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RECOVERED AND CONTINUOUS MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD SEXUAL ABUSE: A QUANTITATIVE AND QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS

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RECOVERED AND CONTINUOUS MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD SEXUAL
ABUSE: A QUANTITATIVE AND QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS

BY

LINDA RIBBLE STOLER

A DISSERTATION SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
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IN
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ABSTRACT

This study is an in-depth examination of women who reported childhood sexual abuse (CSA). Among a non-clinical sample of 26 women, ages 22 - 65, 11 reported they had always remembered CSA (continuous memories) and 15 reported they had forgotten CSA for some period of their lives (delayed memories). Participants completed a questionnaire which included demographics, abuse history, therapy history, symptom checklists, Family Functioning Scale, Dissociative Experiences Scale, and the Adult Sexual Victimization Scale, and were then interviewed. Eighty-six percent of women with delayed, and 46% with continuous, memories reported corroboration. Only one woman reported a therapist was the first to raise the possibility of abuse. Quantitative comparisons revealed that women with delayed memories were younger at the time of their abuse and more closely related to their abusers. Family functioning and dissociative experiences were not significantly different, due to small n and high variability, but there was a trend towards more negative but ritualistic family patterns and greater dissociative tendencies among the women with delayed memories. In qualitative interviews, women with delayed memories reported that they had had more positive or ambivalent relationships with their abusers, and had, as children, disclosed their abuse less frequently than those with continuous memories; when they did disclose, they were disbelieved. While disclosures among women with continuous memories led to mixed reactions, at least one person had believed them. Recovered memories were described as generally fragmented and isolated, as physical or affective sensations, or disconnected visual flashes, qualities which did not change with therapy. Women with continuous memories described their memories as clear and visual, and were more able to give a sequential narrative of abuse incidents. All women reported some distress attributed to the sexual abuse, including suicidality, which had been more pervasive and severe for

women with delayed memories. Results expand upon previous data, and support suggestions that young children may forget trauma. Results supported Jennifer Freyd's betrayal trauma theory, which posits that children who are dependent upon their abuser-betrayer are more likely to deny the abusive part of their lives, as a strategy for emotional and physical survival.

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Few images can generate as strong an emotional response as those of sexual encounters between children and adults. Perhaps it is for this reason that after nearly three decades of empirical research, even the most basic questions surrounding child sexual abuse (CSA) are still largely unresolved and hotly debated.

In recent years, a major controversy surrounding CSA has arisen over the memories of sexually abusive experiences during childhood, referred to as the recovered memory controversy (Elliot, 1997; Enns, McNeilly, Corkery & Gilbert, 1995; Freyd, 1996; Freyd & Quina, 2000; Lindsay & Read, 1994; Loftus, 1993; Schefflin & Brown, 1996). This controversy centers on the issue of whether incidents of CSA can be forgotten, and then recalled later, sometimes many years later. The possibility of delayed memories raises a host of related questions: How credible and accurate is this recall likely to be? Do these delayed memories differ from other memories? Do delayed memories result in psychological difficulties and symptoms? Can recalling them bring relief? What are the personal and situational factors, if any, that make one more likely to forget a sexually abusive experience? Are there factors that can influence recall?

The present study is an examination of memories of childhood sexual abuse using both quantitative and qualitative data. Comparisons of both types of data are made between women who report having uninterrupted (continuous) memories of CSA and women who currently recall CSA but who report having experienced a period of time when they did not recollect being sexually abused (delayed recall). By doing so, the author hopes to gain insight into the questions raised about recovered memories (e.g. Freyd, 1996), including their plausibility as a psychological phenomenon in a nonclinical population. Although the veracity of CSA memories, particularly recovered memories, is at the core of the public controversy, it is beyond

the scope of this investigation. Participants were, however, asked to report any corroboration they obtained for their CSA memories and levels of corroboration found are compared for the two groups.

Prior to the women's movement of the 1970's, it was commonly thought by those in the mental health field that CSA was rare, and in most cases, relatively harmless (Herman, 1981). Although the initial feminist focus was on the effects of rape, it rapidly became clear that the effects of childhood sexual abuse were also widespread and devastating, as survivors of CSA turned to rape crisis centers for help (Herman, 1992). Clinicians began to report on adult clients with CSA histories with increasing frequency. As a result, there has been a great deal of research in this area over the past three decades (Enns et al., 1995).

Due to a multitude of methodological problems, the prevalence of childhood sexual abuse is still unknown (Freyd, 1996). Although prevalence estimates vary widely, depending on the definition of CSA used, sample characteristics and the way in which CSA is assessed, the preponderance of available evidence is that it is not a rare occurrence in the United States (Vogeltanz, Wilsnack, Harris, Wilsnack, Wonderlich, & Kristjanson, 1999; Wyatt, Loeb, Solis, & Carmona, 1999). In Diana Russell's still widely cited survey of 930 randomly selected California women, 38% percent reported at least one incident of extrafamilial or incestuous abuse by age 18, 28% by age 14 (Russell, 1984, p. 183). Gorey and Leslie's (1997) integrative review of twenty-five non-clinical, North American samples estimated the prevalence of CSA to be 22.3% among women and 8.5% among men. A national survey of 1,099 women, adjusted for common methodological problems, yielded a prevalence estimate of 17.4% to 24.0% for women (Vogeltanz, Wilsnack, Harris, Wilsnack, Wonderlich, & Kristjanson, 1999). Pope and Hudson (1995) note that even using conservative estimates of 10% of women and 5% of men would mean that fourteen million adults in

the United States have experienced child sexual abuse. Moreover, there are many indicators that CSA is greatly underreported (Briere, 1992; Wyatt et al., 1999). Although there are no precise CSA prevalence figures currently available, it is apparent that large numbers of people in the United States experience sexual abuse during childhood.

Although some still argue that CSA is not harmful (e.g., Rind, Tromovitch, & Bauserman, 1998), there is a plethora of anecdotal, clinical and empirical evidence that indicates otherwise (Briere, 1992; Briggs & Joyce, 1997; Flemming, Mullen, Sibthorpe, & Bammer, 1999; Friedrich, 1998; Golding, 1994; Glod, 1993; Herman, 1992; Rimza, Berg, & Locke, 1988; van der Kolk, McFarlane, & Weisaeth, 1996; Walker, Katon, Hansom, Harrop-Griffiths, Holm, Jones, Hickok, & Jemelka, 1992; Wyatt, Guthrie, & Notgrass, 1992; Rowan & Foy, 1993). There is a wide range of problems associated with CSA and many are often long lasting. They include physiological disorders (e.g., irritable bowel syndrome, chronic headaches and impaired immune function), cognitive distortions, depression and suicidality, affect regulation difficulties, identity disturbances, dissociation, self esteem deficits, disturbed relatedness and substance abuse, and sexual re-victimization vulnerability. The preponderance of the evidence indicates that there are both tremendous personal and social costs linked to the sexual abuse of children (McFarlane & van der Kolk, 1996).

The Recovered Memory Debate

The research spawned by revelations of the women's movement and the consequent clinical need to help survivors of sexual abuse changed the face of sexual abuse for most mental health professionals, and resulted in increased public awareness and concern (Enns et al., 1995; Herman, 1981; Herman, 1992; Russell, 1984). More than thirty years later, however, many basic questions concerning CSA have yet to be

resolved. In recent years, the major focus of debate related to CSA has been on recollections of child sexual abuse that resurface later in life. Controversy and doubt surrounding CSA memories has been raised in the courtroom, research, the media and even politics (Freyd & Quina, 2000). Even the terms for such memories have been disputed: they have been referred to “recovered,” “repressed,” “delayed,” “exhumed,” “retrieved,” “false,” “suppressed,” or “pseudo” memories (Freyd, 1996, pp. 14-17). Some authors see this debate as a continuation of a pattern of “chronic controversy” concerning this violence against women and children (Freyd, 1996; Herman, 1992), while others see it as part of a “backlash” against the feminist movement (Enns et al., 1995). Regardless of the broader interpretation, because most of our data on CSA are retrospective by methodological necessity, issues raised by this debate are central to the understanding of child sexual abuse.

Is there evidence that people who have been sexually abused as children can forget and then later recall the abuse? Is amnesia with delayed recall for traumatic events a rare phenomenon, occurring in only a few exceptional individuals? What are recovered memories like? Are there factors that increase the likelihood of forgetting and recalling abuse? How can these “lost and found” memories be explained? These questions are essential to the recovered memory controversy. The following sections will review the literature relevant to understanding what is currently known about the answers.

Evidence for the Existence of Delayed Recall

There is a long history—well over one hundred years—of clinical reports of spontaneous recall of childhood sexual abuse and other traumatic experiences (Briere, 1992; Herman, 1992; Terr, 1994; van der Kolk, 1996; van der Kolk & van der Hart, 1989). In addition, there is a large body of evidence, across a range of traumatic experiences, accumulated in recent years.

Briere and Conte (1993) found that 59.3% of a sample of 450 adult clinical subjects reported some period of their lives when they were amnesic for their sexual abuse experience. In a sample of 105 women being treated for substance abuse, 54% disclosed a history of CSA, with 19% reporting a period of time when they had forgotten the abuse (Loftus, Polonsky, & Fullilove, 1994). Feldman-Summers and Pope (1994) surveyed a national sample of psychologists. Among the respondents, 23.9% reported childhood abuse, with 40% of those participants describing a period of forgetting all or some of the abuse. Using a stratified random sample of the general population (N=505), Elliott and Briere (1995) found that of the participants who reported a history of sexual abuse, 42% described some experience of delayed recall.

All of the above studies were retrospective and dependent on the accuracy of participant self-reports. Linda Meyer Williams' (1994; 1995) research provided a different type of evidence supporting the idea that people experience amnesia and delayed recall for childhood sexual abuse. Using records from a city hospital emergency room, Williams (1994; 1995) identified 129 women who seventeen years earlier, while under the age of thirteen, had been treated for sexual abuse. Of these approximately 38% were amnesic for the documented abuse. Sixteen percent of the women who recalled the documented abuse reported that there was a time when they had not remembered it.

Schefflin and Brown (1996) reviewed the (then) twenty-five existing studies on amnesia for CSA. They assert:

Most scientific studies can be criticized for methodological weaknesses, but such design limitations should not obscure the fact that the data reported across every one of the 25 studies demonstrate that either partial or full abuse-specific amnesia...is a robust finding. Partial or full amnesia was found across studies regardless of whether the sample was clinical,

nonclinical, random or non-random, or whether the study was retrospective or prospective. Every known study has found amnesia for childhood sexual abuse in at least a portion of the sampled individuals (p.182).

Although the controversy has been centered on memories of childhood sexual abuse, there is evidence that other childhood abuses may be forgotten as well. In a study of 429 nonclinical participants, Melchert and Parker (1997) found that similar proportions of those reporting histories of sexual (19.8%), emotional (11.5%), and physical (14.9%) abuse reported periods of time when they did not remember abuse. There was a great deal of variance in the reported quality of childhood memory that was unrelated to a history of abuse. Moreover, Melchert and Parker's (1997) results indicate that it may be normative to recover previously forgotten childhood events, unrelated to abuse history. Diana Elliot (1997) randomly sampled 505 individuals from across the United States. Of these, 72% reported having experienced some form of trauma. Thirty-two percent of those with trauma histories indicated that they had experienced delayed recall of the event. Delayed recall was most common in those who had witnessed the murder or suicide of a family member, been sexually abused or experienced combat.

Reliability of Recovered Memories

In a study of 53 women who were participating in short-term group psychotherapy for incest survivors, Herman and Schatzow (1987) found that 64% did not have full recall of the sexual abuse and that 28% reported severe memory deficits both for the abuse and childhood in general. Seventy-four percent were able to obtain confirmation of their recovered memories from another source. The perpetrator himself, other family members and diaries provided 40% of the participants with corroboration. An additional 34% received validation from a sibling or other person

who had been abused by the same perpetrator, and nine percent reported statements from other family members indicating strong likelihood that they had been abused but did not confirm it with questioning. Feldman-Summers and Pope (1994) found that nearly half of the psychologists they surveyed who reported forgetting abuse also reported obtaining corroboration of the abuse.

As part of Williams' (1995) prospective study of CSA survivors, accounts of women who reported continuous memory for abuse and accounts of women who reported periods of amnesia for abuse followed by recovery of recollection were compared to original hospital reports of abuse incidents from 17 years prior. Women who had recovered memories and those who had always remembered had the same number of discrepancies from original reports. In a study of 17 therapy clients who recovered abuse memories during therapy and participated in a search for evidence which confirmed or refuted these memories, Dalenberg (1996) found that 74.6% of continuous and 74.7% of recovered memories were judged to be corroborated by primary evidence (e.g., perpetrator confession, written record, witness accounts).

In a review of 77 clinical evaluations of adult outpatients reporting childhood trauma, Herman and Harvey (1997) found that patients with delayed recall did not differ significantly from those with continuous recall in the proportions reporting corroboration of their memories from other sources. Schefflin and Brown (1996) note, in their review of the literature associated with recovered memories of CSA, that all studies that had thus far addressed the accuracy of such recollections showed recovered memories to be no less or no more accurate than continuous memories for abuse.

Factors Associated with Delayed Recall of Abuse

In Briere and Conte's (1993) clinical sample of 450 adults, delayed recall of abuse was predicted by histories of violent or extended abuse and earlier age at time of

abuse, while such psychological variables as extreme guilt or shame and enjoyment of the abuse were not associated with delayed recall. No demographic differences were found, in a stratified random sample of the general population, between those reporting delayed and continuous memory for childhood abuse, although use of threats at the time of abuse was associated with delayed recall (Elliott & Briere, 1995). Feldman-Summers and Pope (1994) found that forgetting abuse was not related to gender or age but was related to the severity of abuse. Loftus, Polonsky, and Fullilove (1994) found that level of violence and whether or not abuse was incestuous were both associated with forgetting abuse. Williams (1995) reported that women who experienced delayed recall of sexual abuse were younger at the time of abuse and had received less support from their mothers than those who had continuous recall of sexual abuse. In a random sample of adults, Elliott (1997) found that demographic variables were not associated with memory status but that severity of trauma was.

Many authors have implicated high levels of individual suggestibility as a possible factor in the recovery of memories of CSA (Brown, 1995; Lindsay & Read, 1994; Loftus, 1993). However, Leavitt (1997) compared the levels of suggestibility in 44 psychiatric patients who reported recovering memories of sexual abuse to those of 31 psychiatric patients who denied CSA history and found that recovered memory patients were less suggestible than the comparison group. Patients reporting recovered memories yielded to suggested prompts an average of 6.7 times per case, compared to an average of 10.7 for those without abuse memories.

In recent years, many researchers (Loftus 1993; Lindsay & Read, 1994; Roediger & McDermott, 1995) have expressed a great deal of concern that certain psychotherapeutic practices, self-help books; and sexual abuse survivor groups may induce memories of childhood sexual abuse in people who have not, in actuality, been sexually abused. Thus, the apparent recovery of memories experienced by some

people may actually represent the creation of false memories. An examination of some of the research that supports these concerns is presented below.

Loftus argues that although there is little evidence that supports the idea that memories can be repressed and later accurately recovered there is much that supports the idea that human memory is malleable and highly vulnerable to suggestion (Ceci & Loftus, 1995; Loftus, 1978; Loftus, 1993; Loftus & Ketcham, 1994; Loftus, Milo, & Paddock, 1995). Loftus (1997) claims to have demonstrated that it is possible to implant inaccurate memories for childhood events. In this work, subjects were told that an older, trusted relative had provided reports about their childhood, some of which were true and one which was created, of having been lost in a shopping mall at age five. Seven of the 24 subjects remembered, partially or fully, having being lost in a mall; only 68% of the true events were recalled. Although this work has been widely publicized as evidence supporting therapists' ability to implant false memories in their clients, it has been criticized due to the small sample size, the confounds possible due to the use of such a commonplace event, and its lack of ecological validity. Another study by Pezdek (in Pope & Brown, 1996, p.45) may provide information as to the type of memories that are implantable. In this study, family members suggested one of two different false events to subjects: an event that occurs frequently, such as being lost in a shopping mall; and a "low frequency" event, such as receiving a rectal enema. Fifteen percent of subjects claimed to recall the fictitious account of being lost; however, none were convinced of the enema scenario.

Lindsay and Read (1994) noted that people sometimes mistake memories of imagined events for memories of actual events, a type of memory error referred to as "reality monitoring confusions." They cite the findings of Johnson that mentally rehearsing imagined events make memories of those events similar to memories of

non-rehearsed actual events and that it is generally easier to confuse memories of imagined and actual events from childhood than from adulthood.

In a study by Read (Lindsay & Read, 1994), subjects heard a list of related words read aloud, and then attempted to recall the words from a longer list of words containing the original set plus other related words. For each word, subjects rated their confidence that that word had been on the list, and indicated whether or not they recalled having heard the word spoken. Across different encoding instructions, as many as 80% recalled having heard a word that was not on the list but which was closely associated in meaning to the list words. Additionally, it is interesting to note that subject's confidence ratings and reports of perceptual details did not differ between the illusory and real memories and also that the illusory memories occurred most often when subjects were instructed to think about the meanings of the words while listening to the list.

Roediger and McDermott (1995) conducted two comparable experiments. Their results were similar to Read's, however, they obtained a 44-55 percent rate of illusory memories. Gleaves and Freyd (in Freyd & Quina, 2000, p.113) critiqued Roediger and McDermott's claim of evidence of false memories as an over-generalization from a standard laboratory word recall task, noting that "recalling" closely associated words is quite dissimilar from falsely recalling being sexually abused.

Many researchers and clinicians believe that research involving normal memory processes, such as that discussed above, cannot be generalized to traumatic memories. As noted previously, there is a long history of clinical case studies and a growing body of physiological evidence that supports this position.

Theoretical Explanations of Delayed Memory

How or why would a person forget such a highly meaningful, personal trauma as being sexually abused as a child? Most explanations for traumatic amnesia are based on the notion that survivors must find some coping strategy which enables her or him to deal with a frightening, overwhelming and inescapable experience. The most common explanatory mechanisms associated with forgetting childhood sexual abuse are repression and dissociation. The concept of repression was popularized by Sigmund Freud, and has been called “the foundation on which psychoanalysis rests” (Loftus, 1993). According to Freud, repression is a defense mechanism of the ego which forces disturbing material into the unconscious id, where it is relatively inaccessible to conscious awareness. A.A. Brill (1938), editor of The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud, explains repression as follows: (Note: Brill’s words, rather than Freud’s, were chosen in order to avoid offering a definition which would, for many people, require further definitions.)

The patient could not give vent to the affect because the situation in question made this impossible, so that the idea was intentionally *repressed* [sic] from consciousness and excluded from associative elaboration. As a result of this repression, the sum of energy which could not be discharged took a wrong path...and thus produced the symptom...The cure or discharge was effected...[when the] patient was led back to the repressed episodes and allowed to give free vent in speech and action to the feelings which were originally kept out of consciousness. (p. 8-9)

Freud saw repression as a sort of motivated forgetting that resulted from internal conflict.

Dissociation, rather than repression, was emphasized by Pierre Janet, a contemporary of Freud's. Janet believed that when an event was too terrifying, bizarre or overwhelming the experience was "compartmentalized" and split from consciousness rather than integrated into a unitary whole, remaining disconnected from the person's awareness and thus preventing the person from being able to speak of it (Enns et al., 1995; van der Kolk & Fisler, 1995). In a reappraisal of Janet's work, van der Kolk and van der Hart (1989) offer this description of dissociation from Janet's Nevroses et Idees Fixes, published in 1898:

...the person is unable to make the recital which we call narrative memory, and yet he remains confronted by the difficult situation. This results in a 'phobia of memory' that prevents the integration of traumatic events and splits off the traumatic memories from ordinary consciousness. The memory traces of the trauma linger as subconscious fixed ideas that cannot be 'liquidated' as long as they have not been transformed into a personal narrative and instead continue to intrude as terrifying perceptions, obsessional preoccupations and somatic experiences, such as anxiety reactions. (p. 1533)

Janet viewed repression as one type of dissociation, while Freud thought of repression as a separate process and viewed dissociation as a trivial concept.

More than a hundred years later, disagreements about whether the explanatory mechanism of psychogenic amnesia is repression or dissociation still persist (Enns et al., 1995; Herman, 1992). While some authors appear to use the terms interchangeably, amnesia for CSA is most typically conceptualized in recent literature as dissociation. Some authors have argued that dissociation is a more accurate term when referring to memory loss associated with child sexual abuse because the amnesia is induced by an external trauma, and not by an internal conflict as Freud suggested;

moreover, the concept of dissociation allows for a continuum of coping processes (Briere, 1992). Other authors argue that dissociation more accurately describes the extensive alterations of consciousness that can result from prolonged CSA, and maintain that repression is a more common experience while dissociation emerges only when the more usual defenses such as repression are insufficient (Enns et al., 1995).

Currently, dissociation appears to be the concept that best describes the available empirical data and clinically observed symptomatology concerning amnesia for childhood sexual abuse (Schefflin & Brown, 1995). The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, fourth edition (DSM-IV) (American Psychiatric Association, 1994) uses the descriptive term dissociation rather than the more theory-laden term “repression.”

The essential feature of Dissociative Disorders is a disruption of the usually integrated functions of consciousness, memory, identity or perception of the environment...The essential feature of Dissociative Amnesia is an inability to recall important personal information, usually of a traumatic or stressful nature, that is too extensive to be explained by normal forgetfulness (Criterion A). This disorder involves a reversible memory impairment in which memories of personal experience cannot be retrieved in verbal form (or, if temporarily retrieved cannot be wholly retained in consciousness) (pp. 477-478).

The concept of dissociation rests on the notion that traumatic experience can disrupt normal memory functions, but is there evidence that memories of trauma are really different than any other memories? A review of the literature concerning traumatic memory is presented below.

Much has been written concerning the unique characteristics of memories of traumatic events (Briere, 1992; Brown, 1995; Elliott, 1997; Freyd, 1996; Herman, 1992; Terr, 1994; van der Kolk, McFarlane & Weisaeth, 1996). Van der Kolk and Fisler (1995) note that “trauma can lead to extremes of retention and forgetting: terrifying experiences may be remembered with extreme vividness or totally resist integration. In many instances, traumatized individuals report a combination of both” (p.508). Because traumatic memories are usually fragmented and primarily affective and sensory, they are not experienced or expressed in narrative form; as a result, it is difficult to construct a coherent narrative of traumatic events. Initially, such memories present in the confusing form of dissociated visual, olfactory, affective, auditory and kinesthetic experiences (van der Kolk & Fisler, 1995).

There is some physiological evidence that supports the claim that traumatic memories may be different from normal memories, and indeed, physiology may explain their singular qualities. Van der Kolk and van der Hart (1991) explain that stress-induced increases of norepinephrine create many of the symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), including memory disturbances and intrusive recollections. Pitman (1989) also notes that several hormones that have been termed “stress-responsive neuromodulators” work to enhance memory consolidation until they reach a certain level at which point they begin to interfere with memory consolidation.

Recently, clinical observations of the nonverbal quality of traumatic memory were supported by neuroimaging studies of patients with PTSD: during the provocation of traumatic memories there was a decrease in activity in Broca's area (the part of the brain most centrally involved in transforming subjective experience into speech); while simultaneously, activity in areas of the right hemisphere thought to

process intense emotions and visual images showed a marked increase in activation (van der Kolk, et al., 1996, p. 287).

In an extensive review of what is known about the effects of stress on memory, Bremner, Krystal, Southwick, and Charney (1995) noted that neuromodulators released during stress act on the brain regions connected to memory and modulate memory function, potentially causing changes in memory formation and retrieval in survivors of childhood sexual abuse. They concluded that “based on what is known about the effects of stress on brain systems involved in memory, mechanisms other than ‘normal forgetting’ are probably involved in the inability to remember events of childhood abuse (p. 45).”

Cognitive psychologist Jennifer Freyd (1996) combines current data and understanding of cognitive architecture, memory processes, evolutionary pressures and human developmental needs, to form an explanation of amnesia for abusive childhood experiences, which she has called betrayal trauma theory. According to betrayal trauma theory:

The degree to which a trauma involves a sense of having been fundamentally cheated or betrayed by another person may significantly influence the individual’s cognitive encoding of the experience of trauma, the degree to which the event is easily accessible to awareness, and the psychological as well as behavioral responses. (Freyd, 1994, p.308)

Other explanations for repression or dissociation rely on the notion that these mechanisms are employed to reduce psychic pain, while betrayal trauma theory emphasizes the “social utility and cognitive feasibility” of forgetting pain. While it is beyond the scope of this paper to recount the details and complexities of this theory, the basic logic of betrayal trauma theory is as follows: There is evidence that people

have a highly developed “cheater or betrayal detector” that is closely connected to affective responses. This is adaptive for survival, presumably, because when someone is betrayed or cheated, the consequent negative affective arousal will result in an avoidance of interaction with the person who has betrayed or cheated them. Mechanisms that block awareness of such painful experiences, on the other hand, would not normally promote survival. However, if the behavioral consequences of awareness were maladaptive—that is, survival requires or is promoted by continued interactions with the betrayer — mechanisms which block awareness would then be adaptive, increasing the likelihood of survival. Because attachment to their caretakers is essential for the survival of human young, a child who is abused by a caretaker faces just this situation. It is more adaptive for the child to block awareness of abuse and maintain a secure attachment. Thus, according to betrayal trauma theory, it is the avoidance of behavior that would threaten attachment, and not reduction of pain, that underlies amnesia for CSA.

Hypotheses

In the present study, data were collected from women who had reported child sexual abuse. They were divided into two groups based on self-reports: one group reported that their memories of CSA were continuous from childhood, and one group reported having a period of time during which they had not remembered the abuse (delayed memories). Participants completed a survey which assessed characteristics of abuse, family of origin functioning, psychological and physical symptoms, dissociative experiences and adult sexual victimization. In addition, interviews were conducted during which participants elaborated on survey responses, recounted abuse and memory recovery experiences, described the qualities of their memories and the impact that being abuse has had on them. It was hypothesized that:

1. A quantitative assessment of dimensions of abuse history such as age at time abuse began, relationship to abuser, and severity of abuse will reveal group differences, with the delayed memory group reporting younger age when the abuse began, closer relationship to the abuse, and greater severity of the abusive acts.
2. Both quantitative and qualitative differences will be found in family functioning and in experiences of disclosing abuse and denials of others, with women in the delayed group reporting lower levels of family communication, less frequent disclosure and more experience of denial of abuse than those in the continuous group.
3. There will be differences between the two groups' dissociative experiences, with the recovered memory group reporting higher levels of dissociation than the group that has always remembered CSA.
4. Experiences described during interviews will reveal differences between the groups in qualitative experiences of: relationship to abuser, childhood disclosure of abuse, effects of abuse and psychotherapy.
5. Abuse memories of the two groups will differ in nature and clarity, with those who have continuously remembered abuse reporting clearer, more explicit memories than the delayed memory group.

Method

Participants

Adult participants with histories of childhood sexual abuse were recruited by flyer and brief personal presentations through the following: The University of Rhode Island's Providence Campus; Survivor Connections, an advocacy group for victims of sexual abuse and public bulletin boards in the Providence area. In addition, several participants were recruited by other participants. A total of 26 were interviewed: 11 described themselves as having always remembered being sexually abused and 15 described themselves as having forgotten and then recovered abuse memories. All of the participants were women; only one man responded by telephone but did not complete a survey or interview. Two women also made phone inquiries but did not complete surveys or interview. Ages ranged from 22 to 65 years. The average age was 41.1 years. Twenty-four of the women identified themselves as Caucasian, one as Hispanic and one as African-American.

Quantitative Questionnaire

1. Demographic and abuse history questionnaire: Presented in Appendix A, this questionnaire was developed for the present study and covers background information concerning abuse history, such as age at time of abuse, severity and characteristics of abuse, feelings of dependency and trust for abuser and psychotherapy history. Abuse severity was assessed using duration and frequency of abuse and an abuse characteristic checklist. Research has shown that sexual abuse involving one or more of the characteristics on this list is associated with greater trauma (Briere, 1992a). Many of the background questionnaire items were explored in greater depth during interviews.

In addition a medical and psychological problems checklist was presented. A review of the literature generated this list of medical and psychological problems often

associated with a history of childhood sexual abuse (Briere, 1992a; Domino & Haber, 1992; Glod, 1993; Golding, 1994; Rimsza, Berg, & Locke, 1988; Toomey, Hernandez, Gittelma, & Hulka, 1993; Walker, Katon, Hansom, Harrop-Griffiths, Holm, Jones, Hickok, & Jemelka, 1992). Added to this list were symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder as they are detailed in DSM-IV (American Psychiatric Association, 1994). Participants were asked to identify symptoms they had experienced (see Appendix A).

2. Family Functioning Scale (FFS) (family of origin version): Developed by Tavitian, Lubiner, Green, Grebstein and Velicer (1987), this is a 40-item instrument designed to measure general dimensions of family functioning (see Appendix B). It was devised using a sequential method of scale development which started with 210 items generated from theory, research and interviews with experts. After a pilot study with experts, studies on two large samples and factor analysis the FFS was reduced to its current 40-item, five subscale form. The five subscales are: positive family affect, family communication, family conflicts, family worries and family rituals/supports. The FFS has fair internal consistency, with alphas ranging from .90 to .74 on subscales. It has shown good concurrent validity and successfully discriminated between two clinical groups and a normal group (Fischer & Chorcoran, 1994).

3. Dissociative Experiences Scale (DES): The DES is a 28 item self-report questionnaire designed to measure dissociation in clinical and normal populations and permit quantification of reported dissociative experiences (Bernstein & Putnam, 1986). The DES score test-retest reliability coefficient is .84. The scale has shown good construct and criterion validity and has been shown to differentiate between participants with and without dissociative disorders (including those such as Post Traumatic Stress Disorder in which dissociation is a symptom). Norton, Ross, and Novotny (1990) found evidence that the DES measures a phenomenon related to, but

distinct from, other measures of psychopathology, and that dissociative experiences can be described on a continuum. The DES is presented in Appendix C .

4. Adult Sexual Victimization Experience: The Sexual Victimization Scale, made up of twelve highly consistent items ($\alpha = .91$), was developed by Koss and Oros (1982) to examine the extent to which a woman has been sexually coerced in adult relationships. Harlow, Quina, Morokoff, Rose, and Grimley (1999) factor analyzed this scale and obtained two subscales for Sexual Coercion and Sexual Assault. See Appendix D to review this scale.

Qualitative Interview

A series of questions was developed to address themes in the recovered memory literature: relationship to abuser, age at time of abuse, childhood disclosure of abuse, description of memories and therapy experience. The questions were intended as a guide for the interviewer. Some of the questions from quantitative measures were explored in greater depth, as well (see Appendix E).

Procedure

Flyers for recruiting participants were distributed at the various locations named above and included a private toll free phone number which could be called to request information about participating. Potential participants were instructed to leave a message containing name, phone number and good times to call. In order to assure confidentiality, no one but the investigator had the access code to these messages. The investigator had telephone conversations prior to meeting with each participant. During these initial contacts, participants were encouraged to ask questions and express concerns they had about participating. They were also asked whether they had always remembered the sexual abuse or whether there had been a period of time when they did not recall sexual abuse.

Due to the sensitive nature of the topic the investigator, who had several years of clinical experience, carefully explained the informed consent and consent to audiotape forms and addressed questions and/or concerns at the time of the interview. Participants were reminded throughout that they could withdraw at any time. Participants completed a questionnaire containing background and other quantitative self-report measures. When the questionnaire was completed, participants were interviewed with a series of questions as a moderately structured guide. The interviews were tape recorded and later transcribed. After completion of the interview, participants were encouraged to discuss any reactions, concerns or questions that had been raised as a result of participating in the study and to continue this processing for as long as they felt appropriate. The investigator took care to see that any participant who had become upset during the interview was composed and feeling better before leaving. At the close of each discussion, the investigator offered referrals to appropriate organizations and therapists to participants. Interview varied in length, lasting from one to three hours.

Results

A total of 26 women were surveyed and interviewed: 15 in the delayed memory group and 11 in the continuous memory group. Participants were “self-assigned” to groups, usually explaining the choice to the investigator with statements such as, “Oh, I always knew about it” or “I still know where I was when I first remembered.” At times during the analysis, it was helpful to “cross-check” between quantitative and qualitative data, to help increase accuracy. Qualitative data were reviewed for evidence of corroboration among the 15 delayed memory participants; specific corroborations were found for 13 (86%), including family members also abused by the perpetrator or a witnesses.

Quantitative Data Analyses

T-tests were performed to compare women in the two groups, continuous and delayed memories, on the quantitative measures, although they must be recognized as exploratory due to the small n and the potential for Type I error. The dependent measures were: current age, age at time of abuse, who abused, severity of abuse, confidence, sub-scales of the FFS, the DES, and coercion and assault (from adult sexual victimization scale). “Who abused” was a variable created to indicate the closeness of the abuser to the subject, ranging from 1 = no relationship to 5 = two or more immediate family members. The variable “confidence” was also created from data in the survey. It was a total of items in which subjects were asked to rate their confidence that abuse had actually taken place, that abuse had taken place as remembered, clarity of abuse memories, and number of instances of outside corroboration reported. The minimum score for this variable was 3 (not confident at all, unclear, no corroboration); the maximum possible for this variable was 20 (absolutely confident, extremely clear, all five types of corroboration reported).

Means and standard deviations, along with the results of the t-tests, along with means and standard deviations are presented in Table 1. Of the 14 comparisons, only three were significant. Women with delayed memories were significantly younger than women with delayed memories, at the time sexual abuse began, $t(24) = 2.85, p < .05$. The groups also differed significantly in their confidence levels. Women in the delayed memory group expressed less confidence than those in the continuous memory group, $t = 2.94, p < .05$. Additionally, women with delayed memories were more closely related to their abusers than those with continuous, $t = -2.16, p < .05$. Although no group differences were found, this sample scored far lower on both the communication and positive family affect subscales of the FFS than means from a community sample provided for comparison (Lubiner, 1989).

Qualitative Data Analyses

Qualitative analysis followed the procedures and methods described by Maykut and Morehouse (1994), who defined qualitative data analysis as “fundamentally a non-mathematical analytical procedure that involves examining the meaning of people's words (p.121).” By capturing and analyzing the participant’s words the qualitative researcher seeks to understand a situation as it is experienced and interpreted by that individual. This phenomenological approach allows the researcher to maintain the complexity and interconnectedness present in significant life experiences and to explore their meaning. In the present study, participants’ words (from transcribed interviews) were analyzed using the following guidelines:

Words are the way that most people come to understand their situations. We create our world with words. We explain ourselves with words.... The task of the qualitative researcher is to find patterns within those words and present those patterns for others to inspect while at the same time staying as close to the construction of the world as the

participants originally experienced it (Maykut & Morehouse, 1994, p.18)

The phenomenological approach of qualitative research necessitates the use of inductive reasoning rather than the deductive methods employed in traditional quantitative research. Thus, when using qualitative methods, hypotheses, theories and often even relevant variables are derived from the current study's data rather than set up *a priori* based on previous research findings. Qualitative methods, then, are advantageous for exploring phenomena that are difficult to test quantitatively and for generating new theories and hypotheses. For these reasons, a qualitative examination of memories of childhood sexual abuse seemed extremely useful.

There were three main goals of the qualitative analyses:

1. Elaboration of quantitative data. It was hoped that the qualitative data would add meaning and depth to quantitative data gathered. For example, two different participants may indicate on the survey that an uncle was the perpetrator of her abuse. However, this would have a different meaning for the woman whose uncle was a care-taking member of her household than for the woman who saw her uncle infrequently at family gatherings.
2. Determination of categories for dimensions of the experience of sexual abuse (and memories of it) and group differences in this experience. As noted above, categories were derived from the data.
3. Discovery of patterns of associations among variables in order to generate hypotheses for further quantitative analysis or future research.

The process for analysis of qualitative data in this study was:

1. Audio tapes of the interviews were transcribed and the pages coded to ensure the proper identification of data source.

2. Chunks (or units) of meaning in the data were identified which later served as the basis for defining larger categories. Key words or phrases that captured the essence of the unit's meaning were noted to facilitate categorization.
3. Initially, categories were provisional, but through a process of reading and rereading transcripts and comparing each new unit of meaning to all the others, categories were derived from the data.
4. Participants were divided into two groups, continuous memories and delayed memories, according to self-definitions. Within each group, categories were explored by a careful examination of the statements that emerged in step 3, and patterns were identified. Comparative percentages and supporting quotations are presented where appropriate.

Comparisons of Continuous versus Delayed Memory Participants

Relationship to abuser, age at time of abuse, disclosure in childhood, family setting, nature of memories and therapy history were all anticipated as categories for qualitative analysis. Additional categories that emerged from the data were: relationship to mother, mother's competence, mother's reaction to disclosure of abuse, and spontaneously offered reasons for submitting to abuse. Categories and corresponding statements are presented in Appendix E. Subjects are labeled by an assigned number and the initial "C" for continuous, or "D" for delayed memories.

Age at Time Abuse Began

Some women reported that the abuse had begun "at birth" or "as long as I can remember;" they were categorized as age four and under. Women whose recall of sexual abuse was delayed generally reported being younger at the time that abuse began than those who had continuous recall of sexual abuse. Sixty-seven percent of the delayed memory group reported that they were age four years or younger when it began; only one participant (9%) in the continuous memory group reported being four

years old or younger. The remaining 33 percent of those who had recovered memories reported that their sexual abuse began between ages five and seven years, while 45 percent of those who had always remembered reported the start of abuse at this age range. No one in the delayed group reported being older than seven at the time abuse began. Sexual abuse began at age eight or older, with the oldest reported age being 13 years, for the remaining 45 percent of the continuous recall group.

Relationship with Abuser

Women who had continuous memories of sexual abuse were, in general, not as closely connected with their abusers as those who had delayed memories. Women who had always remembered being abused reported being abused by non-relatives in 45 percent of the cases; women with delayed memories, on the other hand, reported non-familial abuse in only 13 percent of the cases. Thirty-six percent of those who had continuous recall were sexually abused by their fathers, while 67 percent of those who had forgotten for a period of time had been abused by their fathers. Table 2 gives more details concerning the relationship to abusers.

The relationships with abusers also differed between these two groups qualitatively. Women in the continuous group reported far fewer positive or ambivalent feelings towards their abusers prior to abuse. Fifty-five percent of the women in this group reported extremely negative feelings and high levels of mistrust, 36 percent reported neutral feelings or sense of assumed trust and only one participant (9%) reported positive feelings and a high trust level. For example, 12C described the relationship with her abusive father this way:

He never was affectionate or loving, you know, it was always we were things for his own gratification. He'd say, "C. bring me some water! C. get me this!" Just like you were his personal puppy dog or slave or whatever...He'd grab a belt or a switch for the least little thing. So I

just remember trying to steer clear of him...I always hated him. I hated and abhorred him.

While 11C described her relationship to her stepfather as:

Pretty normal—it wasn't like real close, but you know, he didn't bother me. I didn't hate him or anything....We got along....It's my mother's husband and he was a normal guy. He was there and that was it."

Women in the delayed memory group had more positive feelings and/or more confusion relating to their abusers. Forty percent of these women reported positive feelings and high levels of trust in their abusers, such as 23D's experience:

Actually for the most part we had a great relationship. I mean we used to do a lot of things together. Sliding together in the winter, target shooting, ah, for extra money we'd shovel sidewalks together....We usually had a pretty good time. My mother was more the caretaker but my father was the emotional caretaker....I really loved my father a lot.

Participant 15D also had a positive experience in relationship to her sexually abusive grandfather:

I think I felt safe there. Or with him that I didn't have to worry about if I made a noise or if I did something....My father was verbally abusive and when I was with my grandfather he never degraded me, you know, never said bad things to me or whatever. He was always nice to me...it was a different type of thing that relationship. Whenever I did spend time there it was a special thing.

Forty percent reported ambivalence towards abusers characterized by a confusing combination of fear and/or a lack of trust with a strong attraction to personal qualities of the abusers who were sometimes described as "charismatic," "funny," very "alive," and emotionally available.

Participant 4D describes her childhood feelings about her father: Everybody was intimidated by my father or charmed, depending...I remember being really in love with him when I was little...he was six four and he was very handsome. He was tall, dark and handsome, as my mother put it back then. Hew as very charming and he played the guitar and he was fun. He was always kind of violent, he was always kind of like, you know spanking me and all that stuff. But he was still, you know. He threw me down the stairs when I was a little girl. He pulled out my hair. He was kind of sadistic.... It's sort of ironic because...I was able to learn to love more from my father [than mother] even though he was quite abusive."

Another example of ambivalence is recounted by 13 D:

I think I got a lot of my emotional—not support—but any emotional feeling stuff I got from him when I was little...'cause I remember feeling like daddy's girl—you know everybody would say, 'She's daddy's girl—any affection or anything that I would get from him. But he was unpredictable, scary. I grew up never knowing when he would be nice.... I just was always afraid of him—very leery of being around him."

Only 20 percent reported feeling distant or neutral towards their abusers. Not a single woman in this group reported having had strong negative feelings or mistrust towards an abuser.

Participants' Mothers

Although originally not targeted as a subject of inquiry, participants invariably offered information about their mothers when talking about childhood. There were few differences between the groups' descriptions of their mothers. Mothers were often

described as “dependent,” “distant,” “powerless,” and “unaffectionate” by participants in both groups. However, women who had delayed recall of abuse reported more maternal impairment (i.e., major mental or physical illness or handicap) than those who had continuous recall. Forty percent of participants in the delayed group reported significant maternal impairment, while only one woman (9%) in the continuous group did so. Only thirteen percent of women who recovered abuse memories reported that they had told their mothers about the abuse, while 45 percent of those who had always remembered had reported the abuse to their mothers. For example, 3D stated:

My mother was a borderline, raging and also intensely loving but very irrational, psychotic sometimes schizophrenic and at home it didn't feel safe ever to talk about...we weren't allowed to hiccup or sneeze, so to say, 'I really need a lot of attention here' wasn't okay.

In the delayed recall group, 53 percent of the women did not tell their mothers and believed that their mothers did not know about the abuse. Twenty-seven percent in the continuous group reported similarly. Participant 4D recounts:

He [father] told me that if I told her [mother, about the abuse] that she would never love me again. But what I remember is that I knew that wasn't true. I knew that if I told her, it wasn't that she wouldn't love me but I knew it would hurt her terribly.

Thirty three percent of those in who recovered memories did not tell their mothers but still believed that she was aware of the abuse; 18 percent of the continuous group did not tell but believed that their mothers were aware of the abuse.

Participant 13D explains:

Well, I knew my mother knew....There was a time when we [father and her] were in the reclining chair and she walked in and then just walked out.”

Thirty six percent of those with continuous memories reported the abuse to their mothers but were not subsequently protected while 13 percent of the delayed recall group faced this situation.

This was what 20C recalled about disclosing her stepfather's sexual abuse to her mother:

I would tell my mother, there'd be a fight, she'd pack her stuff, three days later she'd unpack it, bring it back in the house. Everything was normal. She'd make remarks to me like, 'Don't wear baby doll pajamas' or 'Lock your door when you go to bed at night.' Like nothing happened.

One woman in the group who continuously remembered (9%) had informed her mother of the abuse and was subsequently protected. No one in the delayed memories group reported this experience.

Evidence that Abuser Had Abused Others in Participant's Family

Participants with delayed abuse memories reported more knowledge of abuse of other family members than those who had always remembered their own abuse. Eighty-six percent of participants with delayed recall reported evidence that their abuser had also abused other family members; 14 percent did not give this information. In the continuously remembered group, 46 percent had knowledge that other family members had been abused while the remaining members of this group did not report abuse of other family members.

