

## CHAPTER THREE

### SCHOOL DAZE

Sad Marie really wanted to go to school now. With my encouragement and financial backing from the California Department of Rehabilitation, she enrolled in college in the Fall of 1978. After two months of therapy with me, Sad Marie arrived at the registration building of American River College (ARC), a two-year junior college in Sacramento, ready to start her academic career. Her first choice of classes was American Sign Language (ASL or signing).

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Marie, a false-front alter-personality, had completely lost her hearing on her tenth birthday. This was her way of blocking out the constant barrage of yelling between her parents. She also was tired of hearing them praise her brother and sister, but not her. All she wanted was for them to shut up and give her some peace and quiet. She could not tell her parents to be silent. They would beat her for talking back to them. The only way Marie could silence her parents was to go deaf. So she did.

The day before her tenth birthday she could hear, and the next day she could not. How peaceful it was. Her mother took her to the pediatrician to find out why she couldn't hear anything. He was totally confused. He tested her with tuning forks, high-pitched sounds, and low-pitched sounds, but Marie could not hear any of them. All she saw was their faces and their mouths moving, but no sound came out. The doctor could find no organic cause for her loss of hearing. He told her mother there was nothing wrong, and Marie should be able to hear something. Marie was scared, but it was so peaceful and quiet. Marie felt she was in heaven.

After the pediatrician completed his tests, he said maybe she would get her hearing back "one of these days," but he couldn't be sure. He told her parents to enroll her in a speech class

where she could learn to read lips and learn sign language so she could live in the world, if she never got her hearing back.

The school nurse sent her to a special class for the deaf where she developed some skill at lip reading. She also began learning sign language. After eight months of pure heavenly silence, she decided she had punished her parents enough. She chose to stop hurting them. She woke up the next morning able to hear, having "miraculously" recovered. Mother and Father were happy to know their oldest daughter could hear again. The doctor called it a miracle. A month later, still hearing her parents fighting, screaming and yelling, she tried to go deaf again. But she couldn't do it a second time. Her intense desire to learn signing and work with the hearing impaired as an adult had been implanted.

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While Sad Marie was attending junior college, she was also the primary alter-personality showing up for therapy, the one whom I repeatedly age regressed to younger ages. We then reviewed the difficulties that had led to the creation of her various alter-personalities. This helped her relive and redo the problems that had created them in those earlier days. Thus, I undermined her need for the various alter-personalities. Each of them had been created in such a fashion as to be able to help the Marie of that prior time survive the trauma and be able to fight another day.

Now the coping mechanism had become the illness. She had used the dissociative mechanism beyond the acute episode. Marie had used her primary defense mechanism of dissociation for years now. Instead of dealing effectively with any new difficulty, she manufactured new alter-personalities to live her life for her.

Since the normal progression in any child's social life is to move from the family to the school, it was important to learn about her school experiences from the time she entered kindergarten. When I age regressed Sad Marie to age four and found her attending kindergarten, Helen came forth to describe the situation. Helen was the alter-personality created to go to school. She enjoyed learning facts and doing homework. She was the student alter-personality until the age of 10.

Helen described kindergarten as a difficult year, during which Marie was harassed by a group of bullies led by Joe Dalton. I asked Sad Marie to see herself following Joe home from school. She learned that his mother didn't really care what happened to him, and his father was working all the time. The parents were only concerned with his baby brother, Jimmy. With no one at home to pay any attention to him, he irritated other children at school so they would pay attention to him. For such children, it doesn't matter whether the attention is good or bad -- being ignored is worse.

Once Sad Marie was able to see the bully's life through Joe's eyes, she stopped hating him for all his pestering. This was the first of many such corrective experiences that this approach provided Sad Marie.

Her kindergarten teacher was from the old school, having been trained that all students should learn to write "correctly," with the right hand. But Marie was left-handed. The teacher would have none of that insubordination, and she demanded Marie use her right hand for all writing. She tried, but when she relapsed into her old ways, the teacher tied her left hand behind her back or hit it with a ruler. This made Marie even more angry and frustrated. When that didn't work, the teacher made Marie scrub the floor as punishment. The tougher the punishment, the faster the rehabilitation was her motto.

Not only did that fail to change Marie's handedness, the other children came to see her as

"different," and they felt the teacher had sanctioned them to pick on her on the playground and on the way home from school. Her classmates teased her just to see her cry. She was always the outcast. When she did make friends, they would soon disappear and never tell her why they were no longer her friends. This made her life even more miserable.

In art lessons, Marie only used black paint for her finger paintings. She preferred using black because that was the way the world looked to her. I explained to this "little schoolgirl" that the use of dark and somber colors showed she was depressed, a feeling she hid from adults with her fake smile. I suggested the age regressed Marie to tell her teacher how she really felt, so that the teacher would realize she needed help and alert the school psychologist.

In her childhood home, Marie had done her homework after cooking dinner and looking after her brother and sister. Father worked the day shift, and Mother left for work before dinner-time. Mother got home from work late every evening. Marie kept busy with her homework in the evenings, as she knew what would happen to her then when she was alone with her father.

