

CHAPTER SIX

DAY TREATMENT AND NIGHT RESCUE¹

Becky's charge, Marie, had spent the last month in Stepping Stones, the Day Treatment Center, on my referral. Becky did not approve of what she saw happening. Not only was it doing Marie no good, it was causing her harm. Her charge was then going through intensive psychotherapy and the day treatment program took up time she needed to absorb the lessons she was learning in therapy.

At night, after Marie had gone to sleep, Becky made psychic contact with Michael, my Essence, and told him that they needed to meet to determine where they were going with this Stepping Stones matter. Being fast asleep at home, I had no idea that my Michael and Marie's Becky were conferring.

Becky: "Marie has been in Stepping Stones for four weeks now, and today she had to meet with the Psychiatric Nurse, Debra Down, and the Mental Health Worker, Fred Martinez, to set out her treatment plan. They don't seem to know anymore now what to do than they did when she started there. Why did Ralph want her to go to this useless program?"

Michael: "Becky, I explained it to you, and you agreed we could go ahead and try. I know you had little enthusiasm for Stepping Stones. You know that, after Ralph and his family came back from that trip to the Far East, he found you exhausted because you and the CIE had been having so much trouble keeping peace in Marie's mind. We brought Mona back from Bali to relieve you and the CIE so you could get your psychic energy recharged. I invited Mona to come visit the United States for a while. She had

never been away from Indonesia, and she was blissful to be invited to visit our country. She did turn out to be useful, I believe."

Becky: "Thank you for that, Michael. I appreciated Mona's help. Therapy has been going very vigorously, and that is why the alter-personalities have been acting out so much. I expected that. But now we have the added problem of having to deal with other patients who have no desire to get well. I have tried to talk to their Essences, but they are on their first assignments, so they are not much better than their charges."

Michael: "Becky, you have been used to working with Ralph and have expected him to do miracles. He keeps trying to please you by doing so. He thinks some of what happens are miracles, such as the rituals I do when you give him a tough assignment in therapy. You really keep him busy."

Becky: "OK, Michael, so I push a little, but I have a job to do, to get my charge well. Now you and Ralph are planning to move in a few months. What kind of cooperation do you call that?"

Michael: "Becky, remember how Ralph is working at his maximum, even with my help, when he has to cover all the work in Broderick, one day in Woodland, and one afternoon in the county jail. Then Dennis and the Woodland clinic psychiatrists couldn't work out a renewal of their contract. That was when Dennis told Ralph he would have to share the night and weekend call schedule with the other salaried doctors. You and I both know how responsible Ralph takes his job,

¹ The first section of this story is told through the "eyes" of the Essences of the two individuals involved in Marie's therapy plan, Becky, Marie's Essence, and Michael, Dr. Allison's Essence. These are the actual conversations that took place, as dictated to their charges. The setting is the night of July 2, 1980.

but the pressures got to him again, and he has another ulcer. I told him to calm down, but he wouldn't listen to me. He wrote that letter to Dennis' boss, and all that did was get Dennis embarrassed and irritated with Ralph.

Becky: "Michael, you know that the letter got Dennis back to negotiating with Doctors Lucien and Romero. Then we contacted the Woodland Clinic administrator's Essence. When he told the doctors to make up with Dennis, they suddenly found ways to compromise on the contract."

Michael: "Yes, sometimes Ralph's impulsive moves do have a positive outcome, even though he doesn't expect them to. That is when I take advantage of a situation he has created and think of ways to turn a potential catastrophe into a triumph. This was one of them. But the die was cast; his mind was made up, and nothing I could say was going to change his mind about leaving this job. Now it's just a matter of finding a better place to move to where he can find a decent job."

Becky: "So we have only ten months in which our charges will be working together. Considering the job we have to do, that's not much time. I cannot afford to waste any of it with Stepping Stones. I don't see what good it will do for Marie. Why did he send her there, anyway?"

Michael: "He was upset at finding you and the others so tired when he came home. Your charge was living at Sihaya House where they insisted she have structured activities each day outside the house. He knew he could not always be available, and he needed a competent mental health person who would be on hand for Marie to go to. He hoped a Psychiatric Nurse would have enough experience to deal properly with Marie and her other personalities. He needed to have backup outside the hospital, so he could keep her out of the clutches of Dr. Lucien. He needed to do something that would show the other Mental Health staff he was doing all he could to avoid burdening them with one crisis after another. At

least he thought all those reasons were enough to refer her to Stepping Stones."

Becky: "Well, they may have sounded like excellent reasons to him, but for myself and my charge, Marie, it was not an excellent idea. As far as I can tell, the referral was more to treat him and his anxieties rather than to treat Marie's mental problems."

Michael: "I agree with you, but that is the way he has been trained. In medical school, he accepted lots of principles that sometimes get in the way. I have a hard time getting him to ignore some of those old ways of doing things and listen to my advice instead. I'm gaining every day. But give me time."

Becky: "Michael, maybe you can explain why the Stepping Stones' staff insisted on my charge agreeing to that absurd treatment contract they asked her to develop and agree to at today's meeting? Can you explain to me why they made her list her problem areas? Why didn't they just call on me? I could have listed Marie's problem areas, just like I do with Ralph anytime he asks me to."

Michael: "I know that. First, you are aware by now that the staff members are acting as if they agree with Ralph that Marie has MPD. But they don't believe it, so they don't act appropriately. If they don't believe she has MPD, how can they believe she has an ISH named Becky, who knows all about her? So they ask Marie; who else can they ask?"

Becky: "Of course you are correct. We both know she can't change her character. So when they listed the problems she has, how do they expect her to change them, and by a certain date?"

"Here are the problems Sad Marie listed:
"1. Difficulty starting conversation with others.

"2. Difficulty with anger and personality change.

"3. Depression.

"4. Acting out behavior by Marcia, Joyleen, and Mary.

"The first three are inherent in Sad Marie's nature. I should know; I put them there to keep her alive in that marriage. If she didn't have difficulty starting conversations with others, George would have been sure she was stepping out on him. If she didn't control all her anger and move it onto Marcia, Joyleen or Mary, she would have been beaten even more than she already was. If she wasn't depressed, do you think any of the psychiatrists she had seen would have had her come back for more therapy? Finally, it got her into the clinic just before Ralph showed up. By the way, you surely took your time getting him to move out of Santa Cruz to Davis. What took you so long?"

Michael: "First, it took me a while because he had invested a great deal of himself into the Santa Cruz scene, with running the Mental Health Service, then setting up the Suicide Prevention Service, and then opening the psychiatric ward. I had to get the new hospital administrator to turn the ward over to the neurosurgeons to make him lose enough money to get him to listen to me. When he has enough money coming in, he doesn't want to change. What human does? I had to make him lose enough so he would be willing to move to Yolo County so he could meet Marie.

"Secondly, I know those items on that list are impossible to change in Sad Marie. That fourth item, about the acting out of the alter-personalities, shows how little in touch they were about the dynamics of her condition. Since she has no control over what they do, so how can that be HER problem?"

Becky: "Then just look at the list of 'Short-Term Goals' they noted for her:

- "1. Decrease depression.
- "2. Increase assertiveness skills.
- "3. Increase socialization skills.
- "4. Deal with anger without perso

intend to follow through, what good is a promise on a piece of paper?"

Michael: "Remember, one of Ralph's past lives as a barrister comes in handy to explain that. You know that lawyers have had more of an influence on American culture than their value warrants. They have persuaded everyone -- doctors and nurses included -- that written contracts are more binding and impressive than oral contracts. If that is so, how did we get by with oral contracts for so many centuries before agreed upon written languages were invented? Humans now have the illusion that, when someone signs a contract, that guarantees that the promise will be acted on. But they fail to note the tremendous increase in fraud and false advertising suits in courts these days."

Becky: "That brings up another thing that gets me about the Stepping Stone staff -- the contracts they expect Marcia, Mary, and Joyleen to sign, promising that they will not come out and harm Sad Marie while she is in the Day Treatment Center or on field trips with the staff. What makes them think any one of them will follow through on any agreement they make? They were created to hold Sad Marie's anger against various people, and that is what they will do. As long as she has a glimmer of hope, they will do their best to dash that hope. That is what they are there for. Signing a contract isn't going to change their natures."

Michael: "But you are not looking at it through the eyes of the staff. Ralph and I have spent years looking at problems through the eyes of patients. When Ralph set up and ran the Suicide Prevention Service of Santa Cruz County, he trained the phone volunteers to ask suicidal callers to commit themselves to a plan of action for the immediate future. That may only be to flush the pills down the toilet, go to bed, and show up at their psychiatrist's office the next morning for their scheduled appointment. But the fact that the person on the other end of the line made a com-

mitment to do something other than overdose was a major accomplishment.

"In this case, the staff member in the Day Treatment Center feels a lot better when he or she has in hand a written agreement from somebody in Sad Marie's body that she will not kill herself or anyone else. That allows the staff member to relax and get on with today's business. That is very important to therapists, I assure you. Who can do therapy when their adrenaline is flowing because he or she is wondering what damage the patient is going to do next? I know Ralph can't, so he has to do something to calm himself down. Getting the patient to sign a no-violence contract is one thing that can calm a therapist down quickly, I assure you."

