

CHAPTER SEVEN

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

Sad Marie had to find a place to live apart from her mother. With money coming in regularly from Social Security, she was in the market for her own place to live. She constantly complained about living in an apartment supplied by her mother. When Marie's mother became her conservator, she signed her daughter out of Crestwood Manor and took her to Yolo County to live. Her mother wanted to get her daughter away from that Sacramento psychiatrist.

Mother managed an apartment complex in Woodland in return for an apartment for her son, Arthur, and herself. On weekends, she cleaned, collected rents, listened to problems, and did whatever else was needed to manage the apartments. Mother worked as a bookkeeper during the day, then came home and dealt with problems that arose at the apartment house. When Mother moved her Sad Marie to the apartment house, she planned for her to live there and manage the apartments during the day, and she would handle problems her daughter could not solve when she came home from work.

Sad Marie's one bedroom apartment was upstairs at the end of the complex, a small, undistinguished apartment, with living room, bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom.

There were daily tensions between Mother and Sad Marie. Mother would give instructions about what needed be done, and Sad Marie would try to follow them. But her efforts were never good enough for Mother. Sad Marie always fell short of her mother's expectations. Sad Marie was in constant turmoil, never knowing what her mother might dislike when she came home. Sad Marie was always afraid, never knowing what was coming next.

She called her daughter on the phone several times a day. Otherwise, Mother became upset and thought her daughter did not want to talk

to her. But what could Sad Marie say to someone who had just hung up the phone? She had to keep coming up with new things to tell her mother. When she came home, Mother would walk right in on her daughter without knocking. Sad Marie had no privacy.

Becky knew Mother had to have daily contact with Sad Marie so she could maintain the illusion of being loved by having her children around her. Mother was afraid of being alone. Becky attempted to communicate with Mother's Essence, but it was not like Becky. Becky knew she must stay away from this one. It was made of negative forces because of its own past lives and had not grown and learned as most Essences do. It was still in a negative thinking mode, and it brought that mode to its charge.

Sad Marie knew she had to get out of there to live like a normal person. Her mother was always watching her and never gave her any peace. Her brother, Arthur, was under instructions to watch her when Mother was not present. She was in a glass house, always afraid, never having peace of mind. She had to get out of there. She had to move.

Mother expected her to meet unspoken conditions, but Sad Marie never knew exactly what they were. Sad Marie knew her mother never liked her, but she could never understand why. Sad Marie always tried to please everybody, but Mother was never happy or satisfied with anything she did. Mother always implied that her eldest daughter could do better.

Becky knew why Marie's mother, Shelly, did not want her eldest daughter. Frances, Shelly's first husband, had been involved in a long-standing romance with another woman before he married Shelly, and he never stopped loving that woman. Shelly wanted and needed Frances. She became

pregnant by him so she could hold onto him. Frances insisted on naming their first daughter Marie after his former love-object, Marie Morgan, to keep something of her with him forever. Shelly had gotten her man, and his love-object was out of the picture. But, when Frances named their child after his prior love-object, Shelly knew she could never love their first child.

Sad Marie kept trying to gain her mother's acceptance, but she never succeeded. Both parents were always concerned with Arthur or Gerri, Marie's brother and sister. As a child, Arthur had almost died of pneumonia. Because he was the male child, he was expected to do well in school. But his grades were mostly D's, so Mother and Father did what they could to see Arthur received extra attention in school.

Gerri, her sister, had been a sickly child. Their doctor was concerned that Gerri would not live long, as she kept vomiting everything they fed her. After a while, Gerri grew out of that phase. But Gerri was the brilliant one who got straight A's in school. She was the active outgoing one, popular in school, the one who was nominated a homecoming princess. She was the athletic one, winning trophies in gymnastics. Her parents were proud of her.

In contrast, Marie was nothing. She was average. She took care of her brother and sister after school, kept house, cleaned, and cooked. When she was done with all that work, she could do her homework. There was not enough time in the day for Marie to do everything asked of her. She was mother, maid, and cook during the day. At night she was her father's sexual partner. She was never a student in school, as she never had time to learn about school. She was always tired.

The same week Sad Marie told me she needed a place to live away from her mother, the MHS had contracted with Mary Marshall and her husband to rent two half-duplexes they owned in Davis. They offered them to the MHS for use as quarterway houses for chronically mentally ill

patients. I knew they would be eager for cooperative clients who would not trash the places. Once the beds were filled, it might be months or years before I could persuade them to accept a multiple. I rushed over to Iris Waters, the Social Worker in charge.

"Iris," he said, "I've got just the client you need for your new quarterway house. She's been in therapy for four months, and she's been reliable and cooperative. She just won her SSI appeal, so now she has money for her own place. She lives in an apartment managed by her mother, and she really needs to get out of there. With all the time she spends talking about the problems between her and her mother, I don't have much time left over for real therapy. Would you see her about moving into this new place you are opening? Please?"

Waters was pleased to have what sounded like a good referral. Many of the clients who needed such housing had been expelled from prior places for drinking or getting into trouble. Here was one who just needed a decent place to live, and that type of tenant sounded like a winner to her.

Waters set up a time to meet Sad Marie and have her visit the house. She had heard Sad Marie had MPD, but, like most mental health professionals, she didn't believe such a thing existed. But Waters was not going to call their new clinic psychiatrist a liar. After all, I had a lot more training than she did, so she wasn't going to question my diagnosis for now.

Waters showed Sad Marie around the house and interviewed her. She asked Sad Marie the standard questions of a potential apartment renter. Then the questions took on a different tone. What kind of medication did she take and how much? Was she ever violent? Sad Marie didn't lie when she said she was never violent, as only her "hostile psychic sisters" were, not her. But Waters did not ask about them.

Waters asked what she planned to do during the day. She wanted clients to have a paid or volunteer job to help them move on to living on their own. Sad Marie said she was going to school,

studying to be an interpreter for the deaf. Waters thought that a noble cause, and asked Sad Marie to show her some signs. She demonstrated how to say, "Hello, my name is Iris. I am fine. Where is the rest room?" Then Sad Marie showed her a song that she had learned to do in sign language. Waters was impressed with her abilities. She accepted her as an appropriate addition to the house.

Sad Marie next met with Mrs. Marshall and Waters, and they sent up a contract for living in the Satellite House. The contract was as follows:

1. Take all medications.
2. Continue to see your therapist.
3. Participate in group therapy at the house.
4. Have something going on during the day for at least two hours a week.
5. Pay your bills.

The other rules applied to Sad Marie alone.

6. Control acting out behavior of the alter-personalities
7. Do not destroy anything or threaten any roommate.

Becky told Michael to let his charge, Dr. Allison, know she and the CIE were satisfied with the arrangements he had suggested. But he needed to know that there were going to be major difficulties living in this place. Michael communed with Becky that he would pass the warning onto his charge in his dreams. Unfortunately, I did not pay much attention to my dreams, or I would have been alerted to the problems that surfaced later.

Sad Marie signed the contract and was happy to be moving away from her mother. She was now free from her mother's daily influence.

Marie had been raised in one of the housing tracts built in Sacramento after WWII, to take care of the influx of veterans returning from the war. Her father found a job at a nearby Air Force base as a computer operator, a position he held till the day he died. When he married Mother, they bought a three bedroom, one bath house on San

Martin Street, one like all those around it, with a neat front yard, and a big back yard, fenced off from other similar suburban houses. On the outside, there was nothing to make it stand out from the thousands of others built during that time by the same contractors.

But inside the house, it was a place of torture and abuse for Marie. After her father's first sexual assault on her the day of her first birthday, he considered her his possession and property, an object to do with as he wished. Never did he act as if she, too, had feelings, and hated what he was doing to her. Early in the marriage, he constantly argued with his wife. Neither one seemed to find anything pleasant to say about the other. This marriage was one neither of them now wanted, but each entered into it as a social obligation. Each had found the other one sexually exciting at first, and lust was the primary reason for their union. When their respective parents discovered that they were sleeping together, the social pressure to marry was overwhelming. Even though he loved Marie Morgan, he respected her too much to pressure her into sex. Frances felt he had to follow his parents' expectations that he honor his decision to sleep with Shelly, and "make an honorable woman of her." That was the proper thing to do in those days.

Father babysat the children while his wife worked the evening shift, giving him full opportunity to satisfy his sexual urges with his eldest daughter. All the while, he engaged in fantasies of making love to his long lost girlfriend, the first Marie. Mary Lou was his most frequent victim from ages three to seven. She never dared tell anyone about the sexual assaults, especially her mother. Mother seemed totally uninterested in romance with her husband, and, only when she was horny did she show any interest in his sexual advances.

Mother knew what was going on while she was working, and she sanctioned some of what Father did with Marie. Mother had her own agenda, hating Marie as she did because Father had named her after his first love-object.

Father also had his agenda, to make this girl worship the ground he walked on, to learn that she was his property, and to become aware that no one was going to take away what was his.

Mary Lou had to put up with her father's frequent and varied sexual practices. Of course, he always told her he loved her when he kissed her private parts, or stuck his penis in her mouth. Sometimes he pushed his fingers up her rectum, making her hurt so badly she couldn't stand it. After a while, she learned to relax her muscles and let him do with her as he would. There was no way she could stop him, and she was too small to run away. He kept telling her how much he loved her and that his hurting her was his way of showing it. She thought this must be the way all fathers loved their children. No matter what he said about it, she didn't like it and didn't want it to continue. The only way to do that was to escape inside her head, which she did at every opportunity. There she could talk to her "friends," her psychic sisters, who came to join her when she needed friends to talk to. She couldn't talk to anyone outside her head, or she would get her father in bad trouble, as he often reminded her. She knew he might kill her if she told Mother, even if he didn't say those exact words. Becky read his Essence, and she knew that Father wanted his daughter dead if she ever tried to leave.