Childhood Disclosure of Abuse

The groups differed in their experiences with disclosing their sexual abuse as children. Sixty-seven percent of the delayed memory group reported that they never told anyone but could not, or did not choose to, cite a reason. All of the participants in

the continuous group who reported that they never told (twenty-seven percent) cited reasons, such as 1C's:

I knew it was wrong and if I did something wrong I would get punished. You know that can be a very strong factor there. I mean, I'm not gonna tell because then I'll get into trouble."

Twenty-seven percent of those with delayed memories reported the experience of disclosing the abuse and not being believed; one of the participants who continuously remembered (9%) reported this experience. An example of this is the experience of 9D:

I told when I was nine, in elementary school. My teacher who knew I was being neglected got me to a therapist who I told [about sexual abuse]. And she told me, "No, that's not happening to you." Yeah, she was clear, she was like, "No way, no." And she seemed to be really authoritarian about it, like she understood the reason I was saying it. But she was very opinionated that, no, that wasn't happening to me.

The groups reported the experience of disclosing the abuse to a family member who believed them but allowed the abuse to continue at a similar rate: one woman (9%) in the continuous group and one woman (6%) in the delayed group reported this kind of experience.

Fifty-five percent of those participants who continuously remembered abuse recalled disclosing and being believed. Participant 18C recalls telling her grandmother when she was six years old:

One day we were driving down the road, me and my grandmother and my brother. And I was making fun of my brother. I was laughing at him and I said, "Ha, ha, G. one day you're gonna have hair down there!" And my grandmother almost drove off the road when she heard that

and she pulled over and she was like, “What did you say? How do you know that?” And I told her about S. [mother’s sexually abusive boyfriend] and she was like—she turned the car around, went back to the house, called the police, took me to the police station and told me I had to go tell them what happened.”

No one in the delayed memory group reported the experience of disclosing and being believed.

Reasons for Not Trying to Stop Abuse

Although not directly queried about why they felt they submitted to the abuse, every member of the group who had continuously remembered spontaneously offered this information, while only 46 percent of the delayed memory group did so. The participants in the delayed memory group offered reasons related to safety and/or survival while those in the continuous memory group seemed more concerned with potential reactions of others. One woman (9%) who had continuously remembered and 27 percent of those who recovered memories stated that they were afraid of violent consequences if they resisted. For example, 15D stated:

And basically we knew this man was capable of killing people. Totally terrified, I mean he figured a way of keeping us quiet and it worked for forty years....there was a threat made, I think it was like I thought if I did anything he would kill my family.

Twenty-seven percent of both groups reported a sense of not being able to escape, having no where else to go as a child. Participant 20C described it this way:

...he didn’t have to threaten me, you know. I just knew, you know? My mother wasn’t leaving him. I finally got that through my head...and I remember telling my Aunt G., my Aunt T. and Aunt B. and, um, they sympathized but they sent me home....”

Although no one with delayed abuse memories cited potential reactions of others as a reason, 55 percent of those with continuous memories did. The following examples illustrate:

11C: So I just lived there for awhile and dealt with that. And I was petrified of being alone with him. And my mother didn't know that. But I didn't want to be the cause of her getting divorced again. As a child I didn't want to be the cause.

Participant 2C describes her reluctance to resist an abusive family friend:

Well, you obey older people. I was taught to obey older people and he was an older person and you certainly didn't lash out, you certainly didn't say no...you did what older people told you to. My father was very strong and I went to parochial school...there was the strength of God and the strength of my father. If one didn't get me the other one was going to get me and there was no way. You didn't misbehave. You did what you were told.

Curiosity was cited by one woman (9%) in the continuous memory group.

Descriptions of memory

Women in the delayed memory group reported somewhat more difficulty recalling their childhood in general, than those who had always remembered. Twenty-seven percent of those who continuously remembered reported a general difficulty remembering childhood, while 53 percent of the delayed memory group reported this difficulty, described by 24D: "My memory is like Swiss cheese up until I got into high school."

Women who had always remembered described memories primarily as visual. Participant 6C describes her abuse recollection this way:

I can remember a couple times him coming into my bedroom at night. I can see my bed and I can remember the pajamas I was wearing so well. I can't describe them but I can see them—summer Florida pajamas and him coming in and lifting my shirt.

Another example of a continuous, strongly visual recollection was given by 11C:

It's like a detailed picture. If I shut my eyes I could see it. If I shut my eyes I could see him in the room standing over me. I could see shorts that he was wearing—stripes, I remember. It's very vivid. It's always been.

Only one member of the continuous group did not describe having strong visual recollections of abuse, and she explained this by stating that she had kept her eyes closed the entire time.

In contrast, no one in the recovered memory group described her memories as primarily visual. Women who had recovered memories described their memories, especially their initial memories, primarily as bodily sensations or affective responses.

Participant 15D described her memories this way:

Oh first sensations—then the pictures came. But I would have the feeling of what I went through before I actually pictured it and knew what I was feeling...It's just actually feelings that I'd had come and go all my life—unexplained anxiety, unexplained fear. And like, Why am I choking? There's nothing happening?

And these three examples:

5D: Many, many physical sensations and those often came when I would awaken from dreams in the middle of the night and I would be experiencing that, oh, uhm, there were sensations like someone touching me...I experienced excruciating abdominal pain, just

excruciating pain and, uhm, uhm, it was painful for a long time. It's pain that I now know comes from, comes from being a child and having to assume, uhm, physical, uhm, positions that children are not supposed to be assuming—so there have been those kinds of things.

7D: There's a gut feeling that they [her memories of abuse] all have in common and sometimes I would be able to tell that a memory was coming if I would start having that feeling. I guess it's a regressed feeling. It's, ah, feeling small inside and very hypervigilant all of a sudden. Before I associated, knew, the word hypervigilant, it's like this: 'Oh no, this is really bad. What's gonna happen? It's hard to describe but it's the one thing they all have in common?

8D: I knew my mouth was a different shape because of it. And I could tell there was pressure on the inside of my cheek and I was talking funny. And I didn't say anything awful. I just laid there quietly with this sensation. I don't know why my body did it. And in retrospect it took a long time to settle down. Over time I think that that was oral sex I was re-experiencing.

Every participant in the delayed memory group described experiencing memories as strong bodily and affective sensations, while only 27 percent of those in the continuous memory group described experiencing bodily sensations. However, unlike the isolated bodily and/or affective sensations experienced by those with delayed memories, the sensations experienced by women who continuously remembered were embedded in the context of a more complete memory, as 2C recounted:

I feel I have my eyes closed....I'm hearing him and I'm feeling what he's doing and I'm feeling my restriction. So there's the hearing, the frustration of doing something I don't want to do and then the feeling.

The visual memories of women in the delayed memory group differed from those who had always remembered. The visual memories of women who had recovered memories were described as “fragmented,” “snippets,” “bits and pieces,” and, by 14D, as “a very spotted memory.” Often the visual memories, like the bodily and affective memories, were isolated from a context, as 3D recounts having had since childhood:

this image in my mind of almost—it was just a very—it was an image that I used to think of as diseased flesh, like puckered flesh. I realized in my thirties that it was testicles—testicular skin.

Participant 9D described her memories this way:

It was weird. I think all the memories get stored really separately. Yeah. Very fragmented. Very fragmented and isolated. More like they're stored in like, like pockets...they're all in little pieces.

Not one woman who had continuously remembered her abuse described her visual recollections as fragmented or in pieces; however, 80 percent of the women who had delayed memories did so.

The general differences between the memories of these two groups is dramatically illustrated by comparing the accounts of abusive experiences given by 14D whose memories of abuse were delayed (and incidentally corroborated by her sisters) and 18C whose memories were continuous.

14D: I always had this picture of me sitting in a crib and this guy with a mustache looking down at me and it's bad. I know it's bad. I know it's a bad, bad picture. I know something really, really bad is gonna happen

but that's all. I get pictures of being held down and fighting to the point that my whole body hurt and I can't breathe cause I'm just fighting, fighting, fighting and I also remember him grabbing me by the hand...I was the size of the height of the bed and he grabs me by the hand and is pulling me and I am pushing against the bed and I also have another picture of him putting a rubber band around his penis.

18C: I came home from school, me and my brother. My brother was downstairs watching TV. I was like thirteen, so he was like nine or ten. Right. And um, he was downstairs either watching TV or playing his video games, and I had went upstairs, and I was sitting in front of my vanity getting ready to do my homework, and I had on a red dress, with a black belt. It was, this big black belt. And S., who's my stepfather, got up. I heard him walking in the hallway. I guess he went to the bathroom. And, and when he was coming back he came into my room. And I was sitting down. He came up behind me and started tickling me. And I started laughing, and I got up and I was trying to push his hands away from me because he was tickling me. And he tickled me out of the room and into, I kept backing up and the hallway in my mother's house is really, small, very, narrow. And, when I was, as I was backing up I walked into her room. And when I was in there he stopped tickling me and told me to sit on the bed.... I sat on the bed and he put his hands around me and started kissing me, on my neck. And he pulled my legs up, onto the bed and slid his hands underneath my dress and pulled it up...And then he pulled my underwears down.

Therapy History

Most of the women in both groups had received psychotherapy at some point in their lives. Seventy-three percent of participants with continuous abuse memories and 87 percent of participants with delayed memories reported having had psychotherapy. At the time of the interview, 18 percent of the continuous memory group and 26 percent of the delayed memory group were still seeing therapists. These data are summarized in Table 3, along with other specific symptoms and experiences.

The groups differed in their reasons for seeking therapy, with 63 percent of those who had always remembered citing sexual abuse as the reason. Only one participant in the delayed memory group (6%) cited sexual abuse as her reason for seeking therapy. Those with delayed recall of sexual abuse cited much more generalized distress as reasons for seeking therapy, such as depression, anxiety and relationship issues. Sixty-nine percent of those with delayed recall cited depression as the reason for starting therapy.

Of those who had recovered memories, 67 percent were engaged in therapy at the time that they remembered. Of those who remembered during the time they were seeing a therapist, 80 percent reported being the first one to raise the subject of sexual abuse; one woman (10%) reported that the therapist first suggested the possibility of sexual abuse and one (10%) could not recall who raised the subject first. Participant 10D's experience of entering therapy and subsequently recalling sexual abuse is fairly typical:

I was losing weight, I wasn't sleeping, panic attacks—the whole thing and I didn't—I mean, I had no idea what was wrong. So my friend suggested that I go see someone and she gave me the name of a therapist and she recommended this person. And so I started going, and you know, I was like, 'Therapy? What the heck is wrong?' It's got to

be something physical, I'm thinking. And the therapist goes through this checklist the first time and she talks about clinical depression and I thought, "clinical depression?" — you know, I've always felt this way — blaaaaaa, whatever. But I could talk to her. And then it had to be about six months and I was in the office, working at my desk and all of a sudden, it was like the—it was just like, "Oh my God!" Like I was back there. Like it was happening again. It was just so real. I mean I could remember the shirt he was wearing, everything. It was like, "I have to call B." [her therapist]. I went in and I called her and I said—I wouldn't tell her on the phone—but I knew if I didn't tell her then, I never would. So, I told her to ask me 'cause I had a session coming up the next day. And I said, "Ask me what happened." So that I would tell her 'cause I knew I wouldn't say anything. So next time, she just said, "What were you going to tell me the other day?" And so I just started telling her what I was remembering. Which was actually one of the hardest things I've ever done [participant is crying].

Effects of Abuse

Women in both groups readily identified the negative impact that being sexually abused had on their lives. In general, those whose abuse recall was delayed reported somewhat more distress than those who had continuous recall. Sixty-four percent of the women in the continuous group and 93 percent of women in the delayed group reported having either attempted suicide or struggled with chronic suicidal ideation. Participant 16C stated: "I mean if you don't give a shit about yourself then you're hopeless. I just felt bad. I never, thought or cared about anything. I just wanted to die a lot of the time". Another example from 17D:

When people say what have you been doing for ten years, if I don't know them well I tell them I've been home with my children. You know? It's been ten years. Ten years I've been trying to get myself to a place of wanting to be alive—wanting to live.

Many of the women noted that coping with the abuse and its aftermath had caused them to develop more slowly in many areas of life. Sixty-seven percent in the delayed recall group made this complaint, as did 36 percent of those who had always remembered. When asked how being abused had affected her life 4D responded:

It made my life more difficult. It made me have to occupy my mind with things about survival that would normally have been free. So I could have excelled in more school, in other areas...I really truly believe that I would have had much more opportunity to excel earlier if I hadn't had to deal with it, if I hadn't had all that happen.

Another area identified often as being negatively impacted by the experience of sexual abuse is relationship choices. As 22D put it:

I was always getting involved with these cruddy guys and I just stopped dating and went into therapy and back to school. I couldn't figure out why...I felt like a jerk magnet. Then I figured it out. The abuse really affected the way I picked men.

Forty-five percent of the women who always remembered abuse and 80 percent of the women who recovered memories identified this as a problem. For example, 4D stated:

I think it [being abused] made me less able to choose a good husband. I mean I chose a good husband in many ways...but he was also not a good choice for me in other ways and we ended up getting divorced. So you know, rather than being able to choose someone who was better

suited for me, I had to have certain requirements met and to be safe and to be sure and that wasn't the best match for me.

Eighty-seven percent of the women in the delayed recall group reported that being abused had interfered with their sexual functioning, while 40 percent of participants in the continuous memory group reported this. Participant 25D described it this way:

When it comes time for intimacy, I always tremble. It's like a whole fear reaction. I hold my breath, even if I'm the one who initiated. And then after I feel humiliated and degraded.

This observation by 3D provides another example:

I'm amazed that I'm forty-five years old and just now beginning to be able to experience romantic, sexual intimacy without any ghosts in the room, without feeling some bad memory or some icky flashback.

Interestingly, there were two areas of impact of abuse that the groups reported at similar rates. Eighty-two percent of the participants in the recovered memory group and 80 percent in the always remembered group stated that being abused had made them feel negatively about themselves, such as 10D:

Yeah, it's got a lot to do with why I don't like myself. I don't like a lot of stuff about me...I never feel good enough...no matter what grades I get, what I do. I just never feel I'm good enough.

Two other poignant examples were offered by 21C and 25D, respectively:

21C: The abuse made me feel like I was nothing. I was nothing. There was nothing inside. I was an empty shell of skin, an empty sack of skin walking around.

25D: I look in the mirror and I see that ugliness, that black spot on me.

The other area of impact that both groups reported at a similar rate was the ability to trust and be close to others. Forty-seven percent of the women with continuous memories and 45 percent of women with delayed memories noted that their ability to be close and trust had been damaged by the experience of childhood sexual abuse. Participant 16C said:

Oh God. It was awful. I never related to women because my mother never protected me. I never thought I could relate to women, never...Never trusted men, know what I mean? Had big issues with trusting men. Had big issues with truth and like getting close to people. Had trouble being honest with people. Trusting people.

Participant 15D felt similarly:

I think it's had a major impact on my life as far as having relationships with people, trusting people, being close with anybody....basically I didn't trust anybody enough. Totally unable to trust anybody with what I was really feeling".

As a final example, 20C expressed it with frightening succinctness:

You give me a gun because I don't want anybody close enough to give me any pain.

Discussion

The phrase “childhood sexual abuse” can be used to describe countless scenarios with countless circumstantial and psychological variations. Consequently, data concerning CSA are likely to present a great deal of complexity and individual variation. The data of the present study reflected this as did both the qualitative and quantitative results. The quantitative analyses were affected by the wide individual variation, which resulted in very high standard deviations. In addition, the sample size was limited. Consequently, statistical analyses were not as revealing as had been hoped. However, the qualitative data provided a great deal of rich, meaningful information in the form of recollections and stories, rather than scores. This information could be analyzed, in spite of its complexity and variation, through the recognition of patterns and themes. Indeed, in many instances, complexity and variations were the key to understanding common themes and patterns. Although the quantitative analyses were not as revealing as the qualitative analysis, the collection of both types of data was extremely useful, as it permitted cross-checking of information that was ambiguously expressed during the interviews.

Because recall of CSA is such a highly internal event it seemed reasonable to have participants self-select the appropriate description of their memories as “continuous” or “delayed” (forgotten for some period of time). For the most part, this method of assignment proved to be consistent with interview data. Fifty-eight percent of participants in the present study identified themselves as having delayed memory of CSA, with 42 percent reporting continuous CSA memory. This is fairly consistent with other literature (Briere & Conte, 1993; Elliot & Briere, 1995; Feldman-Summers & Pope, 1994), with differences most likely due to sample size, wording of surveys and clinical versus non-clinical populations. However, there were three cases that were not clear-cut: one participant (6C) assigned herself to the continuous group, but

provided both qualitative and quantitative data that could be interpreted as indicative of the likelihood of having recovered memories. The other two cases were ones where their father's sexual abuse of them had been less violent, but a more chronic and pervasive part of daily life. As a result, one participant (26C) considered herself to have always remembered the abuse but not to have had the ability to label it as such; the other participant (17D) considered herself to have recovered memories of sexual abuse.

Additionally, several of the participants who reported delayed memories of sexual abuse reported continuous memories of emotional, verbal and physical abuse. Crowley (2000) found in a sample of 88 women with CSA histories that 46 percent reported recovered memories only, 23 reported both continuous and recovered memories (total of 69 percent reporting some memory disruption) and 27 percent report having always remembered. Some participants in the present study may have experienced both continuous and recovered memories of CSA but were not given the option of designating "both."

The present sample was non-clinical and comprised of educated women (88 percent reported education beyond high school), most of whom (92 percent) were employed or enrolled in school or both at the time of the study. In this group, results run contrary to the notion of a "false memory syndrome". Eighty-six percent of those reporting delayed memories had obtained corroboration in the form of evidence that other family members had also been abused by the same person. This is a somewhat higher level of corroboration than previously reported (Dalenberg, 1996; Feldman-Summers & Pope, 1994; Herman & Schatzow, 1987). However, it seems likely that this can be accounted for by the small sample size and the fact that those with corroboration are more likely to feel confident enough of their CSA experience to volunteer to be interviewed.

Moreover, memory recovery did not appear to be initiated by therapists. Of the ten women in the delayed group who reported being in therapy at the time they recalled CSA, eight reported that they, and not their therapist, had first raised the subject of sexual abuse, and only one reported that her therapist had initially raised the possibility of abuse (one woman was unable to recall who first mentioned abuse).

Group Differences

In this section, each of the eight main categories of inquiry will be discussed: Characteristics of abuse, relationship to abuser, mother's response to abuse, family setting, telling/coping strategies, descriptions of abuse memories, impact of abuse and therapy experience. Although the qualitative analysis yielded limited information, with significant group differences in only three of the variables, this information is useful especially when used in conjunction with the qualitative data.

Delayed recall has been associated with several factors in the literature: earlier age at time of abuse (Briere & Conte, 1994; Williams, 1995), violent or extended abuse (Briere & Conte, 1994; Elliot, 1997; Feldman-Summers & Pope, 1994; Loftus et al., 1994), and incestuous abuse (Freyd, 1996; Loftus et al., 1994).

Age Abuse Began. Those whose memories of CSA were delayed were significantly younger at the time they were first abused than those who had always remembered. This was supported by several participants in the delayed group who made responses such as "as long as I can remember." No one in the continuous memory group made such a response. It is not surprising from a cognitive developmental perspective that those who were abused at an early age have fewer and less lucid memories of abuse. Small children may lack the cognitive capacity to construct a coherent narrative of a traumatic event due to a lack of comprehension, search strategies and development of semantic memory (Rogers, 1995; van der Kolk, 1996). Moreover, there is evidence that small children are dependent on conversations

with adults in order to formulate their memories in a retrievable form (Rogers, 1995); such conversations about CSA seem highly unlikely in any family and did not occur in any of the present participants. Regardless of theoretical explanation for delayed recall, younger age at time of abuse is likely for those who had memory disruptions.

Severity of Abuse. Previous studies have linked severity of abuse to delayed recall, however, quantitative results of the present study did not indicate a significant difference between the groups. One explanation for this might be the lack of clear recall for traumatizing events that some in delayed memory group describe. The aspects of abuse that were included in assessing severity were length of time that abuse occurred, frequency with which abuse occurred, number of abusers and number of “traumatizing factors” endorsed on the survey. Because of the disconnected nature of memories described by women who had recovered recall, many were unable to state duration or frequency with confidence. Moreover, those participants with mainly sensory recollections of abuse found it difficult to endorse many survey items with absolute certainty.

Relationship with Abuser

Who Abused. Results, both quantitative and qualitative, of the present study were consistent with previous findings that suggest that abuse by a close relative, particularly a father, is more likely to be forgotten for a period of time. Although more than half of all the women in the study reported abuse by father, significantly more in the delayed memory group reported abuse by father.

Quality and Meaning of Relationship to Abuser. Qualitative data concerning the relationship to abuser may suggest an explanation for the group differences noted above: those women with continuous recall for abuse by father reported having always had only very negative feelings towards their father, while those whose memory of incestuous abuse was delayed reported that as young children they had had very

positive and/or mixed feelings about their fathers. In addition, one woman in the delayed memory group who reported non-familial abuse also reported having very positive feelings for her abusive baby sitter (prior to abuse), because he was a youth group leader in the church she attended and loved. Only one other woman with delayed recall reported non-familial abuse: She was sexually abused at a very young age by her mother's live-in boyfriend who supported the family, and he may have been, at that time, indistinguishable from a family member for her. Women in the recovered memory group also indicated that they had had much more trust in their abusers than those who had always remembered. In general, the qualitative data suggest that the experience of abuse was much more confusing, in terms of the relationship to the abuser, for those with delayed memories than for those with continuous memories.

Mothers and Their Responses to Abuse

Far more women in the recovered memory group reported that their mothers were significantly impaired by mental or physical illness or handicap than in the always remembered group, which is consistent with Herman's (1981) description of incestuous families. A greater number of women who had delayed memories did not disclose abuse to their mothers than those who had always remembered. In general, those who continuously remembered abuse were more likely to have had the abuse acknowledged by their mother, whether or not it resulted in protection from abuse, than those who forgot. Those who forgot were more likely not to have told or to have told and had their mother deny or rationalize the experience.

Family Setting

Although there were not significant differences between groups on the subscales of the Family Functioning Scale, overall this sample scored much lower on the communication and positive family affect subscales relative to a comparative

sample (Lubiner, 1989). Far more women with delayed recall of abuse reported knowledge of abuse of other family members than did women with continuous memories. One explanation for this discrepancy is that women who recovered memories were more motivated to seek corroboration for abuse than those who always remembered. Another explanation might be that in a family where abuse is a larger part of the dynamic, it becomes easier to forget because it both stands out less and seems more inescapable.

Telling/Coping Strategies

Most of the women in the delayed memory group reported that they did not tell anyone about their abuse, and could not or did not cite a reason why not; all of the women who had delayed recall who reported disclosing abuse as a child also reported that they were not believed. Fewer women with continuous memories reported that they did not tell about abuse and all of them were able to articulate a clear reason for not telling anyone. Every member of the always remembered group gave some explanation for why they went along with or accepted the abuse, while less than half in the recovered memory group did so. Qualitative analysis revealed differences in the types of reasons offered; those offered by women with delayed recall were more often related to survival as opposed to concern about the reactions of others or even, in one continuous memory case, curiosity. This is likely a reflection of the less complete memories of those in the delayed group but may well also reflect the notion that survival considerations can motivate forgetting.

Descriptions of Memories of Abuse

There were decided qualitative differences in the descriptions of the CSA memories of these two groups. Every woman in the delayed group described mostly physical and affective sensations, and much less visual memory. Every woman with recovered memories also spoke of memories as being isolated and fragmented with

little sense of chronological placement to the pieces. In contrast, every woman who had always remembered described clear, visual recollections and recounted their experiences as a sequential narrative. There was one exception: One woman in the continuous group did not describe a visual memory because she had the clear recollection of deliberately keeping her eyes closed. However, she was able to give a very clear, detailed and sequential narrative of abuse incidents. The descriptions of abuse memories offered by women with delayed recall matched descriptions of recovered memories across all types of trauma described in the literature (van der Kolk et al., 1996).

Impact of Abuse

Contrary to what was hypothesized, there was not a significant difference between the groups on the Dissociative Experiences Scale. This is surprising, as other researchers have found associations between recovered memories and higher DES scores (dePrince & Freyd, 1999; Sandberg & Lynn, 1992). It may be explained by the small sample size; furthermore, one participant in the continuous group whose qualitative data could be interpreted to indicate that she had actually recovered memories, had an extremely high DES score, which, given the small N, had a major impact on the analysis.

Significant group differences were not found on measures of adult sexual experiences of coercion or assault. However, more than half of the women in this sample reported being raped subsequent to CSA. This is consistent with findings that women with a history of CSA are five times as likely to experience sexual assault as adults (Johnsen, 1995). The relationship between CSA and adult sexual victimization is one that bears further exploration. One woman in this study whose CSA experience was relatively mild replied, when asked how the abuse affected her:

24D: Well, I didn't used to think much—but when I was 17 I was raped and that's how I got pregnant. So I think it did affect me because I had a hard time coming to terms with it because I didn't consider it a rape because I didn't say no and I didn't fight...the whole situation I was kinda frozen. But I think part of why I didn't had something to do with that previous experience [of CSA]...I have just thought about it a lot and I just think that the two are somehow connected. Almost like the fear from the first time was added to the fear from the rape and that's why I couldn't say anything.

Although both groups reported that the experience of sexual abuse had negatively impacted them, those in the delayed group reported more difficulties. This is consistent with what was hypothesized and with the literature (Briere, 1992b). Nearly all the women in the delayed group reported having struggled with chronic suicidal ideation and/or having made suicide attempts; over half of the women in the continuous group did so. Women who had recovered memories were more likely to report that the abuse had negative effects on their overall life development, romantic relationship choices and sexual functioning. Interestingly, both groups reported similar rates of negative feelings about themselves and reduced capacities for trust and closeness in relationships as a result of being abused.

Therapy History

Most of the women in both groups reported having had received psychotherapy at some point in their lives. Consistent with their reports of greater distress (see above), however, more women with delayed recall of CSA reported having had psychotherapy. There were marked differences between the groups in the reasons given for originally seeking therapy. Over half of the women who had continuously remembered cited sexual abuse as the reason they first sought therapy, while only one

woman in the delayed memory group did so. Almost all of the women who recovered memories reported seeking therapy due to depression and/or anxiety and recovering CSA memories after beginning therapy. This is interesting in light of the concern expressed by some authors (Ceci & Loftus, 1994) that irresponsible therapists may be “implanting” false memories of sexual abuse in their client’s minds. Freyd (1996) addresses this issue:

Although many people recover memories of childhood sexual abuse and other traumas without the intervention of a therapist, it is true that many other people do remember abuse only after initiating psychotherapy. Could these recovered memories in fact be “false memories” implanted by a therapist? If therapists can implant memories through suggestion, does this happen often? Little hard evidence currently exists to aid in answering these questions (p. 55).

Most of the women who recovered memories while in therapy reported that they initially brought up the possibility of CSA to their therapists. In fact, only one woman reported that her therapist had first broached the subject. Freyd notes that there are several reasons why memories of abuse might first arise in therapy: it may be the first place the person feels safe enough to remember, or the first place a person is asked about abuse or the person may have sought therapy in response to the distress of emerging memories prior to understanding what was at the root of the distress. The qualitative data in this study support all of these reasons. One woman (13D) who recovered memories after seeking therapy to help her cope with depression and anxiety following a divorce, stated: “I think having someone—my therapist—who I knew would believe me, having a place to say it helped me to remember, helped me to express it.”

Betrayal Trauma Theory

Freyd's (1996) betrayal trauma theory, which posits that the degree to which a trauma involves a sense of betrayal by another, particularly by someone to whom the victim feels attached and/or dependent upon, may significantly influence the cognitive coding of the trauma and its accessibility to conscious awareness. Freyd notes that even in the face of abuse by a trusted caretaker there is great social utility in terms of the child's survival in continuing to behave in ways that maintain a secure attachment to the caretaker. Additionally, Freyd notes that threats demanding silence, isolation, young age at time of abuse, lack of verbal recounting of abuse and "alternative reality-defining" statements offered by caretakers contribute to the cognitive feasibility of forgetting abuse.

Both the quantitative and qualitative results of this study are consistent with betrayal trauma theory. Women who had forgotten CSA for some period of time and then recalled it were more often abused by relatives and younger at the time of abuse than those who had always remembered. Qualitative descriptions of relationships with abuser revealed that women with delayed memories had far more positive feelings and feelings of trust for their abusers than those with continuous memories. Women in the recovered memory group disclosed abuse far less frequently than those who had always remembered but reported being disbelieved at a higher rate. More women with recovered memories reported being in a family setting where abuse was happening regularly and was ignored. Thus both the "social utility" and the "cognitive feasibility" dimensions of betrayal trauma were reflected in this sample.

Betrayal trauma differs from other theories of traumatic memory which emphasize the idea that amnesia for trauma is an attempt to avoid extreme psychic pain and/or terror. According to these other theories, people who experience severe, and/or frightening abuse would be more likely to experience amnesia for abuse;

according to betrayal trauma, however, those who were abused by people they wished/needed to maintain attachment to would be more likely to be amnesic for abuse. Again, the data of the present study supports betrayal trauma theory: there was no quantitative difference between the groups in reported severity of abuse. Additionally, all of the women who experienced severe, violent abuse and who had also continuously remembered it, reported having always had extremely negative feelings and a lack of trust for their abusers. Conversely, the one woman in the delayed memory group who experienced relatively mild sexual abuse by a non-relative reported that she had very positive feelings and a high trust level towards her abuser because he was an admired church youth group leader.

Limitations

Quantitative results of this study should be regarded as exploratory due to the small sample size. Additionally, the design of the study did not permit random group assignment. Other limitations include the lack of ethnic diversity, lack of male participants and possible effects of volunteer bias.

Summary and Conclusions

In general, this study found quantitative differences between women with delayed memories of CSA compared to those with continuous memories, on the following variables: age at time abuse began, with those with delayed memories being younger—two-thirds under the age of four—at the time abuse started; identity of abuser, with those in the delayed group being more likely to report familial abuse by a close relative; and overall confidence in the veracity and accuracy of abuse memories. While both groups reported high levels of confidence, those with delayed memories reported a statistically significant lower level of confidence. These findings are consistent with the hypotheses and with prior literature (Briere & Conte, 1994; Feldman-Summers & Pope, 1994; Freyd, 1996; Loftus et al., 1994; Williams, 1995).

Contrary to what was hypothesized and to previous findings (Elliot, 1997; Feldman-Summers & Pope, 1994; Loftus et al., 1994), there was no significant difference between the groups in reported overall severity levels of abuse; however, since both groups reported fairly high levels of abuse severity, there may have been a ceiling effect and/or a restricted range of scores.

Qualitative interviews revealed that those with delayed memories had more positive or ambivalent relationships with their abusers; more frequently reported that their mothers suffered a significant impairment and less frequently reported abuse to mothers. Those in the delayed group disclosed abuse as children less frequently but were more frequently disbelieved than those with continuous memories.

Descriptions of memories of abuse differed between the groups with recovered memories being described as generally fragmented and isolated, as physical or affective sensations, and/or disconnected visual flashes. The fragmented quality of these memories had not changed even with subsequent therapy. Those with continuous memories described their memories as clear and visual and were more able to give a sequential narrative of abuse incidents. Those in the delayed group reported suffering more pervasive and severe psychological difficulties as a result of the abuse. These findings are consistent with hypotheses and research and theoretical literature (Briere, 1992; Freyd, 1996; Herman, 1981; Herman, 1992; van der Kolk, 1996; Vogeltanz et al., 1999; Williams, 1995).

This study illustrates the efficacy of qualitative methods for the investigation of highly complex phenomena. Findings indicate that it is, indeed, possible to forget childhood sexual abuse and later recall it. Moreover, it appears that delayed recall has distinct qualities from continuous recall and that amnesia for abuse is more likely to occur under certain circumstances. Much further research is need to understand the

cognitive and physiological mechanisms underlying memories of childhood sexual abuse and their clinical and social implications.

Finally, as noted above, the remarkable women who participated in this study were all highly functioning and considered themselves recovered from the effects of being abused or actively involved in recovering. Although aware of the negative impacts CSA had on their lives, many were able to articulate some positive effects, most frequently increased empathy and personal strength. It seems fitting to close with this statement from 4D:

I just feel like other victims should reclaim their lives. They shouldn't give up their lives for this. I know it's walking such a tightrope when I speak this way but it's not worth it. It's not that big a deal. I mean, I know it's a big deal. I was bruised, cut, you know, battered, humiliated, but it wasn't—it's not worth my life.

Table 1. Means, Standard Deviations, and T-test Results for Continuous vs. Delayed Memory Participants on Quantitative Scales.

	<u>Delayed</u>		<u>Continuous</u>		<u>t-test</u>
	<u>mean</u>	<u>sd</u>	<u>mean</u>	<u>sd</u>	
Current age	39.6	8.74	43.1	13.4	0.81
Age abuse began	4.8	1.26	6.9	2.47	2.85*
Who abused	3.7	1.16	2.7	1.91	-2.15*
Confidence	13.3	2.94	15.3	1.62	2.94*
Severity	23.5	6.36	22.2	3.46	-0.64
FFS: rituals	3.5	0.61	3.3	0.91	-0.87
FFS: conflicts	3.4	0.68	3.6	0.62	-0.20
FFS: worries	3.9	0.42	3.6	0.79	-1.48
FFS: positive family affect	2.7	0.78	2.8	1.00	0.23
FFS: communication	2.0	0.73	1.9	0.77	-0.36
FFS: total	3.1	0.24	3.0	0.40	-1.09
DES	25.1	18.67	16.4	12.78	-1.33
Coercion	1.4	0.76	1.7	0.63	1.03
Assault	1.2	1.01	1.0	0.97	-0.58

Note: All df = 24

* $p < .05$

Table 2. Qualitative Data Summaries for Major Categories

Issue / Categories ^a	Continuous Memories		Delayed Memories	
	N (of 11)	%	N (of 15)	%
Age at Time Abuse Began				
Age 4 or younger	1	9%	10	67%
Age 5 to 7	5	45%	5	33%
Age 8 to 13	5	45%	0	0
Relationship with Abuser				
Fathers	4	36%	10	67%
Other family member	2	18%	3	20%
Non-family member	5	45%	2	13%
Feelings about Abuser				
Negative / Mistrust	6	54%	0	0
Neutral / Distant	4	36%	3	20%
Positive / Trust	1	9%	6	40%
Ambivalent	0	0	6	40%
Mothers' Impairment				
Functional Impairment	1	9%	6	40%
No Impairment Noted	10	90%	9	60%
Mothers' Knowledge				
Told Mother, Protected	1	9%	0	0
Told Mother, Not Protect	4	36%	2	13%
Not Told, Did Not Know	3	27%	8	53%
Not Told, Knew	2	18%	5	33%

Table 2, cont.

Others in Family Abused by

Same Perpetrator?

Yes	5	45%	13	86%
Did Not Report / No	6	55%	2	14%

Childhood Disclosure?

Never Told / No Reason	0	0	10	67%
Never Told / Reason	3	27%	0	0
Told / Was Not Believed	1	9%	4	27%
Told / Was Believed /				
Abuse Continued	1	9%	1	6%
Told / Was Believed /	6	55%	0	0
Abuse Ended				

Why No Attempts to End

Abuse?

Did Not Discuss	0	0	7	46%
Afraid of Violence	1	9%	4	27%
Sensed No Escape	3	27%	4	27%
Potential Reactions of	6	55%	0	0
Others				
Curiosity	1	9%	0	0

a. Totals within sections add to 100%, with possible rounding errors of less than 1%.

Table 3. Number and Percent of Participants Endorsing Specific Symptoms or Experiences, from Qualitative Data

Symptom or Experience	Continuous Memories		Delayed Memories	
	N (of 11)	%	N (of 15)	%
Descriptions of Memory				
Difficulty in General for				
Childhood Memories	3	27%	8	53%
Visual	10	91%	0	0
Primarily Bodily	0	0	15	100%
Fragmented	0	0	12	80%
Therapy				
Ever Received Therapy	8	73%	13	87%
Still Seeing Therapist	2	18%	4	26%
Why Sought Therapy				
Sexual Abuse	7	64%	1	7%
Generalized Distress	0	0	10	67%
Effects of Abuse				
Attempted / Ideation of				
Suicide	7	64%	14	93%
Interfered with	4	36%	10	67%
Development				
Relationship Choices	5	45%	12	80%
Sexual Functioning	5	45%	13	87%
Felt Negatively about Self	9	82%	12	80%
Ability to Trust / Be Close				
with Others	5	45%	7	47%

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Appendix A

Background Questionnaire-for participants who have recovered memories

1. Age_____
2. Sex_____
3. Race_____
4. Age or age range during which abuse occurred (ex. 12 years old or from 7-11 years old) _____
5. Was this a single incident of abuse? (circle Yes or No)
Yes No

If Yes, skip to item 8

6. If not, approximately how long was the period of time during which you were abused? (for example from age 10 to 12, choose g, 2 to 4 years)
 - a. once
 - b. several days
 - c. 1 to 3 weeks
 - d. 4 to 8 weeks
 - e. 2 to 6 months
 - f. 6 months to 1 year
 - g. 2 to 4 years
 - h. 5 or more years
7. Approximately how frequently did abuse occur during this time period? (choose the answer that comes closest)
 - a. less than once a year
 - b. once or twice a year
 - c. several times a year
 - d. once or twice a month
 - e. once or twice a week
 - f. everyday or nearly everyday
8. The person who abused you was (circle one)
 - a. your father or mother
 - b. your stepfather or stepmother
 - c. your sibling
 - d. other relative (such as grandparent, uncle, etc.)
 - e. neighbor or friend
 - f. teacher, coach, scout or religious leader, camp counselor, sitter or other non-related caretaker.
 - g. other person familiar to you prior to abuse
 - h. other person unfamiliar to you prior to abuse

Did the person who sexually abused you also abuse you (circle all that apply)

9. a. physically
10. b. verbally
11. c. emotionally

12. Prior to the abuse how much would you say that you trusted your abuser?
- a. a great deal
 - b. somewhat
 - c. a little
 - d. not at all
13. How much did you depend emotionally and/or physically on your abuser?
- a. a great deal
 - b. somewhat
 - c. a little
 - d. not at all
14. Is it likely that an adult, other your abuser, was aware that you were being abused?
(circle one)
Yes No
15. If yes, how certain are you that this person was aware of the abuse? (circle one)
- a. absolutely certain
 - b. nearly certain
 - c. somewhat doubtful
 - d. extremely doubtful
 - e. completely uncertain
16. As a child, did you tell anyone about the abuse?
Yes No
17. If yes, what resulted from your telling?
- a. abuse stopped
 - b. person you told took action to help you
 - c. person you told blamed you
 - d. person you told didn't believe you
 - e. nothing happened
18. Approximately how long was the period during which you could not remember the abuse? _____
19. Approximately how long after the abuse took place did you forget about it? _____
20. How old were you when you forgot the abuse? _____
21. How old were you when you remembered? _____
22. How clear are you memories of sexual abuse?
- a. extremely clear
 - b. fairly clear
 - c. clear enough
 - d. somewhat unclear
 - e. unclear

23. How confident do you feel that your abuse took place as you remember it?
- a. absolutely confident
 - b. fairly confident
 - c. confident enough
 - d. somewhat confident
 - e. not confident at all
24. How confident do you feel that your abuse took place, whether the memory is exact or not?
- a. absolutely confident
 - b. fairly confident
 - c. confident enough
 - d. somewhat confident
 - e. not confident at all
25. Have you ever had psychotherapy or counseling?
- Yes No
- If No please skip to item 33.
26. Approximately how long did you see a counselor/therapist?
- a. 1-4 visits
 - b. 5-10 visits
 - c. 4-6 months
 - d. 7 months-1 year
 - e. more than 1 year
27. What credential did the counselor/therapist hold?
- a. psychologist
 - b. psychiatrist
 - c. social worker
 - d. other
 - e. don't know
28. Was the abuse the reason you first sought counseling/therapy?
- Yes No
29. Did you work on abuse issues during therapy/counseling?
- Yes No
30. Were you seeing a therapist at the time you remembered being abused?
- Yes No
31. If yes, did your therapist try to help you remember the abuse by using drugs, hypnosis or guided visualizations?
- Yes No
32. During therapy who brought up sexual abuse first?
- a. I did.
 - b. My therapist did.
 - c. I can't remember.

33. Do you think that remembering your abuse was ultimately helpful to you?

Yes No

34. Have you ever gotten corroboration of your memories of abuse from any source outside of yourself?

- a. relative's account
- b. abuser's confession
- c. medical/legal records
- d. another victim's experience
- e. other _____
- f. none

Please check off ALL that apply to your abuse experience

- _____ Abuse prior to age 12
- _____ Abuser substantially older than you
- _____ Multiple abusers
- _____ Oral/genital contact
- _____ Presence of any type of penetration
- _____ Rape (intercourse)
- _____ Use of physical force during sexual abuse
- _____ Suffered physical pain during abuse
- _____ Also physically, emotionally or verbally abused by perpetrator of sexual abuse
- _____ Abuser involved unusual features in abuse (costumes, props, etc.)
- _____ Strong feelings of betrayal, shame, fear and/or powerlessness at time of abuse
- _____ Feeling numb, total lack of feelings or unable to remember feelings at time of abuse.

Background Questionnaire-for participants who have always remembered

1. Age_____
2. Sex_____
3. Race_____
4. Age or age range during which abuse occurred (ex. 12 years old or from 7-11 years old) _____
5. Was this a single incident of abuse? (circle Yes or No)
Yes No

If Yes, skip to item 8

6. If not, approximately how long was the period of time during which you were abused? (Choose the closest. For example, abused from age 10 to 12, choose g, 2 to 4 years)
 - a. once
 - b. several days
 - c. 1 to 3 weeks
 - d. 4 to 8 weeks
 - e. 2 to 6 months
 - f. 6 months to 1 year
 - g. 2 to 4 years
 - h. 5 or more years
7. Approximately how frequently did abuse occur during this time period? (choose the answer that comes closest)
 - a. less than once a year
 - b. once or twice a year
 - c. several times a year
 - d. once or twice a month
 - e. once or twice a week
 - f. everyday or nearly everyday
8. The person who abused you was (circle one)
 - a. your father or mother
 - b. your stepfather or stepmother
 - c. your sibling
 - d. other relative (such as grandparent, uncle, etc.)
 - e. neighbor or friend
 - f. teacher, coach, scout or religious leader, camp counselor, sitter or other non-related caretaker.
 - g. other person familiar to you prior to abuse
 - h. other person unfamiliar to you prior to abuse

Did the person who sexually abused you also abuse you (circle all that apply)

9. a. physically
10. b. verbally
11. c. emotionally

12. Prior to the abuse how much would you say that you trusted your abuser?
- a. a great deal
 - b. somewhat
 - c. a little
 - d. not at all
13. How much did you depend emotionally and/or physically on your abuser?
- a. a great deal
 - b. somewhat
 - c. a little
 - d. not at all
14. Is it likely that an adult, other your abuser, was aware that you were being abused?
(circle one)
- Yes No
15. If yes, how certain are you that this person was aware of the abuse? (circle one)
- a. absolutely certain
 - b. nearly certain
 - c. somewhat doubtful
 - d. extremely doubtful
 - e. completely uncertain
16. As a child, did you tell anyone about the abuse?
- Yes No
17. If yes, what resulted from your telling?
- a. abuse stopped
 - b. person you told took action to help you
 - c. person you told blamed you
 - d. person you told didn't believe you
 - e. nothing happened
18. How clear are you memories of sexual abuse?
- a. extremely clear
 - b. fairly clear
 - c. clear enough
 - d. somewhat unclear
 - e. unclear
19. How confident do you feel that your abuse took place as you remember it?
- a. absolutely confident
 - b. fairly confident
 - c. confident enough
 - d. somewhat confident
 - e. not confident at all
20. How confident do you feel that your abuse took place, whether the memory is exact or not?
- a. absolutely confident
 - b. fairly confident
 - c. confident enough
 - d. somewhat confident

e. not confident at all

21. Have you ever had psychotherapy or counseling?
Yes No

If no, please skip to item 26. If yes, please continue with item 22.

