

CHAPTER TWO

WHO AM I?

Marie Francis Kelly walked into my office and complained, "I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM. I REALLY DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WHO I AM."

That announcement, on her second visit to my office, started us both on a long and difficult journey.

When I came to work one Thursday morning in July of 1978 at the Woodland Clinic of the Yolo County Mental Health Service, all I knew about Marie Kelly was that her name was on my roster of outpatients whom the scheduling secretary had prepared for me. All of my patients had been under the care of Dr. June Dailey, who had just left the clinic. She had seen Marie since March 8, 1978, shortly after Marie had been released from Crestwood Manor, a long term psychiatric hospital in Sacramento.

I had been working at the clinic since May 1978, having come from Santa Cruz, where I had directed the mental health service for three and one half years, as well as conducting a private practice for 13 years. In 1972, I had seen the first of more than 50 patients with MPD, but, because of the intense controversy they caused with my peers, I didn't want to see any more. I had come to Yolo County hoping to resume a "normal" psychiatric career.

I had been trained in public mental health clinics, and I knew the system well. I was offered a job at the Yolo County Mental Health Service, which was run by an old friend of mine, Dr. Dennis McIver. We had previously worked together when I had organized the Santa Cruz County Suicide Prevention Service, which was modeled on the plan Dr. McIver had used earlier in Yolo County.

A year earlier, I almost died of an acute bleeding duodenal ulcer, which erupted after I spread myself too thin. I was on too many com-

mittees and tried to see too many difficult patients. The other psychiatrists in town knew I would take on any patient, no matter how challenging. They steered to me all those patients they didn't want to treat, knowing I would accept them and work with them. Most of them on welfare and Medi-Cal, so I collected too many low fee patients to be able to afford to keep my office open. The Santa Cruz Medical Clinic calculated they could accept 13% Medi-Cal patients. Above that limit, they would lose money. My rate was 51% Medi-Cal patients!

I was involved in taking care of many severely ill patients, both in- and outpatients, and I was on too many medical society committees. I felt that I had a professional and moral obligation to be involved in the politics of psychiatry, something few other psychiatrists were willing to do. I was clearly a devoted workaholic.

At the time I started at the Yolo County clinic, I was still emotionally unbalanced after moving into a new house in a strange town with a wife who didn't really want to leave the ocean and beach that she loved so much, and three children who needed to adjust to new schools. I previously had the excuse of a busy practice to keep me away from home whenever I felt the need to escape the problems there. Now I vowed to be a better "house husband" and do all my family chores, even though I hated doing them. The one new experience I thoroughly enjoyed in Davis was our backyard swimming pool, with the rejuvenating spa I loved to soak in after leaving the 110-degree heat at work. That pool and spa were my sanity savers.

When I first saw Marie Kelly, who presented herself as a depressed, unhappy wimp, I was not enthused. Nothing in her chart indicated she had shown any signs of dissociation, such as blackout spells or the use of a different name. I

had no clues to alert me that she was a dissociator, and a talented one at that. Her clinic diagnosis was "hysterical personality disorder with depression," which is a complicated way of saying that she was unhappy and told everybody about it. An overweight white 28-year-old divorcee, living in an apartment supplied by her mother, she reminded me of many of the equally unhappy housewives who had filled my office in Santa Cruz as long as they had their Medi-Cal benefits intact.

I went on "automatic pilot" and gave my usual suggestions to get involved and quit moaning. I suggested she find a volunteer organization to work with in Sacramento, which was her hometown. My wise suggestions fell on deaf ears.

The one surprising bright spot I found was her interest in American Sign Language or signing. I encouraged her to pursue that goal, having no idea why she should be interested in working with the hearing impaired. Only later in therapy did I learn of her history of hysterical deafness, which she used to block out her parents' constant arguing.

Since a psychiatrist must do something to show he is helping a patient, I increased her imipramine antidepressant medicine from her present low dose. I asked her to come back in two weeks. I knew all I could handle of such moaning and groaning were two short sessions a month.

After her first visit, Sad Marie knew she hated Dr. Allison. It was not that he said anything mean, it was just a feeling. For the rest of the week, she mulled over whether she should even see Dr. Allison the next time she was scheduled to see him.

But Sad Marie had no choice. When she went home, she blacked out. She remembered nothing after coming home. She was not there anymore. She was in a sand box at a playground, playing with some small children.

Something told her to look in her closet. In the back was an outfit that could best be described as a getup a whore would wear when she

was out trying to turn a trick. The hot pants and halter top were both gold in color, the shoes had three inch high heels, and the sheer black stockings shocked her. Sad Marie knew that she would never have bought that ugly outfit. She didn't have that kind of money, and she was too overweight to look good in it.

Sad Marie also found toys in the back of the closet -- paper dolls, jacks and a jump rope. She knew she didn't buy those, because she had only a son, and he lived with his dad.

Sad Marie had to find out why those strange things were there. She felt pieced together, not a whole, as if she was only a part of something. She had felt different in this way for a long time.

Sad Marie was shaken by finding those items. She knew she couldn't hide the blackouts anymore. SAD MARIE DID NOT TRULY KNOW WHO OR WHAT SHE WAS. She had to talk to someone to find out what was going on. She couldn't hide her feelings anymore. She was fed up and scared.

Sad Marie had an appointment with Dr. Allison that morning, but she knew he hated being around her. She had to trust someone, and Dr. Allison's eyes and his tone of voice had said to her that she could trust him. But why him and nobody else?

Many times recently, Sad Marie had found herself waking up in hotel rooms with strange men, naked as a jay-bird, being called by other names. She would flee those rooms as fast as she could, go home and try to make herself clean and pure again.

Before Sad Marie came to meet Dr. Allison, she had no idea what was happening to her. She always hid that part of herself from everyone else. She never wanted to tell anyone, because they would think she was crazy. She wasn't, or was she? When she met Dr. Allison, (or Dr. A, as she came to call him) something told her that he was the right person, she could trust him, and he would never think she was crazy.

His eyes gave him away. The eyes are the windows to the soul. He was an imposing sight, a giant man, with big hands. He stood so tall that it made her feel that he could not see her. He scared Sad Marie, but he was the one person who could help her find out who or what she truly was. He had to. There would never be anyone else, because if Dr. Allison couldn't find out what was happening, then nobody could. Sad Marie could not take the blackouts anymore. All she knew was that, if it happened again before she had an answer, she would never live to find the answer.

She was tired, and she just couldn't fight anymore. She wanted to die. Then it would be over, and nobody would ever discover that she was crazy. Sad Marie had to ask the question -- she felt compelled, driven.

Sad Marie entered my office for the second time, and, before we even sat down, the first words out of her mouth were, "I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM. I REALLY DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WHO I AM."

I wanted to answer that question. When in doubt, I took a patient's question literally, and then pursued the problem until I got an answer. I hated the traditional psychoanalyst's answer, "How do you feel about that?"

