

CHAPTER ONE

HER DAY IN COURT

*I've had it. I'm sick and tired of the **bitch** and her **damn** doctor. I'm going to get rid of that **bitch** and make her doctor live with his guilt after I kill her. She has to die so I can live. I'm going to go to court and get off this **goddamned** conservatorship. When I'm free, I'll go up in the mountains and kill this **bitch**. Then I'll call Dr. Allison, tell him Marie Francis Kelly is dead, and laugh in his ear. I, Marcia Webb, swear that Marie is history. I'm the only person to inhabit this body. I'm going to prove that.*

Marcia Webb was the fun-loving, vindictive, hateful whore of an alter-personality who wanted nothing but death for Marie Francis Kelly, the name on her California driver's license. Marie, the socially out-front alter-personality, was known to the others inside as Sad Marie, due to her chronic depression and lack of self worth. Marcia felt she could live alone after killing Sad Marie's body. She had tried numerous times to kill Sad Marie, but Megan, a helper alter-personality, had always stopped her.

Marcia never forgave Dr. Arthur Hazelton, that jerk of a psychiatrist who had tossed the body they all shared into Crestwood Manor in Sacramento. He had given up on his patient, Sad Marie. He never even wanted to meet Marcia, bastard that he was. Like all men, he only wanted control over women. Then he showed his contempt of all of them by telling Sad Marie's mother, Shelly Garrett, to file for a probate conservatorship on her daughter. That gave Mother control over both her daughter's money and body. But at least Mother took her out of Crestwood Manor and set her up in an apartment in Woodland, the county seat of Yolo County.

Then that bastard of a new psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Allison, arrived in 1978 to work at the Yolo County Mental Health Clinic, where she went to get her medicines renewed. He was the

first person who realized that many alter-personalities shared that one 30-year-old body. His new report to the Social Security Administration convinced the Appeals Referee to grant her application for Supplemental Security Income (SSI), based on a finding of total disability.

Now she had money to live on. But that damned Dr. Allison had persuaded the Referee to split the conservatorship and put her money under the control of the Yolo County Public Guardian instead of her mother. Mother was then only in charge of her body, not her funds. This interfering psychiatrist even had the nerve to snitch to the Public Guardian that Marcia thought she needed a whole month's check in hand before she could leave town and kill Sad Marie's body in some deserted canyon. The caseworker only let them have half the check at a time. Marcia was pissed off by this trick of Dr. Allison's, as that kept her from having enough money to fulfill her plan to kill Sad Marie and live on in her own, more voluptuous body.

Marcia wanted to get off probate conservatorship, get all the money, leave town, kill Sad Marie, laugh, and make Dr. Allison feel guilty. To get an attorney, she headed for the Public Defender's Office. She could not tell anyone her name was Marcia Webb, when all her identification was under Marie Francis Kelly, Marie Francis McKenzie's married name. How she hated playing Sad Marie. Marcia was her own person, and she wanted to be treated with respect and not be known as somebody else. She always had to correct people, when she was running the body, that her name was Marcia Webb, not Marie. Marcia wanted to live, not die, when Dr. Allison integrated all the alter-personalities. Marcia thought he wanted her to disappear and let Sad Marie take charge.

At the Public Defender's Office, Marcia talked to an attorney, Mary Rawson. She put on her sanest behavior as she told the attorney that Dr. Allison had cured her, but he would not recommend her getting off the conservatorship. Rawson told her she would take her case to court. If Marcia acted the way she did in the office, the judge could hardly refuse her wishes. The attorney praised Marcia for her courage and told her that she had come a long way.

After meeting with her client for three 20 minute visits and reviewing her chart from the Yolo County Mental Health Clinic, Rawson didn't anticipate any difficulties in getting the court to drop the probate conservatorship of Marie Francis Kelly. After all, the lady she interviewed was very assertive, but not aggressive. She knew what she wanted, and she presented herself well to the attorney. She thought this client could make a persuasive presentation to the jury, who would make the final decision.

Rawson had seen in the chart that Dr. Allison's diagnosis was Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD), but she had never seen such a case. She could not consider that diagnosis correct for the lady who had sat in the chair in front of her. Her client seemed to be of sound mind, never changing from whom she started out to be and determined to handle her own affairs now. Rawson had quizzed her on her living plans, how she would make out a budget, how she shopped and what her concept of the use of money was. She could find no flaws in her client's performance. This should be another routine case.

When Marcia left the attorney's office, she was euphoric. She headed for her appointment with Dr. Allison. She intended telling him what she was going to do, and that there was nothing that he could do to stop her.

When Marcia strutted into my office with a wide grin, I knew something was wrong. I didn't have to wait long. Marcia always had a big mouth. "I'm taking you to court, you **ass hole**. I'm going to get off this probate conservatorship,

get the money, and **kill that bitch!** Then I'm going to have some fun on my own, and you can't stop me. Well, what do you think about that, you **bastard?**"

I held my tongue and tried to explain in simple terms that, if Marcia killed Sad Marie, then there would be NO BODY! How was she going to live if she killed Sad Marie's body?

Marcia laughed, "You are an **ass hole**. I'm not killing myself; I'm alive. Only Sad Marie will be dead. I'm not her. Can't you tell we're different? This is not the same body; there are two, one for me and one for that **bitch**."

I tried to explain again, but Marcia wouldn't listen.

Becky came out and took control of the body. She was Sad Marie's all-knowing Inner Self Helper, the ISH. She was the Intellectual Self. The religious label would be Marie's soul or spirit. Whenever she came out, I could relax, as she never argued with me, was always polite and respectful, and there was no emotional overlay to anything she said or did. She manifested only agape love to me. She always knew what to do at times like this.

I asked Becky what to do if Marcia really went through with this hearing. Becky said, "Marcia will go to court, but with a plan of our own, with our own attorney, she will never suspect what we will do there."

At my first meeting with Virginia Stoller, the Deputy County Counsel for Yolo County, I explained that my patient had a complicated case of MPD, something she knew nothing about. I presented Becky's plan, which required each of them to say and do exactly what Becky proposed. I gave her some written material on how I viewed and had handled previous cases of MPD and asked her to read this material before our next meeting.

That evening Stoller read the material and couldn't put it down until she had finished. She could see the sense in what I described, how a person who suffered an intolerable mental,

physical or sexual insult could create an alter-personality to deal with the problem while he or she ran away inside. She thought to herself, "It's an amazing concept, but it makes sense." She could also see that the dissociative reaction to trauma was a matter of degree. Some people would react with only a temporary amnesia, while others might fragment into many pieces. The material gave her an excellent grounding in understanding the client she would be meeting. A lawyer has to become an instant expert on the problem existing in each case.

When I next came to discuss the Kelly case, Stoller could make sense out of what I said. She had read about my discovery of the ISH. When I told her that the patient's ISH, Becky, had developed a plan of action for the hearing, she knew that the author of that plan was the wisest part of the client's mind.

She made detailed notes on what she was to ask Marcia when she testified, claiming to be Marie Francis Kelly. I had done something similar in a criminal case, after practicing with the client and his lawyer in my office, but Stoller could not practice before the hearing. She had to go on faith that her tactics would have the effects Becky promised.

Becky explained that Marcia hated to have to act like Sad Marie. Because Marcia would have been out from the time "they" woke up through the jury selection, her strength would be low when she finally took the stand that afternoon.

Becky laid out her plan:

1) Let Marcia have her say in court. When Stoller asked Marcia (pretending to be Sad Marie) how she could stop Marcia when Marcia got out of control, Becky would make Marcia answer, "I just have to tell myself that I am stronger than Marcia." That would be the cue for the alter-personality, Megan, to emerge.

2) Megan would state her name and say that Marcia had been here but had tired and left.

Megan would state emphatically that she did not want to terminate the conservatorship.

3) Becky would come out, give her name, say that Marcia was the one who brought the court action, and testify that Sad Marie had no idea what was happening.

4) Becky would ask me to hold her hand to help Sad Marie stay calm when she came out on the stand.

5) Sad Marie would come out, looking and feeling ashamed.

6) The judge and jury would see how ill Sad Marie was and not want to terminate her probate conservatorship.

7) In subsequent therapy, I would be able to deal with Marcia Webb and integrate her into Marie Francis McKenzie.

It seemed a practical plan. I had had many prior dealings with Becky and trusted her judgement. Stoller worried when any client appeared to be taking charge of his or her own case, but she, too, had faith the plan would work.

During the subsequent weeks, Stoller talked briefly on the phone with Rawson. She and Rawson had been on the opposite sides of many such cases, and both knew how to play their roles well. She knew Rawson to be a smart attorney who was always well prepared. She assumed Rawson had a copy of her client's clinical notes, so she would have a basic knowledge of what her mental problem was. She did not tell her anything about Becky's plan as its success depended on Marcia not knowing about it. Any discussion with her attorney would be repeated to Marcia.

On the day of the hearing, Stoller planned to conduct the hearing as she did any other conservatorship hearing. First, she would call on her expert witnesses, the petitioner's psychiatrist, the director of the halfway house where she lived, and the social worker. With the complexity of the clinical condition and the need to educate a lay jury, she anticipated their testimony would take all morning. She knew that the more tired Marcia was when she started testifying, the

more likely Becky's "trigger question" would trap her and start the switching. She was ready for what was going to happen.

