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Reminiscences of A.T. Still by E.E. Tucker, DO

Ca. 1952

Still National Osteopathic Museum, Kirksville, MO [FDR 1:36]

W. H. S. I. V. No. 50705

11 west 68th street New York N.Y
February 20th 1954

Dr. Charles E. Still
Kirksville Mo.

My dear Dr. Charlie:

I hope you get anything like as much pleasure out of reading this tribute as I got out of writing it!

There are one or two points that need clearing up. I wonder if there is someone there who could give me the help I need. For instance I do not know the name of the college from which Jerdine and Fassett got their degrees (p.29); not Lane; nor whether Smith was travelling ~~for~~ a medical and surgical house. (p.28) Nor do I know whether the Old Doctor ever used the D.O. after his name, instead of the M.D. or in addition to the M.D? (p.48).

I would be most appreciative of any help that you ~~could~~ give or arrange to have given - as of course for any comment (not too candid) that you might be moved to make.

Publication was only distantly in my mind at first. I really wrote this during recuperation from an ~~an~~ attack of status asthmaticus; and for ~~the~~ pleasure of the reminiscence; and for personal readers. But some of them liked ~~it~~ rather well, and suggested publication. I wish very much that you would ~~te~~ll me what you think.

Mrs. Ligon once called the Old Doctor's attention to the saddle-back dome of my skull. He felt it and remarked:

"That's where the spirits ride him."

So! Then it could be he himself? I think he has been around during this writing:

"Shoot to the ~~mark~~ mark" was what he said.

Well- maybe my aim has been a bit wobbly...

Anyway it is a pleasure to be writing you.

Ernest E. Tucker D.O.



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Dr. Charles E. Still

KIRKSVILLE

Mo.

REMINISCENCES OF

A. J. Still M. D.
1830 - 1917

BY

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Ernest E. Everett D. D.

1877 -

Compare these two handwritings, and consider how difficult it has been for the writer of the second to reflect the vast spiritual simplicity of the first!

Andrew Taylor Still was the discoverer of the osteopathic lesion, elaborator of the science of osteopathy, and founder of the osteopathic profession.

He was born in Virginia, where the log cabin in which he was born is preserved as a relic by the profession that he established.

His family moved to Missouri, where his father was a medical missionary; a farmer and the owner of a grist and sawmill.

The frontier called for expedients. His training as a mechanic in his father's mill led him to make certain studies of the human body, as a mechanic; and as a result, certain discoveries. Elaborating these, he announced his new science in 1874. In 1892 he established his school.

He died in 1917, after seeing his school legalized in many of not most of the states of this Union and in Canada, and seven other established colleges of osteopathy besides the one he himself had established.

An osteopathic lesion is a perverted state of a joint; in which the bones are held in false position by angulation and ~~and~~ ligamentous tension.

A false position is produced when, at the limit of its normal movement, a bone is subjected to further stress. The secondary movement that then occurs goes as far as the shapes of the bones allows, i.e. until they become jammed against each other. At the same time the ligaments are under heavy tension. At the same time the angle of the ligaments is changed, so that they do not now draw in the direct path of return, but at an angle; and so may act to prevent that return; and may actually increase the deviation. At the same time the slightly elastic bones may be bent, by the ligamentous tensions and bony pressures, increasing the locking effect. At the same time the highly elastic periosteum may be indented by the ~~pressure~~ ^{angular} ~~angular~~ pressure, with effect of holding them in that position. The whole adds up to a state ^{trigger position with} of abnormal tensions, pressures, correlations, ^{and} with irritation according.

The joints of the spine and ribs are small affairs, with very slight functional movements, easily exceeded under strain. They are continually subject to abnormal strains, especially in the erect human posture. ~~They are in very close contact with the~~ Bones are by ^{no means} ~~no means~~ the inert things they are usually thought to be; as a tap with a pencil on the shin bone or the teeth will clearly show. They are in very close relation with the spinal cord, into which this irritation is immediately carried. They are found to be a very large proportion of all causes of disease.

These findings are completely factual. ~~There is no~~ They are not subject to debate, only to examination.

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The Greatness of Still

Just how great was Still?

Very well, how great is Still, if you prefer --

I have heard him acclaimed the greatest man that ever lived ; and not without arguments ~~and~~ well/considered ~~and~~ sincere. Maybe he was - or is -. Anyway, enthusiasm can do that sort of thing.

But to me it seems that in those realms of true greatness where the truly great may commune with each other, it is not degrees of greatness that count, not rivalries, not comparisons, but only just appreciation, mutual respect, responsiveness; without any of those negatives intruding. Greatness^{ness} is something that the truly great know nothing about, and care less.

Just what was this thing that Still ^oaccomplished, that wins for him the undying gratitude of his followers and the appreciation of mankind?

Many things. Chief among them, - at least most obvious to the eye - is his discovery of the existence of conditions of mechanical strain in the body as causes of disease. These became immensely important when onappraisal by actual experience they were found to be some fifty percent of the actual procuring causes of disease - more rather than less. This makes it an event of the first magnitude, and puts these "lesions" as they are called roughly on a par with germs in importance. Such an appraisal is

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a very loose thing no doubt, and it certainly is not put forward in any spirit of rival claims. The only thing that stands to profit by such claims is the ego motive and the commercial value of prestige.

Many more things followed this discovery, but this seems to have been the "Open Sesame" for the rest.

Was this discovery fortunate accident, or great achievement? It seems to have been not one but quite a series of discoveries, some by accident, some by intuition, some by sheer back-woods mental habit of looking facts straight in the face and talking straight back at them. But these eventually grouped themselves into a great concept. Then:

"It was as though some huge hand hit me in the back" said Still, with a sort of awe in his voice at something greater than himself, even though he was the agent of it.

Then indeed it did become a matter of study, study, profound abstraction, planned experimentation and a thorough coverage; a matter of obtaining bones from graves; or bodies preserved in salt (there was some sort of a gleeful story about one of these, which he would not repeat); of animal's bodies dissected and studied - all of those stages that a new discovery is apt to have to go through; discovery of fact, trial of the fact, searching for other cognate facts, and for confirmation of the uses and the meanings of those facts, broadening their application, formulating the concepts and the theories - we get the picture of a man possessed by a great idea.

On the inside, this. Then on the outside, while the great concept clarified itself slowly, there were years of struggle against odds the most unimaginable. Who, for

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instance, could now think of launching such a thesis ,of developing it, of implementing it with school and prpfession, i n the backwoods of Missouri and Kansas, in the terrible transition years that followed the civil war? Measured against the odds it was tremendous .

~~xxxxxxx~~ Still did not think of it as heroic, he di d not know it was stupendous; to him it was just the ordinary condition of his being, just a perfectly ordinary following of a real truth, wherever it happened to lead. He did not think of it as a wonderful shooting star that fell from the empyrean and came nestling into his hands.

Later on, looking back, he saw it all with a kind of awe:

"I did not dream" he said "that it would be anything like this!"

Later on, with a great ins titution around him, with a staff of a score pf professors and nearly a thousand students, with other schools of the same kind dotting the land, he looked back -

"I guess it was sort of wonderful!"