I had training in hypnosis during my psychiatric residency, when I was fortunate enough to be taught by Jay Haley, one of the best instructors at Stanford University. I felt the best approach to getting a true answer to a serious question would be to look inside my patient's unconscious mind, and I had spent many hours using hypnosis for such explorations. I was not looking for another multiple. If I had been, I would have avoided using hypnosis entirely. I knew that hypnosis was the royal road to uncovering alter-personalities, none of whom I wanted to meet right then.

I slipped into my comfortable role as hypnotherapist and suggested that Sad Marie go into a trance state. "Let's find out who you are.

Why don't you just close your eyes and go back inside your head and see what you can find out about whom you really are?"

I had no specific goal in mind. I was quite comfortable going on an exploration of my patient's unconscious mind to see what was there, not wanting to find anything but the truth.

Sad Marie closed her eyes and went into an hypnotic trance immediately. When her eyes opened a minute later, she glanced around the room trying to orient herself. She acted as if she had never been in my office before. I asked her where we were, who I was, and what date it was. She puzzled a moment over each question, as she was not sure what to answer. She was disoriented on all counts. She talked as if she were a juvenile, so I asked how old she was. She answered, "Eight years old." She told me that her name was Mary Lou McKenzie. I glanced at the chart to reassure myself that her name was Marie Francis Kelly. I didn't know then that her maiden name was McKenzie. I had no idea where the name Lou came from.

She wrote out her name as "MARY" on a piece of paper at my request, as I wanted to get a sample of her handwriting to compare with the signature on the permit form in the chart. The last thing she remembered was going down a playground slide after her father took her dog away. She thought the date was August 1958, when it was really July 1978. She didn't know exactly where she lived, but she knew it was on San Martin Street, in a brand-new house. She did not know where she was at that moment. I told her that her home was now an apartment in Woodland.

By that time, I was quite aware that my worst nightmare had come true -- I had discovered a new patient with MPD during the first 60 days on my new job! What a blow the Fates had dealt me! What had I done to deserve this?

Once I got over the shock and self pity, I started thinking politically. I had spent most of my available professional time with patients, time

for which I was paid. I knew that my lack of attention to the concerns of the other staff members had caused many of my problems in Santa Cruz. Now I was in a work setting where I was paid the same, regardless of whom I talked to. I knew that Dr. McIver would be the one person other staff members would turn to if they questioned my sanity. I desperately hoped Dr. McIver was in his office up the hall, as I bolted out the door and headed there. Dr. McIver looked up with surprise when I came rushing into his office.

"Dennis," I said, "I think I've got a multiple personality case in my office right now. I don't know whether or not to believe it, but will you come and see her and give me your opinion?"

Dr. McIver looked at his newest psychiatrist through his thick glasses and rose graciously from his chair to join me. "Of course, Ralph. Let's take a look at her." We walked down the hall to the office where Mary Lou McKenzie was waiting, wondering what she had done to scare the doctor out of the office.

I introduced Dr. McIver to Mary. He said, "How are you, young lady? What is your name?"

"I'm Mary Lou McKenzie," she said to him.

"And how old are you, my dear?" he said in return.

"I'm eight years old," she replied.

"And do you know who this man is here with us?" he asked.

"I think he said his name is Dr. Allison," she responded.

"That's right, young lady, and he is a mighty fine doctor, too. I know you will do well with him," he said.

Dr. McIver looked at his clinic psychiatrist in his usual scholarly way, his bow tie not even bobbing on his Adam's apple, so calm was he. "Your patient certainly seems to have a knack for spontaneous age-regression, I must say. Keep me posted on how she does, will you, Ralph?"

Dr. McIver left the office to return to his own. At least I had shown him the clinical picture right at the start of my journey with Marie Kelley. Now no one could accuse me of creating the alter-personalities I knew were going to show themselves in the future. I didn't need anyone in Yolo County accusing me of manufacturing more multiples, as some had done in Santa Cruz. I was going to watch my political backside here, I promised myself.

I decided to use the "Internal Dialogue" method to speed the process of the alter-personalities getting acquainted with each other. Sad Marie lived in an apartment. She now had Mary Lou as a part of her "family." I wanted them to become acquainted with each other before "they" left the office. Mary Lou complained of being sleepy and asked if she could go. I said, "Sure, go back to where you came from." She gave up control of the physical body, and I waited to find out who would take control. The expression I saw next was that of my original patient, Sad Marie.

I told Sad Marie that I had just talked to someone named "Mary Lou McKenzie," who also lived in her body, and she gave me a quick "Who do you think you are kidding?" look. But I was serious, so she decided to go along with my ridiculous story and act as if it were true, not believing a word of it.

I asked if she were willing to talk to Mary Lou in a light hypnotic state, and she agreed. I told her, "Just go back inside your mind to a space between your eyes, just behind your forehead. When you get there, you will find Mary Lou. When you do, start talking to her. Talk out loud so I can hear what you are saying."

She did as instructed. "Mary Lou, Mary Lou, I want to talk to you, Mary Lou."

Instead of a cooperative answer, Sad Marie lost control of the body and was replaced by the eight-year-old Mary Lou McKenzie. She complained, "I don't want to talk to her!" I quickly tried to calm her anxiety and told her that Sad

Marie was being very gracious in wanting to welcome her to her new home. I asked her to give Sad Marie a chance to be friendly, as she didn't know anyone else in this town, and she needed a place to stay. After some pouting, Mary Lou agreed to give Sad Marie another chance to talk to her. She went back inside, and, with neither one in charge of the body, I could hear Sad Marie introducing herself to Mary Lou. She told the child alter-personality what a nice girl she was and how pleasant it would be to have her stay at her apartment. Sad Marie told Mary Lou that she could come out in the apartment, where she would be safe, and where she could look around and learn where everything was. Mary Lou thanked her for being so friendly and for welcoming her into her home.

This was all I knew about either one at the time. I hoped that the answer to her question of "Who are you?" had been answered, and that Mary Lou was the original personality for this particular body. I had no facts to support that idea, which was my own wish fulfillment fantasy. I was hoping against hope that I could put this lady together quickly and get on with other matters, and keep out of trouble I didn't need with my new co-workers.

Sad Marie eventually found out Mary Lou owned the toys. The whore's outfit was Lisa Kay's. Lisa Kay was one I call a persecutor alter-personality. She was responsible for having fun. Her definition of fun included drinking, smoking and having sex. What happened during those years of therapy from 1978 to 1981 was pure torture for the false-front alter-personality named Sad Marie, who had asked that question.

During the years of 1978 though 1980, I often thought I had found the Original Personality in Mary Lou McKenzie. After all, she was growing up, but not fast enough to please me. I forgot that each false-front alter-personality was in charge of the body for a time and could grow to only a certain age; then she could grow no

more. There were many layers of many Maries; it took a long time to peel the last layer away.

Finally, when the ISH, Becky, surfaced and began orchestrating therapy, the sessions took on a different dimension. I slowly pulled the veils away from one alter-personality at a time, until the ISH finally let me meet the true Original Marie, she who was born into this body.

