination had put one over on her gullible doctor again. Knives and razor blades in the car, indeed! To show him for the fool that she knew him to be, she went to Sad Marie's car to prove to him that her daughter had not hidden weapons there.

She opened the passenger door and pushed the glove compartment latch. To her surprise, there on top of the maps were five single edged razor blades, still in their paper wrappings. *Well, he's sure not going to find those*, she thought to herself. *He's not about to find out that Marie told the truth this one time*. She picked up the five blades and put them in her dress pocket, intending to mix them with her own in her bathroom.

She then went around to the rear of the car and opened the trunk with her key. She looked under the papers and flares and, to her amazement, found three knives that she recognized belonged to the carving set she had given her daughter as a wedding present. She wrapped them in one of the old newspapers in the trunk, and carried her booty back into her daughter's apartment.

After she had replaced the knives where they belonged, she called me at the clinic. "Dr. Allison, this is Marie's mother. I wanted to let you know that I checked Marie's car for those knives and razor blades you told me about, and I couldn't find a thing like that. I checked and checked, but there were none in her car."

She smiled to herself. She was not about to buy the doctor's cockeyed notion that her daughter had any sort of a mental disorder, and certainly not one where she would use weapons. After all, she had raised Marie to know right from wrong and never to do wrong. So she would just have to get the doctor to realize just how unreliable her daughter was. You just couldn't believe a thing she said sometimes!

I thanked Sad Marie's mother for reassuring me that I had overreacted to this suicidal threat.



I was glad I had already told Dr. Romero about the knives and razor blades. I would just keep quiet about the patient's mother's negative report and avoid looking like a fool to the hospital staff. Why would a helper like Michelle lie to me? She was supposed to be incapable of lying. What would she have gained by fibbing about something as serious as this? Did she want me to put Sad Marie in the hospital for some other reason? Did she fake a report of a supply of weapons to con me into admitting a patient who really didn't need to be hospitalized? I had better be careful listening to Michelle after this, if she had not been honest with me.

When I visited Sad Marie in the hospital, Wendy told me Lisa Kay intended to use her lighter as a flame thrower, so I confiscated it. Wendy also reported Lisa Kay was hiding knitting needles on the ward, so I warned the nurses about them. Further interviews give me the impression that Lisa Kay was mostly bluff by now, as she was getting weaker.

During a follow-up visit in the clinic, Lisa Kay came out and actually discussed her unhappy marriage with George Kelly. "Dr. A, you probably figured out that I was the one who first had sex with George right after he married Marie. I thought that he might like Marie better if he thought she was a sex bomb, so I did everything I knew with him, and a few things that I invented just for him. But, after a while, he started getting mean and tried to hurt her bad. Then I would have to come back to give him some more wild sex so he would lay off the beatings."

I nodded patiently as I learned how Lisa Kay had used her seductive talents to keep Kelly at bay when he was angry at Sad Marie.

She continued. "A year later, Marie found she was pregnant. George was doing great on his job then and said maybe they could move to a better apartment. But that night, when Marie was taking a shower, George came in. He pushed her up against the tile wall and told her there was no way she was going to have another child. I had to take

over. I slapped him hard and told him to get off me or I would kill him. He started hitting me in the stomach. I yelled, 'You can't kill me! I'm Lisa Kay, and I will destroy you!' He slammed my head into the wall. I lost control, and Marie curled up in a ball on the shower floor. George was determined to kill that baby, and he did."

"How did she survive that night?"

"She crawled into their bedroom and called her doctor. She told him she had started bleeding. She didn't tell him about the beating. The doctor told her to have her husband drive her to the hospital pronto. That night he did surgery and found he had to take out her right ovary, George had hurt her so bad. No matter how the doctor asked her to explain where she got those bruises on her belly, she would only tell him that she had slipped in the shower and must have hit the door handle real hard."

This was the first time she talked about the real difficulties she had had with other live people and did not transfer these feelings to Sad Marie or someone in the present-day world. I was relieved that I had finally been able to get beyond the dramatic presentation of Lisa Kay's hostilities that had been generated by men in her past and were now being expressed toward inappropriate men in her present, as well as toward her own "psychic sister," Sad Marie.

During the next session, Lisa Kay discussed the real problems with ex-husband Kelly, and I was now able to understand some of the dynamics that had existed between them. I learned what both of them contributed to the conflict, instead of only hearing what the abused wife wanted a sympathetic listener to hear. For a change I could see what both parties contributed to their battle between the sexes and how Lisa Kay's battle with Father at her "birth" was continued with an unsuspecting, but equally uncivilized, George Kelly.

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When Lisa Kay and I had completed our second productive interchange, Wendy came out to

tell me why Sad Marie felt compelled to visit her father's grave frequently, where she would sit and "talk to him." I had never heard of this pilgrimage before, and it certainly stirred my curiosity. Why would an adult daughter repeatedly sit at the gravesite of a man who had physically and sexually abused her all her life?

I decided to try to duplicate the experience in the office. If she thought she talked to her father's spirit at the grave, where a corpse is buried six feet under the turf, there was no reason why she couldn't talk to her father in my office as well. There was no real communicating being done at the gravesite, or was there? As far as I knew, all communication was inside Marie's mind, which always accompanied her body to my office.

"Marie, I want you to sit there and go into trance," I intoned. "When you are deeply in trance, I want you to open your eyes and look at the other chair in my office. In that chair you will see your father, sitting quietly. He will not move, so he cannot hurt you. He will only be able to talk to you. When you see him, I want you to talk to him exactly as you do when you visit him at his grave."

Sad Marie did as I instructed, and, upon opening her eyes, she looked at the previously empty chair. There she saw a familiar man, a ghostlike image of her father, with his hair long and stringy, his face gaunt and somber. She stared for a moment, but could not stand the sight, and she retreated back into her mind in fright.

