



Black Ooze from Above

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The Carbon Zeitgeist

This is a case of a 43-year-old female who came to me in 2006 in hopes of receiving help with her agoraphobia and symptoms of chronic fatigue and immobilizing depression.

When she was able to work, she helped others as a spiritual guide and teacher, with an empathic sensitivity to what others felt. This same sensitivity caused her to be overwhelmed around groups of people.

I took some time at the start of the intake to explain the importance of visceral sensation and how useful it is for her to share any imagery that might come to mind – anything that she might say to help me understand how she felt – her experience of any given moment.

I was quite amazed at the depth of this patient's ability to deeply perceive and relay her delusional state. Like a highly valued sensitive prover, her description of her state brought to life the zeitgeist of the carbon compound that invoked a life-changing cure.

The following is a direct transcription of the edited video case. Several years ago the patient requested that her video no longer be shown with the intention to utilize the video footage in the future in connection with the book she is currently writing. (Minor changes have been made to protect her anonymity.)

Intake: September 2006

"I have experiences where it feels like I'm falling into a bottomless pit, a well and there's no end and it goes into a depression, agoraphobia. I can't move. It is as if I was bound, like I was literally wrapped in chains or something, (*arms wrapped around upper body*) and I'm just falling down this well."

So if you would, go back in this position (wrapping arms around chest) and talk to me about the experience of this. You're falling into a bottomless pit; you're bound, wrapped in chains, what's that like?

"It's like I've been thrown away and abandoned, sent off in exile to be completely and utterly alone (*tears*).

I almost see the image of being buried alive, being in dirt and not being able to – wanting to scream and say, you know I'm alive (*tears*). Don't bury me yet, I'm still alive.

When I'm with a large group of people or out with people, after an hour and a half without fail, I will start to become unravelled (*hands spiralling away from head*). Exhaustion, tired, foggy. That foggy mind again. Confusion starts to set in. When that happens I say to the kids, 'mom has to go home, I've had enough, now!'

I have to overcome this to do my work. It's not like I get it in the morning and I just go out to do my work. I have to go through a whole process in my body to go out; otherwise it's just too painful.

I feel like there are these – kind of shards – coming into me, just from being out in the world, and I've been this way my whole life – my whole life. I didn't go to parties as a teenager. I would go to a party and after 30 minutes, I'm out of here.

There is an energy that I would throw out, (*hands shooting outward from head*) if I could I would throw it out, (*hands again*) I would get it out."

"I just this minute put the correlation together when I was fifteen to twenty-eight I was horrifically bulimic and anorexic. And in my days of bulimia, the whole mantra was, I've got to get it out (*hands shooting outward*). I can't throw up enough to get it out, until I would pass out, just pass out from exhaustion from throwing up all day, and then I would have some peace. Now I'm not there now, but there's a residue of it. Do you see what I'm saying? There's a residue of this.

I have this mantra, I don't deserve to exist, I don't deserve to live. I shouldn't be here. I don't know where this comes from. I've had it... I was four or five when I started thinking that.

I tried to kill myself when I was six, but they took me to the hospital and I had my stomach pumped. It was about that age, five or six that this shame and confusion, everything shifted."

What was happening in your life at that time?

"We lived in married student housing, in a low-rent area of town and I was the only white kid in the entire building. So I just thought I was black (*laughs-cries*)."

What's the emotion here?

"I have never understood, nor will ever understand the tremendous amount of hate that people can have.

When I was six we moved to a small town in the Deep South. The people in this neighbourhood were extremely prejudiced. And I heard all these words I had never heard before, that black people were niggers and

S U M M A R Y

Exploring a patient's challenged life of agoraphobia, depression, and bulimia lead us back to a shocking childhood trauma. The vivid descriptions of this patient's visceral experience brings about the prescribing of an unproved carbon remedy which fully releases the patient from her limited experience of life.

KEYWORDS Carbons, Agoraphobia, Depression, Hate crime, Vital sensation method, Bulimia, *Pix liquida*, Foggy thinking



they lived in niggertown and I was a Yankee, and Yankees were as bad as niggers. And that I should be killed for being a Yankee, horrible things. One of my friends down the street, his father was a very angry, mean hateful man. One day we were playing, and he came over and he picked me up. He just picked me up and he was with a guy and they had two baseball bats and he said, come on, we're going to go kill some niggers.

They threw me in the back of the car with my friend and another friend. We went driving down these dirt roads and he leaned out of the car and if there was a little kid on the side of the road that was black, he would hit him with the baseball bat.

And when I saw that... that fog came. I don't remember anything else, I don't remember coming home; I don't remember what happened afterwards."

And what's the experience, the fog came ...

"It's like a black ooze, black, from above, it's just like (*hands up above head moving down*) it poured over me, through me and I just blacked out. I don't remember anything."

"(Later in the interview) I do, however, have to be able to function with the stresses of life that come. Right now there's a lot of stress. I have to sell half my furniture to move into this apartment, because the landlady raised my rent by \$500 dollars. We can't afford it.