During the therapy session regarding kindergarten, I told her that a Helen had described what was going on in her life. The regressed four-year-old Marie did not believe me, since she had no friend named Helen. I told her to look at an empty chair where she would see Helen. Sure enough, when she turned to look at the empty chair, there sat Helen smiling at her. Once Helen introduced herself to Marie, she felt better knowing she had a friend who would be with her any time she needed her.

When age regressed to age five, Marie reported having been in the hospital having her tonsils removed. She couldn't understand why neither parent came to visit her during the first two days after surgery. She told of her sister being born recently, and how her parents spent all their time playing with the baby, but not with her.

Her father gave her a dog named Bonnie which made up for some of the hurt she was feeling. She loved that puppy.

She hated her name of Marie Francis and had decided to change her name to Mary Lou. The name, Lou, was borrowed from the girl next door. She thought that might make her feel better.

In school, she was still being called insulting names by the other children, and the teacher sent her to the principal's office because she talked when the teacher was talking. I surprised her by not feeling sorry for her for that reprimand, and I said something strange to her about taking responsibility for her own actions. She wasn't quite sure what I meant by that.

Throughout elementary school, she tried to earn the best grades she could, but received only C's, with an occasional B. Neither her father nor her mother ever said much about her grades, but they talked about her sister getting all A's and her brother usually getting D's. She was average, nothing more, nothing less. Helen was the one who learned to cook and sew in Home Economics class. Helen knew basic mathematics from the early grades, learned how to spell and knew all about American history. She sang soprano in the chorus. But when night came, Helen retreated into the mind and let the current false-front Marie deal with Father.

When she was nine-years-old, Mary Lou's fourth grade mathematics teacher tore up a test paper she had written incorrectly and ordered her to do it all over. The teacher was upset that Mary Lou was doing the math problems incorrectly. She told the students how to find the answers, but Mary Lou had a blind spot when it came to calculations and mathematical concepts. This was the start of Kay.

Kay was made to do schoolwork of the upper grades correctly. She specialized in higher grade mathematics, world history, and sewing. Kay sang alto in the chorus.

Her first boyfriend gave her a jewelry box and a toy phone this year. After two weeks

of his adoration, she dumped him. During those two weeks she created an angry Lynn, who came into being when Mary Lou was visiting Steve, who lived across the street. Steve had a crush on Mary Lou, who came to his house to play with his two sisters. Once she came over when the girls were away. Steve told her he liked her a lot, and Mary Lou told him she already had a boyfriend. She told him he was no match for her boyfriend, who was better looking and gave her presents. She hurt his feelings when she told Steve he didn't really love her.

With such an insult, Steve lost his temper and hit Mary Lou across the face. Lynn came forward for the first time, and the battle was joined. Finally, Steve ordered Lynn out of the house, but she got in one more punch before she left. Mary Lou had manufactured Lynn, who wanted power and control over men, whom she then tossed aside as so much trash.

Lynn also liked to kill animals for Mary Lou, who could not admit hating animals. By then Mary Lou had seen her father kill her dog, Bonnie. In her child's mind, she had rationalized that Bonnie had left her because the dog didn't like her. She concluded that all animals hated her, so all animals had to die. She was not going to allow them to reject her, so she would reject them first by killing them. If she couldn't have an animal for a pet, then no one would have it. Such was the distorted thinking of this little girl at that time.

Marie had hoped that school would be the one place she could go and be safe for a while, but that was not to be. The older she got, the more vicious the children were toward her.

Age regression to age 10 and the fifth grade revealed a most significant time, when she went deaf. This added a peculiar wrinkle to my method of doing age regression therapy. I called for a 10-year-old Mary Lou, who arrived deaf to all I said. I wrote notes to her. She wrote, "I'm going back to age nine so I can hear you." With that, she could hear, and I learned that she had

developed her hysterical deafness on her tenth birthday.

With all the attention she received for being deaf, it became apparent to Mary Lou that being sick had its advantages. She dealt with many problems in the sixth and seventh grades by being too sick to go to school. This was useful for avoiding taunting by her schoolmates.

Lynn continued to be active in the seventh grade when Mary Lou was pursued by a boy named Wayne. He was crude in his chase, so Lynn came out, slashed his left cheek with a knife, and thoroughly discouraged him.

Once, when she walked into her sixth grade classroom, the teacher was passing around snakes for all the students to handle and observe. When the teacher put a snake in Marie's lap, that ugly thing looked up at her and stuck its tongue out at her. She panicked and blacked out. The last thing she remembered was running out of the classroom. The teacher called her parents and told them Marie had killed all the snakes and frogs because she hated them. Her parents were so angry with her they locked her in a closet for two days without anything to eat or drink. She went to the bathroom in the closet. Marie tried to tell her parents she could not remember any of that time, but they would not listen. When Marie finally realized there was no use arguing with them, she went into the closet to get the punishment over with. She didn't know Lynn had done the damage at school.

During junior high school, Mary Lou participated in the "Over-Passionate Society" with Phil, Brad, and Darryl. They were all members of the drama club and worked together on the lighting for school plays. The first members were Mary Lou and Darryl, who started exploring each other's bodies one evening. While so distracted, they failed to notice Phil walking by. He invited Brad to join them. Mary Lou was delighted to be the center of so much androgenic attention, so she went along with their juvenile requests.

