

## ORIGINAL PAPER

**The recovery of man in medicine**☆☆☆

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A great deal of interest has been directed during the last few years to the auto-immune phenomena in disease, in which immune reactions of antigen antibody type take place between the organism and one of its own tissues or organs. The research workers have been busy unveiling these immune phenomena, originally discovered in relation to Hashimoto's disease of the thyroid, in an ever widening range of diseases, notably the so-called collagen diseases, including rheumatoid arthritis, rheumatic fever, scleroderma, dermatomyositis, periarteritis nodosa, lupus erythematosus, and in certain non-specific granulomata, particularly ulcerative colitis and Crohn's disease, as well as in such conditions as virus hepatitis and cirrhosis of the liver. Certain problems of carcinoma are also being studied from this point of view and there are reports from Japan of successful results following the transplantation of portions of a patient's turnout into another and healthy part of the same patient. There is a divergence of opinion as to whether these auto-immune reactions are the cause of or merely attendant phenomena to the disease processes. A considerable amount of evidence supports the view (certainly in respect of the collagen diseases) that these phenomena arise subsequent to the disease, and depend on the same causes, perhaps disturbances of enzyme systems, as do the rest of the disease phenomena. That the enzyme disturbances themselves are only an effect and not causative in any ultimate sense is also obvious and so long as we stay within this essentially mechanical realm we will remain outside the realm of real causes.

It has also become well established that arthritis clinically very similar to rheumatoid arthritis may manifest in the course of carcinomatous disease, not only in cancer of the lung, but also in cancer of practically any organ. Following the removal or control of the primary tumour, all the joint symptoms may clear up in a few days. It has been suggested that these phenomena also belong to these auto-immune reactions, as well as the arthritides associated with colitis and other conditions.

Now all these phenomena have forcibly posed the question as to how the organism distinguishes between self and not-self, and how it comes about that some of the self becomes, in the course of disease processes, not-self. This is, of course, the old question of the wholeness of the organism turning up in a new and most interesting form and we are learning that in certain diseases an organ, or tissue, or perhaps cell, can emancipate and behave, judged by these immunological reactions, as a foreign body. Obviously all these problems are also involved with the question as to how the foreign stuffs which we eat and digest are transformed from foreign into integral elements within the organism. It is indeed interesting how these refined immunological techniques may display whether the wholeness of the organism is dominant or whether subversive elements leading to autonomy are triumphing. The notion of self as used in these researches signifies the wholeness of the organism. Modern scientific research, directed essentially to discovering mechanisms of ever-increasing refinement and subtlety, is leading one nevertheless to the observation of these distinctions of self and not-self, with which philosophy has wrestled for thousands of years. These researches remain entirely mechanical in conception and great inventiveness is displayed—one may mention the clonal selection theory of Sir Frank Macfarlane Burnett in producing theories of a mechanical nature to explain these phenomena. The great weakness of all such mechanical approaches is that they never approach anywhere near the world of actual human experience and the body and its processes remain divorced from the essential human being.

Leading researchers into the physiology of the nervous system, for example Lord Adrian and Sir Charles Sherrington, have admitted that if all their unsolved problems were solved they would be no nearer to the problem of how changes in the nervous system are transformed into the subjective experience of sensory phenomena. Not that this is surprising, since what they are studying is the refined extension of the outer objective world which they conceive as mechanical and without consciousness. If one studies the nervous system as a part of the external world, one will only find external world in it, and not the inner world. To discover the inner world one must observe inwardly. The problem is on a level with the Russians' failure to discover God in his heaven when they go space travelling.

Now I suggest that in these auto-immune processes the outer mechanical overwhelms the inner organic, whereas in the processes of digestion and nutrition the inner and organic subdues the outer and mechanical. Can we not see in these contrasted and yet related phenomena the conflict of inner and outer as organic and mechanical respectively? What then is the relationship of the self which I inwardly intuit as myself, the focus and core of my personality, to the self which in digestion changes

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the foreign food into my own flesh, which then does not stimulate immune reactions? My intuition of myself is as an idiomatic being, unique, if not in content then in style or form. One may compare the uniqueness of a biological species which makes itself visible in its form. The uniqueness of my tissues is displayed in their rejection of all other foreign tissues in the immune reactions. It seems to me that the same self, my very self, which I inwardly intuit, is the actual force or power involved in all these phenomena, that myself is not merely an abstract focus of consciousness, but a reality which creates the wholeness of my organism, maintains it, and in an actual sense is the wholeness and uniqueness of it. It appears to me that whether we speak about the wholeness of a man (thinking probably more of his bodily organism), or of his spirit, we are speaking of the same reality.

