

PORTRAITS OF HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINES

Volume III

Expanding Views
of the Materia Medica

CATHERINE R. COULTER

Portraits of Homoeopathic Medicines

Volume III

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Introduction

*To see the world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.*

This exhortation from William Blake's poem *Auguries of Innocence* defines the challenge that confronts every classical prescriber seeking to acquaint himself with the homoeopathic medicines. He must approach the vast corpus of *materia medica* not only with the analytical mind of a scholar, but also with the sensibilities and imagination of a poet.

“To See the World in a Grain of Sand”:

To see the "world" of a remedy means no less than to integrate into a cohesive unity the remedy's idiosyncratic and often fissiparous symptoms, its range of polarities and contradictions, as well as the sum of its traditional features and its deviations from the norm.

The archetypal approach, wherein the physician prescribing constitutionally must address features that lie beneath the surface of the physical and mental symptoms and direct himself to a patient's unconscious impulses, drives, and deepest life challenges, is one way of arriving, at this larger understanding. Only by sensing the whole world of a given remedy--both its destructive aspects (in illness) and its creative ones (in health), both its weaknesses or imbalances (which are necessarily emphasized in the "provings") and its actual or potential strengths (as observed in clinical practice)--can the physician avoid the pitfall of reducing homoeopathic personality types to limited and, therefore, misleading generalizations.

These portraits will attempt, through an analysis of archetypal characteristics and situations, to dispel the reductionist pictures that adhere to certain remedies: also to demonstrate (as, for example, in *Aurum metallicum* how the "World" of a remedy can be conjured up by establishing meaningful correspondences between the medicines' properties and the knowable universe.

“And Heaven in a Wild Flower”:

Investigating the spiritual dimensions of the remedies in the *materia medica* is but an extension of the conviction, long held by physicians adhering to the law of similars, that the spirit of medicinal substances and the spirit that animates man, nature, and God are of the same essence ("For what is outside man is also inside, and what is not outside is not inside. The outer and the inner are one thing: one constellation, one influence, one concordance, one duration ... one fruit": Paracelsus, *Selected Writings*, p. 21).

The homoeopathic physician thus finds himself caught up in a dual process. Through the study of the remedies, he broadens his knowledge of man, nature, and God; while, conversely, through a study of man, nature, and God, he learns to understand the spiritual healing powers (the whole "heaven") of a medicine-as best observed in "The Psychic Dimension of *Thuja*."

"Hold Infinity in the Palm of Your Hand":

Whenever a homoeopath reaches out to administer a high-potency remedy to a patient, he is holding in his palm "infinity" released by dilution and succussion. Furthermore, our universe is an infinity of substances, each one of which contains locked within itself unique medicinal powers just waiting to be recognized through "provings" and understood through clinical cures. Add to this the consideration that patients' varied symptoms and modalities fall like pebbles in a giant kaleidoscope into a myriad of patterns, and one begins to appreciate the magnitude of the assault of the infinite on the prescriber.

Fortunately there exist in homoeo-therapeutics several ways of maintaining the "infinite" without chaos. The repertory system is one; the archetypal approach, which guides the prescriber to the unity beneath the multiplicity of symptoms, is another; while yet an additional method for pinpointing the simillimum is comparative materia medica.

The comparative approach, by its very nature, does not permit the same depth of analysis as an individual archetypal portrait. The format, however, does perform modest services of its own. It helps to differentiate between those shadings of feelings and behavior patterns that, on the surface, appear similar; it increases familiarity with the less stellar remedies (cf. *Phosphoric acid* in "Indifference" and *Mercurius or Baryta carbonica* in "Suspicion"); it is a way of drawing out new aspects of familiar polychrests (cf. "Clairvoyance"), also of introducing healthy characteristics as guiding symptoms (cf. "Generosity"). Furthermore, the comparative materia medica approach provides an excellent format for the homoeopath to organize his straggling (because ever increasing) personal observations and elucidate his clinical experience.

"And Eternity in an Hour":

"Holding eternity in an hour" signifies fixing into a lasting picture those characteristics of a particular remedy which have hitherto been evanescent or transient, or blurred, and seem to fade and change with the hour.

There exist a number of polychrests which, while undeniably protean in action, possess less colorful personalities than their more eminent brethren. In fact, even after having performed noble service, they exhibit the tendency to slide, eel-like, back into typological obscurity. *Causticum* is such a one, and *Graphites* is another. To assume that these remedies do not possess individuality is, however, to err. Their full pictures may have remained obscure, but one has merely to observe a sufficient number of favorable returns in constitutional prescribing and extrapolate from these the reiterated behavioral and emotional patterns for a remedy's archetypal, "eternal" verities to emerge*

In his famous motto, "Aude sapere," Hahnemann instructed his followers, in their pursuit of knowledge, to dare to test, to explore, to experiment with all aspects of his scientific method, including the materia medica. It is in this spirit of "daring" that each one of these Portraits has been submitted to all those who love and practice homoeopathy.

*Admittedly, the operative phrase is "sufficient number of favorable returns." It may take years—decades even—to build up the required critical mass of cured or helped cases.

Nota bene: Readers of *Portraits*, volumes 1 and 2, have inquired into this writer's criterion for selecting the various homoeopathic quotations. The answer is simple. The honor goes to the author who first noted the symptom. Exceptions to this rule are certain listings from Hering, which are given priority over those from T. F. Allen (and occasionally even Hahnemann) because of their superior felicity of expression; also an assortment of listings from Kent and Boericke because they are readily available (in the Repertory and the Materia Medica, respectively) to most prescribers .

Portraits

Aurum Metallicum

The Legacy of Homoeopathic Gold

AURUM METALLICUM, or potentized gold, comes to the homoeopath more heavily laden with associations than any other medicinal substance in the entire materia medica. Throughout the history of recorded civilization a rich and variegated gold legacy has been handed down to mankind in Biblical parables and Greek myths, folk tale allegory, and poetic imagery; by way of similes and metaphors to portray man's spiritual welfare, and metonymy to signify the wealth of nations.

The precious metal has been linked with sovereignty, leadership, and authority, whether secular (the royal brow is crowned with gold) or religious (the pope's miter is adorned with gold); and gold has ever been symbolic of worldly achievement and success. Gold medals are awarded for courage as well as for superior performance; the finest master of any craft is said to possess "golden hands" or the "golden touch." Similarly, the very highest praise that can be accorded a singer is to describe his voice as "golden" (how many golden voiced tenors has this century produced?). In addition, the child smiled upon by fortune and favored above others is referred to as the "golden-haired boy."

Gold is likewise symbolic of stability and solid value. The gold standard guarantees a healthy national economy, and a country's influence and power are largely calculated according to the amount of bullion in its possession. Certainly, from time immemorial, gold currency has been honored as the most reliable legal tender. Even in a less material sense, it is no accident that this precious metal, unaffected by the ravages of time and connoting as it does imperishable value, is the preferred choice for wedding rings. And in the imagery of myth and fairy tales, gold signifies hopes and wishes come true, when stars-symbols of hope— fall to earth in a shower of gold coins.

Gold also stands as a metaphor for rectitude, integrity, and moral worth. No sounder encomium of a person's character can be proffered than to say that he is "worth his weight in gold"—while, conversely, glitter (or false gold) is the pretense that conceals the absence of true worth. Furthermore, gold is associated not only with kindness and generosity (as in the expression "a heart of gold") but also with balance, reason, and good judgment— as perceived in the urgings of the classical philosophers to seek and cultivate "the golden mean" (Horace).

In the realm of the spirit, gold has ever been illustrative of man's highest moral aspirations and has been equated with spiritual enlightenment. The saint's halo is of gold, angels are represented with wings of gold, heaven has been denoted as the "City of Gold," and the time when humanity, recognizing its errors, will shed its false values and begin to honor the proper ones— a time when all creation will live in harmony with universal beauty and truth—is looked forward to as the Golden Age. Furthermore, it is as the Golden Rule that the most fundamental guiding principle of ethical conduct, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," is honored.

And so on, ad infinitum.

The Regal Personality:

The classical homoeopath honors the extensive network of "correspondences" existing between the homoeopathic medicines and the material world (correspondences which, as Hubbard caustically remarks, "hold much light for those into whom they can penetrate").* Thus, all these images and associations of gold, together with well-attested listings in the provings and oft-observed characteristics in clinical practice, have given rise to a certain picture of the *Aurum metallicum* patient. He is a serious, conscientious, self— respecting individual of solid values, who harbors delicate scruples and a strong sense of responsibility and is the personification of trustworthiness, sound understanding, and innate authority.**

Hahnemann states that *Aurum* "is anxious to reflect deeply about this or that subject" and that one of his principal delusions is that he is "neglectful of his duties"; Clarke, that he has "excessive scruples of conscience"; Kent (in his *Lectures on Homoeopathic Materia Medica*), that "his intellectual nature is intact; he has been sound in his business affairs . . . He has been a good father, he has been observed by others around him to be intelligent." Building on these foundations, Whitmont elaborates:

The type of people that require gold as a medicine are would-be rulers, "kings" in their own limited domains, who feel responsible for the destinies of their "subjects" and for the rigorous carrying out of the responsibilities they themselves have assumed. They tend to be active, strong people, in the center of things, executive types, heads of families or businesses who take on or feel [that] they bear heavy responsibilities, often more than they can or should handle.

Although this traditional picture by no means fits every patient requiring *Aurum* as a constitutional remedy, it is sufficiently accurate to serve as a starting point for the present analysis***

A gold imbalance may thus occur when a fundamentally capable, reliable, stable person finds himself discouraged in a worthy endeavor. Typically, *Aurum* was the hard— working man who suffered from digestive disorders and high blood pressure. From a sense of duty and good citizenship, he had left private business to lend his managerial skills to a municipal job, specifically to manage a sector of the New York City Department of Transportation. There he found himself in the thankless position of always pushing himself to work harder than was good for his health, yet always conscious he was not doing enough. No matter how scrupulously he applied himself to his duties and fought bureaucracy— how diligently he tried to keep within the budget and still provide adequate public transportation to a city teeming with restless millions— his Herculean efforts were merely palliatives, and one difficulty overcome inevitably generated another even more insurmountable. But he

*The Hubbard quotations in this chapter have been taken from two articles, "The Planets" and "Mental Portraits of Remedies Familiar and Unfamiliar," found in the volume of her collected writings, *Homoeopathy as Art and Science*.

**Once again the reader is reminded that for stylistic purposes (to honor the King's English so to speak) the masculine gender is employed throughout this volume when referring to patients in general, as well as to the physician in charge of a given case.

****Aurum metallicum* (like *Ignatia* or *Thuja*), while undeniably a "constitutional" remedy in its own right, is frequently prescribed to patients of other personality types who, at a given point in time, are passing through an *Aurum* phase or temporary emotional state. Throughout this chapter *Aurum's* two roles (both as a chronic and an acute remedy) are addressed interchangeably since their distinction is, to all intents and purposes, irrelevant for a fuller understanding of the nature of homoeopathic gold.

was committed to his job and determined to persevere ("At least no one can fault me in idealistic fervor!").

For a long time he resisted taking the radical step of consulting a homoeopath ("Whatever that may be!"), but eventually he succumbed to the importuning of a colleague and allowed himself to be dragged to a doctor who prescribed for him *Aurum metallicum* 200c together with a change of diet. By adhering to the diet and receiving the remedy at judicious intervals, both the digestive symptoms and the hypertension of the patient improved, despite the continued pressure at work.

Discernible in this case are three additional characteristic features. First, as befits the "regal" personality (or one in a position of sovereignty). *Aurum* tends to be conservative in his taste and preferences. The male, especially, respects the status quo, with its conventional values, and is far from eager to espouse anything that savors too strongly of sedition or "New Age." In contrast to, for example, *Natrum muriaticum*, the type is, as a rule, well—adjusted to this world and marches in step with the rest of humanity. Second, since framework and regularity are clearly fundamental to the authoritative individual, *Aurum* functions best within a structured environment (organizations, corporations, institutions; cf. *Lycopodium* in P1*). And third to be noted is his dedication. This attribute is the healthy expression of an inherently devotional nature (the unhealthy expression being the type's well-known religious melancholy or anxieties of conscience) and further strengthens his desire to protect the existing social order.

In general, the type does not actively seek power or prestige. There is no need for him to do so. With his aura of rectitude and authority it comes to him naturally. ** But by the same token, not having had to struggle seriously for his position, he is the more shocked by losing it.

Such was the case of the self-respecting businessman in his forties who was laid off with a pension when two oil companies merged. There was no hint of blame; it was the inevitable consequence of a major recession. However, the shock to the man's pride was severe, particularly in view of a gross misjudgment on his part. When he learned that he was being called into his superior's office he had told his family and colleagues that he sensed that he was going to be offered a promotion (so secure felt he of his position). This error of judgment gave rise to the classical *Aurum* self condemnation: "I am entirely to blame. I don't seem to do anything right these days. It's not surprising I was fired. I deserved to be. And now I've let down my family... " and so forth ("imagines he deserves reproach": Hering).

Furthermore, with the loss of a lucrative salary and a job that he liked, the man's life became devoid of all meaning. He was unable to sleep, hardly touched food, and could not exert himself to combat his apathy and try for another berth in the business world ("Why bother? What's the use of trying? I'll just blow my next opportunity the same way I did this one. Might as well live off my pension for the remainder of whatever days I have left"). Like a native of the Polynesian Islands who makes up his mind to die and then curls up and does so, this patient seemed to be settling into a self-imposed decline.

*To avoid repetition of character traits already discussed in greater detail in this author's *Portraits of Homoeopathic Medicines*, volumes 1 and 2, henceforth the symbols (P1) and (P2) refer the reader to the volume where the remedy appears.

**As Shakespeare says of Greatness in Twelfth Night, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," and *Aurum* is one of those seemingly born to power or, at least, prestige.

Daily doses of *Aurum metallicum* 30c for one week, then less frequently as improvement in sleep and appetite set in, helped the sufferer to curb his overactive self-reproach and rally his spirits sufficiently to carve out for himself a satisfying (if financially less remunerative) niche in a friend's accounting firm.

Gold is one of the principal remedies for individuals suffering from a blow to their self-esteem or threatened with loss of face, whether merited or not ("mortification": Hahnemann). Indeed, the hermetic tradition equates gold with the ego:

In the alchemist's view, metals influence or represent different planes of the human economy: Aurum the [masculine] Ego....When the Ego needs fortifying [Aurum] brings it in, strengthens the spirit. (Hubbard)

More than that, gold is the simillimum for the individual placed in a position of honor or trust who, through some misfortune, finds his reputation or promising career on the brink of ruin. In fact, it is due to the type's intrinsic high-mindedness and delicate scruples of conscience that one encounters, at times, a dramatic quality to his crises of ego--as if a mighty oak were struck down with a single blow.

In fiction, *Aurum metallicum* are those clients of noble birth, high professional repute, or in honorable positions of trust who flock round to 221B Baker Street, seeking the assistance of Sherlock Holmes to rescue them from private affliction and potential disgrace. Whether blundering over an important government commission ("The Naval Treaty"), mysteriously losing a vital state document from a dispatch case ("The Adventure of the Second Stain"), or through no fault of his own betraying a sacred trust ("The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet"), the ill-starred dignitary responsible for the misfortune has been brought to an *Aurum* state of anguish.

A clinical example of dishonor and disgrace smiting a once proud (if not overly scrupulous) individual ("How are the mighty fallen!") was the small-town attorney who had always been regarded as the pillar of strength and rectitude in his community. Yet he had, as it transpired, never in his life paid any income taxes (somehow he had eluded or had been overlooked by the Internal Revenue Service). So intolerable to the culprit was his sense of disgrace when this discovery was made public that he talked of taking his own life ("a sense of unfitness for this world from having done some moral wrong": Hering).

In some circuitous way, the wife of this profoundly mortified individual found her way to a homoeopath, who without hesitation prescribed for her husband *Aurum metallicum* 10M, in hopes of preventing his carrying out this threat. Perhaps it was mere coincidence, but within a week's time, he had abandoned the idea of suicide and had committed himself instead to vigorous retrenchment and devising ways to payoff his debt to Caesar. "Better to do it in this lifetime," his wife (distressed, but not as easily mortified as he) advised him, "so as not to be encumbered with it, with interest, in the next one."

The adult male holds no monopoly of the *Aurum metallicum* consequence and prestige, nor of trauma resulting from their loss. The *grande dame* of regal bearing, accustomed to being catered and deferred to, or the child who brings with him (or her) into this world, as if from another lifetime, a dignity and presence that compels the respect of adults as well as peers may well harbor *Aurum* in their constitutional economy.*

*Nor (for the sake of the record) does Conan Doyle neglect to plunge some of Holmes' female clients, whose honor is at stake, into what could be viewed as an archetypal *Aurum* despair (cf. "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton").

A Boston matron sought homoeopathic assistance for a vascular condition. The skin on her swollen legs was thin and shiny, alternating with thick patches of dark, dead cells. Due in part to her wealth, in part to an imperious nature, she had always enjoyed a prestigious position in her circle of friends and had grown accustomed to reverential treatment. But upon the death of her mild, self-effacing *Silica* husband (who had seemed insignificant enough when alive, but who, in his ever-supportive, obliging person, supplied his wife with the retinue that enabled her to hold court), the woman's reign began to decline—from being respected as the sovereign in her entourage, she was relegated to a satellite position.

With the reversal of fortune there surfaced all the well-known *Aurum* symptoms of erosion of self-confidence and of one's sense of self-worth ("the least thing discourages him": Hahnemann), and to adapt to her new life in a retirement community and to find a new purpose proved no easy task for the patient. *Aurum*, however, in the course of improving the circulation to her legs, helped her to settle in a more humble milieu.

Parenthetically, although this individual possesses pride, it is a dignified pride rather than true haughtiness, and the type is not above admitting to be in error. Unlike *Lycopodium* who is never wrong (or who, if proved to have been wrong, blithely maintains that there are always two sides to a question), *Aurum* will accept blame. He might even reproach himself too harshly, exhibiting the same self-honesty and self-objectivity as *Sepia* (P1). Which, while admirable in themselves, are not conducive to contentment.

As further befits one born to leadership, *Aurum* tends to exude a quiet, tempered authority. Once again in contrast to *Lycopodium*, there is little egregious dictatorialness in the male. Persons drawn into *Aurum's* sphere of influence find themselves relatively free to follow their own inclinations and pursue their own paths. No excessive physical or (especially) psychological demands are made on them. And the more visibly overbearing and domineering woman, who is habitually likened to a "sergeant major," a "dictator," or a "Chinese warlord," has traditionally been regarded as *Platina*, or white gold ("The other metal acting on the Ego must be *Platina*, the false Ego as it were, where the Ego is too strong and needs releasing; just the opposite of *Aurum*, where it needs fortifying": Hubbard)* Boericke's phrases, "contempt of others" (*Platina*) versus "contempt of self" (*Aurum*) may oversimplify the distinction, but contain a grain of truth.

*The *Platina* woman's haughty, contemptuous, importunate nature is part of the homoeopathic lore. And the symptom "illusion of being tall while others appear small ... [or of others] being mentally as well as physically inferior" (Hahnemann) has been accepted as symbolic of the type's overweening pride. While this might be carrying key imagery too far, indeed, when frustrated in the exercise of her powerful creative energies (and not necessarily the sexual energies exclusively, as much of the homoeopathic literature would have one believe) or when sensing a vulnerability, fragility, or partial vacuum in relationships, social situations, or the larger political arena, *Platina* charges in, full steam ahead, asserting her personality to create a worthy new situation, or a commotion (as the case may be).

The famous (some would say infamous), haughty, sharp-tongued, but, to give her due, invariably generous Southern belle, Nancy Witcher, who later became Lady Astor (and who could say of herself, "My vigor, vitality, and cheek repel me. I am the kind of woman I would run away from") exemplifies *Platina* rather than *Aurum*. Obviously a woman of exceptional energy and abilities (she was the first member of her sex to overcome the prejudice of centuries and be elected to and actually sit in Parliament in Great Britain), she conducted her public and private life along the lines of a soap opera, replete with emotional crises, largely of her own making. Yet, true to type, she displayed much compassion, as witnessed in her ardent espousal of reforms in woman and child welfare.

An additional aspect of *Aurum metallicum's* "regality" is the type's ability to shed light without himself being fully enlightened. This subtle phenomenon can be observed in the individual of influence who rides along with the times, but whose moral persona, Lincoln—like, stands for something larger than himself (or than he is aware of); also in the artist whose creative work outdistances his understanding. As with gold, his actions, work, and performance carry a symbolism beyond the immediate. In fact, that which lends the type his presence, prestige, and authoritative air is precisely a natural receptivity to, and ability to channel, forces greater than the individual. Yet he himself only partially appreciates the barrel of gold he is sitting on and must, as we shall have occasion to observe, grow into his role or talent.

The Sunless State:

"For untold ages, gold has been intuited as the earthly representation of the sun," writes Whitmont.* Thus, the human imagination has associated gold with light and warmth and, by extension, vitality and good cheer. Indeed, in his Introduction to *Aurum*, Hahnemann informs the reader that gold has long been employed to cure melancholy, that this particular use of it by the ancient Arabic physicians has been confirmed in the "provings" of the precious metal, and that in his clinical practice he has "cured quickly and permanently several persons who were seriously entertaining suicidal thoughts."

Later Kent, characteristically, embellishes on this theme:

Taking the mental symptoms in one great whole, you will see that all the affections, natural to healthy man, are perverted. So great in extent is this that one of the fundamental loves, which is the love of living, of self-protection, is perverted and he loathes life, is weary of life, longs to die and seeks methods to commit suicide ... It is astonishing that one could get into such a state of mind, such horrible depression of spirits that there is an absolute loss of enjoyment in everything. You take away a man's hope, and he has nothing to live for, he then wants to die. Such, it seems, is the state in this medicine.

Therefore, a gold imbalance in the human economy can bring about what could be viewed as a "sunless state"; indeed, *Aurum's* dark moods range from the mild dusk-like despondency of a person who is uncertain of his life direction to the midnight blackness of suicidal despair.

Appropriately, this remedy has a well-established nighttime aggravation of symptoms and pains ("worse from sunset to sunrise": Boericke) — a feature common to remedies related to the syphilitic miasm (of which *Aurum metallicum*....'after *Mercurius*, is the most prominent one). Likewise a significant diminution of vitality and spirits during the winter months, when days are short and the sunlight feeble, suggests a gold deficiency ("many complaints come on only in winter": Boericke). So universally has this latter modality been accepted into the canon ("the patient craves sunshine, finds dull cloudy days unbearable": Gibson) that, contrary to the spirit of homoeopathy (which treats the individual and not the disease), *Aurum* has been saddled with "seasonal affective disorder."

Private affliction is the inescapable lot of every man, consequently of every constitutional type. The distinguishing feature of *Aurum* is the sufferer's internalizing of his sorrows, so that others know little or nothing of the nature and profundity of his grief—little of the silent anguish that can culminate in an unexpected and, therefore, enigmatic suicide.

*For an in-depth analysis of the symbolism of gold in healing, beyond merely its homoeopathic role, consult Whitmont's *Alchemy of Healing*.

The man's intellectual nature keeps him in contact with the world; but his affections are largely kept to himself.... He has silently brooded over his state ..he has told nobody of it, and then he has been found hung in his room. (Kent)

A bizarre suicide of an Aurum mother, who drives off a cliff into a lake, is hauntingly portrayed in Marilynne Robinson's *Housekeeping*. Many years later her daughter attempts to fathom her mother's baffling moods and actions ("My mother was happy that day, we did not know why. And if she was sad the next, we did not know why. And if she was gone the next, we did not know why.") and recalls, on the day of the fateful event, "I was struck by her calm. It seemed that her quiet startled usI remember her grave, with the peace of the destined, the summoned. [She evinced a calm] as slight as the skin on water—a calm that sustained her as a coin can float on still water."

The first quoted passage from *Housekeeping* suggests another reason why the extent of *Aurum's* sorrow is often unsuspected by others. The type is subject to alternating moods ("remarkable changeability of mind ... now merry, now sad, longing to die": Hering), and the cheerful side that he may choose to reveal in society is all the more convincing in being, at the moment, genuine.

Midway between merely a pessimistic outlook and sinking into absolute despair lies a "brooding melancholy" (Boger). Typical here was the man in his thirties who did not get along well with his family, found no enjoyment in his friends, was critical of his job and his colleagues at work, and was so fault— finding of his occasional girlfriends that he sabotaged every relationship. Nothing and nobody was good enough for him ("discouraged and at odds with himself": Hahnemann).

Being intrinsically of a serious, responsible, intellectual nature, he did not take to a life of dissipation; he turned in on himself. He read many books of the "no exit" type, wrote gloomy poetry, and, to make himself more "interesting," assumed a twentieth century version of a Byronic melancholy. This pose, once acquired, stuck fast. There is in certain *Aurum* melancholics, an element of seeming almost to relish their misery—the pit they are digging for themselves. They cultivate a "glamorization of the void," as one homoeopathic patient termed it.

One major distinction between *Aurum metallicum's* dark view of the world and *Natrum muriaticum's* bleak one is that usually *Aurum's* objectivity of outlook is not as seriously impaired. With little or no light to illuminate the way, the individual may feel depressed or even suicidal, but he does not project his own mood onto the rest of humanity, wondering why half the world's population does not commit suicide. The sunless state is for himself alone ("Everyone else seems to lead reasonably contented and successful lives but myself. Fate grudges only to me the happiness it grants others"), and he retains, on the whole, a balanced view of the outside world. In contrast, *Natrum muriaticum* cannot see but through his distorted lens; when sad himself, he senses nothing but sadness and unhappiness around him. Every aspect of existence seems burdened, and he believes that "bleakness" is universal to this planet (P1).

Physical pain can be one reason for a sunless emotional state, and it is noteworthy that *Aurum metallicum* is the only remedy listed in the third degree under the small "despair from pain" rubric in Kent's Repertory. Thus, one finds *Aurum* patients wishing to "cut off" or "pluck out" the offending part—or even to end their own lives.

A young woman, highly intolerant of all allopathic medication, had for many years suffered from excruciatingly painful sinuses. Following any respiratory affliction, the infection migrated to her vulnerable sinuses and there settled. The episodes recurred with every cold spell and invariably persisted for several days—and

especially nights. Moreover, the various homoeopathic remedies prescribed granted the patient only partial relief.

That which eventually guided the physician to *Aurum metallicum* was the woman's only half-jesting, reiterated assertion that one of these days, in her physical agony, she just might do something drastic "like jump out of a window or shoot myself." Certainly (she insisted) if, during one of the more severe attacks, some divine being were to come to her and offer her a choice between life and death, she would unhesitatingly opt for the latter—simply to escape future bouts of pain.

The remedy, possessing as it does an affinity for the bones, and notably those of the nasal cavity (cf. Boger), diminished the frequency and, best of all, the intensity of the episodes— and put an end to all suicidal thoughts.

Physical stress or mental anxiety can spark off an additional aspect of the sunless disposition: "dispirited ill-humor" (Hahnemann). Typical here was the discontented, embittered middle-aged man who, because he considered his life a failure, was alternately "sulky" (Hahnemann) or contentious in the home. After receiving *Aurum* for his physical complaint—a testicular soreness, especially marked in the evenings—he took up chess (a hobby he had for many years neglected) and judo, and left off squabbling incessantly with his immediate and extended family.

A "quarrelsome, choleric, irascible disposition, [also] excessive anger when thwarted or contradicted" (cf. Hahnemann, Hering, and others) are characteristics hardly unique to individuals of this constitution—thus need not be lingered on here. One feature worthy of attention, however, is that in even the pettiest of family squabbles, *Aurum's* immediate reaction is to assemble a faction to back him. In the same way that a ruler's response to a territorial dispute is to recruit an army to support his position, so the type sets about enlisting the loyalty of everyone concerned, even if only remotely. Indeed, his one great dread—that of forfeiting his supporters' loyalty—is reflected in the listing "he believes he has lost the love of others, and this mortifies him ..." (Hahnemann). Although this last would appear to be a fairly common symptom, curiously, under the rubric "delusion of having lost the affection of friends," Kent lists only *Aurum metallicum* and the little known Brazilian spurge, Hura.

Predictably, a sunless state can be brought on by a goldless state, and problems related to the almighty dollar lie at the root of many an *Aurum*—requiring patient's depression. The cause of dejection can be "loss of property" (Kent) or disappointed hopes of inheritance; or sometimes he finds himself in pecuniary straits, having lost his job. Any form of monetary loss can give rise to *Aurum* pathology, especially when coupled with anxieties about the financial future. However, even if the type is "oriented towards money" (Hubbard), he is not avaricious (significantly, this remedy is not listed under this rubric in Kent's Repertory). On the contrary, often he is generous by nature (cf. "Generosity"). The assumption that the possession of wealth brings happiness does not pass unmodified in his understanding, but in his experience money does supply a sense of respectability, self-worth, prestige—and he will spend it to this end. Thus, a severe blow to this aspect of his life might well upset the mental balance of even a more sophisticated and rational *Aurum*.

To take one historic example (already noted by Hubbard): undoubtedly it was an *Aurum* anguish that drove the Wall Street stockbrokers, during the Great Stock Exchange Crash of 1929, to commit suicide by hurling themselves out skyscraper windows ("desperate desire to jump from a height": Hering).

If the law of similars holds true universally, *Aurum metallicum* is bound to operate on more levels than one for individuals in financial crisis. A single working

mother who was employed in an art bookstore was on the verge of losing her job. She was in the grip of an *Aurum* anxiety, unable to envisage any break in the dark cloud threatening her. Six weeks after receiving the remedy in high potency, she walked into the office looking confident, cheerful, and with face aglow. "That *Aurum metallicum* you prescribed me was truly miraculous! A quite transformed person stands before you. It's amazing how the simillimum works."

"Ah, yes," the physician murmured sanctimoniously, "the remedies do help us perceive how the trials we are forced to undergo, pecuniary or other, are sent to us for spiritual growth and to--"

"That's not exactly what I meant."

"What, then, do you mean?"

"Something much more concrete. Three days after I took the remedy, there dropped into my lap a golden opportunity to take charge of the art section in a large bookstore." She then threw out a challenging, "Try to explain that!"

The physician did not profess to explain; but ever since that day, holding to the premise that gold attracts gold, he would, on the scantiest symptomatological pretext, prescribe *Aurum* to patients in monetary distress.

A drawn-out legal battle, where financial fears compound with uncertainty as to outcome, disappointed expectations, and resentment ("Why is this happening to me?"), is another circumstance that is likely to promote a sunless outlook.

In Dickens's *Bleak House*, we see the psychological effects of such a lawsuit. In as subtle a delineation of character as he has ever drawn, Dickens shows the gradual transformation of the happy, carefree, affectionate *Phosphorus* Richard Carlson (who has unwisely pinned his hopes of wealth on the outcome of *Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce*, which has been dragging on for decades) into all, embittered, self-condemning *Aurum metallicum*. In his disappointment at the outcome of the case, the devastated Carlson virtually wills himself into a decline and death.

A case from clinical practice was the patient who was clearly being defrauded by a large and ostensibly prestigious investment firm, to which he had entrusted all his money. He had initiated a suit against the firm, and the expensive, protracted litigation was taking its toll upon his health. He could endure insomnia and episodic internal trembling, but when midway through the proceedings he developed a toothache in all, apparently healthy molar, which radiated along the entire upper jaw, he judged it time to consult the family homoeopath.

At first *Staphysagria* was prescribed, as the most obvious remedy for "toothache after vexation" (Kent), also for pain brought on by indignation ("I trusted the firm with my hard-earned money, and this is the way they repay my trust!"), mortification ("How could I have allowed myself to be duped for so long? How stupid I've been! I can't believe I didn't realize what was going on!"), and anger at the affront ("The worms! The snakes!-But why insult reptiles? Better say, the scum! The slime! The sleazeballs!"). But the remedy proved ineffectual. *Nux vomica* was resorted to next, when the patient described the nausea, with the desire but inability to vomit, from any contact with the dishonest representatives of the firm, also for "toothache after anger" (Kent) and for ailments brought on by the strain of a protracted lawsuit ("has not slept for nearly a fortnight, brooding all night long over a lawsuit": Hering), Still without success.

The more traditional offensive having misfired, the physician next thought himself of *Aurum metallicum*— not only because of the remedy's "anger with trembling" (Kent) and its *Staphysagria*— like rankling resentment ("He becomes angry when thinking of some absent person": Hahnemann) but also its *Nux*- like

sensitivity and fastidiousness (P2). *Nux vomica* is often physically unable to interact with anything abhorrent to his moral sensibilities—a characteristic he shares with Ignatia ("He who toucheth pitch shall be defiled": Ecclesiastes), and *Aurum* can exhibit the same feelings of defilement from interaction with unscrupulous individuals. Moreover, this patient's sense of powerlessness and defeat in the face of so much blatant dishonesty was reminiscent of Hahnemann's "dispirited and despondent; he thinks that everything goes awkwardly with him and nothing will succeed with him."

In retrospect, the remedy was obvious. And infrequent doses of *Aurum* 200c, whenever the tooth began to flare up and his spirits to sink ("What does it matter if I do win this suit if, in the process, I lose my house, my health, my peace of mind— and my tooth, I've rashly taken on a larger challenge than I can handle. At best, it will be a pyrrhic victory"), strengthened the patient's self-confidence sufficiently to enable him to hold to his original resolution of prosecuting the embezzlers to the fullest extent of the law.*

Finally, it is entirely appropriate that an *Aurum* state should be met with during the setting of the sun of life, and the advance of night, and a fitting parallel can be drawn between old age and the physical degeneration observed in the *Aurum metallicum* picture. Writes Boericke in his introduction to the remedy:

Given full play, Aurum develops in the organism by attacking the blood, glands, and bones ... and it is just for such deterioration of the bodily fluids and alterations in the tissues that it assumes great importance as a remedy.

A waning of the mental as well as the physical powers ("weakness of memory; feels stupid; inability to reflect; prostration of soul and body") may well contribute to a darkened outlook ("great despondency of spirits [in] old age")— as may also the transition from autonomy and self-sufficiency to a humiliating dependence. In an intrinsically proud person such a demotion may cause increased touchiness ("hurt feelings, extreme disposition to be offended"), discontent ("constant complaining"), ill-humor ("disposed to grumble and quarrel"), and an all-round hopelessness ("despair of self and others": all the above quotations are from Hering). At times the gold deficient elderly patient may simply be taking too hard the inevitable consequences of old age. After having enjoyed a degree of influence, respect, and perhaps even worldly acclaim, he finds himself superfluous. He then wishes for release from this life ("weary of life": Hering; "longs for death": Hahnemann) and feels affronted when Fate does not grant him this blessed respite.

A still— active old man had been gently but firmly directed towards retirement from a financial firm in which he had been employed for almost half a century. He had done himself well over the years and had retired to a beautiful home in the country. But before the year was out he had gotten himself into an *Aurum* state of despondency. Disappointed in his children ("all they are interested in is my money"), bored with his wife, feeling of no use whatsoever to humanity, he grew irritable, surly, and uncommunicative. Even though his house was situated on a five— acre estate, with a liberal supply of domestic and outdoor help, he grumbled that the world was grossly overpopulated, that all sense of service had long ago disappeared from it, that people were only out to enjoy themselves and to gratify their immediate desires ("censorious . . . and reproachful of others": Hering). Altogether, he concluded, the

*Furthermore, yet another instance of the homoeopathic principle that gold will attract gold presented itself. Following soon upon the patient's receipt of *Aurum metallicum*, sound financial backing came to him, from an unexpected source, to help defray the high cost of litigation.

sooner he left this earth, the better it would be for all concerned. Given his robust constitution, however, his departure did not seem imminent, and he knew not how to hasten it ("life is a burden to him": Hering).

Being of a self-contained disposition, the patient did not voice these latter thoughts to anyone save his homoeopath, but his laudable self-restraint did not diminish his pessimism, nor did it alleviate his dread of the empty years stretching out before him. An additional trial was the cold, dark Vermont winter, during which time he was unable to work in his garden—the one activity which offered him some solace.

It took but one dose of *Aurum* 200c to initiate a material change in the patient's attitude and help him find a new purpose to life: setting himself up as a freelance accountant and financial advisor to the local inhabitants on a generous pay-as-you-can basis. This occupation provided interest enough to wipe away the long winter months.

Another variant of the remedy's powers was the case of failing artistic inspiration. A man in his late sixties sought homoeopathic assistance for a number of minor physical ailments and, mentally, for a crushing melancholy. He had been a writer of renown, publishing several well—received works of fiction. But now, even though his artistic drive was as strong as ever, he suddenly found himself devoid of ideas and without the imaginative strength to conjure up plots and characters for a novel ("mental labor affects him; he feels very much exhausted": Hahnemann). *Aurum* 30c was prescribed, to be taken whenever the physical symptoms rendered it necessary. Eventually, the patient was able to muster up sufficient mental energy to apply himself to a nonfiction book of random thoughts and reminiscences—an occupation which brought him contentment ("the thinking faculty is more acute and the memory more faithful [curative effect]": Hahnemann).

Naturally, every *Aurum* geriatric case is different. But when the original sun-like vitality begins to wane—whatever the patient's present circumstances or past history (a patient may indeed have received more than his fair share of blows from fortune), or however bleak are his future prospects—gold ("a substance that gladdens and preserves the body in youth"*) in its potentized form has, time and again, been the means of brightening the declining years.

The Heart of the Remedy:

In the occult science of astrology, the sun (center of our solar system) is designated as the ruler of the heart (center of man's physical and emotional being); and, by extension of this image, gold becomes associated with the heart. Certainly, in prosaic clinical reality, not only do cardiovascular disorders figure largely in the symptomatology of homoeopathic gold but, more relevant to our thesis, in the *Aurum* picture one encounters a number of features that are traditionally vested in the heart. The heart has always been regarded as the seat of the affections and, strong intellect notwithstanding, *Aurum's* heart can be over susceptible, excessively vulnerable, and easily overwhelmed. This facet of the remedy is frequently observed in cases of romantic love ("ailments from disappointed love": Hering). For, what familiar life situation excites more the feelings of "hopelessness" (Hering), self-worthlessness, and suicidal despair than a thwarted or unrequited romantic passion? What other emotion leaves its victims more desolate ("feeling as if lost": Kent), more resolutely convinced that no change of circumstances, environment, or occupation will ever dissipate the settled gloom?

*Quoted from an eighth century Arabic source by Hahnemann, in the introduction to his *Aurum* chapter.

A case in point was the young man whose whole world collapsed when his girlfriend of several years' standing packed her suitcase one day and walked out the door.

Like the mythical Orpheus who could not envisage life without his Eurydice and who descends into the underworld, there in the cold and sunless regions of death to look for her, so this patient was unable to conceive of a continued existence bereft of his beloved. However, unlike Orpheus, who turned his grief into such beautiful song that the wild beasts and the very trees and rocks wept and the river stilled its gurgling to listen to his lament,* this particular victim of the divine emotion began frequenting a therapist three times a week where, at vast expense, he poured out his anguish.

But even that was insufficient outlet for his grief, and, within his family circle, he talked of suicide so incessantly ("excessive anguish even to self-destruction": Hering) that his father, in a fit of exasperation, curtly ordered him to do so— or hold his peace. The young man's mother offered him more constructive advice. She urged him to try homoeopathy as an adjunct to his counseling sessions and an alternative to antidepressants.

The son decided to follow her advice and was given two doses of *Aurum* 50M, one dose to take now, and one to hold in case the suicidal impulse overpowered him in the future. The way the sufferer, a week later, described the medicine's action was revealing:

It is as if I had been wandering about in darkness for weeks; but about sixty seconds after I took the remedy, a small electric bulb switched on inside my head. Sometimes it flickers and seems about to extinguish, and I panic at the thought. But then it stabilizes again. I feel that as long as even this tiny bulb stays lighted, I can make it.

The patient carried the SOS remedy in his pocket for many months. But perhaps the mere comfort of possession obviated the need to resort to it again.

Admittedly, most *Aurum* victims of disappointed love do not present as openly acknowledged a picture of emotional devastation as did this patient. The homoeopathic literature rightly emphasizes the type's reserve. When dejected he tends more to "taciturnity and a desire for solitude" (Hering). Unlike *Phosphorus*, *Pulsatilla*, or *Arsenicum album* in distress, the grieving *Aurum*, as a rule, is not one to corral an audience to bear witness to his grief or to seek numerous counselors to advise him. But occasionally even this essentially private individual cannot contain his sorrow.

Rather than cite multiple examples of the lovesick *Aurum*, it might prove of greater benefit to compare and differentiate its picture from that of *Ignatia*. For, although the potentized gold diverges widely in nature from the potentized St. Ignatius bean, in affairs of the heart it finds its closest parallel with the more highly strung and intrinsically more fragile *Ignatia*.

Ignatia feels every bit as lost and despairing as *Aurum*, as convinced that no happiness or meaning in life can ever again exist beyond one's loss; and the type displays an even stronger obliteration of self (P2). Moreover (and this is significant to both), in the wake of heartbreak, they have the same propensity to immolate themselves on the altar of romantic passion by trying to make the object of their love as large as (i.e., worthy of) their own immense grief—thereby exacerbating and prolonging their unhappy state.

*Orpheus' dirge "I have lost my Eurydice, / Here on earth I'm left alone. / Where shall I turn, now she is gone? /How can I live without my love?" has been immortalized by Gluck.

But although equally longing for death, the suffering *Ignatia* is not as strongly or as dangerously suicidal. The remedy is not to be found in Kent under that rubric. She (for it is usually a woman) might fall into a debilitating illness (Marianne Dashwood in Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*), pine away and die (the heroine of Henry James's *Daisy Miller*), or, in the worst scenario, lose her reason (Nancy Rufford in Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*), but it is *Aurum* who is more likely to take fate into his (or her) own hands.

Thus, *Aurum metallicum*, rather than *Ignatia*, is Rosanna Spearman in Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone*. The plain-looking maidservant suffers from an utterly hopeless passion for the handsome, charming, high-born hero of the book, Franklin Blake who, however, "takes no more notice of her than of the cat.*. Compounding the futility of Rosanna's love is the fact that she is a reformed thief, who despairs of ever blotting out the stain upon her character ("she thinks that she is irretrievably lost": Hahnemann). The deliberateness, resolution, and (if one can employ the word in this connection) intelligence with which Rosanna conceives and carries out her suicide, taking into account the various possible developments that might arise from the loss of the moonstone, is a far cry from the behavior of a lovesick *Ignatia*.**

Not only sorrow from romantic love, but living with any heartrending sorrow may call for *Aurum* ("ailments from grief": Hering). A middle-aged school teacher suffered from headaches, pressure in the left ear, and a persistent bronchial cough. There was an undefinable sense of tragedy or sadness underlying, reminiscent of *Lachesis* or *Natrum muriaticum*, respectively. Yet neither remedy fit her overall picture well. Only when she volunteered that she had some two dozen stray dogs and cats living in her house and that she worked with helping animals (changing the legislation with regards to cruel traps and animal testing, or improving their treatment in gambling sports and shelters) did the *Aurum* picture emerge. There is so much suffering entailed when trying, on a large scale, to help animals that a sensitive person is bound to begin to suffer in empathy himself.

Another form of loss related to the affections and attachments that called for *Aurum* to gladden the cheerless heart was the case of a thirteen-year-old girl who seemed unable to recover from her parents' divorce. The family breakup two years earlier was especially painful in that her father, to whom she was especially attached, had immediately remarried, moved away to another region of the country, and was now the father of a baby boy. Having been, until now, an only child, and first in the hearts of both parents, she felt profoundly injured— and adamantly refused to visit her father and his new family over Christmas and spring vacations; yet neither was she happy living with her mother, nor at school amongst her peers; and there was not a soul she would talk to about her grief ("silently brooding": Kent).

*"You had come across my weary life like a beam of sunshine [Rosanna writes in a posthumous letter to Franklin Blake) ... Something that felt like the happy life I had never led yet leaped up in me the instant I set eyes on you ... I was mad enough to love you ... If you had known how I used to cry at night with the misery and mortification of your never taking any notice of me, you would have pitied me, perhaps, and have given me a look now and then to live on ... "

These sentiments are similar to *Ignatia*, but in *Aurum*, they take a different direction.

**No more *Ignatia* is Mr. Rochester (in *Jane Eyre*), who, suicidally disposed when thwarted in love (earlier in life he contemplates and nearly commits suicide, and later he deliberately courts death in a rash and dangerous act), is an archetypal *Aurum* (cf. the later discussion of Mr. Rochester).

She was brought to a homoeopath ostensibly for her occasional leg pains at night, but in reality because of the mother's concern about her daughter's persistent melancholic mood. The physician would probably have opted for *Natrum muriaticum* or *Staphysagria*, for implacably nursing a grievance, were it not for an idiosyncratic temperature modality that *Aurum* shares with *Hepar sulphuricum*: a craving for cold (air or water) which invariably aggravates or brings on illness.* For instance, as a child, it was impossible to drag her out of the cold water. She would shiver and turn blue from chill and inevitably develop a nasty head or chest cold that would keep her bedridden for a week—yet she refused to learn better. Even now, when older, such an elation did she derive from cold that she would run out bareheaded, barefoot, or insufficiently clothed in winter—and reap the dire consequences.

Sulphur has the same propensity to brave the cold air and water, but unlike *Hepar sulphuricum* and *Aurum*, he can get away scot-free with such injudicious escapades as walking barefoot in the snow or swimming off the coast of Maine in October or May.

Shortly after receiving *Aurum*, the young girl agreed to fly out West, when school ended in June, to visit her new family. She returned from her trip with a sunnier perspective, conceding that her little brother was "real cute" and that California was "real interesting," but adding that she was "real happy to return to her real home" and that "living with Mummy was real nice." She even managed a brave smile as she concluded, "And I now realize that I'm really better off than before. I used to have one unhappy home and now I have two real happy ones."

Aurum's capacity to strengthen the morale extends, naturally, to all living creatures. For instance, the remedy proved of invaluable assistance to a German shepherd who, his masters moving to England, had to be placed in rabies quarantine for six months. There he refused to eat, practically did not drink, and was visibly pining away. *Ignatia* having failed to help him, he was given *Aurum* 30c (whenever he was visited by his masters) to help him endure the sunless state brought on by their absence.

These last two cases introduce one of the most important roles of the homoeopathic gold as a healing agent.

Courage is another attribute traditionally assigned to the heart. Consider the expressions "faint-heartedness" or "loss of heart"; or the reverse, possessing "the heart of a lion." Thus, an *Aurum metallicum* imbalance in the system may indeed manifest as "pusillanimity" (Hahnemann).

This is not to suggest that the type's fears are necessarily unwarranted or reprehensible. Loss of heart arising from grief or desertion is reasonable—as are apprehensions and fearful doubts in times of stress and confusion. Nevertheless, the fact remains that *Aurum* has, in times of hardship, fortified many a patient's failing morale and has infused courage into the poor-in-spirit.

A clear-cut instance of the remedy's action was observed in a woman, still young, who, against her own wishes, had recently separated from her husband and had been obliged to move out of her house to a neighboring town. Compounding her depression was a fearfulness of being on her own in an unfamiliar situation and environment. Constitutionally, she was an alloy of a dependent *Pulsatilla* and a homebody *Calcarea carbonica*, and her fear manifested itself in heart palpitations and internal

*Hence, one encounters contradictory listings for *Aurum*: "cold water ameliorates pain; worse warm air" (Hering); "cold ameliorates; cold aggravates" (Kent); "worse cold; better cool (or) cold bathing" (Boger); "worse in cold weather" (Boericke); "he is warm-blooded, better in cold weather," (Hubbard); and so forth.

trembling, and a dread of stirring from her apartment— or even from her bedroom and her bed. On this last, she took her meals, conducted her business by telephone or mail, and would sit quaking when entertaining the few family members that she could force herself to receive ("disposed to shun people; if meeting someone it gives him a nervous trembling": Hering).

Pulsatilla, *Calcarea carbonica*, and *Ignatia* having failed to still her trembling or quiet her palpitations— and *Aconite* and *Arsenicum album* to abate her fears— the physician hesitated how to proceed. The woman had, however, mentioned that her breath was bad—a symptom she had not experienced since early adolescence ("foul breath [of] girls at puberty": Hering). Clutching at this slender straw for want of more solid symptomatological evidence, *Aurum* 1M was prescribed (and repeated) with gratifying results.

In hindsight, it was evident that guilt and shame for her failed marriage were significant components of the woman's fears and reclusive tendencies. This symptom, so often encountered in earnest, responsible persons after a divorce, fitted well *Aurum metallicum's* scrupulous conscience and "feeling as if she had committed a wrong" (Hering).

A second instance of acquisition of courage was the woman who, even without being necessitous, was clinging to a financial planning job she disliked because she had no idea what to do instead and feared going independent. Several months after receiving *Aurum*, she decided to take the plunge and set up in a business of her own, along lines more congenial with her desire to help less affluent people with sound professional advice.

Aurum's infusion of courage took a more unusual turn in the young musician who had a passion for (of all instruments) the bassoon. As it chanced, she lived in a city where all the bassoon teachers were male, and, unfortunately for her, she was as susceptible to the charms of every bassoon teacher as she was to the beauties of the instrument itself. She had to keep changing teachers to preserve her sanity, but after a series of heartbreaks, she was brought to a point of despair. On the one hand, she could not give up that which was for her almost literally, as well as figuratively, the breath of life, yet on the other hand, she could not continue subjecting herself to the repeated trauma of unrequited love. Surely all this suffering was too great a penalty to pay— even for mastering the bassoon.

Aurum metallicum 10M was selected, in part for the dread of every music lesson (her idiosyncratic version of the remedy's "dread of men": Hering), in part for the love that she bore for all beautiful music, and the profound happiness she derived there from. Viewed archetypally, in Greek mythology "golden-haired" Apollo with his "golden" lyre was the god of music as well as of the sun. Taking a strictly homoeopathic approach, one finds that under the Boger rubric "music ameliorates," *Tarentula* (quite inappropriate to this case) and *Aurum* are the only two remedies listed.

Upon receipt of the remedy a curious change took place. It did not exactly cure the patient of her weakness for male bassoonists, but she began to question whether, given her own considerable musical abilities, she needed any teacher at all. Could she not continue to develop her musical skills on her own, and only occasionally seek out a "listening ear" to critique her performance and guide her to material for study? "After all," she commented, "faint heart never won fair lady. If I'm to become a superior performer, I must gain confidence in my own judgment and talent— and succeed by my own independent efforts."

Half a year later, her faintheartedness had been so dispelled that she had now formulated a whole philosophy to support her newly acquired independence. "Somehow we students imbibe the idea that teachers are indispensable to help us become great musicians. But they can actually do very little. They can act as short-term guides or as initial inspiration. And that is all!"

Still not to try *Aurum* too far, this independent young lady of enlightened understanding would, henceforth, be careful to select no listening ear who was (as she put it) "more attractive than a stoat." Moreover, she continued to require infrequent doses of the remedy until her real *simillimum* came along (i.e., she fell happily in love with a weedy— looking oboist).

At times the *Aurum* pusillanimity reflects a lack of faith in a higher and wiser destiny: an inability to "let go— and let God." An illustration was the patient subject to asthma attacks who, at first glance, appeared to call for *Arsenicum album*.* The remedy, however, was administered with little discernible results, and the homoeopath was debating what medicine to move on to next when the man's wife became pregnant.

This had not been planned. On the contrary, the patient had always adamantly refused to assume the responsibility of children under any condition. His wife, however, refused to terminate her pregnancy—and the patient went all to pieces. His asthma was exacerbated and so great was his despair that to his wife's horror, he begun talking of suicide. Certainly, he repeatedly threatened to leave her, promised to contribute nothing to the support of the child, and vowed that he would never love it. Because over the ages gold has proven its value in asthma ("Gold is exceptionally useful in asthma," writes the eleventh century physician Avicenna, as quoted by Hahnemann) and because this faint-spirited individual truly needed courage to confront the enormous (for him) challenge, *Aurum* 200c was prescribed, to be repeated as needed. As the asthma improved, a gratifying emotional change took place in this man of little faith. He no longer talked of leaving his wife or ending his life; he would, upon occasion, condescend to pat her rounding belly; and as further proof of submission to the decrees of Fate, he discussed with her his theories on child-rearing.

That it took his wife's pregnancy to guide the physician to the *simillimum* for the asthma, which also infused courage, confirms the poet Cowper's assertion that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

In a mysterious way indeed!—and, when operating under the guise of homoeopathy, in a capricious way as well. Many years later, a patient consulted the same homoeopath for swollen testicles and an undiagnosed node in his right inguinal area. He received first *Lycopodium*, next *Conium*, next *Thuja*— all without visible improvement. Then his girlfriend accidentally became pregnant and he was reduced to a state of pitiful dread and anxiety at this unexpected turn of events. Children had always been a hotly debated issue between the two, so that although the woman miscarried, the question still loomed large in their relationship. Meanwhile, the

*Two hours before the appointed office visit, the patient-to-be, who had been given careful instructions on how to reach the physician's office, called from the vicinity, full of anxiety, "I'm near the airport. I'm sitting in my car, speaking from my cellular phone. Could you please tell me exactly how to get to the public library (near which the doctor's office was located)." Then half-an-hour later, "I'm at the public library, still in my car, speaking from my cellular phone. How do I get to your office on Main Street?" And shortly thereafter, there was another call from the cellular phone, "I'm sitting in my car in front of a building which says 'Medical Offices.' I went up to the front door but could not find your name next to the bell. Where do I go from here?" (It was an almost irresistible temptation to reply, "Keeping a/inn grasp on your cellular phone, come up the steps and push open the door.")

And to corroborate further the *Arsenicum* picture, there was a phone call the next day announcing, "I'm sitting at my desk. I've just taken the remedy. What next?"

pregnancy had triggered the physician's memory of the similar case three decades earlier, and spurred him to prescribe *Aurum* 1M. The physical symptoms responded to a degree immediately, but more to the purpose was that two days after receiving the remedy, the patient made the bold decision (considering the dynamics of their relationship) not to cling onto his jewel of a partner, but give her an opportunity to find a partner who wanted children. Showing himself newly fair minded and conscientious, the man understood that although separation would be painful, it would be a generous move on his part.

All That Glitters:

Gold is, notoriously, the source of illusions beyond number, and, homoeopathically, it stands to reason that, precisely because the precious metal casts such a spell over humanity, it should, in its potentized form, be able to break that spell--indeed, help to loosen the fetters of many forms of "enchantment."

For instance, *Aurum* assists persons who have been captivated by the "star" personality of an individual (lover, spouse, teacher, friend, colleague, who in some way raises hopes that cannot be fulfilled or tacitly promises what cannot be delivered) to arrive at a more realistic assessment of their "captor's" true nature. The remedy is also able to mitigate the painful aftermaths of disillusionment, whether illusion assumes materialistic form, as worship of the Golden Calf, or takes a romantic direction; whether it is a belief that another can bestow on one the gift of talent or the conviction that as long as man does his duty by God, his country, his family, and his health, he should be able to control his own destiny.

Furthermore, in its role of illuminating that something currently dear to one's heart is not the *summum bonum* of existence or essential to one's life happiness, *Aurum metallicum* may help a person come to an emotional acceptance (in contradistinction to a purely intellectual understanding) that all that glitters is not gold.

Being taken in by glitter was undeniably a factor in the depressed spirits of a high school student who had ardently wished to be accepted into the most high-toned girls' clique in her class-- but failed. Being reasonable, she understood perfectly well, that this was not the end of the world. But still the rejection affected her self-respect and threatened to blight her much-looked-forward-to senior year. Since she was habitually of a cheerful disposition and otherwise healthy, at first no remedy presented itself as the obvious simillimum. It is simple enough to recognize *Aurum metallicum* in cases of acute despair, but quite a different matter to pinpoint it in ordinary life disappointments.

The homoeopath ultimately lit on *Aurum* for the sole reason that he had, in the past, successfully prescribed the remedy to the girl's mother for her heart palpitations, liver pains, and depression stemming from disillusionment. She had quit an interesting, pleasant job for one more glamorous and highly paid--only to find it came with absolute drudgery and an impossible employer ("I hate my work and my boss hates me. If I could, I'd go back to my old job tomorrow"). Judging that the apple does not fall far from the tree, *Aurum* was prescribed--and did assist the girl to place into proper emotional perspective the dubious honor of being embraced by a snobbish clique.

Aurum also helped to bring a measure of solace to the college professor of philology, who seemed content to ply his trade without *éclat* (it is hard, for that matter, to conceive of glamour in philology), yet who felt surprisingly worthless when his own university press rejected for publication his doctoral dissertation. True, it

dealt with some obscure branch of etymology, but he knew it to be a solid, if somewhat esoteric, piece of scholarship and a valuable contribution in his particular field.

"It's no good telling myself that my response is unreasonable. That as long as I know that I'm doing good work and contributing to the advancement of knowledge, I should be satisfied. The truth of the matter is I desire for others to recognize it, too." And he went on to explain that this failure was somehow characteristic. If ever he attempted to receive wider honor and recognition as a scholar, he was thwarted at every turn.

The Bible tells us that all worldly acclaim is vanity, and that it profiteth man little to gain the whole world if he loses his soul. But a remedy that helps patients to acknowledge, *by more than mere reason*, the insignificance of worldly esteem is a near miracle!

This is not to say that *Aurum metallicum* exclusively, or more than other constitutional types, gets infected with the conviction he must acquire some particular honor, acclaim, or material good—or perish in the attempt. It is just to reiterate that an *Aurum* melancholic state is often induced by failure to bring off a desired event or attain one's heart's desire.*

On the other hand, there is something to be said for the harboring of illusions. *Aurum* was successfully prescribed to a victim of chronic depression, with morning headaches and elevated blood pressure, who, during the office visit, admitted that he could forgive another person anything if he, or she, could make him laugh, and temporarily make the world seem a pleasant place in which to live. "It's a weakness in me, I admit, to imagine that a merry, witty person is also a worthy one," he explained. "And it has led me to trust thoroughly untrustworthy persons. But far better a few illusions, I think, than just becoming embittered-and shriveling up like a grape left on the vine."

At that time, the physician in charge of the case was in the process of training a preceptee and was delighted with what appeared to be a textbook case pointing unequivocally to *Natrum muriaticum*. At great length and with much eloquence, he expatiated to his student on the type's particular susceptibility to the healing properties of humor and laughter, which alone are able to help him surmount his settled bleakness and otherwise impregnable isolation (P1). Unfortunately, regardless of changes of potencies and frequency of repetition, *Natrum muriaticum* brought about no observable improvement in the patient's condition, and the utterly mortified physician (who had to shed his illusion that there are any certainties in homoeopathy) was driven to his books to study arid reassess the case. It was Hering's listing "better from entertainment," combined with the well-recognized fact that the potentized gold, like the potentized salt, is one of the most effective homoeopathic medicines for hypertension (cf. Boericke) that tipped him off to the curative *Aurum metallicum*.

Parenthetically, falling for the glitter instead of valuing true gold finds a curious parallel in one physical symptom. *Aurum's* particular type of hemiopia may take the form of seeing only the top half of objects ("lower lost": Kent), which could

*This mentality is caricatured in Mark Twain's *Roughing It*—a book that deals precisely with the "fever" that infected the gold and silver prospectors during the middle of the last century, who hoped to strike it rich overnight. In a passage that could stand as a metaphor for the entire Gold Rush mentality, Twain describes how, caught up in the frenzied spirit of the times, he was driven to acquire, at all costs, a Genuine Mexican Plug.

I did not know what a Genuine Mexican Plug was, but there was something about his man's way of saying it, that made me swear inwardly that I would own a Genuine Mexican Plug, or die ...

be viewed as symbolic of a propensity to judge people, opportunities, and situations superficially—that is, by the glitter of appearances.*

In conclusion, a failed case can be instructive, too. *Aurum* appeared to be the remedy for the "tedium vitae" (Hering) of an elderly arthritic. He was a former city dweller who had retired to the country in Upstate New York. Unfortunately, every time he came for a return visit to his homoeopath and was asked whether his symptoms or spirits were improved, he would reply, "Not in the slightest. However, my life is so empty and meaningless that my physical condition makes little difference. What's the point of living anyway?"

"Well, as long as one's stuck with life, one might as well enjoy it. And is it not beautiful where you live-surrounded by nature? Lake George is said to be one of the loveliest spots and—"

"But nature is so boring! Beauty is boring! It's so passive. So, I've seen Lake George—what then? What do I do with it now? And my windows look out on rolling pastures with a few sheep in them. But, as is often the case with sheep, there's not much going on. I appreciate the trouble you've taken, but I see now that homoeopathy can really do nothing to help me. I'm going to have to take the matter into my own hands."

It was quite some time before the physician next heard from this patient, who eventually called simply to inform him that, although he had to take painkillers for his arthritis, his spirits had never been better.

"What was the remedy?"

"Waving goodbye to the dream that a born and bred Manhattanite can live happily in the depth of the country. Give me the crowds, noise, pollution, and the false glitter of New York City any day! I moved back to a ground floor apartment in Greenwich Village and realize that this beats all beauty. So what if I'm breathing almost pure carbon monoxide? It is a small enough price to pay for never having to look at Lake George—or another sheep—again."

"Know thyself" the philosophers instruct us. This patient's self knowledge rendered even homoeopathic assistance unnecessary.

Forging of a Soul:

Gold, in the refining process, is subjected to intense heat: first in a fire assay, to separate the precious metal from the dross, and then again when it is melted down, so as to be forged into an object of beauty and imperishable value. And one of the proven roles of homoeopathic gold is to assist persons who appear to be passing through a fiery ordeal in the process of moral refinement.

Needless to say, the forging of every soul is a lengthy, involved, and arduous procedure that involves a certain amount of hardship and suffering. But there is a veritable Job—like flavor to *Aurum's* particular trials. It is as if this already strong and righteous individual must have his faith and integrity tested further—must undergo a series of fire assays for spiritual growth. (The redoubled material prosperity that Job is eventually restored to presumably stands as a metaphor for enlightenment since gold, one recalls from alchemical and ancient religious lore, has ever represented the highest state of spiritual attainment.)

*Whitmont has pointed out the reverse as well. A hemiopia that sees only the bottom half of objects ("upper lost": Kent), he considers a metaphor for the type's proclivity to see the dark side—"the underside"—of things.

Edward Rochester, hero of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, is, like Job, another sorely tried *Aurum* soul. To emerge worthy of his prize, the proud, wealthy, willful Rochester, who did not stop at deceit to further his own ends, must first submit in all humility to the laws of man and God. He quite literally passes through the furnace in his suicidal act of courage, trying to save his mad wife from a burning building— from which he emerges physically maimed and blind (symbolic, of course, of the dissolution of the gross physical body in the course of arriving at a higher spirituality). Once purged of the baser elements of his nature, however, he is free to attain the "pure in spirit" *Jane Eyre*.

Equally prototypical of *Aurum*, and more realistic than the legendary Job or the fiercely over-romanticized Rochester, is the moral refining of twelve-year-old Jody Baxter in Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's *The Yearling*. The forging process is especially poignant in that it entails passing from the security and carefree happiness he enjoyed as a child to the heavy responsibilities he must shoulder as an adult.

In the course of shedding his childhood illusions and confronting life in all its harshness, Jody is forced to undergo a series of severe losses, culminating in the most heartbreaking trial of all. Ordered by his bedridden father to shoot his pet deer, Flag (the yearling who cannot be prevented from eating the Baxters' crops), Jody, in his anguish, runs away from home and nearly dies of exhaustion and starvation. The final scene of the book portrays Penny Baxter addressing his son (just returned home after his near-suicidal attempt to escape from his *Aurum* grief) in the following words:

"You've done come back different. You've taken a punishment. You ain't a yearling no longer, Jody ... I'm goin' to talk to you, man to man. You figured I went back on you. Now there's a thing ever'man has got to know. Mebbe you know it a'ready. 'Twn't only me. 'Twn't only your yearlin' deer havin' to be destroyed. Boy, life goes back on you ... "

"You've seed how things goes in the world o' men. Ever' man wants life to be fine thing and easy. 'Tis fine, boy, powerful fine, but 'tain't easy. Life knocks a man down and he gits up and it knocks him down agin ... I've wanted to spare you, long as I could. I wanted you to frolic with your yearlin'. I knowed the lonesomeness he eased for you. But ever' man's lonesome. What's he to do then? What's he to do when he gits knocked down? Why, take it for his share and go on ... "

[Jody] went to his room and closed the door ... He woked off his tattered shirt and breeches and climbed in under the warm quilts ... He found himself listening for something. It was the sound of the yearling for which he listened, running around the house or stirring on his moss-pallet in the corner of the bedroom. He would never hear him again ... He would be lonely all his life. But a man took it for his share and went on

In the beginning of his sleep, he cried out, "Flag!"

It was not his own voice that called. It was a boy's voice.

Somewhere beyond the sink-hole, past the magnolia, under the live oaks, a boy and a yearling ran side by side, and were gone forever.

Turning from myth and fiction to real life, what segment of humanity is most likely to have passed through the toughest fire assays and forging procedures?

Clearly, persons well-stricken in years. It is they who have undergone the arduous rites of passage prefacing each stage of life; they who are likely to have suffered most from loss of beloved ones and who have sensed most profoundly man's essential loneliness; they who have had to renounce some cherished illusion or who have experienced a waning of their former influence, authority, or prestige. Finally, it

is they who have become aware that as long as life continues, the purification process does not let up--and that, irrespective of age, man cannot lay down his weary load. Since the picture of *Aurum metallicum* embraces all these adversities, it is not surprising that the potentized gold is considered one of the preeminent remedies for old age (cf. this rubric in Kent and Boger, and recall in Hahnemann, "a substance that preserves the body in youth").