The location of the happening was in the balcony of the theater, where they had what passed for an orgy among the inexperienced, with hands-on experience for all the boys on the one girl, while her hands explored them as well. Their behavior was risqué for that age group, with heavy petting, kissing, sensual touching and manual exploration all around. They never progressed to overt sexual activity, however. The name, "Over-Passionate Society," was coined by Darryl and Phil, and, fortunately, the teachers never found out about it. Each of the students saw it as a fun experience, and Mary Lou certainly liked being the center of so much erotic attention.

The tragedy of the burning dress was the key trauma at age 12, leading to skin grafts at American River Hospital. Mary Lou had several hysterical episodes when she looked at her wounds and couldn't stand the sight of the deformed skin. After returning home, she came across the burned dress in the bottom of the clothes hamper and went into hysterics again. This time she went to the psychiatric ward at ARH for ten days until Wendy took over and got the body moving again.

Six weeks later, Wendy decided that Mary Lou was again ready to be in charge of the body and let her take over, while she was folding towels in the gymnasium. She was shocked to find herself in the school building, having no idea why she had been absent.

The students saw her as a peculiar person, and they all knew she had been in a serious fire. As a practical joke, one boy threw lighted matches at her to scare her. She called the principal and ran home.

During the next year, at age 13, she continued to mature but made few friends. She went to the school dances, hoping to be invited to dance by some boy, but few were interested in her. She was alone much of the time, since she could trust no one enough to make friends with any other students, boys or girls. She had her

first romantic kiss, with Duane, after they had been roller skating after school. He skated with her into a corner and kissed her sweetly on the lips. He was a tender and special person. But she told her cousin, Carol Ann, who told her best friend, and soon the word was all over school. Mary Lou felt she couldn't show her face around school for three days and stayed home, acting as sick as possible.

During the first year of high school, she started dating Doug and had sex with him, since Mother wasn't paying any attention to her. She tried suicide with pills, and Mother didn't notice that. She tried flunking out of school, and Mother didn't notice her then either.

During the therapy sessions regarding this period, I had her visualize Helen, the student, and ask her why her mother was the way she was. Helen told her Mother was upset because her daughter was such a weird child who changed so much. Helen couldn't promise Mother would love her even if she stopped changing. The major problem was that she had been the first born child and was unwanted, since Mother had only been married 10 months when she was born. Helen recommended to Mary Lou that she let things slide and not try so hard to get Mother to love her. Mother just didn't accept her, Helen reported, and there was nothing she could do to change that.

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During the first year of psychotherapy, Sad Marie looked forward to attending college with both excitement and dread. The excitement was from the natural hope of meeting new people, making "normal" friends, and attending classes as an adult. After all the trouble she had suffered in grade school, now she was going to be an adult around other adults, and she hoped they would act better toward her. Also, she had her psychiatrist and her counselor at Sihaya House to guide her.

She arrived at the college registration building on time at 8:00 a.m., only to find a long,

frightening line awaiting her. The voices were driving her crazy, and suddenly she didn't want to be there. She stood in line for an hour before arriving at the counselor's table where she presented her forms.

The lady at the table told Sad Marie that she had been in the wrong line all the time, and she felt humiliated. Here she was, a grown woman, and she couldn't even register properly for college. A tremendous headache started pounding in her skull. She wanted to run away and hide. Instead, she closed her eyes and held her head with both her hands.

The next thing she knew she was walking out of the registration building. She assumed that she had failed to sign up at all, so she hurried back to see the school counselor to whom she had been assigned. She was scared. What did she do? Had she hurt anyone? She was in a panic, and she knew Lisa Kay enjoyed that most of all. Lisa Kay might gain more strength to destroy her so she, Lisa Kay, could be there all the time.

When she asked the counselor to give her back her papers to fill out, the lady showed them to her. They were all filled out, with the classes picked correctly. Someone had signed her up for Basic Reading Skills (English), Introduction to Social Services (Human Services 14), Basic Study Skills, and Vocational Survey (Psychology 51). She was also to audit Beginning Sign Language.

Sad Marie wondered what was going on. She mumbled something about being absent-minded and turned to leave the building. Who had filled out those papers so well, she wondered?

During her visit that afternoon with me, she asked that question. I suspected it was Wendy, as she had promised him a week earlier that she would be around to help Marie. I was right.

In the session a week before, I had been struggling with Lisa Kay, who was fighting to keep me from doing therapy. During the battle, an alter-personality with no name had emerged to

gain control over Lisa Kay. She agreed to call herself Wendy. She said she had been formed at the time Marie Francis' dress caught on fire at the age of 12. She knew everything about the family dynamics and Marie's psychological problems. She agreed to help me work with Marie through the coming events, all of which would be crises from Sad Marie's point of view.

Wendy was curious as to how she looked, as she hadn't been out for a decade. She walked down the hall to the rest room to view herself in the mirror. She was disappointed to see herself looking so terrible. She had worked hard to keep the body and mind together while she went through the skin grafting in those earlier years, and now she wondered if it had been worth the trouble. She was distraught that Sad Marie had let herself go to seed since then. But now she was back, and things were going to change.

Wendy also told me about Sad Marie's fantasies of killing other people. She told how Sad Marie could not admit having anger toward anyone else, so she turned the hostile feeling against herself. Sad Marie had also written letters to her brother and sister which they were to open upon her death. Wendy reported that Sad Marie sat and cried each birthday because her mother didn't even send her a greeting card.