Becky: "Michael, we have had plenty of experience in stopping these suicide attempts of hers. We are doing so well in therapy with you and Ralph that I know that she is not going to kill herself, no matter how many contracts she signs. So why should they bother? Hasn't Ralph told them what he is doing in therapy, so they will know how far she has come since they started working together?"

Michael: " I know you would feel more blissful if the Day Treatment staff knew how to treat someone with MPD properly. I know you think Ralph should have set up training sessions with the staff and educated them in what he has learned over the past decade. But when I brought that up with him last, he balked at my suggestion that he tell them they needed training sessions with him on MPD. He thought that, if he did that, they would think he considered them stupid and would feel insulted. They might even take it out on Marie, since they wouldn't dare take it out on him. You know how one doctor in Santa Cruz took out on Ralph's patients in the hospital the anger he had toward Ralph. He didn't want that to happen here, too. I tried to tell him that these were two different situations, with different people, and that I could persuade the staff members' Essences to be open to his concepts. But you

know how he is -- once burned, no way will he take the risk again. He decided that only if the staff ask him for a training session will he give one. And so far they haven't asked, have they?"

Becky: "This is what you call Ralph's political thinking, right? He is more concerned with his relationships with the other staff than he is the benefit of my charge, and I think he is incorrect to think that way."

Michael: "I agree with you, Becky, but you know how we both have to work. We can only tell our charges what we think they ought to do. Barring a life and death risk, we cannot overrule their decision to act in a certain way. All we can do is educate and persuade. But force them we cannot. We both are bound by that principle, and sometimes it makes our job just that much harder.

"He also had hoped the training the staff had in school would help them figure out for themselves what was going on with Sad Marie, but he was incorrect in that assumption. He didn't listen to me when I warned him he was assuming too much. I wish he was not so quick about assuming anything. In this case, it was more of his wishes needing fulfillment than of his calculating the odds that this would be true. He should have known that no nursing schools are teaching anything about MPD. That is why he had to start the training program for the American Psychiatric Association. Once the psychiatrists know something about it, then they will expect the nurses to know the same material. But there hasn't been time for his lessons to have spread that far yet. We need more time and helpers for that to happen."

Becky: "So you tried to get him to set up a training program for the Stepping Stones staff, and he would not unless they asked him first. These humans sometimes have the feeling that others will not listen to new ideas or advice unless they ask for it. Maybe that is true of the human part of them, but you and I, and other Essences like us, are open to new information and

ideas all the time. Why doesn't he teach the Essences and bypass the human minds?"

Michael: "I thought of that, but so far he really isn't as well attuned to me as he could be, so he still has limited faith that I can help him out in that way. All he will believe is from his own experience. When the hard-nosed critics didn't believe what he had to say, he decided to just stick to treating people until others were ready to hear what he had to say. He didn't get the feeling that the staff was open to what he had to say. I tried to persuade him that even if one of them understood 10 percent of what he was saying, it would be worth the risk. But he wasn't willing to take the chance on insulting the intelligence of the others. You have to remember that the two senior staff members are female, the nurse and OT worker. With the troubles he had in his childhood with his own sister, he has never been comfortable approaching females and telling them they needed to listen to what he had to say. He would be much more comfortable if they were men, but they aren't.

"The only man on the team is Fred Martinez, the Mental Health Worker, and you know he only has a high school education. He may be a nice human, with a level head and all, but he doesn't yet have the basic education in psychological principles to understand much of what Ralph needs to explain. It would have gone completely over Fred's head and would have done him no good at all. In fact, it might just confuse him instead. So we thought we should just let Fred 'wing it,' and hope his good intentions would outweigh his lack of knowledge and experience. Maybe in a few years, he will be able to learn enough to be a good therapist, but now is not the time to expect that."

Becky: "But Fred was assigned as Sad Marie's primary therapist! We had expected that such a complicated patient as Marie would be assigned to the nurse, Debra Down. Now she is only the director, not the therapist. If things went wrong, she could blame Fred, who would plead

ignorance, and be correct. She would be expected to know more than he did. What a mess!"

Michael: "She is responsible for half of the ideas on that first treatment plan you don't like, and I don't like it either. Let's look at those 'Short-Term Goals' and see if any of them make any sense."

Becky: "OK, Michael. I've stated my position for now. Let's see if we can salvage anything from this situation. Here's what I think of each of those goals Sad Marie is expected to reach.

"1. Decrease depression. She has always been depressed, as that is in her nature. What can they expect to do about that? Ralph has prescribed antidepressant medicine, and it hasn't done all that much good, but, without it, she would probably be in bed all day long instead of at the Day Treatment Center. I'm not sure which is worse!

"2. Increase assertiveness skills. How can you become more assertive when you are designed to be passive and inadequate in contrast to your husband? Maybe they can teach her a few ways to not get pushed around so much. Anything would be better than her doormat approach to life. So let's give them credit for a good idea here. We'll see how it goes.

"3. Increase socialization skills. All her socialization skills were placed into other alter-personalities, such as Lisa Kay. When she integrates all of them into her, then she will be quite the socializer. So I don't see what the staff have to work within that area.

"4. Deal with anger without personality split. Now that is impossible to expect from her, the Sad Marie. She is made up of the flimsiest of personality parts, as I didn't have much raw material to work with that day. I had to grab what was left on the shelves in the 'personality traits warehouse,' and that wasn't much. I had already used all the strongest parts for the helper alter-personalities, since she kept making the angry and suicidal ones too fast for my comfort. I

only had leftovers to work with to make Sad Marie. It was enough to get the body around, and I'm not apologizing to anyone. I had nothing on hand strong enough to contain anger, as that takes a container of major strength, and there was none of that material left. I had to design her so she would pass all her anger onto one of the angry alter-personalities, and you know how that works.

"Now that doesn't mean she can't meet that goal, in the sense of not splitting anymore because of anger. But I don't think they understand it that way. I think they want her to never shift into an angry alter-personality when she, Sad Marie, gets angry at someone who insults her. But that is the way I had to design her, so I think they are going to have to take her as she is.

"5. Increase self esteem. That is a nice idea, but how can they do that? She is what she is, and she knows she is temporary and will cease to exist as a separate being when integration time comes next year. How can anyone increase the self esteem of someone who knows they are doomed to cease existing in such a short time? I will wait to see what they mean by that one.

"6. Decrease acting out behavior. That is the most irrational of all. Sad Marie never acts out, so she is perfect on that point. You and I know that they mean that the 'angry psychic sisters' will not come out to do their things, and that is impossible to prevent. We can minimize the damage they do to people and things, but we cannot stop them from acting out in the first place. You know I am always cleaning up the messes of those angry ones, with the aid of the helpers. That is the way the system works. Until you and Ralph are finished with the therapy, that is what they will have to expect. So I don't think they are going to be able to do much with that goal.

"Now let's look at the 'Long-Term Goals,' shall we, Michael? Why don't you tell me what you think of those?"

Michael: "OK, Becky, here is what I think of these two items.

"1. Increase work skills. She has finished high school and received a certificate from that Dental Assistant school. When she was working as a dental assistant to an orthodontist, she became upset at the lack of clear and concise instructions. Then the angry alter-personality, Lisa Kay, came out and threw metal trays at the doctor, and he fired her on the spot. Her anger was expressed, shall we say, excessively and inappropriately. It isn't that she can't learn a job; her trouble is keeping her emotions under control on the job. So it really doesn't matter what job skills she has. They cannot compensate for her lack of anger control when she is the slightest bit irritated. So I think that goal, while noble, needs to wait until integration is accomplished. She is a client of the Department of Rehabilitation, but I hear from my Essence sources that her counselor, Haley Richmond, is looking toward a promotion, which will require she move out of the area. You and I both know that Haley is the best there is in this business, so we need her in a position where her ideas can become reality. In the meantime, we are going to have to work with her replacement, and I think you will have your hands full with that lady. I don't envy you having the problems I see coming from that quarter.

"2. Go through Voc. Rehab. for a job. She has been a client of Haley and the Voc. Rehab. agency for two years now. So that is just a rehash of number one, and that is all there is.

"Now, let's look at what they propose as methods to accomplish these noble goals. That is what the inspectors look at very closely -- how the planned actions agree with the problems, not whether or not they will work. To me and thee that seems more important. Don't you agree, Becky?"

Becky: "I agree, Michael. Now here are the actions they have listed that should be done.

"1. Attend the Stepping Stones Program on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Actively involve self in self-awareness group therapy, independent living skills, and asser-

tiveness training, stress management and relaxation techniques.

"This is their standard program. They intend to immerse Sad Marie in their entire program, and therefore it is the staff's intention that something will work.

"2. Meet with Debra Down and Fred Martinez weekly. Now what is that all about? Does that mean she is to have individual psychotherapy with two other therapists besides Ralph? All the other clients in this center are chronically mentally ill or brain damaged patients who only see their therapist once a month, at best, for supportive interviews, as they call it. But with Sad Marie in twice a week intensive hypnotherapy with you and Ralph, what are these other sessions supposed to do? I wish they had made some clarification of that item before she was expected to sign it.

