



**HYPNOSIS SAVED**

**HER LIFE**

Written by

W. Reeves Smith

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## INTRODUCTION

At the age of 92, I am a graduate mechanical engineer with 78 years of experience working with clocks and watches. I am a Certified Master Watchmaker and a Certified Master Clockmaker. In addition to being a Fellow and a Star Fellow in the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors (NAWCC) and a Fellow in the British Horological Institute, I received the coveted Dana Blackwell Clocks Award from the NAWCC in 2012.

However, during my early life, I spent five years studying the field of Medical Hypnosis and being trained by the world's leading experts in that field. Since then I have always wanted to present the usefulness of this subject to the general public and dispel some of the misconceptions they may have regarding it. This book is my effort toward that end, and I hope the reader will learn many of the ways hypnosis can be helpful to the average person. The situations presented are fictional. However, all of them could easily have been true in real life.

I should also note that I am privy to many techniques for leading someone into a deep trance state but have intentionally not described them in this book lest they be used by those untrained in hypnosis.

Unfortunately, during a recent illness, I had a stroke that prevents my use of the computer. Thus, I have been able to complete the full story line for the book but not expand it as much as I had originally intended. I still hope that you will find it useful.

## CHAPTER 1

It was indeed a beautiful morning. The sun had been lifted into a cloudless sky by the singing of countless birds. Even at 10 A.M. people were still scurrying along the expressway on the way to their various commitments. Women in their shorts and sun tops were out in number and men were everywhere at watch. It seemed that for all the world, today was a day for smiling, but not so for Mark.

Swinging his Cadillac into the driveway of a lovely suburban office, Mark read the plaque before him, Mark Binder, MD, Psychiatry. It was a beautiful stone building, a home that had echoed the laughter of children in its earlier years. Sitting upon a green velvet lawn, and nestled among carefully appointed yews, juniper and ligustrum rising from ivy-periwinkle beds, the place had a character somewhat beyond its means, a seldom dignity, a peacefulness. It was a friendly place. Mark remembered the care with which it had been chosen. It had to be a place that would help him with his practice. After all, those with whom he would be dealing had enough problems without being thrust into the rudeness of a busy downtown area during their visits with him.

But the serenity did little for Mark's mood at that instant. As usual his wife had spent the evening bitching and pouting. There was never a



moment when the two of them could carry on a reasonable conversation without her feeling she was being accused of something. Fleetingly, he wondered how a Doctor of Psychiatry could ever have become mixed up with such a screwed up woman. Then he remembered that he had married her before starting medical school. At least, that exonerated a portion of his judgment.

Why couldn't she be just an ordinary woman like most others, he thought. Why in hell did she have to be screwed up just enough to mess up their sex life, their home life and their lives in general?

Remembering the evening before, Mark marveled at the manner in which his wife's mind worked and the insecurity that consumed her. While enjoying a perfectly lovely meal she had prepared for him, he made the mistake of asking, "What is in this?"

"Why? Is there something wrong with it?" asked Diane, believing fully, as was usual with her, that she was being accused of having done something wrong. Or, if it weren't that, then she was being accused of having failed to do something right. It made little difference. She was being accused!

"No, dear," responded Mark with a smile, trying hard to keep the peace. "I think it is quite good and just wondered what was in it." From that

first encounter, the evening went from bad to worse. Anything Mark said that could possibly be misinterpreted immediately assumed that mantle. Despite all efforts to the contrary, the evening continued to go in the wrong direction. Somehow he had managed to keep it from becoming an open war, mostly by ignoring the insults and "put-downs" she hurled his way.

Diane had no special training but was a most competent woman. She was a short, but most attractive and well-formed blond, with fair skin and hazel eyes, and when used, a smile that would be the envy of anyone. She was motivated, creative, highly organized, punctual and a tireless worker. As a mother she had no peer. During the first years of their marriage, Diane had been a model wife- loving, supportive, and affectionate. With the passing of time, her compassion and affection had dwindled to a low ebb. Her opinions had become more and more unyielding, her stance stilted and her pronouncements more abrasive.

Mark had wondered many times about what had gone wrong. He loved Diane when he married her. He still loved her and wanted her to be happy, and had worked endlessly to provide an income that lifted them above any financial worries. He had honestly tried to be a good husband. Quite obviously he had failed. In almost every instance, Diane seemed to find some fault with the things he did or thought. Even those

things he had tried to do to please her. Perhaps they were just not suited for each other. He wondered if he would ever know.

Mark and Diane were opposites. He was a patient man, quiet and unassuming, and willing to give others the benefit of the doubt. She was suspicious, and always willing to think the worst of others. Her temper stood constant guard over her insecurities.

Because Mark was willing to believe the best of others until they proved him wrong, people sometimes took advantage of him. If Diane knew about it, she always pointed out his stupidity. Because of this, Mark had long since learned to keep his thoughts to himself. His philosophy assumed that among them there might be someone who would become his friend. One could afford to appear foolish a dozen times over if a single friend were gained — so very few are allotted in each lifetime.

Finally, when the evening was over and they had gone to bed, Mark thought he might smooth things over by making love to her. It was not as easy for him at forty-five as it had been at thirty-five and he needed the little attentions, kindnesses and affection that Diane so often denied him. He needed to be wanted — he needed her support. If called upon to carry her emotional burden and his own as well, things

became more difficult and lessened his physical responses. Diane made it a point to let him know that his kisses were too sloppy, that he was rushing her too much, and that she didn't like the taste of the liquor from his bedtime drink.

Mark was accustomed to such treatment and did his best to ignore it, and functioning without her support, he worked patiently to arouse her as he felt she should be. Finally, after the longest time, and believing he had succeeded, Mark tried to make love to her. Immediately he was told that he was hurting her, that she hadn't known he would want sex so she hadn't taken her pill, and even that her doctor had suggested that a part of her problem might be that she didn't like her husband and was rejecting him. After the longest time, she told him she wished he would climax and get it over with, but Mark was determined to make things work correctly if possible. He continued with slow and measured patience. After all, he believed that both partners should enjoy sex, not just one.

Seeing that he would not do as she wanted, and determined to have her way, Diane faked a climax. Such was not too unusual for her, and it infuriated him to remember the many times she had done so. He was crushed to know that someone who was supposed to love him would practice such deception.

Mark spent the remaining time before sleep remembering a few of the women he had known before he and Diane were married—women who were capable of repeated climaxes. He also remembered how much satisfaction he had found in believing that he had done something nice in helping them reach their climaxes—time and time again! Even though no man could ever join such a multi-climactic woman, the feeling that came from keeping an erection to help them experience many climaxes, made him feel special, very special and important. It was a feeling that he greatly needed then and now.

With Diane it was different. She was a one climax woman and any efforts to the contrary brought on a war of words and accusations. If he hinted that it might be possible for her to have a second one, since other women he had known could do so, she immediately placed them in the category of whores or disturbed people.

Mark wondered why he had been incapable of somehow improving their lot. Who else should know more about people, he thought? His failure to do so left him constantly nervous and uncertain. He believed there should be more joy to living than had come his way. And as the years had passed, he became more and more conscious of it, allowing each thought to be punctuated by the dark turns Diane fostered upon him.

He had left home that morning following a fight over his lack of consideration for her in the bedroom the night before. Without having said so in words, she had implied that he was a poor lover, interested only in his own comfort and thinking only of his own pleasures. During the process, she completely ignored the fact that she had spent most of their session in bed discussing their daughter's problems in school, their bad neighbors, and her shopping list for the next day, ignoring completely her own lack of support and affection he so greatly needed. Nor did she offer so much as a hint of the faked climax she thought she had slipped by him again.

So it was at this point in their marriage that Mark decided to give up sex with Diane. She would never miss his efforts and he would no longer have to listen to her tirades. There was just no way he could win.

"I seem to have more problems than my patients!" Mark whispered out loud as he pulled into his parking place.

"A lot more, possibly!! Why can't I just love and be loved and let life take a simple course?" he asked himself again as he had many times in the past.

"Good morning, Dr. Binder," said Chris Day in a chipper voice. She was his longtime secretary and he often wondered how she could be so

constantly cheerful while the world was headed as straight for hell as a snowball in August.

"Good morning, Chris. You're looking good as usual. Have you made certain that I'll be free to teach my hypnosis class this afternoon?"

"Oh, I think so, Doctor, I've made it a point to keep your time slots clear for that. And I have everything arranged for the start of your class."

"Good girl!" And she was a good girl. Mark was pleased with the manner in which Chris looked out for his interests.

She was a perfectly charming young lady, amply touched by that rare charisma enjoyed by only a few women. Like most men, he had been influenced in his choice of her by her attractiveness, five feet two, blond hair, blue eyes, a near perfect figure, and amazingly enough—brains. Chris was a winner in any circle and wise far beyond her abbreviated twenty five years. Everyone adored her, and Mark was no exception.

God! I wonder how her husband can stand such good looking stuff, he thought. It was just a thought, nothing more. Mark had a firm policy of hands off the help and the patients. In fact, he was really a one woman man, but he was emotionally drained and the very depths of his being cried out for tenderness, affection and

above all else, more than money, fame or conquests, he needed to be needed. He longed for a whole woman—a woman who, instead of being his adversary, would be his companion and share with him his love and life.

Mark wondered what to do about it, but it was not a new thought with him, he had wondered about it for many years before. With each passing year he became more convinced that he should make some attempt at finding a better life. Just what that meant, he was not sure. Should he leave Diane and break up the family? Should he find a lover and keep the household intact? All he had were problems, but no answers;

"And how are you today, Mrs. Curtis?" Mark asked with a smile as he began the session with his first patient of the day.

"Oh, I am fine, Doctor, just fine," replied Mrs. Curtis.

"Have you taken your medicine?" Mark asked with some concern.

"Well, not all of it. One day it made me sick. I wasn't sure that I would ever come back to see you after you made me sick. Why did you try to hurt me?"

Mark made no response to the accusation, realizing that at that particular time his patient was



flaking off and it would make little difference what logic or truth he might offer her.

It was one of the strange things about schizophrenia, he thought. When they are flaking off, their values are so distorted they believe that what they feel is realistic, regardless of how bizarre it might be. Then later, when more normal, they realize how insanely they have acted and begin to worry about being crazy. That, of course, did little to help their condition. They are about the only people with mental problems that know about it, but only during their good periods. They never know when they are flaking off; every incorrect stance seems logical and justified.

As Mark talked with Miss Curtis, he turned over in his mind the many things he had learned about her in his effort to be sure of his diagnosis. She had a lover for almost 9 years. He was a single man who was devoted to her and had stood by her during all of her many problems. In her most recent troubled state, she had become suspicious of him and started finding fault. Without a single reason, she had taken up with another man she had known only a few days, contacted gonorrhea and had accused her long-time friend of giving her a sexual disease, of being too sloppy when drinking, and of hurting her during sex.

When finally her friend helped her obtain a cure and they got back together, she told him she hadn't believed she would ever see him again after he had treated her so badly! All of this for a man who loved her and had done her absolutely no wrong!

Mark had been careful in his study of her problem. There was no doubt that she exhibited the classic signs of schizophrenia: blunting--the needless delivery of unkind statements to her closest friends without regard for their feelings, the incongruity of thought, loss of values, serious absence of logic, constant search for acceptance, inability to cope with the smallest of problems, extreme depressions, and the suspicion of time-honored friends. As expected, there was also a family member suffering from the same disorder. There could be no doubt she was suffering from a moderate schizophrenia. Mark's heart went out to her, realizing that she would have problems trying to maintain a relationship with others. Her word would become worthless to those who knew her as she appeared to never know what she wanted, vacillating from one stance to another. He hoped

that she would be able to avoid the need for shock treatment. It was so destructive to the personality he worried about it. This was a characteristic of Mark, he felt deeply for his patients and their problems. He cared!

"Miss Curtis, please promise you will take your medicine for me. I want you to get better and think this is the thing you can do to help the most." Then, complimenting her for being on time, he bid her goodbye.

So it was that Mark spent most of his days, digging into the problems of others, always hoping to find a clue that would be of help to them—some magic thing that would release them from the grip of their terrible ordeals. So often he felt completely helpless. So very, very often!

It was almost time for him to conduct his once-a-month course in Medical Hypnosis. Hurriedly he left the office, swinging his car into the parking lot of the Academy of Medicine only minutes before it was time for him to start the first class. He rushed to the conference room.

"What's the final head count?" he asked Chris, who was located just outside the door.

"Thirty four, Doctor."

"Fine, I can manage that many without a problem. Thanks Chris," said Mark, and after a quick cup of coffee, he walked into the main room and took his place at the speaker's rostrum.

His class was a mixture of those from the healing arts: psychiatrists, surgeons, anesthesiologists, dentists, general practitioners,

and psychologists. It was a good mixture and would be a nice group to work with.

"The course will be broken into parts," he said. "The first part will cover the history of the subject and should give you a good feel for the background. The second part will be involved with the phenomena and its definitions. The third part will involve demonstrations of the phenomena and their meaning, as well as the management of the trance state."

"I welcome you and thank you for your interest in the course and hope that what you learn will be timely, helpful, and prove of interest to all. There probably are those among you who use hypnosis now or have made a study of it. The majority of you will have had at least a slight interest in it and would like to know more. There may possibly be one or more among you who doesn't believe there is such a thing."

"There has probably been more nonsense written about the subject than anything short of love and sex. It has been the tool of the charlatan, the cultist, the magician, the faith healer, the spiritualist, to the so-called sleep temples of Egypt. The Yogi practice one of the highest forms of self-hypnosis, and the tribal dances, chants, and drum beats are all of a hypnotic nature."

It was first used in medicine by Anton Mesmer in 1774, while completing his doctorate on the

effect of magnetic waves from outer space upon the human body, he accidentally produced a trance by placing a magnet around the neck of a German Fraulein. He believed this to be proof positive of his theories. It was given the name Mesmerism and considered to be a sort of animal magnetism."

"Later an English surgeon, James Braid, approached it from a more scientific viewpoint, recognized it as a psychological phenomenon and gave it the name hypnotism, meaning, literally, nervous sleep. He introduced it in one of the British hospitals and used it for surgical anesthesia. Hypnosis is probably as old as mankind itself. There are references to it in the Bible, and many references to the sleep temples in Egypt."

"Shortly thereafter, chloroform was introduced, and hypnotism fell by the wayside. Despite the fact that it is as old as mankind, it is only in our generation that it has been stripped of mysticism and is being sought and received by an enlightened public."

"Now, let's get to the heart of the matter. What is hypnosis? It is something which can be described and used to great advantage, but from that point on, knowledge reverts to speculation. The trance state is a psychological phenomenon characterized by a narrowing of conscious

awareness, hyper-suggestibility, and is the end result of suggestion. It can be produced either by auto-suggestion or by hetero-suggestion."

"Since suggestion is the cornerstone of hypnosis, let's examine it for a moment. Just exactly what is meant by suggestion? As defined by Webster it is 'the uncritical acceptance of an idea.' And now is the time to ask yourself how many times you have responded to suggestion. Any single idea that you have accepted as being true without question or proof was a suggestion."

"Thus, it follows that all people who are normal are suggestible. To be suggestible is to be hypnotizable, at least in theory. Statistics covering thousands upon thousands of cases show that at least ninety percent of all normal persons can enter the trance state to some degree; that is, the hypnoidal trance, the light trance, the medium trance, or the somnambulistic trance, this being the deepest of all the trance states."

"The study of hypnosis shows us that the trance is the result of suggestion, and all of its phenomena are the result of hyper-suggestibility. Since there is no line that one can draw dividing the trance from the non-trance state, one can only say that each suggestion accepted paves the way for the acceptance for the next one."

"Many factors contribute to the uncritical acceptance of ideas by our patient. Prestige

probably heads the list. Another factor is emotion. It is common knowledge that when emotion comes on the scene, common sense and reason go out the window. A person in an emotional state is more suggestible than otherwise.

"Before turning our attention to the hypnotic phenomena, it would perhaps be wise to touch upon some past uses. Just before the advent of chloroform, Esdaile, an English surgeon operating in India, used hypnoanesthesia in all of his surgery. He performed over three hundred major surgical procedures, thousands of minor ones and was able to reduce the mortality rate for the removal of huge scrotal tumor from fifty percent to less than five percent. Some of these tumors weighed more than the patient."

"Esdaile was followed by other men of medicine-Bernheim, Lebeault, Forel, Braid, and Bramwell, to name a few. With the advent of chloroform and other more reliable chemo-anesthetics, hypnosis gradually lost its standing and was returned to the psychology laboratory."

"Gradually, these workers gained a better understanding of the phenomena and devised new and more useful techniques. Clark Huss of Yale was the first to take it into the research laboratory and study it. He was followed by Milton Erickson whose patient research did more than anyone in history to elevate it from the realm of

mysticism and misconception to a recognized position in science. He was recognized in his day as the world's outstanding authority on the subject and its uses, and was known as 'Mr. Hypnosis.' Although hypnosis is the result of suggestibility, this should not imply that one is dealing with the gullibility of the subject. More properly, one is dealing with the talent of the subject to accept an idea and to respond to it in an intelligent manner and within the limits of his own capabilities. The hypnotist should take credit only for his ability and skill in leading the way for the subject."

"In hypnosis, as in many other fields, those operators who respect the needs, the personality, and the dignity of the subject are the ones for whom the subject is most willing and able to function to the limit of their talent in producing phenomena of therapeutic value. Nor is the subject an automaton as is often believed. He must be respected if worthwhile results are to be obtained."

And so Mark talked on about his favorite subject, carefully laying the groundwork for what was to follow. Experience had taught him not to plunge into the demonstration of phenomena until a good foundation had been laid for its understanding. It was for this reason that, following the lecture on phenomena, he would conduct a question and answer session to allow



any of the confusing points to be raised and discussed.

He could have talked for hours, but there was a party he had to make and he was already beginning to wonder if he hadn't spent too much extra time with the class. So, hurriedly, he bid them good-bye and headed for Jack Johnson's place. His old friends Tom and Sue Kirk would be there but he was not sure who the others would be. It really didn't matter, he had always enjoyed himself at their place and this would be no exception. A relaxing evening would be a good thing. Life had not been too kind to him lately.

## CHAPTER 2

Mark was a few minutes late, but it mattered little because the party had been slow getting started. He had called Diane earlier to see if she would like to join him but she had refused. Nothing new at all he thought, having long since learned that she seldom mixed with his friends. No matter, he would put in an appearance and make an evening of it. In fact, he rather enjoyed the idea of an evening that would not end up in a fight over the meal, her spending habits, or sex. More importantly, the party would be populated by physicians, and it is important to his practice that he keep his name before them.

Jack met him at the door and welcomed him like a long lost friend. Then Mary, his wife, came over to further the praise. Mark was beginning to feel like something special by the time they had finished and had started him around to meet the other guests. Among them was a new couple to the group, Ray Walker and his wife Kim. They were in their late 20's and a very attractive couple. However, there was something odd about Ray that caught Mark's attention. Nothing he could put his finger on, but something troubled him a bit about the fellow. Hell, here I am making patients of my friends, he thought, as he shifted his attention from Ray to his wife, Kim. With her it was a different story entirely. Mark liked her instantly. She was a beautiful and most charming

lady, petite, with lovely chestnut hair, blue eyes, a smile that brightened the entire room, and a voice with a mystic musical quality. Everything about her was in correct proportion to everything else. I'd kill the bastard that pushed me off that, he mused, in a completely uncharacteristic manner. Hell, I would bet that she has two of everything! At least two!

