

Dott. Massimo Mangialavori

Case of *Allium sativum*

Gennaro is a 65-year-old retired businessman. Pleasant, well-mannered, and with good sense of humour, he strikes me as the classic type of person who always has to be 'the right sort'. He is an elegant and well-groomed man, and he smells pleasantly of aftershave.

I have the impression that he doesn't have any particular expectations from his homeopathic treatment, but that nevertheless he does his best to cooperate and be a 'good patient'. He comes to the consultation alone, accompanied only by a thick file of documents describing all his admissions to hospital, his operations and tests: past and present. All this material is carefully collected and presented in an orderly way, but he does not seem to me to give it much weight, and he does not hide certain disappointment when, towards the end of my visit, I ask him if I can have a look at it.

He has had part of his stomach removed, he suffers from diabetes and emphysema; and he also lost his son a few years previously, although he only tells me this after several consultations.

He begins:

'I have a lot of trouble eating and I don't know what to do about it any more. I've been put on a variety of different diets but without any success. If I had to live on what they told me to eat at the hospital I wouldn't be able to survive: not just because I don't like that kind of food but also because I can't digest it. I can always feel it churning over in my stomach. And what's more, the dietician at the diabetic centre doesn't agree with the gastro-enterological specialist at the hospital. I should have several stomachs, like a cow... that way I'd keep them all happy... But now I haven't even got my whole stomach any more because in their wisdom they took part of it out several years ago, so what can I do? I'm losing more and more weight and I don't know what to do about it. If it goes on like this I'll have to start taking insulin before long and I really don't want to.'

I ask him when his health problems started:

'They began about twenty years ago... First I just wasn't feeling right, then I had pain in the abdomen and was urgently admitted to hospital, where they diagnosed perforated gastric ulcer, diffuse gastric atrophy and metaplasia. They told me th

dysplasia was awful. I also had a hiatus hernia, and I was very anaemic... I looked much paler than I am now. But I never lost my strength nor my will to work...'

I ask him if he had ever had digestive problems before:

'I've had problems with my digestion ever since I was small. After I had tuberculosis never completely recovered. The slightest thing would give me indigestion and everything lay on my stomach. I'd know I had it because of the terrible taste in my mouth. I would wake up in the morning with a putrid taste and I couldn't eat anything. I've must have eaten several tons of peppermints and other breath fresheners by now because halitosis has always been a big problem for me...'

I ask him whether he still gets indigestion:

'Yes, very easily... and I have constant nausea... but they told me it was quite normal with this stump of a stomach that I've been left with...'

I ask him if he can remember what the pain was like before the operation:

'It was bad... sometimes it was a burning pain, but the worst thing was a pushing sensation...'

I ask him to explain:

'It was as if something was trying to get out of me... I often had to belch or to go to the bathroom... I don't know how to explain it... It's not simple, but it was as though there was something inside me and I couldn't get it out however much I tried...'

He changes the subject, as if he was annoyed by my asking him to give details:

'If I didn't look after myself I used to get bronchitis at the drop of a hat... but I never had it again after they operated on my ulcer...'

I ask him if he can remember anything else about this:

'When I was a boy I had pneumonia every spring. I got hayfever too. It started when I was thirteen with a terrible nosebleed, and it went on for years. My mother was very afraid because she thought the TB had come back... the first thing I had was a cough with lots of blood. I had asthma for many years: in spring or in summer if I was working in a dusty environment.'

I enquire about his current status:

'I can bear it better now but my chest feels heavy... it's a tight feeling that's often accompanied by a cough. Now I've got emphysema and lots of catarrh. Unfortunately that tastes horrible too...'

I ask him if anything changed after the operation:

'After the operation my lungs were fine... But there are times when I feel sick as soon as I start to eat just because of the taste of the catarrh in my mouth... After I've eaten, if I force myself, I get a terrible headache. I feel as though two separate things have taken hold here: the first in my stomach and the second in my head.'

