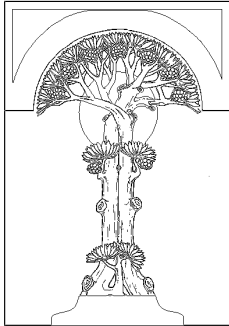


Centre for Integrative Medical Training
In Association with London Integrated Medical Health Education



Pre-membership Course in Medical Homeopathy

A Blended Course in Homeopathic Medicine for Healthcare Professionals

Unit 56

Presentations Week 12 DAY 1

Session1 - *The Lacs in Homeopathy*: Presented by Dr Andrea Wiessner

Outline:

<https://www.radar-uk.co.uk/product/farokh-master-lacs-in-homeopathy/> 



Further Reading:

<https://hpathy.com/materia-medica/lacs-in-homeopathy/> 

Session 2: Illustrative Cases - Presented by Dr Russell Malcolm

Case 12.1



Angela K. https://www.dropbox.com/s/kngu6ug40z4m814/Case_12_1_Angela_K.pdf?dl=0

Case 12.2



Denise E. https://www.dropbox.com/s/v3lpyaj9hhr24jk/Case_12_2_Denise_E.pdf?dl=0 Other papers from the case literature:



Healing Emotional Disconnection: Dr Jonathan Hardy - Publ. Simile - Faculty of Homeopathy

Session 3: *Medorrhinum* - Presented by Dr Russell Malcolm

links:

 <https://www.homeobook.com/medorrhinum-personality-in-homeopathy-comprehensive-study/>

 <https://www.vithoukas.com/learning-tools/materia-medica-kent/medorrhinum>

MEDORRHINUM

(Urethral gonorrhoeal discharge)

Keywords

hurry, anticipation, as if in a dream, extremes
chronic recurrent pelvic/genital diseases
< evening, night



Origin

Medorrhinum is the nosode made from purulent discharge from untreated gonorrhoea. The nosode is complex containing leukocytes, epithelial cells and Neisseria gonorrhoea. The remedy was first proven by Swan in 1888 and consequently introduced into the Materia Medica. Medorrhinum was later proven by several homoeopaths including C.H. Allen and Farrington. It is the prototype of sycotic remedies.

Typology

Nervous, restless, better evening and night time. Sickly appearance, pre-maturely aged, worried expression. Children have large heads and sweaty faces, swollen glands and respiratory catarrh. Sleep in the genu-pectoral position.

Tissue Affinity

- nervous system
 - mucosa and skin
 - joints
 - genital organs
 - lung
-

Modalities

Agg: damp, daytime, touch (clothing, hair)

Amel: fresh air, seaside, lying on abdomen

Mind

- hurried, anticipatory
 - everything seems unreal
 - extreme behaviour due to lack of orientation
 - overwhelmed by inner impulses - withdrawal from outer world into an inner dream world
 - shuns responsibility
-

Generals

- family history of gonorrhoea, previous history of gonorrhoea or NSU
- desire fresh air
- chronic infections of pelvic organs
- dwarfish children

Desire: alcohol, green fruit, sour

Averse: cold drinks and food, aubergine

ENT

- deafness in both ears
 - whispered sounds are heard double
-

Eyes

- neuralgic pains
 - swollen, wrinkled eyelids (symptom of gonorrhoea)
-

Cardiovascular

- hypersensitive activity
 - pain radiating into L arm
-

Respiratory

- chronic coryza
 - loss of smell
 - chronic cough
 - asthma relieved by lying down on stomach or at the seaside
-

Digestive

- herpes of lips
 - chronic pharyngitis
 - gastritis, constricting stomach pains, nausea
 - can only pass stools bending backwards
 - suppuration from after smelling of fishbrine
 - anal pruritus
-

_ Genito-urinary

- chronic cytitis, urinary incontinence especially after chill
- enuresis
- impotence or frequent erections
- chronic vaginal discharge smelling of fishbrine
- breasts sensitive to touch, feel ice cold

Articular

- very sensitive heels and soles of feet, as if walking on pebbles
 - burning of hands and feet
 - chronic rheumatism better in humidity
-

