

***Tillandsia usneoides* (Spanish Moss) A Trituration Proving Perspective**

By Judy Schriebman, CCH, RSHom(NA)
and
Anneke Hogeland, MS, MFT, CHom

We have written this trituration in a developmental manner, reflecting the distinct stages that occurred, so that you can see the remedy emerging from the very beginning in the same way that we experienced it during the actual trituration. Unlike pellet provings where symptoms are collected in isolation and the themes and remedy picture are pieced together after the fact, a trituration proving involves an entire group interacting as the remedy picture slowly comes into focus.

In July 2009 our group of six homeopaths came together for a four day weekend to do a trituration of 'some orchids' from the private collection of one participant. This trituration was planned about three months prior. Two people lived in southern California and four in the northern part. The four would travel together to the south in one vehicle.

Life, however, had different plans for this gathering from the very beginning, as can be seen from the following series of emails:

E: Our trip to Santa Barbara is next week! I'm so looking forward to going with you all and doing some trituration together and hanging out with M and S. As far as I know, it will definitely be the four of us traveling down on Thursday. It sounds like we have plenty of bed accommodations at M's house and studio (which is in her back garden). I can bring an Aero double mattress and would be fine on that if others need the beds.

M: I'm just confirming the dates again - arrival late afternoon Thursday July 23, situate everyone in sleeping accommodations; plan on going out to dinner and discussing how the weekend will go. Four people could fit in the studio; one in the bed in Leyla's room; bunkbeds in the back room. There could even be one person on the floor in Leyla's room as well. If anyone is more comfortable in hotels - Motel 6 on upper State, by the beach is good and affordable. Each of you willing to sleep in studio/on floor, should bring a sleeping bag with pad. Those who absolutely know they can't sleep on floor can put dibs on the beds.

CJ: If I don't have a bed I am not coming down. I cannot sleep on the floor. This is not what I was told.

A: I don't even own a sleeping bag. I'm not coming if I don't have a bed.

J: Do you have it in your memory that we're driving down to Santa Barbara Thurs or Fri -- and coming back Sunday or Monday? SB came up and it suddenly hit me that I have a board meeting on Thursday evening and I really thought we were going down Fri.

A: J and I thought we could perhaps drive down Thursday evening, right after her meeting, and then sleep on the way, and drive to SB first thing Friday - we can start the trit on Fri am, do 2 rounds Friday, 2 Saturday, and maybe one on Sunday if needed - we can still leave Sunday afternoon.

*E: No, this is not what we have arranged with M. She has graciously invited us to her home and expects us to be there on Thursday evening, which she and I have made very clear. This is not acceptable to me. As I said in my email on Sunday, "I hope J can get a ride down on Friday, she was confused about the Thursday timing, but **our Santa Barbara people need to keep it as is for their schedules**, and I think we need at least two full days down there.*

11/17/2011

('Funny' coincidence is that the hostess planned this trituration on a weekend when her husband was away - which turned out to be the weekend prior!!!)

As you can tell, communication was a bit barbed; people were irritated, promises had been broken. The responses were way out of proportion to what was really going on and very different from their usual ways of communicating. Noses were out of joint, as they say. Plans were changed and two different groups traveled south at two different times.

By the time the first half the group arrived at the 'estate,' which was a normal, nice, house but not as palatial as we had imagined from E's description, the atmosphere was cordial but some things lay below the surface, unspoken. The next morning the two remaining provers arrived, late, because 'directions were wrong' and besides, they weren't looked at before. The first group was eager to get going. The second needed a little time to settle in.

We all knew we were going to triturate an orchid from the garden and we were discussing which one of the three we would do first. Two orchids were flowering while another one had flowered a while ago; that one had already been triturated one full round up to C1. In an offhand comment, our hostess said that we could also consider Spanish Moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*), which was growing profusely in the backyard. This plant is an epiphyte and a member of the Bromeliad family. It is not a true moss or lichen, despite its name and appearance.

With the group not showing a strong preference, we decided to use a pendulum, which had been discussed the night before. We dowsed the three orchids, and the strongest response was for

the C1, but there was also a tremendously strong and affirmative response to the Spanish Moss.

Even though the pendulum was quite clear about selecting Spanish Moss, we took 2 orchids and Spanish Moss upstairs and again dowsed the substances. Once more we got the most positive go ahead for the Spanish Moss. This substance clearly needed to be triturated, even though we had planned to be doing orchids.

There was a large gong in the room, which we sounded to start the trituration. We collected ourselves, clearly stated our intention to learn everything Spanish Moss had to offer and to come out of the experience with a remedy that was ready to use. We were a cohesive group with a common single-minded, clearly stated purpose. With lactose powder and a bit of Spanish Moss in our bowls, we began.