An illustration was the woman in her seventies who had undergone untold hardships throughout her adult life. Following upon an idyllic childhood and pampered young adulthood as a wealthy aristocrat in pre-Revolutionary Russia, she had been forced to leave her mother country in 1917. She was left a widow by the Revolution and, as an expatriate; fell from riches to rags. To support her young children she was obliged, for many years, to clean houses by day and to take in washing by night. As a result of this unaccustomed hard labor, her sound constitution was undermined. Even when no longer struggling with poverty, she was visited by further trials in the untimely loss of two of her three sons in World War II and, later, the early death of her youngest son from cancer. Then, at the point when one hoped Destiny would relent, a series of physical health problems besieged her, affecting the heart, kidneys, and respiratory system.

To her credit, the patient never grew embittered, never cavilled at Fate— not a trace was there of *Aurum's* "whining mood" (Hering); nor, with her great heart, had she ever been brought to a state of absolute despair. Furthermore, an innate dignity of bearing remained with her always. However, not without justification, she considered that over the course of her adult life she had been pitted against unfair odds. "I thought that I'd experienced enough pain and suffering for the remainder of my earthly existence, and that as I approached eighty I could, finally, experience serenity. But instead new trials are being sent me. Is there no end in sight? What is it all for?"

There was no simple response to her question, but the case was opened with a dose of *Aurum* 30x, which was repeated on several occasions over the course of the following year. It strengthened her sufficiently to make her wish to be active again and of use in the world, so she began to visit a nursing home to help bring solace, if she could, to those more unfortunate than herself.

Nor did the remedy's action cease there. The patient discovered that she had golden hands—that her touch brought physical relief (recall our earlier reference to *Aurum's* receptivity to forces outside of and larger than himself). And so began her "golden years"—a fuller, richer period of her life as a powerful hands-on healer, to whom clients from all walks of life flocked for physical and spiritual assistance.

This case was instructive beyond the specific in that it exemplified *Aurum's* role in encouraging individuals to discover and appreciate the gifts, and understand the talents that have been given them.

Another, and quite different, embodiment of this particular aspect of the medicine was the young man in his twenties who sought homoeopathic relief from depression, brought on by a complete loss of confidence in his work, his vocation, and, consequently, his own worth as a human being. His case history revealed that he had been precocious at the piano and that from the age of six his heart's one desire was to be a solo performer. But in adolescence Fate dealt him a double blow. As is often the case with child prodigies, his precocious talent failed him, and his wonderful, inspiring teacher (an *Arsenicum album*, of course [P1] died. Then began a futile ten-year long search for a comparable mentor and guide, and, by the time the patient came to homoeopathy, a career as a piano soloist was no longer (he finally had to accept) a realistic expectation.

With his cherished dream of worldly acclaim forever beyond his reach, he fell into the Aurum pattern of putting himself down. "Anyway, I probably could never have made the grade as a performer. I possess neither the nerves nor the temperament. And the world does not need yet another second-rate pianist." Furthermore, being a poor sight reader, he felt himself unfit for chamber music.

There was, to be sure, an unyielding, uncompromising side to his nature ("obstinate": Kent; "although superficially flexible, he is basically extremely stubborn": Hubbard). His classically trained ear could not tolerate much of modern and all of atonal music, and he refused all compromise on this salient point ("I should like to compose melodic music," he would remark wistfully, "but I don't know the first thing about theory and composition. Where am I to turn?"). With no hope of extricating himself from his vocational impasse, he eventually succumbed to Hahnemann's "discontent with all conditions; he thinks that he everywhere finds an impediment, caused now by an opposing fate, then again by himself which renders him dejected."

One dose of *Aurum* 1M was prescribed, and the next thing the doctor heard was that the patient had signed up for courses in harmony and counterpoint. A year later, he was up at the piano every morning at seven composing until noon, happier than he had ever been in his entire life now that he had found his true vocation.

Aurum had undeniably assisted in guiding the patient from his wrongly directed musical talents (performance) to his true calling (composition), and his liberated creativity now soared off on the wings of song.

It can be taken as a given that every homoeopathic constitutional remedy works towards the raising of consciousness and assisting a patient to attain his fullest potential; likewise that a certain amount of conflict and suffering is entailed in the course of every individual's creative and spiritual growth. During the trials concomitant with conversion from a baser metal into a more precious one, two forms of strength are required: *courage* to confront the obstacles and overcome the bitterness of failures along the way and *faith* in an ultimate good. When these two qualities hit rock bottom, it is often the potentized gold that helps supply the confidence, perseverance, and greatness of heart to endure the hardships of the forging process—which alone enables a soul, here on earth, to arrive at and exercise its "highest mission" (Hahnemann).

The Psychic Dimension of Thuja

THUJA, made from the twigs and leaves of the *Thuja occidentalis* or arbor vitae, was introduced into the homoeopathic *materia medica* in 1819 by Hahnemann, who then proceeded to dignify the remedy by establishing it as the sovereign anti-sycosis medicine, serving to counteract the malefic effects of gonorrhoea— whether in acute, suppressed (with long-term sequelae), or inherited miasmatic form.

Thus distinguished, *Thuja* immediately took its rightful place amongst the homoeopathic polychrests and has been favored with respectful treatment in the classical as well as more recent literature. Yet to this day its own particular personality presents something of a mystery to even the most knowledgeable physicians. Hubbard speaks for a number of her colleagues when she writes: “*Thuja* is one of the most difficult remedies to learn....its personality only emerges after long delving and experience.”

The reason for this is readily stated. For a proper understanding of the medicine's unique properties, one needs to penetrate beneath the patient's conscious mental-emotional levels into the subconscious. There, in the dark recesses of the psyche, lie the archetypal struggles and challenges of which the rich arbor vitae symptomatology is a manifestation. One needs, in short, to explore the psychic dimension of *Thuja*.

The Physical Dimension:

On the physical level this remedy presents little difficulty. Due to the heroic self-sacrifice on the part of the early homoeopaths who, in an attempt to "prove" the substance thoroughly, not only willingly subjected themselves and their families to the routine headaches, joint pains, eye and respiratory tract infections, ailments of the digestive system, insomnia, and other nervous disorders, but even stoically suffered decaying of the teeth along the gum line, erosion of the gums, and none too alluring eruptions on the skin of fungoid growths and excrescences, *Thuja* is easily recognized.** In fact, there has been established in the homoeopath's mind such an inseverable link between the remedy and various skin excrescences that the following reaction of a doctor to his seemingly *Thuja* and seemingly wartless patient is quite legitimate:

"Do you have any warts?" the physician inquires.

"No"

"Not even one single solitary little wart?"

"No." The patient is sure about that. "No warts."

"Perhaps a raised mole?"

"Nope. Sorry."

The physician, defeated, sighs, "Too bad!"

"I beg your pardon?"

*An earlier version of "The Psychic Dimension of *Thuja* was published in the *Journal of the American Institute of Homoeopathy*, Volume 86, Number 4 (Winter 1993).

**The variety of skin outgrowths is staggering. It comprises moles, corns, fatty tumors, polypi, condylomata, haematodes: also warts of every conceivable size (large, medium, or minuscule), shape (coxcorn, mushroom, fig, or cauliflower; pedunculated, crater-like indented, flat, raised, or skin tab), color (flesh-colored or pigmented, black, brown, or red), odor (emitting a fetid fluid; smelling of sweat, herring brine, or old cheese), consistency (hard or soft; horny, granular, jagged, spongy, or moist), nature (painful, itching, stinging, sensitive to the touch, bleeding readily-or none of the above), and age (long-standing or newly blossomed).

A brief exculpatory explanation is proffered concluding with the regretful "It is a bit of a setback. Nothing missing in your case except the warts."

The patient politely offers what sympathy he can and the physician, rallying, remarks. "Well. I guess we'll simply have to make do without warts. Pity, though. Yours, otherwise, would have been a textbook case." *

Thuja is furthermore easy to spot on the physical plane in maladies of the male urinary tract and reproductive organs. Because of its leading role in complaints arising from the gonorrhoeal miasm, a physician readily identifies this remedy picture in urethral discharges, inflammations, and stricture. (Indeed, according to the homoeopathic hagiography, *Thuja* is reputed to have been brought to Hahnemann's attention precisely by a young man's developing acute urethritis after chewing on the leaves of the arbor vitae [cf. Shepherd].) Likewise genital sores, pains, and prostatic complaints, including the "prostatic neurasthenia" (Boger's pithy phrase) that so frequently accompanies prostate-related maladies, cede before this medicine's healing action. *Thuja* either alone clears up these various conditions or, as often happens, follows well and completes the work of *Lycopodium*, *Pulsatilla*, *Aurum*, and other remedies.

Characteristic, too, is the remedy's curative powers in the female genitourinary sphere—although, save in profuse leucorrhoeas and warty excrescences around the vulva and in the perineum, *Thuja* might not be immediately apparent.

A teenager had long been suffering from excruciatingly painful menstrual cramps. Having taken her case history and identified no single outstanding remedy, the physician proceeded to round up the usual homoeopathic "suspects" and prescribed, in turn and over a period of many months, *Sepia*, *Pulsatilla*, *Belladonna*, *Chamomilla*, *Magnesia phosphorica*, *Natrum muriaticum*, *Calcarea phosphorica*, *Medorrhinum*—all to no avail. These repeated failures to identify the *simillimum* were becoming increasingly embarrassing to the prescriber, until the patient mercifully volunteered that she had recently detected an uncharacteristic "ketchupy" odor to her perspiration.

True blue (and doubtless ketchup-loving) Yankee though Kent was, the possibility was slight that this particular adjective would be listed under perspiration odors in his Repertory. However, ketchup smells "sweetish" or "honey-like" (Kent), as does *Thuja's* perspiration, and the remedy was immediately roped in to serve its curative term.

One could continue indefinitely citing *Thuja's* remarkable physical cures in every area of the body, but the homoeopathic literature is already crammed full of impressive cases and adding to their number would belabor the point without enlightening it.** To repeat, the remedy on the physical plane presents no problem to the prescriber. It is on the mental-emotional plane that *Thuja's* identity, growing complex, becomes less clearly defined.

*The falling off of warts can occur with lightning speed (twenty minutes after administration of the remedy, a child's large, long-standing wart dislodged from the finger) or at a more leisurely pace.

And not only warts. It might be appropriate to mention here that in thirty-five years' experience, the only times that the author witnessed the disappearance of raised black moles from the torso or face (i.e., observed them spontaneously shrivel and drop off) was on three occasions when patients had received *Thuja*.

**Apart from the original compilers of the provings and cures, the British homoeopaths, in particular, as citizens of a tea-drinking culture, have accorded the remedy—with its prominent modality "worse from drinking tea"—full justice (d. Burnett, Clarke, Shepherd, Tyler, Wheeler, and others).

The Mental-Emotional Dimension and Natrum muriaticum:

In the comparative *materia medica*, Thuja has been linked in various ways with a number of remedies— the most prominent of which are *Nitric acid* (Hahnemann), *Pulsatilla*, *Ignatia*, *Lycopodium*, and *Sepia* (Boenninghausen; cf. "Mind" in "Concordances"), *Silica* and *Staphysagria* (Hering), *Arsenicum album* (Kent), *Calcarea carbonica* (Boericke), *Lachesis* (Gibson), plus, of course, the gonorrhoeal nosode *Medorrhinum* (H. C. Allen), as well as the never to-be-left-out-of-anything *Sulphur* (Boenninghausen)— and strong arguments can be made for each one of these relationships. The field is essentially a free-for-all. On its deepest emotional level, however, it is to *Natrum muriaticum* that *Thuja* is most closely related. This important affinity has already been noted by Boger (who, incidentally, in his Synoptic Key, ranks the potentized salt high for suppressed gonorrhoea); yet it remains for the practicing physician to establish wherein exactly lies the profound affinity between these two remedies.

To begin with, the troubled *Thuja* patient (who is seeking homoeopathic assistance for more than a specific physical complaint) is apt, like *Natrum muriaticum*, to view himself as singled out by destiny to be the recipient of Hamlet's "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"; also to evince the all-too-familiar consequences of repressed emotions: anxiety, depression, and difficulty with relationships following in the wake of an inability to ask for what he wants, to express his feelings, or to deal with anger (a frequent observation is "I feel horrible and morally bad when angry"). Moreover, he tends (again like *Natrum muriaticum*) to retain in his inmost being not only those "slings and arrows" fortune directed at him personally, but also any other spirit-of-the-times injury or negative emotion currently in circulation (*PI*). So deeply entrenched, however, are these injuries (legitimate or imagined) that sometimes the patient himself is not aware of the extent of his problems.

A distinction that can be drawn between these two constitutional types is that *Thuja* does not project as unequivocal an aura of despondency as do persons of the salt diathesis. For, despite all noble attempts to camouflage a heart bowed down by weight of woe, your true *Natrum muriaticum* so obviously carries the sorrows of the world on his shoulders—what he is feeling is so plainly inscribed on his face, conveyed in his manner, in his voice, and in his every gesture—that he can be spotted by the observant homoeopath from the moment he walks into the office (*PI*). *Thuja* is either more adept at disguising his dejection ("uneasiness of mind [where] everything seems burdensome and distressing": Allen) or his pain lies so deep that it dares not— can not—surface, even in body language. Consequently, even when harboring a low self-image, even when condemning himself ("reproaches himself": Kent), or questioning the meaning and validity of life ("weariness of life": Hahnemann), he appears to be "lighter" than *Natrum muriaticum* ("the arbor vitae has a cheerful, jaunty appearance with [its] uptilted branches": Gibson). Additionally, this personality type gives the impression of more openness and trust; certainly, for the most part, he continues to function adequately or even well in his circumstances, both physically and socially.

Finally, although to the naked eye *Thuja* is less redoubtably determined than *Natrum muriaticum* to extract the maximum pain from love relationships and more willing to forgive or let go of a heavy parental relationship, still, there is that aspect of clinging on to his misery. The following case is representative of the two remedies' complementary roles.

In searching for relief from long-standing insomnia, a young woman was drawn to homoeopathy. Other complaints were internal trembling, a pounding or

racing heart that was worse upon lying down (at times to the point of thumping audibly), and sensitivity to the sun. In appearance she was oily-haired and waxy, oily skinned.

The reason for her symptoms was not hard to ascertain. Three years previously she had walked out of a prolonged, painful relationship which involved many subtle ways of being exploited and some not so subtle ways of being abused by her former lover. Yet here she was, thirty-six months later, still feeling an intense longing for the obvious loser of a man and, at the age of thirty-three, despairing of ever again experiencing a "happy (?) relationship." She found no consolation in lifelong friends and was not exerting herself to make new ones. Although during the consultation the woman made every effort to remain stoic, she broke down when permitting herself to talk of her loneliness— exhibiting, when crying, a blotched and swollen face and bright red nose.

With such a patent *Natrum muriaticum* picture (red nose and all) as well as history, prescribing any remedy but the potentized salt would have rendered the physician guilty of criminal neglect. Accordingly the remedy was administered, first in the 30c potency, then, moving gradually up the scale, in the 50M. The rataplan heart and internal trembling abated after the lower potency; the hair needed to be washed only on alternate days instead of daily, and a higher tolerance of the sun developed after the middle potencies; and the mood was uplifted after the highest potencies ("a certain crying inside has ceased"); also the patient looked lighter and happier.

But her insomnia persisted. It was characterized by a frequent need to urinate and a tea aggravation ("I'm doomed for the entire night if I so much as drink a gulp of tea anytime after lunch"), although, even without this pernicious beverage, she would awaken around 3:00 a. m. to urinate, after which sleep was impossible. This last being *Thuja's* aggravation and waking time, a single dose of *Thuja* 1M was administered as a con brio finale to the cure begun by the healing salt.

Kent, in his *Lectures on Homoeopathic Materia Medica*, offers little in the way of a mental description of *Thuja* apart from several "fixed ideas," merely citing in one place the "violent irritability, jealousy, quarrelsomeness, ugliness ... [that] the doctor may not be able to find out about because the patient has in her nature a disposition to cheat." Yet from this acorn of a picture a mighty oak has sprung. Subsequent homoeopaths, falling in step with Kent's typology as well as with the general uncharitable treatment received by the sycosis miasm in the hands of Roberts and others, have elaborated upon it. Thus Hubbard: "Like all sycotic remedies, there is an element of deception, cheating, and lying in *Thuja*" *

Other respected homoeopaths like Borland, however, have contested this depiction of the type, asserting, "That is not the *Thuja* familiar to me. [These] patients are singularly well-mannered; they are sensitive, polite, grateful ... responsive to kindness ... truthful and scrupulous in everything they do."

*Reflections on the moral aspects of the sycosis miasm are always dangerous territory for even the greatest homoeopaths, and the near-libelous moral stigma attached to the sycosis remedies has been discussed in *Medorrhinum* (P2). For instance, Kent's above quotation must be taken in context. The preceding words are: "When the ovaries have been affected for some time there will be violent irritability ... , etc."

In addition, the reader's attention is drawn to the original *Thuja* provings of Hahnemann, Hering, and Allen, where the only truly negative listings the stalwart provers could come up with were "sulky, angry at innocent jests" (Hahnemann); "exceedingly ill-humored ... peevish ... and inclination to anger" (Allen); "very irritable ... quarrelsome, easily angered over trifles" (Hering).

These conflicting opinions may be reconciled if one takes into account the degree of illness. In cases of severe pain and emotional disturbance the *Thuja* individual may well exhibit Kent's "ugliness" of conduct (as we shall observe below), and a whole family will dance on the invalid's strings in an unsuccessful attempt to please or alleviate his distress. But then many ill people are angry, and when in pain or discomfort behave in a quarrelsome, ungrateful, irascible manner; the tyranny of the invalid is a familiar phenomenon. As for deceit: *Thuja* shares with *Natrum muriaticum* a certain reserve or reticence, and presents a strong front in adversity, together with a partial denial of his hardships even to himself (*PI*). But because *Thuja* is considerate (Borland's "polite"), less socially awkward than *Natrum muriaticum*, and more adroit at disguising unacceptable emotions ("she mingles in society as usual, behaves correctly and even jokes": Allen; "is able to control herself amongst strangers": Kent), the individual dissimulating his or her true feelings may appear deceptive ("furtive": Hubbard).

One is tempted to ask, Would it not be more accurate to consider such deception in the light of a protective technique that the patient has developed in an attempt to deal positively with his hardships and in consideration of others' feelings?

An example of this trait is portrayed in the following scene from Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth* where the down-and-out painter Gully Jimson is stopping the night with Planty, a former cobbler, who has lost his right hand and, being unable to work, is now forced to live impoverished in a London poorhouse, trying to make the best of a wretched existence:

In fact, [Jimson narrates] in spite of a certain rudeness in my cough, due to indignation with the weather and some anxiety about finance, I passed a ... good night in a bed of chairs. For although I could not sleep, I had a good view [of the sky], as Planty pointed out, through the top of the window.....

Planty himself did not sleep either. Whenever I looked his way, I could see his little eye glittering as he stared at the ceiling. But what he was thinking of, I don't know. An old man's thoughts are an old man's secrets, and no one else would even understand them. He only once spoke to me when he heard the chairs creak and said, "You all right, Mr. Jimson?"

"I'm all right, Mr. Plant. Why aren't you asleep?"

"I've had my sleep. I wondered how you were sleeping." "Like a top," I said. For it saves a lot of trouble between friends to swear that life is good, brother. It leaves more time to live.

Prior to concluding this section, truth, born of experience, compels one to acknowledge (though it is stressing a negative characteristic of this already sufficiently maligned remedy) an undeniable duality in the *Thuja* nature-which alone is able to account for certain aspects of the personality. For instance, the swiftness with which the individual can switch from kindness to cruelty is remarkable. One moment he is all sweetness, openness, and loving consideration; the next he is callous, disagreeable, spiteful. This dualism is especially noticeable in the rebellious adolescent or young adult.

The young *Thuja*'s duality is multifaceted and is not limited to attitude and social behavior alone. It is also met with in tastes and preferences. For instance, the patient might harbor a liking for both

horror books and movies and for refined and even sentimental ones. Or he (or she) is the athlete who writes esoteric poetry. A committed vegetarian for "spiritual" reasons, he will yet, simultaneously, indulge in substance abuse. And for friends he chooses both the finest spirits amongst his peers and, antithetically, the most wanton.*

The rebellious young *Sulphur* presents a different problem. The type is innately so independent that it is near impossible for him to obey social rules not in accord with his wishes. Because he is creative (whether productively or disruptively [P1]), given the slightest opportunity he grabs hold of the ball and rushes off with it, making up his own rules as he goes along, heedless of the original ones. Indeed, little short of maturation can alter this characteristic.

With the rebellious *Natrum muriaticum* adolescent, conflicts arise because resentment against one or both parents (or other authority figures) cuts deep and is complicated by his insistence that these resented figures mold themselves to his taste.

Thuja possesses neither *Natrum muriaticum's* futile reforming zeal, nor *Sulphur's* refusal to follow any rules but his own; he is not interested in converting his parents to his way of thinking and is perfectly willing to comply with a chosen group's rules. Partly because of these reasons, also because a dual nature permits an easy flipping back and forth, often the very first dose of the medicine will spark off a fundamental change of attitude. Certainly, there can be backsliding to the original undesirable behavior, and to sustain the change of heart requires constant vigilance on the part of all concerned (including the homoeopath, who must prescribe *Thuja* at judicious intervals). Yet -the fact remains that it is with this remedy, more often than with any other, that parents thank the physician for restoring to them their long-estranged, but now once again loving, delightful child.

The trunk of the arbor vitae is nearly as inflexible as a pillar of salt, and, once again similar to *Natrum muriaticum*, *Thuja* can be characterized by emotional inflexibility: rigidity of outlook, fear and resistance to change, and a general inability to go with the flow ("fixed ideas": Hering).

Beginning already in childhood, *Thuja*— requiring individuals do not respond well to transitions of any nature— either external (a changing environment) or internal (the normal course of growth and development). The infant might scream with terror on being carried from one room to the next or when transferred from one pair of caring hands to another; and a change in diet is occasion for stormy weather. Transitions from sleeping to waking and vice versa are another trauma. The child awakens in a grumpy, petulant mood, ready to cry on the slightest pretext, and then is so wired up before naps or at night that he cannot get to sleep; the more tired he is, the more hysterically he carries on. And every new stage of growth-teething, beginning to sit up, to crawl, or to walk-throws him off balance.

The older child is disoriented by fluctuations in the family routine that his Siblings accept with equanimity. He has a tantrum when switched from one form of occupation to another or if not allowed to wear a piece of clothing on which his mind is set. And yet, simultaneously, this is the youngster who "loses it" when discipline is lacking.

*In the small child, this trait manifests primarily as inconsistencies in likes, dislikes, and desires. One can never anticipate his reaction to any given situation. One time he likes some activity, another time he doesn't. He begs for a certain food, but as soon as it is prepared, he rejects it. One moment he is sweet and affectionate, the other nasty. One hour some child is his special friend, the next hour he hates him. *Tuberculinum* children, also, are notorious for their contrary, changeable, capricious behavior (P2), but *Thuja* (also *Medorrhinum*) acts out and expresses himself in a more incoherent, illogical, and unsettling (to others) manner.

Even the *Thuja* adult becomes unreasonably distraught over changes in routine, possessing fixed notions about the way things are done: when, where, and how. Thus, he is angered by being asked to walk the dog in the evening instead of his usual afternoon turn; while varying the schedule in a shared or communal kitchen, someone occupying his favorite chair in front of the television, or any form of interruption in whatever he is engrossed, are all a cause for distress ("crossness when all does not go according to his wish" [or plan]; Hahnemann).

In view of larger life issues, such minor concerns should be inconsequential, as *Thuja* himself realizes perfectly well: nevertheless they affect him profoundly. "I find myself," said one patient who had exhausted the action of *Natrum muriaticum* for her headaches and unstable bowels (diarrhea alternating with constipation), "fretting over the pettiest, most insignificant matters such as the heels of my shoes wearing down faster than they used to. I can't understand why this is. I should be happy and carefree. All is going well with me. Yet instead of enjoying life, some trifle crops up to plague me. What does it mean?"

The physician did not even attempt to explain the phenomenon except to say, "It simply means that you are now in need of *Thuja*."

The patient was touching lightly on a trait that has far-reaching ramifications. Individuals of this constitution find themselves adequate only to those situations that are patterned, prepared for, and require of them no adjustments. Such intransigence reflects, of course, deep-seated fears and insecurities, compelling the subject to concentrate on unimportant, peripheral matters in hopes of thereby controlling the larger, unpredictable ones. Even more, it is indicative of fragility, of a tenuous mental balance ("unsteady"; Hering), also of an underlying chaos or disorder in the psyche ("chaotic"; Kent) on the verge of breaking into consciousness. To stave off this last (that is, to propitiate the dark forces threatening to erupt), the individual sets up extra rigid rules and frameworks within which he can operate in relative security, and then abides by these-with tenacity!

Thuja's rigidity is also a method of counteracting an inherent indecisiveness ("irresolution"; Kent; in the Repertory, under this rubric, the remedy ought to be raised to the third degree). *Pulsatilla's* indecisiveness over daily matters is a corollary of dependence, a way of bringing others into his (or her) supportive network (*PI*). *Thuja's* irresolution stems from an uncertainty concerning his whole life. How can he focus on making one choice over another regarding relatively small matters when he questions, Why was he born? What is he doing in this world? What should he be doing here on earth?

Furthermore, similar to *Natrum muriaticum*, the type can be burdened with a troublesome conscientiousness—over matters both large and small ("extremely scrupulous about small things"; Hering) —prompted in equal measure by inflexibility (the conviction that things must be done in one precise way), by dread of being in error (engendered by a touchy pride and wanting to be "a good boy/girl"), and by that dull, heavy, joyless virtue known as a sense of duty.

Over conscientiousness, inflexibility, and taking life ultra-seriously reflect, in part, a fundamental unease around people. "Although I may not show it, I feel unwanted and out of place among my peers" is a familiar *Thuja* refrain (a *Natrum muriaticum's* similar lament, as he fluctuates between withdrawal from and aggression vis-a-vis humanity [*PI*], would not include the introductory phrase).

Thuja's unease stems from a number of causes and assumes a variety of forms. A ready assumption of guilt and remorse is one fertile source— an all-pervasive guilt that has its twofold origin in the individual's own uneasy conscience and in a tendency

to shoulder the guilt of the world. Children feel responsible for their parents quarreling or breaking up; one little girl even felt in some way responsible for her mother being in a wheelchair from polio. An adult suffers from guilt when leaving a poor relationship or escaping from a violent and alcoholic spouse. Abused children or women feel somehow to blame for being abused ("constant anxiety, as if he had committed a great crime"; Allen). Thus, guilt, arising in part from a fear of having injured others, is an underlying *Thuja* motif that can expand into the most tortured and convoluted rationalizations, quite worthy of Dostoyevsky's "Underground Man."

For instance, because the remorseful individual does not feel entitled to love, his initial response to kindness and consideration might be too much gratitude. Later, turning round, he smarts under his own disproportionate response. But then (he reasons) it is not really inappropriate because, though he is habitually insufficiently appreciated, still his response was commensurate with the feelings of love, support, and gratitude that should ideally flow between all mankind. Although (with another mental swerve), admittedly, perhaps his gratitude was excessive. In fact (and here he begins to wax indignant), the scant recognition proffered him (in a world in which he is chronically undervalued) was an insulting crumb! He then grows uneasy wondering whether it was a "crumb"-or possibly as much as, or more, than he deserved; and this state of mind is but a step from self-condemnation for his rancor towards that which was, after all, meant to be a kindness—which brings him back full circle to his essential unworthiness. And, predictably, all the while, his disquiet carries a *Natrum muriaticum*/ *Staphysagria* smoldering resentment (*P1* and *P2*) as he waits for an apology from life, some reparation, some explanation as to why he does not feel at ease in this—his own—world.

"I spend one third of my life dealing with people and the other two thirds recuperating from the experience," said one fine social worker who was about to be given *Thuja* for his prostatitis. "I know that I am full of anger which I can neither express nor assimilate. I just take it in and watch it build up."

Barring certain specific physical symptoms, this picture of impotent, unresolved anger that dares to simmer but not to blaze could just as well have been *Natrum muriaticum* or *Staphysagria*. And it could equally have been one of the two who, when the patient returned a month later with symptoms cleared and spirits revived, volunteered, "Instead of feeling deprived around people, I now have a sense of abundance. I feel I have much to give, with an ability to put out love. I'm not always shrinking from people."

The patient was fortunate in having recourse to homoeopathy. For the combined force of a pervasive sadness ("very depressed and dejected": Hahnemann), imagined guilt ("fancied scruples of conscience": Allen), and an unease at being a burden to friends and family ("a consciousness that they are not doing everything they ought to be doing ... that they are a trouble because they require attention": Borland) can result in *Thuja*'s becoming isolated and withdrawn—an emotional state that finds its physical counterpart in an aversion "to being touched or approached" (Hering). He has decided that dealing with people generally involves hurt, little pleasure, and even less fulfillment; and in his external relations, he becomes morbidly sensitive about things he should not notice ("angry at innocent jests": Hahnemann) and increasingly insensitive about things he should ("thoughtlessness" (about others): Hering).

The injured *Thuja* can also resemble *Sepia*. Because feeling is painful, he grows evermore "quiet, absorbed in himself" (Allen)—as incapable of receiving, as of expressing affection ("does not care for her children or relatives": Hering)—and eventually begins to detach himself from all emotion ("I feel drained and empty and

dead inside"). Sensing the mere contact with people, even a loving connection, as a burden, he desires to be left alone in his misery ("shuns people": Hering; "company aggravates": Kent), to be allowed to crawl into his lair and lie undisturbed, licking his wounds (P1).

A *Thuja* case history might well entail neglect, deprivation, a traumatic birth experience or early separation from mother, due to illness or adoption, or childhood abuse. Such a background can obviously engender in a person more than merely a sense of his own inadequacy. On a deeper level, it engenders feelings of alienation from humanity.

Similarly, *Natrum muriaticum*, often a victim of injury, neglect, or an unhappy childhood, will feel himself to be an outsider; no type is more aware of his isolation or is more convinced that he can never be a part of the congenial human scene ("It's always the same old story: never belonging anywhere in this world!"). Nonetheless, although burdened by loneliness and saddened by his inability to establish easy and comfortable relations with mankind, he keeps trying to do so. Even while feeling uncomfortable, and at the risk of pain or rejection, he is always endeavoring by means of a highminded altruism to adjust to the world (P1), and his psyche is firmly lodged in this reality.

Whereas *Thuja*'s estrangement, albeit less obvious (because, as mentioned earlier, the type is more socially adroit), is of a more radical nature. His psyche has already commenced a protective distancing or disconnecting from this world ("feels everything as from a distance": Allen), a process which culminates in a sense of being foreign.* And it is this particular "foreignness" that distinguishes *Thuja*. Here the type breaks away from *Natrum muriaticum*, *Staphysagria*, *Sepia*, *Silica*, and other remedies and begins to assume an identity distinctly its own—the nature of which plunges us straight into the heart of our thesis.

The Psychic Dimension:

Either because he has been so profoundly injured in this lifetime or, as sometimes happens, affected by an exaggerated or an imagined victimization, some part of *Thuja*'s spirit has withdrawn from this world and unconsciously sought refuge in some other sphere of reality where it hopes to feel more at ease. In other words, a certain psychic break—a certain nonintegration between his spirit and mortal frame—has already taken place, even if the patient only partially comprehends the phenomenon. Hence the key "strange, rare, and peculiar" *Thuja* symptom: "feels as if soul were separated from body" (Allen). No longer his old self but not yet understanding his new self ("as if divided in two parts and cannot tell of which part he has possession": Kent), he is undergoing the growing pains of transition from existence entirely in this world to an awareness of other dimensions.**

A case in point was the longtime homoeopathic patient, cured of migraine headaches in the past with *Natrum muriaticum* and occasional doses of *Pulsatilla*, who came to the doctor because of a recurrence of his former malady, in milder form, and two new physical symptoms: heart palpitations, worse sitting, and burning sensation on the tip of his tongue.

*This often unconscious process differs from the sensitive *Silica*'s "disconnectedness" (i.e., his conscious desire not to relate too closely with people, and eeling out of emotionally demanding situations). *Silica* is aware of his limits and has learned how to conserve his energy and guard, against psychic trauma (P2).

**The reader is reminded that by no means will every *Thuja* patient exhibit a growing awareness of the spirit world or a picture of partial alienation from the world; nor, conversely, will every troubled patient exhibiting a psychic estrangement require *Thuja*.

The mental picture revealed that some ten months previously his spiritual master had passed away and that the grief was still acutely with him. The intense mourning period was perhaps legitimate, but the patient himself felt that he was too weepy for a grown man, too sensitive to criticism, and too emotionally unsettled ("discombobulated" was his word); that it was, in short, time for him to move on from his prolonged grieving. The physician was debating between *Natrum muriaticum* and *Pulsatilla* and, while giving himself time to think, casually inquired about the other's recent vacation on an island off the Atlantic Coast.

Contrary to the patient's own expectations (since he usually loved being near the ocean), the vacation had not been a success. He had felt as if the island were haunted— and was continuously aware of unfriendly spirits hovering around him. "It was an eerie and unpleasant sensation that I've never before felt there." Only later did he learn that he had been staying near the alleged burial grounds of an American Indian tribe which had been massacred by white settlers.

The patient's newly awakened sensitivity (the spirits on the island had never made their presence felt to him in all the years he had previously vacationed there) suggested *Thuja*. And, with a clearing of his physical symptoms, an interesting change occurred on the emotional plane. The mourning for his master had lessened because, as he said, "I feel as if one part of me has joined him on another plane. Now I'm communicating with him as never before. But the other part of me, strangely, feels more grounded-and altogether I'm more "combobulated."

Once the physician becomes aware of a psychic dimension, the remedy is easier to recognized— even in seemingly straightforward physical complaints such as arthritis, eczema, asthma, irritable bowel syndrome. He may, however, have to work hard to extract this guiding symptom.

A woman, still young, was crippled with arthritis. Burning, swelling joints were disfiguring her hands and feet, with restlessness and pain driving her out of bed in the early hours of the morning. At first *Rhus toxicodendron*, prescribed in the 1M potency and repeated at regular intervals, almost entirely cured her condition. But nine months later, the remedy in every potency ceased being effective and the physician deliberated on how to proceed.

Naturally, *Thuja* as well as *Medorrhinum*— both major remedies for the rheumatic joint pains and swellings which are so frequently associated with the sycosis miasm-suggested themselves as likely candidates, but a clinching modality or mental symptom was needed to decide between the two.

The patient refused to cooperate. There was no discernible *Thuja* 3:00 a. m. aggravation, nor aggravations from humidity, heat or cold, onions, or tea; the pain was not worse during the waxing moon (note, for mnemonic purposes, the linguistic correspondence to the remedy's "waxy" skin); and on the emotional plane there was no guilt, no unease with people, no feelings of estrangement or a sense of being victimized-save by her illness. Yet neither was there a *Medorrhinum* amelioration by the ocean, between sundown and sunrise, nor a need to lean far back to pass stool; she was not better lying on her stomach or in the knee-chest position, nor was she particularly fond of oranges. Time passed neither too slowly (*Medorrhinum*) nor too quickly (*Thuja*). Homoeopathically speaking, she was a complete washout.

The physician then bethought himself of probing deeper into her dreams. "My dreams are not particularly disturbing, as I told you before, and there are no recurring ones as far as I can recall." She hesitated. "There is, however, one thing. Sometimes at night, just as I am about to fall asleep, I sense the presence of my departed mother hovering round me. It is by no means an unpleasant presence but it is

unsettling. She seems to want something of me or is trying to tell me something, but, although I keep asking her, I don't know what. However, this probably has little bearing on the case."

Little bearing on the case?! This symptom, in its close approximation to the classical *Thuja* symptoms "sensation as if a person is beside her," "sees phantoms of dead persons," "fancies someone is calling," "converses with absent people" (and constituting as it did a sensitivity to the supernatural), was the very key to the patient's case. And *Thuja* 1M, administered infrequently, greatly diminished the woman's stiffness and swelling and has kept her free of pain over the years.

One other case by way of illustration: a budding sensitivity to the psychic realm was unearthed in a girl in her late teens suffering from allergies and chronic nasal catarrh involving the frontal sinuses, accompanied by a constant need to hawk up mucus. These ailments would respond acutely to various remedies but resurged at the slightest cold spell. Clearly, the case needed to be addressed on the miasmatic level.

Remembering the well-known homoeopathic dictum "Gonorrhoea is the mother of catarrh," the doctor, to confirm his choice of *Thuja*, began a search into the young patient's extrasensory perception experiences. After first denying vigorously any such, the girl finally admitted to having recently taken up the study and interpretation of tarot cards— which is, of course, a form of psychic divination. When the doctor, reaching out for his *Thuja*, asked this patient why she had held back this crucial bit of information, the answer was, "I'm tired of people regarding me as a 'flake' when I tell them about my interest in tarot. [This conversation took place a number of years ago when such pursuits were looked upon askance in polite society.] And, besides, I'm only a beginner— although, if I do say so myself, I'm getting pretty good at reading the cards."

Entertaining of angels unawares is likewise (if less often) encountered in male patients in their middle or advanced years, in whom significant spiritual changes are starting to take place which have not yet been assimilated. In the meantime the subject resorts to stout denial.

The only complaint of a man in his early fifties was difficulty emptying the bladder, with frequent incomplete calls occasionally accompanied by burning. He exhibited the classic *Thuja* forked stream and occasional yellow, glutinous urethral discharge; but when the physician, falling into his usual routine, tried to draw out some experience of a spiritual nature, the patient was not forthcoming. Only after the remedy had cleared up the physical condition did the physician learn that the patient, who was a city resident, had opted to take his annual meager two-week vacation not at a mountain or seaside resort but in New York City (!) so as to attend a conference on Tibetan Buddhism.

When asked why he had chosen to do so, he replied airily, "Oh, out of sheer, unadulterated curiosity—nothing more spiritual than that."

Yet to subject oneself to a full fortnight of listening, for gruelingly long hours, to the teachings of Tibetan mystics (when the audience spent most of its time trying to figure out whether the Tibetan interpreters were speaking a garbled English or had lapsed into their native tongue) argued for some spiritual leanings—none the less valid for being unconscious.

However, to plead the devil's advocate, there was a case of a woman with recurring urinary tract infections who responded only temporarily to *Cantharis* or *Pulsatilla*. In searching for a deeper remedy, the physician extracted from her a truly "strange, rare, and peculiar" symptom: the sensation of something alive in her ear.

"A worm in the ear?" the physician inquired—in which case *Medorrhinum* would have been his choice.

"No. No crawling sensation. Just something throbbing— and worms don't 'throb,' do they? But as if alive."

A well-known *Thuja* symptom is "sensation as if a living animal were in the abdomen" (Hering), and Boger lists this medicine in his "alive sensations" under "Generalities." Between the two listings the physician felt justified in prescribing the arbor vitae in the 200c potency. When the patient returned much improved, the physician, ever pursuing his favorite *Thuja* theme, began pressing the patient for the psychic dimension to her case.

"Are you sure that nothing in your life could be viewed as experiencing some supernatural phenomenon?"

"Quite sure."

"Hmmm ... But perhaps the 'something alive' in your ear was the merest intimation of a spirit trying communicate with you."

"Well, perhaps," the patient acquiesced—but without conviction.

"Or perhaps—" "Nope. *Forget it!*"

And the physician was forced to leave it at that.

Nevertheless, it is intriguing how, when dealing with the sycosis miasm, often some growth in psychic or spiritual awareness does accompany the physical complaint. *Medorrhinum* appears to be at a crossroads of destiny, and the remedy brings to the fore possibilities welling up inside which the patient can elect either to confront or not—the choice is his. With *Thuja* the picture is different; he no longer has a choice. His physical and mental symptoms are compelling him, for his very emotional survival, to explore the regions of other realities; and the remedy thus serves to strengthen a process already begun.

Every constitutional type is on a spiritual path of its own and has different lessons to learn. *Psorinum* too readily senses himself to be a victim of circumstances beyond his control and needs to establish a healthier balance between Predestination and Free Will. *Tuberculinum's* archetypal challenge is to find a viable way to satisfy both the primitive and civilized sides of his nature. In the *Medorrhinum* state, the patient is assailed by presentiments of some change that is about to take place and is challenged to respond with commitment, even if the forces beckoning him onward are still unclear (see appropriate passages in *P2*). Many other constitutional types already feel secure and at home in the extrasensory dimension (clairvoyants, clairaudients, psychics, or mediums will frequently require *Phosphorus*, *Lachesis*, or other remedies: cf. "Clairvoyance"). *Thuja*, on the other hand, appears to be called for during that stage in a patient's spiritual development when his particular challenge is to grow more aware of, and at ease in, the new spheres of reality that are opening up to him.

Two middle-aged women with almost identical physical complaints, one helped by *Sepia*, the other by *Thuja*, offer an instructive contrast.

Both women suffered from periodic left-sided frontal headaches and exhibited small, recently sprung, brown or flesh-colored warts on different parts of their bodies. Both worked in the alternative healing arts, each one excelling in her own particular field. The patient requiring *Sepia* was a psychic who was in clear communication with guiding spirits from other planes of reality and felt perfectly comfortable in the supernatural realm. Her particular difficulty (and life challenge) was to integrate work with family life—she was feeling too strongly drained by home ties, duties, and affections (*P1*).

The second patient, with a history of sexual abuse in childhood, was a more tortured soul. Although a true healer who was helping her clients by means of gentle adjustments with her remarkable hands, she herself had no clear comprehension of the powers with which she was working. A dread of the unknown and a resistance to change were restraining her from venturing deeper into the spiritual realm, with the result that she suffered periodic breakdowns. At these times an incapacitating indecisiveness, complete loss of self-confidence, as well as the *Thuja* aversion to being touched— extending to an abhorrence of touching others— all conspired to put a damper on her good work.

Thuja 1M was prescribed-together with a visit to the *Sepia* psychic who, in a single reading, elucidated the spiritual lesson behind the patient's sufferings. She also instructed her in techniques for getting in touch with her guiding spirits— "to assist me to fulfill my role in the Cosmic Plan," as the *Thuja* woman, availing herself of "New Age" terminology, put it. Later, she herself interpreted her frontal headaches as the concrete physical expression of her "third [spiritual] eye" attempting to open up, yet being blocked. In any case, the pain progressively decreased in frequency and severity under the influence of the occasional dose of *Thuja* and her own untiring efforts to raise her spiritual consciousness.

Mental Confusion and "Delusions":

The *Thuja* patient frequently complains of weak memory and concentration ("mental dullness": Hering; "distraction": Hahnemann, "has great difficulty fixing the attention ... forgets everything he does not write down": Allen) and mental confusion ("ideas confused and mixed": Allen). Or as one *Thuja* described his weakened mental powers, "The machinery whirs around for a while-and no results."

This is hardly surprising. Lost as the type is between two worlds, feeling at ease in neither, his mind is bound to be in a turmoil of thoughts, feelings, sensations ("confusions as if in a dream": Kent). The lack of mental clarity thus reflects a general spiritual bewilderment and psychic disorientation.

Indeed, as we discussed earlier, *Thuja* seems unable to contend with the normal flow of existence. The individual sets up a rigid framework for his daily life precisely because he is so readily confused by the give-and-take of the physical aspects of this world. His very sense of time may be confused. The feeling that "time passes too quickly" (Kent) arises in part from mental abstractedness, with a tendency to being lost in a sad or "happy reverie" (Allen). In contrast to the hard-working, productive *Arsenicum* who is able to accomplish more in a day than any two ordinary persons (*PI*), the "spacy" *Thuja* never seems to have the time to accomplish anything. Confusing reverie with reality, his excuse is that he has been too busy (watching the clouds? the birds? enjoying the afternoon? or anguishing over the past?), so that before he is aware, the day is over.

Absence of mental clarity may extend even to a linguistic confusion ("confusion of the head, with difficulty of speech": Allen). As if his own language were "foreign" to him and no longer under his dominion, *Thuja* exhibits lapses. He uses wrong words, misspells familiar ones, omits words or syllables when speaking and writing, or insignificant words interpolate themselves. He talks either too hastily, swallowing words, or too slowly, in monosyllables, hunting for words, and exhibiting great hesitation. Other features are repetitiveness, broken or interrupted sentences, a *Lachesis*— like saltation from one subject to another, and an inability to finish sentences due to vanishing thoughts (consult the classical literature, especially

Hering)— any of which may be spotted from the way a *Thuja* patient recounts his symptoms.

A woman in her thirties was vexed by increased hair growth on her face and body. *Thuja*, of course, is notorious for endocrine imbalance taking the form of excessive hair growth in unusual places (as well as for loss of hair in unusual places—not on the scalp, but in eyebrows, beard, axillae, pubic area). Equally vexatious to the patient was her mental state. She held the post of assistant professor in philosophy and was, as a rule, very much in control of her mental faculties. Recently, however, she was finding it difficult to concentrate on the texts ("when reading, unable to follow the meaning": Allen), to think coherently, to recall perfectly familiar information, or "to make connections" when organizing material for her lectures. Everything scholarly, formerly so mentally attainable, was now a source of confusion.

The woman, in turn, was confusing to the physician in her case presentation: a medley of scattered thoughts, symptoms described with many repetitions, and a way of interrupting herself to inquire, "Am I making myself clear? Do you understand what I'm saying? I would hate to be unclear. Do you follow me? Please, tell me if I am not clear."

The one thing emerging crystal clear was her need for *Thuja*.

Roberts maintains that "overgrowth" or the excessive proliferation of cells (including hair cells) is a key characteristic of sycosis. And, taking up his torch, other homoeopaths have attributed to *Thuja* a paralleling excess of speech. This characteristic may not be true of every individual requiring this remedy, but certain patients themselves would be the first to agree heartily with Hubbard's succinct depiction of their linguistic style: "Mental embroidery and proliferation is ever the enemy of continuity. The *Thuja* patient has too much matter and too little form."

Sulphur, incidentally, can also display linguistic excess, but not confusion. Even if the speaker is prolix, he is not muddled. And the *Lachesis* prolixity—an easy flow of free association (recall the discussion of Miss Bates from *Emma* [P1])— gives the impression of water flowing in a cascade *Thuja* is reminiscent of water passing over cataracts.

A form of mental confusion that strikes still deeper is the remedy's so-called "delusions."

Thuja is generously endowed with "strange, rare, and peculiar" delusions that are of particular value to our thesis, pertaining, as many of them do, to the extrasensory realms and taking the form of altered or out-of-body sensations and of encounters with presences or voices from other planes of reality. To enumerate some of the sixty-plus delusions found in the classicalliterature (here again, Hering leads the field):

- of animal in abdomen
- of all kinds of animals passing before him
- that body is brittle; delicate that body is lighter than air
- that she is made of glass; easily broken
- that flesh is being torn [also beaten] from the bones that body is thin or is getting thin
- that body is dissolved
- that body has the appearance of building stones that body is heavy as lead
- that legs are made of wood
- that his skull is too tight
- that he is divided in two parts; of being double
- that body is too small for the soul that body is separated from the soul that he is under superhuman control
- that his continuity would be dissolved ... that he must die

that he hears music that someone is calling
 that he hears voices in abdomen
 that he sees people ... strangers are beside him that he is conversing with the absent
 that he sees ghosts, spirits, specters, and visions

Kent employs the word "delusion" for these symptoms-in part, no doubt, to facilitate repertorizing but also because, hitherto, they have almost invariably been interpreted as indicating mental instability and imbalance, if not actual insanity. And Webster's defines delusions as "false beliefs or fixed misconceptions; a state of being led from truth into error." However, in the present day, our understanding of *Thuja*-like "delusions" is undergoing a significant metamorphosis, and these sensations are beginning to be viewed rather as a confused perception of paranormal phenomena.*

For instance, few enlightened healers of the psyche would today consider Joan of Arc, who heard voices, to have been insane. Nor was she suffering from delusions. Adopting a broader perspective, healers would now regard her as having had access (without confusion) to regions where guiding spirits were instructing her what to do.

Therefore, rather than view the above symptoms as delusions (with this word's negative connotations), it would be more respectful of individuals communicating with the spirit regions, as well as perhaps more accurate, to hark back to Hering's original classification of these symptoms as "sensations as if." And venturing even further, perhaps *Thuja* is not merely imagining that someone is beside him, or talking to him, or appearing before him, but is growing more sensitive to other levels of consciousness where such occurrences are taking place. It is necessary, however, to append the words "as if" to these symptoms because our language has no specific terminology for representing the supernatural processes. Hence, the affected individual's mental confusion and inability to describe his strange experiences 'and behavior ("when asked with whom she is talking aloud, does not know what to think": Allen).

The sensations as if strangers are approaching and accosting him or that someone is beside or calling him may well be sensations of actual spirit entities that are approaching the patient, trying to talk to him or to make their presence felt. Certainly, most of this remedy's "delusions" are quite a different kettle of fish from, for example, *Cannabis indica*'s imagining himself to be "a giraffe or a locomotive, an inkstand or a bottle of soda water" (Kent). In fact, *Thuja*'s "sensation as if he is made of glass, is brittle, is emaciated, as if his body and soul were separated, or his continuity would be dissolved, could be viewed as accurately representing his delicate psychic state on the verge of breaking down; while the symptom "feels as if skull is too tight" or "as if body were too small for the soul" could reflect an inner attempt to break through some barrier or confinement that is preventing him from accepting the encroaching new dimensions. Finally, the "fear of being under superhuman control" may be a legitimate dread felt by this confused and fragile individual who, sensing the nature of spirits without understanding them, is living in terror lest he fall unduly under their influence.

Indeed, few types have a more fragile hold on karmic life than *Thuja*. Seemingly balanced patients of this constitution, with no visible traces of paranoia or mental imbalance, have described their reluctance in venturing near seedy bars and

*To be sure, the *Thuja* picture also encompasses insanity (cf. Hering and others), but true insanity does not lie within the sphere of this analysis.

rundown bus or subway stations, even in broad daylight. As one patient put it, he objected to encountering not merely the unfortunates who hang around these public places, but even more the spirits of departed drunkards and other outcasts from society. He insisted that these lost, tormented spirits, who are still attached to their addictions or vices, are seeking to pounce onto some passing vulnerable soul (inevitably a *Thuja*) and satisfy their own cravings through a living person's experience.

All in all, that which sets the seal to *Thuja*'s mental-emotional confusion is having no conventional paradigm or frame of reference within which to shape and make meaning of his paranormal experiences. Because our very vocabulary is not equal to describing experiences befitting other planes of reality, our emotions are often not equal to their comprehension. And "I don't feel 'inside' my body" is one of the more common, hopelessly inadequate ways a patient expresses the spiritual upheavals he is undergoing. He is already psychically vulnerable (or even unstable), unable to sift and sort out amongst the entities, both malignant and benign, that assail him (which contributes to his "feeling of being double" [Kent]), and one recognizes how a lack of discriminating linguistic tools for grappling with the psychic dimension would contribute to making him feel the more betrayed. All this is threatening, and he grows apprehensive, angry-at times even despairing ("begins to weep bitterly and says [he] can no longer think or live; thoughts of suicide": Allen).

Furthermore, the whole condition is aggravated by the fact that *Thuja* initially tries to extricate himself by fleeing back to the familiar reality of his old self. But, of course, he is unable to do so. The pilgrim cannot retrace his steps. Rather, picking his way through the confusion and perils of alien territory, he must keep journeying onward.

The remedy's first objective, then, is to assist the menaced patient to feel more at ease in the psychic realms.

An unhealthy gum condition (helped by surgery in the past but now recurring) brought a middle-aged woman to homoeopathy. Other physical symptoms were one-sided headaches around the time of her menses with the classical *Thuja* symptom "as if a nail, were driven through the temple," inordinately swollen veins on her legs, and brown spots on her arms and hands which would periodically appear, then disappear. These symptoms were the physical manifestation of general mental collapse, which followed close on the heels of a divorce, especially traumatic for a strictly raised Roman Catholic.

Weighing equally heavily on her spirits was a new distress. She was hearing voices. Some were minatory and accusing, others were comforting; some voices were instructing her to "Stop," others to "Go" (*Anacardium*); some were telling her she was evil, others that she was good. Altogether it was chaos and confusion, making her wonder if she were possessed ("deranged and unfit to live": Allen).

The patient was started on one dose of *Thuja* 200c, which was repeated a month later: then during the course of a year she was given two doses of the 1M. The physical symptoms all improved, including the mysterious materializing and vanishing brown spots. And, as to her voices:

"Oh. I continue to hear them. I suppose they are here to stay. But they are no longer menacing. And the way I look at it is, if the voices insist on being heard, I'd better learn how to put them to some use."

"Resorting to the familiar policy, 'If you can't lick 'em, join 'em,' the prescriber remarked.

"Precisely. So I'm reading volumes on the subject and am talking to a venerable priest with mystical leanings who is teaching me, through prayer and meditation, how to distinguish between the opposing voices. I'd like to be able, some day, to channel the good ones for the benefit of others as well as myself."

The homoeopath could not have wished for a more gracious bow to the inevitable.

Before proceeding further, it ought to be mentioned that *Thuja's* relation to the extrasensory dimension need not always be tortured and fraught with strife. Certain patients—who, with their toil and struggles behind them, are now free to reap the spiritual rewards experience solely uplifting encounters with spirit entities.

For instance, the physician may learn to recognize an underlying *Thuja* diathesis in patients displaying an anthropomorphism sometimes whimsical, sometimes earnest. More than one *Thuja* patient has insisted that nature is permeated with living entities and that he or she senses the presence of living spirits in flowers, shrubs, trees, and even the lowly weeds. Some even claim that they can communicate with pixies, elves, fairies, and brownies.

All too often, however, individuals of this constitution have to come to an understanding of psychic phenomena the hard way. *Phosphorus*, in contrast, feels not only at home in the extrasensory perception realm but actually enhanced by it. Being of a highly receptive, impressionable disposition, he eagerly welcomes novel sensations, emotions, experiences—often consciously cultivating communication with spirits from other realities.

Lachesis lies midway between *Phosphorus* and *Thuja*. He may struggle with the supernatural dimension more than *Phosphorus* but does not close down to the experience in the way *Thuja* initially does. Although somewhat threatened, he feels simultaneously excited and exhilarated by being under the control of a superhuman power, since this control is often accompanied by surges of heightened creativity (*PI*).*

The contrasting natures of *Phosphorus* and *Thuja* were dramatically illustrated in two patients with near-death experiences.

A warm, friendly woman was being prescribed *Phosphorus* for her bleeding tendencies. In the past she had been hospitalized so often for severe haemorrhaging during menses that eventually, at the age of thirty-six, a hysterectomy was performed during which she almost died. More recently, a brain haemorrhage necessitated another hospitalization, at which point, after being discharged, she turned to homoeopathy for assistance.

The patient was a communicative soul and at her first visit confided to the physician, as if to a very special friend, her near-death experience during her hysterectomy (the physician was highly flattered by her trust until he learned that, true to type, the *Phosphorus* woman had recounted this experience to just about every person she knew [*PI*]). She found herself (she narrated) alone and frightened in a long, dark tunnel. Fear would have rendered her unable to move were it not for a light at the far end, which, upon her approach, she saw was coming through a chink in the door of a brightly lit room. Through this slit floated sounds of voices: happy voices with laughing and singing—as if at a party. Her one desire (she recalled) was to be a participant in the merriment, and this propelled her onward. Just as she was approaching the door and was about to open it wider to enter, her action was arrested by her mother's voice ordering her to "Come back! Come back! Come back!"

*For a more detailed analysis of the *Phosphorus* and *Lachesis* psychic natures, see "Clairvoyance."

The daughter had no desire to return. She wished to take part in the fun and festivities. But her mother's peremptory command brooked no disobedience, and, as if still a child, she reluctantly turned back.

That was all the woman remembered until she came to in the recovery room, after having been labored over for many hours by a team of doctors trying to stem her bleeding.

Meanwhile her mother, living in another state, secure in the belief that her daughter's operation was long over and certain she would be hearing from her in the morning, had gone to bed. That night, around 2 a.m., she saw in a dream her daughter lying in an open coffin that was being carried away by undertakers for burial. Her husband said that he was awakened by her shrieking at the top of her voice, "Come back! Come back! Come back!" It was just around this time of the night, the doctors calculated, that the haemorrhaging of the patient (who had almost been given up for dead from loss of blood) abated, and the vital signs began to reassert themselves.

The near-death experience was, thus, by no means one solely of terror for this woman. Full of curiosity, she had wanted to pass through that door to the room where everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves, and only force of habit had compelled her to obey her mother. Altogether the whole incident captured beautifully the *Phosphorus* trust of paranormal experiences.

Quite dissimilar in tone was the experience of an *Arsenicum album*/ *Thuja* asthmatic. Over the years, the woman had responded well to the former medicine for her acute condition and to the latter as her constitutional remedy. This, incidentally, is a well-recognized role of *Thuja*: to serve as the "chronic" of *Arsenicum album* in asthma and other cases when a gonorrhoea I miasm underlies the complaint ("In sycosis, *Arsenicum* does not go to the bottom of the trouble but *Thuja* will take up the work ... and cure": Kent).

Prior to her discovery of homoeopathy, the patient also had almost died in hospital during a severe asthma attack. She, too, described finding herself alone and terrified in a long tunnel with a speck of light in the distance. This woman, however, was not hastening towards the bright speck: her fear was not lightened by any curiosity as to what lay ahead. She was struggling to turn back and flee. Yet no turning was possible in the narrow passage, and her experience was one of unalloyed terror, ending with a sudden explosion of light behind her, after which she regained consciousness.*

Before concluding this section, an additional near-death experience should be cited. A woman, mother and wife in a large, demanding family, recounted how, after traveling the length of the tunnel, she arrived at the light at the end, only to discover that it was infinite space containing-nothing at all! No Christ, Buddha, Moses, or Muhammad, no guiding angel was there to greet her. Just a vast, light emptiness and silence. "But that," she remarked drily, "is precisely my idea of heaven."

What was her constitutional remedy? *Sepia*, of course!

*The frightening dark tunnel with a light at the end appears to be a sine qua non of near-death experiences. Birth and death being two sides of the same coin, it is conceivable that just as we enter life through the birth canal so we exit thi~ world through a tunnel of sorts--also followed by a burst into light.

If so, this makes it clear why the alleged last words of the great Goethe were, "Mehr licht! Mehr licht!" and those of the saintly Pascal, "Feu! Feu! Feu!" On the other hand, the alleged last words of the aesthete and wit Oscar Wilde, dying in a room hung with ugly Victorian wallpaper, "Either this wallpaper goes or I do!" (after which exclamation he promptly expired), are also perfectly understandable.

Sleep, Dreams, and Inspiration:

One swallow does not make a summer, and a single near-death experience of a partly *Thuja* individual is scarcely foundation enough upon which to raise a respectable argument for the type's uneasy relationship with other spheres of reality. Fortunately, however, the everyday experience most closely approximating death-sleep— is familiar to every mortal; and this realm offers further confirmation of our thesis:

The most common *Thuja* sleep affliction is a persistent insomnia, characterized by an early morning (3:00 to 4.00 am) waking and difficulty resuming sleep. The waking may be caused by some physical condition (getting chilled or overheated, a drenching perspiration or need to urinate, or a 3:00 a. m. aggravation of ongoing symptoms and ailments), but it has also been interpreted by patients themselves as their subconscious waking them before they have a chance to experience unsettling or threatening dreams, which, at this point in their lives, they are psychically not strong enough to deal with ("dreams affecting the mind": Kent).

This theory is rendered tenable from repeated observations that when the *Thuja* victim of insomnia does sleep longer, his sleep is disturbed by frightening visions or apparitions that remain with him a long time, refusing to be shaken off (cf. especially Allen).

One woman had for several years been unable to sleep more than two or three hours a night ("sleeps at night only till 12 o'clock, then lies awake": Hahnemann; "short sleep": Kent). This insomnia, alternating with visitations of menacing spectres whenever she did manage to grab a few extra winks, was the one symptom persisting in the wake of a nervous breakdown. It was only after *Thuja* had helped dispel the spectres— had in some way laid those discontented souls to rest—that she now "dared" (as she put it) to sleep longer.

Another patient, trying to recover from a broken love relationship, who had been helped by *Ignatia* and *Natrum muriaticum* but still suffered from insomnia, required *Thuja* because although thoughts of his former loved one no longer obsessed him by day, she continued to appear to him as a disturbing apparition at night.

In addition to being extra susceptible to visitations by spirits during sleep, the subject matter of many *Thuja* dreams indicates his having ventured over some threshold of this reality. He dreams "of dead men" (Hahnemann), of himself either already being a denizen of the nether world or that he is about to become one, also of lengthy conversations held with departed souls (consult the classical texts). This characteristic is encountered even in childhood.

A girl on the brink of puberty was suffering from an unaccountable numbness of the legs. She was prescribed *Thuja* with success partly on the basis of a certain rigidity to her nature: for instance, the usurping of her particular seat in the car or at the dining room table, by any sibling, would evoke a disproportionate reaction. At her second visit, a month later, after the remedy had begun to take effect, the physician learned that when her grandparents had died, for a while afterwards, she would sense their presence around her and, during sleep, pick up messages that they were trying to relay to other members of the family; also that subsequently over the years, they would appear to her in premonitory dreams. So it came as no surprise to the physician when, a decade or so later, the patient—now a grown woman—passed through a spiritual crisis where *Thuja* was the most beneficial remedy.

Significant, too, are the "falling" dreams.* They can be variously interpreted, and each interpretation points to key aspects of the *Thuja* constitution.

*In Kent's *Repertory*, under the rubric "dreams of falling from high places," *Thuja* stands alone in the third degree.

Thus, one *Thuja* patient will understand the dream as the astral body (which during sleep has disassociated itself from this world and has been wandering up there on another plane) hastening to reunite with the physical body by "falling" into it before the sleeper awakens. This interpretation partially explains the symptom "feels as if divided in two parts, and could not tell of which part he has possession when waking" (Kent); also the sleeper's serious starts and jolts when waking that signify his soul's difficulty reentering the corporeal body (yet another variation on the ubiquitous *Thuja* sensation "as if soul were separated from body").

Another patient needing *Thuja* views the falling dream as representing fear of reaching a new depth in awareness-somewhat similar to the way a *Sulphur* adolescent or a *Belladonna* child has dreams of falling which reflect a fear of growing up. Whereas to a burdened *Thuja* soul that yearns for a state of insensibility as a relief from too heavy responsibilities, the falling dream (representing a death wish?) exerts an attractive force-partaking of Pascal's headlong plunge into the abyss, leaving the ego and all worldly concerns behind. To the guilt-ridden *Thuja*, the falling dream carries the same symbolism as the Biblical "Fall." He views it as a fall from God's grace; thereby, in yet another way, reinforcing his feelings of being an outcast-banished not only from this world, but even from the next. The fecundity of the human imagination is limitless and patients can spin these ingenious interpretations of dreams indefinitely-and, so for that matter, can prescribers.

A repeatedly encountered dream in *Thuja* patients (in this writer's experience, second in frequency only to the "falling" one) is that of the dreamer entering a house he has once lived in, is living in, is thinking of buying, or where he is often a visitor—one, in short, that he knows well. As he walks through the once familiar structure, however, the rooms begin to multiply, the house to expand—first in a logical, then in a disorderly and disturbing way—so that suddenly the dreamer feels out of place and fearful of investigating further.

There are, naturally, numerous variations on this dream of *disorientation from expanding structures*. One such finds the dreamer entering a moderate-sized building, looking for Room 9. He is on the verge of locating it (he has already found Rooms 8 and 10) but must turn the corner for number 9. Then begins the frightening wanderings up endless flights of stairs, down long, dark corridors, along dizzying aerial walkways, until he is hopelessly lost in the building—by now grown into a city. Sometimes, to make his presence known, he may cry out ("dreams of calling out"; Kent), but there is no person nearby; or if there is someone in the distance, his cries go unheard or unheeded.

Another variation (this time of an unsettling, expanding situation) may consist of the dreamer's encounter with an old friend from the past, which starts out pleasantly enough. But soon it begins to drag on....and on—the visit, for some undefinable reason, growing more uncomfortable; then, as misunderstandings arise, more disagreeable; and finally, when new personages enter on the scene to contribute to the confusion and misunderstandings (yet who all appear to be in perfect understanding amongst themselves—and only *Thuja* the misfit), downright intolerance. And all the while the dreamer, wishing to escape, sees no way out.*

The underlying theme of all, however, is that the *Thuja* dreamer finds himself confused and ill at ease in what should have been familiar territory—or that he experiences fear in a situation of sycoosis proliferation and excess.

*Intriguingly, these dreams of endless wandering in buildings or of embroilment in ever more complex and uncomfortable situations are often experienced by *Thuja* patients after eating onions—to which food the type, we recall, is mildly or severely allergic.

Dreams are a form of energy, and it is their nature per se that dictates the homoeopath's choice of medicine, not their interpretations. Nonetheless, these last can help elucidate a remedy's particular personality.

Inspiration can be ranked alongside sleep and dreams as another familiar aspect of our lives that is not wholly under our conscious sway.

In the performing arts, the *Thuja* inspiration can be recognized by its "transcendent" quality—not as much in the sense of an excellent or exquisite performance (of which many types are capable), but rather the way the performer brings an other-worldly quality to his act. The preternatural impression left on the audience—of something so unusual, fragile, and vulnerable, as to be almost too precariously poised for this world—is the artistic expression of *Thuja*'s particular estrangement. Furthermore, it is important to note here that the symptom "sensation as if mind were separated from the body" is encountered equally in *Thuja* persons experiencing genuine artistic, psychic, or other forms of inspiration as in those suffering from spiritual disease.