As the evening wore on and the drinks were passed out, things became much less stilted and the conversations became more and more interesting. Mark spent considerable time talking to Kim. He learned that she had been married eight years, had a daughter and two sons.

"I've been trying to work a part-time job to help with the money problem, Mark. It doesn't amount to much, but it helps out some."

"Are you and your husband from this area?"

"Oh, yes. We grew up together."

"And what are your hobbies, Kim?"

"Oh, I like to bake. Then I swim a lot and love to dance when I get the chance-mostly rock and roll type stuff."

Mark knew that would be a little much for him. But then he really didn't have that problem did he!

"Can I make you a fresh drink, Mark?" "That would be very kind of you. Just rum and orange juice will be fine," he said, his eyes following her every move as she walked across the room to the bar. The fact that he thought her a charmer raised no argument from any corner of his mind. All of him was in complete agreement. She was indeed a charmer. Even his body told him so as he thought of her as a woman.

Singling Mark out, Jack told the group that he was not only a psychiatrist, but was also an expert on hypnosis. And despite the fact he used it only for medical purposes, perhaps, just perhaps, if they would talk nicely to him it might be possible to get him to give them a demonstration, especially since their gathering was completely private and most guests were in the medical field.

And so it was they started on Mark. At first he was reluctant, thinking something so valuable should not be used for play. Then, remembering that he was also an educator and knowing the value of passing proper information, he reconsidered. At least, he was in the process of giving it some thought when Kim, returning with his drink, came over to him and said, "Please do show us, Mark. I'll even volunteer to be your subject if you'll promise to be nice to me!"

That did it. Mark could no longer think of a good reason, or even a bad one, for more hesitancy on his part. And he had already sensed that Kim would be a good subject. It was one of those strange things that could not be explained. After years of working with subjects, every good hypnotist develops an extra sense, a conviction about how good a hypnotic subject each person will be. It was something Mark had discussed with Erickson, who also agreed that it was a genuine phenomenon but even he could not explain it. It was like a gut feeling, a conviction with nothing on which it could be based.

"Use me, Mark," said Kim with earnestness, placing her hand on his arm to punctuate the request."

That did it. Why fight when you can't win, he thought, the gentleness of her touch convincing him that he really didn't want to fight anyway!

"Certainly, Kim, come with me." And he led her to a comfortable chair just out of earshot of most of the chatter, a spot where there would be a minimum of distraction.

"We'll be back shortly," he had told the others as they left. Mark knew he would love working with Kim. He enjoyed working with women more than with men, always seeming to have better rapport with a woman than with a man, but he didn't know why that should be, unless it was

because he believed it to be so. Convictions play an exceedingly large role in hypnosis.

"Kim, before we start, do you need to use the rest room?" he asked, reminding her that she might be sitting for a time.

"No, Mark. I'm fine."

"OK then. Now, uncross your legs, put your feet flat on the floor and sit in a comfortable position," he told her, realizing that he had just given her the first three suggestions of the trance induction.

Slowly and carefully he led Kim into the deepest of trances and she immediately produced with ease whatever hypnotic phenomena he asked for. When he was satisfied that she could do anything required, he instituted a posthypnotic for trance re-entry, removed her from the trance and suggested they go back to the group to show them the things they wanted to see. As Mark and Kim returned to the group he seated her in an easy chair and turned to the group.

"Those of you who have never seen a person in a trance probably have many questions about the subject. Without becoming too technical about it, let me just say that the person in a trance is not asleep. That would be obvious to those willing to think about it. If the person were asleep there would be no way they could hear what is being

said to them by the hypnotist. The only thing about the trance that even faintly resembles sleep at all is the fact that the person is relaxed. In fact, it is probably the most relaxed condition possible for a human being."

"Kim is a somnambulistic subject," he said. "That means she can enter a trance so deep that she will appear not to be in a trance at all. A person capable of such trance depth is able to function in a manner so normal it is difficult to tell they are in a trance. If they are animated in real life, they will be animated in the trance. If they have a good sense of humor in the waking state, they will have a good sense of humor in the trance state."

Pressing the posthypnotic trigger for trance re-entry, Mark put Kim back into a very deep trance.

"What you have just seen is the use of a post hypnotic trigger that places the subject back into the trance state instantly. These are usually arranged during the first trance to avoid the loss of time required for later inductions."

"Kim," said Mark, "what is the name of a girlfriend you haven't seen in a long time?"

"Alice Johnson."

"Fine, Kim, how long since you have seen her?"

"She and I were seniors in high school." said Kim."

"And you were good friends with lots of things going on?"

"Yes. We double dated a lot."

"Fine, Kim. Now, close your eyes and pay no attention to me unless I speak directly to you."

Then, turning to the group Mark said, "When I talk to you, Kim will not pay any attention to me at all. It will be as though she doesn't hear me. This will allow me to explain to you the things about the trance events and her responses without influencing her in any way."

Placing an empty chair in front of Kim, Mark said, "A hypnotic subject can hallucinate all of the senses both positively and negatively. You are about to see some of these happen."

Then directing his remarks to Kim, he said, "Kim, when you open your eyes you will find that your old friend Alice Johnson has dropped by and is particularly interested in talking with you. She is sitting in the chair in front of you. Look!"

Kim opened her eyes and an expression of surprise moved across her face.



"Hi, Alice, how in the world are you?" And then she paused for about the length of time to have heard an appropriate reply. As they chatted at length, Kim was most animated and quite involved in the reunion with her old, but imagined, friend Alice.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed.

"What's so funny, Kim?" asked Mark.

"Oh, Alice was just reminding me of the time when Howard Gamble came into the girls' restroom by mistake one day. He skated through the wrong door by mistake and was in the stall sitting on the throne when she and I came in to touch up our lipstick. He was terrified at his mistake and as soon as we left, he shot out of there like a bullet. It took him a month to get up enough nerve to tell others what had happened! Even then, his face turned as red as a beet while he related his story." Kim laughed again.

Mark let them chat on, asking an occasional question to allow the guests information that would let them see that Kim was really living the experience instead of just imagining it.

Then, speaking to the group, he said, "Notice that in seeing Alice she is producing a positive hallucination of the sense of sight, and in hearing her she is producing a positive hallucination for the sense of sound. These are positive because

she is seeing and hearing what is not there to be seen and heard. Although Alice is really an imagined person, she is, nevertheless, as real to Kim as are your surroundings to you. Kim is really living the experience. Also, not hearing me except when I speak directly to her is a negative hallucination for the sense of sound. She is not hearing what is there to be heard."

Turning to Kim, Mark said, "Kim, while you and I were busy a minute ago, Alice had to leave. She and Gladys Young had to put in an appearance at another party this evening and asked me to tell you goodnight for them."

"Thanks Mark," said Kim.

Turning to Gladys, Mark said, "Gladys, please shake hands with Kim." Gladys walked to Kim and shook her hand. Kim appeared startled as her hand was moved around by Gladys, who, as far as Kim was concerned, was no longer present. "What's wrong, Kim?" asked Mark.

"I don't know why but my hand is moving around in the air," said Kim, her voice touched with complete dismay.

"You can see how puzzled Kim is," he told the group. "She has a negative hallucination for Gladys and as far as she is concerned, Gladys is no longer present. That being the case, it is not possible for Gladys to shake her hand, nor is it

possible for Kim to see her since she is not present. Thus, her arm is being moved by some mysterious force, something she has never before experienced. That explains the puzzled look on her face."

Turning his attention to Kim, Mark said, "Kim, I wonder if you have noticed that some of the women here at the party forgot something. They came topless! Look!"

"Ha, ha, ha," chuckled Kim as she pointed her finger at several of the women she visualized as being topless. She looked the group over quite carefully and each time she noticed a topless lady, she stopped and considered her with obvious amusement. She also seemed quite interested that so many had forgotten their tops!

"Kim," said Mark, "I see that you're quite amused at the absent-mindedness of some of the women here, but I notice that you seem to have forgotten something also. And instead of just forgetting your top, you have forgotten to wear anything at all! You're stark naked!! Look!!"

Kim looked down at her complete nakedness in disbelief. Then, quickly she picked up the chair's arm cover, placing it across her breasts and completely ignoring the fact that her furry patch remained uncovered, her face took on a satisfied look.

"For some reason that I have never understood," Mark said to the group, "a woman who finds herself naked and among people, will always grab anything in sight to use for covering her breasts! She seems completely unconcerned about the fact that her crotch is uncovered. This response is a most difficult thing for a man to understand because he is taught that a woman's bottom is the thing that he is not allowed to see. One sees nude breasts in all sorts of art work, but a whisper of hair is usually a no-no. But for some reason, the woman doesn't think it to be as much worth covering as her boobs. A most strange reaction! "

Mark continued to show the group the phenomena of hypnosis and explain each to them as he went along. He also pointed out that the most charming and spontaneous people make the most charming and spontaneous subjects. But Kim had been at it a long time and Mark thought it best to let her rest. So, bringing her out of the trance, he went to refresh his drink. While mixing the drink, Kim's husband Ray came over and sat by him. Mark sensed he had something on his mind besides the small talk he was making, so he waited for it to surface.

"Mark," said Ray awkwardly, "are there any nice sexual things that can be done with hypnosis?"

"Well, Ray, one can do most anything that one can think up. What do you have in mind?"

"Well, can you fix it so I can make Kim climax?"

"You mean give her a trigger that you can use?" he said without realizing the implication of the request, "a trigger that you can use to get her a climax, like kissing a nipple, pushing on her belly button?"

"Anything would be OK."

Mark considered the ethics of the problem. Such triggers were used therapeutically as an aid in restoring proper sexual function for patients. But this was different, this was a party. However, since they were man and wife and no harm could come from it, he could think of no good reason to refuse.

"Well, Ray, I'm not sure it is something one should do at a party but, since you are her husband and would use the trigger in your own bedroom I can see no harm in it, provided Kim is willing. I'd never do such a thing without her knowledge and permission. You understand that I'm sure."

"Certainly, just talk with her. She won't mind. We're both broad-minded people."

"Well, I'll see what she has to say about it, Ray, and get back with you later." And with that Mark returned to Kim and led her aside to explain what Ray wanted him to do. "Kim, your husband has asked me if there is any way I can use hypnosis to fix it so he can get a climax for you by use of a trigger of some sort. What do you think?"

"You mean he wants you to fix me so he can press on something and make me crumble my cookies? A pushbutton climax?" she said with question in her voice.

"That's what he would like for me to do. I told him I would do it only if you agreed. I'd never sneak such a thing over on a subject. I respect my subjects too much for that."

"Oh, I understand and it will be fun to try. Let's do it!"

Mark had to think for a moment. It would be best to create a trigger that he could demonstrate for her. He could keep her from feeling the sexual sensations while he demonstrated the area involved and the mechanics of the trigger but it would still have to be one he could touch without violating her person. Her husband had no such problem. To have her climax by the kissing of a nipple would be an excellent trigger, but that was obviously out in this case. Finally he decided that squeezing an ear lobe would be a satisfactory

one. It could be done by the hand as well as the mouth.

"Kim," he said, in order to establish a good trigger it would be better if I can able show you where it is, the area involved, and the sequence of events to firmly plant them in your mind. For the bedroom, a trigger that would be most in keeping with the situation would be one like the kissing of a nipple. However, I'd have a problem of ethics trying to arrange and demonstrate such a trigger for you. So, I have decided to use an ear lobe instead. I can touch that without violating your person."

"That'll be fine, Mark," she told him, failing to mention that she thought his first choice was the best one!

Returning her to a deep trance, Mark said, "Kim, when you and your husband are making love tonight and you feel him caressing your head

and neck near your right ear lobe, it will be a signal to you that you are about to be to have a climax. The caressing will make you exceedingly sexy and your body will start building toward a climax. Then when the ear lobe is deliberately squeezed with the fingers or mouth, your climax will start. And it will be an earth shattering one. Now do you understand what I am saying?"

"Yes, Mark."

"And you agree to let it happen exactly as we plan it here?"

"Yes."

"Fine, now, I'm going to go through this with you but you'll not generate the sexy feelings or the climax. I'm only interested in impressing on your mind the location, sequence and mechanics of the trigger. Then placing his hand to her neck, he ran his fingers through her hair above the ear and stroked the neck below it, showing her the exact circumstances to be expected. Then he squeezed the ear lobe.

"This is the way it will happen, Kim. Do you have it all in mind exactly as it is to be, and are you in agreement with all I've said and willing to do exactly as planned?"

"Yes."

"Fine, I'll bring you out of the trance, and explain the trigger to Ray. However, in order for it to be more realistic I'd like for you to let me give you amnesia for the trigger. Then when it happens, it will all seem a part of something normal rather than a pushbutton affair. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Yes, Mark."



Mark explained to Kim that he appreciated her cooperation, had enjoyed working with her, and gave her a posthypnotic to shut out others that might want to get her into a trance for play. Then he started awakening her.

"Kim, you have a trigger for a climax. It will still work even if I help you forget about it. And it will be seem more natural if you also forget about it. Since you don't need to know about it, you may as well forget that it's there. It will work as agreed, but you don't need to remember it or even that we've discussed it. And you agree don't you, Kim?"

"Yes."

"And now Kim, I want you to remember the trance as a very pleasant experience. You have done well and you should feel proud of yourself. Remember that the sound of my voice interests you and makes you relax and you will awaken pleased and feeling quite rested, as though you have had a nice restful nap. And things are changing, Kim, changing. At the count of three you will be wide awake and alert. One...things are changing now, Kim. You are beginning to awaken. Two...things are still changing. You're almost wide awake. And at the count of three you'll be wide awake and alert and pleased with yourself. Three, wide awake and alert!" And Mark brought Kim out of the trance and checked to see

how she felt. She seemed quite pleased and thanked him for letting her be his subject.

"I can think of no one whom I'd rather have had," he told her, placing his hand on her shoulder to reassure her.

And then a strange and unexpected thing happened. Kim leaned her head over and captured Mark's hand against her shoulder and gave it a big squeeze--but said nothing. Then looking deeply into his eyes with her lovely blue eyes, she smiled sweetly and slowly walked away.

Taking Ray aside Mark explained that Kim had an ear lobe trigger and that she didn't know it was there, and told him in detail how to use the trigger. Then he explained that it should not be used repeatedly or he would wear her out. Ray promised that he would use it with care and thanked Mark for his kindness. He seemed elated.

Feeling quite pleased with the evening, Mark finished his drink, said goodbye to the guests and thanked the host and hostess for inviting him. Then he drove home in a very relaxed state. Most don't realize it but the hypnotist often responds to his own suggestions of relaxation during the induction and often enters a light trance with the subject. This was partly the reason for Mark's relaxed feeling.

Yes, it had been a most interesting evening.  
Most interesting!

In fact, he would be hard pressed to think of one that had been more so. Pleasant feelings ran all over him. And he felt extremely flattered by the thing Kim had done to his hand. He felt strangely, younger, but that was a normal response. When interacting with the young, one always feels younger afterwards.

Mark wasted little time hitting the hay. One of the few comforts he had were those few minutes before sleep when he was able to let his mind wander. Almost with envy he thought about Ray using the trigger he had created for him. Such a trigger was a powerful thing and whenever used Kim would respond as though responding to a compulsion, never knowing it to be other than her own response. Mark wondered at the injustice of it all. He almost wished he hadn't done it. It would make Ray appear to be a far better lover than he really was! He wondered if he would ever know how well it worked for them. People seldom talk about their sex responses, or the happenings in their bedrooms.

There could be little doubt about how well the trigger would work. Kim was a somnambulistic subject, and could reach such a trance depth that she could function in an almost completely normal manner. Such people are capable of any hypnotic

phenomena in the book. For the trigger not to work in such a case would be almost unheard of. It would work as planned and he really wished it wouldn't! With his thinking becoming more subjective, he marveled at how she had made his hand feel. It was the single most important thought and it filled his mind completely as he joined the noiseless feet marching to the nether worlds of sleep.

## CHAPTER 3

Mark had thought about Kim many times since the party. In fact, that was what occupied his mind all the way to the office that morning. And at lunch he had again fallen into a pattern of thought that included her and the events of the party.

"Chris," Mark said. "Don't forget that I have to make my afternoon hypnosis class today."

"Oh, I've taken care of that, Doctor," she assured him. "Those slots have been guarded and you'll be able to leave in plenty of time."

"Good girl." And turning away, he went to meet his next patient. Mrs. Paulson was suffering from a severe depression and Mark had been working hard to stabilize her condition. He checked to see how her medicine was working and then spent the remainder of her time talking with her and listening, hoping for some clue to her problem. Finally, he told her when to return and bid her good-day. And so the day at the office went. In what seemed no time at all he heard Chris.

"Doctor, it is time for you to leave for your class."

"Gentlemen," he said as he addressed the second meeting of the class, "today I will try to

cover some of the phenomena of hypnosis for you. That and the reading material you were given at the start of the course should make it easy for you to identify and understand the phenomena when demonstrated during our following sessions."

"And now, in considering the phenomena of hypnosis, let us begin with rapport. This is a relationship of sympathy and confidence existing between the hypnotist and the subject. The subject usually remains in rapport with him while in the trance state, and is usually attentive to him to the exclusion of others present."

"A hypnotic subject can also produce positive and negative hallucinations for each of the senses. Thus, he can see what is not there to be seen, and not see what is there to be seen. He can taste and not taste, feel but not feel, see and not see, hear and not hear, and smell and not smell exactly as required."

"Another most interesting phenomenon is regression. With this, the subject can be caused to relive some part of his past life. In true regression, the subject actually lives the past happening. He is really there and is doing and feeling those things he once did."

"Incidentally, one of the most interesting and valuable of all techniques of hypnosis is the confusion technique developed by Erickson some

years ago in order to produce a true regression. This technique requires skillful handling and results in a state of confusion so profound the subject is willing to accept almost any suggestion that is concrete and thus removes the dilemma."

"A closely associated phenomenon is revivification. In this, the subject relives the past but does so without losing all conscious awareness of the present. Thus, revivification of an event of ten years ago is relived as a very vivid memory without the loss of all awareness of the present. This distinguishes revivification from true regression."

"Another phenomenon of this same general nature is projection. The subject can be projected into the future and allowed to look back on the present, seeing his problem as it would appear after its solution. This allows the personal satisfaction that comes from that solution, affording him at a conscious level, more confidence and determination to achieve the goal."

"These phenomena-regression, revivification, and projection-are of great value in psychiatry and are often used in medicine and dentistry. And like most other hypnotic phenomena, they can be used as trance deepening mechanisms. A well trained and skilled operator can use these to produce spontaneous amnesia for trance events

and materials elicited or suggestions that have been given. Once having accepted a corrective posthypnotic suggestion, the subject is very likely to act upon it in a manner somewhat akin to a compulsion. However, with amnesia for the fact that it has been instigated by the hypnotist, he will feel that it is his own idea and this produces pride and self-confidence."

"The amnesia just mentioned is also a phenomenon of hypnosis. Some subjects produce spontaneous amnesia for a selected part or all of the trance proceedings without the use of specialized techniques. It is used to protect the patient from traumatic material obtained in the trance state and is also used in patient re-education and manipulation of morbid ideas and thought habits."

"Another closely related phenomenon is hyper-amnesia. As pointed out before, in the trance state the mind functions at a more subconscious level than otherwise ordinarily possible. It is probably for this reason that memories that have long since faded from conscious reach may be recovered by hyper-amnesia. The value of this technique when dealing with repressed or forgotten material is obvious."

