

# Coco Colored Boy

By

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## Chapter One

Well here I am at 17811 Hawthorne Avenue, but do I really want to go in? It's bad enough that I've been going to a physician about my problems, but seeing a psychiatrist, I don't know. I've always been able to handle my personal problems by myself. Maybe if I give myself just a little more time, I can work this thing out. Of course, it has been over two years and I seem to be getting worse instead of better. But still, I don't know, maybe I should wait a little longer and see what happens.

The doctor said this psychiatrist is the best in his field of experimental psychoanalysis. He also said he couldn't do anymore for me, that my problems aren't physical. What about the cost? My health insurance only covers eighty percent of this type of treatment. I hate to be cheap, but this new doctor could cost me my life savings, and he still might not cure me.

And what will people think if they find out I'm seeing a psychiatrist? I know what they'll think. They'll think I'm crazy, that I've gone completely mad. Besides, do I really have a problem in the first place?

Let me think about it for a minute. My family and few remaining friends can hardly stand me. I'm about to be fired at work for poor job performance. I don't enjoy doing anything anymore, including making love. I'm a physical wreck and can't sleep. And now to top it all off, I've been standing out here in front of this building for the past few minutes talking to myself. I'm acting like a blithering idiot standing out here trying to decide whether I should go in or not.

I'm not only asking myself questions, I'm answering them, and then like some moron, I'm fighting with myself over the fact if I made the right decision or not. I'd say darn right I have a problem, a real big problem. What the heck is it people say about being able to tell if you're crazy or not? Is it that you talk to yourself? No, I don't think that's it. Hell, I see lots of people walking around talking to themselves. If it is, though, does that mean talking out loud to yourself, or just inside your head? Or does it matter?

Sometimes I do talk to myself out loud like now and sometimes I don't. Anyway, that can't be the way you can tell. Like I said, I see lots of people talking to themselves and they can't all be crazy. Or can they? Yeah, how can I tell for sure if I am going nuts or not? That's the million-dollar question I keep asking myself. If only I knew the answer.

Maybe you can tell if you're crazy or not if you not only talk to yourself, but also argue. Sure, that's got to be how I can tell if I'm going crazy. But does that also mean debating with myself, instead of disagreeing? I debate issues with myself, I don't argue about them - there's a big difference.

The more I think about it, the more I think I'm fine. Hell, I'm as normal as the next guy. There's nothing wrong with thinking a problem through, right? I think it's a good idea to give myself more than one opinion before making that final decision. Anyway, who is better to ask for advice about me than me? Nobody I can think of, that's for sure.

Now that I've got that settled and I know I'm not crazy, do I still need to see this doctor anyway? If I do, will I just be wasting my time and money? There I go again, debating with myself. I don't know, maybe I should see him at least once. What can it hurt besides my pocket book and pride? Is it really that bad having to visit a shrink? Don't lots of people do it?

Anyway in today's world of medicine he'll probably just give me a pill. Modern science is great they have a cure in a bottle for everything. But just possibly this doctor won't have a miracle pill for curing my problems. What if he wants to see me over and over until he can come up with a cure?

My mind is made up for sure no more debating about it I'm definitely not going in and seeing this psychiatrist. I'm sure this is the right choice for me.

Only a blithering idiot wouldn't listen to them self, especially when I know I'm right this time. But didn't I just tell myself that I was right before when I thought I should see him?

Your absolutely right forget this whole darn thing and go home you don't need anybody's help. You'll work these problems out by yourself like you have in the past. I'm not going in and see this doctor and that's final. I feel better now that I've got this finally resolved. I don't need any professional psychiatric help. That settles the matter once and for all no more talking about it.

But, just what if I am wrong and I do need help? If I do need help this is my opportunity to get some. What the hell am I thinking? I need to face the facts I've got an enormous emotional problem. I do need professional

help I can't do it alone and I need that help today. As pop would say, "Shit or get off the pot", "Cut bait or fish", and he's right.

I've got to make up my mind and make a decision. Now that I think about it I have been giving myself the answer to my question. The answer has been starring me in the face all of the time.

It's just like Bud Abbott and Lou Costello in their old comedy routine "Who's on First?" Where Lou keeps asking Bud "Who" is the ball player on first base? And Bud keeps telling Lou the answer it is "Who". But Lou is too stupid like me to see that this is the answer to his question. He can't understand that the guy's name on first base is "Who". So, the two of them go round and round with Lou asking Bud more questions about the man's name "Who is on First?". Lou keeps asking, "Who is on First Base?" and Bud keeps telling him the answer it's a man named "Who" is playing first base.

That's my whole problem. I've been fighting with myself about something that I know the answer to already. I keep questioning myself wondering if I should get help or not. When I know the only possible answer is yes, I do need help desperately. The answer is obvious to anyone.

If I'm having this much trouble making up my mind, deciding if I have a mental problem or not then I must have one. I have to admit it and start acting like a man. I need to march my sorry butt into that office and take whatever help the doctor might offer.

I looked at my watch it's 2:18 p.m. my appointment is at 2:30. I've made my decision now I can't be late for my appointment. I know I'm doing the right thing.

I opened the outside door to the doctor's plush Chicago high-rise office. He has some fine furniture and what appear to be expensive paintings in his waiting room. Darn it I was right seeing this guy is going to cost me every cent I have.

Maybe I am making the wrong decision? Even if this doctor can help me I'll be too broke to care. Who wants to associate with a penniless bum? Nobody that's who! I still won't have any friends even if I'm cured.

Too late to back out now that the receptionist has seen me. I could just say I'm lost. No, damn it I'm going to see this guy. That's it my mind is really made up this time.

The pretty young receptionist asked, "Good afternoon may I help you sir?"

"Yes, my name is Mr. Medina and I have a 2:30 appointment with Doctor Hugenberg."

"Sir, please be seated while I let the doctor know you are here."

"Thank you."

"May I get you something to drink? Perhaps some tea or coffee, water?"

"No, thank you I'm fine."

"Alright then I'll inform the doctor."

I thought to myself why did I just say that? If I were fine would I be

here in a psychiatrist's office? I don't think so. I also wouldn't keep talking to myself like this. My goodness I hope I'm not talking out loud that receptionist will think I'm crazy. Heck that's probably what she already thinks. Who else would come to see a psychiatrist, but a crazy person?

The receptionist is very young and pretty, but I don't care. Boy, when I don't even want to look at a pretty woman I am losing it. I sure hope this doctor can help me and fast. I'm so bad off I don't think I'd chase her around even if she were naked. Well maybe if she were naked and if she didn't run too fast. But what the hell would I do if I caught her?

"Mr. Medina the doctor will see you now please follow me," said the receptionist as she entered the waiting room.

I got up and followed her down the oak paneled hallway to the doctor's office.