Not surprisingly, in view of the fact that this medicine helps clear the channels to the psychic realms, it can also help dispel blockages impeding the flow of creative inspiration. A longtime homoeopathic patient was in robust health but subject to periodic bowel troubles, as well as occasional anxiety attacks. Essentially a *Natrum muriaticum* type, with her "salt of the earth" personality and a way of always maintaining a stiff upper lip in adversity, she also needed *Arsenicum album* and *Aconite* to control (although never entirely cure) her recurring symptoms. On one occasion, the description of her urgent, spluttering, splashing, explosive stool, alternating with constipation, pointed to *Thuja*, especially when the woman further mentioned a squeaking sound that occasionally proceeded from her abdomen. For, in a physical correspondence to the remedy's sensation "as if an animal were in abdomen" or "hears voices in abdomen" (Hering), the abdomen may emit (in addition to the various gurglings, grumblings, rumblings listed in the homoeopathic literature) bird—like whistlings or mouse—like squeakings.

There was one other striking symptom: a perspiring under the nose and on the back of the neck, just beneath the hairline. Idiosyncratically, *Thuja* perspires on "unusual" parts of the body and on parts that are not covered with hair—but breaks out into eczemas, pimples, or other skin eruptions on parts that are covered with hair (scalp, beard, armpits).

With such an abundance of guiding symptoms, the *simillimum* was obvious. Yet prior to administering the remedy, the physician, as alert to the paranormal in every *Thuja* patient as a hound to the scent of a fox, cross—examined the woman concerning any experiences of a psychic nature.

She denied any such experience, then added, "However, a month ago a friend took me to a psychic in town. It was interesting and I've tried from time to time to contact my guiding spirits, as instructed, but I have felt no different since."

It was not much to go on; but still, the physician reasoned, something may have been set in motion, and he composed himself to wait.

Several months later, he received in the mail scrolls of paper covered with verse. The woman had, as a release from family difficulties, always resorted to writing poetry, but for some time had been "stuck" in her creativity. Now, apparently, the verses flowed from her pen in almost uncontrolled abundance: "I don't know where these channels of inspiration are all coming from! Not from me! I feel completely disconnected from my body when I write.* Her homoeopath, however, was content. *Thuja*, together with the visit to the psychic, had undeniably stimulated her poetic inspiration.

A curious parallel between the physical and mental symptoms further reinforced the *Thuja* picture. The woman's poetic inspiration came out in urgent, uncontrolled, unpredictable bursts-in the same way as her bowels would spurt out in a sudden, unexpected, uncontrolled rush. In *Medorrhinum* (P2), the type's bursts of inspiration and creativity were described. Clearly, a pattern of urgency and "bursts" of intense activity, whether physical or mental, is a sycosis characteristic-an outward manifestation of the psyche's being propelled, at top speed, towards some particular resolution or new understanding.

Among creative artists, it is Leonardo da Vinci who preeminently evinces the *Thuja* inspirational style.

Never feeling entirely at home in this world, suffering from that *Thuja* sense of "foreignness," da Vinci spent much of his adult life wandering from town to town, unable to settle anywhere. When he did settle, he was a recluse, living remote from, and at odds with, society.

True, he was born illegitimate; but in the Renaissance, a time when the self-made and self-educated man was respected, illegitimacy was no ineradicable stigma. He was also born sensitive to suffering. There are stories of his buying caged birds in the market place, of his holding them in his hand for an instant, then setting them free. Over and above, he displayed that *Thuja* uncompromising rigidity, which worked simultaneously to foster his genius and to obstruct it.

This individual who, possibly, perceived the world around him with a clearer eye than any man before or since, still revealed, both in his unsettling paintings and in his voluminous notebooks, a soul baffled by an alien environment. A feeling of alienation from this world compelled da Vinci to learn everything in his own way,

*Indeed, her creativity flew off into a completely new direction: whimsical poems for children inspired by the homoeopathic types.

The *Arsenicum* Elf
 Out into the morning
 There came a happy Elf.
 He knew that he was needed
 So he shook his tiny self.
 Up went his wee red shovel
 My, how the snow did fly!
 It glistened in the sunlight
 Like the stars up in the sky.
 Away he went, a scooting-
 Till the paths, they all were clear
 Just fit for children's walking,
 And he gave a little cheer.
 "Hooray for winter
 Hooray for snow
 I love to be a helper
 Even when the breezes blow."
 He looked to left and right
 And then he shook his head—
 "Now that everything looks tidy
 I think I'll go back to bed."

Printed with the kind permission of the patient who chooses to remain anonymous.

starting from scratch, no matter how trivial his object. (The need to reinvent the wheel in everything one does, the almost perverse determination to approach even the most familiar phenomena from one's own idiosyncratic point of view, *Thuja* shares with that other alienated soul, *Natrum muriaticum* [PI].) For instance, because da Vinci would not accept the time-tested pigments and varnishes of his day, insisting instead on experimenting with his own mixtures of curious ingredients, several of his greatest works (like *The Last Supper*) deteriorated prematurely and then suffered from being clumsily restored. Furthermore, not only was he forever starting projects of great promise, only to abandon them for intervening ideas (the *Thuja* saltation from one interest to another), but at times he could not even get started. Legend has it that when pope Leo X commissioned a painting from da Vinci, the latter spent so many months merely devising a new varnish that eventually the Pope gave up waiting and declared, "Alas! This man will never accomplish anything; for he begins by thinking of the end of the work before the beginning."

This statement proved to be both prophetic and misguided. It was prophetic to the extent that at a time when artists of da Vinci's stature were turning out paintings by the score, he himself completed barely a dozen. But that which Leo X could not have foreseen was the visionary quality of these works, every one of which proved to be a major influence on all subsequent European painting.*

The Pope, however, did inadvertently touch on one fundamental aspect of the *Thuja* inspirational mode: an inborn distaste for *finality*. An overabundance of ideas (characteristic of the sycosis miasm) may impel the type to leap from elaborate preliminary notes, initial sketches, or other forms of preparation (that come out in bursts of creativity), over the necessary intermediary steps of the artistic process, to the gratifying feeling of completion. Unfortunately, it remains completed only in thought. It takes a self-discipline out of the ordinary for *Thuja* to force himself to slow down ... to return to somewhere around stage two or three of his original project ... then systematically to take up, one by one, the crucial intermediary steps requisite for completion of his work. Alternately, when *Thuja* does force himself to work systematically he goes to the other extreme: rigidity and compulsiveness about minutiae. Either way whether from a distracting proliferation of ideas interrupting the creative process or from toiling obsessively over trivia and detail-the result can be a particular artist's loss of interest in the final project before it sees the light of day.**

Arsenicum album may be equally compulsive about minutiae but, because of superior organization and system, he invariably accomplishes that which he sets out to do. A *Sulphur*, entertaining visions of some great work and impatient to get to the end, might in the first stages work carelessly or in haste, but he will follow the requisite steps so as to arrive at an end product that is surprisingly organized, given his often chaotic method of working .

*Technically speaking, Leonardo da Vinci was, in the *Mona Lisa*, the first painter to impart a life-like luminescence to the texture of the human skin. He was also the first to give an intense, brooding naturalism to the landscapes which formed the backgrounds of his paintings-a style which was later taken up by the Gothic and Romantic schools of painting (cf. his *Virgin of the Rocks*). Then, too, his mural representation of *The Last Supper* was so visionary that not only has it remained, for almost five hundred years, the sole source of inspiration for all subsequent renditions of this subject, but was destined to become the prototype for the classical Academic school of painting, as well. Finally, in his use of light and shadow, da Vinci anticipated all European painting that was to follow, even the Impressionist doctrines of color and reflection of light.

**A tragi-comic case of this placing of the cart before the horse was encountered in a *Thuja* patient, who for years spent time and energy searching out and cultivating publishers (also investing his little financial all in dinner and cocktail parties for literary critics and agents) to help promote the book he had in mind but had not yet seriously started to write. More than two decades later, no section of the promising and highly original work (to judge from the disjointed sentences tidily jotted down in numerous small notebooks) has of yet been written.

It is further significant that every one of da Vinci's great paintings contains elements of an elusive, brooding, twilight world ("beauty touched with strangeness": Walter Pater) that leaves the viewer feeling baffled and unsettled—in the same way that *Thuja* himself is baffled and unsettled by aspects of other planes of reality crowding in on him. The enigmatic smile of the Mona Lisa suggests not only the complex inner life, but also conveys a sense of the ambiguous, unexplored regions of the psyche; and the mirage-like landscape in the background has the strangeness of another planet, da Vinci's love of twisting movement (seen in the poses and lovelocks of his figures, his serpentine flowers, and his countless drawings of the movement of turbulent water) can be viewed as mirroring the twistings and convolutions of the tormented *Thuja* psyche. Further, the disturbing smile and equivocal pose of St. John the Baptist, pointing not towards the light or the Christ figure (as he is traditionally represented) but back into impenetrable blackness, hints at the dark unfathomable realms outside our human field of vision. All together, these elements are suggestive of the artist, true to *Thuja*, having peered into realms beyond the empirical.

Attesting no less than his paintings to a *Thuja* constitution are da Vinci's extraordinary notebooks, of which some five thousand pages have been preserved. Here the *Thuja* inspiration, which so often appears from out of the blue, as well as the type's proliferation of ideas, is encountered par excellence.

The pages abound in mechanical and aerodynamic inventions, theories and drawings of the workings of the human body, sketches of natural phenomena and geological cataclysms— all far in advance of their time, all thrown in randomly, no matter how irrelevant, and on equal terms (i.e., a helicopter, a city sewer, and a human skull on the same page). Even more characteristic of sycosis excess is the way in which, to forestall all possible misapprehension and insure that his demonstrations were perfectly clear and his arguments indisputable, da Vinci describes his findings from every possible angle, repeating his proofs time and again.

The fecundity of prophetic ideas (coming from no one knows where, nor why—written out with laborious minuteness in cipher or mirror writing) once again somehow reflects the strange, hooded, inward-turning nature of a not-entirely-of-this-world *Thuja* genius.

Unlike his famous Renaissance contemporary, Michelangelo, or follower, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci remains, to this day, a shadowy figure, with one foot in some strange visionary world; yet who, because he was primarily an artist, is holding back from venturing further into those lowering realms, whose haze can only be dispelled by mystical concepts.

Emotional Instability and Spiritual Dis-ease:

These days, *Thuja* is needed with increased frequency for disturbed emotional states and diseases of the spirit*

This remedy was prescribed for a woman, in part for a mental state that was too attuned to the darker side of human existence, in part for the small pedunculated warts that were cropping up on her neck and upper portion of her torso. She returned two months later with fewer warts and much improved spirits.

"What medicine did you give me?" she inquired of the physician.

"*Thuja*," he replied.

"Oh, but of course! I should have guessed! The Plutonian remedy."

"What makes you call it that?"

*An altered or deranged state of mind induced by recreational or hallucinatory drugs is a separate subject not included in this analysis.

"Why, because it is prescribed for the little warts on sterns that look like the astrological symbol for Pluto. And because, in general, we are living in a pretty Plutonian age, don't you think? You know, the nuclear age, where radiation clouds assume that same Plutonian shape of mushrooms. Also, a time when the whole dark side of the subconscious is emerging."

The physician heard this with a shock of recognition. The image suddenly illuminated the labyrinthine complexities of our era. Indeed, the last third of the twentieth century, during which the Plutonian-like underworld of our natures and the shadowy realms beyond the one limited by our five senses have been opening up, savors strongly of *Thuja*.

Taking an impressionistic approach, there is a constitutional gestalt to every period of modern Western Civilization. The Middle Ages, with its High Scholasticism and powerful religious clogma, was a *Sulphur* era; the Renaissance, an age of brilliant, sinuous, versatile minds exploring every branch of knowledge, seems *Lachesis* and *Nux vomica*; the Reformation, in a resurgence of mysticism paired with the birth of pure science, exhibits the other sides of the *Lachesis* and *Sulphur*; the Age of Enlightenment, extolling reason, good form, good taste, and precise thinking, projects *Arsenicum album*; and, in a natural reaction to the Age of Reason, the short-lived Sentimental era at the beginning of the nineteenth century weeps with *Pulsatilla*; the remainder of the nineteenth century, swept along by High Romanticism and the liberation of the emotions, can be considered *Tuberculinum*. And when we reach the twentieth century, *Natrum muriaticum* may well characterize the post World War eras. Consider the widespread disillusionment of the times and the growing isolation of the thinking individual who, breaking away from traditional values, sets off on his lonely quest in search of a new identity.* As for the last decades of this century—an outgrowth of the *Natrum muriaticum* mentality—they belong to *Thuja*.

There is an element of *Thuja* in the unleashing of the truly "Plutonian" nuclear power (and *Thuja* was purportedly one of the prime remedies administered to victims of the Chernobyl disaster); likewise in the unleashing of the powers of sexuality on a mass scale, bringing with its liberation from old mores a host of dark issues; lastly in the unleashing of minds through powerful hallucinatory drugs with their Plutonian aftermaths. Also *Thuja*, however, is the decision among ever more individuals to commit themselves to the sober exploration of the subconscious and other orders of reality, including Pluto's realm of life beyond death. And the *Thuja* picture, in its turn, sheds light on a number of the mental illnesses of our era.**

Homoeopathy, with its highly idiosyncratic understanding of both mental and physical symptoms (viewing them at the very least as "guiding," if not as the body's actual attempts to heal itself), has always been particularly sensitive to the quantitative rather than the qualitative difference between health and illness. This is to say that disease is essentially an intensification of an individual's latent weaknesses and susceptibilities—or even an extension of "normal" characteristics.

*All these remedy characterizations—as well as (painting with a still broader brush) the *Nux vomica* accelerated tempo imparted to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries by Napoleon—have been elaborated upon in *P1* and *P2*.

**However, as we enter the new millennium, there are changes in the wind. The homoeopathic remedy for the coming era remains to be seen.

Thus, one is able to trace the same *Thuja* picture in a range of states of spiritual dis-ease. At the mildest level one sees inflexibility, unease around people, a sense of foreignness, or disconnectedness from this world. At a somewhat more serious level there emerge mental confusion, disorientation, and the various "sensations as if," including out-of-body experiences and the sensing of the presence of other realities. More extreme are the temporary emotional disturbances of patients in spiritual crisis or undergoing nervous breakdowns. And at the most disturbed level *Thuja* presents with traces of what conventional medicine labels as paranoia, catatonia, schizophrenia, multiple personalities—all of whose symptoms are prefigured, if not actually listed, in the classical literature.

Approaching the matter from a different angle (the better to appreciate the true elegance and symmetry of the homoeopathic discipline), the *Thuja* sensation of weakened tie between body and soul is often the "guiding" symptom for each one of the emotional states listed above, as well as their concomitant physical complaints.

A veterinary variation on this protean symptom was met with in a miniature dachshund (called Henry, after the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow). Whenever his master left on a journey, he would develop diarrhea and incontinence, responding not at all to the voice and touch of others, and drifting around the house, like an autumn leaf wafted by the wind. It was as if his spirit had detached itself from its moorings and had floated away to join his master, and only his comically elongated body remained behind. *Thuja* 200c strengthened the little creature's bowel and bladder control and arrested the aimless wandering from room to room; and his retrieved spirit appeared to be once again securely lodged in his physical frame.*

Among the more familiar symptoms of *Thuja* in emotional or spiritual dis-ease are lability ("very changeable moods; goes from one extreme to another ... at one time cries or another laughs ... spasmodic laughing and weeping at the same time ... passionate in unexpected attacks": Allen), obsessive thoughts ("mind cannot get rid of a thought he has in his head": Allen), and depression, coupled with a complete loss of interest in the world around him ("sad thoughts; inattention to what is going on around him": Allen). In more severe cases the patient might exhibit a vacancy of mind during which he does not listen when spoken to, nor concentrate sufficiently to answer questions put to him. This condition is often worse in the morning, upon awakening, when "he can hardly collect himself for half an hour" (Hahnemann) or longer.

The inability to think or respond coherently might render him unfit to take on any but the most menial tasks and responsibilities—at times even to the point of not being able to care for himself ("constantly requires reminding to go on with her dressing": Hering). Picking up or cleaning his room becomes a production; yet in his state of touchiness and nervous irritability, he strongly resents any assistance—regarding it as intolerable officiousness.

And, predictably, during his struggle for emotional survival, the sufferer grows ever more absorbed in himself and estranged from others. This estrangement he magnifies by dwelling on legitimate or fancied grievances. For instance, if another inadvertently says the wrong thing to him ("anything of which he does not exactly approve": Allen), or even says the right thing but in the wrong tone, he will feel irritated or injured.

*And for those lovers of the quirky, there was an additional twist to this case. The remedy administered to the dog came from an old-fashioned goose-necked glass bottle that was fitted with a cork slightly too large. This cork would periodically pop out of the bottle's neck of its own accord—a curious feat, and as close as any bottle could boast of its head (mind) separating from its body.

Thuja benefits not only individuals in crisis, but also those who have failed to manage their lives successfully or to understand how a satisfying life could be conducted—as well as those who attach blame to others as an excuse for poor performance ("he is discontented and dissatisfied as are all those who have no order in their mentality": Hubbard). The remedy is likewise beneficial to those of insecure ego who, in their inability to enforce emotional boundaries, merely reflect others' personalities ("confusion as to his own identity": Kent).

Whatever guise a severe emotional disturbance adopts, the breakdown in personality is frequently the precursor of a breakthrough in understanding. As with the fabled phoenix rising out of the ashes of its own pyre, the old must die so that the new can live, and the ego must relinquish the wish to return to its prior state for true healing to commence. The almost insuperable obstacle with *Thuja* is that the type clings to the old and to his fixed ideas with the combined tenacity of the most obstinate *Calcareo carbonica* and the most uncompromising *Natrum muriaticum* (PI). With this individual there is no hope of a gentle laying aside of the old identity; a veritable Humpty-Dumpty shattering is required before the ego can reassemble itself along healthier lines. Whence proceed the feelings of brittleness, broken bones, of flesh being torn from the bones, of separation of body and soul, of the body becoming thin or dissolving, or becoming double—all symptoms accurately reflecting on the "sensations" level the changes that are taking place at a deeper stratum*

Moreover, to complicate matters even further, the patient himself may begin [0 account for all these mental-emotional disturbances—the fears, insecurities, and free-floating guilt that mark the *Thuja* type ("constantly tormented by groundless anxiety ... [feels] she is being punished for a fault she cannot name": Allen)—as traumas experienced in previous lifetimes. Patients presenting past-life experiences of the World Wars, the Holocaust, Communist purges, as well as of cruelties perpetrated farther back in history, will often exhibit a *Thuja* diathesis.

Thuja illnesses, then, have a way of triggering deeply buried resentments and unacknowledged anger, or of bringing to the surface long-suppressed traumas. Whatever the original source of suffering, the hitherto inchoate, shapeless, smoldering negativity, knit up with unarticulated feelings of having been in some way cheated by life, now begins to take on a fixed form.

The difficulty is that the *Thuja* individual does not know what to do about this painful development. The unhealthy emotions do not lead anywhere but, assuming a life of their own, begin to fester in the dark, dank underworld of the soul. Like the *Thuja* pattern of overgrowth of undesirable cells, they proliferate and feed upon themselves, leaving little space for healthy emotions, and ultimately permitting no entry of light. As a result, the sufferer finds even the most primal of all instincts, self-love, too burdensome and begins to despise himself and to "loathe life" (Allen). And, with no herd of Gadarene swine in the vicinity to absorb the overwhelming negativity—thus cleansing the subject while the animals rush headlong down a steep slope to their destruction (Luke 8:32-36)—where is all this energy to go? How is it to be dispersed without harm to self or others?

*The loss of cohesion in the individual *Thuja* ego reflects a more general malaise of our "*Thuja* era": the splitting apart of entities that have long been bound together (families, religions, class values), which phenomenon, in turn, parallels the splitting of the atom, hitherto indivisible.

The strong individual is able to harness even hostile emotions, which are found in every person, and use them constructively in the world. Competitiveness is channeled to sharpen the business instincts, cutthroat ambition to enhance the political or professional skills, and jealousy, hatred, even obsessive thoughts, can be sublimated into art or other creative endeavors* However, *Thuja* reacts differently. Unable to derive strength from his surplus of negative energy, finding no socially acceptable outlet that will channel it away from himself, he is consumed by it.

Understandably so-since, to return to our basic theme, he is at that stage in his human development where his principal challenge is not to "succeed" in this world, but rather to investigate the very forces and emotions (so distressing to him) that are his link to the spirit world.

Clearly, then, the "deceitfulness" attributed to *Thuja* is not that of a powerful, conniving, manipulative individual, such as one encounters in Balzac's more depressing novels-although the patient may, upon occasion, like to regard himself as such ("especially revels in dreams of overpowering selfishness . . . himself the center point about which everything must turn, with an intoxicated feeling of joyous satisfaction: Allen). It is the deceit of the vulnerable, frightened, injured soul who adopts concealment as a way of stoically facing hardship and of feeling less exposed. For, the sensation "as if made of glass" (Hering) refers not merely to his psychic fragility, to a hold on reality that could break at any moment, but also (begging to differ with Kent who maintains that "the idea is that she will break, and not that she is transparent") to his fear of people seeing through him into the dark part of his soul-which he is trying to hide from others as well as from himself. This concealment, which tends to manifest as reserve, is reminiscent of *Natrum muriaticum's* well-known avoidance of eye contact except with the closest of friends. The eyes being notoriously the "interpreters of the soul," *Natrum muriaticum* does not fancy others prying (*PI*).

Furthermore, just as the adolescent, feeling estranged from and misunderstood by his family, may begin to fantasize about being adopted, so the failed and miserable *Thuja* adult, who feels useless to himself and others (and who is, all too often, stuck fast in the straits of adolescence), begins to exaggerate his alienation from his environment and humanity. Caught up in a web of self-doubt and self-reproach, he needs to prove to himself that he does not belong in this world: that he is either too sensitive and good for it or too ugly and evil. He bitterly resents those who are most anxious to help precisely because their concern interferes with his isolation and prevents him from indulging in some putative "nobility" of suffering. The type is, actually, reminiscent of those morbidly sensitive characters in Dostoyevsky's novels who, proudly rejecting all assistance and succumbing to a profound loathing of life, lose their spiritual direction somewhere around page thirteen in a five-hundred-page volume and are then unable to find it again until the end-if at all.

An adjective apposite to these *Thuja* sufferers is "dispirited." The patient is literally dis-spirited; he has lost all intuitive contact with his own inner guiding spirit, has not yet learned to respond to any outside guiding ones, and is left without any healing direction.

*Dante Alighieri's Divine Comedy is well-known to have been inspired, in part, by feelings of hatred and vindictiveness against his victorious political enemies, the Black Guelphs, Placing their leaders firmly in the poem's "Hell" to suffer eternal torments was Dante's way of revenging himself on those who had banished him from his beloved Florence, forcing him to live out his life in exile.

The author is not prepared to assert that this dispiritedness is uniquely a *Thuja* phenomenon. But the constitutional type does have a way, due to his aforesaid rigidity, of being incapable of learning anything from his unhappy situation except that he is unhappy. He gets tied up in knots of tangled, conflicting emotions (remorse and resentment; touchy pride and abject self-reproach; self-blame and blaming others; conformity and unwarranted rebellion), which he is in no way capable of unraveling without ingress into the spiritual realm. Intellect, instinct, intuition are simply not sufficient. A sentence in the suicidal note of the disillusioned, emotionally entangled Nezhdanov, in Ivan Turgenev's novel *Virgin Soil*, stating starkly, "I could not *simplify myself*" would meet with the dispirited *Thuja*'s perfect understanding.*

We turn now to several specific emotional illnesses benefitted by *Thuja*. First to be addressed is "adolescent schizophrenia"—distinguished from true schizophrenia in that the young person has not truly lost contact with his environment, nor is he suffering from personality disintegration. It is more "as if" such changes had taken place and, in the normal course of events, with most constitutional types, the malady rights itself of its own accord.

The instabilities and perturbations of a young soul passing from the relative security of childhood into the great, frightening, "foreign" world of adulthood are at best considerable; and this significant transition is bound to disorient the type that responds adversely even to variations in routine. Indeed, when *Thuja* constitutes the underlying diathesis, the adolescent tends to experience the familiar traits of feeling wronged, misunderstood, insufficiently appreciated, restless, bored, and not belonging to an exponential degree.

Full of fears and contradictory emotions, incomprehensible even to himself, he feels simultaneously resentful and dutiful, insufficiently loved and undeserving of love, angry at being either noticed or ignored. He constantly demands attention yet repels all help, he dreads being alone yet needs to be alone. Either he talks at too great length and with too much intensity, without listening to others, or he retires sulky and morose, barring access to his room ("avoids the sight of people": Kent). Certainly, of efforts at mood control there is little trace ("gives way to the humor of the moment": Allen); and a physical recoil from touch or irascibility at being addressed ("will not be touched or approached": Hering) go hand-in-hand with an unbounded capacity for taking offense.

Because this adolescent feels estranged from his environment and ill at ease, he is ready-nay, eager-to enter into combat with just about any authority figure, particularly a family member, who dares to criticize, contradict, or in any way thwart him ("irritability is likely to be shown towards individuals about the house ... towards the mother ... ": Kent). Here, too, is amplified the earlier mentioned *Thuja* perverse sensitivity—a tendency to be overly sensitive about the wrong things and insensitive about the right things, such as the needs and feelings of others. For instance, despite his own touchiness and sensitivity to intrusion, he will without the slightest compunction barge thoughtlessly into a room, interrupting whatever is going on, and

*An even finer literary example of the type's sense of confusion and dismay is encountered in Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*. A *Thuja* ambiance pervades this extraordinary work—beginning with the hopelessly confused, pathetically deceived narrator and extending to the tragically confused love triangles he both participates in (unknowingly) and observes. The remorse-ridden hero, whose sufferings are described in the eerily *Thuja* image "as if the skin was being flayed off him ... [with] the flesh hanging from him in rags ... ," commits suicide; the beautiful in spirit, but too vulnerable, younger heroine loses her reason; and the narrator himself, who is subject to strange dreams of themselves as ghosts from another world, is left at the end of the novel trying to extract some meaning from their corporate suffering. "It is a queer and fantastic world. Why can't people have what they want? The things were all there to content everybody, yet everybody has the wrong thing . . ."

demand of others an immediate response or favor. He is driven by the "haste [and] hurry" (Hering) as well as the impatience and restless seeking of external stimuli so often ascribed to the sycosis miasm (*P2*). Also here, finally, Kent's "ugliness" of disposition finds its true voice, with all its quarrelsomeness, suspicion, secretiveness, deception, spelled by feelings of unworthiness and remorse.

At this, stage, too, many a *Thuja* adolescent (or young adult) lives in a state of squalor, in which surroundings he feels more comfortable because they correspond on the physical level to the disorder he senses inside him. This, to be sure, is also a *Sulphur* characteristic (*P1* and "Indifference"). But although the *Sulphur* adolescent is similarly restless and in need of external stimuli (lacking which he falls into an ostentatious ennui), although he similarly abuses his hair and clothes and is possibly even more argumentative, demanding, and utterly selfish; yet he does not emit that aura of profound spiritual dis-ease. One recognizes that much of this cloud of adolescence (together with the abuse of hair and dress) will disperse with time, even without the assistance of homoeopathic remedies. With *Thuja*, however, it is not merely a question of easing this particular passage in human growth that can be so taxing to the tolerance, patience, and love of those around. Lurking in *Thuja*'s dark moods is a deeper disturbance of the psyche, which the natural course of things does little to dispel. It must be consciously addressed with outside guidance and help.

As for the adult: headaches, poor sleep, numerous allergies, and fleeting joint pains skeletal-wide were afflicting a graduate student. It was her mental state, however, that was primarily at stake. Her history revealed a long series of difficulties with friends, teachers, men, and members of her family, as well as lifelong feelings of being unwanted and unloved. Indeed, so insecure was she, so uncomfortable around people, that she had dropped out of school and was living at home, quite incapable of resuming her studies ("indisposition to any kind of intellectual labor": Hering) or of undertaking any occupation, even the most part-time ("unfitted for every work on account of confused whirling of thoughts in the head": Allen). The maximum responsibility she was able to assume was occasional light grocery shopping, returning from these sallies with a bag containing a prune yogurt, a piece of fruit out of season, and a small jar of expensive French mustard. Otherwise, to protect her all-too-shaky ego from the influence of stronger personalities, she spent much of the day in solitude, sitting in her room, gazing out into space ("she stares in front of her": Allen) and "disinclined to talk" (Hering).

Only at night would the patient evince energy; then her daytime physical and mental apathy was spelled by a frenetic restlessness and activity, forcing her to emerge from the house and roam the streets ("heat of bed and anxiety driving her out of bed and home": Allen; "impulse to walk": Boger). Sometimes, in her nocturnal wanderings, she would find herself standing in a daze, wondering how she had landed in an unfamiliar district of town ("walks about from place to place without knowing what she wants": Allen; "confusion while walking": Kent). These impulses were markedly aggravated during moonlit nights, especially during the waxing moon (both *Thuja* modalities).

She had her own justification for her strange behavior in the home: "I *have* to sit perfectly still and quiet and hold myself rigid because otherwise I feel as if I will fly apart"; also for refusing to leave the house during the day: "In daylight strangers are able to see through me, into my soul-and if they saw the blackness there, they would attack me" ("fear of" strangers": Kent).*

*Incidentally, this case suggests that perhaps the latter-day increase of homeless people, whose fear and suspicion of strangers by day compels them to roam the streets at night, is yet another manifestation of our "*Thuja* era."

The doctor in charge, recognizing that the sufferer and her family were in for a long haul, insisted that if the dispirited patient were going to be treated homoeopathically, it was imperative that in addition she undergo systematic counseling with a spiritual or psychic counselor.

The form of therapy chosen for her was past-life regression, in part because she was already being spontaneously assailed by unsolicited spirit entities, in part because this method alone could supply the immediate "similar" experience she needed to replace her inchoate sense of injury.

The patient proved to be a most receptive subject. She became more and more convinced that the real (as well as her imagined) injuries sustained in this lifetime were largely linked to previous incarnations. It was there, in her difficult, at times traumatic, past lives that the source of her present mental sufferings were to be found. Her soul, it was now clear to her, was not helplessly possessed by some ugly side of her own nature, nor was she about to be attacked by people evilly disposed towards her. She was being besieged, in uncontrolled flashes, by her past-life experiences and the surfacing of her own previous personalities, which needed to be acknowledged and understood before healing could begin.

"I now realize," she volunteered, "that I am being offered, here and now, an opportunity to resolve and break my karmic pattern of repetitive suffering."

More relevant to our homoeopathic purposes, the young woman would return from each one of her past-life sessions feeling as if her whole body had taken a beating and received a terrific shaking up— a close approximation to the *Thuja* sensations as if "body is brittle and easily broken" (Hering) and "all inner portions seemed shaken" (Allen).

Not only in this intriguing instance but in a number of similar cases, *Thuja* has proven of undeniable value in assisting emotionally scarred patients to brave both the physical and emotional upheavals entailed in the expansion of psychic awareness; also in helping individuals remain grounded during the unsettling process of spiritual growth; finally in encouraging terrified sufferers to perceive that benign spirit forces are right there beside them—all lined up, eager to assist.

Another condition that frequently calls for the healing powers of *Thuja* is chronic fatigue syndrome. This still largely unexplained illness, which varies with every patient and yields to no recognized conventional medicine, is ideally cast for homoeopathic treatment.

Hahnemann, like Paracelsus before him, claimed that, barring injuries and accidents, all illness is a disease of the spirit ("when a person falls ill it is only [the] spiritual self-sustaining vital force, everywhere present in the organism, that is primarily deranged by the dynamic influence upon it of a morbid agent....": *Organon*, Section 11). In few illnesses is the truth of this statement more apparent than in chronic fatigue syndrome.

To begin with, it is noteworthy that the disease appears to affect persons whose psychic balance has already been shaken, or the delicate hold has already snapped. Constitutional remedies such as *Calcarea carbonica*, *Silica*, *Sepia*, *Lachesis*, *Natrum muriaticum*, and especially the two nosodes *Psorinum* and *Carcinosin*, all have much to contribute to alleviate this particular illness (P2). But when a spiritual malaise overshadows even the dysfunctioning of the immune system and the victim becomes prey to profound fear and despondency, it is time to apply to *Thuja*.

One of the more prevalent of the innumerable physical symptoms encountered in chronic fatigue is lightheadedness (cf. *Thuja's* "sensation of lightness when walking": Hering; "body feels lighter than air": Kent) that finds its mental counterpart

in disorientation and feelings of disconnectedness from one's environment. Or, conversely, the sufferer's mental confusion finds a parallel on the physical level in a confusion of symptoms—the illness, like the remedy, being characterized by ambient aches and pains. *Thuja* (listed in the invaluable "Here and There" rubric, under "Generalities" in Boger) may be precisely the simillimum when the frazzled prescriber finds himself, with different remedies in hand, chasing symptoms all round the patient's body in a never-ceasing cycle. Also, frequently encountered in this illness is a skeletal fragility: the *Thuja* sensation of bones feeling brittle and ready to break from the least exertion—even from pressure.

Sleep disturbances predominate. Either the invalid sleeps eighteen hours a day, then awakens more tired than ever, or his slumbers are fitful and insufficient. One consequence of sleep deprivation (or unrefreshing sleep) is lack of energy to heal. Hence, the drawn-out nature of this illness, with its long plateaux of convalescence and disheartening relapses.

The victim's spirits might be so daunted from prolonged infirmity that, unable to throw off his shroud of dejection, he "despairs of recovery" (Kent). This attitude, together with the often normal blood tests and other vital signs, causes him, however unjust the charge (for *Thuja*, like *Phosphorus*, may look better than he feels or is), to appear culpable of malingering, or at least guilty of "contributory neglect" in the will to heal.

In addition, the free-floating anxiety, which is so often a significant factor in the more severe cases, tends to heighten the sufferer's insecurity and therefore his innate rigidity, with the result that he fastens onto negative opinions, convictions, patterns of behavior with a lobster-claw lock.

However, like so many *Thuja* illnesses, chronic fatigue can be a forcing bed for change, affecting the reexamination of one's entire persona: one's lifestyle, value systems, emotions—at times one's very faith.

A clergyman well along in years had, for five long years, been struggling with exhaustion, migratory pains, poor sleep, despondency, and self-reproach for a lack of true love in his heart for his fellowman (not misanthropy as much as feeling emotionally dead). Equally disturbing to him was the way in which his illness had virtually stripped his faith of purpose and meaning. Although resisting every inch of the way ("I'm an encrusted old barnacle, too stuck to change"), a spiritual crisis was forcing him to reevaluate his traditional beliefs. "I feel too old to be forced to undergo a character metamorphosis," he lamented, "too tired to discover that all my old ideas are useless or wrong and to have my faith virtually rent asunder."

But few *Thuja* individuals are spared; sooner or later, they have to face an illness that necessitates growth in spiritual awareness. This patient perfectly exemplified the constitutional type's archetypal challenge: to expand his consciousness—or continue emotionally and physically to suffer.

These reflections, to be sure, emerged with hindsight. That which initially guided the physician to *Thuja* were the clergyman's sleep and dreams. Despite his fatigue, he suffered from insomnia, and on those occasions when he was finally able to drop off, he was shortly afterwards awakened by dreams of falling.

Thuja 30c was accordingly prescribed, then repeated at infrequent intervals. As the elderly patient began shedding his physical symptoms, an emotional peace enveloped him. Half a year later he began a comparative study of the mystical roots of the great religions of the world and was so happily engrossed in his research that he felt, he said, twenty years younger.

"For a while there, I thought I was a gorier." he later confessed to his homoeopath. "But apparently there were still some embers left in the ashes-s-even occasionally a flame!"

Parenthetically, from increased familiarity with the workings of the *Thuja* diathesis, even the type's "falling" dream takes on a new significance. That which the guilt-ridden patient has hitherto regarded as symbolizing a fall from Grace is now transformed into the *felix culpa*: the "fortunate fall" which leads ultimately to salvation. By virtue of breaking down an inadequate understanding or shattering an inadequate faith, the "fall" makes room for a new awareness to enter—and emerges, paradoxically, as the fall into Grace. Or in therapeutic terms, *Thuja*'s "fall" into a prolonged illness, offering as it does the sufferer an opportunity for tranquility and reflection, at some point opens into a path of spiritual healing.

All of which introduces our next topic—that of religious imbalance.

One finds listed in the classical literature the symptom "pious [Hering] or religious [Kent] fanaticism." True religious fanaticism, however, probably lies outside the jurisdiction of homoeopathic remedies. Your true zealot, of whatever persuasion, likes his spiritual beliefs just fine ("Thank you very much") and displays no desire to relinquish or temper them. In step with George Santayana's fanatic, "someone who redoubles his effort as he loses his direction," the zealot might even cultivate his fanaticism for the very energy it generates in an otherwise stagnant emotional life.

But *Thuja* can address a religious state of mind which (in accordance with our thesis) is too narrow, rigid, or uncharitable for the individual's spiritual growth—begetting a petrification of ideas and behavior patterns that amounts to imbalance.

To elucidate; *Thuja* is so perilously close to the underlying turbulence, chaos, and dark side of his nature that he fortifies himself against its encroachment by imposing the strictest order on his conscious moral/ religious nature and by submitting it to the strongest discipline. This individual, we recall, is expert at assuming guilt, and religious rites and rituals (necessarily ordered and stable) are a frame for his overactive conscience ("she herself desires with anxiety and despair to be ... treated ... strictly, so that her fixed ideas may be subdued and banished"; Allen). Often, however, even the disciplinary measures of established religions will not bring peace. For *Thuja* is "petrified" in the alternate sense of the word as well. Having lost all intuitive spiritual direction, feeling unwanted, rejected, banished from God's Grace, he understandably finds himself beset with fears lest he submit to the chaos and disorder of the dark forces within him. These feelings, combined with the earlier mentioned confusion as to his own identity, may further conspire to render the type fearful of having fallen "under the influence of a superior power" (Hering). *Lachesis*, too, experiences feelings of being under superhuman control. But this sensation is not all negative for individuals of the serpent constitutional type. There is usually (as many a *Lachesis* artist will testify) an accompanying surge of energy and exhilaration, which frequently expresses itself in a flow of creativity (*PI*). In *Thuja*, the experience, unalloyed with creativity, is wholly terrifying.

The nature of *Thuja*'s religious guilt differs from *Lachesis*'s religious struggles in yet another respect. Although the latter may possess a similar insuppressible conscience, although he also fears to submit to the underlying chaos in his psyche, yet his essentially dualistic experience of reality and his recognition of his own nature's two warring sides (the higher versus the lower, the loving versus the hating, the rebelling versus the submissive) keeps him buoyant, vital, creative. Struggle, after all, is a sign of an active life force (*PI*). Whereas a *Thuja* assaulted by "anxiety of conscience" (Kent) experiences a monistic collapse into guilt.

This morbid mental state, which has its source deep in the past of this or other lifetimes and breeds a subliminal, if not overt, "despair of salvation" (Kent), is unfortunately characteristic of the more precariously balanced egos, not the more transgressing ones. For who are the persons who feel guilt most profoundly?

Healers working in the psychotherapeutic field or in spiritual counseling repeatedly observe that the most severe and relentless self-accusers are actually the victims of humiliation, rejection, physical or sexual abuse, unhappy childhoods, or other injuries perpetrated on the psyche. By some complicated emotional process they take on the guilt of their offenders, while these last, in contrast, are less troubled by remorse.

Those who believe in karma might explain the victims' feelings of identity with their offenders in terms of past incarnations. Today's victim was yesterday's abuser, who is now experiencing himself the pain he inflicted on others-not, it is understood, to be accepted as simple punishment or retribution, nor with a resignation to suffering, but to be viewed as a challenge, as an opportunity for change of consciousness. Other healers may analyze the phenomenon in terms of the overly empathizing, overly susceptible psyche, too readily taking on personally any archetypal guilt that is floating around in the stratosphere: that is, the sufferer taps into the "collective unconscious" experience of mankind, then assumes a universal (a Dostoyevskyan "We are all to blame!") guilt. Yet other toilers in the field of the psyche perceive this characteristic as a perverse exchange of identities in a tortured or diseased soul. By having allowed himself to be injured, the victim has in some manner become an accomplice to the crime; by participating, even if unwillingly, in the injury directed against his person, *Thuja* feels himself tarred with the same brush as the offender ("fancies he has committed a sin": Allen).

Perhaps, too, beneath an excessive assumption of religious remorse, there resides the (albeit at times unconscious) conviction that just as great sin must precede great redemption, so this guilt is a necessary prerequisite to great absolution.* Indeed, without this conviction and hope of absolution, how is the weight of guilt to be borne?

Be that as it may, there is no guilt so deep-seated, so self-destructive, so *ineradicable* as that of the oppressed or injured individual.

A middle-aged woman was suffering from a simple urinary disorder: frequent urination at night with too much urine in proportion to the amount of liquid consumed. *Phosphoric acid* and *Sulphur* had helped her in the past but were now no longer effective. The case history revealed her having been sexually molested by a family member from an early age and then seduced before she had entered her teens. Her extreme sexual guilt, despite the fact that it was not for her to assume blame, established a pattern for later life. Throughout adolescence and young adulthood she had, in order to reach a state of insensitivity towards the past, indulged in a series of unsatisfying sexual relationships. In actual fact, her guilt was compounded when, in her affairs with married men, she found herself the cause of family breakups or disharmony.....

The sexual paradigm proving ineffectual, the woman next tried seeking absolution in religion ("she longs for the offices of the church in order to banish her sinful thoughts": Allen). For a number of years she clung tenaciously to the strict, established, orthodox beliefs in which she had been raised, attending innumerable retreats and religious workshops. Failing to find spiritual solace there, she then fell

*This exaggeration of guilt in order to draw out the meaning and purpose of suffering clearly parallels the homoeopathic aggravation of symptoms in order to cure.

into a frenzied pattern of espousing one religious belief system after another, embracing each in turn with a fervor that those close to her viewed as little short of fanaticism. ("Now I finally know what real prayer means," the convert would earnestly assure one and all after every change of religious persuasion. "Before it was all simply empty recitations without genuine feeling.") Formerly it was relationships, now it was religions that she tried on and threw off like the latest fashions in dress; each new discovery exciting her for a while, none satisfying. The physician had never encountered any patient who had worked so hard at being absolved of guilt—all the while despairing of ever attaining a state of Grace ("increasing despair which allows no rest anywhere ... day and night": Allen).

Thuja 10M was prescribed. Yet the physician realized that the homoeopathic remedy alone could not rectify the woman's present religious imbalance nor could it break her self-perpetrated pattern of seduced/seducer (whether with men or religion). And, wary of the amount of legitimate anger and reproach likely to surface during the healing process ("the waves of anger and grief that overpower me astonish even myself!" is a familiar *Thuja* refrain), he urged her to visit a clairaudient of strong religious bent. Circumventing the oftentimes too lengthy psychoanalytical process, the channeler helped her client perceive her pattern of behavior in a larger (past lives) perspective and instructed her in techniques for arriving at the spiritual peace that she so craved.

Occasional doses of *Thuja* then helped the patient to assimilate and stabilize the changes of enormous magnitude (and what change could be vaster and more unsettling than embarking on the uncharted seas of the spirit world?) that she was undergoing in the course of her healing.

This case was representative of *Thuja* for two reasons. First (and perhaps not surprisingly, in view of the remedy's close affiliations to the gonorrhoeal miasm), it demonstrates how sexual guilt may lie at the source of the type's religious imbalance. *Thuja* does not, as a rule, present a picture of sexual excess, nor the contrary aversion to intercourse. The remedy, significantly, is not found under either of these rubrics in Kent's *Repertory*—nor even under "lasciviousness."* As often as not, one encounters a sensitivity and delicacy with regard to sexual matters. It is more that some sexual incident (not necessarily of prodigious proportions in itself) will precipitate the whole disturbing issue of our twofold (part animal, part spiritual) natures. We find seeds of this confusion already in religious mythology, such as the Biblical account of the "Fall," where sexuality is viewed both as Original Sin and as a means of gaining knowledge and experience. When such views are consciously or unconsciously heeded, sexual experience, if abused or improperly understood, can obviously contribute to profound spiritual malaise.

Translated into homoeopathic terms, *Thuja* is one of the first remedies to be considered in cases of sexual imbalance: when sexuality has been experienced too early or the emergence of sexuality in adolescence is especially troublesome; for adults exhibiting a disproportionate sexual guilt ("I am a great one for sexual remorse," one patient volunteered. "No one—but no one-surpasses me there!"); for those who have been victims of the dark side of sexuality or who have experienced romantic love as a truly Plutonian fire. The remedy also figures prominently in persons suffering from the social or moral guilt of homosexuality ("remarkable indifference to the opposite sex": Allen).

*True, *Thuja* incorporates "lascivious dreams of coitus" (Hahnemann). But then, listed as this dream is under "amorous dreams" alongside 150 other remedies in Kent's *Repertory*, which constitutional type will cast the first stone?

If an individual feels secure and comfortable in a homosexual relationship, there is no issue to be addressed. But if family, social, or religious opprobrium causes him great anguish, or if despite the higher tolerance and acceptance of such matters in our day and age, he feels unease, with a need to hide or suppress this aspect of his nature, then a *Thuja* diathesis can emerge.

The second prominent *Thuja* feature of this woman's case was the vital role of the psychic. The degree of comfort and assistance that a psychic, a medium channeling spirits, or a transpersonal counselor can supply to a *Thuja* patient racked by confusion and remorse is incalculable.

It is healing for information to surface— even if not of a particularly desirable variety. Among other balms, it gives the necessary perspective on hardship and pain. Without understanding the meaning behind his sufferings in archetypal terms, without framing it in a context greater than this life, and especially without some spirit guidance beyond the self to lead the sufferer through the misty regions of these under and middle worlds (as Virgil guided Dante), many a traumatized *Thuja* cannot truly heal.*

To be sure, other constitutional types are also confronted with the choice of embracing or rejecting the realms of extrasensory perception. But it is the idiosyncrasy of *Thuja* that he is no longer able to avoid confronting these issues. His symptoms are the thin end of the wedge, forcing him into the new realities.

Indeed, *Thuja*— requiring patients, after the initial shying, take to psychic readings and Plutonian regions like ducks to water. "I'm just crazy about psychics!" one woman announced to the homoeopath who had sent her, fearful and resistant, for a reading. And another woman, who also had been pulled into the vortex of the paranormal despite her original reluctance, even admitted, "I know that *Thuja* and homoeopathy have helped me, but it is really the psychic who has turned me around. Give me a psychic over any kind of doctor any day!"

Some homoeopaths might shrug their shoulders, thinking, "Ah well, there's no accounting for tastes"; others might sigh over the lack of gratitude in the world. But there is no gainsaying that those doctors who desire "the highest good" (Hahnemann) for their spiritually troubled *Thuja* patients ought always to have available for them some recourse to the psychic realm.

*The piquant aspect of it is that the guiding spirits working through psychics do not, apparently, give vague advice, clothed in ambiguous or symbolic language. Displaying decided preferences and strong opinions, they can be as practical and down-to-earth as an old-fashioned governess. The question a physician is tempted to ask his *Thuja* patients is, "Do you find your guides' advice always to be correct?"

"It is seldom 'wrong'" is a characteristic reply. "Often, however, it is given prematurely (the guides do not always have the best timing) and sometimes it seems wrong because it is so undesirable. But in retrospect, when the spirits are pressing, they have real reason for it."

*The Child and "Vaccinosis"**

There still remains to be addressed one important aspect of *Thuja*— namely, its capacity to counter the ill effects of vaccination, particularly in children .** This topic has been left for last, as only in the light of our preceding analysis can the remedy's signal role here be fully appreciated.

Initially regarded as the "specific" for counteracting adverse reactions to the smallpox vaccination (cf. Hering), *Ibuja*'s function has since been expanded to include antidoting the adverse effects of any injection of foreign antigens into the bloodstream: "This is a preeminently strong remedy when you have traces of animal poisoning such as snake bite, smallpox, and vaccination" (Kent). And such a well-recognized role does *Thuja* play in the last instance that, as no person can unerringly predict which child might be inordinately sensitive to inoculations, a number of homoeopaths will automatically accompany the compulsory children's vaccinations with a dose of this remedy in hopes of mitigating, thereby, their possible injurious effects.

Certainly, *Thuja* has proved invaluable in a number of the wide range of physical and neurological disorders, or a child's failure to thrive, whose onset can be traced back to the time of inoculation: repeated middle ear infections, eczema, asthma, enuresis, chronic nasal catarrhs or diarrhea, sleep or eating problems, head-banging in infancy and excessive rocking in the older child. It is either the prime remedy for a particular affliction, the cleanser after inoculation, or a supportive remedy to *Silica*, *Sulphur*, and others (cf. Appendix to *Silica* [P2]).

More salient to this analysis, however, is vaccination trauma in the mental sphere. The child is father to the man; and here *Thuja*'s healing action prefigures its action throughout the psychic dimension.***

It has been emphasized throughout this chapter how, frequently, patients requiring *Thuja* display a priori a tenuous hold on life, with sensations of estrangement from, or ill-ease in, this world-at times to the point of feeling foreign and disconnected from this plane of reality. Indeed, a fair number of *Thuja*-requiring children whether vaccine— damaged or not-have a history of failure to thrive (poor sleep or nursing in infancy), frequently accompanied by much screaming, as if in protest at being here on earth.

Conceivably, what happens during vaccination (we are merely offering a working hypothesis) is that the injection of a "foreign" antigen into the bloodstream of this sensitive and neurologically extra-delicate individual ruptures his already too fragile connection to reality and propels him onto some different psychic plane. As Moskowitz writes, vaccination generates "a state in which it becomes difficult or impossible for the body either to recognize its cells as unambiguously its own or to eliminate its parasites as unequivocally foreign."****

*Burnett's term for the physical and mental traumas resulting from vaccination (cf. his *Vaccinosis and Its Cure by Thuja*).

** For case examples of vaccinosis in adults, consult Burnett, Clarke, Tyler, Shepherd, and others. Also, many of the pathologies described in this chapter may well have had their origin in vaccination.

***Perhaps even the onset of the "*Thuja* era," described previously, can be linked with the onset of mass vaccination and its long-term sequelae.

****The Case Against Immunizations by Richard Moskowitz.

In extreme cases-in a truly "Plutonian" aftermath of inoculation-the child leaves this plane of existence altogether. Convincing arguments have been advanced for sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS) being directly related to the diphtheria-pertussis-tetanus vaccine.* Or another tragic sequel is "imbecility of mind after vaccination" (Hering). Less sensitive victims of vaccinosis will withdraw only partially, disconnecting from this world in a milder but still unmistakable form.

For instance, the infant becomes delirious from high fever immediately after the inoculation or, somewhat later, seems to have "tuned out"—exhibiting a certain loss of emotional or intellectual responsiveness. Or, according to parental reports, an older child, after his booster shot, might display a diminution of social awareness. One will suddenly start to crawl on all fours in a restaurant or other inappropriate places, oblivious to the impression he is making; another will sit dazed, buckled in his seat belt in the car when all others have gotten out-not moving, as if not knowing what is expected of him ("inattention to what is going on around him": Allen); yet another will begin to shirk the normal responsibilities that the maturing process entails, such as brushing his teeth or making the bed prior to going to school, and will respond vehemently when told to attend to the care of his person or his room (we recollect that the child is "liable to be much worse in the mornings": Borland). Some youngsters regress in language skills and/or are later diagnosed as dyslexic or learning disabled.**

Other sequelae to the booster shots are noted by parents. The child, hitherto perfectly able to contain his bowels and urine, begins to lose control; or he starts acting silly, giggling inappropriately, bothering other children by unwelcome touching or kissing, and later may display inappropriate expressions of sexuality. Yet another child increases the frequency and severity of his oppositional behavior ("the child is excessively obstinate": Hering) or his tantrums. The intractable *Thuja* child screams in rage and terror and will not listen to reason when his fixed ideas are tampered with (an article of clothing he has set his mind on wearing or some particular food he wishes to eat-regardless of how unsuitable for the occasion) or if required to interrupt his work or play for meals. He may also carry on quite out of proportion to the simple admonition or rebuke ("at the slightest contradiction he throws himself to the ground in a rage and loses his breath": Allen). This lack of self-discipline, self-control, when combined with inability to concentrate on the matter at hand, exposes him to the catchall labels of "hyperactivity" or "attention deficiency."

A number of these cases will respond to *Thuja* to a lesser and even to a greater degree.

The remedy has even altered truly asocial and violent behavioral patterns in children. One fatherless eleven-year-old boy was consistently surly, disobedient, deceitful-and, upon occasion, dangerous. When crossed, he would attack his mother with scissors, knife, or a hammer. Afterwards he would sincerely repent; but, from early childhood, when the fit was upon him, he could not control his violent outbreaks. Close inquiry into his vaccination history suggested to the physician that

*A Shot in the Dark by Harris I. Coulter and Barbara Loe Fischer.

**Ibid.

Certainly many of these patterns of behavior actually stem from the original vaccine but, with infants, the correlation is difficult to prove. Direct cause and effect are more discernible to parents in the older child-hence after a booster shot.

there might have been vaccine damage, and that possibly the boy, at these times, was undergoing some form of seizure (yet another common sequela of vaccination). Consequently, *Thuja* 10M was prescribed, then repeated a couple of months later. That was the end to all sociopathic behavior, and the boy is now a pleasant, sweet-tempered teenager.

Behavioral and mental changes as a result of vaccination at times assume subtle and even amusing forms, probably noticeable only to the homoeopathically educated. Thus, a two-year-old girl, after her booster DPT shot, began to wail loudly every time her father lovingly sang her to sleep at night, as he had been accustomed to do in the past. As soon as he stopped singing, she stopped crying; he tried again and, to his hurt surprise, the same thing happened. Surely this was a unique variation on the *Thuja* symptom "cannot endure soft tender music" (Allen) and "music causes him to weep" (Hering), for after one dose of the remedy it never happened again.

Another case was an older girl of five who, after she was given her first polio and tetanus vaccines before going off to summer camp, developed a tendency to confuse words in an amusing manner. North Owl Street, to which a friend had recently moved, she now referred to as North Howl Street; or, envying her older sister's enjoyment in reading, inquired as to when would she be old enough to read books by Louisa May Alcohol; serious discussions with her parents about her behavior now became serious "disgustions"—and she deplored the "locomotion" they created. *Thuja* somewhat regrettably, straightened out these quaint malapropisms.

A variant form of—subtle long-term vaccine damage was encountered in the six-year-old boy who, like a premature adolescent, moped discontentedly around the house unable to amuse himself—constantly seeking stimulation but satisfied with none. "I can't stand life. It's so boring! I want to die" ("desires death": Kent). After a single dose of *Thuja* in high potency, he became more content, less in need of constant attention and stimulation.

Lying somewhere between the state of total withdrawal from this world (SIDS) and a partial withdrawal through regression in behavior, social awareness, or learning skills, we find a form of disconnectedness known as autism—the onset of which has also been linked to vaccination*

Naturally, factors other than vaccination, such as brain damage at birth, high fever or encephalitis, injuries to the head, can also cause the autistic child to shut down and escape to another plane. But parents have repeatedly asserted that prior to the original inoculation or one of the booster shots, the child appeared to be developing normally. Then, suddenly, maybe a few hours, days, or at most weeks after vaccination, the child begins, if younger, to stare fixedly ("child stares after vaccination": Hering), gradually to avoid eye contact or to grow "averse to being touched" (Hering). The older child loses his verbal skills ("child does not speak after vaccination": Hering), or in other ways withdraws into himself, into a strange silence.

In view of all the aforesaid, it should occasion no surprise that these silent children, with souls partially detached from their bodies and their spirit in many ways detached from this world, will often respond to *Thuja*—although the remedy, to be sure, does not cure autism; and we are unable to gauge its work in the psychic realms. What we can gauge, however, is its effect in this, our own, reality and notice subtle improvements in the autistic child in social behavior and peripheral skills: in table manners, tantrum control, bowel or

*Ibid.

urine control. There may be some relinquishing of rigidity and oppositional behavior, or an increased attention span; also, at times, a marked decrease in seizure activity. Or sometimes after the remedy a child will establish stronger eye contact-looking at a person instead of staring through him; another will relate better with family members; at other times, the child who is intolerant of being touched, as autistic children often are, begins to respond better to physical contact and affection; and so forth (for a more detailed analysis of the *Thuja* aspects of autism, see Appendix on p. 67).

It is also true that the potentized arbor vitae will not work across the board with lesser vaccine damage in children, despite Clarke's semi-jesting assertion that "everyone has been vaccinated and drinks tea, so everyone can be helped by *Thuja*" (quoted in Tyler). In every ailment, including vaccinosis, individualization remains the cardinal tenet of homoeopathic prescribing. But the well-attested healing effect of *Thuja* and *Medorrhinum* on vaccine-damaged persons argues for some link between the sycosis miasm and a susceptibility (from inoculation) to weakened ties with this reality.

Even in nonvaccinated children, afflictions reflecting varying degrees of mental confusion, social unawareness, and immaturity can point to a *Thuja* diathesis. The child becomes too quickly unhinged when excited or tired, or is emotionally too labile and easily upset ("causelessly excited ... at one time cries, another laughs": Allen). These mental symptoms can be accompanied by a mild neurological disorder or some form of stunted physical growth and development.*

In intellectual skills there might be little order or retention. Some days the child will know a bit of information; other days he will not. Sometimes he will spell words correctly; other times not (*Baryta carbonica*), or he exhibits a slowness in talking and difficulty finding words. Frequently, long before he has time to finish a sentence, others will have ceased listening, proceeding on to other topics. Alternately, he makes inappropriate remarks, seemingly irrelevant to the subject at hand; or, sensing his awkwardness, he will talk a blue streak (and often too loudly) so as to conceal his handicap. This mode of compensating for feeling "foreign" is reminiscent of the way people who are hard of hearing talk at length, without listening, to conceal their deficiency. Or, again, in more extreme cases the youngster, feeling different and excluded from this world consequently unloved and unwanted-resorts to sobbing and raging. Yet, simultaneously, he combats with every fiber of his being the assumption of any responsibility, or taking on any intellectual challenge, that might work to diminish his social ineptness and mental confusion.

According to parents, the effect of *Thuja* on their somewhat "out of it" children is to render them "more present" or "more engaged."

Last we arrive at the serious ("remarkably earnest mood in a young girl": Allen), precocious, or artistic (not autistic) *Thuja* child, of delicate health but powerful imagination, who (whether vaccinated or not) has a tendency to "space out" or get lost in fantasies ("happy reveries": Allen).

Thuja was the remedy for a six-year-old girl with poor eating and sleeping habits and canker sores, who was highly susceptible to the subtle currents of nature.** She heard voices in the wind and the sea, claimed that even the New England rocks spoke to her, and held lengthy conversations with earth spirits inhabiting trees and

*Those readers seeking additional symptoms of the *Thuja*-requiring child in general are urged to consult Borland's *Children's Types* and Burnett's *Delicate, Backward, Puny, and Stunted Children*.

** *Thuja*, incidentally, deserves a higher rating in the "apthae of the mouth" rubric in Kent's *Repertory*, inasmuch as it is one of the very best remedies for this recurring condition.

flowers. Her parents had to take her word on these assertions, but that she displayed a special way with animals—understanding their needs and feelings, and communicating with them almost as other children communicate with their peers—and that there was a poetic immediacy to her descriptions of encounters with nature entities were undeniable.

This child, unwittingly, was following in the tradition of "etheric" (Hubbard) children finely attuned to the spirit aspect of nature. One such precocious little girl, Opal Whiteley, born and raised in a lumber camp in Oregon around the turn of the century, kept a diary between the ages of five and seven that beautifully captures the almost-too-sensitive-for-this-world *Thuja* quality ("extraordinary sensitiveness to every impression": Allen):

I have thinks these potatoes growing here did have knowings of star-songs.....and I have seen the stars look kindness down upon them.....And as the wind did go walking in the field talking to the earth-voices there, I did follow her down the rows. I did have feels of her presence near.....

Now are come the days of brown leaves.....They flutter on the ground. When the brown leaves flutter.....they talk with the wind. I hear them tell of their borning days when they did come into the world as leaves ... they told how they were part of earth and air before their tree-borning days. And now in gray days of winter they go back to the earth again.*

or of a slightly darker pigmentation:

I have thinks I was once a tree growing in the forest; now all trees are my brothersI did wonder how I would feel if I was a very little piece of wood that got chopped out of a very big tree. I felt of the feelings of the wood. They did have a very sad feel ...*

It is not unusual for the precocious, elfin *Thuja* child to converse like an adult or employ original turns of phrase, or even to express himself like a little philosopher—to the amusement of his elders.

Also, in typical *Thuja* fashion, Opal was convinced that she did not belong to the family she was born into, but was a foundling daughter of French aristocrats. Her diary, strangely enough, is peppered with French words and turns of phrases, as well as classical references which by no stretch of the imagination could she have picked up in an Oregon lumber camp in the year 1902.

A literary example of a *Thuja* boy is Fodder-wing (from Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's *The Yearling*), the delicate, unworldly child born into a family of burly, rough Florida backwoodsmen, who, to compensate for his physical deformity and a slightly affected mind, develops a fanciful imagination and an uncanny way of befriending the furry and feathered wildlife of the swamps. So strong is his kinship with his natural environment that even after his death, his spirit (as sensed by his friend Jody Baxter) lingers on in the scrub country of the Florida Uplands:

*From *The Diary of Opal Whiteley: The Journal of an Understanding Heart*. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, 1920.

Something of Fodder-wing had been always where the wild creatures fed and played. Something of him would be always near them. Fodder-wing was like the trees (note the *arbor vitae*). He was of the earth, as they were earthy, with his gnarled, frail roots in the sand ... A part of him had been always outside his twisted body. It had come and gone like the wind.

In clinical practice, instances of communication with the realm of extrasensory perception are encountered less frequently in boys than in girls (perhaps because the former are more reluctant to reveal this side of their natures) and, when this trait does emerge, more likely than not it happens unconsciously. The tip of the penis of a four-year-old was so clogged up with a tenacious orange, crusty discharge when he awoke one morning that until the crust was peeled off, urination was impossible. A dose of *Thuja* 200c prevented a recurrence of this symptom. It also, incidentally, assuaged the boy's night terrors from which he would wake up thrashing and crying out, "Marne! Ypres! Verdun!" For a long time his parents, thinking that he was shouting, "Mom! Hepar for Dad!" (a remedy the youngster habitually required for his sore throats), would try to assure him that Dad was just fine and had received his *Hepar*, until one day, when wakened from his dreams, he sobbingly described shooting and the "big holes" he was trying to climb out of ("dreams of battle": Kent). Certainly this kind of information on World War I trench warfare did not come from his still very limited education-nor from watching television, something his family did not even own.

Contra et Pro:

Many of the theories expounded in this portrait are, admittedly, open to question, and there will be those homoeopaths who see little value in dragging the supernatural realms into our already sufficiently complicated *materia medica*. Indeed, no one can say for certain whether the *Thuja* "sensations as if" are genuine contacts with a different objective reality or products of an overactive, overstimulated, at times even diseased imagination. On the one hand, it is being pounded into us with ever-increasing force that "there are more things in Heaven and on Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophies"; on the other hand, it is conceivable that the supernatural lies not outside us but within us-in our subconscious, our imagination, our unconscious memories. Perhaps the individual psyche merely relates to some archetypal or transpersonal experience of humanity, to what Jung calls our "collective unconscious." Possibly, even, the whole world of positive and negative entities is but an emanation of the psyche as it attempts to depersonalize guilt and thus minimize the scope of personal moral responsibility.

Fortunately, it is not necessary for the physician to judge how objective or scientifically valid or invalid are a patient's sensations. Working with the sensations "as if," that which guides him to the simillimum is the particular form a patient's energy takes and his resultant emanating gestalt.

"Rising of dark thoughts, causing uneasiness and apprehension of misfortune" (Allen), is (as we have seen) one of the "forms" that *Thuja*'s disturbed energy takes. Another form is the burden of the unsupportable but insuppressible conscience. The sufferer begins to ask, "What does my ever-active conscience want of me? Whence these feelings of fear, alienation, guilt?" Or (as psychic phenomena begin to crowd in on him), "Why are accosting spirits not leaving me alone?" For, in part, *Thuja* is a dutiful, well-intentioned ("conscientious": Kent) child who wishes to please his parent, teacher, or other authority figure but, receiving confused messages, does not know how to respond. Also, however, sensing supernatural manifestations and feeling

them a threat to his already confused and insecure ego ("the excess of the etheric leaves little room for the ego": Hubbard), he rebels with the anger and irrationality of an adolescent who rejects the guiding influences of those most eager to help him. Overall, *Thuja* classes himself among those individuals who have been called (away from this world to experience richer realities), yet who (for reasons they cannot well determine or confront) are not chosen*

To be sure, the homoeopath himself need not have to experience any paranormal phenomena in order to respect its validity in others;** nor need he accept the supernatural as an ultimate truth. Talking of spirit realms happens to shed light on *Thuja*. With some other remedy, like *Pulsatilla* or *Arsenicum album*, such arguments would not widen our understanding of the medicine.