Now in Homoeopathy we aim to treat the whole man and so these issues must be of great importance to us in attempting to clarify our own position.

Contrasted with all these brilliant researches into physiological and pathological mechanisms are the psychological approaches in modern medicine, particularly those of the various depth psychologies whose aim is to approach the actual inner world and experience of man and which have therefore taken even the world of dreams seriously. Here things do not work according to mechanical laws. We move into the future as easily as into the past, and distance no longer separates; different things become united in identity, and singles become divided. Everything means several things at the same time and ambivalence is the rule. Does not this strange, unreliable, bewildering chameleon-like world appear to us males like the world of women, enchanting but dangerous? In this world, the symbol is reality and as in a dream everything is in constant metamorphosis. But when we look into living nature, there, too, everything is in metamorphosis, and when caterpillars metamorphose into butterflies and tadpoles become frogs, or when from the ugly cactus there bursts a blossom, are not all these more like a dream than a machine? When we study symptoms, are they not more like a dream, must we not study symptoms as dreams?

Now, is not modern medicine, the orthodox modern medicine, largely split between these two attitudes? On the one hand the mechanisms, physical and chemical, of disease are laid bare, without reference to a particular person's subjective experience, and these mechanisms are investigated fundamentally exactly in the same way as inorganic mechanisms. And on the other hand, the phenomena of disease emerge as meaningful within the experience and developing destiny of a person, and are understandable in relation to the emotional and subjective life. On the one hand we have an unenlivened and inanimate physiology and pathology, and on the other a discarnate, unenfleshed soul. This is the schizophrenic condition of modern medicine and the essential conflict is between these two views. And where does Homoeopathy stand? Where is the Allopathy to which it is supposed to be opposed? For this modern medicine of synthetic pharmacy and the rest of it, vaccines, antibiotics and all, is not allopathic, it is in a crude structural sense homoeopathic. Similar molecules are constructed to block or interfere with other molecules in essential metabolic pathways. With one hand Homoeopathy stretches towards modern medicine and joins with it. Moreover, our attempts to unite the subjective symptoms into an intuitively grasped unity which we grasp in the symbol of the remedy is akin to the psychologists' attempts to unite the elements of a dream and a life's destiny into a whole, into a mythological unity. Here, with the other hand, Homoeopathy reaches out to psychological medicine and joins with it.

When we pursue classical Kentian Homoeopathy, we approach the psychological standpoint; when we pursue a Homoeopathy which is more orientated on pharmacology and pathology, we approach modern organic medicine. But in modern medicine itself man is not fully present. If we approach medicine biochemically, mechanically, then man, the inner, experiencing patient, is missing; if we approach the inner, experiencing soul psychologically, then the metabolic, digestive realm and the rest of the organic reality is lost. Man himself, the actual, incarnated person, escapes us.

I have entitled this essay "*The Recovery of Man in Medicine*" to indicate the task which lies ahead. I believe that empirical researches such as the ones I have referred to in auto-immunity should be met with a fresh vision of the organic world. The mythological modes of thought that have been won by the psychological study of dreams should regenerate and enliven the dead bones of chemistry and physiology, so that it becomes the living chemistry that we can see imaged around us in the plants. The empirical researches should give body to psychology, and reveal the organic actions of the soul, so that an en-fleshed psychology arises, such as we behold in the animal world around us. CG Jung found it necessary to recover the conception of microcosm and macrocosm, to establish order in psychology, and I cannot escape that this idea is necessary also in physiology. Our organs are the interiorized organisms of the outer world and that which welds them into synthesis, into a whole, is man himself. When this self of man is weakened, the organs tend towards the organism of the outer world, tend to exteriorization and to behave again as external organisms. The phenomena of auto-immunity show simply the weakness of the self and its failure to impose unity on the multiplicity of the organism.