"It sounds here that they want Sad Marie to have more therapists, and that is going to get her even more confused. After all, your charge is our pick for Sad Marie's therapist -- not anybody else. Doesn't your charge know what is happening?"

"3. Participate in all phases of Day Treatment program to increase her socialization skills. Michael, refer to my comments on item number one.

"4. Be more assertive in her day to day experiences. That is fine to say, but she has to be able to do it, and we know she isn't.

"5. Initiate written and verbal contracts with the other personalities to deal with acting out behavior and set limits. What is the point of written contracts when the alter-personality has been programmed to behave the way they behave? They will just violate the contract. Oh, I know the argument that you and Ralph use, that it can work when you are precise in the terms of the contract. I know how literal all alter-personalities are in interpreting any terms of a contract. But, if the alter-personality wants to do something, he or she will do it, regardless of

what piece of paper they signed. To them, it is just that, a piece of paper. Only Sad Marie herself is designed to take such contracts seriously, so you could say that no-suicide contracts with her might be useful in stalling her until she gets out of there, and there is no contract covering her behavior out of doors.

"Marcia just had to come out and object to the whole affair. She was bound and determined to block everything and wasn't about to let Sad Marie come to the center. But I knew she was just jealous of Sad Marie getting all the attention. She wanted her share, and that is why she came out. But she couldn't say that to the staff. That would have been too polite for her style.

"Then Faith told me to come out and explain what was going on with Marcia to Debra and Fred. That way I could gauge their reaction to me, the ISH, and see if they were open to instructions from me. I pulled Marcia back inside and came out myself. I explained how Marcia was, and how she would interfere if she wasn't given private time with Fred equal to what he gave Marie. Debra and Fred seemed to understand me; at least they didn't object to anything I said. They agreed to allot Marcia equal time, and that made her happy. She had been accepted as her own person, and that is all she wanted from them.

"With that stumbling block passed, Sad Marie was accepted as a regular client in Stepping Stones, and now we are stuck with the situation, it seems.

"I do wish I had been able to talk to Ralph about this referral before he made it. But he had his mind made up, and he didn't want to hear anything I might say about it. If he had been willing to listen, he would have heard both Faith and myself tell him Sad Marie would be causing a lot more problems than before with her constant calls for help. You know that Faith and I were most attentive when Ralph had made up his

mind without getting our ideas on it. I hope you two have learned a lesson from this."

Michael: "I already have learned it, but Ralph's attitudes are another thing entirely. If he had brought the idea to you for discussion early enough, what would you have advised him?"

Becky: "I would have told him that, with the intensive therapy he was doing with our charge twice a week, what she needed was rest afterwards, not more stimulation. In spite of his experience, he doesn't seem to realize what an energy toll his type of therapy takes on a patient."

Michael: "Actually, he does, but he didn't want to remember. I tried to remind him. In Santa Cruz, several of his regular MPD patients arranged for therapy in the afternoon before a day off. They were so worn out with his therapy they were no good at the office or store, where they needed to be alert. There was no way they could work after he put them through his mill. You know how persistent he is when he knows he is going in the right direction in therapy."

Becky: "Yes, Michel, we know. Remember we, you and I, were already destined to work together. That is why I would have advised him that he should have insisted Sad Marie have a day off from all required activities on the two days after her therapy hours. He should have told that to the staff at Sihaya House, since they insist all clients be out of the house during the day at some activity."

Michael: "He was worried, that, if Sad Marie had nowhere to go and nothing to do, one of the angry alter-personalities would have gotten her into more trouble. He just didn't feel he could risk that, with the limited time he has left here."

Becky: "There he goes again, worrying that we can't keep her out of trouble. We know what is best for her at this time, and we would not let anyone inside do anything to block his therapy. I could have assured him of that, if he had asked. But he didn't ask us, and that is why we are in this awkward situation today. Now, we need to help Sad Marie survive the Stepping

Stones experience. Please get Ralph over there to give them some instructions on how to deal with someone with MPD before too long."

Michael: "Becky, Ralph is holding back until someone asks him to come talk with them. He is afraid of implying that they don't know what they are doing, when both of us know that is exactly the problem. I will take it up with him again, just before he wakes up this morning, and see if I can get past his self-protective political thinking. But I'm not going to promise you anything."

Becky: "Well, at least I have stated my case, and I will leave that job up to you. Thanks for joining me tonight for this discussion. I know that our charges are stirring, so it's time we got back to them so we can steer them on this new day ahead."

With that farewell, Becky and Michael separated life forces, and returned to their respective charges, Becky to Sad Marie and Michael to Dr. Allison. They had their work of the day to do, some with other Essences, and some with each other. At least they had cleared the air and both were better prepared than before to do their jobs in helping their human charges with living their lives.

The next day, Fred Martinez, Marie's assigned "staff person" in Stepping Stones, called me to come help him deal with Marie's "angry psychic sisters." With the exception of Marcia, they felt ignored by all that had been going on. They had told Martinez, in no uncertain terms, that they had thoughts and feelings, too, and he had better get Dr. Allison over there to listen to them. Martinez complied, since he had no idea what to do next.

Martinez and I called in Sad Marie and told her we needed to talk to some of those inside her. In her usual compliant response to her doctor, she closed her eyes, and I called for Mary to come out. When she did, I said, "Hello, Mary. I think you know Fred Martinez here. He has pre-

pared a no-violence contract that we would like you to sign for us. Would you be willing to sign that you will not harm Marie, or anyone else, here at the center or while on trips with staff and clients? How about it, Mary?"

Mary looked at me as if I had rocks in my head. How could I be so foolish as to think that she would do something like that -- promise not to kick ass! But then she looked at Martinez, and saw the flashes of fear in his aura, and she realized that he was in a state of perpetual panic over what Sad Marie might do on his shift. She realized that he was not her enemy, and if he freaked out, Sad Marie would be in serious trouble with someone she didn't want to deal with. She knew that Becky and Faith could give her a hard time if she didn't try to cooperate. She didn't even want to think of what Hope and Charity would be able to do to her.

She took the pen and glared at me. With a laugh, she said, "I'll sign the contract, but I will still do what I want to do. This is just a piece of paper." She signed and retreated inside, to be replaced by Joyleen.

"Go to hell, you two jerks!" barked Joyleen. She glared at me, and I stared right back at her, holding my own. I was not angry, like she was, just firm and determined to get my way that day.

"Joyleen, I presume," I said. "Just calm down and read this agreement we want you to sign. We want you to agree not to harm anyone here or on field trips. Otherwise, Fred and Debra can't allow Marie to attend. I think that would be a pity."

"I don't give a shit what Marie does or wants to do," Joyleen retorted. "What's in it for me?"

"If you keep your eyes and ears open, you might learn a new thing or two here, yourself," I suggested. "Maybe you could learn to make things yourself, and even have some fun." I was appealing to the good side I hoped against hope was there. I was right.

"Now that might make it worth staying around this junky place, Doc. I'll take you up on that. Give me the pen." With that, she signed the no-violence agreement, too.

When she retreated inside, Marcia came out for her turn. In spite of the fact she had already been a party to Sad Marie's agreement, I never was sure how she was going to behave when she saw me. Usually, she took a swing at me.

This time, I was relieved to see she was in a noncombative posture. When I put the paper with the proposed nonviolence agreement in front of her, she laughed. "Why should I care about that BITCH, Marie, coming here? I'll sign your fucking contract, but I will kill her where and whenever I want to, and no damn piece of paper is going to stop me." With that pronouncement, she took the pen and signed her name as well.

With those three "committed to a life of peaceful coexistence," Martinez visibly relaxed, and leaned back in his chair. I excused Sad Marie and turned to him. "Fred, would you now explain to me just what you and Debra are going to have my patient doing over here in this trailer? What have I gotten her in for, now that we have gone through these hoops?"

"Dr. Allison," Martinez responded, "here is what the schedule is. Three mornings a week, she will attend the Self Awareness group at 10:00 a.m. for an hour. That is where we try to help the clients discover what is inside themselves."

"That should be interesting for Marie," I said, keeping my other thoughts to myself. I wondered what the staff would do when they found inside Sad Marie what I kept finding there. But I didn't want to upset an already anxious Martinez with that question.

When Becky heard this, she knew I could see that this was the wrong place for her charge. He is going to pull Sad Marie out. Or at least ask me what I think about it.

"What else do you have planned?" I asked.

"Twice a week, she will be in the Independent Living Skill class, where she can learn to make a budget, handle money, reconcile a checkbook, clean, cook, and other housekeeping skills," Martinez replied.

"That sounds good," I said. My patient had graduated from high school and Dental Assistant school, had attended Junior College last year, and had been married for several years, all the while keeping a household operating while raising a child. I wondered if she should be taking this class or teaching it. Again, I kept my thoughts to myself.

Becky communed to Michael, "Let's have my charge run this class. She has more experience than anyone in this place, and it would make everyone take notice."