Lisa Kay yelled at me, "What the hell do you think you are trying to do to her, you bastard? Why can't you just leave her alone? Why can't you just let it drop? He was an asshole, just like you! He is dead and gone! Just leave it alone, damn you!"

She retreated in fright, to be replaced by a frightened Mary Lou. She screamed, "Stop this, please stop this! I can't do this, Dr. A! He hurts me! Make him go away! I'm scared! Make him go away! Please, can't we talk about something else? Make him go away!"

She, too, retreated, to be replaced by

Michelle. "Doctor, sometimes your ideas don't work so well. They are all too afraid of that man, and now is neither the time nor the place to make them face him. Why don't you give Wendy and me some time to talk to Mary Lou and see if we can get her curious enough to talk to him? She needs to get over her terror from his beatings first, before she can approach him at all. Will you give us time to do that before you continue in this direction?"

I felt appropriately chastised, realizing I had pushed too hard again to confront my patient with the truth, before checking with the inside helpers to determine if my patient could handle it. I had to admit that the helpers were being quite patient with me, waiting for me to develop the caution needed to match my therapeutic enthusiasm.

The following week, Michelle informed me that Mary Lou was now ready to face her father in my office chair. I repeated my instructions, and she cooperated. When she opened her eyes, she clearly saw the image of her father in the empty chair. She asked him a series of questions, and, with my prompting, told me what her "father" replied to her.

Mary Lou: Why did you make us believe in Santa Claus?

Father: Because I loved you, and I wanted you to believe in something.

Mary Lou: Then why did you keep spanking us?

Father: I don't know.

Mary Lou: Why did you take Marie's dog away?

Father: The dog kept digging up the flowers.

Mary Lou: Why did you hit Marie's mom?

Father: Because she wouldn't do what I wanted her to.

Mary Lou: What about when Marie fainted in her room?

Father: Marie woke up and hit me.

Mary Lou: Why did you stop seeing me after leaving Mom?

Father: Stop feeling sorry for yourself, Marie.

Mary Lou: Why was I never good enough for you in school?

Father: I wanted your brother to do better in school, and we were more concerned with your sister since the doctor said she wouldn't live very long.

Interspersed with these questions and answers were comments like, "He lies, he's not telling the truth." At this point in the "conversation," she began staring around the room as if she had never been there before. I recognized this as the sign of a new alter-personality making herself known for the first time. I asked who was there.

"I'm Gwen," she said. "Where am I?"

"You're in my office, Gwen," I replied, getting ready for my usual introduction to newly arrived alter-personalities. "What do you like to do?" I had to quickly identify her as a helper or a hindrance, so I would know whose side she was on.

"Oh, sometimes I help one side and sometimes the other," she said, apparently reading my mind. "For a while I will help the side that wants to get rid of me, and then I will help the side that wants to keep me stable."

"How long have you been around?" I asked, continuing the probing.

"Since Marie was three, when she took the aspirin. There were other nasty ones inside of her then, but they hadn't grown up into personalities yet."

"And what do you talk to Marie about, Gwen?" I continued.

"I like to get Marie depressed when I talk to her. Then, when she is all down in the dumps, I try to help her think of good things. I love to see her go way down and then way up. That sure confused the doctors she saw before you came along. They didn't know what to call her problem, since I kept her on that roller coaster all the time. You should have seen how confused I got those docs!"

"What else would you like to tell me?" I

added.

"Michelle won't tell you this," she said, conspiratorially, "but there are others inside here you haven't seen yet. There's a tomboy side, one who likes to climb trees and is mischievous. That one is more masculine than feminine. Eventually, he will come out as a boy called Jack. He doesn't yet know his name is Jack, but that is the name assigned to him. After Marie burned her dress, Jack got some matches and wanted to see what fire was like. He set a curtain on fire, which terrified Marie."

I figured that, since Gwen had come out during an "interview" between Mary Lou and her father, she ought to know something about the gravesite visiting situation. "Why does Marie feel pulled to her father's grave?"

"At his funeral, the casket was closed, so she didn't believe he had really died. Since her father had rejected her so many times, she felt she should do something to gain his love. She feels that he cannot reject her anymore, so she goes to his grave and talks like she had wanted to when he was alive. Sometimes she goes away feeling good, sometimes bad. She goes every day. She and the other personalities can actually hear him calling her; the force behind him is that strong."

What a strange story! Now what was I going to do with this information? How could Gwen be on both sides of the morality fence? How could an alter-personality be both a helper and a persecutor? She was breaking one of the primary rules I had learned in my years of treating multiples so far! What was going on here?

I learned later that Gwen was an alter-personality who had been created by identification with a neighbor girl who had a dual personality of her own. She had only her original personality until she was eight years old, when she was raped by an uncle. That was when she made her angry, devilous-thinking alter-personality. Sometimes the angry one would be out when Marie came over, and sometimes the sweet, kind one was out. Marie never knew which one she might be playing with

next.

When she created another personality, she made one that included both sides of Gwen. The alter-personality, Gwen, had no morality and saw herself as God, being able to do anything she wanted with Marie. Gwen was a snitch or a spy. Sometimes she helped the hostile ones and sometimes the helpers. She was a double agent who lived a double life.

While I was thinking about the conversation with Sad Marie's "father," Lisa Kay came forth and patiently waited until I composed myself and could pay attention to her. She appreciated how confusing this data was to the doctor, and she found herself actually feeling sorry for me. "Dr. A, please bear with us. This is as confusing to us as it is to you. But you have to remember that we all need to accept the image of Marie's father so we can understand his reasons, even if we don't like him. I know I've been rough on you, but maybe now you can get an idea of how hard this has been on us, too."