Homoeopathy, with its essential treasure of the Drug Pictures, stands between and above and beyond the divided poles of modern medicine. Its task is to unite them and recover the vision of the whole man for us. There will, however, have to be an earnest grappling with the problems; but should it not be a constructive and reconciling action within the rent world of medicine, and not a fruitless battle against an enemy largely of our own creation? I do not believe that the rent world of medicine can be healed without the magic of the homoeopathic insight; but Homoeopathy itself needs all that modern research reveals, and needs the profound insights of psychology. The strange subtlety of thought by which a patient is grasped in the image of a remedy and a remedy is pictured as a living, en-fleshed person is the core of our contribution. The intuitional act by which this is achieved is an example of what in Kantian terms is known as transcendental synthesis. The implications of this method are epoch-making and imply a transformation of our entire established scientific knowledge, with man the active agent in healing both himself and the earth, his mother and home which he has desecrated. Such a view, which regards man as the active and

operative principle of synthesis and healing, is opposed to all those tendencies which, manifesting in clinical trials of the double blind type, wish to relegate man to the role of passive and irresponsible onlooker.

Through Homoeopathy a patient is transformed from being a man who has a disease into a whole human person and the physician should be transformed from a calculating machine who gives a prescription for a disease into a whole man who can help to heal another with his whole being, mediated by a remedy.

In spite of widespread theoretical insight into the largely artificial and abstract nature of what we call for convenience a disease, and in spite of the revelations of psychology into the motivations behind the disease processes, modern medicine in practice continues to regard diseases as things, and treats diseases, not persons. Hahnemann conceived diseases as a derangement of the vital principle brought about by dynamic, non-material influences in a manner comparable to that by which our ideas, emotions and will influence it. A separation of the man and his disease is no longer possible; the disease is a metamorphosis of the man and in the healing process the whole man must undergo a metamorphosis. Should one not also grasp the physician and his remedy as a unity? Can one separate the influence of the physician and the remedy from each other? Is it not rather one of the major contributions of Homoeopathy that the activity of the physician in his study of the ease and in the act of reaching a prescription is itself a therapeutic influence in harmony with the remedy? Should not the physician and the remedy be considered together as a unity in relation to the unity of the patient and his illness?

Homocopathy leads the way to an understanding of disease as a human phenomenon, and impels the physician to be active in his full personality and not only intellectually. For these reasons it is not popular in an age which for all its fevered activity is inwardly lazy and impotent. For these reasons also it shows a way to a recovery of man within our civilization, and a renewal of our endangered life and culture.

## ORIGINAL PAPER

# Memorial address<sup>☆</sup>

Given by Dr L R Twentyman at the Memorial Service commemorating those who died in the aircraft disaster. St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, London W.C.1, on Thursday, 29 June 1972.

Friends, relatives, colleagues, patients, and all who knew them and who care about what was in their hearts and minds. Forgive me, bear with me. They are still too near for feelings to be calm. I am here—as one of you—to try and speak about them, but each one of you must add your words, and minds and hearts, if we are to make a tribute worthy of a catastrophe which is so stunning and at which our single minds balk. Therefore, of course, it is right that we, with the immemorial traditions of our faiths, should try to meet and find feelings and thoughts with which to grapple with these events.

We knew them personally as friends. We came to honour and treasure them, some of them for a long time and some quite new amongst us.

There was—and it does not matter in which order one speaks of them, there was quite new amongst us, a man of distinction and of high eminence in his own profession, FREDERICK ADAMS, who had come from the world of pharmacy to help in these special problems of our work, and who brought with him great good will and great intelligence, and we had come to be grateful for all that he was trying to do. And with him was his wife.

And then ISABEL CAMPBELL, full of vitality and strength, coming from the Scottish land, passionately caring for the welfare of her patients and full of great strength and appreciation of all who came in touch with her, and her friend MARY STEVENSON, whom I often met, here and abroad. All who knew her know how sensitive and caring a heart she had. These two used to go to conferences and take part in them together and take holidays together. They were always of enormously great cheer as they must have been to all who went to see them.