Skin

- constant itch, wandering
 - angry nappy rash
 - small warts on stalks
-

Clinical Indications

- asthma < damp, cold
- upper respiratory tract infections
- genito-urinary conditions
- rheumatism
- nappy rash

CAMEO 1

Peter Wayne is a writer, aesthete and recidivist who has spent most of his life in jail. Is he a misfit or just a rebel? Interview by Jason Cowley

Visiting time lasts most of the afternoon at Blakenhurst, a grim, privately run prison on the edge of the Black Country. The prisoners, dressed in Identikit red bibs, sit at low tables waiting for their visitors to negotiate an obstacle course of security checks. These include passing through a metal detector, having your fingerprints taken, being stamped with a mark which shows up under ultra-violet light and removing your shoes. At least you are allowed to keep your trousers on. Little escapes the attention of the intimidating prison guards: my chocolate bar and magazine are confiscated, and I am sent back to my car twice: to leave behind my phone and a notepad. "You aren't allowed to bring in any twirly bits of metal," the guard says, pointing at my pad. He has the charm of a nightclub bouncer on commission.

An hour later you meet a prisoner -- in my case the writer, aesthete and recidivist Peter Wayne, who is currently on remand. With his sensitive face and sophisticated vocabulary, Wayne seems out of place in such an environment. His voice is quiet, educated. He could pass for an academic or a country parson were it not for the scars on his neck and right ear, reminders of the afternoon he almost died after being attacked by a fellow prisoner. They had argued over a computer. "I remember lying on the floor, blood gushing from where he had slashed me with a piece of glass, and thinking that I didn't want to die in prison. Before I passed out, I had a vision of being carried out in a bodybag."

Wayne, 42, is a mystery even to himself. He has had many advantages: a public school education, wealthy parents, influential sponsors such as Sir Richard Rogers, charm, talent. He writes a column for Prospect magazine, and contributes to The New Yorker, Esquire, The Spectator and the New Statesman. Yale University Press is publishing his monograph on the architect Thomas Archer, a contemporary of Hawksmoor and Christopher Wren. We is working on a novella.

Yet he has spent most of the past 20 years in prison, a victim of his own disregard for conventional morality. Eight weeks ago he was released after ten years in 12 prisons for fraud and armed robbery (his sentence was increased after he attempted to escape, dressed in a home-made clergyman's outfit). "I was determined to go straight, to make a go of things," he says, smiling. "But I found I couldn't cope. Together with a young East Ender, whom he met in Soho, Wayne hired a car and began a tour of what he calls our "newly cool Britannic kingdom" a one-month orgy of drunken criminality. He stayed at five-star hotels in the West Country, the Lake District and in Scotland, eating fine food and enjoying as much vintage wine as he could- all funded fraudulently. "It was enormous fun. I pretended to be a respectable father taking his wayward son on holiday; Everyone was fooled."

When Wayne was arrested, entering the City of London's ring of steel, he was wanted by more than five different police forces. The arresting officer discovered £40,000 in objets d'art in his car, stolen from a manor house in Gloucestershire. During his brief weeks of freedom, he visited his elderly parents, whom he had not seen for five years, at their detached house in Bolton. His mother used to visit him in prison, but would always leave in tears. This time, she asked her son

a simple question: why, when he had so much natural talent, had he turned to crime? "I told her that, in many ways, I'd not completely failed," he says. "People ask me to write for them; I've written for *The New Yorker*, for goodness' sake, which is a bit like scaling the Mount Olympus of journalism. But she wasn't impressed. She said (he mimics his mother, adopting an exaggerated Mancunian accent) 'Oh, Peter, writing book reviews, that's nothing. With your talents you could have done anything'.

He breaks off. He peers up at a fellow prisoner, a black youth, tearfully kissing a blonde, tattooed girlfriend. This seems to unsettle Wayne. "I hate myself for being such a prick sometimes. But I've been a criminal as long as I can remember. I started stealing at school. The problem was that my father, a meat trader, always let me off; and whenever I got into trouble his influential friends bailed me out. The local police officer in Bolton used to say 'Now come on Peter, you're letting your father down,' then send me home with another warning."