22. Approximately how long did you see a counselor/therapist?
a. 1-4 visits
b. 5-10 visits
c. 4-6 months
d. 7 months-1 year
e. more than 1 year

23. What credential did the counselor/therapist hold?
a. psychologist
b. psychiatrist
c. social worker
d. other
e. don't know

24. Was the abuse the reason you first sought counseling/therapy?
Yes No

25. Did you work on abuse issues during therapy/counseling?
Yes No

26. Have you ever gotten corroboration of your memories of abuse from any source outside of yourself?
a. relative's account
b. abuser's confession
c. medical/legal records
d. another victim's experience
e. other _____
f. none

Please check off ALL that apply to your abuse experience

____ Abuse prior to age 12
____ Abuser substantially older than you
____ Multiple abusers
____ Oral/genital contact
____ Presence of any type of penetration
____ Rape (intercourse)
____ Use of physical force during sexual abuse
____ Suffered physical pain during abuse
____ Also physically, emotionally or verbally abused by perpetrator of sexual abuse
____ Abuser involved unusual features in abuse (costumes, props, etc.)
____ Strong feelings of betrayal, shame, fear and/or powerlessness at time of abuse
____ Feeling numb, total lack of feelings or unable to remember feelings at time of abuse.

Appendix B

Family Functioning Scale

Items 1-40 are statements that describe families. Think back to your childhood and rate how each statement describes the family that you grew up in. Use the following five-point scale to describe your childhood family.

Never Rarely Sometimes Frequently Always
1 2 3 4 5

1. Birthdays were important events in my family.

1 2 3 4 5

2. The children in my family fought with each other.

1 2 3 4 5

3. People in my family had to be reminded when they were asked to do something.

1 2 3 4 5

4. People in my family did not care enough about what I needed.

1 2 3 4 5

5. Our family spent holidays together.

1 2 3 4 5

6. Members of my family argued about money.

1 2 3 4 5

7. My family accepted me the way I was.

1 2 3 4 5

8. When someone in my family was angry I felt worried.

1 2 3 4 5

9. People in my family listened when I spoke.

1 2 3 4 5

10. I worried when I disagreed with the opinions of other family members.

1 2 3 4 5

11. I felt respected by my family.

1 2 3 4 5

12. My family paid attention to traditions.

1 2 3 4 5

13. When things were not going well in my family I felt sick.

1 2 3 4 5

14. Special events, such as anniversaries and graduations, were celebrated in my family.

1 2 3 4 5

15. People in my family hit each other.

1 2 3 4 5

16. When I had questions about personal relationships I talked with family members.

1 2 3 4 5

17. When I was sad, I let my family know.

1 2 3 4 5

18. The mood of one family member could spread to everyone in the house.

1 2 3 4 5

19. When I was upset, I let family members know.

1 2 3 4 5

20. People in my family yelled at each other.

1 2 3 4 5

21. My family saw me as a hopeless case.

1 2 3 4 5

22. It is hard for me to forget painful events that have happened in my family.

1 2 3 4 5

23. People in my family would use my things without asking.

1 2 3 4 5

24. In my family we talked about what was right and wrong with regard to sex.

1 2 3 4 5

25. Family members were critical of each other's eating habits.

1 2 3 4 5

26. When things went wrong in my family, someone got blamed.

1 2 3 4 5

27. In my family we talked about the physical changes that go with growing up.

1 2 3 4 5

28. I told people in my family when I was angry with them.

1 2 3 4 5

29. Family members ate at least one meal a day together.

1 2 3 4 5

30. Family reunions were important to us.

1 2 3 4 5

31. I had trouble sleeping when I thought about family problems.

1 2 3 4 5

32. We were interested in our family history.

1 2 3 4 5

33. I felt loved by my family.

1 2 3 4 5

34. When things were not going well in my family it affected my appetite.

1 2 3 4 5

35. I let my family know when I felt afraid.

1 2 3 4 5

36. People in my family were not interested in what I was doing.

1 2 3 4 5

37. It was important to know the mood of certain family members.

1 2 3 4 5

38. I felt like a stranger in my own house.

1 2 3 4 5

39. My family was friendly with other families.

1 2 3 4 5

40. People in my family discussed their problems with me.

1 2 3 4 5

Appendix C

Dissociative Experiences Scale

The following statements describe experiences some people have. Choose the percentage closest to the percentage of time that these things happen to you when you are not under the influence of alcohol or drugs.

SOME PEOPLE...

1....have the experience of driving a car and suddenly realizing they don't remember what has happened during all or part of the trip.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

2....find that sometimes they are listening to someone talk and they suddenly realize that they did not hear part or all of what was said.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

3....finding themselves in a place and having no idea how they got there.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

4....have the experience of finding themselves dressed in clothes that they do not remember putting on.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

5....have the experience of finding new things among their belongings that they do not remember buying.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

6....find that they are approached by people that they do not know who call them by another name or insist that they have met them before.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

7....sometimes have the experience of feeling as though they are standing next to themselves or watching themselves do something and they actually see themselves as if they were seeing another person.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

8....are told that they sometimes do not recognize friends or family members.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

9....find that they have no memory for some important events in their lives (for example a wedding or graduation).

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

10....have had the experience of being accused of lying when they do not think they have lied.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

11....have the experience of looking in a mirror and not recognizing themselves.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

12....have the experience of feeling that other people, objects and the world around them are not real.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

13....sometimes have the experience of feeling that their body does not seem to belong to them.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

14....have the experience of sometimes remembering a past event so vividly that they feel as if they are reliving that event.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

15....have the experience of not being sure whether things that they remember happening really did happen or whether they just dreamed them.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

16....have the experience of being in a familiar place but finding it strange and unfamiliar.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

17....find that when they are watching television or a movie they become so absorbed in the story that they are unaware of other events happening around them.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

18....sometimes find that they become so involved in a fantasy or daydream that it feels as though it were really happening to them.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

19....find they sometimes are able to ignore pain.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

20....find that they sometimes sit staring off into space, thinking of nothing, and are not aware of the passage of time.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

21....sometimes find that when they are alone they talk out loud to themselves.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

22....find that in one situation they may act so differently compared with another situation that they feel almost as if they were two different people.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

23....sometimes find that in certain situations they are able to do things with amazing ease and spontaneity that would usually be difficult for them (for example, sports, work, social situations, etc.).

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

24....sometimes find that they cannot remember whether they have done something or have just thought about doing that thing (for example, not knowing whether they have just mailed a letter or have just thought about mailing it).

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

26....sometimes find writings, drawings or notes among their belongings that they must have done but cannot remember doing.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

27....sometimes find that they hear voices inside their head that tell them to do things or comment on things that they are doing.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

28....sometimes feel as if they are looking at the world through a fog so that people and objects appear far away or unclear.

0% 5% 10% 15% 25% 50% 75% 100%

Appendix D

Adult Sexual Victimization Scale

Please think about whether these things have ever happened to you. Although these may be difficult to answer please try to answer as honestly as you can. Circle your best answer.

As AN ADULT have you ever:

1. had a man mistake how far you wanted to go with sex?
 - a. Definitely yes
 - b. Probably yes
 - c. Probably no
 - d. Definitely no
2. been with a man who got so turned on that you couldn't stop him, even though you didn't want to have sex?
 - a. Definitely yes
 - b. Probably yes
 - c. Probably no
 - d. Definitely no
3. had sex with a man even though you didn't want to because he said he would break up with you?
 - a. Definitely yes
 - b. Probably yes
 - c. Probably no
 - d. Definitely no
4. had sex with a man when you didn't want to because he argued and put pressure on you?
 - a. Definitely yes
 - b. Probably yes
 - c. Probably no
 - d. Definitely no
5. found out that a man talked you into having sex by saying things he didn't mean?
 - a. Definitely yes
 - b. Probably yes
 - c. Probably no
 - d. Definitely no
6. had a man use force (twist your arm, hold you down, etc.) to make you kiss or feel him when you didn't want to?
 - a. Definitely yes
 - b. Probably yes
 - c. Probably no
 - d. Definitely no
7. had a man try to have sex with you when you didn't want to by saying he would use force, but then sex didn't happen?
 - a. Definitely yes
 - b. Probably yes
 - c. Probably no
 - d. Definitely no
8. had a man use force to make you have sex when you didn't want to, but then sex didn't happen?

- a. Definitely yes
- b. Probably yes
- c. Probably no
- d. Definitely no

9. had sex with a man when you did not want to because you thought he would use force (twist your arm, hold you down, etc.)?

- a. Definitely yes
- b. Probably yes
- c. Probably no
- d. Definitely no

10. had vaginal sex (penis in your vagina) with a man when you didn't want to because he used force?

- a. Definitely yes
- b. Probably yes
- c. Probably no
- d. Definitely no

11. had anal or oral sex (penis in your rectum or mouth) with a man when you didn't want to because he used threats or force?

- a. Definitely yes
- b. Probably yes
- c. Probably no
- d. Definitely no

12. ever been raped?

- a. Definitely yes
- b. Probably yes
- c. Probably no
- d. Definitely no

Note: Items 1-5 constituted the Sexual Coercion factor; items 6 – 12 constituted the Sexual Assault factor.

Appendix E

Supporting Statements from Qualitative Data

Subject #1C (Continuous Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	[Older brother] He was just, just nothing. You know, we would have functions, family functions and I pretty much just never really interacted with him.
Dependence	Not at all.
Trust level	Somewhat—somewhat.
Conflict/ Ambivalence	I can almost say, Okay you were a kid, you were abused, you were totally screwed up yourself, so, that's fine. Then you were an adult, you were--a—functioning as an adult--it's not like he was a derelict, he didn't have a job--he was, you know, for all intents and purposes, a seemingly well-adjusted functioning adult. And you think that he knew better...he knew right from wrong. And he still doesn't. Because someone said, "Once an abuser always an abuser." [brother who abused her has also been abusing his daughter]
Description of Relationship to Mother	I don't ever remember my mother telling me that she loved me.
Told?—why or why not	No. Never as a kid.
Current feelings about mother	My older sister, I'm at the younger end, and she has a completely, she said, if--our mother has passed away—she said, "If mom was still alive this would be handled so entirely differently. We would be over at the house. We would be discussing this. It would be very open." My father's very closed about this. But I don't, I don't—when she said that and I thought about it, I said, "Yeah, all right, I can see Mom that way." But I never had a relationship like that with my mother. I always felt that my mother very closed
Family Awareness/ Involvement	And we see..... I'm looking at his [her father's] reaction now to what has come out all last year and I'm not liking what I'm seeing at all and I'm thinking that he--I'm sort of leading myself down the path to think that he knew. Maybe he wasn't involved, maybe he knew something or....but I see red flags went up and my parents should've said, "Oh what is up with these kids?"
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	Everyone was just totally blown away by this and they thought that the worst thing in the world had happened and they found that there was more and more and more and over the course of the next two weeks it was revealed--I'm from a large family--that I think just about everyone had...had experienced some level of sexual abuse in that household.
Family attitudes	I have a problem with that and there was a comment that he made that and this one, I can't let go of this, when this first came out that my niece had been abused, my father's comment

	<p>was oh, well, I'm not sure that this is all entirely my brother's fault--his son's fault—um, because that A., [niece that was abused] she's pretty cute. Yeah, I see the look on your face. I know. I know. I can't let go of that.</p> <p>And I thought, "All right, this a generational thing this is a denial thing, this is something." I tried to make up for it. [big sigh] I can't let it go.</p>
Why didn't tell or why went along with	<p>And I've thought about that alot. Is it because I did enjoy it and I wanted for it to continue? Was it because, um, I was afraid? Did he hold something over me? I don't think that. Would I not tell just because I knew it was wrong and if I did something wrong I would get punished? You know that can be a very strong factor, there. I mean, I'm not gonna tell because then I'll get in trouble.</p> <p>I don t know why I didn t tell. But then I know as I got older, when it had stopped, that I didn t tell because, ah, look, I didn t think it was worth putting the family through it.</p>
Memory Recovery/ Began to work on issues	<p>And she proceeded to tell me (P's voice is shaky here) that um, our niece who was 17 at the time, had just revealed to her sister and her sister to a cousin and the cousin to his parent who, one of his parents is my sister, that my niece had been sexually abused by her father my brother for--on and off for ten years. (P starts to cry) I'm sorry</p> <p>R: hmmm, it's really okay.</p> <p>P: and I really had a really difficult time with it. The next thing I said was, "Well, why not, he abused me."</p>
Nature of Memories	Very clear
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>When I ve gone to the counselor and even here, the question when did the abuse occur you know, how old were you when it started, how long did it last and so on, I think that, well, my younger brother who was abused, is very, very positive that his abuse started when he was five and ended when he was about fifteen. I don t think I was abused that long...I would say that I was probably abused from the ages of —well, between the ages of seven and thirteen. But for me to think of specific incidents-- I can t place that this happened hundreds of times. I can maybe only remember three or four specific events. So I wonder if it happened more often and I ve, you know, suppressed it, or it only happened those four times and it could ve happened in two months. I don t know.</p>
Description of memories	<p>R: Right. Now, you said you were always aware. Just now you said that you've remembered three or four specific events. Did you always remember those events?</p> <p>P: Yes. Um, I can remember being on the couch under a blanket and my brother climbing in and sticking his feet on me and so forth. I can remember being home from school with him--no one else was home. We were home sick or something. I don't know why we were home alone but we were. And there was someone that was coming to the house--I wanna say there was someone who was delivering a washing machine or fixing</p>

	<p>a washing machine—and I remember that when that person—I have a pretty specific memory of being in an upstairs bedroom--and that person leaving, you could see him leaving the driveway and then some sort of abuse happening. And one of the things that was very helpful to me was that they pointed out that whatever abuse happened it happened and it was abuse, that people discount what happen to them because it wasn't as horrific as something that they've heard has happened to somebody else. And my stickler there is that I think that I don't remember it as horrible horrible horrible. I think that I enjoyed it. And I've spent an awful lot of time on this with my counselor. And she....[begins to cry]</p>
How abuse affected subject	
Life events	<p>that when I first started talking with people about it, that that it makes me question everything I've ever done, every decision I've ever made, every relationship I've ever had, and not just of a sexual nature,</p>
Impact on self image and emotional health	<p>I often say that I just can't believe how much this permeates my whole being-</p> <p>But I think that had--my self concept has definitely suffered. That I never felt worthwhile or anything...</p> <p>And I wonder, I got married when I was twenty-two. Did I marry this person because I thought no one else was ever gonna love me? And I pretty much think that that's the way I felt</p> <p>my self worth I know has been deteriorated by this. [deep sigh and pause]...That I don't think enough of myself that I don't—my opinion has no value...That's pretty, pretty um all encompassing. I mean that really is a blanket over everything. Um, and she said I just wanna tell you, I'm not saying that you're an eight year old cognitively but sometimes you operate as an eight year old emotionally. I said I understand that. But I also maintain that sometimes the two--they get linked from time to time. And I think that when I say that I'm not at where I should be in some things. That eight year old emotional thing spilled over into the cognitive and I can't keep with something...you know what I mean? But I also think that I'm just muddled right now because there's so much. But I also think that it's been muddled all along.</p> <p>Because I didn't I didn't allow myself to deal with this [the abuse].</p>
Impact on romantic/sexual relationships	<p>This idea of the concept of not being able to communicate, not being able to tell when I was younger that this had happened or to tell my brother to stop or whatever now is transferred to him [husband] that I don't know how to communicate with him. I can't tell him, "Jim, I have this problem communicating with you and this is why." Because I think it would kind of wig him out or something. So that's why I'm kind of working on how much I have to tell him. You know I don't want to hold something back but I have to start evaluating what's important</p>

	for him to know...
Impact on other relationships	[Speaking about daughter and weeping openly] So, I m definitely making this correlation between her and me...and I think that I m going down a dangerous path her, seeing that she is me before abuse and she should be me that didn t get abused You know? And am I pinning too much on her? I feel tremendous guilt that I failed her, that I ve done something wrong, I didn t do something I was supposed to and it s just a horrible thing...it s just... and it all goes back...and I hate to be a scapegoat about this, but there s no denying it, that this goes back....
Guilt/feelings of being responsible	I think that I enjoyed it. And I've spent an awful lot of time on this with my counselor. And she....[begins to cry] R: Oh yes....this is I think one of the most painful outcomes of abuse. P: [begins to sob audibly. Participant is overcome by emotion and recorder is turned off until she is more composed]...Sex is supposed to be pleasurable, so it only makes sense that there would be some level of enjoyment and I can see that I can read it--it's pretty black and white to me but to really apply it to my own self that's a whole different ball game because it's just...the damage has been done...the thing that I'm looking for is the idea if I enjoyed that it doesn't mean that I wasn't abused, that I wanted it
Positive aspects	None mentioned

Subject # 2C (Continuous Memory)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>it was my sister's boyfriend....now husband.and they were dating I believe in her senior year of high school....which makes him six years older than me....which makes him, would have made him seventeen or eighteen...which would have made me eleven or twelve</p> <p>I mean he was a friend. He was kind ofya know.</p> <p>it wasn't a vague thing...'cause now they're married. If he had come and gone</p> <p>He would always a joke around because I was so young and still pre-pubescent but, starting to grow...would always make comments about me being small-chested. Always comments about that all the way into adulthood. He stopped after...I don't know...at some point but, he was always....well, my two sisters had "D's" and I was very small. But, at the time I was small, I was young</p>
Abuser's personality	<p>He's like this. I've noticed it. He's very rough. He's very controlling. And he would not let go. He would hold so tight and tickle. Some people just over-tickle and they don't back off when they see that it's bothering the other person? That's what he would do</p> <p>...it's a control thing, I think.</p>
Dependence	Not all I don't... I wouldn't think.
Trust level	[trust him?] A great deal, I guess. I m not sure how well I knew him. He was...he was her boyfriend. They were going pretty steady. Yeah, I guess I knew him fairly well, as any young child could get to know her older sister s boyfriend.
Feelings prior/ Feelings after	<p>And I don't know about....I hate to think that he did...he could have chosen to act out with his children. I mean...I mean....do they...do they choose to stay with small children? Do they....maybe he's just got a different sexual....he worked in New York City. I always figured he went over some place to forty-second street (little laugh) and got kinky and weird over there. Ya know, that his sexual behavior was...off</p>
Conflict/ Ambivalence	<p>I m physically removed from them.. And I don t see him. I talked to him last year once on the phone. And I... it was good to talk to him.. He s still family, he s still my sister s husband and he s still a part of my family... a family that I don t have anymore. I don t have any family. Most of them passed away so, he s better then nothing and I ve known him for a long time. He s still a part of it all. I can t decide....I can t get angry and write him off</p>
Confrontation?	So, no one knew and I never let on to him that I remembered that happened. I never made any comments to him. You know, I can remember what you did, I just make believe it

	never happened.
Resolution?	I wouldn't react. At a certain age, there was not a way that he was....that I would submit to that so...but, got out of it by joking, ya know. Not anger, somehow. (laugh) Not in my family.
Current feelings/ Relationship	[See above under conflict ambivalence]
Description of Relationship to Mother	[Did not describe relationship with mother specifically—recounted Father's strictness and general family detachment]
Mother's Role in Family	she wanted to have a happy household. She was determined to have a happy family and kept it that way and I was forced to fall into that role and uhm this would really have thrown a...something really confusing into the family,
Mother's awareness of abuse	[Mother not aware at all at time. Died before subject began to talk about it.
Told?—why or why not	[See above under Mother's Role]
Family awareness/ Involvement/ Attitudes	<p>The whole family dynamics would have been confused. It just was just easier to pretend it didn't happen and know one knew about it and everybody could pretend it was a happy family and I didn't want to burden him with the knowledge of knowing that too.</p> <p>It would have been my responsibility to make sure that I didn't get in the...get in the situation where he might corner me or there was a quiet time where...Always to just make sure I wasn't around or was...I didn't allow the setting to...become comfortable enough for something like that to happen.</p>
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	My biggest concern is my sister. We've lost communication since my mom passed away. My concern is that she's also in this denial stage, that something's occurred in the family that she's not acknowledging.
Childhood Telling/Denial Experiences	[Never told anyone.]
Feelings of why they went along	<p>Well, you obey older people. I was taught to obey older people and he was an older person and you certainly didn't lash out, you certainly didn't say no, you certainly didn't express your anger. There was a big part of submissiveness that I was taught growing up.</p> <p>R: I know. Let me ask you this: Did you feel you had an option?</p> <p>P: No. Because he was older and you did...you did what older people told you to do. I was not allowed to say no. I was not allowed to show anger. My father was very strong. Parochial school, twelve years...</p> <p>R: Mmm</p> <p>P: There was the strength of God and the strength of my father. If one didn't get me the other one was going to get me and there was no way. You didn't misbehave- You didn't. You did what you were told. I was..I was a really good kid. I</p>

	never showed...(crying) I was too good.
Why didn't tell	That's, I think...yeah, I think that's what I caught onto. How could I possibly have gone to them. Not only did we not admit that there's anything wrong with anything in this family picture. I mean, it seems really classic. I don't think my story is any...is dramatically different than a lot of other families...uhm...we just didn't..didn't really talk about much. It was pleasantville. It was definitely pleasantville, where everything was rosy and it wasn't.... I think my mother might of come from an alcoholic background. I know that she insinuated that she drank a lot and so she wanted to have a happy household. She was determined to have a happy family and kept it that way and I was forced to fall into that role and uhm this would really have thrown a...something really confusing into the family, having uh..yeah, I didn't have the environment to..uh...talk about it.
Nature of Memories Type/clarity	I feel like I have my eyes closed when I remember it. I don't see it. And I'm a very visual person. I'm surprised that I don't. Everything is visual to me. I need to see and feel. And that I don't, I just kind of.... I can see it, but without seeing it. I'm not seeing him. I'm hearing him and I'm feeling what he's doing and I'm feeling my restriction. So, there's the hearing the frustration of doing something that I don't want to do and then the feeling, and the anger of the feeling.
How do they fit in with other memories?	It was handful of times. Three maybe four and I don't know how much time went in between each one. I can't....I have no idea. Hmm.
Description of memories	Yeah. Uhm... But he must have started rubbing my back, or something like that. I can only assume that. I don't think he would just like go for it. That would be really crude and....and I don't know if he....I think he did. I think he did touch me on top. There was nothing there; I was only a little kid. I was probably budding. Just a little bud.... a little, little bud. And I don't know how he got into my pants. Whether....it was just a very slow procedure and he would want....he would...he would uhm... be down there and wanting to know how it felt. And...uhm... I think by then, I had also discovered myself, I think. So, it wasn't a revelation. (laugh) But, I knew he shouldn't be there doing it. And...uhm... I don't know if there was penetration. I do remember knowing that there...I was obviously responding to him and I didn't like that. I didn't like to know that I was responding to him. And it was the lubrication that I didn't....that...uhm...was occurring and....I didn't like that. And I would say stop, and I'd try to pull away and I, I'd try, you know. I didn't get angry. I didn't la...I didn't get angry until "stop it" but I would just say "No...no" and trying to worm away. And he would just, not forcefully hold on to me, but definitely hold onto me. So, that getting away wasn't easy. So there was like this, you know...you know "stop, stop. don't.." you know. I don't even remember what I said, but I definitely felt uncomfortable and I would tighten myself up. He would just tell me to relax. I

	<p>remembered, not too long ago, I remember him breathing behind me. And I don't know if I was aware of what was going on underneath me. I was trying to recall that. And I don't. So, I remember just a handful of things. I remember his breathing. I remember him talking very slow and low and getting me to respond verbally and I wouldn't.</p> <p>How do I experience the memory? I feel like everything goes... I drew a picture one time. It was comic. This woman was drinking real lemon juice, her mouth was all sucked in, her breasts sunk in and...everything sucked in. So, there were focus areas that sucked in: between her legs her breasts and her mouth. That's how I feel when I tell the story. I feel like everything is sucking in, everything is...I feel like I'm restricted down here...my shoulders are tense, my knee hurts right now. [laugh] My shoulders are coming forward. And I just uncurled my arms...uhm....but my hands are cold so....</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>Well, I'm angry. I think that's part of it. I'm just...I'm as an....now that I'm older, I'm angry that I wasn't able to express it, that I wasn't able to protect myself. They didn't allow me to because I was supposed to do what was....what was right and what was good. And he obviously wasn't doing something that was right and good, but.....and I knew that....but I wasn't able to say no. But, I did. I did but, it didn't help. It didn't work.</p> <p>I worry about my two nieces. I don't know if anything's happened and I don't know what to do about that. I usually just block that out and not think about it. They're older now. One's twenty-seven and one's nineteen so, it's not a matter of taking them away from their family. And if they were still in the family and I remembered all this, I don't know what Ito confront that, to save them of course would be the thing that you want to do, but would I have had the nerve? Would I have had the courage to do it? And I fear I wouldn't have had the courage to do it and that makes me feel pretty bad about myself, that I wouldn't</p>
Impact on romantic/sexual relationships	<p>You know, I have that trouble now. I can't do that now. I have a hard time telling people, being verbally intimate.. At least the last boyfriend I had was very, very uhm...he knew about it and he was very..uhm...he was very good.</p> <p>.you know, flirting. I don't...I don't like to. I don't think...I like men. I like talking to them and I think maybe I do flirt on some way, but...but certainly not in a sexual way. Neither...</p>
Impact on other relationships	<p>I think it would have to and I think it has because....I don't hug freely, I have a girlfriend and she hugs everyone, the husbands and the wives and she kisses and I'll do the hugs and the kisses for the...for the woman but, I'm not as free and easy to do it with the men for fear that they might...misinterpret it? I don't know how it'll be...seen, maybe. Ummm...I think there's a sexualizing there that I can't not do. I'm not so much sure it's them sexualizing me, but me sexualizing them, you know what I'm saying?</p>

	<p>My sister's not talking to me now. People have asked me "Do you think she knows?" I certainly didn't tell and he certainly wouldn't have told. I don't know exactly because she doesn't want to talk about. uhm she'd started removing herself..uh...getting just really kind of weird about fourteen years ago... fourteen, fifteen years ago. So, I don't know if his behavior has...I figure that his behavior. I figure for the little bit that I've read, his behavior didn't stop. If I was gonna pick did he or didn't he, I'd have to go with he didn't.</p> <p>wanted to get to know and be part of a community and then when I tried it, it scared me away. I just... I don't think I can do this. I don't know. It's something I want to work on, but I don't know.</p>
Guilt/Sense of being responsible	<p>[crying a bit] There was no numbness. I mean that was part of the ickyness of it. Uhm, because there was pleasure there that just wasn't appropriate. And that was something that through reading or picking something up and understanding....it brought a little bit more of an understanding about it. But, it did feel good and there was....my body was reacting to it and I wasn't....I didn't want it to. It wasn't supposed to because it was...this wasn't supposed to be happening. This certainly was not supposed....to be happening.</p> <p>R: So, you didn't get numb. Do you remember your emotions from that time?</p> <p>P: No. I might of fought the feeling of the...of the part that was feeling good, but wasn't able to. I don't think it went on long enough for me to....I'm not sure how I'm supposed to feel if it went on and on and on, but I'm wondering if I would have numbed myself if it had gone on.</p> <p>R: Right. Right. Are you able to remember your feelings, I'm talking about your emotions that had to....that were going on at the time of the abuse.</p> <p>P: I don't think so. [She begins to sob and asks that the recorder be stopped.]</p>
Therapy/ Recovery Process	Therapy only for marital problems—no discussion of abuse

Subject #3D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[grandfather]</p> <p>I thought, or I guess needed/chose to think that Grampa was feigning that grumpy facade to be funny and/or cover his shyness or embarrassment or social discomfort I always laughed at his funny show/joke of an angry "act," and never for a second considered that he was rude and mean and selfish until I was in my 30's or 40's. I would never have thought of climbing into his lap or snuggling him for example, and I was an extremely affectionate child. Odd, looking back, how I dissociated/"didn't notice" how unlikeable he was! What a tribute to the inner strength of a child, choosing to see a Pollyanna perspective of a real creep rather than seeing the true bastard he was.</p>
Abuser's personality	<p>He often rudely announced that he wanted company [us, his wife's/his family] to leave, he hated having us around, he often kicked the cat (poor Jinx!), he seemed jittery and frequently jumped up to do some task or go off into some other part of his house ... It seemed as if he had "ants in his pants."</p> <p>He would type loudly in the same room in which we were all conversing, making it nearly impossible to hear... He drove people away,</p> <p>Also, he went to church every week, sang in the choir, was vice pres. of the bank, did a lot of carpentry with my father's help, did the dishes, worked up a sweat gardening, and he treated my grandmother like she was a goddess (which she was, in my opinion!)</p>
Dependence	<p>I didn't feel I needed him, though, as I needed my grandmother, and as I had sooo adored and needed my "good" Grampa, my father's Dad, who died when I was 5. I did not have the connection with Norman that I had with Grampa Bill; nothing even remotely resembling a relationship like that (which, incredibly, never occurred to me until this moment).</p>

Confrontation?	<p>R: You confronted your grandfather specifically about the sexual abuse?</p> <p>P: In fact, he denied abusing me and then said, “and I never touched your sister.” But no one had accused him of touching my sister. In the beginning of the tape [she recorded her talk with grandfather] I said I need to talk to you, I’m having a lot of problems emotionally I think it comes from this experience and I’m just asking you to be honest with me. That’s all I want”—I was taping it so that he wouldn’t accuse me of blackmailing him.... And I said you and I had a sexual experience in the woods when I was a child and he said, “We did? We did? Really?” Then he said, “No that never happened. Oh this is gonna kill me.” And in the first meeting with him...he looked like he was gonna have a heart attack, he was in his mid-seventies, um, and I just felt like I couldn’t do this and I left and went out to the car and realized that I felt sure that he had been the one....and later my mother talked to him and said, “Please talk to J. about this. You owe her that much. You owe her.” And he said, “How much do you think? Ten thousand?” And she realized that that was his confession. That was as close as we were gonna get. And she said “I don’t know. What she really needs from you is to acknowledge the abuse.” And they hung up and my grandfather called me and said this is a direct quote, “If you said it happened then it did and I’m sorry.” And we talked for 2 or 3 minutes and I had this huge wave of “oh, I’m not crazy”—and we hung up and this huge scream came out of me, it was like sheer terror and sheer relief, a sound I had been holding back for like 25 or 28 years. Later he retracted his apology—said he didn’t remember anything but being in the woods with me and having a disturbing feeling...he eventually sent me a check for \$12,000 with a note that said only, “No reply or thanks by phone, please.” And I growled...Money? Money? I’d already spent more than that on therapy—I wanted him to talk to me but I guess abusers never get it.</p>
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>I think that I didn’t use conversation with other people because my mother was a borderline raging also intensely loving, but very irrational psychotic, sometimes schizophrenic and at home it didn’t feel safe ever to talk about...we weren’t allowed to hiccup or sneeze, so to say, “I really need a lot of attention here,” wasn’t okay.</p>
Told?—why or why not	<p>[told mother as adult] My mother completely believed me, which was so helpful, I just can’t thank her enough.</p>
Family awareness/ Involvement	<p>She [sister] also saw something similar when she went to bed at night—she said she didn’t have any of the physical symptoms but she had that vision of that icky skin....she said, “It’s something very socially unacceptable.”</p> <p>[cousin has also recovered memories of murdered girl and many incidents of sexual abuse by grandfather] After I recalled some of the abuse I asked my sister (who didn’t speak to me for two years) and my brother about whether or not they had been abused by N. My sister freaked, which seemed to me a confirmation of validity of my fears that he had abused her, and my brother said "No.</p>

	Nothing bad ever happened. I just thought he didn't like us."
Childhood Telling/Denial Experiences	I don't remember. I may have forgotten about the abuse even as it was happening so I couldn't have told...but I was always terrified, even as an adult, that he might kill me.
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	<p>And in 1986, shortly after my grandmother died, the wife of my abuser, I had been having what I now realize were a lot of body memories and a lot of just...she actually died in 85 and shortly after she died I started having a flooding of body memories and in May of 86, I was watering a fern, an asparagus fern on my front porch in L(town) and I looked down into the dirt and I saw some of the bulbs sticking up that are at the base of the roots and I was gagging—it was sticking up a little bit through the dirt the soil had gone too low and I was gagging and gasping and stumbling back and literally starting to fall, and I thought, "I'm having some kind of a seizure," I'm having a stroke. I didn't know what it was but at the same time I had this absolutely overwhelming sensation of being crushed, just destroyed. I was physically being destroyed and suffocated. And I experienced terror. Real terror. I went into the house and I just spaced out for a couple of days. I couldn't seem to recover from that. Couldn't get it out of my mind and I couldn't figure out what it was. What it was about those bulbs in the dirt and why I had that reaction. It just seemed so crazy. And coincidentally, my mother came over, this is a convoluted story and the long and the short of it, she told me something bad about my grandfather, her adoptive dad. That he had accused her of blackmailing him to other members in the family. And she had never asked him for money and she had only talked to him about how he had abused her. And while she was saying that, You know—something happened to me and I'm wondering if that was grandpa too. And she was annoyed 'cause she was trying to tell me something for the first time [about her mother's abuse] and I was totally in my own experience. I was trying to listen to her but I was really dissociative and I had a knowing in my body that made me feel like I was made of lead. It was just this total resonance with what she was saying. And it was too horrible to be true and my body knew it was true. I knew it was true and I was trying to deny it every second. And then I had, I started having recall—and I had what I call "island thoughts" and they're—I can feel them coming, it's like this wave or something approaching me and the volume or connection to my present state is turned way down so that this experience, the real experience is completely muted and what is turned up is the recall and there's this moat on all sides of this so it's an island and in this experience I was just standing over this young girl in a shallow grave and having all of those body sensations that I'd had before and thinking something about, Dirt on my face but I knew that I was a child and there was a female child with me which I thought was my sister, but it wasn't and two men talking about the girl in the grave. What are we gonna do about—her name was Linda. What are we gonna do about Linda? And um, then I just came out of it. And I just thought I was insane. But it was a memory and I recognized it as a memory but I felt insane because how could I</p>

not have remembered that all those years? How could I be 33 and remember that for the first time if it happened 28 years earlier?

[why knew is was a memory] It was coming from within me, it s not from some external thing. It s not like watching a movie and having it happens when I am quiet and meditative and safe and this comes up and then it just goes away just as quickly and the volume on the present comes back up. And I guess that s my window into reality, my window into my clarity, my experience of clarity about the past. And also I had the distinct sensation, at the time, of being very small. And when I came out of it I realized, Oh my god. I m an adult and that was when I was a child. I think I started out with that because it didn t have to do with my body. It was pretty bad, it was really bad but it wasn t my body down on the ground and it wasn t my body being violated. I then had a series of these memories coming up and writing them down and thinking I was crazy and knowing that I wasn t crazy it was real and not knowing who I could tell.

Nature of first recollection	<p>From early childhood recollection on, so probably from age 5 on, I had experiences when I was going to sleep at night and when I was waking up in the morning of what I now know to be body memories and flashbacks of a horrible sensation in my mouth and throat, a crushing feeling in my upper body and this image in my mind of almost—it was just a very—it was an image that I used to think of as diseased flesh, like puckered flesh. I realized when I was in my 30's that it was testicles, skin—testicular skin. As I had that horrible sensation and every single time and it's happened a million times, and it would also happen during the day sometimes but always at night and always in the morning. I'm saying what is that icky thing, it's this shape and this texture and I would just be about to say, Oh that's—and it would be gone. I just felt insane with it. My earliest experience with—I just about know and it's gone, why?...Now it's so obvious to me what that was that I can't imagine how I ever could've blocked out for a second but I did. Many thousands and thousands of times. But I told a therapist in my early twenties and she was a problem solver, pragmatic, you know, she wanted to give me skills, not rehash my past. And so she just said very curtly, "Well, that sounds like you were sexually abused, were you?" And I just said, "NO!" And when she said it, I thought, Oh that's horrible to think that that what's that might be from. And I was so relieved that my answer was no.</p>
Emotional impact of initial realization	<p>I want it not to have happened and I <i>know</i> that it happened—I guess it's like when I was five: this doesn't make any sense, this can't be happening but it is.</p>
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>I'm also unclear as to when the abuse stopped.</p>
Description of memories	<p>[see above also]</p> <p>One time I was so angry with this sort of toying, you know, story that was coming out of my mind, that I just sort of flung my body down on my bed and I said, "I'm not getting up until I know what the hell is going on here. I had a lot of flooding of memories—my grandfather lifting up my petticoat and touching my vagina and he did all sorts of things and I had that experience of having a very small body and remembering what it felt like to have that scratchy petticoat and all that stuff that I had no connection—I had never even remembered petticoats.</p> <p>At first I had mostly body memories and pieces but I did eventually get several actual stories or little snippets of stories, I remembered being orally raped against my grandfather's work bench in his basement and there was a vise clamp on the side of the bench and I held on to that....I always had a terror of cellars, of basements....and my husband would have to come down the steps yelling, It's me, it's me it's okay it's me....and even then I would be terrified, I would be picturing him with a knife...which is another recollection I had of my grandfather raping me in the</p>

	basement, threatening me with a knife to my throat.
How abuse affected subject	<p>R: And you still have that feeling at times that maybe it didn't happen</p> <p>P: I never have the feeling, I THINK, Oh this, it couldn't've been—I still think this couldn't've happened. It doesn't even make sense. You know, trying to make it make sense. And of course it doesn't make sense. Well, it does in truth but I don't want it to make sense.</p> <p>I went through a huge grieving process when I realized the extent of the damage that had been done to my emotional being by the abuse and that grief lasted a very long time. I mean, that was the main thing that I wept about. Who might I have been? How—I mean I'm a very bright person. What might I have accomplished? How happy might I have been. And all that. That loss of who I would've been had I not been abused and then I developed this incredibly deep appreciation of how I managed to do what I <i>have</i> done. And that's been—you know you don't get the social kudos for that. But I don't need society's applause, I need my own.</p> <p>It's only in the past couple of years that I've allowed myself to trust enough to even be seen</p> <p>I knew I needed to do it [work on abuse issues] but I also knew there would be some degree of retraumatization and I just didn't want—I didn't want to go back to the worst experience of my life. But I felt so stuck. I spent hours a day just, just staring into space. Every day of my life and I thought that's how other people functioned—I did not know that I was dissociative. I did not know that I was in a defense physiology—all of the time. The few little windows of clarity or energy would so exhaust me that just having a part time job and having to focus on simple tasks—I needed to take 2 valium to do it and then come home and sleep for 4 hours and then wake up and just sit and stare into space and I would need that huge down time to like zone out cause like for me to be present, in the present required me to face my death, my annihilation and it was required of me in order to get a job, in order to make a living.</p> <p>That the way my brain functioned was actually being formed during the years that I was abused and that my brain works differently than other people's brains because of that trauma. That I don't think the way I would have thought. I don't process things the way I would have had that not occurred. And that's just dawned on me in the last few years. And I'm amazed—and I've experienced it so I can understand how other people would have trouble grasping that. I think I did not want to acknowledge the fact that it altered my life time. But it did.</p> <p>[in adolescent and early adult sexual experiences] I mean this completely: I never knew I had the option to say no. I didn't understand how other people said no. I didn't understand why they would consider saying no or...you know, I didn't have a choice! And I felt like I had to pretend it was great even if it was</p>

	<p>someone I didn't want to have sex with. OOOOOOOh, that's gross [laughs]...where do things like this come from if not from those early real events? These manifestations don't come from nothing.</p> <p>I have always been extremely dissociative. I mean all the way through elementary school, all the way through—every experience I have ever had I have just heard how I do not live up to my potential I seem so focused and I go along great and then all of a sudden I turn into a space cadet and I don't finish, I don't follow through and I feel so filled with disappointment with myself all the time and I didn't measure up to how other kids were EVER. And I just hated that and what it was perceived to be was laziness and I knew that I wasn't lazy it just felt like there was something wrong with me or if I was lazy why didn't I feel resistance—I didn't feel resistance to finishing things. I just didn't have any energy to do it.</p> <p>I'm amazed that I'm forty-five and I'm just now beginning to be able to experience romantic, sexual intimacy without any of these ghosts in the room. Without having to have an uncomfortable, guilt-ridden fantasy about not being in control in order to have an orgasm or without feeling some bad memory or some icky flashback. It's just amazing. I'm realizing now, this is just so new, that this is how other people experience making love. It's amazing to me. I had no idea...</p>
Positive aspects	<p>that was the main thing that I wept about. Who might I have been? How—I mean I'm a very bright person. What might I have accomplished? How happy might I have been. And all that. That loss of who I would've been had I not been abused and then I developed this incredibly deep appreciation of how I managed to do what I <i>have</i> done. And that's been—you know you don't get the social kudos for that. But I don't need society's applause, I need my own.</p> <p>I had a horrific trauma that changed my body, a trauma that changed my emotional perspective and I'm here anyway, and given my limitations I'm a great person. I'm having a great time. Just recently I said to F [husband], "Who of all the people you know enjoys life the most?" and he said, "You do." And I thought I enjoyed my life more than everybody...when he said that I thought, "And it shows." And that I can say that coming from all of this limitation and all of this pain and all of this disability is amazing to me. I think that this has been a huge gift to me. I certainly wouldn't wish it on anyone, but I can see now that it wasn't...I feel very strong. I recognize my strength.</p> <p>Had I known when I first was abused or had I known when I first started to recall the abuse that I would arrive at the place that I am now spiritually and psychologically, emotionally, physically, I would never have minded, I would never have minded the way that I minded, I would never have fought the experience of suffering, I would have surrendered sooner, I would have just jumped into it, because it's been the biggest gift I've ever</p>

	<p>received, other than falling in love with F [husband]...and that's all...so, yeah, I really do get that it's, for me, it's been a huge, that it took 40 years for me to get here, but I'm here, and if I had killed myself I wouldn't be here experiencing this, and if I had just said I don't want therapy, I don't even want to go near that, I wouldn't be here or...I could have been a prostitute, I could have been a junkie, I could have been any number of things and I chose to stay in it</p>
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Subject #4D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>actually what I remember is being very in love with my father and...uhm.. I remember that my mother used to say "who do you like better, daddy or me?" and, even when I was a little girl I used to say I like you both the same. But I didn't, I liked him better...so, I remember being really in love with him and really enamored of him. ...and he told me that there was something...secret that...uhm...that dads and daughters did together and...uhm...I believed him.</p>
Abuser's personality	<p>He was..uh...he was six four and he was very handsome. He was tall, dark and handsome, as my mother would put it back then. He was very charming and he played the guitar and sang and he was fun.</p> <p>.when I was early teens, my dad hit his forties, and that's what my mother always attributed this change to, was he hit his forties and uhm he was having mid-life crisis and he started growing his hair long and growing...My dad was really straight-laced. He would like, for years, he was like crew-cut, cuffed pants way after they were out of style...you know..uhm..was...if, if I said I thought hippies were cool, he slapped me across the face, kind of stuff like that. Then he started growing his hair long with sideburns, started using an eyebrow pencil to..to cover the gray that was starting in his eyebrows and stuff like that, and wearing bell-bottoms which was like unheard of for my dad. And he started seeing this younger woman and..uh..started smoking pot. He always drank, but he started smoking pot. So, things got really really bad when he started using illegal drugs because they do get bad, you know. The kind of people that you have to associate with to get those kind of things and the kind of lifestyle that sort of just goes with the territory.</p> <p>Everybody was intimidated by my father...or charmed, depending.</p>
Dependence	<p>Well, I needed him because he was there. I mean I had to live with him. But mostly I really needed her [mother] because she was the one that took me to the doctor's, she was the one who was about good nutrition. I mean I never trusted dad for advice on good nutrition or to buy me clothes. Dad like bought me stuff or took me to the carnivals or sang songs or took me to fishing or whatever. He was really fun.</p>
Trust level	<p>and he told me that there was something...secret that...uhm...that dads and daughters did together and...uhm...I believed him. And, I remember it being uncomfortable and sort of yucky, but I trusted him and I remember it feeling good.</p>
Feelings prior/ Feelings after	<p>R: it was presented to you as something that was normal for dads and daughters.</p> <p>P: Uhm...but then and I was perfectly fine with it. But, then in school, we learned about the "bad man." The bad man that offers you candy and invites into his car, that classic bad man and I was,</p>