First Meeting

It was in 1898 that I first met Dr. Still. My surprise was complete; in spite of the fact that much had been told me about his uniqueness, his eccentricities (so called). There was one thing they had failed to mention.

The kind of greatness that I was accustomed to in those days was the dramatic kind, oratorical, erudite, elephantine, the kind you put on pedestals.

Not so Still.

One morning in February I climbed the hill and the steps of his house, which had been pointed out to me, and stood on his front porch in three inches of snow - and waited; that was all- just waited.

In a very few minutes I heard a door open and a man came around the curve of the front porch and approached me. I just stood, saying nothing. This was a tall figure of a man, slightly taller than I, erect, spare, grey whiskers and grey eyes that peered through grey glasses - he too stopped and just stood.

But my composure broke before his did, and I made my introduction.

"What did you say anything for? I would have told you all about yourself." he interrupted me.

I of course tried to measure up to him, but not immediately could I divest myself of all of the arts that I had learned

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learned, arts of dress, arts of deportment, arts of rhetoric, & arts of special manners for special occasions; arts of this and of that and of the other.

For he seemed to see right through or right past all of those arts, knew them for what they were, and saw you where you lived. That is as near as I can come to describing it, this new kind of greatness - I supposed it was that. They need arts who lack the reality of human responsiveness. Here was directness, simplicity, humanity given a new diameter, a working diameter, a diameter of operative function. This was not the kind of directness, simplicity, humanity that you can talk about, for to drag it through the knot-hole of description rubs off all of the fur. ^{As was} They were the kind you responded to, if you had it in you.

"You're from Dixie" are you not? " Dixie, I later learned, was his nickname for Mrs. Ligon, through whom I had come ~~known~~ to his institution. He nicknamed everybody. He he called Tuck, or "elder" on account of some religious work I later did there - (me being so young!).

But in just two steps we were way past the stage of arts and had reached realities.

We had some light conversation, on my part still stilted while I tried for naturalness and ease.

"In a couple of years you will be back here studying" he then told me.

(That did happen. When anyone comes into contact with a revelation of such vast significance as osteopathy, he must do one of two things: close his mind, remain blind, deny; or else pour every ounce of his spare energy into it to give it the full measure of development possible .)

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I did not stay long that first visit, satisfied to have made contact; hesitant about imposing; embarrassed about the magnitude of the contrast between us. But I wondered how that particular quality of directness, simplicity, humanity could constitute greatness. Was it because it did the work of greatness? Did this same quality of seeing past the arts of flattery to the realities behind it enable him to see past the arts of doctoring to the emptiness behind it, the hopelessness, - "We don't know what this is, but we have to try something!" "We must pray to God to bless the means used to bring our brother to health!"

This is not to deny that many of the men who practiced medicine in those days were wholly sincere. In fact he himself had practiced it, and his father before him. But sometimes it is harder to detect a mistake covered over with sincere honesty than it is to root out a conscious hypocrisy.

A good many things began to reverse themselves in that moment - a process that has been going on pretty much ever since. I, devotee of refinement and all of the arts, the fourth R, standing vis-a-vis with this son of nature, whose life had been spent on the frontier - frontier of civilization, frontier of war, frontier of poverty and of disease and death, and was now certainly out on the frontier of human thought - I felt a sudden sense of unreality; or perhaps it was that I felt a sudden sense of a reality greater than any I had known. As I say, I did not stay long.

Now, fifty six years later, what I happen to think as I write these lines is of some words of Cyril Stanley Smith (in THINK, house organ of International Business Machines Inc):

"Such is the power of theory to halt observation."

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Still had no theory; or had discarded them all. There was nothing to halt his observation. He did not think by the book, but by the moving event - and that is just about all of the difference in the world. I feel now, fifty six years later, that this is an excellent example to the greatness of Still; though at the time I was feeling elation mixed with embarrassment; and with a resolve, as I walked away, to capture that spirit if I could.

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In Person

The red brick wall of the house, the snow half across the porch, the slant of the morning sun, and the figure standing before me on that early morning in February fifty ^{six} seven years ago are as clear to me now as though I were still looking at them. Well, I was prepared to be impressed; but not in just the way it turned out. Was there a bit of hero-worship in it? At the time I would have repudiated the idea.

But that does hold a place for that picture in any book of reminiscences.

Two things about Still's appearance I never did get used to, often as I saw them. One was the bulge of that forehead, like the bud end of a watermelon. The other was the unbelievable ~~equ~~ aquillinity of the nose. They harmonized with each other of course and were not ordinarily ~~exceptionally~~ noticeable, until some trick of posture or background threw them into relief. His moustache helped to - shall I say normalize -- his nose, and moustache and beard kept nose and forehead in harmony. And why should anyone bother about that? I do not know why; have not given it much thought; but observe that my fellow human beings do seem to "set considerable store" by it - it being physical appearance, generally.

Another unusual thing about him, often remarked, was his gait; a springy gait, rising on his toes; which I was told was the Indian gait. As though part of this gait, he usually carried a six or seven-foot staff, cut from the woodpile and whittled

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or planed down. For these reasons he seemed to walk leanigh
frward; on his way to the "backy" shop. Like all civil war vet-
erans, he chewed tobacco. Every now and then he swore off, and
then it was ^{that he made trips to the candy shops. It was} chocolate that he bought.

Intrigued by that long staff, a Mrs. Conger, wealthy
Ohio woman, had ~~made~~ a seven foot staff of ebony specially
mad~~e~~ for him, complete with gold head and tassel. He walked
to school with it a couple of times, grinning like a school boy.
It found its inevitable way into his "parlor" where he kept the
treasures-trove sent to him from all parts of the world, and
for which he had a conducted tour, complete with "spiel."

Another thing that almost always surprised me was the
huskiness of his voice; like a voice from somewhere else, far away;
or somebody else. O, he could speak powerfully - he could make
the students in the rear seats hear as clearly as those in
front; but - huskiness-- it had a sort of intimate quality
about it - just you ^{and me} ~~as a~~ sort of effect.

His eyes were grey, flecked as I remember it with brown;
under ~~his~~ ^{well}rimmed eyebrows. His hands were large and flat and no
doubt very powerful. The lobes of his ears hung down quite
generously. I suggest that you take note of the ear-lobes of
strong leaders of men. His skin was dusky - a matter of age
as well as atmosphere no doubt. The wrinkles at the corners of
his eyes were numerous and humorous. He was often compared
to Lincoln; and I have no doubt those two backwoodsmen would
have understood each other.

On his feet were boots- "Missouri mud boots". Jean
trousers were tucked into them, with the inevitable bulge at
the outer top. Overcoat, coat and vest he carried open; the

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two halves of the vest held together by a heavy watch chain (those were the days of pocket clocks). The coat was a blue army coat. Through his grisly beard shone the gleam of a gold collar button, innocent of collar (unless it happened to be attached). A few straggly grey hairs appeared beneath the brim of his wide-brimmed army hat, which was thrust far back on that bulging dome of a forehead.