Sad Marie finally came to understand my reluctance to deal with someone who was so depressed all the time. That is why she felt I had not want to see her after the first visit. I did not want to become depressed myself.

Sad Marie had been on a "work assessment" assignment at the Sacramento Rehabilitation Facility (SRF) for about a month in 1979 when she fell in love with Larry Cook, a handyman there. Larry was a quiet soul, one of the old reliables around the place. He had been there for 10 years doing odd jobs to the best of his ability. He first came to SRF for job training after contracting osteomyelitis in one leg. This, plus his mild mental retardation, had made it difficult for staff to place him in a regular training program. He was living with his elderly parents, who saw their little boy as permanently disabled, and they never could provide him with a "normal" self image. He and his parents unconsciously conspired to define him as too disabled to work for any regular employer.

Since he was so even tempered and pleasant to have around, the staff at SRF made him a member of their staff and provided him with enough chores to make him feel useful. As long as they did not send him out on job interviews with "regular employers," he and his parents did not feel threatened. They were all happy he could continue in such a comfortable "rehabilitation facility." In reality, he was doing what would be a full-time janitorial job and could have earned him the minimum wage in any office building.

Sad Marie saw in Larry a safe haven, a man she could love without the risk she had always faced at home or in motel rooms. Larry, on the other hand, was flattered to be thought attractive enough for any adult woman to want as a romantic partner. His parents had always told him how they would have to live a long time so they could always take care of him, as there would be no one else to look after him, ever. Larry believed that and never saw any woman as a possible mate, since his parents had made it clear that such was impossible.

Now, here was Sad Marie making goo-goo eyes at him, and Larry was feeling the hormones flowing in his crotch. He so seldom had had sexual feelings that he wasn't sure what they meant, but he knew that he only felt them when he was around Sad Marie. He liked the idea that she saw a romantic being inside that crippled shell of his, a new and different side he had never experienced before. He loved her for bringing that out in him.

Sad Marie, as usual, did not go beyond the man in front of her to consider the social structure in which he lived, which included his parents. She was taken aback by my questions about what Larry's parents might think of her being involved with "their little boy." Why should she care? He was a man, wasn't he? Why should he ask his parents for permission to do anything with her that the two of them decided to do? None of the men she had dated before had had to ask their parents for approval. What was this garbage that I was dishing out here?

I patiently explained that Larry was a very dependent person, with a tight relationship with his parents, in stark contrast to her own distant relationship with her mother. His bonds with his parents were as tight as hers were loose with her parents. Just because her mother didn't give a damn about whom she was sleeping with, Larry's parents would care greatly. They might not intellectually object to their boy's being sexually interested in some woman, but they had invested

many years in helping him find his proper place in society, and they were not about to let him take any action which might bring him harm. They would look after their little boy, and she had better realize this now before the relationship went any further.

Inside, Mary Lou was listening to this conversation between Sad Marie and her doctor. She was only then becoming aware that other people did have parents who cared what happened to their children and wanted the best for them. Maybe Larry's parents went overboard in keeping him at home and discouraging him from living independently, but at least they cared what happened to him and were trying the best they knew to give him a good life.

Who cared what happened to her in the future? Her father had died, and, when he was alive, he didn't seem to give a shit about her. How else can she explain his denial of his paternity when she took her infant son to see him that Christmas time?

And her mother. Yes, she had a mother, one who embezzled and wrote bad checks to support her before she received her SSI grant. What kind of a woman was she? She wouldn't even see that Mary Lou was different from Sad Marie who was different from Lynn. She couldn't accept any of them, no matter how violently they each spit in Mother's face. Did she give a fuck what happened to any of them, really? Not as far as Mary Lou could tell, she didn't.

It shocked her to hear me talking with Sad Marie about how Larry's parents might react to the news that their darling and only son had fallen in love with a freak like her. What would they tell her, and who would be out front to discuss anything with them? How could she (or they) have Larry if his parents didn't like her? She knew they wouldn't like Lynn, since no one liked her. How could she blame them? And where would that leave Sad Marie? Mary Lou had no answer.

The previous week, Sad Marie had gone on a rampage and thrown out a lot of old papers that reminded her of home and all the troubles she had had there. She had tossed out her school awards, high school yearbooks, and old grade cards she had carefully filed away. Why Sad Marie had done that, Mary Lou was not certain, but it didn't matter. She felt that her life was being ripped apart, that her few accomplishments in school were no more, and that now she was nothing. She couldn't be mad at Sad Marie for doing that, since Sad Marie didn't have much to do with school and didn't remember what went into getting those grades and awards. Mary Lou had been growing through the school years, and she knew how proud "she" had been to be given an award for doing something adults respected.

When it was her turn to come out and talk to me, Mary Lou had a wild idea. If Larry had been able to make it with his parents, and she, Sad Marie, and the others had not, maybe they needed a decent set of parents instead of the crappy ones they were saddled with. So she broached the idea with me.

"Dr. A," Mary Lou ventured, "you said something about Larry's folks, how they care whom he goes with. You know, my folks don't care who I go with, do they?"

I nodded my head in agreement. Where was Mary Lou going with this line of thought?

"Well, Dr. A," Mary Lou tentatively continued, hoping I was seeing it her way, "we've never thought much about what anyone's parents think about what we do with them. Maybe that's because our mother and father didn't seem to care what we did with whom."

I had to agree.

"But now I see it's real good that someone have somebody to care for them, like Larry's parents care for him. Right?"

I nodded again.

"So I was thinking, why couldn't I find someone who would care for me, like Larry's parents care for him."

"Like whom?" I asked.

"Well, I think that I need a new mom and dad, that's what," Mary Lou blurted out. There it was -- right out there between them. She hoped against hope that I wouldn't laugh at her and her strange idea. "I need someone who will love me like a dad's supposed to, that's what I mean. I need a new mom, too, but I want a new dad first."

I closed my eyes and thought for a moment. Of course, what would be more practical? This child/woman/patient was raised by one lousy set of parents, so no wonder she was such a mess. Now she was trying to grow up under my professional supervision, but a new set of parents would certainly help ease my burden. Where could I find a pair of healthy, moral adults who would be agree to be new parents to an adult multiple personality patient? I was fresh out of angels this week.

"Well," I replied, "that's not such an odd idea. I arranged for new parents for several of my multiples in Santa Cruz. But I just hadn't thought about that with you." I paused and wondered just how far Mary Lou had thought this through. "Do you have anyone in mind? Is there any adult male you know who is already acting like a father to you?"

"Yes," Mary Lou said, "he's been more a dad to me this past year and has really cared about me and is trying to help me. Dr. A, I, ah, ah." Mary Lou stammered and was afraid to say what was on her mind. So she swallowed and started again. "Dr. A, I, or we, I mean me, I was hoping that you would be my dad. After all, you're that already, and you are my doctor. But first you are my dad. You were the first one that I came out and talked to, and you are so nice and kind to me, and you only want what's best for me. So, you are the perfect choice. Please think about it, but would you please be my dad, PLEASE?"

