

several reasons....why I ask this....I've thought about it..etc." I felt very defensive and immediately ( or simultaneously) pictured you being against it. I did not, as probably implied, picture you being cross or stern or flatly refusing because you are not like this. But, I did feature you turning a little to one side and saying rather casually ( as you sometimes do when approaching something 'touchy' ) "Well, Shirley, it would seem....." etc. and I at once felt you would say it was better to wait until I felt stronger and could handle what new material we already had from last time that we have not talked over as yet.....all very logical...but still NO.

My thoughts are going in all directions now....I have felt this MANY times before.....I think up to what I want to say to you and then I think of your saying no in a round-about manner, and I ( pause... I had a thought and then changed it to this: ...round about manner and I then don't ask it.....but the first thought was right and I sat here for awhile and then felt I could write it just the way I thought it, so here it is) felt rejected. ....the tension has let up....I even smiled just then because I had an amusing ( to me, anyway) thought: Dr. Wilbur has rejected me more times on issues she hadn't even heard of yet....etc. Guess I don't give you much of a chance sometimes; do I? If I wouldn't carry on these two-way conversations with you when you aren't present I would save myself some trouble.

But why did I think you would convince me logically that I was asking for something unwisely? ( Dad could. I used to be even more glib than I am now with people and anyone could talk me into anything if they were logical enough---in tone, at least---but I learned to do it too, and Dad no longer does that and neither does Jean.) My first response to thinking of asking anything of anyone is that they will refuse and then I feel rejected...so I don't ask. ....is that why I never asked for things much when I was a kid? There is another probable candidate for answer to the question above....because I think it is unwise ( most of my ideas are....or else they have repercussions I don't enjoy.).

Now I've got this far, I want to tell you why I thought I did want it this week.....first, last and always (cliche!) my thoughts revolve around getting better as fast as I can, therefore, when I had pentothal a few times and found that I felt better and talked easier for a few days afterwards etc. I was all for the idea. Not doing it....( oh dear, now I have changed my mind again and don't want to say any of this....not sure I even want the pentothal)...but I'll try to finish the explanation in spite of the heat I feel in my neck and face.....not having pentothal constitutes in my mind a delay of progress. Then I think it slows it and then I think it means I am not getting well fast, then not going to get well at all and there I am back on that merry-go-round. ....also, there is this: certain times I feel better than others and we have better results....by my measuring and also according to some of your remarks....well, this is one of those times. The week of and the week after I have a period more was accomplished than the week before it..generally speaking. This week you made some suggestions that brought about some new feelings as you know...don't even know what I am feeling sometimes...but it seems to me rather opportune to latch onto some of this before it gets away again. I felt this at other times....and lost it again....

.....I guess you are saying that it is not going to get lost forever and will appear later if not now and we can deal with it then. That is true, I am sure, yet it makes me feel rejection again. I want to do all I can WHEN I can and not has a remainder of it lurking just under the surface where it can become Peggy by my trying to combat depression or by being combined with some actual event such as "house is being sold!" What I am trying to say is, there are times when I feel something close to the surface and can't always get at it with words....last few days haven't know WHAT it is even, but the feeling I have learned to recognize as something to be said and I don't want to wait so long to find out what it is that bothers me that I dissociate or loose it. Now I have the distinct feeling that I have said all this for nothing...that it is not anything you do not already know....well, that may be for you know alot about me.....and you probably know a number of good reasons for not having pentothal these two weeks in a row. So I will try to understand.

Peggy  
Hester

There have been times when I dreaded the pentothal and from Friday until Monday the fear would grow, but still underneath that feeling was the reassuring one that it did help in the total picture. A few times it sort of knocked me for a loop afterwards, but when it has been like it was last week, it doesn't affect me much that I can notice and it is okay and nothing to dread. Oh, I don't know....this seems so trivial.....yet it ISN'T or it would not have bothered me so much.....there is more to it, tho...and everytime I think of the rest of it I want to quit writing and tear this up. At least I don't want to show it to you. Why? Same old struggle I've had for years and had at the hospital when I asked to come home.....if you say, "No" it is rejection....if you say, "Yes", I feel guilty.....feel then as if you did not want me to have or do whatever it is I ask but give in because I have asked...gets all mixed-up...can't win either way.

Pentothal

*didn't write anymore after  
as suggested to not have myself to*

Hospital (?)