Lisa Kay continued to explain. "Dr. A, all of us hated Marie's father, and we were all hurt by him in one way or another. He hurt each of us differently. That's why we hate men and treat all men the way Marie's father treated us. He tortured us, had sex with us, beat us, and took us down to size with his threats. Marie's brother and sister were safe because we were the targets of his abuse."

In subsequent sessions, Lisa Kay continued to cooperate and talked to me about her reasons for being hostile to men. She told me it was time I met Jack, the male personality Gwen had told me about. She went inside to find Jack and send him out.

Jack was definitely different from all those I had met before. "He" eyed all the air conditioning/heating ducts in the office and got up from the chair so "he" could inspect all of them personally, close up. "He" walked around the room acting like a building inspector. When "he" came to the bookshelf, "he" pulled out the medical dictionary to look

up "EEG" and "Multiple Personalities."

I finally talked "him" into sitting down again and started my usual interrogation. Jack was named for the boy across the street, Jack Laney, who kept giving Marie a hard time. "He" was formed as an identification with her father, so that she would be favored by her father. Marie believed that Father wanted her to be a boy, so Jack was created to do the tomboy activities. "He" felt "he" was 30 years old, and "he" hated her "weird" brother. "He" had come out the previous Friday to change Sad Marie's oil and fix the spark plugs in her car. "He" was intensely interested in football, baseball, and hockey. "He" knew how to ice skate, something no other alter-personality could do. "He" hated Lisa Kay, but "he" also wanted to get rid of Marie, while staying alive himself.

I had heard almost exactly the same story in several of the multiples I had treated before. A little girl is treated badly by a male chauvinist father, who appeared to favor sons over daughters. Trying to please such a father, as a girl, seems impossible. The girl child then tries "pretending" to be a boy, hoping to fool the father into liking her. She makes a boy out of the characteristics she sees in her culture as masculine interests, such as sports and cars. She denies her own femininity and creates a parody of masculinity, based on what she sees around her. In this case, "he" was two years older than "she" was, so maturity was also defined as a characteristic of masculinity.

Shortly after that session, I was talking to an age regressed Mary Lou at age three. She kept talking about how she knew her father didn't love her because he kept saying so. I decided to use the "frozen frame mind reading" technique to see if the three-year-old could find out why her father said that.

"Mary Lou," I said, "I would like you to see your father sitting in this chair in the office. I know it is hard for you to see him and talk to him, but I assure you I will keep him in the chair so he can't do anything to you. I just want you to ask him some questions. Will you do that?"

"If you're sure he can't hit me," she answered.

"I'm sure he won't, 'cause I'm here to protect you."

She squirmed in the chair, but seemed to calm in a moment and focused her attention on the empty chair. I could see that her face had completely calmed down, and then I heard her voice take on a softer, older tone.

"Her father doesn't like her," she said. "He always wanted a boy first, and, when she was born, he was disappointed. He had just come out of the war, met her mother, and married soon after that, looking for some stability."

"Who's talking now?" I asked. It was obvious it wasn't Mary Lou, since "she" was talking in the third person about her.

"I don't have a name, but I'm the one Mary Lou used to go into the bedroom to talk with whenever she felt rejected by her father."

"At what age did she make you?"

"At two."

At that point, the face changed and the three-year-old Mary Lou returned. I figured we had done enough for that session and age progressed her to the present.

When I talked to Mary Lou about this confidant of hers, she decided she would call her Dusty. She liked that name for a helper.

Mary Lou also told me about the times later when the family would go to church. She sat listening to the sermon while her younger brother and sister were sent to play in the nursery. She remembered hearing the preacher say it was the word of God that no one should get angry. She wondered if God ever got angry, and then she decided that He couldn't, if He thought that was evil. The preacher said God was all good, so He couldn't do anything evil. She knew that sometimes she got angry, just a little bit, so that must mean she was evil. Maybe that was why her father told her he didn't like her, because she was evil, because she got angry at him.

I knew that any emotions, including anger,

were not the primary creation of the human mind, but secondary results of thinking certain thoughts. I came to realize that if one thought one was in danger of being hurt by another person, then FEAR would be a natural feeling to have. If a young girl had been raped repeatedly by a father whom she expected to love and care for her, hatred of the father for betraying his trust would be a logical feeling for her to have. Such hatred would be an automatic result of her thinking a certain set of thoughts, such as "My father, who is supposed to take care of me, has hurt me over and over again." I HATE HIM would be a natural feeling to have for such girls. Hating a continuously abusive father was not a conscious choice the little girl made. The feelings were engendered by the thoughts she had after the misbehavior of her father. We all expect a certain pattern of behavior from certain people in our clan. When such expectations are not fulfilled, we become emotional at being betrayed, hurt, or whatever happens that is unpleasant and unexpected.

The logical solution to the problem of having people filled with hatred toward others is not to forbid everyone from hating, as that only engenders guilt in the listener and hateful feelings toward the preacher. The answer would be in somehow having the hater change his or her thoughts about the object of the hate, to get him or her to think of the hated one as one who was pitied, ignored, or loved.

That process is called "cognitive restructuring." It requires the patient to see the situation from another point of view. I was usually dealing with someone who perceived herself as "victim." A victim can always justify hating the "villain." When the victim can put herself into the role of the villain, then her point of view changes, and her feelings will change as well. Such was the reasoning behind the "frozen frame mind reading" technique and many of my other psychotherapy methods.

Over the next several weeks, Lisa Kay kept planning and failing to kill Sad Marie. One

date after another was picked for the "execution," only to be foiled by one of the protectors inside. Lisa Kay repeatedly referred to Sad Marie's guilt at allowing her second child to be aborted, although several of the helper alter-personalities had decided she should not be allowed to raise another child. It was her "psychic sisters" who had asked for the abortion on the grounds of Marie's psychiatric illness, and the doctors at the hospital had all agreed. The main problem was that someone had scheduled it for Valentines Day of that year.