But the physician who has espoused Paracelsus's maxim that man is but a microcosm of the universe and that the inside of man and the outside are one (see the "Introduction") will take into account the existence of other spheres of reality. And, honoring the capacity of the remedies to address the expanding human consciousness, he can observe his patients move from a partial and clouded vision of the encroaching spirit world to a clearer and therefore healing comprehension of it. ("For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known": 1 Corinthians 13:12; and recall the *Thuja* "sensation as if he is made of glass.")

With these observations comes the recognition that the homoeopathic medicines achieve their profound effects precisely because they do act on the subconscious, archetypal, psychic, and spiritual levels. Moreover, only a full acknowledgment and appreciation of these levels will enable both patient and prescriber to greet the daily widening dimensions of the world we live in with a cry similar to Miranda's in *The Tempest*, "Oh brave new world that has all these levels of reality in it!***"

The remedy *Thuja occidentalis* is derived from a coniferous tree belonging to the cypress/cedar family.

From ancient times, the cypress has ornamented burial grounds; its aromatic oil was used in embalming; its wood, resistant to decay, served to make coffins and, because of its strong fragrance, was burnt in sacrificial offering (the Homoeopathic Pharmacopoeia of the United States tells us that the name "thuja" is an adaptation of the Greek word "thyrá"-meaning to sacrifice). Also, according to ancient mythology, this tree was sacred to Pluto, ruler of the underworld and of the region of the dead. Thus, in a variety of ways trees of the cypress family are associated with death.

*For many are called, but few are chosen" (Matthew 22:14).

**The author, to her infinite chagrin, has never enjoyed a journey into a past life or been visited by apparitions or prophetic dreams; nor has she ever conversed with a pixie or an elf.

***In a happy serendipity, it was precisely in connection with *Thuja* that Hahnemann, in the *Materia Medica Pura*, volume 5 (1826 edition), expanded on the counter instinctual, counter logical, paranormal parameters of the homoeopathic discipline. In his introduction to the remedy, after describing the paradoxical phenomenon of the micro-dilutions increasing the power of a remedy, he goes on to say in a footnote: "This discovery that crude medicinal substances (dry and fluid) unfold their medicinal powers even more and more by trituration and succussion ... and extend further the longer and stronger [the process] is carried on, so that all material substance seems gradually to be dissolved and resolved into pure medicinal spirit [author's emphasis]....is of unspeakable value ... "

With these words, Hahnemann himself introduced a spirit factor into the homoeopathic equation.

But being a hardy evergreen, capable of surviving in just about any climate and soil, with its unfading branches holding forth the promise of perpetual existence, the *Thuja occidentalis* is equally associated with immortality.

Sacrifice or death of the old life and birth of a new one serve as fitting images for *Thuja's* remarkable healing powers, as the remedy comes to the aid of those dispirited patients who, having lost their direction, must find it in a realm beyond the one limited by our five senses. And these associations help us appreciate the full significance of this ordinary, often scrub, conifer being endowed with the grandiose name of arbor vitae— or the "tree of life."

Appendix:

Hitherto, children afflicted with autism have lived in their own silent world, seemingly largely unaware of the reality around them and unable to communicate with others. But recently a discovery by an Australian woman, Rosemary Crossley, has allowed us to understand a number of these children's mentalities. Typing out words, phrases, and whole sentences on a lap-top computer or a Canon Facilitator (a customized typewriter with ticker tape attached), they are beginning to emerge from their isolation and make their thought processes known.

Predictably, one of the most prevalent themes of their communications is the feeling of alienation and estrangement from other humans; "I want to be an ordinary person"; "I want to talk like other children"; "I don't want to be different from other children"; "Why was I born different from other people?"; "I don't want to be a freak"; "I want to be in the world with people and not in outer space"; "I want to go to school like other children and not with handicapped children." And one ten-year-old typed out for her teacher, "I am grateful to you for treating me like a normal and not like a handicapped child."

Thuja can support the healing efforts already commenced along these lines. For example, children proficient in the use of the facilitator, who yet need to have their hand held for confidence or assistance in neuromuscular control, may grow bolder or more coordinated after the remedy and ask to have only their wrist held, or their elbow; or a touch on the shoulder to feel grounded may be all that is required.* As one child typed out after several doses of the remedy in high potency, "My mind and body used to go separate ways. Now they are trying to stay together." Or the child becomes more aware of the world around him, exhibiting a nascent curiosity about it and a desire to participate in its destiny. One older girl, after a course of *Thuja*, typed out the questions, "How does homoeopathy work? What do the remedies do? How long will it take for me to learn to talk? There are lots of wonderful things I want to be able to do."

Here, too, might be the place to mention the markedly *Thuja* "as if" symptoms that children and young adults type out. "Whenever I am touched, I feel as if I'm going to break"; or "When I get touched, it feels as if my bones get stuck together and can't get unstuck"; or, when *Thuja* has helped towards decreasing the strength of their anti seizure medication, "I feel less wooden and zombie-like" (recall the *Thuja* sensations "as if made of wood" and "as if he is in the nether world").

The facilitator has, moreover, enabled autistic children to share their psychic experiences—a number of which closely parallel the *Thuja* "delusions" discussed earlier. They appear to live a life of their own partly in another order of reality (indeed, the very definition of autism in Webster's is "absorption in ... daydreams, fantasies, delusions, and hallucinations ... usu. accompanied by marked withdrawal from reality"). Moreover, it has long been suspected by parents and caregivers, who have observed their charges stop to listen, as if to a voice, then smile and laugh, or cry and look displeased, that they appear to be responding to another's address. Now this strange behavior is beginning to be understood. A number of them are responding to guiding spirits.

One autistic nine-year-old, once she mastered the facilitator, as—tounded her totally unaware parents by typing out for them that she had a spirit friend called Sarnos with whom she was in constant communication. This spirit friend was helping her understand that the purpose of her life was to study "neuro-endocrinology" (a word her parents did not even know) so as to help discover a neurological cure for

*Not to be discounted in this particular role, however, are *Calcarea carbonica* and *Silica*.

autistic children, and that thanks to Sarnos, she now realized her purpose here on earth and was glad to be alive. (The conviction that they have come into this world "autistic" so as to help others is a recurring theme with these children.)

Another girl, who had screamed for three solid days after her initial DPT inoculation, and who could not even say "Mamma," described how her spirit friend, Dorothea, taught her to read when she was four years old. By the time she was fourteen she was writing poetry. The following excerpt from a poem by this girl provides a rare glimpse into the mind of an autistic child:

To try is to fail, so I am served by neither,
 Only appeased for the moment
 by my lessened madness
 In some leaning toward an ordinary show
 of what's expected.
 You want a normal performance.
 Well, I find the task prisons me
 Behind bars of mighty opinions
 righteously ordained by word wielding others
 Who dare to declare boundaries.
 I try but little does nothing.....
 - *Eve Hanf-Enos*-

And yet these remarkable children will not talk. Most will not even take on the responsibility of dressing or washing, of brushing their hair or teeth, or even going to the bathroom by themselves.

Why are they so determinedly resistant to growing up? Why are they reluctant to exhibit their skills and often brilliant minds? When asked this question, the reply is always the same: "I can't!" "I'm afraid!" "I'm too scared!" "I don't want to be independent!" The resolutely uncompromising child realizes that as long as he remains mute, he will be cared for; if he exhibits any life skills (even the most primitive ones), he will be forced to take on responsibilities and confront the dreaded independence. An inordinate fear, then, appears to be the underlying cause. "A nameless, bottomless, undefinable, ever-present terror" is the way one autistic youth expressed himself, adding that it took constant work and vigilance for him not to be overwhelmed by this constantly threatening emotion.

It seems as if the feeling of injustice at being injected (inoculated) with a foreign substance acts as the catalyst of the child's innate anger against all the harshness and cruelty of this world—a world so terrifying that the sensitive soul wants nothing to do with it. In fact, some children, once they become proficient on the facilitator, type out that they remember how already "in utero" they did not wish to enter this "ugly" world: that they do not know why they had to be born into this "inimical" environment; that they did not wish to "incarnate" on this planet (note the remarkable expressions)—in short, that they do not belong here on earth. Far better, then, to remain locked in their own silent world than venture out into our larger, threatening one.

Not surprisingly, too, autistic children often exhibit much guilt and remorse. "I'm so bad-so bad!" "Nobody likes me!" "People hate me!" they type or write out. Since nothing in their present short, sheltered lives could justify such guilt or terror, conceivably these young souls are being assailed by some traumatic past-life experiences—not merely remembered but somehow, in an uncontrolled way, relived. Indeed, when they are asked about how they themselves interpret their fears or enforced

silence, they might refer to harsh laws of karma in such phrases as "I'm paying for my past lives."

Eve, the author of the verses quoted previously, was of this particular persuasion. In another of her extraordinary poems she writes:

... Oh gods I still with wonder sense
 This sorrow suffer, itself so intense.
 I angels envy so good, so ether clear
 An angel I can not now be, in darkness I am here.
 I am sorrow saying so saddened me
 Terrible desolation soon sagged at me
 Sapped my soul, my spirit, so
 I am doomed to answer "no"
 To angels who entice with silver words.
 I am another sorrow ordained by swords
 To cut and lonely path to follow
 Today and everlastingly tomorrow.

And yet, in the conclusion to a poem about her multiple personalities, she breathes the spirit of acceptance:

. . . I am who we are
 Separated by this bagged body and united by one soul
 Each of LIS alone, and all made a whole.

Perhaps many autistic children are victims of either great terror experienced in and carried over from their past lives, or of guilt for crimes they perpetrated— or imagined they perpetrated— on others. But all this remains in the realm of speculation. That which is not speculation is that not only a few, but a number of these children appear to be endowed with highly developed powers of extrasensory perception.

This stands to reason. Trapped by the limitations of their own bodies (some are poorly coordinated; others have weak muscular tone; still others are subject to seizures that leave them limp and exhausted), deficient in their linguistic and social skills (many of the normal, healthy, physical outlets for frustrated emotions are blocked off to them, as well as the avenues of conventional communication), these withdrawn youngsters develop paranormal skills. Often they know exactly what is going on in other peoples' minds and in the lives of distant loved ones. They are able to type out answers to their parent's thoughts (not words). They can recount exactly what actions and conversations took place when a family member was away in another state or country.

All too frequently, however, in an exaggeration of *Thuja's* inherent susceptibility to, and inability to shield himself from, the frightening aspects of any experience, the autistic child is more attuned to the negative attributes of the psychic world. Thus, one little fellow would roll up in the fetal position and start whimpering and wailing whenever one of his older brothers, far away, was undergoing some emotionally traumatic experience; while another boy would urinate on the living room carpet whenever he did not like his mother's negative thoughts (speaking of refined forms of blackmail)!

Or one little girl would wake up crying piteously whenever her mother, in another room, was having a bad dream; while another would have a seizure in school if her parents at home were quarreling.* In a word, these ultra-sensitive youngsters-and, later, adults-are burdened with more psychic cargo than they can carry.

Hence *Thuja's* commanding role.

*In a slightly different vein, these children are able to bring up traumatic memories not only of early infancy but also of prenatal experiences. One child recalled almost verbatim the conversations held between her parents about whether she should be aborted or not; a second child accurately described the terrifying, big, intrusive eye of the sonogram; while a third child related how she felt "starved" in the womb (her mother had suffered from severe nausea and vomiting during much of the pregnancy).

Janus-Faced Causticum

The Balanced Individual:

Causticum is one of the major constitutional remedies whose personality does not readily lend itself to homoeopathic typology.

The fault lies neither with homoeopathic physicians who, recognizing it as a "polychrest of the highest order" (Hering), have over the decades made valiant efforts to fathom its psyche, nor in an inadequacy of its mental-emotional provings— which are extensive. The fault lies squarely with the remedy itself. It partakes of the nature of an hors d'oeuvre— being one of those medicines, which, with every responding patient, holds forth promises of a fuller comprehension of its personality picture, yet never delivers. In this way the homoeopathic appetite is left unsatisfied, hungering for more.

To begin with, *Causticum's* very derivation is obscure. With the possible exception of persons well-versed in chemistry, Hahnemann's *Tinctura acris sine Kali* conveys little to the homoeopathic imagination; while its further description as "of uncertain nature and strength, hence should be made in exact accordance with Hahnemann's directions" (*The Homoeopathic Pharmacopoeia of the United States*), followed by detailed instructions of how to prepare the burnt lime and mix it with bisulfide potash, is hardly more enlightening.

In addition, the substance from which this medicine is derived evokes no beautiful image with attendant associations to help the physician form a well-rounded portrait—as can be observed in the lead of *Graphites*. Nor can the *tinctura acris sine Kali* be pictured visually so as to lend itself to a "doctrine of signatures"—as does *Tbuja* ("the resinous callosities of the stem and leaves of the *Thuja occidentalis* might seem an indication that the plant was the specific for sycosis and warts": Teste, quoted in Clarke). And no wealth of symbolic associations throng the mind to illuminate the nature of the remedy— as with *Aurum metallicum*. Furthermore, no archetypal figures from Greek or Biblical mythology align themselves with features of the *Causticum* picture to give it depth— as does Persephone with *Pulsatilla* or Lot's wife with *Natrum muriaticum* (PI). Finally, and above all, the patient, per se, presents a substantial typological challenge—being essentially of a balanced, reasonable, sociable disposition, and projecting an aura of eminent normality.

Normality, which, in its very nature, precludes forcefulness, flamboyance, or the vividness that arises from extremes, is not easily described. In literature, for example, it requires the genius of a Tolstoy (with his whole galleries of "normal" people: Natasha Rostova's family in *War and Peace*, the Scherbatov family in *Anna Karenina*) or of a Jane Austen (the friendly Musgroves in *Persuasion*, most members of the indecorous but engaging Price family in *Mansfield Park*) to render such characters every bit as fascinating as any of those obsessed eccentrics (driven by wild impulses, greed, irrational fears, or love-hate complexes) that crowd the worlds of Dickens, Balzac, Dostoyevsky, and modern psychological novelists.

Causticum goes through the world reliable, emotionally stable, exhibiting "normality" in the loftiest sense of the word—in the way we like to think of humans as being and acting. That is, he exemplifies, as a rule, Jung's four aspects of the personality (the sensorial, the intuitive, the intellectual, and the emotional) operating reasonably well together, with no one of the separate functions being overdeveloped at the expense of the others.

Thus, this constitutional type is encountered in the ranks of supportive spouses, reasonable parents, agreeable and not overly difficult children, sociable colleagues, reliable friends— among all those rational, law-abiding citizens who display clear judgment in everyday situations, sound principles, and a caring attitude towards people Cando these days. towards the planet).

Furthermore, your average *Causticum* is even-tempered and self-respecting, neither given to complicating his life by over dramatization, nor regarding himself as a helpless chip tossed about at the mercy of life's currents. Not for him is the *Natrum muriaticum* and *Staphysagria* tendency repeatedly to place himself in emotionally precarious situations, then subsequently succumb to uncontrolled resentment. Instead, more like *Sepia* or *Silica*, he has begun to devise ways of protecting himself from injury and exploitation (*P1 and P2*). By nature he harbors a conscience of what could be described as the Hellenic stamp, enabling him to maintain a healthy sense of his own worth and base his conduct on who or what he is-in contrast to a Judeo-Christian conscience, which (ideally) compels him to base his conduct on who he ought to be.

Consequently, unlike *Arsenicum album*, who is always struggling to perfect himself; or *Lachesis*, with his two natures perpetually at war; or *Sepia*, *Thuja*, and *Aurum*, who are too easily given to self-reproach, *Causticum* is self-accepting ("has a fairly good opinion of himself": Borland). Seldom does he work untiringly at improving his soul and, even if of a pious nature, will not assume undue religious guilt. For instance, in his life philosophy, suffering, spiritual struggle, and pain are viewed not as a necessary factor of the human condition (see, in contrast, *Natrum muriaticum* and *Thuja*), but as something merely incidental to it-as a component of life which occasionally must be dealt with but which need not be dwelt on.

When life thwarts his plans or dashes his aspirations to the ground, rather than immediately blame himself, he philosophically ascribes these failures to unfortunate circumstances or, even more conveniently, to others. As one *Causticum*, describing his self-acceptance in the face of setbacks, reasonably argued, "If things go askew in my life-Hey! What the heck! Usually a sufficient number of people contribute to every failure-not to speak of some combination of events beyond human control . . . And the responsibility gets watered down."

Indeed, the physician could well imagine the patient handling easily what little blame was left.

This self-respecting response reflects the type's fundamental ease in this world, with the result that *Causticum* patients seeking homoeopathic assistance are, by and large, primarily in search of physical relief. Among their most prominent complaints are different forms of weakness and paralysis in isolated single muscles or muscle groups, ranging in variety from the milder temporary paralysis of the vocal chords (hoarseness or aphonia) and the remedy's well-known unproductive cough (where the tight chest could be viewed as a form of paralysis of the lungs or bronchial tubes, inhibiting the patient from coughing deeply enough to bring up mucus); to the stronger temporary paralysis of the uterus ("uterine inertia during labor"; Boericke); or to a more chronic drooping eyelid or corner of the mouth. Encountered, too, is a partial paralysis of the tongue, causing inadvertent biting of the cheek or tongue when talking or chewing, also stammering and indistinct speech.

Such a victim was the man who, from the shock of a much loved brother's sudden death, suffered an entire loss of tongue mobility. Occasional doses of *Causticum* over the course of several months (beginning with the 200c potency and moving up to the 50M) untied his tongue and enabled him to regain a good ninety per-cent of his original fluency.

Spoonerisms, too, may call for *Causticum* ("patient says cluent foryza instead of fluent coryza"; Hahnemann). One little girl was prescribed the remedy for a hand burn that was not healing properly partly on the basis of this very symptom. When commenting on the increased wildlife activity around the house at night, she said, "Our back yard is being trespassed by scoons and kunks."

For one-sided paralysis of the face (Bell's palsy) *Causticum* is the sovereign remedy—as well as for paralyses in the elderly resulting from small strokes. In addition, the remedy can assist, in varying degrees, the tearing, drawing, burning, shooting, lightning-like pains of multiple sclerosis, as well as the weakness, gradually progressing to paralysis, of locomotor ataxia, and other neurological degenerative diseases affecting the limbs (consult the homoeopathic literature). Most frequently encountered in daily practice, however, is a partial paralysis of the bladder—either preventing easy urination or causing leakage; and in women taking the form of "stress incontinence" (spurting out of urine upon coughing, sneezing, laughter, or sudden motion).

In sum, just as *Graphites* often manifests its action in maladies of the skin and other "surface" symptoms, so *Causticum* mainly manifests its action in the various complaints that fall under the aegises of arthritic and paralytic affections and progressive loss of muscular strength.

Its importance in the picture of physical paralysis can thus hardly be overstated. Moreover, an encroaching mental paralysis ("weakness of memory": Hahnemann, "loss of ideas"; Hering; "the brain has become tired"; Kent) can parallel the physical picture.

A seventy-year-old woman was experiencing spells of dizziness, headaches, foggy vision, and of "not feeling quite myself." These would then be followed by a paralysis of the right leg together with short-term memory loss. The physical symptoms would eventually pass (until the next episode), but the memory blanks persisted, becoming a source of both alarm and annoyance. The patient was an avid bridge player, and the lapses of memory were affecting her game ("For the life of me I can't remember the cards played!").

As the episodes increased in frequency and severity, they could no longer be ignored; and when a thorough medical examination established that a series of small strokes were causing these afflictions, the woman turned to homoeopathy for assistance. *Causticum* 7c (a potency to which the classical homoeopath reluctantly lowered himself after witnessing too severe an aggravation from the 30c, but one which subsequently became his favorite *Causticum* strength for geriatrics), taken first twice or thrice daily, then, as the patient improved, less frequently, entirely cured the patient's paralysis and prevented recurring strokes. Most heartening to the sufferer, however, was the way in which the remedy so restored her memory that she was able to recapture (and today, a decade later, still holds) her title of club bridge champion.

Sympathy and Social Talent:

The traditional mental picture of *Causticum* presents the familiar (because pertaining to so many polychrests) syndrome of "minorkey" symptoms: anxiety, moroseness, irritability, hypochondriacal dejection, sorrowful thoughts with weeping, hopelessness, apprehension and distrust of future, timidity and fears, disinclination to work, surliness, quarrelsomeness, discontent, and the like. This personality picture is so deeply engraved in many a homoeopath's mind as, unfortunately, to hinder him from seeing beyond (" *Causticum* ... affects persons of dark mood and temper; no suspicion of brightness and gaiety here": Tyler). However, apart from these ignoble

symptoms, the *materia medica* also records one idiosyncratic trait, "excessive sympathy for others" (Hering), which is undeniably one of those "hooks" upon which a practitioner can hang his choice of remedy. Indeed, the type's suffering for others is routinely encountered in children or adults who develop physical symptoms following upon a quarrel between family members and friends, even if it does not concern them directly.

Hahnemann's original listing reads: "Excessively compassionate; at the relations of others and of the cruelties inflicted upon them; she is beside herself for weeping and sobbing, and cannot content herself." And a clinical case was an eight-year-old girl with growing pains in her legs waking her at night, who was not responding to the seemingly indicated *Phosphorus*, nor to the related (for this condition) *Calcarea phosphorica* or *Phosphoric acid*. It was *Causticum* that eventually emerged as the *simillimum* after the physician had probed deeper into the child's food preferences and aversions, and the mother explained how her daughter, alone in the family, was strictly vegetarian.

"We, as a family, are more or less vegetarians. That is, we like to consider ourselves 'polite vegetarians'-eating what is served when dining out. Deborah, however, will not compromise. In fact, as soon as she learned to speak she would, when eating meat, inquire, 'What's it made of?' When told that the meat came from a chicken or a lamb, she would start crying and say, 'Poor chickie!' or 'Poor lambikin!' and push away her plate, food untasted." *

Most obviously will *Causticum* suggest itself as the *simillimum* when a patient, unsolicited, admits to harboring sympathy beyond the call of duty. A young housewife presented a featureless case of varicose veins, low sexual energy, and general fatigue. When asked about her emotional state, she described herself as "a jellyfish." She then went on to recount (in a variation on Hubbard's whimsical portrayal of *Causticum* as "weeping when reading the obituary columns") the spectacle she feared she had made of herself at the funeral of an elderly acquaintance. While the deceased woman's close family were displaying a respectful but attenuated grief, the patient was sobbing uncontrollably.

"Hers had been a long and happy life, culminating in a peaceful death," she explained to the physician. "Her funeral was an occasion for celebration of the good life, not for mourning. So what was I, a relative stranger, doing, crying my eyes out?"

When the physician is presented with such a singularity in an otherwise humdrum case, he seizes upon the symptom with a silent prayer of thanks. But such life belts do not often float by. (How frequently does one encounter a self-professed "emotional jellyfish"?) Therefore, *Causticum's* ready sympathy really gains in importance when considered as part of a larger picture-his general *talent for relating well with people*.

A balanced approach towards his fellow human beings characterizes *Causticum's* socially disposed nature. The type does not permit himself to wax overly enthusiastic about individuals (only to be doomed to subsequent disappointment), nor does he feel threatened by, uneasy around, or completely lost without people. The remedy, significantly, is not listed in Kent's *Repertory* either under the large rubric "aversion to company" or under the smaller, but still not in substantial one, "misanthropic"; yet neither is it listed under "fear of being alone"-which would indicate a *Phosphorus*, *Arsenicum*, or *pulsatilla*-like neediness.

*See, also, *Calcarea carbonica*: "sensitive when hearing of cruelties" (Kent; and P2).

Balance breeds *tolerance*. *Causticum* instinctively understands that it takes all kinds to make this world and is prepared to enjoy the variety. If he does feel critical, he is good at disguising this feeling under a friendly, sympathetic manner, and is, to all appearances, generally prepared to grant others the same tolerance of their weaknesses that he accords himself.

This surface acceptance of people as God made them can generate in certain individuals a sociability that borders on genius. It is said of a Frenchman that he would be able to concoct a delicious soup even if he were stranded in the middle of the Sahara desert. Well-it would be a *Causticum*, similarly stranded, who would succeed in rounding up a group of friends to share this Frenchman's soup.

One otherwise healthy middle-aged woman was suffering from back problems, due to weakening stomach muscles from post-polio syndrome, also an encroaching loss of strength in the right arm (displayed in an inability to push open swinging or revolving plateglass doors). The patient was an acquaintance of the physician and *Causticum* was selected largely on the basis of her one outstanding mental characteristic. In whatever region of the United States she found herself-the sultry Florida Everglades, the bleak lake regions of Upstate New York, on the barren, rock-bound coast of Northern Maine-she would get on the telephone, make a few phone calls, and the next evening hold a cocktail party with a dozen persons attending.

This was the first time the physician was called on to prescribe for "old polio," but not the last. Subsequent cases proved *Causticum* to be a major remedy for this condition (also *Calcareo carbonica*).

Tolerance, in turn, breeds egalitarianism-an attribute which, in conjunction with *Causticum's* civilized nature and self-respecting independence, constitutes his particular attractiveness. The type does not necessarily become a school headmaster or a department chairman in a university, nor one of the highest leaders in the nation (these positions are reserved for the *Sulphur*; *Lycopodiums*, *Arsenicum album*, and *Nux vomica*s of the world); *Causticum* may possess the talent, but seldom the determination to be the largest frog in the pond. Rather, he is the helpful counselor-the caring teacher or professor whom students regard as a mentor or friend, and to whom, later, they dedicate the school yearbook or their dissertations. On those occasions when Destiny decrees that he assume leadership, he surrounds himself with able and devoted assistants, whom he consults and treats as peers. The saying, "If you walk ahead of me, I may not follow; if you walk behind me, I may not lead; but walk beside me-and I will be your friend," captures the *Causticum's* egalitarian attitude.

In demeanor and in affect, *Causticum's* sociability lies somewhere between *Phosphorus* and *Lycopodium*. *Phosphorus*, on accidentally encountering an acquaintance in the street, gives the impression that this chance meeting is nothing short of miraculous and has made his day-and that he, *Phosphorus*, is wondering how he ever managed to survive so long without seeing the friend. *Lycopodium*, in contrast, on encountering an acquaintance, succeeds in conveying the impression that the friend is the recipient of a great happiness; that he is somehow privileged to be able to bask in the sunshine of *Lycopodium's* presence; and isn't he grateful for this as well as other nonspecific favors that *Lycopodium* has bestowed, or is about to bestow, on him?*

*Winston Churchill, when asked the reason for his particular fondness for pigs, is reputed to have replied: "A dog looks up to you (*Phosphorus*); a cat looks down on you (*Lycopodium*); but a pig treats you like an equal (*Causticum*)."

Causticum's friendships tend to run to the extensive rather than the intensive; but, honoring some deeply ingrained code of social behavior, he is ever willing to assist another.

Here again, with this characteristic in mind, the remedy was eventually recognized as the *simillimum* for an elderly Slavic gentleman's chronic bronchitis, which had failed to yield to the more obvious *Phosphorus*, *Calcarea carbonica*, *Sulphur*, or *Tuberculinum*. At the first cold spell he developed a cough, which then settled in his chest for the winter, like an unwelcome guest. This winter cough seemed to be the only guest the patient ever resented—and he had kept open house for several decades before and after World War II for Scores of Eastern Europeans and fellow Slavs recently emigrated to the United States. All types of refugees, drifters, and lost souls (wild-eyed Poles, taciturn Finns, quarrelsome Yugoslavs, dour Bulgarians, mad Or morose Russians, self-pitying Hungarians) found refuge in the large, drafty, tumbled down, yet invariably hospitable, house. Some stayed a week, others for years; some inmates departed when they got married or were launched in their careers, others were carried out in a coffin. Some guests took with them, when they left, a few stainless steel spoons, others a family miniature or two; while still others left in payment a priceless Faberge trinket. One and all were offered shelter while they attempted to set themselves up, sometimes successfully, sometimes not, in the Land of Plenty.

A supplementary feature of interest was that many years ago, in Europe, the patient had been treated successfully with homoeopathy for a partial paralysis of the face (probably Bell's palsy). He could not recall the name of the remedy, but his current homoeopath could make an intelligent guess.

Yet *Causticum* is no pushover. Even while extending sympathy or lending a hand, he manages to establish how close or distant the relationship will be; also to ensure that the recipient of his generosity does not make too severe emotional demands on him. Unlike *Phosphorus* who gets onto another's wavelength and is then unable to set up boundaries to protect his psyche, it is generally *Causticum* who determines ~the emotional terms of a relationship (always excluding the romantic passions, which are a law unto themselves). This is one reason why he finds relating with people easy and is numbered amongst those fortunate who are actively energized by their fellow human beings—who, indeed, can derive fulfillment, if not actually a life meaning, from social relationships.*

This capacity to be energized by people is also in evidence in the professional setting. A *Causticum* patient's complaints of fatigue at work often turn out to be relative—merely the inability to Sustain his five days a week, ten hours a day schedule of counseling or teaching, healing or Social Work (occupations that require constant contact with people seeking help, and that could completely sap another type's vitality).

An illustration was the homoeopathic physician who, despite his advanced years, appeared to be indefatigable, still going strong in his practice when younger doctors had long since taken down their shingles. He suffered from occasional attacks of rheumatism, which were controlled by *Rhus toxicodendron*. However, gradually he was finding it increasingly difficult to open jars, grip a steering wheel, and carry in his hands even the lightest packages.

*Even this attractive trait, however, can be carried to extremes. If one views a remedy's delusions, like its dreams, as spokesmen of the subconscious, then *Causticum's* particular delusion that "people seem enlarged" (Kent) could be interpreted as the type's attributing, at times, an exaggerated importance to social life.

Living in mortal dread (as does every homoeopath prescribing for arthritis) lest the curative remedy might suddenly abdicate, giving no indication as to which of the numerous pretenders to the high office is next in line of succession, the venerable doctor decided to place his case in the hands of a respected younger colleague.

Since the physical symptoms still best fitted *Rhus tox*, and since addressing the condition on the miasmatic level with *Thuja* and *Medorrhinum* had failed, the doctor in charge proceeded to establish more securely the Octogenarian's mental picture. "Are you, perhaps, overworked? Tired of prescribing for others after all these years? Do you need a rest?" he inquired.

"Not at all. I love my work and never tire of it— and certainly entertain no thought of retiring. There is nothing else in life that I would rather do than practice homoeopathy."

"How do you replenish your resources?" "What exactly do you mean?"

"Do you belong to a religious or counseling group? Or practice some form of meditation? Do you find spiritual solace in golf— or fishing— or travel? Maybe living in a town as you do, you take periodic trips into the country, where you can walk and commune with nature?"

To each of these queries, the old homoeopath replied in the negative, which explained why the initial query about "replenishing"—a question which over the course of a long career he must have asked some of his patients—was almost incomprehensible when applied to himself.

This response was unusual. Unless they engage in some outside activity to restore their spirits, healers toiling in the field of the psyche (including classical homoeopaths) have difficulty sustaining their taxing work for long periods and tend to burn out. It is only those doctors with a strong strain of *Causticum* in their constitutional makeup who are so energized by the mere contact with patients as to require no other support system.

Bearing this signal characteristic in mind (also recollecting cases of the remedy's effectiveness in arthritic conditions when other well indicated remedies were not cutting the mustard), the younger physician selected the *tinctura acris sine Kali* with good results.

One of *Causticum's* social strengths is, not to penetrate the heart with unerring instinct but, rather, to perceive individuals clearly in their social context (i.e., their appearance, demeanor, and manner of relating to people) and to judge them accordingly.

A literary example of this characteristic is encountered in Jane Austen's *Emma*. The kindly Mrs. Weston, the most reasonable and "balanced" character in the novel, is discussing with Mr. Knightley the burgeoning friendship of their common protegee Emma Woodhouse with the younger and more ignorant Harriet Smith. The divergence of opinion between these two equally sensitive, sympathetic, intelligent individuals 'arises because they approach Emma from two different points of view.

Mr. Knightley (who exemplifies that rare breed— the secure and self-respecting *Natrum muriaticum*), observing how Emma mercilessly bosses Harriet around and officiously attempts to orchestrate her love life, takes the high moral ground. "I do not know what your opinion may be, Mrs. Weston, of this great intimacy between Emma and Harriet Smith, but I think it a bad thing ... They will neither of them do the other any good ... Harriet Smith knows nothing herself, and looks upon Emma as knowing everything. She is a flatterer in all her ways; and so much the worse, because undesigned ... How can Emma imagine she has anything to learn herself, while Harriet is presenting such a delightful inferiority?"

In defending the friendship, Mrs. Weston takes a more tolerant *Causticum* line. "You think it a bad thing? ... You surprise me! Emma must do Harriet good; and by supplying her with a new object of interest, Harriet may be said to do Emma good ... I either depend more on Emma's goodness than you do, or am more anxious for her present comfort; for I cannot lament the acquaintance."

She further maintains that Emma's fine social skills and agreeable manner argue a good heart. "With all dear Emma's little faults, she is an excellent creature. Where shall we see a better daughter or a kinder sister, or a truer friend? No, no; she has qualities which may be trusted; she will never lead anyone really wrong; . . . where Emma errs once, she is in the right a hundred times ... How well she looked last night!"

Mrs. Weston, on a certain level (the more superficial), is correct. But in her generous judgment of the situation, she has missed a deeper recognition of the forces and feelings that drive the complex heroine to morally wrong behavior.

Mr. Knightley is as kindly disposed towards Emma as Mrs. Weston. But he contests that, appearances notwithstanding, where the morals are at fault, the manner and style are irrelevant. Therefore, he replies, "Oh, you would rather talk of Emma's person than her mind, . would you? Very well ... I think her all you describe ... [and] considering how very handsome she is, she appears to be little occupied with it; her vanity lies another way. Mrs. Weston, I am not to be talked out of my dislike of her intimacy with Harriet Smith, or my dread of its doing them both harm."

Addressing the moral issues beneath the unequal friendship, and sensing that conceit and the wish to dominate dictates Emma's actions (rather than true affection for Harriet or concern for her welfare), Mr. Knightley has clarified the possible danger: that Emma's creative energies, cramped in the friendly but restrictive world of Highbury, are taking a perverse direction.

Mrs. Weston, on the other hand, finds it hard to understand how well-meaning, sociable creative energies can be damaging. To her, as to other *Causticums*, these energies invariably bring order and harmony.

A prominent *Causticum* symptom is that of mental and other "ailments [arising] from long-standing grief" (Boericke). Yet even this well-known characteristic is often camouflaged by the patient's emotional balance and attractive sociability.

A high school teacher was suffering from poor sleep and resultant low energy, also soreness in larynx with hoarseness, .worse upon awakening (*Phosphorus* is usually worse in the evening). She loved her work, was a general favorite amongst the students, and was renowned for her "open door policy," which encouraged pupils to drop in to talk on any subject that was on their minds. The only apparent concern in her life was that her tired voice would give out while teaching.

The physical symptoms alone justified the prescription of *Causticum*, which remedy, proving effective, was thereafter administered periodically to help keep the patient's voice "tuned" for teaching and her sleep sound. Only much later did the physician discover, from an outside source, her personal long-standing grief.

The fact that her own bright and promising children began in their teens to adopt grotesque hairstyles, don outlandish raiment, and affect strange religions was not, at first, a source of anxiety; after all, a number of her most gifted pupils had passed through similar stages without incurring permanent damage to either body or soul. Her progeny, however, instead of outgrowing these stages and showing signs of maturing, had continued with substance abuse developing, in consequence, serious physiological and psychological disorders. Yet, despite this most heart-rending of

disappointments, the woman continued to present to the world a strong, positive, ultra-gregarious front, with never a hint of her own profound sorrow.

A similarly wounded *Natrum muriaticum* might likewise present to the world a stoical, cheerful facade, but with this latter type one generally senses the pain and sadness behind the effort. *Causticum* is more adept at projecting an image of balanced cheerfulness and contentment.

Noteworthy in this connection is Hahnemann's uncharacteristically frequent use of the words "mirth, cheerfulness, gaiety, and contentedness" in his listing of this remedy's mental symptoms— even if only to employ them in a qualifying role, such as during certain times of day, alternating with dejection, or representing its curative action. And, as if in further attestation to an innate cheerfulness in persons of this constitution, *Causticum* is the only polychrest among the four medicines listed under the Kent rubric "dreams of laughing" ("I can't remember what exactly was so funny in my dream, but I do remember laughing"). *Sulphur*, in contradistinction, actually laughs in his sleep or wakes up laughing (*PI*).

Aberrations, Competitiveness, and Adversarial Relationships:

Causticum's emotional stability and healthy sociability do not preclude a Janus face, and the physician may encounter a shadow side to the type's normality and balance.

Kent describes the broken down *Causticum* patient precisely as "lacking in balance" but does not go on to clarify this statement except to add that "everything excites him." In the following pages this lack of balance will be seen manifesting itself in sporadic aberrant behavior, competitiveness and condescension, and even in the subject, surprisingly, finding himself in long-standing situations of Conflict or hostility.

In a way, this "shadow side" is understandable. One can imagine what it must be like to go through life habitually rational and reliable, unfailingly cheerful, supportive, and sympathetic. Dreadful! And many other types long ere *Causticum* succumbs would have broken down from the strain (*Nux vomica* and *Ignatia* particularly spring to mind).

Anomalous behavior does not signify that *Causticum* has gone off the deep end.* But it would not be venturing too far to state that the one predictable aspect of the Janus-faced individual is a sporadic unpredictability. As if in demonstration that two apparently incompatible— even irreconcilable—natures can exist side by side; some isolated, seemingly uncharacteristic incidents will reveal his hitherto hidden face.

Before one is tempted to censure, one should recall that in many instances *Causticum's* temporary aberrations are traceable to some profound emotional injury that adversely affects certain sensibilities in the otherwise reliable, responsive, compassionate individual ("ill effects of sudden emotion, fear ... and vexation": Hering).

A departure from the remedy's "excessive sympathy" was observed in a patient who, her husband having deserted her, appeared to have lost some basic sensitivity. In an attempt to Counteract her grief by means of gambling, the woman began to attend dog races— though her grown children pleaded with her not to patronize a Sport which involves inhumane treatment of dogs. In all other respects she

*Remark, however, Kent: "*Causticum* has cured insanity; not acute mania with violent delirium, but mental aberration of the passive kind, where the brain has become tired."

continued to be her usual reliable, caring self. But it was as if, having been herself so deeply injured by her ex-husband's betrayal, she became insensitive to other living creatures' pain.

A few doses of *Causticum* 200x relieved the patient's physical symptoms (her shoulder bursitis and weakening bladder control). It might also be credited for her decision to transfer her passion for gambling from dog races to high-stake bridge*

Another *Causticum* aberration was seen in a genteelly, brought up and seemingly perfectly balanced woman who was yet, astonishingly, a source of periodic embarrassment to her husband and young children. Inappropriately, at public beaches, she would suddenly throw off all her clothes and run, naked, into the water, whence she would cheerfully call out to her family to follow suit. There was no preventing these sporadic urges because they came wholly out of the blue. Such behavior was not a *Phosphorus* exhibitionism or a *Hyoscyamus* tearing off of clothes in a fit of frenzied madness (the remedy is not listed under "nymphomania" or "lewdness" in Kent's *Repertory*). The incidents had commenced only after the tragic death of the woman's eldest child, and the subsequent anomalous behavior was the form in which her stoical, uncomplaining nature broke down.

Here again, after successful treatment with *Causticum* for her stress incontinence, the incidents of disrobing in public were not repeated.

A quite different picture was presented by a pleasant, mild-mannered, seemingly sympathetic gentleman who was suffering from Meniere's disease. There are several good remedies for the vertigo, nausea, tinnitus, and occasional loss of hearing that characterize this illness. First, *Calcareo carbonica* was prescribed, then, after it, *Silica*. Without success. In no way would the physician have lit upon *Causticum* for his next choice (although Clarke does list Meniere's under the remedy's "Clinical" section; and prior to him, Farrington spoke of its cures in this affliction) were it not for the sufferer's mild droop to his left eyelid, with periodic spells of twitching.

It was the mentals, however, which, when they eventually emerged, really clarified the case. The patient had always been regarded as the one stable, dependable member in a family of colorful, volatile, high achievers. The way he elected to assert his less stellar personality was to write his Memoirs. No harm in that--except that his book, while kind and generous enough to relative strangers and distant relations, depicted every close family member's weaknesses and idiosyncrasies in an indiscreet and derisive manner. Of the famous *Causticum* "sympathy" there was little trace. To judge from the tone of his Memoirs, had this particular *Causticum* espied his family's names in the obituaries, he would-far from weeping have rejoiced to find them there. Yet no one had the least suspicion that such "ensoriousness" (Hering) had been festering behind the outward calm, nor that beneath the drooping eyelid lay concealed a critical, satirical, "vengeful" (Kent) eye.

This shadow side behavior was, incidentally, a sharp departure from the type's usual harboring of strong family and/or professional loyalties; a loyalty akin, at times, to the tribal mentality, which involves shielding from the outside world any weakness or deficiency within the clan.

*Bridge, interestingly, is a favorite pastime of mature or elderly *Causticums*, who often excel in the game. In its delicate balance of chance (the cards dealt and the partner drawn) and individual skill-symbolizing in a way the fine balance in this world between Predestination and Free Will-the game stands as a microcosm of the human condition, at least as a *Causticum* perceives it.

The remedy proved beneficial for the biographer's Meniere's disease but did not prevent him from publishing a second volume of *Memoirs*, equally uncharitable towards family members. The mills of an injured *Causticum* might grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.

Anomalous behavior is by no means an inevitable development in *Causticums* compelled to undergo hardships or injury to the psyche. The schoolteacher cited earlier was a testimonial to the contrary—to the type's unflagging amiability and calm even under stress. We are speaking here not of probabilities but of possibilities, where hardship may take its toll in the form of behavior uncharacteristic of the type's habitual equilibrium.

A final noteworthy aspect of *Causticum's* mental aberrations and that which distinguishes them from other constitutional personalities— is the aura of normality that is projected even here. The individual not only acts as if his particular behavior is perfectly reasonable, correct, and desirable, but even manages to convey the impression that others are being illiberal, narrow-minded, opinionated, or overly priggish if they pass judgment on him. He, the balanced *Causticum*, sets himself above ordinary niggardly considerations; and others, strangely, frequently go along with his views.

Competitiveness is the most commonly encountered form of deviation from *Causticum's* usual tolerance and egalitarianism. While tolerant enough of most human imperfections, he can be intolerant of another's solid worth, and might syphon off from him his fair share of recognition.

Due to a civilized manner and easy sociability, this characteristic can be less apparent in *Causticum* than in other attention-grabbing or approval—demanding constitutional types: the confusion and disruption—causing *Lachesis*; the affection-craving and spotlight-stealing *Phosphorus*; *Arsenicum album*—insistent on being the best in everything, and a bottomless pit for praise; *Sulphur*—determined to lead or to disrupt; *Pulsatilla*—ever demanding special treatment and support; even, in its perverse way, the introverted *Natrum muriaticum*—always needing to feel morally in the right and to be appreciated for that noble virtue. In competing for recognition, *Causticum* is no tigress, snarlingly defending her cub. The phenomenon is a more subtle one.

If one considers it, what is the impact of a consistently sociable, nonjarring, tolerant individual on those close to and surrounding him? Since there is a yin-yang to every social situation, and no two similar forces can occupy the same space at the same time, *Causticum's* very balance imperceptibly encourages the antithesis in others. Although there is little one can lay a finger on, often the type creates around itself a zone of disharmony or imbalance.

To illustrate: persons close to *Causticum* may begin to exhibit strange or neurotic behavior. During a seemingly neutral conversation where *Causticum* is present, one person will suddenly run out (despite cold or rain) to tear out unthreatening weeds in the garden. Another, in the middle of a meal, will jump up and disappear into the kitchen and there start furiously to clean up. Yet another person of "New Age" vintage, might begin to complain that the innocuously behaving *Causticum* is "trespassing on his boundaries" or is "emitting negative vibrations" or "a disruptive energy." Sometimes a person will react to the unsuspecting *Causticum's* presence with an unaccountable flood of tears; or, in the midst of a serene conversation with him, he will inappropriately launch into a tirade on some obscure topic, unrelated to the general tone of the conversation. Yet these very same persons are amiable, cheerful, and completely normal when away from *Causticum*. And all the

while, the sane *Causticum*, who has not the slightest wish to cause disharmony (indeed, amongst his most disturbing dreams is that "of quarreling": Hering), holds not a clue whence arise others' unreasonable, neurotic reactions to his own calm and seemingly inoffensive behavior. He has no idea what ails them.

That which possibly ails them is his essential unconcern, disinterest (even though this lies under a veneer of ready sympathy), his subtle method of deflecting enthusiasm. In the midst of an intense or a truly absorbing discussion-initiated, perhaps, to engage his interest—he will calmly remark, "I'm just going to make myself a cup of tea; I'll be back in a second," and disappear into the kitchen for ten minutes. By the time he returns, the mood has changed, and the discussion has lost its zest. In the same way he might slip off to fetch salt or butter, or a cigarette—once again to retreat from a subject that just might ruffle his emotions. Likewise, if invited to join in an impassioned conversation, he looks abstracted and wise, and non committed, in a way that immediately dampens others' excitement and interest.

How to confront such cool detachment is no simple task, largely because *Causticum* himself is blandly unaware of his effect on others and is truly well-meaning. He is not consciously or maliciously escaping from others' enthusiasms or emotions; they are simply not important to him. The truth of the matter is that to protect his balance he not only works hard at cultivating a benevolent acceptance of others, he also consistently avoids delving too deeply into causes and effects in the social dynamics (recall Mrs. Weston in *Emma*) and generally contrives to keep emotionally on even keel. Another's passionate response to *Causticum*, or his bursting into tears, is an expression of frustration; he cannot break through that barrier of imperturbability which *Causticum* has set up to deflect excessive emotional intensity.

The resultant picture is not unlike the one encountered in *Lycopodium*, with the difference that *Causticum* is less arrogant, less concerned with his image, and for the most part, entirely unsuspecting of the unsettling effect he has on others—just as he is largely oblivious to their disproportionate reactions.* Either it takes an understanding of human nature deeper than the type inherently possesses to be aware of this state of affairs (and consciously to set about rectifying it), or he is protecting some "frozen" part of his Own thoughts or feelings that he dare not allow to thaw. It is not by chance that so many of his symptoms of limbs and organs take on the characteristic of paralysis.

Occasionally, too, a subliminal condescension mars *Causticum's* benevolent egalitarianism—a condescension that allows for little distinction between individuals, regardless of their intrinsic worth. "Every person in this world is trying his best," he maintains. "So we must not judge too harshly, but be equally compassionate to all and treat everyone alike." Much appreciated as such a charitable attitude doubtless is up in heaven, it can be most irritating to those praiseworthy friends and family members down on earth, who are being treated with the same good-humored tolerance and gentle condescension as patently less deserving souls.

Admittedly, all these characteristics can be true of other constitutional personalities. Highly regrettable though it may be, there is nothing too uncommon about competitiveness, emotional aloofness, or a subliminal condescension masquerading under the guise of universal benevolence (here again *Lycopodium* is peerless). That which is peculiarly *Causticum* is the way in which this individual generally contrives to emerge with his reputation intact.

*For an example of a more conscious manipulation of having an unsettling effect on others, consult *Lycopodium* (PI).

Whether he is being benevolent or condescending, self-respecting or competitive, eminently reasonable or only seemingly so; whether extenuating factors are on his side (he may be putting up with imposition with exemplary long-suffering) or not-by retaining an outward balance, he succeeds in forestalling disapprobation and deflecting blame from himself. "Others abide our question. Thou art free" (Matthew Arnold of Shakespeare). In the eyes of the world, reason and virtue remain firmly on a *Causticum's* side.

Those few (definitely in the minority) persons critical of *Causticum's* competitiveness and skeptical of the genuineness of his sympathy might remark that it is easy enough to be "excessively sympathetic" towards the dead and the distant, as well as towards the sufferings of relative strangers—who, in contrast to those persons closer to him, request little of him, demand even less, and compete with him not at all. True charity, they observe grimly, begins at home.

Yet there must be something fundamentally "right" about *Causticum's* attitude since so much more often there is suspension of critical judgment and overlooking of his trespasses. Of what, precisely, does the rightness consist?

One could hazard that this virtue is, essentially, the type's genuine liking of people, not merely of a chosen few but of humanity in general—in all its variety, vagaries, strengths, and weaknesses. The different aspects of this appealing trait were examined earlier in this chapter; by way of a literary illustration, we will turn to Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*.

There are several ways of interpreting, homoeopathically, Huck Finn's multidimensional character. For instance, there is no gainsaying that, on the face of it, he presents to the world much of that emotional generosity, creativity, shrewd intelligence, love of excitement and adventure characteristic of the *Sulphur* adolescent (P1). *Sulphur*, too, is the boy's regard of clothes as restricting, washing as irksome, and the discipline entailed in the process of becoming civilized as unendurable. On the other hand, Huckleberry's moral sensitivity, which is tested throughout the book and reaches true depths in his loyalty towards the runaway slave Jim, transcends the label of anyone "constitutional type." Nevertheless, certain traits of Huck's that Twain dramatizes in his novel could, in the light of our preceding analysis, be regarded as *Causticum*.

First, one is struck by the boy's exceptional tolerance towards people—a tolerance that consorts with a ready sympathy, even towards the two would-be murderers who are trapped in a sinking steamship ("Now was the first time that I begun to worry about the men ... I begun to think how dreadful it was, even for murderers, to be in such a fix. I says to myself, there ain't no telling but I might come to be a murderer myself, yet, and then how would I like it?") as well as towards the troublesome and even dangerous Duke and Dauphin. When Huckleberry discovers that he has set out too late to warn the latter pair of their peril, and sees them being ridden out of town on a rail, he reflects, "I was sorry for them poor pitiful rascals, it 'seemed like I couldn't ever feel any hardness against them any more in the world ... Human beings can be awful cruel to one another."

Also observable throughout this narrative is Huckleberry's talent for relating easily to people. He is skillful at disentangling himself from many a tight predicament by accurately gauging people's temperaments, then fabricating one of his innumerable stories in such a way as to play on their greed, cowardice, sentimentality, or genuine kindness—prevaricating along whatever lines will elicit the response he needs to gain his ends.

Furthermore, to ensure the social ease, Huck is ever willing to accommodate. Initially (and again at the end of the book) it is to the ebullient Tom Sawyer's fantasies and adventurous games that he accommodates himself.* Next, it is his drunkard father whom he has [0 humor; then when the Duke and the Dauphin invade his raft and demand that he act with the servility due to their pretended nobility, the boy's reaction is reminiscent of a level-headed *Causticum*'s resigned accommodation to an irrational environment:

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor dukes, at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself; it's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels, and don't get into no trouble. If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes, I hadn't no objections, 'long as it would keep peace in the family ... The best way to get along with this kind of people is to let them have their own way.

One *Causticum* corollary of Huckleberry's love of humanity is an attractive self-acceptance, which also happens to be vital for his emotional survival. For instance, once he makes up his mind to defy the conventional morality of the times regarding slavery for the sake of his friendship for black Jim ("All right, then, I'll go to Hell," he says; then proceeds to tear up the letter he has written to Miss Watson, informing her of Jim's whereabouts), he is no longer troubled by the moral dilemma. "It was awful thoughts, and awful words, but they was said. And I let them stay said; and never thought no more about reforming. I shoved the whole thing out of my head."

In the comparative *materia medica*, *Causticum* has been most closely allied with *Pulsatilla* (under "Mind" in Boenninghausen), *Lycopodium* (Hering), *Sulphur* (Nash), *Calcarea carbonica* (by popular consensus, due to the two remedies' generic kinship), *Carbo vegetabilis* (Boericke), *Phosphorus* (Borland), and— as apposite as it is unexpected— with *Lachesis* (Boger). Let us examine this last as being most pertinent to the Janus— faced type.

Certainly, on the physical level, the pictures of paralysis in general, and of the throat in particular, bear similarities ("the two [remedies] .run closely together in paralytic conditions of the throat": Kent), and both remedies evince an idiosyncratic thirst with "aversion to [or] aggravation from drinking" (Hering); while on the mental level, both remedies display loquacity ("very talkative": Hahnemann)— with the distinction that *Causticum* does not exhibit the *Lachesis* free association, nor the irrepressible cascade of words. Once launched into speech *Lachesis* cannot stop. More subtly, the two types are energized by people and conversation— possessing in return the power to energize others (cf. *Lachesis* [PI]). Furthermore, both types are jealous; although with *Causticum*, this trait is so little obvious as to be unperceived by others, unacknowledged by the subject himself, and (most critical to the homoeopathic prescriber) unlisted in the Kent *Repertory* under that rubric.

*Tom Sawyer is pure *Sulphur* in his irrepressible imagination, constant need for recognition, and insatiable appetite for commotion (PI). He never willingly takes a back seat in the way the more accommodating Huck consistently does.

Nevertheless, it is often as a result of this very characteristic that *Causticum* might find himself embroiled in adversarial relationships with those who were formerly close, or, to the perplexity of all concerned, in situations of outright hostility.*

A unique case of jealousy was that of twin sisters in their mid fifties who, after having been close during the whole course of their lives, one day had a falling out—for reasons never fully understood by those around them. Although matters never came to open warfare, the feud split up three generations of the family.

As frequently happens in the case of twins, each one, unbeknownst to the other, had picked the same day to set up a homoeopathic appointment. The first sister, Susan, came in the morning for a painful inflammation of a nerve in the left arm, which was flaring up after lying latent for several years.

She was an attractive, charming woman, exceptionally easy to converse with, and her picture seemed a toss-up between *Pulsatilla* and *Phosphorus*, though neither of the remedies was predominant. In some way she was not as open and trusting as these two constitutional types. Further questioning revealed that, having been endowed with a likable disposition, the patient had her whole life enjoyed exceptional popularity—first as the family pet, then in school and at camp, later in college and at work, and now in her marriage and with her children. The only imperfect relationship she admitted to was with her twin sister. When the physician inquired into the reason for this exception, she dismissed the question "With an airy, "No real reason. Nothing serious. We simply have grown apart lately. My sister has always been something of a misfit. Also, there may be some resentment at my having always been our parents' favorite."

The patient further explained that, in tending to exaggerate their falling out, her sister was being her usual overdramatic and neurotic self; that she, Susan, harbored no sense of injury at all; that she had done nothing to promote or foster the awkward family situation; and that, despite all, she still loved her twin and would always continue to do so. All admirable sentiments, to be sure, yet she was not about to make the first concerted effort to talk over the rupture and try to come to an understanding because, as she maintained, "There is no rupture to repair." Certainly, she did not appear to be deeply concerned about the quarrel.

While they conversed at length, the physician observed that when silent or concentrating, the woman had a habit of chewing on the inside of her cheek, also that she had a tiny wart growing near the outside corner of her right eye. *Causticum*, we recall, inadvertently bites the inside of his cheek when chewing or talking, so that with a little stretching of the symptom the remedy could apply. In addition, "often there are small warty growths near the eyes" (Borland).** Two "strange, rare, and peculiar" physical symptoms in a nondescript brachial neuritis case was a superfluity of riches; and as the remedy fits well both stubborn recurring nerve pains ("old neuritis") and a stubborn mentality ("obstinate". Kent) *Causticum* was duly prescribed.

*This might be the place to acknowledge at least one aspect of the more traditional *Causticum* mental picture. The type can be "furiously self-opinionated and quarrelsome . . . easily irritated and incensed, with unbounded inclination to take things ill" (Hahnemann). But, as mentioned earlier, more often subtlety marks his style. By remaining calm and composed he contrives to make others appear opinionated and 'quarrelsome-and himself not to be at fault.

**Because every major *materia medica* has already done so, there is no need to stress here the eminence of warts—particularly on the face and fingers—In the *Causticum* picture. Certain homoeopaths, in fact, consider this remedy second only to, if not on a par with, *Thuja*. "It is one of our most successful remedies for warts. It stands next to *Thuja*, if not equal" (Nash).

The second twin came in for acne rosacea. She, at least, was in no state of denial. In true *Lachesis* fashion (where pain, strife, and hostility rise easily to the surface), she recounted her version of the family rupture in a rush of accusation, anger, resentment.

"Jealous am I? Of course I'm jealous! I have always been labeled the 'neurotic twin'; the 'misfit'; the one somehow to blame. And do you know how hard it is for these labels to unstick? My parents have never entertained the slightest suspicion that it is Susan who has been the source of discord in our home. To maintain her status of favored child she has effectively kept the rest of us at odds with each other. Why, it is only now—some forty years later—that even I am beginning to understand wherein lies the source of our family disharmony."

Though genuinely hurt by the feud, this sister, too, refused to make the first overture towards a reconciliation. "What's the point of speaking to Susan? She simply doesn't understand—s—does not wish to understand. She does not care. She is good at pretending to be sympathetic and concerned about the family but at heart is indifferent to the whole situation. Anyway, probably it is too late to do anything about it."

True enough; the emotional and behavioral responses to the stable *Causticum* are so tightly woven into the overall social fabric that to unravel these patterns is to destroy the whole. More than that. Under the influence of this individual's tolerant attitude, and because of the pleasant and easy relationship that he offers, others may not wish to effect changes; they feel churlish even bringing attention to the desirability for change. They thereby find themselves fostering an inequitable situation instead of dealing with it with discrimination and justice. "Oh, well!" they reason, "So much water has flowed under the bridge—so deeply entrenched are our habits—that it is far easier not to disrupt the family dynamics and to just leave things as they are."

Be that as it may, since the patient's physical symptoms (with a discernible aggravation occurring prior to menses) matched *Lachesis* well, as did the intense emotionality which (in contradistinction to *Causticum*) allows nothing to settle, the snake venom was prescribed.

Upon their return six weeks later, both sisters attested to a substantial physical improvement; but that was all. There were no signs of peace talks being initiated, nor of hostilities ceasing.

While not exactly holding his breath, the physician had hoped for more spectacular results on the feudal front, and when month after month passed without any sign of a truce, he regretfully concluded that, although successful on the physical level, the remedies had failed on the mental one. And there the case rested.

One day, after further passage of time, the sisters accidentally met in a department store and actually started to converse. The physician was never able to ascertain which of the sisters was the initiator, but a reconciliation of sorts did take place. Even though the former closeness was never reinstated, at least the families could now get together on holidays and other family occasions.

A year later, when the *Causticum* twin came in for her annual homoeopathic checkup, she suddenly charged the physician with, "I guess Sarah and I have you to thank for our recent reconciliation."

The homoeopath modestly declined to take credit. "The remedies do upon occasion encourage emotional changes, but I doubt whether they would have effected a change a year later. No— you, Susan, should regard it as your own personal achievement that you—"

He need not have bothered to disclaim.

"Oh, the remedy didn't change me," she interrupted. "But something fundamental had changed in Sarah. Although in our few moments of explanation I learned more unpleasant so-called 'truths' about myself than in my entire previous existence, she was finally able to listen to reason ... " and the patient went on to describe the change.

When shortly afterwards Sarah came in for her yearly visit, she, too, talked to the doctor about the reconciliation with her sister. "Thanks, I suppose, to your medicines, for the first time in her life, Susan—although never actually admitting to any fault on her part, nor appearing to have learned anything from this rupture—dropped her calm indifference and seemed almost human. Instead of being some heartless, unfeeling creature, she actually listened, for once, to my grievance."

This time round, the physician submitted graciously to more credit than he perhaps deserved, rationalizing to himself that any exaggerated powers attributed to him as dispenser of the remedies merely balanced the ledger against all those occasions when he was not given his due for those positive emotional changes that regularly occur while patients are under homoeopathic treatment.

Even though their underlying competitiveness and jealousy, as well as their attractive social energy, might at times be similar, the *Causticum* gestalt differs radically from that of *Lachesis*. Significantly, any unhealthy feelings, which necessarily arise from conflict or from strife, and which *Lachesis* visibly struggles against, are largely unacknowledged by a *Causticum*. The resultant surface calmness is not all mask. His aforementioned self-acceptance, which enables him to disregard the shadow side of himself, assists him to arrive at serenity.

One *Causticum* individual, after describing how easy it was for him to appeal to his conscience, with the assurance of always receiving from it a sympathetic hearing, was asked, "Look here, do you even have a conscience?"

"Ah!" he replied imperturbably, "that is a secret between me and my Maker."

A yet deeper reason for the two remedies' quire different aura is that *Causticums* essential stability is so strong as to accommodate any temporary imbalance around him and still remain intact. He recognizes that disharmony is something that happens periodically in relationships and in one's passage through life, and is confident that until the larger calm is restored, he can survive any present or future turmoil (including his own transient aberrations) just fine. In the same way that the ocean invariably regains its equilibrium after a storm, so he can count on his central balance righting itself after temporary upheavals.

Whereas with *Lachesis*, whose inherently split nature is perpetually striving to achieve equilibrium (and the attainment of which is merely temporary), any turbulence jeopardizes his stability and threatens to engulf the psyche incessantly at war with itself (*PI*).

Janus-faced *Causticum* does not struggle. He simply possesses two natures which, like a two-sided Greek mask (displaying either one aspect or the other), operate on nonconflicting, because nonintersecting, parallel planes.

Youth and Old Age:

The Janus-faced *Causticum* child may give no trouble at all in school or at camp—be, in fact, loved by every one of his or her teachers—yet he is a troublemaker at home: quarrelsome, manipulative, and at times thoroughly untrustworthy, with a tendency to lie up, down, and sideways. But in the majority of cases (whether the remedy is prescribed for warts, enlarged cervical glands, restless legs at night in bed preventing sleep, or nocturnal enuresis), the child exhibits the same gregarious,

balanced nature as the adult. For example, *Causticum* was recognized as the *simillimum* for a severe case of ubiquitous tendon pains in a sweet, well-balanced ten-year-old girl, partly on the basis of her regarding a day with no socializing as a day not worth living.

Even "feeble and delicate children" (Hering), or those who suffer from learning disabilities, speech defects (such as stammering due, as mentioned earlier, to partial paralysis of the speech organs), neurological disorders (including epilepsy which commences or resurges at puberty), or muscular disabilities affecting the gross or finer motor movements (the child is slow learning to walk or is unsteady walking, with easy falling; has difficulty writing out his letters) do not become, like *Natrum muriaticum*, closed off, pushing away assistance and companionship. In outward manner, they resemble more *Phosphorus*, *Calcarea carbonica* (hence, also, *Calcarea pbosphorica*), *Pulsatilla*, and, as Borland noted in his Children's Types, *Lycopodium*.

A boy, four years old, presented a perfect physical picture of *Causticum*. He wetted his bed during the first sleep, was subject to sore throats with enlarged glands, also to twitchings and jerkings of the body in bed at night (which symptom most concerned his mother). The mental picture, however, was not easy to gauge. The boy was a charmer, exhibiting a blend of *Phosphorus*'s endearing disposition and a *Lycopodium* sense of his own worth, seemingly not as impressionable as the former but more nervous and emotionally sensitive than the latter.

The physician, casting about for supportive mentals, inquired whether the boy had any particular stress in his home to cause the twitchings, since he obviously was not "overworked" ("choreic symptoms when overworked or nervously distressed":Borland) in his half-day nursery school. The mother racked her brain to identify the stress in the life of this youngster who, being the youngest of four children, adored by parents and siblings alike, was still at a stage in life where he felt as assured of happiness and never—ending love around him as of the supply of air and sunshine.

"No stress that I am aware of," she replied, her mind drawing a blank. "Life to Jamie is one long carnival of fun and excitement, as far as I can see. I cannot pinpoint a single cause for distress. You see," she went on, "with three older siblings there is always something exciting going on and—" She stopped short. "No, wait! That's it! *Of course*, there is a constant cause for anxiety in his life. Jamie is always trying to keep up with the older children. He always has to be in on the action and as good as they are in all their games. *There's* his stress."

The physician, perceiving in this picture traces of *Causticum*'s high sociability, not to speak of the type's competitiveness, pursued the point. "And what form does the boy's refusal to be left out of any activity usually take?"

"Oh, Jamie has a whole bag of tricks. First come the promises: 'I promise not to cheat the rules' or 'I promise I won't be a painy neck'; or if it is a board or a card game that is in question, 'I promise I'll a'ways 'member to sit with my legs crossed ... so— the way he is taught to sit quietly in nursery school; while if he cannot think of what else to promise, he falls back on some dim notion of polite behavior: 'I promise to 'member to a'ways wash my hands.' Finally, when he has exhausted all his charm and sly cunning, he pulls out his last stop: 'An' I won't invite you to my birthday party!'"

"Does he ever threaten 'to tell?'"

"Never. I'm sure he knows that such a threat would not endear him to his siblings and might spoil his chances next time round ... And once he is allowed to join in their games, his behavior is irreproachable."

The picture of *Causticum* was complete.

Young *Causticum* resorting to every trick in the bag to be involved in the excitement is encountered even in animals. A peculiar klutziness in a *Causticum*—requiring squirrel ("clumsy": Borland) estranged him from his own species, causing him to seek companionship elsewhere. First, when quite young, he fell out of a tree and injured his hip, which brought him under the care of a wildlife rehabilitator. The moment he was set free, he broke a front tooth when biting on a stone that he mistook for a nut and, returning to the rehabilitator, needed to be fed soft food for a period of time. When once again released, he promptly developed a cold in the head with catarrh and a snuffly nose (!) and again had to be taken in to be kept warm. When finally, he was turned out into an outdoor cage in preparation to being set free, he began to lose his fur in patches and had to be reinstated in the house—where he would not eat his peanuts, sunflower seeds, and grapes unless he was being watched. Eventually, the rehabilitator, whose object was to send injured creatures back into the wild as soon as possible began to feel manipulated by the little malingerer's afflictions and escalating inability to survive on his own. Of course, what he really enjoyed was the commotion, excitement, and companionship that he found in the house.