"Please be seated Doctor Hugenberg will be here momentarily."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

So, here I am waiting to see the eminent and very expensive German Psychiatrist Doctor Hermann Hugenberg. My physician said he specializes in emotional problems relating to the abnormal behavioral aspects of aging. Hell that's just a polite way of saying he deals with old farts like me, people who can't handle the fact that they're getting old and useless. I hope he was right when he said he thought this doctor might be able to help me.

I had only been sitting for a minute before the doctor came in and sat down behind his large highly polished maple desk. I checked my watch it is exactly 2:29 p.m. Good I can't tolerate for people to be late for an appointment.

There is never a valid excuse for being late no matter what the reason might be. Tardiness gets me very upset, mad, and irritated. I'm never late and I expect others to behave in the same manner. I think being late shows a total lack of respect for the other person who is waiting. If anything I'm early to an appointment I'm never late.

I wonder if I should mention this to the doctor. No, I don't think so if he's any good he'll figure it out for himself.

According to my wife my obsession with time is not a good trait. She says I'm obsessed and have a neurosis concerning time that makes me irrational. She says I let time dictate my life that my whole world revolves around a clock. She might be partially right. I do like to be punctual and do things at the same time every day.

Be honest with yourself who do you think you're kidding? Admit it sure she's right she usually is right. I know I'm controlled by time. Good grief I have to go to sleep at exactly the same time every night 10:12 p.m. And I get up every morning even on the weekends at 5:57 a.m. without an alarm clock. Hell I even have to take a crap everyday at the same time 7:39 a.m. if I don't then I lose the urge and can't go until the next day at the same time.

I'd better not mention any of this to the doctor though he might get the

wrong impression about me. If he asks me about any hang-ups, I'll just say I'm very punctual. I've got to stop talking to myself he's looking at me strangely. Hell I hope I haven't been talking out loud?

Well there he sits just as I imagine a German Psychiatrist to look. A large heavysset man, hell be honest he's fat. He has salt and pepper colored hair more salt than pepper and it's a bit too long for his age. I would say he looks about my age possibly a little older. He does have a well-trimmed full-face beard that makes him look just like those foreign doctors in the movies. He even has gold horned rimmed glasses sitting at the end of his nose. I don't like the way the glasses sit they make him appear to be looking down his nose at me.

All this guy needs to make his image perfect are some pictures of Sigmund Freud; and who is that other big shot psychiatrist, Heinrich Himmler, on his office walls? What am I thinking? Himmler was one of Hitler's top officers during World War II not a psychiatrist. I better not mention Hitler or World War II to him it might piss him off being from Germany like he is.

The doctor adjusted his glasses pulling them closer to his eyes and started to read some papers that are on his desk. He stopped reading looked at me and asked, "How do you do Mr. Medina? How are you today?" He has a thick German accent; what else should I have expected?

"I'm fine. Thank you."

There I go again saying I'm fine when I'm not.

"I am Doctor Hermann Hugenberg. I am a psychoanalyst specializing in emotional disorders relating to the effects of human aging. But I am sure your physician mentioned all of this to you when he recommended me."

"Yes, he did. Nice to meet you doctor."

"I am glad you were able to come in today Mr. Medina, and I am also pleased to hear that you are doing fine."

Why the heck do I keep saying that I'm fine? I'm not fine. If I were fine I wouldn't be here. Not a very smart doctor if he believes everything I say. Especially when I say I'm fine and I'm not.

He went on, "I see from the notes that your physician, Doctor Hanson, sent over that you have been seeing him for almost two years now concerning some physical and emotional abnormalities. He has come to believe that these problems are a result of you experiencing a complex and highly negative emotional crisis. Is this correct Mr. Medina?"

"If by emotional crisis doctor you mean am I suffering from a *Mid-Life Crisis* and that my life is totally screwed up then yes, he's right."

The doctor smiled politely which looked more like a smirk to me and said, "The term *Mid-Life Crisis* Mr. Medina was first coined in 1965 and can mean so many things. I try not to use the term it is confusing and contradictory."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, for example a so-called *Mid-Life Crisis* does not happen at only middle age it can occur at anytime in a person's life. When the Psychologist Carl Jung, first identified the symptoms that you are now referring to as a *Mid-Life Crisis* he was talking about the natural maturing transition and the sometimes painful, but normal, process of aging. This is a time in our lives, Mr. Medina, when some of us experience an internal struggle within ourselves.

Eventually a conflict of emotions can develop, causing some to begin questioning the very meaning and purpose of life itself."

"I didn't know that, but I've never really given it much thought."

"Yes, indeed this period is a turning point in a person's life; when they stop using the time reference of "Time since birth" to "Time left to live". For some people this is a very difficult adjustment causing them many problems in their life."

He paused and studied the report more than said, "According to these notes from your physician, Mr. Medina you are a fifty-five year old male. You have been married to the same woman for over thirty-six years. You have two grown children and two young grandchildren. You have been employed in the computer field your entire adult working career.

He further states that you usually smoke one cigar a day and occasionally have a beer or two in the evening. He also notes that you do very little exercising and that you are overweight. You suffer from a mild case of hypertension that he is treating with medication.

Your doctor goes on and states that you have experienced some pain in your joints that appear to be the start of arthritis. You complain of stomach pains and suffer from acid reflux plus irritable bowels. However, test results reveal no indication of cancer or ulcers or other physical disorders. Are these facts correct Mr. Medina?"

"Yes, I'd say that's a good thumbnail sketch of me. I've been going to that doctor for awhile he should know me by now."

"Tell me, Mr. Medina, are you taking any drugs other than the one prescribed by your doctor for your high blood pressure?"

"No, I don't take anything besides aspirin for pain."

"How about any illegal drugs or narcotics?"

"You might not believe this doctor, but I have never taken any illegal drugs. I've never even tried a marijuana cigarette."

"This is a surprise since at your age, Mr. Medina, you would have been part of the counter culture revolution of the sixties and early seventies. Those times were very permissive. The use of all types of drugs was quite common among young people."

"I know. I remember a lot of people who were into drugs during that time period. The reason I never tried any drugs not even smoking marijuana was because I believe I'd turn into a raving manic; or that drugs would turn me into a blithering idiot for the rest of my life. I've always been sure that I'd go insane if I took any kind of drugs."

The doctor had a puzzled look on his face as he said, "That is an interesting thought, but it has no scientific basis."

"I don't care. In fact, I only drink beer; I never touch the hard stuff. Hard liquor makes me go crazy and act like a wild man. I remember the last time I got drunk on whiskey I danced the "Alligator" and made a real ass of myself. Everyone kids me, telling me I must be part Indian to have booze effect me that way."

"What is the "Alligator"? I don't recall ever hearing about a dance called that."

"It's where you get down on all fours and flop around and wiggle your hips and snap at your dance partners legs, just like a gator. The dance never did catch on it was too stupid to be popular."