	<p>like...I was always....I always went one step further. It seemed like everybody else around me was like duh, like they just expected it. But, I was like "Well, Mrs. M., what does the bad man do?" you know (laughs), what happens after you get in the car, what happens if you take the candy? You know. What happens then?</p> <p>R: And...uhm...she told me that the bad man touched your private parts or had you touch his private parts and I was like..."Oh my God." And I said "Mrs. M., what do they do to the bad man?" and she said something really brilliant like the police come and beat him up till he's bloody and throw him into jail and they don't feed him and they...you know like, it was something like that. And I was like "Oh my God, I can't let that happen to my daddy, you know" and I can't...I couldn't resolve that my daddy was the bad man, I couldn't like get it...Oh by the way, I was also in nursery school when I was three years old. And...I...I couldn't resolve that dad was the bad man so , what I...so I had to figure this out and what I figured was that dad didn't know...like no one had ever told him it was bad, so, I was going to tell him that it was bad. That was what I learned in school, it was bad and we shouldn't do it and once he knew it was bad...it would be all right . [begins to cry] So I told him it was bad and he didn't seem to get it. I told him...that if he did...so, I was very firm with him. I said...if...well, it is bad, we learned about it in school and you know what they said they'd do was this and this and this. And I know that you didn't know it was bad so, you're not going to do it anymore. And he said okay, like he played along with me 'cause like what could he do, right? But, he still tried to....</p>
Conflict/ Ambivalence	<p>If it wasn't for my father, I probably...actually probably never would have learned to connect emotionally because my mother was not very loving. It's sort of ironic because...uh..of the two of them, I think I was able to learn to love more from my father, even though he was quite abusive.</p>
Confrontation?	<p>And...uhm...he asked me if I would give him my address and phone number so that he could call me once in a while and I said no dad. And he said why not? And I said do you want me to tell you why? Do you really want to know why? And he said no, I understand.</p>
Resolution?	<p>.you know, they're all about reuniting people and relationship and all this stuff and they were like oh call him. Call him, it's not as bad as you think. And I was like yeah right. Well, I don't care what they say, I know what I know, but I'm gonna use the tools as best I can. So what I did was I called my dad anonymously. I dialed *67 so he wouldn't know where I was calling from and I'd heard that he was...from my brother...that he was going to move and that he wasn't telling anyone where he was going. He was really in the grip of his disease. He was seeing little red lights outside in the darkness, like he was drug psychotic. He told my brother that the FBI was filming him and all this crazy shit. Somebody asked me once, well were they? And I was like well, I don't know what they'd be filming him for, to watch him smoke pot or what (laughing) you know, who knows. But anyway..uhm...so anyway. So, I thought Jesus, if he splits, I may never ever have another opportunity. I'd better be really big about this, you know, because I'll be as big as I absolutely can</p>

	<p>possibly be because after they go, I won't have a chance and I want to make sure that I take care of myself. So, I called him and the boyfriend that I was with at the time, I was holding his hand during the conversation, I asked him to be there. And I said "hi, dad." and he said "Who is this?"</p> <p>And I said "It's J." and he said "Oh, it's so good to hear your voice." I mean this is a man who had smacked my around, told me he was going to kill me, you know. He said "Oh, it's so good to hear your voice." I said "It's good to hear yours too, dad" And he said "Oh I've thought about you so often" and..uhm..I..you know, he told me that he was sick and that the dog died and you know, mother was a bitch and you know, everybody...the world sucked and it was this whole thing. That was his excuse for using and....ugh. And I said "That's too bad," you know. Instead of getting really hooked, like, well if you just take care...if you'd just cut the shit, you know. I was like that's too bad and he said...I don't know if he said how are you, but I said "well, I thought I might...uhm...I just. Oh, I guess he said why are you calling? And I said...and maybe he said...I don't know if he said do you need money? But he said, why are you calling? And I said " Well, I just wanted to tell you dad that I am..." cause they told me at L. [hospital] all parents really want to know that their children are doing well, no that does not apply to my mother, because she's emotionally kinda screwed up, but my dad was... but my dad was more normal that way, emotionally you know, even though he was screwed up. So I said I just wanted you to know that I am....I was going to school at RISD at the time...I said I'm taking some college courses, I didn't tell him where and..uh..i have several part time jobs, which I did. And I have a really nice boyfriend, which is what I thought at the time and ...it was after my divorce...and uh..."I'm just really happy, dad. I'm doing really well." And he said "Oh J., I'm so glad." and I was like wow, they were right. And uhm, he said something like "I always knew you'd make it, I never had any doubt. Your mother was always worried about you, but I never was," he said, which is true. And..uhm...he asked me if I would give him my address and phone number so that he could call me once in a while and I said "no dad." And he said "why not?" And I said "do you want me to tell you why? Do you really want to know why?" And he said "no, I understand." And then I said "well dad I really have to go now" 'cause I couldn't like handle it. It was too overwhelming and I didn't know what else to say to him 'cause I wasn't calling to re-establish contact. I was calling to say good-bye. And he said "God love you" and his voice was like on the verge of tears and I said "you too dad" and what I realized after I hung up was he was saying "I love you." And he did, during the course of the conversation say that he was sorry for all the trouble between us. He really acknowledged...acknowledged that he had a definite responsibility. He didn't, I mean we didn't go into detail, but he acknowledged his responsibility and said he was sorry which I never thought I'd hear, as long as I lived. And..uhm..he died of....I guess what do you call it, an aneurysm or something? Uhm...that...I think he was sixty-four in Florida. He was alone at the time, he was engaged to several women at the time.</p>
Current	[Father deceased.]

feelings/ Relationship	<p>I saw them [parents] as not these big monsters, but they were really really scared. That was like the size of their fear and their anger was that big and who they were was really small. And all of the sudden the buildings shrank down and fit in my hand like little tiny cubes or blocks or something and I thought, I could forgive a small thing. You know, it's all of the sudden, it became forgiving them for being so hugely terrified and so hugely over-whelmed by there own shit. So, it doesn't change the fact that I need to keep myself safe, that I need to do what I need to do.</p> <p>* Dad, played...he was on the court all of his life, even in his deepest sickness. I mean he was..uh..he was on the court...pretty adventurous and pretty out there even in there pain and suffering</p>
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>He was really fun. And mom was really a drag for those things, but she was really...she used to call herself the "fruit of the loom lady" because you know she was the one who bought all the underwear. If it wasn't for my mother we never would have had any underwear. If it wasn't for my father, I probably...actually probably never would have learned to connect emotionally because my mother was not very loving</p>
Mother's Role in Family	<p>[Mother was mentally ill and hospitalized several times.]</p> <p>My mother adored my father. She just was so in love with my father, but mostly I really needed her because she was the one that took me to the doctor's, she was the one who was about good nutrition.</p>
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>[From Survey: probably not]</p>
Told?—why or why not	<p>R: So, you didn't consider your mother a source of safety or protection at all?</p> <p>P: Actually, I did. But, the thing was..uhm..maybe I didn't mention this, but he told me that if I told her she would hate me. He told me that if I told her that, she would never love me again or something like that. And what I remember is...I knew that that wasn't true. I knew that if I told her, it wasn't that she wouldn't love me, but I knew that it would hurt her terribly. Somehow I knew that... you know, I found him out. I found out it was wrong and I knew that it would hurt her so I was trying to make him behave and not hurt her.</p>
Family awareness/ Involvement	<p>And he looked shocked the first time I said " no, make me." And then when he grabbed my arm and I twisted out of his grasp, it was a little bit shocking to him, I'm sure. But, you know, it got so that he like really taught me how to fight. I mean he was this six four, two hundred and ten pound man fighting...throwing around this little girl. It was...my brother talks about that. He said, I couldn't believe how he'd...he used to...we...you know, every once in while we...He actually usually always mentions it, when we get together on some level. He'd say I can remember one time when he was doing some...I don't even remember what he remembered, it was something like he was hitting me or he was pushing me around. And he said, I couldn't believe it. He said, I just couldn't believe it.</p>
Others aware?	<p>[Told grandmother]</p>
Others	<p>[All intimidated.]</p>

abused in family?	
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	[Did not tell as a child.] he still tried to do things with me and I remember telling him that if he didn't stop, I was going to tell and he actually did stop, but he was very violent with me after...after that always. It was like...the uh...sexual abuse, he'd been thwarted on that front and so instead...He was always kind of violent, he was always kind of like you know spanking me and all that stuff. But, he was really...you know, he threw me down the stairs when I was little girl. He pulled my hair out.
Feelings of why they went along	he told me that there was something...secret that...uhm...that dads and daughters did together and...uhm...I believed him. And, I remember it being uncomfortable and sort of yucky, but I trusted him and I remember it feeling good. So, actually my first experience wasn't really awful.
Why didn't tell	But, the thing was...uhm...maybe I didn't mention this, but he told me that if I told her she (mother) would hate me. He told me that if I told her that, she would never love me again or something like that. And what I remember is...I knew that that wasn't true. I knew that if I told her, it wasn't that she wouldn't love me, but I knew that it would hurt her terribly. Somehow I knew that... you know, I found him out. I found out if was wrong and I knew that it would hurt her so I was trying to make him behave and not hurt her.
Telling	So, I went over to my grandmother's and I was crying and upset and all that. And she was like...she was my guardian angel and she loved me very much. And she said what's wrong and I said nanny, I'm so afraid you won't believe me. And she said, what is it dear? And I told her. And she did believe me and she said I do believe you dear and she said, it's okay, you'll live with me.
Reaction of others	And she did believe me and she said I do believe you dear and she said, it's okay, you'll live with me. But she, like me, didn't want to tell on him. I mean it was...it was....it was like I don't know. It was like knowledge. It was like free-floating knowledge that we weren't going to turn him in, you know? That was just the way it was. I mean I don't even know if it was tacitly understood. It's just like, that was fact. It was like, the sky is blue, you know the grass is green.
Effect of others reactions	R: Well, I'm just glad she believed you. P: Me, too, me too. I would have been God knows what would have happened to me. 'Cause my parents were very well off. We lived in a very rich area and I would have been...I don't know, I would have been such a target out on the street, I don't know. But, uhm, but you know when you've lived through things like that, you think you're real tough
Memory Recovery: What triggered?	my mother's lawyer said anything you can remember 'cause we're gonna lose. We're gonna lose this custody battle 'cause he was going to say she was crazy. There was a lot of evidence for that [laughing] so, uhm I went home and I said...I did some free association. I said

	<p>"well, he says you know I have to." And so I just laid on the bed and I sort of tried to clear my mind and I sort of free associated and I what my mind seized upon was that I had moved out and lived with my grandmother when I was seventeen or eighteen..now wait, was I eighteen? I was eighteen. And I was like, what does that have to do with anything? That was like the predominating thought when I did this free association. So I sort of like just trusted it and stayed with it and I said, well, what the hell? So I lived with nanny, why did I live with nanny? Well, because she was old and she needed someone to take care of her. And then what popped into my head was that was not the reason. And I was like that wasn't the reason, why wasn't that the reason? But, that was what I told everybody. Yes, that was what I told everybody but that wasn't the reason. It was kind of like that. And then...and then I remembered the incident that had driven me from the house which was I was..uh...obvious... It's really odd, it was like torture. He was like telling me in different ways that he was going to rape me. He was like saying you know...he was...everything I did in protest he would say it was....you're coming on to me or you're... I mean it was really sick, it was really fucked up, you know. He just would make it not what it was, you know. I was screaming "Get the fuck out" and he'd be like "you said fuck" or something, you know</p>
In therapy when recalled?	[Not at that time]
Nature of first recollection	<p>So I was all right, wait until he left the house and I jump in the shower. All of the sudden, he's at the door, "J., open the door. I need to go to the bathroom." That's what he always said, "open the door, I need to use the bathroom." "Go upstairs." "I can't. I can't go upstairs, I have to go bad. Open the door." That's what he always did and I like....and then if that didn't work, it was like "come on." It was...he had this thing where he'd go, oh pity me. And if that didn't work he'd be like errr [clapping her hand], you know...do it and then pity me and err. You know, strong-arming. So, he'd sort of do that and usually something would work, you know. You'd usually feel sorry for him or get intimidated by him and do what he wanted. And so...and so I said "no...no no no, I'm not opening the door." And I had worked it out so, I knew that...I had a plan, let's put it that way, if he could break down the door, I had a plan. And I figured if he couldn't I was safe. I just wouldn't open the door anymore. Well, he couldn't break down the door. I was like amazed. I was like 'cause he's six four. He was huge. He was two hundred and ten pounds. I thought the door would come crumbling down. 'Cause he would always say, "I'm gonna break down this door" and I never...I would always open it 'cause I got so scared. But, I didn't open the door and he couldn't break it down and I was like...wonderful [laughing]. So, he came around to the other side of the house and started smashing in the window, like smashing it in in a violent rage and the thing that I was most afraid is that I would, in attempting to run away would cut my feet and I wouldn't be able to run. That was what I remember being most afraid of. But, I took the shower curtain and I pulled it out and I...opened the door and closed it again so that it would be locked. And I figured in his rage he might not see me slip out. He</p>

	might still think I was in there. I was pulling on my shirt over my breasts on the way out of the back door and I had resolved that I was going to get out of here. I was going to tell my grandmother, who was his mother, and if she didn't believe me, I was going to run away. I was gonna hit the streets 'cause I didn't know what else to do. He was going to rape me. He wanted to put me in a mental institution, like my mother. He was telling people I was crazy. I was just like her. And I didn't...I didn't want...So, I went over to my grandmother's and I was crying and upset and....
Type/clarity	fairly clear....
How do they fit in with other memories?	.I don't know exactly how I did it, like I mean I know I suppressed them and I don't know...I mean they happened my...uh..the violence in my home took place over all my lifetime growing up so probably...and into my twenties, even.
Nature of Memories	[See above] and he told me that there was something...secret that...uhm...that dads and daughters did together and...uhm...I believed him. And, I remember it being uncomfortable and sort of yucky, but I trusted him and I remember it feeling good. So, actually my first experience wasn't really awful.
How abuse affected subject	P: Uh..it made my life more difficult. R: It made your life more difficult? P: Yeah, it made...uh...it made me have to occupy my mind with things about survival that...uh...would normally have been free. So that I could have excelled more in school, in other areas and..uh. It created a kind of constant worry which has given me a....and a kind of constant worry and abuse and stress gives me condition called dysthymia. And that started to manifest itself when I was a young teenager, around probably twelve or thirteen and got steadily worse until my twenties until..uhm...for probably the last twenty plus years, I was constantly dysthymic and untreated and surviving in life, but...I wasn't able.. I really truly believe I would have had much more opportunity to excel earlier on if I hadn't had to deal with it, if I hadn't had that all happen.
Impact on self image and emotional health	I'm really...I'm really through a lot of stuff , like I'm not..I mean you would not believe..you probably wouldn't believe me, to hear me now, but I was so angry. I went...I mean...probably ten years ago, I would have been probably pounding this table... you would have been like this....(laughing) you would have like back against the wall like "MmHm, MmmHm." R: I'm actually very good with anger, but I'm glad you're through it because usually if you're that angry, you're in a lot of pain. P: Yeah, I was in a lot of pain.
Impact on romantic/sexual relationships	I was afraid of..I mean I was afraid of men when I was a child when I was especially. I was afraid of all men except for my father and my grandfather and I did become afraid of my father, but...uhm...and for a long time afterwards. And I'm still, I mean I still feel...I feel like I'm very much more, as a result, I'm very much more focused on men. I'm very much more interested on the psychology of men. I'm not necessarily more afraid of them, but I know..sort of...I'm very intrigued about how there minds operate, much more so than women and I'm very interested in knowing about it and I...uhm..and I use the

	<p>knowledge a lot with them. You know, they're simple, we're complex. They're very single-minded, we're not, which makes them think we're scatter-brained which we're not. They think that they're very logical, which they're not [laughing] you know. But, it's just because they can't think of more than one thing at a time that they think they're logical. I mean I understand a lot about them. I never...I don't tell them that. I don't speak like that in front of men. I will speak that way to other women about men. What I say in mixed company is other things.</p> <p>.I think it made me less able to choose a good husband. I mean I chose a good husband in many ways. He was faithful, he was gentle, he was...he was loyal, he was very honest. But he was also not a good choice for me in other ways and we ended up getting divorced. Um...So, you know, rather than being able to choose someone who was better suited for me. I had to have certain requirements met and be safe and be sure and that wasn't the best match for me.</p>
Positive aspects	<p>The best thing about it I think, is that especially now, well there's two things really. Number one was, and bottom line is that you survive, if you live to tell about, you either don't get killed by your abuser or you don't kill yourself. That's the first step. And then sort of secondly is you... you can sort of uh...you know you get to happy and you get to forgiveness and you get to putting it, like really truly putting it behind you. Like not forgetting it, like not blocking it out, but like saying yes it happened and I'm going to have a great life anyway. I'm going to love my life anyway and I'm going to be you know, everything and more and I'm gonna...you know...hopefully in some way, at some point, like this maybe, be able to tell, you know put energy into the universe about...to other victims.</p>

Subject #5D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	[Had multiple abusers: father, brother, grandfather, uncle]
Abuser's personality	[Father and brother alcoholic]
Dependence	[Was very dependent on father]
Trust level	[trusted a great deal.]
Confrontation?	[—confronted brother, he denied it all]
Current feelings/ Relationship	[regarding brother who raped her at age 14] I feel sorry for him. At this point, I feel sorry for him. I know he was...I mean he grew up in the same family system and my sense is that, just as my memories went forgotten, his also have.
Mother's awareness of abuse	even though my mother turned away from me, turned her face from me and didn't protect me.
Failure to protect	[Believes mother was aware and helped protect brother and hide her {the subject's} pregnancy and abortion that resulted from brother's rape]
Family awareness/ Involvement	Because...because I knew at the point the whole family, the whole damn family, was incestuous and that aunt always...I mean she was...there was something about her that just made me very squeamish....you know, she gave me a lot of information and she talked a lot about her ex-husband who was the creepy one. And when I said you know, he was always touching us. She said oh well, you know, he liked little girls. She said he liked little girls because his own little sister died very very young. Her behavior was very seductive...uhm. She told stories of her own children, abuse of them by her first husband, my uncle....
Others aware?	R: How were you aware that they knew? P: Because we would have been sleeping in the same or adjacent hotel rooms and again, the confirmation of that came through dreams
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	P: Yes. It was a very hard experience to sit with siblings and....for I don't know six hours, three hours at a time with my therapist and to tell them my experience, very straightforward to make amends and then to have them deny that I had had these experiences. And then follow up with in the next few days in some cases a few weeks, with letters either to me or my therapist.. uhm.. questioning my therapists credentials, for one thing and disputing things that I had said. Hum...but I never wavered, I never doubted for a second, during those six hours that I had had those experiences and the other thing that was so beneficial was that I could see clearly the dynamics that had operated when I was a kid that caused me to forget them, the memories.

Why didn't tell	but anytime I would state something as my truth, they would immediately jump on it and dispute it.
If did, who and why	P: No other than that I know from some drawings that I had done that I may have tried to tell one of my school teachers when I was in grade school and was rebuked.
Reaction of person told/Outcome (action taken or not. Effective?)	R: You remember it, being rebuked by your teacher? P: I remember, from the drawing I know it. I know that...and from some writing that I'd done, I know that she didn't want to hear about it
Reaction of others	<p>It was a very hard experience to sit with siblings and....for I don't know six hours, three hours at a time with my therapist and to tell them my experience, very straightforward to make amends and then to have them deny that I had had these experiences. And then follow up with in the next few days in some cases a few weeks, with letters either to me or my therapist.. uhm.. questioning my therapist's credentials, for one thing and disputing things that I had said. Hum...but I never wavered, I never doubted for a second, during those six hours that I had had those experiences and the other thing that was so beneficial was that I could see clearly the dynamics that had operated when I was a kid that caused me to forget them, the memories.</p> <p>they turned it into an op-ed piece, complete with a large illustration. And uhm some how my aunt, who lives about a hundred fifty miles away, got hold of one of those which is fine, I had no problem with that. I mean when I started writing and publishing about this, I knew people were going to read it. That's what I wanted them to do. And she telephoned me and asked me to come spend a weekend with her. What I realized as the weekend went on was that one of the reasons she had invited me there was not so much to talk about the article I had published or my father's abuse of me, but it was to try to talk me out of my craziness and she figured that if I would go to Florida with her in the winter time, I would meet a man. She said you know there are lots of men there. And I said I'm not interested in meeting a man. I said I really like myself. I really like my life. I'm not interested in going to Florida.</p>
Memory Recovery	<p>R: Can you tell me a little bit about the time when you were first remembering?</p> <p>P: Yes, it was a really potent time. I had gone into therapy in the spring of 1988 and I had seen my therapist a couple years earlier. I had been divorced at that point for several years and so my children and I had seen her once and I had...I can't remember why I had seen her two years earlier. It may have been related to some problems with my daughter. And so then so the spring of 1988, one afternoon I was with the man that I had been in a relationship with for a couple of years, nearly three years at that point, and I started crying and I didn't know why I was crying and I had this feeling that if I didn't stop crying immediately, I would cry forever. And so the next morning I made an appointment to see her and when I went to</p>

	<p>see her later that week, she again invited me to join one of her therapy groups and so surprisingly I said yes I will do that and started. And I went with having an issue with my siblings. That issue got pretty well resolved and then in the fall, I ended the relationship with the man I had been dating. [met new man at work]...I'm not sure if I recognized it right away, but he reminded me very much of my father, physically and in his abrasiveness and he was one of the other contract people on this assignment where I was working. And I remember looking at him one day and thinking "Yuck, who would ever ever want to go out with that man?" And...uhm...a few weeks later he handed me a computer disk one day and I put it in my computer and it said "Read me." It was an invitation to go out that following weekend for a movie and dinner and...uhm...we were off and running. And...uhm...we had some sexual involvement immediately and it took me about three weeks before I reported it to the women in my therapy group. I knew that they would be very angry with me and so I did not tell them. And they were angry when I did tell them [short laugh]...uhm...and that day my therapist said "Why do you immediately become sexually involved with men?" and it stopped me in my tracks. And I said "I don't know, but I want to find out why." I had been...this man was such a blessing to me. I had been starting to pay attention to my dreams and starting to record them for a few months and when I told him about one dream, he was really astounded. He was a very spiritual person. He was recovering alcoholic. However, it turned out that he was not totally honest in his...in that. He cheated, betrayed me, but he was very spiritual.. I was off and running. And so, my daughter had gone to Massachusetts for a while and she invited me to come visit over the fourth of July weekend and while I was there I realized that the dynamics between her and me were so much like what I had experienced with my own mother, two ships in the night. And while I was in Massachusetts, I had a dream that left me totally blue that day and I remember walking around with my head hanging down, just. I could not lift my head I was so sad and...uhm.. I have to tell you that dream. [tells long dream] And here is where my denial set in because the next Tuesday, I went to my therapy group and I said "This means it's time for me to leave therapy because if I'm not in the group then it's apparent I'm... it's apparent I'm not supposed to be in the group. And all but one of them, who also is a survivor and was working on survivor issues, she agreed with me, but the others said "Can't you see, you're trying to get in. You're trying to get in." I was so angry. I can remember sitting there on that sofa just fuming. I was so angry that they would not see it my way, but as I had discovered this was becoming my behavior that yes okay, I'll work on it some more...I'll work on this some more. I'll stay. And uhm so the next thing my therapist asked, after she said why do you immediately become sexually involved, was if I would meet with her individually and</p>
Memory Recovery	do...uhm...the I can't remember...an evaluation regarding my

(cont.)	<p>sexual practices. And uhm...so that was...I did that and it just, it just went from there. My sexual behavior related so much to the abuse. I was having volumes and volumes of dreams that were telling about the abuse, but it was not then until December that I actually was able to say aloud one day, and I went to my therapy group, I'd had some really awesome dreams and was having other awesome experiences of waking up in the night and...uhm...just call. I suppose some of them were flashbacks, but there was this really really awesome spiritual thing that was happening where I would awaken and I could feel literally feel power coming in through my feet and running, coursing through my body and...uhm...And and so I went in December this one meeting and said I'd had these three dreams I wanted to read and in one of them...(audibly crying) I was trying to get home because I knew my daughter had been raped. My therapist got permission to devote the whole therapy session to me that day and when I finished reading the dreams she said what do you think of all this. And I said I now know that my father sexually abused me. And as time went on and I became aware that my brother too had been a primary abuser and actually the most horrible of my abuse experiences was by my brother. And that was a rape when I was fourteen and I became pregnant. I'm okay.</p>
What triggered?	[Started to date a man who reminded her of father and became sexual with him immediately.]
In therapy when recalled?	Yes
Nature of first recollection	<p>[Had vivid dreams]</p> <p>And uhm...so that was...I did that and it just, it just went from there. I was having volumes and volumes of dreams that were telling about the abuse, but it was not then until December that I actually was able to say aloud one day, and I went to my therapy group, I'd had some really awesome dreams and was having other awesome experiences of waking up in the night and...uhm...just call...some of them were flashbacks</p>
Emotional impact of initial realization	[audibly crying] I was trying to get home because I knew my daughter had been raped. My therapist got permission to devote the whole therapy session to me that day and when I finished reading the dreams she said what do you think of all this. And I said I now know that my father sexually abused me. And as time went on and I became aware that my brother too had been a primary abuser and actually the most horrible of my abuse experiences was by my brother. And that was a rape when I was fourteen and I became pregnant.
Type/clarity	There were some...yes, there were some images and there were things...there were little bits and pieces of things that I remembered of experiences as a child, but had never...had never attached them to anything else.
Description of memories	many many physical sensations and those often...as a rule, those came in my dreams or when I would awaken from dreams in the middle of the night and I would be experiencing that...uhm...oh there were sensations like someone touching

	<p>me on the shoulder, for instances or just this sense that someone was standing near or I would have dreams where I...an abuser was coming into the room and I would scream...uhm...or my brother walking up the stairs or things like that. Uhm, I experienced excruciating abdominal pain, just excruciating pain and...uhm...uhm...it was painful for a long time. And every now and then, recently I've had a little of that again. I've been dipping...dipping into the bottom of the barrel lately, in the last three months. It's pain that I know comes from...comes from being a child and having to...uhm...assume physical...uhm...positions that children are not supposed to be assuming, so there have been those kinds of things.</p>
Impact on self image and emotional health	<p>Yes, oh and that was there. I mean that pain was there. I can remember you know for days and weeks and months on end that I was afraid to leave my house or days when I could feel that it was like a brick thorough my chest or something would come to mind and I would sit and cry and cry and cry.</p> <p>[prior to remembering] Oh, before I was just sort of bshsht...flat... oh, just really flat. You know, there were so many things I dreamed to do, but just did not have oh, the stamina, the energy, the belief in myself to do them. I mean I look back now at what has happened in the last ten years of my life and it's like...is this your life? Is this you? [laughs]</p> <p>just as one reclaims the memories, the history and there's so much that just makes sense that was a puzzle before.</p> <p>Well, out falls this postcard that I had written to a cousin back in Minnesota and I had never sent it. I had written it the day after this rape took place and in it I say something to the effect, we went to the top of Mt. Ranier today and I thought about jumping off.</p>
Impact on romantic/sexual relationships	<p>so the next thing my therapist asked, after she said why do you immediately become sexually involved, was if I would meet with her individually and do...uhm...the I can't remember...an evaluation regarding my sexual practices. And uhm...so that was...I did that and it just, it just went from there. My sexual behavior related so much to the abuse.</p>
Impact on other relationships	<p>I've lost my family of origin and I've accepted that at various time and different levels. It was very hurtful, this last....I mean there've been lots of hurtful things like not getting invited to my brother's sons wedding, even though I'm his godmother. Uhm...But then he got divorced not too long after (laughing), but it was hurtful. I sobbed when I came to that I sobbed.</p>
Impact on self image and emotional health	<p>You know, there were so many things I dreamed to do, but just did not have oh, the stamina, the energy, the belief in myself to do them.</p>
Guilt/Sense of being responsible	<p>[Not discussed]</p>
Positive aspects	<p>Because I'm whole now. I know who I am now. The experience transformed my life and it has opened me to some remarkable experiences and uhm...I'm acting on the things that I wanted to do and I'm an adventurer and an explorer and I act</p>

	on those things. Not always...not always, I have my valleys but yes, it has...I have become in love with life.
Therapy/Recovery Process	<p>What I want to say is the...my recovery experience was awesome. It was totally awesome and my therapist at one point said, called it extraordinary. Once I started, and this is typical of me, once I find a passion for something I take it and I am far off, and so it was as if I left no stone unturned. I poked into things. I used my dreams. I recorded my dreams both in my journal and journaled extensively everyday and sometimes...usually two or three times a day as things came to me. Not only did I record my dreams in my journal but then I would input them to my computer and so...and then I'd print them out and put them in this red binder and I had...eventually I had, I think, like three binders and I would make notes remembering. You know, there would be things that would be in dreams and I would say yes and I'd make notes and then I'd dig through artifacts from my history, maybe scrap books or something you know records that I had and find references and I'd jot that down. I was tireless and the spiritual aspect for me was...it was just so awesome, just so awesome.</p>

Subject #6C: Continuous Memories	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	Uhm... I was very...my favorite thing in life was Sunday school and I had God, Jesus and my father right up there. ... He'd come home from work and light would shine. You know, he'd play with us, he was the one that tucked us in beds at night, read to us. We went places with him. He was fun, he was my life, I adored him. He was my father and my mother. He was my major nurturer so it was....
Abuser's personality	<p>I used to feel sorry for other kids that they didn't have him as a father. He was a great guy...JC's, Little League, civic...you know one of those out-going friendly people.</p> <p>And then he'd do things that somebody else wouldn't think was bad because he'd do it 'til I was crying. That's you know parents will get tickling their kids. He'd start this tickling and I hated it and I'd say don't tickle me, I don't like it. And I could say that and I could start crying. Then I would just be told oh you're such a baby. You know, you can't take it and stuff and he would keep on and on and on until I was crying and screaming and I just grew up thinking what a wimp and chicken I was 'cause I couldn't handle it then I realized in therapy that he was wrong. He should have stopped. That you know....'cause he would do it for five or ten minutes... keep tickling and tickling and touching me all over and stuff and I really didn't like it and I know now that that was inappropriate. I don't know if he knew he was being inappropriate or not...I don't think he meant to hurt me. I just think he was also someone who had no impulse control and thought it was funny. I think he was Peter Pan, he didn't know how to be the parent.</p>
Dependence	<p>He was fun, he was my life, I adored him. He was my father and my mother. He was my major nurturer so it was....</p> <p>I couldn't see our family with out him there. He was so strong and held it together and I guess I though if we had something happen, we needed him. I couldn't screw that up. I couldn't take away my security</p>
Trust level	<p>R: How much would you say that you trusted him?</p> <p>P: Totally.</p>
Feelings prior/ Feelings after	<p>MmmHmm. Only I didn't know those words then. I just all of the sudden said "I'm a bad girl. I hate my father." (laughs) That's how I internalized it.... I knew why. I knew what he did, but I couldn't tell anybody 'cause I didn't know how to put it into words and I didn't want to think about it but I couldn't stop and I just...uhm. He fell off the pedestal... I just couldn't figure it out. But I hated myself for hating him because this is the connection that I've always had. Sunday school was a major part of my life and I loved church more than school and I loved all that stuff and I lost it with that so I was upset. But the reason I couldn't go back because I believed in Sunday school so much and I no longer honored my father so that's how I internalized. "God would...I cannot go into God's church because I am a bad girl."</p>

Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>My mother was very distant, very involved with my brother, very shy, introverted, very...detached from me for what ever reason. Even pictures that you see of us, I look back in childhood and just any time I'm with her, she's standing erect and I'm with her, there's no warmth or cuddling or closeness.</p> <p>My mother and I were always detached and on guard.</p>
Mother's Role in Family	<p>it's also the family pattern. I don't know what ever happened to my mother, but I'm wondering now. But I'm wondering now 'cause she was shy too and we went places and we went places. We were constantly...they were on PTA, we were constantly going on vacations or going to friend's house. But, we didn't have people over so I never knew what it was like or didn't have the role model or experience of having people over for dinner or people over. We always went to people's houses, we always went out but we didn't bring people in because we could fake it on the outside but couldn't fake it on the inside and the inadequacies still of cooking or entertaining or putting up the right thing at home was a different thing.</p>
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>R: Do you think that she suspected the abuse? P: I don't. I never did. The past couple years, I'm wondering. R: What made you start wondering? P: Uhm... just realizing now as an adult the things that I'll see and be aware of in other people that don't comment about. So the fact that she didn't react or comment, I wonder what went on with her mind. That she didn't want to rock the boat or deal with. She had to have seen the incredible change in my father and I's relationship.</p>
Why didn't tell	<p>R: Did you ever consider telling your mother? P: Never. Oh...maybe. Maybe I used to fantasize about what it would be like to be able to tell her. To be honest, I think that that was part of the thing...also protecting my father but also protecting her. My mother, I did not see her a strong person, I did not see our family being able to make it without him. If I had told her and he had to leave, I couldn't see our family with out him there. He was so strong and held it together and I guess I though if we had something happen, we needed him. I couldn't screw that up. I couldn't take away my security</p> <p>Did my father ever blatantly ask me not to tell anything. No, it was never referred to but I think it was the thing I mentioned to you before where he began to say things and he'd discredit me in front of people and say she doesn't know what she's talking about or sometimes he'd talk us up and he'd say "you shut up" or "you be quiet." It wasn't specifically for that, but it was always that he had the power to make me shut up about anything. It was always that he was up here. He was big and powerful to me and when he did want me to be quiet, he could do it or send me to my room and the thought of what...I think the anticipation...he never said don't tell anybody about this 'cause we never talked about it and for a long time, I thought he had forgotten about it, now I know that he didn't but he had just a way of ridiculing me and teasing me just enough in front of other people or calling to question...I told the truth. I always told the truth.</p>

Memory Recovery /begin work on issues	I saw a movie on TV, I don't know if you ever remember seeing this one, years ago, "Something about Amelia" with Ted Danson. Do you know that one? I think it got a lot of people into therapy. It was one of the first vivid ones and it was a father. I saw that movie and I went to pieces and I, I just went into a shell and I was terrified
Nature of memories Type/clarity	Extremely clear.
How they fit with other memories?	Fit very well.
Description of memories	<p>yeah he was inappropriate and they were intrusive and crossed boundaries and I can remember times when he totally kissed me too much, not the way a father kisses a daughter, way too long and way too much. And I'd struggle and wanna get away.</p> <p>In terms of I can remember a couple times him coming into the bedroom at night...my bed and I can remember the pajamas I was wearing so well...I can't describe them but I can see them...summer Florida pajamas...him coming in and lifting up my shirt and just look down at me when he thought I was sleeping when I wasn't but I sure could fake it. Uhm. I was not the kid to say who are you and what are you doing and raise a ruckus which is...I always often wonder what it would have been like if I had done that. I mean I must have been afraid he'd hurt me. I just didn't wanna rock the boat. Someday I'll be out of here and I'll be fine (laughs). And I didn't know that other fathers didn't do that 'cause I didn't talk to my friends</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>Oh yeah. I was miserable or flat, numb...I just felt like nothing and I didn't know why. And I just knew that I was different than other people and I knew that I could never date and go out with anybody and I could never...I would never ever have a friend sleep over my house. I never have that after that. I'd go over to other friends for slumber parties and sleep but I was terrified that he would....and I knew that he wouldn't have...but I was terrified that he'd come in and do something to one of my friends. They come over very infrequently, never had a friend spend the night. That was a big loss. And I'm still terrified about having people over...The feelings of shame and self-consciousness come over me so strong that if they come in my presence.</p> <p>R: And still connecting to that shame that you felt about what happened in your home when you were a little girl. What had happened to you? P: Yeah because...and it's the family pattern. I mean I knew it happened but I would say maybe this happens in other families or maybe this is how your family teaches you about sex. I mean I obsessed about it all the time but never talked about and I could rationalize why mine was different than other peoples to get myself and my father off the hook. 'Cause I realize now that I was protecting him not myself. I would have protected him probably still if he hadn't died. I only felt okay going into therapy after he died. I don't know what would have happened if he had lived longer.</p>

	I probably would have broke in two.
Impact on self image and emotional health	<p>I never felt like I blacked out or had another personality but I know what it's like to be acting one way and have this wounded wounded child there and I'm feeling like I'm more whole now, more existing *They were normal and I wasn't, I didn't know it at the time. They were having normal feelings and they missed their feelings and they were close and they would go through the feelings and then they'd be fine and I just felt flat all the time, I didn't feel anything. I didn't...I was just going through the motions and I realize now...what I realized about ten years ago that I had spent from the time I was twelve to the time I was probably thirty basically in shock, just going through the motions of life, you know what I mean? I realized clinically that I spent about eighteen years in shock 'cause you know what I...</p> <p>R: Just with that numbness and...</p> <p>P: Yeah, just with numbness and blanking out and saying words. I had no clue. I knew anger but I didn't know the word. I just knew that these horrible feelings would arise in me and that I was a bad person and I could smile on the outside, but nobody knew how evil I was inside and that it took me until I was thirty five to realize I wasn't evil or crazy. I was just angry and sad. I mean I had to be taught feelings. I had to be taught and so when I did finally do it, that's why I ended up in the hospital. I mean I just had a breakdown...I just ...once the feelings came, they were uncontrollable.</p>
Impact on romantic/sexual relationships	<p>I think I first disclosed to a gynecologist and uhm that was not real helpful because he just was...because I went to him for an internal and I freaked out, tried to talk to him about my inability to have intercourse. We [her ex-husband and her] had a sexual relationship but not intercourse and uhm he was helpful because he showed me...he started with a Q-tip. [Note: Subject disclosed that in spite of having been married for years and had a couple of subsequent relationships she has never, at age 65, been able to have intercourse. She requested that the tape be turned off when discussing her sexual problems.]</p>
Impact on other relationships	<p>I was a good friend. I had lots of acquaintances and friends and they could pour their hearts out to me. I didn't tell them anything other than our family did this and that, but who I was, how I felt. I didn't even feel like a real person. It didn't feel real. Totally, these questions about I was outside my body looking on all the time or that I was distant or who am I or where am I or who ever I was with I could be like and agree with. I had no strong feelings. I do now, but uhm....</p>
Guilt/Sense of being responsible	<p>and I brought it on myself because I loved him too much. You know, I guess I thought I was....I must have gone through that part where I thought I had seduced him. Not consciously but later when I rationalized it. I came....that's what I get for being so affectionate with my father. I made him want to do this....You know, just middle class be a good girl, don't rock the boat mentality....</p>
Positive aspects	<p>I knew how to compensate. I was trained from an early age how to fake attention, how to fake feelings. I didn't have to throw tantrums or act out so I compensated. Yeah, which say that coming through it</p>

	<p>now...in a lot of ways some of that....a lot of the negative stuff has worked to my advantage.</p> <p>I have a great imagination know because I learned how to think up anything to get myself away from reality...</p>
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Subject #7D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	[father] I found him—for most things in dealing with the family issues before I remembered the abuse, I would have said that he was more supportive than my mother, easier to deal with. If I had something to say that I knew my parents weren't gonna be happy about I would start with him....he was also not—I also didn't know much about how he felt about things. He was very reserved, in general. He didn't talk about his feelings a lot...as I sort things out in therapy I realized that most of what I thought I knew about my father was through my mother. My mother would say, "Your father's upset about this...your father doesn't like that...things like that. He doesn't want you to do this or he doesn't want you to do that. Outside of the abuse he seldom stepped in directly with any of us And so that made him in many ways easier to deal with.
Abuser's personality	My father wasn't a very social person—he went to work and he was in the Marine Corps Reserves and that basically is all the people that I know of that he had contact with. It's not like he belonged to clubs or associations.
Trust level	I trusted him. Yeah, I think as much as I ever trusted anybody in my life.
Description of Relationship to Mother	[mother was less supportive, harder to deal with than father] So my mother was the disciplinarian—she dealt with us because she was home with us but she always discussed everything with my father.
Mother's Role in Family	As I sort things out in therapy I realized that most of what I thought I knew about my father was through my mother. My mother would say, "Your father's upset about this"...your father doesn't like that"...things like that. I think that my mother was very much into...appearances, the way things looked, things about appearances and controlling, she'd be controlling the information that went out of the family. That was--a big part of it was hers.
Mother's awareness of abuse	My parents were very concerned that in day to day interactions with us, with all of us, that they be a united front and so I know that I believed that my mother knew about the abuse....would not have imagined that she didn't know because everything my parents ever did, you know, any decision they ever made about anything we kids were gonna do was always together...she dealt with us because she was home with us but she always discussed everything with my father. And I just always assumed the reverse was true: that anything that he was doing, would be something that she would also approve of.
Told?—why or why not	[see above] There was no point in trying to tell her—I tried to tell her not about the abuse but about how bad I felt about myself and about how much I wanted to kill myself when I was fairly young and I tried to talk to her about that and we couldn't talk about that, so I think that

	also cut off any possibility of ever my telling her—I was about 9 then.
Family awareness/ Involvement	I know my brother witnessed some things when he was very little and he's the only one of my siblings that I'm sure of about that and I've never spoken to him about it....he's 9 years younger than I am and still lives with my mother...I know he was really little when some of the things happened and he was witnessing things that he wouldn't've understood about.
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	One of my sisters says she doesn't think about it but she keeps her mind open to the possibility that I am telling the truth...she says that because my father was an abused child that she believes that this is possible that he had done this. My grandparents on that side [father's] had both died when I was very young and my mother's stories about them—it didn't sound like my grandfather was a very nice man.
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	My memories came up when I was supposed to be working on my dissertation proposal. I was in [academic discipline] and it was after I took my exams that the specific memories came up although I had been in treatment for depression for a number of years before that. The first thing that I counted as a memory was when I finally acknowledged that the flashbacks and dreams that I was having—when I finally acknowledged that it was my father doing the abuse and that was after a number of months of nightmares and waking up and feeling—having body memories, I don't think I knew exactly what they were at first. I think I was starting to remember for a period of months before that, I just don't think I was ready to see it, to really deal with actually realizing that it was my father. I know that I tried to figure else who it could be. I tried to put other people in the situation in my head when I had flashbacks...there weren't that many men that I was around when I was a kid but I would think about neighbors or other people. I basically found ways to stay in my head. I was always sort of internally involved in something, that was going on in my head. Some times actually narrating what I was doing it. And I'd play music in my head—I could play back a whole album and those are the things that started to come back as sort of intrusive things when I started to have memories. I would find myself doing these things—you know, why am I doing these things. And not even recognizing right away that it was something that I did when I was little...they made it really difficult for me to concentrate on the present sometimes.
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse (cont.)	R: When you first started having flashbacks you assumed it was some sort of a memory process, whether you were identifying your father or not—you assumed that something like that must've happened to you? P: I did, yeah.....I started talking to her [therapist] without really knowing what they were and then she helped identify that part of the process....I know for a number of months I was struggling with