It is with the elderly, however, that *Causticum* truly comes into its own. Together with *Carbo vegetabilis*, *Baryta carbonica*, and *Aurum metallicum*, it plays the same prominent role in the declining years that *Belladonna*, *Chamomilla*, and *Calcarea carbonica* play in infancy and early childhood. This is due, in part, to *Causticum*'s beneficial effect in rheumatism, cataracts (both actual and incipient), loss of or impaired hearing; in strokes, incontinence, and various forms of paralysis; in "old" complaints that linger or return to plague; in failing memory and other "diseases incidental to old age" (Hering; see, also, Kent: "suitable in old broken down constitutions, suffering from chronic disease; its complaints are such as are progressive, slow, and accompany declining states of economy"). The remedy's effectiveness may likewise be due to the fact that by virtue of having lived long, the elderly are likely to have experienced some longstanding grief or disappointment ("found in old broken down mental cases after prolonged anxiety, after prolonged struggle of some sort": Kent). Whatever the reasons, when long-latent distress and sorrows begin to resurge, threatening the mental balance, *Causticum* acts like the keel of a ship, permitting the mental flexibility and leeway that protects the reason from capsizing.

Such was the case of an elderly patient who lived in a retirement village in Florida, to all appearances alone in the world. She exhibited a variety of old age complaints, including a leaking bladder, restless legs in bed at night, hardness of hearing (with a *Causticum* angle to it: own voice echoes in ears; in a younger person it is often *Belladonna* that cures autophony), and a stiffness of joints that was ameliorated in the Florida climate.

Florida, incidentally, is replete with old people whose afflictions respond well to *Causticum*, in part because of the medicine's well known temperature modality: feeling better in a hot, humid climate, which other types might find unendurable. Although, if truth be told, as often as not a *Causticum* patient's arthritic and other complaints are not improved by dampness or humidity. "Better in warm wet weather" is a wonderful guiding symptom when present but does not negate this remedy when absent.

The woman was of a cheerful, even-tempered, sociable disposition—a much sought after companion because of her impeccable card-table manners and her willingness to listen to others' problems without, in return, burdening them with her

own. Although she shied away from close relationships, she was happy to cultivate a circle of acquaintances, and altogether was as fine an example of Hahnemann's "the whole day good humored, contented with [her]self and very talkative ... although disputes are started with [her, she] remains calm (curative action)" as one could wish to encounter.

Then one day a couple came to visit her, whom she refused to receive. After which it came to light that far from being alone in the world, she in fact possessed a number of relatives, not one of whom had she been in contact with for over fifty years—encouraging the assumption that she had no living family.

Such a persistent denial was extraordinary in this seemingly perfectly "normal" person, and nothing but the deepest wounds could have occasioned it. Furthermore, after this surprise visit, which obviously had raked up ghosts from the past, the woman began acting peculiarly. Everything, however, remained subject to mere speculation and surmise until one day (perhaps under the liberating influence of repeated doses of *Causticum* 9c), she permitted herself to talk to her homoeopath of her painful past. She had been deliberately avoiding her family (she confided to him) because its members never supported her when, after three years of marriage, her husband ran off with her younger sister; they had refused to break off relations with the eloped couple and chose rather to grow estranged from her.

The long-standing injury and resentment could equally have fitted *Natrum muriaticum*, but the patient's surface calm seemed in some respects a freezing of her emotions—*Causticum's* no confrontational attitude which allows them quietly to congeal, rather than *Natrum muriaticum's* laborious, attempt to suppress them. This mental state, which was paralleled by various forms of physical "congealments," pointed to the need to continue with *Causticum*, which remedy (now in the 30x potency) did restore her to her former mental balance.

We conclude this "portrait" with one memorable case of "old" carpal tunnel syndrome which ceded before *Causticum's* curative powers. The affliction was encountered in a very old, very frail gentleman, who was living out his declining years in the family brownstone located on one of the historic squares in midtown Manhattan.

Over half a century ago he had had to give up his career as a concert pianist because of this affliction to his right hand. But he had carved out for himself another career in the music publishing world and was now living in a peaceful and rather secluded retirement, cared for by his daughter. One of his favorite pastimes, apart from reading, was to write letters to his numerous friends all over the world. Recently, however, an aggravation of his chronic low-grade carpal tunnel discomfort had resurged, preventing him from writing. The physician, debating between *Causticum* and *Calcarea carbonica* (another good remedy for long-standing carpal tunnel), asked for any strange, rare, and peculiar symptoms. The daughter, who had accompanied her father into the office, had a ready example. "Dad has a peculiar way of posting letters. He throws them out the library window onto the sidewalk." Then she added reassuringly, "Of course, they are always addressed, sealed, and stamped."

The physician was not reassured. "Why on earth do you do that?"

"It saves my old aching bones a trip to the mailbox, and I don't wish to burden my daughter with more work than she already has. Also, I figure that some passing pedestrian will pick up the letter, take it to the corner mailbox, and post it there." While the homoeopath was trying to collect his thoughts, the old man added, "It's important to give people a chance to feel good about themselves; and here they have

an opportunity to feel virtuous, which costs them no more than a walk half way round our square."

This was such an eminently "reasonable" explanation for truly eccentric behavior that the physician, without further hesitation, administered *Causticum*.

Causticum's not one of the brightest stars in the homoeopathic firmament; it does not project a vivid, sparkling, clearly delineated personality. The remedy is better likened to one of the distant planets which, although less visible to the naked eye, still exerts a considerable influence on human lives.* So polyvalent in fact is its curative action that when a more obvious remedy is not discharging its proper function or an improving case has "come to a standstill" (H. C. Allen); when the nosodes are not helping or a patient presenting such general symptoms as fatigue, low libido, depressed spirits, not feeling his usual self, is devoid of guiding idiosyncrasies; at this point the stymied physician is well advised to review that ever enigmatic but therapeutically invaluable concoction of Hahnemann's— his *Tinctura acris sine Kali*.

*Thus Nash: "If Hahnemann had never given to the homoeopathic school any remedy but *Causticum*, the world would still be to him under lasting obligation."

The Graphites Challenge

Scylla and Charybdis:

"The world is a comedy to those that think-a tragedy to those who feel," wrote the British man of letters Horace Walpole to a friend in 1742. With the possible exception of *Lachesis*, no constitutional type senses more strongly the truth of this dictum than *Graphites*.

To elucidate this statement we have to reach yet further back in history to the time of Ancient Greece and Homer's *Odyssey*. In the "Odyssey of the Psyche," as it were, the *Graphites* patient finds himself forced to navigate the treacherous straits between a sheer, unscalable cliff guarded by the man-devouring monster, Scylla, and a giant whirlpool, Charybdis, which sucks its victims into its depths.

These two dangers can be symbolic of any two powerful opposing forces. In our analysis, Scylla stands for the intellect and Charybdis for the emotions; and the challenge confronting an individual in the *Graphites* stage of his human development is to find a way to steer a safe course between the devouring intellect, on the one hand, and the giant whirlpool of emotions, on the other. For the physician to fail to recognize this underlying challenge is to fall short of a true understanding of the personality type.

That *Graphites* is threatened by both extremes is attested to by the listings of the mental characteristics in the homoeopathic literature, virtually all of which can be classified under one of two major headings: (1) mental weakness and fatigue and (2) emotional anxiety and distress. Typically, a patient steering too close to Scylla displays "ailments from mental work; abstraction of mind; confusion; dullness; and extreme forgetfulness; weakness of memory: apt to make mistakes in speaking and writing; stupefaction; or wearisome mind"; whereas the patient steering too close to Charybdis suffers from "grief, extraordinary apprehensiveness, easy excitability, discouragement and dejection, fear, uncertainty, or anguish" (Hahnemann and others).

And that is all the classical literature offers us! Since Hahnemann's recording of the provings of *Graphites* in *The Chronic Diseases*, little of substance has been added to this mental picture. Even Hering, barring one notable addition, remains content to reiterate Hahnemann's twenty-odd symptoms (actually Hahnemann lists exactly fifty, but more than half are repetitions of the others); while Kent in *his Lectures on Homoeopathic Materia Medica* merely sums up Hahnemann's mental listings in one tight paragraph. Yet, as witnessed in everyday practice, there exists a creative side to the individual (even as he flounders in his passage through the narrow straits) that begs to be analyzed and understood.

A good place to begin doing so is by examining the remedy's relationship to the famous Hahnemannian/ Kentian triad, *Sulphur*, *Calcarea carbonica*, and *Lycopodium*.

Being "an anti-psoric of great power" (Boericke), *Graphites*' close connection with *Sulphur* (homoeopathy's sovereign anti-psoric) is assured; and, on the physical plane, the readiness with which *Sulphur* is prepared to jump *Graphites*' claim is well-established.* The two remedies spell each other well in impairments of the digestive and nutritive organs, defective circulation, ailments of menopausal women, and especially in affections of the skin-the typical cracked, oozing, bubbly, unbearably itchy, burning, or dry, flaky skin, worse from scratching and frequently accompanied by a lactose intolerance (eczemas and acnes

* *Sulphur*'s "robber" role is described in *PI*

do not improve until the patient goes off dairy products). Also on the mental plane the similarities are noteworthy—e-I-f not as clearly defined.

Graphites, like many a *Sulphur*, may possess more than one talent and might exhibit the same eagerness to cultivate his mind along several channels. The type is ready to pounce on any subject that interests, elevates, or informs—always provided, however (and here the distinctions arise), that this does not require too much commitment and zeal. For not only does he lack that gusto which is peculiarly *Sulphur's*, but despite his genuine intellectual leanings, he is also without the latter's intellectual stamina. Because "scientific labor fatigues him" (Hering), he may well display an inability to stick with a challenging intellectual occupation. Or, due to a work pattern established already in childhood and youth, then carried into adulthood, he works by fits and starts—interrupting his studies to sharpen half a dozen pencils, to return nonessential phone calls, and especially to make repeated sallies to the refrigerator ("fidgety while sitting at work": Hering). Furthermore, although like *Sulphur* he might lean strongly towards the Scylla of intellect in his passage through life, he is not one actively to enjoy "racking his brains about metaphysical subtleties/ [and] dwelling on religious or philosophical speculations": Hering); nor does his understanding slant more readily towards abstract ideas than towards his fellowman. Above all, he gives the impression of a *Sulphur* not performing up to par— of being in some way an unfulfilled *Sulphur*.

A further distinction between the two is that *Sulphur* has a manner of parading his knowledge at length, which, although impressive and often eloquent, leaves his listener with a throbbing sensation around the temples and a furtive desire to escape. This is because he has to impart everything he knows— exhausting his listener as well as the subject under discussion (*PI*). *Graphites*, in contrast, sensitive to being ponderous, keeps it short.

The second type of *Graphites* lists more towards Charybdis. Under a seemingly placid exterior, the patient (usually a woman) is apprehensive about others, sensitive about herself, overly excited or distressed by petty family concerns, or beset by a host of (largely groundless) apprehensions (.. thoughts. anxious. tormenting. haunted by unpleasant subjects": Kent). Instead of learning to ignore the pinpricks of life and protect herself from taking too personally its little hurts, she permits herself to grow increasingly more vulnerable. In a word, she needs backbone.

One vivid illustration of *Graphites'* intellect losing out in the mental-emotional conflict was a woman at a social gathering, during which the various national traits were being discussed (admittedly none too charitably). When her particular country was typed as insular and narrow-minded, instead of a blistering retort about others betraying their narrow-mindedness by resorting to national stereotypes, she suddenly cried out, "Go ahead— trample— *trample* upon poor little Belgium— you big bullies who belong to larger nations!" and burst into tears.

Selfishness is not a *Graphites* weakness by any means, but one may encounter in this individual a self-preoccupation arising from her being barely able to distract herself from inner turmoil. These preoccupations can lead to a disregard for her person. The type is frequently overweight from lack of sufficient exercise, is easily weakened or exhausted, perspires upon the least exertion, and, altogether, is physically and emotionally akin to *Sulphur's* alter ego, *Calcarea carbonica*,*

*This relationship, too, is well-documented. For example, Borland, in *Homoeopathy in Practice*, devotes his entire essay on *Graphites* to comparing and contrasting the remedy with *Calcarea carbonica* ... *Calcarea* gets tired out with any effort, particularly mental work; *Graphites* gets distressed, excited, and worried. The *Calcarea* type gives up, whereas the *Graphites* type frets about it ... vacillates and hesitates over every decision. *Calcarea* usually sheds the whole thing and just does not bother ... " and so forth (cf. also Nash and others).

An example of the two remedies' kinship: a harsh New England winter was taking its toll on a college student, who worked part-time as a waitress. She was developing painful cracks on the fingertips that would split open and bleed, chapped cheeks, lips, hands; and if she did not bundle up as if setting off on an Antarctic expedition, chilblains would result. In physical appearance she was rotund in shape, with a rough and unhealthy looking skin. Mentally she was apprehensive about life and oversensitive (characteristics which were recently more pronounced). And when she volunteered that, at work, she alone of all the waitresses would droop over the counter in exhaustion, wishing that no customer of any age, size, or shape would sit down at her particular tables, the physician bethought himself of *Graphites* or *Calcareo carbonica*. Ultimately, the former was selected— with good results— because, despite her chilliness, the girl always felt better walking out-of-doors, even in cold weather (a guiding *Graphites* symptom).

Thalia Versus Melpomene:

Amidst the traditional collection of minor-key, saturnine *Graphites* characteristics, which attests to a nature weighed down by anxieties, mental fatigue, or gloomy forebodings (even the type's dreams are, for the most part, painted in the same leaden gray tones-listed in the homoeopathic literature as "of difficulties, embarrassments, misfortunes, vexations," etc.), one symptom stands out remarkable in its isolation, fertile in its ramifications, to wit, "impudent, teasing, laughing at reprimands" (Hering). This symptom, which can manifest as a highly developed sense of humor, introduces the third aspect to the *Graphites* personality picture— one that has a strong affinity with *Lycopodium*.

The *Odyssey*, we recall, recounts how Ulysses, to survive his passage through the perilous straits, ultimately chose to keep well clear of Charybdis and steer his ships close to the cliff of Scylla, as the lesser of the two evils. And *Graphites*, in his difficult passages through life, will generally give a wide berth to the maelstrom of Melpomenic emotions.

Like *Lycopodium*, he may hug the cliff of Scylla through comedy; humor, in its detachment, being notoriously one of the purest forms of intellect. By cultivating Walpole's "thinking" man, *Graphites* develops a front as sheer and polished as Scylla-impossible for the emotions to scale. This accomplishment, however, is not so much a *Lycopodium* denial of or severance from the emotions (*PI*) as an escape from them. Fully aware of the intellect's impotence in the face of life's upheavals, this sensitive individual turns to humor and wit to carry him over the turbulence of feeling.

Humor can assume a variety of forms. The *Graphites* style is not "black"-not of the scathing "slash and burn" variety, trailing destruction in its wake; not jeering, snickering, malevolent; not tending to be nastily amusing at another's expense. The remedy, Significantly, is found neither under "malicious," nor under "mania to ridicule" in Kent's *Repertory*, but is listed under "mirth, hilarity, jesting" (where it could well be raised to the third degree). *Graphites*' preferred forms of wit are irony, where shades and refinement of meaning are rendered through humor, or the more flagrant sense of the absurd. This last, to be sure, can verge on irreverence— or, even, unfeelingness. And already in children one can observe wit that sails perilously close to the edge.

A chubby, freckled, snub-nosed girl of twelve was brought for treatment of chronic crusty discharges from the eyes, with eyelids glued together upon awakening, also itchy and easily inflamed lids. At one point she was asked to leave the room while her mother and the physician discussed certain aspects of her behavior.

Annoyed at being asked to leave while she was (in her own phrase) "having my soul dissected," the girl stood up, saucily cocked her hip, stuck out her tongue, and strutted out, throwing out over her shoulder, "Well! Ex-cuse me for living!"

Barely had her mother begun lamenting her daughter's growing insolence, when the door opened and the girl entered and calmly sat down again.

"Are you back?" the mother inquired (superfluously). "Yes, as you see, I am back."

"Why are you back?"

"Oh, I was getting bored out there so I just decided to come in." "Didn't I tell you to wait outside?"

"You did, but I prefer to be here. Would you rather I lie down on the waiting room floor and scream and kick. instead?" Then turning to the physician, "Would you like to see my act?"

The mother rolled her eyes in helplessness, but the physician needed to hear no more. For the girl was displaying impudence verging on insolence, but all the while retaining the *Graphites* light touch that tempts observers to laugh rather than censure.

This case was further archetypal in that the remedy is frequently called for in roly-poly girls who, realizing that they are not going to get through life on stunning looks and lissome figures, develop their personalities and their sense of humor to be liked. Thus, oftentimes, the *Graphites* child will frankly refuse to take schoolwork seriously. Instead of applying himself assiduously, or even maintaining a pretense of study and then offering excuses for not doing so (i.e., "weaseling out"), he prefers openly to joke around in class and laugh his way through school-and (presumably) later on, through life.

Once this characteristic is firmly established in a homoeopath's mind, humor can serve as a guiding symptom in otherwise undistinguished cases or where the classical mental picture of *Graphites* does not fit the physical ailment.

A seven-year-old boy was brought to homoeopathy for an ingrown toenail. He displayed no anxiety or mental dullness, yet this remedy was without hesitation chosen over those other two strong contenders for ingrown toenail, *Magnetis polus Australis* and *Silica*. The deciding factor was the boy's behavior. Since he looked paler and more wan than usual, the physician mentioned to the mother that perhaps he was anaemic and suggested taking a blood count for verification.

"What does anaemic mean?" the boy inquired.

"Not having enough red blood cells; and by pricking your finger we can ascertain if you have enough."

The boy responded with surprising vehemence. "I have enough. I've plenty of red blood cells-more than I can ever use. If I had more, they'd just spill over." And, clutching his finger, he started sidling toward the door.

Upon his mother's urging him to quit fooling around and sit down in order to permit the doctor to draw blood, the boy continued, "No, sir! I won't let you take any of my blood cells. Then I really won't have enough. If you steal just one drop, I'll call the police!" Then, backing out into the reception room, he turned to the surprised waiting patients and cried out, "Call the police! Call the police!"

His fear of needles may have been *Silica* but his adamant manner and the conscious humor of this little scenario (an imaginative variation on Gibson's "children are not at all awed in the presence of the doctor; prowl around ... ignoring parental admonitions") suggested that the boy could use a few doses of *Graphites* in the 30c potency.

In keeping with Graphites' adamant refusal to view life, or even his own anger, in a tragic light, the individual retains a degree of detachment that prevents his emotions from erupting in an ungovernable way—for instance, in the form of tantrums or hysteria. Of course, he is capable of feeling bitterness or indignation as much as another, and undeniably exhibits a tendency to stew with resentment, but he is never really out of control. The stewing *Natrum muriaticum* or *Staphysagria*, in contrast, has to work hard to hold all negative emotions tightly in check for fear of becoming violent, hysterical, or unrestrained in words or action once he permits himself even the slightest loosening of the reins.

Graphites' humor is not only a shield, it is also a sword— and a highly effective form of power. As Mark Twain wrote, "Against the assault of laughter, nothing can withstand." (Humor as power was discussed in *Lycopodium* [PI].) We saw earlier how a mother was powerless in the face of her daughter's humorous audacity. The girl from an early age had sensed the strength of effrontery and enjoyed using it to stir up the passions of others. One encounters, likewise, *Graphites* adults who employ humor to arouse people in order to get them thinking, moving, acting. The rabble-rouser himself may not care two straws for the issues for which he is agitating, or, conversely, the lofty cause may be exceedingly close to his heart; but either way, he derives much entertainment from the ensuing excitement.

The type is further adept at using a humorous remark effectively to cut off a serious conversation to which he cannot contribute intellectually or which merely bores him. One witty woman was told by a friend, "You have a sense of fun about you that others might find irritating." The friend was, obviously, not referring to the captivating quality of the woman's humor per se, nor to her attractive uplifted attitude, but to the way in which she occasionally wielded her wit competitively, for control in general conversation.

For the most part, however, *Graphites'* humor serves a more personal need—to help him win (as was discussed previously) a more secure social foothold with friends and family. In addition, it serves as a route of retreat when he needs to extricate himself from a sticky situation.

One girl, who would bring sick or dying rodents and birds into the house to care for them, always had some humorous retort with which to deflect others' vain protests of "You don't know how to care for them. You don't even know what disease the animal's got."

"That's right," she would reply imperturbably, "and I won't know until someone catches it."

Even younger children will resort to humor to assert themselves in the classroom and at home, or to forestall recriminations when they shirk their responsibilities or otherwise canter over thin ice. One such slacker was a boy in third grade, of a sturdy, stocky frame, built along the lines of a Shetland pony, who required *Graphites* for his runny ears: a noncorrosive, malodorous discharge, alternating between honey-colored glutinous and watery. He was a bright enough lad but bone "lazy" (Borland) and habitually at the bottom of his class. One day he brought home his usual poor report card, announcing with an impudent grin, "Happiness is being second from the bottom of your class!" Naturally, his parents could not scold him.

Or there was the mischievous four-year-old girl who, to avoid the regulation spanking for running out onto the street unattended, would back up into the house, rump first, as if inviting the punishment that her mother felt too ridiculous to administer.

The type's sense of humor, a source of inestimable comfort to himself and a delight to others, has, however, its drawbacks. There is a price to pay for it. Ulysses, once he had made his navigation choice, had to sacrifice six of his stalwart crew to the devouring Scylla. In the same way *Graphites*, in resorting to humor, risks sacrificing a certain vital part of his nature.

For the hard, detached, highly polished quality of wit leaves no room for the integration of the intellect and the emotions; the humorous response does not cut as deeply as the questions that the contemplative or troubled *Graphites* soul raises and is too superficial a reaction to the serious issues confronting it.* Consequently, at some level, it cannot fully satisfy the patient himself.

A woman was being treated homoeopathically with *Graphites* for itching scalp and hair loss during menses, also for a between meals need to "eat enormously," as she put it ("voracious hunger": Hahnemann), causing her to put on redundant and most unwelcome pounds. During her office visits she would laughingly describe to the physician her new married life: the infidelities of her husband ("The only way to keep him from straying would be to drive a stake into our back lawn and tether him to it; but then he would probably howl all day and embarrass me in front of the neighbors"); her whiny in-laws who would complain to her-as if she were the one responsible-about everything, even the weather ("Why must the temperature always be going either up or down? Why can't the weather make up its mind to be either hot or cold-and then stay that way?"); her selfish stepchildren ("Whenever I approach them for assistance, you should see them scurrying away into the corners like cockroaches"); the goldfish with food allergies, who could only thrive on a special kind of prescription ant egg, and a parakeet with carnivorous tendencies, who insisted on being fed tiny bits of canned dog food with tweezers. "Some family I've married into!" she would conclude, and at the next visit would have similar absurdities to recount.

Then, several years later, her marriage fell apart. Completely devastated, she lost all her detachment. No longer could she give free reign to her delightful sense of the absurd and no longer was the graphite of any assistance. Now she required *Lachesis*, *Staphysagria*, and *Natrum muriaticum* as she fought in deadly earnest for her emotional survival.

Graphites may long for (and work assiduously to develop) the "wings of a dove" to fly over and thus avoid the perilous straits in life,** but he is not a *Lycopodium*. The humor and detachment that, operating to filter out unpleasant, undesirable, or inconvenient truths, work so well to render *Lycopodium* relatively immune to the vagaries of personal relationships (*PI*) do not work as efficiently for *Graphites*. His vulnerability, however, is not always apparent, and, mistaking good nature and sense of humor for invulnerability, others may treat him without too much consideration for his feelings and sentiments, without gloves as it were.

*In Kent's *Repertory*, the closest listing to *Graphites*' inappropriate laughter is found in the rubric "Laughing: immoderately."

**"Oh that I had wings like a dove!
For then I would fly away, and be at rest
..... I would hasten my escape
From the windy storm and tempest ... " (Psalm 55:6-8)

Nor does he easily find solace, when in a troubled state, in either traditional religions or innovative philosophical systems, as does *Sulphur*. In fact, *Graphites* does not take kindly to "systems" of any persuasion that could provide him with the meaning he is seeking (here again, he differs from both *Calcareo carbonica*, who derives much strength from a strict and structured discipline, and *Lycopodium*, who functions best within well-established institutions [PI]). Essentially a freethinker, *Graphites*' life challenge is to navigate the treacherous straits under his own sail, not to be towed through them by another ship— or even to fly over them. He needs to delve beneath both the syntactical, analytical mind and a turbulent emotionalism to a level of the psyche where these two seemingly opposed forces can reintegrate.

The Role of Graphite:

Why, one may well inquire, does the *Graphites* individual seeking solace have no easy recourse to the philosophical disciplines and religious systems that satisfy others, but must work out his own individual understanding? What compels him to indulge his sense of the absurd— even while the comic outlook fails to satisfy his deeper nature? Finally, of which archetypal drives are his cares and anxieties a manifestation?

In one of those elegant correspondences so often encountered in homoeopathy, the key to *Graphites*' psychic makeup is found in the substance from which the remedy derives.

Graphites is plumbago (to be differentiated from plumbum), commonly known as graphite or black lead. Although the most obvious properties of this mineral— its color, weight, inertness (reflected in the traditional mental picture as grayness of outlook, heavy thoughts, and intellectual stagnation)— are firmly ingrained in the homoeopathic consciousness, its most unique property, namely the ability to transfer its metallic lustre onto paper, has hitherto been completely ignored. *Graphite* in the form of a pencil (note Hahnemann's specification that the graphite for the remedy was "to be taken from an English lead pencil of the best quality") serves, of course, as the primary tool for artistic self-expression—whether it takes the form of drawing, writing prose or poetry, or composing music. Thus it stands as a metonym for the artist himself.

The *Graphites* individual, indeed, possesses the soul of an artist. That is, he displays the artist's sensitivity, critical faculties, and originality of outlook, even though he might lack the more obvious characteristics associated with the artistic temperament. For instance, he does not display the high romanticism of *Phosphorus* or *Tuberculinum*, nor the restless, driven perfectionism of *Arsenicum*, nor the visionary inspiration of *Lachesis*, nor the eruptive overflowing creativity of *Sulphur*. One could even hazard that *Graphites* lacks the narcissism that frequently accompanies the artistic temperament, although the type can be self-absorbed. The most fundamental distinction, however is, while possessing a poet's soul, he is an unfulfilled artist.

It can be from lack of opportunity. A young homoeopath, just starting out in his profession, could elicit no idiosyncratic symptoms from an overworked businessman suffering from nonspecific skin eruptions and stomach ulcers, and eventually had to fall back on the sovereign remedies for the latter, more important, condition: first *Nux vomica*, next *Phosphorus*, and then *Kali bichromicum*.

Since none of these remedies proved effective, he turned to the lesser gods for this particular affliction and eventually bumbled his way round to *Graphites*.^{*} This remedy (together with two invaluable adjunctive specifics: a tablespoon of the highest quality olive oil three times a day and slippery elm tea), healed the stomach condition (although, significantly, for reasons we shall see, not his skin). Yet, all the while, "Why *Graphites*? Why not one of the other remedies? What is there particularly *Graphites* about this man?" were questions that presented themselves to the neophyte prescriber.

The answer to the puzzle was supplied sometime later, when he discussed this case with a more experienced colleague who suggested that he spend some time inquiring into the man's likes, dislikes, and outside interests. Then it materialized that the patient cherished a passion for cultivating rare plants and shrubs, with a lifelong wish to be the owner of a small but exquisite horticultural establishment at his country home; yet he would have to wait until retirement to realize his dream.

At other times *Graphites* is unfulfilled from not yet having found his true mode of expression and is more accurately described as an artist in search of a medium.

One reason for his not having yet found his true medium is the nonintegration of his intellect and emotions. The artist is forever seeking ways to steer a safe course between Scylla and Charybdis; that is, to convey ideas without diminishing emotion or, conversely, to give intellectual form to raw emotion. And until he achieves this essential integration, he remains unsatisfied and unfulfilled.

If the author Henry James comes to mind as at least in part a *Graphites* constitutional type (the other side of him being *Lycopodium* [PI]), it is due to the composite force of his corpulence, his being a master of irony (humor is inherent in his prose), and his relentless pursuit of a style that would give adequate form to both his subtle intellect and his emotions.

But, possibly due to his strong New England family background with its tendency toward puritanical suppression of emotion, James's writings, shying away from Charybdis and listing too strongly towards Scylla, left the author forever dissatisfied with his work ("Oh, to be able to convey passion!" was a recurring lament). He was always rewriting his stories and novels, refining them, explaining them in innumerable prefaces, while simultaneously a pitiless intellect propelled him further and further away from a satisfying fusion of thought and feeling. His fiction soared off into ever more cerebral realms and the ardent passions (in contrast to the more delicate emotional shadings) consistently eluded his gifted pen— or, rather, pencil.

There is a saying, "Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself." However, the critical, "restless and unsettled" (Hahnemann), unconsummated artist in *Graphites*, sensing that life has more to offer than the mediocrity he is experiencing, yearns for superior beauty, meaning, intelligence—not solely for himself but for others as well. If he cannot find a congenial mode of artistic expression to assist mankind in its escape from the humdrum of everyday existence, his first instinct is to resort to humor, which serves him (at least temporarily) as a form of artistic expression—and a means to combat the commonplace emotion or platitudinous phrase.

^{*}Note Tyler: "*Graphites* has great value in gastric or duodenal ulcers ... it is here that we have most often employed the drug ... Indications are: pains relieved by food and drink, [also] *hot* food and drink, and by lying down ...," etc.

Arsenicum's frustrations are, similarly, often those of the unfulfilled artist (*PI*). But he is more likely to find surrogate outlets for his artistic drive. If unfulfilled in the "fine arts," he will express his artistic nature in gardening, delicate needlework or crafts, editing others' works, even house painting or house cleaning. Even if these pursuits are not entirely satisfying, by virtue of bringing to them the care, meticulousness, and perfection that is *Arsenicum's* special signature, he can, on looking back, derive the gratification of a job well done.

Graphites does not possess the *Arsenicum* drive, resourcefulness, and determination to channel his creative energies—far less the latter's ability to undertake some satisfying substitute activity or work. He exhibits more of a *Calcarea*-like fatalistic indolence (*PI*) coupled with a *Sulphur*-like "aversion to business" (Kent). In fact, despite his inner drive to artistic fulfillment, on the surface this individual is often perfectly happy to dabble and might even be resentful of outside pressure toward a vocational commitment. "I only ask to be free. The butterflies are free. Mankind will surely not deny to me what it concedes to the butterflies" (Harold Skimpole's protest in Dickens's *Bleak House*).

That is why the need for this remedy crops up so often in middle age, at a time when the individual begins not so much to look back in regret as to sense unfulfillment—or, in the terms of our current theme, becomes aware of his or her unsatisfied, unrealized, artistic aspirations.

A typical *Graphites* picture is the woman around menopause who, with the onset of hormonal changes, puts on weight, develops cysts in the breast or a uterine fibroid, or experiences hot flashes or other forms of unstable circulation. In the mental sphere she has, for whatever reasons, never explored her own strengths and, hence, she is restless, discouraged, discontented, and apprehensive about the future ("feeling of impending misfortune": Hahnemann). She has hitherto found meaning and challenge in her family life—also a legitimate outlet for her emotions in caring for the needs of others. Then, when the grown children leave home (and these days, more likely than not, the husband follows suit shortly thereafter), she is suddenly thrown back on herself and forced to confront total emptiness. She would love to continue to be caring and even make sacrifices (cf. "Generosity") but is at a loss to determine, for whom? For what? There is no one left to nurture, and no strongly defined calling is making similar demands on her creative energies. Although her emotions have been nourished all these years, her talents have not.

Similar to the *Pulsatilla* girl in adolescence ("What *Pulsatilla* is at puberty, *Graphites* is at the climacteric": quoted in Allen's Keynotes), the middle-aged *Graphites* woman needs to acquire emotional independence. No longer can she rely on others for fulfillment.

One such patient, whose grown children had abandoned the home several years ago, was suffering from "empty nest syndrome," as well as from numbness of the arms and tingling fingers, worse at night. This last symptom alternated between severe discomfort and actual pain. Her usual constitutional remedies, *Calcarea carbonica*, *Natrum muriaticum*, and *Sepia*, having proved ineffective, the physician was forced to research more deeply.

Clearly gifted, she was unfulfilled and was at present unhappy with her life. "The only true pleasure I've experienced in the last three months was in a dream," she confided to the physician. "I was looking with pride at a handsome house that, apparently, I myself had designed." Because Kent lists *Graphites* as dreaming of "excelling at mental work" (a symptom which could be interpreted not only as a wish fulfillment, but likewise as the dreamer intuiting what he is capable of and ought to be

doing), this medicine was prescribed in the 1M potency. It helped the physical condition, and the woman did not return for almost a year, during which time she took up weaving. This became her passion and her joy.

Discussing the interesting synchronicity at her next visit, the physician suggested, "Could the remedy for your numbness also have stimulated your creativity?"

The patient, who had not yet grasped the subtle action of the remedies on the psyche, debated this interesting theory a moment, then replied, "A novel thought. Personally though, I think those years devoted to grieving for my departed family were the necessary 'creative moratorium' before I could blossom into a weaver. Or maybe some major malign planets had finally shifted!" (As befits the quasi-detached mentality, Graphites has a somewhat doubting attitude. Heaven forbid he should betray a primitive enthusiasm—even for homoeopathy.)

The physician, however, would have none of these "creative moratoriums" and "shifting stars." If he had witnessed once, he had witnessed a dozen times, Graphites helping a middle-aged female patient begin to write, draw, play— or, as in this case, weave her way to physical and mental health.

A contributing factor to a *Graphites* woman's unrealized creativity is a tendency to make too severe demands on herself. Coupled with the neglect of her artistic talents is a dread of being mediocre, and she grows, over the years, more critical of her abilities and increasingly afraid to stretch her wings.

An inexplicable swelling of the ankles and wrists plagued a middle-aged patient. A thorough checkup with appropriate tests showed, however, nothing pathologically amiss. She and her husband were both musicians: he a professional educator, she an amateur. The husband, wishing to write a book on his teaching methods and recognizing in his wife skills that he himself did not possess, sought her collaboration. She resisted— in part from native indolence, in part from fear of criticism during the collaborative writing process, but largely from a conviction of her unworthiness.

For her overall attitude ("lack of disposition to work": Hahnemann; "dread of work": Hering) as well as the oedema, she received three doses of *Graphites* 200c, one dose to be taken every few weeks, and was asked to report back in three months. This she did, attesting during this second visit to a decrease in swellings and an increase in self-confidence. "After taking the remedy, I found myself—I don't quite know how— in the midst of writing my share of the book and actually enjoying it. I, who have never in my entire life done anything serious with my musical training!"

These periods of stagnation that call for the extricating *Graphites* can, of course, occur at any age, reflecting as they do the need for some change in life pursuits before the physical condition will yield to treatment. A woman in her mid-thirties was suffering from severe eczema on her hands, particularly between the fingers. The picture of the swollen, cracked skin and moist or glutinous discharge, of intolerable itching with the need to scratch until the skin burst, open to obtain temporary relief, and of hands better from being wrapped up was all typical of homoeopathic graphite. The patient was emotionally fulfilled in her family life, kept herself busy with desultory hobbies and pursuits ("I am never bored or lonely"), and was both cheerful and the possessor of a sharp wit. Yet her hands needed constant homoeopathic attention—the most effective remedy being *Graphites*.

The salient point in this case was that the woman's hands cleared up significantly only when she immersed herself in a concentrated, artistically challenging occupation—helping in the editing of a friend's fiction. Perhaps this was

her body's way of indicating that she needed to find an outlet for her own highly artistic nature.

One day, after observing that the patient had completed yet another Smithsonian Institution class with flying colors and done nothing with it once again, the physician made some comment on her being a dilettante.

At her next office visit, she told him, "Not knowing exactly what dilettante meant-but sensing from your manner that I should be insulted-I looked up the word in the dictionary and am quite satisfied. It is a perfect description of me: 'a lover of the fine arts; esp., one who follows an art or a branch of knowledge desultorily or superficially, or as a pastime.'" And several months later upon returning from a trip abroad, she, with a self-congratulatory air, informed the doctor, "When we went through customs in England and had to put down our occupations, I put down 'dilettante.' No questions were asked, so that must be an acceptable occupation in Great Britain."

Then, the woman added more seriously and with true penetration, "I know I have to do something artistically or intellectually more challenging in my life. I just can't figure out how to go about doing it."

Graphites, naturally, does not provide answers. But the remedy may help initiate a quest or prompt the spirit of enterprise, and, under its influence, a patient will take up a long-neglected artistic pursuit or, as in the case of the weaver, explore a new one. At least the individual is made more aware of what is lacking in his or her life.

It is interesting to note that, as if in reinforcement of a patient's need to give artistic expression to (that is, bring to the surface) a submerged talent before he or she can be healed, an inordinately high percentage of symptoms and ailments that the *Graphites* patient presents to the physician relate to the "surface" of the human body—for example, the skin (eczemas, acne, pimples, and small boils; carbuncles, wens, callosities, chilblains, copper spots on face and hands, or unhealed scar tissue). Further surface symptoms are fissures, sores, and cracks around the external orifices (for instance, the cracked nipples of nursing mothers); various eruptions in flexures or folds and angles of the skin, such as behind the ears; afflictions around the linings of the mucous membranes, such as ingrown eyelashes or blepharitis; crusty, scurfy, glutinous or oozing, watery discharges from the ears, nose, and eyes; chapping of the lips or merely a quivering upper lip.

Related to the surface are various affections of the nails (brittle, cracked, soft, thickening, ingrown, overgrown, or otherwise deformed); hair that grays early, tangles easily, or falls out; and even oedema. Surface, too, is the remedy's prominent "strange, rare, and peculiar" symptom, "constant sensation as of cobwebs on the face" (Hahnemann), with the patient brushing at his face as if to wipe away a cobweb. Indeed, this rich array of visible, externalized ailments suggests that a *Graphites* patient's unexpressed creative/artistic energy, if denied a proper channel of expression, will surface through the surrogate outlets of skin and orifices.

When *Graphites* does not experience pride in achievement or artistic fulfillment, he might begin to consider himself ill-used, unappreciated, unlucky, and eventually turn "peevish"—a word that Hahnemann lists no less than six times in the short "Mind" section.

The principal complaint of a woman who was trying to persuade her husband to undergo homoeopathic treatment was his heightened whiny, disgruntled, and immature behavior vis-a-vis his family, and an irritable discontent combined with

ineffectualness visa-vis the world. He was frustrated and unhappy at his banking job, which partially explained, although did not justify, his chronic peevishness.

His was, in many ways, an extraordinary case, beginning from the very first moment he walked into the office announcing to the physician, "My constitutional remedy is *Lachesis* 50M."

The physician, somewhat taken aback, inquired, "Why 50M?" "Because I read about the type in *Homoeopathic Portraits* and my mentals fit the picture perfectly. And I need the strongest dose you have."

The man then proceeded to recount how, despite a wife and children whom he loved, for the past sixteen years he had been obsessed by disturbing sexual fantasies, which persecuted him every waking moment when his mind was unoccupied with work, leaving him depressed and suffering from vertigo. He also recognized *Lachesis* in his obsessive food cravings, including coffee, his left sided migraines, spring allergies, and scaly-skinned eczema. But to his way of thinking, all his physical symptoms faded into insignificance before his sexual imbalance. And the physician, who respected his patients' intuitions about their constitutional remedies and who conceded to this patient much *Lachesis* in his picture, prescribed the remedy-not, however, in the 50M potency, but in his own particular favorite, Dr. Fincke's 5M.

A month later, the man reported marked improvement in his energy and spirits, less severe headaches, no vertigo or spring allergies, and the sexual thoughts somewhat less obsessive. For several months *Lachesis* was prescribed to good effect; nevertheless, at one point the disturbing thoughts resurged despite higher and lower potencies of the medicine, and even treatment with *Staphysagria* (the more obvious complementary remedy) was not yielding results.

Closer questioning into the patient's early history revealed that both parents had been professional artists (painters), that he himself had wanted to paint but that life and circumstances had not accorded him the time and opportunity.

Well, this was a find! Here was a perfect picture of the unfulfilled artist with that toughest of all acts to follow—two artists for parents. And, to crown it all, there was *Graphites* listed in Kent's Repertory, with only three other remedies in the second degree under the rubric "Thoughts; intrude and crowd upon each other; sexual," and with only two other remedies (*Conium* and *Staphysagria*) under "Thoughts; tormenting; sexual."

Within a year, the patient's migraines, vertigo, insomnia, allergies, and eczema were things of the past. Furthermore, he described himself as "almost a different person: feeling almost free and almost whole. I have less fear of people, less suspicion of them, less paranoia arising from guilt. I have more confidence in myself and enjoy life for the first time in many years." Also, objectively speaking, his expression of peevish discontent was largely dispelled, and he was now employing his spare time sketching landscapes with cows.

"Whence this passion for cows?" the physician inquired. "Is this a new symptom or an old one that I overlooked?"

"I wouldn't call it exactly a 'passion'" was the reply. "But cows are the only living creatures on the planet that will stand still long enough for me to draw them."

Lachesis, to be sure, had done much to bring about this happy state of affairs. But it required *Graphites* to take the sufferer's frustrated energies and steer them into sketching soul-soothing landscapes with cows.

For comparative purposes it is worth reminding the reader that *Aurum* supplies the courage for an artist to shed his self-doubts and discover within himself the strength to pursue his goal; the role of *Phosphorus* and *Arsenicum* is to keep artistic

ideas buoyant while giving them form (i.e., help keep them true to the original inspiration); that of *Tuberculinum* is to focus the fissiparous artistic energies; *Sulphur* helps organize/systematize voluminous ideas into an artistic whole; and *Silica* helps to complete it (cf. appropriate chapters). *Thuja's* role, we recall, is to release (with a gush) dammed up inspiration. But that of *Graphites* is the most basic of all—to assist an individual to find his medium of artistic expression.

As an interesting corollary to the aforesaid, if a patient has found his medium of expression, *Graphites* might not serve.

A young college instructor was suffering from digestive disorders: abdominal bloating and mental dullness after eating, as well as an overpowering need to sleep after lunch yet an inability to carry on her work if she permitted herself to do so ("unfit for mental work after noon siesta, for four hours": Hahnemann). In temperature modality she was chilly despite being well padded; by temperament, easily roused and heated by ideas, conversation, emotions ("very easily excited, even from speaking the hands get hot": Hahnemann), and when she appended that a "chronic mental blockage" prevented her from working these days on her fiction, the picture left no room for doubt. All the ingredients for *Graphites* were present, and the physician triumphantly administered the remedy in the 1M potency.

His triumph was short-lived. Nothing happened. And although over the next few months he experimented with both higher and lower potencies (so certain was he of his *simillimum*), no improvements on any level were forthcoming.

Now that *Graphites* had proven a broken reed, it was necessary to retake the case. On closer inquiry into the patient's teaching and writing, it materialized that essentially what she meant by being "blocked" in her creative writing was that the conscientious preparation for classes, and sundry other duties towards students, left her with little energy for novel writing. That, far from being in want of a congenial medium for artistic expression, she had already turned out a six-hundred-page autobiographical account (thinly disguised as fiction) of a patient who falls in love with her psychotherapist—and was still going strong. Indeed, as it later materialized, she had found all too congenial a medium for her unabashedly naked emotions. When she submitted her work to a publisher, the editor mercilessly hacked out two thirds of the delighted outpourings. Her feelings and intellect were perfectly integrated in her book; they just happened to be self-indulgent. It was *Phosphorus*, later followed by *Sulphur*, that the patient required, not *Graphites*.

One should add that the woman herself was sensitive, intelligent, imaginative, with an engaging sense of fun; but her style of humor was not trenchant, distilled, or with the cold metallic lustre of graphite. The impulse of her friendly nature was to engage others in a warmer, more intimate relationship—an impulse probably of more service to her teaching than to her writing.

We conclude this section with a case that first suggested to the author a possible correspondence between graphite, the mineral substance, and the *Graphites* psyche.

A middle-aged woman, fine featured and slender in build, displaying high energy and an unsettled (even while cheerful) manner, appeared to be *Phosphorus-Tuberculinum*. Yet, over the years, her various complaints had been responding, somewhat incomprehensibly, to the potentized graphite primarily, only secondarily to *Sepia* and *Arsenicum*, and to *Phosphorus* and *Tuberculinum* not at all.

Recently, the woman had started up her own cottage industry of miniature etchings, which she printed on cards and then sold to local bookstores, and one day, in speaking of her work, she volunteered:

"I will always remember my art professor's opening sentence to our freshman class in college: 'Only the person who is incapable of doing anything else in this world becomes an artist'-and how, at the time, I resented this rather demeaning definition of the artist as social misfit. Over the course of my life, I've tried my hand at many different occupations, spending much of my adult life, it seems, trying to prove him wrong.

"Now I get the drift of what the professor meant. It's not that I think that my art is great. Perhaps I did social work and grade school teaching better; but an artist is 'incapable of doing anything else in this world' because nothing else satisfies. Only when I hold that pencil in my hand do I sense a measure of peace and contentment—and feel that this is where I belong. And here, God willing, is where I intend to stay."

It was at this point that the link between the suppressed artistic drive of certain patients and the mineral graphite, which (both as remedy and as tool) offers them the chance to bring to the surface their submerged talent, was made manifest. Thereby, also, was explained the woman's hitherto unintelligible need for repeated doses of *Graphites*.

However, now that this patient had clearly arrived at her true vocation and found her medium of expression, presumably she would no longer be displaying symptoms calling for the potentized pencil.

And so it proved. In the patient's chart, *Sepia* and *Arsenicum album* (for the delicate, detailed, time—consuming meticulous work) began to dominate the case, even though an occasional recourse to *Graphites* testified to how deeply ingrained (at the cellular level) had been those years of artistic frustration and unfulfillment.

It might be appropriate to mention here that once this constitutional type establishes his artistic medium, he does not waver. *Lachesis* or *Sulphur*, on the other hand, no matter how successful in their vocation, might continue to equivocate. With their antennae quivering in all directions, they question whether they should be limiting themselves to this one artistic calling and devoting so much time to it; whether, in its pursuit, they are not missing out on other important aspects of life, sacrificing too much of their personal life for it; and so forth. Such doubts possibly crop up because they have come by their talent too early or too easily. In contrast *Graphites*, having taken so long and worked so hard at arriving at his true calling, cherishes that much more the precious gift.

The Nature of Plumbago or Black Lead:

The homoeopathic texts describe the "saturnine" mental characteristics of *Graphites* (the adjective is especially apposite in that it denotes not only gloom, dullness, emotional heaviness, or grayness, but also lead—"pertaining to or resembling lead; affected by lead poisoning": Webster's). In this chapter some unrecognized features have been added to the traditional drug picture, emphasizing how on the archetypal level a patient's need for this mineral often denotes his need to find a proper "surface" outlet for his creativity; that is, to discover his artistic tools.

Expanding this image, one perceives how—just as lead is a good conductor of electricity, and graphite, in the role of an artist's tool, is a good conductor of the light of inspiration—the *Graphites* individual, shedding his inertia, self-doubts, or resignation about remaining a gray presence in the background, can become a conductor of light: the conveyor of those works and ideas that contribute so much to an "enlightened" understanding of life.

Lead also serves as a lubricant, helping the separate parts of a machinery to work together more smoothly. In like manner, *Graphites* assists the cogwheels of

thought and feeling to function together without friction. The individual who has hitherto embraced a world view that lists either overstrongly towards the tragic understanding (permitting his emotions to overwhelm him) or, in suppression of this, too strongly towards the superficial comic outlook (hindering true understanding) is increasingly able to integrate these two modes of response.

Plumbago is furthermore used in the composition of crucibles, enabling them to hold, for fusion, refractory metal ores of high degrees of heat and intensity. Just so *Graphites*, the remedy, allows those two highly refractory aspects of human nature, the driving intellect and the overpowering emotions, to be contained and coordinated by the individual without injury to the whole self. For only when feeling is enlightened by intellectual understanding or, conversely, the intellect is humanized by feeling can the answers to the questions which eternally torment mankind (such as, "How can such things be permitted to happen?") carry a healing affirmation of life instead of a morbid rejection of it, with a desire to escape.

A young woman recently graduated from college— thoughtful, well-spoken, but still uncertain as to her life direction— had from early adolescence been troubled with facial acne. After trying unsuccessfully, for many years, various vitamins, herbal salves, and other natural applications (but refusing to take antibiotics), she realized that for her humiliating affliction to clear she first needed to resolve some deeper, spiritual imbalance—and turned to homoeopathy.

Her particular dilemma resided in an unwillingness, or rather inability, to accept a world in which man's inhumanity affected not only his fellow human beings but utterly defenseless creatures also. Chancing, while in a highly fragile state, upon an article discussing the cruelties of animal experimentation in medical research, her whole universe collapsed and she became despairing. How could one grow resigned to a world that permitted such cruelty— even if performed in the name of some ultimate good? And delving deeper, How could one continue living in a dualistic universe where the cures to man's illnesses seemed to require the sacrificial suffering of innocent victims? The health of human beings who, as a race, sanctioned and perpetuated the horrors of animal testing was not worth the sacrifice of a single creature.

The road to cure was long and arduous, and much *Graphites* was administered before the patient's complexion stabilized and could be maintained by adherence to a strict (lactose-, sugar-, and wheat-free) diet, and before, at long last, there dawned the day when she came to terms with this world.

Discussing her new attitude with the physician, she told him, "I thank God, daily, for the benign homoeopathic provings. Medicine tested on willing volunteers-- that is what it should be about! Now, finally, I can take medicines without guilt."* She confided further, "And now, too, I've found my life billet, and a way to help our ailing planet. I'm going to— I've already started to write animal stories for young children. Amusing and deceptively innocuous on the surface. But with a moral undertone that's going to zap the unsuspecting infants— and make of them, for the rest of their natural existence, champions for all living things!"

*Unfortunately, even some homoeopathic drug companies have succumbed to the pressures of the modern medical establishment and do conduct animal testings. However, with care and research one can avoid patronizing these.

This case was particularly instructive in that it illustrated that the fusion of the forces of intellect and feeling in the *Graphites* crucible will, by some alchemical transformation, often express itself in an artistic vein—which, together with a mental agility and lightness of spirit, is the constitutional type's rightful inheritance.*

Graphites can be prescribed with excellent results solely on the basis of the time-honored physical and mental symptoms listed in the homoeopathic literature. But if, as sometimes happens, the physical symptoms alone are insufficient to pinpoint the remedy, and the classical mental picture is too limited to fit the presenting case, perhaps a sense of the patient's need to integrate better his intellect with his emotions, or of his need to search for a medium of artistic expression— or, antithetically, a sense of his attempt to dodge these two challenges through flippant humor, will guide the homoeopathic physician to this insufficiently understood and (in constitutional prescribing) frequently overlooked remedy.

*An interesting contrast to the *Graphites*' response to animal testing was a *Sulphur* patient's energetic confrontation of this painful issue and her strength to go the distance.

Evolving a vast Tolstoyan philosophy from the wider perspective of history and healing, she tied modern "scientific" medicine together with the blood sacrifice and sympathetic magic of primitive cultures. Inspired by her theories (and with a *Sulphur*'s total immersion in a chosen cause), she wrote letters by the dozen, vigorously protesting these "contemptible" and "depraved" procedures. She also recounted to the physician that this had caused general annoyance among acquaintances and embarrassment among her friends. But, true to type, she felt it beneath her to be concerned with the impression she made on others--and, indeed, felt more justified, the more opposition she met.

*Comparative
Materia Medica*

Clairvoyance

Clairvoyance: “The power of discerning object not present to the senses but regarded as having objective reality” (Webster’s)

IN THE PAGES that follow, the word "clairvoyance" comprises clairaudience, mediumistic or channeling abilities, prophetic visions— in short any form of conscious psychic experiences and, to a larger or lesser extent, controlled contact with, entities from other spheres of reality. Thus, the uncontrolled states of clairvoyance induced by hallucinatory drugs, arising from high fevers, delirium, unconsciousness, or during periods of temporary or permanent dementia do not fall under the aegis of this analysis*

Much ignorance still prevails in the sphere of extrasensory perception, and no person is more aware of the limits of his or her understanding than the present writer. For this reason, just as an astronomer can only make observations about those planets that have swum within his ken, so this author will confine her analysis to only those clairvoyant constitutional types that have floated into her range of sight and clinical experience.

The first remedy that springs to mind at the word "clairvoyant" is *Phosphorus*, and for good reason. In Hering's *The Guiding Symptoms of Our Materia Medica*, the symptoms "excited imagination; zoomagnetic condition; ecstasy; clairvoyance" are the very first entries to be listed under that medicine— an honor not best owed on any other medicine in his ten-volume work. More to the point: *Phosphorus* is a "natural."

All forms of psychic phenomena come his way. As has been noted from Hering on downwards, he is easily "magnetized" or hypnotized and is susceptible to the healing touch.** He is subject to *deja vu* episodes and easily gets onto another's wavelength, whether the person is present or absent (*PI*). Also, few pure specimens of this constitutional type can stay in a house with a history without allegedly being besieged by the spectres of former inhabitants (thus the remedy should be added in the highest degree to the rubric "sees spectres, ghosts, spirits," in Kent's *Repertory*).

One *Phosphorus* was visiting an old rectory which, legend had it, belonged to a young pastor who had lost his wife and child during an Indian raid. Well, this was too good an opportunity for him to miss! The next morning, at the breakfast table, he described the ghosts of mother and child in vivid detail. Everyone present exchanged knowing glances, assuming that this was the man's powerful imagination at work, inciting him to go one better than the simple legend, until the hostess disclosed that there were letters found in the attic in which the pastor described his wife and child in almost exactly the same terms used by the now fully acquitted guest.

Nor will *Phosphorus* be outclassed when it comes to telepathic dreams, presentiments of events about to befall friends or family, "hearing voices" (Kent under "Delusions") of the living, reaching him from distant lands across the seas, or of the dead. A moving literary example of this phenomenon is encountered in Frances Hodgson Burnett's highly *Phosphorus* book, *The Secret Garden*. The father, in 3

*However, for those interested, these last are amply described in the classical literature under the remedies *Belladonna*, *Cannabis indica*, *Hyoscyamus*, *Opium*, *Stramonium*, and others.

**An example from history was the charming young *Phosphorus* haemophilic Tsarevitch Alexis (the last in line of the Romanov dynasty), whose susceptibility to the healing magnetism of Rasputin permitted the latter to gain an ascendancy over his mother, the tsarina— with tragic consequences in Russian history.

foreign land. hears his deceased wife oiling him to return home to her favorite walled-in garden just at the moment when his crippled young son, who has been healed and is standing in the garden, is crying out that he wishes his father would return to see him "live forever and ever!"

The constitutional type's ability to sense what others are thinking, feeling, or doing is encountered already in childhood. An eighty-year-old (obviously *Phosphorus*) girl was brought by her mother for homoeopathic treatment, with little brother in tow. While the physician was discussing the patient's poor eating and sleeping habits and recurring sore throats, the boy was occupying himself at the back of the room. Every time he reached out for a book from the bookcase or opened his mother's purse to examine its contents, his sister, without turning her head round, commanded, "Put down that book, Eric! I see what you're doing," or "Don't touch Mother's money! I know *exactly* what you want." And once when Eric was about to touch a china vase, the girl cried out, "Don't even think of touching that pretty vase!" All this as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to have eyes at the back of her head.

When the girl was not on guard duty, the mother, who had the same ability, barked out restraining orders without turning round. The poor little boy was utterly frustrated. There was no mischief he could even contemplate, without the two females of the family jumping in and putting a lid on it.

At times *Phosphorus*'s telepathic faculties require discipline. For, assailed by an "abundant flow of ideas which he finds difficult to arrange" (Hahnemann), he can be carried away by the torrent and begin to embroider on his extrasensory experiences for effect (*PI*). If, however, he is systematic and exercises restraint upon his innate receptivity and responsiveness to all psychic phenomena, these characteristics will be at his beck and call. Hence, it follows that a substantial number of healers working as clairvoyants have in them a strong strain of *Phosphorus*.

An example of the purer type was a woman who had displayed telepathic powers from childhood. These took the form of her seeing pictures of events—past, present, or future—around any person entering a room as clearly and unambiguously as if she were watching pictures flash across a movie screen. But because she came from a family that did not encourage such talents, she kept them to herself throughout the first half of her life. Several tumultuous love affairs and an unsuccessful marriage or two kept her occupied during her young adulthood, and it was only in her middle age that she finally could devote herself to cultivating her gift. Within a short period of time her accurate glimpses into the future permitted her to help others on a professional basis. Her finest readings occurred when she entered a semi-trance; she could then communicate with the spirits without any interference from her own powerful imagination. Sometimes, at the end of a session, she would "recollect nothing [or little] on waking" (Hering).

Phosphorus's role is so prominent in all matters psychic that throughout this chapter we will periodically return to this remedy for purposes of comparison or differentiation.

The second remedy that immediately resonates to the word "clairvoyance" is *Lachesis*—for equally valid (albeit somewhat different) reasons.

Every bit as susceptible as *Phosphorus* to ecstasy, rapture, and "fanciful imaginings" (Allen), *Lachesis*, in addition, possesses a wealth of mental symptoms that can be construed as indications of a psychic nature. He is subject to night visitations by a variety of spirit creatures with whom he is compelled to wrestle (cf. "Indifference"); spirit entities use him as a channeler of artistic inspiration (*PI*); he "fancies he is carried off into space" (Kent); or experiences "sensations as if he were

somebody else; of being double; of visionary beings beside or behind him" (Hering); and the like.

Exhilaration, inspiration, exaltation are all elements of the *Lachesis* style. His speech, we recall, can be uncontrolled— an irrepressible flow of free associations (*PI*); and when in a clairvoyant mode, this individual might transmit psychic messages as if "in tongues." Falling into a deeper trance than *Phosphorus*, the channeler expresses himself in exalted language, with a richness of imagery and symbolism worthy of the *Book of Revelation*.*

Furthermore, feelings of being under superhuman control ("sensation as if in the hands of a stronger power; as if charmed and cannot break the spell": Hering) assail the type, causing the novice to fear lest his own higher principles succumb to the undue influence of outside negative forces. Therefore, *Lachesis* may dwell on the terrors of insanity or of being possessed that had to be overcome prior to his (or more often her) becoming clairvoyant. A number of these individuals will even add that had they been able to foresee the hardships—nay, the agonies— entailed in the process, and had they been offered the choice, they never would have selected this path. Not that *Lachesis* rails against fate.

A psychic of superior powers (who was habitually prescribed the snake venom for headaches that came on during sleep) would, upon entering her inspirational mode, receive psychic information to the accompaniment of electric shocks or sharp blows to the body ("flesh as if beaten; as if scalded": Hering). During her readings she would constantly flinch or grimace or exclaim "Ouch!" followed by a "Thank you!" every time she received a psychic message. Her clients found this suffering during the sessions disconcerting, even painful, to witness. But she herself accepted the burning blows philosophically, as an occupational hazard and a small enough price to pay in order to help others.

Lachesis individuals might not have consciously chosen their own destiny as clairvoyants, but on some level their nature craves the excitement and stimulus elicited from mere contact with the supernatural; and, when necessary, they will create their own drama.

One professional clairvoyant, a colorful, flamboyant *Lachesis*, would, during her psychic sessions, empathize with her clients so fully that they felt as if they were attending a dramatic performance in its own right. If her client had eczema of the hands, the psychic would shake hers in agony, crying out in pain, "Oh, they burn! They burn!" ("I know they do," one *Graphites* client laconically replied). Or, when assisting a patient with migraines, she would clutch her own head and groan with a pain seemingly far exceeding that of the suffering client. Unfortunate love relationships would wring from her unquenchable tears— so heartbroken did she feel. No physical or emotional suffering was outside her sphere of dramatic participation. Indeed, so intense was her empathy that clients felt their own pain or misery to be mild by comparison.

But perhaps this was part of the healing catharsis. For there was no denying that most of her clients would come away from their sessions not only with sound advice but actually purged of their ailments, as if she had, in noble self-sacrifice, taken upon herself a share of their problems.

*The ecstatic, semi-mystical, inspirational phenomenon of speaking in tongues has, from the earliest days, been depicted in religious art as little tongues of flame hovering over the speaker. Hence it is no mere coincidence that *Lachesis* has the symptom "as if tongue were scalded" (Hering). This remedy, incidentally, ought to be added under the rubric "pain; tongue; as if burnt" in Kent's *Repertory*.

In addition to being clairaudient and relaying verbal messages from other spheres of reality, *Lachesis* also sees "beautiful and wonderful visions" (Hering) with an immediacy and intensity second to none—which symptom introduces another important aspect of this clairvoyant personality. The patient will occasionally present a history of seizures or epilepsy.

The link between epilepsy and the seeing of visions is well established. From ancient times, the illness has been called The Sacred or Divine Illness (*morbus sacrum* or *morbus divum*) or The Great Ill (*le grand mal*) because epileptics were regarded as bearing the wisdom and prophecy of the gods. Both Muhammad's revelatory visions raising him to prophecy and St. Paul's dazzling vision of Jesus on the road to Damascus bringing about his conversion to Christianity have been (rightly or wrongly) linked with epileptic attacks.*

Dostoyevsky (himself a *Lachesis* epileptic), whose insight into the depths of tilt: human psyche and whose vision of the Russian political arena was little short of prophetic, reconfirmed this link in his novel, *The Idiot*. The hero, Prince Myshkin, who is a natural seer, capable of discerning not only the nature of a person's soul but the shape of their future actions as well (Myshkin psychically anticipates the murder that will be enacted), is an epileptic. At one point in the book, he describes the one second of absolute clarity which immediately precedes the obliteration of consciousness during the attack as a moment of vision, when he is "flooded with inner light." This single moment of mystical experience and harmony with the universe—this moment of "the highest synthesis of life" before he is plunged into darkness—compensates (Myshkin claims) for all of epilepsy's terrible aftermath. And elsewhere Dostoyevsky writes, "For a few seconds of such bliss one would gladly give up ten years of one's life if not one's whole life."

Such, likewise, was the attitude of a middle-aged psychic who during menopause became subject to grand mal seizures (how eminently fitting for a *Lachesis* to develop seizures at the time of the cessation of menses—that is, from the suppression of some discharge (*PI*/). She exhibited the classical *Lachesis* picture of attacks coming on during sleep, with head thrown back, foaming at the mouth, eyes rolled up into their sockets, protrusion of tongue, and striking about with hands and legs. But because her psychic powers were enhanced after these episodes, she was almost reluctant to have this condition treated—even homoeopathically. However, upon being assured that the homoeopathic remedies do not suppress any talent which is employed in harmony with good health, she allowed herself to be persuaded to take at least one dose of *Lachesis* 5M.

The remedy produced the desired effect. The grand mal episodes were controlled without diminishing in the least the woman's psychic powers. Thereafter she would take the remedy to avert a seizure whenever she experienced the confusion of memory, the palpitations, or the feeling of "being out of kilter" (as she worded it), which habitually preceded an attack by several hours.

It is not only with *Lachesis*, however, that the homoeopath encounters this link between clairvoyance and epilepsy. Two other remedies in particular might exhibit a similar picture: *Calcarea carbonica* and *Silica*.

*cf. A Manual of Hadith by Maulan Muhammed Ali (Curzon Press, London, 1978). In the chapter "How Revelation Came to the Prophet" the symptoms described before and after his revelatory visions could well be also symptoms of grand mal. And the suggestion of epilepsy crops up periodically (even if merely to be denied) in the vast corpus of Pauline literature.

Some *Calcarea carbonica* clairvoyants will recount a history of seizures or convulsions in infancy and early childhood (as a result of vaccination?) which, after subsiding around puberty, may resurge later in life. Or, as with *Lachesis* women, sometimes the seizures appear for the first time ever around menopause.

A psychic of predominantly *Calcarea* diathesis suddenly developed grand mal seizures at the age of fifty. Fortunately, before going on conventional anti-seizure medication, she turned to homoeopathy for assistance. Her picture fitted well both that of the snake venom and of the oyster shell but she exhibited one key modality her attacks came on with monthly regularity around the time of the full moon (a well-known *Calcarea* modality). By religiously taking a dose of *Calcarea carbonica* 1M once a month, a week before the full moon, when she began to experience apprehensiveness and a "confused, tremulous feeling in the head" (Hahnemann), she was able to avert entirely her grand mal attacks.

As could be expected, the *Calcarea carbonica* clairvoyant style is low key. Perhaps this stems initially from a caution of being considered abnormal whenever non corporeal presences crowd round him ("imagines people [also animals] are beside him": Kent). Whatever the reason, because there is little or no drama, no collapse into trance, no mysterious channelings of strange voices, and nothing of exalted visionary flights, this type's clairvoyant powers may not at first be fully appreciated. In fact, the purer the constitutional type, the calmer and more matter-of-fact the "reading" or session. Clairvoyants of this diathesis will reel off spiritual guidance as practically and unsensationally as if they were giving advice on vitamin supplements or the best fabric for a dress.

One *Calcarea* clairvoyant, who frequented homoeopathy for uterine fibroids, which she did not wish to have surgically removed, was so prosaic about the messages she was relaying that her clients maintained that her readings were like being taken to the supermarket to do some shopping— except that instead of being guided to a week's supply of groceries, they stocked up on spiritual directives.

In style, *Calcarea carbonica* is a blend of maternal or paternal guidance and mystical insight. Clients are taught how to visualize sounds and colors, or they are instructed in the use of crystals or other tools, in order to help them heal themselves. This approach lies in contrast to the more *prima donna* style of *Phosphorus* or *Lachesis*, who take upon themselves entirely the channeling of the Universal Healing Spirit.