Martinez continued, "It seems that the best group for her will be the Assertiveness Training group each Friday from 2:00 to 3:00 p.m. There she will learn the difference between assertiveness and aggressiveness. That seems to be an important problem for her, so she should get a lot out of that one. There she will have a chance to role play handling social conflict differently than she usually does."

"Fine, I hope so," I said. I had seen the difference between those two approaches demonstrated many times. Becky was assertive, and Lisa Kay, Lynn, and the other nasty ones were aggressive. But Sad Marie was passive, as was required to keep her alive at the time of her creation. Even if she intellectually learned the difference, what could she do with that knowledge?

Becky knew Sad Marie was not assertive because Becky had not made her that way. Becky had made her passive, and she would not even be around much longer. It was getting time for Dr. Allison to meet the Original Personality. Everyone should give Sad Marie time and stop trying to force her to change, because she couldn't.

"Then, we have Stress Management and Relaxation class every day after lunch. That is when all the clients lie on the floor while we play

soft music and Debra has them take trips in their imagination."

That idea scared me, but I kept my lips shut. I knew what a caldron of imagery there was inside Sad Marie's mind, as that is where we spent our therapy time together. To just ask her to wander off into that no-man's land of visualization could be downright risky for her. Who knew what she might come up with? She was a virtuoso at hypnotic procedures, as were all multiples, so Down had better be good at what she was doing. I hoped that no alter-personalities would pick that time to come out, since Sad Marie would be passively following instructions to give up control of the body, and that would leave the door wide open for anyone to come out. But I had made this referral for my own reasons, and I didn't wish to look foolish by pulling my patient out now, when everyone had cooperated with me so well.

Becky was distressed with that announcement. She was almost yelling at Michael, "Take her out of this place! It will be a total disaster for her and for Dr. Allison. Michael, get her out, NOW!"

Martinez continued. "Of course there is the Occupational Therapy time first thing every morning from 9:00 to 10:00. In the afternoons, we may have an outing scheduled. That is when we all go in the van for a field trip. I hope Marie will enjoy those."

So did I. I had sent her here, and now I was having second thoughts. But I wasn't going to back down. I had no experience with how patients behaved in such a setting. In Santa Cruz, every inpatient had been expected to go to the group therapy run by the Psychiatric Social Worker. I had refused to allow my multiples to attend her groups, and she became upset with me. She believed my multiples should be required to meet all the requirements that were laid out for the other patients, or they would consider themselves "special," a dirty word to the Social Worker. No one should be considered special, it

seemed. But when I watched my multiples in group, I found they were indeed special. They switched personalities in group, and all the other patients kept dealing with them as the center of attention. As a result, they destroyed the usefulness of the group for those other patients who could have gained from a more normal group experience. I thought it better for the other patients to keep my multiples out of her therapy group.

At this time, Sad Marie saw Stepping Stones as a place where she might be able to make new friends, but inside, she knew she was dying. Therapy with me was intense and difficult, but she was doing her best to bring the others to me for treatment. I still didn't talk to her much, but then, nobody had ever wanted to talk with her. Nobody wanted to have anything to do with her, so she was always suicidal. She did what everyone wanted her to do as if she had no mind of her own. All she wanted to do was die, but nobody would let her.

During the next week, Sad Marie was dropped from a two day a week volunteer job because Marcia kept coming out to argue with everyone and mess up the paperwork Marie had started. Down then extended her Day Treatment contract to five days a week. This would give her the same time structure each day. Since Marcia had not agreed to attend those extra two days, Martinez and Down called her out to sign a new contract for a five-day program. She reluctantly cooperated, as long as they stuck to her original terms. Marcia could see that Sad Marie was miserable being there, which suited her fine.

Sad Marie had had a problem with one of the men who also attended. He called her names, then acted overly friendly and started touching her in a seductive way. She didn't like him or his behavior, and, with the encouragement of the Assertiveness Training lessons, she asked him to stop his annoying behavior in what, for her, was an assertive fashion. He got her message

and stopped touching her. She did not like being touched.

Becky was very proud of Sad Marie. She had learned something new, but it was too little too late. She was dying as the time for integration was getting closer.

Sad Marie came back to Stepping Stones after the court appearance by Marcia, Megan, Becky, and herself. After I next converted Marcia into a helper, she wanted to tell Down how it happened. Sad Marie asked to see her alone so she could explain how Marcia had changed.

She told her how Dr. Allison had discovered Marcia had a need to go to probate court because she had never had a chance to challenge her father's will, in which he had disinherited all his children. Dr. Allison had asked her if she would give up all the anger she had stored against her father and other men who rejected her. She described how he had put a can of modeling clay in Marcia's hands and told her to shove all her anger into the can.

While Sad Marie described what she thought was a wonderfully useful procedure, the Psychiatric Nurse was sitting there, wondering where Dr. McIver had gotten this screwball of a psychiatrist. She had watched him during the time he was here, and he had acted okay when she had called on him. What was this stuff about asking patients to shove "anger energy" into cans of anything? She had never heard of that anywhere in her professional training, so he had to be somewhere far out in left field. And this gullible patient actually believed it had done her some good. Gawd, some people will believe anything!

Becky listened to Sad Marie and tried to tell her to keep quiet. Down was not going to believe what her charge was saying, as she didn't understand. But Sad Marie would not listen to her ISH and Essence, and Becky was not about to come out and tell her that they couldn't talk about it with anyone. Then, for sure, Down

would think something strange and forbidden had been going on.

Sad Marie continued to describe how Dr. Allison had let Marcia shove out of herself all that anger until she was just a shell. Then she told how he put his hand on her head and told her to let in all the healing energy of the universe, to replace the anger.

At this point, Down just about lost her cool. *Now we have a religious nut on our hands, invoking heavenly forces when he was hired to do psychotherapy, she thought. What did he think he was, a preacher? And in a tax supported clinic, at that!* She wondered if she should report him to Dr. McIver. But in front of her was a previously very disturbed lady who was telling her that this strange psychiatrist had actually converted an angry alter-personality into a helper. Not only was that impossible, but he had dared to do it with religious concepts and phrases. In addition, he had put his hand on a patient's head. No psychiatrist these days was supposed to touch a patient, or he ran the risk of being sued for sexual battery. What kind of chances was this guy running, doing these weird rituals with clinic patients?

Down was afraid of what she was hearing -- that Dr. Allison was preaching religion and not doing psychotherapy. But this was one messed up patient, and nobody could believe a crazy lady like her!

Marie told her that, after Marcia had taken in the healing, loving energy from above her head, she had told the doctor he was the father she had always longed for, and that she loved him.

At that point, the nurse was about ready to bring a halt to the whole story, and call Dr. McIver for a confrontation. Not only did we have a doctor practicing religion right here in their public clinic, he was encouraging a vulnerable female patient to fall in love with him! This was too much! What was he going to do next, divorce his wife and marry her?

Down knew this patient had to be lying about what Dr. Allison was doing in therapy, because he was a happily married man. She knew he loved his wife and children and would never want a divorce. So everything Sad Marie was saying must be a lie.

But Sad Marie didn't pick up on her feelings and kept talking about what had happened to her. She told Down that reviewing the feelings about the loss of her father had been one of the subjects keeping her depressed recently. Down asked her to tell her more about what it had meant to her when she learned her father had died. That is what a good Psychiatric Nurse should ask about, when the patient brings up a sensitive subject.

Inside Sad Marie, Joyleen had been listening and watching Down, and she didn't like the way this conversation was going. Whereas Sad Marie had asked for the time to share her joy at having made a breakthrough in therapy, the nurse was seeing bad things that weren't there, and that would not be good for any of them. Joyleen was alert enough to know that this was neither the time nor place for Sad Marie to talk about her father. That subject belonged in Dr. Allison's office and no place else. She wanted this conversation to stop. She was getting angry with the way Down was responding.

Joyleen popped out and told the nurse so. "Just a minute, Debra. You just hold on there. You had better leave Marie alone, and don't you dare talk to her about her father!" Her glare said more than her words.

Down decided that she was not about to let a patient tell her what she could or could not talk about to "someone else." She decided to stand her ground and refuse to be told what to do by this one, whoever she might be. After all, she was the trained Psychiatric Nurse, and she was the one who should know what to talk about to a client of hers. So she decided to pull a "strategic withdrawal" and compromise.

"I will listen to whatever Marie wants to talk to me about. But I will not press her to discuss anything she doesn't want to talk about. I certainly will not press the issue of her father's death. But I will listen to her if she wants to tell me about it."

"Listen, you knucklehead," Joyleen answered. "I hate her father, and I don't want to hear you or Marie talking about him. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly clear," replied Down. "Now, why don't you go back inside and let me talk to Marie again."

Joyleen felt she had gotten her message across and left, being replaced by Sad Marie. Down told her what had happened with Joyleen's interruption, and Sad Marie sighed with embarrassment.

Then she was surprised to see Down pull out a piece of paper and pencil, as she knew that meant she was expected to sign another no-suicide agreement. She had signed so many of them here, but she was still sure she was going to die, so why not do it now?