	<p>the feeling that I didn't know what was wrong. We had sorted out a number of family issues and I had tried to sort out a lot of things about myself and I still felt like something was wrong that I couldn't name, that I wasn't sure.</p>
What triggered?	<p>There was a period of time when the ritual abuse memories were really frequent that I felt like almost anything could be a trigger because I felt like everything around me looked like a potential weapon, looked like something that somebody could use to hurt me in some way—and that made it really hard to do anything.</p>
Nature of Memories	<p>I have had a couple of things where I have gotten a narrative type memory...most of the real clarity is around—it's a little hard to describe—most of the stories that I can think of—the beginning and the end, sometimes they're just not there—most of the time. The flashback, what I think of as the flashback itself is the part that's most clear, does include very specific details with specific things in a specific order but when my therapist would ask me, "How old were you or how old do you think you were?" That would always immediately get very cloudy. I would have a memory where I felt like I as simultaneously seeing myself in a particular situation both as a young child and then as an adolescent or an adult. I'm trying to figure out. I know that a lot of things were repeated over time and so it becomes hard to day this is the first time or the only time, so that aspect of it—I had a lot of frustration about that for a long time about wanting that to be all completely clear. I think partly because part of me really wanted to believe that if I could get those time frames, those specifics that I could convince my family somehow. My father was a journalist and my family was very much into the facts. Where did you, who told you, how do you know...things were very concrete.</p> <p>I'm very nearsighted, probably since I was 11 or 12 I have been legally blind without my glasses so in terms of visual—which was actually something I had to get kind of think about and deal with when memory stuff started to come back for me because I thought of memories as pictures in your head but a lot of my pictures aren't—you know they're either far away and distorted or so up close they're distorted by being so in your face. And that of course, is the way I saw things. I don't imagine that they put my glasses on and said look...</p>
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>the abuse didn't end until his death which was about 6 months after I was hospitalized for depression—he was involved with a group of people, it was ritual abuse.</p> <p>The flashback, what I think of as the flashback itself is the part that's most clear, does include very specific details with specific things in a specific order but when my therapist would ask me, "How old were you or how old do you think you were?" That would always immediately get very cloudy. I would have a memory where I felt like I as simultaneously seeing myself in a particular situation both as a young child and then as an adolescent or an adult. I'm trying to figure out. I know that a lot of things were repeated over time and so it becomes hard to day this is the first time or the only time, so that aspect of it—I had a lot of frustration</p>

	about that for a long time about wanting that to be all completely clear.
Description of memories	<p>It's still kind of hard for me to understand. You asked how soon did you forget the abuse after it happened and I think it was almost immediately. That's kind of the only explanation that makes sense to me but in some way part of me still has trouble understanding that. That it could be so immediate. As far as something really horrible, really intense happens and then it's just gone. You know that my father, we'd get in the car and go somewhere, sometimes to the church that my family attended and there would be some sort of group or ritual. I'm sure that by the time we got in the car to drive back home it was gone. I don't remember thinking about those things, even for a short period of time.</p> <p>There's a gut feeling that they [her memories of abuse] all have in common and sometimes I would be able to tell that a memory was coming if would start having that feeling. I guess it's a regressed feeling. It's ah, feeling small inside, and very hypervigilant all of a sudden....before I associated, knew, the word hypervigilant, it's like this, "Oh no, this is really bad, what's gonna happen?" It's hard to describe but that's one thing they all have in common.</p> <p>*Sometimes I would have body memories, particular kinds of sensations, before I got a memory and sometimes not. Sometimes, there was a period of time at the beginning when they were most intrusive and I was still trying to figure out what was going on, it was almost like seeing slides. I'd be walking down the street and a picture of it would like just suddenly be there in front of my eyes and without thinking about it I'd say, Go away ...I wasn't able to predict when it would happen or control it.</p> <p>When I went to school, I lived in the dorm but I was only 15 minutes away and some of the things that happened were different because my father had a different kind of access to me because I wasn't at home but I wasn't so far away—he would come and get me. Some of the stuff that happened then—he didn't have to explain my whereabouts to anybody then...so some of the more intense things, in fact some of the most difficult things happened during that period of time.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>I feel like the memories coming back are the sort of dividing line down the middle of my life and so it's kinda hard to think about how I thought of myself before that versus afterwards.</p> <p>There was a period of time when the ritual abuse memories were really frequent ...and I would only be able to go and teach my class—you know, get out of bed and teach my class, maybe see students for an hour or so and come home and go back to bed. Not necessarily to sleep but just—it was like I had to try to keep myself as unstimulated as possible just to—and I couldn't handle being around people for more than a certain amount of time. I felt like—I remember I had my people quotient, I can handle just this much interacting, saying things and acting like things are okay and then that's it I can't do it anymore till tomorrow.</p>

	[she was unable to complete her doctorate, and was for the first couple of years in various inpatient treatment programs. Has been getting disability but that will end as she has progressed and feels she is able to function...]
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Subject #8D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[father] when I was very young, he was always very enamored of me and just adored me. He used to always take me out to bars and put me on the bar stool. He used to take me places, just me, and I know he took me on a trip, I remember that. One of his traveling trips, and I stayed overnight in hotels..</p> <p>It's confusing to me. It's unclear. But we did play cribbage. There would never be any confiding, he would never be willing to hear me. There was no talking about things. He wasn't a person I could lean on, but I think in my mind I believed I had a wonderful, loving father. I think I was just a non-person. And that did make sense if someone is...it can be very hard for him then to look at you as a person, he can't do it...person. And I think explains....</p>
Abuser's personality	He was a traveling salesman, only home on the weekends. I remember going to him once, this was a recent recollection, going to him once about something, how horrible, something horrible my mother was doing, and turning to me and saying, "Why would you ever come to me?...don't come to me anymore."
Dependence	I felt a great deal of dependence on him—he was my father.
Trust level	I think 100% but then, growing up I think it was hard.
Feelings prior/feelings after	and I think that he, I believe after he abused me he no longer was able to see me as a person. I think that he just couldn't see...pretty much what happened. He would always, you know, kind of want to...
Confrontation?	[Never—memories came after his death]
Current feelings/ Relationship	I don't know, I went to see, when he was dying I shed no tears after he died, which really was upsetting to me at the time. But I went to the hospital and I was able to read what he needed and what he wanted, to have him say his worries. He was worried about my mother taking care of herself...said goodbye. And I knew he would die right after we left. He died within two hours of achieving a certain...so mom would have...a certain sort of...and it wasn't until after this happened, after I started getting memories and we were going over things that I realized that he never said goodbye to me. He never said any kind thing at all.
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>something, how horrible, something horrible my mother was doing...</p> <p>my mother tells histories, but she tends to rewrite history, so I don't know how valid it is, but that he...</p> <p>I think 100% [trust]</p>
Mother's Role in Family	<p>But I think she would always do things to put us together. She would always send him off to put me to bed at night. I'm not sure how that plays out...</p> <p>[P feels that this was in reaction to father distancing himself</p>

	because of having abused her—he couldn't see her as person]
Mother's awareness of abuse	I don't know—probably not. I don't think so, no.
Told?—why or why not	No. [no further explanation]
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	<p>R: Let me just check my questions here. So obviously you didn't tell anyone at the time. Did you ever have a sense that somebody knew?</p> <p>P: No. No, I don't have the sense I don't have the sense too often of what it was like. I just started to get a little bit of a sense of what it was like to be a child. Just started. So maybe then I'll get some idea should I decide to continue.</p>
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	<p>for some reason this was huge, so I asked, I called a therapist who I knew, she would see me. I had been in therapy for my daughter who has struggled with an eating disorder, we had gone to ten sessions with the family. Her name was [?]. I called her and said, "Could we do one session?" I knew it sounded quite stupid, "could we do one session on getting ready for Christmas?" I'd never heard of any such thing, it seemed—I just felt non-functional, very surprised by the intensity of it and the need for help over some issue. And she said "Sure." And my husband and I went and we talked for a session and she said that she finds me to be self-actualized, a going term...and I felt like I had fire burning out of my forehead. I don't know what it was, but there was just an intensity of something going on...She thought that she should talk to me for while, that's all I got out of it, and I needed to probably be a little more assertive and the night after that appointment I woke up in the middle of the night in a ball on the floor, screaming something about "that shouldn't happen to a child." And I had no idea why I was screaming it. And I was terrified and I got in a chair and I shook for hours. And then I tried to take a bath and I was just—my body had gone back and I had no understanding of what was going on at all, except that my mouth had said those words. There was no intellectual connection. I started to— I did want to take a bath— when I tried to go back to sleep I was not successful. I think that I waited a day or so, I'd have to look at my notes, what I wrote, I've got about 20 journals for the last 12 years. I entered what they call the Emergency Phase. I was unable to eat or sleep, I lost 25 pounds in a month. I didn't know why, I still didn't know why. I had- at one point I recalled my cousin coming into my room in the middle of the night and I can remember the curtains in the window and I can remember all sorts of details, and my experience was...I didn't know what happened. I tried to journal about that and draw pictures, and then it got very bad so I really couldn't eat at all, I couldn't swallow at all. And I was panicked, I had to get my children— I had to get up in the morning and get my children to school, and I was immobile. And so I called on an emergency basis, and I said, "Can you help? Is there anything—" And the woman....</p>
Nature of first recollection	I started thinking about my cousin, and then I think 3 days later I asked for an emergency— or 2 days later— an emergency appointment with the therapist. Having had the appointment she

	<p>said she could fit me in for about a half an hour. I didn't say why I except that I had had this strong reaction. And the first thing I asked her was, "Have you ever been sexually abused?" I didn't know she dealt with sexual abuse— I just asked her if she had been sexually abused, and she said, "Why do you want to know?" Good therapist reaction. And I said, "I don't have a clue." And she said, "Yes." And I started crying and I said I was too, so this is— I mean, I was just boggled by myself, it was just so shocking. And I still carry that feeling. So many of those questions are very hard for me.</p> <p>R: Can you tell me more about that?</p> <p>P: Yeah. Well, then, I was thinking it was my cousin, "It must have been my cousin." And then it got, it kept building, building, building, the anxiety, the inability to swallow, talk, anything, and then I took that one pill, walked in the yard and said those words— "It must have been my father. I'm covered with slime, but I'm not slimy." And I felt wonderful for about 15 minutes. Or I felt freed for about 15 minutes. And whether it was that or the pill, or who knows what. And I didn't know why I had said that, it really didn't make much sense to me. It wasn't like it was crystal clear, but I had some sense of relief. It was all— I just didn't know anything about sexual abuse. I didn't know anything about incest. All of it was totally alien, as far as— I mean, it just didn't happen, I mean, I had a perfectly fine family.</p>
Emotional impact of initial realization	<p>And the first thing I asked her was, "Have you ever been sexually abused?" I didn't know she dealt with sexual abuse— I just asked her if she had been sexually abused, and she said, "Why do you want to know?" Good therapist reaction. And I said, "I don't have a clue." And she said, "Yes." And I started crying and I said I was too, so this is— I mean, I was just boggled by myself, it was just so shocking. And I still carry that feeling.</p> <p>And then it got, it kept building, building, building, the anxiety, the inability to swallow, talk, anything, and then I took that one pill, walked in the yard and said those words— "It must have been my father. I'm covered with slime, but I'm not slimy." And I felt wonderful for about 15 minutes. Or I felt freed for about 15 minutes. And whether it was that or the pill, or who knows what. And I didn't know why I had said that, it really didn't make much sense to me. It wasn't like it was crystal clear, but I had some sense of relief.</p>
Nature of Memories	<p>And my insides are unraveling...that for some reason these things that my mouth says about what happened— I feel better. It's still not something, when I answer the questions, "This is absolutely right." Those statements just don't apply to — and I do not have any mental pictures really; I only have body experiences. I don't have any visual pictures. I've periodically gotten some visual things and some memories that were just off, like not, you know, things that wouldn't be good to happen to a child.</p> <p>I knew my mouth was a different shape because of it. And I could tell there was pressure on the inside of my cheek, and I was talking funny. And I didn't say anything awful, I just laid there quietly with this sensation. I don't know why my body did it. And in retrospect</p>

	<p>it took a long time to settle down.... Over time I think that that was oral sex. I was re-experiencing something like that, or at least the pressure.</p> <p>R: Yeah. It really is a fascinating process. The way the mind works. I was thinking about it when you were talking earlier and I think there's a very similar pattern to the way people, children at three, for example, the quality of the memory tends to be more of a body memory, tends to be this fragmented thing...</p> <p>P: And as you said, objects, like for you tiles, for me it's curtains—little things.</p> <p>I did not get a clear picture. All I know is what my body said so...But then I could breath again....you just have no idea why</p>
Type/clarity	<p>Over time I think that that was oral sex. I was re-experiencing something like that, or at least the pressure.And those are the initial things, and those are my memories. That's how cloudy they are. As I'm telling you now, they're still there</p> <p>I wanted the memories so badly. And I actually, I was in a support group for 5 years and I actually sought someone who would do hypnotism and sought this person out and she came to the office with my therapist, she was a therapist and she was also a co-leader for the group I was in so they were willing to work together in doing this. I didn't get anything...</p>
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>Don't recall. I have very little recollection of my childhood. Very little recollection until I got married. And I used to say when I got married that, you know, my life began when I got married, in a very nice, naïve, happy way, you know, like a lot of people might say it, and it's turned out that the life that I recollect began when I got married. And I have very little recollection— I'm getting more. Very little recollection prior to that. I don't have memories of teachers or my friends or— more of objects. I can remember objects. I've always been known for having a "bad memory" in quotes, but it turns out in graduate school my memory's just fine.</p>
Description of memories	<p>[see above]</p> <p>Your body is your mind. It's taken me a long time to trust that, I don't know why my body's doing it...doing it, you know? Okay. And just freeing up the body, lifting the cap off a little bit. Well, that's the problem that I have not yet— I only had those, although I'm kind of going at it from the back door. I'm doing well at...[at a special intensive self defense class for the traumatized] the last week was to, we could re-enact...and I said, "What have I got to lose?" I don't know who was where, when, and what age, or anything, I just put my father in my mother's car and I couldn't believe what my father did. The rage that came out, I've never gotten in touch with anger over this, because it's not clear enough...I feel like a new person since then. I don't know how long it will last, but-kind of go in the back door a little bit. I do not know—I did not get a clear picture. All I know is that my body said so...</p>

<p>How abuse affected subject</p>	<p>I forgot to put panic attacks during. I just put it after because they stopped. I had them then and they stopped and then they kinda started...</p> <p>I can self-hypnotize very well but....I have experienced...I don't think I'm MPD, no question about that. But I was definitely much more in parts. I spoke in parts for a couple of years in therapy. I could only refer to myself as we in therapy. I would be separate outside the therapy session, but in therapy session I would speak of this one and this one...I've never lost time. I've never done that but that's just ex—was a way—that's what it was inside. And it's much less that way now. It wasn't a conscious trying to come together, um, it was—one of the friends who was in my group joked about it, she said, Oh you'll like the new Lever Soap, so will your two thousand parts.[laughter]</p> <p>I have certain responses in sex that— and it s very hard for me to get aroused. There s just no way that it had to have been something more I don t, I don t, it was just just very strong, very hard to get around.</p>
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Subject #9D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[father] I felt like he was a mixed bag. My Dad's like very, very bright—really smart. Um, great vocabulary, could make, made beautiful furniture, he used to, you know, build houses. He made great gardens, was really—part of me really, really looked up to him. He always was one of the more alive people in my family—the less depressed. When he was good. But when he was out of control he was very cruel and sick—very—he was more—he was a very scary guy...um, physically abusive but he was really a good like sociopath. Like he didn't, um, kill anybody, kill anybody, because just because he didn't want to get caught. Like that kind of thing. Like really careful about not getting caught or getting found out. And I'm sure he would've killed me if I wouldn't've been found or anything. Uhm, he was a fucked up man. Just a really, really bad guy. Then.</p> <p>I remembered stuff as a teenager. I remembered things I remembered him threatening with a handgun when I was like a teenager and wanting to get out and go do things. I always remembered that. I always remembered him being bad to my mother. I think he abused her. I always remembered that he was mean to her. He had an affair when she was dying and like, you know he wasn't I remembered his alcoholism but it wasn't the earlier physical abuse I didn't always hold. I didn't always have. Like, um, memories when he was beating my brother badly or like when my mother was still alive were gone, um, until later. I look back ..[sounds distressed]</p>
Abuser's personality	<p>[see above]</p> <p>and he was good at not getting caught... He, yeah, he was good at it. But as he, also what happening during this was that he started off really pretty functional, a sociopathic person but he developed, like his drinking started to take control so he started to get less good at it. You know, after my mother died he was just like not able to take care of himself as much, and not as—he must have been very dependent on her in some way because he really was falling apart. You know, he was getting sicker. (pause) And um, there was also like weird, um, his family had some weird religious cult—abusive stuff going on for generations. And we were involved in some of that but I don't know</p>
Dependence	<p>Oh, a lot. I mean totally dependent on him. He made us all really dependent on him like, um, he really played on that aspect of our relationship. Um, my Mom was really dependent on him so she never until late, late in her—that was when I told you about that when he would hit her and she would say she wanted to leave after she got her Master's settled and um, which was the only time I ever saw her, like act like she could get away from him. She was always</p>

	<p>really dependent. So I think I thought that that was really true. That we <i>were</i> really dependent on him. And then, um, you know he'd like forget us, you know, leave us at the bus stop and you know, we had to try and get home and it would be miles and really hot and like late at night and I mean really scary things like that and we would be just about to pass out and then he'd show up, but you know, even with the abuse, like he would, uh, abuse me but he would also let other people abuse me, like he like bartered me... he always gave me the impression, it was like he was rescuing me from the other people, like he was the one who was taking me out of that situation and rescue me from like bad relatives...but he really fostered that.</p>
Trust level	<p>Somewhat. During the period after my mother died in January my brother and I were supposed to be going to school and all but he would like leave for a long weekend we would be left alone in the house and there wouldn't like be enough food. We were young, I was only like eight or nine somewhere in there and I was afraid to cook cause I didn't know how to use the stove and um just long periods when we would be home alone and he wouldn't come back. Which was both a blessing and a nightmare with him and he gave instructions about not being seen outside the house like, you know, the worst thing that would be that someone might see us and then he'd really be in trouble (laughs softly)</p>
Current feelings/relationship	<p>The fact that I have—it's exactly what you're saying and part of reason that I think I really screwed up with my dad—I worked really hard and you know, I don't have contact with him but he's both, he's both [good and bad]...and the world's both and I'm both and every—that's it. And if you can hold both you're all right but I couldn't always do that.so...</p>
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>[Mother died of cancer when she was 8.]</p>
Mother's Role in Family	<p>He made us all really dependent on him like, um, he really played on that aspect of our relationship. Um, my Mom was really dependent on him so she never until late, late in her—that was when I told you about that when he would hit her and she would say she wanted to leave after she got her Master's settled and um, which was the only time I ever saw her, like act like she could get away from him. She was always really dependent. So I think I thought that that was really true.</p> <p>That we <i>were</i> really dependent on him. And then, um, you know he'd like forget us, you know, leave us at the bus stop and you know, we had to try and get home and it would be miles and really hot and like late at night...</p> <p>I always remembered him being bad to my mother. I think he abused her. I always remembered that he was mean to her. He had an affair when she was dying and like, you know he wasn't... I remembered his alcoholism but it wasn't...the earlier physical abuse I didn't always hold. I didn't always have. Like, um, memories when he was beating my brother badly or like when my</p>

	mother was still alive were gone, um, until later. I look back.....[sounds distressed]
Mother's awareness of abuse	[Mother aware]
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	[Brother and mother were also abused—see memory section]
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	<p>P: I told when I was nine in elementary school, my teacher, who knew I was being neglected—my mother had died when I was eight. And my father was still abusing me—I was living with him and my brother. And she got me to a therapist who told me, “No, that’s not happening to you.”</p> <p>R: Wow. That’s the first time I’ve heard that.</p> <p>P: Yeah. And she was clear, she was like, “No way, no.” And she seemed to be really authoritarian about it, like she understood the reason I was saying it. But she was very opinionated that no, that wasn’t happening to me. So that was really different.</p>
Feelings of why they went along	[Since mother was abused and dependent she didn’t have much other choice—believed they were dependent and who could make a difference?]
Memory Recovery: Decision to Deal with Abuse	<p>And, um, I had my son and my dad was in my life, I still remembered the physical stuff but um, he was actually, he was really supportive financially, like when I needed anything, and it was a hard time and he was like supportive-- he was like this light in my life—he was really excited about the baby. So he was back in my life. And then J. [son] was born and then I went to therapy because I had decided to go back to work and um it was a big decision. I had all this grief, I was like, Oh God, I can’t leave my baby to go back to work and um so I went into therapy, um, but things weren’t very easy at the house with J., so he asked me about it—I knew I couldn’t ever leave him alone with him but it got to stuff started happening with J.’s father and me, um, his dad, J.’s dad was not sending money and we were unable with him not helping me—which is true, he wasn’t helping me much. But he got a little threatening once [J.’s dad] and like, lights, sensors, everything went off so I wound up getting a restraining order and went to court to sue for custody of J. And my dad was coming down. He stayed at the house, my house—which was January of that year and what happened was he stayed in my apartment and that was really scary—I was really scared, that made me really uncomfortable and um, I stayed in the bedroom and J. was in my bedroom with me and he [father] slept out on the couch, but I remember myself just being scared, almost, like, um afraid something would happen but I didn’t know what. And then um, my friend came over one morning and my dad’s suit was hanging on the door and he was gonna change in my room and I had this flash that he took off all his clothes in front of us and I was like god no! Then we got to court and I’m sitting with my father and like J.’s dad is sitting over there and I’m like, “What’s wrong with this? I shouldn’t be here—this is the person [her dad] who should be over there, and I should sitting-- I’ve got</p>

	<p>this all mixed up, I got it plain wrong.” Then it was after that that I got the first flash of actually like something that confirmed that, it just flashed through my head and I <i>knew</i>. I was like um I went and bought the <u>Courage to Heal</u>, cause I’d never read it before and I couldn’t buy it, but I went to buy it as soon as I had a flash, of memories of sexual abuse--You gotta have something to do—you know, a book to read, so I don’t go crazy. Um, and I felt bad. And then therapy for the next two years.</p>
What triggered?	[Birth of son/adult relationship with father/seeing father with her son.]
In therapy?	[She had started therapy not about abuse but about leaving baby to return to work]
Nature of first recollection	<p>Mmmm. I remember seeing A. [her brother] scream in my head and I remember being terrified. Feeling like I’d come unglued and I was really sad and then I was scared and I remember I would be just—Waaaaaaaaa.</p> <p>know that I dreamt, I mean I knew that maybe something had happened before because I had asked my other therapist the question but it was always really revolting and I didn’t want to think about him touching me sexually sexual abuse problems were--I would run in the other direction I don’t think I could I’d be outta there. Um, that’s all I remember that happened immediately. It’s like I just felt like I was terrified.</p>
Emotional impact of initial realization	<p>And then I just started ignoring him. You know, I felt like I needed to get him out of my life and I was really dependent on him so that was <i>really big trouble</i> right away and I didn’t think that I knew how to live my life without him. It’s been really hard, you know. I’ve had ten years of without contact with him. So last January he just showed up at my house out of the blue and I don’t have contact—not since then. He’s not the kind of person—like you couldn’t tell him [inaudible]...you couldn’t tell him about rage, you couldn’t [inaudible]....[dry laughter] no-no-no-no-no.</p>
Nature of Memories	<p>It was weird. And then, um, and so I think all the memories got stored really separately. Yeah. Very fragmented. Very fragmented and very isolated.</p> <p>More like, um, they’re still stored in like, like pockets. In a fragmented way but that um, there’s like an overarching [pause] there’s an overarching structure that allows me to see all the different, more of the different, compartmentalized stuff, in a holistic way. ..But it doesn’t mean that [sigh] the connections are like, um, like normally—I think normally my memory like tends—like since I haven’t been being abused—is more connected and it flows with time. And, um, it’s not like that with my dissociative memories, they’re like, they’re all in little pieces but I have a structure that allows me to see them... Mmmm, well, I had a very, I had a very fragmented little self...</p> <p>R: So, it’s kind of like your grown up self, you kind of look back</p>

and see the whole?

P: Right, right. Or myself since therapy and all the work, you know. ... And, um, the memories are more fleshed out, like more, um, memories. Well, I had this memory-type and it's like complete re-experiences and then I have ones like built, like the cognition, on the picture, on the emotions. Like sometimes that would all be... I built the cognitions—Like I might have started with an overwhelming of anxiety but then, um, painted and then, like had like a visual flashback that connects to that. Which usually is hooked up with something that was happening currently in my life that was reminding me—through the resistance, often it was a really good thing. So then I had that affect and then I had like the visual picture that went with it—*together*. [pause] But before that they would've been stored separately. So...it's so hard to describe. Now, it feels like the affect and the visual are actually stored in the same fragmented box, pocket. See my—there might be, there might still stored stuff but it's in another memory.

R: Okay, you might still have a memory where the visual and the affect are separate?

P: I might.

R: Is that what you meant when you said that?

P: Mmm-hmm. That's how it used to be when I was remembering, um, and I might still have some that are like that, although I think that, I think it hasn't much been there so much anymore. I think that, um, so I think there's a lot more memory that I don't access to, it's more that it all kind of fits under certain categories, you know what I mean. If it's really similar you only have to go through like one of the worst or one of them.

R: So going back to the way you remember, were the pictures like flashes or –just flashes?

P: Yeah, like I'd see, like I could see my brother beaten. I could see...I could remember, it would be like the color, colors of green, ah, it doesn't bother me any more, but then, like institutional green, made me hysterical, it made me insane...it was definitely something...institutional green had bothered me my whole life. It would make me nauseous. Light. Like three o'clock light coming in through, um, venetian blinds my whole life would make me feel sick to my stomach and shaky and like I was gonna come unglued and that totally had to do with, um, the day after this horrible night when my dad had us all tied up in separate rooms and it was just like an endless night of like, he kept telling like each of us that he had killed the other ones and like, I thought my mother was dead. I thought my brother was dead, you know. Kah! [a disgusted noise] He was really, he was bad. And um, it was like the day after that, um that I saw my brother and it was like lying on the bed with the light--he had been beaten really bad and all and he was just really hurt. And um, that was connected to that meaning. And then um, there were other things, there were other things that had always bothered me but I never knew why, that were kind of stupid, that wound up being connected to my past. And there was other stuff that was really awful. I was afraid to walk past doors. [inaudible]

	<p>I've forgotten, let me see, the light, the color green [inaudible] Um, oh, I know, curtains—I wouldn't have curtains hanging in the house because he had tied us up with curtains and I wouldn't have them around before. I mean I can stand them now but I still have a lot of windows that don't have curtains. [short laugh]</p>
Type/clarity	<p>Then it was after that that I got the first flash of actually like something that confirmed that, it just flashed through my head and I <i>knew</i>. I was like um I went and bought the <u>Courage to Heal</u>, cause I'd never read it before and I couldn't buy it, but I went to buy it as soon as I had a flash, of memories of sexual abuse--You gotta have something to do—you know, a book to read, so I don't go crazy. Um, and I felt bad. And then therapy for the next two years.</p> <p>I remember seeing A. [brother] scream in my head and I remember being terrified. Feeling like I'd come unglued and I was really sad and then I was scared and I remember I would be just—Waaaaaaaaa.</p> <p>*R: So going back to the way you remember, were the pictures like flashes or –just flashes?</p> <p>Yeah, like I'd see, like I could see my brother beaten. I could see...I could remember, it would be like the color, colors of green, ah, it doesn't bother me any more, but then, like institutional green, made me hysterical, it made me insane...it was definitely something...institutional green had bothered me my whole life. It would make me nauseous. Light. Like three o'clock light coming in through, um, venetian blinds my whole life would make me feel sick to my stomach and shaky and like I was gonna come unglued and that totally had to do with, um, the day after this horrible night when my dad had us all tied up in separate rooms and it was just like an endless night of like, he kept telling like each of us that he had killed the other ones and like, I thought my mother was dead. I thought my brother was dead, you know. Kah! [a disgusted noise] He was really, he was bad. And um, it was like the day after that, um that I saw my brother and it was like lying on the bed with the light--he had been beaten really bad and all and he was just really hurt. And um, that was connected to that meaning. And then um, there were other things, there were other things that had always bothered me but I never knew why, that were kind of stupid, that wound up being connected to my past. And there was other stuff that was really awful. I was afraid to walk past doors. [inaudible] I've forgotten, let me see, the light, the color green [inaudible] Um, oh, I know, curtains—I wouldn't have curtains hanging in the house because he had tied us up with curtains and I wouldn't have them around before. I mean I can stand them now but I still have a lot of windows that don't have curtains. [short laugh]</p> <p>* Right, um, I lived in an apartment with four people working upstairs, and they'd walk across the floor, just the sound of their feet which I never realized was one until I remembered my father would walk in the house and I would begin trembling at his purposeful walk. So when he did this we knew because the walk was purposeful through the house. I just started to feel like...sick. And when I would hear the people upstairs, I like, definitely had</p>

	flashbacks and body memories. It was really hard.
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>R: Yes, oh yes. You've kind of anticipated my next question. You've said that you've been able to place the incident on the couch and the time you were tied up in the same time frame because of the way the house looked. I was wondering if there were other memories that you've been able to place in time because of other cues or just because—</p> <p>P: Right—there are memories in Vermont that are all—like I got them all at separate times but they're definitely related scenes. But they're a little more common memories 'cause they're around—this um, it has to do with like, it's to do with the Catholic Church but it's not just Catholic, it's—my family's Irish and they have—they're very into the land and like—having their own individual thing going—and they live—my father's family lived on a hill in Vermont and I have memories of an event that happened there that I got back in pieces that I know is all the same because it's the same house, same temperature, same time of the year, same age, same people. And you know then the memories of the things he used to do [inaudible] And I have memories of being taken out to a bar and being like bartered to be used by people sexually and um...</p> <p>R: How old were you?</p> <p>P: Before my mother died.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>And then there's the, "Oh god, what's going on" and I really have this deep sense of sadness about not having a dad at the same time. Is that the answer you want?</p> <p>R: Yeah, how could I dictate—I mean, that's just a tremendous answer.</p> <p>P: And then what's so hard is that no matter how good my intentions are [long pause] in my relationships, I mean, about being open, about being mean and stuff, I, ah, it affects my relationships, it affects me it affects everyone around me, in ways that I don't necessarily have control over and in ways that I don't necessarily even know. And I know that that's true. [crying though out this answer—pause with some crying noises, blows nose—researcher starts to say something in comforting tone she interrupts] I mean that I think that that's true. It does. On the one hand in a bad way and in another way a good way but.....</p> <p>R: That's what I think....</p> <p>P: Yeah. So I think both.</p> <p>R: And I think that's the way human beings are always made....</p> <p>P: But I was really—I had this big sort of fantasy that if I did a really good job of working, you know working hard and getting through it that like I could be just, not affected, you know or like, um, I think what it's done, one of the ways its really affected me is that I had this shit done to me, like I knew too much to just like to say, I COULD JUST HEAL. which is true in part. It's true but it's also not true.</p> <p>I could always tune out. I mean like I was in denial in labor like I totally did not feel any discomfort. My sister-in-law told me—I was just getting crabby, you know—she said, I think you're in labor and then when she said that, then all of a sudden I was surprised the</p>

	<p>pain felt really painful and I knew since I was like over like I knew I could cope with pain and like that I was kinda like way more over the top than I would've been and I think it was sexual abuse that did it My body—I remember my period sometimes. There was never a time when I was really—I didn't have the luxury in my childhood to experience like when I was really hurt, that I could really-- to be cognizant.... You know, there were all kinds of things I couldn't stand like going to the doctor, using birth control. I don't know why. There was something about it...</p>
Positive aspects	<p>I think about it a lot. In general, I've always had a really good ability to empathize and I really think that that has a lot to do with like some of the situations I was in my childhood... On the bad side is everything from—I think I'm a really—the good side I think I'm a really, I think like I have a really good sense of reality in how hard things can be and how difficult life is and I don't need like to be sure it's coming out—it is and it happened and we all have to live with stuff and I can sit with that. And live with that—it's a wonderful gift and a hard thing at the same time. Umm, I think part of it is always knowing that reality is that I never got to be, you know, a kid. But I think about my life, my son, everything I've done and I know I'm really lucky.</p> <p>And ah, you know, there's someone I'm not sure of the name, studies resilient adults, talks a lot about factors that play into that—what I got that other people didn't get was I had part of my father which tends to be mean and very sick and bad. I was able to like take what was good in a relationship with him and make it bigger. And make it enough to save me.. And that capacity, I don't know, that's something that I think I have a little bigger capacity to get the most out of whatever is there and I think there was something in him that was worth getting and I feel really strongly that, um, that the parts of my dad that were worth keeping and nurturing I just have to nurture.</p>

Subject #10D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	It's like no one's gonna control me, I'm not going back to that situation. My father was very—he was military, he was a military career man. And that's the way it was at home. It was very regimented and you did what you were ordered to do.
Abuser's personality	[about father] But [pause] it's so hard for me to equate the person I know, you know, with the other things he did. Like how nice he was to other people and how helpful he was and how people would come up to me who knew him and just say what a wonderful person he was. And yeah, there's that side but I have a hard time maybe half the time they're telling me how great he was, I'm thinking: You know, if you only knew.
Dependence	Very much. Yeah. It was our family, like I said, kept everything in the family, to the point of there weren't we didn't know many outside people. It wasn't like I went to school and went over to friends houses. We never did that. So it was just everybody in the only the people in the family that we were around. So there was no anybody else to depend on. I mean, we didn't know I didn't know anybody else.
Conflict / Ambivalence	P: [makes disgusted sound]. Lately I've been having such a problem with feeling like I've betrayed him. R: Your brother? P: My father. By telling somebody cause you just, you know, we weren't, we didn't you didn't talk about anything in the family outside of the family. That's the way we were raised, you know. If it was in the family you kept it in the family. And you know, lately, I've just had a real hard time with that.[pause] You know, I think I've finally gotten to where intellectually I can I'm, you know, obviously I know that he was the one, he was the one that caused this all. It wasn't me.
Resolution?	[both father and an older brother] And when I was with my brother, the one who did this stuff, he said, Oh how would you know you were just a kid. That was the first time I looked at him and I said I remember a lot more than you think I remember and he just kinda stepped back. And it's been easier for me since then to deal with him. But it's difficult with him living there. I don't feel as bad about—well, I can't excuse him but I can understand because I don't know what he was going through with my father. My father I'll never forgive. I just can't. Maybe I should but I can't. You know, he was—he was thirteen but I don't know what he went through. I know my oldest brothers have talked about being backed into a corner and beaten up. My father would drink that's when it would always happen--when he was drinking. He drank heavily
Current feelings/ Relationship	Yeah, so I had a real hard time with that [she is struggling not to cry]. I'm getting better at dealing with it but um, so whenever he wears a plaid shirt—every now and then he'll wear one—he came over my house the other night wearing a plaid shirt and I almost---

	lost it. Fortunately my sister was there, so I kind of got out of the room....Yeah, I remember the plaid shirt he was wearing.. [brother] This brother lives two houses down from me.
Description of Relationship to Mother	I can remember my mother saying around me—she died when I was thirteen. She got cancer when I was eleven, died when I was thirteen. But I can remember her saying when I was a little kid that she didn't like me hugging her cause I hugged too hard. So I stopped hugging people after that, you know and it was like, and so somebody paying attention to me, you know like teachers, of course I was real shy but they would pay attention to me—you know they were kind of stuck with me.
Mother's Role in Family	<p>She'd [stepmother] stand up to him. Something my mother never did.</p> <p>No, but our family was one of those where you don't talk about anything. Yeah, we just didn't talk. It was forgotten. It was over, it was forgotten, don't bring it up again. And it was very male dominated. I had three older brothers—very big. Whatever they wanted to do they got to do.</p> <p>Like I remember them screaming and yelling at each other but it was because of the same thing...She was being given a hard time by my father, you know....</p>
Told?—why or why not	<p>R: What did you tell your mother when you told? Do you remember that?</p> <p>P: Just that...[long sigh. then pause]</p> <p>R: Did you tell her when you were little, when it happened?</p> <p>P: Yeah. Yeah, because I thought something was wrong because I wasn't used to the pain. I was in a lot of pain. So I went to her after that. And I remember going to the doctors. And her saying, that it had to be something I did. I remember her telling the doctor that. And I knew she knew it wasn't me she knew it was J. [brother].</p>
Failure to protect	So, if anybody—and my nieces and nephews, I mean if anybody tried anything with them there's no way I wouldn't—first off there's no way I would say, "This is your fault. You've made—you could've done something about this." Especially when we're talking about a child and a—I can't understand, I can't even comprehend how people can think that way and not protect their kids. I just can't. I don't—I can't understand that at all. Related or not. [long pause]
Effect of abuse on relationship to Mother	And I think I do the typical thing where I blame—I really don't like my mother either—I don't know what she was going through. In fact, my sister-in-law who I told about my brother said to me, Maybe your mother, you know, you don't know what she was going through. In fact she said, "She was being given a hard time by my father, you know, he was giving her" —but that doesn't—I can't excuse her.
Family awareness/ Involvement	I know my oldest brother has been having panic attacks and he just started. He lives in Houston and he was up here visiting recently and just the week before he came up here he went to a therapist for the first time. So I don't know he's thirteen years older than me,

	so you know, I have no idea what's causing that. And I just know my sister's been talking about when we were kids a lot lately. And I know she, because our bedrooms you know it's a ranch the bedrooms are like right next to each other and I know she's been having nightmares and she hasn't been sleeping. So, I don't <i>know</i> . She hasn't said anything.
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	<p>our sister N. was there too—and I don't know if she remembers—it's like watching myself all over again, she's going through the sleepless nights, the nightmares and I can't get her to go to anybody</p> <p>Yeah, if I can find it—at the time I remember thinking, this is...[sound of pages of survey turning] This one on the additional ways because I think we were all—especially my brothers were really slapped around—it didn't seem like it was abuse at the time. I mean, you just figured everybody went through that at the time. That's just what I thought about that. It wasn't hard to answer but that's just what I was thinking about that.</p>
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	<p>[Mother and doctor]</p> <p>Oh and what result—this one about did you tell anybody when you were a child—what resulted from your telling. Um, I would say the person blamed me and tried to protect my brother—you know it was my mother. She went so far as to blame me and he was completely innocent. And he was thirteen; I was seven.</p>
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	I was losing weight, I wasn't sleeping, panic attacks the whole thing and I didn't I mean, I had no idea what was wrong. So she suggested that I go see one and she gave me the name of a therapist and she recommended this person. And so I started going and um, you now, it was like, therapy? What the heck is wrong? It's gotta be something physical, I'm thinking, you know. And she goes through the list, you know, checklist the first time and she talks about clinical depression and I thought, clinical depression? You know cause I've always been like this is the way I've always felt. I've even lost weight blaaaaaaa. Whatever. And then it had to be about six months and I was here, working at my desk, and all of a sudden, it was like the it was just like, Oh my God! Like I was back there. Like it was happening again. It was just so real. I mean I could remember the shirt he was wearing, everything. It was like I had to call B [therapist]. I went in and I called her and I said I wouldn't tell her on the phone but I knew if I didn't tell her then, I never would, so I told her to ask me, cause I had a session coming up the next day. And I said ask me what happened. So I would tell her cause I knew [laugh] I wouldn't say anything. So, and she didn't suggest anything she just said, What were you gonna tell me the other day? And so I just started telling her what I was remembering. Which was actually one of [beginning to cry] the hardest things I've ever done.
What triggered?	Mmm-hmm. We were—there—it was kinda the time of day, where I was standing. I don't know exactly what it was. It was something about the time of day and the light and I don't know, it was just suddenly there.
Nature of	R: When you first remembered was it strictly a visual memory? Did

first recollection	<p>you remember everything at once or did it come back in bits and pieces?</p> <p>P: [after pausing some more] It was more bits and pieces—but it wasn't—physically, I could feel what was going on.</p> <p>R: You had a body memory.</p> <p>P: Yeah. I can come in exactly where I was. I'd be on the floor, I can feel the cold floor you know, I can feel the floor. Yeah. I could see where everything was. [long pause]</p>
How they fit in with other memories?	<p>I think the time periods is like because you remember other things so it kinda has to be in this, when you were so old or yeah what grade you were in.</p>
Description of memories	<p>It happened—he came up—he would come up with these games. It didn't matter—our sister N. was there too—and I don't know if she remembers—it's like watching myself all over again, she's going through the sleepless nights, the nightmares and I can't get her to go to anybody but anyway he would come up with these games and whether we won or lost he did what ever he wanted. Um, and then I don't know that he did anything to her I just know that he raped me and then he also, he ah, then he ah, he also used a coat hanger. And that's what I remember.</p> <p>Okay. [laughing/crying mix then a sigh] Well, I suppose the next thing, that led me to remembering about my father. [pause] Um, he, [pause] When I was a kid, I remember there was this ring. He always wore a gold ring with a red stone in it. [pause] The um, the house we lived in was an old mill house. It was a duplex and my grandparents lived on one side and we lived on the other. [pause] I never now I never go in attics or cellars the house I grew up in and you know, so you can see the windows, the windows to my brother's bedroom. [she is sighing and breathing loudly] My bedroom is on that same end Oh god. And ah so anyway, I could never be in the attic with my father and him being behind me. [long pause] Just [long pause then heavy sigh] I remembered it one night, ah, when I was lying in my bed. I couldn't sleep. And all of a sudden I just remembered him being there behind me. I was lying on my side and I just had this I can't stand somebody coming up behind me. And I just had this impression of someone in the room with me there wasn't. I was by myself. But [pause and sigh] his thing was well he started out with um, he started out with anal and then he moved on to oral.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>Yeah, I went from straight A's to almost failing the next year.</p> <p>R: Did anybody wonder why?</p> <p>P: Nobody seemed to take any notice. But see, I had told my mother about it. About the abuse.</p> <p>He'd [abusive brother] come in without knocking first—or people using things without asking—it relates I think—because I've always thought of myself as invisible. I just saw the word in here and I just thought about that. I still have invisible times...I always felt like I was on the outside looking in. I felt like a strange in my own house. Which fit right in with my [begins to laugh] being adopted. [laughter]</p>

I had nightmares—up until it was like until I remembered. I started talking to B.(therapist) about it. And after awhile I said, gee I haven't had those dreams anymore.

Oh, Christ. I don't let people get close. You know if some guy shows interest, I can't let him close enough and shut him off. It's not like I don't like him but I shut him off, you know? I just get especially—well, I've gotten better working with men but—men scare me. Like for no reason. You know, I have to make myself think, This is now [laugh] This is here.

R: How do you think being abuse affected the way you feel about yourself—I know it's a huge question but whatever part, whatever...

P: Yeah. I, ah, it's got a lot to do with—I don't like myself. I don't like a lot of stuff about me and I think it's—and I think it's one reason why I never feel good enough for myself. You know, it didn't matter what grades I get, what I do, I always think I can do more. I, ah, think it's why I demand a lot—not from other people as much as from myself. I just never feel like I'm good enough.

I was saying about eating disorders—I have lost—I've never been really heavy but a year ago I was a size four, I had no bust. I just couldn't eat. I wasn't interested and, ah, the other—I still have problems with the bulimia part of it.

Yeah. I'll be there at work. I'll be sitting there at work, just typing or whatever and we'll be talking and then all of a sudden I'll just think: This is hopeless. This is worthless. Just give it up. I'm just gonna—I'd rather be dead.