On the last day of December 1979, I was waiting in my office for Sad Marie to arrive for her usual appointment. She was usually prompt. This day she had not yet arrived on time, and I was worried that one of her nasty alter-personalities might have gotten control of her body and car and driven them off to some deserted place. The phone rang, and Sad Marie was on the line.

"Dr. A," Sad Marie said, "I'm terribly sorry I didn't get there on time, but my car broke down right outside the house, and I can't get it going. I have to call my brother to see if he can fix it for me. Can I talk to you, anyhow?"

"Sure, Marie. This is your time, so you might as well use it."

I conducted a psychotherapy session with my most complicated patient with MPD over the phone, much as I would have in my office. Being unable to see what was happening at the other end of the line, I could only know what was being said and by whom. I knew the voices of the alter-personalities who might come out during therapy at that time. I had no choice but to do my best.

During the next 45 minutes, I met Marcia, who was to be my nemesis for the next phase of therapy. I was used to this progression from one major alter-personality on stage at a time to another one in the next period of time. Just as I had converted one unpleasant "persecutor" alter-personality into a "helper" alter-personality, Becky would send out the next persecutor in line for therapy. Today was the day Sad Marie's ISH, Becky, had decided to introduce me to Marcia.

Sad Marie was then living at Sihaya House, a halfway house in Davis, where UC Davis students lived free in exchange for counseling the mentally ill residents. Her only close friends were the other residents, and they were a strange

lot. Some were my patients at the Yolo County Mental Health Clinic. They had chronic schizophrenia, manic depressive illness, alcoholic brain damage and other assorted disabilities. None of them were easy to live with. I wondered how Sad Marie, the only one with MPD, managed to cope with them at all. But she did.

The residents were planning a quiet New Years' Day celebration. They planned to go together to a local bar where they all would have the few drinks everyone else enjoyed at that time of year. Yet any alcohol ingested by a patient with MPD was a red warning flag, as alcohol is a powerful dissociator and creator of blackouts by itself. How could I keep alcohol from being a trigger for disaster for Sad Marie while still letting her participate in mainstream activities? I had sent her to Sihaya House so she could lead some semblance of a normal social life.

On the phone, Sad Marie told me she had been feeling strange the past few days and had been having repeated nightmares. She felt she might have a new personality to deal with. She had been having blackouts when she was alone.

I shifted into my hypnotherapy voice and asked Sad Marie to go inside her mind to see what she could find out about why she was having the blackouts. If I trusted my patient to come up with the correct explanation, she always found an answer that, while it might defy scientific logic, still was true.

Becky, Sad Marie's ISH, came on the line and explained, "Dr. Allison, the reason Marie is feeling strange right now is that she is slowly dying. She has been the social false-front personality for a long time and, with your therapy, she has now outlived her usefulness. Of course, she isn't really going to die. It only seems that way to her. She will be inside the mind and, when you need her to explain anything in therapy, you can call her out. The main difference is that she will not be operating socially. Do you understand?"

I assured Becky I did and asked why Sad Marie had been having blackouts recently.

"Those are due to Veronica coming out," Becky said. "She likes to talk to Daniel Hilburton, their social worker, whenever he comes to visit her. She thinks he is the sexiest man in the world, and he doesn't set any limits on her, while you do. She sees him as an object of her desire, while you are the father figure."

Becky then let Anita out to say good-bye to me. She had helped me deal with Lynn, a recently reformed angry persecutor alter-personality. Anita knew she wasn't needed anymore, so she was submitting her resignation. Since she enjoyed working with me, she volunteered to stick around to help me with Marcia. This was the first mention of Marcia. I accepted Anita's offer, as she had been useful in assisting me with Lynn.

Next Michelle, another helper alter-personality, came on the line. She was concerned about Sad Marie's plan to celebrate the holiday by drinking in a bar. She had seen the catastrophes of the past when one of the wild ones had drunk even a small amount of liquor and took control of the body to do whatever intoxicated alter-personalities do.

Since I always preferred to negotiate a compromise with a patient rather than give an ultimatum she would be sure to ignore, I suggested to Michelle that Sad Marie limit herself to two drinks for the evening. If she had any kind of an adverse reaction to even that amount, then Michelle should give her a disulfiram reaction and make her nauseated with her next swallow of alcohol. Michelle agreed that she could do that and block any more drinking for the evening.

Michelle asked me talk to a 14-year-old alter-personality also named Marie Francis McKenzie. This holiday outing would be this alter-personality's first time going out where people would be drinking. She had been "raised" at Sihaya House, where she learned to cook and keep house. Now she had to learn how to social-

ize outside the house, and Michelle was worried that Marie Francis might learn to enjoy alcohol, which would be disastrous.

Marie Francis' voice was higher and squeakier than the mature and wise Michelle. I told her that drinking alcohol was a social privilege reserved for adults, and that she was not yet of drinking age. I advised her to let the 30-year-old Sad Marie drink all the drinks, while she watched what happened from inside, by peering out through Sad Marie's eyes. That way she could see how Sad Marie was making friends, which she needed to learn. But the drinking itself was to be done by Sad Marie, who was of legal age.

Marie Francis accepted my logic and agreed. She asked if she could come out after everyone had left the party and were on their way home to watch the big New Years' Eve celebrations on TV at the house. I agreed she could be out on the ride home, when she could laugh and have a good time with her friends.

Then Sad Marie came back on the line. She agreed to limit her alcohol intake to two drinks that evening. I told her why Veronica came out during her blackouts. I also told her she felt weird now because she was fading from the social scene, but I still needed her in therapy. Sad Marie needed reassurance that she was still valuable to her psychiatrist. She thanked me for my help and hung up.

Marcia's first appearance in my office was on Valentine's Day of 1980. This was always a traumatic day for Sad Marie, being the anniversary date of her therapeutic abortion. Why any hospital staff would be so insensitive as to schedule an elective therapeutic abortion on a day set aside for lovers was beyond my comprehension. But they had. Several helper alter-personalities had asked to have the D&C done, and Becky agreed that Sad Marie was too unstable to raise a second child. None of that mattered to Sad Marie, who had been totally unaware of the plans made for her by her "psychic sisters."

She awoke on the operating table after the procedure was completed, realized what had happened, and completely freaked out. She fought like a wildcat to get off the table and out of the operating room.

That office visit started off calmly with Sad Marie complaining that Leonard, another resident of Sihaya House, was treating her as if she didn't exist. That really bothered her.

I thought I could help Sad Marie, an hypnotic virtuoso, deal with Leonard tit for tat. I told her to go into trance, which she did as soon as she closed her eyes. I gave her instructions that, when she opened her eyes, she would be unable to see me, and she would see only the chair I was sitting in and everything else in the office, but not me. Only I would be invisible to her. I said that when I dropped my pen on the desk, I would again become visible to her. I told her that when she went back to the house, she would be able to do the same thing with Leonard and make him invisible.

I told her to open her eyes, but stay in trance. When she did, she looked around and was puzzled. She saw her doctor's chair rocking back and forth, which seemed strange to her, since no one was in the chair. She wondered where her doctor had gone. After waiting for him to come in the door and resume their therapy session, Sad Marie decided that she might as well go home. After all, why sit in an empty office and watch an empty chair rock back and forth?

Sad Marie then stood up to leave the office, to her the only sensible thing to do. She then heard a "clack" on the desk, and turned around to see what had made that noise. To her surprise, Dr. Allison was now in his chair! How had he gotten through the door she was facing without her seeing him? Boy, did he have surprises up his sleeve today!

I congratulated her on her success at making me disappear. Now I knew she could do the same with Leonard at the house.¹

After that lesson in creating a negative hallucination, an angry alter-personality named Rehab came forth to do battle with me. I struggled with her for a minute, grabbing both her wrists so she couldn't grab my throat, while calling for someone to come out and stop her. Becky came forth to control the body.

Becky explained why Rehab was so upset on this anniversary of the abortion. "Rehab was made when Sad Marie was 21, to hold the anger Sad Marie felt toward her husband, George Kelly, for having forced the abortion. George had a mean streak in him, and she knew he would beat her if she didn't go along with what he wanted. She was as terrified of George as she was of being alone."

Once she was sure I understood, Becky sent out Marcia to meet her psychiatrist. Marcia inspected this Dr. Allison, about whom she had heard so many conflicting opinions inside and decided she had better be careful with him. He was a man, and all men were wicked, but he also looked like he knew what he was doing. She rose slowly from the chair, strolled around the office trying to look nonchalant, telling me clearly that

¹ When she arrived home after the session, she sat across the room from Leonard, while he was talking to her. She put herself into trance, although she had some difficulty doing it alone. She still remembered the experience in the office and gave herself a post-hypnotic suggestion that Leonard would not be there when she opened her eyes. When she opened her eyes and looked in his direction, she saw only his chair. As in the office, she got up to leave, since he seemed to have gone somewhere else.

A staff member asked her why she had left while Leonard was still talking to her, and she told her that Leonard was not there anymore. The staff member wondered if her doctor was making her better or worse!

she intended to do me in, to terminate my existence on this planet. After a few minutes of issuing threats and putting me on notice that I had plenty to fear from her, she left to rejoin her sisters inside Sad Marie's mind.