In an attempt to help Sad Marie get a different viewpoint on the abortion, I decided to try a dramatic experience. I hoped the ISH and the CIE could use their creative skills to help me change Sad Marie's mind about her guilt from having had the abortion. I asked the ISH and the CIE to fetch the spirit of the aborted fetus so "she" could tell me and Sad Marie what it felt like to be aborted! This was the fetus whose name was planned to be Lisa Kay.

I didn't expect to actually be able talk to the spirit of an aborted fetus, but I had a good reason to ask this be done. In Santa Cruz, I had talked to the "spirit of a dead friend" of one of my multiples, only to find that this "spirit" had been invented by her ISH to give her a dramatic lesson as part of her therapy.

With my prior experience interviewing the "spirit of a dead friend" of my patient, I hoped Marie's ISH and the CIE would be as creative in this situation. I asked Mary Lou to regress back to age 21, when Marie was pregnant for the second time. A 21-year-old Marie showed up as requested and told me she had not yet told her husband about the new pregnancy. I asked her to imagine her baby's spirit coming up from her uterus into her head and coming out to talk to me, using her vocal cords. I told her that I wanted to talk to the baby to find out what it was like to be almost born.

She agreed to let me talk to her unborn baby that way. In a moment, her face changed to that of a sweet infant who had no name. When I asked her what she knew about her surroundings,

she told me she had watched her mother-to-be change from one personality to another so fast she was confused. She also saw her father-to-be acting angry and hostile all the time and beating up her mother-to-be.

"I'm not very happy thinking of what it will be like being born into this family," the "fetus's spirit" said. "It looks too much like it would be a repeat of what happened to Marie in her family, and look how she turned out!"

I had no argument with that logic. I asked her to write a note stating her attitude if she should not be allowed to be born. I needed something in writing to show to Sad Marie when she came out of trance.

She wrote, "If I were not to be born into this family, I would wait for another family that was loving, and everything will be all right. I would not be unhappy not being allowed to be born into the Kelly family. [Signed] Lisa Kay Grayce Kelly."

That exercise completed, I thanked the "spirit" and told her she could go back into Marie's womb. I then age progressed my patient back to the present and told Sad Marie what I had seen and heard.

She listened in disbelief as I told her this ridiculous, impossible story, wondering why I had now started lying to her. When I handed her the written note, she knew I had not made it up.

She blacked out, and Lisa Kay took over. She grabbed the note, reached with her other hand for her cigarette lighter and set fire to the paper. When it was burning intently, she put it in the ashtray on the desk, carefully keeping it out of my reach until it was nothing but gray ashes.

As soon as Sad Marie returned, I showed her the ashes of the note she had read. She still didn't believe a word of what I had said or she had read. I asked her why Lisa Kay came out and burned the note if it hadn't been true. She had no answer.

At a later session, I thanked Faith, a CIE, for having manufactured this "fetus's spirit" that I had tried to use to help Sad Marie get over her

constant guilt about having aborted the pregnancy. Faith asked me, "What do you mean, manufactured?"

I said, "Well, I know there is no way I could have really talked to the spirit of her fetus. That's impossible. I know you must have made the whole thing up to try to get Marie over her guilt. I want to thank you for all your help."

"But doctor," Faith patiently explained, "we didn't make it up. You asked for the spirit of Sad Marie's baby that was aborted, and we got it for you. That is whom you were talking to. Didn't you realize that?"

I gulped and swallowed my next words. I didn't know what to say. I was trying to be polite and thank a CIE for creating an artificial spirit so I could persuade my patient it was real. Now she was telling me it was real! I couldn't believe what I was being told, but a CIE never lies. What could I say?

Sad Marie was unmoved by the entire demonstration. She continued to believe she was a sinner for having had the abortion, even though it had been sanctioned by her ISH and arranged by her helper alter-personalities. Lisa Kay still played on that guilt string, using it frequently to push her into a suicidal depression. Real or not, my interview with the spirit of an unborn fetus had no therapeutic value for my guilt-ridden patient.

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During the spring semester of 1979, Sad Marie was in and out of the hospitals because of Lisa Kay's frequent suicide threats. Once, while Lisa Kay was telling me how she hated all men, including her son, her ex-husband and her psychiatrist, her hand was writing a note to me. Becky thus warned me Lisa Kay had hidden razor blades in the ashtray of her car in the clinic parking lot. When Lisa Kay had vented the hatred of her father that she had displaced to the entire male half of the human race, Becky took over and walked with me to Marie's car. There we found a package of single edged razor blades in the ashtray, just as Becky had warned.

Such episodes wreaked havoc with Sad Marie's school attendance. Even though she had dropped all but two courses, Physical Education and Intermediary Sign Language, she couldn't keep up with the assignments in the sign language class. The teacher, a middle-aged male, had told her she might as well withdraw from the course, or otherwise she would flunk. He was trying to keep her from having an F on her record, since such a grade would be impossible to remove later. But Lisa Kay took this teacher's well meant advice as the same sort of hurt her father had inflicted on "them" at the age of two, when he raped Marie and she became physically ill with disgust and self-loathing.

On the next visit to the clinic, Lisa Kay complained this terrible teacher had "kicked Marie out of his course just because she had been in the hospital," making him sound like an ogre. She walked around the office moaning about the fire in her belly, describing it like a small campfire that had turned into a raging conflagration of an entire forest. All the personalities were as sick as she was, and several came out to complain of the same fire in their guts.

Only Jack, the male, was immune from this "burning belly syndrome," and he amazed me by casually trotting around the room, inspecting the light fixtures to see how they worked, and having nary a complaint of physical discomfort. I had been trained in a traditional medical school where one learned that when the body got sick, it was sick. There was no explanation of how it can be sick only if certain personalities are in charge, but not sick when a personality that is delusional in thinking it is of the opposite sex is in charge. None of this made sense to my scientifically trained mind. But there it was right in front of me. The ladies were miserable, but the gentleman was not. I challenge anyone to explain how it could happen, but happen it did.