"Thank you for explaining the dance and your justification for not taking drugs. However you should know that there is no clinical evidence to prove your assumption about your expected reaction to hard liquor or drugs. I would also venture to say there is no evidence to indicate a Native American is more likely to be negatively impacted by alcohol than any other race."

"Well you might be right doctor, but I'm not going to take that chance. I've never taken illegal drugs before and I'm not about to start; the same goes for hard liquor."

"Your medical report shows that your doctor, among other things, has tested you for a drop in your testosterone level and a rise in your Sex Hormone Binding Globulin. This hormone is referred to as SHBG. Both tests show you at normal levels for your age. He also tested your thyroid and hypothalamus and both appear to be functioning normally producing the correct amount of hormones. I conclude he has done a thorough job in ruling out the most likely physical links to your problems."

I wonder if I should tell him that old joke about, "How do you make a hormone? You don't pay her." I don't think so; he doesn't seem like the kind of man that would appreciate a joke like that.

"Doctor Hanson in his report has included a rather extensive list of what he indicates are your emotional and non-physical complaints. You know, Mr. Medina, your doctor has referred you to me because your medical tests indicate that you are in good physical health for a man of your age. In fact he cannot find any physical reason for your present condition."

"I'm happy to hear that about my test results, but I'm not a well man. I feel miserable and I'm depressed."

"I understand; and that is why your physician thought it would be a good idea to have someone like me make an evaluation of your mental state. He feels this may shed some light on the root cause of your ailments. He has done as much as he can for you medically. It is now up to me to help you with your problem. Do you agree?"

"Yes, I realize I need some professional mental help."

"Mr. Medina now that I have read what your doctor has to say about you. Why don't you tell me exactly what it is that you feel is wrong with you?"

"Sure, but first you better get out your pad and pencil, because I have a list of problems a mile long."

Again he gave me that damned condescending look of his. I don't think I like him. I'm not sure if I even trust him to try and help me. If he gives me anymore of his attitude I'll tell him, "He can stick his attitude where the sun don't shine" and walk out of this place. I don't care how good he is supposed to be, I can always find someone else. He's not helping me out of the kindness of his heart. Hell no, I won't be treated this way; especially by some darn foreigner and at these ridiculous prices. Just who the hell does he think he is anyway?

Oh well, I'm here. I might as well give him one more chance. But I'm only going to give him one more and that's it. I told him, "I think my problems all started when I turned fifty-four; I became very irritable. I can't sleep at night and it's difficult to do even the simplest task at home or at work. I am experiencing major mood swings throughout the day. And I'm embarrassed to say I've become impotent."

"Mr. Medina, please do not be embarrassed by whatever you may say. This might sound like a cliché, but after as many years as I have been in this profession I believe I have heard it all and cannot be shocked. Please, go on."

"Alright, all of these things are making my wife's life, and my few remaining friends; not to mention my own life, a living hell. I'm extremely fatigued and I've lost my appetite. I'm always tired and I can't do my job at work anymore and they're talking about firing me. I'm at a point now where I can't even play with my grandchildren when they come over. The boys want to wrestle and I try, but I can't lift them up anymore. They want to go fishing and I have to tell them no. The boys say I'm no fun to play with and they're right. I'm no fun to be around. I've become nothing, but an old Goober."

"Pardon me, but what did you say?"

"I said old Goober; you know, an old foggy, an old fart, one of those old men you see who look like they're just waiting around to die."

"I see; please continue."

"I'm bored out of my mind with my job. Yet, I can't afford to quit or retire. I worry continuously about the future of my family and me. I'm unable to enjoy any of the things that I did before. To sum me up for you, doctor, I'm a mental and physical mess. That's why I'm here; I really need your help. I can't keep going on like this for much longer."

The doctor had a more sympathetic expression when he said, "I must say, Mr. Medina, you display all of the symptoms I am aware of for *Male Menopause* and the condition of *Identity Crisis* or *Mid-Life Crisis* as you refer to your situation. It is rare indeed that one individual, particularly a man, can experience all of these emotional and physical disorders related to aging."

"That's not what I wanted to hear. Is there any hope for me?"

“Certainly what we need to do is to determine what is causing this dramatic turmoil in your life. To identify those emotions that have become dysfunctional, and finally to stop the internal tug of war you are waging with your self-esteem. Does that answer your question?”

“Yes, but how do you plan to do that?”

“Mr. Medina, you will need to rediscover your true emotional self. This is my area of expertise. In order to help you, I need to develop a road map. This map will provide directions, so that you can stop your emotional confusion. In order to do this, we must first identify the root cause of your emotional problems.”

I just stared at him with a blank look on my face; not saying a word. I don't know what to say or if he wants me to say anything. We both sat in silence staring at each other.

As I sat there, I thought this guy hasn't impressed me at all so far. He had better come up with some good suggestions soon, or I'm walking out of here. Just then, he cleared his throat and adjusted his glasses.

He looked down at his notes for a few minutes then said, “Mr. Medina, I practice a unique form of hypnotherapy that involves *Age Regression*. This procedure allows the patient to become a *Hidden Observer* under hypnosis. The procedure allows a patient such as yourself not simply to remember, but to actually relive past experiences; episodes from their past. Have you ever heard of this type of procedure?”

“I've heard about people experiencing past events in their life. I didn't realize that they felt they were actually reliving what had happened.”

“Would you like me to explain the procedure in more detail?” he asked.

“Yes, please do.”

“If the subject, you, Mr. Medina in this case, is willing and cooperative enough; then under this special hypnotic procedure a condition known as *Neo-Dissociation* can occur. *Neo-Dissociation* is the process whereby a portion of a patient's mind watches the whole experience, while the experience is being relived by another part. It is like dividing your attention between two or more tasks.

The subject relives at a predetermined age an event, while at the same time they are a third party observer. Is that clear to you now?”

“Not at all; I'm sorry, but I just don't follow you.”

“Alright, let me try explaining it this way. Since you are familiar with computers, I will use an analogy that might help to explain the procedure. The mind is similar to a huge computer; in that the brain stores everything we have ever seen, heard, felt, and thought in our entire life. Just like a computer, it continues to store and save any input you enter. The mind stores this information and retrieves from our memories data as needed; for example, information necessary for us to walk and talk is readily accessible.

Other information that is not as important for us to remember is stored off-line, if you will. This data can be recalled when we think about our past hard enough or if an external source triggers some memory. Our mind works in this manner to keep us from experiencing a data overload of information. Can you imagine what it would be like to have everything you have ever experienced in your life constantly running through your mind?"

"No, I can't," I said.

"Well, you would not be able to function; no one could with this much information running through their mind. It would cause a person to shutdown mentally. A human cannot manage and control this tremendous amount of thought and emotion at one time."

"I know it's difficult enough for me to concentrate on more than one thing at a time."