Sometimes it would just hit me all of a sudden and I felt like I couldn't move. I'm just stuck here at my desk and I'm thinking—part of me is thinking I'm gonna look like a real jerk and the other part can't control that I'm crying and yeah—when that eve hits me—it was before—I mean I had friends who killed themselves in high school—not real close friends, but I thought, I could never understand that and all of a sudden I could understand it too well. Sometimes you think—you honestly think that that is the only way out. I mean it's like, here's an option, here's an option, no, let's go with suicide. NO. That's the only way that this is gonna end and for me, I have a hard time—I think I'm by it, I'll think I've got it now and things are going along and all of a sudden it's like oooh. All of a sudden again I'll feel like—and it's—if I don't get B. [therapist] on the phone right now I'm in real trouble or J.'s [coworker friend] on vacation. What am I gonna do if there's nobody to talk to?

And it was like—I think from that—I don't know, somehow from that, I thought, Wait a minute. I don't belong here. I'm adopted. And I would just—and then of course I'd make up all sorts of stories, you know, about parents coming back and you know, I was

	<p>always waiting. You know I felt I couldn't give up that. You now, it like I gotta, I'm getting older here—what's going on. You know, it still would come but I still couldn't give up—there has to be somebody out there, there has to be.</p> <p>it's like watching myself all over again, she's going through the sleepless nights, the nightmares</p>
Positive aspects	[Has used her experience creatively in drama—acting and wrote a play about the experience of being sexually abused.]

Subject #11C (Continuous Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	[Stepfather; mother married him when P was ten, abuse took place when P was eleven—mother divorced stepfather after 3 years or so] I didn't feel uncomfortable. Yeah, I felt like he would never hurt me or do anything bad to me. I just felt comfortable with him. It's my mother's husband and he's a normal guy. If my mother went out I didn't feel nervous or anything like that. I felt fine. He didn't seem like a person that would do that....he was there, I liked him and that was about it.
Abuser's personality	I didn't hate him or anything. He was just a normal, you know, someone actually I didn't think my mother would even look at. I think it was a rebound type thing. Not a bad guy...
Dependence	Not that much. I mean, No, not much. He was there...and that was it.
Trust level	I didn't not trust him or anything.
Feelings prior/feelings after	<p>[prior] "Pretty normal—it wasn't like real close, but you know, he didn't bother me. I didn't hate him or anything...We got along. I didn't not trust him or anything. I was just a normal kid and he'd talk and I'd talk and that was just like a normal relationship.</p> <p>After the abuse took place I couldn't stand him. I could hardly even look at him. Then after awhile when the doctor said he was fine...and I said that's not true, so I was very confused. So I just lived there with for awhile and dealt with it. And I was like petrified of being alone with him. And my mother didn't know that. I didn't want to be the cause of her getting divorced. As a child I didn't want to be the cause.</p>
Confrontation?	[as an adult] And actually before I went to the psychologist I wrote him, my stepfather, a letter telling him exactly everything—you know, I know exactly what you did, this is what you did and um how can you live with yourself and what you did to my life and how you made me suffer and it was just a very strong letter and it was true and he knew it. I thought that would make me feel better before I went to the doctor but it didn't. It just made me feel worse maybe because he didn't acknowledge it. Maybe I thought he might acknowledge it and apologize or do something, you know. I don't know what I thought I was gonna get out of it. But maybe just telling him that I knew, you didn't fool me. It would make me feel better but it didn't.
Resolution?	I called up my stepbrother and told him and my stepfather admitted it all. And he's in counseling and can't see his grandchildren without supervision.
Current feelings/ Relationship	He wrote me a letter [about 5 months ago] and it made me angry...he blamed my mother because of their sex life and I was really ripped.
Mother's	My mother owned a store and use to go away a lot to buy

Role in Family	clothes...
Mother's awareness of abuse	She found out the whole truth when I was maybe, 27.
Current feelings about mother	My mother is like my best friend, we're very close—you know, she's a little controlling. I guess she's just a mother. She's over protective. She'll call me like 5 times a day....she worries too much. And yeah she calls me a lot but I call her a lot too. And we have a close relationship where sometimes she gets her nose into things she shouldn't. But if it wasn't for her, I don't know where I'd be.
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	<p>I started blurting it out when I was young and I kinda not went back on it but I made light of it because I was afraid that I just blurted it out in front of everyone. I was eleven. I told—I said it in front of my mother and my brother. At the time I think he [stepfather, abuser] did something or said something that really made me mad and I just blurted it out in front of everybody and I started crying, and then I got scared 'cause, you know, he had said to me, "Don't you ever tell anybody" and all that stuff.....</p> <p>Some things are vague, like I know I didn't tell my mother everything but if something's said like that [referring to stepfather saying he wished he could cut his hands off] -- sometimes I wonder if my mother blocked some things out too. You know, 'cause why would he say that if he didn't do anything. You know?</p>
Feelings of why they went along	and my mother didn't know that. I didn't want to be the cause of her getting divorced again. As a child I didn't want to be the cause.
If did, who and why	[See above]
Reaction of person told/ Outcome (action taken or not. Effective?)	<p>And my mother was obviously very upset and she sat me down and I go maybe he brushed by me by accident. And she still took me to the doctor. And I guess she, she did take me to but I don't remember that at all. But I did find the doctor and he did say he saw me but I don't remember any of it. So of course, my stepfather didn't tell what he did. And according to what I found afterwards, they said well, she seems to be okay and we'll monitor him and if nothing comes about then we'll drop it. And it was a psychiatrist or psychologist and he might've seen me alone—it's vague but I know he saw him alone....but what the bottom line was, you know my mother had called and social services or whatever said they'd keep in touch and see what happens and if nothing comes about they'd drop it and nothing did obviously, after that so they dropped it.</p> <p>R: Did the abuse stop then.?</p> <p>P: Yeah. Most of it. He stopped.</p> <p>R: So after mentioned it, the abuse stopped. How long—you have down here on the survey, that the period of time during which you were abused was 2-6 months.</p> <p>P: Yeah, it was—it wasn't every night. It was that time period maybe 6 times.</p> <p>And she was hysterical crying and I know in a way, and I know my</p>

	<p>mother cause she can be a nut, that if she knew the truth she would have put him out in the street that day. So I know I didn't tell her everything.</p>
<p>Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse</p>	<p>And then after I left my first husband, I stopped smoking pot totally and my mother—this is what triggered the whole thing, like it just really hit me like at ton of bricks—my mother called and said, “I’m watching a good movie on TV why don’t you watch it? It’s Delores Claiborne.” In the movie... you know about the movie, as I was watching it I started crying. It just hit me, I started crying and I said—I called my mother and “How could you let me watch this?” She goes, “What are you talking about?” ‘Cause as far as she knew, you know, this is what I told her and I did not tell her all this. So, she said “What are you talking about?” and I said, “This, this is what he did to me.” And she was hysterical crying and I know in a way, and I know my mother ‘cause she can be a nut, that if she knew the truth she would have put him out in the street that day. So I know I didn’t tell her everything... And she was crying and I told her the whole thing; she was “why didn’t you tell me? I wish I knew and I would’ve killed him” and you know....</p>
<p>What triggered?</p>	<p>this is what triggered the whole thing, like it just really hit me like at ton of bricks—my mother called and said, “I’m watching a good movie on TV, why don’t you watch it? It’s Delores Claiborne.” In the movie... you know about the movie, as I was watching it I started crying. It just hit me, I started crying and I said—I called my mother and “How could you let me watch this?” She goes, “What are you talking about?”</p>
<p>Emotional impact of initial realization</p>	<p>[saw abuser as an adult shortly after a movie brought the experience to the front of her mind] I saw him in the deli and I froze. I saw him and I froze and he had the nerve to just come up and say hello. And I felt like—and I just froze but I felt like saying, “Who in the hell do you think you are to come and say hello to me. I know what you did to me.” But I just didn’t do anything. I didn’t even....</p> <p>R: Were you frightened?</p> <p>P: Yeah. And I had to get out of there and that’s when my anxiety started. I didn’t know what it was and every time I went into that deli, I would feel those anxiety attacks. And then went away and had one and then I went to the doctor and it all started to come out. And I was just really upset and wondered if the mistakes I made in my life was because of that. I never faced things and why am I having anxiety now. I mean it was very scary anxiety. I didn’t know what was happening to me you know. I would feel like I gotta get outta here. I gotta get out of here and I would cry and say to my mother why is this happening. And so I worked through it with a psychologist and we talked about it. I remembered every single thing.</p> <p>And actually before I went to the psychologist I wrote him, my stepfather a letter telling him exactly everything—you know, I know exactly what you did, this is what you did and um how can you live with yourself and what you did to my life and how you made me suffer and it was just a very strong letter and it was true</p>

	and he knew it. I thought that would make me feel better before I went to the doctor but it didn't. It just made me feel worse maybe because he didn't acknowledge it. Maybe I thought he might acknowledge it and apologize or do something, you know. I don't know what I thought I was gonna get out of it. But maybe just telling him that I knew, you didn't fool me. It would make me feel better but it didn't.
Nature of Memories	I always remembered but I just tried to block it out...
Type/clarity	If I shut my eyes I could see it. It's very vivid. It's always been.
How do they fit in with other memories?	There's a lot of things I don't—that is stronger than a lot of other things I can remember. Like if you said can you remember a happy time or an occasion I couldn't remember as much as I can remember, this right when I shut my eyes and see the total picture—it's like a detailed picture.
Description of memories	If I shut my eyes I could see it. If I could shut my eyes I could see him in the room standing over me. I could see shorts that he was wearing—stripes I remember. It's very vivid. It's always been.
How abuse affected subject	<p>I blocked it out and I was like I had a chip on my shoulder when I was a teenager. I smoked pot a lot and I think a lot of it was so I wouldn't have to face things. 'Cause it really didn't do anything for me. I just did it.</p> <p>And it affects some of the things I've done in my life whether I should've made these decisions, where I should be, am I, do I just do things and not think, you know. I wonder what my life would've been like if that didn't happen. Would I have a different way of thinking and would I have—I don't know. It just—sucks.</p> <p>This an example I can give you now: right now, to this day, if I'm sleeping and I'm here with my husband and he's a doll, basically. If I'm sleeping and he harmlessly goes to touch me in the middle of the night which he's done on a couple of occasions—the first few times I just cringed and I didn't say anything. I just froze and I couldn't say, even though it wasn't him, it was my husband—it was like I was eleven again, you know what I mean? And then one night he did that and I just flipped out. I just yelled it out and started crying....when I'm just waking up I don't know who it is. I remember what I remembered when I was young. So I told my husband it really, really bothers me and please don't do it again, ever. And I'm sure that was hard for him....after, even though it was my husband, I felt proud that I didn't just sit there and just cringe and take it. I said, I don't like this, don't do it. I finally just said it. I finally let it out and I felt good.</p> <p>...in my late teens I wouldn't eat.... And if you could've seen me I was sickening—you could see every bone in my body—it was my way of controlling myself and no one could tell me what to do. For a while I looked like shit and I liked it—when things bother me instead of like people who eat—I don't eat. And that after awhile when I finally realized, I did gain weight back and I do look better and I look shapely now and I notice people looking and it bothers me—and I without thinking I find that I have less of an appetite because people are looking again. The doctor said it makes</p>

sense—I don't want to attract that kind of attention. I don't want to be sexually attractive. It's not a good thing to me. And when I feel that way I feel like, I gotta stop eating again. I connect that with what happened....

*As far as trusting men—it's a big issue. Between him and my real father...I told him my real father didn't say anything, he just used it against my mother in a fight. So for awhile all the guys I dated were real easy going and I got bored with that but then I met my first husband. And he was the type who would get mad if I said, screw you or something. He was the take charge one—I wasn't the one who made all the decisions, it was him. In the beginning it was kinda nice but after a while—and I should've seen this but he was very controlling, he was verbally abusive, cold selfish type of person. And I was miserable—use to sit in the bathroom and cry. And then after I divorced I met my second husband—he's a doll, he's sensitive, emotional, caring, sweet, everything and we've been together—and I'm not happy. I'm not happy. I don't know why.....I don't know if I ever will be....because of my past, maybe it's me and I'm just not gonna be happy with anybody and that hurts me

Subject #12C (Continuous Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[father] As far back as I can remember, my own abuse didn't start until I was 7—but before that I remember seeing him with others but I didn't know what they were doing. I remember seeing him with my older sister and I didn't know what they were doing but I didn't like it, I felt uncomfortable and then when I remembered it later it was like, "Oh my God, they were having sex."</p> <p>He never was affectionate or loving, you know, it was always we were his things for his own gratification. He'd say "C. [subject] bring me some water!" "C, bring me this!" Just like you were his personal puppy dog or slave or whatever.</p> <p>I always hated him. I hated and abhorred him.</p> <p>When I was eleven he hit me in the face with his fist because I wouldn't do something that he wanted me to do. And I wouldn't cry...</p>
Abuser's personality	<p>My father was a little short, skinny-ass, dumb-ass, uneducated, but to a little child, well, everything looks so big and he was scary and mean and did horrible things when I was a little child.</p> <p>He had that determination, that fire but his was gone awry, he was crazy.</p> <p>I just tried—so did my mother—we just tried to steer clear of him because he drank all the time. And he would get drunk and he would shoot guns and he would brandish knives and he would beat us. He would grab a belt or switch for the least little thing. So I just remember trying to steer clear of him. And the worst when he would be drunk, we'd go running off into the fields or sleeping here, there, or....</p>
Dependence	<p>A little child can't survive on it's own—whatever parents they have, that's what they have you know. I was dependent on him to live...</p>
Confrontation?	<p>When I faced him as strong, educated, empowered woman—lord, I enjoyed that so much. Man, I got right in his face....[all his friends at church] they think you're just this wonderful Christian man but you are a child molester...I really went into it.</p>
Resolution?	<p>My father died in 1981 and the first thing I said was, "Thank you, God....and I said, "Mother, you know how I felt about him in life; I will not show up to his funeral and be a hypocrite." And she just said, "I know. I just wanted to let you know".</p>
Mother's Role in Family	<p>Mother was a child herself. He married her and she—she was a battered wife, battered woman, she was all alone, very young, very, very childlike—she still is to this day. She was just a sweet child. She had all the kids and the grinding poverty and the overwhelming abuse. She just—she did what she could to survive. I remember many times watching her scrub and clean and cook and slave—she</p>

	was a slave....I remember her hauling wood, scrubbing bare floors—she didn't have anything.
Mother's awareness of abuse	All those years it's like she was sleepwalking through life.
Failure to protect	She had no power to do anything about it....in those days they didn't have the hotlines for abuse, the centers or support or exposure or acceptance. They didn't have any of that [whispering] It was like something you just don't talk about. And if you did, Oh my god.
Current feelings about mother	Since he died...man, I spoil her. When I visit I wait on her hand and foot and I give her lots of hugs and kisses...mother's just started—like being reborn.
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	Our oldest sister who he did the worst to—who had a baby by our own father.... [sister lied to people about who father was. P says she didn't let herself take this fact in until she was 25 or so and then she had a time of really struggling with it. In general family denies the truth of it—except for P and her mother.] [Father beat mother badly.] [Later she learned that paternal uncles and grandfather were also accused of being pedophiles]
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	R: Did you ever try to tell anyone about what was happening to you? P: Yes, when I was 14, 15,16, in there, in school—a principal, high school principal, a teacher, a housemother. And it wasn't until, when I was getting ready to graduate from high school that I found out that they really didn't believe me. That they had discussed it among themselves—it's too long a story to go into as to how I found out but honey. I am telling you, that hurt. It stung! And it's just—if adults could only know how that hurts a child and can possibly blast them back into the stone-age when they are not believed! Because it's too hard to believe such things...because they came from such fine, loving, quote "Christian" homes, they just couldn't conceive of it in their minds. They said "We think possibly she is just fantasizing, perhaps to get attention." [her aunt came to her and took her aside] She looked me right in the eye and said, "C., I know that you will tell me the truth. I have heard this and that....She asked me some things and I just looked her right in the eye and I said, "Yes that's true." And she just kinda smiled and put her arm around me and she said. "I thank you. I believe you." And that meant so much to me for someone to say "I believe you" and you know that they do.
Feelings of why she went along	Well, it was the overwhelming, the physical, to a little girl, he just seemed so—he didn't have to say a lot. It was just his eyes and his forceful manner that frightened the shit out of you, you know. You were scared to death that he would shoot you or use a knife on you or something and I also saw the beatings and the blood from my [pause] from my mother. And I just knew that that would happen to me if I didn't cooperate.
Why didn't tell	[whispering] It was like something you just don't talk about. And if you did, Oh my god.

Nature of Memories	<p>Very painful memories as a child—all of it. I have flashbacks—it's very hard—where it's like he's doing things—like it's happening.</p> <p>P: The memories are clear—crystal clear R: Are they pictures in your mind? P: Yeah. Yeah. R: Do you see yourself in them or from the perspective that you saw it? P: Um, [pause] Interesting. [pause] I saw myself. I think I was able to step outside and look on and see everything. And like, this, you know that happened.... So I am looking on at this little girl who's being abused and I fixed it in my mind that it had nothing to do with me, you know.</p>
How do they fit in with other memories?	[no information given]
Description of memories	<p>As far back as I can remember, my own abuse didn't start until I was 7—but before that I remember seeing him with others but I didn't know what they were doing. I remember seeing him with my older sister and I didn't know what they were doing but I didn't like it, I felt uncomfortable and then when I remembered it later it was like, "Oh my God, they were having sex."</p> <p>And he would take his hands and force my little legs or force his rough, scratchy fingers into my body—that you know, you never stop remembering. I remember the total helpless feeling...</p> <p>One time in the barn—I was about 7 and I can remember it. I can remember the weather, I can remember the sunshine, I can remember—he would make me touch him and play with him. I can remember being frightened—to a little child touching a man—and it was so huge to me, to a little child everything is exaggerated. And I just relived that over and over again in my mind. Try to go there—a little girl playing with a grown man's penis. It's abhorrent, it's ghastly....most horrible memories.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>I was always angry—I think that, and boy this is scary, because I, I mean that rage was there—now if this had been somebody and I think it happens if that rage is channeled wrong, I think of Littleton—those kids that went in a blew away those other kids—Can you imagine if somebody didn't, if that rage is channeled wrong—Lord have mercy. I HAD RAGE! And for a lot of years it came out in so many different ways, until I finally figured out where all this shit was coming from and worked it out. But I had rage!...still even now I am a 'lady,' very feminine and kind, but when people see me on my soapbox about pedophiles they see a fire in the eyes and a rage that scares the shit out of them.... oh God, if you go by the textbooks I should have been one of those unbomber people. Cause I was pretty much alone</p> <p>I have triggers—like if you've been drinking and have stale alcohol on your breath don't get around me. I'll knock your block off. I</p>

cannot tolerate that smell, even years later as an adult...and I would be totally turned off, shut down if my lover was even a little, rude, crude or rough—maybe they were normal in that they were really into it or aroused but I just would freak and turn off if I thought they were even a little rough with their fingers—it was a flashback I'm sure.

I remember my first “normal” experience—the guy probably thought I was an idiot because I just freaked, I cried and flashed and all that—God, it was horrible. I only get flashbacks in sexual circumstances.

Oh I remember, and the shame, the shames that you'd live with for years because of perhaps responding, even once to that—touching--the body is the body...that is a very, very big thing.

It's affected my life greatly, very, very much. Very, very much. Geez. I wanna write a book some day. Just very, very much. Because I always paid attention to all people and this crosses all lines and all areas—I just abhor hypocrisy. And it is just all around. Not only in this but in that smiling, yapping that fancy words, spin doctors the politicians.... underneath, behind the scenes it is dirty, dirty, dirty—down and dirty poo. I learned that you really have to pay attention, don't accept things so blindly—that beautiful, well speaking Christian in the pulpit there may be the worst pedophile imaginable.

Subject #13D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	[father] I just was always afraid of him—very leery of being around him—still to this day, that about sums it up. [ages 5 or younger] I remember feeling like Daddy's Girl—you know everybody would say, She's daddy's girl—any affection or anything that I would get would be from him, never from my mother.
Abuser's personality	He was unpredictable, scary, I grew up never knowing when he would be nice. Yet he seemed weak somehow because my mother could get him to do anything. Nice to others outside the family, fake. But we really knew the true him.
Dependence	I know that I depended on him, um, I think in my mind just to live because he was the one who worked and we were told you know that he had the money and stuff like that so even when you're young you know...the family needed him to survive. I think that I got a lot of my emotional, not support, but any emotional feeling stuff I got from him when I was little, like five or younger. 'Cause I remember feeling like Daddy's Girl—you know everybody would say, She's daddy's girl—any affection or anything that I would get would be from him, never from my mother.
Trust level	Zero. Never—I'm picturing myself now at like four or five.
Conflict/Ambivalence	He was my only source of physical affection—in front of others he would be affectionate appropriately but you know you can't really separate when you're that little.
Current feelings/Relationship	I can't stand to be around him. I hadn't seen him in four or five years and I saw...
Description of Relationship to Mother	any affection or anything that I would get would be from him [father], never from my mother. I do remember feeling confused about how she felt about me. I could never figure out what was wrong, why she made comments like "you have your dad wrapped around your little finger."
Mother's Role in Family	She wasn't much. She sometimes cooked. I think when she wasn't depressed she did crafts with us. She mostly worked and then went to bed, talked on the phone with friends. Never interacting much with me.
Mother's awareness of abuse	P: I knew my mother knew, so I thought I was normal. R: How did you know your mother knew? P: Um, there was a time when we were in the reclining chair, and she walked in and then just walked out. And said to him, "You shouldn't do that with her"—or something. And he said, "Well she's my daughter and I'd rather have her do it with me than someone else"—I might've been 5 or 6. When I tried to kill myself when I was 15, when I came home from the hospital she asked me if I had ever been—I don't think she, she didn't actually say raped or sexually abused or anything, she

	might've said hurt or something but I knew what she meant and if it had happened to me. I said yes. And she said was it your father? And I said no because I didn't remember....In retrospect part of me knew what she was getting at.
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	I don't think I ever actually came out and said, tried to tell anybody but I often got the sense that people knew that—like my aunt who I had for a first grade teacher who I spent 6 hours a day with. I think she had some sense. I just had that sense and also and assistant principal in my high school, just from the way they treated me and spoke to me I had the sense that they knew that <i>something</i> was going on.. I think when I was little, like when I was in first grade I kept waiting for my aunt to rescue me kind of. She was my god mother too. So we had a sort of special relationship. But that never happened. Although that's when my mother cut my hair off so I don't know if she was trying to rescue me. R: What do you mean? P: Well, my father loved my hair very long and she cut it to my ear. R: Was that close to the time after she had walked in on you? P: Yeah, I guess it was. It was around the same time. I also remember telling a boyfriend of mine but he didn't believe me. He just didn't want to hear...didn't believe me. I didn't react—I just bound myself up.
Feelings of why they went along	Well, I just thought that it was normal. I didn't know that it was wrong. So, um, and I knew my mother knew, so I thought I was normal.
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	I forgot about the sexual abuse around in my early teen years. I think having someone [therapist] who I knew would believe me—having a place to be able to say it helped me to remember or helped me to express it. I had always kind of remembered. I mean I had always read a lot of books about it and I did a genogram with different abuses on it and grouped together physical and sexual abuse and put myself in that category and part of me seemed—I was 12, it was for a class, marriage and family relations—I always knew I was abused—there was a rape when I was 12 that I don't remember. I had never put my father in it. I always knew I hated him. I always knew I had been—I don't know is sexual abuse the same as rape—by someone else. But I never talked about those other things.
What triggered?	I think the first thing that led me to it was remembering my father calling me a really nasty name in the bathroom. Also it was a good time for me to deal with it. I didn't have a man in my life. I was alone. That made it a good time, for whatever reason. And I think that having a daughter also triggered some things about my past. She was 3 then, about the same age.
In therapy?	[no information]
Nature of first recollection	What I'm thinking right now is like feelings—of like body feelings—just feeling all skeevy.
Nature of Memories	Briefly, I had images, like one second, just images of just flash—actually feeling, sensation of like sitting on his lap.
Type/clarity	When I do remember, cause I try not to remember. When I do remember I have more intrusive flashbacks to where it feels like it's actually happening. But now I can remember just more clearly. And

	it seems like now I remember things that were more frightening to me
Description of memories	Mostly at the beginning sensations, the visual is more now. I think I've put—maybe not the same time the sensations were happening but pictures of those types of incidents.
How abuse affected subject	The sexual abuse was much worse than the verbal or physical abuse...because it was much more devastating, just the feelings that I felt. I mean when he verbally abused me it was bad. He would just go on these tirades and scream and tell me how horrible I was, but as an adult I can know that what he said wasn't true and when he physically abused me it, you know, he would do it because I would do something wrong when I look back as an adult I can know that that's not true. But the sexual abuse just gets so tied up inside of you with multiple layers of like onion of different effects that has on you. It's harder—because I was in it it's harder to say it wasn't my fault. I mean I know that it wasn't but it was just a much worse experience.

Subject #14D (Delayed Memories)	
Categories	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	[abuser was mother's boyfriend who was also father's best friend who was living with the family at the time] to me the way I saw it, he was nothing to me, that's the way I saw it. My mother fed me. He just lived in the same house as me.
Dependence	After my father left he was somewhat supporting my family...my sister thought if she said anything cause she was being abused that he wouldn't give us any money anymore and we would have to live on the street. 'Cause we were extremely poor, we were living in the red light district in (name of European city)...
Description of Relationship to Mother	I had issues. My mom can't read so I had to pay the bills even when I was small. She didn't speak English, all these kind of things so I had to take care of her in many ways. My mother was afraid I was gonna die every day. My mother, if I laid money around, even if it was mine, she would pick it up and keep it.
Mother's Role in Family	Mother was very passive.
Mother's awareness of abuse	[Sister told her story of mother finding sister naked in closet and realizing what he was doing.] During the time, no—it was only my mother and my mother, honestly, my mother is a little slow, she really is, she has organic damage....so even though it might have been obvious to some people I think just because my mother's not quite with it—like she can't quite read or write, you know. But when she saw my sister naked in the closet even a mentally retarded person knows something's not quite right. But I don't know what happened.
Told?—why or why not	[She was too young.] I never told.
Family awareness/ Involvement	[Sisters were sexually abused by same man. Sisters have corroborated many of the memories.]
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	Little things started coming up when 12, 13....it was a little after puberty for me—I started thinking that—I started seeing kind of just snap shots just snap shots and also about that age I had my first seizure and I wasn't epileptic so they thought maybe it's psychological...and I was a very angry person, for sure, I was an enraged person and for apparent reason....so I knew something was wrong and the doctors knew something was wrong so then I went through a Freudian psychoanalysis at 14 or 13. I told them how I always knew male anatomy and something doesn't make sense and di-di-d-di-dah—something's missing in this picture and I don't know what it is and then—I always had this picture of me sitting in a crib and this guy with a mustache looking down at me and it's bad, I know it's bad. I know it's a bad, bad picture. I know

	something really really bad is gonna happen but that's all I remember but after I had my first....
Nature of first recollection	<p>When the memories first came, when I first remembered, I didn't think it was a human. I thought there was a monster in the hallway. Cause I didn't even realize it was a human....to me he wasn't human so it didn't matter.</p> <p>even in my earliest memories, say 5, 6, I was afraid of men and I knew what a penis looked like and I knew what rape was. I didn't know the word for it but I knew what it was in my head. But like even at 7 and 8 I would think, how do I know that? How could I possibly know what a penis looks like? How do I possibly know what a penis looks like? How could I possibly know where it goes in the woman and all that? And it really surprised—is it instinctual, like salmon know where to go. So I always felt something was quite wrong. How come I'm afraid of men—that can't be instinct.</p>
Nature of Memories	I have spotted memories...I don't know...because it's a very spotted memory.
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>Questions here about how long it happened. I don't remember. It could've been from the very beginning, definitely until I was about four years old, so perhaps maybe 2 years. I don't know.</p> <p>So did all this memory happen within a week of my life or did all these things happen within 3 years of my life—I don't know. I just know I was very small. I remember myself, comparing myself to the size of the doorknobs and the height of the bed...I was small but even trying to compare my size from time to time.</p>
Description of memories	<p>I always had this picture of me sitting in a crib and this guy with a mustache looking down at me and it's bad, I know it's bad. I know it's a bad, bad picture. I know something really really bad is gonna happen but that's all I remember but after I had my first boyfriend, so now I am 16, I actually get crystal clear pictures of being held down and fighting to the point of complete exhaustion, fighting to the point that my whole body hurt and I can't breathe cause I'm just fighting, fighting, fighting and I also remember him grabbing me by the hand—because what happened one time was E. [boyfriend]; he jokingly took me by the hand to tug me and suddenly I was there. I was this big, I was the size of the height of the bed and he grabs me by the hand and is pulling me and I am pushing against the bed and I also have another picture of him putting a rubber band around his penis—I have no idea what that's about but...so now I'm 16, so 16 is when I get the crystal clear, so now it's no doubt, now for sure and I also started talking to my sisters but they had thought I was too young.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>even in my earliest memories, say 5, 6, I was afraid of men and I knew what a penis looked like and I knew what rape was. I didn't know the word for it but I knew what it was in my head. But like even at 7 and 8 I would think, how do I know that? How could I possibly know what a penis looks like? How do I possibly know what a penis looks like? How could I possibly know where it goes in the woman and all that? And it really surprised—is it instinctual, like salmon know where to go. So I always felt something was quite wrong. How come I'm afraid of men—that can't be instinct.</p>

	<p>I started seeing kind of just snap shots, just snap shots, and also about that age I had my first seizure and I wasn't epileptic so they thought maybe it's psychological...and I was a very angry person, for sure, I was an enraged person and for apparent reason.....so I knew something was wrong and the doctors knew something</p> <p>I used to feel like sometimes, numb, detached from every other emotion but anger.</p> <p>My appetite was fine but I have always had trouble sleeping. Always. Always. I just couldn't sleep.</p> <p>As long as I know it was true—I need affirmation. I don't need the details, I just need to know, yes it wasn't a nightmare. 'Cause I was thinking as a child that it was a series of nightmares that I had. How bizarre. That's how it looked like to me a series of nightmares. Cause he wasn't even human, cause I was so young I didn't even perceive him as being a human. He as a creature—kinda looked human.</p>
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Subject #15D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>P: He was my step-grandfather. He wasn't biological. R: Ok. Can you tell me a little bit about your relationship with your abuser? P: Umm—actually we were really close. R: Were you? P: Yup. Till I remembered.</p> <p>R: Was he fun? P: No, not really. He was just...he was there. I don't...</p> <p>P: But it was like, you know, I think I felt safe there. Or with him that I didn't have to worry about if I made a noise or if I did something or If I existed (small laugh). So you know it was a different type of thing—that relationship. And I was out of the country a lot because my father was in the service, so whenever I did spend time there it was always, you know a special thing. R: I see. About how much time did you spend there? P: Well, it ends up, now, that we lived there for a year, which is when all of this abuse happened. I had no recollection of even living in the state of M. at all.</p> <p>What I mean, most of the time my father was verbally abusive too. My father was an alcoholic and when I was with my grandfather he never degraded me, you know, said bad things to me or whatever, he was always nice to me. As far as I recalled. You know, even at the time</p>

Abuser's personality	<p>Of course everybody said no. Nobody recalled him doing anything out of the ordinary. He was like a nerdy guy. You know [laughing]....it was like, Who Grandpa? No.</p> <p>R: Umhummm [laughing]</p> <p>P: But anyway...it was like, Why would you think that? You know, pillar of the community, you now the whole bit. Why would anybody think anything wrong with him?</p>
Dependence	Oh not at all, really.
Trust level	Oh. I probably just absolutely, absolutely trusted him.
Current feelings/ Relationship	It's like my anger with my grandfather, he's since passed away since I recalled all of this and it was like I felt safe and calm and relaxed when he died but I also know that any punishment he should've gotten, God already gave it to him and I don't waste my time wishing anything on him.
Mother's awareness of abuse	[Mother knew that same person had molested her when she left daughter with him.]
Failure to protect	<p>My cousin was not believed at first...</p> <p>R: She wasn't.</p> <p>P: Except for by my mother and my aunt And then we found out the reason they believed her is because he had molested them as children and they never said a word.</p> <p>R: Hmmmmm</p> <p>P: But they left us alone with this man. Thinking we were little girls and he wouldn't bother us. You know, its just so they have a lot of guilt and anger and everything else but its, you know.</p>
Family awareness/ Involvement	[Same man abused her cousin, aunt and mother]
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	<p>P: Except for by my mother and my aunt And then we found out the reason they believed her is because he had molested them as children and they never said a word.</p> <p>R: Hmmmmm</p> <p>P: But they left us alone with this man. Thinking we were little girls and he wouldn't bother us. You know, its just so they have a lot of guilt and anger and everything else but it s, you know.</p>
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	[Did not tell as child]
Why didn't tell	<p>R: Mmmhmm. Do you have any recollection of why you wouldn't have told somebody, at the time?</p> <p>P: At the time?</p> <p>R: Or did you?</p> <p>P: No. No. And basically, we knew this man was capable of killing people. Cause I don't think my cousin ever told anybody either. I think the first we ever really...would've been to each other. You know, well, no, she told the police. She knew she had been abused and she told the police, I think. But it was like, you know, way, way after.</p> <p>R: Yeah. So you were just too scared.</p> <p>P: Totally terrified, I think is I mean he figured a way of keeping</p>

	<p>you know, there's no reason for it?</p> <p>R: Umhhmm</p> <p>P: But it, you know....(pause)</p> <p>R: So it had happened to you, those type of body memories had happened to you long before you were able to piece them together.</p> <p>P: Oh, way longer, you know, certain things that would just trigger a fear of, you know, which to me was irrational at the time. It's like, why are you panicky? There's nothing to be afraid of or whatever.</p> <p>R: Un-huh.</p> <p>P: But, you know, it was just just fear, a lot of times it was just unanswered fears or I didn't know why I was so afraid. But I would be.</p>
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>P: I was four. At the time. You know, I had no recollection of ever meeting any of my family members on my father's or my mother's side which all lived in the two or three towns in this one area. I didn't I'd even met any of them until I was nine or ten years old and they're all going like, "No we have pictures of you here". And it's like, "No, I don't know you how can you have pictures?" But they all showed me pictures. I was there. But I just never had any recollection of ever even being in the Unites States at that time. So it was like total amnesia for the whole period.</p> <p>R: Since the time that you began to remember things have other memories come back—not just the abuse incidents but other things from that time period?</p> <p>P: Some. I don't think I have every single memory of that period of time but a good majority I'd say have returned.</p> <p>R: Yeah, I think a lot of people don't recall everything from that stage of life.</p> <p>P: Right. Now I think I have remembered what someone having a normal occurrence through a year would remember—you know, highlights or special things or something, yeah. But, um, you know, I remember the family being together in groups for different occasions and stuff like that. The pictures did prod my memory—oh, I remember now being here. And it's like, oh, that's the dress I was wearing the day that it happened, so it like happened either the day before or the day 25 family members gathered.</p>
Description of memories	<p>R: Un-huh. Um, since you've remembered the abuse, do you have any recollection of kind of doing something to distract yourself at all, during the time the abuse was going on? Some people talk about counting the flowers on the wallpaper...or...do you know what I mean?</p> <p>P: Yeah, I know what you mean. But I think I would leave, I wouldn't be me.</p> <p>R: Yeah. Some people talk about a sensation—do you think you had an actual sensation of leaving your body?</p> <p>P: Definitely. I have that a lot happen to me. In uncomfortable situations, like I would be up in a corner of a room watching what I was doing. Like an out of body type experience, which happened</p>

	<p>any time I was uncomfortable.</p> <p>R: Well, that would also explain why you remember it sort of like watching a movie.</p> <p>P: Right. It s always me watching it happening to someone else but it was really me.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>Having to talk about what really happened to me. It s very, very hard to go through the details, you know, I can go around it all so that everyone understands basically what might have happened but don t ask me to describe everything that happened. But you know, it s affected my health, you know I ve had one stroke already. Um, you know I basically have an eating disorder. I am probably healthier than I have ever been in my life, mentally and physically, so that s a good part of all of this.</p>
Impact on romantic/ Sexual relationships	<p>I think it's had a major impact on my life as far as having relationships with people, trusting people, having intimate relations with anybody, um, you know, I've gone through two marriages and it's basically I didn't trust anybody enough to really commit to that point but I did anyway, you know? And now I realize a lot of it was I should never have tried, you know to even have a close relationship. It was never gonna work.</p> <p>R: Because your were unable to trust enough?</p> <p>P: Totally unable to trust anybody with what I was really feeling, um, you know or I don t know. It s like now I realize that there were a lot of things that I did that I wasn t aware of that were probably, that I know were really hurtful and abusive to other people. But it wasn t like I had control of it. I wasn t even aware of it .</p>
Impact on other relationships	<p>Aware .right. But you know my son will say why do you scream those hateful things at me? and I m going like, What are you talking about? I remember having a discussion with you but I never screamed at you. He s like, Why do you always lie and say you didn t do anything? It s like, I m not lying. Why are you blowing everything out of proportion? You know .I had to sit down and explain to him what was going on. And I said, sometimes if I go off like that it s not really me, so what you do is say you want to talk to your mother. And now he grabs me by the face and says, Mom, I wanna talk to my mom. And you know, he can tell when it s not me but growing up he didn t, so it s affected his life, so you know, there s an impact on everybody around me. That all stems from what happened when I was four years old.</p>
Impact on self image and emotional health	<p>All my life looking a mirror, whenever I did, which is not very often, I don't look in mirrors and actually stare at me. But pictures of me when I was growing up...when you look at people's eyes, kids that have been abused have this dead look in their eyes... I think it's just a deep, deep pain.</p> <p>R: What I had just asked you was if you had lost time that way prior to remembering the abuse.</p> <p>P: Oh, constantly. Most of them happened before I remembered. I would have to call home and ask my father how to get back and he's going, "What the hell are you doing there? You're supposed</p>

	<p>to be on your way here.” You know. It’s like I don’t know Dad, all of a sudden I saw a sign you know, someplace in Virginia and I’m like where am I? Or I’d have to go to a toll booth and say where’s Washington, you know. And a few times it was like, well, which Washington do you want and I was like, Whadaya mean?</p> <p>[laughing] It’s like there’s a Washington, Pennsylvania and a Washington, D.C. It’s like, where am I? You’re in Pennsylvania. Well, I wanna go back to D.C.</p> <p>R: Wow.</p> <p>P: It’s like, Okay how did I get here? You know I’d leave to go run a 10 minute errand and three and a half, four hours later I would be in another state and not know. I thought, God I daydreamed myself for 3 or 4 hours, you know. Never thinking...and I guess my parents just thought I was stressed out. It’s like a couple times when that happened I was a single parent of a small child and they just figured it was stress.</p> <p>R: Has that happened since you remembered?</p> <p>P: Occasionally it’s happened.</p> <p>R: Would you say it’s more or less...or the same?</p> <p>P: I think it’s less. You know, I think...you know, I don’t recall being in places....well, once or twice but I haven’t been like real far away. I just wondered how I decided to come here. Um, it’s just I’m more aware of it now, let me put it that way. If something like that starts to happen, it’s like okay, we’re going home, I don’t know what this excursion started out to be but it’s ended. So you know, I have more control. I can get in a car and say, I’m gonna drive, nobody else can, you know, back off or...</p> <p>R: Uh-huh.</p> <p>P: Cause now I can tell if I m about to switch. I know the signs. And I have more control over it, sometimes.</p>
<p>Guilt/ Sense of being responsible</p>	<p>P: I have a lot of guilt about that. About not speaking up about that. It’s like for all these years those families never knew....</p> <p>R: But you were a terrified child.</p> <p>P: Yeah, but still, I feel guilty about never speaking up and remembering. It s like if I had been a stronger person or just something.</p>
<p>Positive aspects</p>	<p>If I can survive all that, I can survive anything. But when you see a younger person or a child in so much pain I can’t just walk away. It’s like if anybody had ever paid any attention you know, when you have a 4 or 5 year old children, child who ran around and acted normal and then one day they totally closed up and acted abnormal—why don’t you question that?</p> <p>R: Right.</p> <p>P: You know it’s like was I always a very quiet child? Well, yeah, especially when you were four and five. And I say, well was I like that when I was an infant or a toddler, You know? Oh no, you were a regular toddler. It’s like well okay. Pay attention, people. And so I pay attention.</p> <p>R: Yeah, so that’s...</p> <p>P: It’s made me more aware.</p> <p>R: Aware and sensitive to other people.</p> <p>P: Yeah. And I m an advocate for young kids who can t help themselves, I ll jump in and say something. If I see somebody</p>

	<p>doing something wrong to a child I will, you know .I've always dared to intercede when I thought something was really wrong .which is what you would hope do unto others as you would hope</p>
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	<p>Yeah, I end up sleeping really well that night I get something out of it. No insomnia that night. Wears me out totally. But you know, I have to do that. I just can t walk away or just leave or ignore.</p>
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Subject #16C (Continuous Memory)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[older brothers] My brothers, plural. R: Brothers? Two? P: Four. Four brothers. R: How much older are they than you? P: Ah, a lot of them are like, are like 6-10 years older than me, there's one that's like two years older than me but he was like abused with me, sorta. It was weird. It was mostly one of my older brothers who's like 6, 7 years older than me, that us that abused us most of the time. Because my other brothers moved out as soon as they could, because the house was so bad...[later says that only 3 actually ever abused]</p> <p>R: So can you tell me a little bit about your relationship with your abusers? P: I hate them. Fucking assholes. R: Now? How about then? P: Then. They suck. Like I try to, like I've done a lot of work but I don't talk I talk to two of my brothers. I talk to N. and I talk to C. [brothers] because, well like, C. never really abused me. It was like S. [brother], right. And then W. [brother] started to abuse me when I was thirteen. But C. never really did. And it's weird because I understand how fucked up everybody is cause of what happened. Cause of how fucked up my father was. I mean you can't really hold you can hold somebody responsible but me, I try to choose to understand it instead of blame because if I blame then I'll be all pissed off and angry. But if I understand somebody and something then it's easier for me to forgive them and if I can say, well, I'm doing it for myself anyway, do it for a selfish reason, then I still come out all right, anyway, know what I mean?</p>
Abuser's personality	Maybe because he knew what kind of animals he was producing with my brothers.
Trust level	<p>R: so you never really had like trusting relationships with these people— P: Un-hunh [shakes head negative] Never. Never. Never, it was a mess.</p>
Description of Relationship to Mother	But my mom! I used to not be able to stand my mom. Like I couldn't even be in the same room with her, I thought I was gonna kill her. Like really she makes me violently angry in like a second. And up until, like three months ago I just started being able to stay in the same room with her. She read that book I told you about, Louise Hay, <u>You Can Heal Your Life</u> . And so now, it's like, I can actually stand being in a room with her.
Mother's awareness of abuse	So I've been thinking about it for the past couple of days—[pause] My parents must've been swingers. I think that swinging has something to do with sexual abuse. Definitely. Because my parents had a sauna, my parents had their own little building, it was a sauna, right. And they would have their friends come over and they

	would go out and they would go in the sauna, you know, and they were always nude in the sauna, right, you know what I mean? And my mom, would talk about oh this is your father's friend, blah, blah, blah. he's my friend too. And he would always come over and would always, you know, try new bottles of wine together and blah, blah, blah, right. And when I first went into the hospital, and when everyone first found out that I was abused and that all this bullshit was going on. My mom said to me, my mom she goes, I know your father must have abused you sexually because he abused me sexually too. And she never said anything else about it. I asked her about it before, too. But she totally shuts up.
Failure to protect	I never related to women cause my mother never protected me and my sister wasn't there, she was always in college—I went to daycare. So I never I thought I could relate to women, never. I never had female friends till like two years ago, literally.
Family awareness/ Involvement	R: How about the abuse? Did other people in the family know about what was going on? About your being abused that way? P: My brothers did. R: They all did? P: I think my brothers did. I don't know. My sister didn't. She thought she was the only person that that happened to, ever. In the history of the world.
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	R: Yeah. Did you ever try and tell anyone? P: Ah, mmm. I was too scared. I told somebody when I was 15, I told one of my friends at school just before I ran away about my brother W...what he did...but I never told the extent of it—the extent of the abuse. Um. I told my high school vice principal—my father said it wasn't true and threatened me to stop me. You know, it was a big deal for me to do that. R: Yeah....oh my. So you didn't get any response? P: I didn't care either. You know, I was pretty much, you know, fuck everybody else. You know it seemed that nobody I didn't think that anybody would even care! Because nobody seemed to care already. You know what I mean, when you have such a, ah, limited response you think it's all you're gonna get you know, I would think.
Feelings of why they went along	there was a ton of verbal abuse and verbal manipulation and like making me feel bad and like they're gonna tell somebody that you did this and it's all your fault and that kind of bullshit.
Why didn't tell	R: The first thing you said was that you were too scared to tell. What were you scared of? P: Oh my--I don't know, I have no idea. That I was bad. That I was the one that was doing it. I feel--My brother S. one day was like, well if you don't do this I'm gonna do it to H. which is like my sister, which is like the one person that would be like, okay I have to do something and he threatened to tell her other times and I was like no, no, You know what I mean? So that's what I mean by like manipulation
How abuse affected subject	And, um, I find that I'm listening to someone talking and I suddenly realize that I did not hear.—that used to happen all the time. I was never there. I'm much more in the present moment

now....This has happened to me a lot. It has happened to me. Like I would always daydream. Like a lot, a lot, like constantly. I was never there.