Another surprise to me was the concurrent ill health of Becky, the ISH. When she came out to discuss the crisis with me, she looked very peaked and wan. She explained that she had become

contaminated by helping out too long and too hard. Her humanitarian efforts had not only exhausted her personal and limited supply of energy, but she had become infected with the "germs" of the human side of her charge, as if she were a toxic waste disposal expert. No one had yet invented a decontamination suit she could wear on the site when dealing with the explosive anger, putrid resentment, and burning desire for revenge. She needed a vacation during which she could partake of cleansing rituals to recharge her spiritual batteries.

Becky sent out Honey, a lovely helper, to meet me. She sweetly introduced herself and assured me Becky had briefed her on all that needed to be done during the time Becky would be recuperating. She had already started the healing processes that would bring a halt to the bellyaches now experienced by the various alter-personalities. I added a prescription for a stomach sedative and antispasmodic to Marie's psychiatric medication orders. Never let it be said that my knowledge of pharmacology would be unavailable to my patients in their times of need!

The next visit found Lisa Kay chipper and free of abdominal pain. In the interim, Sad Marie's back had been giving her trouble again, as it had for years, and she had gone to the Yolo County Hospital orthopedic clinic for help. The doctor had ordered an orthopedic corset for her, and sent her to the man who did the fitting for such garments. The fitter had been too familiar with her body with his hands, and she had felt violated. Sad Marie didn't know what to do, so she went into hiding as her only defense. This allowed Lisa Kay, the man hater, to take over, and she had enjoyed full control of the body for the subsequent two days until she came to my office.

To investigate the complaint, I called out Sad Marie to determine exactly what the fitter had done to upset her. Her description made it clear to me that I needed to alert the administrator that his hospital might have a serious legal liability because of that fitting room employee. I called Wendy out and advised her to write a letter of complaint to the

hospital administrator, whose name and address I supplied. She appreciated my taking this complaint seriously and telling her how to file a formal complaint. Sad Marie later learned that the man was fired, as her complaint was only one of several by female patients.

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Now I talked to Sad Marie about the early sexual trauma that this episode reminded her of. She told me it came from her first birthday, when her mother had baked a cake for her. Her father appeared jealous after he saw how much time and attention Mother was spending, making the cake for her.

After the birthday party was over, Mother cleaned up the food and dirty plates and prepared to go to work. She dressed baby Marie in clean nightclothes and put her in her crib. She left for work as usual that afternoon, leaving Marie alone in the house with her father.

After his wife had gone, Father came into Marie's bedroom and leaned over the crib, breathing heavily in her small face. "I hope you liked your birthday party," he rasped in a hoarse whisper. "Now I want to give you my special gift for your birthday. I'm going to give you something special, something you will really enjoy. I'll show you a special love that is meant for two people to enjoy together."

He removed all of Marie's nightclothes and then her diapers. When she was lying there naked, he stripped off his own clothes, leaving them in a pile by her crib. Then he picked up her tiny body, clutched it to his own bare chest and walked slowly to the master bedroom.

There he stretched out on the bed face up, holding Marie above him. When he lowered her to his abdomen, she could only see the ceiling. Slowly and steady, he massaged her between her small legs while she heard him tell her, repeatedly, "I love you so much; you are my special person; I love you so much; this shows how much I love you." With one hand exploring her genitals, and the other reaching for his, he masturbated the both of them while



moaning and shivering as he reached his climax.

After telling me the story of this first incestual experience, Sad Marie could barely talk, and whispered, "Father hurt me, and he hurt me all the other times he did that. I must have done something awful for him to hurt me that way so often. I must have been a bad girl, 'cause he had to punish me."

Before I could answer her, she was replaced by an angry Lisa Kay. "Now you see what the bastard did to her!" she snapped. "Now maybe you can see why I hate all you Goddamned men so much! And her father's birthday is coming up on June 14, so I've got some plans for Marie then! You just wait and see what I'm going to do to her then!"

She then faded to be replaced by Lynn. I expected a fight from her, but she was unexpectedly mellow this visit. She reminisced about some of the other traumas of the early years and even wrote a note for Sad Marie. "Marie -- Neither your father nor your stepfather was able to love you no matter what you did to try to please them. It was not your fault."

She then faded to be followed by Kathy, a helper. She explained that Lynn was being reformed by those inside. Soon Lynn would be a helper, too. They had decided that she was getting too hard to handle as a potential killer, so they had slowly but surely been infusing her with human compassion and forgiveness. I was grateful for their efforts, since I had had my fill with Lisa Kay's constant threats of my extinction just because I happened to have been born male.

Finally Sad Marie returned to the body, and I explained to her generally what I had seen and learned. I told her that I thought now she had the power to control and imprison Lisa Kay inside her mind. But as soon as those words were out of my mouth, Lisa Kay appeared suddenly and yelled at me, "What kind of motherfucking nonsense are you trying to tell her?"

I put my hand to her forehead and called

for somebody to take control, and Michelle promptly appeared. I thanked her, and she brought back Sad Marie, as she was the one who had come into the office. In her usual obedient manner, Sad Marie accepted that she carried the body into my office each time and back out the door again. She hoped that one of these days she would have a little time to talk to the doctor about her problems and feelings. Well, maybe next time!

During the next week, Sad Marie faded in strength, as she was "dying" little by little. It was time for her to be replaced by the Original Marie. Becky explained that the integration was going to continue for some time, and they required someone in the physical world to tell Sad Marie daily that she was cared about.