She was very shy when she brought this idea out into the open, fearing that I would laugh

at her or be so insulted I would turn her down right then. She couldn't take any more rejections.

But I surprised her. I seriously pondered her proposal. I hadn't thought of the idea, but it was one I had to consider. What would it mean? I had always been able to find a family friend, a neighbor who already cared for my patient, while I stayed in the therapist's role. In my psychiatric training, I had been warned repeatedly about not complicating the transference relationship. Always keep it professional, don't get personally involved. Thinking over the apparent options, I knew of no adult male available to ask to be Mary Lou's new and improved dad. There were no other men in her life who could fill that role, except me. That was a fact, and I had to face facts.

I looked at Mary Lou, very seriously. "This is a very important decision for both of us," I said. "We had better check it out with Becky to see what she thinks of it. Has she said anything to you about it?"

Mary Lou had an uncontrollable impulse to reach for the writing pad and pen on the desk. She closed her eyes, and her ISH took control of the paper and pen. Becky could see the lines on the paper and the words being written. She didn't need physical eyes to see with.

She wrote, "Dr. Allison, this is Becky. We have been listening to what Mary Lou has suggested. We need to know if you will be willing to be her dad. Are you willing?"

I said, "I have real problems with taking on two roles with any patient. I don't mind being a father, since I already have four kids of my own. But could I be both father and therapist to Mary Lou?"

Becky wrote, "We will help you do the therapy, as always. It will be up to you to figure out how to be the dad. Since you have already been a good father to your children, you know how to be a father. But, ARE YOU WILLING to be Mary Lou's dad?"

I hesitated. Was I stalling because I had to find a way to refuse and not hurt my patient? If I said, "Yes," would it be due to my fear that saying, "No," would put her into a tailspin? Or was I stalling until I could figure out under what terms could I say, "Yes"? I decided that the last reason was the correct one.

"Becky, let's discuss this a little more before I make my decision. Just what would be the terms of this agreement to be her dad? What would I have to do? What would it mean for my wife and children at home?" I really didn't want to bring Mary Lou home to Davis and ask my wife to find another bed for her in the house!

The patient's hand wrote, "Dr. Allison, we are not asking you to take Mary Lou home with you. She has a home, and she will stay there. You can stop worrying that we will expect you to support her till she grows up. You are worrying about actions on the physical plane, and she needs none of that. What she needs is the feeling that you are her dad, that you will be there if she has a problem she should ask her dad about, and that you will love her like a dad does an adult daughter. Can you do that?"

I thought a few more moments before replying. "Yes, I can do that. But I would want it clearly understood that Mary Lou will not interfere in my home or social life. She will not expect me to do anything that would interfere with my family's needs. Is that clear?"

Becky wrote, "That is clear. Mary Lou will never interfere in your personal life. All we ask is that you be available to answer her phone calls if she needs to talk to you about something that a dad should know about. Thank you for being you. [signed] Becky."

I had one other term to put on the table, as the result of a botched case I had suffered through in Santa Cruz. That patient's psychologist had accepted the father role for his patient and then had resigned when she didn't pay his bill on time. As a result, she had regressed back to the age of three, attempted suicide again and had

to be rehospitalized. The psychologist did not realize that the father-daughter contract was for the lifetime of both parties.

"OK, Becky, I can accept these terms," I said. "But I also want it understood that this is a lifetime contract for both of us. By agreeing to this contract, I am her dad for the rest of my life. On her part, that will only be possible if she causes me no interference with my own family life. Is that understood?"

Becky wrote, "Of course, Dr. Allison. We know exactly how you feel, and we respect you for it. Mary Lou will never ask you for anything or demand time for herself if it would interfere in your life at home. You should feel perfectly free to set any limits on her that are necessary to protect your personal privacy. We will see to it that she does not impose on you in any way. Will that meet your requirements?"

"That's fine, Becky," I replied. I sighed and thought I had better broach the next logical question. "Now what do we do about a new mother?"

With that, Mary Lou opened her eyes and put down the pen. She resumed her previous discussion with me. "Rebecca Worth, the facility director, has been really good with us. She has been more like a mom to me than my own mother ever was. Could I ask her if she would be my new mom? Do you think she would do it?"

I had met Worth and liked the way she handled the clients and her staff. I had a warm feeling about Worth's ability to assume this unexpected task. The only problem I could foresee was that her agreement would then make us co-parents of a young lady, and what would that make us, an unmarried couple who had a child? Being from the old school where parents are supposed to be married before breeding children, I wondered how I could explain that "family structure" to anyone else, much less to my wife and children. I decided that I would just keep quiet at home about the whole subject. After all, it was covered under the rubric of "doctor-patient confi-

dentiality" and was all part of doing psychotherapy.

I agreed that Worth would be an excellent choice for Mary Lou's adopted mother. Mary Lou said she would ask her the next time she was at the facility. Then the three of us could get together and work out the details of this new family constellation.

What was known to Becky, but not to me, was how important was the timing of this momentous event. First, Mary Lou knew her days of existence were numbered, yet she was growing up the best she could, in anticipation of the Original Marie coming forth from her inner hiding place. Before she disappeared, Mary Lou had a normal need to know parental love, a feeling that she had missed all her life. She needed to know that she was unconditionally loved by an adult man and an adult woman, both of whom wanted only for her to do what was best for her and her future. She needed to be loved by a couple whom she could respect and love in return, again without conditions on how they were to behave to deserve that love. She needed a mom and a dad like all the normal people she saw every day as she walked around town. She had spent enough time in fantasy, pretending that she had a family that sat down together at holidays and birthdays and called each other on the phone just to keep in touch. She wanted some of that in reality. That wasn't too much to ask of life, was it?

Becky had a broader view of the matter, as she was priming the Original Marie to come forth and meet the doctor. He had disappointed her by his political anxieties when he first met Mary Lou on that second visit, but he had redeemed himself since that fiasco. Now she had to make plans so that this "second birth" would be handled just right. Since the infant Marie Francis went into hiding exactly six months and 12 days after her birth, she was now to be reborn exactly six month and 12 days after Mary Lou got a new father, in the person of Dr. Allison. She would

also have a new mother in the person of Rebecca Worth, the SRF Program Coordinator.

So Becky had to prepare for the auspicious day of Marie Francis' reintroduction to human society. Any child needed a decent mom and dad to survive in this complex world. A child with an adult body, living on SSI in a mental health agency halfway house would need an even better set of parents than the usual infant. Good parents were hard to come by these days, and she was glad that Dr. Allison and Rebecca Worth were in their respective positions when she needed to gain their trust and cooperation.

In 1981, when the chaos of integrative psychotherapy was in full gear, with everybody fighting with everybody, Becky, the ISH, and Faith, her "supervisor," were having a tough time keeping everything under control. The Original Marie popped out when Faith and Becky were too busy to keep track of her. When the Original Marie made her entrance, it was totally unexpected. She came out like a thief in the night and tried to disappear the same way.