I ask him to tell me something about his appetite:

'Before the operation I used to have a hearty appetite... But they got me used to eating a lot because I was always very thin as a boy. I only filled out when I grew up. But after the operation I ballooned up again.'

I ask him what he used to enjoy eating:

'I loved spaghetti and bread... our daily bread, that which the good Lord gives us. Now a crust of bread is the only thing that seems to make me feel better.'

I ask him about his bowel movements:

'I was never any good at passing stool... My stools seem to be made of cork, they float and they're loose... It's as if someone had crumbled up some corks in the WC. They have a very strong odour and they seem fatty... They leave a strange streak sticking to the pan... Usually they're very hard at first and then they're soft and pasty...'

I ask him if he remembers having had problems with his bowels in the past:

'Of course I remember, when I was a boy, and even since then, I often had worms... had them a lot and they never went away... but that's not why I lost weight!'

I ask him if he can remember any other health problems:

'I had kidney stones when I was sixteen... I remember having horrible pains in the right kidney... Then I had them on the other side a year later and I had to go to hospital. Since I was in hospital already they also operated on me for a bilateral inguinal hernia.'

Gennaro seems somewhat annoyed by my requests for more detail. I have the impression that he considers his diagnoses and all his laboratory tests to be quite sufficient. On the other hand, I can tell that he is not displeased by my interest in his problems, different perhaps to his experiences thus far with other doctors.

I ask him about his sleep:

'I sleep badly and have too many dreams. Sometimes when I'm very wound up I often dream I'm flying. Those are the only nice dreams I have. As for the other dreams, I forget them completely...' he replies, almost with satisfaction.

I ask him why he thinks he forgets the other dreams:

'Thank goodness, I have this very efficient mechanism, I forget everything I don't like. I erase it, just like you do with the files you don't need any more on your computer. Gone! I had some lovely flights in my dreams, I used to fly over the countryside full of orchards and trees and I would wake up feeling serene.

From up on high I often saw something I didn't like and more than once I thought it was a bird of prey... an owl or some kind of nocturnal bird. Because I often saw snakes in my dreams... In one way they seemed like my prey but I kept well away. The dreams of snakes weren't pleasant ones... I had so many of them and they were always rather menacing.'

I ask him what sort of an impression the snakes made on him:

'In real life I find them repulsive... In my dreams I was very afraid and to be honest sometimes there were so many of them that it was really too much, they were all over the place.'

At this point it seems to me that Gennaro has no intention of pursuing this subject any further. After a while I ask him about his work:

'I'm very attentive to my work... it's the secret of my success. I'm a self-made man and I'm one of the old school. We're a dying breed... nowadays companies aren't family affairs any more.'

I ask him to explain:

'In my time things went smoothly because there was one person – or maybe several people – who were in charge. Now, and perhaps rightly so, it's not like that anymore. You have to press on though and no one can afford to be indispensable now. But then look what happens, they bring psychologists into the company to run

courses and try and make everyone feel like they're not just some cog in a wheel. never had any need for that. I always respected people who did their job properly. I'm an old socialist, a chip off the old block, and my workers always respected me because I started off like one of them and I made it by myself.

I always see my customers right. If there's something to do I make a point of doing – sooner rather than later – if possible even before they've had to ask.'

I ask him about his hobbies. After a hesitant pause he tells me:

'My passion... Well, it's a secret because I'm a bit ashamed of it. I play with toy trains and I make relief models that have actually won several competitions. And I also like to tend my vegetable garden... But I do that because I won't eat vegetables from the market... they're no good any more.

Every evening I spend at least half an hour working on my relief models. I've done that for forty years and I started when there wasn't even room in the house to do it. My wife used to tell me off because we didn't have much money at the time and I was spending all my savings on toy trains. I even used to make trips to Switzerland to buy things I couldn't find here in Italy.