And then, DUDLEY EVERITT, perhaps more widely known in the world of Homoeopathy, and really it is a world, in the five continents, than anyone else perhaps from this country. Whoever came to congresses when we had them in this country, found that the wheels worked smoothly, found that all the strife and conflicts which are part of the activities of this world, had by Dudley Everitt's self-effacing tact been smoothed away. I know from his colleagues on the Continent, how grateful they were, that this man, who looked so modest, who looked so gentle, had the capacity of justice in their Councils in Europe where they met. The more we learnt to know him, the more we experienced and saw his wisdom in our Councils, the more I think we learnt to honour him. And there was with him MAROOT, his wife, always so full of good-natured humour.

MARJORIE GOLOMB, those who knew her—I knew her a little, others knew her better—must marvel at the sensitivity of her intelligence, and not only that, but at the extraordinary and almost instantaneous gift of tact and understanding from her human heart to whoever it was with whom she talked. I know crossing her path in the corridors of the hospital or at some meeting, it didn't matter if one had met her recently, there was an immediate recognition in her eye and glance, an immediate response and this she had for all those who came to her. I have heard during these days of the very great distress of her patients at her passing.

There is this about every single one of these which I must say is outstanding in this age of ours, that they cared for their patients each one, they cared for them as individuals. And therefore I feel it is right to try to express today, the individual colour of each of this rich galaxy of those who were on this fated craft.

THE MATRON of the Scottish Hospital, Elizabeth Hawthorn, I have heard how much her presence and personality brought to the well-being of the Hospital in Glasgow. All our world was represented on this plane, Pharmacy and Nursing as well as Physician.

And now a young doctor, young among us, WILLIAM KADLEIGH, brilliant, full of promise, like a star that darts across this world. It is hard, it is hard for all who know such a person when suddenly he is no more here for us to take delight in. Yet we must somehow take the treasure of their being and their meaning, and honour it and lift it up. Strange are the ways of our fates...

LUDI KANDALLA and her sister Kay came from Baghdad, came from the great and mighty race of Assyrians, and when I was there at the end of the war I came to have a deep respect for the grandeur of their race. When Ludi came to the Hospital I could see the same qualities in her, descendant of the mighty Assyrians. You had only to look on the face of her and her sister (Kay) and you can see those same faces in the galleries of the British Museum on those ancient Assyrian reliefs. Lovable, uncompromising—full of vitality and youth—but you do not speak to an Assyrian about compromise—warriors, warriors for what they believe in. This was what was striking and great in the enthusiasm and youth which we learnt to love in Ludi and her sister Kay.

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JOAN MACKOVER—I knew her a little, we met and talked, and respect and affection for her grew. One had the feeling she was reliable through and through, that she would not let anyone down. Competent, warm, intelligent, trying with all her being to bring greater and more succour and help to all that she could. All this I saw in her, I'm sure it was true. She was friendly and open to all and everything. Irreplaceable such people are.

And then, JOHN RAESIDE—who was my friend, personal and close and we had worked together for many years. I have seldom met anyone with greater determination to reach the truth—not the truth in the skies but the truth about any problem he had to grapple with; and I think all of us who remember him know of this capacity for grappling which he had. He would argue, he would—like the good Scotsman he was—reject, until he had understood what was meant, until persuasion, and argument and imagination had succeeded in overcoming and bridging the gulf from one person to another, until understanding had flowed of what was being said. Then, when once John had understood I have seldom, if ever, known anyone of such generous appreciation; it would well up like a sun to shine on whoever had contributed that new spark of understanding and piece of truth. Many, many of us have learned to appreciate this core of gold within his good ancestral Scottish rugged exterior. All of us who know the Scots—and we have many from Scotland—have learned to treasure their quality. His contribution was in many things. He never held back from service, he never held back from taking on new responsibilities when they were thrust upon him.

It is not just sadness that overwhelms us, but it is how to find words to honour all these our friends, and how somehow, through honouring them, to find out the meaning of this catastrophe and of their sacrifice.