During the next month, Marcia came out regularly at the halfway house, packed Sad Marie's bags and tried to leave, always being stopped by the staff member on duty. On April 4, a new alter-personality came out to meet me. Her name was Janice, and she thought she was in Sacramento in 1970. Her last memory was working at the Department of Motor Vehicles and at a nursery school where her son, Mark, attended. After meeting me, she faded, to be replaced by Becky. She explained that Janice had been resurrected after a decade of hibernation, as they needed all the help they could get to deal with Marcia. Janice was a friendly and loving alter-personality.

On the next visit, Marcia came out and threw a book at me. I talked quietly to her, and she softened for a change. Instead of issuing threats to terminate my earthly existence, she looked out the window in a meditative attitude. But a nasty entity named Misty came out to criticize her for slipping out of role and softening up. At that point, I knew that there was a workable side to Marcia, a side I could appeal to with kindness, reason, and understanding.

Becky told me Marie Francis needed to learn about Marcia. She asked me to organize a videotaping session the next time they were at the Stepping Stones Day Treatment Center, where there was videocamera equipment.

The staff at Stepping Stones agreed to videotape Sad Marie while I brought out those entities Becky wanted to show to Marie Francis – Marcia, Becky and Misty. During the performance, each one came out, made a speech explaining her position in the "family inside," and then returned to where she had come from.

After the filming, I called for Marie Francis again and asked her if she was ready to

view the film. Having no idea what she had been doing for the past 20 minutes, she agreed. I watched her carefully during the showing and saw her lapse from consciousness a few times. Marcia came out to try to get us to stop the viewing, and I decided that I had shown enough for one time and turned off the machine.

As soon as the screen went black, a new alter-personality appeared. I asked her what her name was, and she had no answer. She accepted Francis for her name and told me she was six years old.

"Dr. A, I keep trying to please my father, but I don't know how. I know he wants me to be a boy so he can be proud of me, but I can't change who I am, can I? I try to do all the things he would want a son to do, so he will like me. But I know I am a girl, and I can't change that no matter what he wants."

To find out why she was there, I asked her to let her hand write on a pad of paper where she came from and why she was here now. The words appeared on the pad, "Marie Francis was too upset at watching the tape, so she make this one to cope with it. Marie Francis thinks you are mad at her because she couldn't take it. Becky." I asked Francis to go inside, to just behind her eyeballs, where she could talk to Marie Francis and explain that I was not angry with her. She should tell Marie Francis to come out and talk it over with me.

Marie Francis returned to consciousness and accepted my apology for giving her too much to absorb at one time. I told her she could reintegrate Francis into herself before she left. I asked her to go back inside and make peace with Francis.

She closed her eyes, found Francis inside, and asked her to join with her. Marie Francis absorbed Francis's energy into her own, returning to the state she had been in when she entered the room. After Marie Francis had integrated Francis back into herself and returned to consciousness, I showed her the rest of the tape.

This time, she stayed alert throughout the rest of the showing.

At the next session, Marcia took a razor blade from her key case and tried to attack both me and Hilburton, the social worker. We were able to get the blade and hide it in a desk drawer. Then Marcia lunged for the drawer to get it open.

When we blocked her, another entity came out. I asked "him" what "he" was up to, and "he" wrote a note stating: "My name is Gene. I am 24 years old, and I hate her ex-husband and her doctor. Enough said."

When Marie Francis came back in charge, I age-regressed her to age 24 to find out about Gene. She described how she, as Gene, had planned to burglarize the house where her ex-husband George's new girlfriend lived. George had told Sad Marie he was going to marry the lady and take Sad Marie's son away from her. While filled with hatred of George, she blacked out and found herself at his girlfriend's house. When the girlfriend saw her lurking around the yard, she called 911, and the police arrested Gene before "he" could do any harm. The police realized that "he" had some major mental problems and took "him" to the American River Hospital (ARH) psychiatric ward on a 72-hour hold. She was kept 14 days and went before a judge, who dismissed the burglary charges and sent her home.

I needed to resolve her hostile feelings towards George. I finally got her to realize that George, unworthy husband that he was, still loved their son and was trying in his own inept way to protect the boy from any more chaos. He had decided to marry this woman so that he would have a good story to tell the family court judge and gain custody of their son from Sad Marie. He was seriously concerned about how

erratic Sad Marie had been behaving, and this latest episode proved how right he was.²

With her awareness that George wanted what was best for Mark, Sad Marie forgave him.

At the next session, Becky told me, "You need to get rid of Gene, since he is pure hatred." I age-regressed Sad Marie to age 24, but Marcia interfered by standing up and walking around the office. Gene took over and tried to hit me with a heavy glass ashtray. I tried to reason with Gene, but to no avail. Gene told how he had tried to seduce George's girlfriend, but she turned "him" away, since she thought this was a Lesbian advance by Sad Marie.

When Marcia returned, I asked her, "What do you think is going to happen in court if Gene is still around? What will the judge and jury think if he takes over on the stand and starts throwing things at them? What will that do to your claims you have cleaned up your act and intend to lead a normal life?"

Marcia was momentarily taken aback by the vision of Gene throwing ashtrays at the jury foreman. She realized that her greater good would be served by working with Becky and the doctor on this one issue. She grudgingly agreed to help us get rid of Gene.

Joyce came out, identifying herself as an assertive alter-personality of Sad Marie's. I instructed her to visualize Gene in the empty chair in front of her. Then I told her to start absorbing Gene's anger into herself. A bolt of emotional lightning came into her from Gene, very hateful, dark and red. It was so sudden Joyce couldn't absorb it all. Some of it overflowed into Marcia. It had to go somewhere, and she was the closest one to absorb what Joyce could not.³

² Eventually, George gained custody of Mark when Sad Marie was in Crestwood Manor.

³ After Marie's psychological integration of her alter-personalities into her Original Personality,

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In the next session, Marcia pulled out a double-edged razor blade to cut up her embattled doctor. When the social worker and I disarmed her, she tried to stab me with a ball point pen. When she wasn't attacking the two of us, Misty was there, acting just as dangerous. Finally, I had had enough of Misty's belligerence. In contrast to what I knew about Marcia, I had no evidence Misty had ever been an integral part of Marie.

Now my safety was more important than psychiatric orthodoxy. My father, a Protestant minister, had preached that Jesus cast out demons, sometimes sending them into pigs, who then drowned themselves. Jesus told his disciples

to exorcize demons from other possessed persons in His name.

With a long history of clergymen in my family tree, I figured I was just as much a disciple as were the original twelve, so I should also be qualified to cast out Misty, if she was an evil spirit, as all signs seemed to indicate. I confronted her and faced her down. Standing tall and mighty, I intoned, "Misty, I hereby command you to go, to leave Marie's body and depart for wherever you belong. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, I command you to leave this body!"

With that pronouncement, Misty began to shriek in a wild, tortured scream. Inside, Sad Marie saw Misty go upwards in a cloud of purple smoke. There was a smell of rotten eggs that surrounded her. Someone High Up put a cloth over her and then grabbed her so fast she couldn't escape. With a flash of light so intense and full of love that Misty could not understand it, "The Creator" took Misty up, with her still screaming and full of hurt.⁴

Becky and Faith came out to help me handle my own conflicted emotions, reassuring me that I had done the right thing, and reported that Misty had gone away forever. Sad Marie was all right, they said, and, if I would now give

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I discovered that she, and her alter-personalities, could use "emotional imagination" to create another type of mental entity outsiders assumed were alter-personalities. Becky's instruction, "You need to get rid of Gene, since he is pure hatred," was a warning to me that Gene was not an alter-personality, but something different. Becky was the creator and programmer of all alter-personalities, who are made of "personality traits" and are thus able to be eventually integrated with the Original Personality.

On the other hand, Gene was pure negative emotion, of which Becky had none. He had been made by an alter-personality, who used "emotional imagination" to serve her emotional need for revenge. He had no personality traits to add to the total package and was more like a waste product, which needed to be expelled from the system. Later I came to call such psychic entities Internalized Imaginary Companions or IIC. Their expulsion is an act of will of the personality who made them. One name of such an expulsion is "exorcism." I now consider all such negative possessing entities to be IIC, all of whom were created by the person who appears "possessed." As in the case of Gene, they can be in nonreligious forms. But they can also be designed to conform to the religious teachings of the patient, who then thinks of them as the "evil spirits" which her religious teacher taught her to believe exist.

⁴ See previous footnote. Misty was another IIC. This time I decided to use a formal Christian exorcism ritual and it worked. What is written is Becky's description of what went on inside the mind during my incantation, proving incorrect my belief that I was simply saying some religious terms which really had no effect on the patient. I really set off a chain of events which removed Misty from my patient. One can think of it as the pushing of the handle on the toilet, which triggers internal actions in the psychic sewer system which already existed. The negative energies of Misty entered the psychic sewer plant, where it was recycled into positive energy, now available for constructive use. So an exorcism is really the start of a recycling process to improve our spiritual and emotional environment.

her an injection of haloperidol, they would be able to make it home.