Sometimes I have blamed you for a dissociation when I very well know it was not your fault...but I could not, I think, face the fact it was in essence my own fault.....I am aware I have used the terms 'blame' and 'fault', but that is how it felt and I know better as to what it should be, but I do not know adequate words.....so I say those. And, as long as I believed that I COULD avoid losing time if I tried hard enough, then it did feel as if I were at fault if I 'let' myself lose time...and then I blamed myself. Only now I ( was going to say the word 'know', but I couldn't....my fingers got stiff and I got hot and the sentence stuck...and I felt the crying inside....so I have been just sitting here trying to breathe for...oh, maybe 5 or 6 minutes.. now I feel better and shall try again.....).....it's just so HARD to have to feel and believe and admit that I do not have the conscious control over it.....it is so much more threatening to have something 'out of hand' as it seems.... than to believe that at any moment I can stop ( I started to say 'this foolishness'....mother's words, eh?) any time I need to. Sometimes that is why I have felt blame from you and guilt on my part when I thought or expected you would do or say certain things to help me and you did not react that way....I felt you were implying that I could do it for myself and the fact that I didn't made me feel guilty.....if enough so, I'd dissociate....then I could not sometimes stand it to think I should have avoided it by holding on and trying harder...I thought I HAD tried and so there was ( it seemed ) only one recourse and that was to blame you for 'letting' me push myself too far. I never could have said this just this way...with this feeling, I mean, before.....I've said similar things, I know.....but this is different because of the prompting....but that's some other train of thought I better not follow it here...

Almost all of what I said in that first paragraph has been off the subject of what I started to say....I did not have more than a few vague sentences when I began, but I did have a very definite feeling of an idea I meant to say.....and I WILL get it said. Right now, I only have to preface it with one 'reason'.....I can say this today because I am thinking of you and talking to you as doctor more than friend....there is a difference sometimes....sometimes not...they blend at times. But this I can not talk about when I think we are friends because I cannot say to a friend who has done as much for me as you have, "Why didn't you do more?" I didn't even think I could type what it was I couldn't say! Guess maybe by your standards this would be termed 'better'.....I HOPE SO. But to get back to the subject.....now I am so tired I can hardly lift my arms....if I did not think it was resistance to saying it, I would have to lie down...but I am not going to if I can help it....( ooops, lungs just collapsed too!.....well, it won't do them any good, I feel I must say this whether it is important or not; and I keep telling myself that you said I was doing all right with it and that I should do it when I can .....and that encourages me.....I am not pressuring beyond endurance, I am writing and trying to be reasonable about when and how much, but I do think it is not pushing when I keep on over a rough spot that makes me tired just for a few minutes until it is said.....is that right?)

Now I can breathe more easily again, so will try once more....if I can JUST BE DIRECT ABOUT IT AND SKIP THE POOL DETAILS, then I'll get it over sooner..... it does not cost me quite as much as it used to when I skip details of some sorts.....all right, getting back to the matter of blaming you when I dissociate.....I know now that this was something other than the truth, but I still do not know WHAT it really was, but you will tell me.....this is how it seemed, felt and then happened

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at times: everything seemed to stack up and get to the place where it seemed to be too much to take.....sometimes I could call you and talk to you...or talk to you during the office hour.....and that would be sufficient, but the other times, NO.....and that is where this so-called blame I used to think I felt came in.....I'd call you when I felt I could not manage any longer and we'd talk about the troubles and you would say much what you had on other occasions when it helped, but at these times it did not help enough and I'd keep saying I did not know what to do or how to hold on or that I was afraid.....and inside I was hoping and half-way expecting you would say that you would come and help me.....but you would not say this and then I would do one of two things (neither purposely) either dissociate from what seemed to be unbearable pressure, or I'd get terribly defiant feeling inside and think okay I will do it myself if you are not going to come help me I will just do it myself and show you I do not need you...I will never ask for help again (had not actually asked, but hoped only) however, this attitude does not hold for long....it works sometimes all right enough but only until you break it down by being so very sweet and kind and understanding the next time or so that I see you, or else you see through it and say you are coming to see if we can't find out what is bothering so much....then I relent and think, "She does care after all....".....it is not hard for me to relent for that is what I really want is to feel comfortable toward you, but at times I have been awfully stubborn inside.....I fight you with determination. (I can say this I think for just one reason....you used the word the other day....you implied that you knew I did this at times...so that freed the way for me to admit it.....yes, "freed" and "admit"...that is how it feels....not the best words, but.....). Some times I hold out quite a while (not too often) or I take a kind of parallel way out.....example, the time I decided you were not going to come help me it was certainly okay with me, I knew all the time you did not really care and it was pretense (why, I did not ponder...that would have revealed it made no sense....and this HAD to make sense on my own basis...) so if you were not help I would just show you I had other resources and could get along with out you.....I made up my mind I would show you how I could be very composed and cool and not need to ask you to listen to me nor to explain anything to me nor need any help.... deciding this gave me some relief, I thought....then the next thing I knew, I had lost almost two days and had awakened on a Saturday morning to find I had written a day or two previously that all this about the multiple personalities was not really true at all but just put on.....that would mean I did not need you, I suppose.....however, but the time I got to the end of it, I found that "she" had written that she was sick and wanted to get well so would you help "her" (well, at least it was not ME asking for help) to understand why she had pretended...etc.....you probably recall that paper and that day. Again, I do not know the REAL beginning (the "WHY" of it) but I do know I was hoping for relief from the pressure by having pentothal on the following Saturday and I believed for reasons I can't recall that I needed it and you were not coming.