Her father punished her by locking her in a closet and making her stay there until he chose to let her out. It was his unique method of reacting when she didn't please him. In the dark closet, she would hear the voices of her inner "friends" talking to her, each in its own way. One of those voices told her she was going to kill her, that she deserved to die for what she had done to displease her father. That was Kay talking, full of hatred for everyone who had done harm to Marie, and she was now hating Marie as well. Kay could only hate.

During those hours in the closet, her brother and sister teased her by coming to the closet door and telling Marie that Father had gone and she could come out of the closet now. But, when they unlatched the door and Marie pushed it

open, the first face she saw was that of her glaring father, while her siblings hid behind his legs, laughing at her for being so gullible. They enjoyed that game, as it was their version of hide and seek, but Marie never knew when it was safe to leave the closet. She usually fell asleep in the closet and waited for her father to open the door and carry her to her bed. Only when she woke up in her own bed did she know it was safe to be out of the closet.

Becky knew that Marie would be all right. She and Michael had communed a long time before, letting each other know Michael's charge would be coming into her life, a man who would put her back together and become her dad forever. The psychic connection had been made and was to be carried out. Becky had her work laid out for her, as she had to see to it that her charge lived through the torture and abuse in some "sane" manner, until Michael and his charge were ready. That was a tall order for Becky, Marie's ISH.

Before she was burned and had skin grafting at age 12, her parents had divorced, and her father had left the home. After Marie recovered from her burns, her mother came home one day and announced to her three children that they now had a new stepfather. Mother had not brought any of her dates to the house, so they had no idea where she had been spending her free time. But somewhere she had found Sam Garrett, and she brought him home to be their stepfather. She told them Garrett was a wonderful man who would treat them a lot better than their real father had. They were glad to hear the good news and waited impatiently to see who this knight in shining armor might be.

Garrett did not live up to his advance billing. In spite of his other faults, Father had always kept his job and paid his bills on time. Garrett had no job and paid no bills. Mother's job barely paid enough to cover the mortgage and she had little money left over for anything else. Garrett expected that Father would pay child support, Mother would pay the mortgage and utilities, and he could come and go as he pleased, living off the

two of them. But Father soon stopped paying child support. He started denying he had any children, so why should he pay money to support someone else's children?

The Garrett family was forced to migrate. First they moved to Lake Tahoe for six months. When they ran out of money, they moved back to Citrus Heights in Sacramento County. Next they moved to an apartment in downtown Sacramento, then to an apartment in Carmichael, and finally to a dumpy house in Carmichael. Mother worked every evening to make what money she could, while Garrett was guzzling down whatever he could at home.

When Marie was 15, she had blossomed into a young lady, with all the expected breast and pelvic development. When Garrett wasn't drunk, he noticed her sexual growth and decided to try her out for size. He started fondling Marie's pubis and breasts. After her experience with her father, she was petrified of being raped and beaten again. To avoid total annihilation, she laid there and made another alter-personality, Veronica, to take the initial abuse. Becky redesigned Veronica to be Marie's tool to fight back against Garrett's sexual advances.

Becky tried to have Marie look through Veronica's eyes and learn she did not need to take abuse from anyone. But Marie had so many alter-personalities by then she could not see what was happening to her when someone else was out. Faith told her that she, Faith, was keeping the Original Marie safe, and Becky knew what needed to be done.

One day, while Mother was at work, Garrett had intercourse with Marie. Veronica decided she had had it with him, and she was going to give it to him. Veronica waited until Garrett was pulling up his pants, and then she let loose with one swift kick to the jewels of his manhood, aiming the ball of her foot at the point where his penis and scrotum joined. He doubled over in horror and pain, a wild grimace on his slobbering face.

"WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?" he

yelled at Veronica.

"THAT'S THE LAST TIME YOU'RE GOING TO HURT HER, OR ANY OF US, YOU STINKING BASTARD!" she shrieked at him. "NOW JUST GET YOUR CLOTHES ON AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I AIM AT YOUR FUCKING SKULL. YOU BETTER NOT BE HERE WHEN HER MOM COMES HOME, OR YOU'LL BE DEAD, YOU SHITHEAD!"

Garrett got the message loud and clear. When he could stand up straight, he pulled up his pants, packed a suitcase with his clothes and the bottles he hadn't yet emptied, and left. When Mother came home, she asked Marie where Garrett was. Marie, in all innocence, told her that he must have gone down to the liquor store for some more gin and probably would be back later. Neither of them ever saw him again.

After Garrett left, Mother started embezzling money from her job and went to jail for the first time. Her three children had to move in with relatives, first Aunt Agnes and Uncle Roger in North Highlands. They disliked Marie because she was so strange. They did not like her brother, either, but they loved her sister. When they later had their own daughter, they named her Gerri.

They bad mouthed her father one time too often, and Marie yelled at them to stop. They wouldn't, so Marie ran into Uncle Roger's bedroom and found his gun. She took the gun and locked herself in her room. They tried to knock down the door but couldn't. They called her father and told him she was going to kill herself with a gun. They demanded he come take her away.

Father did come that time, and she unlocked the door for him. He told her he could not have any of his children with him because Samantha, his new wife, did not like his children. He now had new youngsters who were Samantha's, and he did not have any other children. He took the gun away from her and gave it back to Uncle Roger. Father called her mother's grandparents, and they arranged for mother's younger brother, Uncle Fred, and his bride, Martha, to take in the children.

The three children moved into Uncle Fred's and Aunt Martha's house, but, being newlyweds, they did not like having youngsters there. The children felt pressured to clean, cook and do anything else they could to keep peace in the family until their grandparents were available to take them in.

After spending eight months in the Sacramento County Jail, Mother reclaimed her children and started rebuilding her life. Mother's parents took in her and their grandchildren and provided the semblance of a family structure for a change.

When Marie was 17 years old, Wendy, the rescuer who had been created to handle pain at the time of the fire, fell in love with Robert Higgins, a fellow student. Higgins had two sides to his personality. Sometimes he treated Wendy royally, and sometimes he was mean to her for no reason. Since Wendy was designed to see only the good in everyone, she saw only his lovable side. They talked about their future and decided that it would be adventurous if they both joined the military, since neither had yet found a job. Wendy thought that would be a great way to meet people, but the others inside her had different ideas. Most of them rebelled at the thought of being under the domination of superiors. They had had enough of that, and they wanted their freedom from anyone who gave orders. The boys thought that it would be great fun to march around carrying guns and shooting at targets, and the seductive girls fantasized what it would be like to have a whole barracks full of hormone activated young males all to themselves. Becky knew that was not the place for her charge to be.

Becky also knew she had to get rid of Higgins, as he was potentially dangerous. Believing that his girlfriend was going to follow him in a few weeks, he enlisted in the Navy and left for boot camp in San Diego. Two weeks later, Marie was standing in an unemployment office line and met her husband-to-be, George Kelly. They had a whirlwind romance, and all intentions of joining the military faded from her mind. While Marie was

writing Higgins a "Dear John" letter, Lisa Kay, who had been looking forward to many hours of ecstasy in the barracks, told her she was a dope for staying home, but Michelle, a helper, told her, "We all learn by our mistakes."

After she and Kelly were married, they lived first in North Sacramento, in a small one bedroom upstairs apartment on a quiet street. The area was run down and beginning to become a slum area.

They moved six blocks away and managed two apartment buildings in the same area. Their employer supplied them with a one bedroom apartment in exchange for managing the apartments. Kelly worked for White Front Stores while Marie took care of the apartments.

After her husband was fired from his job, he went to work for the Payless Drug Store in San Jose. They slept in their car the night they arrived as they had not yet found an apartment. They soon rented an upstairs one and a half bedroom apartment in a poor section of San Jose. In the front room was a Murphy bed that could be pulled down from the wall. There she became pregnant with Mark, who was born at Stanford University Hospital in Palo Alto.

Marie discovered Kelly taking pictures of her girlfriend in the nude the night she brought Mark home from the hospital. When Mark was seven months old, they moved to Walnut Creek, to a much better two bedroom, two bath apartment with a washer and drier, a dishwasher, a garbage disposal, wall-to-wall carpeting, walk-in closets, a private deck, and a swimming pool. They lived in this middle class area for five months, until Kelly lost his job again. They moved to Pittsburg, California, to a cockroach infested one bedroom apartment. Baby Mark had the bedroom, and Kelly and Marie slept on a mattress on the floor in the front room, where cockroaches crawled over them at night. Drunks staggered by their front door, and prostitutes and drug dealers took care of their business outside all night.

After Sad Marie divorced Kelly, she and

her son moved back in with her mother in Sacramento, until she could get on Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC). Her mother's parents managed apartments in North Sacramento. When they had available a two-bedroom upstairs apartment, Sad Marie and Mark moved in. Her grandparents helped her buy secondhand furniture. It was a depressed area of North Sacramento but without the drunks, prostitutes or drug dealers hanging around outside.