"And now, automatic writing, this phenomenon is actually a combination of



dissociation and ideomotor response but is of such importance that it will be considered separately. By dissociation, a hand can be completely disconnected from the arm, and as far as the subject is concerned is not a part of him at all. Then, by ideomotor response, and unknown to the subject, the hand can write from a subconscious level and do so while he is talking about completely unrelated material, or from a conscious level, swearing to things which are in exact contradiction to those being written by the hand. The dissociation just mentioned is also a valuable aid in the production of profound anesthesia. A hand or any other body part can be made to not produce pain in that body."

"Also, a very closely related phenomenon is depersonalization. This refers to the loss of personal identity. It is a very valuable phenomenon and is used in many phases of psychiatry, medicine and dentistry. For the psychiatrist, the subject-let's call him Joe-can lose his identity and become Bill. Then as Bill he can speculate as to what is bothering Joe and what Joe is thinking about. But in doing so he is using his own ideas, his own feelings, and his own emotions. And he does so in a very objective and unhampered way, because he is talking about someone else, not about himself."

"By this same mechanism, the dental patient can become someone else, go sit in the corner and

watch the dentist work on the real body that he left behind. And the mother in hypnotic childbirth can do the same thing. Or she may simply go on a picnic or go out and sit on the grass until it is all over. These things are all facts that have been known for many years."

"A recently discovered phenomenon of hypnosis is time distortion. This, again, is something that occurs in everyday life. Suppose that on a cold, rainy, perfectly miserable day, you are waiting on a street corner for a bus. And you have to wait five minutes. Five hour-long minutes. You experience just five minutes, but five, miserable, hour-long minutes. But suppose you were with your girlfriend and you only had five more minutes to be with her. Those five minutes would seem like seconds."

"In hypnosis a subject can be made to distort time in this manner and experience a tremendous amount of material in a very short time. In just a few seconds, he can relive hours of his life and have plenty of time to do so."

"Catalepsy is another phenomenon of hypnosis. Not many of you would be able to hold your arm outstretched for fifteen minutes. Even if you were able to do so you would become extremely fatigued. The hypnotic subject can maintain an outstretched arm for hours on end from which there is no evidence of fatigue. I know

of no usefulness for this phenomenon in medicine. It is usually used for testing trance depth, as a trance deepening mechanism and in trance maintenance."

"My object in describing the phenomena of hypnosis has been to make unmistakably clear the power of suggestion. It is a statement which every man on the street will spiel off to you, but almost none realizes the true meaning of what they have said."

"In medicine, it is safe to say that hypnosis lends itself to any condition in which fear, anxiety, apprehension or tension plays a definite part. This includes the functional ailments and the functional components of illnesses. With hypnosis one can control most body spasms, migraine headaches of some types, premenstrual tensions, functional heart conditions, and the functional component of asthma and allergy. It is useful in handling the behavior problems in children, such as nail biting, nocturnal enuresis and bruxism."

"In surgery it is used for the relief of tension and to speed postoperative recovery by relief of mental and physical discomfort. It lowers postoperative opiate consumption and promotes appetite and elimination. It has been shown that hypnosis can almost eliminate the need for the pre-op, and during anesthesia it permits a smoother induction with several references

quoting a reduction in the required chemo-anesthesia of from fifty to seventy-five percent."

"Another interesting thing that has been reported is the removal of plantar warts by hypnosis. It is this alteration in cell structure evidenced by wart removal that has led some to believe that hypnosis is of more importance than generally recognized."

"In gynecology, hypnosis is being use in the management of menstrual discomfort, dismenorrhea, pseudo-cystitis and abnormal uterine bleeding. Hypnotic childbirth is the most widely publicized use of hypnosis in medicine."

"In the field of dentistry, it is used for the relaxed state which can be produced so easily. It also has been found useful in relief of the gag reflex, aids in reducing the flow of saliva and minimizes bleeding. In this field there is a phenomenon at which physicians usually shake their heads in disbelief. In a patient who can produce analgesia, one can anesthetize every other tooth in the mouth, leaving those in between completely without anesthesia. Every physician knows that the innervation of the maxillary or the mandible does not lend itself to any such anatomical nonsense. Be that as it may, it still remains a readily demonstrable fact."

"Another interesting point in this regard is the fact that following surgery in which hypno-

anesthesia has been used, there is usually no evidence of neurogenic shock. The reason for this is not well understood. Also, bleeding is usually less, and recovery has been reported to be faster than normal. It is regarded as the only completely safe anesthetic known."

"And now I would like to touch on a phase of the subject which will probably be of more than passing interest to you-the dangers of hypnosis. Almost everyone you happen to meet knows all of the dangers of hypnosis, or at least he thinks he does. Just what are the dangers?"

"A study of the literature covering a period of over a hundred years has failed to give evidence of a single case where the intelligent use of hypnosis has led to any serious trouble. The whole idea seems to have been a product of mysticism, 'old wives tales,' and the misrepresentation of medical matters by the press."

"Most of you have probably been in a trance many times during your life without knowing it. While reading some interesting material, how many times have you had someone speak to you without hearing them, or heard them only as meaningless noise. Most people call it the power of concentration. It happens, however, to be one of the outstanding characteristics of the trance state-a narrowing of conscious awareness. Often

when we are wrestling with a problem, we drive miles through the most complicated city traffic without knowledge of how we finally arrived at some specific place."

"And now, who are the best hypnotic subjects? They are found between the age of six and adulthood, and there is no measurable difference between the response of the male and the female. The ability to enter the trance depends upon the subject's motives, the ability of the operator to lead the way skillfully, and the situation at hand."

Mark covered a portion of the phenomenon of hypnosis and then conducted a question and answer session to allow the class a chance to clarify any confusing points. Finally, he said, "At the next meeting we will begin the demonstration of phenomena. Please read the text you have been given, and I will see you then." And so saying, he went to his car for the drive home.

Along the way he stopped at a fruit stand and bought some fruit he thought Diane would enjoy. He was glad there was nothing planned for the evening. Being tired, an evening of mostly nothing would be nice for a change.

## CHAPTER 4

It was mid-afternoon and things were beginning to slow down a bit at Mark's office. Some days were like that. His next appointment was late and he was making use of the time looking through a medical magazine when he heard Chris.

"Doctor, you have a call from a Mrs. Kim Walker. Can you take it?"

Mark was electrified and barely able to manage a fumbling, "Yes, Chris, I'll take it." How nice, he thought, how nice, remembering his evening with her at the party.

"Hello" came the sound of the voice Mark thought so charming the week before. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine. Thank you. It's so nice to hear from you. And you may not know it but you have a most charming voice," he told her with exceptional frankness.

"I like your voice, Mark. It is very interesting to me and always gives me a relaxed and secure feeling when I talk with you," she responded. "But I really called to tell you that we are having a little party at our place this weekend and would like for you and your wife to join us. It will be Saturday

night and any time after eight will be fine. Do you think you can make it?"

"I can make it and will be glad for the chance to join you, but I am not sure if my wife will be able to make it or not. Mostly, she doesn't think much of parties."

"It will be fine however you work it out, and we'll be looking for you then. And, by the way, I wanted to tell you that the thing didn't work with my husband. Nothing happened, nothing at all!"

"Well, I'm quite surprised. I can't remember the failure of a posthypnotic that seemed as certain of success as yours, especially with a person as capable of phenomena as you. But thank you for telling me. I'll give it some thought and see if I can come up with a reason for its failure."

"Do you suppose it was because it was with the wrong man?" she asked. "Could that be a possible answer? Anyway, you think about it and we can talk when you come to the party."

Following the call, Mark thought for a long time. What had happened to the trigger? He couldn't believe it had failed. She was such a tremendous subject and capable of anything possible in hypnosis. When such a subject agrees to something, it works that way with great certainty-almost as a compulsion-unless it is



something offensive to the subject. In that case the subject could fail to act on the posthypnotic, but never without an enormous amount of discomfort and anxiety. He wondered if she had done that and was upset with him for not having asked her about it in more detail. He wondered if Kim had some compelling reason to void the trigger. The answer took on an air of greater importance than it should have and he found himself dialing her number. The significance of his dialing her instead of having Chris do it did not completely register with Mark.

"Hello," said Kim in the most fetching of tones."

"This is Mark, Kim. I'm sorry to bother you, but I've been thinking about the problem you had with the trigger and would like to ask you a couple of questions if you have a moment."

"Oh, I had hoped to hear from you but am surprised that it has happened so soon. Sure, I have all the time you need. What would you like to know?"

"Well, I'd like to understand better what happened so I can try to figure out why it didn't work. Such things puzzle me. Tell me this, when your husband tried the trigger and it didn't work, how did you feel afterwards?"

"Well, Mark, when he tried to use it I didn't know what he was doing because I had no memory of having a trigger. But after it didn't work and he kept fooling with my ear for so long, I finally got him to tell me why he was doing it. He said it was supposed to make me have a climax when he squeezed my ear lobe. Anyway, after it was all over, I was quite upset. "

"In what way were you upset, Kim?"

"Well in a most unusual way that is hard to describe. After Ray explained it to me and I realized that I didn't have a climax I wasn't surprised. I could understand not having a climax because it's not much fun with my husband anyway. But it never leaves me upset. I was up-tight for the remainder of the evening. It was a strange feeling-I felt like I was about to fly to pieces-most strange. I guess you would say I was anxious, or felt threatened by something. Maybe anxiety would be the right word for it."

"Thanks for the information, Kim. I will think about it and perhaps when I see you we can talk further."

"I will look forward to talking with you on Saturday."

Kim was an easy person to talk to. She was a quick wit and Mark had noticed how much pleasure she got from twisting the words of

others, always finding some unusual turn of life, love or sex in everything that came her way. But Chris was calling him for the next appointment and he had to run.

In the days that followed, Mark reviewed his interactions with Kim and the trigger puzzle. To him it no longer appeared so much a puzzle as it once had. Kim had voided the trigger deliberately. He remembered her asking if it had been with the wrong man. She didn't want to have a climax with her husband! That much was certain beyond a reasonable doubt, the proof being the anxiety following her refusal to let the posthypnotic work. But why would a wife not want to have a climax with her husband? He was aware of many cases where a wife didn't climax during sex, but it was usually because she couldn't and not because she didn't want to. What strange sort of relationship did Ray and Kim have? He wondered.

He had watched her as he set up the trigger and had noticed how difficult it had been for her to avoid becoming aroused and having the climax, despite his pronouncements to the contrary. So, she certainly was not a woman without sexual feelings. She was level headed and seemingly in tune with the world. There had to be some logical explanation for it all.

The days until the party at Kim's had slipped away and it was finally time for Mark to put in an appearance. He was thrilled at the thought of seeing her again. Their relationship was so innocent, but seemingly so meaningful to him. He had felt close to her since their first moments at the last party. Mark shaved carefully and then chose his nicest clothes for the occasion. After all, at his age a man doesn't have that much to work with and must do the best he can with what he has! He made this special effort without realizing why.

Finally, all was in order, he was on the way, and wondering if the evening could possibly be as nice as the first one. Perhaps they would appreciate some little gift from me, he thought, without realizing that he had not included Ray in "they!"

What could I take that would not raise some suspicion, he continued, deepening his subjective involvement with Kim. Wine! That would do it. He remembered that Kim had told him how much she loved good wine. Pulling into a nearby liquor store, he chose the wine with care. It must be just right for Kim, he thought, something that will please her.

Arriving at their place, he pulled into the driveway and parked. The house was a very nice brick veneer and set off by an impressive stone

chimney. And he could tell instantly from the shrubbery and landscaping that Kim had a very large green thumb. No one else could have authored the effort. It wore her touch.

Inside, the house was charming. The rooms were not overly large and that gave the place a cozy air. Everywhere he could see Kim's touch. A gentle touch, he mused. She was quite a woman as a decorator, quite a woman as a woman. The lady was a real winner.

Kim must have been watching for his car. She was the first to the door to greet him when he arrived.

"How are you, Mark?" she asked sweetly. "It is such a pleasure to have you, she told him, with enticing tones. Exceedingly pleased with the way she had structured the statement and wondering if he would pick up on it.

"Will your wife be joining us?" Kim queried.

"As I said earlier, she isn't into parties. So that would be a "no." Hopefully we will make out just fine without her."

"Mark, I am not sure I could handle making out just now!" as she continued to twist things. It was a mental game with her and Mark was beginning to appreciate it. How refreshing it was

to know a woman who could poke fun at some of the more serious things of life.

He knew most of the people at the party and they were an unusually compatible group. And Ray helped by making certain that everyone had plenty to drink. Joining in the small talk of the evening and the drinks, he was quick to rate the party among the better ones that he had attended. And he watched Kim as she moved among the guests, taking them drinks, tidbits and generally making everyone comfortable. She was as charming as a hostess as she was as a person, and that put her at the top of most any good list.

As the evening wore on and people became more and more relaxed, Kim came over to him, took his arm and led him aside. "Mark," she said quietly, "I have a personal favor to ask of you."

"Anything at all, Kim," responded Mark with pleasure at the thought there might be something nice or helpful he could do for her.

Then turning her blue eyes on him in an almost pleading manner, she said, "please try the trigger for me and see if you can make it work."

"But, Kim, if it works you'll have a climax. And it will be me that made you have it," he told her, his words touched with a certain degree of seriousness. "I am not supposed to be going

around making strange women have climaxes at cocktail parties. That just doesn't seem right."

"But Mark, it wouldn't be like going to bed with me or playing with me or kissing me or anything like that. It would be a pushbutton thing and how much more sterile could a climax possibly be. Someday I'll explain it, but right now I really need to know if it will work. Please do it for me, Mark." And her voice bore the marks of great need. Then, taking his hand, she lifted it to her shoulder and repeated, "Please do it for me, Mark. I really need to know if it will work. And nobody will ever know the difference. I won't tell. I promise."

"OK, Kim, I don't suppose it will really hurt anything. And I'd like to know more about why it failed in the first place. I've puzzled much about it. Whatever happens will be our secret."

Slowly, Mark ran his fingers through her hair around and above the right ear and along the neck beneath it. At the first touch he could see the change of expression in Kim's face as she entered a trance state to fulfill the posthypnotic. He was careful not to rush her, allowing plenty of time for her body to adjust to the situation. He could easily tell that it was happening. In fact, the signs of passion were slowly replacing the mask-like expression of the normal trance state. Her face radiated pleasure, considerable pleasure. He watched as her breathing changed from rhythmic

to halting, and was punctuated by sighs. He could hear little indistinguishable sounds that Kim was carefully keeping inside her for the most part. There could be no doubt; the trigger was not a poor one. It was working in every possible sense.

Mark had been patient and gentle with his management of the trigger and he was certain beyond any reasonable doubt that Kim was not only ready to climax but would do so in an earth shattering manner. As he made the approach of the hand to the ear lobe a deliberate thing that would be easily noticed by Kim, her every appearance was that of a woman nearing her coveted goal. Finally, he took the lobe between his thumb and finger and squeezed it firmly. There was a gasp and Kim bit her lip as she was caught up in an electrifying climax. All signs of the trance state left her face, and in its place there was the unmistakable look of a woman experiencing the ultimate joy. Mark continued the pressure on the ear lobe and Kim continued the climax. Finally he removed his hand, letting her go again among the living.

"And how did it work?" he asked, already knowing most of the answer.

"Beautifully!" she responded proudly, though somewhat breathlessly. Beautifully!"And well she should have been proud. Her chest was heaving and her face wore the warm glow of a woman



after love. At the age of 27, after a couple of teenage sex experiences, and years of sex with a husband that had given her three children, she had finally had the first climax of her life brought on by a man!!!

"And as climaxes go, where would you place it?" Mark asked with considerable interest, really wishing to know what the hypnotic trigger had accomplished, and being completely unaware that she had nothing with which to compare it.

"Well, I would say it was as good as any, possibly better than some, maybe even better than most!" She hedged in the same manner with which she had covered the fact throughout her life. She considered it a personal flaw in her structure.

"Quite nice!" she insisted, failing again to mention that she had only her climaxes from masturbation with which to compare it.

Kim was thrilled that she had finally had a climax with a man, even a pushbutton one. But she had to keep it to herself. She had few friends with whom she would have been willing to discuss the fact that at 27 years of age she had never before had a climax with a man. How nice it was, she thought, feeling closer to Mark than ever before.

They sat for the longest time chatting about life love, and various other pursuits. But she couldn't muster up the courage to tell him that she had lived so much of her life without functioning as a woman. It was a truth she was ashamed to admit. But she would tell him someday, she knew that. She really knew that. After all, hadn't he been the one who rescued her---changed her luck! Somehow she felt that Mark was destined to become a most special person in the workings of her life.

Realizing that they had spent a considerable time off to themselves, Mark thought it best that they get back among the other guests. "Hadn't we better go back to the group, Kim?"

"I suppose so, Mark. But I like it a lot better here. I love to talk with you," she said quite seriously. Realizing for the first time how important talking with Mark had become to her. Then, reconsidering for a moment she said, "Mark, please do it again. But this time do it for me and not for science. Please do it for me." And so saying, she lifted his hand to her shoulder. Then closing her eyes, she waited for his hand to find her trigger. Already she was aware that great feelings were sweeping over her body.

Mark said nothing as he lifted his hand to the region of her ear. This time he really would do it for Kim. He had seen how happy it had made her

the last time and was beginning to see signs that the same happiness was again in the making. Already he could tell that she was completely absorbed. The mask-like appearance of the posthypnotic trance had long since been replaced by a look of pleasure and the determination of a woman intent upon re-hanging the moon!

Mark was right about most of what he saw. But only Kim knew exactly how things were progressing. The waves of pleasant feelings that had swept over her at the start were now turning into waves of passion. Her nipples were erect, her breathing was slightly labored and she was having trouble keeping all the little sounds of sex from escaping. My God! she thought. I may fly into little pieces! She was not in bed with a man, and she was not making love...but she was having sex. About that there could be no single doubt. Pushbutton or whatever, every fiber of her body was caught up in the process.

Nothing that had ever happened to her in her entire life could compare with what was happening to her now. The pleasures of her masturbations paled into insignificance. She was ready for Mark to squeeze her ear lobe, exquisitely ready!

Mark had noticed the erection of her nipples. It was the type of brassiere she was wearing with the sheer knit cups that let her erect nipples be

seen. And he was very much aware of the look on her face, and the sounds she was having so much trouble containing. He also realized that he had been at what he was doing with the trigger long enough and made deliberate moves toward the ear lobe, finally taking it between his fingers with a firm grasp.

The reaction was explosive. Kim sailed off into the universe beyond all known regions. No longer could she suppress the sounds with which she had been struggling. Out came a loud gasp, followed by a murmur and then a little low pitched squeal that went on and on, although she managed to keep it low enough that others in the room could not hear it. Her face was remolded in the many shapes of ecstasy and her breathing was labored and inconsistent. Her lips shaped words for Mark, but they were without sounds and he was unable to hear them, but their meaning was clear. With both hands she reach up and held the trigger arm and also captured his hand between her head and shoulder. At long last, Kim was a woman...a real woman. Mark had made it so.

Sensing that she was trying to control her climax, Mark continued the pressure on the ear lobe for as long as she held his arm and captured his hand, and that was a considerable time. Kim was not about to shorten the second most important occurrence in her entire life. Finally,

realizing that her needs had been completely fulfilled, he released his grip. Slowly and breathlessly she returned to the real world.

"You wouldn't believe where I have been, Mark," she said, proudly. "I'm exhausted... completely exhausted. Thank you Mark, no one else could ever have done for me what you have done." But again she failed to tell Mark that he was her first man...the one who finally had made a woman of her. He hadn't even taken her to bed to do it. What a waste, she thought! What a terrible waste!