I also like Nature. Animals and the woods with the animals in them – in the wild.

The most important thing in my life is friendship, for me it's something sacred. But that doesn't mean I talk too often or too much about myself to my friends. True friends for me are ones who know how to appreciate your silence and who know when to be there for you, even if you haven't heard from them for twenty years.'

I decide to put a rather leading question, and ask him if he has a general difficulty to throw things out.

'Yes, I would say that on the whole I find it hard to expel things... if that's what you mean when you say I can't throw things out easily. I have difficulty urinating and passing stool and also digesting my food, and I don't breathe easily either. That's how it is... When I tell my doctor that I feel all bloated he never seems to understand me... That's exactly how I wanted to put it, but I never think to say it so clearly.

And now I have various problems with my prostate, but they told me that at my age it couldn't be helped and I'd have to have an operation in a few years time.'

I ask him for more information about his food habits, and if there's anything he particularly likes to eat:

'The things I like best are bread with olive oil and rusks with butter. I can't digest pasta any more, nor any unleavened carbohydrates. I drink gallons of Coca-Cola every day because it helps my digestion so much. The dietician said I shouldn't because of my glycaemia, but if I drink the sugar-free kind I don't digest as well. And anyway it's not as good as the other one.'

-oOo-

My analysis of Gennaro's case led me to consider *Allium sativum*, an important member of the family I classify as 'Liliflorae-like'. I must stress the difference between the botanical classification of a family of plants such as this one, and the possibility of there being a similarity between some remedies which belong to the botanical family and which also share interesting fundamental analogies on the homeopathic plane. In fact we can identify some fundamental themes both by analysing the common aspects of the best-known remedies in the Liliflorae and by analysing the data that emerges from clinical practice.

I believe that one of the most important themes in this family is a profound 'silent grief'. That is to say, a true 'silent grief', very different to that reported in the literature for such well-known remedies as *Ignatia*. This is because (not only in my own experience) when reviewing the cases of patients who have done well on these remedies, it is common to see a great suffering which is very difficult to bring to the surface. Our literature describes remedies with apparently unmanifested serious sufferings, where the patient hints about his pain, or allows a glimpse of it, or mentions it more or less indirectly, perhaps without being able to say any more about it. In the case of the Liliaflorae I have noticed that the typical patient has great difficulty in being able to discuss it in the first person singular, as though his grief existed come what may, for ever, and with the clear sensation that there is nothing to be done about it, that they cannot even try to face it. As if a part of the patient was lost for ever and that there was no way of expressing it, condemning him to a sort of continual constipation of his pain.

This situation is well expressed above all on the somatic level, where most of the symptoms have to do with something that is 'pushing to get out', but which cannot. We therefore see various symptoms of tenesmus, a sense of internal fullness, heaviness, pressure or pulsation. This unexpressed thing is often perceived as something putrid, rancid, something which is harmful, which decomposes and remains there like an unburied cadaver.

It is interesting to note that the remedies *Allium sativum* and *Allium cepa* so often have symptoms relating to a faulty metabolism.

In Gennaro's case there is another point to note: An infantile side that he has never grown out of, and which it is not easy to talk about, present in a highly practical and successful man. A part that seems to tie him for ever to a phase of life that is often idealised, seen as idyllic, a time in which in his imaginings there is probably no suffering, and where the prospect of growing up seems inevitably to signify unmitigated emotional pain.

On a superficial level, in behavioural terms, we often find that these patients often need to look good, spending much time and energy taking care of their appearance.