He wore "specs" of course; and - well- but one never sees the dirt on one's own glasses, unless one takes them off to look at; and then one does not see well enough to see the dirt. And I am sure the same thing is true of our ideas as well.

No, he was not sartorially conscious. On one occasion the wife of one of our state senators was attracted to Kirksville to see him. News of her arrival preceded her; and there was a bit of excitement, and a crowd at the station to greet the great lady. Still ambled down there, and stood on the outskirts. When the train and the lady arrived, and she had alighted, someone who had caught a glimpse of ~~him~~ said "There's ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Old~~ Doctor" - and automatically the crowd parted and a lane formed from the lady direct to him/. Taking her clue, she ~~unnaturally~~ walked down this lane, all cordiality and suavity. Still shook ~~he~~ offered hand.

"Want to see my good clothes?" he queried - "Ma will show them to you. She's got them in a trunk at home."

Fortunately, the lady was genuine too; and they became instantly friends.

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Frontier

Of the two persons on that front porch that early morning in February, it is likely that I came to understand the elder rather better than the younger - the elder being Dr^E/_A Still, age 58, the younger being myself, age 21; ~~Whom~~ ~~twentieth~~ ~~understand~~ ~~him~~ so subtly do we resist self-analysis. But Still- there ^{was some} ~~was~~ some point in understanding him. Was he not the great man who --

But no. The great man entirely disappeared. Somebody else took his place; a friend, of course, but more than a friend; a mind, somewhat wistful, looking, listening, feeling, thinking, trying to peer a little way into the Great Mysteries; just one small star in the vast heavens, trying to see with its single small eye the meaning of the council of the stars.

"My mother used to say of me that she felt sure that some day I would dig my toes into the opposite bank and come back with some of the clay sticking to them," said he. And I hope the reader will mull over that phrase until he gets the feel of it.

Frontiers are the places to see things. All of his life Still spent on the frontier; and if we could get the feel of that- or of them, it would help us much.

Frontiers are not glamorous or romantic, except in fiction. In fact, they are grim.

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"D'nt you enjoy a beautiful sunset, Dr. Still?" I asked him. His house was so beautifully situated to observe the m. his head went a shade lower and his voice became a shade huskier:

"Well, no, Elder, I dont. Spnset was the tim e when you had to see that the critters were all cared for, and had to see that everything was looked up tight against the varmints -⁴ It was a time of anxiety."

"Varmints" ~~was~~ meant the human vermin- the wild Indians.

"Did the Indians have any sort of doctoring?"

"Some. If a hip came out of joint they put that man ~~on~~ on his back astride of a small tree trunk, and hitched a horse to his ankle and put whips to the horse. Mebby-so the leg got set, mebby-so it came off --

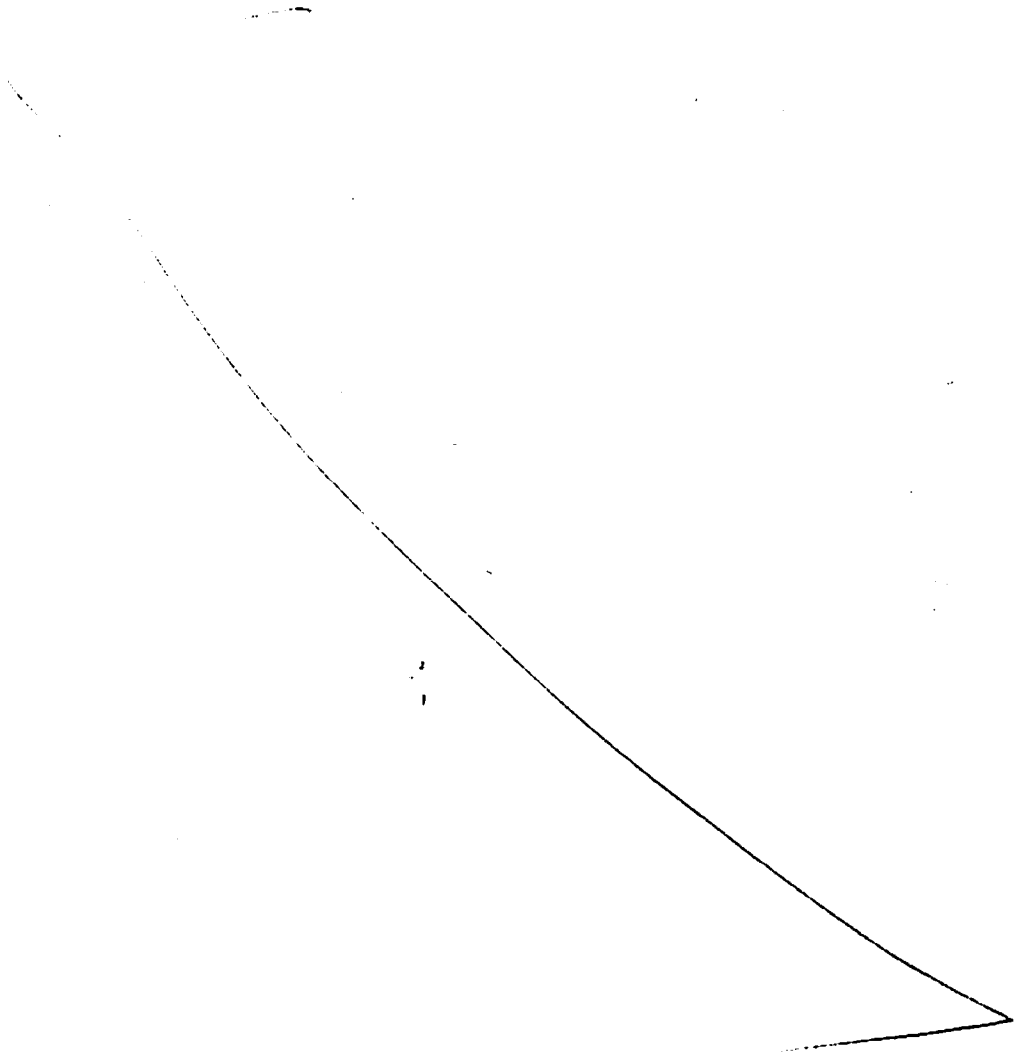
"If you got a fever, they would wrap you in a wet blanket and leave you to sweat it out - maybe they would dance some hocus to help out a bit."

The practice of ⁴medicine even in the civilized countries was itself very much of a frontier, in those days - not to say a dangerous and foetid jungle. Perhaps I can draw you a simple picture of it. Here was a sick man, with certain very dramatic and impressive symptoms; and here were certain substances, drugs, that were observed to have a quite definite effect on the body. So doctors simply tried to find drugs that would "match" the symptoms of the disease. As simple as that. "For what else ~~can~~ you do?" (This was not Still, but my classmate Bancroft, ~~whom~~ that I am quoting). "We treat symptoms as they arise." The phrase seemed to justify the practice! I did not argue with him. He went on to say that "If you fellows are right, then we fellows simply have to go back to school and learn all over again"; which was to him ample and sufficient reason why we could not possibly be

right

right.