"What my hypnotic procedure does is to provide a direct link to a past-identified memory. The process could be described as functioning much like an online Google search of the millions and millions of Web sites to find that specific piece of information that you have requested. Only instead of searching the WEB, your mind will be searching for a unique event or situation among the trillions of bits of information it has stored over your lifetime; searching for that specific memory connection. When the connection is made, everything you experienced associated with that particular event will become available. You will be able to relive exactly what happened, second by second. Not only reliving the event as a memory, but also as a *Hidden Observer*.

You will feel as if you are having the experience for the very first time. This is what makes my procedure different and unique. Can you imagine, Mr. Medina, being able to relive your past again as both the *Hidden Observer* and also to experience it for the first time as the participant or *Non-Observer*?"

"I have no idea what that must be like, but what's the benefit of being able to do this? How is this procedure going to help me?"

"You will be able to undergo all of the emotions both as they are occurring and as they are remembered. I will describe in detail the benefits of being able to do this in just a few minutes. But first, I want to make sure that how this procedure works is clear to you."

I replied, "I think I understand what you're saying. You are going to hypnotize me and send me back in time to both relive and experience for the first time some major event from my past. I will be experiencing an event at the same time that I am observing the event. I'll be somewhat like an outsider a third party to the live event. Is that it?"

"That is correct; I think you have a good basic understanding of the procedure."

"But, doctor, why couldn't I just tell you about my past? I still have a pretty good memory even if I am an old fart."

"It is not your ability to remember the past that I am concerned with. It is the fact that many of your memories and emotions from your past are repressed. These memories and emotions are diverted to our subconscious and are not easily recalled. They can also be colored or distorted by events that have occurred since in our lives."

"I didn't know that."

"Indeed if I am to assist you we need to use my unique *Hypnotherapy* process. This process is the best way for us to fully understand and gain insight into how you reacted to highly charged emotional events from your past. Mr. Medina, I want to study you before you felt you had lost control of your life and started to develop your current problems. In case you are unaware, a person's reactions to various situations and their emotions can change with age."

"I always thought a person's emotions are part of their basic personality and are pretty much set by the time they're nine or ten; and that they don't change based on your life experiences or as you age."

"Not at all our emotions, as does one's attitude and thought process, can change and usually do with age. What I have done with some of my previous patients is to have them select a special period in their life; a time when they felt most satisfied with their self and had the highest level of confidence in their ability to meet the demands of day-to-day life. This period can be anytime in your life; when you were a child, a youth, or an adult. This time period can also be associated with an event such as marriage, divorce, a death, or the birth of a child. Do you have any more questions?"

"I don't think so; at least not for now."

"Then, Mr. Medina, I want to ask you what period in your life gave you the most emotional satisfaction; a period in your life when you felt most in command of your destiny?"

I didn't have to take long to decide. I told him, "My teen years were the greatest. To be exact, the time from when I turned fifteen and a half and got my first car until I turned eighteen."

"Excellent! Your quick decision on identifying this time period assures me that these are, in your mind, your most impressive years; that period in your life when you had the highest level of confidence in your decision making ability. The first emotion I would like us to explore is that of anxiety or fear; the words are interchangeable. The reason I suggest fear is because it is a primary and universal response. Everyone at onetime or another has experienced fear caused by a life threatening situation. Your emotional responses will be identified as either normal or neurotic; depending upon if they are appropriate for the situation or not. Will this be satisfactory with you, Mr. Medina?"

"Sure, whatever you suggest; you're the doctor."

"From our brief conversation, I am sensing that you have a great many

anxieties that you are now encountering that you did not experience before. Is this correct?"

"You hit the nail right on the head."

"May I take that as a yes, Mr. Medina?"

"I'm sorry, the answer is yes."

I forgot the doctor is from Germany and probably doesn't understand some of our slang expressions. I'll need to watch what I say in the future.

I don't want to spend all my time explaining things to him. I never buy foreign cars; maybe I should have gone to an American doctor; that way he would understand what I'm saying. Well, I'll just play it by ear and see how things go.

The doctor asked, "Would you care to elaborate?"

"Sure, it seems like everything upsets me nowadays, for example darn tailgaters, or people who are late to a meeting, or if I have to wait in line. I hate to be kept waiting; it drives me up a wall. Another thing that irritates the hell out of me is when a cashier licks their fingers to count out my change to me. My god, don't those idiots realize all the germs they're handing me by licking my money?"

But, the thing that really makes me blow my top is when I use the stairs and some dummy is going the wrong way. I mean how stupid can some people be? It makes you wonder if these idiots are raised by animals. Don't they know you always stay to your right when you're using the stairs? You go up on the right side and you come down on the right side. I feel like smacking those morons upside their head when they use the wrong side; or when they use the stairs as a group with two or three across.

What the hell are they thinking? I have to go out of my way on the wrong side to get around them. I could go on and on about things people do that irritate and bug me. I wish sometimes I could just shoot and get rid of all of the stupid people in the world. I really hate ..."

"Excuse me, Mr. Medina, but exactly what does any of this have to do with new fears or anxieties?"

"Nothing, I guess I just thought this is what you wanted to hear. I thought during these kinds of sessions the patient was supposed to open up and spill their guts. You know talk about everything that's bothering them."

"No, Mr. Medina, my sessions are decidedly directed and confined to particular topics. It would be of little value to try and cover a multitude of issues at once. At this time I am interested in learning about any new fears you may have developed in the past few years. They might help us to explain some of your current emotional problems. What you have mentioned appears to be long standing complaints. These will not tell us much about your current problem."

"My mistake, Doctor."

"Then, if it is acceptable to you, we will begin the procedure concentrating on your past reactions to fear."

"Doctor, does your procedure help me to cope better with the situations and types of fools I just mentioned?"

"No. What you have described are irrational reactions to normal daily situations. Most people are able to ignore and cope with these minor irritations and annoyances. If you would like, I can recommend the name of an associate who deals in stress management. I am sure he has a program that can help you deal with these minor problems in your life."

"I don't think so; let me see what happens after your treatment. If I feel I still need more help, I'll ask you for that doctor's phone number."

"As you wish, Mr. Medina; may I also say that you appear to be more fearful of life in general than is normal for a person in your age group? Would you care to comment on this?"

"You're right; I'm getting to the point now of being afraid of my own shadow. I doubt every move I make, and worry much too much about the smallest things."

"I understand, and this is a normal reaction for your condition," said the doctor.

"Doctor, that doesn't make me feel any better."

"Mr. Medina, as I was saying about the emotion of fear; it can be normal and objective. This means it is adaptive and appropriate to the level of our dread, anxiety, or apprehension. This form of fear is good in that it motivates a person and helps them when dealing with a harmful situation. There is also neurotic anxiety that is fear generated out of proportion to the actual danger involved. I believe these are some of the emotional reactions you are now encountering."

I nodded in agreement and simply said, "Yes."

"Interestingly Sigmund Freud viewed anxiety or fear as a realistic response to external dangers; a natural defense mechanism to help man cope with the hazards of life."