There is only one difference that I see off-hand about the times I call you (or talk a certain way in the office...neither can I help) and get the needed support and help from what you say and the times I call and do not get the needed support and encouragement to try (in the REAL sense of trying) that would give you any clue whatever to the fact that 'this' call is any different from my others.....(you have said to me that you did not always know what I was really asking for....of course not....I did not say.....I only implied and thought you could and DID see

what I was asking in my round about way...which was the only way I could ask it seemed...but the difference was this: when I called I usually did so with the idea that you would help me with words of explanation or encouragement etc. and I expected no more....and often this worked (as you've pointed out to me as being the thing that confuses you) and I felt 100% better and could hold on and go ahead....this was fine, of course.....but other times I found your words did not help and the tension or whatever was wrong did not get less...in fact it got worse as I became frustrated talking with you and feeling what you said SHOULD help but WASN'T helping....then, in those conversations I could not and did not say I was feeling better and I could try again etc., but I kept saying I don't know what to do, or I don't know what is wrong, or isn't there anything that will ever make me better, or to each suggestion you made (such as take a second, or write it out, or paint etc.) I would say what I really felt...that I had tried it or that I could not face it .....seems as if I have been too detailed again, so I am going to try to get this one simple thought into one simple sentence:

The difference in calls that help and those that throw me into something worse is that if it helps I say so and feel better and you often say "you sound better already"....if it does not help I realize it is not enough and I can't stop talking and I can't let go (hang-up!) and then I keep repeating and asking (so indirectly, I see, but in essence obvious to ME) you for more help than words 'from a distance'.....these latter situations are unbearable to me and I get into deeper trouble. Then I blame you.

I could say some of that because I no longer feel that way....I was able to "take it" yesterday and I DID believe you were not coming last night.... and I did not feel lost nor rejected nor isolated.....however, if I am completely honest about it there were a couple of 'side-lights' on it that may be worthwhile saying.....I was not sure I could take it if you said no....I had not the week before.....and secondly, I think I did take it mainly because of one particular word and expression with it that you said.....I asked you if it were not correct that you did not intend to come tonight and you said, "Yes" and I got it all right, but it did not feel too comfortable inside and I was afraid, so I added with a touch of my own bitterness in my feeling, (but I think not in my voice) and you had no intension of it, right?! and you quickly and emphatically, though softly, said, "Oh, no".....that made it all right inside and in my fear you would 'spoil' it by adding something that I might interpret as a promise and then get hurt, I reassured you quickly I did not need it nor plan on it and then I switched the subject and kept on my way out the door. The rest of the afternoon and last night when ever I would think of it, the feeling inside was one that was comfortable and secure because I'd think of the way you said, "Oh, no" and to me that meant you HAD thought about it and you HAD NOT ruled out forever and ever the possibility (even though I knew then as I do now this morning I never want nor plan to have pentothal again....we will talk about this sometime but not now) and this gave me some peace because it meant you did care. I was able to accept caring without action where as sometimes caring meant only action. That is back to the telephone calls now....if you cared I knew it by your voice and your words and I got better.. if, on other occasions when you 'cared' you also had to 'prove' it by coming...else I could not accept it that you cared. It does not make sense to me, but THAT is nevertheless the way it was. I keep saying "was"...I believe it and feel it as past-tense, and I only hope to Heaven it is past tense.... "for ever and a day" (with apologies to Longfellow). .....This may

sound as if it ought to be the end.....or at least a good stopping place.....but I am not ready to stop. I think I would rather try to get it all said.....I feel sickish...but even so, there IS more to this before we can judge....and I do mean judge, because that is somewhat, but not altogether of course, how it feels.....in a way I feel almost on trial for having felt and thought some things I have.....also, at one point, I felt you accused me.....that is probably as mixed-up as some other things I have felt and later understood to be different, so I am, for that reason, willing to admit it.....in the hopes I can understand it was not that way...or whatever way it was, I can see and accept and get it straight.

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That brings me right back to where I was on the previous pages when I was talking about the "Why".....see why I said that all thoughts lead to Rome? I always end with the same things even though it never looks as if it is going to when I think of this or that as I paint or work around here.....but what I just thought was that it is not the things you say or don't say, as such, in the situations I was referring to, but what I expected (evidently determined by the amount of pressure building up the tensions) by way of help....and then I rationalized (is that what it's called?) with memories of 'details' as I called them yesterday.....I picked out I suppose what I was going to remember... I was not aware of that....all I thought I was doing was remembering the promises you had made previously.....and applying them to the present situation....when this did not work out, I blamed you and felt you did not really care nor understand.