Some *Calcarea* psychics will tap into the earth's etheric currents and sense the spirits of rocks, plants, animals, and other forms of nature; like *Thuja*, they may display a strong anthropomorphism. In identifying a client's "guiding spirits," the *Calcarea* psychic might see them appearing in the guises of deer, wolves, eagles, rabbits, snakes, Canada geese— and even the pesky, seemingly useless woodchuck.

Crystal has traditionally been associated with clairvoyance (recall the almost obligatory crystal ball of the gypsy fortune— teller), and *Silica*, which is derived from quartz crystal, rightfully belongs amongst those counted.

Running true to form, however, this remedy is at times hard to distinguish from other clairvoyant types.* For instance, a *Silica* patient might, like *Phosphorus*, be susceptible to magnetism (Hering) and be highly telepathic both in the waking state and in dreams (could the "historic dreams" [Kent] of these two types be born of memories of some past life"). Or a *Silica* woman might be subject to seizures, with the distinction that the attacks come on not prior to, or around, the menses

*The overlapping of *Silica* characteristics with a number of polychrests was discussed in P2.

(as in *Lachesis*), nor around the full moon (as in *Calcarea*), but generally around the time of the new moon or during the waxing moon.

Again like *Lachesis* and *Calcarea carbonica*, *Silica* is subject to "visionary dreams" (Kent). One extremely impressionable young woman, whose childhood seizures had been cured with the potentized flint, was deeply depressed and contemplated taking her own life ("gloomy, feels as if she would die; wishes to drown herself": Hering). One night a friend from college, with whom she had not been in contact for several years, appeared to her in a dream and said, "I know that you are considering taking your own life, and I've come to beg you to relinquish the thought. Suicide is not a solution. I know. You will just have to come back and start all over again. I know." A few weeks later the young girl read in her college alumni magazine that her fellow student had recently died. Upon inquiry, she learned that he had committed suicide.

Furthermore, like *Lachesis*, a *Silica* psychic might so take on another's suffering as to feel bruised all over ("as if beaten": Hering) after a séance. Or, like *Thuja*, he might feel "disconnected" from this world. Also, along the lines of *Lachesis* and *Thuja*, *Silica* possesses a number of altered mind or body sensations: "as if divided in two parts and left side does not belong to him; as if head teems with live beings; imagines to be in two places at the same time" (Hering). More peculiarly its own, however, is the type's diffident— one could almost say reluctant— clairvoyant profile.

An elderly homoeopathic doctor, who channeled spirits to help him choose the simillimum in recalcitrant cases, indisputably emitted a *Silica* aura. The way he lived and worked resembled a timid mouse (*P2*) peeping out from its hole at a minatory world. He dispensed medicines from his tiny, dark, single-room office in which there was hardly any room for a patient to turn around, while he himself sat behind an old-fashioned roll top desk that almost entirely hid his person, his books, and his vials. So unassuming was he, so apologetic in asking, when dealing with difficult cases, to be granted extra time to consult with a more knowledgeable homoeopath than himself, that most of his patients never suspected that he was consulting with the spirit of no lesser a personage than James Tyler Kent.

Either he was underestimating his own considerable healing capacities or his line of communication to Kent was efficiency itself. But those patients who chose to believe the latter, carried away, together with their improved health, the flattering consciousness of having been prescribed for by the great Kent himself.

Medorrhinum's close affiliation with *Thuja* renders the type a logical candidate for inclusion under Kent's "Clairvoyance" rubric. The homoeopathic literature lists a number of symptoms that could be regarded as "psychic": "news comes to her heart before she hears it; feels into matters sensitively, before they occur, generally correctly; knows she is going to die and gives directions; feels presence of others behind, around, and whispering to her" (Hering, Boericke, and others).

Significantly, persons with *Medorrhinum* in their constitutional makeup are frequently what is known as "sensitives"; that is, they innately sense other orders of reality without cultivating the talent or even (like *Thuja*) recognizing it for what it is.* Moreover, by virtue of being a nosode, the remedy might underlie other clairvoyant constitutional types. Following, however, is an instance of a clairvoyant who was a *Medorrhinum* through and through.

*In *Thuja* the link between the "sycosis" miasm and a susceptibility to supernatural phenomenon was discussed. And *Nitric acid*, the third most prominent anti-sycosis medicine, is reputed to be the remedy for actual "speaking in tongues" (Boger).

A professional psychic came to homoeopathy with an enlarged prostate and frequent but scant burning urination. There was a history of gonorrhoea from the time when, as a young man, he had served in the navy, but his picture was not *Thuja* (no forked stream or corresponding modalities). His symptoms were all ameliorated after sunset, and his psychic powers were enhanced near the ocean. "I crave the sight and smell of the sea. That is where I find my strength and inspiration. I must have been a whale or a dolphin in some past incarnation— or perhaps only a sand shrimp" (he was small of stature). Certainly, he exhibited the *Medorrhinum* impatience; everything had to be done by yesterday. Also, true to type, he knew exactly what he wanted from life and the beeline way to get it; he also enjoyed the ability to work double shifts when inspired (*P2*). For the finishing touch he explained that, although his particular form of conducting psychic readings was by means of palm reading, tarot cards, astrological charts, or whatever, these props served mainly to ground the multiplicity and variety of extrasensory perceptions that would flood him upon the entrance of a client—so much so that he knew not where to begin or where to end (cf. discussion of the "sycosis" rush of uncontrolled ideas and/or inspiration in *P2* and the *Thuja* chapter).

"One lesson that a clairvoyant—who lives in a multiverse rather than a universe—must learn," he maintained, "is to know what not to say to a client."

Aconite undeniably possesses telepathic and premonitory abilities ("clairvoyance: conscious that his beloved, miles away was singing a certain piece": Hering), but to judge from clinical experience, the range of its prophetic vision is limited, for the most part, to predictions of the date and time of his own demise ("fixed premonition of death: she foretells the day or hour": Boenninghausen),

This symptom was exemplified in an eighty-nine-year-old *Sulphur* (a gentleman very much attached to the material side of this world and the least "clairvoyant" person imaginable) who, early in July, announced to his family that for three nights he had been troubled with insomnia from the premonition and certainty that he would not live out the summer, but would die here, at his country home.

This unexpected statement was greeted with a chorus of protests. "Why do you say that? You're a perfectly healthy man! You enjoy your house and garden—and are surrounded by an affectionate family. And don't forget The New York Times you love to read every day. You still have much to live for."

"I'm not saying that I wish to die" was the somewhat testy reply. "I just say that I know I will. And, as you are all well aware, I am never wrong."

There was still so much boastful (and seemingly indestructible) *Sulphur* left in him that he was prescribed a dose of that remedy in the 30x potency. It helped his sleep, and there the case was allowed to stand.

The summer passed uneventfully. On Labor Day weekend, prior to leaving for town for the winter, the family attended an antique car show that was being held at a neighboring farm. The main feature was a handsome Rolls Royce that was priced at (and had just sold for) three million dollars.

"Three million dollars!" the elderly *Sulphur* exclaimed in a tone that combined both awe at the enduring classical lines of the beautiful automobile and also outrage and disbelief at its astronomical price. And, clutching his chest, he promptly succumbed to a heart attack.

In retrospect, one wonders whether the gentleman might not have been better off receiving the potentized monkshood. (On the other hand, one could not wish for *Sulphur* an easier or more fitting death.)

At times, with the successful application of the remedy it becomes difficult to differentiate between what could be regarded as true premonition and what is only fear. A case in point was a woman in her late seventies who harbored the unshakable premonition that she would die in her eightieth year. She suffered from poor circulation due to a chronic heart condition, so that this conviction was not very reassuring to her homoeopath (who thought that he was doing good work with regards to her heart ailment)— even though she did absolve him of all responsibility prior to the event by informing him that her mother, two aunts, and a sister had all died at the age of eighty; therefore it was only natural that she was destined to follow suit.

Upon reaching her eightieth birthday, the woman's physician started prescribing *Aconite* 200c on a monthly basis— a remedy which, fortunately, also covered some of her heart symptoms. When her eighty-first birthday rolled round and she was still in the pink of health, the patient seemed somewhat disconcerted by this break in a unique family tradition. But the physician could not share her dismay.

The author has encountered only one patient with unmistakable clairvoyant powers who responded well to *Tarentula hispania*. But exemplifying as the case did an archetypal feature of the remedy, even this single case could be viewed as instructive.

Dysmenorrhea and severe itching in the genital area were the only complaints of a woman in her thirties. Nothing in particular pointed to *Tarentula* except the occasional passing of flatus from the vagina (for which symptom there are half a dozen polychrests listed as well). The patient mentioned that she was trying to develop her psychic powers, but that in order to tap into these she needed to enter a trance-like state. This last, she achieved best when sitting in on Native American drumming sessions.

The rhythmic effect of drumming being analogous to that of music, and the symptom "music ameliorates" being a time— honored *Tarentula* modality ("music cheers up, amuses, and relieves": Allen), this remedy was chosen over the other contenders largely for experimental purposes. To the pleasant surprise of both patient and doctor, the remedy seemed to enhance the former's psychic powers as well as relieve her physical complaints.

We arrive now at three important remedies that have been gravely wronged by not being listed under "Clairvoyance" in Kent's *Repertory*. The first is *Sulphur*.

In view of the fact that this great polychrest is constitutionally incapable of being left out of any interesting homoeopathic category, and sooner or later will insinuate itself into it, Kent might just as well have thrown the remedy into his clairvoyant rubric, in full confidence that subsequent clinical experience would justify this liberty. In addition, the remedy's close kinship with both *Aconite* (traditionally regarded as its acute counterpart) and *Calcarea carbonica* (its closest in kin) almost entitles it to be listed in whatever category the other two medicines are found. *Sulphur* is subject to exceptionally rich and varied dreams (*PI*).

Not only are they happy, exciting, ridiculous, full of adventure (as well as fearful or anxious); not only can one hear him speaking, shouting, weeping, moaning, or laughing in his sleep; not only does he see ghosts, spectres, and spirits (consult Hahnemann, Hering, etc.); but he is also subject to "prophetic" or "clairvoyant" (Kent) dreams.

One *Sulphur* will dream of an accident or a death or an earthquake a few hours prior to the event; another will dream of inheriting money or successfully concluding a tricky business deal a week, a day, before the actual happening; a third will correctly apprehend the sex of a baby about to be born; and so forth. Births, deaths, marriages,

inheritances, accidents— all the "stuff" of life, both happy and sad—are grist for his mill.

Not limited to just the realm of dreams and visions, it is frequently the individual with a strong *Sulphur* streak in his constitutional picture who can clairvoyantly see concrete phenomena (i.e., where another person has misplaced his wallet or lost his keys or a ring) or who psychically senses and can name the book or record that another is holding behind his back.

Sulphur himself is, of course, only too happy to expatiate eloquently on his visionary gifts. Painting with his customary broad brush, he will try to explain the unexplainable in scientific and pseudoscientific terminology. Invoking Einstein's theories of the fourth dimension, a *Sulphur* may draw an analogy between his own clairvoyance (and anticipation of events to come) and the intellectual command of a situation attained by a man standing on a distant hill, from which advantageous point he is able to foresee events take place that persons at a lower vantage point are unable to perceive.* In this way, or in a similar professorial manner, he divests the subject of all mystery—and much of its interest.

The second remedy that is wrongly omitted from Kent's rubric is *Nux vomica*. One repeatedly encounters patients of this diathesis recounting *deja vu*, visionary dreams, or other psychic experiences along the following lines.

While traveling in a foreign country that he had never visited before, a middle-aged *Nux* suddenly came upon a bend in the road that seemed familiar to him. He stopped the car and accurately described to his wife exactly what lay ahead, around the bend even to such minutiae as the types of flowers growing in the window boxes of the houses and the stone bridge over the stream. He must, he insisted, have seen this place before, in some past lifetime.

Another *Nux*, walking down a boulevard in a foreign city, saw a little girl jumping rope. He turned to his companion and said, "Why do I feel that I know this child? That her name is Elvira, and that in a moment she will come up to me, take my hand, and start talking to me?" His predictions proved correct. The little girl came up, took his hand, and started babbling to him in a foreign language, telling him her name was Elvira. The embarrassed mother came running up to apologize for her daughter's forward behavior, assuring the two men that she could not understand what possessed the little girl to behave like that with perfect strangers.

A *Nux vomica* clairvoyant might take to the tarot or astrology, using them in conjunction with his psychic abilities, but for different reasons than *Medorrhinum*. The cards or casting horoscopes supply his esoteric work with a quasi-legitimacy, which his orderly mind seeks. Certainly, they afford a structure, framework, or neat body of rules which the fastidious type ("fussy, precise": Hering) prefers to work within— even when dealing with the supernatural.

However, as periodically happens in the case of males with this diathesis predominating, power and success can go to the head. The *Nux* clairvoyant may begin to aspire to worldly acclaim or material gain and impair his own talents by ignoring their spiritual source. Instead of sensing himself as a channel for the Universal Wisdom seeking outward expression, he begins to believe that the power is his own. With female clairvoyants, it is *Lachesis* and *Phosphorus* who are more likely to fall victim to megalomania.

*The classical example is that of foreseeing the collision of two trains approaching each other from different directions along the same set of rails, but hidden from each other by a curve.

The third, but by no means least Significant, remedy that ought to be included under Kent's "Clairvoyance" rubric is *Sepia*. A *Sepia* psychic will often describe her own mediumistic style as "intuitive counseling" or "spiritual crisis counseling," but that is often too modest a description of her genuinely clairvoyant abilities.

One such healer worked with her clients in severe spiritual crisis through the two or three traumatic past lives which, she saw, clairvoyantly, needed to be resolved before the sufferer could begin to heal. In an interesting parallel to homoeopathic principles, she sensed that her clients needed the immediate experience of some supportable suffering from the past to replace their present insupportable one. Once they had lived through a "similar" pain, she could help them to perceive the world not solely as a place of hardship and sorrow, but also as the terrain where man can perfect himself.

That the ink of the cuttlefish is called upon for the menstrual or menopausal problems of female clairvoyants comes as no revelation to any experienced homoeopath; but that it frequently enhances their psychic powers is hardly a widely known phenomenon. Nevertheless, the remedy may function to deepen a *Sepia* woman's inherent skills. It may even enhance the clairvoyant abilities of other constitutional types. For instance, occasionally in midlife, a *Lachesis* or a *Phosphorus* might begin to feel her psychic energies growing erratic, flying all over the place. At this point *Sepia* can provide focus and stability. If a *Calcarea* or a *Silica* begins to grow apprehensive and unsure of herself in her psychic readings, *Sepia* can provide confidence and assurance.

One memorable example of this remedy's deepening the clairvoyant abilities was a professional psychic in her mid-forties who sought homoeopathic assistance for intramenstrual bleeding. She was, at that time, working with an eight-year-old boy who had sustained severe head injuries in a car accident and whose comatose state had lasted for over six weeks without any sign of ending. Although she had been trying to communicate with the boy's spirit, to learn whether he wished her to help him let go of life altogether or help him come back into this world, so far she had been unable to elicit any response.

Then, two days after she received *Sepia*, she felt a surge of psychic power such as never before and, in a visionary dream, heard the boy calling to her. Suddenly she was able to communicate with him. He asked for help to return to his grieving mother, under any conditions, even if it would involve returning to this life physically or mentally impaired; while the mother, in turn, sitting beside the boy's bed day and night, also prayed for his unconditional (in terms of physical or mental wholeness) return.

At this point the clairvoyant turned to her homoeopath to assist her in bringing the boy out of his coma. Three doses of *Opium* 10M, administered at twelve-hour intervals, helped the boy regain consciousness (not to be discounted, however, were the powerful prayers of the mother and the psychic). But even more miraculous, the boy (defying the prognosis of every doctor who attended the case) returned to this world mentally unimpaired, so that in the autumn he was able to reenter his third grade class at school, with only a slight limp.

Although it was stated at the beginning of this chapter that remedies exhibiting a picture of nonconscious or noncontrolled psychic experience would be omitted from this analysis, the author would like to bend her own rules here to describe the nature of *Opium*'s comatose state (when not drug induced).

Recently, some light has been shed on certain aspects of the sufferer's mental state while in a coma as a result of two patients who have been able to communicate

their experiences. The first case was the boy described above who, in his conversation with the psychic while still in a coma, described his condition as a state of such loneliness, fear, and longing, that if death was not an option, any type of life—no matter how handicapped in mind or body—was preferable to remaining in this state.

The second case, confirming this representation, was that of a young woman who, after sustaining a severe blow to the head from being hit by a car while riding a bicycle, remained in a coma for many days. Eventually a homoeopath was called in and the regulation three doses of *Opium* 10M were administered.* Upon emerging into consciousness, the first thing she described was the comatose state. The experience was not one of blissful unconsciousness, nor one of floating serenely in misty regions (as are the effects when smoking opium), but was a state very much like the medieval concept of purgatory. There is no peace for the inhabitants of this hinterland as, lashed by unrest and loneliness as by a driving wind, desperate for release one way or another, they hang between life and death.

It is noteworthy that this memory persisted only for an hour or so. The patient subsequently was completely unable to recall the experience.

Other remedies not listed in Kent's "Clairvoyance" rubric may experience prophetic or near-prophetic intuitions and insights, hear voices, and see visionary dreams. For example, one *Lycopodium* patient told his homoeopath he dreamt that his sister's baby, about to be born, would have only one kidney. This proved to be the case. And *Natrum muriaticum* may exhibit such unerring intuitions (especially about people and their potential behavior) that when future circumstances justify their intuitions, they appear to have been prophetic. Also, this is the constitutional type that resolves truly complex problems by "sleeping on them" ("I have no need of clairvoyance or of counseling when a good night's sleep will generally deliver the goods").

Parenthetically, one *Natrum muriaticum* who, like *Sulphur*, would dream of the sex of unborn babies, displayed a quirkiness characteristic of this remedy. The baby would invariably be of the sex opposite to her dream. However, once this anomaly was established, by making the necessary mental adjustment, the woman was able correctly to predict the sexes of unborn babies.

Arsenicum album can possess a mental incisiveness and laser like penetration into the heart of a matter that is near clairvoyant. An opposite observation is that if either *Arsenicum album* or *Natrum muriaticum* is strongly present in the constitutional makeup of a spiritual healer, a certain testiness with stragglers can be detected an impatience with those persons of slower understanding who are (for reasons incomprehensible to these two types) unable to perceive the most obvious spiritual concepts.

Since unconditional compassion, tolerance, and love are the very foundation of spiritual guidance, an intriguing tension arises. One senses in these individuals the struggle to sublimate their critical attitude and transcend their irritation when called upon again to explain the Simplest and most patent of truths. To overcome this intolerance is, they realize, one of their own life lessons; the "stragglers" are sent to challenge and to try them as they evolve into higher spiritual beings. Indeed, *Arsenicum album* and *Natrum muriaticum* are both imbued by nature with the Puritan

*This method of prescribing *Opium*, to be followed later by *Cicuta virosa* if convulsions set in and then, if necessary, by *Helleborus* (passed down to the author by Dr. Marjorie Blackie), has subsequently proved invaluable in several cases of severe head injury. And, of course, *Opium's* unique "de-comatizing" role holds good for comas proceeding from any cause, including postoperative ones.

ethic, which holds that whenever man is confronted with a choice of one of two or more life paths to follow, and is uncertain which course to pursue, he should always opt for the most difficult one.

‘Last, but not least, it behooves *Tuberculinum*, as close kin to *Phosphorus* (P2), to possess highly developed extrasensory perception abilities and to experience flashes of clairvoyance.* The fiction of the highly *Tuberculinum* Bronte sisters (P2) displays examples of the type's clairvoyance. The young heroine in *Jane Eyre*, hearing Mr. Rochester calling to her from one hundred miles away, or Catherine Linton and Heath cliff in *Wuthering Heights*, who communicate with each other mediumistically both in life and after her death, are examples of telepathy of a high order.

But all the examples in this latter section are distinct from true clairvoyance in that the psychic flashes and visionary dreams are not under the subject's conscious dominion, to be experienced at will, but manifest as intuitive surges.

‘Finally, we come, full circle, back to *Thuja*. Although not exactly wrongfully excluded from Kent's select rubric, the remedy's unique status with regard to clairvoyance calls for special clarification.

Thuja stands in a class entirely its own as the sole remedy (in this author's experience) to reflect that transitional stage through which certain individuals must pass in their spiritual journey here on earth, during which the psychic scales can be perceived in the very act of tilting from non comprehension (and a consequent fear) of the spirit realm to a healing comprehension of it.

An illustration was the woman in her late twenties who had experienced, since childhood, great difficulty living in this world. She suffered physically from incessant migratory pains, was beset with various mental ailments (comprising a fear for her sanity due to terrifying psychic experiences), and as a result felt totally alienated from humanity ("Why do I feel like a second class citizen no matter where I am and what I'm experiencing?").

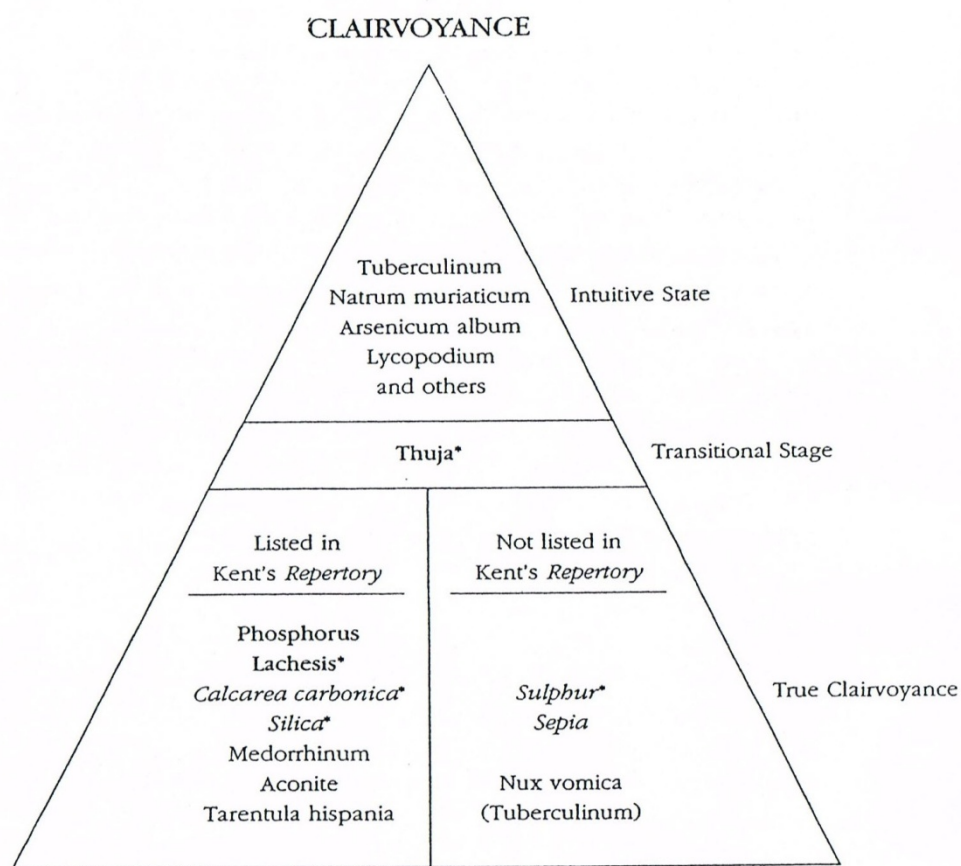
After a lengthy course of homoeopathic treatment, almost exclusively with *Thuja*, she emerged from her invalid and mentally unstable state with a more trusting understanding of the spirit realm ("I am clearing out all that negativity obstructing the flow of the Universal Spirit through me") and eventually with true clairvoyant abilities. Henceforth, she was able to employ her second sight in assisting others. Also, henceforth, her ailments began to call for other remedies, notably *Phosphorus* and *Lachesis*— two remedies that follow well *Thuja's* breakthrough into the psychic realm.

Thuja, then, may have been, originally, of any constitutional type, but he has stepped over some threshold without being fully competent to understand the far-reaching change, and is consequently holding back. Nevertheless, having plumbed the depth of his psyche and sensed the messengers from other realities (even if in an imperfect or painful way), he is now poised to experience the supernatural without bewilderment and fear, if he will but venture forth and explore these new realms.

Once clairvoyance is firmly established, as in the different types described, the means to the end are obscured, and the finished product or talent per se, although permitting study and observation, defies analysis. It is the *Thuja* moment, when the scales are still hanging in balance, that best illuminates both the fears, torments, and spiritual imbalance that are so often the precursors of clairvoyance and the enlightenment that is to come.

*Conceivably, therefore, *Tuberculinum* belongs with the "wronged" remedies. Time and experience will show.

Our understanding of clairvoyance is at this point in our twentieth century still in its infancy. What is becoming abundantly clear, however, is that its different aspects bear deeper investigation from the point of view of the *homoeopathic materia medica*.



*Might encounter seizure activity in case history.

Suspicion

Suspicion: "Imagination of something wrong, without proof or with slight evidence, also the mental uneasiness aroused in one who suspect" (Webster's)

SUSPICION, a mental-emotional state arising from any number of sources, assumes a variety of forms in the different constitutional types. It may manifest, as we shall see, as overall distrust, a guarded skepticism, jealousy, fearfulness, or extreme wariness.

Once again, it is necessary to establish at the outset that severely disturbed cases of suspicion—such as the paranoia of schizophrenics or hallucinatory drug abusers, or the malignant suspicion of manipulative individuals—do not fall within the parameters of this analysis. Moreover, only those remedies will be investigated which (in the author's experience) have been prescribed constitutionally, on more than one occasion, partly on the basis of a distinct suspiciousness admitted to or displayed by a patient.

Overall Distrust:

It profits sometimes to begin with the obvious—in this case with *Arsenicum album's* overall distrust of the world in which destiny has placed him.

Living, as *Arsenicum* does, perpetually under a Damocles' sword, he views every aspect of his environment as out to "get him." Cars might collide into him; branches dropping from trees might squash him; rich viands set before him could well poison him; thunderstorms and blizzards are conducting personal vendettas against him; and every passing germ or virus intends to lay him low (*PI*). To foresee and forestall these calamities, he must be ever on his guard.

Nor is *Arsenicums* mistrust limited to our natural world alone; it reaches into the next one. A suspiciousness of anything over which he has not complete control or which smacks of the unknown renders the type particularly susceptible to fear of death, of passing over into the Great Beyond.*

Above all, and despite the type's pronounced need for human companionship ("fear of being alone; desire for company": Kent), the majority of the human race is suspect. He imagines that people are "watching him; conspiring against him; contemplating some injury to him; out to rob him; or [in general] up to no good" (consult the classical texts). And the idiosyncratic delusion that some "man in the room does all the things he does" (Kent) is symptomatic of *Arsenicum's* unremitting suspicion that someone is copying or stealing his ideas.

In all fairness, it must be conceded that in this latter assumption he may be partially correct. Because he is resourceful, intellectually creative, and innovative in artistic ideas, he is, indeed, often borrowed from or emulated. What he tends to overlook, however, is that every idea, once launched into the atmosphere, becomes

*In Portraits 1, *Arsenicums* strong fighting spirit was discussed: fighting illness, fighting obstacles and limitations, fighting for absolutes and perfection, fighting the inevitable—and the unknown. It stands to reason that this would be a prime remedy for the struggles of the dying who resist death with every cell of their being. By strengthening the sufferer's trust in the hereafter, the remedy eases the letting go of this life ("gives quiet and ease to the last moments of life when given in high potency": Boericke).

Lachesis is another superior remedy for the dying ("euthanasia": Boericke), especially at times when, apart from the guiding symptom, the patient experiences frightening spiritual struggles (Who is to possess his immortal soul? Light forces or dark forces?). And *Carbo vegetabilis* ("the old man's friend") is a blessing to the elderly patient who spiritually is quite prepared for death but is physically gasping for air.

public property; and, more significantly, that his own ideas did not (like the goddess Aphrodite, rising full blown from the foam of the sea) spring parentless and fully formed from his brain, but were themselves the product of other good minds before him.

The innovative *Sulphur*, on the other hand, is not in the slightest concerned with his ideas being plagiarized. He takes it as the highest compliment— and a proof of his leadership. And, anyway (he reasons), thanks to his fertile mind, there is always plenty more where those ideas came from.

The physician easily recognizes *Arsenicum* in the panicked patient who pleads for immediate attention and assistance ("Help me! Save me! I'm dying!") but who then, because he cannot relinquish control over any facet of his life, is impelled, at the first pretext, to take over the management of his own case (*PI*). For, despite his irresistible attraction to doctors and their medicines, even stronger is his instinctive mistrust of their superior knowledge or skills. He knows that he knows better than they, and loves to point out to them how he is right and they are wrong. One *Arsenicum* patient cited earlier (*PI*) still stands as a classic example: "The doctors tell me I don't have diabetes, and the tests don't show up as diabetes. But we all know how incompetent doctors are, and none of them know what they're talking about. I strongly suspect that they must have overlooked some important factor because I know that my symptoms point to diabetes ... "

Parenthetically, it is only with *Arsenicum album* and *Lachesis* that the author has encountered instances of patients who, upon receiving a remedy not chosen by themselves, suddenly panic from the suspicion that it might harm them (imagines that "the medicine is poisoned": Kent)— and then attempt (in vain, needless to say) to spit it out.*

Because *Arsenicum* is constantly on the alert for the best of everything, he habitually suspects that he has not received the best service, or the best deal, or the best quality product. For instance, in a restaurant, his eye will follow the food being served at a neighboring table. "Should I have ordered that dish instead of mine?" passes through his thoughts. In addition, fully reliable as he is in fulfilling obligations, he may be reluctant to give an inch more than he has contracted for. Ever hovering at the back of his mind is the uneasy reflection that he might be taken advantage of or, conversely, that another might be getting more than his due.

An inability to relax his eternal vigilance, to just sit back and enjoy what he does possess, gives rise to this type's characteristic restlessness. *Tuberculinum*'s restlessness, which makes him wish to be somewhere where he is not or to be employed differently than he is, reflects a state of rootlessness, of not having found his niche (*P2*). *Arsenicum*'s restless desire to be elsewhere or to be occupied otherwise reflects a suspicion that he does not possess the best which life has to offer and that another may be better off than he (*PI*).

*Although this deep-seated distrust of another's superior competence (in any field) is in many cases a positive trait, encouraging as it does independence, self-reliance, and a willingness to assume more than one's share of responsibility in life, occasionally it can be sadly misplaced. An *Arsenicum* mother of a boy with severe behavioral disorders conscientiously took her son to any number of ineffectual behavioral therapists, remedial teachers, and child psychologists. But when a shamanistic healer, reputed to have had significant success with disordered children, came into the area, she did not take the child to see him. She, who was acquainted with her son better than anyone, knew that it would not be good for him to have a "stranger" lay his hands on him. Instead she bought a book on shamanism and herself went to work on the boy (without particular success), rationalizing her behavior by saying that true healing could only come from within the family itself.

Furthermore, the world being, in truth, replete with products and performances that cannot meet the exacting standards of the critical *Arsenicum* is reason enough why he must always retain full control in life situations and why the only person in this world he can trust is himself.

A similar criticalness of others' performance or understanding, coupled with the conviction that he himself knows and can do better, lies at the root of *Nux vomica's* distrust of humanity. At the risk of making too fine a distinction between the two remedies, one could venture that *Arsenicum* needs to run everything himself because of his strong suspiciousness, whereas *Nux* is (conveniently) suspicious of others because he wants to run everything himself. Thus, those around him need always to be demonstrating their competence, reliability, worthiness.

He distrusts others' motives on principle, as it were, holding them guilty of self-serving intents until they prove their innocence. "What are you trying to sell me?" or "What do you really want of me?" is *Nux's* initial response to an offer made in all good faith. A prime example was the young physician who, because he displayed a considerable talent for homoeopathy, was invited by a more experienced practitioner to sit in on his practice and learn by observing. His initial response was the not very gracious, "What are the strings attached?" (*Nux*, in his mistrust will, upon occasion, betray a harshness which *Arsenicum* is better able to disguise).

"Beware of Greeks bearing gifts" as a guiding rule of *Nux's* career is one thing. More serious can be his tendency-with age, with stress, and especially with excessive alcohol consumption-to grow mistrustful of even those close to him who, in the past, have demonstrated their loyalty: a spouse, a child, a parent, a friend, a colleague, or partner. Quick to take offense and all too prone to imagining "he is being insulted" (Kent), he begins to take every word of theirs amiss, sees himself as a victim of their sharp practices, or demeans their faithful support.* His sentiments in general echo those of the eighteenth century novelist and satirist Tobias Smollett (as dyed in the wool a *Nux vomica* as one could hope to encounter) who wrote, "I have learned that common sense and honesty bear but an infinitely small proportion to folly and vice, and that life is at best a paltry province."

A harsh verdict, to be sure; and yet such a mistrustful attitude towards the world does not make *Nux* a defeatist. It may cloud his outlook on life, but it does not prevent him from functioning effectively. Perhaps even the type's self-reliance and worldly success reside precisely in his suspicion that others are trying to obstruct his rise to power, which spurs him on to become the hard and efficient worker, the superior performer, and the able administrator, politician, lawyer, businessman that he so often is. Certainly, upon finding himself stranded in this "paltry province," he has no intention of lying down with a handkerchief to his brow, but is determined to get out there and compete with the paltriest.

Aurum metallicum, in contrast, conducts himself with quiet dignity even in power struggles or competitive situations. Whenever two *Aurum* personalities interact (in a family, a social group, a class, or the professional arena), it is in a manner befitting two sovereign powers. Although each is suspicious of the other's competing sun, whose gravitational pull attracts satellite planets that should revolve around himself alone, there is a mutual respect for the other's sphere of influence.

*Incidentally, *Nux's* fixation on the untrustworthiness of others is caricatured in one unique (to him alone) mental symptom-the delusion that "someone has stolen his bed" (Kent). When such an outrage can be perpetrated, right under his nose, as it were, how can he be expected to trust his fellowman?

And yet, interestingly, even the clever *Nux* opportunist or shrewd conniver, who displays along the way complete disdain for those around him who act in the same way he does, but not as well, often manages to convey the impression that there is much good in his character; only that at some early point in life his mistrust of humanity turned his considerable talents awry.

Sulphur too can view the world as an immense, insidious, meaningless conspiracy against him, but he reacts differently from *Arsenicum* and *Nux vomica*. Summoning up all his strength to make meaning out of a world that he has not created, he sets about constructing large, all-embracing logical structures and philosophical systems (*PI*). However, by virtue of working so assiduously on his own doctrines— on his own versions of knowledge and reality— he naturally grows suspicious of another's intellectual discoveries, and mistrusts (like *Nux*, also "on principle") truths differing from his own. It is partly for this reason that the type tends to collar the conversation in a pontificating and declamatory manner— not to have to listen to theories and doctrines antipathetic (or threatening) to his own. The uniquely *Sulphur* dream "that he would be crushed" (Kent) is easily perceived to be the unconscious expression of a suspicion that if he does not bulldoze (verbally) over another first, he himself will be trampled underfoot.

This trait can be discernible even in the physician's office, where he insists on discoursing at length (but, to do the type justice, seldom at random) on his medical theories without being particularly interested in hearing the homoeopath's opinion in return. In this he differs from *Arsenicum* who insists on hearing every single one of the doctor's theories and opinions— if only to refute them.

A middle-aged man with a wonderful "strange, rare, and peculiar" symptom sought homoeopathic assistance. "There is a hole in the place where my heart should be [was the way he described it], and the surrounding area feels like quicksand, with a shivering sensation, occasionally visible to the naked eye. Now the way Dr. Fletcher explained it— Do you know Dr. Fletcher? Dr. Maurice Fletcher? He is one of the most eminent heart specialists in the country. He comes from Texas, originally ... You haven't heard of him? He has a tremendous reputation and—well, I drove down to New York expressly to consult him, and in his opinion ... " And he launched into one of those epic-like accounts (of some particular personal experience) to which Sulphur is so addicted.

There was also a skin eruption under the arms and some nonspecific gastrointestinal symptoms— each one of which received the same reverential treatment as the heart symptom (with an appropriate specialist's opinion attached). The narrator, periodically, paused only long enough to throw the physician a suspicious look and make certain that the great epic was being followed step by step. In conclusion, the patient imparted to the doctor the following morsel of higher knowledge. "I've read all the books and understand that one of homoeopathy's greatest shortcomings is diagnosis and its scant knowledge of disease causes. So allow me to bring you up-to date on the latest medical theories on cardiac disease—" He stopped, as if waiting for the homoeopath to thank him for his thoughtfulness, before proceeding with his disquisition on modern "scientific" opinion.

The mental symptoms alone justified a prescription of *Sulphur*, but fortunately the remedy, found under the heart rubrics "as if empty or hollow," also under "visibly shaking" (Boger), corroborated the physician's choice. A dose of the 30c potency was administered to the patient, to be repeated once more if necessary.

At the return visit two weeks later, the man described how, after the first dose, there was a temporary pain, "as if of a pushing out," followed by an improvement

over several days. Then the "hole" reappeared but, again, vanished after the second dose of the remedy. "I can't find the hole anymore! I'll wager," he boasted (with *Sulphur's* need for recognition), "that you never encountered such an unusual heart condition before in all your years of practice."

The physician replied, "Well, three months ago a dose of *Kali carbonicum* cured a woman suffering from the sensation that her heart was suspended by a thread."

"Suffering from what?" One could see that he was taken aback. In this crisis the visibly chastened patient was, for perhaps the first time in his adult life, devoid of a ready theory.

Skepticism:

In certain constitutional types, Suspicion assumes a more tempered form— one of guarded skepticism.

Lycopodium, especially the male, will, more often than not, admit to doubting whether people are as they appear to be, can fulfill what they promise, and, above all, be trusted to govern their erratic, unpredictable, irrational feelings. He himself harbors a sense of privilege, feeling that he has deserved well-and has received well— of life. This is on one level. On a deeper level he questions his invincibility, specifically whether his outer image does in fact reflect his true nature, and is, naturally, suspicious of any person who, he senses, sees beyond his polish and veneer (*PI*). These doubts, however, are fleeting; and in the interim, to maintain his strong exterior, he begins to cultivate an exaggerated respect for the intellect and to view askance that which he considers to be the weaker side of human nature— the emotions.

Remaining disengaged from these last and shirking the work of wrestling with them is a substantial part of the *Lycopodium* picture. His mental energy goes into playing an active (and whenever possible, prominent) role in the larger social institutions of this world. "Only a man of strong faith can indulge in the luxury of skepticism" (Nietzsche), and the type's strong faith in his own superior understanding and in the social and political institutions that he so wholeheartedly and successfully supports precludes the need to trust individual man.

Turning more specifically to the *Lycopodium* patient, his skepticism of subjecting himself to homoeopathic treatment originates from two sources: the conviction that his own strong constitution can protect him from all those lesser ailments to which weaker mortals are subject ("arrogance": Kent) and the corollary conviction that, not being mainstream, this specific medicinal discipline might not be suitable for serious conditions— the only kind he deigns to entertain (*PI*). For instance, incredulous that the homoeopathic remedies could make any difference in his particular case, one patient, at the initial interview, "forgot" to reveal a crucial bit of information. He talked willingly of his craving for sweets, rhinitis during the ragweed season, and even of his after-dinner flatulence; but as to the main complaint, it was only a few days later that he called to say, "My wife reminded me that I forgot to mention my prostatic cancer."

Equally idiosyncratic is a *Lycopodium* homoeopath's skepticism of his own good work. One fine doctor denigrated herself thus: "I pick one of half a dozen choices that come to mind-and hope for the best. When a remedy does work, no one is more surprised than I am!"

Causticum, likewise, harbors a guarded suspicion of strong emotions; consequently he, too, trains himself to function well in our worldly institutions. Within this kind of framework he can exercise his innate social talents and restrict excessive emotionalism.* But the type differs from *Lycopodium* in that his skepticism is not employed for self-aggrandizement or to enhance his self-image. It is cultivated primarily to protect his emotional balance (see *Causticum*) and frequently manifests as mistrust of all excessive feelings, enthusiasms, or flights of the imagination.

A literary example of this last is encountered in the (appropriately) "caustic" Marilla Cuthbert in L. M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*— the elderly spinster who, against her better judgement, adopts the young orphan Anne Shirley. It requires all of *Phosphorus* Anne's warmth, charm, and grateful affection to induce the erstwhile wounded heart to shed its armor. The following dialogue illustrates these two types:

"I'd love to call you Aunt Marilla [the orphaned girl says wistfully]. I've never had an aunt or any relation at all— not even a grandmother. It would make me feel as if I really belonged to you. Can't I call you Aunt Marilla?"

"No. I'm not your aunt and I don't believe in calling people names that don't belong to them."

"But we could imagine you were my aunt." "I couldn't," said Marilla grimly.

"Do you never imagine things different from what they really are?" asked Anne wide-eyed.

"No."

"Oh!" Anne drew a long breath. "Oh, Miss-Marilla, how much you miss!"

At times, however, no past injuries are required to account for the type's skeptical attitude. It is simply a cast of mind. The *Causticum* mind, like that of other skeptics, operates like a court of appeals, which sits in permanent session, examining as to character, motives, and actions, every new witness that life brings into the case— then coolly weighing the testimony.

One such gentleman, upon being accused of having too little faith in humanity, tartly replied, "It's not a question of faith but of evidence. In sifting through the evidence, I have signally failed to come up with any reason to cease being on my guard. Can I be faulted on that?"

His critic was forced to admit that he had a talking point.

The critical, captious cynic is bitter and tends to view life as a battleground. The skeptic may also be critical, but views life more as a game (of sorts) wherein the objective, clearly, is for each player to develop to the maximum his gamesmanship skills. *Lycopodium* is out there in the forefront, trying to play the game better than his neighbor, and *Causticum* follows not far behind. The inherent diplomacy of both types allows them to compete without visible (or even actual) rancor; also, when they can so manage, with style and dignity. This attitude, however, does not promote trust; one necessarily views a designated opponent with suspicion. All of which brings us to *Mercurius vivus*.

Mercurius is cut after the same skeptical pattern as *Lycopodium* and *Causticum* but is woven of a different cloth. Like the tricky, unstable quicksilver from which the remedy derives, the vibrant, tingling, somewhat ambiguous mercurial personality, skimming nimbly along the surface of life, is not easily grasped.

*The role of institutions to contain and deintensify strong emotions was discussed in *Lycopodium* (PI).

To begin with, this type does not possess that aura of solidity and decorum of his fellow skeptics. In fact, ever since *Mercurius vivus* was established by Hahnemann as being the great antisymphilitic remedy (its provings exhibiting mental symptoms that correspond closely to the mania encountered during the advanced stages of syphilis, as well as to the mental imbalances occurring from calomel poisoning), to many a homoeopath the remedy ceased to have a personality apart from this intemperate and ungovernable picture. Like the seriously maligned *Medorrhinum*, *Syphilinum*, and *Thuja* (see appropriate chapters), *Mercurius* has had the misfortune of being represented quite out of keeping with contemporary clinical experience.* The homoeopath who waits to encounter the picture of violence, insanity, and homicidal tendencies before prescribing the remedy constitutionally could wait a lifetime. Far more productive to approach the type as a confirmed skeptic.

That *Mercurius* is born into this world suspicious of people and his environment is corroborated on the subconscious level by his dreams "of robbers, shootings, and being murdered; of being bitten by dogs or drowned by water." Suspiciousness is equally the theme of a number of his delusions. He imagines that he is "surrounded by or being pursued by enemies, or is about to receive an injury; that animals are jumping out at him or insects are crawling into his mouth; that thieves are in the house at night or in his bed," and so forth (consult the homoeopathic literature). On the conscious level, however, and in outward demeanor this fundamentally gregarious individual ("aversion to company," a very large rubric in Kent's *Repertory*, does not include *Mercurius*) presents a more sanguine front. He views our world as ruled largely by chance— and man, accordingly, as unable to control his fate. But he can at least cultivate, in self-defense, a pliancy in the face of capricious destiny, a resourcefulness in meeting the challenge of changing circumstances, and a resilience in recovering from the blows of fortune. If these attributes require jettisoning too lofty ideals or delicate scruples— well, so be it. The cargo that must, at all costs, be preserved is quick-wittedness, fluidity (like quicksilver), and the faculty of never being caught off guard. In a world where every man must, by means fair or foul, fend for himself and be ever on the alert for being hoodwinked by his fellow human beings ("distrustful ... regards those about him as enemies": Hahnemann), these are the most important talents (virtues, even) to possess.

Not that the type complains of this setup in the game of life. He is frankly out for what advantages he can get— and to derive maximum pleasure in the process. "There is no cure for birth or death save to enjoy the interval," wrote the highly *Mercurius* philosopher George Santayana; and a number of persons of this constitution are determined to follow this precept from youth throughout adulthood.

This underlying philosophy was the determining symptom for the choice of *Mercurius* in a trial lawyer's otherwise featureless case of arthritis. Asked to describe his attitude towards humanity, he replied, "In a word, skeptical. How can I not be mistrustful of others? Hornswoggling has always come naturally to me. From as far back as I can remember, I was able to talk circles round my parents and teachers. To cover up a misdemeanor, I could think of at least three lies to get myself off the hook—each one more convincing than the last. Thus I am perfectly equipped to be a trial

*Thus Kent, in his *Lectures on the Homoeopathic Materia Medica*, in one of the rare instances when he loses perspective, devotes the larger part of his single paragraph on the *Mercurius* mental picture to describing the type's "impulses to kill, to suicide, to be violent"; adding insult to injury with the statement "these impulses are leading features." Later, his too faithful followers have blindly subscribed to this characterization.

lawyer-to spot others' evasions and prevarications and to conjure up convincing arguments to win my case. In short," concluded this self-avowed skeptic, "I continue to practice hornswoggling. Only now I do it in the name of Law and Order."

Indeed, bamboozling others was so strong an instinct in the man that he could not resist duping the homoeopath trying to help his arthritis. About a year later, when the patient's condition had finally stabilized and was maintained with occasional doses of *Mercurius* 200c, he challenged the doctor with, "So what's all this I hear about coffee interfering with the homoeopathic remedies— Is this incontrovertible fact?"

"Few things in homoeopathy are-alas!-incontrovertible facts," the homoeopath sighed. "But empirical experience does indicate that coffee can interfere with the action of the delicate remedies. So we try to help them as best we can. Anyway, you see that it has paid off in your case—"

"Ha! Got you there! Be advised that I've been drinking coffee all along. I absolutely need my one cup in the morning to jump-start the old engine. So much, then, for your "empirical evidence!" (Note Hahnemann's interesting listing, "when taking a walk he felt a strong inclination to catch by the nose strangers whom he met"; the expression "to lead someone by the nose" is, of course, synonymous with deception.)

Mercurius skepticism is partly a resistance to taking life too seriously—himself included. The suspiciousness with which he regards mankind is thus leavened with an amused and accepting tolerance: a tolerance less condescending than *Lycopodium's*, less assiduously cultivated than *Causticum's* because he is protecting neither his image (*Lycopodium*) nor his emotional balance (*Causticum*). This attitude is observable at times in the expression of the eyes, which the physician, with time, learns to recognize as *Mercurius*, quick, alert, missing nothing— with a rolling of the eyeballs in open skepticism or disbelief, on the slightest provocation. "I know better than that," those eyes impart. "I see through your humbug, but I won't give you away. I recognize the world for what it is and have no illusions about it— or about myself, for that matter."

Such was the expression of a woman with a case of painful cramps and much clotting, also much falling out of hair, during her menses. Although her doctor had never before prescribed *Mercurius* for this particular condition, he was guided to the remedy first, by the patient's stating, "I feel as if my teeth are growing longer every year" ("sensation of elongation": Kent) and second, by her recurring dream of robbers. Several major remedies (notably *Natrum muriaticum*), as well as a number of minor ones, dream of robbers: fighting with, being pursued by, or searching for them. The novel angle here was that the patient dreamt that she herself was the robber, either hiding in a house or making her getaway—a version that seemed particularly suited to the type's trickster mentality (note, also, "dreams that he is a criminal": Kent). Hot on the trail of *Mercurius*, the physician asked the woman outright whether she considered herself trusting or suspicious by nature. Like the lawyer, she professed herself to be a skeptic. "As a matter of fact (rolling her eyes at the doctor), "I don't even believe in your homoeopathic medicines! But so many of my friends have spoken highly of you that I figured, why not give it a try? Nothing personal, of course. Heck, I'm skeptical of my own vocation. People come to me from all over the country for tarot readings, and all I can think of is how long can I go on conning them in this way and getting away with it? When will I be exposed as a fraud?"

"Really?" the physician inquired. "Do you really think that?" "Well, let's say that I suspect my own psychic powers. I never throw the tarot for myself and I mistrust the whole idea that a few randomly picked cards can reflect or influence one's

fate. However," she shrugged, "it is a way to earn one's living; and I figure that I'm not harming anyone. Just trying to enjoy life, you know, and to make it enjoyable for others...."*

With the improvement of her symptoms, the patient's skepticism of homoeopathy "Was dispelled sufficiently for her to bring her four-year-old son, "Who suffered from chronic ear and throat infections. In the probable event that these symptoms "Were exacerbated (if not caused) by vaccinations, the boy was first given *Thuja* to clear the "Way for his true constitutional remedy. Of this last there "Was little doubt; the youngster was his mother in miniature—the same bright, round eyes, which he would roll expressively at the "weird" questions asked him during the initial consultation, the same quick responses and alertness. For instance, when the physician inquired about his energy, the boy (who, being raised by a single mother, was towed along wherever she went, including her dance classes) demonstrated a bountiful supply by jumping up and tap-dancing round the room.

But the youngster "Was also already displaying the *Mercurius* questionable ethics (recall the slippery quality of the metallic element). He was proficient at snitching candy bars from store counters without being detected, and at card and board games he "Was able, "With the help of sleight of hand, to win even over his elders. On the rare occasions "When he was caught red-handed, pulling an illegal card from the deck, he would have his excuses ready at hand. "Unun, I didn't do it. My hand did it—by itself ... Uh-huh! It did! It jes' slipped—all by itself! Then, looking severely at the guilty extremity, he "Would rebuke it, "Naughty, naughty hand!" ("He is silly, acts the buffoon, and does nonsensical things": Hahnemann).

One does not claim that *Mercurius*, prescribed constitutionally, succeeded in turning this particular youngster into a George Washington ("I did chop down the cherry tree. I cannot tell a lie!"). He continued to be shrewd to the point of trickery. The way he would weasel out of delicate situations "Was by not telling the entire truth. On important issues, however, such as absence of pettiness, loyalty in friendship (even at this tender age, he "Would never tell on another: if asked "What happened?" he would stolidly reply, "I forget"), and a cheerful outlook on life, he invariably rang true.

If *Mercurius* is a scamp, he is an "honest" scamp— with no illusions about his own superior virtue. He is also a likeable scamp. For all his flexible ethics and occasional sharp practices, he displays an appealing buoyancy and insouciance in the face of adversity—as well as a genuine compassion towards all those who, like himself, are merely trying to make the best of circumstances in a not overly hospitable "World. Few can take umbrage at one "Who measures himself with the same rod he uses for all men and who candidly avows that in this chance-ridden, competitive "World, "Where mankind is but the plaything of Fortune, virtue is simply the ability to be sharper than another.

In one of those striking symmetries that one uncovers when studying the *homoeopathic materia medica* in depth, not only is there a correspondence between mercury as a substance and the *Mercurius* patient's physical and mental symptoms (the type is known as a "human thermometer" [Boericke], so excessively sensitive is he to both heat and cold, and his emotional states can alternate with quicksilver swiftness ["changeable/variable mood": Kent]), but also between Mercury the mythical god and the *Mercurius* personality.

*The other side of this patient was *Phosphorus* and, apart from the more obvious bone pains and other physical symptoms (cf. "Compatible" section in Hering and "Compare" section in Boericke), there exists an undeniable mental affinity between the two remedies. Thus, it did not come as a surprise to the physician to learn that, slurs on her own trade notwithstanding, the woman was an exceptionally gifted tarot reader (cf. "Clairvoyance").

Mercury, as is "Well-known, from infancy "Was so skeptical of all things sacred and so thoroughly disposed towards trickery and irreverence that he even dared to dupe his august seniors on Mt. Olympus— gratuitously provoking Apollo, Hera, and others. Moreover, his craftiness, caginess (no god ever found *Mercury* napping), and glibness of tongue were a byword, so that traditionally he has been regarded as the patron deity of thieves, adventurers, merchants, politicians, or all those "Who live by their wits— staying barely one jump ahead of the law.

Several of these Mercurial characteristics were clearly discernible in a patient suffering from colitis. He "Was a man of remarkably quick reflexes and precise movements (when the physician let drop a sheet of paper from his desk, the patient stooped and caught it before it touched ground) and of quick, precise speech ("hasty speech" and "hastiness" in general runs, we recall, throughout the *Mercurius* picture).

For an illness that is notoriously aggravated by stress, this man could not have been more unfortunately placed with respect to his occupation. He was an air-traffic controller at a major airport. where his super alertness was an invaluable asset; but a job more taxing to the nervous system it is difficult to imagine (he was never allowed to be on duty for more than two hours at a stretch or for more than four hours a day). Several remedies (including *Mercurius dulcis* and *Mercurius corrosivus*) were tried unsuccessfully before the homoeopath lit on *Mercurius vivus* (in the 200c potency, to be taken weekly); and this remedy was suggested to him only by chance, when the sufferer volunteered something of his earlier life.

"My special talent as a kid was picking locks. I had a vast collection of keys, picks, and other instruments I had devised, so that by the time I was a teenager, anything short of cracking safes was a piece of cake to me. This, obviously, could not be a profession, so I directed my talents along slightly different lines."

He had (he went on to describe) capitalized on his remarkable dexterity by teaching himself to juggle and do magic tricks. By standing on street corners and performing his magic acts to the accompaniment of a patter he invented, so as to distract his audience from his sleight of hand, he had helped earn his way through college.

The physician was intrigued to note the way in which the patient had sublimated a number of *Mercurius* well-known symptoms: its "hastiness" into the quick reflexes of the juggler and magician; its "hurry and rapidity of speech ... he talks nonsense" (Hahnemann) into the magician's patter; and the trickery ("deceit": Allen) into artistry.

The question of wherein precisely resided this patient's skepticism brings us to the final aspect of the type's suspiciousness and to a key personality trait. Although clearly sensed, the *Mercurius* suspiciousness is an elusive phenomenon. Like Phosphorus, this individual invites trust. "Let's have a good heart-to-heart talk" his manner conveys, and not only is he a convincing talker (recall the oratorical skills of the "silver-tongued" Mercury), he possesses also the rarer gift of knowing how to listen. But unlike *Phosphorus*, who is trusting in return, *Mercurius* appearance of being open, candid, free from reserve, disguise, and dissimulation belies the true manshrewd, calculating, manipulative (when necessary), and seldom reciprocating the trust he inspires.

It could be that his is the suspiciousness of the performer who is such a "natural" (*Mercurius*, incidentally, often possesses a gift for mimicry) that, as far as he is aware, he is never not performing never not spinning some web of illusion and making it appear as reality— and so mistrusts his every face and his every act.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that although the *Mercurius* individual is frequently entrusted by Fortune with such important gifts as well-developed survival techniques, mental agility, a likeable disposition, and compassion, due to an underlying skepticism, he cannot reciprocate with anything like equal trust in Fortune, or his fellowman.

Jealousy:

Lachesis is, undeniably, one of the more Suspicious homoeopathic personality types. How could it be otherwise when, projecting his own dualistic conflicts onto the world at large (*PI*), he perceives enmity and intrigue all around him? It is not by chance that this individual actually dreams that "his character is one of intrigue" (Kent) or is prey to "imaginings that he is followed by enemies who are trying to harm him" (Hering).

One form of "mental uneasiness aroused in one who suspects" is jealousy. The jealous suspicion of *Ignatia*, *Nux vomica*, *Lycopodium*, *Pulsatilla*, *Staphysagria*, and others, which gives rise to the unfortunate but predictable anger, resentment, pain, is standard. The *Lachesis* jealous suspiciousness, on the other hand, is qualitatively different and in a league of its own ("insane jealousy": Hering).

First, one encounters the well-known romantic jealousy ("as foolish as it is irresistible": Allen) when, scorning proof and throwing peace of mind to the wind, *Lachesis* (Othello-like) allows himself to be swept away by his passion. (Female patients might claim that they experience these uncontrollable, avowedly groundless romantic suspicions in heightened intensity premenstrually; also around menopause.) There exists, in addition, the peculiar *Lachesis* relation to power and authority. In contradistinction to *Lycopodium's* respect for these worldly attributes, the innate lawlessness that courses through a *Lachesis* veins renders him sensitive to the corruptibility of all institutional power and authority (*PI*)—consequently, to mistrust it. Yet his dualistic nature makes him simultaneously fascinated by this power and jealous of those who wield it. As one patient, divided in his allegiances between worldly ascendancy and a yearning for spiritual harmony, expressed himself, "I mistrust and scorn all worldly success, and despise myself for my worldly ambitions. Yet I cannot resist their allure. When will I cease to be tossed on the breakers of my conflicting emotions?"

It was not an easy question to answer. But the physical symptoms pointed to *Lachesis*, which was administered to the man in the 5M potency. At his return visit a few weeks later he appeared to despise himself a little less; and by his third visit, he had so completely recovered his self-esteem that (in a true *Lachesis* about-face) he was now in an exalted state, recounting with happy ease how he was fighting it out in the worldly arena with the best of them, and with equal conviction preaching that man must learn to juggle the two sides of his nature-rendering his dues both unto Caesar and unto God. (Admittedly though, with *Lachesis* it is only a question of time until the dormant misgivings and the yearnings for deeper spiritual harmony will resurface.)

That which further contributes to *Lachesis* uniqueness is the way in which his jealous suspicion is invariably rooted in something larger and deeper than the immediate situation. As was discussed in *PI* this individual is, at heart, jealous of what Jung calls the "unlived life." With his voracious-v-at times insatiable-appetite for both life experience and a higher understanding, he is morbidly jealous of whatever is attractive in the life of others because he suspects he is being short-changed.

The insufferable, yet at the same time pathetic, Drusilla Clark, in Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone*, caricatures this type. A woman of straightened means, spare circumstances, and limited attractions (pithily described by the narrator as "a spiritually minded person, with a fine show of collar-bone and a pretty taste for champagne"), she has turned her intense nature to good works, as something for her starved nature to feed on. Her particular cross is an irresistible fascination with, coupled with a strong moral disapproval of, her beautiful, affluent, well-connected, and much-courted cousin Rachel Verinder. For, in Rachel, Miss Clark recognizes all the life experiences that she herself has been denied. These conflicting emotions compel her to undergo the most extraordinary moral and intellectual contortions to justify her suspiciousness of Rachel's motives and good intentions.

"In my poor mother's lifetime," [Rachel] went on, "her friends were not always my friends, too. Now I have lost her, my heart turns for comfort to the people she liked. She liked you. Try to be friends with me, Drusilla, if you can."

To any rightly-constituted mind, the motive thus acknowledged was simply shocking. Here in Christian England was a young woman in a state of bereavement, with so little idea of where to look for true comfort, that she actually expected to find it among her mother's friends! Here was a relative of mine, awakened to a sense of her shortcomings towards others, under the influence, not of conviction and duty, but of sentiment and impulse! Most deplorable.

Although any other picture of jealousy pales beside *Lachesis*, it is incumbent to at least mention *Phosphorus* in this connection. Under the guise of a trusting friendliness and charm, the type views with a suspicious eye another's potential encroachment on, or usurpation of, the spotlight (*PI*)-a contingency that calls for unrelenting vigilance.

Fearfulness:

Yet another aspect of suspicion is the fearfulness of the timid, shrinking, overly sensitive soul.

Despite the fact that many homoeopaths consider *Pulsatilla* to be, generally speaking, trusting (for reasons discussed in *PI*), these patients themselves will often be the first to acknowledge shrinking from the new or mistrusting the untried, and feeling put down if even looked at in the wrong way ("imagines he is being insulted": Kent). Less often, however, do they admit to their suspiciousness of persons endeavoring too energetically to assist them-and possibly change them. "What are you trying to do with me? Where are you leading me?" is a characteristic, if unarticulated, response. "Perhaps I don't want to go there. Perhaps I ca-an't" (a plaintive or mewling "I ca-an't!" is a familiar *Pulsatilla* refrain--quite different from a more assertive type's "I won't!" or "You can't make me!").

Admittedly, these individuals set up for themselves an extended network of support. Once this is established, however, they can gravitate among several different guides and helpmates without danger of anyone of these exerting undue influence. Hence, also, the likening of this type, in *PI*, to an amoeba, which can be prodded and pushed around indefinitely to assume new forms, but which invariably relapses into its original amorphous shape. *Pulsatilla*'s fear that if they assume any well-defined form—that is, express too definite an opinion, adopt too firm a stance, or pursue a too determined course of action—they will lose the support of those whose advice they did not follow.

Arsenicum's suspicion of another's influence is easily discernible. But *Pulsatilla* (usually a woman), under a seemingly trusting and compliant exterior, can harbor an almost equal mistrust, arising precisely from a fear of disturbing the soothing routine of her above—described supportive network. And because others instinctively surround her with a protective hedge, the sheltered woman grows ever more mistrustful of leaving its confines.

A case in point was the *Pulsatilla* patient who was also a family friend. The physician thus had opportunities to observe her at social gatherings at which she was prone to lament her sensitive nature. "I feel too strongly about everything. I suffer for every family member, for every homeless person I see in the streets, for the animals maltreated on a neighbor's farm. Did you know that the cows sleep on cement floors all through our long Vermont winters?"

One time she had the misfortune to pitch upon a *Natrum muriaticum*, who was all responsiveness to her concern. "Have you spoken to the farmer about this issue?" her interlocutor asked eagerly.

"No-o-o! I couldn't. You see, he's a good man, really. It's simply that he does not consider his livestock as feeling creatures ... It's so sad!"

"But if it is only a question of thoughtlessness on his part—"

"But do I have a right to interfere? And really, he's not rich enough to build a better barn."

"I have some friends out there" were the man's next horrifying (to her) words. "Perhaps you can all chip in for a winter supply of sand and hay to lay on the cement floors."

The woman proffered her friend her heartfelt thanks claiming that she already felt better for his advice, and easily moved on to another topic. It is characteristic of the type to be warmly grateful for advice which, because of her native suspiciousness and indecisiveness, for the most part she does not take.

About a month later, when the topic came up again, she did not seem pleased and insisted plaintively, "The farmer is such a good neighbor. He plows our driveway when it snows, and last week he brought us a bushel of apples and winter squashes. It would upset me to hurt his feelings by talking to him about sand and hay for his cows. My trouble is I'm too sensitive. I've no boundaries and feel for people more strongly than they feel for themselves."

"Sometimes, doing what one knows is right is upsetting," the *Natrum muriaticum* persisted.

Her tone and expression grew mistrustful, as she continued to resist his influence. "Oh, but the trouble is I no longer know what is right. Is interference right? Should I stir up bad blood between good neighbors? Oh, if only I wasn't so sensitive and didn't feel so strongly about things!" and she relapsed into her familiar litany*

Baryta carbonica, a remedy traditionally prescribed for the very young and the very old ("specially indicated in infancy and old age": Boericke), is, in truth, well suited to the suspiciousness encountered in these two age groups. In this respect, the constitutional type is reminiscent of a snail that ventures to protrude its head only a little way out of its shell, shrinking back at the first hint of a threat ("pusillanimity": Hahnemann, "distrust; great fearfulness": Hering).

That which constitutes a threat to *Baryta carbonica* is anything that infringes on his familiar routine and environment. He is also suspicious of persons quicker than he, or who, he thinks, are criticizing, ridiculing, or talking about him behind his back

*There was a curious sequel to this episode which is described in "Generosity."

("she suspected, when walking in the street, that men found fault with her, and judged her amiss": Hahnemann, "she imagines she is being laughed at": Kent). Conceivably, an innate distrust impedes this individual from readily sharing his feelings (sad or happy) with others, as he doggedly proceeds along his own way. When in a group, he may sit quietly observant, taking in everything that is going on but, fearing a social blunder, giving out little himself.

A classic example was the five-year-old girl who suffered from poor appetite (despite complaints of hunger), a chronic bronchitis, and frequent nosebleeds. Her "aversion to strangers" (Hering) and suspiciousness of new situations was apparent in the doctor's office. During the entire visit she stared at the floor ("dares not look up or at anybody": Hahnemann) and her mother recounted how the child seemed to dread leaving the house, even for nursery school, parties, or other pleasurable activities ("shy": Borland). Furthermore, she was somewhat resistant to the discipline of learning ("inattention of a child in studying": Hahnemann; "does not like being interfered with": Borland). Yet she was observant and did not give the impression of backwardness.* It is noteworthy that just as the elderly *Baryta carbonica* can display childish traits ("senility, childishness": Boericke), so the feelings and reflections of the *Baryta carbonica* child are sometimes "old"—that is, thoughtful beyond his years. Thus this girl would come out with meditative, original remarks. For instance, when the class was out on a nature walk the teacher pointed out, "Look there, to the horizon, where the trees are touching the sky. Aren't they beautiful?"

"Are the trees touching the sky?" the *Baryta* girl inquired.

"Why, yes, don't you see?"

There was long silence. Then, "I'm looking an' looking, but I can't understand" was the youngster's surprising reply.

Or when pondering on death, she asked her mother, "Do people smile after they die?"