R: So you escaped in your head.

P: Totally. Or the drugs or drinking.

I've had like bad dreams and it sets me back, you know what I mean? It set me back to see my brother. Makes me upset and angry. Made me, made me really angry 'cause my father's such an asshole and he's destroyed so many people. I'm even angry that my brother's been destroyed too. Even he's not a complete, complete fuck up—

That makes me really angry...[inaudible]....it makes me really angry and sad. Makes me more sad I think than angry but it's easier for me to be angry, you know?

Everybody threatened me.

R: They all threatened you?

P: Yeah. [pause]... You could tell by his footsteps the kind of mood he was in. It's really weird. So I'm really like tuned into to how everybody else is doing... like you can be like, No I'm fine, I'm fine and it's really talk.

Yeah, or feel or if somebody tries to manipulate me or make me feel guilty about something that's his fault, it makes me like, I could just get violently angry in like a second. I have a lot of issues with anger. It's made me beat up my boyfriend.

Oh God! It awful. I never related to women 'cause my mother never protected me and my sister wasn't there she was always in college—I went to daycare. So I never—I thought I could relate to women, never. I never had female friends till like two years ago, literally. Never trusted men, know what I mean? Had BIG issues with trusting men. Had big issues with truth and like really getting close to people. Had trouble with being honest with people. Like I could tell them like so much but I felt like if I told them too much it would overwhelm them. Or if I told them something about myself that I would lose, they'd lose respect for me. And it would take um, um, I don't know. It made me feel really bad about myself. It made me feel real shitty.

R: That was gonna be my next question, was what you think it did to your self image.

P: Oh yeah—I was toast, completely toast. And then I mean, everybody else treated me the same way still? Know what I mean? I mean if you don't give a shit about yourself then you're hopeless. I just felt bad. I never, uh, thought or cared about anything. I just wanted to die a lot of the time...I don't know...sigh.

One of my psychiatrists told me to go to a playground and watch children and imagine myself being that small and it brings me back and that made me really, really sad. Cause I can remember being a little kid. Five or six, I remember how small I was and what

	<p>happened to me when I was five or six. And, I mean, that's so fucked up. That makes me—that fucks me up, to see that and makes me feel sad. Makes me sad for myself. So yeah...[pause] I get angry too. I think I get more angry when I think about when I was little than I get more sad. Because there were so many adults who should've done something. 'Cause if I see something that isn't right with children, forget it. I go, I mean, I'm not like, Oh I'm not gonna say anything 'cause it's the parent, man. Fuck the parent. You know what I mean? [pause] So...does that answer your question?</p>
Positive aspects	<p>Overall. Overall I'm doing really well. Considering what I've been through and I've only been working on it since I was like 15 and I'm 22, so that's seven years. For trying to undo that can be very little time. I think I've worked through a lot of bitterness. I'm not as bitter as I used to be. I think now it's more a sad thing than a bitter thing. It makes me sad. It makes me sad. I mean [pause] What makes me sad is that life can be sooo wonderful and people can be so happy and it makes me sad that people choose to create all of the evil and they choose to limit themselves and they choose to play with the [inaudible] and whatever. That's what makes me sad because that's what makes everybody lose out. And it makes them lose out too. I mean, I don't think that the people that abused me are bad or evil. I think they're extremely misguided. But I mean I think it's really sad that they're like, Oh there's nothing I can do. That's what makes me sad. That truly makes me sad when people just give up.</p> <p>[spiritually] I think being abused was really for my growth. I think that it was to teach me how to forgive others and how to survive.</p>

Subject #17C (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	[father] He was scary. He swore. He was physical. He didn't hit me but he hit my brother and that really bothered me. And that, that to this day is a huge scar for my brother, I don't know if he'll ever recover from it—
Abuser's personality	He was tyrannical. I guess he was a Don Juan, or he thought he was. Very charismatic—funny and handsome—um, he was gone a lot so I had limited contact with him. Um, narcissistic, ah, I think he was a consummate liar—he couldn't not lie. And he was very unavailable, unapproachable and disciplined not very much.
Dependence	I was thinking of my dependence on him for my physical existence—we knew we were all dependent on him ...I was aware of his power in that way very much so. We put up with his behavior because of that. I had, from when I was like a small child, visions of like how little money could I live on in a day. Just so I could be out of the house—I mean I used to constantly think about how could I stay healthy and eat just a little bit—cause I was brought up with good nutrition—it was a riot.
Resolution?	With my father I feel like I came to a point and then I put it behind me
Current feelings/ Relationship	My father is dead and when I think of the way he died--he died a horrible death—he had an embolism and then lived for years and it was very difficult because I was very involved with making decisions about his long term care and at the same time I didn't care whether he lived or not. And at times I didn't care about the quality of that care so it was very difficult. But he died when he was eighty one and I was really, really happy about it. I also made peace with him to the greatest extent that I could before he died. I spent some time with him. Never, ever discussed this issue with him. Ah, I tried to talk about a few other things that when on in the family, like how he treated my mother, and he agreed that she was a good mother, that she did all the work. I really respected his limitations but when he died I didn't feel like oh we should have done this, we should have—he wasn't capable of anything beyond what we did.
Relationship to Mother	She confused me, how much she confused me, in terms of being my mother and being there for me.
Mother's Role in Family	Something about she was begging him, she was trying to save the marriage—this after the incident where I, where my sister and I spoke to her about his fondling behavior and she came back with the excuses for him and at that point the marriage was disintegrating um and so she was begging him to stay home with her and he said I'll spend time with you. I'll show you just how much time I'll spend with you and he did this. [had sex on the couch in front of TV while P and brother were in the room

	<p>watching TV]</p> <p>My mother did most of the child rearing.</p>
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>In any case, we sat down and we told my mother and my mother listened and she said "Okay. I'm gonna talk to your father." And we thought, "Oh Mommy's gonna talk to Dad, it's all gonna get straightened out." And, ah, my mother came back to us a few days later and said she'd spoken to my father and he said, "I don't know what those girls are talking about. I my just rearranging my, my, you know, my testicles get stuck or whatever." And um, so she bought that. He also, he had genital warts. My mother was completely in the dark as to how he could've gotten those, you know. She was in the same place. He was very much not true to her. He had a lot of relationships throughout the marriage and um, there was a lot of evidence for that and I think probably my sister and I knew before she even acknowledged it. There was telephone calls—hearing people on the phone, hearing him talk—having irate husbands calling up and threatening my mother. They'd threaten my mother but she was really in a place where she wouldn't believe it.</p>
Told?—why or why not	<p>[see also under telling section]</p> <p>so this was another occurrence when my sister and I tried to tell her and we must've been eight, probably somewhere in there. And we said, Daddy comes out and shows us his penis. And she said no his robe comes apart or his zipper is down accidentally but he would like cut his pants so he could---it's just how tenacious she was about doing this and how she was dealing with it so ineffectively and I don't know, it was just a very unusual thing. So that was another very big piece of it</p>
Effect of abuse on relationship to Mother	<p>That was very painful because that was kinda the beginning of the end of my relationship with my mother. That was such a huge, huge betrayal. And of course, at that time I didn't realize it but I can look back, at that point my mother just, ah, became very small in my eyes.</p> <p>R: And at that time you were thirteen...</p> <p>P: Yeah, and yet I needed her so much so I was in denial about that but I've had a terrible, terrible relationship with her from that, from that day and even to the present, um, we may speak but I don't have any need to be close to her. She's not capable of that. She's very much a dry well. She's still, um, depends on where she's at, how much she can handle. But the stuff with my father, that was the beginning end of our relationship.</p> <p>I lived with a mother and I don't know what yours who would say one thing and so another and she really meant well, and she knew all the things to say. I think deep down she has a very good heart but she's just incapable of acting. Acting on what I think she wishes for, hopes for...</p> <p>R: Powerless.</p> <p>P: She is very much so and it's interesting to look back and sort of</p>

	again take my self off the hook for being confused and not understanding which direction I wanna go—when you get sort of two messages thrown at you at once that conflict with one another all the time. So it was very confusing to grow up in her home—you know? One part of me feels like this really strong person and the other part of me thinks women can't be strong.
Family awareness/ Involvement	[Mother, sister, and probably brother aware of abusive behavior]
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	[Father also did same things to sister; physically abused brother]
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	<p>R: You said you told your mother about it and she made up an excuse or what?</p> <p>P: She just listened I remember my sister and I went to her together. Because it was important, we went together and kind of colluded and said you know, hey this is going on. We are not comfortable with it. What do you think, do you think it's wrong? Let's go to mommy and talk about it. She was probably about fifteen and I was about thirteen somewhere in there, thirteen or fourteen.... In any case, we sat down and we told my mother and my mother listened and she said "Okay. I'm gonna talk to your father." And we thought, "Oh Mommy's gonna talk to Dad, it's all gonna get straightened out." And, ah, my mother came back to us a few days later and said she'd spoken to my father and he said, "I don't know what those girls are talking about. I my just rearranging my, my, you know, my testicles get stuck or whatever." And um, so she bought that.</p> <p>but when I was a small child he would come out and sit in a chair and expose himself. And what's really interesting about that was that as a child I told my mother that and she didn't believe me—this was before I was thirteen, so this was another occurrence when my sister and I tried to tell her and we must've been eight, probably somewhere in there. And we said, Daddy comes out and shows us his penis. And she said no his robe comes apart or his zipper is down accidentally but he would like cut his pants so he could---it's just how tenacious she was about doing this and how she was dealing with it so ineffectively and I don't know, it was just a very unusual thing. So that was another very big piece of it. You know, another thing he would do was cut out his pockets, so he was just constantly and it was very hard for me to know whether it was incest or if he had a problem with...with behavior in terms of engaging—</p>
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	<p>R: You were telling me before about having had a specific moment when your realized that you'd been sexually abused. Can you tell me a little more about that?</p> <p>P: Yeah, I got pregnant when I was twenty-nine, um, and I had the baby in October so by then I'd turned thirty. And it was real significant, I remember changing her, a little girl and changing her</p>

	<p>somewhere in her first month's life and just washing her genital area, cleaning her up and I started having this stark realization of how much power and control I had over her....It was just this realization of as the adult how much power I had over her. And what it did was it started to bring on all of these memories of how I had been treated at a time in my life, not necessarily her age but when I was vulnerable and dependent on my family. How much abuse had occurred. And how much I had been exposed to that was just not appropriate. Now it didn't all come flooding back at once it was through several years after that that I sorted it all out but that was a very stark moment that just kinda—everything just heads on out after that.</p>
Nature of Memories	<p>R: Can you tell me a little bit about what the memories were like for you—were they pictures, or sensations or...</p> <p>P: They were feelings—two things came to mind: I remembered my father's behavior and how uncomfortable that had made me and I remembered being raped in college. Those two issues came up at the time that I experienced that moment with my daughter. And um, the rape is very vivid, it happened when I was in college so I have a very clear memory of that. Um, with my father it's much more unclear; it's fuzzier but I did remember specific things that I could name and recall. I suspected there was more to it than what I could remember.</p> <p>R: Umm-hmm. You said there was feeling—when you said feeling did you mean sensations or emotions?</p> <p>P: Feelings in terms of even now just sitting here, it's the same kinda thing, where I just wanna tighten my whole body up. All the muscles really tight, make my self as small as possible. And I think it's about safety if I'm small or if I'm closed than I'm safe. Safe in a sense. Um, I experienced tremendous anger and rage, too. And that sort of got—that could become very globalized, at men in general my husband as well as all men. It got really bad. I went through a period of, um, walking in the street and just looking over my shoulder, after I completed this experience with my daughter, thinking that I would be assaulted or touched inappropriately and I would look at men, whoever they were, however they were dressed and wonder just how big they I couldn't take them. So I went through a period of that.</p>
Description of memories	<p>He was never—I think one of the reasons why I forgot it as fast as I did was that it was never a touching situation, so in my mind I minimized it: it couldn't possibly be incest he didn't touch me, I wasn't penetrated, none of that. And how my father behaved and I expect it went on from a very early age, was he would masturbate in my presence. He did it with my sister as well. And he would try to do it in a way that looked socially acceptable—actually he was pretty outward about it, it was my mother, who after I went to her when I was thirteen, told me that his explanation for it was he was just sort of readjusting himself. And I believed that, so I went further underground with it after that. But he was constantly touching himself over his clothes and under his clothes and the point of physical contact I think was around—and this is where it gets fuzzy for me—was around hugging and sort of—he would pull me into him, especially when I developed and I went from being</p>

	<p>very child like to quite a, quite a good size—breast size. He'd just pull himself close and sort of masquerade it like a hug. Of course, I knew it wasn't a hug but my mother and my denial kept me from—so it wasn't, you now, it wasn't intercourse, so that means for a kind of long time I felt like, I'm making too much of it</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>Feelings in terms of—even now just sitting here, it's the same kinda thing, where I just wanna tighten my whole body up. All the muscles really tight, make my self as small as possible. And I think it's about safety—if I'm small or if I'm closed than I'm safe. Safe in a sense. Um, I experienced tremendous anger and rage, too. And that sort of got—that could become very globalized, at men in general—my husband as well as all men. It got really bad. I went through a period of, um, walking in the street and just looking over my shoulder, after I completed this experience with my daughter, thinking that I would be assaulted or touched inappropriately and I would look at men, whoever they were, however they were dressed and wonder just how big they—I couldn't take them. So I went through a period of that.</p> <p>...but there's been times too where I've been alone in the house in the same type situation and I'll hear a noise and if it hits me just right and I'm in a vulnerable place, you can see how you would just freeze and pull in and hide, and I don't know, it frightens me</p> <p>I don't feel that way now. I think I still struggle with issues of sexuality with my husband—I don't know about our relationship but I think it's moved to the present time and that's a good thing. It used to be all cut up with I'm pissed at him, he reminds me of my father and triggers. Now the other piece of that is that I'm still pissed at him. [laughter] And it's gotta be around who I chose. Why I chose him—I chose him in the midst of all this nonsense... So, really if you asked me I probably wouldn't choose the same person again. But there's enough love, and years and time there that I want it to mend. But I could kill him...[laughter]</p> <p>and it was through therapy that I was able to identify that his behavior—it made you feel a certain way: it made you feel out of control, all the things that go with—'Cause I was even trying not to look and still I was, no he's not doing that or he can't help it or I'm not supposed to be here or it's my fault. Which is silly—but you know it's where you're at.</p> <p>For me it's kinda about functioning and feeling good and getting through the day and feeling a relative amount of happiness but I see myself as going in and out of treatment for the rest of my life—much like a car [laughs]</p> <p>When people say, What have you been doing for ten years and if I don't know them I say well, I've been home with children and I taught at night. You know? It's been ten years. Ten years I've been trying to get myself to a place of wanting to be alive—wanting to live. And that's what people don't understand....Yeah and it's almost, it is a legitimate disability. If someone goes out and can't</p>

work and they have a bad back and they can't do their job. What I think is interesting is how it's not recognized on the same level and that you are just as incapacitated—you can't function. You can't go out, you can't participate in office relationships and all that, you know what I mean because you're just filled up with the intensity of what happened and I think you've got to surround yourself with people who know exactly what that's about.. And when you don't you feel isolated. And when you do you're both energized and depleted by that. You know. It's just really difficult.

One part of me feels like this really strong person and the other part of me thinks women can't be strong.

I think I felt like damaged goods up until some point in a group that I was in—let's see I was in a group, I'd say roughly from 1995 through 98—it was a 3 year period of time and I just transformed.... Up until the half way in that 3 year period of time I still felt like the rest of my life I was gonna be the saddest, I was damaged goods, I was gonna be depressed for the rest of my life, all these really negative things and then something happened and I felt like power and it just started—and once it came out there was no turning back. So it was a really nice thing. Really nice.

when you're depressed or when you suffer from this kind of abuse. You want to isolate. You want to absolutely go in a corner, you don't want to bother anybody—or I didn't—don't want anybody to be bothered with my problems. I need to lie low and I want you to know that I don't want to bring you down. All of that.

Subject #18 (Continuous Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>...I was too young to really know him.</p> <p>I, I'd only seen him a couple times with my father...</p> <p>R: Wow. So, then later on, when you um...later on when you were, when you're, when you're parents were divorced and he moved in? How did you, how did you feel about him then?</p> <p>P: I don't think that I...I don't think I hated him, but I think that I was a little bit scared of him.</p> <p>The ones that stick out the most are when I was with my mother's boyfriend and that happened once when I was six and he exposed himself to me... and from what I understand, I never got the truth out of it, that I think, that um, that she dropped the charges on him...and he never did no time in jail or nothing for that. This guy was my mother's boyfriend. She was seein' him behind my father's back and he was his friend. And then it happened with the same guy. When I was thirteen years old my mother and father had gotten divorced. My father moved out and he moved in the same day. And then he started molestin' me. [I was] About twelve, thirteen...</p> <p>The only time that really we were in the house alone with him, me and my brother were alone with him, was when we'd come home from school cause my mother wasn't home from work yet and those were the times when he would get me.</p>
Abuser's personality	<p>And my mother confronted me and I told her the truth. And that night, 'cause he worked third shift, when he came home from work my mother and him was on the couch and they called me downstairs. I was sittin' in a rockin' chair and she said, "Tell me what you said earlier." And I told her, in front of him, and he admitted it, and he told me he would never do it again. And a couple days later he did.</p>
Resolution?	<p>And... they said, "When you have that baby, that we're gonna take it away from you." And I was like, "Oh, yeah?" So I went back and I told the father... and he's like, "Let's get married." So I was like, "OK". And, I went to my grandmother and I told her what I wanted to do. And she said, well she didn't approve because my, baby was gonna be Black, And... at first she didn't want nothin to do with me. And then she said "Ok, I'll help you". She said she'll go talk to my mother. So she went and talked to my mother...now, my mother had given custody of me up, but she didn't give up her parental rights. And I didn't know all this before, either. And, um... my grandma came back to me and she told me, well, your mother...said...that... if you drop the charges on... her boyfriend,</p>

	<p>which was her husband, 'cause she married him a month after I was out of the house so she wouldn't have to testify against him. That she'll sign the papers for you to get married. And...that was hard cause, the year that I was stable, when they first took me out of the house, I had went to Grand Jury, but, the trial just never came. And they were waitin for a trial date, and then I started runnin away, and trial dates came and I wasn't to be found, you know? And... so I was pregnant, and I, I knew that I could take care of my daughter. Well, I didn't, my baby. And, I did what she asked, but that was, a real hard time for me, when I had to go into the courthouse and listen to the prosecutor tell me... "On such and such, this happened, and he did this, this, this, this", and, then havin to sit there and say, "No", and look at him. That was... really hard for me. I did it for my kids, but I'm glad, I'm not glad that he got away with it.</p>
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>Yeah. My mother, she was never really, we were never really close. There was no, bond, there.</p>
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>And um, I didn't know what he was doin' to me and I had a boyfriend at the time and the boyfriend had tried kissin' me and touchin' me and I told him that he couldn't touch me cause S. [mother's boyfriend] would get mad. And he's like, "Who's S.?" And I told him and then I guess he went back and told his mother and they called my house and told my mother what I had said to him... And my mother confronted me and I told her the truth. And that night, cause he worked third shift, when he came home from work my mother and him was on the couch and they called me downstairs. I was sittin' in a rockin' chair and she said, "Tell me what you said earlier." And I told her, in front of him, and he admitted it, and he told me he would never do it again. And a couple days later he did.</p> <p>And when I got to the hospital I just broke down, I couldn t take it anymore. And I told the nurse what was goin on cause now I knew what was happenin . And the nurse called the cops, the detectives came and when we was at the police station, they gave my mother a choice in front of me. They said, You can take your daughter home and get rid of your boyfriend, or we ll keep your daughter and you can keep your boyfriend . And she chose him over me.</p>
Told?—why or why not	<p>[See above]</p>
Effect of abuse on relationship to Mother	<p>So, then I knew what it was and then it stated botherin me. And one day I bunked school. My mother, I had a dentist appointment, and I didn t know that at the time, but my mother had went to the school to pick me up and I wasn t there. So when I came home she asked me where I was and I tried to lie and play it off like I was at school. She said , No you wasn t , and started yellin so I went to go walk into the other room and she grabbed me and threw me on the floor. Then my aunt came over and they re all tryin to hold me down and I was fightin back, tryin to get up, and then he came and put his fingers in my face and I bit him and then they called .</p>

	<p>The cops found me and brought me to the hospital cause they had hurt my back. And when I got to the hospital I just broke down, I couldn't take it anymore. And I told the nurse what was goin' on cause now I knew what was happenin'. And the nurse called the cops, the detectives came and when we was at the police station, they gave my mother a choice in front of me. They said, You can take your daughter home and get rid of your boyfriend, or we'll keep your daughter and you can keep your boyfriend. And she chose him over me. So I ended up in DCF custody.</p>
Others aware?	[See under mother—and under telling, grandmother knew]
Childhood Telling/Denial Experiences	<p>One day, we were drivin' down the road, me and my grandmother and my brother. And I was makin' fun of my brother, I was laughin' at him and I said, "Ha ha, G. [brother]! One day you're gonna have hair down there!" And my mother, my grandmother almost drove off the road when she heard that, and... She pulled over and she was like, "What did you say? How do you know that?" And I told her I seen S., and she was like, she turned the car around, went back to the house, called the police, took me to the police station, and told me I had to go tell them what happened. *And um, I didn't know what he was doin' to me and I had a boyfriend at the time and the boyfriend had tried kissin' me and touchin' me and I told him that he couldn't touch me cause S. (mom's boyfriend) would get mad. And he's like, "Who's S.?" And I told him and then I guess he went back and told his mother and they called my house and told my mother what I had said to him... And my mother confronted me and I told her the truth. And that night, cause he worked third shift, when he came home from work my mother and him was on the couch and they called me downstairs. I was sittin' in a rockin' chair and she said, "Tell me what you said earlier." And I told her, in front of him, and he admitted it, and he told me he would never do it again. And a couple days later he did.</p> <p>And when I got to the hospital I just broke down, I couldn't take it anymore. And I told the nurse what was goin' on cause now I knew what was happenin'. And the nurse called the cops, the detectives came and when we was at the police station, they gave my mother a choice in front of me. They said, You can take your daughter home and get rid of your boyfriend, or we'll keep your daughter and you can keep your boyfriend. And she chose him over me.</p>
Nature of Memories	<p>I can remember it real clear. I can tell you what I had on, I can tell you in what room it started, where it ended up, I, I could, everything.</p> <p>R: Mm, hm. Mm, hm. So everything is clear in it. Do you, can you fit them in, in a time sequence at that time? Do you know, kinda?</p> <p>P: What time of day?</p> <p>R: Yeah, or, and, and also in the overall timeline of your life, like...when they happened. Like within the school year?</p> <p>P: Mm, hm.</p> <p>R: Do you remember it as a story?... Kind of?</p> <p>P: What do you mean?</p>

	<p>R: Well, like if we told it. You can tell it as a story. Um, start to finish, kind of like first this happened, and then that happened, and...</p> <p>P: Um, hm.</p> <p>R: And then that happened. Um, do you, have you ever had any other kinds of memories? Like suddenly a smell, or a sound, or a feeling in your body? You said you had flashbacks at one point.</p> <p>P: Right. When I was on the run I used to get them. Sometimes, when I was doin' drugs.</p> <p>R: I see. I see. So you, and, would have like a flashback would be like what?</p> <p>P: Um...The dress that I was wearin'...Um...seein' him...stand up in front of me and say, "Are you ready for this?"</p> <p>R: Wow... And you were what? Only twelve or thirteen at the time?</p> <p>P: I was twelve or thirteen when it happened. It was about fourteen, fifteen When the flashbacks occurred, yeah</p>
Type/clarity	<p>R: Just, how do you remember it differently from the way you remember other things?</p> <p>P: No. I remember a lot of things.</p> <p>R: Do you?</p> <p>P: All the way back. Like...the earliest things that I can recall is, my grandmother dyin' when I was five, a dream that I had after she died. Um, I can remember things with me and my girlfriend in my room playin,' um, we used to put on our Jordache jeans and act like models, and... I, I can remember everything...I'm like an elephant [laughter from both].</p> <p>R: So, so you, these aren't like any clearer or any...any more detailed.</p> <p>P: No.</p>
Description of memories	<p>The time that I'm gonna tell you about is...the time that I, the last time that it happened, which is the most clear to me, and...I came home from school, me and my brother. My brother was downstairs watchin' TV, so he was like nine or ten. Right. And um...he was downstairs either watchin' TV or playin' his video games, and I had went upstairs, and I was sittin' in front of my vanity getting ready to do my homework, and I had on a...red dress, with a black belt. It was, this big black belt. And...S., who's my stepfather, and, got up. I heard him walkin' in the hallway. I guess he went to the bathroom. And, and when he was coming back he...came into my room. And...I was sittin' down. He came up behind me and started ticklin me. And...I started laughin,' and I got up and I was tryin' to push his hands away from me because he was ticklin' me. And...he tickled me out of the room and into, I kept backin' up and the hallway in my mother's house is really, small. Very, narrow. And, when I was, as I was backin' up I walked into her room. And when I was in there...he stopped ticklin' me and told me to sit on the bed. And, I sat on the bed. I sat on the bed and...he put his hands around me and started kissin me, on my neck. And...he pulled my legs up, onto the bed...and slid his hands underneath my dress and pulled it up. Didn't, he didn't take it off all the way, he just... pushed it up to maybe my belly button, or, so. And then he...pulled my underwears down and started havin' oral sex with me. Then, after a few minutes</p>

	<p>of that...he said, he stood up and he pulled his pants down, and he held out his, his, his penis and he said, "are you ready for this?" And I looked at him and I said, "no." And he was like, "Get out!" That's what I did.</p> <p>And I was pretty much a runaway from the time I was fourteen till fifteen. And then... I got caught, but I'd always run away again. And one time in particular, when I was on the run I was walkin' down the street and this guy pulled his car over and knocked me over the head. He had asked me for directions... pulled me, knocked me over the head, drug me into his car and um, when I woke up... I was, I could hear a river flowin' in the background and this guy was on top of me and I seen a red barn and I just thought he was gonna, when he was done with what he was doin,' that he was gonna kill me and throw me in the river so I tried to, he seen my eyes open, but I tried to play it off like I was... I couldn't do nothin,' I just laid there and let him do what he was doin' and, and um... when he was done he didn't do that. He took, he drove off with me still in the car and I was half naked and... pulled over again to the side of the road and pulled me out the car and smashed my head open on a big rock on the side of the road and then I just was too scared to move after that But I did see his license plate and I scratched it in the dirt And um, I just went to sleep. And a DEM officer found me in the road, and they brought me to the hospital and they [unintelligible] me in. And I remember they gave me a pill, in case I was, would've gotten pregnant from it...</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>I don't, I don't think that I would've...I know that I wouldn't of ended up in foster care. Um...I wouldn't of ran away from the group home, I wouldn't of, like back when I was at home, I, if I, I think that the worse thing that I would of done is smoke weed, if I would of stayed in my home environment. Where as when I left I experimented with a lot of drugs....And, um...I don't think that [the abduction and rape] would've happened to me. I don't think that I would of, um...the thing that I don't like to admit that I did, But, I'll tell you. I don't think that I can get in trouble for tellin' you this. I used to prostitute...When I was younger... When I was...tellin' you before things that I used to do to survive, I was prostituting... And um...I know that in my town I never woulda did that. And...that's all I think, I would've graduated high school cause I'm so smart. I don't think I would've dropped out. I don't think I would've had my kids as young as I did.</p>

Subject #19C (Continuous Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[father] always remember, uh, when there were people around.. When we were out in public that he was...you know, kind of a typical father figure. He'd wheel you around in a little wagon kind of stuff, but behind closed doors he had very little interaction with us.</p> <p>But, um, I believe a lot of the reason that I was abused because I was vocal. I was the only vocal one in the family. I used to, um, question things, and speak out. And my father used to say mean things to my mother, telling her how stupid she was and, you know, that she was deaf and nobody would want to...I would... yell at him back... You know. "Stop talking to her like that!" You know. "Why do you have to be so mean to.."whereas, whereas everyone else pretty much kept quiet.</p> <p>R: Uh, huh. He was, he...he had kind of intimidated everyone else.</p> <p>P: Exactly. And I, I think, looking back at it now as, as a rational adult Um, I think a lot of the reason why he sexually abused me, was because he felt that would keep me in line. Since the verbal intimidation didn't work.</p>
Abuser's personality	<p>Um...my father was very...cold, emotionally, and a very controlling person.</p> <p>He um, my mother was partially deaf and he used to, he was very embarrassed by her. But at the same time he wouldn't allow her to have surgery to correct her deafness because--my theory on that is that he wouldn't be able to control her as much as he did. My mother didn't work outside of the house. My father was a very successful executive.</p> <p>And, um, my mother really had no, um, connection with the community or anything. She was very isolated. And there was a lot of, I never saw him physically abuse her. But, verbally and emotionally he was horrid to her.</p>
Dependence	<p>R: Would you say, um, um...that...what would you say about how much you felt you depended on your father? What was your awareness of that?</p> <p>P: Um, my awareness, I think most of my awareness was through my mother--How much we depended on my father in that my mother didn't work. She didn't, um, finish high school.</p> <p>Um, she was, she always reminded us of how dependent we were financially upon my father. I always felt, I always remember feeling, when I was growing up that if there was just some way that I could make enough money so that my mother could leave...</p>

	<p>Mm, hm. Um, he always used to say, you know, um The family depends upon me , you know, I bring home the money , and, where would, where would you all be without me? If you say anything you know that s all gonna change and you ll be out on the street, and you know you won t have anything to eat</p>
Conflict/ Ambivalence	<p>Oh, definitely! Control. Definitely. And I mean, my mother and sisters were so controlled by him. I remember as a teenager, consciously thinking to myself, if I just be quiet, if I just, you know, let him be the way he is he'll probably leave me alone.</p> <p>You know, but making a conscious decision not to because I just couldn t--I just couldn t be quiet.</p>
Current feelings/ Relationship	<p>My father died um, I hadn't talked to my father for probably about fifteen years before he died. And he died maybe five or six years ago.</p>
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>I was always very different than my sister. Um, in that I was um, very bookish. Um, and not trying to sound vain or every, or anything, but everything I did I did pretty well. I um, I was, did the cheerleader bit, I was the lead in the school play, I used to sing and play guitar, and I was pretty popular with a lot of kids, and, um, a lot of I realize now I did because I wanted my mother s attention and approval. And um, she instead spent a lot of time with my older sister.</p>
Mother's Role in Family	<p>He um, my mother was partially deaf and he used to, he was very embarrassed by her. But at the same time he wouldn't allow her to have surgery to correct her deafness because--my theory on that is that he wouldn't be able to control her as much as he did. My mother didn't work outside of the house. My father was a very successful executive. And, um, my mother really had no, um, connection with the community or anything. She was very isolated. And there was a lot of, I never saw him physically abuse her. But, verbally and emotionally he was horrid to her.</p> <p>R: Would you say, um, um...that...what would you say about how much you felt you depended on your father? What was your awareness of that?</p> <p>P: Um, my awareness, I think most of my awareness was through my mother? How much we depended on my father in that my mother didn't work. She didn't, um, finish high school.</p> <p>Um, she was, she always reminded us of how dependent we were financially upon my father... I always felt, I always remember feeling, when I was growing up that if there was just some way that I could make enough money so that my mother could leave--You know, so I could take care of her? Because I felt like couldn't take care of herself.</p>
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>That's been the hardest part-- Oh definitely. The hardest part for me is that I always have, I have always felt more anger towards my mother than my father. Always. Because I talked to my mother about it and she wouldn't believe me.</p> <p>R: So you did, you did tell somebody.</p> <p>P: Yes. Yes.</p>

	<p>R: How, how long? What was your, do you...</p> <p>P: I remember talking to her when I was a teenager.</p> <p>R: Oh, wow.</p> <p>P: Um, because I remember I had, I had kind of started dating. You know, and, and um...I understand now that it was my mother's self-protection. You know? Her self-protective mechanism. That um, she couldn't believe me. Because if she believed me, she'd have to do something about it. And...she...wasn't ready to do anything about it.</p> <p>Uh, we have talked since, about it, and the, and the only thing I ever told her um, actually we didn't have a relationship for quite a few years because I had gone through therapy and then said to her, "Gee. You know, I need to talk to you about this. I don't need to go into gory detail or anything, but I need to talk about, you know, why this happened and what your role in it was." She didn't want to talk about it and I said, "Well, you need to understand that I really can't have a relationship with you until we can talk about this because it's important to me." And um, probably, maybe four or five years ago we sat and talked. And um, you know, she cried, and she said she was sorry and I told her that's all I wanted, was an apology. And, and we've had a great relationship since.</p> <p>Well it's amazing, I mean especially now since I'm a survivor of domestic violence, what you do to survive. You know? And that was, I look at that as, my mom needed to do that to be able to survive. She just didn't have the capacity to do anything else.</p>
Told?—why or why not	<p>R: So when you told your mother, she ignored it? Or she denied it? Or?</p> <p>P: Um...at first she didn't want to talk about it.</p> <p>You know, she just kind of ignored it and I, I pursued it for awhile. And said, you know, "I need to tell, you know, to talk to you about this." Um...I talked with her, but most of it was, first it was ignoring. And then it was, "Oh, you have such a vivid imagination!"</p> <p>R: Vivid imagination?</p> <p>P: Yeah.</p> <p>R: Ohh...</p> <p>P: And it was like, you...make up things, and...you know, and...you know. My mother's way of denying it.</p>
Failure to protect	<p>I understand now that it was my mother's self-protection. You know? Her self-protective mechanism. That um, she couldn't believe me. Because if she believed me, she'd have to do something about it. And...she...wasn't ready to do anything about it.</p>
Effect of abuse on relationship to Mother	<p>I have always felt more anger towards my mother than my father. Always. Because I talked to my mother about it and she wouldn't believe me.</p>
Family awareness/ Involvement	<p>[Mother and sisters were (as far as P knows) not sexually abused but were verbally and emotionally abused.]</p>

Others abused? How pervasive in family?	[See above]
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	[See above in relationship to Mother]
Feelings of why they went along	<p>Mm, hm. Um, he always used to say, you know, um..."The family depends upon me", you know, "I bring home the money", and, "where would, where would you all be without me? If you say anything you know that's all gonna change and you'll be out on the street, and you know you won't have anything to eat..."</p> <p>Oh, definitely! Control. Definitely. And I mean, my mother and sisters were so controlled by him. I remember as a teenager, consciously thinking to myself, if I just be quiet, if I just, you know, let him be the way he is he'll probably leave me alone. You know, but making a conscious decision not to because I just couldn't--I just couldn't be quiet.</p> <p>But, um, I believe a lot of the reason that I was abused because I was vocal. I was the only vocal one in the family. I used to, um, question things, and speak out. And my father used to say mean things to my mother, telling her how stupid she was and, you know, that she was deaf and nobody would want to...I would... yell at him back... You know. "Stop talking to her like that!" You know. "Why do you have to be so mean to.." whereas, whereas everyone else pretty much kept quiet.</p> <p>R: Uh, huh. He was, he...he had kind of intimidated everyone else.</p> <p>P: Exactly. And I, I think, looking back at it now as, as a rational adult...Um, I think a lot of the reason why he...sexually abused me, was because he felt that would keep me in line. Since the verbal intimidation didn't work.</p>
If did, who and why	[told mother when she got to be dating and felt even stranger about the sexual abuse—mother ignored then said she had a "vivid imagination—didn't believe her]
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>R: Do you have any sense of the chronology? Is that clear to you? Like, do these memories fit in time with other memories during that time period? Do they fit in a sequence at all, or?</p> <p>P: Um...most of the memories that I have of the abuse are toward the end of the abuse. Um, I just don't really remember...it, when I was young. I believe that it happened when I was young but I don't remember any specific incidents.</p> <p>Most of my memories, I had a very, um...traumatic physical injury when I was thirteen. I fell down, we had a, a ranch house, and I fell down two flights of stairs and was in a coma for ten days. And that's how I lost my sense of smell. I was in the hospital, and...But I had a, complete amnesia about the accident, which I know is not unusual. Um, [coughs], excuse me. And of course the neurosurgeon who I went to was wonderful, um, told me, "If and when you're ready to remember, you will." He said, "There be some events</p>

	<p>you'll never remember because," you know, "it's a horrible thing to happen."</p>
<p>Description of memories</p>	<p>It's kind of just knowing. I re, I can remember...I can remember being in my bed and having the door to my room close, but knowing that my father was there--Because, um, crumpled sheets, and, um, I have no sense of smell--Um, which was from an accident when I was thirteen...And though I can't remember smell, I do remember like a certain kind of a smell. And I believe that it was from my father ejaculating.</p> <p>But it, it's like a tangible. That was the tangible for me.</p> <p>R: I see. Um, but you have, um, what I'm, what I, what I am interested in here is like, um, it's more, you said it's more just a knowing? Or an impression?</p> <p>P: It's, it's a knowing that something happened. Not remembering the details of it, but...kind like, almost, waking up and saying, "Oh! All right. Well, something happened here and there's physical evidence, so..." So I'm aware that something, but I, I don't remember the exact incident.</p>
<p>How abuse affected subject</p>	<p>P: Um, I can tell you something that's rather interesting, is that, um, I went to see the movie 'Jane Eyre' with my husband... Um, and it was a remake of it with, uh, William Hurt. And in the scene where the first wife, who is mad, sets the house on fire? She's standing on the landing of the, um, stairs and she throws herself down the stairs. And I didn't think anything of it at the time, but that night I came home with my husband, who was then my boyfriend, we were living together, and I had a huge argument with him about, like, nothing: "Oh, I can't be in this relationship," and "this is too hard. This is horrible." He's like, "What are you talking about?" Um, and then all of a sudden I burst into tears. I just, like, started sobbing and crying uncontrollably and I had a complete memory of what happened, uh, falling down the stairs. And I realized that I literally was trying to kill myself, because of...what was going on with my father. So, it was like it was just instantaneous. I was like, "Oh my God!"</p> <p>I think it's...I think in the beginning it made me...when I was first out on my own and I left my parents' home when I was seventeen, I think at first it made me sexually promiscuous</p> <p>R: Can you tell me a little bit about that?</p> <p>P: Well I think I was looking for...attention... from men. And it was the only way I understood... To get attention. Um, so I never really had relationships with men, but I had sexual relationships with them. Um... and then, my first husband, who I married when 21, was a police officer. Um, big, Sicilian, very protective, nine years older than me, very much a father figure. The father I always wanted. Um...understanding, supportive, but...possessive, in his own way?</p> <p>gonna say, the, um, typical victim statement is that I allowed myself to get into an abusive relationship after what had happened with my father. I went through that stage of, "Oh, how could I let</p>

	<p>myself, after everything that's happened?" You know, "Why didn't I see this?" all that stuff. And I realized, you know what? It's all part of the process. So I can allow myself to, you know, feel anger, about, towards myself, about what happened. And that's okay, but I also need to move through that. And say, you know when you're a victim it's what you are. You are a victim, you're not the one who's making it happen But um, he, you always go through that self doubt, self loathing, and that kind of stuff until you get to that point. "Oh God! All, everything that my father did to me and I didn't learn anything about, you know, who to hang out with and who to, you know, believe and blah, blah, blah."</p>
Positive aspects	<p>P: Um, well you know what I, I think has been the most lasting thing of it is that, um, I'm a very passionate person. I believe very deeply about things and I feel things very deeply. Um, I realized at a relatively young age, while I was being abused, that if I had kept quiet and...not rocked the boat, and not made a scene about stuff, my father probably would not have sexually abused me. But I made a conscious decision to continue to speak up because I felt that that was important. I felt very protective of my mother. And my sisters. Um, and I think that probably the lasting impression it's made is that sometimes you have to choose, you know, what's most important to you. And that's, my principles were more important. You end up choosing your battles I mean...it, that, that's pretty much what happens, is, is you say, "Am I willing to, are my principles important enough to me so that...". I mean, I just always remember my grandmother telling me that your body is a vessel, is merely a vessel, which carries your soul. And you know, it's more important to nurture your soul. And, um...I just always remember thinking, well, you know, could, would I be able to live with myself...</p> <p>But I think it's made me more...more empathetic, in the, the stuff that I do with other victims. Because I can literally look at some of them and, and see part of my past in their eyes. You know, so I, I think it's important to be sympathetic with people but nothing takes the place of empathy.</p> <p>Um...I know I definitely would not be involved with this type of work had it not been for the abuse that I've been through. It's been an incredible healing process for me. Um...yeah, I hate to say this, but you know how people always get on bandwagons after, you know, oh gosh! Um...if someone has had cancer, they're the person, you know, they've survived it, they're the person usually who has the funding drive, or... You know, I mean, that's exactly what the abuse was for me. I mean, I kind of feel like the poster child. You know, "Hey! See! You know, I've lived through it!"</p>

Subject #20C (Continuous Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[stepfather] P: Relationship to my abuser? R: Mm, hm. P: Uh, he was my stepfather [laughs]. R: Yeah... P: Uh, my mother married him when I was about ten, I guess--ten, eleven, twelve. R: Now, if I remember correctly, he abused you prior to your mother... P: Yeah. Uh, first time I met him I was six. I was a little girl in the sandbox, needed water, the guy across the street in the garage would let me use the hose from the garage to put water in the bottle. Then he tried to show me his private parts one day. So that was the last time I went over there for water. And then a couple years later my mother's friend introduced her to this wonderful guy and it turned out to be the same guy. Now, um, when I was six and, you know, told my mother about the incident, you know, just don't go over there anymore. Okay. Solved that problem. Um...then when I was eight and she was introduced to him I told her, her and her friend, that that was the same guy. And they laughed at me and told me that was impossible. This guy was above that, and just too nice a guy. He would never do something like that. And my mother went, could, started going out with him and married him a few years later.</p> <p>P: No. More like hate. [laughs] R: Right from the beginning? P: I did not like him in the beginning, I hated him. I had my reasons, I thought. But I accepted because I had no choice. It was my mother's choice to accept him, and I lived with my mother and I was a little girl....</p>
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>Uh, they wouldn't, and, and the whole thing is, is they would not go against my mother, their sister. They were feared of her. You know, my, I think I told you this last time, I mean my aunt, I remember my aunt G. telling me that when I was little and they were visiting at my, upstairs, cause we lived upstairs, my aunt A. lived downstairs, you know, family was nearby. Um, that they would watch my mother beat me. Now this was before he was involved in the picture...And um, they would sit there and watch her beat me. They never tried to stop her because if they did, when they left they knew that I would get twice the beating because my mother would blame me that she was embarrassed, that I embarrassed her in front of her sisters, that her sisters had to say something like that cause she was punishing me. So she would have beat me twice. Now does that make sense?</p> <p>*Yeah. You know, so, I mean I remember my aunt G. telling me, when I was six months old she used to throw me into the crib and</p>