On the level of particulars, we find the repertory contains such interesting specific symptoms for *Allium sativa* as:

Constriction: external, sensation of. {14> 54> 100} [K1]

Diabetes: mellitus. {13> 79> 0} [C1]

Eating: overeating agg. {8> 23> 0} [C1]

Eating: overeating agg.: ailments from. {0> 5> 0} [C2s]

Emaciation. {140> 158> 0} [BRO1]

Emaciation: tuberculosis, in. {3> 10> 0} [BRO1]

Food and drinks: butter: desires. {2> 17> 0} [K1]

Expectoration Taste: putrid. {11> 50> 0} [K1]

Taste: awful. {27> 69> 0} [K1]

Disordered: diet, from indiscretions in. {6> 12> 0} [BRO1]

URGING TO URINATE, MORBID DESIRE: CONSTANT: DISTENDED BLADDER, WITH, BUT PASSING ONLY A FEW DROPS. {0> 1> 0} [K1]

Urging to urinate, morbid desire: only a few drops pass until the next stool, when flows freely. {0> 2> 0} [K1]

There are also other interesting symptoms such as:

DREAMS: JOURNEY: RAPID TRANSIT, OF. {0> 1> 0} [KR1]

DREAMS: RAPID TRANSIT FROM PLACE TO PLACE. {0> 1> 0} [K1]

In the case of Gennaro himself it is not expressed quite so clearly in these terms. However, without becoming too interpretative about this, my experience of other cases has often allowed me to observe dreams in which the patient was in some way flying away, thereby managing to avoid a confrontation with something that seemed very unpleasant.

Even the symptom Escape, attempts to. {17> 48> 0} [K1] seems to me to be very significant and pathognomonic of *Allium sativum* in particular and the *Liliaflorae* in general.

Garlic is one of those remedies that confirms an old suspicion of mine. It is strange to note that plants which are so universally used in folk medicine, and so famous both in the Mediterranean and Western traditions, have shared the same success in homeopathy as many different kinds of exotic plants, which have been prescribed over the years and have turned into famous polychrests. In the case of *Allium sativum*, the provings and the subsequent use of the remedy are quite insufficient. In fact this remedy only has about 380 symptoms in the repertory, compared with more than three thousand symptoms for *Sabadilla*. Nor are the pharmacological, toxicological and traditional uses of garlic in any way inferior to the conventionally lesser known but more intriguing *sabadilla* or tiger lily, or to saffron and the onion itself, which has over a thousand symptoms listed in the repertory.

In an attempt to redress this imbalance I have included at the end of the case my repertory additions for *Allium sativum*, made on the basis of cured cases from my practice in recent years, all of them with an adequate follow-up.

Lastly I would like to underline something I have observed in my homeopathic experience and which actually does not strike me as anything new. In several cases of *Allium sativum* I have noticed infestations of intestinal worms which resist conventional treatment. Popular medicine ascribes an indisputable therapeutic effect to garlic both in the treatment of human beings and of animals in many cases of intestinal parasites. It is rather strange that our incomplete provings make not the slightest mention of this, or that other homeopaths have not had any clinical experience of it.

I prescribe *Allium sativum* Q1 (LM1) in drops, prepared according to the method described by Hahnemann in the last edition of *The Organon*, to be taken until a reaction occurs. (Here I used the remedy prepared by the Gudjons pharmacy in Augsburg, Germany. In this case the preparation of the 1:50,000 dilution does not start from the mother tincture, but from the third centesimal dilution of the whole fresh plant. I have been using these dilutions for some time, because I find them very effective.)

After three weeks I advise Gennaro to stop taking the remedy every day because of the appearance of a productive cough, with profuse offensive, yellow expectoration. I continue with a placebo that Gennaro does not take willingly, despite seeming to be rather concerned about his health. After a few days most of the symptoms have decreased and Gennaro is beginning to digest his food better and to progressively put on weight, eating with more gusto and without nausea.

When we meet again after about two months, Gennaro tells me:

'My appetite has come back a bit. I'm eating more because that Coca-Cola is really something special, it helps my digestion and so I have more of an appetite. I can manage to eat a normal meal now, not just bread and butter. I'm beginning to digest carbohydrates better now, and I'm even putting on weight.'