On May 1, Sally came out and introduced herself as a 25-year-old helper alter-personality whose parents were Shelly and Frances, Sad Marie's parents. She offered to make Marcia faint if she became too hostile. She knew Marcia was unhappy because other residents at Sihaya House put her down for being an unfriendly person. I laughed to myself about this. With all the anger she was showing toward him and all other men, how could she expect anyone to like her, especially other mentally ill persons with their own problems? Now she was peeved that fellow patients didn't like her, while she was pouring out hostility all around her!

Sally also reported that Sad Marie was feeling suicidal because I was going on a convention/vacation trip the next week to Manila, Hong Kong, Singapore and Bali, following the American Psychiatric Association Annual Meeting in San Francisco. I had never been to the Far East since I left my birthplace of Manila in 1935, and I was eager to see places my father had told me about.

I knew any vacation away would be hard on Sad Marie, but that was something she would have to cope with. Fortunately, social worker Hilburton would be there to substitute for me. He had been present during most of the sessions and acted as my bodyguard when one of Sad Marie's angry persecutor alter-personalities attacked me.

I decided to put Hilburton in the therapist's chair so Sad Marie would see he had my blessing as a substitute. I also wanted to see how Hilburton did on his own, since I needed to be sure this alternative therapist could be trusted. Hilburton and I switched chairs, and he took over where I had left off, talking to Marcia.

His approach was much more soothing than mine, and Marcia was better able to express her feelings of rejection, of not being appreciated or loved by others. Hilburton helped her mellow down, and she acted quite calm in the office for a

change. I wondered if I should have used that approach more often than physically defending myself against her repeated assaults on me.⁵

During the last visit before my trip, Joyleen came out to explain why she had come out when Sad Marie and her mother were in Lake Tahoe gambling. Joyleen felt she had to try again to convince Sad Marie's mother that Sad Marie had MPD, and she thought she had accomplished this. I doubted if anyone could succeed at that task. Mother could not believe that her daughter had anything wrong with her, as she could not accept a daughter who was not normal. Mother had to have a normal daughter like she knew all other mothers had. Mother was not one who could love even her own daughter unconditionally for who she was.

Following the lessons of my psychoanalyst instructors, I knew the visit before vacation must be devoted to the patient's separation anxieties. I asked to talk to whichever alter-personalities were concerned about my pending departure.

Instead of an alter-personality, Faith, Becky's "supervisor," came out and told me to get to work instead of playing around! I was shocked that what I considered good technique by the experts in my field should be so denigrated by a spiritual being. Whom can a good psychiatrist trust to guide him these days?

Faith was coping with an age-regressed Sad Marie who was stuck in a situation where she felt she was sitting in ARH unable to talk about what was paralyzing her. This was the last time her therapist could get her moving out of

⁵ In retrospect, Hilburton created more problems than he solved by never setting any limits on Marcia, in contrast to my approach. She enjoyed the freedom he gave her to do whatever she wanted to do and not be ignored. Thus she was able to delay real therapy, since he put no demands on her to participate in the personality reconstruction that I always had in the back of my mind.

that scene, and he was wasting time on other matters. She and Becky would have plenty of time during the next three weeks to console the alter-personalities who would be missing their favorite doctor. He need not waste his time on that simple stuff. They needed his skill in talking to the age-regressed Sad Marie, the one who carried the memory of that entire scenario in the hospital.

I knew that, when Faith came out and told me to get down to business, I should get down to business. I age-regressed Sad Marie back to the 24-year-old one in ARH again and found her sitting on the bed feeling she had to die. Suddenly an angry Marcia took over and lunged at me with a ball point pen. I called for help, and Sally took over. She told me to focus on the time when Sad Marie's ex-husband visited her at the hospital and asked her to come back to him. I needed to find out why her ex-husband had wanted her back, a demand that made no sense. Marcia acted up so badly that time I had to quit the session by age-progressing her back to the present. I had tried to follow Faith's plan, but either I was too inept or Marcia was too nasty that day. I hoped the latter explanation was the correct one.

While I was in Asia, Hilburton saw Sad Marie only once. She was upset because she had dropped her only junior college class, Psychology, and she feared this would lead to her expulsion from Sihaya House. The house rules were that each resident attend some scheduled outside program. Attending American River College was her only program. She didn't dare tell her counselor at the house. But, when the counselor learned about it, she accused Sad Marie of that even worse crime, lying to her mother-figure. Sad Marie was unable to express her anger at the counselor. In the office, Marcia threatened to overdose the next weekend, when the counselors would be gone. Becky reported that Hilburton "was flying by the seat of his pants," when he told Marcia "to get to the roots of the anger." Hilburton thought Marcia meant her threats, but

he didn't realize that this issue was not nearly as important as many of the conflicts that had occurred recently. None of those had resulted in suicidal actions.

Hilburton told Marcia to sign a non-suicide agreement or go into the hospital. Since she was bluffing, she wrote: "I, Marcia, agree not to try to kill Marie during the time I'm working with Daniel Hilburton. This agreement is to be in effect until Dr. Allison returns. [signed] Marcia Webb." Once that was signed, Hilburton calmed down and let her go home.

That month, my wife, my twins, and I were touring Manila, capitol of the Philippine Islands. Singapore and Hong Kong were relatively peaceful as the mornings were filled with psychiatric meeting with papers given by Asian psychiatrists. The afternoons were for sightseeing, and we were bussed and boated around with some of the most noted leaders of American psychiatry.

The island of Bali was the most memorable stop on the trip. We stayed at a hotel where they attempted to duplicate the native living quarters, which meant no mattresses on the concrete beds. The men working there did the light cleaning, while the Balinese women did the hard labor. We psychiatrists and our families were entertained at traditional Balinese dances and visited shrines in that unique country.

Our guide passed out informative pamphlets to the visiting dignitaries. Some described the natural sights of the land, some the centers where we could buy handicrafts, and one was about the religious and philosophical views that made the Balinese life so rich and fulfilling, even though they lived in poverty much of the time. They may have been poor, but they did not act like it. They just did not have much money.

When I returned to the clinic, it took me a while to "gear down" from my vacation mode to a psychotherapeutic mode. The impact of all that I had experienced in the Far East, with its very different ways of looking at mankind and the

meaning of life, had yet to sink in, but the beginning of a new world view had been implanted. I bubbled with enthusiasm as I regaled the other staff members with what I had seen, heard, and done, to the point that some wished I had stayed home the past three weeks.

When Sad Marie came in for her next appointment, she was depressed as usual. I had to gear down my enthusiastic mood to an intellectual one in which I could explore and explain why she felt so down. The latest issue was her mother making it plain that she did not and would never accept the diagnosis of MPD, even though Sad Marie had finally accepted that label as correct. Now that she had accepted it at a gut level, she also had a plan of action and the needed help to become a well person, two factors that had been missing until now.

Sad Marie's mother made no attempt to understand the concept of MPD and how it might apply to her daughter. She refused to read my written material, even though I gave her a personal copy. She thought I had talked her daughter into being multiple.

In the office, Marcia kept coming out to object to my existence and threatened me with all sorts of vile deeds. Becky and Faith came forth to get her back under control. They told me gently but firmly that they were tired of holding down the fort for me while I was gallivanting around Asia having a good time. Fatigue was obvious in both their faces. They had fought a valiant fight, but they clearly could use reinforcements.

With the stories of Balinese spirits guarding each street intersection and spirits interceding in each human interaction on my mind, I fantasied I might be able to help Becky and Faith. I told them that maybe one of the Balinese spirits had hitchhiked a ride back with me and, if so, he or she might be available to spell them for a while.

Faith closed her eyes, and the face went blank for a few seconds. When the eyes opened, a new expression appeared on her face. It was a

soft, light expression that I had never seen before. I asked her who she was.

"My name is Mona," the new one said.

"Where do you come from, Mona?" I inquired, wondering what I had done this time. I tried so hard to help, and I kept getting lucky. The idea of my bringing a new helping spirit all the way from Bali was not my idea of reality. If Mona were not one I brought home, then I admired Becky and Faith for their ingeniousness in creating her. But then, I thought, if they could create Mona now, why had they not created Mona a week ago, when they first needed her?

Putting my intellectual questions aside, I continued my questioning of Mona, to learn what she was and why she was here, in this place, at this time.

"I come from a mountain top across the ocean," was all Mona said to explain herself. Then she faded from bodily control, and Faith came back out. "Thank you, doctor," Faith said, "Now we can get some rest. We are no different from you, you know. When we have someone like Sad Marie to work with, we need our two weeks' vacation also. But we had to wait till you got back and were around to help again."

For the next two weeks, I did not see Faith or Becky, who were recharging their energy supply somewhere else. They left Mona in charge of Sad Marie's care. They recognized her as a spirit at a higher level than they were, one who had been appointed to take their places while they recuperated. When they returned refreshed, they allowed her to return overseas to resume her usual duties.