"Well, as I was saying, when I turned fifteen and a half I really started to live; those years were the greatest of my life. Every time I look back at what I was like then and compare myself to who I've become, I get even more depressed. I was somebody then; not just one of the mindless herd. I was cool as they use to say. I think part of the reason was the club I was in; the Blue Mountain Boys. There were three of us in the club, with a fourth guy that was sort of an honorary member."

"That club of yours sounds interesting and could directly impact our findings. Please, tell me more," he said, as he sat prepared to jot down what I was about to say.

"The Blue Mountain Boys wasn't just a club; those two other guys were like brothers to me. There was nothing that we didn't do together. I think about those times now probably too much for my own good. But I was special then; not just another face in the crowd like I am today. I was

somebody then; all the kids wanted to hang around me. I was the center of attraction, the life of the party, the lead dog.”

“Pardon me, as you are aware, I am from Germany. English is my second language and I take great pride in my ability to understand and speak it. However, some expressions and terms, especially slang, I do not fully comprehend. They were not part of my curriculum in school; nor have I been exposed to them while I have been here in America. So, please forgive me if I occasionally interrupt and ask you to explain a particular word or phrase. I only want to ensure that I have the correct meaning of what it is you are saying.”

“Not a problem, doctor. I’ll be happy to explain whatever it is you want to know. I’ll also try to keep the slang down to a minimum.”

“Then would you please explain the meaning behind ‘lead dog’?”

“Sure, the lead dog is the one who sets the pace and decides where the rest of the pack goes. He’s the leader of the group. He’s the one who tells the followers what to do.”

“I see, Mr. Medina; then those would be the years we will want to concentrate on. I need to understand more of what you were like during that period. We must delve into your deepest thoughts, emotions, and desires.”

“That’s all well and good, doctor, but that’s nearly forty years ago; I don’t think I could honestly tell you how I thought and felt back then. All of the things that have happened to me in the years since might have distorted and clouded my memory.”

“You are absolutely right. As I previously stated, even under standard hypnosis your comments might be tainted by the way you view the world today. They may also be influenced by how you think other’s view you.

The responses we might get would be of little value in solving your problems. They would not provide much more value than the conversation we are now having.”

I asked, “If that’s the case, what do you plan to do? How do we work around this issue?”

“As I mentioned, I will use a new hypnotic technique. One that ensures your current state of mind does not infect your past thinking. We will learn what that spark of inner fortitude was that gave you strength, purpose, and direction as a youth. And most importantly for you, Mr. Medina, why you believe you have lost those qualities. I will attempt to isolate and identify what has created this void in your life; to learn what is causing your negative reactions and displaced emotions which are undermining your concept of self worth. This is necessary in order to develop a plan for your recovery.”

I was starting to like him; he had confidence in his voice. His confidence is giving me maybe not confidence, but at least some courage to move ahead. He sounds like he knows what he’s taking about. I do believe I made the right choice in seeing him.

"Mr. Medina, I will setup another appointment for you next week. At that time, I will cover the hypnotic procedure itself in detail. There is some risk involved and I want to make sure that you completely understand what it is I plan to do and that you agree to the procedure."

"If it will help cure me then I am a hundred percent behind you doctor."

"Mr. Medina, the magic cure you are expecting for your emotional ailments does not exist. A cure is possible only when you believe that you can be helped. You have already taken a positive step in that direction by seeing me.

Through the use of this new approach in psychoanalysis, I am confident that we can find the answers that may help. However the final outcome to your problems will depend entirely on you. There are no magic pills or potions that can cure you. Nevertheless I have helped others that were in similar situations as yours.

As you leave the office, please see my receptionist and she will schedule you for your next appointment. Good day Mr. Medina, it has been a pleasure meeting you."

"Thank you very much doctor."

I met with his receptionist and scheduled my next visit for the following Wednesday at 2:00 p.m. She told me it would be a long three-hour session next time. She also told me to stop drinking any fluids for at least two hours before the session. As I left his office, I was feeling a little better then when I first came in. I had some assurance now that this doctor could help me.



## Chapter Two

The following week was one of the longest of my life. Although I felt a little better mentally since I had met with the doctor, I was still hurting physically, and more importantly, I was still the same pain in the ass to everyone around me. I knew I was acting horribly; I just couldn't help myself no matter how hard I tried.

My wife tries to remain compassionate and understanding, she always has; but I could tell I was starting to grate hard on her. I don't know how much more of me she can take. She is a lovely caring person; that's why we are still married after all these years, but everyone has their limit, their breaking point, and I have driven her close to hers.

I don't know how she has been able to put up with my ridiculous habits. The woman must be a saint to stay with me. I give her all of the credit for working as hard as she has these past few years to keep our marriage going.

During the week she tried to ask me what my new doctor had to say and what he planned to do, but I wouldn't tell her anything. I didn't want to get her hopes up in case the treatment failed. Neither did I want her to worry about the procedure since the doctor said there could be complications.

Each day was like hell and dragged on so slowly. Finally, the week was over and Wednesday was here. I was at Doctor Hugenberg's office again. I looked at my watch; it was 1:46 p.m. as I walked in for my 2:00 p.m. appointment. Better early than late I always say.

This time as I entered the doctor's office, his pretty young redheaded receptionist called me by name and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Medina;

won't you please be seated. The doctor has asked that you not drink any fluids before the session; otherwise I would offer you something."

"No problem. I'm fine thank you. I'll just sit over here."

Oh boy, does she look good in that low-cut pink dress. What do you know, maybe I am starting to feel better? It's been a long time since I really looked at a woman. That Hugenberg might be a miracle worker after all.

I do remember she said something about not drinking before the session. Good thing I haven't had anything since 11:00 this morning. This is impressive; only my second visit and she remembers my name. Well, why not? At the prices he's charging I wouldn't imagine he gets too many people coming in here.

I was about to ask for a magazine to read when the receptionist told me that the doctor was ready to see me. I looked at my watch; it was exactly 1:57. I sure do like his promptness. I hate being late for anything and I hate it even more if I'm kept waiting. As I entered his office the doctor was already seated at his desk with more papers in front of him.

"Please be seated, Mr. Medina. Are you ready for a more detailed explanation of the procedure?"

"Yes I am, doctor; the thought of getting better was the only thing on my mind all week."

"Please make yourself comfortable and I will give you the details. Let me start by saying that this is a relatively new procedure. It has only been in use for the past six years. I was very privileged and fortunate to have been shown the procedure while visiting with a fellow psychiatrist in Spain four years ago.

I have used this procedure on seventeen of my patients to date with mixed results. I must emphasize to you that there is some risk involved and of course you understand I can give no guarantee as to the results."