"Oh, yes," she was assured. "Death is merely the beginning of a new and different and often wonderful life."

"But can the people who stay *behind* still smile?" she persisted. Another little girl, when asked, Why did she not enjoy school? Didn't she like her nice teacher and friends? Why wouldn't she join in their games? ("children are indisposed to play": Hahnemann), showed herself to be a true child of the twentieth century by replying, "I like 'em. But I'm always afraid that they'll laugh at me ('touch,,,: Borland—and then I feel like they've stepped on me and *squashed* me—like an aluminum can."

Two additional examples illustrate the original cast of mind and quaint mixture of old and young, old-fashioned and "New Age," in the *Baryta carbonica* child. The first was a boy, something of a loner due to extreme shyness, who, when asked what he wanted as a present for his seventh birthday, replied that he wished for a series of body massages with a masseuse who was a family friend. The second youngster, of approximately the same age and also shy, would telephone an (admittedly enchanting) prima ballerina in her twenties, who lived across the street,

*The *Baryta carbonica* child's ineptness, mental slowness, and backwardness have been addressed in the classical literature (cf. especially Borland's *Children's Types*), but naturally such deficiencies are not obligatory for prescribing the remedy. A *Calcarea carbonica*—like resistance to being saddled with the responsibilities of adulthood or being pushed towards achievement (*PI*) is, in fact, more common than real deficiency; and, generally speaking, the two remedies spell each other well.

Curiously, the *Baryta carbonica* resistance to growing up is reflected in the symptom "sensation as if he is walking on his knees" (Hering); or (more gruesomely) in the "delusion as if his legs are cut off at the knees" (Kent).

and tell her, "You go up to your bathroom on the second floor and look out the window, and I'll go up to my bathroom on the second floor and look out the window, and then we'll wave to each other."

The American essayist and poet James Russell Lowell wrote, "Solitude is useful for the imagination as society is wholesome for the character." The *Baryta carbonica* child has a healthy imagination but, one often feels, could profit from more character-strengthening peer society.

At the other end of the spectrum, *Baryta carbonica* was recruited for the widower, well advanced in years, who was brought to a homoeopath by his daughter for elevated blood pressure and weakened eyesight, hearing, and memory. All these failing functions were improved (within limits, of course) by several doses of the remedy in the 30x potency (for instance, his eyesight improved sufficiently for him to be able to read the street names and numbers on the corner sign posts). More significant to our purpose, however, were the altered mentals. A growing suspiciousness that his son and daughter were attentive to him for purely mercenary reasons (i.e., vying for an inheritance) was curbed, and he regained trust in their genuine filial loyalty and affection. The children themselves attested that he was now a father to them instead of some guarded, secretive stranger who needed to be cared for.

Having paid one's dues to the more familiar *Baryta carbonica* picture, one can now turn to the suspicion met with in the less typical patient. The situation with this remedy is somewhat similar to that of *Mercurius*. If the physician, reluctant to stretch his understanding of the *Baryta* nature, were to wait for the confirming traditional mental picture before prescribing the remedy on a constitutional basis, he would miss out on some remarkable cures.

A Montessori school teacher presented to the homoeopath a symptom that interfered with her job of instructing infant pupils. When she flexed her right knee, particularly when kneeling on the floor, she experienced a sharp (she claimed "agonizing") pain, as of an electric current. Being the only remedy listed under this rubric in Kent's *Repertory*, a 30c potency of *Baryta carbonica* (three doses) was successfully prescribed.

Much impressed, the patient returned for treatment of her chronic symptoms—a chest weakness during the winter months, some digestive problems, including bloating, periodic numbness of the hands, itching and dryness of the skin, and a few other minor complaints. The totality of physical symptoms aligned themselves just as well— if not better—with one or two other remedies besides *Baryta carbonica*; and when the physician asked her about her mental state, she answered, "Memory, energy, and creativity all in peak condition. I get along well with my family and my colleagues and, scorning false modesty, I can assure you that I stand at the very top of my profession. Every Montessori parent in this town wants to place his or her child in my class."

This was hardly the style of a *Baryta carbonica*, who is seldom viewed as being the sharpest knife in the drawer; more the style of an *Arsenicum album* or a *Sulphur*. But the physician, wishing to experiment with high-potency *Baryta carbonica* as a constitutional remedy, began to fish around for at least one fitting mental symptom. He inquired whether she had any anxieties or concerns.

"Yes, that I'm doing too well—and that Fate can take it away in an instant!" was the unexpected reply. "I don't trust the future, but suspect that something out there is determined to get me if I don't watch out."

This was reason enough to prescribe *Baryta carbonica*.

Furthermore, like *Pulsatilla*, this constitutional type can be suspicious of anyone trying to influence him in any way—a threat that he combats by means of evasion or passive resistance, both of which tactics he has raised to an art. *Baryta carbonica* proved its mettle in a man of a retiring disposition, who during much of his life had been plagued with diarrhea. In discussing his mentality he mentioned, "I am an almost pathologically self-sufficient person and respond with total mistrust to anyone offering me instruction or advice. My immediate response is flight."

The curious correspondence between the patient's wanting to run away from people and his running diarrhea prompted the physician to seek for the source of this mental symptom. Predictably, the man's early childhood held the clue. He had lost his father at an early age and was raised by an indulgent mother and aunt.

"I remember, as a child, being contrary beyond belief ["extremely contrary": Hahnemann]. I refused to cooperate about anything: meals, baths, bedtime, homework, what clothes to wear, about going to parties— not going to parties. You name it. Every disciplinary measure was suspect. You'd think that by now I'd have outgrown this state, but I still feel the same distrust of anyone who tries to carry their point with me. This, as you can imagine, does not make for an easy marriage. I hope homoeopathy has remedies to strengthen trust in one's nearest and dearest—along with one's bowels."

"It just might!"

Approach it from whatever angle you will, no picture of this remedy is complete without mention of that quintessentially *Baryta carbonica* character, Lord Emsworth of Blandings Castle (from the novels of P. G. Wodehouse). Vague, timid, of limited outlook (his ambitions extending no further than the desire to win a medal for his prize pig or pumpkin), his most heartfelt wish is to be left in peace to lead a snail-like existence on his ancestral estate.

But Destiny has decreed otherwise. The world too, it seems, will not let him off the hook so easily. He is persecuted (as he sees it) by neighbors and guests at the castle whom he suspects of harboring designs on his pig, the Empress of Blandings, and by secretaries who relentlessly pursue him with matters which must be attended to in the administration of Blandings Castle, especially the Efficient Baxter ("Dreadful fellow that Baxter. Always wanting me to do things. Always coming round the corner with his infernal spectacles gleaming and asking me to sign papers.") Finally, he is suspicious of his domineering sisters, who force him to dress in tight clothes and ride up to London to attend the opening of Parliament ("Though why Parliament could not get itself opened without his assistance, Lord Emsworth was at a loss to understand") and who in other ways try to prod him out of his shell of narrow interests, inducing him to take part in the larger duties devolving on a peer of the realm.

Altogether, the likeable Lord Emsworth, in his invariable self-absorption, his benign emotional self-sufficiency, his suspiciousness of anyone reminding him of his adult responsibilities, and his utter lack of dissimulation and inability to be, at every moment of his life, anything but true to himself (all characteristics intrinsic to the very young and the very old) embodies certain aspects of the *Baryta carbonica* personality to perfection.

Thuja's fearful suspiciousness can be detected already in the young. To this timid, sensitive, elfin child, every change or transition, every new situation, every experience or unexpected event is suspect.

For instance, he may run away in fright and urge others to seek safety the first time he sees a barbecue lighted. An unfamiliar loud noise that would ignite another

child's curiosity ignites his sense of peril. Even active games that other youngsters delight in, arouse in him a suspicion of danger, and he is leery of joining in. One eighty-year-old boy, compelled to play soccer with his class during sports period, was asked whether he enjoyed the game.

"I like it just fine," he replied—although most of the time he stood safely in the wings, preferring to watch.

"What do you like best about soccer?"

"The timeouts. When we get to suck orange slices." *

If not militated against, this timidness of *Thuja* children may manifest in the adult as closing down to experience, at which point the picture of suspiciousness takes on a somewhat different complexion.

In *Thuja* we investigated how the individual's fearful suspicion of the supernatural realm (which in his confusion he does not trust, yet feels powerless to combat) spills over as mistrust of the material world—which he perceives as also designed to hinder and confuse him at every turn.

An example was the woman treated primarily with the *arbor vitae* for being too susceptible to the dark side of existence (due, in part, to her fear and mistrust of the psychic messages that had been encroaching on her, unbidden), who articulated well the *Thuja* dilemma.

"It is an exceptionally difficult lesson, learning to trust the things that our whole lives we have been taught to construe as mental illness— and therefore to mistrust. It causes so much confusion that one develops misgivings about the most straightforward aspects of life. I dropped out of college because I mistrusted anything others tried to teach me. Only now I am beginning to discern how every facet of the material world, its institutions included, have been placed here as opportunities for growth." She had, in fact, decided to return to school and finish her degree.

She also suggested one possible reason why the *Thuja* pilgrim is so resistant to the unknown— so suspicious about venturing into the realm of the supernatural (whereas, as was discussed in the *Thuja* and "Clairvoyance" chapters, other constitutional types, instinctively operating from a position of trust, respond to "the call" without fear). "I sensed, without exactly knowing why, that once I set foot on this different path there would be no turning back. I would have to journey forward— there would be no back' to return to. And that was a terrifying thought."

Wariness:

Wariness of injury to their affections is a form of suspicion frequently encountered in *Natrum muriaticum*, *Staphysagria*, and *Phosphoric acid*, and these three remedies hold in common one important characteristic— overdevelopment (even given that their wariness might be well-founded) of some particular protective technique against emotional injury.

A large number of *Natrum muriaticum*'s difficulties and health problems, we recall, appear to stem from poor or broken relationships: family, friend, student-teacher, colleague— and, of course, the most injurious of all, romantic love (*PI*). But despite the clearly discernible pattern of cause and effect, individuals of this

* An eight-year-old *Graphites*, who, although far from timid, evinced a decided aversion to all outdoor games and sports, was asked, "Why, then, are you such a faithful spectator of all the badminton, volleyball, lawn bowling, and croquet games, which your friends and the rest of your family participate in?"

"I like to watch the players get excited and lose their tempers" was the young humorist's response.

constitutional type are in conflict. On the one hand, the wary mind and memory cautions them to steer clear of the affections; on the other hand, the heart protests, "But, except for the affections, what else of importance is there in life? What else matters?" In contrast to *Lycopodium* who can operate just fine in this world without trust in humanity, *Natrum muriaticum* cannot function at all if there is no underlying trust.

Primarily, therefore, because of this need to trust (more even than from obtuseness), persons of the salt diathesis will cling to the belief that man is fundamentally trustworthy and good, and repeatedly place themselves in emotionally high-risk situations. Flying in the face of past experience, they will insist that it is only a question of trying, just one more time— of giving a person just one more chance to prove himself— for their faith in mankind to be justified. And this is why they are every time surprised anew at another's thoughtlessness, selfishness, or injurious behavior.

Indeed, it is entirely in keeping with the type's determination to preserve faith in human nature (despite the emotional casualties he has suffered) that, at times, his wariness goes largely unacknowledged on the conscious level. Yet, all the while he outwardly professes his trust in humanity, his dreams are of being pursued, robbed, or poisoned; or he imagines that there are thieves in the house, that people are out to injure him, are closely watching him, and the like (consult the classical literature).

This dichotomy in *Natrum muriaticum* cannot be overemphasized. He is never entirely at ease either with people or without them—never entirely trusting them because of their potential capacity to hurt him, yet also not permitting his suspiciousness to bring about an estrangement. In fact, he takes pride in his eternal hope that those around him will redeem themselves.

Phosphoric acid and *Staphysagria* follow closely upon the heels of the wary *Natrum muriaticum*, but they respond differently to former injuries to the affections.

A *Phosphoric acid* rendered suspicious after being (emotionally) buffeted by fate tends to adopt a mask of indifference—or even develops a true indifference (d. "Indifference"). Unlike the *Natrum muriaticum* moth, who simply cannot stay away from the burning candle (*PI*), he takes as his rule in life the maxim "Once bitten, twice shy." His disillusionment permits no recalling of the original trust, nor any subsequent venturing of the affections.

A woman, still young, sought homoeopathic assistance for her unaccountable (at first glance) physical weakness ("When I stand up I feel as shaky on my two pins as someone on the brink of the grave") with a corresponding lack of energy in other spheres— no interest in food, work, travel, recreational activities, people.

"What else can you tell me of yourself?" the doctor inquired, in hopes of getting to the bottom of her afflictions.

"What else? What more do you want?" But after a moment's reflection she continued in a more dispassionate tone. "Well, I've learned from life— the hard way—to tread warily where my emotions are concerned. Perhaps I have grown overcautious. But that doesn't alter the fact that I want nothing of anyone and feel I have nothing to give anyone. Only in my dreams do I occasionally see myself trying hard to help or to understand, or to explain myself to, some unresponsive person* Many have set me down as a regular lump on a log, I know. But, really, it is a matter of utter indifference to me what anyone thinks."

* *Phosphoric acid's* dreams of "unsuccessful efforts to do various things" (Kent) usually take the form of frustrating attempts to cultivate, or maintain, good relations with uncooperative individuals.

With these words the patient decreed her own remedy.

Staphysagria's wary suspicion lies somewhere between the two extremes. He does not, like the *Natrum muriaticum*, combat suspicion by undiscouragedly clinging to unrealistic hopes and expectations, but neither does he develop the *Phosphoric acid* protective indifference. Experience has taught him that mankind is untrustworthy—that selfishness, vanity, affectation, hypocrisy, and deceit are the norm rather than the exception. This perception of humanity, which can permeate all areas of his life, is somewhat akin to *Nux vomica*'s mistrust—with the difference that, far from spurring him on to accomplishment, *Staphysagria*'s wariness can render him dysfunctional, unable to prosper in the world. Adhering to his suspiciousness with an excessive, not to say obsessive, degree ("he apprehends the worst consequences from slight things and cannot calm himself": Hahnemann), this sadly injured individual, whose suspicion has so often grown out of "mortification" (Kent), might not permit himself even to trust the loyalty and kind ministrations of those who obviously seek only to help ("thinks his wife will run away from him": Hering).

A literary example of this type is Miss Wade (the Self-Tormentor) in Dickens's *Little Dorrit*. Dickens understood well her particular, neurosis (an angry conviction that she can never be loved or accepted acting in conjunction with delusions of "the humility and lowness of others, while she herself is great": Kent) because he himself possessed to a strong degree the *Staphysagria* mistrust of even those genuinely approving. Despite being one of the most admired and sought-after persons of his day, Dickens's outlook, from which he was never to be liberated, was strangely straitened. He distrusted his own success, never felt at ease with all who lionized him, and was particularly suspicious of those admirers who were wealthy and influential.*

Like *Natrum muriaticum*, however, *Staphysagria* wishes to have confidence in humanity ("A wariness of people is one trait that I could pleasantly dispense with") and will set as his goal cultivating trust ("In order to survive in this world, one must assume at least a minimum amount of decency in mankind"). But unlike *Natrum muriaticum*, this budding truster of humanity does not allow himself to go overboard with his new philosophy. He just tries to attain a more balanced perspective.

The "Suspects":

There remains to be addressed one final aspect of suspicion the distrust that certain constitutional types invite towards themselves, regardless of how pure their motives, noble their principles, or altruistic their actions. It should come as no surprise to an experienced homoeopath to learn that the principal "suspects" are *Sulphur*, *Lachesis*, and *Natrum muriaticum*.

These three are arrayed in opposition to those eminently trust-inspiring types—*Lycopodium*, *Causticum*, *Aurum metallicum* (see appropriate chapters)—who, although forward looking and challenging in their ideas, are not felt to threaten the existing social order.** In fact, it takes much abuse on the part of the latter types to generate in others suspicion of their motives and actions (initially, their misdemeanors are exonerated as merely survival measures in this competitive, every-man-for-

*For more on Dickens and Miss Wade, consult *Natrum muriaticum* (P1) and *Staphysagria* (P2).

**Naturally, we are referring here not to criminal tendencies or activities harmful to society, but rather to an ideological disruptiveness.

himself world). But there is something about the former three remedies—about the way, by pointing to possibilities beyond our present confines, they tacitly, if not overtly, condemn traditional values and beliefs—that makes others sense in them a menace to the general weal.

On the surface, *Sulphur* stands here predominant. As we have had occasion to observe, the type enjoys making waves. By nature eruptive, he takes pleasure in challenging society's most cherished and deeply ingrained beliefs.

Even if this Mount Etna is temporarily inactive, others are acutely sensible of *Sulphur's* potential to erupt. Ever out there in the ideological forefront, pushing the existing social or intellectual order to the limits ("Don't look back; something may be gaining on you?"), ever stirring up firmly established habits and loyalties, ever presenting society with new alternatives—either with a cavalier disregard (not to say scorn) for the goods and amenities of the world or with a sweeping abrogation of its comfortable philosophies (cf. discussions of Hahnemann and Marx [*PI*] and of Thoreau in "Generosity")—it is hardly to be wondered that any activity this type engages in is suspect. "What casualties next?" is society's perennial concern.

But although Sulphur threatens to disrupt the social and ideological status quo, because he is "all out there" with his disruptiveness apparent to the meanest intelligence, society can take measures to meet his challenges, whether through integration or by open opposition. He is the foe who lies directly ahead and who can be discerned approaching from afar.

Lachesis, in contrast, is the foe attacking from the flank—sensed, but harder to locate. The type's own deep-rooted mistrust of the social order and its institutions (*PI*) breeds a reciprocal mistrust in the surrounding society. He is perceived to be the unreliable member of a community, capable of lawlessness and desertion—not necessarily (it must be noted) from deception or malice, but from a stronger loyalty towards his own nature (a guiding rule incomprehensible to others). In his personal quest for emotional and moral stability, he is likely, at any moment, to take off on an erratic course of his own, leaving the community to its fate.

One patient, a devout believer in the Roman Catholic faith, had to leave the Dominican order of which she had been a member for fifteen years because she could no longer endure being regarded with suspicion. "I was pure as the driven snow with regards to my social conduct and loyalty towards the order," she mourned. "I obeyed the rules implicitly and was supportive of my sister nuns. And still no one trusted or liked me."

Indeed, as far as one could judge from her manner, there was not a trace of any deception in her. On the contrary, she projected the peculiarly *Lachesis* unsparing self-honesty (*PI*). Still, the physician pressed her to elaborate on her feelings during those years in the convent.

"I had no quarrel with the order as such," she replied. "The Dominicans offered me a wonderful opportunity to explore my scholarly interests. But somehow I never derived much spiritual fulfillment from convent life. The religious understanding of my sisters and even the mother superior seemed to me rather pedestrian; their

*The famous words of the highly *Sulphur* Leroy "Satchel" Paige. Not only was he the first black pitcher in major league baseball, but he also set a longevity record—pitching well into his fifties.

concerns petty and mundane, compared to my own spiritual struggles and doubts as to the relevance of the Church in our present-day world. Naturally, I never breathed a word of these opinions to a soul. So it seems unfair that I was so mistrusted."

Fair or unfair, that she was felt to be a subversive influence and an untrustworthy member of the community was entirely in keeping with the impression *Lachesis* makes on others.

At times, too, it is his secretiveness (the remedy should be added in bold type to this Kent rubric) that gets himself so mistrusted. Individuals who manage to give out no concrete information about themselves yet who take an inordinate interest in—what is at times a veritable prying into—the affairs of others ("inquisitive": Kent) are manifesting a strain of the snake venom in their constitutional makeup. Here again, however, this appearance of concealment often reflects unjustly on the type. *Lachesis* need not be deliberately hiding something. He seems to be more secretive than he is because of his dualistic nature. Whichever side of his nature is dominant at the moment, the subdominant and opposing side (ever on the verge of surfacing) is also felt by others. It is his inner warrings that make him appear deceptive and potentially lawless.

Natrum muriaticum presents the most personal threat of the three suspects. He is the insidious foe, creeping up from the rear, and is sensed by others not only as disruptive of their confidence, complacency, or security but indeed as menacing their very moral core. It is not so much what he actually does or says that constitutes his threat as what he stands for and implies. By intuiting others' true natures (cf. *PI* and "Clairvoyance") this type has a tacit way of exposing to others their own weaknesses, of unmasking hypocrisy, and dispelling self-delusions. Persons hitherto content with themselves begin to feel, when they find themselves in too close contact with the corrosive salt, unaccountably irritated, uncomfortably false, or shallow—not living up to some high standard of performance, understanding, or virtue.

The truth of the matter is that life is difficult enough as it is, and few individuals desire another to come along who, urging some particular ideal, makes it harder for them. In a *Causticum* or *Phosphorus*, others find a comfortable conscience to which they can appeal for sympathy and approval. In *Natrum muriaticum*, who is equally supportive on the surface, they encounter a chastising conscience. Those persons who are able to respond, heart and soul, to his Don Quixote-like ideals (*PI*) can profit from the challenge; but those who do not wish to be influenced by his crusading spirit feel intimidated by him, judged, castigated—and sometimes even dismissed as human beings.

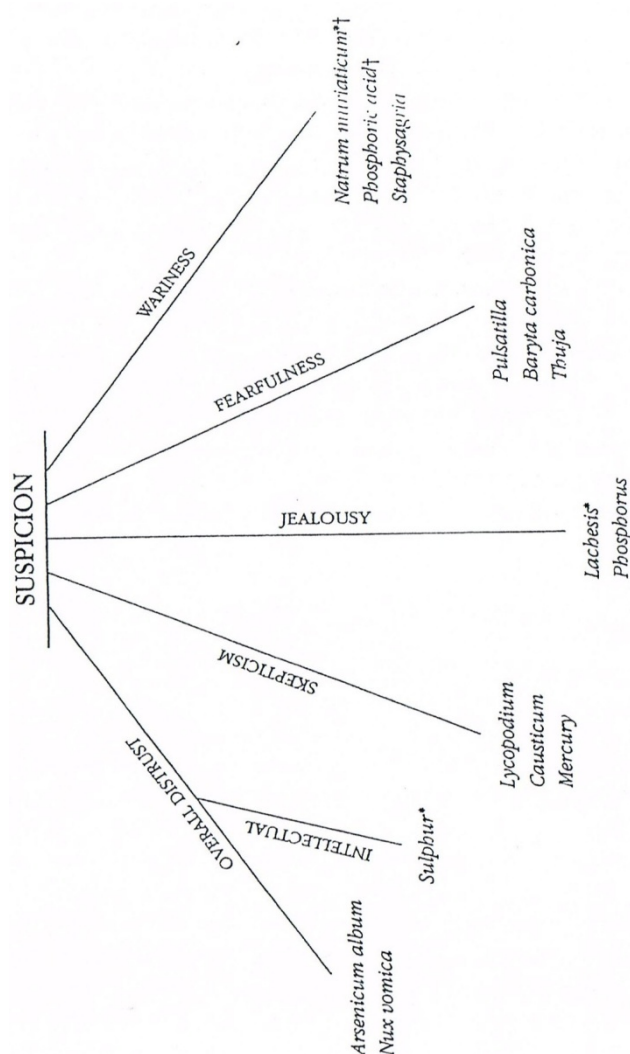
Parenthetically, that which makes people doubly suspicious of *Natrum muriaticum's* motives are both his manner (for instance, his extreme self-consciousness is one reason for not making the right or desired impression on others and for his difficulty in maintaining eye contact), and their sensing that while he judges and tries to change people, he so obviously needs them. He is not as "noble" as he acts (they reason) because he is not entirely disinterested. "You have to change or I'll perish," underlies his reforming zeal.

This is precisely what makes it so hard for the *Natrum muriaticum* to act in a way that he will be trusted by others (*PI*). Most people are unable to separate his noble ideas from his gestalt of personal vulnerability. Because, both on the personal and social levels, his reforming spirit is coupled with neediness, he is sensed to be weak; therefore, his ideas also must be weakself-serving, suspect, and easily dismissed. *Lycopodium*, in contrast, who does not need people or too obviously seek

approval, is regarded as strong; therefore, his ideas, also, as strong— disinterested, noble, and eminently just.

Finally, this type's crusade is all the less welcome in that, unlike *Sulphur* who at least offers some concrete alternative or cogent system in lieu of the present system he is attacking, *Natrum muriaticum* has no settled plan or coherent doctrine to offer in place of the conventions which he strips away. His role is to point to the need for some fundamental (and invariably difficult) moral change that must take place within the individual himself, before society can be affected and this world made a better place in which to live.

Mankind, as a whole, does not wish to be forced to rethink its values or to change its ways ("May the good that you envisage come after my time, thank you"). When it collides with *Sulphur*, *Lachesis*, and *Natrum muriaticum* individuals, who are prepared to set at defiance the world's accepted values and opinions, it rightly grows suspicious, both on the personal and global level, of the shape of things to come.



*The "Suspects."

†Remedies not listed in Kent's *Repertory*.

Generosity

Generosity: “Liberality in spirit or act” (Webster’s)

IN VIEW OF FACT, that the physician’s role is to assist diseased condition, both physical and mental, the *homoeopathic material medica* concentrates on the unhealthy mental states that are elicited by the proving of the remedies or observed in the course of clinical treatment. Yet, as has been asserted throughout these *Portraits*, the healthy mental characteristics of the patient can, at times, equally guided the physician to the *simillimum*, especially when prescribing on the constitutional level.

Therefore, it is appropriate to conclude this volume with a swift comparative analysis of a positive human trait. *Generosity* has been selected because it is the one virtue to which almost every individual stakes a claim. A patient in the homoeopath’s office will confess to any number of vices and morals defects, but rarely will he forgo his share of Generosity. It is as if he cannot consider himself fully human without that spark of Divine— which, shine it ever so feebly, he himself is aware of and wishes to have recognized by others*

Phosphorus fittingly introduces this analysis. A strong desire to please and a willingness to put himself out for another; the ability to intuit another's needs and a talent for making others feel good about themselves; also a ready enthusiasm for people, ideas, beauty, and new experiences that come his way— all are well-recognized forms of the type's generosity (*PI*).

Whenever the exigencies of his studies or his numerous "intimate" friends permitted, one *Phosphorus* college student donated a day visiting detention homes and reformatories for juvenile delinquents. There he instructed them in whatever skill that took their fancy—carpentry, playing the saxophone or guitar, sketching, yoga, soccer, or basketball. They just had to mention their interest and this master of innumerable skills cheerfully undertook to teach them. "Not that I expect to reform a single soul," he remarked. "But they seem to look forward to my visits—and some are great kids! And I feel that I should give them some of the chances in life that I had." Of course, that which he could not give them was his *Phosphorus* charm, compassion, and liberality of spirit.

True, there can exist certain drawbacks to these attractive traits. The type's generosity with money can border on extravagance or unreliability; his desire to please or entertain can prompt him to disregard stern realities and mistake his wishes or imagination for facts; or, in return for putting himself out for another, he can, at times, grow excessively demanding of approval, approbation, and attention (*PI*). But that does not alter the genuineness and spontaneity of his original generous impulses.

*For example, one patient— the most miserly person conceivable— prided himself on being the soul of generosity because at one time, twenty years previously, he had splurged and brought his mother an expensive pair of sock for her birthday.

In contrast to *Phosphorus'* projecting beacon, the *Calcareo carbonica* generosity is subdued, diffusing into the surrounding atmosphere like an ether.* Perhaps its distinguishing feature is allowing others to be themselves. This renders the individual appreciative of qualities in a person that others may not see or understand.

It was, for instance, a *Calcareo carbonica* who counseled a concerned father seeking help for his son (who was incorrigibly self-absorbed, shunning all society, only reading self-improvement books and listening to self-healing tapes, without any appearance of benefitting his reclusive, not to say misanthropic, mentality) in the following words:

"There are, my friends, three ways of raising the individual consciousness. One is by helping others-which is the path you have chosen. The second is by working on improving the self-which is your son's chosen path. And the third is the mystical path. The important thing to remember is that all three paths are equally difficult to follow and of equal merit; and that above all, they are interrelated. Whosoever is assiduously following anyone of them is simultaneously progressing along the other two as well toward their common goal of spiritual growth."

At first the father was disappointed that he was not offered more concrete, practical advice about helping his misfit son, but with time these simple words of wisdom sank in and helped to change his censorious attitude into a more compassionate acceptance of his son's self-chosen path.

Calcareo's emotional liberality goes hand-in-hand with a desire to nourish others' virtues. For the type is by nature a nurturer. On the material level, it is he who hospitably feeds and boards friends and family. It is noteworthy that his recurrent nightmare is that of becoming aware, with a shock of horror, that he has forgotten to feed a baby or an animal dependent on him (and it is to the dying *Calcareo carbonica* housewife that one attributes the legendary last words, "There's a meatloaf in the freezer"). On the level of the spirit, when asked in what way, precisely, he considers himself generous, the patient might reply simply, "People always seem to be calling me [on the phone] or dropping in for advice or just to talk over matters of importance to them, I don't

Nor does *Calcareo* expect generosity in return for his own caring and supportive attitude. Others are welcome to what he has to give, but there is a self-sufficiency (or privacy) about the type; he asks little of others and prefers to keep his own counsel. Conceivably, he cultivates an altruism as a means of staving off others' intrusiveness.

As is so often the case when comparing *Graphites* with *Calcareo carbonica*, the same stage is set, but with somewhat different actors. Low-key *Graphites* makes no particular claim to generosity, but he cannot prevent its mild emanation from his person. When assistance or support is required, he is amongst the first to rally round- his cheerful attitude and humor making his generosity appear so easy and enjoyable that some are lulled into thinking that the favor he renders them is for his own pleasure. For instance, the *Graphites* child, when grown, might turn around and, with no trace of *Natrum muriaticum* or *Staphysagria* martyrdom, tell his parents, "You cared for me for many years; now it is my turn to care for you." And ere long the parents start taking for granted this quiet generosity.

*In this chapter the remedies will be addressed roughly in the order in which they are encountered in *PI* and *P2*. If short shrift has been made of some of the polychrests (notably the nosodes), it is not from their lesser claim to generosity, but only because no idiosyncratic form of this virtue has, as of yet, made itself apparent to the author.

Lycopodium's generosity is of an entirely different stamp. To begin with, so little might this type give out on the personal level that individuals closest to him invariably feel themselves emotionally short-changed (*PI*). He himself will often admit that few persons are essential to his happiness ("I can take people or leave 'em"); also, although he gives of his time and attention to individuals generously enough at the moment, once they are out of sight, they are out of mind.

But to make up for his detachment from individual man, *Lycopodium* will unstintingly give of his time, intellect, and talents to aggregate man-to the world of professions and institutions. Here he is generosity personified. No effort is too great for him in an attempt to make this planet a more reasonable, rational, and smoothly functioning place in which to live. To further this cause he will willingly put out any amount of energy to set up and then sit on committees (not omitting to position himself in such a way as to carry authority and make himself indispensable). Furthermore, because he has his eye focused on the larger picture, the type can be remarkably devoid of small-mindedness and is able magnanimously to rise above wounded personal feelings. Shafts directed at him simply do not penetrate. And, although highly critical by nature, paradoxically, he often shows a generous tolerance where human weaknesses, incompetence, and failings are concerned. Granted, he might have reasons of his own for being nonjudgmental (*PI*), but still the fact remains.

There is, moreover, one other idiosyncratic feature to his generosity. Although penny-pinching, he is pound generous. Notorious for his false economies in the home ("miserly": Kent), when it comes to large sums of money, he is generous in his loans (generally to unscrupulous persons who will never pay him back) and donations (often to unworthy causes).

All this encourages *Lycopodium* himself to regard his generosity as the sun that warms mankind. But here he deludes himself. As was mentioned in *PI*, his light resembles more that of the moon-which sheds light but gives out no warmth. A sun-like generosity is reserved for *Sulphur*.

Non judgmentalism and a genuine tolerance of another's weaknesses or failings likewise characterize *Causticum's* generosity. Indeed, one would not feel ashamed at being discovered in some petty action by a *Causticum*-sensing in him a person who would instinctively understand and make allowances ("*Homo sum; bumani nil a me aliennum [est]*": Terence).

The constitutional type can moreover be generous with money, generous in his willingness to listen sympathetically to others' problems or to rejoice with them in their success, and generous in proffering help. In his short story "The Third Ingredient," O. Henry writes how Nature has preordained for some people to be, "figuratively speaking, Bosoms, some are Hands, some are Heads, some are Muscles, some are Feet, some are Backs for burdens." Hetty, the lonely, valiant heroine of his tale, was a *Natrum muriaticum* "Shoulder" on which people deposited their sorrows; but *Causticum* is a pair of helping hands, prompt and active to assist others.

But, although genuinely compassionate, *Causticum*, like *Lycopodium*, remains wary of giving out too much of himself at the personal and emotional level. Even if disguising it well, his actions betoken mindfulness lest another interfere with his assiduously cultivated emotional equilibrium (cf. *Causticum*).

Sepia, too, finds it difficult, at times, to be emotionally giving; but she (for *Sepia* is usually a woman) does not delude herself or others on this point. She is, in fact, one of the rare individuals who might not even lay claim to her share of

generosity. One such patient when asked whether she considered herself generous, surprised her homoeopath by replying with a straightforward, "No."

"Not generous in any form? You cannot think of any way you could qualify your answer?"

She could not.

A more usual response to this question is an indecisive, "Yes-I mean, no. No—yes. I mean, in a way, maybe. But not exactly. What I really wish to say is that I don't mind lending my books or clothes or money, but I'm not generous with my time. I don't like being importuned by others' emotional demands."

Yet *Sepia* is generous in the way she will, from a sense of rightness, duty, or what she judges she owes to the situation, often put out more emotional energy than is her natural inclination.

Because of her low vital energy, professional isolation, and the excessive demands on her skills, a *Sepia* homoeopath was practicing without the enthusiasm, pleasure, and satisfaction that was so essential to her taxing work. She was financially independent and could have well afforded to practice less, but she dutifully worked long hours to make herself available to the large number of patients seeking her help. However, she still, all too frequently, judged herself in an uncharitable light.

Instead of viewing her conscientiousness as a form of generosity, the *Sepia* woman regards herself as ungenerous because she lacks the spontaneous generosity of a *Phosphorus*. Indeed, to an outsider, she may give the impression of having just stepped out of her personal cares and self-absorption in order to meet one's needs, and the moment she has done her duty by mankind she will return to her former self-preoccupied state.

Thuja is the other constitutional type that can emanate this particular aura of a temporarily loaned out generosity.

Not so *Sulphur*. Such dominant features are this type's charitable and gift-bestowing propensities (and they can be as strong as his selfish and amassing impulses) that when Charles Dickens, who in his fiction dealt in bolder archetypes more than perhaps any other writer in the English language, wished to portray an exceptionally open-handed and kind-hearted male character, he invariably fell back on a bluff, benevolent *Sulphur* type (see Mr. Pickwick, the Cheeryble brothers, Mr. Jarndyce, Mr. Meagles, and others).

Never one to hide his light under a bushel, *Sulphur's* generosity is characterized by munificence, abundance, and breadth of spirit. He will spend money extravagantly, donate to charity extensively, and will not turn away any personal demand on his purse; and, because he has much to give, he indiscriminately (not to say promiscuously) scatters information, addresses, telephone numbers that might be helpful, and names of newly discovered art works, vacation spots, or food recipes that might please. Furthermore, his generosity is multifaceted. It can take the form of a *Calcarea*-like hospitality-with, however, embellishments; he throws open the doors to all and sundry (the more the merrier), then entertains on a lavish scale. He also possesses the *Lycopodium* capacity to rise above petty feelings and be immune to others' slights and calumnies. Moreover, like *Phosphorus*, he displays a generous enthusiasm for any person or thing that catches his fancy. The most recent person he has run into is "the most extraordinary and brilliant fellow he has ever met"; the latest movie is "the greatest of its kind"; the current book he is reading is "the definitive word on the subject"; the restaurant he ate at last night is "without exception the best in town"; the doctor he consulted with is "a wonderful man! The most eminent physician in his field"; and so forth. Distinct from *Phosphorus*, however, is that each

one of these amazing discoveries somehow redounds to his own credit; for *Sulphur* seeks personal recognition even in his munificence. Thus, his vegetable garden is "the envy of the neighborhood," and the gift of a crate of fresh peppers and tomatoes will be proffered to the accompaniment of "All my neighbors are in agreement that this year's crop is the finest my garden has ever produced!" Generally speaking, he has a need to make everything under his patronage or worthy of his interest as large as himself.

Sulphur's intellectual generosity is, likewise, characterized by overabundance— an overabundance of knowledge, information, ideas, theories, all of which spill out of his horn of plenty. That there might be more than enough (more than people desire to have bestowed on them) is incidental. So generous is he in his willingness to impart to others his visions and latest discoveries that he does not even wish the favor reciprocated (cf. "Suspicion"). His prime concern is to make a generous gift to mankind.

Another form of *Sulphur* generosity is to invite one and all to participate in some epoch— making enterprise initiated by himself. One particularly felicitous example of this philosophical giving of his vision to the world was Henry Thoreau's Walden Pond experiment. At the height of his *Sulphur* stage, Thoreau, abjuring all worldly goods and chattels and the use of money (except that donated by others), decided to settle at Walden Pond and prove to the world that man can exist self-sufficient in nature—living off the internal revenues of the spirit and the proceeds of the land (the few rows of beans and corn that he cultivated). The saintly Emerson was allowed to provide the land, Bronson Alcott allowed to help build a hut; and all along these two and other Concord friends were generously invited to this hut for spiritual nourishment (conversation). In return, Thoreau visited them in their homes, several times a week, for more solid sustenance (dinner). In this way, even though he did not entirely prove the point of his experiment, his friends were part of a historic venture.* The observations on nature, philosophy, and the simple life that he set out in his diary during this time and then wrote up in his book *Walden* were to experience a curious *Sulphur* destiny. Only a handful of books were purchased during his lifetime, but the work has since been calculated to have sold more copies on the European continent than any other American classic, excepting *Huckleberry Finn* and *Little Women*.

So high a premium does *Sulphur* place on the quality of giving (every bit as high as on the blessedness of receiving) that, in his eyes, generosity is the seal of his righteousness. Certainly, no other type enjoys contemplating its own generosity more than *Sulphur*. And since he habitually paints on a large canvas, fortunately for him he has an almost inexhaustible subject for contemplation.**

Pulsatilla's particular form of generosity manifests as compliancy, a wish to accommodate, and consideration of others' feelings and desires; also as a charitable, rather than censorious, attitude towards humanity, with a willingness to give its members the benefit of the doubt. All these aspects of the type's true liberality of spirit

*Thoreau, himself, was not unaware of this *Sulphur* aspect of his generosity. In the first chapter of *Walden*, "Economy," he writes:

Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but [and note the additional *Sulphur* touch] I returned it sharper than I received it.

***Medorrhinum* is the other remedy that displays a similar generosity—"selfishness" (Kent) polarity (P2).

have been described in detail in *PI*, and therefore will not be dwelt on here. One would merely wish to remind the reader of Melanie Wilkes in Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* who exemplifies the generous *Pulsatilla's* refusal to acknowledge—inability even to conceive of—any character flaw or dishonor in those she trusts and loves.

Less well-known is the way in which even this individual's constant need to be petted, protected, and generally assisted through life can, ironically, constitute a part of the generosity picture. In a world where boredom is, conceivably, responsible for more than half the mischief that occurs, *Pulsatilla* generously provides occupation and interest to a whole network of well-wishers who are only too happy to exchange the tediousness and emptiness of their lives for an opportunity to feel useful to another and good about themselves.

An illustration was the woman described in "Suspicion" who could not think of any way of bringing up the subject of his cow barns with the Vermont farmer without offending him or distressing herself; thus she took no steps to remedy the situation. ("Anyway, I've decided that perhaps the cows aren't so badly off after all. They look healthy and content, and they must be used to the cement floors by now.") Yet, even though her sensitivities and tender feelings were primarily for herself ("Helping a few cows would not be the solution to my distress. I would then begin to suffer for all the other maltreated farm creatures!"), her original concern had stemmed from a genuinely kind impulse; so that to help her out, others were compelled to look into improving the living conditions of the cows—and "generosity" emerged all round.

The limits and extent of *Arsenicum's* generosity are usually clearly defined. The patient himself will acknowledge his areas of weakness (easily resisting any stray impulse to loan books, possessions, or especially money) and of strength (unsparingly giving of his time and best efforts to his family or to help a friend). One patient when asked whether he considered himself generous or not replied, "What kind of a question is that? What do you expect me to answer? I'm generous in some ways, not in others," and then went on accurately to delineate the precise ways in which he was or was not generous.

If dedication beyond the call of duty and the giving of one's all to one's vocation is a form of generosity, then *Arsenicum* possesses, this virtue in trumps. For it is more than mere personal ambition that drives him to put himself out to the extent that he does—whether as an artist, a healer, a teacher, an athlete, or an attorney. He is being driven by his sense of what is due to those out there counting on his expertise and expecting from him a high standard of performance. He owes it to others to live up to their expectations—also to the art or science or profession itself. Even more, offer him a new challenge in his particular field, and he goes for it like a performing seal after a piece of fish—swallowing it in one gulp, then looking around expectantly for further challenges. It is, in fact, this very quality of selflessness and generous dedication that gives to *Arsenicum's* work its signal power (*PI*).

The same goes for *Nux vomica*, whose style of generosity resembles *Arsenicum's* insofar as he shares the latter's strong work ethic. Although one would hardly venture to call generosity a striking feature of the *Nux* personality (for example, a *Nux vomica* husband might even criticize his wife for being generous), here again, whatever this type sets out to accomplish, he does so unsparing of himself. And because he is observant, sensitive, intelligent, once he comes to the realization that generosity like "the quality of mercy ... is twice-blessed," blessing both the receiver and the giver, one can count on *Nux* running a generous race.

An example was the *Nux vomica* businessman who at one point in his life arrived at the understanding that man, in being entrusted with the stewardship of this world, is responsible for protecting all vulnerable forms of life. Sparing no effort or expense he began reorganizing and restructuring his particular industry so that he could be considerate of the environment, eliminate the use of animals in the testing and manufacturing of his products, and hire, whenever possible, handicapped and disabled persons. To these ends he untiringly bent his efforts, nursing what was initially a spark of generous feeling into a steady flame from which others, following his example, could kindle a similar generosity.

The *Lachesis* generosity manifests itself, idiosyncratically, as a nobility of gesture or behavior that might seem to others to be futile, irrational, wild, and totally incomprehensible. Actually, it is perfectly in keeping with the type's strong impulses and passions— whether he exposes himself to slander so as to shield another, imprudently takes sides in a bitter controversy that does not directly concern him, or in other ways displays excessive devotion toward a person or cause. Indeed, when a noble *Lachesis* is on the rampage to protect, reform, educate, or relieve some aspect of this sad world, the best thing others can do is to stand aside and let him rip.

This view was unwittingly echoed by a university graduate department- head and advisor, assisting an exceptionally motivated, generous *Lachesis* student catapult through a four-year Ph.D. program in two years. The woman was eager to accept the position of principal of a benighted (crime-ridden) high school, with the intention of reforming it through an emphasis on the performing and creative arts--hence the accelerated pace. "Speaking for myself and my colleagues," said the advisor, "I think our job is simply to get out of your way."

The intense nature of *Lachesis* generosity has been captured, once again, in Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone*. For, in a striking antithesis between life's deprivations (Miss Clack in "Suspicion") and abundance, the author makes the heroine of his book, Rachel Verinder, also *Lachesis*.

Both are women of strong feeling; both struggle, in their different ways, with their passions. But Rachel is a *Lachesis* who from birth has possessed every social, material and personal advantage, including true nobility of soul; while her less fortunate cousin is impecunious, sexually repressed, and a martyr to her exigent moral aspirations.

The complications and difficulties in tracing the stolen moonstone hinges on Rachel's *Lachesis* generosity of spirit, which not one of the characters of the novel can fully appreciate. In the ensuing confusion, even the great Sergeant Cuff, the detective investigating the disappearance of the jewel, pursues a false scent. Nevertheless, the solution to the mystery is right there in Rachel's character, as described by Gabriel Betteredge, longtime retainer in the Verinder household:

She never told you beforehand what she was going to do; she never came with secrets and confidences to anybody, from her mother downwards. In little things and great, with people she loved and people she hated (and she did both with equal heartiness), Miss Rachel always went on a way of her own ... Over and over again I have heard [her mother] say, "Rachel's best friend and Rachel's worst enemy are, one and the other- Rachel herself . . ."

With all her secrecy and self-will there was not so much as a shadow of anything false in her. I never remember her breaking her word; I never remember her saying no, and meaning yes. I can call to mind, in her childhood, more than one occasion when the good little soul took the

blame, and suffered the punishment for some fault committed by a playfellow whom she loved. Nobody ever knew her to confess it ... but nobody ever knew her to lie about it, either. She looked you straight in the face ... and ... said plainly, "I won't tell you" ... Self-willeddevilish self-willed sometimes-I grant; but the finest creature, nevertheless, that ever walked the ways of this lower world.

Perhaps the clearest manner of expressing it is thus: *Lachesis's* generosity is, at its source, a surplus of devotion and nobility, which has a way of causing chaos in a world that is not framed for so much intensity.

The same pattern that crops up in so many of *Natrum muriaticum's* dealings with people is encountered in his generosity. Once again he goes overboard. Initially he gives out too much of his time, loyalty, support, affections, or material assistance—far more than the situation demands. Then, when the other is unable or unwilling to respond appropriately, *Natrum muriaticum's* unrequited generosity undergoes an about-face, and he grows ungenerously condemning, with an inability to forgive and forget (*PI*).

This pattern of repeatedly laying himself open to disappointment through inappropriate generosity must (one suspects) represent some underlying need on his part. Indeed, closer investigation reveals that through acts of generosity *Natrum muriaticum* is, first, seeking moral approval (a form of approbation he can never get enough of); second, he is attempting to combat that almost ineradicable loneliness and isolation idiosyncratic to the type (never being able to find his place in this world, —despite all his efforts to acclimatize); and third, he is trying to stave off the almost inevitable criticism that greets his every action and enterprise (*PI* and "Suspicion"). All things considered together, he is hoping to achieve that most elusive (to him) of states of being—personal happiness.

This is why so many persons of the salt diathesis, when they do not find personal fulfillment, take to practicing generosity on a larger scale—helping the cause of the oppressed, downtrodden, and those in pain (*PI*). It is also why the *Natrum muriaticum* generosity of spirit is so often tinged with sadness—the sadness of one who has renounced personal happiness in life and, no longer asking for himself, hopes only to assist in the happiness of others.

Staphysagria's generosity is akin to *Natrum muriaticum's* in as much as it all too frequently contains elements of long— suffering or martyrdom. Although traditional morality would have us believe that life rewards the generous thought and deed, to *Staphysagria*, who has worked hard and generously at preserving personal relationships (at times even to the point of enduring abuse), life all too often demonstrates the reverse (cf. "Suspicion").

There is, however, one important distinction between the two personality types. *Staphysagria* does not feel as isolated from the rest of humanity as does *Natrum muriaticum*. He is not the eternal "stranger in his own land," constantly endeavoring to figure out why he is living here on earth. He is generously willing to do his share—and more—in preserving the peace and helping the afflicted but, not having yet reached the *Natrum muriaticum* stage of renunciation, he does insist on something in return, for himself. The quality of resigned sadness in the good and generous Sonya Serbriakova (in Chekhov's play *Uncle Vanya*), a character whose personal happiness is eclipsed, whose future holds little but the prospect of being of use to others, is *Natrum muriaticum* rather than *Staphysagria*.

In staking his particular claim to generosity, a *Silica* patient might say, "It's not that I'm ungenerous. It's simply that I'm not overly generous." Or, "Am I generous? Let me think. I try to be. I hope I am. But whether I succeed is for others to decide."

The truth of the matter is that from a desire to protect his fragile ego (*P1*), generosity does not come to him spontaneously-as do fair-mindedness and justice. *Silica* is the sentinel who, locked within his own thoughts, turns on the world a quizzical, doubtful eye. Sensing, however, that criticism deals only in shadows, and wishing to partake of the light of generosity, he will make a concerted effort to be magnanimous in thought as well as deed. But so unobtrusive is the nature of his generosity that it is only later that others realize the extent to which the quiet *Silica* has qualified (in contrast to making a direct impact on) their lives.

The tone changes with *Ignatia*. With the occasional exception of *Phosphorus*, no other personality type possesses as generous an impulse to give all of oneself emotionally. For this reason *Ignatia* is especially vulnerable in romantic relationships. If, in the words of Shakespeare, he or she "loves not wisely but too well," it is precisely from an excess of this intrinsically attractive quality. In an attempt wholly to identify with the object of his love-to feel, see, and experience the world through the eyes and mind and feelings of the beloved-the lover falls into the danger of near-obliteration of his own personality (*P2*). The unbalanced generosity then begins to take on attributes of its own opposite-excessive neediness and demands. This last might be the reason why this remedy is (astonishingly) one of only four polychrests listed under the rubric "Selfishness" in the Kent *Repertory* (the other three being *Sulphur*, *Medorrhinum*, and *Pulsatilla*). All of which, however, does not detract from the authenticity of *Ignatia*'s initial generosity.

In *Sense and Sensibility*, Jane Austen dramatizes the *Silica* and *Ignatia* polarity of temperaments in two sisters' reactions to thwarted love. Elinor, the considerate, patient, discriminating *Silica* sister who, in her solicitude for others' feelings and to set an example to her unhappy younger sister, generously struggles to subdue her own grief, is contrasted to the more fascinating, excessively idealistic, and theatrically generous *Ignatia* Marianne who, scorning to stoop to her sister's attempts at emotional equanimity, indulges in the stormy and anarchic passions of an overly romantic nature, to the great distress and anxiety of those around her.

From Robin Hood down, it has been regarded morally acceptable to steal from the rich as long as one is compassionate and generous to the poor, and to this philosophy *Mercurius* would be one of the first to subscribe. Regardless of how dubious his ethics, how irreverent his attitude towards certain aspects of accepted morality, the type is often the possessor of a generosity of spirit that throws the more conventional virtues into the shade.

An apt literary illustration of this trait is encountered in the *Mercurius* scamps, Tecumseh Pickens and Caligula Polk, in O. Henry's short story "Hostages to Momus," who plan to kidnap a dignified elderly Southern gentleman, President of the Sunrise and Edenville Tap Railroad, for a \$10,000 ransom. The two adventurers then decide to treat their hostage with courtesy and liberality and stock up an opulent supply of foods and wines with which to make his captivity comfortable. When numerous employees of the long defunct ten-mile strip of railroad, allegedly bearing ransom money, "drop out of the trees" in their eagerness to join the president for his next meal at the mountain hideout, the kidnappers realize that the entire Southern town is impecunious and near starving ("I ... escorted up a man six foot three, with a sandy beard and no other dimensions that you could notice. Thinks I to myself, if he's got

ten thousand dollars on his person it's in one bill and folded lengthwise"). At which point they generously revise the agenda:

At six o'clock we ... organized a mass of grub such as has seldom instigated out of canned and bottled goods ... [and] spread the top of the mountain with as fine a dinner as the personnel of any railroad ever engulfed ... The railroad gathered around it, and the wassail and diversions was intense*

There is one additional generous aspect of *Mercurius*, which the type shares with Phosphorus (also *Tuberculinum*)— namely, even if opportunistic or tricky, he does not rob another of his self-esteem; even if competitive and a prima donna, he contrives to assert himself in a way that does not demean others. There is room in the world for any number of struggling bodies, and *Mercurius* generously welcomes others to join him in the fray.

Generosity often characterizes *Aurum's* manner of giving out to the world whatever talent or material good he possesses. More subdued in style than *Phosphorus's* showy acts of generosity, with little of *Sulphur's* ostentatious munificence, and even less of *Lachesis St. Martin de Tours's* gesture of dividing his only cloak with a beggar, his generosity rests on the full confidence that any material or intellectual gifts one comes into the world possessing, or has had the good fortune to acquire, can be replenished; and that consequently, it is a person's duty to employ these gifts for the common weal.

One patient, who periodically required *Aurum* as a constitutional remedy, would carry this attractive philosophy to inordinate lengths. Much of the time he lived from hand-to-mouth. Yet by virtue of being the recipient of periodic windfalls (either in the form of well-paid freelance jobs, or from the sale of an unexpectedly valuable piece of family silver or furniture, or, once, from a small inheritance that came his way to tide him over several lean years) he was never in serious need. Such a strong faith did he have in the *similia similibus curentur* principle that whenever he grew short of funds, he would begin to spend in a generous way what little he had.

"The main thing is to live as if money were no object," he would preach, "and let the Universe take care of one as it does of the proverbial lilies of the field. The more money one spends on other people, the more one attracts. It never fails."

Although this idiosyncratic interpretation and implementation of the law of similars could hardly be regarded as the great specific for all types in a precarious financial situation, one or two other *Aurum* requiring patients have testified in similar ways to the virtues of casting their bread upon the waters.

Depending on the constitutional type, sometimes generosity will play brightly on the surface of life, at other times it falls, a chance ray, through a dense thicket; it may be emphatic in nature or, conversely, diffident— sometimes shining full strength, at other times, partially eclipsed. But in whatever manner this virtue appears, its illuminating force within an individual serves to remind the homoeopathic practitioner, dealing primarily with the darker character traits, of the brighter, lighter side of human nature.

*Incidentally, O. Henry himself displayed a number of *Mercurius* characteristics, including "trickery" in his writing (the renowned O. Henry plot twists and surprise endings; the nimble prose style—its quips, puns, epigrams, and other play on words); his unstable moods which alternated rapidly between liveliness and melancholy; and his generous (if morally questionable) impulses. To help a friend in need, he embezzled funds from the bank at which he was a teller, was discovered before he could return the money, and was sent to prison for a three-year term. There he became closely acquainted with highjackers, cattle thieves, safecrackers, and swindlers, whom he was later to portray in his fiction. And it was from this institution—the [Ohio State Penitentiary]—that he whimsically drew his famous pen name.

Expanding Views

The therapeutic possibilities of the homoeopathic medicines are continually being expanded as practitioners perceive in them ever new "worlds" and "heavens"—ever new "infinities" and "eternities." The observations and analyses tendered in these *Portraits* make no claim to definitiveness. They have been merely offered to help guide the prescriber (as he searches for symptoms) in those confused and refractory cases that defy repertorization and refuse to cede to any familiar formulas. Even the best of formulae can be over—quarried. It is only by exploring beyond the existing limits of a remedy picture, while simultaneously acknowledging at every step its time-honored features, that the physician can creatively respond to the challenges increasingly confronting one of "the most rapid, most reliable, and least harmful" (Hahnemann) methods of healing revealed to mankind.

Supplement

The following chapter was originally published separated in 1989 as a supplement to portraits volume 2. It was author's earliest experiment in the genre of descriptive comparative material medica. As it has remained untouched, it seemed appropriate to include here.

Indifference

Indifference: "Lack of feeling for or against anything; apathy; lack of sufficient importance to constitute a difference; not easily interested or moved; neither good or bad, desirable or undesirable" (Webster's)

THIS MENTAL STATE, defined by Webster mainly in negative terms to portray an emotion void, is actually a highly complex emotion, full of substance and fraught with inner tension. Its manifestations differ in various constitutional types and according to the causes from which it originates.

For instance, in *Phosphorus* indifference often takes the form of unresponsiveness, in *Lycopodium* of detachment, in *Sulphur* of egocentricity, in *Natrum muriaticum* of self-denial, in *Sepia* of lack of interest, in *Lachesis* of "switching off," and so forth. Sometimes the indifference appears innate (*Lycopodium*), sometimes acquired (*Phosphorus*, *Phosphoric acid*), sometimes assiduously cultivated (*Natrum muriaticum*, *Staphysagria*), sometimes a blend of the above (*Sepia*).

In its purest form, indifference is a sickness arising from total physical collapse or mental shock, with no strength to care, and is addressed by such remedies as *Phosphoric acid* and *Carbo vegetabilis*. But sometimes it is part of a curative process—offering the individual a way to find emotional equilibrium or overcome an underlying vulnerability.

This species of indifference then is a rejection of overly powerful and uncontrolled emotions which endanger one's serenity. It is the calm after an emotional storm, emerging when pain and bitterness have been exhausted, emotional injury and disappointment overcome, rancor and resentment dispersed. The patient has progressed beyond the subversive anger that tends to turn against him, beyond an extreme loathing of life, and has arrived instead at an indifference that assists him to confront harrowing emotional ambiguities or to become disengaged from some obsession or unendurable reality. The task of the homoeopathic remedies may often be to help the patient arrive at or maintain this highly desirable state of poise and serenity. For their action is paradoxical—the one that can dispel an unhealthy indifference can also sustain and encourage a curative one.

However, sustained indifference, even when curative, is often unnatural. Feeling, caring, enjoying, relating, being moved by interest or curiosity all are integral to being human; and a true indifference, in the sense of emotional stasis, denies a vital aspect of the human experience. The individual who remains too long in an emotional void, lacking positive feelings, risks filling the vacuum with negative ones. In these cases, extricating the patient from his slough of indifference and restoring him to a fuller state of existence becomes the physician's prime objective.

The term "indifference" thus covers a range of functions both curative and masking, emotions both healthy and unhealthy, and manifestations both desirable and undesirable—meaning, in homoeopathy, that we have a large assortment of possible medicines. Apart from *Phosphoric acid*, the newest member of our portrait gallery, the following pages focus primarily upon the finer shadings of several remedies already discussed in these Portraits. This selection merely reflects the author's own observations and limited experience—and is not meant to exclude such remedies as *Platina*, *Lilium tigrinum*, and dozens of others which have also been found to benefit patients in whom indifference is a prominent symptom.

Genuine Indifference Resulting From Physical Ailments or Mental Shock:

A genuine indifference, in the sense of true emotional emptiness, can be provoked by such acute physical ailments as influenza, pneumonia, mononucleosis, malaria, Typhoid, and others. The patient is left too feeble to muster a mental or emotional response.

Carbo vegetabilis comes first to mind for the utter indifference accompanying the state of collapse following a severe illness. The patient is aware of his surroundings but "hears everything without feeling pleasantly or unpleasantly, and without thinking of it" (Hering). He cannot "whip himself into activity or rouse a desire to do anything ... [and is] unable to perceive or feel the impressions that circumstances ought to arouse" (Kent). These mental symptoms reflect one aspect of the well-attested *Carbo vegetabilis* "sluggishness" (Kent).

Another commonly prescribed medicine for indifference after an exhausting illness (influenza in particular) is *Gelsemium*. Here the mental "dullness, listlessness, and languor" (Boericke) correspond to the patient's physical picture of droopy eyelids, heavy limbs, and complete absence of energy. And, in a perhaps fanciful extension of the law of similars, the state of both mind and body is reminiscent of the torpid, sultry languor induced by the intoxicating perfume of the yellow jasmine from which the remedy derives.

Psorinum should also be considered for indifference arising from lowered vitality and lingering weakness in a patient never fully recovered from some previous illness—a "never cared since" syndrome which parallels *Psorinum's* "never well since" syndrome (P2).

Phosphoric acid is another viable candidate for total indifference to his surroundings. Although Boericke says of it, "mental debility comes first, followed later by the physical," many physicians find it useful in cases of indifference following a debilitating physical illness, where the patient simply has too little energy to care.

The same may be said for *China* (*Cinchona officinalis*) whose indifferent state ("indifference to all external impressions and disinclination to speak what formerly appeared to him in a bright, genial light, seems now to be lusterless, unworthy, and shallow": Hahnemann) arises from extreme debility—great lassitude and weakness—usually associated with the loss of vital fluids (haemorrhages, drenching perspirations, diarrhea).

Indifference can also result from severe mental shock—after a fright or overwhelming sorrow.

The immediate aftermath might call for *Aconite* or *Ignatia*, respectively. But once the initial shock has been overcome, *Opium* with its "ailments that originate from fright" (Hering) or *Phosphoric acid*, which addresses a "system [that] has been exposed to the ravages of grief and loss" (Boericke), are frequently resorted to.

Opium's "stupefaction [and] indifference" (Hahnemann) are easily recognized by those familiar with the effects of opium and other opiates ("complains of nothing, wants nothing; tranquil indifference to earthly things": Hahnemann) and requires no further clarifying examples.* But the *Phosphoric acid* indifference that descends on the patient who has undergone the shock of "grief, chagrin, or disappointment in love" (Hering) does call for elaboration.

*However, the reader is reminded of the remedy's unique role in that extreme case of indifference—unconsciousness from a severe head injury or other such cause (secondarily, *Belladonna* and *Helleborus*).

Like a stone thrown into still waters, after the initial shattering, the emotions spend themselves in a series of ripples of decreasing intensity, and *Phosphoric acid* is a major remedy for these peripheral reverberations. Thus, it better fits the second stage of emotional trauma, when acute shock has become a "settled despair" (Boericke) that may take the form of indifference.

Usually this patient is quiet and seemingly unperturbed. No strong feelings or sensations smolder beneath the surface ("no howling emptiness inside," as one patient put it). He is adverse to conversation and unable to react appropriately ("speaks little and answers unwillingly the questions put to him": Hahnemann)—not because he is sullen or out of humor (although he may "look very ill-humored and sullen": Hahnemann) but from a sense of futility. No comment is adequate to the trauma he has undergone, and no one who has not experienced a similar grief can understand it. He does not permit himself to feel lest he reopen old wounds and rekindle the former pain (cf. *Causticum*). He will dutifully go through the required motions of living but might appear abstracted—almost in a dream. Or, conversely, he might tell himself to clean the house, work in the garden, or visit a friend, but then appends, "Why bother? Why pretend to care? Nothing matters any more ... " In extreme cases he takes to his bed, lying motionless, "like a log, utterly regardless of his surroundings" (H. C. Allen); or he will sit numb and dazed, staring vacantly into space.

And yet, *Phosphoric acid* may at times be indicated for the polar opposite of indifference—the overt forms of grieving where the patient is visibly torn asunder, uncontrolled and frantic ("hysteria": Hering; "restlessness ... weeping ... hurried talking": Hahnemann).

A woman of fifty, diagnosed several years earlier with multiple sclerosis, suddenly realized that her condition was incurable. She had been valiantly ignoring it and trying to live normally, but her progressive physical disability now caused her continually to trip and fall. In the last few months she had gone from a cane to a walker, and was now confined to a wheelchair. Her back hurt continuously; at night she had severe tearing pains in the legs; she had neither bowel nor urinary control; and her clumsy fingers could not open jars or bottles, or even hold objects without dropping them. Her tongue, moreover, was so thick and in agile that she sounded inebriated when she spoke. Hence, she had totally lost her composure and came to the physician sobbing in terror and despair.

Ignatia was initially prescribed for her hysteria, and several other remedies were tried, but the case was really turned around by *Phosphoric acid* 200c (in weekly doses for a month). Today, ten years later, the patient has not been cured of her degenerative disease but has very definitely improved. She can walk with the use of a cane, has nearly full control of her bowels and urine, talks almost normally, and has recovered more than eighty percent of her manual dexterity. She receives constitutional remedies at least monthly to maintain her improvement, and if she relapses into overt fear and hopelessness, *Phosphoric acid* invariably comes to the rescue*

*Worth mentioning, in connection with this case, is that *Phosphoric acid*, with its "extremities weak and greatly debilitated; tearing pains in joints, bones, and periosteum; stumbles easily and makes mistakes," and *Picric acid* (an explosive), with its "great weakness of the extremities, tired heavy feeling all over body, especially the limbs; acute ascending paralysis" (Boericke), are among the half-score or so remedies that have proven exceptionally valuable in multiple sclerosis. Others are *Natrum muriaticum*, *Plumbum metallicum*, *Causticum*, *Staphysagria*, *Nux vomica*, *Phosphorus*, *Gelsemium*, and *Ignatia*.

The Masking Indifference:

Often the indifference is not genuine but merely feigned— a sheath concealing some underlying drive, fear, or vulnerability. The aim is not to deceive. The mask of indifference helps preserve self control and maintain emotional stability; it serves to contain an otherwise consuming emotion. It also signals to others that this reserve should not be violated but be respected.

A representative *Phosphoric acid* case was the middle-aged man suffering from arthritic pains of recent onset who, with the noblest intentions in the world, could scarcely tolerate the chronic infidelities of his attractive young wife. His love for her and their two young children, together with his innate stoicism, enabled him to conceal his pain behind a protective indifference; and his calm disposition, seemingly incapable of rancor, helped him appear unperturbed. Only his sorrowful, pleading eyes— those of a dog gazing imploringly at his master and unable to express his pain— betrayed his true feelings. Although he forgave his wife in his heart and appeared indifferent to her behavior, his body possessed a will of its own and refused to allow him to ignore the repeated injuries to his psyche.

Being closely related chemically to *Phosphorus*, *Phosphoric acid* has the same affinity for the bones and joints— with "tearing," "burning," "boring," "digging," or "cramping" pains— and this remedy was prescribed on medium potencies, so as not to disturb the emotional defense mechanism at work) with gratifying results. The physical pain vanished, and even the emotional one became more tolerable.

Admittedly, other homoeopathic remedies are available to assist patients who conceal their injuries under a cloak of indifference, but whose unforgiving and unforgetting body develops pathology in consequence. *Natrum muriaticum* is a prime example— hiding his sorrow under a beaming smile so as not to burden others with his interminable difficulties ("No, nothing's the matter ... Yes, I'm perfectly fine!") or maintaining a stoic front and stiff upper lip to prevent his feelings from becoming too real (*PI*).