The children just started school and I went from when I was married having a beautiful million dollar home and a beautiful life to struggle, struggle, struggle.

I just feel overwhelmed. I have to take action, and now is the time when this shadow part comes up. I just get paralyzed. I just can't move and I have to be able to move. I have to take care of all this.

What's it like? A little bit more about the experience of being paralyzed. You can't move, you have to be able to move, there's so much that you have to do, and you're paralyzed. What's that like?

"It's like there's a great ... remember the experience when I was little of seeing that boy's head hit and this dark oozy black stuff just came in on me? It's like that dark black oozy stuff is all around me up to about here (*hands at nose level*), it's like I have to take

every amount of psychic energy I have and push this very thick gooey black stuff back (*hands straining to push away*) and it takes so much energy to push this stuff back to part it, that by the time I get to the desk I'm exhausted. I'm just exhausted."

"(Later, eyes closed) I feel like I've done something terribly, terribly wrong, that I should be punished for. Because of just who I am, this innate part of myself is bad and I've damaged others. I therefore must just accept the punishment and the torture that I'm due."

Analysis

Five months earlier I had received *Roger Morrison's Carbon* book and from the very start of this intake with the patient's description of falling and isolation I was mentally checking off the main themes found in carbon compounds. Below are some key phrases of the patient framed by the carbon themes:

Confusion: "foggy", "confusion", "start to become unravelled."

Identity: "I thought I was black."

Value: "shame", "I tried to kill myself when I was six;" "I don't deserve to exist, I don't deserve to live;" "I've done something terribly, terribly wrong, that I should be punished for."

Because of just who I am, this innate part of myself is bad and I've damaged others therefore I must just accept the punishment and the torture that I'm due."

Isolation: "I've been thrown away and abandoned, sent off in exile to be completely ... utterly alone;" "buried alive."

Sinking: "falling down this well;" "falling into a bottomless pit."

Passivity and Motivation: "depression;" "I have to overcome this to do my work." "As if I was bound;" "wrapped in chains;" "paralyzed;" "I just can't move and I have to be able to move."

The past: "I went from when I was married having a beautiful million dollar home and a beautiful life to struggle, struggle, struggle."

Drawing from *Dr. Sankaran's Vital Sensation* approach by exploring the patient's

visceral sensation fully revealed the following undeniable source imagery:

"Residue", "dark black oozy stuff is all around me", "push this very thick gooey black stuff back", "like a black ooze, black, from above, it just like (*hands up above head moving down*) poured over me, through me." I made a list of all the substances that I knew of that somewhat fit this description: *Kreosotum, Pix liquida, Succinum, Petrolatum, Asphalt*.

From here I found three different analysis paths forward that all arrived at the same remedy:

1. The sensation of "shards" led me to look at the conifer family (Sensation of Conifers includes broken, brittle, fragmented). I was interested to see if I could link a black oozy substance to being from a conifer. Succinum (amber) comes from the petrified resin of trees, including conifers and *Pix liquida* (pine tar) is made from burning the stumps and roots of pine trees.
2. The idea of the patient's describing feeling like she was being buried alive brought to mind animals that fell into tar pits and ended up buried alive in the tar. At the time I didn't research this fully and mistakenly thought that the tar of tar pits was also pine tar. It's a common misconception, but it's actually asphalt or bitumen which is quite similar in appearance and viscosity to pine tar but made up of different constituents. Asphalt has not yet been made into a homeopathic remedy, but is on Roger Morrison's list of carbon compounds that merit being proved.
3. Using Roger Morrison's Carbon book, I first determined if the pattern of the case matched Aliphatic or Aromatic. The patient's state was Aliphatic (See Roger Morrison's introductory article in this issue). Next I looked at the modifying moieties and found this patient's pattern listed under Carboxylic Acids:
 - a) Fear to leave home.
 - b) Industry/ambition/hurry (to get back to home and safety).
 - c) Debility/weakness/discouragement.

This narrowed my carbon choices to the following remedies: *Acet-ac. Acetyls-ac. Acon-ac. But-ac. Cit-ac. Keto-ac. Lac-ac. Ox-ac. Pix. Sarcol-ac. Succ-ac. Tart-ac.*

Within these twelve remedies was *Pix liquida* or pine tar. I read the materia medica



Fig. 1 Tar and Feathers.

on *Pix liquida* and other than it being known to address great lassitude and exhaustion, there was little information to verify the prescription.

I went back and studied the most intense moment of the intake, when she first experienced the “black oozy substance”. It occurred when the patient witnessed a hate crime, one that she believed could have happened to her because of her self-identification as African American. I had a sense that somehow this substance, which must be the remedy needed, had a direct correlation to the violence witnessed. An image flashed in my mind of the African American boy with heavy black sludge pouring over him and then I saw a bag of feathers dumped over him as well. It was someone being tarred and feathered (Fig. 1 and 3)! The remedy was *Pix liquida*! Pine tar was the substance used in the cruel and hate-filled act of Tarring and Feathering! This shaming torture was used on runaway and misbehaving slaves as well as individuals whom it was felt deserved to be publicly humiliated.