"I understand and I don't care. At this point I'll do just about anything if there is a possibility of me being cured. I've got to find out what it will take to make me a happy and fulfilled person again. I want to be the type of person that I was and not stay the way I am today. I want people to enjoy being around me again. I realize I will never be as popular as when I was a teenager, but all I want now is for people not to cringe at the sight of me."

"In order for me to start, I must chart your emotional characteristics. To do this, I need to get your unbiased responses to various situations.

I do not want these responses filtered in anyway by your current emotional condition. They must be your honest unbiased responses. Do you have any questions at this point?"

"No questions; I think I understand what you want."

"Since I believe no other psychoanalysis method will work as well, I recommend the *Dos Personas en Uno* procedure. This is Spanish for the *Two*

*Persons in One* hypnosis method. It is the psychoanalysis method that was developed and pioneered in Spain.

This procedure is complicated and involves putting you under hypnosis twice at the same time. What makes this method superior to other more standard approaches is that you will be at the age you desire and yet also at the age you are now as the *Hidden Observer*. This way I can question you freely as we probe your past.

The *Two Persons in One* procedure allows me to clearly identify and evaluate your emotional reactions to various conditions and situations from your past. If the procedure produces the results I expect it could cut months out of your healing time," the doctor informed me.

I asked, "So, you really believe that putting me in a double trance will be better than conventional hypnosis?"

"I cannot say for certain that this procedure will make a difference in your particular case. But with you experiencing and observing at the same time what I am learning we will be able to better explain and define your current condition. We should be able to isolate that inspiration, that energizing force you are looking for, to rejuvenate yourself emotionally. Now that you understand more about the procedure I am recommending, Mr. Medina, are you still willing to try?"

I told him without hesitation, "I'm ready; let's get started."

"Excellent! Then please sign this Medical Liability Release form and we will get started."

I was surprised by his request for me to sign release forms and asked, "Why a medical release form?"

"As I explained to you earlier, this procedure is still considered somewhat experimental. There can be no guarantee that you will come out of this double hypnosis. As I said, I have used this method seventeen times. One of my patients could not be put successfully under a second trance. There was a lack of willingness on his part. Ten of my other patients achieved varying degrees of positive results.

I am confident that we gained by using this new procedure as opposed to more standard methods. On one case in particular, we made remarkable progress. The patient was able to accomplish in a single session what might have taken over six months with standard psychoanalysis.

In three other cases, the procedure in my opinion made no difference whatsoever; the procedure was successful, however the results did not meet my expectations. With another patient, I felt we achieved a low level of success producing poor results; except in that case the outcome may not have been improved by utilizing older methods. I still believe the insight that this new procedure provided was invaluable to all of my patients. The procedure furnished clarity and detailed comprehension that was used later for their benefit.

Unfortunately however, the last case I mention went badly. The patient

was under double hypnosis, yet I could not separate the two personalities. There was a tremendous internal identity struggle within that individual. Nothing beneficial came out of the session. At the end of the session I found I could not bring my patient out of his primary trance.

I eventually had to hospitalize the patient for a brief time while drugs were administered to relax his sub-conscious. Only after this, could I bring the patient completely out of his trance.

I must also inform you, Mr. Medina, there have been two documented cases of patients, not mine of course, who remain in a state of coma from this procedure. You must realize that you could remain mentally as a teenager reliving your past for the rest of your life. I will ask you once again; now that you have all of the facts. Do you still want to go ahead with this procedure?"

"Of course I do, doctor. It seems to me that this procedure is the fastest and possibly the only way I can be helped. I have to give it a try; I really have no other choice. The way I am now, I'm not only destroying my life, but I'm ruining the lives of everyone that I love. Hand me the release form; I'll sign."

"Excellent! Then we will begin immediately. I scheduled this three-hour session based on the assumption that you would agree to the procedure. Now please lie down on the couch and remove your shoes and loosen your belt. I want you to be as comfortable and relaxed as possible. Is there anything you need? Do you need to use the restroom?"

"No."

"The reason I ask is that once you are under hypnosis I do not want to stop the session for any reason. That is why I asked my receptionist not to offer you any liquids when you arrived."

"Well, now that I think about it maybe I better use your facilities, especially if I'll be under for two or three hours. I tell you, doctor, I must have the smallest bladder in the world. I have to urinate at least once every few hours. It's a royal pain in the butt to get up four or five times a night. I've been to see a urologist, but he couldn't help me. He said I have an enlarged benign prostate causing me to frequently urinate and that I had to live with it."

"That is all very interesting Mr. Medina, but please, let us get started with the procedure. I am not sure how long you will need to be under hypnosis."

"Sorry, doctor, I guess I'm just a little nervous about starting the procedure. But don't worry; I won't delay us any longer with small talk. I really do want us to get started."

I noticed the doctor was looking a little perturbed. I'd better stop this delaying any longer before he gets mad. After I returned from the restroom, I laid back down on the couch and removed my shoes. I loosened my belt and stretched out. His leather couch is soft and comfortable and the office is dark. I could almost fall asleep. I made the sign of the cross blessing myself and said a short prayer.

The doctor's voice sounded impatient when he asked, "Are you ready now, Mr. Medina?"

"Ready as I'll ever be."

"Here is how the procedure works; I put you under hypnosis first as the adult as you are today. Then while you are under hypnosis we go one level deeper to your teenage years as you requested," he instructed.

"Mr. Medina, have you ever been under hypnosis before?"

"No, this will be my first time."

"That should not be a problem; I have never had a patient I could not hypnotize. Before we begin the procedure we need to setup separate names for you and your counterpart. That way I can communicate with each of your identities independently."

"I didn't realize there would be a lot of communication between us. I always thought someone under hypnosis acted like a zombie only following instructions and answering yes or no to questions that are asked. I didn't think they had any free will of their own. I've seen people hypnotized on stage and they never carried on much of a conversation," I said.

"Mr. Medina your impression of how you will react under hypnosis is entirely false. You will be able to carry on a normal conversation with me. In fact, you will also be able to think for yourself. You will not be under some mind control that I might have over you. You will be able to reason and make judgments on your own."

"I didn't know that's how I would be reacting."

"Indeed, without separate names it would be very difficult for me to identify your individual inputs while under hypnosis. Your two different personalities would be co-mingled. Calling you by name is the only way I have of determining who I am addressing."

"That's very interesting," I answered.

"Now what names do you want me to use?"

"I guess Ted for me now as the adult and Teddy for me as the teenager. Teddy is what most of the kids called me back then."

"I am sorry, but I think the name Ted might be easily confused with Teddy. I do not want to leave an opening for any possible misunderstanding. What other name might I call you?"

"Let's use Theodore; it's my real first name and it doesn't sound at all like Teddy."

"Good suggestion; that name will be much better leaving no chance for error in identifying either of you."

"Doctor before we start, may I ask you to tell me a little about yourself? I'd like to know something about your personal and professional background."

He asked, "And your reason for knowing more about me is?"