When Wendy appeared the second time, she admitted she was responsible for signing up for school. Sad Marie had freaked out just being in the school building, which brought back a flood of memories of her earlier school days and the many traumas she remembered from then. When Sad Marie lost control, Wendy took over, stood in line until she got to the counselor's table, filled out all the blanks and then waited for the counselor to double-check to make sure everything was done correctly. Then she walked out of the building, giving control back to Sad Marie as soon as she passed through the big glass doors opening onto the patio where the outdoor sunlight struck Sad Marie in the eyes.

During the first month in college, Sad Marie couldn't understand everything in class right away. Wendy and Michelle, her helpers, had no interest in signing, so they paid no attention in class. Lisa Kay only wanted to meet as many guys as she could, so she could go to bed with them.

One day Sad Marie was so distraught with her lack of perfection in college, she freaked out, and Lisa Kay took over. That wildcat alter-personality ran outside, intending to jump in front of the cars passing on the street fronting the college. Wendy regained control of the body, called me at the clinic, and I admitted Sad Marie's body and all her alter-personalities into Yolo General Hospital for a three-day stay.

A month later, Sad Marie arrived at my office in her usual unhappy and discouraged mood. She was having trouble with several teachers. Wendy came out and explained that Sad Marie kept playing a script over in her head: "I am to blame for anything that goes wrong with anybody I have dealings with."

This gave me an idea, based on the concept of symbolic thinking. Throughout history, man has used symbols to represent spiritual or mental concepts. In medicine, the diploma on the wall symbolizes the education of the doctor. The stethoscope around his neck symbolizes "a real doctor." The white jacket symbolizes "a professional person." I thought I might be able to wipe out this script from Sad Marie's mind by using a symbolic means of eliminating it. The simplest way would be to burn it up.

Unfortunately, with the amnesia for past events that is inherent in the life of the multiple, I had not taken a long and complete history of her medical and surgical illnesses. One or another alter-personalities had mentioned a dress on fire in passing, but I had not yet covered that particular episode in detail. So I went into this symbolic act half cocked and ill prepared.

I had Sad Marie write, "I am to blame for anything that goes wrong with anybody I

have dealings with," on a piece of paper. This was to represent the specific script that so corrupted her mind. I placed the paper in a large glass ashtray on the desk, pulled out a matchbook from the drawer, and set the paper on fire.

"This will symbolize the elimination of this script from your mind," I intoned, as dramatically as I could. I hoped that Sad Marie would enter a trance state and go through her own version of disintegrating the script that was engraved in her mind, the one that laid all the blame of the world's ills at her doorstep.

Instead, Sad Marie shrieked, leaped from her chair and ran to the farthest corner of the office, cowering in fear by the bookcase. She screamed, "THE FIRE, THE FIRE, IT HURTS! GOD, IT HURTS!"

She wondered if her doctor was so angry at her for having that script he wanted to burn her up. She imagined that I had started the fire to force her to change the script. Obviously, the symbolism was completely different for both of us.

My blunder showed me the folly of trying to do something symbolic when I had not checked with the patient to determine if we both agreed on the meaning of the symbols I proposed using. It is an axiom in the healing arts that any treatment will work if both parties, doctor and patient, agree it will work. In this case, only the doctor believed it would work, so it didn't.

I was shocked and embarrassed to see my patient hiding in the corner of my office, all because of a small piece of paper burning in the ashtray in front of her. What a goof ball I had been! Would she ever trust me again after this idiocy?

I had entirely forgotten about that fire story. She had mentioned it but I didn't know much about it. I should have checked it out before doing something like this.

I quickly smothered the fire with the bottom of a coffee cup and crushed the ashes to dust. I went over to my frightened, whimpering

patient on the floor in the corner and tried my best to reassure her that she was not going to be burned. I apologized profusely, admitting that I had forgotten about the fire of her dress. She slowly gained her composure, and I slowly led her back to her chair by the desk. I sat back in the therapist's chair and sheepishly tried to regain some composure and status with my devastated patient.

I then asked Sad Marie to tell me the story of the dress burning. Hopefully, that would help her feel better. Here is how her story went.

In 1962, Helen was going to sing in a special presentation at school. Her mother had bought her a special gray dress, with thin black stripes, a high collar, long sleeves, and ruffles around the neck, sleeves and hem. Even though her parents were divorced, they were both going to attend this special presentation at school, as Helen was singing an important solo.

Helen woke up early that morning. She washed her long blond hair, dried it and fixed it in a French roll, with a curl on top. Helen saw her reflection in the bathroom mirror and thought that she looked fantastic. She felt sorry for Marie, because Marie would not know what was happening. Helen was borrowing the body for a while, but she wanted Marie to enjoy this special day. Why did things have to be so difficult?

Helen came into her mother's bedroom, where Mother passed judgment on how gorgeous she looked. Mother asked her daughter if she could fix her a cup of coffee. Helen said, "No problem, Mom." Mother drank only instant coffee, and Helen and the other "psychic sisters" always fixed coffee, so it was no big deal.