"Well, Mark, I suppose we'd better get back to the group. After this, what a letdown that will be!" She looked at Mark knowingly, giving a smile that only people with a special knowledge of each other can offer. He was special to her. She wondered if she had become special to him, even if only in a small way.

"Thank you, Mark. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have done a most important thing for me that I needed desperately and something that I shall never forget."

"Thank you for letting me, Kim," said Mark. And he really meant it. His opinions regarding the matter had changed completely. He realized that he really wanted to do it for her because she had wanted it done. That alone had been sufficient reason.

Slowly, they returned to the group. No one seemed to have paid any attention because most of the people were those who had watched them go off into the corner during the hypnosis at the last party.

Mark chatted with the guests for a time and had one last drink before leaving them. But he knew he had to leave, it was getting late and he didn't want to disturb Diane any more than need be.

When alone in his car, he wondered why Kim had been so profuse in her thanks to him for having done for her what he assumed was a common thing in her married life. Was a climax by him that different or important to her. It puzzled him much.

He was as quiet as possible when entering the house and tried hard to avoid disturbing Diane. When finally he slipped into bed with her he was greeted with, "I don't see why in the hell you don't sleep on the couch when you come in from your parties in the middle of the night. Don't you have any respect for others and the sleep they need, even if you don't seem to ever need any!"

"I'm sorry, dear," said Mark quietly, trying to avoid another fight and the attendant tensions. "I'm sorry I disturbed you, I was trying to be quiet." And with that he lay in silence.

Should I leave this woman and find some reasonable climate in which to live, one not so emotionally charged all of the time, he thought? Our daughter is grown now and would understand that two people sometimes appear to be unsuited for each other, despite the many years they may have lived together. And I could easily support Diane in another place. Her whole world is negative, and despite all my efforts to the contrary, nothing I've ever done has helped a particle. Perhaps she would be better off without me. Or should I try to find someone with whom I could share enough of life to make it worth living. Someone quiet and with whom a relationship would not destroy the family.

But that kind of thinking was too troubling for sleep, and shortly Mark's attention returned to the more pleasant parts of the day, the party, the companionship with those there, and the fellowship...and most of all, Kim. He remembered how soft she was when he had touched her, and how willing she appeared to be, and how interested she was in things they had talked about, and the things they had done with the hypnosis. And he wondered where her husband fitted into the scheme of things. He wondered if she was happy.

Most of all he was puzzled by the manner in which she had drawn him into the use of the trigger. What great need did she have for that?

After all, a climax is not something a woman has to go around begging for, least of all a married woman who had sex readily available. And what was the important thing she had promised to tell him someday?

There could be no doubt about it, Kim had lifted his spirits that evening and had made him feel like someone very special. He even considered the terrible waste of the climax--or was it really wasted. He was not sure. But, of one thing he was certain, he preferred his sex in bed, not sitting in a chair with a woman squeezing her earlobe! But the sexual involvement was only one facet of the interpersonal relationship, and he realized that to be only a small part of the whole. Many of the other things were of much more importance to him. His rapport with her was a genuine thing, and he was very much interested in her as a person.

It had been a good day and Mark was pleased. Slowly, as he entered that land of mental fuzziness just before sleep, the last thing he remembered was reaching for Kim's ear---maybe she would like a third one!



## CHAPTER 5

Mark arrived at his office before Chris and immediately called Kim on the phone.

"Hello," she said in a voice that fetched Mark's imagination.

"Hi."

"Oh, hello, Mark." she said recognizing his voice from the single word. "It's a pleasure to hear from you."

"Well, I thought it would be nice to take the few minutes I have before office hours and talk with you. I rather enjoy that."

"That's nice. And I keep thinking that I need to thank you again for the nice things you did for me the other night."

"That's okay Kim. I have finally decided that it was something that I needed to do for myself as much as you needed it done. You seem to have suddenly become a concern of mine."

"That is nice, Mark! I'll enjoy thinking of myself as a concern of yours."

"Well, Kim, you certainly have become that. I find myself thinking of you and wanting to talk to you quite often."

"And I think of you, Mark, and I enjoy it."

"Kim, last night I was in one of those moods and had a strong desire to try to put some of the thoughts on paper for you...like a poem maybe. Do you like poetry?"

"Some. But I would certainly like anything you bothered to write for me," she said proudly.

"Then I may try my hand. I am not a poet, but sometimes I have such a strong urge to try that I believe something readable might come of it, but you deserve far more than I could offer you."

"But I have proof that you're wrong, Mark."

"Well. Poetry, dummy," Mark corrected her.

"Oh!"

"You've always got your mind on sex, Woman!"

"Well, can you think of something better?"

"There's love, Kim."

"Put an 'ing' on the end of that and I'll buy it, Mark."

"Now you're trying to make me a male prostitute," Mark countered.

"Well, you'll have to admit that I know how to pick the best," she said.

"You don't know that, Kim. All you have ever had from me was pushbutton sex."

"But that was better than I ever got from any other man, Mark," she parried, plying the truth against Mark's ignorance of her past.

"Well, if my pushbutton sex is that great, you just might not be able to handle the real thing."

"Oh, I could handle it. But when we finally got around to the sex part, well, if that did me in I would at least check out with a smile on my face!"

"But sex with me would be taking what belongs to my wife, Kim."

"Well, Mark, it's not like you have a limited supply, or that it will wear out, or something."

"I'd like to think you're right. It would be kind of lonesome without the little fellow!"

"You'll go on forever, Mark, I'm convinced."

"You think?"

"Can't you tell I have been thinking?"

"My! My! I'm going to have to quit talking with you, Kim. You're bending my mind out of shape. I

could easily end up in worse condition than some of my patients unless I'm more careful."

"Well, I wish you no harm, Mark, but I certainly am pleased to think I'm such a profound influence on you...and all on the phone. A sort of telephone sex," she said, not realizing that she was planting an idea in Marks head that might surface later.

And so they talked, matching wits, twisting, and enjoying the special freedom they seemed to have when dealing with each other.

Their phone calls had become an important part of the life of each. Already, Kim had learned the times she could safely call Mark, and Mark had learned how and when he could call her. Life was looking up.

"Kim, I have to run," Mark said with obvious concern in his voice. "But we'll talk again."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

"Well, bye bye until then."

"Bye, honey." Mark leaned his head back against the chair, closed his eyes and yielded his conscious awareness to thoughts of Kim. Without a doubt, she was a lovely mind full.

"Good morning Doctor." It was Chris.

"Good morning, Chris. And how is your world turning?"

"Great" was her cheerful response. "Today you have a special problem patient for whom I have assigned two time slots."

"Who is that, Chris?"

"Jack Angle, he's the 36 year old I talked with you about last week, the one with a first class case of impotence."

"Did you request a thorough physical by his family doctor?"

"Yes sir. It came in yesterday and nothing unusual was found. I told Mr. Angle to bring his wife along, that you would want to talk with her."

Mark was not particularly fond of such cases. Sometimes they defied all efforts to restore function. Then, at other times one could obtain a complete cure in a very short time. Most often, it was like hunting a needle in a haystack. And one had to be so very careful taking the case history because it was so easy to miss a point that could be the key to the solution. In almost every case, the problem of impotence is a mental one rather than a physical one. In most cases there is a

failure for some reason, and that failure creates a doubt.

Once the man entertains doubt about his ability, he is sunk. Doubt feeds on doubt and a vicious circle is formed. Failure follows failure until somehow a way is found to break the disabling circle. "How" is always the question. First one must rule out any possible organic cause before making any attempt at a solution by the mental route.

Mark felt it imperative that both members be present during the history taking. As a general rule the male would do the talking, but often people are shy about sexual dysfunction and fail to tell things exactly as they have happened. It is the double check with the wife that helps to get the true story in the case history.

"Dr. Binder, this is Mary and Jack Angle. They are the couple that wants to talk to you about a problem."

"Good afternoon, folks. Come in and have a seat and let's talk. "Turning to Chris, he sends her back to the front office with a "Thank you."

"Now, tell me about the problem."

Jack was the first to speak. "Let's see, where should I start?" He looked at his wife questioningly.

"At the party, dear, might be the best place."

"OK. We went to a very fine party and by the time the evening was over I was bombed. Completely numb-nosed! Anyway, when we got home I became convinced that a frolic in bed would be a first class way to end the evening. Well, I spent some time getting Mary worked up, and we had just started getting it on when I just faded away. I tried everything I could think of but nothing worked. The more I tried the worse things got. I was completely dead! My pride and joy was nothing but a water spout! Then Mary tried all of the tricks she knew and didn't have any luck either. Nothing we did helped at all. Finally we gave up and fell asleep."

"Is that the first time you had ever had a problem, Jack?"

"Yes sir, never had a problem of any sort before in my entire life."

"You are 36 years old?"

"Yes sir."

"Then what happened next, Jack?"

"Well, we went to another party the next night and the same thing happened when we tried to make love afterwards."

"And did you have a lot to drink at that party also?"

"Yes, sir, I was pretty well loaded when I got home that night also. But drinking never slowed me down before," he said.

In a careful manner, Mark took the history and checked the report of the physical Jack's family doctor had sent him. Also, he made certain that Jack was not on any sort of blood pressure medicine. "Well, Jack, can you think of anything else that might be of importance?"

"No sir."

"Tell me, after your first failure, did you have doubts about things working for you the next time you tried?"

"Well, I wasn't sure what would happen?"

"All right, Jack, will you please wait out front and let me talk with your wife for a few minutes."

"Sure thing, Doctor," Jack said, leaving the room.

"Mary, do you feel that Jack has described things exactly as they happened."

"Yes sir. That's the way it was. Except that he seemed to have slightly less confidence in himself than I detected in his description for you. "



"And he has never had any such sort of failure before?"

"No sir. Not what I would call a failure. We like sex and sometime drag things out for several hours. I have seen him 'wear out' in such cases. But that would be from too much sex. This was different. We were just getting started."

"OK, Mary. Wait out front and let me talk with Jack for a few minutes and then I think we'll have some idea what will be the best approach to the problem."

"Fine, Doctor," she said and left the room to tell Jack to return.

"Jack, I just have a couple of questions that I would like to ask you about before we try to decide the best approach to the problem. Have you and Mary had any problems of any sort that would possibly have turned you off for her, or conversely?"

"No sir. We get along just fine."

"All right, now I have one more important question. Have you ever been hypnotized before?"

"Yes sir. Once when I was in high school we had one of those fellows come around that put on magic acts and he also did hypnosis. I

volunteered with several of the other kids and he put us all under hypnosis on the stage."

"Did he use you in the act?"

"Yes sir. He had me doing all sorts of crazy things. I had a case of fleas and scratched all over, crawled around on the floor and barked like a dog, and then he told me I was a great speaker and would give a speech to the students. I gave a speech! It was a scream."

"That is fine, Jack. I'm pleased to know that you have hypnotic talents. I assume that you'll have no objections if I use them to try to help you?"

"God no, use anything you want to. Just fix my tool!"

Things were shaping up nicely. Mark had just found a gem in the rough with the information that Jack was a somnambulistic subject. Also, he realized that he could use the past trance to avoid the time needed for induction and training in phenomena.

"All right, Jack. Sit here in this easy chair and make yourself comfortable. Put your feet flat on the floor, and just relax. Now, Jack, you can still remember the things the fellow had you do on the stage in high school, can't you?"

"Yes sir."

"Fine," said Mark. Using a trance reentry shortcut that made use of Jack's past hypnotic experience, Mark placed him in a deep trance almost instantly.

"And you are now deep asleep, aren't you, Jack?"

"Yes sir."

"Fine. Now please don't change the way you feel unless I ask you to, Jack. And you'll do that, will you not?"

"Yes."

Mark watched Jack's face carefully. It had taken on the mask-like quality of the trance state. And he had noticed that Jack was practicing a slight economy of words, although as a somnambule he should act more awake than someone incapable of his trance depth.

"Now Jack you are deeply asleep, and each breath you take will take you deeper and deeper, deeper and deeper asleep. The sound of my voice will relax you and take you deeper asleep."

By using the shortcut for trance induction, Mark had saved endless time in getting Jack into a deep trance. But to be certain of his trance capabilities, Mark had him look at his hand and

hallucinate away the arm completely. This was followed by phenomena requiring the deepest of trance states. Finally convinced of the trance depth, he addressed the problem.

"Jack," he said, "I want your cooperation regarding something that is important to the solution of your problem. I want you to listen carefully and do exactly as I ask you. And you will do that, will you not?"

"Yes sir."

"Fine, now things are changing, Jack. The days are passing rapidly. You are going backward in time, back to a time when you were particularly proud of your sexual performance. You are there now, aren't you, Jack?"

"Yes sir."

"And where are you, Jack?"

"I'm at a cabin in the mountains with Mary."

"And what is the date?"

Jack gave him a date of six months earlier than the present.

"And you're proud of your performance during the sex you and Mary have just had?"

"Yes sir."

"Good, Jack. Now I want you to begin to realize that you will never have a problem with your sex equipment. Never! It will always work as it has in the past. And you are beginning to realize that, aren't you?"

"Yes sir. I see no reason for it to change."

"Good, Jack. Now things are changing again. This time the days are going forward. Days make weeks, weeks make years and the years pass. You are now 65 years old, Jack. And as you look back across your life you're very proud that you have never had a sexual failure, not even one. It's true. You've never had a failure and it is a thing in which you have taken great pride all these years, isn't it, Jack?"

"Yes, sir, it has been a good one, a real good one."

"Jack, there is no reason for you to feel any other way about your sex equipment, is there?"

"No sir."

"And if there is no reason for you to feel any other way, you will not. You'll continue to remember how well you have always performed, right?"

"Right."

"And you are beginning to realize that it is best for you to think of it in that light, to always have confidence in your ability and pride for the way you have functioned. And you are, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, it will always be a good one. I'm convinced of that."

."Good. And now, Jack, things are changing again. The days are going backward, making weeks, the weeks years, and the years are taking you back in time. You are now 36 years old and back in my office on the same day you came here. And you are, are you not, Jack?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. Now, Jack, I want you to begin to realize that when you awaken you will really be sexed up and wanting to make out with your wife. In fact you will be a regular Miami stud. She will never remember your wanting so much sex before. And that is the way it is going to be. And you are beginning to realize it, and you are, are you not, Jack?"

"Yes, sir, as soon as we get through here I am going to have some serious conversations with that lady! Real serious ones!"

"Fine, now Jack, I have a request to make of you. I want you to leave here remembering only

that you and Mary came here to talk with me about your daughter's bed wetting and nothing more. Also, I think it's not needed for you to remember any of the other things we have talked about. It is better for you to think that wanting sex with your wife is your idea instead of mine. And you can see why that is so, can't you?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. Then you don't need to remember anything we have talked about. You need only go away feeling that you just wanted to have a chat with me about your daughter." And in this manner Mark imposed a second amnesia on top of the automatic one he had already obtained by the use of the phenomenon of projection. It would offer a little more help in keeping the past failure from resurfacing until Jack had a chance to have enough successes that it wouldn't matter by then.

Mark instituted a state of amnesia for the visit, the past failures in bed, as well as those regarding his being a stud when it came to sex, Mark started bringing Jack out of the trance.

"And at the count of three you will be wide awake, feeling fine all over, rested and proud of what you have been able to do with your hypnotic talent. One, things are changing Jack. Two you feel yourself awakening and three, wide awake and alert! How do you feel, Jack?"

Before answering, Jack made a quick movement that is characteristic of a person reorienting himself with the real world when returning to it from a deep trance state. "I feel fine, Doctor. Did I fall asleep?"

Just for a minute. I guess you were tired." Now tell your wife to come in and talk with me for a minute or two, if you will, please."

"Sure," said Jack as he went for his wife.

"Mary, please listen carefully to what I have to tell you because it is extremely important that you do the proper thing if what I have done for Jack is to work. I have given him a memory loss for the failure that he had in bed. It is a hypnotic phenomenon that we call amnesia. Whatever you do, don't mention anything about the failure. I have given him a reason for coming here as one of wanting to talk with me about your daughter's bed wetting. Something only you have noticed. Understand?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. Act as though he has never had or even thought of having a failure. It is something that has never happened. Second, I have instilled in him a great conviction, a confidence, that he is quite a man in bed. It is most likely that he will want to jump on your bones so much that you will swear that he is going to completely wear you out.



That is all a part of the plan. And it won't hurt him at all. After he has run out of ejaculate, the seminal vesicle and prostate will continue to spasm when required. It will make no difference that they are empty, they will function just the same as though they are full. Are you with me so far?"

"Yes, Doctor, I can see what you are up to."

"Fine, these cases are a vicious circle that has to be broken if the patient is to regain his function. What I have done will return him to a functional state without drugs and will give him a chance to use his equipment easily. The memory of failure may possibly return at some time in the future, but if it does, by then he will have had so many successes he will pay no attention to it. The circle will have been broken and the function restored. But it all depends on your doing two things, keeping the failure a secret and making yourself available whenever he wants sex. And I'm telling you now that he will likely want more than you would ever be willing to believe possible! So, be sure you have plenty of KY jelly on hand just in case you stop lubricating. Other than that, you needn't worry about anything except being ready to assume the position!"

"Thank you so much, Doctor. I'll do as you say."

"Fine, oh, one more thing, when you have had a chance to try sex, please call me and let me know if all has worked out as planned. I would want to stop him and avoid more failures if for some reason things didn't work out.

"I certainly will, and thanks again."

Because of Mark's use of Jack's past hypnotic experience to shorten the trance induction, the session had used only one of the two time slots that Chris has provided. So, when Jack and Mary left the office, Mark called Chris and told her he would use the blank slot to catch up on some reading. Patients and lunch consumed the remaining time slots of the day.

With mid-afternoon approaching, Mark was just leaving for his hypnosis class when Chris buzzed to tell him that Mary Angle was on the phone.

"Hello."

"Doctor, this is Mary Angle and I am calling to tell you that Jack is himself again. I have been trying to get a chance to call you for most of the day, but he has been chasing me around the bedroom every single minute since we came home. And I can assure you there is nothing wrong with the way his equipment works. I have never seen anything like it in my whole life. He doesn't seem to know when to stop, or even that

there should be a reason for doing so. In fact, I can't tell that he has even slowed down any. And you can believe me. I know now what you meant about having a lot of KY jelly on hand. I plan to make a special trip to the store for more of it if I can get away from him long enough!"

"Well, that's great, Mary. I am so pleased that things have worked out. Just hang in there and by the time the amnesia wears off, and it probably won't unless he tries desperately to dig through it, he will have had so many successes he will pay no attention to some small past happening. I would be careful to not ever mention his past failures, Mary. With a woman, no amount of doubt can ever remove her equipment. But with a male, the psychology is so fragile that the slightest doubt can result in him having nothing to work with at all. Just keep that in mind."

"Oh, you can bet that I will be careful. I don't want anything like that to happen again if it can be helped."

"One other thing, Mary. I feel sure that his first failure was brought on by being completely anesthetized by liquor. When you can't feel anything in other parts of your body, you shouldn't expect to feel something in your sex equipment. So, to be safe about it, don't ever let him try to make love again if he is numb-nosed."

"I will watch it, Doctor, and I am so thankful to you for your help. Thank you ever so much."

"Well, Mary, you have no idea how pleased I am that I have been able to help you. Thank you for calling and the best of luck to you."

That afternoon, Mark left the office with a feeling of accomplishment. In his field where nothing was ever very clear cut, it was a real pleasure to know that some real good had been done. The solution to Jack's problem had been very important to both he and Jack.