By this time, Sad Marie had been in and out of psychiatric wards of hospitals in four counties, and she was having so many blackouts and suicide attempts she wasn't sure what she was doing where most of the time. The "hostile psychic sisters" were having a field day, taking her off to places where she wouldn't be caught dead, sleeping with men she couldn't stand, and making her attempt suicide for no apparent reason. Her psychiatrist, Dr. Hazelton, finally gave up and sent her from American River Hospital to Crestwood Manor. There she was confined to a ward and a bed, and had no semblance of a civilized living arrangement. Everything she did was under the watchful eyes of nurse's aides who had no idea why she was so peculiar. Their job was to keep her quiet and in bed most of the time, so she wouldn't cause them any trouble. Sad Marie tried to do just that, but she had sunk to the lowest point she had ever reached in her life. Life had been better when she was walked on by cockroaches.

Then Mother came to the rescue. In her denial of her daughter's illness, Mother swept her out of that dungeon and took her to Woodland. She needed Sad Marie's help, as Arthur was not bright enough to follow her instructions. Sad Marie was reliable and able to follow instructions. An obedient daughter was just what she needed.

Now I was throwing a monkey wrench into her plans. What did I mean by suggesting to her daughter that she move out of a perfectly good apartment into a MHS run duplex? She had just rescued her daughter from one mental health establishment, and this new doctor wanted her to

go into another one. Why? Her daughter was just having trouble handling the divorce and the loss of her son while she was in Crestwood Manor. Who wouldn't be unhappy about that? But mentally ill? No way! That psychiatrist could just leave her housing alone and just leave that to Mother. She had known her daughter all her life, and she knew what her daughter needed -- some responsibility and supervision, that's all. She could provide that. Arthur was there to make sure she didn't get into trouble, and she called every day to make sure she didn't attempt suicide again. What more could a caring mother do?

But Sad Marie and I conspired against Mother to move Sad Marie into Pine Tree Lodge, the Satellite House for women in Davis. Only a block away was Live Oak Lodge, the Satellite House for men. Both doctor and patient were happy when Sad Marie was officially accepted as the third woman to move into the house.

The other two slots had been filled by two women who were medication patients of mine. I wondered if it was possible for three such different women to share the same living arrangements, but I had no choice but to give them a chance to try.

When Sad Marie first moved into Pine Tree Lodge, she found that Charlotte Foster and Sylvia Mossbach had already decided to share the large room with two beds, leaving the smaller bedroom for her, the newcomer. Sad Marie had a fantasy that she would suddenly have two big sisters to talk to at home, something she had missed all her life. But the other two women didn't see it that way. They had already formed a tight bond and saw her as the outsider.

When Sad Marie met her two roommates, she felt she might have made a mistake by being too eager to get out from under the watchful gaze of her mother. She was going to make it work, because she did not want to disappoint me. After all, I had gone out on a limb to get her admitted there, and she was going to make me happy by making it work.

Foster was a chronic manic depressive

young woman who had been repeatedly hospitalized for manic attacks. Most of the time, she was in an even or depressed mood, but when she became manic, she would run the streets naked, earning herself a bed in the local county hospital psychiatric ward. Foster was a blue-eyed blonde, slightly taller than Sad Marie, chubby but not as overweight as Sad Marie. She had to have everything neat. If anyone dropped anything on the floor, she insisted that they clean it up right away, and there was no excuse for delay.

Mossbach was working as a nurse's aide in a Davis convalescent hospital when I had been called by her Director of Nurses because she went berserk and hid in the closet. I went to the hospital and attempted to persuade Mossbach to come out of the closet, where she was hiding from the voices that were haunting her. She didn't believe my reassurances, and I had to call for help. With the help of the ambulance attendants, I got her into the ambulance and off to Yolo General Hospital. From there she went to Napa State Hospital, where antipsychotic drugs had finally brought her psychosis under control. She had just been released from the state hospital to live at Pine Tree Lodge and attend the aftercare clinic for schizophrenics. I had not seen her since I had helped drag her out of the nurse's closet, but I wondered if she was really a classic schizophrenic. She had what seemed to me a lot of dramatic symptoms and might have emotional problems similar to Sad Marie's. But I was not her psychotherapist, so I never had a chance to answer that question to my satisfaction.

Mossbach was a tall, skinny young woman with long dark hair that kept getting into her eyes. She was one angry lady inside, and she would take no guff from anyone. No one could tell her what to do. Mossbach was the quiet one, while Foster was outgoing, when not in a depression.

Each woman agreed that she was responsible for keeping her own room clean, and for paying one-third of the utilities, phone, and rent. If she made any long distance phone calls, she was responsible for paying for those, also. Each woman

did her own laundry, and no one could go into anybody's bedroom without knocking first. Foster and Mossbach had also decided that each woman would rotate in cleaning the other areas of the house, such as the living room, bathroom and dining area. Each woman would be responsible for each area for a week and then change.

They agreed that the purchased food would be kept separate except for what was planned for dinner. The woman whose turn it was to cook was to buy the food. She would present the receipts to the other two women for reimbursement. Of course, this had already been decided by Foster and Mossbach. Sad Marie had no say in the matter.

Foster and Mossbach had decided that all three women would sit down for dinner each evening. One would cook, one would set the table, and one would clean up. They would rotate the duties every week. Of course, Foster and Mossbach had already set up the rules, being pushy women. Sad Marie immediately had problems dealing with how forcibly they came across. She felt she had to agree with everything they proposed. What else could she do? She was afraid of confrontation and did not know how to handle anger. Sad Marie was not made to handle anger; she was just made to bring everyone into therapy, nothing more, nothing less.

Once a week, the counselors met with them for a house meeting where they could talk about anything they needed to discuss. Usually Foster and Mossbach would use that time to let Sad Marie know she was not keeping her space as clean as they expected. Sad Marie just sat there and took it. Usually, she never said a word in rebuttal. Instead of all three women acting as a well-run group, Foster and Mossbach did what they wanted to, and, during the meetings, they would dump on Sad Marie. Sad Marie was always depressed.

Here was a woman with multiple personalities, with "hostile psychic sisters" created to handle anger, a manic-depressive patient, and a schizophrenic patient all living together! How could these three women stay in the same house

and get anything accomplished?

During this time, Sad Marie was involved in intensive psychotherapy while attending Junior College as well. When she came home, she felt she had to live up to the impossible expectations of Foster and Mossbach. Mossbach would corner her as soon as she walked in the front door, and tell her that she had not cleaned up her mess from that morning, or that she had left dirty clothes in the living room. Sometimes she complained Sad Marie did not pay her half of the bills, or she ate her food. Everything Sad Marie did was wrong. Mossbach started to get belligerent toward her, and Sad Marie could not control herself anymore. She couldn't study, because she had to correct what was incorrect, or go buy something that had been taken. She started building up her anger, but, because she was not designed to handle anger, other "hostile psychic sisters" had to come out and tell Mossbach to back off. The "hostile psychic sisters" hated Mossbach so much, they wanted to kill her. They were going to put Mossbach out of her misery.

Sad Marie was fed up and angry. How was she going to let them know she did not like what was happening to her? She felt Mossbach was being unfair, and the stress was causing Sad Marie to do poorly in school. How could she tell Mossbach to cool her shit? Sad Marie couldn't do it, but one of the others could and did.

Lisa Kay came out and told Mossbach to back off, or she would kill her. Mossbach did not believe for one minute someone who was such a pushover would strike back. She decided to bring this up at next week's meeting and make sure Sad Marie looked bad, so everybody would laugh at her. That would be her revenge.

When Sad Marie came to my office the next day, Lisa Kay fumed as she talked. She threatened to kill Mossbach because of the way Mossbach treated Sad Marie. Lisa Kay felt that making Sad Marie do all that housework was totally disrespectful, and she felt Mossbach was treating "them" like dirt. Lisa Kay was going to get her revenge.

I was bound by law to let a potential victim know that my patient was threatening to kill her. I sent Mossbach an official-looking letter clearly warning her that my patient promised to do her serious harm if she kept up her present misbehavior. I warned her that she had better watch herself, or she might be gravely injured.

When Mossbach received his letter, she was not overly concerned. After all, she had lived with Sad Marie and never saw her do anything to anybody. She was afraid of her own shadow. Then Mossbach came home one day and found a note on the coffee table addressed to Sad Marie that said, "Better watch out because it is either you or Mossbach that dies first. Love, Lisa Kay." The day after Mossbach received the letter from me, Lisa Kay came out and yelled at her. She told Mossbach that she would kill her, so she had better watch out. She threatened to come for Mossbach late at night.

A scared Mossbach told her counselor, Waters, about the threat. Waters and I called a meeting with our two patients. I knew I had to give Mossbach a demonstration about how dangerous it would be to keep baiting Sad Marie when one of her "hostile psychic sisters" was threatening to kill her.

At the meeting, Lisa Kay came out and told Mossbach she better stop issuing commands and insults and start treating Sad Marie with more respect. She was followed by two helper alter-personalities, Michelle and Wendy, as well as by Becky. All of them tried to explain exactly what issues Lisa Kay was most upset about, and that an agreement could be crafted to cool the anger. Mossbach sat quietly angry, and, in spite of all efforts by Waters and me, she refused to clarify her complaints, other than to repeat that she couldn't handle or accept Sad Marie's multiplicity. She had no specific complaints about her behavior in the house.