Since this day was so special, Helen tried to be careful not to let any water or coffee drip on her. She put the small saucepan half filled with water on the gas stove and turned on the flame. Helen reached into the cupboard for Mother's cup, put it on the counter, and spooned instant coffee into it. Helen practiced her solo while she waited for the water to boil.

Helen was euphoric, thinking that maybe her parents would come back together and everything would be okay. Then the others would disappear, and Marie could live in her body all the time. It was only a dream, but it was a pleasant dream. If Helen sang her best this afternoon, maybe her parents would realize that they still loved each other.

The water started boiling. Helen looked around but could not find a pot holder. She decided to use the end of her dress to take the pot off the stove.

*What's that smell? Helen looks down. Oh, my GOD, the dress is on fire. OH, NO! I forgot to turn off the burner. MY GOD, GOT TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! TURN AROUND AND PULL UP THE DRESS AND TURN THE WATER ON IT! MY GOD, THE FLAMES!*

"MOTHER," she yells, "I'M ON FIRE!"

*HOLD THE DRESS AWAY FROM ME! DON'T GET BURNED, GOT TO GET TO MOM! GO THROUGH THE SHORT CUT, THROUGH THE LAUNDRY ROOM TO MY BROTHER'S ROOM AND TO THE HALLWAY TO MOTHER . . .*

She grabs her brother around the neck and pulls him with her, yelling for Mother.

Mother wraps the yellow blanket around her.

THE PAIN . . . THE PAIN . . .

*"WHO AM I? Where am I?" Helen is gone. Becky and Faith tell me that my name will be Marie, but I have no name. Becky and Faith tell me that I will have to endure a lot of pain as Marie, but they know that I can handle it. They tell me that they will be with me and will not leave me alone.*

Her brother and sister are crying. Her mother is putting her in bed. Their doctor's nurse lives right behind them. Mother has gone to get her.

THE PAIN!

Her dog, Panther, the one she loves jumps on the bed, trying to make her feel better. She hits her dog. She never sees Panther again.

She yells at her sister to get her a glass of water.

*I have to put out the flames; it's so hot. Gerri gives me a glass of water. I start to pour it on me.*

Mother comes in and screams at her to stop.

The doctor's nurse tells Mother to get her to the hospital as fast as she can. Why no ambulance? Becky tells her that she's doing okay.

*Becky will let me know who the people are and what I'm supposed to do and say.*

Mother takes her in the car. That yellow blanket is still wrapped around her, and she's screaming, screaming. Mother is telling her to shut up. She doesn't want to get into an accident.

She puts her hands in her mouth and starts biting down on her hands.

*I want water. I have to put out the flames. Please, it hurts. It's hot. Can't you see the flames? Please Mom, help me! But I can't say it to her. I have to be quiet. But it HURTS!*

A policeman pulls them over. Mother yells at the officer that she is trying to get her daughter to the hospital. The police officer tells her to follow him. They get to the emergency room. She's taken inside. They tell Mother to wait outside.

Becky tells her that her doctor who calls her by a pet name will be coming. His name is Dr. David Frank. *You are doing okay! Don't let us down. We are with you. Remember we are with you.*

Dr. Frank comes in with a nurse. She has a surgical tray with her. The doctor takes long tweezers and starts pulling off burned dress and skin. The horrible smell, the black, the pain, the screaming! Dr. Frank tells her it's okay. He has to get everything off so it can start getting better.

She's still screaming. He tells the nurse to get her some morphine and have some other

people come in and hold her down. The pain is so intense that Lisa Kay decides to fight with the doctors because it's her chance for Marie to finally die, and Lisa Kay will be free at last.

The nurse takes her to the intensive care ward of the hospital. Dr. Frank says, "Don't worry, Dolly." That's his pet name for her. The nurses put this big wire over her and then put the sheet over that so it won't touch her. But she's cold.

She sleeps all the time. Pain killers, she hears them say, "Give her morphine, it will calm her down."

*I can't just sleep, Becky; what do I do?*

She has to take whirlpool baths, with Tide soap. The water is hot, but Dr. Frank tells her that the water isn't hot and pours some on her head. He's right; it's not hot. But when she gets in the water, then it's hot. Dr. Frank tells her that they are going to do a skin graft by taking some skin from the good leg and put it on the leg that was badly burned. Dr. Frank tells her she has third degree burns over 30 percent of her body, and second degree burns over 5 percent. He said that makes a total of 35 percent of her whole body.

*I'm 12 years old. No one is going to want to marry me if I'm a freak. Dr. Frank says to just wait and let's see what happens after the skin graft is over.*

She asks him how long she has been in the hospital, and he says, "A month." She asks him when she will be able to go home; he tells her, "Maybe in two or three months." She asks him if he has seen her father. He tells her, "No, but I will."