The Original Marie had long been underground in the mind, buried deep so as not to be hurt in the physical world. She was loved and nurtured by Becky and Faith, who were her Moms and guardians. They taught her to be patient; they visited her in the deep recesses of the mind.

When Mother and Father had hurt her so badly, there was no escape. Father couldn't stand having a baby in the house; it was better not to be seen or heard. Father kept yelling at Mother to keep her quiet. Then one day, Father had enough of her crying, and he took something long and hard and hit her with it to keep her quiet. Instead, she screamed louder. Father kept yelling at her, "SHUT UP, SHUT UP!" He kept hitting her.

Then the Original Marie heard Mother's voice telling Father, "STOP IT!"

He left, telling Mother, "Keep that kid quiet."

Mother picked her up until she stopped crying. She could see an evil glare in Mother's eyes, a hateful glance when she held her first born daughter.

That next morning, Mother came into her room, looked down at her, and, with disgust in her eyes, took something thin and sharp, and hurt her between her legs. The Original Marie kept screaming and screaming until she couldn't scream anymore. At that moment, Faith, her new Mom and guardian, came to her for the first time.

When the Original Marie had been hurt by Mother and Father, she had to hide. She had to be protected by Becky and Faith, her new Mom. They took the Original Marie away and hid her so deep no one would ever find her unless Becky wanted her to be found.

When Becky and Faith hid her, Becky told her that she and Faith would be gone for a while. They needed to create another "her" for the body in which she could no longer live. They told her that new Moms would come and take their places for a while. Whenever Becky and Faith had to be gone, the new Moms would never leave her.

The other new Mom's names were Hope and Charity. The Original Marie has since come to call them Celestial Intelligent Energy or CIE, of which Faith is also one. They were kind and loving to her. They taught her understanding, forgiveness, and peace. They helped her understand about words when she wanted to find out what was happening outside. She sometimes felt confined in a bottomless hole, but it was a safe and warm home for 30 years. They taught her to trust one certain person who was going to come into her life. She remembers asking them, not talking through a mouth but with thoughts in her mind, "When is the person going to come?"

Her Moms would just say, "Soon." She became impatient and thought a few times the certain person they were waiting for had come, but the Moms had decided not to tell her.

The Original Marie would peek out to see, but that certain person was not there. She saw hitting, she heard screaming, and she left just as fast as she could so she didn't have to hear or see anymore. Hopefully, the Moms would not find out. Of course, Moms being Moms, they always knew what she was doing. They would help her become able to meet that special person, and the two of them would understand each other.

Finally, her Moms told her the special person was here. They told her he was a grownup man. They told her he would not hurt her as her father and mother had done before she had to be hidden away. Her Moms said that they had never lied to her, so why would they lie to her now? They had protected her for a long time, and nobody had ever found out she was there. They were right, so she believed them.

They were going to let the Original Marie out to talk to him. They were going to introduce him to an eight-year-old Mary Lou first. Next they would bring out Lisa Kay, and then it would be her turn to meet this special grownup. She didn't understand what her Moms meant by the other names. But she trusted her Moms since they never left her side. Becky told her that it was almost time, so she was to be on her best behavior and smile when she met the special grownup. She was ready, her Moms were very excited for her, and she was getting ready to meet this grownup that her Moms thought was the greatest.

Something happened to stop her meeting the grownup. Becky, Faith, Hope, and Charity came running into her mind and told her that it was not yet time. Something had happened, and the Original Marie would have to wait. She wanted to cry because he had not met her yet. Maybe he didn't like her. Her Moms said the grownup had not handled the eight-year-old one correctly. He had gone for help without staying to see what would happen next. Nobody else was going to be seen until the grownup had handled the others

properly. Only then would he be allowed to meet her.

After six months of therapy, a probate conservatorship hearing was scheduled, to review Marie's status. When she was awarded SSI by Social Security, the referee had recommended that the conservator of her estate be changed from her mother to the Yolo County Public Guardian. When she was in Crestwood Manor, her mother had been named the conservator of both her body and estate. This had always been a sore spot for Marie, as it left control of both her medical decisions and funds in the hands of her mother. She had never gotten along with Mother, and now Mother was in charge of everything she did and paid for everything she needed.

Marie felt if she could prove to her mother that she had a "real illness," Mother might be more understanding of why this change of conservatorship was important to her. She brought her mother to the clinic to see me, so I could introduce Mother to several of her alter-personalities. Michelle, a helper alter-personality, had arranged this confrontation, and she had sent me a note by way of the clinic secretary. Michelle had brought Mother along and wanted to show her Sad Marie, Lisa Kay, Mary Lou, Helen, Wendy, Gwen and Michelle.

With Michelle's note in hand, I greeted my patient and her mother in the waiting room and walked them to my office. I explained what her daughter, as Michelle, had asked me to do. Mother said nothing and sat there with a blank look on her face.

I put Sad Marie into a trance and asked to speak to each of the alter-personalities listed on Michelle's note. Each of them had been briefed by Michelle to be on her best behavior. Each alter-personality came forward on my request, introduced herself to Mother, explained briefly what she liked to do, and then retreated, making way for the next one to appear. There were no fireworks, no acting out, no threats, only

more polite behavior than I had seen during my therapy sessions.

All during this time, Mother sat in her chair, facing the window. She focused right past both of us, her daughter and me, as if we didn't exist. She stared out the window with a mask-like expression on her face. It was as if her thoughts were, *"Ho, hum, let's just drop this foolishness and quit this playacting. I know there's nothing wrong with you, my daughter. You've got this poor doctor fooled, but I know you better than he does. Just take hold of yourself and stop trying to blame me for all your problems. Maybe I wasn't the perfect mother, but who is? You're not so hot as a mother, either, you know. Let's get out of here and back to serious business."*

After the introductions of the alter-personalities were completed, I knew they had made no impression on her mother. I stood, opened the door and told her mother she could now go on to work. She could barely contain her contempt for this whole nonsense as she hurried down the hall and out the clinic to her car.

I then turned to Sad Marie and commiserated with her about our failure to communicate her true nature to her mother. We both shook our heads. We had tried. What else could we do?

The conservatorship hearing went as requested by the Social Security referee. The caseworker in the Public Guardian's Office agreed to give Marie half of her monthly grant every 15 days. That controlled the suicidal acting out.

One of the major mistakes I made in the first year of therapy was believing that Mary Lou was the Original Personality. I had hoped that she was the original one because she had come forth when Marie first went searching inside herself to find out who she really was. If I had not been so concerned about the attitude of my peers at the clinic and had not rushed off to get Dr. McIver to see Mary Lou, I would have been introduced to the two other alter-personalities whom Becky had waiting to greet me. But my

personal anxiety took me out of the office in such a hurry to get support, Becky changed her plans and decided that she would only let me meet Mary Lou. Since I had been so upset by seeing one little eight-year-old girl, Becky decided that I could not handle any more on that first visit.