When college was in recess for the summer, the counselors at Sihaya House all left for home, including Alice Simpson, who was assigned to Sad Marie. Simpson was a congenial young lady, and much her own person. Marcia liked that, as Marcia wanted to be her own person, too. But she couldn't because she existed inside another person's body. Simpson talked to Marcia all the time and accepted Marcia as a

separate person. Marcia liked being accepted as herself and not being told to go away. She hated being ignored, which most people tried to do. She loved Simpson as an emotional sister, and she was very upset when she learned that Simpson had left without saying goodbye to her. Sad Marie found herself with a razor blade at her wrist that weekend because Marcia was so upset at not being present at Simpson's farewell.

Becky explained the situation to me when my patient next arrived for therapy. I tried to console Marcia as she expressed her misery at being left out of Simpson's departure ceremony. I followed the routine I had learned in training and advised Marcia that she was having a normal grief reaction to the loss of an important person in her life. I tried to explain that such a reaction is appropriate to the loss of someone so important to her.

After making such logically reassuring comments, I was astounded to be confronted with Becky, who told me, "Doctor Allison, you may think you have helped Marcia deal with her feelings about Alice leaving, but you accomplished absolutely nothing. Why didn't you listen to Michael, your own ISH? He had just the words for you to say to her, and you ignored him. I wish you would forget those old textbooks and listen to us for a change. Therapy would go much faster if you would."

I gulped, and, being at a loss for words, kept quiet.

I decided to get back to the "Sad Marie in the ARH psychiatric ward" scene that had been left dangling when I left on vacation. I regressed Sad Marie to age 24 again and was soon talking to the Sad Marie of that time, who was still hospitalized in ARH. She reported that ex-husband George had come to the hospital and blurted out that he had sent her dog to the pound with orders for them to put her to sleep. He then raped Sad Marie in the hospital bed, but Marcia came out to handle the sexual assault, as well as the anger toward him. She tried to stab him with

a piece of jagged glass, but he escaped before she could cut him open. In her rage, she cut herself on both arms, just as a nurse was walking into the room. Then she found herself in the seclusion room. I had pushed her far enough for one session and age-progressed her up to the present.

After Sad Marie returned, I told her what she had told me in trance. While listening to the story, Sad Marie blanked out and was replaced by Marcia. Since I had seen the soft side of Marcia before, I decided to recognize her positive qualities and hopefully lessen her attacks upon me. I told her that, while I appreciated Marcia's attempts to protect Sad Marie from facing her feelings about this scene, she was overdoing it. With the "accusation" that she was a protector, Marcia became agitated and called me a "NO GOOD, LYING SHIT-HEAD!" She stated emphatically that I had better never again call her a protector of anybody, as she was here to give me hell, and I had better not forget that!

I quickly stopped that line of talk and called out Becky for advice. Becky told me that, while I was technically correct to call Marcia a protector, I had better "cool that approach" for the time being. She also warned me that Sad Marie was not able to confront the hospital story right now and was in the process of splintering off a new alter-personality to suppress everything about that scene.

I called Marcia out again and tried to make amends. I apologized for calling her a protector of Sad Marie. Marcia accepted my apology and forgave me for my gross misunderstanding her role. But I had better never again call her a protector!

At the next session, I again brought out the age-regressed Sad Marie in ARH. Becky explained that we had a choice of Sad Marie splintering off another alter-personality if she faced it or killing herself if she did not. We decided we would rather manage the consequences of Sad Marie facing her memories. So I called out Sad Marie and told her the story again. She blanked

out, and next appeared Jane, a splintered off alter-personality, the one Becky had predicted. I told Jane half the story, the part about George ordering her dog killed. Jane then looked inside, saw Sad Marie and tried to get back inside her. Marcia came out to interfere and had to be subdued by Faith. After three tries at reintegration, Jane finally succeeding in joining again with Sad Marie, who was then able to remember the half of the story Jane had been told. I decided to keep secret the rest of the story until the next visit.

During the next several sessions, Marcia was very resistive to allowing me to get any further with the ARH story. She kept interrupting, tried to slash me and Hilburton with razor blades, and drew blood with her sharp fingernails. Finally, Jane came out and explained that, when locked in the seclusion room at ARH, Sad Marie felt scared, frightened, depressed, angry, upset and used.

A week before the conservatorship hearing, I managed to get the age regressed Sad Marie talking about the ARH experience. She was most upset at George, who was paying her back for the hurt he had felt in their marriage, especially when she belittled his manhood. She finally realized that she had contributed a major share to the miseries of their marriage, and George reacted to her putdowns. She realized that she had been baiting George to see how far she could go before he blew up. What she didn't realize at the time was that it was really Marcia who was baiting George.

With this insight expressed, I aged progressed Sad Marie and explained what she had told me in trance. She eventually accepted all those feelings of that episode as her own, felt them inside her, painful as they were, and then got rid of them, with my help.

I had hoped Marcia would be tamer now, with that episode explained and neutralized, but Sad Marie arrived very agitated one day. Marcia had tried to kill her by harassing her with voices as she drove to the clinic, causing her to drive off

the road into a ditch and a fence. I called on Becky to explain, and she advised going back to age 25 to do more age regression therapy.

When I next talked to a 25-year-old Sad Marie, she was down because her father had just been found dead, while she was in the hospital having her appendix removed. Marcia came out to interfere, to be followed by an equally angry Joyleen. Both were there to express hatred for father and other relatives. Both were afraid that I would demolish them in therapy, and they wanted to kill me first.

The idea that an alter-personality will "die" in therapy is a common problem with alter-personalities. The concept that health requires the "others" to die is one that I had dealt with often. I had to deal with the fears of the "others" that they will not survive my treatment, which was aimed at integrating all alter-personalities into the Original Personality.

Helper alter-personalities usually have an awareness that their time in the body is limited to as long as they are needed. They are willing to retire from the field of battle when their assigned persecutor alter-personality has been converted into a helper. They then fade in strength and lose interest in participating in the social world.

But the persecutors are the ones most afraid of "dying," and they fight harder the nearer they come to their end of tour. They are really protectors, since they are keeping the frightened false-front alter-personalities from remembering the trauma and feeling the emotions from that trauma. They are so convinced that the "patient" cannot cope with the truth of what happened to her, they have to take the memories and feelings into themselves. They believe that if they do not do that, she will freeze in terror, and no one can be out.

Persecutors have a very narrow view of health, and they fail to see how the patient can get well if she hurts. They think health means peace and tranquillity, so they have to protect her from any painful memories and feelings. They do

not accept the common dictum of "no pain, no gain." In being so overprotective, they block the abused false-front alter-personality from learning from experience, gaining compassion, and practicing forgiveness.

My job is to assist the abused alter-personality to face the facts of her history. The patient has to accept the unpleasant feelings as her own. I can help the multiple do so with a variety of techniques, but it also takes a patience born of experience and maturity. I am there to travel with the patient through her vale of tears, her valley of death, and to accompany her on an otherwise lonely journey to the other side. Just being there for her is often enough, if both of us listen to the advice of the ISH. When we need to say something, each knows what to say. We know when to be quiet and to listen. Both have to be in tune with each other, each doing their part in keeping the other one alert to the rough spots we need to conquer.

I knew it was essential to talk to alter-personalities about "death" in a way that will persuade them to stop fighting so hard to block integration. I found the use of various mental pictures useful. Among the most useful is the mixing of various colors of paint into one can before painting a room. Mixing of drinks can be another way of illustrating how odd combinations can be blended into an even more delicious cocktail. Whatever image the alter-personality had experience with can be utilized.

I wasn't sure what happened to an alter-personality once it was converted from a persecutor to a helper and then integrated. Once one of Sad Marie's "retired" alter-personalities came back unexpectedly. When I asked her why she was there, she said, "I just wanted to say hello." When I asked her where she had been since last out, she told me, "I've been somewhere yellow. I think it's called the unconscious."

To get back on track, I age-regressed Sad Marie to age 25 and found her headed for her father's funeral, the only member of the origi-

nal McKenzie family to do so. She wanted to tell him that she loved him and forgave him.

Father had been found dead alone at home three days after his collapse due to a brain tumor, so his third wife had ordered the casket closed. Sad Marie could not see her father, and she believed he had not really died. She felt he was playing a dirty trick on her, that he was not really in the casket. She fantasied that he had disappeared, and this fake funeral was his way of making sure she could never find him. What had she done to make him hate her so?

Then Marcia broke into the scene and told me that, in her opinion, Mr. McKenzie was not her real father. Her real father was her Uncle Ralph, her father's twin brother and a man with the same first name as her psychiatrist. Uncle Ralph was a quiet, loving husband and father who enjoyed playing with his children, in contrast to her father. Father would not allow his children to eat in the car, laugh, get dirty, run or play. He never joined in any happy events with other fathers or their children. Uncle Ralph was the exact opposite of her father.

When Marcia saw Uncle Ralph at the funeral, she decided he was her true father, but she never let him in on her "discovery." When he did not act like her father, she felt betrayed. After Marcia revealed this important "secret" to me, Joyleen came out to attack me for being so sneaky and getting Marcia to reveal it to me.

Back in the age-regressed state, Sad Marie described how Uncle Ralph's wife, Aunt Minnie, had been in the ARH psychiatric ward with her, when Aunt Minnie had been severely depressed. Sad Marie had watched as Uncle Ralph came to visit his wife every day, and she saw what a devoted husband he was. That experience was one more incentive for her to want to replace her father with his brother.