Passive as always, when Down asked her to sign that she would not kill herself for a week, she was ready to sign as requested. But she was too honest to do so. She told Down that she could only make that promise for the next 24 hours. Down nodded and said, "Well, sign that you will not commit suicide in the next 24 hours, and I will accept that. When you come back tomorrow, we will have to deal with that then."

Becky thought, *"Oh, no, not another suicide contract. I am so tired of these pieces of paper. Michael, talk to your charge. Have Ralph take Marie out, or at least talk to Faith or myself."*

Sad Marie signed the paper, got up and left the room. She knew she was going to die within the next two days, so what did one day matter to her? She didn't want to upset Down any more than she had already. She had tried to tell her about the most wonderful thing that had hap-

pened to her in therapy in a long while, but she didn't get the impression that the nurse was as happy about it as she was. For her to be happy about anything was a major accomplishment.

The next day, Down called me. "Doctor, I've got troubles with Marie, and you had better see her with me. She was really upset yesterday. Joyleen came out and blasted me for talking about her father. We had thought she was doing so well, going through that wild court action last week, but now she is suicidal again, and I can't get an agreement beyond today. I don't know what to do next."

I could feel the panic in Down's usually calm and professional demeanor. After all, she was a well trained Psychiatric Nurse, but dealing with someone like Sad Marie took a toll on any therapist, no matter how well versed in matters of mental illness. I decided to take my lunch break at Stepping Stones, and see what I could do with my most complicated multiple.

When I met with Sad Marie and Down at lunch, I called Becky out to explain what was going on. "Dr. Allison, Marie is planning to overdose tonight when she gets home from here. She also plans to cut herself up with some razor blades. I think the best thing to do is for us to go into the hospital from here and get things calmed down inside. I don't see any way to avoid her hurting herself if she goes back to Sihaya House this afternoon."

Down watched this therapy process, but she could not understand why a psychiatrist would call out another personality to find out what was happening. Is this what happened in therapy, that Dr. Allison didn't know what to do with this patient? Down noticed this time that, when Becky spoke, she knew what was happening. Down noticed something quite different about her, something that she hadn't noticed before. Becky had a special look, a smile that seemed heavenly, a special look in her eye that totally caught her off guard. Maybe Sad Marie had MPD!

I replied, "Last week, when she was at age 25, I met two new characters, Robert and Grace. I didn't get any information about what they were up to. I wonder if they have anything to do with this problem?"

"It might be wise to look into that, Doctor," answered Becky, in her usual inscrutable fashion.

I decided to do an age-regression right then and there and asked Sad Marie to go back to when she was 25-years-old. In a few moments, I was talking to a 25-year-old woman in a 30-year-old body. I asked her what was then going on in her life.

When Down saw me age regress Sad Marie, she was intrigued with what she saw. Maybe he wasn't crazy after all. She watched and learned.

"I've been having lots of trouble keeping jobs," the age regressed Marie said. "I was working at the church I go to, helping out in the office. But the minister kept giving me too many instructions too fast, and I couldn't keep them all straight. Then when I forgot to do just one little thing, he yelled at me! When I yelled back, he fired me! It isn't fair, when I worked so hard to please him!" She was near sobbing as she told about losing that job.

"Then," she continued, "I got a job as receptionist at an insurance office. Some of the people came in to complain that they hadn't gotten the checks they had been promised, and they expected me to fix it all up for them. Finally, I couldn't take the pressure anymore and snapped back at one of the clients. He didn't like that and told my boss. He let me go that afternoon. What did he expect me to do with all those angry people, just sit there and take it all day?"

At this point, her expression flickered and the familiar face of Megan, the helper, appeared. "Hi, Dr. A. We really did a thing on Marcia in court the other day, didn't we? I'm sure glad you got her straightened around. Now we have these other two to deal with."

"Just how do Robert and Grace fit into the picture, Megan?" I asked.

"Grace was created when she was having troubles with the church job. She acted up so that Marie could get fired and get out from underneath that pressure. Marie would never admit that she didn't like a job or wanted to leave. She would rather stay there and suffer. Well, Grace made sure she got fired instead.

"Then, when she was working at the insurance company, Marie had hopes that she might learn to be an agent and have a chance to sell policies. She knew that was where the real money was. She wasn't going to get anyplace sitting at a desk in the office filing forms all day. But then she realized that all the sales people were men, and all the office staff were women. It suddenly dawned on her that there was no way she, who had just been hired, would ever be allowed to learn how to become a salesman. That is all there were, salesmen, no saleswomen at all. That was when Robert was made, a man who might be cross-trained into sales. But her supervisor didn't see it that way when Robert made 'his' pitch to him. Somehow he couldn't see her as a 'him,' and told 'him' to get back to 'his' desk and continue to do what 'he' had been hired to do. That afternoon, Robert raised such a stink around the office, Marie was given her pink slip from that job, too."

What Marie had described seemed like such minor upsets to her. She thought any fair boss should let them pass. But I could see what would happen if either Grace or Robert came out to rile up the boss. These were full-blown rages they pulled, not little spats. Grace had exploded with such fury at the pastor/boss that he had no choice but to fire her on the spot. Robert was so incensed by not being recognized as the male he thought he was he started tossing wastebaskets in the air. This terrified the elderly couple who had come to patiently wait for "his" boss to explain to them why they hadn't gotten the insurance check they had been promised.

Megan continued, "Since they both came from similar situations, they teamed up together to give her hell. For a while they would tell her how bad she was, no wonder no one wanted her to work for them, what a failure she was, and how she deserved to die. Then they would tell her not to be so hard on herself, that she had a right to blow up at those folks who had fired her, and she should get angry when she was not treated right at work. They tried to put at least some of the blame on those she blew up at, and not take it all on herself. So they kept her on a roller coaster, up and down. Now it is mostly down, because she couldn't even stay on that volunteer job she had to quit. There, again, she quit because she felt she was being given conflicting instructions, and, no matter what she did, someone would get mad at her. She decided to quit before she got fired again."

"Right now we have to make a decision about sending her to the hospital again," I said. "Are there any helpers who are assigned to deal with Robert and Grace?"

"Maybe Monique could help out with them," answered Megan. "Bring Marie back to age 30 and see if she is able to help."

I then age progressed my patient up to her present age and asked to talk to Monique, a helper alter-personality. When she appeared, she looked tired. "Doctor, this job is not turning out like I expected. I'm having a tough time just keeping Marie from killing herself. She is so down on herself all the time that I have to keep giving her pep talks, and the effect doesn't last long. I would like to help you out, but I don't have any energy left over for Robert and Grace right now. Marie is so down right now, I don't dare spend any time away from her. You had better speak to Becky about that."

With that, Monique disappeared, to be replaced by the calm, serene Becky. She cleared up the current mystery. "Last weekend, doctor, Marie and her mother had an argument, and this is what is pushing Marie even farther down.

Mother was at the court hearing we were at, but she sat out in the hall all the time, so she didn't hear what happened. She expected Marie's attorney to come out and tell her what had happened. But she didn't! Mother was left out there listening to all those jurors going home, muttering about what an amazing thing they had seen. She didn't have the slightest idea what they were talking about. She wondered if her daughter had done something in public that would embarrass her, now that so many people had seen her daughter on the stand. She was most upset at being left out.

"Even though that article appeared in the newspaper the next day, she didn't read the paper and didn't know what had happened. Marie was so sure Shelly would read about it in the paper, she didn't think she had to tell her mom how the hearing went. Then her mom got mad at Marie for not telling her all about it, and that is what is getting Marie so down today.

"Another thing she is upset about is your plan to go out to her father's grave at the cemetery next Monday. I agree with you the trip is necessary, but she is dreading going out there. She sees suicide as the only way to avoid that day.

"She's in horrible shape right now, and she's also feeling ignored and rejected by the staff at Sihaya House. She thinks they should spend more time with her. Without her counselor there anymore, she has no one who spends enough time with her. I know they are busy with other things, and Marie needs more attention than anyone else. I can't stop her from overdosing when she goes home today. All I can do is tell her not to, and, as you know, she's free to ignore me."

"I know that," I replied. "I think the only safe thing to do is to put her in the seclusion room at Yolo General Hospital on a 72-hour hold."

When Down had listened to everything the patient and the others had said, she was amazed at how Dr. Allison had gotten the an-

swers. He didn't assume anything, and he never asked any leading questions. The patient told him everything. She wondered if she could learn a few things from him, but she kept that idea to herself and never told him.

When I had decided to hospitalize her charge, Becky gave way to Sad Marie, and I told her what I planned to do. She just sat there, looking at the floor, realizing that she was being blocked from doing what she wanted to do so often. Why didn't he just give up on her and let her be free of this misery? He had no idea how terrible she felt, and he was going to make her face even more unhappiness if he had his way next week. But, he was the doctor, and he could do with her what he wanted. Who was she anyway, just a no good, lousy patient no one cared about?

I dialed the Yolo General Hospital ER number. I told the doctor on duty I was sending Marie Francis Kelly in on a 72-hour hold, and I would appreciate him doing the admission work-up. I read the medication orders from her chart and told the doctor she would be in by van from Stepping Stones at 4:00 p.m. Down was relieved to have that all arranged.