Due to my misunderstanding of Mary Lou's role, I kept pushing her to accept reality and start growing up. I forgot that no alter-personality can mature beyond the skills they are given when first "programmed" by the ISH, their designer and creator. Each alter-personality is designed to do a specific task, and, unless personality growth and development are part of that task, they are circumscribed by the needs existing at the time of their creation. Only the birth personality, the original one, is designed with all possible human abilities to grow and develop as she learns new concepts and integrates them with the old data. Mary Lou was unable to do that, and my pressuring her to do so just upset and frustrated her.

Another major problem was that, throughout the first part of therapy, her father had been portrayed as the "heavy," her primary abuser since the earliest years. Since her father had died, and her mother was on the scene daily, I did not want to alienate Sad Marie from her mother by focusing on Mother's responsibility for any childhood trauma, whatever it might have been. I kept the focus on what Father had done, how angry he made them all feel, as well as his patient's responsibility for violent acts she took in response to her father's abuse. I had a strong moral sense about her being held responsible for her own hostile actions toward others, even if they were rooted in repetitive serious abuse by her father and other men in her life.

I knew I would have to face and deal with her mother's personal responsibility for some of the abuse, or at least her role in letting her husband continue the abuse. It seemed inconceivable that her mother played no part in the continuing abuse, especially when she appeared

to feel so guilty she had to deny her daughter had any post traumatic illness at all. I needed to have the patient see the whole family interaction from another point of view. The only view she could have had was that of a little girl, smaller than her parents and physically outside of the places where her parents may have argued and otherwise discussed what they thought about her, their misbehaving daughter.

Becky and the CIE kept the Original Marie informed about how the grownup was doing and said soon she would be introduced to this special man.

One day, she just couldn't wait any longer. She had to see this certain, special grownup man. When her Moms were not looking, the Original Marie snuck out.

She peeked out when she couldn't wait for her Moms to tell her it was time. Her Moms were busy with a lot of problems. So she decided she would sneak out and see this special person her Moms were so excited about. She had waited for such a long time. She thought if she snuck out, nobody would notice. She hoped her Moms would not be angry because, after all, they had wanted her to meet him before. It was not her fault he got scared when he saw Mary Lou the first time.

The Original Marie came out, and, when she did, she saw this big man. She was scared, but he saw her, too, and she couldn't just disappear. She was looking around the room, and he noticed and started asking her questions. She wanted to cry because she couldn't get back in. Her way back into the deep void where she had lived was blocked. She couldn't be rude to this special grownup whom her Moms had told her about. But he was big, and he asked so many questions. She sat down on the floor and tried to hide from him. She started to suck her thumb. The special grownup's voice was soft and helpful, as he kept asking questions. How was she going to answer him, if her Moms didn't know

where she was? She put her hand on her mouth and shook her head that she couldn't talk. She then put out her hand and moved it like she wanted a piece of paper. Her Moms had taught her to print and understand simple words.

I asked her, "Who are you?" She waited a couple of seconds and printed out "MARIE FRANCIS McKENZIE." I then asked her, "How old are you?" She waited a couple of seconds and wrote "6 MONTHS OLD." I looked shocked, and she was scared. Had she done something wrong? Her Moms let her back in, and one of them came out and explained to the special grownup, and she finally learned his name was Dr. Allison. He was her dad because Mary Lou had asked him to be her new dad six months before she came out. Her Moms told her it was planned to have him be her dad before she could come out. But it was too early to meet Dr. Allison yet.

They told me she was the Original Personality who was born to live in this body, and that she had snuck out when they were busy. They needed to go to the hospital to get things under control. There I could get to know the Original Personality, Marie Francis McKenzie, who was age six months. They knew she would not have to be in the hospital long, because now I had a glimpse of the real one. She would grow up very fast, with me talking to her and her Moms helping me.

Her Moms must have thought that this grownup was special because they wanted to help him help her. She was special to her Moms, and she loved them for that.

This appearance of a six-month-old personality in a grown body was an unexpected event. I wondered how a six-month-old child could use English well enough to make herself understood to a doctor. The ISH of another dissociated patient told me the ISH provides to the infant Original Personality the correct words to say, even though the infant personality may not know their exact meanings. She has a sense of

what she wants to say, even if she hasn't learned many English words yet. The ISH translates what she means to say into grown up English. In this case, the ISH assisted her in writing out words that I could understand and helped her understand the words I spoke in response.

Faith, a CIE, came forth and explained that this six-month-old personality was the Original Marie who had originally been in charge of this body. Due to the chaos of the moment, she had slipped out. Her appearance had not been planned for this session, as she was not ready to assume control of the physical body. Faith had not been able to maintain enough strength to control the inner turmoil. She asked me to hospitalize Marie on the open medical ward at Yolo General Hospital, where they could regroup and regain control of the situation. Using a suicidal action of one of the alter-personalities as my reason for emergency hospitalization, I called the Emergency Room nurse to give admitting orders and sent her across the street to the hospital.

On my rounds at Yolo General Hospital the next morning, I visited Sad Marie in the medical ward. The hospital was only one third occupied, so she was the only patient in the room. I sat by her bed, and she sat on the edge of the bed. I wondered what to say.

"Hi, Dr. Allison," Sad Marie started off. "Becky and Faith thank you for not putting us in the psychiatric ward of Woodland Memorial Hospital this time. We needed to be right here, where we can rest and figure out what to do next. They were surprised that the original Marie came out in your office, but so much was happening, they overlooked her for a moment, and her curiosity got the better of her. But now that you know where she is, I guess you want to talk to her."

"Whoa, Marie," I replied. "I'm not sure it is time for that. Let me talk to Becky first and see what I can figure out."

Sad Marie faded, and the wise, serene Becky came on board. "Hello, Doctor," she said

solemnly. "I'm sorry to have surprised you so, but too much was going on and our attention was diverted for a moment. That's when she slipped out. We didn't think she was ready, but now that she knows you, I think it's time for a more complete introduction. The main thing you must remember is that she is still very frightened from what happened just before she went into hiding. She can't trust adults, since the only adults she knew hurt her so badly. But you've had plenty of practice with such persons. I know you will know what to do."

"Thanks for your confidence, Becky," I replied. "But can you give me a little more information on what this original Marie has been doing all these 30 years? What does she know about today's world? What does she think she has been doing all this time? Does time mean anything to her, even? Who does she think you and Faith are? Who does she think I am? How do I explain where she is right now and what is going to happen to her if she stays out?"

Becky tried to reassure the anxious doctor. "Dr. Allison, just calm down; you'll be all right. You have a lot of questions, but they are not important right now. What is important is that she knows she is safe, that she can come out now and then and see you and talk to you. We picked you for her therapist because of whom and what you are. You radiate trust, you know that. That is the major reason you became a psychiatrist. She has already seen that in you. No matter how much bigger you are than she, she knows instinctively that she can trust you and that you will never, ever hurt her. If she ever has any doubts, Faith and I will make sure she remembers that. You can count on us to support whatever you chose to do to help her become what she is supposed to be."