ROUND ONE

Discussion about men, males bonding around death and subjugation, about men peeing, about the inability of men to aim when they pee. Someone even invented a target that floats in the toilet bowl. When you give men something to aim at, they will try to hit the target. Talk about the Spanish inquisition. A connection was made between death and piss, peeing in fright when under torture in the face of death. Two provers noticed that they were not peeing at all, despite drinking copious quantities of water; one of them had a dry mouth, even though she was salivating. The other one drank lots of water and was not urinating at all. CJ (who turned out to be particular sensitive to this substance) blurted out that we were destroying the plant and complained that no one was paying it proper respect. She contributed the following poem, which she channeled from the substance:

*The cow chews me in big bunches, and deer
Birds take me for nests
I am Oceanic
I give the energy of the air a place to land
And dragonflies
So many curves
So much time*

CJ was clearly on a different page.

Group talk quickly returned to the toilet. Toilet bowl became tidy bowl, man in the bowl, Flush him down! Talk turned to the Clampers, **E Clampus Vitus**¹ and secret male societies such as the C street club², the Masonic Lodge, the Bohemian Grove³ and the Spanish Inquisition. How the German death camp at Dachau was really the SS training camp where men learned to be "good SS'ers," learned to become completely amoral and relish the idea of inflicting pain. This is still not properly revealed or acknowledged at the Dachau site today. What is it about men and

¹ **E Clampus Vitus** is a Californian organization of men formed in response to the seriousness and rigidity of the Masonic Lodge. Clampers aim to 'protect widows and orphans, but especially widows,' and gather for buffoonery, drinking, and playing large-scale 'historical' hoaxes. The sport of anvil firing is popular amongst Clampers.

² The C Street Club is a secret conservative Christian, fundamentalist society, for high ranking republicans, called 'The Family.' They believe that the powerful should have unfettered power over others. Normal rules don't apply to those God has chosen to lead. Their idols are Hitler, Pol Pot, Lenin, and Osama Bin Laden.

³ The Bohemian Grove Club's all-male membership includes artists, particularly musicians, as well as many prominent business leaders, government officials (including many former U.S. presidents), senior media executives, and people of power. Members may invite guests to the Grove although those guests are subject to a screening procedure. Bohemian club members can schedule private day-use events at the Grove any time it is not being used for Club-wide purposes, and are allowed at these times to bring spouses, family and friends, though female and minor guests must be off the property by 9 or 10 p.m. The Club motto is "Weaving Spiders Come Not Here", which implies that outside concerns and business deals are to be left outside. Yet important political and business deals have been developed at the Grove. The Grove is particularly famous for a Manhattan Project planning meeting that took place there in September 1942, which subsequently led to the atomic bomb.

their tendency towards secret societies and violent behavior, whether for entertainment, amusement or to hurt and intimidate people? Is it just testosterone or what?

We questioned why there were not many secret women's organizations. S reported, "My mother was a member of the Eastern Star, a women's society that was the sister organization to the Masons. They had a ceremony of initiation, where they wore robes, and stood on the points of the star. She never talked about it much."

We identified with the Clampers as an organization that mocked the seriousness of these societies, but wanted an organization for women to 'take the piss out' of the secret, rigid, violent, good old boy male organizations. In very short time we came up with a name: **X Clampus Vaginus**: a symbol: the Philippine sickle-shaped knife as a tool of the powerful female; a slogan: 'Behave or Beware;' and even a secret hand sign. We laughed a great deal about this but also united behind the importance of a powerful women's counter organization. The wrathful Mother Deity came up. Penises and knives. The roots of ritual practice. Shamanic conjure dancing. Marie Laveau, the voodoo queen of New Orleans. The fear, apprehension, or suspicion of homeopathic provings being the same fear about witches, or shamanic work, those activities and practices that are mysterious and perceived as secret.

During this round we are all grinding very fast. The round seems to be going quickly. Connections are made so fast and so easily, reminding us of how the plant itself looks: one big bunch of little connections, a chaotic tangle, a labyrinth with no beginning or end. Any topic of conversation leads to many other subjects. Is there a theme?

We find ourselves repeatedly mistaking what people say, mishearing words. A word or phrase is spoken and another word is heard. *Shamanic Conjure Dancing* is heard as *Shamanic Contra Dancing*, *coyote* becomes *peyote*, *esoterica* becomes *erotica*, *recrapping* instead of *recapping*. This phenomenon was consistent throughout every round and even continued after the trituration was finished. People would try to come up with explanations to make either of the two words fit. We were highly amused that either version could work. We could not be sure how to interpret this. Was this about lying? Or saving face? Was this brain, or ears, or the remedy? One prover noticed that her written d's and b's were always reversed.

The colors red and black come up, the Nazi colors.⁴

Physicals in Round One:

Lack of peeing. Feeling completely disconnected from the bladder. Not having a sense of one's bladder. Thought she had to pee; couldn't tell; no urging.