Why does this story fail to convince? Wayne, a former actor, delivers his lines with theatrical relish. An accomplished confidence trickster, he seems always to be filling a role. He explains that to survive in prison, he must disguise his accent, coarsen his features, patrol the corridors with an aggressive swagger. "You've got to send out the right signals, show that you can look after yourself."

Then, as if to please me, he claims to be an "amoralist" and begins discussing Jean Genet, whose life of crime and existential rebellion fascinates him. There are similarities between the two writers. Wayne, like Genet, is a homosexual and drug user, who draws inspiration from being an outcast. He believes, again like Genet, that he is most free when, paradoxically, he has no freedom. "It is only when I'm in prison that my literary creativity seems to blossom."

It was through reading Genet's *Thiefs Journal* that Wayne realised that imprisonment need not be wasted. "I've tried to use my eye as a camera and have always considered it an almost sacred duty to record everything I see in this demimonde."

For more than two decades, Wayne kept a journal, a record of everything he experienced in prison, from homosexual brutality ("I've had some fantastic lovers inside prison; so much is taken from you that the sexual act becomes electric") to his struggles with heroin ("It's easy to smuggle in"). The journals are obscene, witty, indulgent, inspiring. They are also abandoned in a derelict flat in southeast London, where Wayne stayed before his tour of Cool Britannia. "I'm worried about my journals," he says. "Can you imagine if something happened to them, all that work?"

Is Peter Wayne a fool? Speaking to him you get no sense of any great suffering; rather, he seems to enjoy prison: the danger, the drugs and easy sex. He never expresses any regret, nor condemns anyone but himself.

He was adopted as a baby, but does not use this as an excuse. "I've never had any wish to find my natural parents, never been curious. If they didn't want me then, they aren't going to want

From Peter J.M. Wayne A4463AQ
Wingate Scholar
H.M. Prison Wormwood Scrubs
Du Cane Road
LONDON W12 0AE

To Letters to The Editor
The Sunday Times
1, London Bridge Street
LONDON SE1 9GF

30 1 2017

Sir,

In an otherwise well-informed piece ('Tuo Job will test every atom of your talent', Culture, 22 Jan. 2017) on the pitfalls of running the Tate Galleries, your art critic Waldemar Januszczak opines (somewhat disparagingly it seems to me) that during his long tenure as 'Obergruppenführer' at Millbank, Sir Nicholas Serota "usually hid" his heart, rather preferring to "schmooze" potential sponsors or toady up to prime ministers.

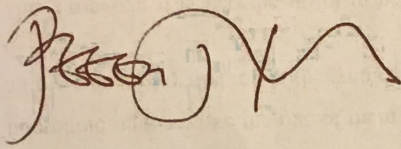
For as many years as Serota spent at the Tate, I have spent as a prisoner in multitudinous "corrective" institutions, where I have initiated whenever possible a history of art group, IncARTeration in an attempt to bring aesthetics into ^{the} ascetic world of incarceration.

Because a succession of government ministers have gone out of their way to make access to books difficult and, at times, nigh on impossible, I have had to become increasingly creative in how I obtain the (often extremely expensive) catalogues and artists' monographs I need to prepare and enhance the lectures I give. Luckily, I have time (if nothing else) in abundance, and spend a great deal of it writing letters of entreaty to art historians, relevant publishers, gallery owners and museum directors around the world, pleading my case for the requisite texts and illustrations.

Amongst the many generous benefactors (and believe me, in our increasingly retributive society the needs of prisoners are not high on most people's lists of charitable actions), Nick Serota has unfailingly come up with the goods, never charging us a penny for even the most costly volumes. Neither, it would

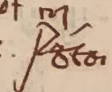
Seen from Janoszek's churlish inference, has he made a song or
dance about it to anybody else. Yet from what I have come to know about
this incomparable director of the incomparable group of galleries he has
created and developed over two decades, I should say ^{perhaps} he has shown very
great heart indeed. Nick is a ^{self-effacing and} modest man which is why he has kept his
heart "hidden" from people like ~~Janoszek~~ ^{your correspondent}. I hope he will forgive me
for putting the record straight.

Yours sincerely



PETER J. M. WAYNE.