THOMAS FERGUS STEWART and HIS WIFE ELIZABETH; there are so many qualities and capacities amongst all these. I doubt if he had an enemy on earth. He met one with bright and sparkling eyes. He would enter at once into a good wrestling with one. Sometimes I thought it was like two stags coming from both sides of a mountain and entangling their antlers for a cheerful wrestling match. He was never so happy as when we were in agreement, and never so unhappy as when there was discord and strife. And certainly amongst the international world to which he went as Vice-President he was universally loved and the tributes we heard in Brussels were all of this great pleasure and delight in his eager, energetic enthusiasm.

I have spoken of each of these individually. Can you bear with me if I say something about them as a group?

I feel that a full appreciation must also take in this strange fate that is so stunning, but if you look at this group, in some strange way it represents a whole cross section of our small world, from the world of our pharmacists to the world of our matrons and nurses, and amongst the doctors every wing and branch of our complex world was represented. Many differing schools have grown up amongst us homoeopaths within the very common aim which unites us, and this group was a microcosm. I cannot look at them except as a seed taken from amongst our members—a seed to plant into the future.

It was not only that they represented this little world of Homoeopathy, but if you look closely and carefully you will see that they also represented the tremendous immemorial movements of our European heritage. There were in this strange fated plane coming from Baghdad the Kandalla sisters of the Holy Church of Rome, of the See of Peter; there was William Kadleigh coming by ancestry from Holy Russia and from the Holy Orthodox Church of the East; there were our friends from the Presbyterian North, from Scotland. There were members who found their religious home within the Church of England; those who belonged to the sacred and exalted religion of the Hebrews, of Israel; there was John Raeside who found his religious hopes and aspirations for the future within the Christian Community, and there were those who belonged to the ancient and immensely important stream of our cultural heritage, the ancient world of Masonry. For me this is a symbol which lifts up this great and terrible catastrophe out of mere accident into significance. I do not want one word I say to take one iota from this death but we who have lived in an age when catastrophe is all around us, who have endured and lived through in our life time more terrible catastrophes perhaps than any generation have ever lived through, we must try somehow to find, it seems to me, ways by which the something which is entering into our world in these terrible events can be lifted up and our vision raised up.

There is the realm of things around us, which one can just call Destiny, the realm of things which must be, the mechanism of sheer events, but there is also and perhaps today we don't lift up our eyes enough, there is the realm of Providence, the realm of what should be, of what ought to be, of what could be and what is possible, not merely necessary. Out of this microcosm as I have looked at it, then these are my thoughts pondering over it this week, struggling with it. Does it not mean, is not the symbol there, that we must overcome everything which is sectarian, everything which divides and separates one from another.

We are met here in a church of the Church of England, but those whom we commemorate come from a far wider range of allegiances, and there are among us those who come from the North and the South, the East and the West, from Africa and Asia and out of the world of European culture and tradition. Something must be raised up and lifted up out of this world of our European heritage, out of the world of our divisions and sectarianism, in medicine as in the wider spheres of life, so that it can become an ideal, to share with the peoples of all our common world. And I would feel that I had failed the appreciation of those who have been taken in this sudden event if I did not try, with my own inadequate words, to point out that there is also a symbol of high hope, a vision of mankind, full of richness and diversity, united in the world of our common humanity. And we are just human, not one of us singly can broach the full depth of the mystery of this event, but if each of us in our different ways could somehow share, as I am trying to do, then out of this, which feels like a stunning blow, there could, I believe, rise up a renewal, a renaissance, a rebirth of the human heart and human purpose and meaning in each one of us. Because even our little world of medicine can never be—in the end—a matter of schools, a matter of science, a matter of some speciality.

In the end it must be the care and concern and wisdom of doctor meeting patient, of one human person for another, and I have sought to show that each single one of these whom today we remember was a person of this type and calibre. They cared more for the destiny of each individual person than they cared for some mere system, mere profession or prestige. No, something rises up from the individual to the individual, which finds its echo in the end only in the whole of the world of our common humanity. And it was good that at Brussels, where they came, yet did not come, that there were those who came from the five continents of the globe, those who belonged to every one of the great dimensions of the world religions and so in this spirit I somehow hope, not that my words can give you the answer, but that you will join me in trying to let the wings of the imagination soar upwards until we can behold the full and positive and providential import of this tragedy, which still weighs and still must weigh, so stunningly upon us.