Sad Marie was driven to the ER by Martinez that afternoon. She spent the next two days in the seclusion room.

Becky and the CIE knew that, no matter what anybodye Tj 28ET1.00000 0.00000 0.00000 1.00000 0

formed Robert and Grace into helpers and then integrated them into Sad Marie during the 72 hours she was in seclusion. They told Robert and Grace they both were upset regarding the firings from their jobs. They told each of them to go back and see those pictures again, and remember what happened just before they were fired. Both of them realized that their bosses were justified in firing them because they called their bosses insulting names, and they had failed to do important duties for their bosses which caused major problems the bosses could not explain away. Once Robert and Grace understood what and how they had participated in their own firings, they freely gave up the fight and became helpers. As soon as that happened, both were able to become one with Sad Marie.

Sad Marie was constantly suicidal during her therapy with me. Becky and the CIE had to have some human contact readily available when danger reached a critical level. I could only cover emergency calls when I was in at the clinic, and the Woodland Clinic psychiatrists took all emergency calls at nights and on weekends. Becky and I chose Yolo County's Suicide Prevention Service (SPS) as the best place for Sad Marie to call when she feared losing emotional control. Becky knew if she asked me to always be on call for her charge, I would soon burn out from the overload, and she could not afford that to happen. I was the only one who could do the therapy Marie needed, so other humans would have to be brought on board to handle off hours crisis calls.

There had been no SPS when I was the Mental Health Program Chief in Santa Cruz. All distress calls were responded to by police, who then brought the disturbed person to the county psychiatric ward on a 72-hour hold. While I was Program Chief, I attended a course at the Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center on how to set up and operate a SPS. But none of my clinic staff wanted to help me set up such an operation.

Just before I quit that job to work full-time in my private office, Charlie Warren called me. He was a reporter for the Watsonville Pajaronian, the only newspaper in the south county area. His wife had been a frequent patient on my ward because of suicidal depression. Warren complained that, when in the hospital, she had befriended the other depressed patients on the ward. She realized that many were lonely people who wanted to talk to someone when they went into the "blues." She, being a sympathetic woman, had given several of them her home phone number. Now Warren was being awakened several times each night by these phone calls from his wife's lonely fellow sufferers.

"Dr. Allison," he moaned, "most of these people just want someone to talk to in the middle of the night, when they get so down. Isn't there something you and the Mental Health Service can do to provide some kind of service so I can get some sleep?"

I replied, "Charlie, I have on my desk right now a plan for a service that would do just that. But I don't have any people interested in doing it. Besides, this plan is for a big county, and we don't have the same situation they do. Let me see if I can find out is going on in some small counties and get back to you."

"Thanks, Doc," he said, "and hurry up. I can't take any more sleepless nights and still write the stories during the day."

When I talked to Dr. McIver at the last meeting of State Mental Health Directors, he told me he had started some type of suicide prevention phone service. I called Dr. McIver's office number in Woodland. When Dr. McIver came on the line, I asked him about it.

"Ralph," replied Dr. McIver, "for about a year now, Joe Peterson, a former pastor, has been running a Suicide Prevention Service, using volunteers who take phone calls at home. I'll have him call you. I'm sure he will be glad to help you get started there in Santa Cruz."

I called Warren back and told him, "I've got a lead on someone who knows how to develop a Suicide Prevention Service in a small county. Now we need to find someone who can do the work. We need some advertising of the problem so we can find people out there interested in being phone volunteers. That's your business, isn't it?"

"You bet it is, Doc," he said. "You give me some background information, and I'll put together some articles on the problem of suicide for my paper and see what happens."

I calculated statistics about the suicide rates in Santa Cruz County for the past several years and found it to be almost as high as that of San Francisco, one of the leading spots in the nation. I sent this data, and all the literature I had gotten on the subject from the Los Angeles program, to Warren. Warren prepared three long articles which his editor placed on the front pages of the paper. He ended the articles with a plea for anyone interested in working to solve this problem contact him.

One church group in Watsonville had been discussing social problems, and several of the members had bemoaned that they were discussing problems but not solving any. When they read Warren's articles, they decided that this was a problem they should tackle together. One of their members called Warren, who called me, and from this group came the first volunteers for the Santa Cruz County Suicide Prevention Service.

Peterson came to Santa Cruz to meet with me and leaders of the church group to explain the plan he used in Yolo County. The design was simple and required no new staff or buildings and very little money. First, they had to get a suitable phone number for the service, one that had simple numbers to dial, so a desperate person would dial it correctly. Then they needed to contract with a local phone exchange, preferably one that already serviced doctors and hospitals, so the operator could cross-connect easily.

Those two items would be the only significant cost items.

His plan required each volunteer take calls on the advertised line at home for a week. The exchange would first take the call in a professional manner and immediately transfer it to the volunteer's home phone. The volunteer would then listen and respond appropriately. Hopefully, most volunteers should have a second line into their house, so, if need be, they could keep the caller on the line if they had to call for emergency services. If they didn't, they would need training on how to keep the caller calm while they dialed for help. Most of the time, he had found that the volunteer could calm the caller down well enough to wait until the right arrangements had been made.

There would be times when the caller need not come into a hospital emergency room for help, but needed someone who could talk to him in person. Peterson had called on members of the clergy in Yolo County and found many willing to be available to the volunteers who thought a caller needed a home visitor. He recommended that the local pastors and priests be contacted and, if willing, placed on a roster to be on call a week at a time.

This design had been working in Yolo County for a year. Everyone at the planning meeting in Santa Cruz County agreed to copy the design and put together a similar local service. With the Watsonville church group as the original source of volunteers, more were recruited with newspaper notices, and I taught the first training program for suicide prevention volunteers. My wife managed the scheduling duties and prepared volunteer and pastor monthly schedules. By this time, I had resigned as Program Chief and had half my work time available for going around the county pulling the entire project together. I stayed on as training director for five years, when I turned the entire project over to the elected board of directors, who have

continued to operate the service successfully ever since.

Now that I was in Yolo County, I was confident I could count on the local SPS doing its job in supporting me while I did therapy with Sad Marie. Her ISH and CIE realized I could not handle all the problems that would be coming up, so they agreed with me to call the SPS whenever Sad Marie needed help in keeping from killing herself.

Wendy was the first alter-personality to call their hot line number. "My name is Wendy," she said to the volunteer on duty, "and Lisa Kay is trying to kill Marie. I had come out to stop her. Dr. Ralph Allison is our doctor, and he has been treating us for multiple personality disorder. Right now I need help to calm down Lisa Kay so we will be able to sleep tonight. Then I can stop worrying about Lisa Kay getting up in the middle of the night and trying to destroy the body. Can you please help?"

The line was silent. Wendy asked, "Is anybody there?" She waited.

"Is this a joke?" came the reply from a male voice at the other end of the line. "If it is, we have ways of tracking this phone call."

Wendy repeated, "Dr. Ralph Allison is our doctor. The patient's true name is Marie Francis Kelly, and he has been seeing Marie in the Broderick office and in the Woodland office, and this is no joke. We thought it would be wise to call this hot line to get help, to stop Lisa Kay from killing us. If you don't believe us, please call him. We, I mean me, Wendy, will stay in charge, but please hurry. I am getting tired trying to hold down the fort. Right now Lisa Kay is very strong."

The man on the other end of the line was quiet, and again Wendy asked if anyone was there. He said, "Yes, please hold. I'll call Dr. Allison to see if what you're saying is true, and then I'll know how to help you."

Wendy waited on the line, trying to appear calm, making sure Lisa Kay stayed right

where she was, back inside the mind, so she couldn't hurt them. It seemed forever before he was back on the line.

Becky wondered if this use of the SPS was such a great idea. Then Michael communed with her that Ralph had not yet talked to the staff, but he was willing to. Becky tried to tell Wendy this, but Wendy was having such a difficult time with Lisa Kay right then, Becky didn't pass on that information right then. She would tell her later when it was calmer inside her charge.

Wendy asked, "Did you talk to Dr. Allison, and did he confirm what I was saying?"

The man said, "Yes, and I have Dr. Allison on the other line, and he is going to talk to you."

"Hi, Wendy," I said, "what's going on there?"

"Marie had her son, Mark, over today, Dr. A. Lisa Kay came out and slapped him on the face and shoved him out of the room. I came out and apologized to him. I explained that it was Lisa Kay, not his mother, Marie, who slapped him, and he seemed to understand. But Marie saw what was happening through Lisa Kay's eyes and felt very guilty about it.

"Not only that, but another patient has moved into the Satellite House, and she has no money for food. She is taking Marie's food without paying for it. Marie felt angry at her for taking her food, and now she is feeling guilty for feeling angry."

"Oh, great," I said.

"Dr. A, this is Michelle," another voice said on the phone. "I have a suggestion."

"I'm open to any new ideas," I replied.

"Why don't you tell Marie to take Mark back to his father's place tomorrow morning and pick him up again on Friday? That will be in time for the Christmas celebration. Right now, Lisa Kay is too agitated to cope with him. You had better talk to her to calm her down. But first you had better talk to Marie about her son."