I knew that I was the primary messenger of such news for Sad Marie, so I called her out. I talked with her about her current situation, and tried hard to express the idea that she had been very important to me in helping me understand what was going on inside her. I told her that I needed this understanding, since I would someday pass it onto other doctors and their patients who needed to get well from MPD. I assured her I greatly appreciated her teaching me so much about herself so that other patients could benefit from what I had learned from her.

About a year after starting therapy with me, Sad Marie came into my office with Jane Parker, her psychiatric nurse. Parker explained that they had a problem they needed to talk to the doctor about.

"Dr. Allison," started Parker, "Marie told me that she felt sick and hot yesterday, so she went to the Davis Hospital Emergency Room. She was seen by the nurse there, who took her temperature and then turned her down because it wasn't high enough. Marie went home and waited to feel better, but she didn't, so she went back again. The nurse did the same thing, and told her that she didn't have enough fever to qualify for help with her MediCal card, so she couldn't get any treatment there. Have you heard of any such rule like that, Doctor?"

I had worked with MediCal patients ever since the program started. I had never heard of a rule barring care for an infection because of a too-low temperature. I also knew of plenty of malpractice cases where the survivors of patients had won large awards after their relatives died after being treated inadequately in an ER. I wondered how any emergency room administrator could take such a risk without the hospital's lawyer being all over him.

"No, I haven't, Jane. Is that what happened, Marie?" I asked the patient.

"Yes, Doctor. I just saw the nurse, she took my temperature and told me I couldn't get treated because MediCal wouldn't pay them if my temperature wasn't higher than that. Then, after I came back and the same thing happened again, I blacked out. The next morning, I found everything in my room smashed and my bed all torn apart."

The nurse interjected, "I talked to Lisa Kay in my office earlier, and she admitted tearing up the bedroom after the second rejection. She was really angry when Marie was treated that way."

I called out Lisa Kay and confirmed Parker's report. I explained to Lisa Kay that, in my opinion, she should not have been treated that way when sick, and I hoped that the ER nurse was acting without authority. Since the nurse was an employee of the hospital, I was sure that the hospital administrator would want to know about this incident.

"Since I'm a doctor and know the administrator," I said, "I'll write a letter to him telling him what you reported to me. Then we'll see what happens."

When the administrator read my letter, he was shocked to learn what was happening in his ER. He phoned me and apologized for what had happened with Marie. "Dr. Allison," he said, "if what you tell me happened, it shouldn't have. We have a doctor on duty all the time, and he should have seen the patient, fever or not. It certainly is not hospital policy to turn away a patient because her insurance company might not pay the bill. You

can't tell what is wrong with a patient without examining them, as you know full well. Thanks for letting me know about this problem. I'll get on it right away."

This was a lesson to Lisa Kay that there were proper ways to express grievances and receive due attention and redress. One didn't have to tear up her "psychic sister's" bedroom to accomplish that task.

Because both Lisa Kay and Lynn insisted on coming out while Marie was training as a receptionist at the Sacramento Rehabilitation Facility (SRF), Rebecca Worth, the Program Coordinator, asked to sit in on some sessions with me so that she could figure out how to keep peace in her facility. There was too much acting out for the other clients to tolerate, and Sad Marie was forever feeling abused by one person or another there.

I regressed Sad Marie ten years back to the time she had worked for an orthodontist. I found that her primary problem then was trying to deal with inconsistent instructions. She expected to be told exactly what to do when, and, if that didn't happen, she became confused and frustrated. She was unable to see a goal and figure out how to get there. She wanted the course clearly laid out by her supervisor. If she wasn't doing the job "right," then she felt like a failure. It didn't matter if she accomplished the proper goal, if she hadn't done it in the "right" way.

Lisa Kay then came out to complain she felt neglected at the SRF. Since she was always a trouble maker, the staff did their best to ignore her. But her feelings were hurt. Worth and I decided that she could be indulged a bit now. Worth offered Lisa Kay an assignment of two hours a week in the printing plant and her own time for occupational therapy. Lisa Kay was very pleased to be considered a person in her own right. She had been ignored long enough.

The next visit, Sad Marie brought in a note from Becky. "Marie needs to learn that her father was bad. It will take many sessions to get that

message over to her. She is stuck at age two until she can get through her head that her father did not act like an angel when he raped her repeatedly from age one."

Such notes were commonly given to me by Becky. Becky had great faith in my ability to change the minds of her charge. She knew what I needed to do, and she made sure I knew it, too. Unfortunately, I did not have the faith Becky had in my ability to do what I often considered impossible psychotherapy. I figured Becky would not ask me to do anything completely impossible. But when I tried my best, and listened to my own Essence, Michael, I found myself saying just the right words to turn the key in the lock of my patient's mind and heart.

This time I called for Sad Marie, but Lisa Kay came out instead. She was clearly protecting Sad Marie from my probing questions, as she knew how stubborn their psychiatrist was when trying to complete one of Becky's assignments. He was one pushy bastard, and she didn't mind reminding him of her opinion of him. She had to admire his tenacity, even though she didn't think he was very nice to want to hurt her sister that way. Hadn't they had enough hurt from adult men in their lives?

I decided to try an end run around Lisa Kay. "Lisa Kay," I said, "I realize you are trying to protect Marie from thinking about all that trouble she had when she was a year or two old. But you don't need to be afraid of what will happen if she comes out and talks to me."

"Afraid? Who's afraid?" she responded. "I'm not afraid of anyone, least of all you."

I knew I had hit a sore nerve, as I had deliberately used an accusatory tone of voice when I said, "You don't need to be afraid." Now I had her on the defensive, just where I wanted her. She would do anything she could to prove a grown man wrong.

"Yeah, I think you're afraid, Lisa Kay. You're afraid of what will happen if Marie says anything to me. You're scared shitless, as a matter of fact!"