How perfectly these words of the patient fit what a victim of a tar and feathering might feel about him or herself: “I feel like I’ve done something terribly terribly wrong, that I should be punished for. Because of just who I am, this innate part of myself is bad and I’ve damaged others. I therefore must just accept the punishment and the torture that I’m due.”

Prescription: *Pix liquida* 200C (Fig. 2)



Fig. 2 Pine Tar.

Follow-up

October 12th, 2006

[Observation: The patient has noticeably lost weight since the intake.]

“I took the remedy, and the next morning I felt very odd. I thought well, either somebody has left and there’s an alien in me, or the alien left, and I’m in me (*laughs*).

I can’t be out in the world very much, for too long. I’m experiencing a shift where I’m able to, where I’m not taking in other people’s energy or their thoughts. I’m feeling more clarity. I’m feeling a wholeness, a centeredness, a greater sense of peace. I was holding extra weight, I’ve always been thin; I was a dancer. I was starting to lose weight but since I saw you, with the intake, it’s like it melted off, it was like a protection and it just went away.

I’m seeing that the remedy is healing the experience of the 15-year-old girl that had to throw up every day to survive. The remedy is changing that. I can see that in my consciousness, how the remedy is supporting me through my whole life and rewriting the script, rewriting the story. So I don’t have to be a victim of my story and I can be free to be who I really am, as opposed to the myriad of tumbling tragedies of my existence that’s been on me. I can be free of that.

I’m really changing. I wonder how the people around me will experience this. But you know it’s okay, I don’t really care.”

Prescription: re-dose on 200C monthly as needed

December 13th, 2006

“Before I was just spread out (*hands open wide*) like a big ocean of water with no center point that was grounding. So now, the gravity is pulled in (*hands coming into center of body*) so I’m in that center wherever I go.

Because of that now, I have less anxiety going out, less anxiety being with people.

I’ve lost almost 20 pounds, and to start to get my body back and to feel the way I used to feel. I feel younger, it’s easier for me to move; I feel more confident.”

(*Note: the substance pine tar is quite aromatic in nature and here is cancelling her tendency to diffuse and to feel ungrounded.*)

Prescription: *Pix liquida* 1M



Fig. 3 Tar and Feathers.

January 18th, 2007*Are you doing okay, being out in the world?*

“Great!”

What about the shards?

“What shards?”

The shards that you feel when you go out?“They’re not there! What shards? (*big smile and a laugh*) What shards?”*It really feels like that’s gone?*

“It’s gone. There’s like no shards. They don’t exist.”

Is this something that you’ve had for a long time?“Probably since I was five (*she laughs*).”**Prescription:** *Pix Liquida* 1M monthly as needed**December 3rd, 2007**

[Observation: The patient appears dramatically different – more youthful and quite vibrant.]

“Wow. I’m here. I am here (*hand coming down and ‘landing’*).

The fear of people is gone. I’m not afraid any more. I’m just there with them; I’m just there, like, hey! I’m just there. I am not afraid. It’s amazing!

I am very, very aware of my unique place in the world and my purpose for being here. And what I want to say is, every person is a unique person that is supposed to be here in this world. However that plays out. Be who you are, be the best of who you are and know that you’re supposed to be here. Don’t run away, don’t leave. Don’t go away. We need you here, no matter who you are. Mr. Biker, Mr. Whatever, Mr. Guy-on-the-drugs, because you know I know that guy on the drugs, he’s trying to go away, because it’s too painful to be here. So what I want to say is, ‘Hey, but we need you. You may not think that we need you, because you’re like a bum, but guess what, we need you. We need YOU, to be here.

So don’t go away. Because I went away and it’s better to be here’.

Salvation is I’m going to go to God myself. Redemption is, I can’t go without my brothers and sisters. It’s about Redemption. It’s about us helping each other. It’s about, that

guy is having a bad day today; it’s not about me. Non-reaction. Oh, he’s blowing off some steam there. So, I can just hold the space, and not take it in. Hold the space for him to find his way back.

(Speaking about her treatment) You can take the remedy and be unconscious and it’s going to have an effect. But if you take this remedy and work on your consciousness, kind of take ownership of the remedy. Follow your thoughts, follow your mind, follow how you’re changing, follow how your direction is changing, how your reactions are changing and shape it, mold it, be aware, make decisions out of that. The growth is like a rocket! (*Points finger straight up*) That’s what I’m doing. I’m ready. (*Nodding*) Yeah.”**Prescription:** *Pix liquida* 10M (The patient insisted on going to the next level at this point.)**In conclusion**

Four years after this last follow-up I met again with the patient. She is now a very successful spiritual teacher and when she speaks, there’s a playful, wise, knowingness that is captivating. As a teacher and guide she holds retreats and comfortably addresses large audiences on the subject of spiritual practice.

The patient spoke with me of her deep appreciation for the homeopathic work that allowed her to be able to share her inner wisdom without the binds of the pine tar story. I expressed my gratitude for the gift of being allowed to witness such a remarkable transformation.

References

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