"I think this information will make it easier for me to explain a question you might have if I know where you're coming from in your life."

"That is a valid point and makes good sense. Knowing a little about me might help you to better phrase an answer to one of my questions.

To begin I was born in 1945 soon after the end of World War II, so I am just a few years older than you. I was born in Waldorf, Germany. My father was an electrical engineer who did well in post war Germany. He worked for various firms designing manufacturing production equipment.

This was during the period when German engineering was superior throughout the world. I would say that I had a normal childhood. I have one younger brother. We get along quite well and are close.

I believe I started to consider the field of mental health as a profession when I was fifteen or sixteen. I cannot tell you exactly why I decided on this particular field as a career; except to say that the workings of the human mind have always fascinated me. To me, the mind is the most important organ of the human body and is the key to determining who and what we are. Mankind has been trying to unlock the mysteries of the human mind since the beginning of man and there is still so much for us to learn. I also felt that I could contribute more in this field than in any other area of medicine.

I graduated from Cologne University in 1970. I started my practice in the city of Mannheim. I married in 1972 and have two grown sons; unfortunately, neither of whom followed me into medicine. I moved my practice to Stuttgart in the early eighties. My wife and I lived there until moving here to America. I had always dreamed of coming to America and in 1996 an opportunity made that dream possible.

My wife and I considered many locations for our new home. We chose Chicago to live because of the culture of the city. We both enjoy the theater and I consider myself somewhat of a freshwater sailor. I have a small sailing craft that I take out on Lake Michigan whenever I can.

I also enjoy playing chess and an occasional glass of wine after dinner. I have been able to travel a great deal since coming to this country. So, I am familiar with some of your larger cities such as New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Dallas to name a few of the places I have visited.

And lastly, may I say Mr. Medina; I want you to believe me when I say that I want to help you to get better. I achieve great personal satisfaction when a patient tells me that I was able to help them to improve the quality of their life. Is that all you think you need to know about me?"

"Yes, this information should be very helpful."

"Now it is your turn. Mr. Medina, please tell me more about yourself before I place you under hypnosis. I want to learn more about those factors that have helped to influence and shape you into the man you are today. If possible, please try to concentrate on those factors from the time period you will be reliving. Also, don't forget to include any personal habits or traits that I should know about."

"Okay, I'll start by describing the Blue Mountain Boys. This was a club I helped form in my sophomore year at high school; that would have been 1963. It was a fantastic club; we even had club jackets."

"Interesting, why don't you describe the jackets to me. What a person wears can say much about them."

"Well, the jackets were really sharp looking. We used old army green fatigue jackets that we got at an Army Surplus store. I'm sure you've seen them around; they were real popular with the hippies in the late sixties. But we started wearing them in 1963, years ahead of anyone else; I guess you could call the Blue Mountain Boys trendsetters. I also believe we were among the earliest to decorate our clothes with paint. We painted our club emblem on the backs of our jackets."

"Pardon me, but didn't the Hell's Angels motor cycle gang have their club emblem; a skull with wings painted on their jackets, starting in the late 1940s?" asked the doctor.

"Now that you mention it, you're right. I guess we weren't the first. You sure know your American history."

"I minored in the subject during my pre-graduate years. Please continue," replied Hugenberg.

"Alright, we painted in big bold letters across the top of the backs of our jackets the words, 'Blue Mountain Boys', in baby blue paint. Next, we painted a view of the San Bernardino Mountains and at the base of the mountain we painted a tiny whiskey still.

Nowadays, you see all kinds of clothing with silkscreen design on it, but this was nearly forty years ago, so our jackets were really a novelty and stuck out at school. In fact we received too much attention. After wearing our jackets to school for a day we got reported by one of the teachers.

We got into trouble and had to meet with our school Vice Principal. He was a nasty, old mean man, who I'm sure hated kids. The man never smiled at anyone he always wore a frown on his face.

Vice Principal Johnson called us into his office and wanted to know what we were doing wearing our jackets at school. He said that they were obviously against school policy that forbids students from wearing club jackets.

One of the club members, Billy, surprised me by challenging him about the rule; saying that our jackets didn't contain the word club, only the words 'Blue Mountain Boys', so they weren't illegal. I'll be damned if the Vice Principal didn't look the regulation up right then and there. I was never more shocked to hear that Billy was right. Our school dress code clearly stated, 'No student shall wear a shirt or jacket stating the name of a club'. Since we didn't have the word club on our jacket we were legal.

The Vice Principal told us he still didn't like the idea of a group of boys wearing the same clothes especially outrageous jackets like ours. He said he had never seen military clothing worn to school before. He went on and said we were just looking for trouble by sticking out from the crowd. He told us that we needed to learn to conform to the ideals and standards of the majority; that our American society is not made up of individualists, but of conformists.

Just then the class bell rang. Dicky, the other Blue Mountain Boy, asked if we could leave for our next class, so that we wouldn't be tardy.

I remember Vice Principal Johnson was about to excuse us when he took a closer look at our design. He was looking at the whiskey still. He asked me what it was; thank goodness I had enough composure to say an outhouse. I knew he wouldn't go for the idea of a whiskey still.

He shook his head in dismay and dismissed us. Do you want me to stop now, doctor, so we can start?"

While I was talking, the doctor had moved a chair next to the couch and was sitting down with his pad and pencil in hand.

"No. By all means please continue. This information will assist me in understanding what is happening during that time period in your life. It also helps inform me of those factors in your life that you think are important and were an influence on you."

"Alright, but please let me know when you've heard enough. Bloom High, where I went to school, was a small rural high school in Bloom, California. That's in San Bernardino County located in the southern part of the state about a hundred miles north of the Mexican border.

In case you didn't know, San Bernardino County is the largest county in the world. Knowing that fact and two dollars will get you a beer in any bar," I told him with a grin.

"Excuse me, but if I all ready have the price of a beer, which I do not drink, why would I need to know the largest county in the world to order one?" questioned the doctor.

"It's just a joke, a gag. You're right; if you have the money, that's all you ever need," I answered.

"I see I am still learning a great many things about your American sense of humor. I consider English to be my second language, but there are subtle nuances that I am still learning. Feel free to correct me at anytime if I do not appear to understand what you are saying."

"Forgive me, doctor, it's a stupid joke that's not very funny. I'm just a little nervous I thought it might help to lighten the mood."

Boy, this guy doesn't have a sense of humor at all. He acts more like a Jap than a Kraut. Jap's never smile or laugh at jokes.

"Please continue, Mr. Medina."

"Well, Billy, Dicky, and I were all the same age, sixteen, at the time we started the club. I had known Dicky since the sixth grade and Billy since the eighth. The three of us had a lot in common coming from the same backgrounds, more or less. We were in the same social group at school; definitely not the "A" class. You know the kids that were the "In Crowd", but not nerds or hoodlums either. That's why we were trying so hard to find our niche.