I ask him something about his tiredness:

'I still get tired extremely easily, but now I sleep better at night. I get tired even without doing very much. I wake up in the morning feeling more refreshed, but my sleep itself is not relaxed.'

Several times I had a dream that I was at a party. It was a nice one with lots of children and I felt a bit left out because they were all a lot younger than me. The strange thing is that there were also adults there who seemed to be dressed as children... The party was for the head of the household, who was about eight or nine years old... I had to eat something and because I was drinking Coca-Cola I had a wonderful day... So it was a lovely party and I really enjoyed it, but when I woke up the next morning I had a feeling of bitterness... because it wasn't my party.'

Having said this, he quickly changes the subject:

'But I seem to be more constipated.'

I ask him to tell me more:

'Perhaps it's because I don't eat enough vegetables... I used to live on fruit and vegetables, but now I don't like them any more... I was so fond of fruit, just like a child... a child of my times. Now children eat other sweets.'

I press him for more details:

'Fruit for me was something that gave sense to my lunch-times... I almost always ate up the rest for the pleasure of getting to the end and finishing with fruit. But after the operation, everything changed. I could only eat butter and yoghurt... Bread and butter is as much as I can manage... But lately I haven't felt the need as much. Remember I told you I can't eat pasta any more? It used to make my intestines feel blocked up. But I've been feeling that less, I've been tolerating it better and so I've started to eat pasta again.'

I ask how he seems to digest it:

'I always have to push like mad to get it out... I feel an urge which I didn't before but I can't manage to... It's as if it was too much for me... I don't know how to explain it better.'

I ask him to try:

'My stools are different now, because they don't float on the water any more...'

I ask him about his state of mind in the last few weeks:

'I felt more calm at first. It's not that I felt bad, but I was always very easily irritated... and in the last few years I had almost forgotten about it.'

I ask him to explain:

'I just stopped, as though it was useless to carry on fighting. There are too many things you can't change in life, and as you grow old you lose something every day something else leaves you.'

I ask him if he can explain better:

'Every day a part of you goes, and it doesn't come back...'

I press him further:

'When I thought about it, I was bad at that time... I shouldn't have been like that.'

It is clear to me that Gennaro is having great difficulty in opening up:

'In the end I always got angry about something that didn't have anything to do with what was really bothering me.'

I ask Gennaro to give me an example:

'For example if someone had to give way to me while I was driving and he didn't... made me furious, and if I was a pedestrian... Now I'm old. Walking on foot used to annoy me the most because of the rude gestures they made at me. Then when I calm down I ask myself why I had to reach such a point and why I have to get so angry about something that in the end isn't the real problem. Maybe if I'm on foot I even risk someone hitting me.'

I ask him what he thinks 'the real problem' is:

'It's difficult to say what the real problem is... If I knew I wouldn't be suffering so much.'

At this point Gennaro does his best to change the subject:

'But since the last time I've changed... for the better. I didn't have an appetite and there was a burning pain and especially a heavy feeling: a feeling of a weight at the opening of my stomach which was always pressing on me... As though something wanted to come out. I felt it in a very precise place, I could point it out with the tip of my finger. That's why the doctor said it was clear that I had an ulcer. After your treatment... From time to time I take two or three drops and after half an hour I feel better and more relaxed. I used to feel these twinges in my head, and as my stomach got better, so did the pain in my head – it's much better.'

I ask him to tell me more about the headache:

'It felt as though there were nails pressing into my temples. Now I don't feel it any more.'

Then he continues:

'I still have a bit of a burning pain when I urinate, but not always. I'll be better for weeks and then...'

I ask him where and when he feels the burning pain:

'Only when I urinate. I feel it in my penis... sometimes further back, perhaps. The stream is crooked and shorter. But now I rarely have to get up at night to urinate. During the day I always feel an urging, and then... I go to urinate, but it's less difficult than it was before... I realised that it's a problem I create in my head. If I pay less attention to it and if I tell myself it's just a false alarm... then I carry on doing what I have to and it goes.'