Painful lower jaw (2 provers). Tightening; like lower jaw was being drawn back into the skull. TMJ? Teeth hurting. Jaw hurting both sides lower jaw. Remedy for post dental treatment??

Throat closure. Clumps of stuff on uvula.

Sensitive to smells.

Dry mouth even though salivating. Dry lips.

⁴ We later learned that these are also the Clamper colors.

ROUND TWO

The misheard word thing continued. *CFIDS* was heard as *sequins*; *legumes* became *lagoons*; *Thai* cooking paste was *Tide* (detergent) cooking paste; *dentures* instead of *denser*. We howled with laughter each time this happened. And the words that were misheard again made perfect sense, although they were at times nonsensical. Explanations for what one was trying to say versus explanations for what was misheard were perfectly constructed. The conversation worked either way. Everyone was equally skilled at either mis-hearing or mis-speaking.

Discussion about stolen dissertations. Professors insidiously appropriating the research of their gifted students to the detriment of the student, at times dealing 'a mortal wound' to the student's research project. The student is powerless since she cannot seek justice or fight this in any way because of the nature of academia.

Robin Murphy's repertory structure was mentioned and someone said it was really well organized. CJ said with utter deprecation, "It's just alphabetical," indicating with her tone of voice how ridiculous she found this comment. CJ thoroughly dissed the person making the comment, and this is completely unusual for her.

The following issues kept re-appearing:

Do I really want to be here?

Are we here?

Stolen dissertations.

The hidden secret.

The idea of getting a manicure or pedicure at the salon, by J for whom this was NEVER a desire, completely foreign to her nature.

11/17/2011

*Wanting to add water to the bowl.
C2 is boring.
I don't want to be here; doing this.*

The movies 'Bottle Shock' and 'Sideways.'

Physicals in Round Two:

Horrible left shoulder pain radiating into neck and underarm
Tightness in lower jaw (again)
Hand cramps, finger cramps, stiffness and cramping neck
Left breast pain, sharp and nasty
Lower jaw pain
Sweating in the armpits

World Events:

A 7.8 earthquake in New Zealand, moving the island one foot towards Australia
A huge comet crashed into Jupiter
Longest solar eclipse of the century
Pairing of lunar and solar eclipses

The conversation goes all over the place. All kinds of strange segues are made, seemingly non-connected. Everything branched out in different directions, very much like the plant. Also note that this is an air plant, taking everything it needs from the air. The conversation often had an 'airhead' quality.

Off we go to the nail salon! We actually, all six of us, go to have pedicures and get our nails painted! Two people were pedicure virgins, including J who suggested it. When we got back J was asked nicely to move her car. J was visibly huffy with this request.

ROUND THREE

"Yesterday, Yesterday" song; not the Beatles. "Who's the artist?" "If I knew that...!" "It's just alphabetical!" Google it. Google's like the Akashic records. The PanGalactic Library. A new search engine—Bing—that gives the same BS that Google gives you. "But you get it faster, right?"

Why do we get our toenails painted? Do men even notice what color of toenail polish you're wearing? "We *all* know that guys will notice the one toe that isn't right. It's the *first* thing the guys do...and she will NOT get sex tonight if the nails aren't perfect." Laughter. "Guys barely notice anything."

Nursery rhyme: Little girl with the curl right in the middle of her forehead. When she was bad she was horrid. S "I was not a very obedient child. I wasn't bad but if somebody told me that was the rule, it didn't matter to me." "So you were more sort of Freelance?" Laughter! "I had my opinion about how the rules should be." "ALL ways here are MY ways," in the Red Queen voice from Alice in Wonderland. **Freelance children!** Always doing your own thing. You have your own set of rules and preferences, you cannot be bound by the rules of others.

We collapse into a flurry of clipped, Monty Pythonesque British accents. "We have to go looking for Mr. Roebottom! (E's old boyfriend who was seen in a restaurant last night, but she did not go say hello to him). "Paging Mr. Rowbottom!" "Are you Mr. Rowbottom? Of Roebottom, Roebottum and Rowbotham?" Teasing about British rotting teeth from sucking sugar cubes with their tea. "No, that's Persian!" Rotten front teeth. Lots of lumps of sugar in their tea.

We feel an inward motion; a very internal process. Not connected to the group here. Nothing is happening. Lightheaded, spacey, vertigo.

A discussion of the natural history of the plant. CJ is obsessed with its structure. "Let's go online and see if we can get a close-up of the scales, microscopic, and compare it to a redwood tree. Human hairs up close have scales." So you can rat your hair. "So it's barbed?" "Not MY hair. Wool. So you can felt it and it gets tighter and tighter."

Discussion about being burned as witches for doing this process. Cackling and grinding. CJ says, "Worse than being burned is just being ignored." Said with quiet certaintude. Disbelief at this statement.