And we know, too, that we are going right on doing just that, ~~xxxx~~ until the drugs that can be found or fabricated have run out, or until the seas gang dry, or until something else turns up that is better. For we must try. We must experiment if only to try to define the body in those terms. It is true that at long last it has turned out pretty well! The rose of success has finally bloomed - but it was a huge dung-hill that it bloomed in; the one that young Still found around him.



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used

But frontiers do teach certain virtues. One sees, or else; so one looks. One ~~thinks~~ ^{thinks by} not by ~~the book~~ the book, but by the moving event; and that makes one whole of a difference. Indeed I would like to enlarge upon that point, for the benefit of our book-trained population! One uses what one has; makes it do; implements his ideas, and acts. The test of everything on the frontier is results. Excuses are post-mortems! Most certainly that was a part of young Andrew's training.

I have mentioned that his father was a mill owner and operator. Ideas of mechanics were drilled into his son. These he brought to the study of the body, and saw things that nobody had seen before. What this means to me is that young Andrew grew up - that is, his mind did, in that mill; on the inside; the side of construction and operation. He saw it made, he made it work. It became a natural familiar of his thinking. He therefore had much less awe of it and much more respect for it than another person would have had.

But his father was also a doctor. Young Andrew therefore saw medicines and prescriptions concocted, also from the inside. But in this case it produced much less respect and much more awe!

His father was also a preacher. Did young Andrew then see prayers concocted and sermons planned - again from the inside? Did he for instance see human hands trying to manipulate the Almighty? Did it make him wonder?

In any case, this matter of seeing as from inside seems to be at least one clear clue to his thinking. He tried to see the living body ^{also} as from inside. He tried to see it whole, and in motion, the moving event.

More than that. After all, what is reason but an attempt to see as from inside? What is logic, if not an analysis of what actu-

ally goes on, or obtains, in the inner workings, the constructive angle, of things? So he saw, or tried to see, the living human body as living logic, as reason in action; as "perfect, as God called it perfect".

Not by the book!

"I quote no authority but God and experience."

It may have struck you that this is now a different kind of frontier- an internal frontier!

The internal frontier, the frontier of construction, of reason, of logic, is just one million or so times as large as the external frontier; and its adventures correspondingly amazing.

Undoubtedly Still was a great pioneer there.

First Discoveries

Still has told a number of stories about his earliest discoveries in osteopathy. These appear to be just single experiences, such as you or I might have had, that finally associated themselves together and cohered to become the great discovery. We probably have had many such experiences; but we did not happen to have in mind the burning questions that acted as bait and fish-hooks, to drag these special experiences out of the deep waters and fit them into the answers. Still did.

One interesting detail about the stories he did happen to tell, or record, is their diversity as though each represented one different aspect of the whole. I do not in the least think that this was so planned.

The earliest of these had to do with a headache. He was troubled with migraine. He lay on the ground and suspended his head in a rope - in one case it was a swing, in another it was a rope stretched for the purpose; and it may have been both. In any case, after a few minutes his headache was relieved. This we would now interpret as (1) inhibition of the suboccipital nerves; (2) relaxation of upper cervical muscles; or (3) readjustment of position of the atlas. At least, he remembered and wondered; and eventually sought to expand the experience.

The next of the extant stories has to do with dysentery ("bloody flux").

"I contracted dysentery, or flux, with copious discharges

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mixed with blood. There were chilly sensations, high fever, backache and cold abdomen. I, seemed to me my back would break, the misery was so great. A log was lying in my father's yard. In the effort to get comfort I threw myself across it on the small of my back and made a few twisting motions, which probably restored the misplaced bones to their normal position, for ^{the pain} soon began to leave, my abdomen began to get warm, the chilly sensation disappeared, and that was the last of the flux."

"In the autumn of 1847 I was given a chance to try my ideas on a case of flux. I was walking ^{with a friend} on the streets of Macon, Missouri, in which town I was visiting, when I noticed in advance of us a woman with three children. I called my friend's attention to fresh blood that had dripped along the street for perhaps fifty yards. We caught up with the group and discovered that the woman's little boy, about four years old, was sick. He had only a calico dress on, and, to my wonder and surprise, his legs and feet were covered with blood. A glance was enough to show that the mother was poor. We immediately offered our services to help the boy home. I picked him up and placed my hand on the small of his back. I found it hot, while the abdomen was cold. The neck and back of the head were also very warm and the face and nose very cold. This set me to reasoning, for up to that time the most that I knew about flux was that it was fatal in a great many cases. I had never before asked myself the question: What is flux? I began to reason about the spinal cord which gives off its motor nerves to the front of the body, its sensory to the back; but that gave me no ~~insight~~ clue to the flux. Beginning at the base of the child's brain I found rigid and loose places in the muscles and ligaments of the whole spine, while the lumbar portion was very

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much congested and rigid. The thought came to me, like a flash, that there might be a strain or some partial dislocation of the bones of the spine or ribs, and that by pressure I could adjust the bones and set free the nerve supply to the bowels. On this basis of reasoning I treated the child's spine, and told the mother to report the next day. She came the next morning with the news that the child was well.

"There were many cases of flux in the town at that time and shortly after, and the mother, telling of my cure of the child, brought a number of cases to me. I cured them all by my own method and without drugs. This began to stir up comment, and I soon found myself the object of curiosity and criticism."

~~"another case"~~

This experience deals with the muscles as pathogenic, since not all of those cases had bony lesions, or certainly not the same lesions. We would now interpret this by the statement that all tissue in a pathologic state is also pathogenic.

A third account deals with ~~xxxxxx~~ a bony lesion in the clearest way, however.

"Another case which I was asked to see brought me still further criticism. A young woman was suffering with nervous prostration. All hope had been given up by the doctors, and the family was so told. After a number of medical councils her father came to me and said: "The doctors say my daughter cannot live. Will you step in and look at her?" I found the young woman in bed, and from the twisted manner in which her head lay I suspected a partial dislocation of the neck. On examination I found ~~the~~ ^{it} to be true - one of the upper bones of her neck had slipped to one side, shutting off by pressure the vertebral artery on its way to the brain. In four hours after I had carefully adjusted the bones of her neck she was up and out of bed. "

(Autobiography).

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This is, so far as I know, the first actual statement of a specific osteopathic lesion. These are taken from his autobiography. His explanation of the result of the lesion

~~expresses his mechanical reasoning.~~
expresses his mechanical reasoning. It is subject to modification. But the fact of this possibly the first osteopathic correction stands eternal.

Some what clearer was the story he told to me, of a boy who rode up lickety-split and seeing Still shouted :

"Doc Still come quick, ma's sick"; and
and put his heels to his horse and took out for home. Still got to his horse and took out after the boy. Arrived at the farm, he found a case of pneumonia, ~~and not one, but two.~~
He had ~~no~~ no drugs; and a blizzard had blown up; and in a quandary he sat there examining the woman's chest. He found his fingers absent-mindedly following the line of one of the ribs. He gave it his attention. It seemed to be different- crooked- could it be broken? No, but obviously dislocated. He thereupon summoned his anatomic knowledge and his back-woods direct approach and managed to set that rib - first time in history so far as known. The result was magical and very prompt.