During the visit just before Marcia's court appearance, she told me about how she had behaved at her father's funeral, burial, and wake, which was held at his brother's house. Sad Marie

sat there listening to relatives talking about how special a man Father had been and how his children would miss him. After a couple of hours of this "garbage," Sad Marie had a headache and was hearing voices telling her to tell them the truth. Sad Marie couldn't do it because her father was dead. She saw no point in hurting the living with the truth about the dead. The relatives told Sad Marie how sorry they were that her father had died so young, at the age of 46, and they hoped she could understand why he didn't want to see his children after he divorced their mother.

Finally, Sad Marie could not stop the voices, and went to the bathroom, where she splashed water on her face. When she closed her eyes, Marcia took control, looked in the mirror and laughed. She said to her image, "Now, I'm going to say my piece."

Marcia walked back into the living room, sat down and waited for the next unsuspecting relative to say to her, "Your father was such a good man."

When one did, she told the lady that her father never laughed at anything, and she only remembered him laughing one time in her whole life. "Plus that," she blurted out, "your precious brother and uncle raped me several times, beat me all the time, and he beat my mother. He was an evil man and should have died a lot sooner. In fact, I wish I had been the one to kill him. He deserved to die a slow and painful death for what he did to me. He killed me many times over!"

The house was still. Everyone's face dropped, and then there was a chorus of yelling, telling her to get out and never come around there again.

Marcia then told of next going to San Diego, where she heard two voices in her head telling her to take off her clothes in a public park. She followed their instructions and walked around naked for 15 minutes before a police car stopped to investigate. They took her to the local hospital psychiatric ward on a 72-hour hold. Sad

Marie came out on the ward and had no recollection of walking in the park.

Then I asked Marcia to do automatic writing so we could find out whom the voices in San Diego belonged to. On paper, they identified themselves as two alter-personalities, named Robert and Grace, both aged 27. They did not identify themselves as either helpers or persecutors, either good or bad. At that point, I decided to age progress her and finish the session. The rest of the exploration of her unconscious would just have to wait until after the court session the following day.

Marcia had her last appointment with her attorney before the case was to be heard, and she pulled it off well. Looking attractive in her new red dress, she talked intelligently, and sounded sane and happy. Marcia knew she had her attorney fooled. She laughed under her breath and kept that stupid smile on her face.

The big day finally arrived. Marcia put on her new outfit and practiced in front of the mirror what she would say and how she would look to the jurors. She was so pleased with herself she found it hard not to laugh. She arrived at the courtroom knowing she was going to win.

When Superior Court Judge Samsom Albright was presented with his court calendar by his secretary, she hinted that the Kelly conservatorship case might be more interesting than most. Courthouse office gossip had it that this lady had something called multiple personalities, so one would never know what to expect on the stand.

Judge Albright made his usual majestic walk to the bench. The jury was selected and impaneled. The judge was pleased he had twelve jurors there to make the final decision in such cases. He didn't mind monitoring the courtroom activities, but making a final decision on matters so important to petitioners was a weighty responsibility. There were times when he went to bed with a question still undecided, but he was often

happily surprised when the answer seemed to be laid out in front of him while he was eating breakfast the next morning.

Marcia had to sit there, listening to the jury selection for the two hours. Marcia worried the case would not be heard and whispered to her attorney, "Let's hurry up." Then she had to listen to all the garbage that those three men were saying about her. How could they be so mean to her?

Marcia was getting tired, and she was hearing voices in her head saying her time was limited. Marcia could not acknowledge them because, if the judge, jury or her attorney considered her crazy, she could not carry out her plans. So Marcia had to sit there, smile, and, under her breath, tell the voices to SHUT THE FUCK UP!

When the jury had been empaneled, the judge asked Stoller to call her first witness. She called me to the stand. I had made charts describing the development of my patient's multiple personalities, with a list of the names and time lines when each was created. The attorneys argued regarding the admission of these charts as evidence. The judge ruled that only the chart with the list of names would be allowed as evidence.

I then testified under direct examination by Stoller and cross examination by Rawson. I explained how I had diagnosed Sad Marie as having MPD, the constant dangerous acting out of her hostile alter-personalities, the many times I had to hospitalize her, and that she had recently cut my neck with her fingernail in her latest physical assault on me. I explained that Marcia had brought this court action in an attempt to fulfill her desire to kill Sad Marie's body, as she had the delusional idea that she had a spare body hidden somewhere. She also had the misconception that she could not leave town and commit suicide on only half her monthly check, and that was the leverage that the conservator's office and I had used to keep her alive this long.

Dr. Donald Gregory, the psychologist in charge of Sihaya House, testified regarding his opinion of her ability to handle money, and whe-

ther she was prudent with money and could conserve her meager resources. He felt she needed to stay under conservatorship.

Social worker Hilburton was sworn in and testified to the same facts as I had covered. He was equally adamant that the conservatorship be continued, as he could not supervise a dead patient.

With Marcia sitting back looking and acting like a well composed, normal individual, the judge and jury had a hard time believing we were telling the truth about the petitioner having multiple personalities.

While listening to the wild story these three therapists were presenting, the judge knew he would have to instruct the jury on another issue of importance -- was this client mentally competent to file the petition to terminate her conservatorship in the first place? If they first decided she was incompetent to file the petition, then the petition was invalid, and she would stay on probate conservatorship.

When she sat in court beside her calm and composed client, Rawson prepared to do her duty as her client's advocate, which required her to ignore the whole person and focus on the issue she was to present. She was not there to argue psychiatric diagnoses, and she had not even tried to find a friendly expert witness. All she needed to do was to let her client go on the stand and tell the judge and jury why she was now able to manage her own affairs, so the probate conservatorship was no longer needed. She had seen her client do that with her, so she saw no reason she could not do it in court.

After the jury was seated, Rawson sat listening to the three witnesses called by Stoller. She and Stoller had worked on many such cases together and both respected the skill and preparedness of each other. She listened with amusement to my testimony as I told how her client had all these personalities who did such wild things, such as cutting my throat.

Since Rawson had seen no evidence of odd behavior in her client, she wondered where we were getting such nonsense. She did her usual grimacing to the jury, giving them face signals that clearly said, "Can you believe this nonsense?" All through our testimony, she kept up this facial communication to the jury, expressing amazement that anyone would believe such nonsense. After all, her client was sitting right there beside her, acting as normal as anyone else. She didn't believe a word the witnesses said and wondered if they had become delusional themselves.

After lunch, Marcia was called to the stand by her attorney, who asked her simple questions. "How are you? Do you know what is happening here today? Do you know why you brought this action? Where are you going to live? What are you going to do with the money when you terminate probate conservatorship?"

Marcia sounded so logical, answered each question and never skipped a beat. But those GODDAMN VOICES -- if she could only stop them from talking at her a mile a minute.

Then it was Stoller's turn. Her first question was, "How can you control Marcia so she does not get out of control?"

Marcia's immediate answer was, "I have to tell myself that I am stronger than she is."

With that, Marcia thought, "*OH, SHIT!*" The voices inside Marcia's head told her, "You are through," and made Marcia close her eyes.

The scene was dramatic. Marcia closed her eyes for only 30 seconds, but that was enough time for the judge to notice something was wrong. Stoller knew what was going to happen, and she waited.

Megan opened her eyes, smiled and said, "Hi, my name is Megan." With that statement, the whole court room started whispering, and the judge did a double take. The jurors sat there, stunned. Stoller smiled and thought to herself, "*This is really going to work.*"

Stoller asked Megan who she was, and Megan repeated her name. She told everyone she

was a helper of Marie's who existed to stop Marcia from hurting Marie. Stoller asked why she was here now. Megan said it was because Marcia was here, she had been here all day long, but now Marcia had gone back inside because she was tired.

With that, Megan closed her eyes.

Rawson had seen her client change before her eyes into someone who called herself Megan. What the hell was going on here? She was surprised and shocked to experience a case of MPD before her eyes. She knew of MPD intellectually, but to see her client demonstrate what she didn't believe was something else. The face Rawson now showed the jury said, "My God, it can't be." It is always a shock to a defense attorney when her client acts up on the stand and proves her wrong. She studied the body language, poise and demeanor of those who came out to testify and felt this was no actress putting on a show. This lady really had MPD!

The courtroom was a bundle of noise and, from the jury box, someone said, "There she goes again." The judge had to order quiet in the courtroom.

The next "person" to open her eyes was the all-knowing ISH, Becky. Her smile was sweet, with an angelic quality. Her eyes were soft and warm, and her face gleamed. There was something spiritually special about her when she came out. It was as if she was not of this earth, but someone who knew your soul, your thoughts and your feelings. She loved you no matter what you had done or wanted to do. Becky was a very special someone.

The judge noticed this quality in her, and the jury foreman almost fell off his chair. Stoller could not believe what she was seeing, and I was sitting there smiling because Becky's plan was in full force. Everyone, including the judge and jury, was in Becky's hands.

Stoller asked the person on the stand who she was. She answered, "My name is Becky, and I am Marie Francis Kelly's Inner Self Helper."