I was still anxious, as I knew how critical my words and actions were at this juncture. Here I had a six-month-old infant in a 30-year-old body. Yes, I had faced such situations before. In Santa Cruz, I treated a man whose three-year-

old Original Personality came out in his 43-year-old body. He had done well, but he had a loving wife and three supportive children. Marie only had her disbelieving mother.

One advantage of dealing with an infant personality instead of a grownup one is that the infant has not yet had time to become neurotic. The infant has only had the initial traumatic insult and no more. In adults, there is an added layering of new assaults, plus their reactions to those assaults. The reactions and counteractions can be the cause of more psychological problems than the original trauma itself. In this case, I had a child who felt her mother hated her, and that is why she stabbed her. The child naturally thought her mother had a good reason for trying to kill her. The only explanation a child can think of is that, for some reason, she, the child, is at fault, and the parent is punishing her for being bad. Yet, she can't figure out what she, the baby, did to justify such punishment. The alternative explanation is that the child is somehow defective and unworthy of respect as a human being.

When a mother strikes at a baby with hatred in her heart and eyes, the baby has no choice but to prepare for death. She cannot strike back; she cannot defend herself. All she can do is cry that painful cry of pure terror, which may push the already psychotic mother into more dangerous action.

The Original Marie had seen what was coming. She had seen the look in her mother's eyes, and she prepared for the worse. All she could do was withdraw into herself, try to make herself as small as possible, to "play possum" and appear to be dead already. The primitive survival mechanisms all humans are born with were called into play. *"Let Mother think I am dead, and she will stop hitting me. Just let me escape any way I can until I can figure out a way to cope. Just let me sleep and never be here again."*

With that thought, the Original Marie went off into a place where Mother could not

reach her, could not harm her. Becky, her ISH, had no choice but to hide the Original Marie among the caves in the depths of the mind. There is always some place deeper than where the outside humans can know, some place which is completely private and safe from harm. That is where Becky put Marie, to be safe until Becky could build a substitute personality from the broken parts she was now handed "from the warehouse of human traits." She had to fashion a new personality to take over, and there was little time to do so.

Becky fashioned, in the next instant, a new personality for her "charge." We get the word PERSONALITY from its two roots, PER and SONA, which led to the ancient Greek word PERSONA, the name of the mask the Greek actors wore. It meant literally THE MASK THROUGH WHICH THE SOUND CAME. That is what a personality is, a mask through which comes one's sound. It is not the total person, which is a combination of the Essence (that part of human consciousness which performs the role of ISH in a patient with MPD), plus the physical body and brain, plus the personality. The personality is a manufactured structure that is needed to deal with the personalities other people manufactured during their first seven years of life. Once those first seven years are over, a person's personality is solidly constructed and should remain intact for the rest of their physical life. During the first seven years, a personality is still incomplete and subject to major damage, should the stresses be too much for it.

This new personality that Becky fashioned when the body was six months old had to be similar to the Original Marie, but not the same, or it would collapse under the same type of trauma that drove out the Original Marie. It had to be able to appease Mother, to make her think her daughter was no threat to her, that she would do anything Mother wanted her to do -- *just name it, Mom, and it will be done.* That personality would be so accommodating to Mom's every

whim that everyone would say, "What a nice baby you have, Shelly." Mother would be so happy having a baby that seemed to know how to please her without her having to say a thing. What more could a mother want?

Now 30 years had passed. The first Marie, a false-front alter-personality, was only one of many subsequent false-front Maries that Becky had manufactured for this body. It stayed on duty for six months. When her father first sexually molested her after her first birthday party, Becky had to fashion a new false-front alter-personality, and then another and another.

Now the task was to have an adult living in a complex industrialized world. Becky and I both knew the manufactured false-front alter-personalities were not flexible enough to take on the future responsibilities of her existence. Only the Original Marie could meet the needs of her future. So she had to come out, as she was at six months, and, with help, take her rightful role as the owner of her own body. She was now free from control by her mother, her father had died, and she had friends who cared about her. She had a psychiatrist who knew what to do to free her from her self-imposed imprisonment in that cave in her unconscious.

The Original Marie woke up in a strange place called Yolo County Hospital, but her Moms were with her when they showed her her new dad, her doctor, Dr. Allison. She smiled like she was told to. To her, I seemed confused about how to talk to her. I explained things to her, while her Moms explained to her what I was trying to say. I wanted her to talk to me, but she couldn't. She wrote down, "I can't talk to you because my father will hit me again. I have to be quiet."

Her Moms told her, "This is your new dad, and you can talk to him. Your other father died a long time ago, so you have nothing to fear from him, ever. Please talk to your new dad."

The Original Marie was scared to open her mouth even to let sounds come out, because

she did not want to be hit again for opening her mouth. But she did what her Moms told her to do. When she made a sound, it scared her, and she cringed, thinking that this grownup, whom everyone was calling Dad, was going to hit her. This grownup sat there and smiled, and his eyes glowed a special light that she had only seen in her Moms' eyes. Becky, Faith, Hope and Charity were right. This was a special grownup, and he was her dad, her doctor, and a special person to her.

The Original Marie came forward to meet and greet her doctor, her friend, and her new dad. She did not know it then, but here was a man who was ready, willing, and able to give her a second chance at life. She would still have to face a very disturbed mother, but as an equal adult, not as a helpless, dependent child.

Face to face, the doctor and his patient, young as she was, met for the second time in this sterile hospital ward, became acquainted, became friends, and started the Original Marie on her way home.

I told the Original Marie about different events that had happened while she had been gone. I told her she had grown up in her body, but her mind had stopped developing when she was six months old. She was confused. Her Moms had told her that she was tall and older looking, but inside she was only six months old, thinking of basic things, like getting love, being fed and having someone to care for herself. Then she understood.

We talked for a long time, getting to know and trust each other.

We started slowly at first, with me patiently explaining where she was, and what was going on. I explained that her guardians, Becky and Faith, whom she knew from their frequent visits to her hiding place, had decided that she needed to come out a few minutes at a time to find out what was going on. I explained that this was a new time, and lots of things had changed over the years. While she was in hiding, her body

had continued its growth, as it was designed to do. The only thing that hadn't grown along with it was her, and I was sure she could catch up with it in time.

She wondered how this was possible. How does one decide to grow? What does one do to get older? She had no idea. But she was willing to listen to this strange doctor, who seemed to know what he was talking about. I told her she would now grow up. What did I mean by that?

She started to tire. This was the longest time she had been out of the dark hole, but she was scared to tell this doctor she was tired. I looked at her face and asked her if she was getting tired. She told me, "Yes. Can I go away for a while to rest?"

I was soft in my response and told her it was fine, she looked tired, and maybe I had loaded too much on her this first visit. I apologized, as it was my fault. What a strange attitude for an adult to take! She thought all problems had to be her fault. She had never realized that the adult might have made the mistake, not her.