We formed the club as a means for us to stick out in school; to be different in some small way. I guess our Vice Principal was right about us not wanting to be just like everyone else; we wanted to be nonconformists. We went out of our way to be recognized and noticed. We wanted to stick out from the crowd."

The doctor said, "Why don't you tell me more about the members of your club?"

"Alright, if you want some more detail about the Blue Mountain Boys, or BMBs as we were called, there was William, we called him Billy, who was average height and build, and moody. Billy liked to think of himself as the artistic type. At least that's why he was moody at times, he would tell us.

The only problem was, he didn't have any talent; he couldn't do anything artistic. He didn't paint, or sing, or play a musical instrument, nothing. When I think about him now, I would say it was just a gimmick to try and impress everyone.

If you recall, James Dean, the actor, had only died eight years before in a car crash and you had Marlon Brando who was a big movie star at the time and then of course there was Elvis they were all seen as moody artistic individuals."

"I don't remember an actor named James Dean; is it important?" asked the doctor.

"No; anyway, Billy fancied himself to be like those guys. The girls all seemed to love these moody guys so he thought it might work for him. Billy is what you would call a Heinz 57 Variety when it came to nationality. He said he was part German like you, doctor, and part Polish and a little Irish with some Swede and Dutch thrown in. His folks moved the family to California from Oklahoma in 1954, I believe. His mom and dad were your typical country folk. They were nice honest, simple people. His old man was an auto mechanic. The family was what you would consider lower middle class economically.

Billy lived in an old run down farmhouse in the middle of an orange grove in town. This worked out great for us Blue Mountain Boys, because Billy's bedroom was located way out back, away from everyone. His bedroom was really nothing more than a converted chicken coop that someone had tried to fix up as a small rental.

Since we were all alone out there we got to do just about anything we wanted without his folks or the neighbors complaining. His bedroom allowed us to come and go at all hours of the night without his folks knowing what was going on. I would tell my mom I was going to spend the night at Billy's and then I had the run of the town. Dicky, the other member of the club would do the same. The only one who couldn't use that excuse was Billy himself. I would say that Billy was my second best friend."

I thought I better check again with the doctor and make sure this stuff is what he wants to hear. Hell, for that matter I better make sure he's still awake. He could be sleeping on my dime for all I know.

I asked him, "Are you sure I'm not going into too much detail about my past friends doctor? I can't help, but notice you haven't said a word or written anything down."

"Mr. Medina, we associate with people for very specific reasons. Either we see these people as being the same as ourselves; therefore being with

them is a form of narcissism. Or we want to be with them for what they might have to offer us. Or perhaps we see qualities in them we wish we had and are trying to emulate. This background of your old friends will help me later to determine the type of person you were then and if some key elements in your makeup have changed over time."

I was still puzzled as to why he hadn't taken any notes if what I was saying was so important so I asked, "If what I am saying is important why aren't you writing anything down?"

"Don't worry Mr. Medina; I am consolidating what you are saying in my mind. Distilling all of your comments into their basic elements and forming and generating a diagram of you. It would be a waste of my time to write down everything you are saying. When I have an important issue or concern to cover with you I will make note of it and we can review it later. If there are no further questions, then please proceed."

"Alright, the other Blue Mountain Boy was Richard, Dicky; what a great guy. He was medium height, about five-eight, with a medium build. Dicky was the lady killer of our club, if there was one. Although Dicky was friendly and appeared to be outgoing he was really shy, especially around girls.

We all pictured ourselves as great lovers. We talked a good game to the other guys telling them about all of our conquests. To hear us talk you'd think every girl in town had the hots for us."

"The hots; I am not familiar with that expression. Please explain its meaning," he asked.

"The hots meant that a girl really liked you, so much that she might even make love with you."

"Sounds like normal pre-adult male boasting to me," he said.

"And you're right; that's all it was doctor, just bragging. I think another reason the three of us hung around together and were such close friends was the fact that we were all virgins. I know it's hard to believe in today's permissive sex driven society that anyone, especially a boy, could still be a virgin at sixteen.

But those were much simpler times; you weren't pushed to grow up as fast as kids are today. The three of us were completely ignorant about the facts of life. Not one of us really knew anything about sex or girls.

Girls were something we wanted, but we also feared. They were strange creatures to us boys; not acting at all the way you expected them to act. I recall being more than a little frightened and intimidated by them at that age. I just didn't understand women back then, I still don't for that matter, but I guess I'm no different than most men, right, doctor?"

I waited a minute, but he didn't respond. I guess he thought it was a rhetorical question or just wasn't worth answering. So I went on and said, "In those days you just didn't talk about things like sex with your pop, I mean your father, let alone your mother. What a guy learned, he got from the streets.

Sex was a highly taboo subject, never openly discussed. You couldn't find out anything about sex on the Internet because it didn't exist. And TV was no help, being as censored as it was. No way for a boy to find out the real facts about the birds and the bees.

It was nothing like today, with all of those sex-oriented advertisements on PCs and on TV. Like the ones for male performance enhancement products you see on television. Before I became impotent, I use to believe I was the only man left in America who could still get an erection without taking a pill based on those commercials.

I particularly dislike all of those female personal product commercials. There should be some things in life that are kept private. It's happened to me a lot when my grandsons and I are watching TV and one of those women's commercials comes on. Now mind you we are usually watching a cartoon show at the time, not some adult program. The one I really detest is about women having fewer monthly periods. You've probably seen it; it's the commercial with those twelve big red dots that represents their periods."

"I rarely watch television. I don't recall seeing that specific advertisement," he said.

"Well it has these women dancing around and popping those red dots like balloons until there are only four left. One of my grandsons is five the other one is seven and they'll ask me, what is she talking about? Why does she want fewer balloons? Can he have a red balloon like the woman on TV?

All I can tell them is; I don't know what those ladies are talking about. My grandsons must think they have the dumbest Grandpa in the world. He's older than dirt and yet he still doesn't know anything. In my opinion, public openness has swung too far in the permissive direction. It's got to swing back to maintain common decency."

"Mr. Medina, for our first session let us concentrate on your past as a teenager. In later sessions we can review what is currently upsetting you and what you dislike about today's society."

"I'm sorry, doctor; I lost my train of thought. I think I was telling you about how as a teenager I didn't know anything about sex and just got carried away. Should I continue talking about sex or move on to another subject?"

No comment from the doctor; just silence. He was just sitting there staring down at me through those glasses perched at the end of his bulbous nose. I'm beginning to think I could get just as much interaction talking to the walls. On TV, you always see the psychiatrist doing a lot of talking. Take the Bob Newhart Show, for example; when he played a psychiatrist he was constantly in conversations with his patients.

Of course, it would have been a lousy show if he never said a word like my doctor is doing. I know I'm going to get a bill for this session regardless of what happens, so I might as well continue.

I said, "In fact, now that I think about it; what I heard concerning sex