I just got the color red in here. Wait for Black; wait for black! Gold! Sequins! Sequins! Red and black sequins. I thinking of the SS in their red and black and you're going for sequins. If the SS had any fashion sense...Sequins would have helped. That would be the kinder, gentler SS. Oh really? Sequins, eh? We'll send you to the front. Siberia for you. Or maybe Normandy. There are sequins in Normandy? I heard there are seafigs in Normandy. We're losing the battle. ...Safely in the Bavarian Alps.

Which are so beautiful and picturesque, the Bavarian Alps. It's like the Sound of Music. They make you sick, they're so perfect. They're so clean. Like Disneyland. Like someone sweeps them every night⁵. Even the cows are clean. Elves are cleaning their forests. Gnomes! They actually sweep the forest??? They go in with brooms? The gnomes do. No, when the people walk in the

⁵ We later learn that Spanish Moss cannot survive in a polluted environment.

forest, they just don't mess it up. Leave no trace. CJ "Is this German nature all the way back or some sort of atonement for WW2?" They're very clean. Frankfurt airport. The Germans so precise, but the most disorganized airport in the world.

CJ: Kind of a seaweed feel to this. And it said it was Oceanic.

I'm hot. Lach 50M. 50M? Why 50M? Because that's the opportunity. I heard Auntie Em, Auntie Em! Then just take Sulph. I'm tempted to take Lach, just to see what it's like. You want to take it just so you can be mean to everyone. I already am. But if I take it, I won't care! You just want to take it because you're up against the mafia. The garbage mafia.

The TV show 'The Sopranos,' about the mafia. Didn't they own the landfill? The best way of disposing of dead bodies; you just throw them in the back of the van. Disposal company; the family business. Crudeness in speech and manner. Insensitivity on the part of men. Powerlessness on the part of women.

CJ: this C3 is the Dormancy. Nothing has happened. There's nothing going on. Waiting for Godot. Waiting for God.

Muted hearing. Like being under water. Water filling your ears. In your own world. Dormancy. Blank minds. Blank slates. All conversation is experienced as background noise, muffled.

CJ has song "Knocking on Heaven's Door." We're done!

Felt like a blank screen. Not existing unless someone said something. There's a kind of preverbal receptivity to this emptiness. Just receiving. Absorbing. No impulse to draw. Empty

of any mind stuff. Except that your speech feels like water. It wakes me up and when it stops, dormancy.

Moss looks like seaweed. M did drawing with just one line that never stops. Like the plant.

Physicals in Round 3:

Distorted hearing, muted, like being underwater

Heat, sensation of

Heat, flushes of

Top part of head hurting

Painful sensitivity to scraping and bowl banging

During dinner, after the round, we have a lengthy conversation about someone's daughter having her master's thesis stolen; about a female scientist and her struggle for recognition and having her work appropriated by male colleagues. About a prominent woman we knew who may have killed herself, who had lapsed into paranoia after years of worrying about people stealing from her. (This woman was noted for her very superior queen-like attitude).

CJ and J are quiet. The others carry the conversation. CJ is getting more and more irate; her ideals are getting destroyed. Where is the love? J senses a tearing down of women who have accomplished things; it's never good enough what women do and women tear each other down, as much if not more than men do. We're harder on each other. We demand perfection. Things that a man can do without consequence, we deny for women. Men have quirks; women can't have any. How does this relate to the substance? Or does it? J asks for a sip of the better wine and is denied; she feels rebuffed.

What a very interesting universe we live in.

Next Day:

Four go to the market. We meet up with someone's friend who had incredibly bad teeth - plenty of money to fix them, but for some reason she walks around with a mouth full of rot. Makes us think of the teeth symptoms during yesterday's trituration.

We go back to the studio to record dreams.

J insists on starting. She had a long involved dream that morning.

*I am in a large warehouse or airplane hanger. I'm supposed to get married to someone in the Royal Family; I don't know who. The Royals are all sitting at a table far from me—like an opposite corner of the room. The room is filled with tables, folding chairs, paper plates, plastic glasses, like a big indoor picnic—or a large but cheaply done party. I don't see lots of food but people are eating and talking. **The crowd is a blur; details are indistinct. The whole scene is dim, dark, like looking through shadows.** I'm finally conscious of a small conversation—the Queen is talking and she and the others are clearly **Not Happy** about me "joining" the family. Not directly nasty but clearly not welcoming speech. Lots of eyes on me that look away when I look back. Clearly it's not going to work. I'm making my way back to my seat having called the wedding off. No fiancé anywhere.*