Prominent here, too, is *Staphysagria*— whose protective indifference may conceal even from himself the emotional origins of his bursitis, rheumatism, sciatica, tendonitis, or whatever. This was exemplified in the woman with a persistent sciatica which resisted all painkillers. After trying every conceivable medical test, including a computed tomography (CT) scan, she eventually turned for help to homoeopathy. At first she was treated with the more "specific" sciatica remedies, such as *Rhus toxicodendron*, *Hypericum*, and *Colocynth* is, but when these proved unavailing, the physician inquired more closely about her family. Underlying her condition, as it turned out, was anger at her son's schoolteacher, who was critical of his behavior and insensitive to his needs. She disguised this by a cavalier indifference ("So, she's incompetent. I suppose she cannot help that. Anyway, she'll be out of his life after this year!"), but her body did not allow her to suppress this resentment and asserted itself in no uncertain terms until the situation was righted by *Staphysagria*.

Such are the psychic depths addressed by the homoeopathic remedy even without the patient's conscious participation. Without forcing him laboriously to examine the distressing present, or to disinter and relive the traumatic past (in this case, it was the excessive parental criticism the patient, herself, had been subjected to in childhood), the *simillimum* proceeds to disperse their untoward consequences.

Indifference to Everything in Life:

"Indifference" in the *Kent Repertory* has a number of subrubrics. We begin with the one which is broadest in scope: "indifference to everything in life."

This state is akin to *ennui*, that mental weariness and overall dissatisfaction with life which in former years was regarded as a malady of the leisured class but which today, under conditions of democracy, is shared equally by all.

The patient does not display a Hamlet— like loathing for life out of intellectual angst or ambiguity, nor yet a Werther— like tedium vitae out of sorrow or despair, with active desire for death. His attitude is more defeatists; his mood is calm, but his outlook is somber.

For this condition *Phosphoric acid* is a homoeopathic mainstay ("remarkably indifferent to everything in life": Hering). It befits the patient with complete lack of interest in his surroundings. Even when young, he can be so fatigued in spirit, so firmly convinced that pleasure, success, affection, and excitement are not for him, that he has ceased striving for happiness or meaning in life.

It is not a sense of grievance that deprives him of responsiveness but rather a settled discouragement and demoralization—a dispirited reaction to his environment. He displays no urgency, no desire for accomplishment, no impatience to overcome his mental stagnation or to move out of his emotional limbo. "I need time to remain ill ... I haven't the energy to start getting well ... Don't force me out of my apathy" are his more typical supplications; and "I don't want any of your remedies. I refuse to be potentized!" is a more unusual one.

A man of the church, who had returned weak and depressed from a tour of the Third World in an official capacity, was loath to resume his parish duties. While the diarrhea he had contracted in Africa was debilitating enough, something more subtle and profound than any physical ailment had transpired during his trip. Witnessing so much poverty, illness, starvation, and suffering in his enfeebled state had undermined his faith, and he was now quite indifferent to the spiritual welfare of his American flock. He saw no point in continuing his mission on earth. He had in short, given up. "I feel that I have passed the summit of life; from now on the path goes only downhill."

The minister's uncharacteristic, but now engrained, indifference was so startling that a friend recommended that he try homoeopathy. On the basis of his continuing diarrhea (prominent in *Phosphoric acid*), and also by virtue of the idiosyncratic modality "worse when walking out of doors, better from sitting in the house" (Hahnemann), the remedy was prescribed in the 1M potency.

Neither patient nor prescriber was disappointed. *Phosphoric acid* not only helped restore the clergyman's former sanguine disposition but accomplished the more formidable task of renewing his faith in an ultimately merciful (even if His ways are not entirely comprehensible) Deity.

The *Phosphorus* "indifference to everything in life" presents an even more striking contrast to the type's usual liveliness and *joie de vivre*. Sometimes his lack of response reflects an overall satiety with life's pleasures—after having burnt the candle at both ends; at other times it proceeds from the sudden loss of his former attractive enthusiasm.

A homoeopathic physician in his mid-thirties who was relatively new to the trade suddenly lost all interest in life— including family, friends, hobbies, even (difficult to believe!) his profession. His former ebullience and eagerness to follow the homoeopathic method had turned into a profound despondency ("the whole world seems dreadful to him; only weeping relieves him": Hahnemann) and was later

moderated to a less alarming listlessness ("afterwards total apathy": Hahnemann). When he finally turned to a colleague for assistance, the latter had no difficulty arriving at the root of the problem.

Some years earlier this fledgling doctor had been converted to homoeopathy by one of those energetic and charismatic leaders periodically spawned by this movement, who set themselves up as more than mere teachers— rather as "masters" or "gurus"— and thereupon develop a strong and devoted following.

For a few years this patient had been the favorite son, a privileged position which sustained him in his studies and his work. But when he was duly superseded by a younger disciple, the light of his enthusiasm dimmed and was finally extinguished altogether. He no longer had the heart to seek the company of his former colleagues, or even to practice homoeopathy, and became quite indifferent to life.

Phosphorus is an enthusiast and, like many enthusiasts, requires an outside force to nourish and sustain his interest (the *Phosphorus* personality, we recall; may lack a clearly defined core or sense of identity [PI/]; and in these cases his enthusiasm is a weakness rather than a strength. When this nourishing force withdraws, he is lost and empty, unable to function on his own. He then laments the unsubstantiated promises, which are no less meaningful to him for being largely tacit, and feels rejected and bereft. Furthermore, because it is an "outside" force that he has never fully understood, he is confronted with the pain of disillusionment in a God that has failed. Such was this patient's predicament.

He had dosed himself with *Aurum metallicum*, *Ignatia*, *Natrum muriaticum*, and other remedies, but he started slowly to pull out of his debilitating mental state only when *Phosphorus* was prescribed, largely on the basis of the contrast between his present indifference and his former strong enthusiasm. He eventually resumed his former practice-but this time in a quieter mode, with truer inner strength.

Natrum muriaticum can be equally indifferent to life after some painful disillusionment or loss of enthusiasm, but has another mode of reaction. He seldom abandons completely any activity involving an element of duty and thus, despite his current apathy, joylessly goes through the motions of what was once meaningful. Hence, his indifference is burdened with more subliminal anger and resentment than that of *Phosphorus*, *Phosphoric acid*, or *Carbo vegetabilis*.

However, it is rarely maintained with any consistency. Rather it alternates with spells of diligence, animation, and resurging enthusiasm, and this all contributes to the type's well-known mood swings and sudden reversals of tastes and opinions (PI.). Although *Natrum muriaticum* might be genuinely indifferent to his own life or welfare, he is not indifferent to death. While perhaps welcoming it in the abstract, he cannot be apathetic about leaving the world improperly attended to. Who will set things right once he has departed? Therefore, he must stay around— at least until someone equally farseeing and responsible materializes to take over his important duties. What is more, when he does recover from a debilitating indifference, he embraces life with the eagerness appropriate to one miraculously vouchsafed another opportunity of assisting a world in travail.

Lycopodium presents quite another picture of "indifference to the highest degree ... insensibility to external impressions" (Hahnemann). Ever skeptical of emotion, and both relativistic and ambivalent in his perception of the world, his apathy seldom proceeds from lost enthusiasm but is rather an offshoot of his innate detachment. He both instinctively and on principle repudiates whatever jeopardizes this detachment—any enthusiasm, eagerness, or too-strong emotion (PI.).

This characteristic is not easily analyzed but is best appreciated in context. *Lycopodium's* principled reluctance to betray enthusiasm was displayed by the lady gardener whose growing indifference to life had been exacerbated by a mid-life depression. When challenged by a friend to react to a beautiful bed of geraniums, she replied, "I don't find this flower bed the least bit interesting. But perhaps the fault lies in the geraniums themselves and not in my own apathy. Uninspiring flowers at best, they do not grip the attention of even the most ardent horticulturist."

Another instance of this deflating indifference is encountered in his way of reacting to another's excited concern with a cool, "Does it really matter?" Indeed, in cosmic terms, the event might not really matter, but it was not seen that way until *Lycopodium* placed it in this perspective.

Likewise, when told that some undertaking is bound to be "unforgettable," *Lycopodium* may remark wryly, "That is entirely possible!"— the implication being that the experience may well match the enthusiast's expectations, but not necessarily in the way desired.

Such laconic, even-tempered skepticism could be viewed, charitably, as reluctance to take too seriously his own or another's feelings— a healthy characteristic when not accompanied by emotional withdrawal. Those less partial to the typical *Lycopodium* aloofness ascribe this "indifference" to an unyielding desire for psychological mastery.

In *Calcareo carbonica*, indifference to everything in life carries a note of resignation.

In sickness this can appear as "indifference about his recovery" (Kent) with loss of all desire to fight illness.* In health he may refuse to worry about the morrow. "What will be, will be," states he with oriental fatalism. "Sufficient unto the day are the problems thereof."

Thus, he resists the modern tempo of haste and urgency and handles all conflicts and ambiguities through a placid indifference. Tracing back through the case history, the physician may find indifference rooted in disappointment that some anticipated event did not occur, some long-awaited change never came to pass. The patient has relinquished hope and become indifferent so as to forestall future disappointment.

It is not only older persons, who may have outlived the need for passion and intensity in their lives, who suffer from phlegmatism and inertia, but younger ones as well. This state compares with *Sepia's* emotional "stasis" (Farrington), but without the latter's soured outlook. *Calcareo* merely exhibits a preference for stasis over motion, even if (since life 'is motion) this entails some denial of life itself. Oblomov, the hero in the Russian novel by Ivan Goncharov and an archetypal *Calcareo carbonica* figure (*PI*), represents this indifference to everything— he man who wishes only to be left in peace. To attain this end, he will sacrifice love, friendship, accomplishment, and even self-respect.

Finally, this *Calcareo* indifference, that neither condemns nor condones the surrounding world, does not repudiate life generally but simply sets little value on his own.

*If there has been much physical pain and suffering, the remedy is often *Arsenicum album* ("careless about approaching death, neither hopes nor wishes to recover": Hahnemann).

A kind and sensitive, but lonely, *Calcarea* soul suffered from dizziness, constipation, poor sleep, tension in the neck and shoulders, heartburn, and low self-esteem. In her marriage she had long resigned herself to second-class citizenship, especially once her children had grown and gone. Her life offered no tragedy or trauma, merely stagnation; she had withdrawn into her shell and was "indisposed to talking, without being ill-humored" (Hahnemann). Mindful that at times this type can be jogged out of passive indifference only by some external stimulus, the physician, in the full and august majesty of his authority, instructed her to adopt a kitten and two canaries. This mandate, reinforced by a prescription of the potentized oyster shell, accomplished the desired physical improvement.

And there was even some mental improvement, as seen from her remarks a few months later. "Certainly at birth we are dealt a weaker or stronger hand, but I now realize that this does not justify a fatalistic indifference to the game being played. The challenge lies in how you play your cards, in scoring as many tricks as you can. A not-too-original discovery, to be sure, but one which I never really absorbed until now." She sighed, "I suppose that, with the kitten now fully grown and the canaries singing away contentedly, I shall have to concentrate on how to play my hand better. But, oh dear! What a daunting prospect!"*

The *Staphysagria* indifference to everything in life usually follows some insult or emotional injury which, as was observed earlier, the conscious mind may be willing to overlook, but which the implacable physical constitution has no intention of letting pass.

A young woman, temporarily institutionalized for a nervous breakdown, was unable to pass urine without a catheter. She was the picture of indifference, sitting unreactive and unresponsive and staring all day out the window. Her urinary retention, which had commenced in the hospital, immediately suggested *Staphysagria*, and closer questioning revealed the presence of suppressed indignation. Her room had no doorknob on the inside, and she had been furious at the indignity of being so incarcerated. After carrying on about it for two days, her passion was spent, and she relapsed into indifference; but she had been unable to urinate since that time. Three doses of the remedy in high potency, administered at twelve-hour intervals, released both her urine and her anger. After this outbreak of emotion she became anxious to be released from the hospital and, in consequence, became cooperative and made a speedy recovery.

Sepia and *Sulphur*, two major remedies in this particular subrubric, are accorded much coverage in the following sections. Here we need only state that *Sepia's* overall indifference ("very indifferent to everything: the death of a near relative or some happy occurrence leave her equally unaffected": Hering)—for which a previous trauma or sorrow cannot always be established—often merely reflects a chronic physical lethargy and prostration that renders the type incapable of feeling ("lies [indifferent] with her eyes closed": Kent). *Sulphur's* indifference to everything, on the other hand, usually strikes the physician as a temporary unnatural state in glaring contrast to the individual's customary assertiveness.

*For *Causticum's* contrasting attitude, see footnote on p. 80.

Indifference to Pleasure and Money:

Of the numerous indifference subrubrics in Kent's *Repertory*, perhaps the most intriguing is "indifference to pleasure, [also] to agreeable things." This symptom can be a genuine lack of response to pleasure or can indicate some strong feeling or conviction which the patient is combating. In either case it often serves as a guiding symptom.

"Pleasure" here does not mean merely sensual gratification— indulgence in comfort, sexuality, rest, and beauty— although elements of these are naturally present. We speak rather of pleasure in its eighteenth century usage, as a man's innate and legitimate heritage. Or, to quote from Wordsworth's Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, "the grand elemental principle [that constitutes] the native and naked dignity of man . . . [and is the means] by which man knows and feels and lives and moves."

This bold assertion places pleasure at the very core of man's self-definition. Our very humanity resides in the ability to experience and appreciate pleasure. Indifference to pleasure thus suggests some gross psychic deformity, the negation of some vital human attribute.

The role of *Phosphoric acid* in this particular category is marginal. His indifference to pleasure usually reflects one aspect of his overall emotional emptiness. He cannot respond to pleasurable stimuli because of protracted low-key depression and a low level of energy ("great general weakness": Clarke). Nothing is worth struggling for; he is neither comfortable nor uncomfortable, neither happy nor sad. Pleasure is a matter of indifference because life no longer holds out promise or hope. *Phosphoric acid* was the middle-aged woman who suffered from wakefulness at night, due primarily to a frequent need to pass large quantities of colorless urine. Her most arresting feature, however, was her attitude. "I feel gray, flat, lifeless, unmotivated, completely uninterested and uninteresting. I don't know why I don't sketch any more—I used to enjoy it. I suppose I should take it up again, but—" She shrugged indifferently.

"Don't you enjoy anything at all?" the physician inquired solicitously.

She thought for a long moment. "Not really. I derive a little pleasure from being subtly condescending to my dull neighbors— if that can be considered a legitimate pleasure. But most of the time I can't be bothered being even that." So saying, she heaved a sigh of regret at lost opportunities.

This was, admittedly, not much. So prescribe on in a condition for which many suitable polychrests are available. Still the physician grabbed at this straw ("indisposed even for pleasant mental work": Hahnemann), and, once on the trail of *Phosphoric acid*, found another symptom to clinch his choice of remedy. The patient could not fall asleep again after her numerous risings to urinate without drinking a few sips of fruit juice. Water, milk, various herb teas, and the like would not serve. She had to have fruit juice; otherwise she stayed awake for the rest of the night.

"Desires fruit [and] juicy things" (Kent) is a key to *Phosphoric acid*. This symptom, coupled with her particular urinary complaint (for which this remedy is often indicated), left little doubt as to the curative prescription.

The *Carbo vegetabilis* indifference to pleasure is suggested by Hahnemann's observation, "music which he loves does not affect him."

A case in point was the man with a nondescript lingering cough and faulty digestion. While the physician was searching for some guiding symptom, he volunteered, "I cannot experience any joy in life at all, even in my favorite pastimes. Certainly I feel debilitated from the many stresses on me, but even a passive

occupation like watching television gives me no satisfaction whatever— perhaps because of the dreadful commercials!"

"You could set your dial to the noncommercial channels, such as Public Television," the physician suggested. "And leave it there."

"I've already tried that. But I am bored by these 'tasteful' nature shows and the 'intelligent' scientific documentaries. I'm even tired of the impeccably acted British drama serials. I'm simply indifferent to them all!"

Well, he did seem beyond redemption!

For, to this patient the visual and performing arts had been the breath of life. He would describe a good movie as "a religious experience," or a well-acted play as "a mystical revelation." Even a patch of canvas with squiggly lines or some random daubs of color could bring a glistening to his eyes, as he would murmur, "After all, art is the only thing in the world worth living for!"

In the very exaggeration of his new attitude, however, by his homoeopathic redemption. It was so obviously a variation on the *Carbo vegetabilis* "indifference to music which he loves" that the physician prescribed this remedy with complete confidence in its success.

Unlike the indifference of *Staphysagria* which, often resulting from some profound injury, leaves him unable to respond even to pleasure ("the most attractive things make no impression on him": Hahnemann), *Sepia's* indifference to pleasure ("an absence of all joy ... no affection for the delightful things of life": Kent) is largely caused by physical fatigue. She is simply too tired.

We recall that the *Sepia* woman, when urged to converse or socialize, may lack the energy even to pull the muscles of her face into a smile or articulate words, or merely to look and respond appropriately— far less is she able to take pleasure in an agreeable social gathering. Her indifference is at times so pervasive that she cannot even envisage change and is quite indifferent to the outcome of events. Yet, when her physical lassitude does not correspond in degree to her mental apathy, the physician might detect a subliminal longing to experience pleasure. "Is this the way everyone goes through life?" she laments. "Without happiness? Without any interest in pleasure? What a dreary and dismal thought!"

That the aspiration of this *Sepia* to a fuller and more joyous life is genuine (in contrast to the neurotic type who will not relinquish her misery) is demonstrated by her transformation (no other word will do!) when engaged in a vigorous adrenalin—stimulating activity (*PI*).

Her indifference to pleasurable pursuits may extend also to food. "I simply don't have any appetite whatever" is a common remark.

This state is not to be confused with anorexia (although *Sepia* can be anorexic)— where the patient is actually obsessed by food and deliberately curbs her intake out of pride in her self-control, to demonstrate how little she needs to survive (*Arsenicum*), to punish herself (*Natrum muriaticum*), or out of grief (*Ignatia*), or any of the above (*Nux vomica*). The basis for *Sepia's* lack of interest in food is often a sluggish digestion that renders all victuals unattractive.

One patient's confusing picture of menopausal depression, frequent hot flashes, and other symptoms had the physician wavering among *Sulphur*, *Lachesis*, *Pulsatilla*, and *Sepia*. He finally opted for the latter when she said, "While I am not a great eater at the best of times, lately I have had no interest in food at all. It settles heavily in my stomach and remains lodged there in mute protest. Most trying of all are my routine duties as cook for the household!"

The woman who wants nothing to do with the rituals of nourishing herself or others is frequently a *Sepia*. *Sulphur's* indifference to the pleasures of the table reflects less a distaste for food than obliviousness to what he eats, when he eats, and even whether he eats, because his mind is occupied with "higher" things.

This type's lack of interest in material pleasures differs from the incapacity of *Sepia*, *Phosphoric acid*, or *Carbo vegetabilis* to experience agreeable sensations. It reflects absorption in his own thoughts, with resultant obliviousness to his surroundings ("indifference to external things": Kent). His dreams and imaginings can be so much richer, so much more vivid, than any pleasure offered by the real world that he grows indifferent to the latter. He is not exhausted, merely self-centered.

His indifference to pleasure may also have a philosophical or ideological basis—being rooted more in Thoreau than in any genuine rejection of the world's comforts (*PI* and "Generosity"). For the sake of some higher spirituality he disdains the trivial pursuits, the specious materialism, of contemporary culture. But even the purest and most admirable *Sulphur* ideologue in sincere rebellion against social vanities may possess an Achilles' heel. Although prepared to relinquish most comforts, he will display one particular human weakness—for good wine or food, or some particular article of attire such as fine leather shoes, silk ties, or a handsome watch. Rakhmerov, hero of Chernyshevsky's novel *What's to Be Done?*, is a perfect example. A revolutionary idealist possessing the typical *Sulphur* streak of asceticism, who rejects every luxury and self-indulgence while striving to build a better world, he still cannot resist the pleasure of smoking very expensive cigars!

Natrum muriaticum, who also senses deeply that luxury and indulgence only distract the high-minded from more significant issues, is more consistent in his indifference to pleasure.

To free himself from "thralldom to the decadent values of a bourgeois society organized for the pursuit of pleasure," as one patient earnestly committed to helping the "underprivileged" put it in all sincerity, he seeks a sort of dignity in resisting pleasure. To this constitutional type, who takes a dim view of pleasure in the best of circumstances and who over identifies with those he is helping, Wordsworth's "the native and naked dignity of man" lies not in pleasure but in self-denying renunciation of that which is agreeable.

But *Natrum muriaticum* is an active soul, ever searching out that which defines his humanity, and cannot long remain merely indifferent. The repudiation of pleasure—denying himself a major avenue of escape from life's hardships—leads inexorably to acceptance of unpleasure as an essential feature of his humanity; and he quickly perceives human dignity as residing in the capacity to suffer. Thus, his indifference is far from being an emotional void but pulsates with activity and tension, straining to develop into some form of self-punishment or into the particular self-deprivation which so often lies at the root of his actions and reactions. This, too, is how he boxes himself into the "bleak" mental state for which the type is so well-known (*PI*).

However, while indifferent to pleasure, *Natrum muriaticum* can experience transports of joy—which is in some ways antagonistic to the calm of pleasure. Usually this transcendent state cannot be long sustained and is soon superseded by a collapse into despondency (also *Phosphorus* and *Lachesis*). This characteristic is one more source of the type's profound mood swings.

When *Arsenicum album* is indifferent to pleasure, it is usually out of love for work. Other pleasures merely distract him from this, the greatest one, and he has no time for them.

Indifference to money— not as pleasure per se but as a means of obtaining it— requires special consideration. The three remedies coming immediately to mind for the patient who professes this form of indifference are *Sulphur*, followed by *Phosphorus* and *Natrum muriaticum*. Any others trail far behind these three leaders. *Sulphur's* indifference to money again proceeds from ideological conviction. Instead of viewing it as a neutral phenomenon, which can be used for good or evil, this constitutional type may despise it for its power to corrupt and may scorn the luxuries, comforts, and pleasures it provides.

This attitude may at times be a mere pose. The *Sulphur* who professes the greatest indifference in reality respects money enormously.* But, with his equally high regard for the nonmaterial sphere (ideas, scholarship, learning), *Sulphur* may try to deny his baser instincts. Part of him sincerely yearns for the higher spirituality, and he struggles against his materialistic side (here again, one encounters the "Walden Pond mystique" of pruning life to the merest necessities). If he cannot actually overcome it, he can at least talk as if he has.

Arsenicum album, in contrast, whether generous or parsimonious, well-to-do or impecunious, always respects money and is rarely indifferent to it. How can he be, when he spends so much time worrying about it?

The *Phosphorus* patient who professes indifference to money is usually telling the truth. Possessing little practical sense, he has no particular interest in money and easily lets it slip through his fingers. If a schoolchild or college student, he spends his entire quarterly allowance in the first week. Even when not simply irresponsible, he refuses to be greatly concerned with money, trusting that, as with the lilies of the field that neither toil nor spin, the Lord will provide.

Lachesis can be equally spendthrift and improvident (we recall the type's addiction to gambling), but he differs from *Phosphorus* in that he is seldom indifferent to money— sensing it too acutely as a symbol of power and guarantor of freedom (P1).

Natrum muriaticum, like *Sulphur*, may also despise money as the root of evil; or, like *Phosphorus*, he may refuse to preoccupy himself with it. But the tone is different; his indifference seldom works to his own advantage. For the sake of some high-minded principle or noble gesture he may display an exasperating financial naiveté.

A divorce lawyer, anxious to promote his clients' welfare, was recounting his professional woes to the homoeopath treating him for burning pains in the stomach. "It is not the aggressive and demanding clients who give me ulcers. I can handle the ones who are out to wrest every penny from their estranged spouses. But Heaven protect me from the noble ones who will not, stand up for their own interests and who constantly undermine my efforts to arrange a fair settlement of their property. How can I represent them when they (especially the wives) defend their estranged, husbands' interests instead of their own?"

The physician would have liked to have given the frustrated attorney a large vial of *Natrum muriaticum* in the 50M potency for his perverse female clients, but had to content himself with prescribing *Nux vomica* for the man of law himself.

*Persons who retain in adulthood something of the "flower child" mentality of the 1960s are usually strong in *Sulphur*. But in a typical *Sulphur* polarity, many ex-hippies who, with age, turn ultra-materialistic and ultra-fond of the goods of this world are also *Sulphur*. Occasionally this type will admit to being a "closet materialist."

Finally, if dollar bills are consistently found shredded and bleached in the pockets of clothes fresh from the laundry, suggesting a subliminal scorn of money, the possessor of the clothes is bound to have a strong element of *Sulphur* or *Natrum muriaticum* in his constitutional economy.

Money, in common to both pleasure and work, leads to our next topic—indifference to work, professional occupation, or gainful employment.

Indifference to Business and Education:

Phosphoric acid will frequently counter a patient's indifference towards his customary work or occupation—the consequence of excessive pressure, among other causes, and usually accompanied by subliminal feelings of failure and defeat.

Manifesting this picture was a clinical psychologist who had suddenly turned apathetic to his profession ("indifference to business affairs": Kent). His most arresting feature was entire loss of his customary good humor and adroitness in dealing with his clients. The psychological defenses which he had formerly succeeded in dismantling, he now found to be insurmountable obstacles.

"To understand people is to get to know their neuroses," he complained. "And my patients' neuroses are nearly always rooted in resentment of their parents and other authority figures, or inability to confront them. Not to be angry at one's parents these days argues lack of psychological maturity or, at the least, absence of sensitivity and refinement. As for myself," he continued dispassionately, "I increasingly question the usefulness of my work. Am I deluding myself with an activity of merely pretended importance? Even if, after lengthy treatment, I help one client accept his parents, thousands more out there with the same complexes are waiting to take his place. So what's the point of even trying?"

Such loss of heart and indifference to his vocation was uncharacteristic of this dedicated therapist who used to rejoice at every step of his clients' progress. By nature he was quick and articulate, imaginative and inspirational, yet also disciplined and methodical. But neither *Phosphorus* nor *Arsenicum*, his usual constitutional remedies, proved of assistance. In a happy inspiration, the physician then thought of *Phosphoric acid* because of its close relationship to *Phosphorus*— and because there were no contraindications to its selection.

Sulphur's indifference to business affairs ("indisposition to work for hours he sits motionless . . . without definite thoughts, though he has many things to do": Hahnemann) is usually caused by some spiritual or existential anxiety and, in extreme cases, is accompanied by the Hobbesian view that life is "nasty, brutish and short." This attitude, that might encourage him to become a loafer, contrasts with the type's usual happy involvement in gainful employment— be it business, administrative, scholarly, artistic, or even manual pursuits.

Calcareo carbonica's indifference to work may resemble *Sulphur's*, but stems from a deeper stratum of indolence and inertia.

A young man of talent, a senior in a prestigious Ivy League university, was feeling totally indifferent to his future career even while his classmates were energetically preparing for theirs. "I've got a dangerous inheritance," he admitted to his homoeopathic physician. "I am of Russian stock and descend from a family where for generations the men have been mostly supported by the women. I feel there is little your medicines can do for my indifference to my career."

He was correct to a degree. He never did become ambitious or truly dedicated to his work, but *Calcareo carbonica* at least encouraged him to get out and half-heartedly hunt for a job—his heredity notwithstanding.

The *Sepia* woman usually enjoys her work, and indifference is therefore due to the by now familiar picture of fatigue. It is often accompanied by a self-deprecating, "I'm not good enough ... Nobody wants my work anyway ... So why bother even trying?" etc.

The male may exhibit a similar lack of interest but usually does not denigrate himself. He is just weary of the competitive struggle and longing to retire to the peace and quiet of Maine or Vermont, there to pursue some lower key interest. *Sepia* in potency has consistently helped women overcome indifference to work by strengthening them and buoying their self-esteem; it also helps men in their professional homestretch pull through the last few years of work before retirement.

Pulsatilla's "indifference to business affairs" (Kent) is characterized by indecisiveness. The mind of this constitutional type is intricate but rarely trenchant because there is no clear reason for choosing one preference, one course of action, over another (*PI*). This goes hand-in-hand with the conviction that if she (or he) waits long enough, assistance will be forthcoming ("So why should I strain myself?"). Indifference to work can at times be encountered even in *Arsenicum album*, reflecting the "all-or-nothing" syndrome of this remedy, and contrasting markedly with the customary *Arsenicum* racehorse mentality: nervous, excitable, competitive, determined to lead. The individual becomes apathetic about his work when he can no longer give a peak performance; if he cannot be the best, he prefers to have nothing to do with the field (*PI*). In this way, his indifference conceals an underlying sorrow, regret, even despair, at his loss of capacity.

"No, I am not stupid," commented one *Arsenicum* insomniac whose business was going badly and who wanted-unwisely, as he himself realized-to throw over the whole concern, so apathetic did he feel. "But my work has become meaningless. I feel as though I have been sent down to the minor leagues after playing in the majors. So I prefer to quit altogether."

The *Arsenicum* indifference to work is thus a perverse reflection of the type's strong drive for excellence and belief in his own competence and distinctiveness; also of his relentless striving for perfection. In business, as in other spheres, he has the artist's demanding nature; also the artist's tendency to lapse into either indifference or anguish when his self-imposed goals cannot be attained.

Finally we arrive at the *Natrum muriaticum* indifference which, true to type, presents the most convoluted picture of all.

For this type work is, inter alia, a refuge from his thoughts, deflecting him from unpleasant recollections. Like *Arsenicum*, he is ever ready to toil in the vineyards with other mortals. Hence, indifference to work (like indifference to pleasure) deprives him of an escape from his inherently bleak outlook or his consuming obsessions.

Frequently injured by that which he loves best (the champion swimmer becomes allergic to chlorine, the gifted tennis player develops intolerance to the hot sun, the promising painter becomes allergic to turpentine, the fingers of a musician perspire so profusely and peel that he can no longer perform, and so on ad infinitum), *Natrum muriaticum* responds by becoming indifferent to his former professional occupation.* But this quite natural reaction becomes idiosyncratic in the

**Natrum muriaticum's* indifference to that which he loves best (i.e., his very vocation or *raison d'etre*) differs qualitatively from the "indifference to music which he loves" of *Carbo vegetabilis*. The latter is merely an apathetic response to a pleasurable pursuit.

assiduousness and thoroughness with which he carries it through. Cultivation of indifference becomes almost a mission. It is at the least a complex acquired mental state, carefully nurtured to mask the pain of disappointment, quell futile yearnings, and erase the pain of remembered happiness or vanished fulfillment.

Emblematic of this type was the single woman of advancing years, a writer of fiction, who sought homoeopathic aid for a series of complaints, including headaches, a twitching eyelid, itching scalp, and loss of interest in her formerly much-loved vocation. Searching for her remedy the physician encouraged her to talk about her interesting profession. "I have always seen my writing as a long and painful transition from obsession to a healing indifference," she explained, "so that, once I complete a work and arrive at this latter state, I am naturally reluctant to embark again on this torturous course into the realms of disturbing emotion. But I cannot circumvent this stage.* I would like to remain peaceably in my healing indifference, but I'm unmarried and have no independent income aside from my writing. What I would really like is a remedy to counter my present unproductive indifference without having to relinquish my protective one."

The physician pondered this tall order until he understood how fitting it was to the *Natrum muriaticum* mentality to regard artistic creation as a "torturous" transition between obsession and a liberating detachment— instead of a source of pleasurable excitement (*Phosphorus*), a process of self-discovery (*Sulphur*), a means of self-fulfillment (*Arsenicum*), an intellectual challenge (*Lycopodium*), a near-religious ecstasy (*Lachesis*), or whatever.

The choice of remedy was further confirmed by the two physical symptoms—twitching ("quivering": Kent) of the right upper eyelid and her "impatient scratching of the head" (Hahnemann)— and, above all, by the physician's recollection that, despite the patient's asserted pride in her independence and self-sufficiency, all her writings were romances in which the protagonists, after horrendous trials and vicissitudes, inevitably found happiness in one another and "lived happily ever after." Through her fiction this writer was reworking the reality of her solitary and often lonely existence. Her repeated artistic recreation of a reality to which she professed indifference— this sublimation of her emotions— accorded entirely with the *Natrum muriaticum* mentality.

Not to be forgotten, parenthetically, are those who profess indifference to criticism of their work— who seem, in fact, to welcome it—but are really seeking praise.

Arsenicum and *Lycopodium* feign such indifference but cleverly preempt their critics by critiquing their own work first, thus obliging others to protest and defend it. *Natrum muriaticum* and *Calcarea carbonica* at first accept criticism with seeming indifference but then turn defensive, take it too much to heart, and resent it for years—if not forever.

Phosphorus, although anxious to please and liking praise, is often impervious to criticism. While attempting to accommodate his critics, ultimately he proceeds along his own free-spirited way (*PI*). And *Phosphoric acid*, so often overshadowed by the related and more colorful *Phosphorus*, can display in these (as in many other) instances a similar attitude.

*It is a truism in literature that one can write convincingly only about the emotions one has experienced. In contrast to plot, incident, characters, or dialogue, emotions cannot be invented

One patient, who periodically required this remedy for his urinary complaints (milky urine, with constant desire), was a man of letters who liked to send his essays to his friends for their evaluation. Since his manner of expressing himself was idiosyncratic, the manuscripts came back drenched in red ink. His friends marveled at his sanguine attitude under the circumstance and his good-humored attempts to adapt his style to his critics' requirements. Then, one day, in a fit of exasperation, he exclaimed, "When I send out my prose for comment, what I want is positive feedback on my ideas, not criticism of my style. The rules of grammar and punctuation are for foreigners and illiterates, not for me. English is my language, and I will use it the way I please!"

Indifference to education is a variant of indifference to work and, here again, the ubiquitous *Sulphur* is among the leaders— once more exhibiting a characteristic that is the polar opposite of his usual passion for study and education.

We recall that *Sulphur*, the quintessential scholar, pedagogue, philosopher (genuine or false), and truth— seeker, loves to amass facts and information. He can regale a captive audience with an eloquent disquisition on the anatomical structure of the 650 subspecies of mosquito, or pursue detailed and exhaustive explanations of the Urdu or Chinese roots of words like "polo" or "tea" for hours on end, but he can also disdain learning and be truly indifferent to its value and importance (*PI*).

This is one reason why *Sulphur* is so often the *simillimum* for the formerly curious and intellectually eager adolescent who has now rebelled and become resolutely indifferent to his studies.

Calcarea carbonica manifests a similar indifference but without *Sulphur's* disdain. He simply does not "feel like" continuing his education—a symptom which fits Kent's "indifference to important things" (where *Calcarea* is one of only two remedies listed). This trait often reflects *Calcarea's* native indolence and lack of ambition (*PI*).

An intelligent college student, who considered himself knowledgeable enough to succeed in life without further education, used his chronic nasal catarrh and sinus pain as an excuse to quit school. His decision was not due to restlessness or inability to concentrate, to physical weakness or fatigue, but merely to apathy— he was not really satisfied by anything college had offered him so far.

All his physical symptoms fitted *Calcarea* and were greatly alleviated by this remedy, but his lack of motivation was unaffected. The mind-set of a resistant *Calcarea* is well-known to be difficult to alter once physical growth and development have ceased. If the remedy had been prescribed earlier, in his formative years, the outcome might well have been different.

The indifference of *Lachesis* to education, on the other hand, carries a rebellious note and is often the reflection of some powerful underlying feeling. An example is the boy of sixteen who was being treated for a tendency to truancy. While exceptionally intelligent, he was failing his courses and totally lacked any sense of responsibility. He was not anti-intellectual, but refused to study, and wasted his own and others' time being the class joker (see, also, *Graphites*). His sharp tongue and oft-professed indifference to the need for a high school diploma (using ridicule to justify his own indifference to it) were very *Lachesis*.

While physically healthy and symptom-free, he was *Lachesis* in other respects, exhibiting the type's bright, darting eye as well as its suspicious nature. "I don't want you to give me snake poison or anything like that," he protested, before the physician had even resolved on the remedy. And, after receiving the medicine under his tongue, he promptly tried to spit out the (fortunately) rapidly dissolving granules.

For several ensuing weeks there was no sign that his papers would be handed in on time, or that his attitude would change. But one morning he awoke and, setting aside his rebellious proclivities, resolved to apply himself to the books. "I don't know why I made that decision," he said. "It was like suddenly deciding to give up smoking."

This was his only explanation of the subtle action of *Lachesis* on his psyche. The patient needing *Phosphoric acid* usually becomes indifferent to studies because of external factors: difficulties in relationships, exhaustion from stress, overwork, or a previous illness. There is no lack of interest per se, no principled stance or ideological protest, nor is this form of indifference innate to the type. He simply does not have the strength to continue with his studies ("mental enfeeblement": Kent).

Typical here was the young woman, happy in graduate school, who, after a series of bouts of influenza, found herself unable to study. "I am suffering from erosion of memory and dimming of the imagination," she maintained. "Any structured thinking makes me giddy." (This was a close approximation of Hahnemann's "weakness of mind; on reflecting he becomes dizzy. Indolent dull mind without elasticity, no imagination ... he cannot get his ideas into their proper connection," but the physician only discovered this later.)

Meanwhile, *Gelsemium*, *Psorinum*, *Carbo vegetabilis*, and *Phosphorus* were prescribed, but to no avail. A striking (and therefore guiding) symptom was that, despite the patient's feebleness, she looked deceptively well. *Phosphoric acid*, like *Phosphorus*, fits this characteristic ("he does not look actually ill": Hahnemann) and was the remedy that finally enabled her to resume her studies.

Indifference to Social Conventions and Amenities:

Indifference to social conventions and amenities is an elusive trait, since it is a challenge to the implied values and unspoken assumptions that underlie culture and society.

Free-spirited indifference to the prevailing norms of behavior and accepted manners is not uncommon in young persons of various constitutional types, but when this attitude persists into adulthood, the patient manifesting chronically unconventional deportment, certain remedy pictures emerge.*

The *Phosphoric acid* individual who behaves oddly is usually the victim of some emotional trauma. He is quiet and withdrawn, polite enough, and even apparently attentive and considerate, but in reality he is abstracted, and his thoughts are elsewhere. He is oblivious to the world's opinion because he is engrossed in his own preoccupations. The run-of-the-mill problems that concern others leave him unperturbed. He shuts himself off from those who have not passed through the same trauma and becomes indifferent to conventional values.

Ruthie Stone, the sensitive and deeply injured young protagonist of Marilynne Robinson's book *Housekeeping*, suffering from the "chronic effects of fright" (Hering) after her mother's suicide, is a literary example of this type. As she takes on the eccentric behavior and mannerisms of her itinerant aunt, she is propelled onto a different plane where, even if aware, she gradually grows indifferent to the traditional amenities.

Natrum muriaticum is somewhat different. He tries repeatedly, without success, to gain acceptance for his naturally quirky personality; he then might try, and again fails, to mold his character according to others' expectations; finally, he decides,

*Indifference to conventions and manners must, however, be distinguished from indifference to standards of morality. Criminal or sociopathic behavior is a separate issue that lies beyond the subject matter and scope of this chapter.

or is compelled, to abandon the struggle and resigns himself to his odd or different manner and a growing estrangement from society, and sometimes even family.

Thus, however sincere his efforts to adapt to the prevailing norm, and despite all pressures to the contrary from his peers or from society, *Natrum muriaticum* remains doggedly true to his own idiosyncratic self. And once settled into this defiant mode, he easily takes on a tone of self-righteous superiority and grows increasingly indifferent to the ordinary conventions and assumptions. Furthermore, the *Natrum muriaticum* symptom, "indifferent when in society" (Kent), is not solely reluctance to open up a chink in his protective armor to strangers, nor is it mere unwillingness to participate in a group which he cannot lead; it is just that in these circumstances he has absolutely nothing to say.

With close friends, and especially in tete-a-tete conversations, where all parties speak truthfully and sincerely, he can be the liveliest of interlocutors. But in a larger group he is, rightly or wrongly, sensitive to the vapidness of the conversation and the falsity of the group dynamics. He finds that subtle ideas are oversimplified; that emotions, once verbalized, become false; that delicate feelings become crude and profound ones superficial or egoistic; that all meaning is woefully perverted or distorted.

But his indifference when in society is a far cry from unresponsiveness toward society. His seeming apathy masks a powerful compassion for humanity in general—at times even an obsession with social injustice and inequity. Seeking recognition of his righteousness (which, because of his unconventionality, he has difficulty obtaining) he remains, even when personally estranged, ever sensitive to the social order, ever anxious to guide the world to "rightness." His hand reaches out to help, and when he cannot help, he may turn despondent from—but never indifferent to—the suffering he sees.

Lachesis also finds an outlet in contorted or erratic behavior when unable to adapt to accepted norms. Despite repeated assurances of love for life and enjoyment of it, his history often reveals a long run of "bad luck," a series of mishaps, suggesting that his spirit has been in some impalpable way defeated, leaving him estranged from, and indifferent to, the prevailing social mores.

He is not subdued by hardship but is rather propelled into a higher state of energy, a manic transport of feeling, with growing imperviousness to the stigma of eccentricity. One such patient was the woman who suffered from the wonderfully "strange, rare, and peculiar" symptom of a daily swelling of the left breast and, indeed, the left side of the chest and upper left arm. The heart itself felt swollen, she maintained, and she often awoke at night with a feeling of suffocation, as if some furry animal was nestling on her chest just under her chin.* She was greatly helped by *Lachesis* ("heart, as if swelled": Boger), after allopathic medicine had been unable to assist her in any way or, indeed, even to diagnose her condition.

Just as "strange, rare, and peculiar" were the workings of her mind. One day, in a transport of gratitude to the physician who, she felt, had saved her sanity, if not her life, she exclaimed, "I'm so thankful for all you've done that I'd like to die for you!"

"No, please," the physician remonstrated. "It would undo all our good work."

"All right," she replied, only slightly deflated at having her proffered sacrifice so promptly rejected, "then I'll make you a blueberry pie instead."

*Fortunately, the furry animal was benign—like a "friendly kitty cat," as the patient said. In two other such cases known to the author (both *Lachesis*), the furry objects lodging on the chest or throat were malign, and the threatened patients felt compelled to wrestle with them.

The physician gratefully accepted this latter alternative.

Yet another female patient, with a left-sided facial neuralgia of long-standing, who realized she was considered peculiar but was indifferent to it, volunteered in explanation, "What do I care for conventional mores and amenities? For forty years I was a law-abiding churchgoing citizen, but life has consistently demonstrated to me that no good deed goes unpunished; and all my efforts to adapt to accepted modes of behavior just got me into more trouble. Now I act as I please, in total disregard of public opinion."

The physician sensed the truth of her observations. In fact, as a homoeopath on the fringes of the medically acceptable, he could even sympathize with them. But her cavalier disregard of society's norms took its toll. By acting willfully and erratically this *Lachesis* set herself apart from others and paid a price in isolation and estrangement. With time it becomes harder and harder to return to "normalcy."

Sulphur's indifference to social expectations is rooted in his refusal to be influenced or modified, to compromise by even one iota his particular stance or conviction. This does not necessarily mean lack of social awareness or an exploitative attitude. *Sulphur* simply holds the conviction that "What benefits me benefits the entire world!" and expects the entire world to recognize this— and adjust accordingly. *Lycopodium* may be equally egocentric, but is seldom equally indifferent to what is expected of him and is respectful of social expectations.

All types who adopt an indifference to appearances and convention may affect moral superiority. Once they have experienced the heady feeling of being unencumbered by social strictures, once they have risen above the mundane concerns and trivia of ordinary life, they tend to disparage any other mode of behavior.

A specific form of indifference to others' opinions is "indifference to personal appearance" (Kent).

The rebel has always proclaimed his conflict with society by neglecting his dress and appearance. While *Sulphur* is the only remedy listed under this rubric by Kent, several others could also be mentioned.

Sulphur's disregard of appearances (like his indifference to pleasure) is often rooted in a principled challenge to "decadent bourgeois values." If he were to cut his hair or dress with elegance, his appearance would not harmonize with his high-minded principles, his outer being would be out of step with his inner self, and *Sulphur* refuses to participate in such a gross deception.

Wrapped in his lofty thoughts, he becomes oblivious to his surroundings— to the (in his eyes) specious and superficial manifestations of the world (the remedy, we recall, is also listed by Kent under "indifference to external things")— hence, his mismatched socks or missing shirt buttons or unkempt disheveled appearance. Even the *Sulphur* dandy betrays his constitutional type by some indifference to sartorial detail which undermines the overall effect. His shirttail protrudes out from under his spiffy suit; his expensive and highly polished shoes have holes in the soles, etc.

There is also an element of unconcern for others. He does not have to look at himself. He is not offended by his own aroma. So why should he be concerned with cleanliness or tidiness? The type, moreover, is characteristically reluctant to let go of any part of himself (i.e., hair, article of clothing [*PI*]), and the whole is compounded by a subliminal streak of miserliness. Bathing uses up soap and hot water, shaving uses up razor blades (which he hates to discard) and consumes electricity (which he must pay for), washing clothes wears them out prematurely, and so forth. One *Sulphur* husband regarded his wife's every attempt to put his dirty clothes in the wash as an assault upon his dignity. When she spirited them away at night under cover of

darkness, he would awaken and cry out in mock despair tinged with genuine irritation, "Why are you taking away my clothes before they are really dirty? It's like burying me before I'm dead."

Sometimes the *Sulphur* man who looks like a hobo, or the woman who resembles a "bag lady," exhibits meticulous care in some particular field of endeavor. ("Revolving neglect" was the way one patient expressed it; although, perhaps "revolving fastidiousness" would be more precise.) Concern with appearances, they argue, would only detract from their true mission in life.

Calcareo carbonica's disregard of personal appearance reflects, primarily, his native indolence. Anyway, the type generally prefers comfort to looks, meaning loose formless garb—suspenders, instead of a belt, in the male (he cannot tolerate constriction around the waist or abdomen) and socks, instead of stockings, in the female (who is also intolerant of constriction around her hips and thighs), floppy shoes and hats, and so on.

In addition, because he has trouble getting down to work, especially when at home, and is easily distracted by petty unimportant concerns, merely putting on his clothes in the morning can ruin his concentration for the rest of the day. Therefore, one readily finds him—at any hour of the twenty-four-working in bathrobe or pajamas. When queried about this, he will cite such famous writers as Samuel Johnson, Pushkin, or Balzac who (according to him) could only write in their dressing gowns. The disregard for appearances extends to the home. *Sulphur* and *Calcareo* do not pick up after themselves. The desk is covered with rings from innumerable cups and glasses; the cups themselves are stained with ink, the glasses with grease. A plate from last week's dinner, accommodating a shriveled and now unidentifiable morsel, is used as a paperweight or perched on a stack of books. Dirty dishes are piled in the sink, and stacks of old newspapers, grocery bags, empty bottles, and the like litter the premises. In *Sulphur* this reflects the "collector" mentality (*PI*). In *Calcareo carbonica* hanging on to useless objects can often be traced to insecurity. Having already been deprived of much in life, he is now reluctant to relinquish anything.

True, the *Calcareo* woman will sometimes pick up for guests, out of guilt or pride of home, rushing around frantically to make her house presentable when warned of their coming. But if they then fail to appear, she grumbles resentfully, "What a waste! Like a fool I cleaned up my house all for nothing."

Natrum muriaticum can also be indifferent to dress. Oddly, the female of this type is actually quite self-conscious about her appearance but, as in so much else, entirely perverse. If, for reasons of size, shape, or complexion, she cannot satisfy her own, often peculiar, standards of sartorial elegance, she goes to the other extreme and puts on whatever is handy. Or she may just scorn indulgence in these vanities when so many existential problems remain to be resolved. The hair in disarray, unfashionable clothes, and neglected home are thus deliberate statements of protest. Believing with *Sulphur* that appearances should truthfully reflect the inner being, she considers that stylish dress or coiffure ill become an individual who is so concerned with the deplorable state of the world.

Other constitutional types may also be indifferent to the appearance of their home or person, but it is a temporary aberration, resulting from illness, shock, or emotional trauma. It is neither as chronic and long-lasting as the indifference of *Sulphur* or *Calcareo*, nor as principled and consistent as that of *Natrum muriaticum*. Nor does disarray of dress and grooming necessarily reflect the *Lachesis* mental agitation, inner turmoil, or a disturbed and chaotic psyche.

Indifference to Affection and to Attachments:

Finally, we take up indifference to affection and attachments ("indifference to loved ones": Kent), which may be the most common manifestation of this mental state.

Relations with others and expectations of them inevitably entail some pain and disillusionment. Everyone cultivates some degree of indifference which, like a moat around a fortress, wards off the traumas of loss and disappointment; and one of the major remedies for patients who, in self defense, attempt to barricade all access to deeper emotional attachments is *Phosphoric acid*.

A middle-aged woman treated for arthritic pains and alarming loss of hair (it was falling out in handfuls—a key symptom of *Phosphoric acid*) had long been in a stressful marriage and had been severely disappointed in her two unmanageable adopted children (now adult). Having experienced the instability of human affections and despairing of satisfaction from any close relationship, she had turned indifferent to her family and friends and gone off to live on her own.

Asked if she were lonely, she replied, "Yes, at first, but then you get used to it and don't mind the solitude. At least you are not torn apart by pain, doubt, and false expectations. Eventually you cease to care about those who have hurt you, and, with time, it becomes hard to imagine one's life as other than lonely and detached. I now accept it as a natural form of existence and don't wish for anything different."

In this way, *Phosphoric acid* exhibits little sympathy for Tennyson's "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Far better, he believes, never to have loved at all than to have suffered as he has suffered. In contrast to the high romanticism of *Phosphorus*, *Tuberculinum*, or *Ignatia*, who will sacrifice peace of mind for moments of rapture and insist that, despite the pain and grief they have endured they would not have foregone this particular love for anything, *Phosphoric acid* welcomes a soothing indifference.

Another female patient presenting the *Phosphoric acid* indifference of the affections, who had suffered on and off for fifteen years from a debilitating cough, was cured almost overnight by a dose of this remedy. Her ailment had started after a failed love affair. Ever since, she had been indifferent to romantic attachments—cutting off, as it were, that side of her emotional life and pushing it into a back corner of her mind. Here the physician wanted to act on a longstanding emotional state, so he prescribed *Phosphoric acid* in the 10M potency. It did dispose of the cough, but the patient left town shortly thereafter, and her subsequent emotional development is unknown.

Ignatia's emotional indifference is less permanent than that of *Phosphoric acid*; usually the patient is prepared to respond and feel again at the first opportunity (P2). But it is sometimes hard to distinguish between the two and the choice may depend on the concomitant physical symptoms, general modalities, or if the physician is fortunate, some "strange, rare, and peculiar" symptom, the two following animal cases illustrate this.

The first was a short-haired black mutt who resembled a cross between a Labrador retriever and an overgrown Chihuahua (if such an ungainly blend can be imagined), with a porcine snout and an erect, bushy, squirrel-like tail! Most striking, however, was her personality. Running free in her semi-rural environment, she displayed the ceaseless erratic energy and purposeless movements of a buzzing fly. Sometimes she ran around in circles from the sheer joy of existence, but she also displayed a talent for stirring up the other neighborhood dogs with her high-pitched yapping and teasing manner.

When one day her owners moved to the city, leaving her with a neighbor, the little creature became completely apathetic. Her formerly bright, protruding eyes grew lusterless and sunken. She was indifferent to food, rejected affection, and refused to go outside and cavort with her buddies. Instead she lay all day on tile hearth by the fireplace.

Her formerly "active, lively, cheerful disposition" and her doggish variation on Hahnemann's earlier mentioned guiding symptom, "dejected when . . . in open air, in the house . . . becomes more cheerful" pointed to a prescription of *Phosphoric acid* rather than *Ignatia*. And after a couple of doses of the remedy she had so completely recovered her former spirits, so increased the noise level in the neighborhood, that her new owners somewhat regretted that the medicine had worked so well.

The second case was a baby raccoon, three or four weeks old, washed out of his nest by a violent thunderstorm, and brought by a state trooper to the home of an animal lover. Obviously pining for his mother, he refused all food and milk, and his survival was despaired of until *Ignatia* 200c was prescribed— daily for three days.

Here, again, the remedy proved almost too effective. The animal thrived and became a menace to the household. With his dexterous human—like hands he opened drawers and closets, tore up bills and letters, napped in the electric blender by day and in the baby's crib at night. Finally, he had to be given away to a children's zoo, where he entertained a wider audience with his captivating antics and engaging personality.

The nagging question always remains. If the remedies received by these two animals had been interchanged, would the results have been as gratifying? Since every case is unique, an unambiguous answer cannot be given. But experience suggests that a patient often can be benefitted by more than one remedy, at a given point in time.

The Phosphorus incapacity to feel affection, listed by Kent variously as "indifference to loved ones . . . to relations . . . to his children," carries its own particular aura—that of contrasting with the type's usual warmth, affection, and sensitivity to the needs of others. The person who used to ingratiate by his emotional responsiveness no longer cares whether he is pleasing or not. As if wearied of being bright, cheerful, and reactive, he seeks to escape this responsibility. His grace and charm which had always drawn others into his circle are now imposing too heavy demands on his own person.

The indifference of *Phosphorus* is thus acquired, not innate, and defined primarily by that which it negates—the need for companionship, the fear of loneliness, and, indeed, his own self-love (*PI*).

Lycopodium, in contrast, exhibits a truer indifference to the affections, one inherent to his constitutional makeup and which is the natural corollary of his detachment.

On one level he values friendship, respects family ties, and believes in marriage. Yet time and again one hears a *Lycopodium* patient say of his marriage, "I like my wife, respect her, and wish her well. But she, simply, is not essential to my happiness." But then, no one really is. He easily weathers the rupture of close relationships, despite the social graces he exerts to disguise this fact from himself and others. After all, his conscious and unconscious emotional life is largely devoted to avoiding binding attachments that have the potential of becoming troublesome or too close contact with his deeper feelings (*PI*). Thus, after the initial inconvenience or unpleasantness, he finds himself ultimately indifferent to the rupture indeed, relieved that the emotionally demanding relationship has ended.

To give *Lycopodium* his due, his genuine indifference to deep attachments is not calculated selfishness, callousness, or contempt for these relationships. He may

even be distressed by his own attitude. But he instinctively strives, with every fiber of his being, to remain uncommitted. That is why, unless he makes a conscious effort to combat this tendency, he lets those closest to him subtly understand that he hardly feels more for them than for any casual acquaintance, for his work, his travels, or his splendid book or record collection.

Arsenicum is less subtle. He may be polite, but any "indifference and lack of sympathy" (Hahnemann) that he feels is clearly reflected in his tone of voice and manner.

Sulphur's indifference to affection is suggested by Kent's listing it under "indifference to the welfare of others"—the only remedy so honored. This is an injustice to other medicines displaying this characteristic, but *Sulphur* is certainly more forthright and conceals neither his positive nor his negative qualities. Like a volcano in eruption, everything in him rises to the surface and is there for all to see. Otherwise his indifference to close attachments is more like that of *Lycopodium*— due to preoccupation with his work, hobbies, or other interests. Or, it reflects self-absorption and consequent inability to appreciate another's viewpoint.

One writer who loved above all else to reread his own writings declared, only half jokingly, "Frankly, I become bored after ten minutes when left in the society of any other author but myself."

It is *Sepia*, however, who is the front— runner in the indifference to— affection contest. Usually her apathy is due to physical lethargy a prostration so complete that even the pretense of caring becomes burdensome.

The *Sepia* woman's standoffishness in familial and romantic love ("indifferent to those she loves best": Hering; " ... to her children": Kent) has been discussed thoroughly (*PI*). Suffice it here to note that, although her sexual indifference is often genuine, her apparent apathy can also be a strategic ploy.

She is not dull— Witted and realizes quite well that apparent aloofness or detachment has a powerful attraction for the opposite sex. Modeling her indifference on that of the *Lycopodium* male (whose emotional elusiveness is one of the clues to his sexual attraction), she cultivates it not only for self-protection but also for allure.

A clever and attractive woman suffering from incapacitatingly painful menstrual cramps was recognized as needing *Sepia* when she volunteered, "Men were not interested in me when I was warm and responsive, and would even shy away. Now that I pretend indifference or act careless, they are appreciative. Perhaps they are attracted by what they judge to be strength—who knows? But my aloofness is now becoming second nature while I don't want to become hard, I cannot afford to relinquish my indifference and become vulnerable again."

This dilemma and the menstrual cramps were resolved to the patient's satisfaction by *Sepia* 1M.

All in all, this type learns more easily than *Natrum muriaticum*, *Staphysagria*, *Ignatia*, or *Phosphorus* that in relationships one must often hold back emotionally so as to give others a chance to take the initiative. A perpetually giving nature is liable to be taken for granted, while distance and indifference breed appreciation and respect. Sometimes *Sepia's* seeming lack of care or feeling is, in reality, dispassionate judgment. A patient experiencing severe menopausal hot flashes together with a deteriorating marriage was prescribed this remedy with success partly on the basis of her strangely unperturbed response to the impending separation. "Of course I am sad to see my twenty-five year marriage dissolve, for I love my husband, and this is entirely his decision. But, on the other hand, I have observed that women grow more through disappointment in love than through any other experience. This may be the

only way to prod them out of their psychological stasis into the new roles they will have to assume in the coming decades to contribute to the survival of this planet. So [with a shrug of indifference that dispelled self-pity) why should I be exempt from this opportunity for growth?"

Natrum muriaticum and *Staphysagria* indifference to affection arises almost invariably out of reaction to emotional injury. Since the harvest of pain these two types can reap from such injuries consistently surpasses even their own expectations in richness and abundance, they learn to take measures to forestall the next bountiful crop. To exchange sorrow for a "sweet indifference," as the nineteenth century Romantic poets liked to call it, is thus a virtual liberation.

But the quiescent surface conceals intense and vigorously sustained emotional activity.

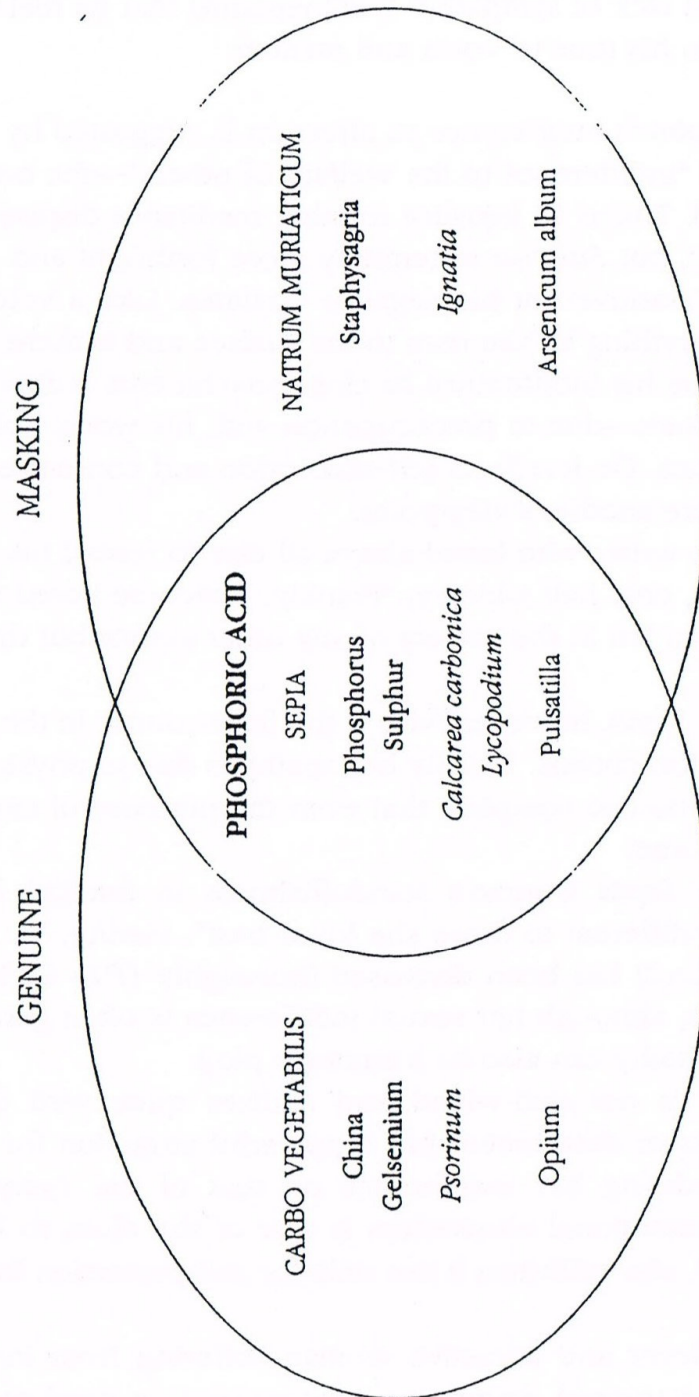
A case illustrating *Natrum muriaticum*'s prodigious capacity for holding grudges, disguised as lack of interest, was the man of forty who sought homoeopathic assistance for an unhappy mental state. Questioning revealed that he had left his family at age eighteen and for more than twenty years had had almost no contact with them. This had been provoked by the shattering discovery that his mother, who was unhappy in her marriage, was having love affairs. He had been enraged for several years after finding this out but then completely lost interest in her well-being and remained in that state for almost two decades. But there was still much smoldering resentment. "I have cultivated indifference," he admitted, "but quite honestly I still long to hit her."

At times *Natrum muriaticum* patients will admit to feigning indifference while, in reality, longing for emotional attachment without penalty or disillusionment. When destiny does not vouchsafe them this gift, or when possession does little to satisfy love's yearning, they then cultivate a pose of indifference.

In conclusion, we would state that a "healthy" indifference (such as the above mentioned) is a matter of balance. The indifference that masks disillusionment, despondency, negativity, or, conversely, one that reflects a true lack of interest, emotional emptiness, or self-inflicted denial are both, indeed, inferior to vital feelings or caring relationships. But for some morbidly sensitive and excessively vulnerable individuals such an indifference may be more than desirable-it is a necessity. Arising out of a principled refusal to experience more painful emotion than the situation demands, it restores stoicism and self-respect. It also acts as an intermediate balancing stage in the psyche's passage from pain to relief.

In this function, indifference can be viewed as a healthy transition from anguished despair to the calm acceptance which signifies cure.

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Remedies mentioned in the text and their common names:

<i>Aconitum napellus</i>	Monkshood
<i>Anacardium</i>	Marking Nut
<i>Arsenicum album</i>	Arsenic trioxide
<i>Aurum metallicum</i>	Metallic gold
<i>Baryta carbonica</i>	Barium carbonate
<i>Belladonna</i>	Deadly nightshade
<i>Calcarea carbonica</i>	Calcium carbonate from the oyster shell
<i>Calcarea phosphorica</i>	Calcium phosphate
<i>Cannabis Indica</i>	Hashish
<i>Cantharis</i>	Spanish Fly
<i>Carbo vegetabilis</i>	Vegetable Charcoal
<i>Carcinosin</i>	Tissue from breast cancer
<i>Causticum</i>	Hahnemann's tinctura acris sine kail
<i>Chamomilla</i>	Chamomile
<i>China</i>	See: Cinchona officinalis
<i>Cinchona officinalis</i>	Quinine, Peruvian bark
<i>Cicuta virosa</i>	Water hemlock
<i>Colocynthis</i>	Bitter cucumber
<i>Conium</i>	Poison hemlock
<i>Gelsemium sempervirens</i>	Yellow jasmine
<i>Graphitis</i>	Black lead or Plumbago
<i>Helleborus</i>	Snow rose
<i>Hepar sulphuris calcareum</i>	Hahnemann's calcium sulphide
<i>Hura</i>	Assacu
<i>Hyoscyamus niger</i>	Henbane
<i>Hypericum perforatum</i>	St. John's wort
<i>Ignatia amara</i>	St. Ignatius' bean
<i>Kali bichromicum</i>	Potassium bichromate
<i>Kali carbonica</i>	Potassium Carbonate
<i>Lachesis trigonocephalus</i>	Poison of the bushmaster
<i>Lilium tigrinum</i>	Tiger lily
<i>Lycopodium</i>	Club moss
<i>Magnesia Phosphorica</i>	Mahnesium Phosphate
<i>Medorrhinum</i>	Gonorrheal virus
<i>Mercurius corrosives</i>	Corrosive sublimate
<i>Mercurius dulcis</i>	Calomel
<i>Mercurius vivus</i>	Mercury
<i>Myristica sebifera</i>	Brazilian ucuba tree
<i>Natrum muriaticum</i>	Sodium chloride, Table salt
<i>Nitricum acidum</i>	Nitric acid
<i>Nux vomica</i>	Poison nut
<i>Opium</i>	Dried latex of the poppy
<i>Phosphoric acidum</i>	Phosphoric acid
<i>Phosphorus</i>	Elemental phosphorus
<i>Picric acidum</i>	Picric acid
<i>Platina</i>	Platinum
<i>Plumbum metallicum</i>	Lead
<i>Psorinum</i>	Scabies vesicle

<i>Pulsatilla nigricans</i>	Wind flower
<i>Rhus toxicodendron</i>	Poison ivy
<i>Sepia</i>	Ink of the cuttlefish
<i>Silica</i>	Pure flint
<i>Staphysagria</i>	Stavesacre, Larkspur
<i>Stramonium</i>	Thornapple
<i>Sulphur</i>	Elemental sulphur
<i>Syphilinum</i>	Syphilitic virus
<i>Tarentula Hispania</i>	Spanish Spider
<i>Thuja occidentalis</i>	Arbor vitae, Tree of life
<i>Tuberculinum</i>	Tuberculosis virus