Then sitting with the family he got this story: they had cleaned hogs the day before. One finished carcass was tied to one side to the tree, while another was swung from the same limb to be cleaned. But in some way the first carcass ^{came free} ~~came free~~, swung down, ~~and~~ and the snout of the stiff animal caught this woman right at the point of the dislocated rib. There was a small blue spot to record the event. The chain of events from that dislocated rib to the pneumonia is of course not difficult to trace.

Thus from under the snout of a Missouri hog came one of

the greatest revelations of our human history - except of course that the right person had to be there to observe and record and make use of it.

"Bone setters" were not unknown in that day and place, and as Still's discoveries fitted into that category, he travelled around the country as the "lightning bone setter." *I have seen one of the "doctors" he used to advertise his business* He could get more business under such a known name than he could get with some new-fangled idea and some outlandish name. But his practice brought experiences, and experiences brought broadening of ideas. On one occasion a woman was brought to him suffering agony with her left eye; for whom all the doctors and oculists had been able to do nothing. Still stood looking. Then he stepped up to her, and directed her to close her eye, placed the ball of his thumb against the eyeball, and gave a gentle tap with the first finger of the other hand. That was all. Stepping back, he waited a few seconds, and then directed her to open her eye. The details of that gradual opening I did not get, but I got the story behind it. It seems that she had been reclining in a steamer chair when somebody from threw a half of a lemon; which struck her in the eye. What Still noted, that all the rest had failed to note, was a slight difference in the corneal bulge. The blow by the lemon had evidently pushed the crystalline lens to one side, and it had stuck there. Still just snapped it back again.

There came to Kirksville while I was there a man who suffered agonies with his left foot. There is no question as to the agony, if sweating and pallor and contortions can testify to it. He would, all of a sudden, on street or in church or anywhere, suddenly collapse where he stood and grab off his shoe and rock back and forth for some minutes. He came as a patient to the

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infirmary, where I also saw him. But Still happened to see one of these performances; and stood a few minutes, leaning on his long staff, watching. Very soon he got down on his knees beside the man, gently took hold of his foot, drew out a handkerchief which he loop-knotted around the man's great toe; then gave a largish yank and twist to it - and that was all. The trouble, he explained, was that the sesamoid bone of the flexor brevis hallucis had slipped off sideways, between the big toe and its neighbor.

As to just what this sesamoid bone is, you will have to look it up.

"Honestly, now, Doctor Still, isn't your work mostly hypnotism?"

"O yes, ma'am - I set seven hips yesterday."

-And it might have been, too. His facility at "setting" hips possibly stems from his interest in the Indian's approach. But certainly it is that he would set a hip on a ~~trolley car~~ ^{side-walk} or a front door stopp or on a chair - I have seen him do that - .

"All you have to do is to picture the Y ligament and the notch of the socket" said he.

If anyone had said "structural visualization" to him, he would probably have replied something about the ischiosi - or asked:

"You mean, see it, don't you?"

Just see it, that's all.

I am sure there were hundreds of such stories all over town, if there had been anyone to collect them.

When a Great Hand struck

Osteopathy

"Osteopathy!" exclaimed a certain elegant lady on first hearing the name - "What a mouthfull!"

In spite of its amplitude and orotundity, the name is quite in the classical tradition and etymologically correct. In the original Greek, the word pathos is contrasted with the word ethos, meaning an incoming or objective effect as compared to an outgoing or subjective effect. The real meaning of the name is therefore, what the bones do to us; or the bones considered as etiologic factors in disease; or bones out of harmony with the body as a whole, and affecting it as such; the pathos of bones.

"^eCame the necessity of a name to designate the science; and I chose 'osteopathy'. I reasoned that the bone, 'o⁻steon', was the starting point from which I was to ascertain the cause of pathological conditions, and I combined it with 'pathy' - no doubt influenced by other anatomic names, in the classical mode.

But to ~~me~~ Still told a different story.

"I got the name Osteopathy from the names of two Indian tribes, the Oswegoes and the P--" the name began with P, and was I think Possawatome, which sounds ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ right.

What was this? Repudiation? Humor? A large gesture? Humor no doubt, and his facial expression certainly suggested ~~humor~~ playfulness. But it was meaningful too. The feeling that I got was as of a militant Americanism. Tradition, it seemed to say, is all right if you can set it back on its heels.

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Tradition carries too much dead weight, dead wood, dead past. Tradition holds its own. It is dead-locked. It ~~mixes~~ smells. There are new things afoot, that call for a new orientation, a new look-see. Osteopathy is new. It is our first break-away, our first new look. Let us take every advantage of it! Let no be-tasselled mortar board level its head, no enscrolled parchment make-believe to contain its truths. Truth comes on the hoof, and straight at you, charging. We will just take an Indian look at it!

So said Still. That at least is what I read into it. It is exhilarating.

Still's great idea grew. From mill mechanic to lightning bone-setter; from lightning bone-setter to miracle worker; from miracle worker to miracles made systematic and multiplied, made into a science, established in a school, presented by a profession, all in the space of less than two decades. Now it challenges a world to accept its benefactions.

The great idea grew not by encouragement, however, except the encouragement of sheer free success. In fact it grew against every sort of opposition; against ridicule, scorn, suspicion. Opposition came chiefly, naturally, from the organized ideas already in the field, whose prestige was challenged- from the medical doctors themselves. It came also from the crowd sense, the mob instinct; for there is value in the crowd sense, for its own sake, and aside from the rightness or wrongness of the idea that shapes it; and people love to feel themselves part of a crowd, whether in crucifying or in glorifying.

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It came then from those who needed something to ~~express~~,
be scornful of, to buck up their own self-esteem (and who is
entirely innocent of this?) . True, I never heard Still
mention those days, or those matters. I say them because I
know what a fool man is - what an ~~automaton~~ ^{automation} is - even if it
is not altogether his fault; it is an automatism of the mechan-
ism of his consciousness. ^This new thing- it of course drew the
fire of all of the old things, including human nature.

The only things I actually observed that were related to
this period of his struggles were occasions when he surreptit-
iously and half apologetically sneaked into someone's hand a
crumpled ten dollar bill; ^{e r} ~~some~~ ^{^ ^} ~~one~~ who had stood by him; "just for
a bit of 'backy, John".

Personally, I doubt if Still realized ^{much} all of this;
or thought about it; or cared. He seemed to be as amazed as
anybody at the growing magnitude of the thing. He seemed perhaps
just rapt, absent minded, following his inner light, thinking of ^{out}
some more ^e ~~mechanical~~ ^T intricacies. Certainly I never detected the
least bitterness in his spirit. The only times when he became
vehement were when someone else laid claim to his discoveries-
and this did happen several times. But - as Mark Twain said of
his wife, when wanting to cure him of ^{voluble} ~~his vehement~~ swearing she
carefully rehearsed some of his more colorful phrases and then s
surprised him with them --

"It's no use, ~~Mary~~ you have got the right words but
you haven't got the right tune."