He asks her if she wants to see her father. She says, "Yes, of course I do. He's my father." *I want to be okay. He will love me. If I can't find any other man to marry, my father will love me no matter what.*

She has her operation. Her father sees her before she goes into surgery. Her father tells her to leave him alone. He has no daughter and

don't bother him anymore. *What did I do to my father? I know I let myself get burned. I'm a freak. My father thinks I'm ugly. He won't even look at me. Why do I still live? I hurt everybody even when I hurt myself. I didn't do this on purpose.*

They come and get her for surgery. *I hope I don't live. I want to die on the operating table and save everybody any more pain. I'm going to wish that and pray that I am going to die on the operating room table. Good-bye everybody, I'm sorry.*

She wakes up. *Damn, I didn't die. Why, God, why didn't you take me away?*

Becky tells her, "You are only here to endure the pain until Marie can face what has happened to her, and then you will go back to a special place that we have ready for you. You are doing well, but we have to let Marie know what has happened and for her to remember it. We will be leaving you alone for a while. Keep doing what you are doing, because you are Marie now."

She has to take those baths again. How she hates them. She fakes being asleep, so they will leave her alone. She has tutors from school so she won't fall behind. *I don't know what they are talking about. I don't understand. I fake sleeping so they won't bother me.*

She's in the bathroom, and the wrap falls off her leg. She can't look down at her leg because she's ugly, so she SCREAMS, SCREAMS.

The doctors and nurses come in and tell her it is okay, and they put her back to bed and sedate her. She's in shock.

It is now time to go home. Her nurse -- her name is Nurse McKenzie, Marie's last name. The nurse tells her it is time to get baptized and throws a pitcher of water at her. She gets all wet. So she gets a pitcher of water and runs down the hallway of the hospital and throws the pitcher at Nurse McKenzie, but she ducks. The water hits a doctor instead. He looks funny. He laughs, and

everybody is laughing on the ward. The nurses and doctors tell her good-bye and give her hugs.

Now she's finally home. She wants to do something, so she's going to help Mother with the laundry. Mother didn't tell her she had moved the dirty laundry elsewhere, and the hamper in the hallway is not used for dirty clothes anymore. She looks in the hamper and sees her burned dress.

*I'm hospitalized in a crazy ward. I don't know who I am; I just sit there, sucking my thumb and not talking.*

Her mother and father are worried it has been so long, and there is no improvement. Finally the doctors keep talking to her, and she finally comes out of shock.

She goes home, and it's time to go to school. Six weeks later, she's folding towels in the gym locker room with another girl, and Becky tells her it is time for Marie to come out. Becky tells her she has done a wonderful job and there is a special place for her to live. She will never have to come back to live with pain again. So she lets Marie out. Marie doesn't know what is happening. But Becky knew it was the right time, because Marie could now remember the burn.

Becky, being all wise and knowing, told Marie that she had been very ill for a long time. Becky will be with her until she feels better and then can go on with her life.

When I found this helper alter-personality, she picked Wendy for her name. She took the pain and agony for Marie.

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A week later, Sad Marie arrived from college with a sheet from Psychology 51, with a nasty note written by Lisa Kay at the bottom. Lisa Kay took over and spent the next half hour sitting on the desk, prancing around the room, taunting me, and telling me she was ready to kill Marie today. When I asked her how she planned to live without that body I saw in front of me, she told me she had her own body, which was a hell of a lot better looking than Sad Marie's. When

asked to describe it, she said she weighed only 115 pounds, was a little taller than Sad Marie and had blonde hair.

When she paused for breath, another alter-personality snuck out for a moment, said, "I don't belong here," and retreated back in. Mary Lou then came out and announced she was ready to grow again, but she did not feel she could take any more pain.

Being always curious who mystery guests might be, I asked to talk to Michelle, a helper, to find out who it was who didn't feel she belonged here. When I called for Michelle, the unnamed one came out instead. She told me she was the one who went to school all the times Marie didn't remember going to class. However, now neither she nor Wendy were attending the college classes Sad Marie was taking, as they had no interest in the subjects she had chosen.

This student alter-personality had no name. When I met her next, I suggested it would be easier for me if she had her own name. She picked up a magazine which fell open to an article on Helen of Troy. She read a bit of the tale and thought Helen was some grand lady. She decided to call herself Helen.

I was more comfortable when I could call each alter-personality by a different name. I was aware that some therapists felt it was poor technique to apply a name to a personality that didn't already have one, since that might imply support of separateness.

My view was that of a surgeon -- find the pathology and you might be able to fix it. If you don't know what is broken, how can you repair it? While it might be nice to consider the whole abdomen as one "body part," it didn't hurt to have the stomach, duodenum, liver and gall bladder all named differently. When they worked together all right, you could call it "the abdomen," but when you needed to do surgery, it certainly helped to be able to talk about taking out the gall bladder instead of the liver. Sometimes it

is just more practicable to have a name for the different parts of something.

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Dr. Cheryl Port taught Human Services 14 and seemed to Marie to be a wonderful teacher and a lovely woman. Sad Marie felt brave enough to tell Dr. Port about her having MPD, and Dr. Port asked her to explain MPD to them. She set aside class time for Sad Marie to give a talk about her disorder to the other students. Sad Marie thought she had been granted a special favor, so she agreed to do it.

When Sad Marie tried to explain to the class about MPD, Lisa Kay decided to come out and demonstrate the facts. She acted nasty and talked dirty to the other students, calling the men DICKS and the women CUNTS. When Lisa Kay started to strip off her clothes in front of them, Dr. Port stepped in and cut the demonstration short. When Lisa Kay let Sad Marie take back control of the body and consciousness, she found everyone laughing at her.