Becky knew Lisa Kay meant business and tried to tell this to Mossbach, but Mossbach would not listen to anything anyone said. The only person Becky could protect was her charge, but Moss-

bach's Essence should have told her charge to be calm and listen during the meeting, and it would protect her. But Mossbach would not listen to the still, small voice of her Essence inside, as she considered it another one of her auditory hallucinations.

Finally, Waters and I told Lisa Kay and Mossbach to confront each other directly and lay out their most serious complaints about each other. Then they could negotiate a specific contract. Lisa Kay laid out her complaints, but Mossbach argued that none of those complaints were true. Fuming with denial, she abruptly stood up and walked out of the room. Lisa Kay followed close behind.

Knowing my patient as I did, I felt confident one of the helper alter-personalities would soon take over the body and bring her back to the house. But Waters was not so confident. She wondered why this doctor was not as worried as she was about his patient's homicidal threats, and she wondered what she ought to do. She could just see the headlines in the Davis paper, "Crazy Lady Runs Over Roommate." That would mean the end of her job and maybe her career, if some angry relative went after her license. She decided she had to do something, or she would be found wanting.

The Psychiatric Social Worker turned to the psychiatrist and said, "I feel uncomfortable with this turn of events." I knew that statement was her "professional" way of saying, "What just happened scared the shit out of me. For crying out loud, aren't you going to do anything to stop those two crazies from killing each other?"

As I predicted, my patient's body walked back into the room, this time under the control of Wendy. Waters still had serious concerns about what her client, Mossbach, might or might not do, so she left the duplex to search for her. She found her client walking down the sidewalk, turning the corner. She persuaded her to come back to the house. She was not going to let her run away when Dr. Allison's patient had done all she could to clarify the problems between them. Mossbach had better come back and explain herself.

When Waters brought Mossbach back to the house, they sat down again, but this time Wendy was in charge of the body, not Lisa Kay. Wendy offered a simple contract that she knew Lisa Kay would agree to. It stated that, if Mossbach promised to be polite to Marie Kelly, Lisa Kay promised not to kill her. Lisa Kay's bottom line was that she would not tolerate impoliteness and disrespect. It was clear that Mossbach's attitude was more important than her behavior. With that offer on the table, Mossbach agreed to sign. She was still unwilling to sign any agreement that limited her choice of actions. Her motto was "Nobody tells me what to do."

A few months later, Mossbach decided that living with her parents in Silicon Valley was not as bad as living with Sad Marie and Lisa Kay. Even though she hated her parents, they never threatened to kill her, as Lisa Kay kept doing whenever she reverted to her previous bad manners. But before she left for her parents' home, she had some advice for Sad Marie.

"Marie, I've found a way to get rid of my voices," Mossbach told Sad Marie one day. "Just take twice as much medicine as you are told to take, along with gin. That will blot them out." Lisa Kay thought that would be a great way to spend her time, but Sad Marie didn't think so highly of the idea.

After Mossbach left, nobody else wanted to move into the house. Now there were only two people living there, Foster and Sad Marie. Sad Marie was still attending college, but her rescuer alter-personality, Wendy, was enjoying being out more each day. She had made friends with whom she could discuss music, movies, and men. She was socializing and felt she was her own person. She forgot the fact that her only function was to help Sad Marie. Wendy did not want to just be a rescuer anymore; she wanted to have friends and be accepted in college as herself. She did not want to help someone else anymore.

Bob Collins lived at Live Oak Lodge, the men's Satellite House. This alcoholic, disabled con

man had learned how to talk his way into whatever he wanted in life. He came by Pine Tree Lodge one day when Wendy was out cleaning house. She was singing, happy that she was going to meet some friends from college in a couple of hours. They were going to study and gossip. She had seen Collins through Sad Marie's eyes, so she knew of him.

When he saw her this time, he noticed something was different with her, but he couldn't put his finger on it. She was changed; she appeared so happy. He had heard from others that she had multiple personalities, but he never thought much about it. He wondered if this was one of the alter-personalities talking to him. He had to find out. He asked whom he was talking to.

Wendy was accustomed to answering with the name of Marie, but this time she told him, "I'm Wendy."

Collins was shocked, but he really liked what he saw. This Wendy must be something special. She was happy, sociable, and had a great singing voice. She was totally different from Sad Marie.

Collins had plans for Wendy. He was going to get what he wanted from her.

Wendy felt sorry for Collins. Wendy, who had been designed as a rescuer, decided to help Collins in whatever way that she could. She didn't want Collins to hurt, and Wendy felt a special pull to Collins. She didn't know what the pull was, but she enjoyed it.

"Bob," Wendy said, "I'm going to meet some friends from college, so I've got to leave."

"I would sure like to come over sometime when you are here," Collins told Wendy.

Wendy said, "Anytime."

Collins told her, "I only want to come when I am sure you are out, OK?"

Wendy understood. "Why don't you come over tomorrow at 11:00 a.m.? I don't have any classes then, and Charlotte will be gone. I'll fix some lunch for both of us, and we can talk."

Collins liked that idea, as he planned to

talk to Wendy, gain her confidence, and get a free ride in the sack with her. He wondered what would it be like to have a roll in the hay with a person who is a multiple personality? What if one of the others came out? He had heard about one who was wild and enjoyed sex, so he knew he was going to have a good time with her.

Tomorrow came. It was Friday, and Wendy had no classes. Her roommate had gone to her parents' house and would be gone for the weekend. Collins showed up on time.

"Sit down, Bob," said Wendy, "would you like to have a Coke?"

"I'd love to," he said politely. He had sized Wendy up as one who loved playing hostess, so he would play the perfect guest. She brought him a Coke and sat in the chair next to the couch where Collins was sitting.

Collins and Wendy started talking about the weather, religion and other neutral topics. Wendy fixed lunch, and they ate together. She cleaned the dishes, and Collins played the role of the perfect guest by offering to help. He never did his own dishes at Live Oak Lodge, but he didn't mention that. They went back into the living room, and Wendy felt very comfortable with Collins as she sat next to him on the couch. They talked some more.

Collins explained he had been crippled all his life and was in pain a lot. Wendy felt so sorry for him and was drawn to him.

Wendy explained to him, "I feel something special for you, but I don't know what it is." Becky was not pleased with Wendy, but Wendy was a helper, and Becky could only warn

Wendy that she was in way over her head. Wendy would not listen, as she was falling in love with Collins.

Collins told her, "I felt the same way yesterday when I saw you for the first time. You've got a wonderful singing voice." He knew to agree with any of her flattering comments and then throw out a few of his own. He knew that was the way to

get a female into his web.

"Why, thank you," she replied.

"I'm really beginning to like you a lot," he oozed.

Wendy looked at the clock and realized that it was dinner time. They had been talking for a long time.

"Bob, would you like to have dinner here, that is, if you have no other plans?" asked Wendy.

Since he never had any other plans but to con others out of what he wanted, he said, "I would love to stay for dinner."

Wendy felt so happy. This was the first time she had been able to entertain a man, and she felt so special. Collins was fussing over her and telling her what a wonderful woman she was, that he really liked her and wanted to get to know her more.

They had a simple dinner. Collins told Wendy he would clean and wash the dishes. After all, she had done all the cooking, and it was the least a gentleman could do.

Wendy's hormones were working overtime. She was getting drawn into his web, and Collins was a master at what he was doing. After the dishes were done, Wendy and Collins sat down on the couch and talked some more. Soon he told Wendy that he had fallen in love with her. He leaned over and kissed her. Wendy felt she was going to faint. Now a wonderful man like Bob Collins had kissed her! Her emotions were stirred, and she was in love.

By this time, Becky was yelling at Wendy, "Watch out, Wendy! You are designed NOT to fall in love. He is tricking you. Can't you see his colors? Watch out!" But Wendy was the rescuer and would not listen. It was too late to stop her.

Collins had Wendy exactly where he wanted her. He kept kissing Wendy, and Wendy was completely thrown off guard. Her defenses were gone. Wendy's hormones had taken over completely, and she drifted into the passion and heat of the moment.

She had watched Lisa Kay and Lynn when

they were with men, but Wendy had had no personal experience with sex. Wendy was a virgin, and what she knew about sex could hold a drop of water.

Collins could not believe his good fortune at having seduced Wendy, and it had only taken a couple of hours. How simple! He secretly hoped that one of the other personalities would come out and take over the sex he knew that he was going to have with Wendy. He was excited knowing he might experience a wild woman in the sack.

But that did not happen. Collins and Wendy started with heavy necking and then progressed to petting. Then he told Wendy he had to have her right now, he just couldn't wait, he loved her and wanted to prove it to her. He wanted to "make love" to her. Wendy was speechless. She wanted him, too. Collins was disabled, and could walk only a short distance, and one of his arms was deformed. Wendy did not see any of that. She wanted him because she knew that this was what love was all about, as her erotic emotions were working overtime.

Wendy led him to the bedroom, where he asked her to remove his clothes. Wendy was afraid, but the heat of passion had her in its clutches. Wendy removed his clothes, and then she took off hers. They laid on the bed side by side. Because of Collins' disabilities, he could not make love to Wendy with him on top and her on the bottom. He told her to climb onto him and ride him like a horse. When he entered Wendy, she let out a shout of pure ecstasy, and she sprouted goose bumps. Wendy rode him while he massaged her breasts. Wendy was lost in pure joy, and, when she was close to reaching a climax, Collins brought her down, and then brought her up to the throes of ecstasy and then back down, then up again. When they reached a climax, it was as if they were one.