They didn't have the right tune.
As of now, there are no other claimants.

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Always the frontier mentality played a part in the development of his great idea. This made it possible for the "freak" idea to broaden without resistance from indoctrination or from classical theories or from the mass weight of a profession. This made it possible for his mind to ask a million questions. Indeed so long as I knew him he was always busy with explorations; seeking truths under a toe-nail ("the same law that made a toe-nail made a brain"); or exploring the mechanics of the diaphragm ("does the diaphragm drag itself across the aorta?") of querying the fascia for its secrets (** "will chain his patience for a few minutes on the subject of the fascia, and its relation to vitality"); or bouncing with the spleen, "the organ of mirth", against the side.

There was a child-like freedom, indeed a God-like freedom, about these inquiries, often, ~~or so~~ ~~it seemed to me.~~ But if ~~we are to ask only the que~~ Not all of them brought pay dirt. If all of our diggings yielded pay dirt, how rich we should be! But the spirit of them, the persistence of them, the range and the depth of them, are something to contemplate. Vigorous minds probably keep themselves always on the frontier.

So- his great idea continued to grow; by sheer dictate of nature and of results. In time he needed help. He planned to teach his sons and his ^{daughter} daughter.

"We didn't want to do it" Said Charlie to me; "We thought it was some sort of a "gift". I guess we were a little bit afraid of it."

Then there came to Kirksville one William Smith, F.R.C.P. & S., (Edinburgh). This was an epochal moment for osteopathy; for Smith created the school and through it the

profession, as truly as Still created the vision and the science.

Smith was travelling for some medical supply house. Instead of selling Still, Still sold him; on osteopathy. I do not know the details of that ~~sk~~ encounter, but I do know Bill Smith. Bill

Smith remained, engaged to teach anatomy to Still's sons and daughter. *But when the town people heard this, they came too and begged to be taught. So started the osteopathic profession.*

Bill Smith was very tall, very black, very voluble. very Scotch. His wild hair was black, his wild alightly bulging eyes were black, his shapely moustache was black, his jowls were smoky where he had shaved. He exuded vitality. Nobody ever went to sleep in his classes. He loved to roll around his tongue the musical medical names, that

"smote ^{vague} on my untutored ear" like the names of ancient kings. The ~~anastomotica magna~~ anastomotica magna; the ileo-colic oriface; the coeliac axis; the toroula H^urophilii - I learned the names long before I learned what they stood for. On one occasion, in ~~his~~ anatomy lecture, with ~~the~~ half dissected specimen before the class, one student who had been lured away by extravagant promises had returned to the A.S.O. and was duly received by the class:

"And here is the fatted calf" said Smith, quick as a flash.

Credit has never been given Smith, so far as I know, for the unquestionably important role that he played at a critical juncture in the history of the osteopathic movement. Not that he asked for it. To him it was wonderful adventure - just another wild turn of the wheel of fate that had brought him to this unparalleled opportunity; and he stepped into it as casually as Scotchmen by the name of Smith can do.

Shortly after that came Jerdine, E. von H. Jerdine,

When town people heard this, they came too and begged to be taught.

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M.D., Harvard; brilliant, /~~it~~ learned. The great idea began to take on standard ideas and technics. Jerdine brought in Fred Julius Fassett, ^{M.D. Harvard,} patient, though; the Great idea began to implement itself with general medical knowledge. Then came the Littlejohn brothers, ~~Mr. D. B. Fassett, M.D. Harvard,~~ ^{and Michael A. Lane, internationally known scientist,} also M.D.s, also Scotch; - until it would seem that the apostolic succession of osteopathy with the history of medicine was secured.

Still's comment was: "The more medicine the less osteopathy." "Medicine was the easy way. Osteopathy needed singleness of mind for its development. Yet of course the gradual infiltration was inevitable. The question was: would the new system be strong enough to stand, to assimilate and digest, to orient the rest around itself- or would it be itself oriented, as a specialty, maybe?"

For the time, Still's original anti-medical urgings held sway.

Quite a number of persons came and saw, and to themselves said: "This thing deserves a better set-up; or in the secret of their hearts ~~said~~ or maybe it was in their ~~with~~ their egos, ~~that~~ they conspired, or with their greed compromised, or in highest altruism believed- who can tell?) (meaning with drugs) that this thing, mixed with medicine, how it would go! One effect was that osteopathic schools began to be established in the larger centers of population. The great idea began to take on national scope- and then international scope. Osteopathic doctors and societies began to win legislative battles and state acceptance and regulation.

Meanwhile, great and wonderful things had been happening in the field of medicine, meaning chemotherapy, and in surgery and

in all sciences related to the body things that made the protests of Still less apropos, less valid.

An institution is the lengthening shadow of a man, says Emerson. Osteopathy for a long time was the lengthening shadow of Andrew Taylor Still. But the time came when persons who knew him only by narrowing tradition and a few selected ^{apigrams} quotations gathered the reins of power in the profession. Then only the value of the idea ~~was~~ to hold them. Personally, I watched this struggle- that is what it was to me - with sadness of spirit. But after a latent period lasting a decade or two, the new and younger osteopathic graduates began to re-discover osteopathy, especially as its technics improved; a clear, simple, very effective way of treating disease, rather not to be overstated, but certainly to be fully stated; rather in contrast with ~~an growing confusion~~ ^{an effort in} "internal" medicine too vastly extended to be other than confused.

To my mind then comes a picture of this disillusioned frontiersman, disillusioned yet knowing that truth must be there, somewhere; searching with eyes like the Lost Pleiad, inquiring of God, of science, of his psyche, of nature and of observation, for the facts in the case. I see him writing his question marks all over the body; peering into all of its cracks and ~~corners~~ and a few of his questions did get answers.

I see his mind almost bemused with ~~the~~ unlimited wonder and profound respect for the integrity of wisdom ~~that~~ of this living body that we are privileged to inhabit; and I see it, too, suffused with indignation at the sheer ignorant, irresponsible interference with it --

~~And some of his questions did get answered.~~

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STILL as Teacher

As the great idea began to take on strength it had to take on ^{self} defense as well. Everybody now wanted to attach his little idea; and osteopathy suffered an attack of adjunctivitis.

As more medically trained minds were employed as teachers they inevitably brought a certain dilution of the singleness of purpose that this developing science and art needed. I assume that their acceptance of osteopathy was sincere and unreserved; but they could not wholly re-orient their minds, or re-write their texts.

As ~~more~~ the number of students increased, osteopathy became less a revelation that aroused zeal and heroism and martyrdom, and became more a matter of earning a living.

Against these things osteopathy had to develop ^{immunity}, as any living thing has to develop immunity against infection.

For osteopathy needed all of the concentration of attention and ^{of} purpose that it could get. Still felt that it deserved this. He felt that he had no more than scratched the surface.

"With this short introduction I leave you to study and practice the philosophy of osteopathy as here set forth, governing yourselves accordingly and forming ^{conclusions} of your own, based on the day-by-day's unfolding of the science."