NOT for pub. Note to Ed.

P.S. I would be very grateful indeed if you would drop me a line, and a
copy of the letter as published (if indeed you deem it worthy of such). Alas
I only chanced on the edition with WJ's piece in it. The ST is a rare treat
since the library stopped stocking ^{the} newspapers - another sign of our cash cutting
throats. Thanks, though, for being the occasional manna from heaven. I would love
to write a longer piece for the paper, perhaps on the present state of our prisons, from
the point of view of one who really knows. Google my name to access some of my
published stuff. Again, thanks for your time, and space on the letter's page. 

CAMEO 2

Aleister Crowley was born October 12th, 1875 at 36 Clarendon Square, Leamington, Warwickshire, England as Edward Alexander Crowley into a wealthy and religious family at the height of the Victorian era. Crowley despised and rebelled against his family at every turn, even renaming himself 'Aleister' to avoid sharing the same first name as his father, who passed away when Crowley was 11.

Like many naughty young boys, Aleister entertained himself through several activities, notably creating a "homemade firework" with which he nearly killed himself, as well as torturing a cat in several horrible ways to test the "nine lives" theory. He dispensed of his virginity at age 14 with the help of a maid. At 17, he contracted gonorrhoea with the help of a street walker.

Crowley went on to attend Cambridge University, where he apparently studied alpine climbing, living in the manner of the privileged aristocracy and having a great deal of sex with both men and women. He also began working in the Diplomatic Service, but as Crowley himself said "the fame of an ambassador rarely outlives a century", and Crowley wished to make a greater imprint on the world.

Having had this epiphany, he began searching for more lasting pursuits and in 1898, at age 23, Crowley began his path of magical enlightenment by joining The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. Led by Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers other members included such notables such as William Butler Yeats, Maud Gonne, Constance Wilde, (the wife of Oscar Wilde), Arthur Machen, Moina Bergson, Arthur Edward Waite, Florence Farr, Algernon Blackwood and possibly, though records for their membership are shaky, Sax Rohmer and Bram Stoker.

The Golden Dawn's contribution to the Western Magical Tradition is definitely worth noting, because it was their synthesis of the Kabbalah, alchemy, tarot, astrology, divination, numerology, Masonic symbolism, and ritual magic into one coherent and logical system which led them to influence countless occult organizations to come. Mathers adapted the system of magic outlined by Eliphas Levi, and through Levi, the spiritual ancestry of the Golden Dawn was traced to the Rosicrucian Brotherhood and from there, through the Kabbalah to Ancient Egypt. Mathers' authority was held in part by his link to the "Secret Chiefs", the "true leaders" of the Order, with whom Mathers could communicate with only through metaphysical means.

Adopting the magical name Frater 'Perdurabo', Latin for "I Will Endure", Crowley advanced quickly through the ranks of the Golden Dawn, initially studying under Alan Bennett, who was Mathers' spiritual heir. Bennett left England in 1899 for health reasons, moving to Ceylon, what it now Sri Lanka, where he joined a buddhist monastery. Unfortunately, Crowley, left to his own devices, managed to severely fragment the order through sheer force of personality. In 1900, he completed the studies necessary in order to obtain the rank of Adeptus Minor, however the London controllers of the Order, disapproving of Crowley's homosexual dabblings, refused to advance him. Crowley travelled to Paris, where Mathers himself performed the ceremony, which only served to further outrage the London members.

The ensuing uproar caused several of the London members to resign, and Mathers was eventually expelled from the Order, specifically on the grounds that he had put its authority into jeopardy by revealing his suspicions that the founding documents linking them to an older occult order in Germany had been forged by another member (which they had been). Crowley attempted to obtain possession of the Order's property on behalf of Mathers, interrupting one of their rituals in full Highland regalia, wearing a black hood. As with any serious dispute between occultists, astral attacks ensued. Crowley reported that the rebels directed hostile magic against him as evidenced by the fact that his rubber raincoat burst spontaneously into flames and he found himself in a "furious temper" for no reason, so extreme that horses ran away in fear at the sight of him. In the end, however, it was the police who resolved the matter.