Time change in the dream; same setting, same people but days later or the next day because I've told the family. There is only one person there who is larger than life; very tall, very thin, and very flamboyant. I'm sure he's gay, but extraordinarily kind and fun. In my mind he's Paul McCartney—or am I supposed to be marrying Paul?—but he goes by the name of Sam. He's wearing a stunning shiny grey belted housecoat/dress over thin, black pipe stem trousers. The top shimmers and the whole outfit drapes beautifully. He moves gracefully in it as he's running around, talking to everyone, as if he's the host of the affair, making sure everyone is comfortable. Everyone is drawn to

him. And his place is at my/our table. So I feel honored. He brings me a piece of cake—I've been sitting without one—I'm not going to get up and get myself one; that would be admitting defeat or something—I should be being served and getting my own would be humiliating. I ask him, "What's the occasion?" since it's clearly no longer my wedding and he says he's getting married. I see a photo of him and his bride, a very petite but butch looking young woman. At that point, they hoist a huge contraption way up high in the center of the room, with a girl in a harness and costume. She's singing from Phantom of the Opera, while doing acrobatics including getting out of a strait jacket while pieces of the contraption are being blown away and pulled apart. I'm scared for her even though I can see the safety harness. She drops; the crowd gasps but she easily catches herself. All part of the show. She doesn't miss a note. I hug Sam and say congratulations and leave.

J further reports on her experiences:

*This is what I observed about myself yesterday: I was asked to move my car so the husband could park in front. I'm miffed but say nothing. It's odd, normally this would roll right off me but I carry it. Feel slighted at dinner when I get served a small piece of fish and am refused a sip of A's wine. Don't feel part of the dinner conversation. Nothing to offer. All about people and things I don't know nor care about. The woman scientist and her victim state; resonance with the stolen dissertation material that came up in Trit conversation. Not part of the group but subtler; not dissed, not shunned but **slighted** somehow, which means some sense of self, of **entitlement** that's **not being recognized**. At odds with things? Talk about going to the Farmer's Market last night. I don't care if I go or not and I say so. That's unusual for me. I'm usually very anxious to join the group; not wanting to be left out; not wanting to miss anything; and a sense of not wanting to be talked about if I'm not there; but I just don't want to bother. If it works out that I'm up and ready, ok and if not, also ok. I also remember that I was the last one done at the nail salon and then had to move car so that I was the last one to get a snack and the group was all ready to do trit, but they can wait while I get what I need. Not my fault I'm last.*

So something about taking care of myself in a group.

*Feeling shafted; **stolen from**; means you have something of value.*

The groups squeals, 'she's the queen!' and M runs off to get a Mardi gras tiara which she places on J's head. J protests feebly but is secretly pleased. The others now solicit her opinion, whether the room is the right temp, does she need anything? All this attention is grand. Feathers are smoothed. The idea of a sense of entitlement. J mentions that she has tried to help in the kitchen but can't do anything and that she really doesn't want to. That she could sit and read the paper and have others do it all and not even clean up. This is quite unlike her.

A's dreams:

I am in Chicago and I have to get to the airport. I am driving a car and can see that I have to cross the Place de la Concorde and make my way over to the Miracle Mile Street, which will take me to the airport. I cross the giant Place and then find myself in an impossible warren of one-way streets. It is simply impossible for me to find my way to the Loop. I become thoroughly distressed, I will miss my plane, cannot find my way out of here. I try it one more time. It is all the more stressful because I can see the street where I need to be but I cannot get there. I find myself in a dead-end circle. I see the little Dutch police car sitting there, yet I turn and almost run into them. They stop me. I get out, am practically in tears. But they have no mercy and ticket me a huge fine.

Later on still in the same dream, it repeats with a small twist. I am sitting in the car, still not knowing how to get to the airport. I have by now missed my plane. My husband gets in the car with me. He has maps, and we make our way to the airport. I am practicing in my head what to say to the airline clerk to try to get refunded or put on another plane later. When we get there, I speak with the airline person and she says she can easily get me on the next flight. At this point I say to her, oh no, I am not ready to go yet.

Another dream later that night. I am in bed in the trituration room, waking up. M comes in and starts walking on a treadmill next to the bed. She says to me, "Yes, the problem is that you are the Swedish Mariah and this is all about duality." I say, "Well, so what about duality, explain to me how I can work with this?" She starts to talk but then abruptly the dream ends.

During the night several provers had issues around thirst. One wanted to drink water, but did not want to get up for it, or move for it, even though there was a bottle of water nearby. *'If the water would have come to me, I would have had some.'* Thinking of getting one of those bendy straws for during the night. E said *'I had my water bottle up here, but was just too lazy to reach it. I want someone to bring me the water. I want to just ring the bell and have someone bring me the water.'* J: *'I was completely dry, too, and this isn't a dry climate. The air is moist. Weird.'*

M:

Got woken up in the middle of the night by something and forgot the dream I was in, but found that my head was aching, my teeth were aching. Thought I was hung over. My knees were throbbing, my feet were throbbing, then pain in my intestines on the left side. This is a drag; I can't get back to sleep with this. Should I take an aspirin? Is this the remedy? Yet this concern that I *have to keep drinking*. I keep a water bottle near the bed but I couldn't just guzzle the water, I had to keep sipping and sipping the water. And kept reflecting on that microscopic image of the plant. Marveling about its shape and how it catches the water in those little cups. It's a bromeliad. Molecules of water, and my lips were dry so have to get chapstick. Mouth is dry; legs are dry, nose is dry.