"OK, Michelle, let me talk to Marie."

Sad Marie came on the line, full of guilt. I told her what I had learned from Michelle and told her to take her son back to his father's place the next day. She could pick him up in time for the Christmas party she had planned. She reluctantly agreed.

After that, Wendy came back on the line and told me she thought she could handle the situation, now that Sad Marie had agreed to take her son home and not try to cope with everything at once.

When my patient came into the office the next day, Wendy was still angry about the way she had been treated by the volunteer. If they weren't going to be of any help to them, why had I told her she could call them? She had done what I told her to do, and the person who answered didn't know anything at all. What kind of help was that hot line going to be?

I told her to calm down, since this was the first time any of Marie's "psychic sisters" had called the SPS. They didn't know what to say because they had never had any dealings with an MPD patient before.

"I haven't had time to meet with them, yet," I said to Wendy. "Now that you have made the first call, they are going to be very curious about how do deal with the next call. I plan to make myself the program for their next monthly training meeting. That will give me a chance to explain to them what they can do when you call them the next time."

"Well, they don't know anything so far, Dr. A. I hope you can teach them something."

"For now," I said, "you had better let Lisa Kay come out and explain why she was so angry last night."

"You son-of-a-bitch!" growled Lisa Kay. "That new roommate of hers is getting us all down. She takes Marie's stuff without paying for it, and then she struts around like she's the Queen of Sheba! I can't stand her!"

"Now just calm down, Lisa Kay," I interjected. "I know that lady. I put her into the hospi-

tal myself. She has no self confidence, and she's acting that way to hide how bad she feels having to live there. So take it easy on her until she can get her bearings, will you?"

"If you say so, Doc, I can keep from killing her for now. But she had better shape up, or they'll ship her out in a pine box! And you better do something about those guys in the other house. They keep coming over to see this new gal, and they aren't paying attention to Marie anymore. That really pisses me off!"

"What else are you mad about?" I asked patiently. I could tell she had more anger bubbling in her than one problem could account for.

"Her husband, that's who. He's been putting Marie down all the time, whenever he brings her boy over. He is such a jerk and an asshole. He treated her like shit when they were married, and he's doing it now, too."

"And who else, Lisa Kay?"

"Her father and mother! And her Aunt Patricia, for all the insults since her dad's wake! And Sam, her stepfather. Do you know how many passes he made at her?"

"I've heard about him, Lisa Kay," I said. I knew that there was no point in talking in detail about all these "enemies" of theirs that Lisa Kay was mad at. For some reason, she had built up too large a charge of "anger energy," and it was flowing out in all directions, onto anyone she met. I could not afford to have her leave my office so overcharged with anger. I knew she was serious when she told me she felt like killing somebody, anybody. I certainly didn't want it to be me!

Pulling over the plastic tape dispenser on the desk, I looked Lisa Kay in the eye and said, "I can see that you are just filled to the brim with anger at lots of people, people whom you feel have done wrong to Marie. They may have, but there is nothing either of us can do about what they have done. What you need to do is to let some of the anger out of you, so that you can

calm down and feel better today. Are you with me?"

Lisa Kay knew what I was up to. It was my "bottle routine" again, or should she say "modeling clay can" routine? She always felt better when she had gone along and shoved her anger into the object I put in her hands, but why did I always have to come up with a good answer? After all, I was a man, and all men were shit. No man could do anything good for her! Now I wanted her to feel good again, this time by putting her anger into some dumb thing I handed her! What was I going to offer her this time, the tape dispenser?

When I handed her the dispenser, she knew she was right about me again, and, damn me, she was going to go along with me, again. Why fight me, when I always seemed to know how to get her to cooperate in my stupid stunts? She closed her eyes, concentrated on following my instructions, and shoved all the anger she could into the dispenser. When she had drained her anger reservoir, she threw the dispenser on the floor, breaking off a piece of the cutting edge. She then faded into oblivion.

Michelle, a helper, came out to congratulate me on getting Lisa Kay to shed her anger. She then talked with me about dealing with the practical problems of living in a quarter-way house with two other equally disturbed roommates. They had to figure out a way to make this arrangement work. If they didn't, Sad Marie would have to move back in with her mother, and no one wanted that.

During the next week, I called the director of the SPS and volunteered to give their next month's training program. After this first call from a multiple made the rounds of the volunteers, the director welcomed me to their next meeting at a volunteer's home so I could explain what they needed to do when Marie called again.

I was surrounded by two dozen men and women who had agreed to take crisis calls from strangers. They were all level headed individuals

who had been through enough of their own personal crises successfully so they all knew useful coping skills. They had been screened by the directors and had been trained in the same procedures for managing calls which I had taught several years before in Santa Cruz. As in Santa Cruz, they were backed up by members of the local clergy, who represented most of the religious groups in town.

The meeting was one of the most pleasant I had attended regarding how to deal with a person with MPD. There were no scoffers or skeptics there, only the intelligently curious. These were people from all walks of life, and they had to be prepared for whatever they heard over the phone late at night. With Wendy's first call already logged, and their experience with my prompt response, they were ready to hear how to deal with Wendy, Michelle, or whoever might call them.

I explained about the "family structure" inside Marie's head, how the persecutors built up anger and then unloaded it on anyone handy. I listed the various helpers I knew, and alerted them to the ones they could call on for help. As I talked, they busily scribbled down the names I mentioned in their personal notebooks, binders they kept by their phones when on call. They were not going to be caught unawares the next time. They were too competent for that.

My primary advice about talking to the helpers was to act the same way they would with any other caller. First identify the key present conflict. List the options that seemed reasonably available. Suggest an opinion as to which option might be best under the present circumstances. Then ask the helper to agree to take a certain action to resolve the present problem.

They knew better than to try to do psychotherapy over the phone. They needed to identify the trigger for the present emotional upset, suggest a logical answer, and wait on the line until the caller either agreed to their answer or came up with a better one. Only when a commit-

ment to action had been made could they hang up the phone with reasonable reassurance she would not call again that night.

Michael watched while his charge, Dr. Allison, explained everything to these wonderful people. Michael saw nothing but love energy flowing from the volunteers. He made psychic contact with Becky and communed with her that all was fine, the volunteers knew and understood. When her charge, Marie, called them again, they would be able to handle her calmly and effectively. He also told Becky, "You should see the wonderful colors that surround these people. You would be blissful staying here forever."

On that New Year's Eve, Lisa Kay planned to kill Sad Marie by drinking herself to death. Wendy called the SPS and talked to the worker without delay that time. Michelle also came on the line to discuss the present crisis. Sad Marie was depressed as usual and resented her "psychic sisters" again interfering with her suicide plans. All she wanted to do was to die and get it over with. She didn't like the others making her show up for therapy when the doctor wouldn't even spend time with her to complain about anything. He apparently found the others more interesting to talk to. She knew she was boring and got on everyone's nerves. How could she help that? No doctor had ever found a pill to cure her. Why did no one want Sad Marie around, while they worked so hard to keep her alive? They should give up on her. She had. She had faced her destiny.

On New Year's Day, Lisa Kay drank so much she passed out, and no one could commit suicide. When she woke up, it was the next day, and she was so hung over she couldn't do much at all.

The following day, Lisa Kay dragged herself into my office and passed out again. This time, Wendy came out and read to me the reports she and Michelle had written about the last two days' events. She told me how much Sad Marie

resented her and Michelle for insisting she keep coming there.

Then, a preschool-aged Marie Francis came out and told about having fun with the presents she got for Christmas. She told me how much fun she had been having roaming around cemeteries looking for tombstones of children. She wanted to find how many dead children were buried in each cemetery.

I shuddered at this Addams Family view of life. I suggested that she might enjoy playing in the local park even more.

When she faded away, Sad Marie took over. She had not walked in this time, so she told me that she didn't want to be there. She stood up suddenly and walked out the door, pessimist that she was.

A month later, Sad Marie was not so sad, because she felt good about signing up for the second semester of junior college after getting A's and B's the first semester. Her good mood suppressed Lisa Kay for three days. In retaliation, Lisa Kay kept her awake all night with her jabbering. Finally, Sad Marie couldn't take it any longer and called the SPS. The worker listened patiently and waited until she calmed down. With the influence of a helpful human being, Lisa Kay was again put in her place.

When Sad Marie came into my office next, she told me about the call. She knew there was a very young Marie Francis alter-personality inside her. Becky had told her that I could meet her if I counted backwards from five to one.

I counted backwards from five to one. When I said, "One," she opened her eyes and looked around, as if she had never seen anything there before. I asked her what year it was, and she replied, "Nineteen-fifty." She went through her purse and was surprised to find a driver's license, since she had never driven a car, being too young to get a license. She hadn't even started school yet!

While this interview was going on, Becky was talking to Michael. "What you see

here, Michael, is the personality I created to be out front after her father raped her on her first birthday. This is the one I made when he destroyed the one I made at six months, when her mother assaulted her. She is known as Marie Francis and, along with Mary Lou, was in charge of the body for the next four or five years. Then she couldn't grow any more and had to retire. I just wanted you and Dr. Allison to see what she was like. She has some interesting stories to tell from those early years."