Crowley was expelled from the Golden Dawn, only 2 years after joining, chiefly through the efforts of William Butler Yeats, who reportedly did not approve of Crowley's magical methods.

Crowley, understandably tired of all the fighting, chose to travel the world, visiting Mexico, India, France, Ceylon, where he reunited with Alan Bennett and studied Yoga. He also married Rose Kelly, later revealed to be clairvoyant, travelling with her to Egypt.

In fact it was in Egypt, in March of 1904, that Crowley had the most important experience of his life. Crowley had been trying for several years to contact his Holy Guardian Angel using the methods described in *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage* with no success. However it was in Cairo that Crowley finally encountered an entity known as Aiwass, whom Crowley believed was his Holy Guardian Angel.

According to Crowley's own account, while (unsuccessfully) trying to summon sylphs for his wife's amusement, she began to receive a very powerful psychic message from the Ancient Egyptian god Horus.

Skeptical of his wife's sudden clairvoyancy, Crowley demanded answers to a series of questions from her, of which she had no possible prior knowledge. Upon answering all things correctly, he took her to a museum, and after passing several images of Horus (which the still skeptical Crowley reports, he "noted with silent glee"), she pointed across the room to a stele which could not be clearly seen from where they stood. When they examined the stele (now referred to as the Stele of Revealing, it was painted with the image of Horus, and to Crowley's further conviction, it was labelled as item number 666 in the museum catalog.

Crowley had himself adopted 666 as his personal moniker in rebellion to his religious upbringing many years before. After invoking Horus, Crowley made his fateful breakthrough. For three days Crowley took dictation from the entity identifying itself as Aiwass, the resulting text, *Liber AL vel Legis*, became what is now known as *The Book of the Law*.

This book was to become the central core of Crowley's philosophy. Crowley was named the Prophet of a New Aeon which would end the Age of Osiris and usher in the Age of Horus, a signal that a new era had begun for mankind, and that the old religions were to be swept aside.

The 3 key philosophical ideas outlined in the book are:

Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole Of The Law

Love Is The Law, Love Under Will

Every Man And Every Woman Is A Star

Interpretation of what "Do What Thou Wilt..." in contemporary times seems to have deteriorated into "do whatever you want...", however it seems clear that the meaning was more along the lines of 'doing that which your higher self dictates'. The higher self, or "Will" is present in all of enlightened people. In order to follow your "Will", one must know oneself. And self knowledge is the central basis of most successful philosophies.

After the encounter with Aiwass, in typical grandiose fashion, Mathers received a letter announcing that the Equinox of the Gods had come, and that Crowley had forged a new link with the Secret Chiefs, thus making him the supreme magical authority. This naturally resulted in a magical duel, which Crowley seems to have eventually won.

According to Crowley, Mathers reportedly sent one of his followers, a vampire, to him. She appeared to him in the guise of a "young woman of bewitching beauty", but was able to defeat her, and she was "transformed into hag of sixty, bent and decrepit". Mathers then sent a "current of evil" which struck Crowley's bloodhounds dead and caused his servants to fall ill. Crowley retaliated by summoning up the forces of the demon Beelzebub and his 49 attendant fiends. Following this effort, Mathers' magical assaults on Crowley ceased. Years later, when Mathers passed away of influenza, many felt that Crowley had murdered him with magic.

It is not clear why shortly after his encounter with Aiwass and his battle with Mathers, Crowley seems to have lost interest in things magical for several years. In 1905, he was part of an ill-fated expedition to climb a Himalayan mountain peak, in which several members of the party died. He spent several years travelling through China, Canada and the United States, with and without his wife and child. It was not until his return from the United States that he found out that his daughter Lola Zaza had died from typhus in Rangoon, India.

In 1907, Crowley formed the *Argenteum Astrum*, the Order of the Silver Star, a magical organization centered around his re-discovered Book of the Law manuscript. In 1909 he began publishing the *Equinox*, a biannual publication arriving on the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, the official organ of the A. A., the majority of the writing contributed by Crowley himself.

In 1909, Crowley divorced his wife, on the grounds of her alcoholism. The divorce enabled Crowley to indulge in his passions for magick, drugs, and women unchecked by the constraints of married life.