CJ's dream:

I'm at a college campus. A large ground floor building; lots of cement. Long corridors, going lots of different directions. And I have some relationship with a professor who works on the ground floor lab. And there's a large portfolio book the size of a card table lying on the cement with title "The Coming Heat Wave," and I have the professor and all these people vying for my involvement in their projects. Sense of needing to get away from all these demands coming at me from all directions. I feel torn in many dimensions. There's a lot of hard, dry cement. I'm evasive on a bicycle to buy myself time. All the tension about decisions. And there's a relief when the cement gets hosed off with water. Drenched with water. Like the end of the dormancy period, when the rain comes. Full of my own stuff about

11/17/2011

business projects and the dry cement, that was made all right by the rain. Succeeded in getting the portfolio out of the way so it didn't get drenched. The core thing, the essential thing, was protected but we got the water.

The one-way thing was interesting: going round and round and the way M's drawing was done with one line. You get to the end and you think you'll continue on but it's the end; inside is outside. How would I go the route of all these leaves, without going back or stopping? One continuous way. And yet you're blocked. Or no real inside and outside. Foreground becomes background.

Like the roads in Chicago. You can't get there from here. It's a maze. Like a **labyrinth**. You think you'll be over there but you're somewhere else; you get to that track on the way out. You can see the street but you can't get there.

Fear that we were getting a ticket, and we were going to miss the plane. And we'll never get out of Chicago. And when she is given the way out, she says, "Never mind!" Chicago/France/Holland all mixed up together. And the Miracle Mile. Every place has one. Michigan Ave. was a loop. The loop! Life is strange.

A: So Miss Queen do you want to say something about moving from C3 to C4?

J: Yes! When we go to C4, what generally happens is that we either start to see the problem become more crystallized OR we might start to see the solution to what this problem state is; the overview. The solution which contains both polarities in a way that makes things so much more enlightened and better.

ROUND FOUR

During the grinding, J mentions her conversation that morning with M's husband, who relayed a story of a friend of M's who lost control of her car and died, or was it suicide? He also relayed a story of his being fired from his job, where he was doing excellent work, in favor of a fast-talking charlatan, who drove the company into bankruptcy. How the boss was taken in by fake psychics and lost all his money and it was millions.

A recalls her dream, forgotten until now, that also dealt with a charlatan.

I am in a room, sort of a classroom. And someone is hanging a child upside down from the window. My son is there and he is quite young, maybe four years old, except he has his adult head on him. A man is in front of the classroom, like a teacher or a leader and he is a charlatan of some sort. Do I let my son come to his own conclusions or do I step in to protect him? I just watch it from a distance.

About the husband's fishing trip. He was ready; he had his boots on while lying in bed, but missed the call to get on deck when the fish were jumping. Being ready but still missing out. Like the dormancy: being ready to jump but can't jump because conditions aren't right.

CJ: Occupied by listening - not quite empty like C3 - actively listening and a whole lot was being stimulated in me. Using the conversation like nutrients for myself - a sense of active growing. We're not getting it (the recognition we need, the basic thing we need). A sense of stuckness, this is just stuck, a passive stuckness, there is nothing to be done about it.

M: The stuckness is not a stuckness without options. It's not a stuckness that ends there. *Strategy will get you through.* This kind of queen (as in the hive) does not have to strategize; all others strategize around her.

11/17/2011

Issue of the duality - what is seen and not seen. The 2 faces.
Twins. 2 personalities
The wound/the mask/Michael Jackson/faces changing
Plastic surgery - The mask you want the world to see.
Like being two-faced? As in making a Freudian slip, then a lengthy
explanation about how one really meant to say something else.
Back peddling to hide true motifs. Pathological liars do this.
You become a 2 faced bastard. Borderline Personalities and
Narcissism. Honesty versus charlatans.

E: I am interested in the fact that this plant is so proliferate in
the southeast - voodoo land - Marie Laveau - voodoo was
mentioned again. With voodoo you are trying to control people -
it's secret, furtive, malevolent. The victim feels stabbing pains
and usually knows who is doing the black magic. It can cause a
mortal wound, and the victim cannot prove it.

Distortion and twisted in the labyrinth - A story to validate the
wrong word that you use - into the paranoia.

You cannot get there from here.
That's the way intrigue works - you cannot get to the real crux of
the story. Backstabbing and betrayal and intrigue - perceived
betrayal. The Tudors - worming your way into power. Obsequious
fawning over the Queen while plotting her demise. All those
southern white people who had all those slaves to do everything
for them. We're not getting what we want, what we need, we
cannot get out of Dodge

*GENIUS BORROWS NOBLY WHILE MEDIOCRITY STEALS
FURTIVELY.*

We go to the beach, where S finds her rotten-toothed friend again! We meet other people known to the locals, we meet dog people and do a quick prescription for *a urinary infection* in an old dog. Dolphins are seen frolicking; pelicans fly by in unison. The beach is noted for black tar that oozes from the sand. When the group moved, as the dolphins arrived, A stepped in a big glop of tar.