I ask him to tell me something about his hobby:

'I'm in a better state of mind and I've started to play bowls a bit. I loved playing bowls when I was small but then I stopped playing because it became a game only for old people and I didn't feel good doing it.'

I ask Gennaro if he would mind telling me something more about this passion, which he didn't mention to me the previous time:

'I have remained a simple man at heart, and I don't have the slightest problem in seeing all my old friends... In fact I really enjoy their company. Even if some of them seem to be going through a difficult patch once in a while. I had made the mistake of inviting them to my house to play, and I realised that it was a bit difficult for them to see me in my house, knowing that they hadn't got so far ahead in life as I had. So I started going to play at the club again... But they're all old... It's a rather depressing atmosphere. However I manage to balance everything up.'

I ask him what he means:

'I'm putting my grandson in charge, he's almost grown up now and soon he will be completely able to manage my relief model all by himself.'

I ask him what he means by 'balancing up':

'I'm more in equilibrium because I'm doing this and I'm also playing with my old friends. To be honest I was very disheartened by the fact that my coordination had fallen off a great deal. Now I'm more coordinated, but there's this tiredness... If I play on Sunday morning when I'm rested, my coordination is better. I think the stress from the week's work affects it a great deal...'

I advise Gennaro to wait a few days to give me more time to evaluate his reaction to the treatment. About forty days after the second consultation, the same old symptoms returned, but in a lesser degree.

I decide to put him on the Q3, which I stop after less than two weeks because he starts to get a bad headache.

I see Gennaro again after four months, at his request. He tells me:

'I'm much, much better... If I have any problem then your marvellous drops make me feel better, they help my digestion too. Even though I'm a little heavy-headed, the drops are beneficial in lots of ways. In general I feel 70% better. If my digestion is bad then I take two or three drops and then I'm well again.'

I don't have to drink Coca-Cola any more and my diet is practically normal now. I reduced the amount of diabetic medication I was taking and then I had tests at the hospital. The doctors couldn't believe it when they saw the level my blood sugar levels are at now. They advised me to reduce the diabetic medication and when I told them I'd already done it they didn't know what to do with themselves. I told them I was being treated by a homeopathic and so then they told me that my problem must be psychosomatic.'

I ask him how he reacted:

'I wanted to give that so-and-so who was trying to ruin me with insulin a good physical box on the ears. I reminded them that they told me my problem WAS INCURABLE. But the only thing that's incurable is their attitude.'

I ask him to explain:

'To be honest, I thought mine was as well. I'm convinced now that if you have persuaded yourself you can't get better, and that there's nothing to be done about your illness... - then you won't be able to get better... It's a question of your mental attitude. I won't go so far as to say that everything comes from the mind, but you're convinced that you're ill... then you are and that's how you'll stay.'

At this point, after a long pause, during which Gennaro seems very embarrassed, he confesses:

'Perhaps I should have told you this before... I'm very embarrassed because I wouldn't want you to think that I don't trust you or that I want to hide something from you... but perhaps the main person who has something wrong with his head is actually myself.'

'I'm so daft... I wouldn't have thought that my mood could influence how I was going so much and that I could go around pretending that nothing had happened. I lost my son to leukaemia... years ago. After that I collapsed. I did so much to stay alive. I struggled all my life to get out of it... I even went to a sanatorium. I tried hard to build something for myself and above all for my family. I helped so many of my friends uncomplainingly, even when I didn't have much money for myself... Then what did this happen to me? It was as if the bottom had fallen out of my world... I had a wonderful family... even if my wife often suffers from depression. I did my utmost to ensure that nobody ever went without. Then our only son left us like this.'