It might be interesting to note at this point that Crowley believed himself to be the reincarnation of the occultist Eliphas Levi who died the same year that Crowley was born. He had also determined that his past lives had included Count Cagliostro, an 18th century occultist, founder of 'Egyptian Rite Masonry', Alexander VI, the notorious Borgia Pope, and Edward Kelley (who along with John Dee were the Elizabethan court magicians who invented, err, deciphered Enochian, the language of the angels.)

In 1910, Crowley was contacted by the head of a German magical order known as the *Ordo Templi Orientis*, often referred to as the OTO, (alternately translated as either "the Order of the Templars of the East" and "the Order of the Temple of the Orient" in a variety of sources.) The OTO accused Crowley of having published the secret of their IXth degree. Crowley was mystified until a conversation revealed that a passage he published led the OTO to assume that Crowley was involved in sex magick which they used in their rituals. He joined the order shortly thereafter, and in 1912, became the head of the English speaking branch of the Order.

In 1916, while living near Bristol, New Hampshire Crowley promoted himself to the rank of Magus through a ceremony of his own devising. According to Richard Cavendish, in *History of Magic and The Powers of Evil in Western Religion, Magic, and Folk Belief* (both currently out of print), this involved baptizing a toad as Jesus of Nazareth, then crucifying it. I've been chided by several acquaintances who are involved with the OTO for citing this "utter fabrication".

Crowley waited out the first World War in the United States, publishing a fair amount of Anti-British propaganda. He later claimed that the writing done supporting the German side was done satirically, however this did little to improve his already festering public image.

After the war, Crowley had a daughter, Poupee, with Leah Hirsig (AKA The Scarlet Woman), and in 1920 he set up the notorious Abbey of Thelema in Sicily.

The Abbey, however, was an "unsanitary hovel". Crowley's addiction to both heroin and cocaine raged out of control. The Abbey was the setting for *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, Crowley's hopeful novel about a couple struggling to free themselves of their drug addiction. Sadly, the truth was much more grim. Poupee died there, while Crowley was travelling between London, Paris and the Abbey. It was when one of the Crowley's undergraduates Raoul Loveday died from drinking impure water, that the Abbey's fate was finally sealed. Loveday's wife Betty May went back to England and sold her story to the London tabloid newspaper *The Sunday Express*.

The papers were filled with reports of black magic rituals and other scandalous acts allegedly performed at the Abbey. These reports came during the same time as the rise of the Mussolini regime and Crowley was quickly expelled from Sicily in 1923.

In 1925 he was elected World Head of the O.T.O., and 1929 saw the publication of his seminal work *Magick: In Theory and in Practice*.

In 1955, Kenneth Anger shot the documentary *Thelema Abbey* at the Abbey, which had been exorcised after Crowley's departure, painstakingly exposing the whitewashed walls to reveal paintings and other physical evidence of Crowley's occult activities.

After his expulsion from Italy, Crowley's life took a turn for the worse. His reputation as "The Wickedest Man In The World" was now more than ever playing against him. Unable to find a reliable publisher for his writing, or for that matter, a reliable place of residence, he spent the remaining years as a wanderer, still addicted to heroin, desperately in need of both disciples and money.

Aleister Crowley died December 1st, 1947 at age 72. His last words are often reported to be "I am perplexed", though since he died alone, this is patently false.

CAMEO 3

Marquis de Sade

Some revere the Marquis de Sade as a free-thinking radical, others condemn him as a depraved sex-mad monster. His novels are filled with sexual violence and mutilation but de Sade, infamous French writer and libertine, is a confusing figure. Was he as perverse and cruel as his critics suggest or were his novels a radical defiance of pre-Revolutionary French morality?

Avignon aristo

Born Donatien-Alphonse-François de Sade in Paris, the Marquis was the only surviving child of provincial noble parents. His father, Jean-Baptiste, was a diplomat and notorious bisexual playboy, and his mother, Marie-Eleonore, was a cold and distant woman who left her son to live in a convent soon after he was born. At the age of five, de Sade was packed off to his uncle, the Abbé de Sade, in Avignon. This would have a profound effect on the young Marquis.