I said, "No problem; I'm sorry I kept you up so late." Her Moms were right; he was a very special grownup because he was telling her that he was sorry.

That night, the Original Marie's Moms told her that she was doing well, but she was now going to have to grow up. When the doctor came back tomorrow, she was going to be four years old and some of the helper personalities who were dormant were now going to be inside her. She couldn't really understand what they were saying, but she opened her arms and hugged a couple of people that her Moms told her to, and, when she hugged them, they were her, and she had more strength.

When I, the doctor, Dad, special grownup came the next day, I was surprised to find that the Original Marie had grown to four years of age. Becky explained they had done integrating last night with dormant helper and false front alter-personalities, and they would be doing that

for the next few days. Becky thanked me for my patience and understanding, saying, "In spite of your lack of confidence, Dr. Allison, I knew you would know how to handle her. You did fine. She now trusts you and will listen to what you say. You must never betray that trust, but you know that already. We think that is about all we can do today. When you come back tomorrow, you will find that she has grown some more, with our help. We will be talking with her and explaining to her what she needs to know. You look exhausted, so why don't you go now and see your other patients."

So, at night, when everything was quiet, her Moms would talk to her, and she grew until she was 13, and all the helper alter-personalities came into her and made her stronger. That was to help her get ready to get rid of the horrible angry alter-personalities. Her Moms said that there were a lot of helper alter-personalities not yet in her, but they were there to fight the angry ones, so she would be able to win and live a wonderful life. Her Moms had told her about the life they knew she should have lived from the very beginning.

Her dad, Dr. Allison, was so patient and understanding those first couple of days while she was growing up, but she knew there were going to be times when she would hate him. She would hate him because he was pushy and would make sure she did not run away from the pain of remembering past events. He would keep digging and would never let her avoid learning about herself. He would force her to look at what "our" actions had been to contribute to the troubles others had started. He would be sure she understood all the aspects of important past events. He would make sure she took responsibility for her actions then and in the present day. But she trusted him like she had learned to do when her Moms were teaching her before he came.

Before leaving, I made a few cryptic notes in her hospital chart about my visit, so the nurses would know the basics of what was going

on. Everything seemed to be falling into place, and I was grateful.

During the three days that Marie was in Yolo General Hospital, I visited her each day on the medical ward. I chatted with whomever was there. Usually, it was the newly discovered Original Marie, who was integrating numerous alter-personalities into herself as she was instructed to do by Becky and Faith. As a result, she grew to an emotional age of 13 by the time she was discharged home.

In their conversations, doctor and patient tested each other and emotionally felt each other out. I had been waiting long for this original one to arrive. On the one hand, I was glad to finally meet her, but I also wondered if again I was being presumptive in thinking I had finally met the one that could grow up. For so long, I had been operating on my own wish fulfillment, treating each false-front alter-personality as if she was the original one. Then I expected miracles of them, growth processes they were not able to accomplish. Of course, that made them disappointed because they had not met their therapist's expectations. Their failures to do so also made me unhappy, since my hoped for progress had not been made.

Now it seemed that the real Marie was here at last. She was young and unspoiled. She was a fresh canvas on which life could paint its own picture. She was unsullied and ready for living. It was my duty to make sure that nothing happened to this new, trusting individual that would shock or upset her so that she would again retreat inside to her old hiding place. If I were so clumsy as to allow anything to happen that might cause her to flee, then she might never again see the light of day, and my experiences as a therapist of multiples might as well not have been.

I knew the danger of letting my baser emotions take control of my behavior. I was in constant touch with Michael, my own ISH, during all the sessions I had with Marie Francis McKenzie. To do this, I moved into a higher

plane of consciousness, a process I had learned in Santa Cruz.

Now, with Marie Francis McKenzie, the infant and child, I shifted into the same "I'm one with Michael" mode and conducted my interviews in a calm and sensible fashion. I always told her the truth, knowing if I made a misstatement, she would be advised by Becky or Faith of the truth. There was no way I could lie to her under those conditions. Life might be difficult, but it was better to face the facts instead of operating on a lie, or even a fantasy. I asked her what was happening inside her mind when I wasn't there, and she gave me a complete report each day. I was happy that progress was being made at last. For once, a suicide attempt had been turned into an asset.

Discharge from the hospital required Marie Francis McKenzie be able to manage herself in enough social situations so that she could experience life among other human beings. She could not spend her time in a hospital bed just talking to nurses and her understanding doctor. She would have to face roommates, other patients, storekeepers and even her natural mother.

To give her that ability, she had to transfer her trust in me to all others in society. She had to see others as just as honest and reliable as I was, so that she would assume the best of them. Others would then tend to act in the way she expected of them. Only if she assumed all others would treat her as decently as did her doctor would she encourage others to behave that way. On the other hand, if she doubted the honesty and sincerity of strangers, some were sure to act in the negative way she assumed they would behave.

My trustworthiness had to be consistent and unrelenting. I could not afford to give into my own neuroses at this time, or to worry about what the other doctors thought of me. I could not be repairing political fences, which would require me to be less than honest to somebody I wanted to please. Fortunately, on the medical ward, there

were no other psychiatrists to deal with. I could see my patient, talk with her for as long as I had time, then leave any medication orders on the chart for the nurse on duty. It was a very simple arrangement, one that suited my needs perfectly.

While Marie Francis McKenzie grew from six months to 13 years of age, I was obstetrician, pediatrician, teacher, Dad, and doctor. My newly arrived patient flourished under my guidance. When I felt confident that she could cope with most of the anticipated stresses of small town living, I signed the discharge order and arranged an outpatient clinic appointment with me. There we would continue the growth and development of Marie Francis McKenzie.

Over the subsequent years, both the integrated Original Marie and I abided by the agreement as initially set out. In the years after I left Davis for another position, Marie only called me by phone once to talk about a problem.

She did ask me to give her away at her second wedding, to Fields. I had met Fields when he had been a psychiatric patient in Yolo General Hospital with a diagnosis of borderline personality disorder. Fields was no prize, but I was not into picking the spouses of my children. My eldest daughter had recently married to a young man she met at work, and that marriage seemed to be working out well. I figured that, if I had raised them right, they should be able to pick proper mates for themselves. If they made a mistake, they weren't going to be able to blame me for picking the wrong mate; that would be their responsibility. I was big on personal responsibility.

After 13 years of separation, Marie and I came into each other's lives again. She is now a fully functioning adult, with work, social and home lives of her own. We communicate regularly as equal adults, both maintaining separate existences but willing to share in activities that two people from different age brackets can do

together. I am still Marie's dad, just as I am still the father of my four adult natural children.

Marie and I started this journey in 1978, with a lot of trials and tribulations. In 1981, the Original Marie finally had her question answered, and, in 1982, she was complete and whole, the one person who was supposed to occupy this body from the beginning. Marie and I went through the journey to hell and came back, ending the circle to a new life I helped her achieve, the life she is living today. The question "Who Am I?" is no more. She now knows who she is, and she is living a rich and successful life because I am now her friend and still her dad.