	<p>yell at me it was my fault that my father left because I was a girl and not a boy. And uh, they had to sit there and let her do it. Because they knew she'd only go so far while they were there. They knew if they left or tried to stop her, then they didn't know how far she would go. So at least their control, or protecting to me was at least being there. So...she didn't kill me.</p> <p>'Cause if my mother had seen the stitches and the blood on my face, no, she had seen the blood on my face, the open wound, she probably would've beat me out of a nervous reaction. Uh, uh, uh a fear.</p> <p>There's the difference. Um, she's got a mean streak in her. She always has, she still does. My mother yells at me to this day, and she's eighty years old, I duck. [laughs]. I actually back up.</p> <p>They said she had a mean streak in her when she was a little girl. You know? And she's always been. Material things were the most important thing to her and she made sure she got 'em.</p> <p>...You know, this guy who abused me he worked two jobs if necessary. My mother had anything she wanted.</p> <p>She protected me from anything and everyone that could hurt me, abuse me, all right? She was very, I was always by her side as far as I was not allowed to go out and play with kids, go to the show on Saturdays, play house. I was never allowed freedom. When I was sixteen I was allowed to go out two nights a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, till ten o'clock. Saturday nights I was allowed to stay out till eleven. I was sixteen years old. [Unintelligible sentence]. If I was five minutes late from school when I was little, I was punished or beat because she worried about me. "How come you're late? What happened to you?" She had this motherly instinct, this worry, this protection for me, and it was there except in her own little world. She could beat me. That was okay cause there was...I don't know. I can't even answer that one.</p>
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>and, you know, remarks from my mother. Like, you say she didn't know, well, you know, she had to know. Cause she made remarks to me like, Don't wear baby doll pajamas. Lock your door when you go to bed at night. You can't have your girlfriends come over to the house because we don't know whether he will try something. So, she knew! She had to know! You don't make these remarks unless you know. [laughs] You know? At the time I don't know if I put the two and two together. I mean, then you know, forty years, I put a lot of things together since then.</p>
Told?—why or why not	<p>Um, I would tell my mother, there'd be a fight she'd pack her stuff, three days later she'd unpack it, bring it back in the house. Everything was like normal, like nothing happened. Sit across the dinner table, How was your day today? You know, laugh, joke. And then at sixteen he taught me how to drive. Um, so it was like the incident, the screaming, the hollerin, a few days later everything's back to normal. [laughs]</p>

Failure to protect	<p>he didn't have to threaten me, you know. I just knew, you know? My mother wasn't leaving him, I finally got that through my head. She may put herself outside the back hall for three days, but when it'd come time for him to bring home that paycheck...her suitcases went back in and unpacked. Um...uh...I, I don't ever remember him threatening me.</p> <p>She brings up his name, I cringe. I start thinking, especially the way she'll bring it up, it's like some innocent, stupid thing, and it just bothers the hell out of me that she does this nice-y under circumstances that she should know, think before you speak, lady. You know? Or just don't friggin' speak at all. You know? But, I've come to the conclusion she can't think. She needed that, she needed him, she needed the material things, she couldn't survive, she couldn't work on her own, she did what she had to do to survive. I protected my kids, that's all I care about.</p> <p>And I guess too maybe she convinced me it was, because eventually I didn't, it just wasn't worth saying anything. I don't know. Maybe there's another thought I should look at. Maybe she finally convinced me with her actions that</p>
Family awareness/ Involvement	<p>R: Who did you tell and what happened? P: My aunt, my cousins, well my cousins woulda been my age. So, I probably talked with my cousins when I was more like a teenager. But by this time it was like they knew. Because I'd already told my aunt and my aunt warned them to stay away from him, and wouldn't let my cousins stay over at my house, female cousins. ...I remember telling my aunt G. My aunt G., my aunt T., my aunt A., my aunt A. I was close to. Um, they sympathized, but they sent me back home to their sister.</p> <p>The sexual abuse, um, it was the same thing when I told her. You know, it, it, I didn't know this at the time and they didn't tell me about the child, physical abuse, until later in life either. But, um they wouldn't go against her. They wouldn't say to her you gotta leave him, he, you know, he's sexually abusing your daughter. Cause she would've went into a total rage. And it would've, I would've gotten beat if not killed for telling such a thing. You know, and she just would've moved me and him away and now they wouldn't have been there for me to catch him again. So that was their reasoning</p>
Childhood Telling/ Denial Experiences	[See mother section]
Feelings of why she went along	<p>R: Did your, did your stepfather, now your stepfather obviously didn't ever threaten, did he ever threaten you? Or tell you to keep your mouth shut? P: Not that I can remember. I really, really, I cannot remember those words coming out of his mouth. I'd like to say I could, cause it would make me feel a lot better. R: Why?</p>

	<p>P: Because then I could say all right, there was a reason that I didn't kick him in the balls [laughs]. You know? There was a reason I didn't scream he didn't have to threaten me, you know. I just knew, you know? My mother wasn't leaving him, I finally got that through my head. She may put herself outside the back hall for three days, but when it'd come time for him to bring home that paycheck her suitcases went back in and unpacked. Um uh I, I don't ever remember him threatening me.</p>
Nature of Memories	<p>P: Like I can see it happening. I can see myself on the bed and I can see him sitting there. That I, I, that is a lot of the memories. R: Right. Rather than being behind your own eyes. Like if... P: Right, exactly. That's exactly what it is. I've never thought to look at it as the way you put it. To me, I, when I met, when I see these, when I remember them, Or when I talk about them, I see the, it happening. I see me in my bed. You know, I can tell you where he walked, and you know, what he--if I can see this. I guess it is out of body--I just thought that was just the way I was remembering it.</p> <p>Sometimes I can lie in bed and wake up, because I knew what you were coming at, I just wanted to hear it first before I opened my mouth. I had woke up in the middle of the night and actually felt an orgasm. And realized I was uh, that, that it was scarier than anything else. It, and to realize that all of a sudden, that all of a sudden the first thought that was in your mind was him: [abuser's name]. But it's not a pleasurable orgasm, and that's the difference. It's scary. Uh, it's almost not painful, like somebody beat the hell out of you, but it's an orgasm of pain. Does that make sense? Yeah, because it's not pleasurable. It's almost like a clitoris pain, rather than a clitoris pleasure, but because it's the clitoris</p>
Description of memories	<p>I would find myself uh, where he had snuck wine, maybe during the birthday party or something. I was sipping on wine and everybody thought it was cute, you know, and all that. Wake up onto my bed with his fingers in places they do not belong. And what excuse was given or what I, I really don't know because there were other kids in the room. They were, everybody was sleeping and the grownups were outside in the other room laughing and that's about all of that I remember.</p> <p>then we moved to P. [city]. We were living in N. [city] previous to that. And uh, I would wake up in the middle of the night with him sitting on my bed with his fingers where they didn't belong, again he kinda liked that one I guess.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>But at the time I guess I did what anybody else would do, I don't know. You know. I've looked back many times and said, "Why didn't you just kick him in the balls?" or, "Why didn't I do this or why didn't I do that?" And I've questioned myself sometimes, you know, to a point where, "Did I like it?"... You know, I couldn't have. But then why didn't I do something about it? I mean, I slept with knives under my pillow. One night I, I did knife him in the arm. I, I remember saying somethin' to him, "Go tell Mother in the mornin how you got that from in the middle of the night" --when I was a teenager.</p>

And then this has me questioning myself, you know? Did I like it when I was six and eight?... scary to think. Because I know I didn't, but then I question myself, "Why didn't I kick him in the balls? Why didn't yell and scream at the time?" And, you sit there and you go, "I know I didn't. I hated it." And yet the other side of me says, "Did you?" Yes, I did. I can have a good argument with myself, believe me.

My husband went through hell with me. That guy was one hell of a guy. To wake up in the middle of the night because he rolled over and his foot touched my upper leg or my butt or something like that accidentally and he's sleeping and so am I, and I just sit straight up and bed and be screaming. And it's like all the things that I wanted to do but didn't do, I was all of a sudden doing... Yeah. It took a few years before I even explained to my husband why.... don't make the same mistake I did. Tell your husband why you're screaming in the middle of the night, or why you're jumping out of bed or jumping away from him. It took me years to tell him, he didn't know what was wrong with me. You know?

Once when I was in H. [state], I didn't do it on purpose, I tried to commit suicide. Uh, so they tell me. I think I wanted just to go to sleep. I had taken a bottle of Napricin? Not Napricin, um, Darvon.....And so then sent me to some military therapist and we started about all this shit and after a couple weeks I said to him, "You know what? You're giving me more problems than what I had before. 'Cause you're bringing it all back up. I have my memories that come back every once in a while, but now you want me to do this twice a week. I can't handle this. You know?" And with all this suicide attempt and the this and the that and the therapy, and every time I got back from therapy I'd be upset and she'd [friend] be watching the kids so...

R: What about the suicide attempt, do you link that to your abuse?

P: Uh, yes, because what happened was just before is when I was alone and my husband was out to sea, I had [unintelligible] couple years old, J. was just brand new born. After pregnancy, the kids, the depression, and what happened it was all going on, I was alone, I had these two kids, I wasn't getting enough sleep, I was thinking too much about the past, um...and I knew it was coming. And...depressed and overwhelmed.

I don't let people get close. 'Cause when I do, I end up talking too much, then I turn up memories and I don't need it. Um... a lot of it with my kids, I wasn't very close. You know, my youngest daughter [unintelligible]. We never said I love you. We showed it, cause my husband was kind of brought up kind of like, no parents either, you know? ...but it wasn't every night, "I love you." It wasn't hugs. With me there was always an embarrassment. You know? I don't know if that's because of that, or what. I still don't feel comfortable when people hug me. It's not real. I don't know if you understand. It's just not real. Somebody can come over and hug me and maybe

what they're giving me is real, all right? What I'm giving back is response. All right? We have a cousin's night every month. We all go out to eat, there's like six of us, female cousins that kind of all go out to eat and everything once a month. And they're all huggy and kisses on the cheek, and I go through the motions and do it too but it's not real. My youngest daughter's the one that brought it up. She said we never had that. Which made me think, she was right. So, that's gotten better. It's still not real, but...as long as they think it is that's all that counts. I mean not the fact that I don't love them I do love them, I mean that. But I mean the closeness.

You give me a gun, because I don't want anybody close enough to give me pain.

Plus my reaction has been...very bitter, I guess. But acceptable to the point, I've punished my mother. I've gone times where I haven't talked to her. Years. She's never seen her grandchildren till they were grown-up. When I finally did end up talking back to her, talking back with her, if I went over there to pick her up for anything he either had to be locked up in his room or I would not come there. My kids were not allowed there. And eventually he went into a nursing home, thank God.

Subject #21C (Continuous Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[neighbor, mother's live-in helper] I don't remember how I, I felt sorry for her because she lived, before my mom married my step-dad she lived next door to us. In a four-family duplex on R. Street. And her stepfather was named T. and he would do things like put his hands in his crotch and then count out their meat for their lunch. And he would whip them with his belt. Her brother L. ate his bed, literally ate the wood on his bed. He, T., idolized his daughter by A. and she was this little blonde doll. But the others, there were three, there was M., L., and R. and R. had a severe, severe, severe speech impediment. She was like, "Uh, uh, uh, uh." And she would, looking back, and I couldn't play with her cause she was always biting me, she would bite me a lot. My mother, when she married my step-dad, she got pregnant with my sister almost immediately. And she took M. into the house. And I'm very sure, knowing my mom and my dad, I think they did it to save her. I think they knew what was going on because often my family would go next door to stop him from beating people up....She helped my mom. My mom had had B. [P's sister] , and my mom was small and B. was big, and she was married which was a big transition and she had me and I didn't like leaving Fox Point and moving to South Providence and I had to be walked to school, and you know. I was not an easy child at that time. I did not like leaving Fox Point,</p>
Relationship to Mother	<p>I remember one time when she was dressing me and I went to hug her and she jumped back and said don't do that! And I was the one she would hit....[this is after abuse]</p>
Effect of abuse on relationship to Mother	<p>no one spoke to me about the abuse, so I didn't know it was wrong. I was five....I tried to do it to my mother and my mother never touched me again. She stopped cuddling me...</p> <p>it affected me immediately because it separated my mother from them. My aunts who stepped in were proper and they didn't assume the role of mother—they would just like take the role of caretaker. They're the ones who washed my blouse for school, not my mother. My mother, once she had her other three kids, that gap was already there so yeah, she could say she had 4 kids but really she had 3. People in the extended family took care of me I had no Mom.</p>
Family awareness/ Involvement	<p>Because what had happened with M. was totally blown out of proportion and I was punished forever. It was like, "You should know better." And, "Don't you ever learn?" And so at that point everything that had happened became mixed up in my head, because I don't know if up until then I had taken any responsibility for what M. did. I know that when my father caught her immediately that night she was gone. There was no, but we never talked about it. He never said to me, "That wasn't your fault," or... she was just gone. She was just gone, that was it. We never saw her</p>

	again. Even, as a matter of fact, they had to leave F. [city P lived in].
Childhood Telling/ Denial Exp.	R: Now it said in here you didn't tell, so no, you didn't tell. P: No, I didn't have to. My dad woke up and looked in the bedroom and she was sitting on my face.
Nature of Memories	P: I was five when my sister was born. R: B. is your sister. P: Yes. So M. slept in my bed and she started molesting me, I don't think it was the first night but it was shortly after she got there. And I had no frame of reference for not trusting the adults. I trusted all the adults. she was a teenager. So she was an adult to a five year old.
Description of memories	They're dark. They're very dark. And that was the first time that I had my own bedroom, I only had it for a little while then B. [sister] came in. And I picked out the wallpaper, the wallpaper was really flowered and stuff. I remember, I only have one memory of that room in the daylight, and that's when I was standing at the window and I was looking at the house next door and and that's the only daylight memory I have. I have, it's always dark. It's always dark. And I remember staring into the barn door, which was black. That's where my fear of darkness comes from. Looking, looking into the barn door. The emotional memories that I have are, and I didn't get this till later because it changed, but what happened was no one spoke to me about the abuse, so I didn't know it was wrong. I was five I knew that she told me it was good, that this is what women liked, and she performed oral intercourse on me. And she had me do it to her. When she was caught, I couldn't sleep alone, after she left. So my mother stated sleeping with me and I tried to do it to my mother and my mother never touched me again. She stopped cuddling me And with my sister. I hated her. I hated my sister, because it was her fault. If she hadn't come then M. wouldn't have come, and M. hadn't come, then my mother would still love me. And to a five year old that's very, very lonesome.
How abuse affected subject	Which, by the way, I'm still claustrophobic. I always had to have the lights on all night long—I slept with the whole place lit up. Was it because of the abuse? No. I didn't go to a counselor because I'd been abused. I went to a counselor because I was constantly trying to commit suicide. But gee, I was constantly trying to commit suicide because I'd been abused. R: Let me ask you this. When did you make the connection between the suicidal urges and the abuse. P: The beginning of October, 1997. R: Okay. That's a great answer! So specific, and I know I phrased the question specifically. But, can you tell me a little bit more about that, about when it clicked? P: My daughter's boyfriend called and he said, "I'm gonna fuckin' get you. I'm gonna tie your fuckin' white ass down and me and my brothers are all gonna take fuckin' turns with you till you got one

hole between your cunt and your asshole. Then I'm gonna jerk-off and choke you to fuckin' death with my cock." And I put the, I dropped the phone and all of a sudden it just all fell into place. Like, "Oh my God!" It was, it wasn't all of a sudden, I dropped, I literally dropped the phone, it was like 'ooh.' And the first thing I did was get out of that room because that's where the phone was. It was a cordless, just sitting there in the living room for like, hours. And I got as far as the kitchen and I just literally stood in the kitchen for hours. And it was like, oh wait, what he said was absolutely awful. And I had been violently raped in my twenties and I'd gone into counseling about that, is that what I'm thinking? No. No. And it was M. sitting on my face. And all of a sudden in my head I saw this line, a white line, in this, in these dark memories that went from me standing in the kitchen, went past broken relationships and suicide attempts and breaking the law and a disregard for authority, and all of that! And it went right back to that bed in S. [city] in 1955. And I went, "Oh my god. Oh my God! I need help." And so I called my granddaughter's therapist and I said to her, "I need help. I need to deal with this. I need to be well and I need to be well as soon as possible because I'm not giving any of these sons of bitches any more time out of my life." And I'll sit there and I'll say things like, "No wonder I always slept with the light on." I can sleep with the light off now. I stopped biting my nails. Except this one, I bit this one last night when my television broke.

and that's my anger. And so what I have to do is let it melt a little at a time, or else it's gonna wash me away. And so I use my anger. I'm taking my anger and I'm making it a weapon. And my attitude, I used to tell people like, I got the three B's. I take care of my body, my babies and my business. And part of my business is my plan, and you don't want to fuck with plan. You know? And it's become very, very strong with the child abuse. I want to literally change the laws. I don't think the laws are strong enough.

I have given enough hours to pain. I've given enough hours to other people's baggage that was thrust upon me as an innocent. I'm not taking that baggage, and as I dig into my psyche, as I dig into my soul, I say, oh wait a minute! That's why I did that? That's gotta go. That has got to go.

Well I can't stand it if someone's hugging me and they don't let go as soon as I want them to. I can become very tense and scared and you know...I'm very, even in winter I don't have things around my face because M. straddled me. She sat on my face.

I would never have married the man I did...I thought that I had to settle for any guy that came along. [if hadn't been abused] I would've felt worthy to accept the scholarship I got when I graduated from high school—I wouldn't have done drugs, drugs numbed the pain—there are just so many aspects.

it affected me immediately because it separated my mother from

them. My aunts who stepped in were proper and they didn't assume the role of mother—they would just like take the role of caretaker. They're the ones who washed my blouse for school, not my mother. My mother, once she had her other three kids, that gap was already there so yeah, she could say she had 4 kids but really she had 3. People in the extended family took care of me I had no Mom.

[the abuse made me feel like] I was nothing. I was nothing. There was nothing inside. I was an empty shell of skin and empty sack of skin walking. There was nothing there. Nothing.

Subject #22D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	[father] My father was like—him and my mother was never married and he wasn't around that much. I would like see him sometimes. When I got older I didn't really see him that much. And when he was there he was like—my father was like a really selfish man. He was really selfish. He just came around to get stuff from my mother and that was it. And I found out later that he stayed with his mother and he was like the apple of his mother's eye, he could do wrong in his mother's eyes. His mother never accepted us as her grandchildren and she kinda like used us as the slaves of the family, the only time she'd let us come over to her house was when she wanted us to do stuff.
Abuser's personality	<p>He's what you call—how do you put it? A player. He had a lot of women and stuff.</p> <p>That's all he did was get her pregnant with 10 kids, never supported them and to top it off when she died, the cab company [mother was hit by cab and killed] had like a trust fund for us and my father adopted us just so he could get his hands on the money and he took the money.</p> <p>He's an alcoholic. That's all he does is drink.</p>
Trust level	I never trusted him because he would come over and visit us and say he would come back tomorrow and then not show up. And I can remember him not showing up and me crying...
Confrontation?	I confronted him in a letter. I sent him a letter telling him that I know what he did to me and I know what he did to B. [sister] and he sent my brother over to my house to tell me I was crazy. But I know that my brother knew all those years about B. and when I was talking to him, he says, "Well that ain't nothing." Just like it was okay with him.
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>My mother died when I was nine—I didn't know my mother that well because I was like in and out of the hospital—I practically lived at the hospital till I was 5 years old so when my mother died I really didn't know her that well. I don't even remember her that well.</p> <p>My mother she was an alcoholic and he used to beat her up.</p>
Mother's Role in Family	He had a lot of women and stuff and he met her in B. [city] and she followed him up here and it's like she just went crazy. It's like she was totally obsessed with him. That's all he did was get her pregnant with 10 kids, never supported them.
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	And then I called my sister and she said, "He got you too?" He had raped her when she was 18 and that's why she had run away from home—and I remember distinctly when I was around 10 years old her running away from home and her yelling at my father, "I'm tired of this. You're not gonna do this to me anymore. I'm not your wife." And she ran away from home with just the clothes on her back.

	<p>I had a stepsister who got pregnant at 12—she didn't have no boyfriend, she wasn't dating—now how did she get pregnant? I really think my father got her pregnant.</p> <p>I told all my sisters and brothers—I think he messed with the rest of us—I have a brother, I have a brother who's a child molester himself. He's a pedophile and I know cause I caught him with my sister, my sister was five years old at the time. And some of my family it's total</p>
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	<p>When my father was talking he triggered the memory. He triggered the memory and then I started having these dreams and at the time I was taking a course at [name of community college] and I told my teacher about it who was a psychiatrist and he said, that could've triggered a memory—you did get abused. And then I called my sister and she said, "He got you too?" He had raped her when she was 18 and that's why she had run away from home—and I remember distinctly when I was around 10 years old her running away from home and her yelling at my father, "I'm tired of this. You're not gonna do this to me anymore. I'm not your wife." And she ran away from home with just the clothes on her back.</p> <p>The dreams were over and over what happened...</p>
What triggered?	<p>He was talking to a friend of his about how when I was little I had open heart surgery...and he told his friend how tiny I was when I was little and how I slept with him and my mother and he said how I was so little I slept between his legs and that's what triggered it....he used to always talk about how I slept with him and my mother but he never said I slept between his legs he just said I slept with him and my mother then when he said I slept between his legs that's what triggered it.</p>
Nature of Memories	<p>I could just remember, I could even just remember being in the bed with him, just like I was there and he was you know, big but I think at that age I really didn't know what was going on because I wasn't but three...and he was like doing something to me....he was playing with my vaginait was like a picture and experience....</p> <p>That's the problem with my childhood, a lot of it is blacked out. I don't remember a lot. I remember fragments...</p>
Description of memories	<p>I don't know how many times it occurred.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>I was always getting involved with these cruddy guys and I just stopped dating and went into therapy and back to school. I couldn't figure out why I kept bumping into these jerks. I felt like I was a jerk magnet. And then I found out I was abused and then my therapist said to me, A lot of times when you've been abused you perpetuate abuse in your relation-ship with men and it's so true. I am still not dating yet but I consider myself a jerk expert. I can tell you if a man's a jerk in twenty minutes.</p> <p>The abuse really affected the way I picked men</p> <p>When I first found out what my father did—well, it still makes me sick to my stomach. I didn't like sex anymore. I became celibate and</p>

I'm still celibate. It was so bad—Like for a year every time I saw my father I would literally be ill and puke all over the place. I was afraid of him—if I saw him on the street, I would turn around and go the opposite direction.

I have a problem with expressing my anger.—I used to have like out of body experiences when I got mad and yelled at someone. I was really really angry.

Subject #23D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[father] I really loved my father a lot.</p> <p>Actually for the most part we had a great relationship. I mean, we used to do a lot of things together. Sliding together in the winter, target shooting, ah, for extra money we would shovel sidewalks together—my brother was younger than me so I was kinda his “son” at the time because of my age I was more able to help him. We usually had a pretty good time.</p> <p>I really, for the most part, felt safe with him.</p> <p>It was like some of the feelings that once when he died, I felt relieved, I felt—you know I felt guilty. You know, I felt guilty for feeling relieved. I felt them but at the time I didn't know why I felt so relieved...</p> <p>My mother was more the caregiver but my father was more the <i>emotional</i> caregiver in a way. If I was doing the dishes he would come up and give me a hug.</p> <p>I remember doing more fun things with my father or him giving me a hug, stuff like that.</p>
Abuser's personality	He was a very sensitive man. I remember one time he ran over a cat and he was just so upset about it, you know.
Dependence	I don't remember feeling dependent on either of my parents—'cause it seemed like I did a lot for myself when I was little.
Resolution?	Knowing who my father was—I mean where do you go when you're, you know, back twenty something years ago, when you're abusing children. I mean. You get thrown in jail. Even now. It's like he didn't know where to go. He had no help... Given what I know about him and his resources, I can kinda understand why he did what he did. And I still think that he, aside from crossing over the line he was a nice person. But he just crossed over that line and I don't know what happened in his life to bring him to that either.
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>My mother wasn't very expressive—affectionate that way.</p> <p>My mother was kinda a stick in the mud.</p> <p>My mother is very controlling...</p> <p>My mother is always weird like that—I don't know I don't want to say fairytale land but it's like she never really wants to deal with reality. It's always “put on a happy face” and “you're not feeling that”.... She always cared about what things looked like to other people— appearances always had to be kept up—my father killed</p>

	<p>himself on a Friday and his funeral was on Monday when we had no school anyway and I went to school the next day. When it was listed in the paper that it was suicide and some kids were teasing my brother, my mother kept him home and she kept me home to watch him.</p>
Mother's role in Family	<p>My mother was more the caregiver but my father was more the <i>emotional</i> caregiver in a way.</p>
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>She [therapist] asked me [about abuse] because of the stuff I was telling her. My first reaction was no. Then I told her more of the memories— Then I asked my mother. Her response was she often wondered herself.</p>
Effect of abuse on relationship to Mother	<p>I knew that to be able to allow that to happen—or even suspecting and not do anything. I thought she had to have had it in her past. So I asked her. And she told me that when she was 12 she was raped by two of her brothers—there were seven kids in her family. And that she was also molested by her brother-in-law....[p is crying] I can understand it but it's just very frustrating because she never would help with it. And now I can see how it stifled her own life and her personal growth.</p>
Family awareness/ Involvement	<p>My sisters didn't want to discuss it, deal with it...it kinda pissed me off cause it left me alone with it.</p>
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	<p>My two sisters are both older than me—one, my older sister is 6 years older than me and the other is three years older. So when I was first exploring it I asked my older sister...and she told me that when she was 16 that he had come into her room and started abusing her...I asked the other sister too and she said she had memories of things happening but she thought they might be dreams....I don't think they want to deal with it...It's in the past—she didn't want to talk about it.</p> <p>I knew that to be able to allow that to happen—or even suspecting and not do anything. I thought she had to have had it in her past. So I asked her. And she told me that when she was 12 she was raped by two of her brothers—there were seven kids in her family. And that she was also molested by her brother-in-law....[P is crying] I can understand it but it's just very frustrating because she never would help with it. And now I can see who it stifled her own life and her personal growth.</p>
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	<p>I forgot the abuse immediately—when it happened. Immediately because I was 30 when I went into a really deep depression...it was like rather die than remember...[tears up] yeah. For me what was upsetting about the depression was my father had committed suicide when I was</p> <p>I was depressed and I went to see my gynecologist and he walked into the room and asked me how I was—I just burst out into tears and he was like, "Well, this isn't like you." So he referred me to a psychologist, a female. ...R: Who brought up the issue of abuse? P: She did. But it was after finding, talking about childhood and stuff like that and um, I had been having the memories—she asked me because of the stuff I was telling her. My first reaction was no.</p>

	<p>Then I told her more of the memories—Then I asked my mother. Her response was she often wondered herself. R: Whew! P: Exactly—it's like OOOokay!</p> <p>the first memory of it—of him coming into my room—it just popped into my head one night and was just something that I remembered and I tried not think about it too much...I was scared and almost bewildered. It was like, just this scene that come out of no where, you know.</p>
Nature of Memories	it was almost like it was happening. Cause I could feel pressure of his body on mine.
How do they fit in with other memories?	It was before I was ten....we moved when I was eight and I remember around about ten my father coming into my room and was able to put it at that age cause I had asked my sisters. that memory fits in timewise only because of the move and like I remember the bed and where the bed was.
Description of memories	What I remember is him coming into my room one night, laying on top of me and telling me not to worry it was only Daddy.
How abuse affected subject	<p>I couldn't sleep one night and I got up and started trying to think of ways to kill myself....and I knew I couldn't do that to my kids. So I went and got help..</p> <p>As far as boundaries go, almost like—forget it. Took me a long time to stake out boundaries. You know, even right now. It's still something I deal with and struggle with. 'Cause it's like I always put myself out too much. You know too much.</p> <p>I kinda felt like I wasn't me for a lot of years. I wasn't me. Because even when I got married I did everything my husband wanted me to because I was good.</p> <p>I have a different perspective [since remembering abuse] on my parent's relationship and my relationship with both of them. I used to blame his [father's] suicide on my mother because she used to nag him a lot—you know it was like, if he didn't go to work or something that day, she used to, you know, she'd be finding something to fight about. So I used to blame it on her. I figured that between that and I knew that she had a boyfriend at the time. So, um and I used to blame it all on her. But then, after I remembered that and talked to my sisters and stuff (tearful) I kinda felt that, um, the only way he could stop was to do something like that. The only way he could stop abusing was to...[kill himself]</p>
Positive aspects	I think that by dealing with some of that [the abuse] I figured out who I was more .I don t wish I never remembered I d probably be in a worse place now if I hadn t. Even though it was painful, even though it hurt emotionally in a lot of ways, I think I grew from it. It made me more aware and like even with my husband I found him to be somewhat abusive emotionally and I learned to tell him I don t like the way this makes me feel. He had no respect for me sometimes, all he cared about was what he wanted and I learned to stop it from happening. Now I feel like the choices I make are

	more the choices that I want to make. I know about taking care of myself now.
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Subject #24D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[babysitter—the son of mother's friend] I remember that he was one of my Mom's friends sons and he went to my church. He was pretty active in the church. He was in high school. I think he was kinda tall but I don't know if that's just cause I was so little. I remember he had dark hair. And the one time that my brother came to visit, he and my brother got along.</p> <p>I think when I first met him I probably liked him because, you know, he was part of the church and I really loved the church and um, I thought that he was a good person because he like led youth groups and things like that but as far as anything else I really don t remember.</p>
Abuser's personality	I thought that he was a good person because he like led youth groups and things like that...He was pretty active in the church.
Dependence	No, not at all, really.
Trust level	Oh I trusted him because he went to our church and all.
Description of Relationship to Mother	I don t think I told her anything. I think I told her I just didn t remember. Thinking about it now and partly because of something that my mom said last night, um, she was real good friends with his mom and I think that that was why I didn t tell her because I didn t she didn t have very many friends at the time and I didn t want to kinda, I guess, interfere with that because I knew that she would be upset. I always felt that I needed to protect her. This happened just after my dad left. I am sure it was a hard time for her.
Family awareness/ Involvement	[Sister knew of one incident.]
Emotional impact of initial realization	Well, I don't know that I really reacted—it just seemed unreal more than anything. So I don't think I really had much of an emotional reaction.
How do they fit in with other memories?	Yeah, yeah I think the whole thing scares me more than anything because there is still so much that I don t remember I believe I am still repressing memories. My first memory is at age 8, when my dad left and like I still feel like my memory is like Swiss cheese until junior high school. And so it kinda scares me because I m wondering is there anything, you know, else in there that I don t remember.
Description of memories	Start off with what actually happened. I remember my sister and him and me kinda sitting in a triangle. I don't know if we were playing a game or just talking. But he basically reached over and tried to slip is hand down my underwear. And I jumped away and told my sister it was time for bed and we went up to our room and locked the door. Like I was doing that more because I wanted to keep Sue safe than anything.

	<p>There was another time when I was brushing my hair that he took my comb and stuck it down the front of his pants and told me that if I wanted it I had to go get it. And I refused to. And this went on for a while and I was in tears.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>R: How do you think the experience of being sexually abused has affected you? Or do you think that it's affected you? P: Well, I didn't used to. Um but when I was 17, I was raped and that's how I got pregnant.</p> <p>So I think that it did affect me because I didn't--I had a hard time coming to terms with it because I didn't consider it rape because I didn't say no and I didn't fight. But I think part of why I didn't had something to do with that previous experience. R: Can you tell me a little bit more about how? P: I don't really have any explanation for it. I just feel like...I don't know, the whole situation I was just kinda frozen. I didn't, you know my mind was saying things but I couldn't make me say anything. Do you know? R: Yeah, I do know. I do know. In that you mean the rape situation. P: yeah</p> <p>R: Can you tell me more about the relationship between the abuse experience and what happened later? P: I m not really sure. I just have thought about it a lot and I just think that the two somehow were connected. Almost like the fear from the first time was added to the fear during the rape and that s why I couldn t say anything. I don t know. I don t know exactly how.</p>

Subject #25D (Delayed Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[she thinks it might have been her uncle] I was absolutely petrified of... if we had to go there for a holiday visit I'd become violently ill. Migraine headaches, vomiting—my mom's like, "it's a holiday, you have to go anyway"...and once I sneaked away and hid in one of the cars and they were looking for me for hours, called the police—that's how petrified I was to go into the house.</p> <p>We call him, The Handman--when you saw him it was almost like you had to cover—like he was always touching you—he'd pat you on the back and go down to rubbing your behind.</p>
Abuser's personality	He was a bossy, control person...
Description of Relationship to Mother	My mother and I have a really bizarre relationship
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>I talked to my mother...complained about him grabbing us and she said, "You're crazy, how dare you? He's such a religious man" and then she started singing to block me out. And I was like, Okay I won't go there...</p> <p>I thought she suspected and didn't do anything and she has some of her own personal guilt.</p>
Failure to protect	My mother says I was a shy child and she had to pry me away and I can remember holding on to her leg and her pushing me going "NO."
Family awareness/ Involvement	I always want to ask my sister but I don't want to make her fearful or make her think I'm a nut or something.
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	I have a cousin who's a year younger than I am and she and I talked about it and she thinks the same thing—when we talk about this house or going there for holidays she had the same or similar fears—we can't quite get to he did this, this and this...
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	When I met my first real boyfriend at 21, that brought on issues of having to have an intimate relationship—and that's when it started to really flow. When I started to deal with what I was remembering or think more about what I was remember. Starting to realize that having a nightmare every night about being violated and being paralyzed with fear isn't normal...
Nature of Memories	<p>You put it [awareness of having been abused] away somewhere and you just lock it up.</p> <p>I remember such strong feelings of being humiliated and degraded..</p>
Description	I remember things around the holidays a lot—at relative's houses,

of memories	<p>relative's bathrooms.</p> <p>I'll have a feeling of something big fitting into something small, it's in my head, I mean there's no visual, it feels like trying to fit into—it's just something that comes over me, it's like my mind reexperiences the feeling....</p> <p>They would be calling me down to the basement, come on say hello to your uncle and I just didn't want to go down those stairs—I can still see them They were dark and Ugh! Horrifying.</p> <p>it happens when I'm alone, I'll be driving or it's really when I'm alone—I'll look in the mirror and I'll see that house and the Christmas tree or myself as a little girl, what I was wearing...</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>You know, I never know—a guy will say, "I been hitting on you for two years, whadaya think, now I can't control it anymore. Now I'm all over you like a bad rash. And I'm like, "you were—for two years?"</p> <p>What happens to me is I see my hands turn into little girls' hands—or I'll see my reflection, my hair will turn to what it looked like when I was a little girl—it was very blonde. I'll see that reflection or I'll be driving and look in my rear view mirror and I'll see it. And it'll happen at the weirdest times. I don't know if it's something, an environment or a smell or something that triggers it.</p> <p>I went through—I call them my dark years—I was a recluse in my room. I hated myself. I hated myself for being attracted to boys, for having any sexual thoughts. I was suicidal. Absolutely suicidal. I thought I'd be better off dead. And I occasionally will still have those thoughts although I'm in a better mindset and can push them away.</p> <p>I dream of it all the time. I would say that every night I have a nightmare about it. In my dream it's a monster.</p> <p>I can't sleep on my back—I would love to have a good night's sleep.</p> <p>During my teens I was very much into alcohol, drugs I didn't do anything, not like I had to steal to support a drug habit or anything but I found that I used that as an outlet to forget about it [the abuse] when it's really that's all I thought of during those times when I was drinking— that's what it was all about. And that lasted up until in my 20's, maybe 23.</p> <p>I did everything in my teens to hide I was female...opposite of my sisters.</p> <p>In a relationship with a man beyond friendship I feel too vulnerable, weak—I turn into a little girl.</p> <p>I'm real anxious in bathrooms and nighttime is...I'm 35 and I have</p>

to have the light on.

My second boyfriend was older and he asked me if I'd been raped—he picked up on something in my behavior about intimacy.

I am wonderful at platonic relationships but when it comes to anything else, I'll run the other way...I could be convinced that this is the man—my soul mate—I'll run the other way. If I catch a guy checking me out or something the first thing that goes through my mind is Dirty Old Man or pervert—and the guy can be my own age!...I won't let myself think I look good because a man might find me attractive and I would set myself up for it and it's my fault anyway.

I look in the mirror and I see that ugliness, that black spot on me—I will feel obese [she is quite thin]

When it comes time for intimacy, I always tremble, it's like a whole fear reaction, I hold my breath, even if I'm the one who initiated. And then I feel humiliated and degraded.

[how she thinks being abused has made her feel about herself] I teeter-totter back and forth –hating myself, how stupid, why didn't I do anything, why didn't I say anything, then I'll go through, that's ridiculous, you were only a child....

Subject #26 (Continuous Memories)	
Category	Corresponding Statements
Description of Relationship to Abuser	<p>[father] He always scared me to death and I remember, this is where it gets cloudy, I remember asking my mother when I was a kid, I think based on this terror if he had ever done anything to me. And I don't even know if I knew at the time what I was asking. I don't think I was old enough at the time to know so I don't think I knew what it all meant but I knew I was scared of him—she got really pissed off. She just about beat the crap out of me because I'd asked this question. How could I possibly think that about my holier than thou father. So um, I was scared of him—then there were times—he was like, he would cause these huge family splits and so there were times when I was his favorite and then of course we were doted on and told how wonderful we were and when we weren't in favor we were like the biggest morons on earth—but he could turn on a dime so I don't think there was ever any comfort around him.</p> <p>He traveled a lot and I remember relishing his absence and dreading his coming home—cause all hell would break loose when he came home. That was a given.</p> <p>It was this completely sick, twisted relationship as I look back. I'm struggling for his approval and never getting it but craving his presence.</p>
Abuser's personality	My father drank and so his personality could be easily altered.
Dependence	<p>I depended on him a lot and didn't know I was being disappointed.</p> <p>.always being told by my mother about how wonderful he was and about all the money he made for us and all the wonderful things he did for us. And what he bought. But there was nobody else. There were no other men in my life so he was the whole male representation. He was the only one who worked and we lived in this gorgeous house—so financially I depended on him—he was the only father I had and I just relied on him as doing the right thing.</p>
Trust level	I don't think I trusted him any further than I could throw him cause he could turn against you so quickly.
Confrontation?	Not directly but he heard and he would harass me—he'd call and say, "What all this is about me feeling you up?"
Description of Relationship to Mother	<p>my mother and I weren't very close...I've often thought I was a threat to her cause of the games my father would play. I think she competed with me. I think she was real jealous of me and my sister.</p> <p>I had more of a problem with my mother...she was totally aware and in point of fact mentioned countless times, well you shouldn't be doing that to those girls. She did absolutely nothing. I remember</p>

	<p>thinking my mother's completely abnormal even mother animals protect their kids. Her sole thought is she had to side with him or she's pay for it...she needed to stay on his good side, yeah, he was not nice to her either but she had a choice, we didn't.</p>
Mother's Role in Family	<p>We were always being told by my mother about how wonderful he was and about all the money he made for us and all the wonderful things he did for us. And what he bought....</p> <p>When my mother just acted like this man was the greatest thing on earth. When in fact she was having her own set of stuff with him.</p> <p>She was totally dominated by him. She did not have a voice. He gave her an allowance, told her what to buy....yeah, totally dominated. And to this day she says, "Well, what was I supposed to do, I had three little kids, I couldn't've fed them."</p>
Mother's awareness of abuse	<p>I remember asking my mother when I was a kid, I think based on this terror if he had ever done anything to me. And I don't even know if I knew at the time what I was asking. I don't think I was old enough at the time to know so I don't think I knew what it all meant but I knew I was scared of him—she got really pissed off. She just about beat the crap out of me because I'd asked this question. How could I possibly think that about my holier than thou father.</p> <p>My father felt her [my best friend] up one day and she was no longer my friend and my mother was saying this is so ridiculous because my friend's mother called my mother and my mother just dismissed it. I lost my very best friend.</p> <p>When I finally confronted my mother she said, "Well, I told him not to do that to you girls," and that was her response...later she called me and wanted me to take it all back and when I wouldn't she said, "Well, have a nice life" and hung up the phone and we didn't speak for 5 or 6 years. She called me when she decided to leave my father.</p>
Family awareness/ Involvement	<p>How could my grandma not know? I don't know what other people thought. But I can't believe they didn't see it. The whole world did.</p>
Others abused? How pervasive in family?	<p>At first my sister was furious at me and then at her next visit, her first words to me were, "You're right." And she has her memories.</p>
Memory Recovery/ Decision to Deal with Abuse	<p>It went on, well, the more covert stuff went on into my thirties and I didn't—I don't remember what prompted me to change the label. I think I remember making a statement that when I turned 40 that the next 40 years wouldn't be spent like the first 40 and made a real concerted effort to figure out what I was gonna do differently—I can't remember—I think what happened was I was visiting my sister in New York and we were in the World Trade Center waiting to go to the top of the building and I think what she said was, "Do you remember when Dad used to stick his hands down our pants?"</p>

	<p>And I hadn't remembered that at all. The other things everybody knew he did but I think that's what triggered the whole redefining of things and then going into therapy as a result of that change in thinking.</p> <p>I really questioned it, am I like, going nuts here or something?</p>
Nature of Memories	<p>I've reached a point where I don't need anymore—I have enough to go on and to have made some decisions. I didn't want to go through some kind of hypnosis to call up my past—I knew what I knew and it was enough to call it what it was and there was no need.</p>
How do they fit in with other memories?	<p>What has happened is my childhood is pretty much blank—I managed to block a lot of it.</p>
Description of memories	<p>I must've been 16 and my very best friend, with whom I would spend 6 hours at night talking, who was very large breasted and my father felt her up one day and she was no longer my friend and my mother was saying this is so ridiculous because my friend's mother called my mother and my mother just dismissed it. I lost my very best friend</p> <p>My sister and I both have similar memories and there was more than fondling going on but we both have these memories in a dream like state...it has crossed my mind that he threatened....</p> <p>I remember him walking around with parts of him hanging out, there was a lot of sexual talk...everything was sexual and all perverted.</p>
How abuse affected subject	<p>What my father did constantly, was he was constantly fondling us—so I knew that he was feeling me up. It feels queer to say that at age 38 I had no idea that the rest of the world didn't experience that—I feel so stupid saying that.</p> <p>I really think it made me a horrible mother. My son and I have talked about things that I did to him because I didn't have any kind of role model to learn how to be a parent. For one thing and I was pretty short fused and would just go nuts—so it made me an awful mother.</p> <p>I was sexually dysfunctional for like 45 of the 50 years I've been alive [laughing]. I chose really horrible relationships.</p> <p>It took me till I was 42 to get a degree. R: And you relate this to being abused? P: Yeah, yeah I do. I relate all these things that everybody else did that I did not do, I think was just this retarded growth. I mean it's like— whether—I had incredibly low self esteem. To me it seems like it affected every part of my life.</p> <p>I never really was a kid. And how now I'm having kid like experiences. Like suddenly wanting to have fun—that's never been</p>

	the case. I've been this really serious depressed, teetering on morose person.
Positive aspects	I think that I'm really empathetic and so I do my job really well because I can really get in people's shoes and really understand where they're coming. And I'm real sensitive.

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