Although the Abbé was a churchman, he kept a mistress and may even have run a brothel. Growing up surrounded by hypocrisy, de Sade learnt to despise the Church and its morality. Later he went to a Jesuit college, Louis Le Grand, where the pupils were publicly beaten. Perhaps this experience, coupled with joining the military at 14, sowed the seeds of his legendary penchant for violence and humiliation, although his experience of fighting in the Seven Years' War must also have influenced him.

After the war, de Sade took to aristocratic life in Paris, developing a love of theatre and the arts, frequenting brothels and keeping a mistress. In May 1763, on the wishes of his family, de Sade married Renée-Pélagie de Montreuil, the daughter of a high-ranking, bourgeois family, but he was a faithless husband. In October of the same year, he was imprisoned for 'excesses' committed in a brothel. His taste for violent sex remained, and it wasn't long before another scandal occurred. This time it would make him so notorious that the police would ask brothel madames to keep their girls away from him.

Beating and mutilation

On Easter Sunday 1768, de Sade met a young widow called Rose Keller in the street, and later claimed to have offered her money for sex — she said he offered her a position as a maid. Keller went with him to his small house in Arcueil where, according to her, de Sade threatened to kill her before tying her to a bed and whipping her with a birch branch. He then sliced her buttocks open with a hunting knife and poured wax into the wounds. Keller finally escaped by tying sheets together and climbing out of a bedroom window, running directly to the authorities.

When questioned, Sade claimed she was a willing partner in the beating and denied mutilating her. When examined by doctors, Keller showed no signs of having been cut, but she had been severely whipped. De Sade was imprisoned.

His wife stood by him, even addressing him as 'my good little boy' in her letters, and after his release they had three children. But if the Marquise hoped that her husband would now adopt the role of dutiful husband and father she was very much mistaken.

Orgies and prostitutes

De Sade continued his life of excess, organising orgies and using prostitutes. When he inherited the Chateau La Coste from his father, a property commanding a breathtaking view over the Vaucluse valley, he and his wife hired several servants and pretty young maids. The chateau was not the idyllic fortress depicted in his later novel, *The 120 Days of Sodom*. Following his violent sexual demands, the maids all ran away and the cook became pregnant and left.

In 1771, after another short spell in prison for debt, de Sade seduced his virginal sister-in-law, Anne-Prospre. The two ran off to Marseilles together, but soon she retreated to a convent and de Sade returned to his ever-forgiving wife. Less than a year later, however, de Sade organised another orgy in Marseilles with four prostitutes and his valet, Latour, passing around a home-made aphrodisiac in the process. The next day, the girls became ill and two of them brought charges of sodomy and attempted poisoning against de Sade. Once again, a warrant was issued for his arrest.

Revenge and imprisonment

De Sade was eventually cleared of the poisoning and sodomy charges, but his mother-in-law, Madame de Montreuil, never forgave him for seducing her daughter Anne-Prospre. She successfully lobbied King Louis XVI for a *lettre de cachet*, a royal order to arrest him (a method often utilised by the rich and powerful to remove troublesome relatives). It proved effective and de Sade was imprisoned on royal authority and without trial.

In 1778, de Sade began an 11-year stay in prison, first in Vincennes, then later at the notorious Bastille prison in Paris. Denied the decadent lifestyle he was used to, de Sade began to write down his fantasies — and they proved to be increasingly disturbing, involving severe sexual mutilation, rape and incest. Practically every violent or sexual act imaginable is present in his work.

It is ironic that Madame de Montreuil, who hated de Sade so much, was indirectly responsible for the work that would immortalise him, and he produced almost all his novels — including *The 120 Days of Sodom* and the first drafts of *Justine* and *Juliette* — in this period of incarceration. So shocking were these novels that they were published anonymously.

Session 4: Illustrative Case Studies - Presented by Dr Russell Malcolm

Case 12.3 Margaret W.

 https://www.dropbox.com/s/4ruwrl3l5uhv4p/Case_12_3_Margaret_W.pdf?dl=0

Case 12.4 Helen S.

 https://www.dropbox.com/s/8q3p1zn0gh74kci/Case_12_4_Helen_S.pdf?dl=0