Wendy cried when she reached a climax, and Collins let his manhood come inside her. Wendy was filled with joy and happiness, because of the wonderful sex that they had together. Collins wanted one of the more experienced ones to come

out and show him a good time. He had Wendy, and nobody else was ever going to know about this.

When Wendy laid in his arms after the first time, he told her that nobody could ever know about them and their special relationship. Otherwise, they would be kicked out of their houses, and then they would have nowhere to live. Wendy agreed to keep it a secret. Collins spent the weekend with Wendy, and they made love twice at night and during the days. He had Wendy.

What Collins did not count on was that someone inside Wendy would tell Dr. Allison, and he would put a stop to it. The next time Sad Marie had her appointment with me, Lisa Kay came out to tell me that Wendy was having an affair with Collins, and she wanted it to continue.¹

I asked Wendy to stop seeing Collins because their romance was interfering with his therapy. Wendy didn't care about therapy or helping Sad Marie. Wendy was in love with Collins, and they had a wonderful relationship. Wendy could not tell me that she and Collins were sleeping together. She lied to me, claiming that nothing immoral had happened between them.

I sent a warning letter to Collins, worded like the one I had sent to Mossbach. When Jane Parker, his therapist, told me that my warning had not impressed Collins in the least, we called for a

¹ This would allow Lisa Kay to keep Wendy out of her affairs. She also planned to kill Collins by pulling his plug, just as Wendy had pulled hers. Lisa Kay, who was the one designed to have fun with and without sex, felt upstaged by Wendy. Wendy was supposed to be a helper, assigned by Becky to keep her from going too far. While she didn't mind not having Wendy always there ready to "pull her plug," she resented Wendy taking over her role and having fun with Collins. No one but Lisa Kay was supposed to have fun in this "family." To stop that behavior, she had to kill Collins. She relished the idea, since she hated men for what their father had done to Mary Lou and all the little Maries. Now she had the perfect target, another hostile man who used sex with a naive teenager to get his jollies.

meeting of the involved patients and therapists. I knew I had to get through Collins' thick skull that the future of his psychopathic carcass was on the line, whether he wanted to believe the doctor or not.

So far, none of the alter-personalities had done anything to cause her to be arrested for any offense, but I knew that, if Collins persisted in his romantic conquest, he might not see another summer. I knew I might then be spending my days assisting a defense attorney help my patient cope with a murder charge. I preferred to see Sad Marie in my office instead of in the local jail.

I had to bring Collins in and explain to him what would happen if he continued seeing Wendy. At the meeting with Wendy, Collins, and Parker, I explained to Collins what could happen if the other "hostile psychic sisters" did not like him. He paid little attention to what I said.

I asked to speak to Lisa Kay. When she came forth, she pulled a razor blade from her wallet and lunged at Collins' neck. I quickly grabbed her right wrist, but she twisted her hand trying to get free and cut my left thumb. Emphatically, Lisa Kay told Collins that she was going to kill him. Through all this excitement, Collins sat quietly in his chair, ignoring the intense urging by both the psychiatrist and his Psychiatric Nurse that he forswear this romance. When I had exhausted my persuasive abilities, and thought I had failed, Collins calmly stated, "I think I had better break it off with Wendy. I'm not into violence."

Then Lisa Kay was replaced Wendy, who cried bitterly at his rejection. But Collins held fast to his resolve to stay alive and told her he would not be seeing her again. Both of us therapists relaxed in our chairs when Collins finally came to his limited senses.

Wendy was heartbroken, and she took an overdose of pills that night. She was admitted to the Yolo General Hospital seclusion room by Dr. Lucien, the on call doctor. Wendy felt like a fool, trying to destroy a life that was not hers to end.

During the therapy session after Wendy

was discharged from Yolo General Hospital, I played my trump card. Michelle, a helper, arrived for the session and promised me there would be no more social or romantic contacts between any of them and Collins. I told her that, if there were, I would resign as their therapist, and I meant it. There was no way I could meet my responsibilities to my patient if a major rescuer abdicated her role.

I was not into making threats. This was a promise. Also, I did not care to sacrifice any more thumbs to therapy. Thereafter, I put Sad Marie's purse in the closet while she was in my office. Lisa Kay agreed not to harm me anymore, but Becky warned me that Lisa Kay had made a new alter-personality who was designed to attack me. This was Lisa Kay's way of getting around the nonviolence contract she had signed for me. I confronted Lisa Kay with her double-cross, and I bluntly told her to kill the assassin she had created to kill me. I meant what I said with every fiber of my body.

Lisa Kay, realizing I was serious, closed her eyes, reabsorbed the new alter-personality into herself, and came back out to report "she" was gone.

Wendy needed to repair her broken heart, so Faith sent her to the protected place where the Original Marie was still hidden. Wendy did not inhabit the body for a few weeks, and, when she returned, she no longer had a self image of an independent woman, and she agreed to resume her proper place as a rescuer. Wendy had spent so much time out of character that Faith found it necessary to "reprogram" her into a helper alter-personality again. Wendy was then back on assignment as the main rescuer for Sad Marie when Lisa Kay acted out her anger.

Unfortunately, Collins did not follow through on his promises to leave Wendy alone. Over the next few months, he tried repeatedly to date Wendy and reactivate the romance, and both Sad Marie and I were perplexed about how to deal with him. Since he was the client of Parker, not me, I could not expel him from Live Oak Lodge. But I

warned all the alter-personalities to avoid Collins and to call Parker if and when he called.

Seven months after he moved into Live Oak Lodge, Collins moved out. He and the other two men who lived there had spent much of their time intoxicated, and they were also hiding liquor in the house for teenaged boys in the neighborhood. Another resident, Roy Barker, spent his time hanging around with them, but he was now in jail on an armed robbery charge. He ended up in state prison.

In letting these particular men into the Satellite House, the responsible staff members exposed Marie to serious harm. It took all the effort Becky and Faith could muster to repair the damage done by the betrayal by Wendy, under the constant instigation of Lisa Kay and the other "angry psychic sisters."

Foster, the other roommate, presented a different problem. She repeatedly called out Lisa Kay to go out on the town with her. She wanted Lisa Kay's help in picking up men and taking them to bed. Foster loved the "hostile psychic sisters," and she kept calling them out. Becky decided that enough was enough and tried to deal with her. She explained to Foster that, while the "hostile psychic sisters" loved going out, they now were plotting how to get rid of her. Foster was taking away the men they wanted, and they wanted her out of the way. But Foster did not listen to Becky.

Becky then told me about her troubles with Foster. I was concerned about what was happening. Another demonstration was needed for this roommate. I set up a meeting at the house during which I paraded out a series of alter-personalities in front of Foster, hoping that would satisfy her curiosity. I also hoped to scare her enough to persuade her to quit calling out Lisa Kay to learn how to seduce men. Foster left the house after hearing that she was also marked for annihilation due to her inappropriate behavior.

After a total of seven months' residence in Pine Tree Lodge, Waters decided that Sad Marie was acting out too often as Lisa Kay and the other

angry alter-personalities. She strongly recommended she move into Sihaya House, a halfway house. There, she would be constantly monitored while in the building, as she would have a live-in counselor recruited from the local university. In addition, the two psychologists who ran the House were in the building most of the working day. She would be expected to go to structured activities outside the House when the counselors were attending college. I referred her to the Stepping Stones Day Treatment program at the Broderick clinic so she could meet this requirement.

Sihaya House accommodated three female residents and three male residents. The staff included male and female counselors, one for each resident. The counselors lived free of charge at the House while tending to the needs of the residents and helping them learn responsibility. Their duties were to prepare them to be able to go to quarter-way housing and then on to their own independent living arrangements.

Sad Marie's primary problem with the staff was that they were not professionals in the field of mental health rehabilitation. They were university students who were voted in by the people living in the House then, including the residents. If an applicant was not likable enough, he or she would not get hired. There were many students trying to get on staff, so the competition was stiff.

The halfway House was a community in itself. The residents did the shopping, cleaning, and cooking. Sad Marie thought it was stupid that all food was cooked for vegetarians, who never gave thought to the other people's eating habits. Vegetables were the big thing, but Marie and some of the other residents could not eat them. Some of the time the nonvegetarians went to bed hungry.

The rules for residents were as follows:

- 1) Take your medication.
- 2) Meet with your staff person every week.
- 3) Keep your area in your room clean and neat
- 4) Help with the chores without

complaining.

5) Have your day planned and stay out of the house until after 3:30 p.m., as staff were not yet home.

Sad Marie felt like a child, having to let Mom and Dad know when she planned to come home so they would let her in. Special rules were established for her. The director, Dr. Gregory, had her sign a contract designed to keep her in line. She was constantly watched. If she stepped out of line, she could expect a dressing down. She was upset much of the time, waiting for the next complaint. She was called before the director because one of the negative alter-personalities had broken the screen door, and he made her feel like a fool in front of the other residents. He told everyone how much that screen door cost, and that they did not have money in the budget to replace it.

Years later, after Marie became one, she called Dr. Gregory and told him she would like to pay for the screen door she broke years ago when she was sick and dissociated. She said she was in Narcotics Anonymous and Steps Eight and Nine required that she attempt to make up for any harm she had caused others.² Dr. Gregory told her to send the check to an address, but he doubted he would ever see it. He asked her why was she bothering him with something that was ridiculous in the first place, and then he hung up on her. Marie never sent the money for the broken screen door.