It was a bright autumn morning and not too many days since Mark had seen Kim at her party. While waiting for his first patient, he looked out across the countryside. His office was in a sparsely populated area and he particularly enjoyed being away from the masses of people. It was indeed lovely there this time of the year. The trees had taken on their most beautiful colors, and leaves were falling everywhere.

Mark thought of how nice it would be to take a long walk in the woods like he did in his younger years when growing up in the farm community. It would be so nice to go out and soak up a large helping of nature, perhaps even put some of his thoughts on paper, maybe a poem for Kim. He wondered if she really liked poetry or was just being nice when she told him she would like anything he wrote for her. It was a pleasant

thought, but the tranquility was broken by the ringing of the phone.

"Hello," he said, knowing that Chris was not in the office.

"Hello, Mark."

It was Kim. Mark's heart skipped a beat. He was growing accustomed to her calls and awaited each eagerly. He had learned by experience that it was a marvelous way to start the day.

"I just wanted to hear your voice. There is something about it that makes me feel more at peace with the world, Mark."

"Well, I'm certainly glad I have that effect on someone, Kim. I must say that it seems to be a seldom thing."

"Please forgive me for disturbing your day. If you like you can send me a bill for the therapy!"

"I'll do no such thing. I'm enormously pleased that you called."

"Mark, I've enjoyed talking with you so much since I have known you. I really wish it were possible for us to just go somewhere, sit down and talk face to face until I could get out of my system all of the things that I want to say to you." There could be no doubt about the earnestness with which she spoke.

"There have been so many things that I've wanted to tell you, but there has never been the privacy for it, and there are some things that should be said face to face instead of on the phone. Since the things we did at my party and our phone conversations, I feel especially close to you. I really need to feel you're my friend. Do you mind?"

"No, Kim, I'm most pleased about the whole thing. I think I need a friend with whom I can be myself about as much as anyone else in the whole world. Do you need the same?"

"I do, Mark. I need the warmth and understanding of another person-something that I am being denied now."

"My God! We seem to need the same thing, Kim. I really had no idea that you were unhappy."

"Well, Mark, I'm not sure you'd call it that. There just seems to be so much lacking, the kind of understanding I feel when I talk with you. I need someone I can touch and believe that touch is wanted, someone who will listen, someone who would rather give than take, who would offer me honesty, gentleness, and understanding. I need someone for whom nothing said or done is too small to be appreciated. Quite simply, Mark, I need a friend."

"It appears that we have a great many needs in common, but I admit that I've never heard them put into words quite so well before. I think having a person to person talk would be a very nice thing."

For the first time since his marriage, Mark was openly considering the idea of meeting another woman secretly, perhaps innocently, but secretly.

"Would you really like to meet me somewhere, Kim?" he asked with great sincerity.

"I'd love it, Mark. I'd really love it. Is it something that you feel you could handle?"

"Well there's no way I could meet you here at the office. Diane and my daughter pop in and out at all times of the day and night. I wouldn't want to come to your place and there's no way we could meet at mine. And as you know, there are not many public places that are conducive to private conversation. Do you have any ideas?"

"Yes. Would you consider a motel?"

"Would you really be willing to do that, Kim?"

"Yes, Mark, I'll meet you any place you name, at any time, on any day!"

Mark was overwhelmed and flattered. Here was a beautiful young lady asking him to meet

her. Even if she had nothing more in mind than the talk she had mentioned, it would be a rewarding event for him and something that he most desperately needed of late. He really liked Kim, and would enjoy being with her. "Kim, I have every Wednesday off and could meet you then. Would next Wednesday be a day you could manage?"

"Yes, Mark, that's no problem at all, where?"

It was only then that Mark remembered that he had been given the key to a friend's cabin in the mountains nearby.

"I've just remembered that I have a wonderful place, Kim. It's a friend's cabin in the mountains and only I have the key," he said. "I'll draw you a map and you can stop by and pick it up. It would be a little too difficult to try to explain on the phone," he told her.

"That will be great, Mark. If it's alright, I'll stop by your office tomorrow."

"Fine, I'll have it ready for you whenever manage to come by."

"What time Wednesday?"

"How about coming at ten in the morning?"

"That will be fine, and will give me time to get the children off to school."



"I'll look forward to seeing you then."

"I'll bring some mix and liquor for drinks," he said. Can you bring some sandwiches in case we get hungry? I'm not too good at making sandwiches. Besides, I might get caught and wouldn't be able to explain that at all!"

"No problem. I'll bring the sandwiches. So, until then, bye, and remember that I'll be looking forward to seeing you."

Mark leaned back and closed his eyes. Already it seemed that the world was a better place. He had just agreed to meet a strange woman in a private setting that left it open for almost anything, and he was happy about it--most happy. But he would be a gentleman. He would go expecting nothing more than stated. If she only wanted to talk, talk it would be. Whatever she wanted would be what they would do--nothing more--nothing less.

The thoughts of meeting Kim occupied his mind for the remainder of the day. During his spare moments, he reviewed their entire relationship, the many things that had puzzled him about her statements and the manner in which she seemed to view sex with her husband. Most of all, he wondered about her interests in having him operate her trigger after she had deliberately made it fail with her husband. He couldn't make himself believe that it was just

another woman's way of getting a man interested in her. What she had wanted seemed to have been of far more importance to her than that. Besides, a charming lady like Kim wouldn't have to play games to get a man interested in her. Hell, all she would have to do would be flutter her eyelids and half the men in the world would kneel at her feet! He wondered if there was some important point about her that he had missed.

Then he again reviewed the failure of the trigger with her husband, carefully examining the logic of each portion of the whole. It was a workable trigger and she had not known she had it. So, it would not have been possible for her to have voided it per se. She could only have been avoiding the climax. In doing that, she had unknowingly voided the trigger and suffered the attendant anxiety. So, it was really the climax with her husband that she would not allow.

Why? That one required more information for understanding than he had available at the moment. And he wondered if there could ever be enough information to explain it. The more he examined the facts, the more of a puzzle it all became. Why would a woman refuse a climax with her husband and then practically beg a nearly total stranger to trip that same trigger for her?

That one was too much for him to grasp! Husband--no climax, Mark--climax! Strange! What on earth did it mean? It would be understandable between people who were hung up on each other, but they were not. The intensity and seriousness of her interest in the trigger and having it operate were not in keeping with a woman just trying to seduce a man. To arouse an interest in a man, he mused, women have never needed triggers or any other such nonsense since the world was born. He was willing to believe that Kim liked him at the time, but he was not willing to believe that it was only because of him that she wanted the trigger to operate. He was almost willing to believe she would have been just as interested in having someone else work it for her. It certainly seemed that it had been the trigger that she had been after and not him. The mystery deepened. If she had been only interested in having the trigger operate, why on earth didn't she let her husband operate it? It was set for that, she had agreed, and the trigger was certainly functional. Why did she refuse it with him? He had no answer. It made no sense whatsoever! None! No amount of time he spent on it brought him any closer to the answer. Hell, he would love to talk to Kim in private if she would do nothing more than answer some of the things that were driving him up the wall! Of course, he would love to talk with her, for any reason!

Mark was up and at it early Wednesday morning. The cabin would need to be cleaned up a bit and made ready, after having been closed for a time, and he wanted things to be right for Kim. As he shaved, he remembered what he had told her about the possibility of losing sleep in anticipation of meeting her. He had done so, and he wondered if it had been the same with her. He was really keyed up.

This had to be one of the most important days he could remember in a long time, and he was somewhat alarmed at what he was about to do, but was thrilled at the same time. In fact, he was developing an itch that only Kim could scratch!! Most of the night had been spent daydreaming of the many possible ways the day might go, assuming they would do this, and that until they had tried every possible thing he could imagine. Then he wondered which of these it would be, but he must hurry...he mustn't be late today.

On the way there he found himself tending to speed. Certainly he was in more of a hurry than usual. It was strange how valuable one or two minutes could seem on some occasions. Time distortion at its best!

Mark had always loved the mountains. It reminded him of his youth when he practically lived in the woods. As he drove along, his mind went back to those days. There is no substitute

for the thrill of being a boy in the country, he thought. Those were the carefree times when all that was needed for an exciting day was a chunk of cornbread in a brown paper bag and a bright summer sun. With a tin can of worms and a bamboo pole across his shoulder, he walked the creek banks and lived with nature. There were always catfish and sun perch to be caught. And if one were lucky, a few crayfish could be pulled up hanging to the fishing worm. Their tails were rolled in balls of mud from the creek bank and baked in the coals of an open fire. With a few wild onions and the cornbread one had a fine meal! A sort of farm boy's baked shrimp!

There were always bullfrogs to hunt, and turtles, terrapins, and tadpoles to play with. It was fun to watch the mother birds teaching their young to fly. Most important of all was the grapevine on which one could be Tarzan and swing from one creek bank to the other. Just as though it were yesterday, he remembered the feeling of mud squishing between his barefoot toes as he walked in the shallows of the creek. He was certain beyond a doubt that he would have missed some of life's most important things, had he not spent his youth in the country.

For almost ten miles, Mark had followed the narrow, winding mountain road. Then, turning between two huge oak trees that marked the entrance, he drove down a one lane driveway just

wide enough for one car. Ahead of him on a flat bit of cleared ground at the end of the valley he could see the cabin surrounded by trees. It was the favorite hideaway of his neurosurgeon friend, Charlie Thornton, who had built it many years before as a place where he could escape the professional pressures and reorder his thinking. There were mountain trout streams nearby, but little else.

It was because of Mark's fondness for the place that Charlie had given him the keys, after a stroke made it nearly impossible for him to undertake the primitive life it offered. Mark was thankful for that and for the fact that only he had the key. That made it possible for him to meet Kim without fear of someone dropping in by accident.

By the intent of its owner, the cabin was quite rustic and very much in the spirit of the pioneers. The one large room was built of logs, caulked with mortar and served all purposes. Centered in one wall, and occupying about half of it, was a huge fieldstone chimney. And mounted on two protruding supports was a mantle of hand-hewn timber. On this sat a kitchen clock from a long gone time. The sound of its spiral gong reminded Mark of his boyhood when a few of them were still in use. The fireplace was a large, open one built for logs, and on each sidewall was mounted a black-iron swinging arm on which could be hung a

pot for cooking, as was the custom in the early days of the country. Just inside the door was a huge rack to hold a supply of wood in case of bad weather. The bath was a little log room attached to the main cabin. In it was a chemical toilet, a shower and a small sink. Water was supplied from a tank on the roof that had to be filled before use by hand pumping from a cistern.

The furnishings were very simple. There was a table with two bench seats from hand-hewn lumber, a couch in front of the fireplace, and a small counter-sink combination with a pitcher pump. Beside it was a cabinet for silverware and utensils. There were three cane bottom chairs, a reading table with a kerosene lamp, and a kerosene refrigerator. In one corner of the room was a double bed. The roof was tin on wooden-pole rafters. During a rain, the sound was quite unlike anything else in the whole world, a piercing staccato that dominated all else. It was a sound Mark had heard many times during his youth and one that he had grown to love. Hanging from a hook in the center of the room was a single gasoline lantern that gave light for the entire room, except that additional light was available from a kerosene lamp at the reading table. The floor was of flag stone set in mortar on a concrete base. There was little color in the room, except for the handmade quilt, a couple of throw rugs and an afghan. It was mostly a functional place, remote and primitive. The altitude and the trees

helped to keep it cool in the summer and the thick, well caulked log walls held in the heat on the coldest of winter days. It was a cozy place and Mark had spent many happy hours there, but he knew they would be no match for today.



## CHAPTER 6

It was a bright autumn morning and not too many days since Mark had seen Kim at her party. While waiting for his first patient, he looked out across the countryside. His office was in a sparsely populated area and he particularly enjoyed being away from the masses of people. It was indeed lovely there this time of the year. The trees had taken on their most beautiful colors, and leaves were falling everywhere.

Mark thought of how nice it would be to take a long walk in the woods like he did in his younger years when growing up in the farm community. It would be so nice to go out and soak up a large helping of nature, perhaps even put some of his thoughts on paper, maybe a poem for Kim. He wondered if she really liked poetry or was just being nice when she told him she would like anything he wrote for her. It was a pleasant thought, but the tranquility was broken by the ringing of the phone.

"Hello," he said, knowing that Chris was not in the office.

"Hello, Mark."

It was Kim. Mark's heart skipped a beat. He was growing accustomed to her calls and awaited each eagerly. He had learned by experience that it was a marvelous way to start the day.

"I just wanted to hear your voice. There is something about it that makes me feel more at peace with the world, Mark."

"Well, I'm certainly glad I have that effect on someone, Kim. I must say that it seems to be a seldom thing."

"Please forgive me for disturbing your day. If you like you can send me a bill for the therapy!"

"I'll do no such thing. I'm enormously pleased that you called."

"Mark, I've enjoyed talking with you so much since I have known you. I really wish it were possible for us to just go somewhere, sit down and talk face to face until I could get out of my system all of the things that I want to say to you." There could be no doubt about the earnestness with which she spoke.

"There have been so many things that I've wanted to tell you, but there has never been the privacy for it, and there are some things that should be said face to face instead of on the phone. Since the things we did at my party and our phone conversations, I feel especially close to you. I really need to feel you're my friend. Do you mind?"

"No, Kim, I'm most pleased about the whole thing. I think I need a friend with whom I can be

myself about as much as anyone else in the whole world. Do you need the same?"

"I do, Mark. I need the warmth and understanding of another person-something that I am being denied now."

"My God! We seem to need the same thing, Kim. I really had no idea that you were unhappy."

"Well, Mark, I'm not sure you'd call it that. There just seems to be so much lacking, the kind of understanding I feel when I talk with you. I need someone I can touch and believe that touch is wanted, someone who will listen, someone who would rather give than take, who would offer me honesty, gentleness, and understanding. I need someone for whom nothing said or done is too small to be appreciated. Quite simply, Mark, I need a friend."

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It was because of Mark's fondness for the place that Charlie had given him the keys, after a stroke made it nearly impossible for him to undertake the primitive life it offered. Mark was thankful for that and for the fact that only he had the key. That made it possible for him to meet Kim without fear of someone dropping in by accident.

By the intent of its owner, the cabin was quite rustic and very much in the spirit of the pioneers. The one large room was built of logs, caulked with mortar and served all purposes. Centered in one wall, and occupying about half of it, was a huge fieldstone chimney. And mounted on two protruding supports was a mantle of hand-hewn timber. On this sat a kitchen clock from a long gone time. The sound of its spiral gong reminded Mark of his boyhood when a few of them were still in use. The fireplace was a large, open one built for logs, and on each sidewall was mounted a black-iron swinging arm on which could be hung a pot for cooking, as was the custom in the early days of the country. Just inside the door was a huge rack to hold a supply of wood in case of bad weather. The bath was a little log room attached to the main cabin. In it was a chemical toilet, a shower and a small sink. Water was supplied from a tank on the roof that had to be filled before use by hand pumping from a cistern.

The furnishings were very simple. There was a table with two bench seats from hand-hewn lumber, a couch in front of the fireplace, and a small counter-sink combination with a pitcher pump. Beside it was a cabinet for silverware and utensils. There were three cane bottom chairs, a reading table with a kerosene lamp, and a kerosene refrigerator. In one corner of the room was a double bed. The roof was tin on wooden-pole rafters. During a rain, the sound was quite unlike anything else in the whole world, a piercing staccato that dominated all else. It was a sound Mark had heard many times during his youth and one that he had grown to love. Hanging from a hook in the center of the room was a single gasoline lantern that gave light for the entire room, except that additional light was available from a kerosene lamp at the reading table. The floor was of flag stone set in mortar on a concrete base. There was little color in the room, except for the handmade quilt, a couple of throw rugs and an afghan. It was mostly a functional place, remote and primitive. The altitude and the trees helped to keep it cool in the summer and the thick, well caulked log walls held in the heat on the coldest of winter days. It was a cozy place and Mark had spent many happy hours there, but he knew they would be no match for today.

The location of the cabin was not really too remote, but it was somewhat difficult to find. Mark hoped the map he had drawn for Kim would be

good enough. It would be terrible for her to come up and not be able to find the place. If that happened he would never forgive himself. Ever! It did seem to him that she should have been there already. All he could do was wait and hope. Above all else, he mustn't get drunk. There was a remote possibility that he might be called on to be a lover.

Mark had made wise use of the time since his arrival. All the domestic chores had been taken care of and the place was in good order. He had brought in the cooler of ice, the vodka and the mix. With little else to do, he fixed a drink and sat down beside the window to watch nature at work as he waited for Kim. The muscles of his chest were tight, his heart raced and his throat had the fullness of anticipation.

After what seemed like an endless time, he saw her car turn between the two oaks that marked the driveway. Thank goodness, he thought, and went out to help her in. Just the sight of Kim gave him an indescribably wonderful feeling. She was becoming a far more important part of his life than he realized.

"Hi," he said as he followed her inside and pushed the door shut. He was able to say little more. Standing on her tiptoes, Kim had her arms around his neck and was giving him an earth

shattering kiss. She was obviously an expert at shattering!

"Now don't get carried away, Mark. It's just a special "hello," she said coyly as she turned away to look for a drink. I got lost on the way up here," she said. "I almost gave up, but I wanted to meet you so much that I kept trying until I found the place."

"Well, I would have been crushed if you hadn't made it, Kim." Then seating himself near the bed, he kicked off his shoes and propped his feet on the side of it. "I hope you don't mind my extreme state of undress," he joked.

"If you're having trouble with it, I'll be glad to help you," she replied snappily. Coming back from the sink, "Here, Mark, this should help settle your nerves a bit more. I hope it's mixed the way you like it." And she handed him a fresh vodka and Mountain Dew.

"Just right," he told her as he finished the first sip. His eyes followed her every step as she returned to the sink to mix her own drink. She was certainly one more attractive young lady, and momentarily he felt sorry for all the men who were not fortunate enough to be in his shoes just now. Then he recognized the paradox--he was not in his shoes!

"Well, here we are," she said as she took the chair on the other side of the table by the bed. "I'm thrilled that you agreed to meet me."

As should be expected, there was a touch of the usual awkwardness that occurs when two people, who without previous intimate experience, find themselves in an intimate setting. But as they talked and sipped their drinks the feeling soon passed. Each was pleased by the presence of the other and each had many needs. It was Kim who decided to help things along a bit. Seeing that his glass was about empty, she mixed him another drink, and offered it with her most disarming smile.

"Here, Mark." And handing him the drink she sat on his lap. "Am I too heavy?" she asked.

"No way, Kim, you fit very nicely. But I do want to tell you something that I think is important."

"Anything you have to tell me, I want to hear, Mark." And as she listened, she stroked his back and neck with her fingertips. It was her way letting him know that she was present and interested in him as a person. It was a sort of "I think you are a nice thing," one of the most important of all small things, and something that most women fail to learn, but not Kim...she knew. She knew because it was something important to her that she had been denied most of her life. Mark was soon to

learn there were many other things Kim had been denied and was intent upon offering him.

"Kim," he said, "I've come here to please you. Whatever you want is what we will do. If you want to talk, we'll talk. If you want to make love, we'll make love. There are two things I want you to hear. Please, let's not let ourselves fall in love because of the many problems it causes and please don't make me promise to leave you alone and then change your mind later. I respect you and intend to abide by your wishes. Once I've given you my word, I won't break it, and it could be that we'd both end up miserable, and needlessly so."

"Let's not make any rules, Mark. Just do whatever seems right at the time."