It was then that a profound moral stature began to show; not pertaining to himself, but to this revelation of which he was still the custodian. A sort of paternal impatience sometimes showed :

"My three H---s" he once chalked up on the bulletin board outside of the infirmary; and none but knew who the ~~three~~ three were- Hulet, Hazzard and Hildreth - or that the missing letters were just three; or that they were his best friends and most loyal supporters.

A sort of a subtle interplay it was. No one thought of it as a struggle. Probably it was not a struggle, so much as just the automatisms of an old and well implemented system on the one hand, and a new and not yet implemented idea on the other. On the one hand were the miracles that the students had seen, that they almost daily saw around them, and that they themselves sometimes performed; but by such simple means as to rob them of glamour. On the other hand there was still the great spread of mystery, in which "medicine" flourished; and there was the deeply ingrained "belief" in "taking something" for sicknesses.

On one occasion I was seated high up in the amphitheatre, watching ^{dapper} ~~Dr~~ "Billy" Laughlin draw with sure and swift strokes some anatomical charts on the black board. From where I sat I could command a view of the door, and out of the corner of my eye saw a shadow darken it - Dr. Still as silent as an Indian had stolen in and stood there, watching and listening. Somebody spied Still, and sensing the loss of attention, Laughlin turned and saw him too. He promptly stepped aside, of course. Still came in, on tippy-toes as ~~always~~

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always. He took a stand back of the desk, leaning on his long staff; and looked the class in the eye; silent. Then he smiled, and chuckled, and the class chuckled back at him, looking for what was funny.

(That is not easy to do, by the way, if you happen ever to have tried it).

"Boys and girls," said he, "I'm going to draw you a pig." And again he chuckled and again the class obligingly chuckled back.

Still then turned to the black board and with a piece of chalk drew something rather like a pig, at first, but soon developed a long peaked neck and two long legs and a fanlike tail. Again facing the class, he again chuckled; and again the class kindly chuckled back.

Suddenly he drew himself up; and his mood changed ~~it~~ as though under a thunder cloud.

"How many of you diagnose that thing as a pig?" he demanded.

That class was very suddenly very quiet.

He
~~He~~ threw down his chalk.

Then after a pause he went on:

"You read in your text books that pneumonia is such and such and so and so. Maybe it is. But you look for your ~~selv~~^s, according to osteopathic teachings, and see everything, not just what the book says. I never fail to find, and my graduates never fail to find, such and such a condition in the body. It is a turkey, not a pig. You will never find it if you never look for it; but if you look for it you will find it.

"If you treat that case according to what the book says you will get the result that the book promises you; which is not much. If you treat what you find as osteopathic physicians you should be able to cure your case."

"What is osteopathy. You examine the body; as an engineer; and the body itself shows you what to do, what needs to be done. You treat what you find. If you go to consult different authorities you will get only confusion. They do not agree, their results are not good. They do not know what is right, or if any of their measures are right."

(And if you will consult the medical texts of that day, 1900, I think you will find that this was literally true.)

The rest of that lecture I do not remember; and of Dr. Billy's lively demonstrations I heard not another syllable. My mind was held by sheer cool wonder at the clarity and courage of Still's thought; the bold looking for and looking straight at the facts in the case; the plain calling a spade a spade; and tradition, tradition; and a guess a guess. I felt a thrill at the honest independence of the mind that could look for the facts in the case where those facts were to be found; could put them to the test of action; and stand by the results, a world to the contrary notwithstanding.

Still as Humorist

"Elder, do you really enjoy being a fool, or do you only act that way?"

No, these were not Still's exact words - I have lost those, but they approximate to them.

A young woman had asked me to help her get a picture of the Old Doctor. We had found him seated on a truck on the sunny side of the Infirmary, and had asked to take his picture.

"Get Tuck in too" was his answer.

When she was ready, he turned to me and lifted his long finger into proximity with my nose and addressed me as above. *I hastened to assure him that that was the part of me that I liked best.*
"I just wanted to make you look natural" he explained explained later. (That natural look proved to be one grin unlimited).

The sense of humor is the art of being wrong and right at the same time. It is more than that, it is the power to do so deliberately, It is the mind playing games with itself. It is the mind stepping aside and seeing itself doing it - and enjoying it.

This is not usually rated as philosophy, but in a sense it is the very philosophy of philosophy; for it shows a person who is not taking himself too seriously. *It* shows a mind in balance, and proposing to stay that way, thank you. It is the power to be on both sides of all fences. It shows a faculty instead of a mere fact. If my experience is worth anything, it

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is that a crowd instinctively trusts a man who can bring a sense of humor to a given situation.

This sense is also very enjoyable; and what a commentary that is on the rationality of the human animal- that it should enjoy the absurd, the incoⁿsequential and the irrelevant almost more than anything else? But yes! ~~That~~ What is so enjoyable about it is that liberty, that sense of victory, that threat reduced to insignificance. The enjoyment is the sheer overflow of sensory energy, or energy of consciousness; which having achieved its purpose and having nothing else to do with its surplus, just shakes the machinery. Why does this concentrate itself in the muscles of respiration? It does not; it is only that these muscles and nerves are by necessity so much more active and sensitive than others. The surplus really overflows into everything,

It is good medicine for any disease; since all disease is a matter of excess- of deadlocked excess. It is good medicine for just about any situation, too. This is because it is the one natural countervailing thing to the great inherent fault of all things living, their incurable tendency to go too far. Everything that has life tends to go too far because it goes as far as it can. It goes as far as it can because the energy of its going is in itself, and is free. Every germ goes as far as it can, and every weed and every animal; and every idea and every belief, every emotion and motive, and I might add every ego; and every human institution. The only offset to this is other things also going as far as they can; and the dread shears of fate; and the fool-killer; and the sense of humor.

It should add something, then, to our appraisal and our appreciation of Still to discover that his sense of humor was always present. Even his polemic diatribes and fulsome fulminations against the abuses of ~~drugging~~ were larded with humor.

"Has God got a ~~drug~~ store?"

"The study of the thigh bone would close both ends of an sternity ." As serious as eternity itself he was; yet he could make it do this double-take.

"The God I worship demonstrates all his works." This is the motto selected for his statue in Kirksville; final; complete; determinant; yet ~~the~~ flash of humor is there if you feel for it.

"I have never found a wave of scorn nor abuse that truth could not eat, and do well on. " There is ~~just~~ enough of lilt in the language and in the idea .

"I obtained a mental divorce from them "-it acts like a blow, but feels like ^{almost like a caress.} a mild challenge/.

His phrasing is personal rather than academic, and stimulating rather than negating. The shadow of a ~~laugh~~ laugh carried ~~the~~ sense of liberty with it.

"I have been asked what ~~bone~~ bone I would pull to cure whooping cough. The answer is, the hyoid bone." and he drily explained that the ~~hyoid~~ hyoid bone was driven by contracted muscles against the fibres of the pneumogastric nerve, and ~~that~~ that easing of these contracted ~~did~~ did in fact and in effect considerably relieve the spasm.

"A horse that is always hunting burglars never finds a smoothe road."