We take a small tour of the old part of town, of the mission and the 'stations of the cross' garden there. There is a street name: Salsipuedes which means "Leave- if you can!" It seems appropriate.

ROUND 5

Usually we expect things to come together in Round 4 but this substance is different. There were 2 quiet rounds; Rounds 2 and 3. Round 4 brought out some additional information from the deeper part of the substance, but did not give us the higher perspective. In this round we hope to find the solution that will allow us to break free. This is what the substance has to teach us. It presents the problem and shows the solution, if we travel far enough along the path.

Whatever happened here? Alice in Wonderland: You're nothing but a pack of cards. Strategizing as a way out. Declaring yourself out of the game; not playing as a way out. In the game, there can only be one queen. She has to watch her back; others are scheming; she has to keep her own people close but she can't trust them either. They're all watching for her to show weakness or slip up, then she can be deposed and another can take her place! Suspicion. Paranoia. **Off with their heads!** The Red Queen in Alice: all ways here are MY ways! The only way to win is not to play. Other women who cannot speak up for fear of losing their

heads; women who scheme, using sex to get to power since they cannot get to power on their own—there can only be one queen. People who are constantly trying to get close to the one in power so they can be protected; so they can be in the inner circle; be favored. Sycophants. Why the queen can't trust them; they just suck up to power. Who can you trust? No one.

We all know of people who fit this remedy description. We think of the Tudors, another TV show about the court intrigue around Henry VIII and all his wives. All the scheming; the heads chopped off; the vying to be the next queen for the power. And to secure your place by having a male heir, not your own self. Elizabeth, the queen who followed; the Virgin Queen, who played the game like a man and kept the throne till her death, even as she beheaded her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, who was aiming for the throne. There can only be one queen.

Talk of the bee hive. We talked about the queen bee and how the newer queen bees come into power. A queen fight. The new virgin queens kill off each other.

The queen of ironing versus the queen of irony.

The sickle is the sword of discrimination that cuts through the veil and the bullshit is gone.

Phoebe in Wonderland (a movie). Where is Phoebe going?

Phoebe was a free lance child. Her mom is writing a dissertation and cannot finish, while the husband is getting his book published. Johnny Depp and Joni Mitchell. Johnny Depp was born in the south, he was 'white trash.' Joni felt not recognized for her work., she does not get enough recognition for her contribution to music.

Barbs, setting teeth on edge. Bromeliads have scales, like teeth on their edges. Leaves are like a series of mouths that catch and contain water.

Down with the Crown! Queen Fight - there can only be one queen. If you are playing the game and losing, it's better to get out and play a different game or play the game differently. In this game, losing is fatal.

Physicals in Round 5:

Runny noses (curative for nasal congestion in prover)

After the round, while sitting outside, CJ promotes the idea that racism has its roots in sex; that people care about who the parents are in order to keep the races pure, or some such nonsense. A & J try to follow her but it makes no sense. Fear of the *other* is at the base of racism, not sex, they counter. It's been noted that CJ has made a number of observations that are distinctly out of sync with the group and seem to come from left field; this is very contrary to her usual astute observations and comments. She seems to be demanding a place at the table but is just "off." Like being on the same page, yet in different books.

Dinner and more talk. The themes of the remedy are getting fleshed out. The larger picture is coming into focus. E has her moment to be queen. We pass her the tiara. She has been getting repeated calls from her husband all weekend. He is peeved at her. It was their daughter's first performance in a play with a good part and E wasn't there to see it. He's whiny and she's a bad mother. Her daughter is anxious and also calls frequently. We give her the finger across the throat signal, so she can say she has to go. He tries to lay a guilt trip on her. This is an old pattern.

We're not buying and neither is she, although we think she could be firmer.

ROUND 6

The next day we decide on another round. Although the proving seems finished, we wonder, have we come full circle? Is there more? What would another round reveal? Just to see, we decide to go on.

The energy is different. There were no dreams last night that anyone can recall. M was visited during the night by the spirit of Marie Laveau who introduced her to the various southern spirits, showing her some of the hidden aspects of the cultures in New Orleans.

Something about women using the moss for menstrual pads. They would secure it with a kind of a diaper. Men would have a resentful response with apprehension and fear when they saw that because it would interfere with having sex. Women can bleed but they don't die. The power of the menstrual cycle. You can send the men out to hunt for bloody meat - they have to go. Women would feel power and control.