Marie Francis talked to the kind doctor she found in front of her. She didn't know where he came from or how she got into his office, but he was nice, and she liked talking to nice people. "Did you know that my father used to lock me in the closet when he said I was too bad?" she asked the psychiatrist.

"Why would he do a thing like that?" I queried, wondering what kind of an excuse any father would have for such behavior.

"He said I wasn't what he wanted in a daughter, that I should have been a boy, or that I was not good enough to be his daughter. I couldn't figure out what I had done wrong, but it must have been terrible. When he got done yelling at me, he would push me in there, lock the door and not let me out, even for dinner. I even had to go potty in there."

"That's terrible," I replied. "There's no excuse for that. You have the right to be whatever you are, to feel whatever you feel, and no one can tell you differently. You are the one who is in charge of all these other personalities, just like the general of the army is in charge of all his soldiers."

Becky communed with Michael: "Michael, I think your charge has made a mistake here. He thinks this Marie Francis is the Original Personality, and she isn't. She's the one from the first birthday, as I told you. Will you please straighten him out about that? Otherwise, he will be putting too much pressure on her to do things she can't do."

Michael: "I'll try, but the problem is that he's too anxious to find the Original Personality, so he jumps too quickly to the conclusion that any infant personality is the original. He sees what he wants to see. He wants to see the original one so badly he will believe any baby is that one, even though she doesn't act like an original one should. I will try to get him to keep down the pressure on her to grow up. After all, she has already grown all she can.

"And that story about her father putting her in the closet. If I were able to get angry, that is certainly one thing that would have me hopping mad. What did that experience do to her later in life?"

Becky: "That is why she and the others have always been afraid of the dark. They always had to have a night light on, even now."

Over the next few months, Sad Marie, or someone using her body, called the SPS several times, and all the workers got to know her and how she would respond to their suggestions and ideas. One of the frequent volunteers was a Roman Catholic sister who invited her to meet with her at the Newman Center, the UC Davis Catholic social center. When Sad Marie accepted her invitation, Sister Agnes Camellia was very supportive and kind to Sad Marie. She offered to help Sad Marie in any way she could. Even though she was a member of a religious order, she never made any judgments about Sad Marie or tried to push religion on her in any way. Sad Marie was very comfortable with Sister Agnes and felt good being able to relax around a healthy adult female who knew who she was and was proud to be that way.

During the summer of 1979, Wendy called the SPS because her boyfriend, Bob Collins, kept calling and harassing her. Collins lived in the Satellite House for men, and, after he seduced Wendy, he had been warned by Jane Parker, his Psychiatric Nurse therapist, to stay away from the women in their duplex. But Collins had never listened to anyone in authority so far, and

he was not about to begin now when he had found a good lay in Wendy.

One weekend he had phoned for Wendy and had gotten Sad Marie instead. He so upset her Lisa Kay took a razor blade to her arm. Wendy took over in time to stop Lisa Kay and called the SPS. She told the worker what had been going on and was advised to scream loudly in her room to make herself feel better.

When I saw her next, I advised Sad Marie, who detested Collins, to develop a plan of action the next time Collins showed up. I suggested she join with Joyce, an assertive alter-personality. Sad Marie would have the detesting feeling toward Collins, and Joyce would have the ability to tell him off in politely but forcefully. With the two of them working in concert, they might persuade Collins to stay away from their home. In addition, I instructed her to call Parker whenever Collins called and tell her about the call. She could then deal with him in whatever manner she chose for violating the rules she set for him. I hoped that Parker would expel Collins from the Satellite House for men, since he was drinking in the house as well, another gross violation of their rules.

Birthdays were always traumatic. Not only did this signify another year passing, and another year to go, they also reminded Sad Marie of how her father had raped her on her first birthday. After that "celebration," she could never again enjoy a birthday.

When Sad Marie's 30th birthday arrived that Fall, she was ready to kill herself on that day. One of the helpers had found the bottle of pills she had hidden under the mattress and called the SPS again. That foiled the plot for that night.

The next morning, Veronica managed to swallow a number of Sominex pills an hour before Sad Marie arrived at my office. By the time she got there, she was almost asleep. The "angry psychic sisters" had not yet become sedated, and Veronica and Rehab fought with me while they

tried to stay out. Finally, everyone went to sleep, including all the helper alter-personalities. I was in a near panic, as no one would answer to my calls for any helper to come forward. Finally, Faith, a CIE, showed up. She told me that, since she never had a body, she was not affected by the sleeping pills, and she was the only one awake at the time. She said that, in spite of their aversion to hospitals, the only safe place where they could recuperate was in one. Since she didn't know if she could safely drive "them" to the hospital, I filled out a 72-hour hold order and called for an ambulance to take her to the Yolo General Hospital seclusion room.

This was the riskiest situation possible, since Faith, being a CIE and not an integral part of Sad Marie's psychic system, could have left her body any time she chose. But "The Creator" needed Sad Marie to survive, since she was needed for important work in the future.

Since birthdays are inevitable, Sad Marie has finally learned how to handle them. She plans the day carefully, three months in advance, and schedules some exciting and different happening each year on that date. She has gone bungee jumping on three successive birthdays, and on two birthdays, she has had her portrait taken by a glamour studio photographer. Her latest extravagance was spending a month at a health spa, where she could expect to be completely overhauled. In this way birthdays are celebrated instead of feared, and over time she may even look forward to them.

Sad Marie's experiences with the staff of the Stepping Stones Day Treatment Service and with the Suicide Prevention Service occurred during the same period of time and involved the same issues and themes. Both were seriously concerned with keeping her from killing herself, a daily preoccupation of Sad Marie's. Obviously, the goal was reached, or this story would not have been told, but that is all that is similar between their two approaches.

In the use of the services of the Day Treatment staff, I made several major tactical errors. First, I should have called out Becky and/or Faith to discuss this optional treatment program before making my referral. They were not apprised of the situation they would then find themselves in. They might have agreed, with provisos, but I never gave them a chance to check out the staff or the other clients to determine if they would be a good mix for their charge, whom they knew well. I made the referral because of certain assumptions I made, and I didn't check these assumptions out with them to learn if they were accurate.

Had I asked Becky, I would have learned that she had the suicidal threats under control at the time and did not need to have Sad Marie monitored by mental health professionals. What Becky needed was to be able to use the day after each therapy session for her own teaching to Sad Marie, to give her time to solidify and clarify the lessons I had laid out for Sad Marie. Sad Marie did not need to be diverted to a program that was designed for chronic schizophrenics without social skills, with a staff who showed little interest in learning about the mysteries of the mind of the multiple.

Once I committed myself to the referral to Stepping Stones, I refused to meet and confer with Becky over what they would be doing to deal most effectively with the staff. Becky would have made it clear to me that the staff had no idea about the mental disorder of their new client, and she would have insisted that I set aside time to teach them at least what I had already taught the staffs at the private agencies in Sacramento. Her working relationship with me would have been strong enough to persuade me to put aside my political concerns that the staff members would have been insulted if I had implied they didn't know enough to treat this one patient with MPD. They didn't, but they were too embarrassed to admit such ignorance. Had I presented the option that I could clue them in on items that

they might have missed in their training, they could have come to my educational sessions in good conscience, since all professional staff members are expected to take continuing education courses. That would have been my intent, had I considered the well being of my patient above my own.

At the same time, the staff of Stepping Stones could have admitted to the referring doctor that they did not know much about MPD. If they had admitted to me that they needed to learn what I could teach them, and fast, I would have had the opening I needed to bridge the gap that existed. Being part of the same system, I wanted to assume that they knew what to do. They didn't want to appear inadequate in anyone's eyes. Their need to hide their inadequacies

very important in her future growth and development, in a perverse sort of way.

During her period of personality integration, which coincided with her separation anxiety over her doctor planning to leave, she did have the human support she needed to cope with the intense feelings both of those events invoked. They did come to know her in ways they could not have if she only came to them in crises, which was the way she appeared to many other professionals in the system.

Sad Marie's experience with the volunteers of the Yolo County Suicide Prevention Service was a much more positive one. Here, because of my prior experience of training such volunteers for five years in Santa Cruz, I had no qualms about introducing myself to them and offering to train them about MPD, and Sad Marie in particular. These people knew what they didn't know, and they were not ashamed to admit it. They were competent people in their own fields and had no egos to protect. They had no hidden agenda regarding either Sad Marie or me. They were simply there to help their fellow men and women in distress, and they were open to any ideas that might enable them to do that job better. When in doubt, they could call me at home, but, with the information I gave them and which they shared among themselves, they never needed to, after the first call. Their advice was "homey," but useful, and they always managed to say the right things at the times of call. Of course, it helped that Becky was simultaneously communing with the Essences of the volunteers, advising them what to say to her charge. The words might have sounded weird to an outside listener, but that was of no importance to the volunteers, who were there to say whatever would calm the caller down and get her moving in a more positive direction.

They did what was needed to be done at a time when such human support was essential to Sad Marie. Without them, she very well might not have kept afloat until her day of integration arrived.