"I'll buy that. Now, one more thing, I think there can be no doubt that we are about to begin a lasting friendship. For it to be meaningful, I think we should agree at the beginning that we'll always tell each other the truth. Neither of us has any reason for lying just now. Let's keep it that way for as long as we know each other. Are you willing to do that?"

"I'd love to have it work that way. My husband has driven me up the wall for years with his lies and you don't know how much I've longed for an atmosphere of truth and trust. Yes...I welcome the opportunity," she said. "I'll never tell



you a lie for as long as I know you. I promise. I would die before I let that happen."

Then, putting her arm around his neck, she said, "I'm comfortable with you, Mark." And in the manner that only an interested woman can command, she removed his tie, opened his collar and slipped her hand inside his shirt.

While enjoying her attention, Mark wondered if she would get around to telling him the things that she had mentioned as being important and requiring courage on her part. He thought of asking her, but decided to let her tell him in her own good time. But he hoped it would be soon, there were so many things about her that puzzled him.

"Kim, would you be more comfortable on the bed?" he asked.

"Let's do." And she walked to the bed and lay on her back. "Lie here and talk to me," she said as she patted a spot on the bed beside her.

As he lay beside her, he knew that at long last one of his most important dreams had come true. He was finally alone with Kim and he was learning that there was a special comfort in being with her...a quiet feeling of acceptance that stirred in the depths of his being. It was not sex, or passion, or greed. It was a feeling of contentment

and comfort. It was as though Kim were protecting him from the cruelties of the world.

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her being, she had to turn her head to keep Mark from seeing.

For the remainder of the day, they talked, sipped their drinks, made love, and generally became closer beings in their own very small, very private world. Mark soon discovered that she needed no triggers to help her. Much to his joy, he had lost count a long time ago! She was more than just a warm body. . . just sex. Everything about her seemed to revolve about the many things she had been denied in her other relationships, things that were vitally important and desperately needed by her. And having long since identified those things, she seemed determined that no such omissions would be a part of what she offered Mark.

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Enamored by the new promises of their relationship, they held with each other through the turnings of every moment until the day had

consumed itself. Thoughtfully, and with somewhat of a touch of sadness, they dressed, said their goodbyes and headed home, each taking an assortment of memories that would remain special and warm the darker moments of solitude for the remainder of their lives.



## CHAPTER 7

The location of the cabin was not really too remote, but it was somewhat difficult to find. Mark hoped the map he had drawn for Kim would be good enough. It would be terrible for her to come up and not be able to find the place. If that happened he would never forgive himself. Ever! It did seem to him that she should have been there already. All he could do was wait and hope. Above all else, he mustn't get drunk. There was a remote possibility that he might be called on to be a lover.

Mark had made wise use of the time since his arrival. All the domestic chores had been taken care of and the place was in good order. He had brought in the cooler of ice, the vodka and the mix. With little else to do, he fixed a drink and sat down beside the window to watch nature at work as he waited for Kim. The muscles of his chest were tight, his heart raced and his throat had the fullness of anticipation.

After what seemed like an endless time, he saw her car turn between the two oaks that marked the driveway. Thank goodness, he thought, and went out to help her in. Just the sight of Kim gave him an indescribably wonderful feeling. She was becoming a far more important part of his life than he realized.

"Hi," he said as he followed her inside and pushed the door shut. He was able to say little more. Standing on her tiptoes, Kim had her arms around his neck and was giving him an earth shattering kiss. She was obviously an expert at shattering!

"Now don't get carried away, Mark. It's just a special "hello," she said coyly as she turned away to look for a drink. I got lost on the way up here," she said. "I almost gave up, but I wanted to meet you so much that I kept trying until I found the place."

"Well, I would have been crushed if you hadn't made it, Kim." Then seating himself near the bed, he kicked off his shoes and propped his feet on the side of it. "I hope you don't mind my extreme state of undress," he joked.

"If you're having trouble with it, I'll be glad to help you," she replied snappily. Coming back from the sink, "Here, Mark, this should help settle your nerves a bit more. I hope it's mixed the way you like it." And she handed him a fresh vodka and Mountain Dew.

"Just right," he told her as he finished the first sip. His eyes followed her every step as she returned to the sink to mix her own drink. She was certainly one more attractive young lady, and momentarily he felt sorry for all the men who were not fortunate enough to be in his shoes just now.

Then he recognized the paradox--he was not in his shoes!

"Well, here we are," she said as she took the chair on the other side of the table by the bed. "I'm thrilled that you agreed to meet me."

As should be expected, there was a touch of the usual awkwardness that occurs when two people, who without previous intimate experience, find themselves in an intimate setting. But as they talked and sipped their drinks the feeling soon passed. Each was pleased by the presence of the other and each had many needs. It was Kim who decided to help things along a bit. Seeing that his glass was about empty, she mixed him another drink, and offered it with her most disarming smile.

"Here, Mark." And handing him the drink she sat on his lap. "Am I too heavy?" she asked.

"No way, Kim, you fit very nicely. But I do want to tell you something that I think is important."

"Anything you have to tell me, I want to hear, Mark." And as she listened, she stroked his back and neck with her fingertips. It was her way letting him know that she was present and interested in him as a person. It was a sort of "I think you are a nice thing," one of the most important of all small things, and something that most women fail to

learn, but not Kim...she knew. She knew because it was something important to her that she had been denied most of her life. Mark was soon to learn there were many other things Kim had been denied and was intent upon offering him.

"Kim," he said, "I've come here to please you. Whatever you want is what we will do. If you want to talk, we'll talk. If you want to make love, we'll make love. There are two things I want you to hear. Please, let's not let ourselves fall in love because of the many problems it causes and please don't make me promise to leave you alone and then change your mind later. I respect you and intend to abide by your wishes. Once I've given you my word, I won't break it, and it could be that we'd both end up miserable, and needlessly so."

"Let's not make any rules, Mark. Just do whatever seems right at the time."

"I'll buy that. Now, one more thing, I think there can be no doubt that we are about to begin a lasting friendship. For it to be meaningful, I think we should agree at the beginning that we'll always tell each other the truth. Neither of us has any reason for lying just now. Let's keep it that way for as long as we know each other. Are you willing to do that?"

"I'd love to have it work that way. My husband has driven me up the wall for years with



his lies and you don't know how much I've longed for an atmosphere of truth and trust. Yes...I welcome the opportunity," she said. "I'll never tell you a lie for as long as I know you. I promise. I would die before I let that happen."

Then, putting her arm around his neck, she said, "I'm comfortable with you, Mark." And in the manner that only an interested woman can command, she removed his tie, opened his collar and slipped her hand inside his shirt.

While enjoying her attention, Mark wondered if she would get around to telling him the things that she had mentioned as being important and requiring courage on her part. He thought of asking her, but decided to let her tell him in her own good time. But he hoped it would be soon, there were so many things about her that puzzled him.

"Kim, would you be more comfortable on the bed?" he asked.

"Let's do." And she walked to the bed and lay on her back. "Lie here and talk to me," she said as she patted a spot on the bed beside her.

As he lay beside her, he knew that at long last one of his most important dreams had come true. He was finally alone with Kim and he was learning that there was a special comfort in being with her...a quiet feeling of acceptance that stirred

in the depths of his being. It was not sex, or passion, or greed. It was a feeling of contentment and comfort. It was as though Kim were protecting him from the cruelties of the world.

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## CHAPTER 8

Kim sat on the deck and looked out across the woods behind her house. A light breeze was whispering through the trees, turning some leaves to show their silver undersides and forming a lovely mosaic of changing patterns. A tired sun was slowly sinking beneath a richly painted sky, and birds were planning their last flight of the day. Everywhere things were slowing down as nature readied herself for rest. The nicest time of the day, she thought, one of the nicest days of my life.

Only a short time ago her world had been an empty one, devoid of the most basic of all the things for which she longed. Then she had met Mark, and he had done for her what no one else had ever been able to do. He had made her a woman. She wondered if ever she would muster enough courage to tell him what he had done for her and how very screwed up her life had been until that time. She had spent her married life with a man whom she despised. Despite the marriage and three children, she had never functioned as a normal woman.

It seemed life had made it a point to pass her by. She was not really alive during those years. She knew it. Kim knew she must not fall in love with Mark. It was something that she wanted to avoid, but would she be able to manage that. He

filled so very many of her needs, and there could be no doubt that he was already a most important thing in her life. She loved to talk with him and looked forward to his calls, realizing with each one how much a part of her life he had become. She particularly appreciated the meaningfulness of their relationship that had been brought on by the honesty they had practiced. They each knew they were living a lie and could not do otherwise if they were to continue their friendship. But there was no reason for them to lie to each other, and they didn't. One could be avoided, the other could not.

For the first time in her life, Kim had learned the joy of looking forward to the coming day. Her visit to the cabin with Mark had given her new hope. No longer did she have to wonder what other women were talking about when they described the joys of married life. Nothing she had heard from them in those days seemed to fit her own life, or even come close. But now she understood. Love and loving of the loved could indeed be a beautiful thing.

How grateful she was to Mark. He had been considerate of her, understanding and patient. He was always quick to notice and appreciate the little things. She remembered the gentleness with which he had touched her, and the ease with which he had brought the music of life up from the

depths of her being. She marveled at how deeply his gentle hand had touched her.

Kim wondered how Mark felt about their relationship. Would it be something so meaningful to him that he would want to continue seeing her? Could he handle his conscience, or would it be the wedge that pushed them apart? She wondered about his home life, the thing about which he had said so very little. Could it possibly have been as miserable as hers? Was it possible that he needed her as much as she needed him? Suddenly, Kim realized the severity of her new situation. For the first time in her life she knew what it was like to be a full-fledged woman. Now that she knew, it had suddenly become a thing of importance and beauty to her, something she would not be willing to live without. But there was simply no way she could function with a husband she disliked so intensely. Her psychological blocks would never let her enter into a close relationship with him.

All she could offer him as a wife was a warm body, nothing more. Always during these times she dissociated herself from the happenings by locking her mind into some other thought pattern.

Kim was constantly aware of the problem with the children. They were still young and years from being able to go it on their own. And she knew she owed them a lot as a mother, but could

she possibly stand a continuation of her past life, especially now that she knew what life was really like for the first time.

Would Mark take her as a lover and help her pass some of those years without the need for her to break up her home? She wondered. It almost seemed that the solving of her life's greatest problem had resulted in the creation of an even bigger one for her. Or had it?

She was certain of one thing- she enjoyed becoming a woman, more than anything that had happened to her in her entire life. I must remember to thank Mark every time I see him, she thought. He even deserves my inventing ways to thank him.

Ray had gone on a hunting trip and the house was unusually quiet for a change. After feeding the children, Kim went to bed early to read. During the long and boring years of living with Ray, she had learned that reading was one of the few escape mechanisms that allowed her to turn her mind away from her problems and unhappiness. Even that held only limited interest for her. She found it hard to keep her mind on the book. Always of late there was Mark and some of the nice things he had said or done for her. But I like that, she thought, and again relived the many wonderful moments they had together in so short a time. Then with some suddenness, she realized

that since meeting Mark, there had been a return of those wondrously delightful feelings of passion that had so puzzled her when she was younger, causing her to wonder what was happening to her body. In those days she knew she wanted something in a most compelling way, but that something had never been defined in her mind. She only knew it was somehow associated with boys.

Mark had been the cause of the return of those feelings, but there was a difference. She now knew their source and appreciated what they were capable of doing for her. Having been swept up in their demanding power, she knew only too well what they could do. "How I wish Mark was here with me," she whispered to her pillow.

Having said that, she drew close to him and fell asleep.

The hour was late. Mark had gone to bed early, and though his body had been willing, his mind had not wanted sleep. Finally he had come to the study to kill some time until he became sleepy. Mainly, his problem was one of having become so engrossed in thoughts of Kim that he had become restless and no longer felt sleepy. He knew from experience that the only thing to do was to get up and start all over again.

Wonderful thoughts of Kim kept running through his mind-thoughts that seemed to be



demanding expression. It was as though something about her wanted to be released from him and become a part of the real world. For most of the evening he had been having visions of Kim lying nude in the moonlight. It was a strange and incongruous thing and he had tried to alter it but the image would not be changed. It was strange because, although Kim was sex personified, it was not really sex that he needed so desperately. He didn't think of her so much in that way. To him, she was more the person who offered him understanding, affection, companionship and, above all else, made him feel needed. She was easy to talk to, easier to listen to, and he could touch her without feeling he would be pushed away. Having seen her nude recently though, had created an image in his mind that recurred frequently. About that he had few, if any objections. Almost without knowing he was doing it, he heard himself speak: "The midnight lamp lavishes praise on your supine form."

It was strange, as though someone else was speaking from his body, using his mind. He marveled at the sounds of thought and wondered where they had come from and wondered how the moon had somehow become a lamp in the night. That was not the way he had ever thought of it. His psychiatric training had not included the fact that material required to complement a strong emotion often arises from the same subconscious with which he so often had to deal. Nor was he

aware of how often poets were forced to wonder at the source of some of the things with which they were presented by the other parts of their minds.

How nice he thought, taking up the challenge, listening for the subconscious to speak again, but without knowing that to be the source.

As time passed, he scribbled, arranged, rearranged, altered, discarded, started over several times, but was fortunate to see his thoughts finally take form on paper. Something was being said about Kim that was very much needed. As he put the last line in place, he had a feeling of accomplishment. Something from some strange part of him had finally surfaced to become a part of the real world. It was Kim as he saw her at that instant. He wondered if she would like it.

With a great sense of satisfaction, Mark returned to bed, fell asleep immediately and knew nothing for the remainder of the night. He awakened with a comforting feeling that the world was a much better place than it had been, and was touched by feelings of immense pleasure that he had done something special for Kim, something that would let her know he had been thinking about her. He hoped she would find as much pleasure in reading it as he had experienced in writing it.

Dressing hurriedly, he left early that morning and made it to the office to use Chris's typewriter before she arrived. As poor as his typing was, he managed to get the material on paper so it could be read. He wondered how he had been able to start with a nude woman in the moonlight and convert her to a landscape and describe her in those terms for the remainder of the poem. It was not the best of poetry, he suspected, but it said something that he had wanted to say, and that made it important to him.

Mark took the paper from the typewriter, and leaning back in his chair, read it with great thoughtfulness. The words were saying something quite meaningful to him. It was as though a special part of him had yielded itself to become something for Kim. He felt that warm feeling of satisfaction creeping over his body that one experiences when something important has been accomplished.

During the hours of writing, he had been drawn closer to Kim by his repeated search for the good in her, but he was not aware of that. It was indirect autosuggestion, the most powerful of them all.

Increasingly she had become more and more real, and as the poem finally resolved itself, he had experienced for the first time a realization of

how very important Kim had become to him, how much he wanted her, mentally and physically.

Mark wondered how she really felt about him. It was certain that she had wanted to be with him enough to meet him, but he wondered how much of that had something to do with the trigger and her insistence that he use it for her. For the first time, Mark suddenly realized how very much he wanted to see her again, to hold her, to touch her. At the cabin she had been a wonderfully charming woman, but woman she was-only that. Now she was part of him. Without her there would be a void he could not fill. And at that very instant, more than anything else, he needed to hear her voice. Making certain it was not too early, he called her.

"Hello," he heard her say.

"Hi."

"Oh hello, Mark, how nice to hear from you. I've been thinking a lot about you lately, in fact, most of the time."

"Well, I've been thinking a lot about you, too. Truth is I was up most of the night thinking about you."

"I'm sorry I kept you awake."

"You won't believe it, honey, but I wrote you a poem last night."

"Really?"

"Yes. You may not think it too great, but at least it was a custom job, and just for you."

"Can I hear it now?"

"Sure." And Mark explained how the little poem had come about. He also mentioned his astonishment at where some of the words came from. "It was almost like someone else was inside me saying things for me. I've never had anything happen quite like that before," he told her. "Here is how it goes, Kim. I hope you like it."

His voice was soft and well suited for the task at hand. Because he had lived through its creation, he knew how it should be sounded.

From high in its perigee

The midnight lamp

Lavishes praise on your supine form,

Gathering its undraped beauty to the eye

As thought lifting the night's dark clothing

From a virgin landscape.

Above the graceful compounds and  
undulations,

Proud hillocks press their pink-brown crests

Against a breathless sky.

And from their foothills,

Like the legs of a beautiful woman,

A birch lifts its twin trunks from the dark  
tangled

Brambles of its bifurcation.

With each detail a perfection of color,

Form and substance,

Nature unerringly solicits my imagination

To form a need that only she can satisfy.

Aroused by this primeval growth,

And goaded by antiquitous instincts,

My heart pounds its cage like a wild beast

Longing for that release  
Which only comes  
When I have lost myself in you."

When he had finished reading, there was a thoughtful silence, when he heard Kim.

"Mark, that is perfectly beautiful. I am touched that because of me anyone could find words with which to write something so nice. May I please have a copy?"

"You certainly may, Kim. It's really yours."

"You'll have to bring it along for me the next time I see you, Mark."

"Oh, am I to see you again?"

"I hope so, unless you can find a way to avoid it!"

"What nice thoughts you have, Kim."

"Then I assume you have not had overwhelming feelings of guilt?" she asked.

"None whatsoever, my dear. I think you are the answer to my prayer. And you?"

"I thought I would. But I didn't."

"I must run, Honey, Chris just drove up. I'll see you later." Quickly, he hung up the phone and put away the poem.

"What does the day look like?"

"About normal except for the short afternoon and you have your class to teach."

"Oh yes, fine Chris" and thanking her Mark went into his office to await the first patient of the day.

For the first time in far too many years he had proof that life had more to offer than had been coming his way. For some time now he had been walking around with his head in the clouds and his shoes about two feet above the ground. His life was touched with a tranquility he had seldom known. It had all been so fast he had not had time to sort out the meanings. Most of the time he thought of Kim as a companion with whom he could spend time. "Someone out there" who was for him, that waited for him. Man that he was, there were times that he thought of her in a completely sexual setting, but never did he think of taking from her. Always he thought of her as someone to whom he wanted to give, to please and with whom he could share.

He was flattered that one as young and charming as Kim would find him interesting and want to be with him. But he realized they were



bound by a common problem. Even as he went from patient to patient and had to set her aside to devote his attention to their problems, she was always near at hand. There could be little doubt Kim was more a part of his life than he had ever contemplated she could be.

As his practice ended for the day, Mark headed for the Academy to give his hypnosis lecture. During the two previous sessions he had paid particular attention to members of the class and had carefully singled out two of them whom he was convinced would be good subjects for demonstrating hypnotic phenomena. So, today, instead of going directly to the speaker's rostrum, he went to the first of these, Nancy Quint.

"Hello, Nancy," he said in a completely disarming tone. "I wonder if you would help me with today's demonstration of hypnotic phenomena."

"I'll help in any way I can," she replied.

"Good. Let me just check something first," he said, and very carefully he lifted her wrist with his thumb and index finger. Then saying a few words to her, he noted the changing expression of her face and released his grip on the cataleptic arm that remained suspended in front of her!

"Please don't change the way you feel unless I ask you to, Nancy, and you'll do that, won't

you?" Mark said. "And now, I don't think you've noticed it, but your arm is floating in the air all by itself. Look!"

Nancy looked at the arm in astonishment. And it was floating in the air in front of her, and she knew that she had nothing to do with that fact. Noting the humor in the situation, she laughed, and Mark knew instantly that he had been correct in his judgment. He had picked a somnambule, the best there is. She should be able to produce any phenomena required for the demonstrations. Taking her hand, he led her to the speaker's platform and seated her before the class.