Dr. Port may have been a wonderful person and a great teacher, but she was out of her league when she asked Sad Marie to go on display as a multiple. She failed to get clearance from the school counselor who was responsible for her program, much less her student's psychiatrist. Had she asked either one of us, we would have advised against such a risky endeavor, since one can never tell who is going to come out when a complex multiple is on display. Only when there is an overriding need, as in a court action, should such a display be attempted, and then only with a script written and supervised by the ISH. In the case of the class demonstration fiasco, there was no essential need, no script, and no practice or preparation.

During therapy sessions, Lisa Kay came out to argue, banter and interfere with any problem solving. I tried a new approach, benign neglect. I just sat in my chair, put my hands on the desk and was as totally unresponsive to Lisa Kay as I could be. Without looking at her, responding

to her in any way, I let her ramble on without encouragement or debate. I wanted to see what would happen if I pretended she did not exist. Hopefully, if I deliberately ignored her, she would get bored and go back inside.

I was right. With no one to play off against, she had no fun staying out, and she went back inside, leaving Mary Lou in charge. Unfortunately, what I didn't calculate into the equation was that this made Lisa Kay angrier at Sad Marie, and she started making her life even more miserable than before.

While Sad Marie attended school, Lisa Kay ruined what little progress she made. Lisa Kay kept harassing Sad Marie in many different ways, so she was always on the verge of committing suicide. When Sad Marie was taking a test, she did her best to answer the questions, but it was always stressful for her, as is normal. She would black out for a moment, and Lisa Kay would sneak out, answer some of the questions and write on the bottom margin, "MARIE, YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!"

Sad Marie was tired all the time and kept fading in strength. She was weak and exhausted from therapy, from school, and from always fighting with the other alter-personalities. Sad Marie never got any rest, even during sleep, as she was constantly having nightmares of what the "baddies" did, which they made sure she saw, close up and in living color. She found it harder and harder to concentrate on her school work, or on any concept at all.

Doug Ince, her school counselor, helped her in any way he could, but it was impossible for Sad Marie to have a positive experience at school. If she could not feel positive about school ALL THE TIME, then going to school was not honest for her. The teachers and other students could not know what was wrong with her, or they would hold it over her head.

Halfway through the first semester, Sad Marie came in with a notebook. Wendy came out to read from it a will Sad Marie had written. In it

she described in detail how she wanted to die, and how she wanted to be buried. Michelle then reported that those inside were trying hard to give Sad Marie encouragement and positive feedback for the accomplishments she had made in school.

In addition, Veronica started picking up men at college and going to bed with them in local motels. This interfered with Sad Marie's school attendance, and she missed her English class four days in a row. Becky asked me to write a letter to the English teacher, Dr. Jim Rogers, explaining what was happening.

Trying to compose such a letter to the teacher was difficult for me. What could I say? To write that she needed to be excused from English class because she was busy seducing male students didn't seem much of a reason for leniency. Yet, it wasn't Sad Marie's fault that Veronica preferred to be in bed instead of in class. It was Sad Marie who was the student, not Veronica. Finally, I wrote a note that stated that, since my patient had a dissociative disorder (that would sound very official and obscure to a teacher), she had been suffering from emotional upsets for the past four days and had not been able to attend class. I assured Dr. Rogers that she was now trying hard to be calm enough to attend class. I knew that any doctor's excuse to a teacher was better than none at all.

Mary Lou reported that in the past an alter-personality had been created which was able to make friends, go to dances and have a positive attitude about life. This one didn't have a name or exist anymore as a complete entity. Her qualities of friendliness, her ability to be outgoing and attract decent people were now unattached to any specific personality.

I wondered if I could graft these positive character traits onto Sad Marie, as one could graft a fruit bearing branch onto an otherwise barren tree trunk. It was worth a try.

Here again, I was thinking in terms of symbolism, a physical object representing a mental concept. I proposed to Michelle that I use the

two parts of a ball point pen, the shaft and the cap. The shaft would symbolize Sad Marie, and the cap would represent the available positive personality traits. While in trance, Sad Marie might believe these objects represented these mental concepts, and something helpful might happen. Michelle agreed to help from the inside to make the idea work for Sad Marie.

I called Sad Marie out, presented my plan to her, and she agreed to cooperate. I said, "Take this pen in your right hand and hold it firmly in your fist. It will represent all your present personality characteristics. Now hold the cap in your left hand. It will represent the friendliness that is now available to you inside your mind."

While Sad Marie went into a trance, holding the two parts of the ballpoint pen, Michelle was busy inside her mind gathering together in her grasp all the useful parts of the ex-alter-personality that had been designed to make friends. These positive energies had been assigned to a certain personality long ago, and were now on the "personality parts shelf," so to speak, available for installation into another alter-personality. The one who needed them was Sad Marie, the depressed pessimist.

Facing Sad Marie, I put a hand on the back of each of her hands so I could push them together. As I maintained a light pressure on her hands, I kept up a running commentary about how the positive characteristics are coming closer and closer to herself, and that when she heard the click of the pen being joined, she would have in her all those available traits of outgoingness and friendliness.

To Sad Marie, the pen felt like a magnet and the cap felt like steel, and there was a palpable tug between the two pieces of plastic. The positive energy of friendliness in the cap seemed to flow into her body, while a white and blue glow surrounded the pen and its cap. When the two pieces came together, so did these brilliant colors of pure love and acceptance.