After her integration, she visited Sihaya House in order to give a check and letter of explanation to the director. When Marie climbed the steps to the House, she felt afraid, as she saw herself coming back to a place that reminded her of a lot of pain. She had flashbacks of her and her "hostile psychic sisters" living in the House and of

² Step Eight reads, "Make a list of all persons you have harmed and become willing to make amends to them all." Step Nine reads, "Make direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others."

how the others had reacted to their misbehavior.

The House looked the same on the outside. She knocked, and a young woman came to the door. Marie told her what she had come to do and asked if Dr. Gregory was still there. The woman told her he no longer worked there, but she invited Marie to come in.

Marie handed her letter to the woman, who opened the envelope and read it silently. The woman explained that the program had changed, as they now only housed men. She asked Marie why she wanted to pay for a screen door that was now more than 14 years old. Marie explained she needed to clear her conscience. She needed to do this for herself so that she would feel better as she was making her amends.

The lady told her it was not necessary to pay for something from so long ago, but the House could always use the money for another good cause. She thanked Marie for stopping by, and Marie thanked her for her graciousness.

As she left the House, Marie felt as tall as the tallest tree around, and proud of herself for having completed a task that had to be faced and finished. It didn't matter that the original director was no longer there and could not see the change in Marie. She was happy she could finally put this last chapter of her life to rest, never to be remembered again.

Becky was happy that Marie had faced a part of her past and was now able to accept the totality of it. Her charge had completed this phase of her education in living. Marie was able to let it go and move ahead, thanks to Dr. Allison and Becky.

I was doing intense therapy while Marie was in Sihaya House, and several of the "hostile psychic sisters" acted up and caused more stress for her. They had the staff jumping and running in different directions because no one was trained enough to deal with a multiple personality patient. The subject was not even covered in their psychology classes. No one but I had any training in the subject. Sad Marie wished that the staff had

been required to sit in on therapy sessions so they would learn how to react in times of crisis instead of overreacting or not acting at all.

But there was no other place to live except by herself. I did not want that because I feared it would be too easy for Sad Marie to leave and never come back when one of the "hostile psychic sisters" showed her face and decided enough was enough. If I had talked it over with Becky and Faith, they would have assured me that Sad Marie could live by herself. They would not let anything stop the progression of therapy that had been laid out for her by Becky and Michael.

The staff did everything possible to make living there easy on everyone, but Sad Marie had a terrible time there. There were some good times, though. She had fun going on field trips to places that she had never visited. Once when they were camping in Yosemite National Park, she had a flare-up of her duodenal ulcer, and they had to get her to the hospital. The other residents and counselors were angry at her for upsetting their trip.

The turnover in counselors created another problem for those residents living there. The residents were upset every time the school year ended, as they saw their counselor leave. That seemed cruel to the residents. The administrative staff thought it would be better to break off the counselor-resident relationship with a clean, swift break without emotions involved. So, the departing counselors always left when their clients were out. Therefore, the residents were upset when they came home and found their counselors gone, without even a note saying good bye. So much for emotional sensitivity!

No one was ever supposed to act out or cause any problems whatsoever. That was the golden rule. If a resident acted up too often, he or she was asked to leave, even if no other place was available.

Sad Marie's first and favorite counselor was Suzanne Richards, a warm and friendly girl, who was unfazed by Sad Marie's multiplicity. She

accepted each alter-personality on her own merits and related to each as if she were a separate person. Veronica, especially, appreciated this approach and came to love Richards as if she were her natural sister, because she treated Veronica as "her own person."

Richards came with Marie to my office when I was working on Veronica's problem in age-regression therapy. She watched me interview a 15-year-old Marie, who told me of her horror of feeling she had to put up with constant sexual advances of her alcoholic stepfather. As a result, she was indulging in monstrous fantasies of revenge on him, once she was able to seduce him into a vulnerable position.

Realizing the danger of letting the 15-year-old "virtual Marie" continue with such homicidal fantasies, I age-progressed her one year and introduced her to Veronica, who had been created to fight back against Garrett, her stepfather, instead of giving in to his ugly advances. I arranged a "girl-to-girl" talk between Marie and Veronica regarding what Garrett was doing to his stepdaughter, and how Veronica could strike once at his most vulnerable organs and rid them of him forever. When Marie realized that she did not need to act out on her wild fantasies, she gave them up and let Veronica be her avenger.

The now obsolescent Veronica was called upon by me to shed herself of all hatred that she carried for Marie against Garrett. As I encouraged her to get rid of all that burning, hot anger in her body, she started throwing wads of facial tissue across the room. Finally, she appeared to have discharged all of her anger into the tissue box, and shot it across the room at me, urging her on.

Then Veronica went limp in her chair, emptied of the anger-energy that had fueled her for so many years. Out of energy, she was replaced by another angry alter-personality, Rehab. I realized I had to work quickly to finish the rest of Veronica's "rehabilitation" so that I could then turn my undivided attention to Rehab, who was waiting in Becky's line for her turn at "being turned."

I put my hand on Rehab's forehead and called for Veronica to come back to talk to me some more. Veronica soon reappeared, very weak and depleted of strength. I told her to open up the top of her head to the healing power of agape love in the universe, to let it flow into her head, neck, trunk, arms and legs. I urged her to let this stream of love energy into all parts of her body, into every cell and fiber of her being.

She cooperated totally, as she was now a sponge waiting to soak up whatever energy was available to her. She absorbed the glow of universal love energy that streamed in through the crown of her head, filling her body and mind.

When she had been recharged and was again full of energy, her mood was warm and pleasant. Veronica told me that she was going to stay around for a while as Becky had told her she had a few chores yet to do.

A week later, when Rehab was the object of therapy, I age-regressed Marie to age 16, and they reviewed the poor living situation when her mother had gone to jail and the children had been placed with Uncle Roger and Aunt Agnes. Rehab felt that these relatives hated her, and I decided to investigate why they might feel that way. I discovered both Rehab and Veronica had dumped laundry and detergent throughout the house and rebelliously told the aunt and uncle to do their own laundry. No wonder her relatives were short-tempered with her!

Another relevant situation I discovered was on Marie's first date with Robert Higgins, who was then a high school senior. He started to make a pass at her, and both Rehab and Veronica slugged him before he could make a move toward her. Veronica had been recently created from the stepfather's molestation to hate any man who made a romantic approach to her.

During the next two weeks they went out, Higgins slapped Marie around, and she didn't know why, since she had amnesia for the damage Rehab and Veronica had done to him. Thus, she was building up hostility towards Higgins, not realizing

she had played a significant role in stirring up his hostility towards her.

After age-progressing Marie, I explained to her what I had learned, and then Rehab came out to register a new complaint. "Dr. A, I hate you, and I hate you even more now!"

"Why is that?" I calmly asked Rehab.

"Because you have changed my partner, Veronica, and I don't like that!" she complained. "She used to work with me all the time, beating up the guys who propositioned Marie. Now that you have made her into a helper, she isn't willing to fight alongside me anymore. You shit head, why did you have to do that? We were one hell of a team, you know!"

"I really am sorry," I said, teasing her. "But my job is to get Marie well, and I'm sorry if I ruined your fun in doing so. You'll just have to put up with it, Rehab."

At the next session, Richards brought along her friend, Kent Steinberg, a medical student. Rehab had been out at Sihaya House and was very angry because Sad Marie's mother went gambling in Lake Tahoe after lying to her that she wasn't going there. Sad Marie always was anxious when her mother went to gamble in Nevada, since she could see her mother coming home broke and again embezzling money from her employer. She could not stand the idea of her mother going to jail again.

I age-regressed Marie to age 17. She was then dating and having sex with Higgins, but Mother didn't pay any attention to her. She tried suicide, and Mother didn't notice. She tried flunking out of high school, and Mother didn't notice. After getting A's in her freshman year, she ended her high school career with mediocre grades.

At that point, Rehab broke out in the present time and tried to date the medical student. Fortunately, Steinberg realized that she would not be the best of companions, and he declined her invitation. I then brought back the 17-year-old Marie, and Joyleen came on stage to rage against Mother, too. After that eruption, I age-progressed my patient back to age 30, where Sad Marie

accepted what she had experienced and felt at age 17, and she was then able to grow another year older emotionally.

Soon after that, Sad Marie cashed a check at the bank and paid her mother a car payment. She had \$40 left in her purse that she left downstairs at Sihaya House on Friday. When she went to pick up her purse, the money was missing.

When she brought this problem to up with me, we first thought one of the "hostile psychic sisters" might have taken the money to use for her own purposes. I asked if anyone inside knew anything about this money from Sad Marie's purse. Rehab appeared and indignantly denied any of them had anything to do with the missing money, and she was insulted that I would have so little faith in them.

I then brought back Sad Marie and told her what I had been told. I asked her to bring it up at the next group meeting at the House.

Becky knew Rehab had taken the money and spent it on drinks. Then Rehab had come out and lied to me. She had no morals, so lying did not faze her. At the House meeting, Sad Marie told the group about the missing money. Two counselors described how they had seen her buying drinks at a bar. Sad Marie then knew that one of her "hostile psychic sisters" had taken it.

Once Marcia took an overdose of tranquilizer tablets, and I told the staff to give her some Ipecac so she would vomit. Dr. Gregory insisted on attending the next therapy session. He didn't want this to happen again, and he insisted on her signing a more complete contract, or else she would have to leave.