That really got to Lisa Kay. "I'll show you who is afraid, you yellow livered bellysucker, you! I'm not afraid of anything or anybody, least of all you!"

"Well, if you're not afraid to let Marie talk to me, now is the time to prove it!"

Totally suckered by the challenge, Lisa Kay retreated behind the face and let Sad Marie come out.

"Dr. A," Sad Marie said quietly, "did you know my dad put me in the closet a lot when I did wrong? I couldn't figure out what I did wrong, but he kept telling me I had done something he didn't like, so I must have done something wrong. I knew I had to do whatever he told me to do, or I deserved to be punished. Father said so."

I had to figure out a way to make this child understand her father was not a normal man, that he had something seriously wrong with him. How could I do that? I tried a new approach.

"Marie, what kind of parents did your father have?" I asked.

"When I met my grandma and grandpa McKenzie, they seemed real nice. They lived in a small town, and, when I visited them, everybody waved to them and seemed happy to see them. They seemed to have a lot of friends. Why do you ask?"

"Sometimes parents train their sons to act in a certain way, and that is the way the son raises his children. But I don't hear anything from your description of your father's parents that would make me think they trained him to punish his children by putting them in the closet? Did they punish him that way when he was a little boy?"

"I don't think so. When I saw them, they were real kind to me and to everyone else. I loved them a lot."

"So, it seems likely your father didn't raise you the way he was raised, doesn't it? It sounds like he raised you just the opposite of how he was raised, right? It doesn't seem like he was doing what his parents wanted him to do, when he raised his children, does it?"

"No, I guess not."

"My point is, Marie, your father himself didn't do what he said you had to do. He told you to do whatever your parents wanted you to do. But he didn't do what his parents wanted him to do, did he? He didn't treat you the way his parents had treated him, did he?"

"I guess you're right, Dr. A. His parents would never treat a child like he treated me!"

"So, he was not doing what his parents wanted him to do, was he? He was disobeying his own parents by putting you into the closet, no matter what the reason, right?"

"I guess so. I wonder why?"

Michelle took charge of Marie's hand to write a note to her. "Your father was raped when he was in the Navy on board ship before he married your mother. He vowed he would never let it happen again. This was one reason why he raped his own daughter."

I had been told other bits and pieces of the story before. I had written numerous court ordered psychiatric reports for sexual offenders, including those guilty of incest with their daughters. In Marie's case, I knew Mother worked evenings while Father babysat. He worked the day shift, getting home after Mom had already left for work. Between the incompatible schedules and the fact that they argued most of the time when they were together, there was little sexual activity between her parents. On the one hand, his incestual behavior with Marie punished his wife for neglecting him sexually and putting him down during their arguments. On the other hand, he received sexual gratification from molesting his daughter. Such was the typical scenario I had heard repeatedly when interviewing fathers arrested on incest charges.

When Marie read the note, she looked at me and sighed. Now she could see she was not to blame for being raped. She was not the bad one here. Her father had faults of his own, she realized.

Worth joined me for the next session, as Lisa Kay was getting on her nerves at the SRF.

She disrupted everything Worth was doing, and it soon became plain Lisa Kay just had to have all her attention. The only way she knew to do that was to be nasty and confrontive. She had lots of practice with that approach.

Worth was fed up with being irritated all day long at work. She also knew that this bad child approach to attention was Lisa Kay's way of saying that she liked her. Lisa Kay had even let it slip once or twice that she already saw Worth as a perfect mother for her. Worth was flattered, but, at the same time, exasperated that this trouble-making alter-personality was latching onto her and interfering with her ability to give adequate time to her other clients.

When I saw Lisa Kay and Worth together in my office, it was apparent from their behavior that there was a bond between them, weird as that might seem. Lisa Kay was desperate for any type of maternal attention, so hungry for it that Worth felt sorry for her. Worth had to set limits on behavior, and she could not allow any client to manipulate her or monopolize her time. She tried to get the message across to Lisa Kay that she knew from her own upbringing how important the love and attention of a mother were to a teenage girl, which is what Lisa Kay still was. There was only so much she could take before she would have to expel Lisa Kay and, therefore, Sad Marie from the center.

I knew I needed to decrease the "volume" of the negative emotions from Lisa Kay's nature to allow Worth to keep her at the center. She had done it before in crises with the "bottle routine." She called out Sad Marie first to see if she could take some of the anger from Lisa Kay. Sad Marie told her that there was too much anger there for her to handle, and she couldn't help me with this problem. I would have to figure out another way to do it.

Worth then had a go at Lisa Kay, and spent the next twenty minutes trying to show her affection, understanding and tolerance, hoping that would help her reduce the anger she was holding against her father. They were both crying, plead-

ing, and hugging in turn as Worth tried to be loving toward Lisa Kay, who wanted her love, but rejected it at the same time.

Finally, Lisa Kay did agree to my offer to use the "bottle routine" to let her shed what she could of the anger she had stored against her father. I had a soft drink can left over from lunch, and I put it into Lisa Kay's open palms. I then told her to gather the anger against Father from her head and neck, shoulders and arms, chest and abdomen and then her legs, and to move all that anger into her hands and into the can. She concentrated with closed eyes, as all her muscles rippled as the anger energy flowed outward from her into the can. With a final burst of energy discharge, she threw all of her anger into the can and slammed it onto the floor.

After she had composed herself, she still knew she was Lisa Kay, but she was not the Lisa Kay of old. She had shed her anger toward her father, and she was friendly and warm towards both Worth and me. She chatted with us like any teenage daughter would, expressing views, accepting compliments and tolerating different points of view. She was a daughter any set of parents would be proud to have.

When seen three days later, Becky informed me that Lisa Kay had discharged into the can all of her hostility toward her father. Now the vacuum had to be filled, or she would start sucking into the void Sad Marie's anger toward other people. I had done only half of the "bottle routine" ritual, and the vacuum had to be filled by positive emotions or she would suck in anger-energy from elsewhere.