"Today I will be demonstrating some of the phenomena of hypnosis for you and will explain what is to happen, what is actually happening and how it is viewed by the subject. For this, I will have the help of one of the class members, Ms. Nancy Quint."

Returning Nancy instantly to a deep trance state by use of a posthypnotic trance entry signal, Mark began the demonstration. First he had her hold her hand in front of her face and concentrate on the knuckle of the index finger and the hand, and to the exclusion of all else. Immediately there was a hand floating in front of her that was not attached to an arm. It was not her hand. It was just a hand, and as such, Mark explained to the

class, there would be no way she could experience pain in a hand that was not a part of her. Thus, one obtains automatic anesthesia because of the dissociation. Any surgical procedure could be carried out on the hand and she would not feel a thing, nor would she suffer neurogenic shock from it as might be the case with chemo-anesthesia.

One by one he demonstrated the phenomena of hypnosis, regression, revivification, projection, amnesia, etc. He ended her portion of the phenomena with a demonstration of time distortion during which he let her skate around the block nine times in ten seconds. When he awakened her she was quite tired. So, he returned her to the trance and took away the feelings of tiredness! Then, thanking her in the trance state, and protecting her against the curious, he awakened her to explain to the class some of the things she had experienced. There could be no doubt the demonstration had been a good one and Nancy an excellent subject. The class had learned much from her. Mark thanked her and went over to the other person he had singled out previously, a Dr. Agee.

"Doctor," he said, "would you mind being my next subject?" In no time Mark had the good doctor in a deep trance and ready for the demonstration.

"Too often," he said, turning to the class, "we doctors tell our patients there is nothing wrong with them, that the pain is all in their head. Not real at all, to go home and forget it. Now, I want you to watch carefully as our subject experiences just such a pain, a pain that does not exist except in his mind, an imagined pain."

Turning to Dr. Agee, a well-known local practitioner, he said, "Doctor, will you please make a fist for me?" And as requested, the doctor made a fist with his right hand. "Now, will you open and close the fist and note that there is no problem at all in doing so. That's right, no problem at all," he said, as he watched the doctor operate the hand with ease. "And now Doctor, please observe that beyond this particular point it becomes difficult to bend the hand." Mark said, as he showed him the new limit of motion. "And you see how the hand seems limited in movement beyond that point, sort of stiff and unable to operate properly. As Mark watched, the doctor developed hesitancy limit of motion. "And you notice that, do you not?"

"Yes!" answered the doctor.

"Notice the economy of words you have just heard from the subject," he reminded the class. "A person in a trance is usually quite literal in their responses, answering only what is truly the question. When asked if they have been to town

lately, instead of saying, 'Yes, I went yesterday,' they would simply answer, 'yes,' that being the only answer required."

"Doctor, things are changing. You will note that if you try to bend the hand beyond the limit it now has, there is considerable discomfort. And as you try it, you'll notice that I am correct. In fact, one could even call it painful, couldn't one? And no matter how hard you may try, you cannot move the hand beyond the limit of motion I have shown you without pain occurring. That's true, isn't it, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Things continue to change Doctor. Things continue to change. You may have noticed that now the hand has discomfort in it even when there is no movement at all, but there is discomfort, lots of discomfort. Things continue to change, and as they do, you'll note the discomfort changing to pain, a pain that is unyielding and constantly growing more and more intense, and that is true, so true. And will you please tell the class exactly how your hand feels now, Doctor?"

"It hurts like hell!" the doctor blurted out.

You and I know the hand has no cuts, no burns, no contusions, no punctures and no abrasions, don't we, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"In fact, there is absolutely nothing wrong with the hand at all except that it hurts like hell. Is that not so, Doctor?"

"Yes!"

"Now class, and Dr. Agee, we have just demonstrated a pain in the head, a pain that doesn't exist in the normal sense of the word. You saw a pain for which there was no reason, no physical cause. Nevertheless, it was a pain and a real one. You no doubt noticed the sweat on the doctor's brow, and the agony in his face at times. Shortly I will let the good doctor tell you of his own experiences."

Mark thanked the doctor in the trance state, and let him know that he had done well and should be proud of himself. Then he installed a posthypnotic guard to protect him against those who love to play but haven't the skill to manage the trance of a subject with such capabilities.

"Things are changing, Doctor. You will be wide awake and alert at the count of three, wide awake and feeling fine. Mark brought him out of the trance to explain his experiences to the members of the class. As the doctor related his experiences to the class, Mark listened with great interest, remembering the many years he had followed the work of Dr. Erickson, "Mr. Hypnosis."

He remembered Erickson's brilliant research, his confusion technique, his work with time distortion and the cat and mouse games he often had to play with patients who would not come out of the trance for him. He would get them to agree that they would stay in the trance only while in the room. Then he would have his nurse feed them orange juice until they had to go to the bathroom, thus terminating the trance!

Then, drawing on his vast experience, Mark untangled the events of the evening. Taking each and breaking it into its smallest parts, explaining the meanings in terms of the subject, the operator and the real world. He recaptured and made meaningful for them the subtle things they had missed.

One important thing Mark was most proud of. Following the demonstration of the imaginary pain and the discussion of the experience by Dr. Agee, there was simply no way that any member of the class would ever again tell a patient that the pain was all in his head and go home and forget it.

"I have done my part," Mark whispered to himself. "They will never do it again. The thought made him happy."

There was an even more important reason for Mark's happiness. Only two days until he was to meet Kim again. Always before meeting her he

was filled with a mixture of pride, need, and wonderment. Anticipation was his constant companion. Life was good.



## CHAPTER 9

"Good morning, Chris."

"Good morning, Doctor."

"And how is your world turning?" he asked.

"Very nicely, thank you."

"Well what does my day look like, Chris?"

"It looks normal, except for a Ms. Laura Jones, who thinks because you are a psychiatrist you can cure her spasms of the esophagus."

Unknown to Chris, Mark was just the man to solve that problem. During his early years, he suffered from such spasms so bad at times he couldn't talk. Following medical practice, he took muscle relaxing pills, but they were too slow to stop the spasms.

Finally, one day Mark thought the problem through and found the answer.

Good Morning Ms. Jones. "I hear that you have spasms of the esophagus?"

"Yes sir, I have been having some bad ones."

"Well, you have come to the right place. Laura."

“I had them for many years before I finally solved the problem. The solution is an unbelievably simple one. There are several ways to stop a spasm. Stretching the muscle is one way, a muscle relaxing shot is another, and a muscle relaxing pill is another. Relaxing the muscle with heat is another.

“Obviously, a patient can’t stretch the muscle of the esophagus, nor should a patient be expected to give themselves a shot, and unfortunately the pill is too slow. But it is so easy to heat the muscle with water that is hot enough to swallow but cool enough not to burn.

“Here is the way one manages the problem. Anyone who has had several spasms of the esophagus knows they are about to have one before it occurs. Use this information to avoid ever having a spasm, which will leave an accumulation of lactic acid in the esophagus, making it easier to trigger a second spasm.

“Normal tea, coffee, or hot water is not hot enough to prevent you from having a spasm. You need water as hot as you can stand it, and if you drink it when you are having one, it will kill it in its tracks. I don’t know why I was not taught this in medical school, but I wasn’t.”

In this manner, Mark’s continued to help the sick. It had been almost three months since he and Kim had first met. During that time, they had

talked by phone almost daily and had met on several occasions. Their relationship was a quiet but steady one, each being cautious and protective of the other and dedicated to using every available opportunity to talk and be together.

Although unusual because of the age difference, theirs was an extremely compatible relationship. Despite her twenty seven years, the incredible reality of being a whole woman was something completely new to Kim. Like a child with a new toy, she was inexorably caught up in the need to explore its possibilities. Every experience was a complete unknown to her. And because she needed these things and they were being supplied by Mark, he was receiving the pent-up emotions, adorations, praise and a profusion of thanks resulting from her lifetime of deprivation.

The things happening to her would have been usual and ordinary to the average married woman of her age. But for Kim, they were foreign to all that she had ever experienced. The mechanics were the same as before, but in the past there had been no feeling, no emotions, or subjective involvement.

With Mark it was different. Just the thoughts of him aroused in her feelings that lifted her to a higher plane of consciousness. She was fascinated by his voice and loved to talk with him.

And his touch alone sent waves of emotions over her that shook her entire being. When he took her, she was lifted to a world beyond worlds, a celestial expanse, a paradise filled with heavenly bodies—holy cities—devils and all-knowing gods. Within her, soundless words were endless shouts of joy.

He made her proud, whole. He made her female. She was pleased by her new world, and for its existence she gave Mark full credit. He was most special to her.

For someone who had become so close and so special, there was no way she could, in conscience, continue to hide from him the facts surrounding her life. She simply had to take the chance that he might think less of her for knowing. He deserved to know and she needed to make him understand how he had become so very important to her. She would tell him. After all, they weren't just ordinary people. They were lovers, and even more importantly, they were friends.

"I'll tell him the very next time we're together," she said loudly to bolster her courage. "I'll tell him today."

As he dressed, Mark was filled with anticipation. In only minutes he would be with Kim. That was the nicest feeling he was able to imagine. He had so many things to tell her. None

were of great import, but they represented the little happenings that made up his life. Kim always seemed as interested in them as he was in the things that made up her life.

Mark was an appreciative person and continually felt a need to do something nice for Kim, something special. After all, she had given him the most important thing his life had ever known. Already they were sharing their lives, the highs, the lows, the physical, and the mental. Although he had told Kim and himself that they should not allow themselves to fall in love, he was beginning to believe it to be a battle he could never win. She was too important a part of his life.

Because she had not been able to tell him that he was her first, he had little on which to base a judgment of her inordinate interest in the physical. With his training, he would have been able to solve the puzzle had he been given a few bits of information with which to work, but that had not happened. All he could make of it was that she seemed to have great need for him and no interest in other men.

That was certainly a high for his ego, something he desperately needed. It was on her need for him that his entire existence seemed predicated. At last he had found someone—at last there seemed to be a reason.

While on the way to meet her, Mark remembered that they had no rules of conduct. Each was free to feel or do whatever seemed right at the time. He loved this freedom that let everything take its rightful place. They played none of the games of deception that were so much a part of the average male-female relationship. He was aware that there must be things that Kim had not gotten around to telling him, just as there were things that he had not told her, but that seemed relatively unimportant. She would tell him in her own good time, and when she did it would be something he need not doubt.

Mark had been at the cabin only long enough to mix a drink when he saw Kim turn into the driveway. As soon as he closed the door behind her, and without having said a single word, she was standing on her tiptoes and kissing him hard. Breathing a sigh of gladness, his arms closed about her and they became as one. Few were the things as satisfying to Mark as holding Kim.

"Hello honey," she said, finally.

"Hi Kim, I've missed you."

Turning aside, she went to the table to mix her drink. Returning with her glass, she made him welcome with another kiss and seated herself across the table. They talked for the longest time, bringing each other up to date on the happenings in their lives and that of their friends. It was small

talk but the kind friendship enjoys. Then remembering her promise, she turned to Mark, and with an almost pleading look, she lifted her eyes to his.

"Mark," she said ever so quietly. "I have some things to tell you but I've never had the courage to do it before. I really want you to know everything about me and I hope you won't think less of me after you have heard what I have to say."

Then, beginning with her accidental teen-age pregnancy, she explained how she had felt bound to marry the man who had fathered her child and how in her mind she had always blamed him for ruining her life by failing to use any protection. The marriage had begun with her having an intense dislike for him and because of it, an inability to function with him in a normal male-female manner. Shortly after her first child she became pregnant again. She had taken the newly invented birth control pills for a while, but the hormone cocktail in those sent her into a state not unlike morning sickness and she lost so much weight she looked anorexic. She had insisted Ray use condoms during sex, but one evening he came in inebriated and demanded sex without the protection. It only took one time to initiate the second baby. In her mind this encounter was like being raped. She began to avoid sex with Ray as often as possible.

Unfortunately Ray would not always take no for an answer and soon a third pregnancy re-enforced her dislike of Ray. With each child she became more and more convinced that Ray was continuing the ruination of her life. For this she despised him even more.

Shortly after their marriage, he began to stay out late with his buddies, coming home drunk a lot. He had only a high school education and no special training of any sort and the income from his work was barely enough. Kim had tried to manage the children, the household, and work at part time jobs to help out. Making bad matters worse, Ray was a self-centered person, a liar, and eaten up with insecurity. It would have been hard to imagine two more incompatible people trying to live as man and wife.

“I felt trapped, Mark. I had three small children, no particular training and no one to whom I could turn. It seemed that all I could possibly do was try to make the best of a bad situation. I knew Ray wouldn't settle for a marriage without sex and in response to this I decided that I would be there for him as often as any other wife, but would only allow myself to be a warm body. In every other way, I dissociated myself from the happenings by locking my mind on other things. I allowed myself no subjective involvement at any time. In essence, I was just a



body with which he could masturbate---nothing more!"

Then Kim explained to him that after so many years of this routine, this climax-less sex, she began to wonder if she really could function with a man whom she didn't despise so intensely. At times she considered seducing someone just to find out. To have done so, in her mind, would not have been giving away anything that belonged to her husband. It had never belonged to him in the first place.

"It was about this time that I met you, Mark, and the trigger came about almost by accident. But for that I shall be eternally grateful!"

"You mean that you never had a single climax in all the years of sex with your husband, Kim?"

"Never once," she said emphatically.

"Well, if it was your dislike for your husband that turned you off, there must have been others you didn't hate."

"There was one other before my husband, but he and I were both so young and inexperienced that neither of us knew what we were doing or much about what was to be expected. So I didn't get there with him."

"You never tried it with anyone else?"

"Yes, not long ago, one of Ray's buddies kept trying to jump on my bones and I finally decided to let him. I wanted to see if I could get there with him. We tried it on kitchen table first, and then in bed, but I couldn't get there with him either, and soon cut him off."

"Do you mean to tell me that the pushbutton climax I did for you was your first with a man?"

"That's right. You were the first."

"Could you get there by masturbation"?

"Oh yes, no problem. That's why I always suspected that I might be able to function with another man, one that I didn't dislike so much, but it didn't work with Ray's buddy and that confused me."

"There is no wonder why you were so interested in the trigger and why you have always been so interested in the physical side of our relationship," he told her most understandingly.

"I've been afraid you would think I was a nympho. Perhaps I am."

Mark thought back. Finally he understood the many strange things that had bugged him so much in the past. He was right, the trigger didn't fail...she simply refused to climax with her

husband as had been her habit for all the years of their marriage.

That violation of the posthypnotic caused her great problems, as he had learned. Her uncertainty regarding her ability to function had driven her to ask him to trip her trigger and the wonder of it all had prompted her to ask him to trip it a second time. The determination to learn if she could function with a man in the normal sense had given her the courage to ask him to meet her. It was indeed an unusual story, but then truth is stranger than fiction, he thought.

"Kim," Mark said thoughtfully. "I admire your faith in me and your courage in putting the facts on the table. You have lived a most miserable life and I want you to know that I will always be for you whatever you need me to be---somehow you must go the rest of the way in happiness."

"Thank you, Mark. You have already done wonderful things for me and my heart goes out to you for that, but I won't complicate your life. I'll just be around whenever you want me or feel you need a friend."

"I appreciate that, Kim. You are one more spunky lady."

Then Kim explained to him how difficult it was for her to meet him. She had to do all the house

cleaning and cooking the day before so the fact that she had been gone most of the day wouldn't be noticed.

She had to be careful to cover her time away from home in case Ray tried to reach her, with a story of shopping or other untraceable activity, which required that she buy something earlier and produce it as evidence on the day she and Mark met. She planned in advance to have a drink waiting for Ray and a partial one for herself, in case any telltale liquor taste from the day lingered on her breath.

Mark felt badly when he heard how many plans she had to make and fabricate just to spend a few hours with him. Diane paid so little attention to him, he seldom had to answer for any of his free time. She only seemed happy that he didn't want to spend it with her.

"Kim, I'm so pleased you want to be with me, but I am sorry it is so much work for you. If it becomes too difficult or Ray seems suspicious, perhaps we should limit our visits. I know we try not to meet every Wednesday, but I would spend every day of the week with you if I could manage it. Let me know if it should ever become a problem. I would hate to end our relationship by being shot by a jealous husband. I can't imagine Ray is not possessive of you. You are such a

charming lady, he may begin to think your absence is not

so innocent.

“Mark, I really try to protect our relationship. I carefully check to be sure I am not followed each time I come here. I have even made myself more available for Ray’s unwelcome sexual advances in order to allay any suspicion that I am anything but happy. He is probably having the best sex he has had in years.”

Mark chuckled, but was equally mortified that Kim was going through the motions of what had obviously been a traumatic experience, to keep the peace at home.

“Kim, I am so sorry to see you go through this. I know that must be difficult to do since I now know how you really feel about Ray. I am so grateful for our time together, if there is anything I can do to make things easier, please let me know.”

“Mark, anything I have to go through is of little consequence as long as I know I can see you. Our time together is so precious to me. It is all that keeps me going. My life would be such a mundane existence if I did not have these hours with you to help me deal with the rest of my life. You are the center of my universe and I hope you know that.”

“Kim, that is the nicest thing anyone ever said to me. You too have become the most important part of my life.” Without elaborating further, Mark took her in his arms again, appreciating even more the joy she had given him. He only hoped he was as good for her as she was for him.

## CHAPTER 10

John Ward is Mark's first patient of the day. He has a very serious problem of being unable to sleep for a long period now and then. Mark has worked with him for several months, but no session has ever shown any progress. Each session with Mark has ended the same – neither he nor John has any idea what might be going on, despite the fact that Mark had used every psychological method in the book. He was completely baffled, but was quick to identify it as something in John's subconscious that was causing the problem.

When John's wife was contacted, she was as confused as Mark and John. She did add one bit of information to the puzzle – the fact that when the sleep problem occurred, John's interest in sex disappeared completely. This led Mark to conclude that something sexual in John's past life was residing in his subconscious, unavailable to him, but causing the problem.

Mark had been seeing John for some time when he learned that the sleep problem had suddenly ceased. Why had it ceased? When John was questioned by Mark, he learned that John and his wife had been on a fishing trip to Alaska. They had lived in a remote cabin beside a lake

accessible only by an aircraft with floats. The plane flew them in, unloaded their gear, and returned in three weeks to pick them up. John explained to Mark how much they enjoyed the trip into the Alaskan wilderness – no phones, no radio, no TV, just nature's pure silence and good fishing. Only after their return did the sleep problem start again.

Mark was quick to realize that no phones, no radio, and no TV represented a massive change in John's way of life. After much discussion, Mark learned that at home John spent most of his free time watching TV. Based on this information, Mark set about trying to determine if it was some particular TV material that was causing John's sleep problem.

In the event that hypnosis might later be needed, Mark had previously checked John and had learned that he was a hypnotic sonambule. That is, he could do anything in the hypnotic book, and had shown that, as a good hypnotic subject, he could, in the trance state, distort time to the extent that he could re-watch a previously seen entire movie in only a matter of seconds. Mark could use this time distortion and have John re-see all of the movies he had seen recently, in only a few minutes. This would allow him to have John watch every recent movie he had seen, just before the



sleep problem had returned, in a really short time.

Mark put John in a trance and explained that he must re-watch each movie in time distortion and remember if any part of the movies he had recently seen was causing any discomfort. This would show if something in them was causing the problem. If this was not the answer, perhaps the TV programs were causing the problem for his patient. With the time distortion phenomena, he could also have John review the recent programs he had seen, determining what the disturbing things on TV happened to be. He realized that nothing in psychiatry would offer an easier or quicker answer.