The two major trouble makers then were Marcia and Joyleen, so I called Marcia out first. She identified herself to Dr. Gregory as Marcia Webb, and he firmly presented his objections to her recent suicidal behavior. She realized he was serious and had the power to throw her out onto the streets. She liked living there, so she finally knuckled under to the persuasive abilities of the therapist and the stubbornness of the director, who

had reached the end of his tolerance for her misbehavior. She signed a new agreement to behave herself.

Then I called out Joyleen Ball. She confided in us that she had a crush on one of the counselors at the House. Dr. Gregory used that as leverage to persuade her to sign that she would stop making suicidal or homicidal moves at the House. If she didn't, she could not pursue the affair she hoped to have. She also agreed to sign.

Next, Becky came out to alert the two men that there was another hostile alter-personality inside Sad Marie whom they needed to meet. She let out Mary Wells, age 29 years. She was one hostile bitch, but finally she, too, agreed to sign the agreement. She was willing to sign an agreement to not hurt anyone while she was in the House. She made sure I was not listed as a nonvictim, unless I came into the House itself. She wanted me to clearly understand that I was fair game if she chose to attack me somewhere else.

With that warning, I called for Becky to explain what Mary had meant by her threats. Becky pulled a steak knife out of her coat pocket and told us two doctors that Joyleen had hidden it there so that she could attack me at today's session. I took the knife and secreted it in my desk drawer, foiling the plot. Dr. Gregory returned it to the silverware drawer at Sihaya House.

Frequently, Marcia packed Sad Marie's bags and tried to leave Sihaya House, but was always blocked by one of the helpers. Once this was due to Sad Marie's jealousy of a new female resident who came to live at the House. The new roommate was very attractive and was taking away the men Marcia was trying to date. The men told Marcia she was not attractive, and they had found someone who treated them better than Marcia did. Her jealousy then fueled Marcia's acting out.

I age regressed her to age 24 and learned of the jealousy she had toward her mother, which was reflected in the current situation at the House. During the session, Marcia came out several times to fight with me, but I always managed to push her

back under and continue the interview with the 24-year-old "virtual Marie."

My goal was to bring to my patient's awareness the basic conflicts of each year of her life. I had to learn what psychological problems she had coped with that year by making alter-personalities to "solve" them in a neurotic way. Then I was able to discuss with the Marie of that age how she might solve the problems in a more adult, constructive fashion. When I had provided a new, learned response to the interpersonal problems of that year, she could then age progress back to the present date, accept the memories of the year just reviewed, accept as hers the feelings she had previously rejected, discharge the feelings from her body, and grow up another year. This process is known as "cognitive restructuring."

In the Fall of 1980, Sad Marie was assigned a new counselor from UC Davis, Dewey Cartright, a black student. Within a week, Joyleen wanted to maim him because he was a man, as all men were horrible and didn't amount to anything! He also wanted to know what she was upset about. Nobody was going to substitute for Dr. Allison, and nobody was going to get inside her head to see what made her tick! She knew who she was; she was a woman who was strong and was going to destroy all men who tried to help her! The bastard was going to die!

Sad Marie and Cartright got along fine. He listened to her and honestly tried to understand her and her problems. He always said something positive to Sad Marie and made her feel good about herself. She seemed happy with him as her counselor, and she was equally comfortable with the other residents and members of the staff. She finally felt at peace in her home.

Marie's roommate, Ester Martindale, was assigned Betsy Southerby, a coed from Virginia. Hers was an old Southern family, who traced their ancestry back to the leaders of the Confederacy, and they were proud of their traditions. She was a warm, loving, and giving person. Despite her background, she gave the impression that she was

a kind and tolerant person. She was accepted onto the staff by a unanimous vote of the House.

A week later, that peace was broken. These two counselors were often at each other's throats. Southerby frequently yelled at Cartright that he had left a mess, had not done his chores, had failed to write his chart notes, or anything else that she could find to complain about. She was always at him, and she kept calling him "boy." The whole House was getting very upset because of the tension between these two counselors.

Sad Marie, being so sensitive, felt how wrong this all was. When Cartright met with her, she was concerned about what was happening between him and Southerby. She wanted to know how he was feeling about how Southerby was treating him. But Cartright insisted on talking about Sad Marie and her problems. That was his time to meet with her to discuss her problems and how to fix them. Sad Marie wanted none of that. She was more concerned with his feelings.

Since both Sad Marie and Martindale had lived their entire lives in the Central Valley of California and had gone to multiracial schools, neither cared what skin color their counselors had. What they needed was a friend who could assist them in their goals of mental health and independence. But they were caught in the crossfire between these two, one attacking and one defending. Each felt obligated to take sides against the other one, and the two residents soon found themselves not daring to talk to each other, except to provide the minimum information needed when they had to cooperate in a joint task.

Sad Marie had contracted with Dr. Gregory that she would not switch to any other alter-personality while insides the walls of Sihaya House. She meant to live up to that contract, for, to do otherwise would send her back to her mother's house. The tension in the House grew, and she could not avoid being pulled into a partisan position, forced to be at odds with her roommate. Finally, Sad Marie developed a duodenal ulcer as a result of her sticking by her agreement not to use

her usual dissociative ways of coping with any problem at the House.

During this tense period, Sad Marie complained more and more in her therapy sessions with me about how nobody paid attention to her, she wasn't any good, she might as well die, and the rest of the litany that always accompanied her increasingly deep depression. I tried changing her antidepressant medication. I did not know how she would react to it, but I had to take a chance since she was getting deeper into the trough of depression.

But, instead of taking the new medicine, she secreted it at Sihaya House and Stepping Stones Day Treatment Center. Joyleen swallowed the pills, the first batch as she was leaving the House in the morning, and then the rest at noon at Stepping Stones. I was called to the Day Treatment Center after Becky came out to tell them that Joyleen had made a suicide attempt. I brought a bottle of Ipecac from the nearby Salud Clinic and poured out a tablespoon for Becky to take. I then went to get a cup of water for her to drink with it, but, when I returned, Joyleen was out, announcing that she wasn't going to take it. I threatened to call the sheriff and send her off to Yolo General Hospital. Joyleen backed down and swallowed the Ipecac and water. Within fifteen minutes, she went to the restroom, where she vomited her stomach contents. She spent the rest of the day at Stepping Stones, where they agreed to watch her closely for the rest of the day.

After four weeks of bickering, Cartright sat down with Sad Marie and told her, "You know how difficult it has been around here this past month. It's been hard on me, and I know it has been hard on you. I've decided the only way I can improve the situation here is to leave. I hate to do it, but I just can't put you and the other residents through any more of this garbage. I hope you will understand.

"Betsy has been asked to leave, too. I'm sorry for Ester, your roommate, but that's Don Gregory's decision."

Dr. Gregory called a House meeting that evening. It was not the regular meeting time, so everybody knew something important was up. Dr. Gregory started the meeting. "I know all of you have been as distressed as I am by the tension that has developed between two of our new counselors, Betsy and Dewey. It seems that they are unable to cooperate in the running of the House and cannot work out a truce to settle their differences. I can no longer tolerate the tension between them, and I certainly cannot expect you who are living here to take it anymore.

"I have decided to ask one of them, Betsy, to leave, and Dewey has decided to leave as well. Then we can get back to the basic purpose of this House, which is to provide a healing environment for our residents.

"Now, I would like Betsy to apologize to all the members of the House, to Dewey, and especially to Marie, who has been driven by the tension into trying to kill herself again. Betsy, you have the floor."

Dr. Gregory sat down and waited for Southerby to make her move. She just sat there and refused to say anything. The tension in the room was palpable to all, and Sad Marie was getting more agitated than ever. She wished that they would just get this over with and leave her alone.

Dr. Gregory tried again. "Betsy, we are waiting for your apology."

Southerby sat up stiffly, mustering all the dignity she could. Never would she apologize for standing up for her family's traditions! In no way was she going to cooperate in this charade! She knew what she was worth, and these nutty Californians weren't going to tell her she was wrong!

Dr. Gregory was getting exasperated with her. "Betsy, you need to apologize to all of us, but mostly to Marie. I believe that would lessen her depression and the suicidal urges she is having."

Southerby rose slowly, her head held high. "Marie, I am sorry that I did anything to upset you, and I don't want to see you die. But I cannot stand

being in the same room with a 'nigger.'"

With that pronouncement, Dr. Gregory told her to get her belongings and be out of the House in 30 minutes. She answered, "I'll be out in five," and walked out. She came back with her suitcase, opened the door, walked out and slammed it. She was never seen or heard from again.

Dr. Gregory then looked at Cartright and told him he did not have to leave. Cartright said he felt confined because of all the tension that had gone on in the House. He did not want to contribute to any more suffering by Marie. Dr. Gregory asked him to reconsider and to let him know later what his position was. Cartright said he did not need any time to tell him his position. He had made up his mind.

Sad Marie sat there and listened to it all. She had never cried so much in her life as she was doing now. She felt that it was her responsibility that the House was being ripped apart by two individuals she had helped vote in.

Cartright looked over at Sad Marie and told her, "I'm really sorry all this happened. None of it was your fault. It was nothing you did or said, but, to allow you to have the peace and contentment you all deserve, I feel I must leave."

At that point, Sad Marie got up and yelled, "I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE!" She ran upstairs to her bedroom, threw herself on the bed, crying and sobbing.