I asked a pleasant and cooperative Lisa Kay to go into a trance and open up the top of her head to God's healing energy, to let in all of His healing light and power. I instructed her to imagine that brilliant beams of pure sunshine were focused on the crown of her head, penetrating into her brain and skull, and into the rest of her trunk, arms and legs. I kept the patter going while she allowed her entire being to be enveloped in a cocoon of pure

love and acceptance from on High. When she seemed to me to be totally relaxed and bathed in sunshine, I let her come out of trance.

Lisa Kay was now the friendliest of the friendly people in the world. She glowed with good will toward mankind. She talked about how she was formed when her father tried to kill her dog, in an objective, story telling way, without rancor. She tried to fill Sad Marie in on all her history, expecting her to be listening in on what she was telling me. When Sad Marie came back into control, I found that she hadn't been paying attention to Lisa Kay. She didn't realize that Lisa Kay was now her friend! Once I explained to Sad Marie what had happened, I suggested that, without Lisa Kay there to take all her anger, she, Sad Marie, would now be able to feel her own anger. Sad Marie recognized I was telling the truth when she thought of the odd behavior of one of the boys at the house and how irritated she was with him for bothering her when she was studying. For the first time in her life, she could feel the early glimmer of anger toward a man she didn't like. She didn't like the feelings of hostility she had, but I reassured her that such feelings are part of what life is made of. If she couldn't feel anger, she couldn't feel love, either. In health, she would have to take both or neither one. When she looked at it that way, this new experience didn't seem as bad as she had first feared.

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Lisa Kay left the Original Marie important characteristics which are part of her to this day, her fun loving spirit and risk taking adventurous nature.

Lisa Kay complained nobody else ever liked to have fun, and she was the only one who would go out to enjoy herself. Lisa Kay is the one to thank for giving the present day Marie that spirit, because she can have fun. She doesn't drink, smoke or take drugs. She goes out and enjoys what life has to offer. She goes out to nightclubs, enjoys the music, and, if out on a date, she will dance and act crazy for a time. She sings to the music, laughs, cracks jokes and just enjoys her partner's company

and the evening. If she is out by herself, she will go up to a man by himself and ask him if he would like to dance. She is used to rejections by now since she used to be a very obese woman, but is no longer. So men will dance with her.

Marie doesn't sleep around like Lisa Kay did, because that is too much of a risk these days. She sets limits on those men she dances with. People may think that Marie has been drinking because she gets loud and boisterous, and everybody thinks that she is drunk. Now she can act up and not be drunk so she can remember what she did. She enjoys life, because she had no life until 1981.

Because Lisa Kay gave Marie her risk-taking spirit, she took up bungee jumping. One may say, "What a stupid thing for someone to do." But no one should judge her, unless they have done it at least once. She has done it three years in a row, and she loved it every time she jumped. That first time is the one she will always remember most vividly.

That first time, she knew it was illegal to jump from a bridge in California. Those who were scheduled to jump that day met at the jump site at 4:00 a.m. and planned to be finished by 9:00 a.m., as the Highway Patrol would be out by then. They had lookouts stationed to warn them if police were coming. Their instructor gave them a lecture on how to jump correctly. He fitted each jumper with two harnesses, a chest harness and a seat harness.

Each signed a waiver saying that none of their relatives would sue these people if they died. With that, Marie's hands shook. Was she some kind of fool? Was she the most stupid person on the face of this planet? She couldn't have been, because there were 15 other people there, also. So it seemed there were 16 of them who were stupid.

After signing the waivers, they all marched out onto the bridge. None of them had been on that bridge before. When she looked down, Marie saw her life pass in front of her eyes. This was a 250-foot drop into water that was not too deep. With big boulders. Now, she asked herself, why the hell

did I pay money to jump and possibly die? She knew she was stupid. But she couldn't back out. No refunds were allowed, and it cost her \$105 for two jumps and pictures. She couldn't back out because she had told everyone at work that she was going to do it, and, if she came back without proof, she was going to look foolish. She knew she was a fool to be there in the first place. What was she trying to prove?

When Marie's turn came, she climbed over the edge of the bridge and held on tight. Her instructor talked to her and told her to have faith. After all, everyone else came back okay, and now it was her turn to trust. Boy, that was some big word, when one was going to let go of a bridge and trust that a bungee cord would save your life.

She let go, and, when she did, her first thought was, *I am going to die*. But when she felt that bungee cord grab her and bring her back up into the air, Marie knew she was all right. She didn't yell when she let go. When she did yell, after she knew the cord had saved her from certain death, it was, "I DID IT, I DID IT, I DID IT, I DID IT!" It was the most awesome feeling, floating in the air. It was the closest thing to flying.

She remembered Becky, her Essence, yelling at her, "What are you trying to do?" But she needed this experience. The CIE were blissful, but Becky thought she had lost her mind.

When one jumps, the new sounds, sights, and smells are so wonderful. There is nothing like it anyplace in this world. Her first jump took place when she was turning 41 years young. After Marie came back to work with the pictures and video of her jump as proof, the people at work made her walk through a 21 YO-YO salute to the YO-YO who went bungee jumping. This was more terrifying than bungee jumping, as all the people who were doing the 21 YO-YO salute were doing around the world with their YO-YO's, and Marie thought that she was going to get hit with one of the YO-YO's.

The second time Marie went jumping was when she was turning 42 years young. And the

third time she went bungee jumping was when she was turning 43 years young.

The next thing that she wants to do is sky dive. Her son thinks she is crazy, but he's also proud of his mother.

Lisa Kay is still living in Marie, and she knows that wherever Lisa Kay may be, she is smiling down on Marie, telling her, "Fun does not hurt." She is so happy that Marie is now having fun.