Exploring the nature of swamp and swamp cultures. M has aversion to the swamp, even though she loves water. Unending dampness. Moldy, mildewy. Unseen creatures in stagnant waters. The moss gives it a mysterious look. No sources of light at night and you cannot keep a fire burning. Fireflies give it a more delightful feeling. You can stay hidden there. If someone threw you overboard in a swamp your body would never be found.

Swamp as stagnant and yukky.

11/17/2011

The movie "The Orchid Thief," or was it called "Adaptations?"
This movie looped around itself as the director got sucked into
the swamp story. Swamp culture. Poverty. White trash.

Getting in too far to be able to get out.

The female child heroine; Alize, Phoebe, Dorothy, Lyra.

Anger as a way of gathering your energy to be able to find your
way out. Calling off the game.

Voices deepening, slowing down

Congestion

Being stymied in the labyrinth of academia

Needing empowerment somehow

Needing a different strategy in order to not get stuck

Living in the swamp is much cheaper

Fireflies - phosphorus

Being too far into the labyrinth to get out - too deeply identified

How do you recognize when you are in it? And what do you need to
get out? Shock and/or guidance

Calling the game off, the game has the hidden aspects

Congestion and stagnation

It's not about destruction - not syphilitic - more sycotic, including
the emotional body - lymph system

The woman with the poli-sci degree who never said anything
intelligent - she married her professor when she got her PhD -
she was accomplished, a skater, news reporter, equestrian, and
she looked and acted like a blond bimbo - 2 faces - the hidden
face was the power face

The courtesan model / the cortisone model

MOVIE - A Dangerous Beauty

Looping back into things, the curling quality of the themes

The loss of the small town and the loss of the natural small way

11/17/2011

Spanish moss is the Mycelium of the air

MOLD TOXICITY. "The Fall of the House of Usher"

Edema and water retention

Congestion, stagnation

The emotional body is the swamp

You have to call off the game - the game is toxic

The old game had the hidden things

The new game everything is out in the open - very fast - the internet - instant communication and information

The labyrinth keeps growing

Finding the place within yourself where you can just decide to get out and get going

Things are calmer. Sentences finish before a new one starts.

There is a looping back quality. We still enjoy some mis-heard word play, *courtesan* versus *cortisone*. We're not frantic. CJ seems upset. We can see she needs the crown. But she won't take it.

The round ends and we take some of the powder from each bowl, mix it together then potentize it to a 40C/6 remedy. CJ takes one of the pellets to continue the proving. M does a fabulous gonging to end the process. We are awash in waves of sound; losing ourselves in the waves; letting it die away.

We pack, say our goodbyes, induct M and S into our SRP study group as official members, repeat the secret handsign in unison one more time and call out our slogan.

On the way home, four stop at a winery founded by a woman from New Orleans. It seems appropriate. New Orleans, voodoo,

southern racism all figured prominently in the proving. J goes inside and reports that the tasting bar in back is done up like an old Victorian mansion, complete with a darkened parlour, "where they used to lay out the corpses." "Where they lay out the corks???" asks CJ. Clearly the mis-hearing is still operating. Above us dangles what looks like Spanish moss, but a clump drops down and we see that it's completely different. It's a true lichen, flattened in structure where our moss was rounded and matrixed in cellular boxes where our moss was a tangle of branchlets. But they're both greygreen and live on air in oak trees without apparent roots.

Rubrics:

Paranoid, is not given proper due
Entitlement, solid sense of, not haughty
Work, stolen
Credit, doesn't give credit to others
Delusions, queen, thinks she is a
Recognition, desire for
Steals, work of others
Respect, desire for
Special treatment, desire for
Jaw, lower, pain as if teeth were drawn back
Spasms, cramps; hands, fingers, feet
Headache
Nose, coryza, discharge, watery
Suspicious
Rage, violent
Irritable, trifles at

Differentials:

Corvus-c, Plat, Staph, Canth, Lyc, Sep, Phos, Nit-ac

Desire for recognition and you may get it but it's not in the proper way; it's not like you see others getting recognized. Feeling of not ever getting proper recognition. Brilliant women whose intellectual property is stolen. Dissertations which are stolen by the mentoring professor. At the same time, they steal from others and do not know they have stolen, thinking it is their own work or insight. They give no credit to others and actively dis or inflate them in conversations with others. As this goes on, they go from being insulted by the lack of recognition to active delusions that people everywhere are stealing from them or are fixated on a time when work was stolen from them. This becomes a state of paranoia, which will lead to alienating friends and allies. Strong desire to be a part of a group of acclaimed teachers.

So interesting how many of the themes we danced with during this weekend appeared all around us - in movies, songs, articles, etc. It made us wonder- how much of the information we collect is the remedy and how much of it is a reading of the themes of the times? Perhaps air plants as a group have antennae, picking up the trends of the times - so this remedy could be useful for suffering that is caused by events in the collective. This brings up all sorts of philosophical questions - what are we really triturating? Or is it just that the plant holds this piece and we chose it or were we led to choose it because this is what's currently 'up' to do?