This process revealed that the problem is from TV, but neither knows what it is. If ever there was an impasse, this appears to be one. However, the ball is in Mark's court and he must do something with it.

Mark makes a long list of words that he feels one of which might trigger a response in John. During a session, he has John read the words. When the word "rape" is reached, John goes into a state of panic. At last Mark has something to work with.

Now that Mark knows the word that causes upset, he must find a path to the answer. For this he examines the possibilities at hand and realizes that the methods used in psychiatry, would be far too slow. He would have to listen to John talk for an endless number of sessions hoping that he might accidentally say something important.

Going back to the teachings of Erickson, Mark remembered Automatic Writing. Erikson had shown that a good subject, when in a trance, could be encouraged to write automatically, without knowing they were doing it and without knowing what they had written. This seemed a possible quick path to the answer.

So Mark put John in a trance and told him that, unknown to him, his hand would begin to do automatic writing and would write the answer to his problem. He would not know what his hand was writing, and that he would not know what it was saying since it was unknown to him. His hand began writing automatically. It described how, at a very early age, he had to sit and watch as a stranger raped his mother.

Mark knew John was not aware of this material, because it was no longer in his conscious memory but was still hiding in his subconscious and causing the problem. Now that the cause of the problem is known, Mark goes to

work, using psychiatric techniques to free John of his problem.

“John, you will awaken refreshed as though you have had a long relaxing sleep. One, things are changing, two, almost wide awake, three, wide awake and alert. John, I want you to read what your hand has written.”

He watched quietly as John read. John turned to Mark, obviously upset by what he had written.

“I am shocked to know this. I don’t know why such a terrible thing was in the back of my mind all these years.”

“Sometimes our memories, especially traumatic ones, are stored in our subconscious to protect us. At the young age you witnessed this tragedy, it was so disturbing for you, your mind in essence covered up what you couldn’t handle. Now that we understand what happened, you can begin to heal and recognize the reason some events on the news and in the movies have caused you distress.”

“Thank you, Dr. Binder. I feel such a sense of relief. My dear mother must have thought I had no memory of the event, for it was never mentioned. She has been gone for several years. I’m so sorry I did not know to comfort her.”

“She probably thought you had no memory of the episode and felt it best not to bring it up. It's a sad situation for a woman to deal with, let alone know that her child was a witness. I will see you in a couple of weeks to talk further if you need to. Otherwise I believe you will find your life and sleeping will return to normal.”

“Thank you again. I will schedule with Chris on my way out.” John shook Mark's hand as he exited the office.

## CHAPTER 11

By sheer coincidence, Kim's husband Ray and Mark's wife were both to be out of town on the same weekend. As soon as this was known, Mark and Kim had decided to spend the time together at the cabin. It had been quite a hassle for Chris to get his Friday afternoon clear of appointments, but she had done so in her usual diplomatic manner and he was on his way to make the cabin ready for Kim's arrival about dark.

This weekend would be the first taste of anything resembling a normal life for them. He was elated about it all and could imagine nothing more exciting. Just to be able to cook and eat a simple meal with Kim would be a wondrous experience for Mark and was one of the things that he wanted so much to do. After unloading the supplies, he built a nice log fire and sat down to enjoy a drink while he waited for Kim.

He sat watching the flames dance among the logs. With the fading of day, they were beginning to cast shadows on the far side of the room. It was the first cold spell of the winter and he couldn't think of a more cozy time of the year to be with Kim. "I love her," he said to the flickering flames, treating their animation as a sign of intelligent life. "And, by damn, I'll tell her while she's here," he promised them. For the longest time he sat watching the fire, letting his mind

operate completely without conscious directivity. Occasionally he spoke to the flames, taking them into his confidence and telling them little secrets about his feelings for Kim, things that he had not yet told her. "I love her," he said again, as though to remove any possible doubt left by his first statement.

For the first time since they had met, Mark was finally facing the facts regarding Kim and his feelings for her. Only now was he fully realizing her importance to him and the meaning of their relationship. Of all those he knew, she was the only solid anchor in his troubled life---his only emotional refuge. Far more than a mistress, she was a highly intelligent and wonderfully warm companion who offered him understanding and made him feel important and wanted. Above all other things, she was a friend---the rarest of all creatures.

Before Kim, and without having realized it, Mark had been constantly up-tight and far too ready to do war. Despite all appearances to the contrary, he was a very lonely and unhappy person. He had everything...except what he wanted--what he needed, someone with whom he could relate. Far too often when sleep would not befriend him, Mark stared into the empty world of darkness and wondered what gods he had so offended as would have them take from him the simplest of life's pleasures, the joy of acceptance

by another person. He could think of no one who would have given a tinker's damn about him, his problems, or his needs. But Kim had changed all of that. When she came to him, she came to give all she had. And she gave freely and willingly, asking nothing in return. Wherever he was or whatever the circumstance, he was comforted by the fact that there was always Kim without variance. At last, life seemed to have some reason and some meaning, some intent. Mark had long since found the doing of war to be a distasteful thing. He owed her so very, very much.

It was such a wonderful thought to know that she would be joining him soon. It would be their first really relaxed time together, a time for learning about each other. Always before, there had been the pressure of trying to meet and still get home at a reasonable hour.

This would be different. There would be no pressure, no hurry. They could eat, sleep, talk, and live. Except for his relaxed state, the anticipation would have been completely overwhelming.

The remoteness of the cabin made it necessary for everything to be at hand. Because it was too far to run to the store in a reasonable time, he had planned carefully, making certain there was plenty of wood for the fireplace and cook stove, kerosene for the lamps and gasoline

for the lantern. He had even brought along a supply of ice to lessen the load on the old kerosene refrigerator. And there was charcoal for the outdoor grill, steaks, bacon, eggs, milk, coffee, bread--everything he could imagine them needing. Nothing must spoil their stay.

As darkness hovered nearby, Mark saw Kim's car turn into the driveway and head for the house. He went out to greet her and help with the things, but he soon learned that she traveled light, having brought along only a makeup kit and a small plastic shopping bag with a few things in it.

"Hi, Mark."

"Hello, Kim. Have any trouble?" he asked with concern.

"No problem. I've finally learned the way up here," she said proudly, remembering how totally lost she had become during her first trip—almost to the point of giving up.

"I've had this waiting for you for the last few minutes," Mark told her as he handed her a glass of Sauvignon Blanc and led her to the couch to watch the fire.

"It may make you more friendly." he teased.



"I don't need anything to make me more friendly, Mark," she replied with great seriousness.

"Nor I, Kim, It has been lovely here all afternoon, and now that you're here it's even more so. You'll love it here this time of year. It's so cozy and the fire is completely magic. I've watched it for a long time," he told her. "It's quite hypnotic. I've even found myself talking to the flames!"

"It's nice, Mark, but the nicest thing about it all is that I'm alone with you," and she squeezed his hand to make him understand the truth of the statement.

Kim told him how she had arranged to have the children visit their grandmother during her husband's hunting trip and reminded him how fortunate it was that his wife had decided to visit her sister in Georgia on the same weekend.

"I just knew that sooner or later we would be able to spend some time together like this, Mark," she said with mounting pride. Then turning to him somewhat seriously, "Honey, please tell me about your earlier life and how you became interested in psychiatry?"

"That's right, I've never told you much about myself." he said.

"Well, I'm afraid that what I can tell you won't be very exciting but it's all I have to offer. I was born and raised on a farm and did the things that life demanded.

There were the usual picnics, hayrides, and ball games, but nothing really very exciting. At 8 years of age, I remember sawing discarded telephone poles and splitting them into kindling wood to fill my goat cart—kindling for starting the fires in the pot-bellied stoves of the town's four stores. I have since chuckled about how I earned a nickel for climbing the barber's radio antenna pole.

I remember when "Slingshot Charlie" and his 22-caliber rifle expert came to town. The latter borrowed a rifle from some kid and their show started. Charlie would shoot a small round torpedo into the air with his slingshot and the fellow with the rifle would explode it. Then the fellow with the rifle would throw a torpedo into the air as high as he could and Charlie would explode it with his slingshot and a rock. No one in town had even seen such accuracy.

Of course there were expert rifle people who came to town to demonstrate the accuracy of their make of gun. They would throw nickels into the air and shoot holes in them with their 22 rifles.

I was considered a precocious youngster and on my bicycle I was always present at every

happening in the community. Each day was the start of a new world for me.

I watched brick-lined wells being dug by hand, concrete highways being poured, gravel for roads being dug from gravel pits, and hogs being killed to supply food for the coming year. In fact, it is only by luck that I am still alive today.

At hog killing time, they placed a wooden, fifty-five gallon barrel, tilted about thirty degrees against a wooden platform. Water was boiled in a black iron wash pot and poured into the barrel. The hog was then placed in the boiling water to loosen the hair so it could be easily scraped away. Being a four-year-old kid, I decided to sit on the opening of the barrel. As you can probably guess, I slipped feet first into the water. Fortunately, it was only warm, having been cooled by use on the last hog, or I would have had a third degree burn from head to toe.

Of course, being raised on the farm meant that I knew how to plow and use the other farm equipment. This served only to convince me that I would never become a farmer.

In my early teens, I read a book on hypnosis that changed the total direction of my life. It so fascinated me that I bought another book and studied it.

I soon realized that the better books on the subject were from the medical fields. This became an obsession with me and began a five-year period during which I studied every medical text on hypnosis in the English language. It is likely that I have the largest library on the subject in my state.

As I learned more about hypnosis, I began to use it to help friends. One of the more interesting of these events was when I had placed an imagined hand on a lady's arm and told her it was going to move. She almost backed her chair through the wall behind her. The problem was that she had decided the imagined hand was feeling her breasts. Of course, this was her idea and not that of the hypnotist. I had only provided the hand for her to use as she wished.

Partway into this period of his life, I met a dentist that used hypnosis in his practice. We became instant friends and shared many of our books. The dentist showed me the many uses of hypnosis in dentistry---how it could be used to stop the capillary bleeding following a tooth extraction, how it could deaden **EVERY OTHER** tooth in a person's mouth, a seemingly impossible thing, considering that the teeth are innervated in sequence from back of the mouth to the front midpoint.

Convinced of my knowledge and skills regarding the subject, my friend allowed me to do a lot of the hypnosis part of his work. This led to one of the most interesting events in my early life. One day when he was away from work due to illness, he was replaced by a new dental graduate---not too sure of himself.

The dental assistant noted that a lady patient was very nervous about her upcoming dentistry. She same came over to me and said, "Why don't you put her in a trance and calm her down?" I discovered that she was an excellent subject and worked with her prior to the procedure.

When she was seated in the dental chair, I mentioned to the young dentist that the lady would need no drugs to deaden her mouth. I would take care of that by hypnosis. Pulling a tooth without an injection did not seem logical to the dentist--hypnosis or no hypnosis.

When I saw that the patient was comfortable in the chair, I sent her home mentally to lie in her bed and rest during the dental work. Checking to see if she was comfortable, I was told, "The kids are running through the bedroom and bothering me." I quickly told her, "The bedroom doors were being locked and no kids would bother her again." She laid her head back and smiled.

The dentist pulled the tooth but broke off two roots. For a new dentist, this is crisis. He broke

out in a sweat as he used the various elevators and screws in an attempt to extract the roots. Seeing this, I told him not to be upset, that he could take as much time as required to extract the roots. I said, "Mary is perfectly at ease, aren't you, Mary?"

Mary raised her head from the headrest of the dental chair and said, "This is more rest than I have had in years." Then smiling, she laid her head back on the headrest.

Despite having removed the tooth and the two broken roots, it is not certain the dentist has ever regained his composure.

At a time during my five-year study of the subject, my dentist friend and I began attending seminars on hypnosis sponsored by various members of the medical groups.

By then, I was so well versed on the subject that I was able to grade the presentation of each member of a seminar's team. The error of presentation noted most often was the failure to ask the subject "Have you ever been hypnotized before?" If the answer was "Yes," the trance induction could have been greatly shortened. Not only did I know more than some of the instructors, it was certain that my knowledge was far superior to most of the medical attendees. I had discovered that the hypnotic phenomena could solve psychiatric problems much faster than the

normal psychiatric approaches. Despite this, and because I was not a Dr., one of the seminars refused to give me a statement showing that I had attended their seminar. This upset me greatly and I told my dentist friend that I would show them---I would become a psychiatrist.

It was during these seminars that I met Milton Erickson, the world-renowned "Mr. Hypnosis." Of course, I had read and studied all of his books. To my delight, the two of us carried on hypnosis discussions at the seminar and by mail for a number of years later. Imagine that---a teenager corresponding with the world's expert on hypnosis.

It is these remembrances of my earlier life that continued to shape my personality--reminding me that despite my education, I am just another human being---no different than my patients. It is in this manner that my patient's problems become my problems, more often than those of my counterparts. It is why I feel I have earned the respect of my patients and non-patients alike."

"What an amazing story, Mark. Now I understand more about you and the reasons for your philosophy. It makes me appreciate you even more."

## CHAPTER 12

Mark completed the description of his youthful years with a feeling that they should have been far more exciting.

“Not so,” responded Kim. “I was unable to do more than a fraction of the things you did.”

“Here Kim, let me get you another wine,”

For the first time, Kim and Mark were experiencing the wonderment of a complete weekend together. For them, it was as though the gates of heaven had just swung open. During this time they could live a normal life without the hit and run mentality of their previous meetings.

They watched the flames dance their magical lives on the logs in the fire place. Never have two people ever been more at ease---never have they felt more akin. Just the touch of Mark’s hand sent shivers over Kim. In every way they made good use of the precious time available at the cabin.

Finally, Mark fired up the grill and did a steak, a baked potato and some fried slices of breaded squash. After serving a nice helping of ice cream Mark did the dishes.

As they sat before the fire watching the flames, Kim, enjoying her womanhood aroused Mark so much they had to take to the bed for a



romp in the hay. On previous occasions, Kim seemed to feel she had to stifle her voice. Not so this time. An angel's voice came down from heaven. She and Kim sang the verses of loving sex to every tree within probably a mile---nor was there any need for triggers! Kim was experiencing the completeness a full-blooded woman can enjoy.

Back on the couch before the fire, watching the dancing flames, Mark told Kim how much she meant to him, how important a part she played in his life and that he loved her.

This completed the golden circle for Kim. Now, not only did she love someone, that someone, who had made her a woman for the first time in her life, loved her. It would have been impossible for a normal married woman to understand the thrill in Kim's life. Not only was she now for the first time in her life, at age 27 a woman, she also had someone that loved her.

It was during this weekend that Mark assured Kim that if he could find a possible way to do it,

he would divorce his present wife and marry her.

However he was quick to remind her that a lot would depend on when the children got married.

Mark and Kim made good use of their weekend together, they melded into one as near is possible for two human beings. They ate, drank, talked, had sex, learned about each other and slept in peace. In short, they each spend a delightful weekend unlike either would have ordinarily spent in their normal lives.

When time came to leave, they cleaned up the cabin, the fireplace, the grill, etc. locked the cabin door and headed for home. Arriving there in each case before the other family members had returned.

For the first time in many years, Mark felt that he had been wanted, and Kim felt the same. Far cries from what was normal for either of them.

At the end of the 4th year of their relationship, the seemingly impossible happened. Kim's husband ran off with a hunting buddy's wife, and Kim's children got married. This left Kim free for a divorce, which she got very shortly. Mark's daughter also married off and that left Mark free to divorce Diane. This he started in short order.

Despite all of their fights, at the deposition, Diane stated that she had always done what she thought Mark wanted.

Of course, she then took Mark to the cleaners money-wise---their home, a large chunk of their savings. Fortunately, with the daughter married

and out of the house, Mark got away without any monthly alimony payments. He wondered if there had ever been a happier day during their marriage.

With the money she left him, he immediately purchased a house, he and Kim moved in.

Kim tried to give him the money from the sale of her house but he refused to take it, feeling that the man should provide a home for the woman.

Soon, as Mark had promised, they were married. Instead of riding off into the sunset as expected of them, and despite their age differences, they began a wonderful married life.

Kim would no longer have to drag her drunken husband from the front steps and be a warm body with which he could masturbate. Nor would Mark ever have to survive Diane's paranoid shields with which she guarded her insecurities.

Because of Mark's income, Kim no longer had to do part time work, and could devote her time to charity work helping the poor. She spent a lot of time helping her church, etc.

Together, they began touring the world and visited many countries. Life had at last become a wonderful experience for both Kim and Mark.

## CHAPTER 13

One morning Kim suddenly awakens with abdominal discomfort, and Mark rushes her to the emergency room. She doesn't exhibit symptoms of appendicitis such as fever or nausea so the ER doctor decides that it would be wise to have a scan of her abdomen. The scan reveals a severe abdominal aneurysm, which must be taken care of surgically and quickly.

The corrective surgery for the aneurysm requires a surgical specialist. The aorta, after it bifurcates at the crotch, must be opened and the stent slipped into place in the abdominal cavity. As many as four or five are sometimes required to patch the bulging portion of the aorta. This is a surgery that is done all of the time, and very successfully, but not on a person for whom anesthesia would end her life. Because of a previous allergic reaction to anesthesia, the medical specialists will not use anesthesia on Kim for surgery.

Knowing the type of hypnotic subject Kim is, Mark offered to put her into a deep trance so he could disassociate her and she would need no anesthesia during the surgery. This fell on the ears of people ignorant of hypnosis and raised many concerns. Finally, permission was granted, since the dangers of chemo-anesthesia were very

real and Kim had complete confidence in Mark's ability to keep her pain free.

When the time came for the surgery, Mark was on hand to put Kim in a deep trance. Then to keep her from becoming confused by the operating room chatter, he had her pay no attention to anyone except him. In addition, to make it impossible for her to experience any pain, Mark made use of disassociation and had her mentally sit in a chair in the corner of the operating room and watch someone else having the surgery. This hypnotic disassociation guarantees that she will feel no pain. At last count, no one knows why. In addition, the surgery causes no neurogenic shock and no pain following surgery.

Despite things going along nicely, the operating room chatter was much to the contrary. The anesthetist could not believe his eyes. The surgeon was a bit doubtful about making incisions on Kim without anesthesia but finally settled into the task at hand. The surgical nurse was so confused she handed the doctor the wrong pair of hemostats twice. None of the surgical team could believe what they were seeing.

The surgery went well with no problems and Mark finally aroused Kim, who made a quick motion with her hand, as do all people aroused

from a deep trance, and said, "I need a drink of water!"

Every member of the surgery team joined Mark's hypnosis class.

It was in this manner that Mark saved the life of his wife, and he was very pleased that his study of hypnosis had allowed him to do so.

Not having experienced neurogenic shock, Kim recovered quickly from the surgery, and she and Mark began living the remainder of a wonderful life that had been denied them.

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Mr. Smith holds a Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering from The University of Tennessee in Knoxville. He is a Fellow in the British Horological Institute, a Silver Star Fellow in the National Association of Watch and Clockmakers, and the 2012 recipient of the Dana J. Blackwell Clock Award. In addition, he holds the following qualifications from the American Watchmaker-Clockmaker Institute (AWCI):

- Certified Master Clockmaker
- Certified Master Watchmaker
- Certified Master Electronic Watchmaker

He is also an avid radio amateur (W4PAL).

**OTHER SIGNIFICANT HONORS:** Awarded Metal Working Craftsman of the Year 2000, by the Joe Martin Foundation for Exceptional Craftsmanship. Awarded the Legion of Merit by General Douglas MacArthur for aircraft instrument work that put grounded New Guinea planes back in the air during World War II.