The attorney asked where Megan was, and Becky answered, "Megan served her purpose by helping stop Marcia from hurting Marie, so Megan has left, and now I am in charge. We do not want to terminate the probate conservatorship. Marie is still very ill, and Dr. Allison knows what is best for her. I would like to bring Marie out because she does not know what has been happening. She is the person who is named on the probate conservatorship, and she can tell you what she wants. But remember, she does not know what has been going on, and she is going to be very frightened. I would like to have Dr. Allison come up here and hold her hand so he can give her the support that she is going to need to deal with finding herself here."

Judge Albright asked Rawson if she had any objections. Marcia's attorney could not refuse. When her client had disappeared and Megan and Becky had appeared, she knew she had been snookered by Stoller. In their phone conferences, Stoller had given her no hint she was going to pull a stunt like that. Lawyers only did that on TV shows, not in real courts! She didn't feel personally embarrassed, since she would have done the same thing if she had been in Stoller's place. It was all a matter of winning, and the Deputy County Counsel had won this one.

The judge told me to come up and help.

I came up to the stand and took Becky's hand. Becky whispered to me, "Thank you, and I will see you later."

Becky closed her eyes, and the courtroom went silent. You could drop a pin and hear it forever. Everyone was on the edge of their seats to see who Marie Francis Kelly was.

Sad Marie opened her eyes. She blinked twice and sank down in her chair. *MY GOD, what have I done? Why are all these people staring at me? SHIT, where am I? OH, GOD, please let this be a dream! I've got to act like nothing has happened. Maybe nobody will notice if I just keep calm. SHIT, where am I? What was said? Remember, Marie, before anybody*

asks you anything, remember, Oh GOD, please help me to remember. Where can I run and hide? OH GOD, HELP ME! PLEASE STOP THIS FROM HAPPENING!

What was that? Who squeezed my hand? I have to look. Maybe it's a dream. No, not a dream, got to see who is squeezing my hand. Take a deep breath and look real fast. Here I go, one, two and three. OH, MY GOD, it's Dr. A. I'm safe, I hope.

She whispered to me, "Marcia did it to me again." I nodded my head. Then she heard someone tell her to speak up. She looked to where the voice was coming from and saw the judge. *OH, NO! I'M IN A COURTROOM! WHAT DID I DO WRONG?*

Judge Albright asked her to repeat what she had said. She looked at me. I said, "Go, ahead, answer the question."

She told the judge what she had said to me. Judge Albright asked her name. She looked at him as if he were insane. He already knew her name, so why was he asking? After all, she was on the stand, so he had to know her name. She shrugged her shoulders and said, "My name is Marie Francis Kelly." The judge asked her if she knew why she was here. She said, "No." He told her that she wanted to terminate probate conservatorship, and she said, "No, I don't want to do that. I didn't authorize anyone to file termination papers."

While the judge conferred with the attorneys, Sad Marie asked me what happened. I told her Marcia had brought the action to terminate probate conservatorship. Her eyes widened in amazement. She asked me if Marcia had won. I said, "I don't think so."

The judge was now on high alert. He had been through many trials over the years, both criminal and civil, and he was used to evaluating behavior on the witness stand. He knew a con job when he saw one. In this case, he was alert to any small clue that would tell him this witness was trying to pull one over on him.

He had carefully watched as she switched from Marcia to Megan to Becky to Sad Marie. He noted that this was being done without the use of hypnosis, as Dr. Allison was only a bystander, like all the others in the courtroom. He noted that, in one personality, she kept her eyes squinted, something that no actress would think to do. In another personality, she sat on one foot, an uncomfortable position for most people. Again, he could see no reason why an actress would associate such a position with a certain personality style. It was small observations such as these which convinced him that this lady really had MPD, and the expert witnesses were correct.

Judge Albright had to make sure he was talking to the right personality, so he asked the witness her name. She looked at him quizzically, but Dr. Allison told her to answer the judge. She told him she was Marie Francis Kelly. He then asked her if she knew why she was here, to check her competency to make any legal decision. When she answered, "No," he explained the petition that they were considering. When she said, "No, I don't want to do that," he asked the Assistant Public Defender if she was willing to drop the petition. Since it was clearly her "new" client's wish, she agreed to drop it.

The judge again turned to the anxious "petitioner" and asked her again if she wanted to drop the petition to terminate the conservatorship. He was relieved when Marie Francis Kelly told him that she did not want to have her probate conservatorship terminated. He was reassured to hear her repeat her request to drop Marcia's petition, and he declared the petition denied. Court was adjourned.

Sad Marie gave me a big kiss on the cheek.

The jurors, mumbling among themselves in astonishment at this surprising turn of events, filed out of the jury box. I helped Sad Marie out of the witness box and walked to the back of the courtroom, heading for the door to the street. Judge Albright hurried by me, muttering under

his breath, "I've never seen anything like this is all my born days!"

The next steps in Becky's plan were to get to the bottom of why Marcia had to do what she did and then integrate Marcia and Sad Marie. When we met for therapy the next time, Becky asked me to focus on the origins of Marcia, now that she had had her day in court. I was not looking forward to another encounter with Marcia, who usually yelled at me and physically fought with me.

When Marcia came out in the office, she started screaming at me, yelling, "WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, YOU ASS HOLE? I HATE YOU! WHY DID YOU STOP ME? I WOULD HAVE WON, AND I WOULD BE FREE, FROM YOU AND HER! I HATE YOU! I HATE ALL MEN!"

I wanted to understand clearly the reasons why Marcia had so vehemently insisted on having the probate court hearing. I asked her to explain. Marcia coyly said, "What will you do for me if I tell you?" I just sat there. Marcia felt insulted, stood up to hit me, but I saw it coming and grabbed her wrists. I again asked her why the court proceedings were so important to her. Marcia angrily said, "I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU ANYTHING, AND YOU CAN GO STRAIGHT TO HELL!" She got up to leave, but Hilburton, acting as my bodyguard, moved to block the door.

She started fighting with me, but I held her wrists. Finally Marcia got tired of struggling and sat down. Marcia did not want to tell anyone anything; she was strong, and she didn't dare show any weakness. If she showed she was weak, someone could hurt her. Marcia's fight was just about over, though, as she knew inside her time was limited, and she would soon disappear. Marcia was going to die, and she had to share the secrets she had hidden for so many years.

Marcia was an alter-personality who had been in gestation for a long time. The seed had

first been fertilized after her parents divorced, when the patient was 11 years old. Father couldn't stand Mother and hated to pay child support as well. A year after the divorce, Father stopped seeing any of his children. He used to take them out every weekend, then twice a month, then once a month, then every three months, then he didn't even make excuses for not showing up. Sad Marie felt she was being rejected by her father for something she did, but what could she have done terrible enough to make him ignore her brother and sister as well? She could not accept that he was rejecting her, and she was not allowed to get angry. The anger she created was the original nourishment that the embryonic personality fragment called Marcia used to fuel her growth and development.

The next major impetus to Marcia's development occurred when Marie's dress caught on fire when she was 12 years old. Her father refused to visit her in the hospital. Only when her doctor ordered him to spend time with his daughter did Father show up at her bedside. The doctor made it clear to the angry man that his daughter needed to know that both her parents loved and accepted her and would never consider her ugly.

When Father did come, he spent only an hour with her, talking all the time. He refused to look at her. That made her certain she was ugly in his eyes, and she was sure no one would ever want to marry her. Father told her he only came on doctor's orders, and he had no intention of coming again. And she was hereafter to leave him alone! She was stunned and shocked, but she withheld her tears until he left the room. Then they came welling out of her eyes in an outpouring of desperation.

The third growth spurt for Marcia was after Sad Marie married George and had their child, Mark. Sad Marie thought her son was wonderful, but the marriage was so miserable she soon divorced George. She wrote to her father, telling him he had a grandson, but he never answered her letter. With her son in her arms, she

boldly arrived on her father's doorstep to show him his grandson.

Father opened his door, stepped out onto the porch and closed the door behind him. It was Christmas time, cold outdoors, and Mark was only a year old. Sad Marie said, "Hi, Dad. I want you to meet your grandson, Mark."

Her father gruffly responded, "I don't have a grandson. I don't have a daughter, and I don't know who you are. Go away and leave me alone."

By then, Marcia was about ready to burst upon the scene. She was energized with the hatred her father showed toward Sad Marie, but Sad Marie was unable to express her own hatred towards him. Father had taught his daughter well how to hold all that hatred inside, to never show anger or hurt.

Her father died alone in his apartment, opening his mail. Three days later his third wife and his work supervisor notified police that he had not shown up for work. His wife called Sad Marie's mother to notify them about his death two days later, and she told her his funeral would be the next day. Mother called Sad Marie into the room and, in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, showing no sadness or remorse, told her that her father had died. She described the funeral plans and told her she was invited to go if she wanted to. Mother had no intention of attending.

All Sad Marie could feel was anger and disbelief that she was never again going to see her father, but she felt better thinking that she could finally say goodbye to him in the proper way by kissing his cheek as he lay in the casket.

Due to his poor physical condition, his wife had ordered a closed casket funeral, and Sad Marie never again saw her father.

When her father died, he was in the process of divorcing from his third wife. His three natural children, Marie, Arthur, and Gerri, were his only true progeny, so they expected to inherit something from his estate.