When the pen parts clicked together in Sad Marie's hands, Lisa Kay suddenly emerged, struggled with me, and threw the pen on the floor. She did her best to destroy what had happened, as she knew she would not last long in the presence of such positive feelings.

When Sad Marie came back into control, she told me that while she was letting the energy flow into her, Lisa Kay kept telling her not to do it, but she had managed to complete the ritual before Lisa Kay could stop her. However, Lisa Kay did partially sabotage my efforts, for she prevented Sad Marie from glowing in the light after the positive energy came into her.

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Midway through the first semester, counselor Ince called for a conference about Marie, so that all the college staff involved would be on the same wavelength. Meeting with me were Ince, Marie, and Mary Everhart, the head nurse. The most important question they all had was how to respond appropriately to the constant crises that Sad Marie found herself in. They were forever being faced with a Sad Marie in tears about one alleged hurt or another, and they didn't want to call me at my busy clinic office six times a day if they could take care of the problems themselves.

My main contribution was to tell them about Wendy, the rescuer. Whatever happened, I told them they could call out Wendy to help solve the problem of the moment. They, themselves, would most likely know what needed to be done next, and Wendy could then do it.

I showed them how to put a hand on Sad Marie's forehead and firmly call, "Wendy, please come out now; Wendy, I need you to come out." I reassured them that, even if Lisa Kay was in charge and causing trouble, Wendy could break through and take charge if they called firmly and long enough.

The staff members now felt more capable of handling whatever might come in the future, and they supported Sad Marie in staying in school. Once their anxieties were diminished by

having a clear plan for emergency action, they knew Sad Marie would not overwhelm their resources. They thought of themselves as able to "main stream" students with any type of disability. That was their charge, and they had the flexibility needed to accomplish this goal with their clients. This just happened to be their first client coming to school with her own classroom full of students in one body!

One day I was called by both her Vocational Rehabilitation counselor, Haley Richmond, and the ARC counselor, Doug Ince. They wanted Sad Marie to take only two audited classes and one credit class. They felt that she needed to succeed in one class instead of failing in all, as they feared she was now doing. She rejected this idea with the adamant opinion that she had to do all her scheduled schoolwork so her mother would not be disappointed. She also feared she might lose her financial grant if she was scheduled for less than 12 units. Sad Marie believed that Mother might resort to bad check writing again if she didn't keep her grant. Then she would be totally responsible for Mother going to jail again. While arguing with Ince, she threatened to cut her wrists if not allowed to continue downward as she seemed to be at the time.

When I saw Sad Marie that day, Wendy came out to explain her feelings about the teachers. She agreed with Ince and Haley, and thought that Dr. Port would be a good teacher for the class for credit. Finally, I persuaded Sad Marie to accept Ince's recommendation.

During the following weeks, Wendy began to slide in her protector function and socialized more than she studied. She became involved in her own romance with a man at the quarterway house, an epileptic alcoholic patient. In spite of that, Sad Marie surprised everyone when she came through that first semester with two A's and a B in her final exams.

When Sad Marie showed me the two A's and two B's she received that semester, she was not happy with them. Helen explained that, in

high school, she had gotten A's in her freshman year, but both parents had told her she could do better than that. After that, she was sure there was something more she could have done in school, and the grade card she had in her hand was a fake. She just hadn't discovered yet what it was that she was to do that was better than that.

For her second semester, Ince recommended Intermediate Sign Language and Adaptive Physical Education. This would give her one class in her major area of interest and one session to help her lose weight. Unfortunately, her repeated hospitalizations forced her to withdraw from the sign language course a month before the end of the semester.

During the Fall semester of 1979, she followed her counselor's advice and signed up for only two courses for credit, Intermediate ASL and Adaptive Physical Education. She also attended non-credit classes in Spelling, Recreation Work Experience (Human Services 48), and Impact of Deafness. She received a B in her ASL course and an A in PE.

In the Spring semester of 1980, Sad Marie had only one credit course, in Personal and Social Behavior (Psychology 20), which she failed. She sat in on non-credit classes in Fingerspelling and Music Appreciation.

Psychology 20 was about how people develop social skills in talking and interacting with people, and how our backgrounds affect how we interact with others. The subject was upsetting to her because no one personality was always in charge. Sad Marie would attend class, but would not be there all the time, as the subject kept changing. So she changed personalities. Nobody else in the class ever knew whom they were dealing with, as her behavior was forever changing.

Sad Marie kept going, in spite of being in and out of psychiatric wards many times that year. Therapy was stressful, and her living situation was unbearable, with the chronically mentally ill roommates she had to endure. During the

entire two year program, she attempted to complete 21 units, and actually finished 15 units. She stuck it out as long as she could and put all her strength into trying to get a degree. She deserves plenty of credit for that.

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After I left Yolo County, the Original Marie dropped out of American River College. When Becky decided it was time for her to get back into the workforce, she returned to the Department of Rehabilitation again, to begin retraining. This time the counselor listed her as disabled due to two back surgeries and had her enroll in a four-month computer course. She attended every day and studied hard at home, graduating third in her class of 25. She was happy to have accomplished her goal.