Dr. Gregory and Cartright came running up after her and knocked on the door. She did not answer. They came in anyway and again tried to explain to her that it was not her fault. She yelled and screamed at them both. She pulled out a razor blade and yelled, "IT IS ALL MY FAULT, AND I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THAT I NEVER HURT ANYONE AGAIN!"

Sad Marie raised the razor blade to her wrist. Her face suddenly went blank, and Becky came out. She handed the razor blade to Dr. Gregory. He took it with thanks and asked how Sad Marie was doing. Becky said, "She will be fine. Give her time."

At their next therapy session, I discovered that Sad Marie had no idea of the hostility racial prejudice can stir up in people. She had never lived in an area where this was an issue and couldn't understand why the two counselors couldn't make up and live happily ever after.

I explained that while I attended an all-white grade school in California, a black boy moved into town and attended my school. I made friends with him and played with him on the school grounds. In my neighborhood also lived "Oakie" families, who had moved from Oklahoma during WWII because of better jobs in California. I had played with them, also.

I was surprised when one of the "Oakie" boys saw me playing with the new black student and, as he strolled by, called me a "nigger-lover," as if this was the worst term that could be applied to anyone on earth. I wondered what was wrong with playing with a dark-skinned boy. After all, I had spent my first four years in the Philippine Islands, which was populated by many dark-skinned people. I hadn't ignored these "Oakie" boys, but I also spent time playing with this dark-skinned youth. I was more perplexed than insulted by this phrase, which was mouthed as an insult. I didn't "love" this black boy, I just enjoyed playing with him, because he was a fun kid to be around. What could these other boys mean by mistakenly calling me a "lover" of anyone? It sounded so stupid to me.

When I went into the Air Force after my internship, I was sent to Texas for training and then to a hospital assignment in Biloxi, Mississippi. This was before court ordered desegregation in the South. I had not been particularly concerned about racial relations, since, in California, it was no big deal where my family had lived. But when my wife, Joyce, and I drove into Louisiana for the first time and stopped for gasoline, I was shocked when I found they built gas stations differently than in California.

At the Louisiana gas station, I went looking for the restroom. What I found were three

restrooms, each with a different label on the door -- WHITE MEN, WHITE WOMEN, and COLORED. What shocked me was not that the whites and blacks were expected to use separate restrooms, but that black people of both genders were expected to use the same restroom! To me, that was the height of indignity, as I knew each gender should have a separate restroom. That was just the right thing to do! That was the first of numerous culture shocks I had Deep Down South in Dixie.

While Keesler Air Force Base was federal property and racially integrated, Biloxi, the city around it, was segregated by state law. If I invited my black sergeant to dinner at my duplex on base property, we could socialize without problems. But, if the black sergeant and I went out to dinner together at a Biloxi restaurant, I would have been arrested and jailed as a criminal! What difference should it make where you eat dinner?

I explained to Marie what I had lived through in Biloxi in those years before desegregation, and she could not believe me. It all sounded so medieval. I told her how Joyce worked nights at the local hospital, where all black patients were placed on the same ward, whether they had just delivered a baby, coughed up blood from tuberculosis, or were recovering from a fractured leg. Only the white patients were allowed to be placed in wards where they were grouped by illness or injury. All the black patients had to share the same wing, to keep them away from any white patients.

I told Marie these tales in an attempt to open her eyes to what had been long-standing history in the part of the nation from which these two counselors had come. She had no idea how pervasive prejudice was in those days, and to what lengths whites went to keep blacks at arms length, unless they wanted something from them.

The rules of Sihaya House were very upsetting for Marie and her "psychic sisters." It was a sure way to test how a multiple personality patient could behave in a very structured House that demanded she be on her best behavior. For a

resident with MPD, that was close to impossible. That is why Sad Marie developed an ulcer and became very ill trying to follow all the rules. There was no bending them at all.

It would have been a lot easier on her physically if she had had her own place. At least there the only rules would be those which applied to her and the "others" inside her. But how would she take care of herself and be sure to eat properly? Her conservator would pay her bills, but what about her health? Also, making social contacts would have been totally impossible if she had lived by herself.

Being in a halfway house assured that all her physical needs were met as well as her need to interact with others. What about the effect of living with other mentally ill persons? Therapy might have been speedier if she had lived in a house where she rented a room from a family. It would have been better if she could have eaten and interacted with a family and yet been able to disappear into her room when she needed and wanted peace and quiet.

Sihaya House had a rule that a resident could stay no longer than 18 months. Then, the resident had to find housing elsewhere. For many of them this duplicated being kicked out of their family home. But rules were rules.

Because Sad Marie was still a client of the MHS, the only place she could go back to was Pine Tree Lodge. Sad Marie returned to find Foster living there again, having recently been discharged from a hospital in San Francisco, where she had had a manic attack. When Sad Marie arrived at the house, Foster was still a demanding person. When Sad Marie had been in the house the first time, there were supposed to be three women, but by the time she moved back to the house, Mrs. Marshall had decided three were too many, and now only two women could share the duplex.

I was beginning to finish the last stages of my patient's integration, and I was planning on leaving the area myself. When psychological integration was 95 percent completed and the

Original Marie was in charge of her body again, I had to leave. Social Worker Hilburton and Dr. Dailey, who had returned to the clinic, were now in charge. Hilburton agreed to see Marie for six months. Dr. Dailey agreed to prescribe her medications.

After my departure, the Original Marie was lost. Her dad had left, and she was scared to live in the world Dr. Allison had given her.

Becky tried to explain to the Original Marie that the world was not as horrible as she envisioned. There were some good points, one of which was that she had an understanding dad who would always be there for her when she needed to talk to him.

Marie did not agree. She had lost Rebecca Worth, her mom, Haley Richmond, her rehabilitation counselor, and Doug Ince, her ARC counselor. She had moved out of Sihaya House, losing her counselor there. Now she had lost Dr. Allison, her dad. Who was going to help her over the rough spots in this life that Dr. Allison and Becky had worked so hard to give her? Her dad treated her just like all other men in her life. He told her he wanted her to have a better life. Why should Marie care if she had a life, because he didn't care either? HE LEFT. She felt betrayed and lied to. Now her dad had left her with people who did not believe she was a new person. She was left alone. No one cared.

While seeing Hilburton, Marie started making Internalized Imaginary Companions (IIC) that had no substance, so she would not have to deal with the pain of being left alone. While Marie was making these new IIC, she felt so alone that she manufactured an image of her natural father, which she saw in the window of Hilburton's office. Marie smashed her hand through the window. Hilburton called for an ambulance and sent her to the hospital. The ER doctor used 15 stitches to close the gaping wounds on the first two fingers of her right hand. Marie realized that her career to become an interpreter for the deaf was over.

While Marie was in the seclusion room at

Yolo General Hospital, Becky started talking to her charge again. Becky told Marie she needed to get away so she could rest and find out who and what she was. When Marie was released from the seclusion room, she asked Dr. Dailey to send her to Napa State Hospital.

When she was released from Napa State Hospital two weeks later, her mother drove her back to Pine Tree Lodge, where her furniture was stored. Marie asked to stay there until she could find her own place. The next day Marie rented an apartment in Carmichael. One week later, her grandfather helped her move.

Unfortunately, she and Devin Fields, another client at the Day Treatment Center, had fallen in love, and they married. When that marriage soured and collapsed, she was then a battered wife who was also bankrupt. Her marriage to Fields over, Marie was at the bottom of the economic ladder. Then, she was living in a low income apartment. She stayed there until she became computer literate and was hired for her first state job. When she received her second paycheck, she found a better apartment in South Sacramento, in a brand-new complex.

She stayed there for six months, and her son, Mark, came to live with her. They decided to move back to Carmichael, which was closer to his Junior College. They moved into another new apartment complex that was a state-of-the-art complex with tennis courts, a swimming pool and Jacuzzi, a dry sauna, an exercise room, showers, and a clubhouse where Sunday brunches were one of the scheduled social events.

For his own reasons, her son moved out, and Marie's mother moved in. After a total of five years in that apartment, Marie found her ideal condominium in North Highlands. The condominium had all the features she wanted. She had the best of the condominiums available, with plenty of room for her mother and herself. It was quite a place that Marie now called home.

As she was growing up, Marie was never safe or felt protected. The house that she grew up

in was not a home; it was a physical place to which she made no attachments. Marie went from her house to MHS run centers to apartments to the dregs. Then she fought her way back. Marie's life was like the places that she moved from or stayed in. They were as fragmented as she was. Now, with the Original Personality back in charge, she is whole and happy, contented, protected, and safe.

After the hell Marie lived through, she has finally left the tortures, beatings and all manner of abuse behind her. She has rebuilt her life to one of a middle class independent woman.

She is thankful to Dr. Allison for giving her the backbone and desire to continue on with her life. She truly deserves all the accolades and congratulations that can be bestowed upon her. The hell that Marie endured is in the past. In the true sense of the word, her house is finally a home.³

3

Since this chapter was first written, Marie has moved several times. When she discovered her mother had stolen her credit cards and maxed them out for gambling cash, she moved out of the condominium they shared to her own apartment in a city on the Central Coast of California. She quickly arranged a job transfer to a state prison as the executive assistant to the warehouse manager. She subsequently moved into the spare bedroom of a widowed coworker, then to another lady's spare bedroom, then to her own one bedroom apartment. Finally, after going through her second bankruptcy, she found a small house she could afford to purchase on her salary as a vocational instructor in office services, at another state prison. This current house meets her personal needs and is where she intends to live when she retires from state service in a few years.