When his will was read, Sad Marie discovered he had disowned all of them. Her own father had disowned them! They were getting nothing from him. *HE HATED US!* She wondered what she had done for him to hate them so. Only his third wife got anything in his will, and he died while he was divorcing her. *THAT WAS NOT FAIR!*

Her own father, whom she wanted to love her and be proud of her, hated her. He had raped her and tortured her. When he died, she had never existed in his eyes. In his home there were no pictures of her, no school papers of hers, no documents of hers of any kind. It was as if she had never existed to him! Her sister's and brother's pictures were there in his belongings, their progress reports from school were there, along with other documents about them. They existed, but not her. *WHY?*

Her mother asked an attorney if they had grounds to contest the will. He told her everything was legal and offered her no recourse. How could everything be legal when her father did what he did to them? She wanted to cry and die inside. Her father had destroyed her. Now she couldn't do anything about his will. She never got to go to court.

I finally understood. Marcia was crying when she relived the episode. That was the day she was completed. Now I knew why Marcia was compelled to challenge the probate conservatorship. Probate courts handled wills as well as conservatorships. Even though it was a different issue, Marcia needed her day in court to contest her father's will. Marcia had to have her day in probate court no matter what happened there.

With her full awareness of these feelings about Father, I felt the time had come for Marcia to discharge all her hostile feelings toward father figures and let go of the resentments of the past. I asked Marcia if she was ready to get rid of her anger toward her father. She agreed that she was finally ready to change.

I handed Marcia a can of modeling clay

"Marcia, put your hands around this can," I instructed, "and imagine the anger against your father flowing from you, through your arms, into the can."

Marcia said, "Dr. A, I don't want to die. Do I have to do this? I want to live. Please let me live."

I replied, "You won't die. You will be part of Marie forever, and you will never die. I promise."

Marcia looked at me. I had never lied to any of them, so she believed me. I watched as her hands shook as she picked up the can of modeling clay. She closed her eyes and concentrated. As her hands shook, and her face turned red, I told her to push the anger down through her arms and into her hands.

As Marcia gripped the can with both hands, she could feel it getting warmer. The can seemed to have an aura around it. As she concentrated on following her psychiatrist's instructions, red and black energy began flowing from her into the can. Fortunately, the can, small as it was, seemed strong enough to hold that powerful jolt of negative energy. The more she concentrated, the warmer it became. Before it was too hot to handle, a lightning bolt of anger-energy flew from her head, down her shoulders, through her hands, as she shoved the last of the negative energy into the can.

Even though the can was too hot to hold any longer, she knew she had to push the last of her anger and hate into it. Making sure the energy stayed in the can, she crushed the can between her sweating palms. Fearing that it would burn her hands with the extreme heat it now radiated, with one final oomph, she slammed the can onto the floor, letting it all go.

Marcia was totally exhausted and limp. She had no fight left in her. I knew that, once an alter-personality discarded her anger, she was an empty shell, and new anger-energy could fill the void. I had to be sure another angry Marcia would not rise from the ashes of this one.

Placing my right hand on top of Marcia's head, I intoned, "I want you to visualize God's loving healing energy and light coming down from up above, into the crown of your head, through your neck and chest, filling your trunk, arms, and legs," I intoned. "Let the agape love energy fill your entire being, every cell and blood vessel, and then let it flow about and around you, filling your entire space with a warm and loving cocoon."

She followed my instructions completely. Marcia now felt like the happiest woman alive. She radiating kindness and compassion. When she came back to full consciousness, she was a new woman, no longer hateful, but filled with agape, the love of all mankind, including her doctor.

She gave me a big hug and told me how good she felt. "Now that I'm rid of all that garbage, I guess I'm really not me anymore," she said. "I think I'm Marie Francis McKenzie now. I'm able to love someone who is like the father I should have had. And that man is you, Dr. A. You are what my real father should have been. Thank you for not letting me die, but be here and be a part of Marie. I love you!"

Simple integration of a number of alter-personalities into one personality is not enough to complete the process of health in MPD. The patient must now learn how to use this combined force to live life properly as an integrated person. Sad Marie had faced many difficult situations as a dissociated woman, and she had handled most of them disastrously. Now she had to repeat each such situation as an integrated woman and resolve them properly.

Sad Marie had gone through this legal battle as a dissociated woman. But she had the wrong goal. The real goal had been to contest her father's will, but her petition was to contest a probate conservatorship. That was not the proper use of the court system.

After she had integrated all her alter-personalities, Becky and Faith set up a scenario where the integrated Marie would have to face a different but appropriate adversary in court. This time she was expected to conduct herself in an appropriately adult and integrated fashion. The opponent was her second husband, and the issue would be their joint bankruptcy.

When Marie was first integrated, she married a man whom she thought was wonderful. But she soon found out that he was worse than her first husband. Devin Fields was 19, and Marie was 32, when they married. Fields was considerate at first and treated her admirably. But, after a year, the marriage started to go sour. He wanted Marie with him 24 hours a day; he listened in on her phone calls; he told her where she could go, whom she could see, when she could sleep. When he had total control over her, and Marie no longer had any friends, he started beating her up and tried to kill her. He was also drinking and taking drugs. Marie became depressed and felt hopeless. By then she was addicted to prescription pain pills. She realized what was happening and joined Narcotics Anonymous (NA) to combat her addiction problem. When Marie started going to NA meetings, Fields didn't like it at all.

They were so far in debt they couldn't eat and pay their bills, too. Fields decided to declare Chapter 13 bankruptcy, which meant they would pay back all their creditors and not lose everything they owned. To get out of the marriage with her life intact, Marie agreed to file for bankruptcy, and in return, Fields agreed to sign divorce papers. Because the Chapter 13 bankruptcy was in both their names, they went to court together. The judge told them it was their joint responsibility to make the payments at the trustee's office.

Fields agreed to pay Marie half the payments for the three-year term of the Chapter 13 bankruptcy. He never sent her one dime, as he went on his way. Marie found a good position

with a state agency and steadily advanced in her job.

She paid all the bills to clear that Chapter 13 bankruptcy. Marie vowed she was going to make Fields pay back every last cent he owed even if she had to go to Small Claims Court to do it. She was not going to take any more of his shit. Marie had grown up, and no one was going to roll over on her again.

During the next three years, she tried to contact Fields several times regarding payment. His only response was a message on her answering machine saying, "I am never going to pay you anything on Chapter 13, and, if you try, I will declare Chapter 7, and you will lose everything."

The trustee said that, because Fields never paid anything on the Chapter 13 bankruptcy, he could do nothing to her, as she had made all the payments. She was the only one who could declare Chapter 7 bankruptcy, and then he would lose everything.

What a thought! She could destroy that asshole, but she was too nice a person to do that to another person.

But Marie saved the tape recording for future use.

After she had paid the Chapter 13 bankruptcy debts for three years, and her ex-husband had not paid a dime, Marie decided to take him to Small Claims Court. In California, she could sue for up to \$5,000.

After being integrated for 10 years, Marie carried through with her promise to herself of three years before. The Sheriff's Department served the papers on Fields at his last known address. When Marie appeared in court, she didn't expect him to show up. Still, she had the tape recording and a player. She also brought along all the receipts and a letter for the trustee's office stating that they had made a joint filing and that Fields had not paid anything toward the Chapter 13 bankruptcy.

When the proceedings began, in rolled her ex-husband in a wheelchair, looking for sympathy from the court. The judge told them to go out into the hall and try to settle the case.

They went out in the hall, with Marie hoping to have an intelligent conversation with Fields. But he called her names, told her that she was no good, and said she would never amount to anything.

Marie was earning good money, had a steady job, and was being promoted. Fields was living on welfare. Now, which one of them was never going to amount to anything?

They could not settle anything between themselves and walked back into the courtroom. Marie told the judge that there was no way to they could come to an agreement. The judge listened to her side of the case, and Fields agreed to everything that she said, which came as a big shock to her. Marie read into the record what Fields had said on the tape recording and told the judge she could play it in court. The judge said he did not need to hear it unless Fields disagreed with her transcription of the tape recording. Fields said that she was correct, that was exactly what he had said to her.

As Fields had nothing to say in his defense, the judge ruled that Fields owned her \$5,000, which he was to pay her at the rate of \$100 a month.

Fields rolled his wheelchair out of the courtroom angrily, bumping into the walls along the way. Marie was so excited, because she had not played into his game.

They rode down the single elevator together. He was still mouthing on about her, telling her that he should have killed her a long time ago, that she was a piece of shit, that he hoped that she would burn in hell for what she had done to him. Marie just stood there keeping a calm face, trying not to laugh.

Leaving the elevator, Marie walked slowly out the door. Fields stepped out of his wheelchair, walked around to the trunk of his car,

lifted the wheelchair and put it into the trunk of his car. He then walked to the driver's door, got in, and drove away. Marie could not contain herself anymore. She gave him the "bird" and just started laughing so hard she couldn't stop herself until she was back at work.

Marie was proud of herself. Not only had she survived the courtroom scene, she was in one piece. No alter-personalities came out. She had faced her fear of Fields trying to do something destructive to her. She had won her case. Marie never saw any of the money Fields was ordered to pay her at that hearing.