'Now my daughter-in-law lives with us like a real daughter and my two grandchildren are an integral part of our family. I did what I could to convince my daughter-in-law that it would have been alright by us if she found another man, for her own sake and for the children's. But she didn't want to... At first I suppose I was delighted, in a very egoistic way, but then little by little I even began to hate her a bit for that reason.'

I ask him to explain:

'I did all I could to forget and she reminded me every day, just by her presence, that my son was no longer there... She was dignified in her bereavement, whereas

wasn't. I, the father, couldn't manage it... and I couldn't even bring myself to tell you... I would play with my grandson and I couldn't tell him about his daddy who was no longer there... I didn't tell you either, and I've only just realised how many times you asked if there was something else that was troubling me...'

I ask him what he thinks about it:

'You know what I think... I think I'm an egoist... That this is unforgivable...'

I ask him to explain:

'How can God forgive someone who thinks he has lost a part of himself instead of his son... I think about that every day, and every day I do my best not to think about it... it's a fine old fix to be in.'

-oOo-

I have currently been treating Gennaro for more than two years. Until now it has only been necessary to repeat the remedy occasionally in a Q3 potency, and then only for simple problems with his digestion which came on when the flu was going around.

Gennaro has put on weight and his glycaemia has stabilised at acceptable levels which do not require any anti-diabetic treatment. His respiratory function is good though he still has a tendency to catch upper respiratory tract infections in the first cold days of winter.

I have the impression that Gennaro has been able to make progress with regards to the loss of his son. He is sustained largely by his religious faith, which does not seem to have any traces of fanaticism in it. In particular, I have no longer heard him talking in terms of his loss being unredeemable. His relationship with his family, his daughter-in-law and his grandchildren continues to be very good.

-oOo-

These are the additions for *Allium sativum* taken from the first three volumes of my repertory additions:

1. MIND; ACTIVITY; desire for (36) ***
2. MIND; DREAMS; animals, of; snakes (34) *
3. MIND; DREAMS; animals, of; snakes; flying (1) *
4. MIND; DREAMS; flying (30) *
5. MIND; FEAR; depression (8) **
6. MIND; IRRITABILITY (493) *

7. MIND; IRRITABILITY; indignation, with (2) *
8. MIND; IRRITABILITY; injustice, from (1) *
9. MIND; IRRITABILITY; trifles, from (70) **
10. HEAD PAIN; GENERAL; anger, from (28) *
11. HEAD PAIN; GENERAL; excitement of the emotions, after (59) **
12. HEAD PAIN; GENERAL; gastric (92) **
13. HEAD PAIN; GENERAL; irritability, from (3) *
14. HEAD PAIN; STITCHING; Temples (183) **
15. STOMACH; INDIGESTION; old people, in (24) *
16. STOMACH; INDIGESTION; operations, after gastric (1) **
17. STOMACH; INDIGESTION; small amount of food, amel (4) **
18. STOMACH; PAIN; General; anger, after (6) **
19. RECTUM; FLATUS; offensive (148) **
20. RECTUM; WORM, WORMS; recurrent; adults, in (1) **
21. STOOL; FLOATING in water (9) **
22. STOOL; HARD; first; pasty, then (6) **
23. STOOL; HARD; first; soft, then (27) **
24. BACK; STIFFNESS (264) *
25. BACK; STIFFNESS; Cervical region (222) *
26. BACK; STIFFNESS; Cervical region; headache, during (43) **
27. BACK; STIFFNESS; Cervical region; extending; head, to (3) *
28. BACK; TENSION; Cervical region (101) **
29. BACK; TENSION; Cervical region; headache, with (8) **
30. GENERALITIES; FOOD and drinks; bread; desires; butter, and (18) **
31. GENERALITIES; FOOD and drinks; coca-cola, amel (2) **
32. GENERALITIES; FOOD and drinks; coca-cola, desire for (8) *
33. GENERALITIES; FOOD and drinks; garlic; desires (9) **
34. GENERALITIES; FOOD and drinks; pasta; agg (2) **