"Never mind the inhibit, you remove the prohibit."
The double point of view seems always to be there

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"D.O. means Dig On."

"Dr. Still, honestly, aren't you a hypnotist?"

"Yes, ma'am, I set seventeen hips yesterday."

(Incidentally, Still did set hips, on back porches, or sidewalks, on chairs, seated, or lying down, or even standing; and some of these I have seen. It looks like the easiest thing in the world. The very scanty explanation he gave me was that he used the Y ligament and the trochanteric notch.

The day I graduated I delivered the class prophesy- which same I am happy to say is not preserved. Its attempts at humor were far fetched and not too well considered. As the prophesy it was last on the program; and when it was finished Still got up and spoke. His parting shot, looking at me as a man will who means to give you as good as you send, (and as a commentary on my speech it was - shall we say - dby):

"Tuck, tuck up them sleeves of yours and get to work."

One of my best treasured memories of Still happened on his side porch. I am afraid I rather haunted the old man's vicinity, a bit of a hero-worshiper maybe - and why maybe? I was quite so; and to a ^{very pleasant} ~~very pleasant~~ degree still am. I made every occasion to call. This time I went up on his side porch and sat down hoping he would happen to come out. He surprised me by coming in, instead of out.

"Why, hello, Tuck, just looking for a foot. How are you?"

That was not my mood, and I was taken aback and wordless. He quickly sensed this and quickly covered up.

"I've just been down to see old man Diggs. We

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are starting to organize an Old Fool's Club, and I wanted to get him in. But we cant let anybody in who parts his hair in the middle - and he is so bald we cant tell whether he parts it in the middle or not. How do you part your hair?"

And without waiting for me to answer, he thrust his hand under my hat and rumped up my hair; then took my hat off.

"I guess you'll do!" he said.

Ever since then I have been yearning to organize such an Old Fool's Club - and have tried. Oh, everybody wants to join - that is not the trouble; the trouble is that everybody

claims the right to be the first president; and I distinctly believe that I am entitled to that honor.

No, I do not think that I shall ever organize that club. Excellent fooling is too rare a thing on this earth to be entrusted to fools.

"The greatest philosophers are fools - but they know it."

Humor - and also awe. They do belong together. I ~~offer~~ offer you this:

"The ring of Saturn is a rainbow; and the sight of His wonders made me to cry: 'Lord, take my life; for I am not worthy to live.'"

course, the osteopathic subjects are also covered. 42

"In early life I began the study of anatomy, believing it to be the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, of all forms and the laws that give forms." (~~Research~~ and ~~Philosophy and Mechanical Principles of Osteopathy~~). It will be remembered that his father was a physician-preacher; a ~~so~~ medical missionary, I have been told, to the Indians of that country. Young Andrew no doubt got them considerably mixed, or even identified, in his young mind. He also felt himself on the inside, as it were - of both medicine and religion. There is no doubt ~~at~~ all that there was a continuous repercussion of the two in his thought and his researches. To me this seems to have been a matter of very profound importance. His religion held before him certain standards of excellence, a certain respect for the work of the Great Creator; and he tried to live up to that idea. He tried to think up to it, too. *in need*

No doubt that ~~is~~ why in early life he began the study of anatomy. ~~Animals and chickens were his materials.~~ Not impossibly he helped his physician father in surgical operations; or was very close to them. Animals and chickens were his materials. Emulation and curiosity were his motives; and reverence, and a sense of familiarity too. Perhaps an ^{wisdom} ~~insight~~ --. It was a rare combination. Out from under the snout of a hog, on the one hand; out from under the concept of God on the other - came or began to come this insight, this inquiry, this vision, this practical actual operative efficient called osteopathy.

During the civil war Still was an army surgeon. Cannon balls are no respecters of anatomy, and again we get an effect of a bold approach; a factual, practical, real, direct and individual a

individual approach; even a mechanical one. That too may have played its part.

But his experience with the practices of his day led to a vast frustration. The medicines did not work as desired; they did not work helpfully; ^{they did work - but in} ~~quite the reverse~~. He became a rebel. Was it honesty, or was it a religious ~~XXX~~ respect for the Works of his Creator, or was it shame at the pretense he was practicing, ~~and~~ or was it rage at the futility of it?

"Does the body have intelligence? Should we not treat it according to its intelligence?"

"By what right, or what law or what creed do we ignorantly interfere with the workings of that so perfect machine?"

He abandoned drugs; "obtained a divorce".

If not drugs, what?

"I began to study the body as a mechanic."

From the first, this netted him certain results; the first positive results. In the light and the strength of this

he then spent the rest of his life ^{"studying the body as a mechanic"} ~~combing the structures of~~ ^{"studying as an engineer"} ~~the body as with a fine tooth comb~~, to detect the factors of

mechanical disorder and of strain that might obtain there. When I knew him he was studying the hamular process; and the acromion; and the diaphragm; and was "living in the liver".

Will ever another student of the living body be so bemused with his subject, so swallowed up in it, so thoroughly reverent - not an emotional reverence but a very practical intellectual respect - ? I doubt it. Much of his study, as recorded, is speculative. Most of it has been outdated and outmoded by the advances

dispute

will

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being made everywhere. I am reluctant to admit it, but much of it was much more dramatic than valuable. My hero-worshipping mood suffered many punctures, on re-reading his books. But in its place came a much higher human estimate of the mind and the spirit that alone and against a world did so minutely explore the human organism from an entirely new point of view and bring to light so much that was revolutionary and basic.

He did in fact reverse the orientation, in studies of that body. In the end that may come to be regarded as the *real* ~~essential~~ ^{to revolutionary} contribution that he will have made. Materia medica means things used to affect the body- from outside, and compulsively. Osteopathy means correction of disorders found in the body itself.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Still nevertheless remained Andrew Taylor Still, M.D. to the end. The degree of doctor of osteopathy was never conferred on him, ^{so far as I know,} by the institution that he founded. It seemed ^{cause honoris} somehow not fitting. He was ~~more~~ quite above such questions as academic degrees.

There was never any question as to the degree doctor of osteopathy, in his or anyone's else mind. Medicine meant drugs, period! ~~It~~ It meant drugs, in his mind and in the minds of the whole population. It was necessary to make a distinction, clear and complete.

The true meaning of doctor is teacher; and the meaning of degree, as applied to it, means that the person so designated ~~had attained in his studies the degree of knowledge that qualified him to teach it.~~ qualified him to teach it. The true meaning of medicine is anything used curatively, anything used to treat disease, or a sick person. The classical term is materia medica, which means material things, as drugs, used as remedies for sickness.

Materia medica is called internal medication, in the sense that it is introduced into the body through the mouth; or more recently through the needle. But not many persons think classically in these days. In practice, and on the hoof, medicine means just drugging. Incidentally, that "internal" medicine is far from being truly internal; quite the reverse. It remains external to the living mechanisms, to the end. It is inside, but not internal. Its only relation to the living operations of the body is one of defensive reaction. Even when these materials are ~~made~~ made to approximate so closely to the normal nutritive processes that they are assimilated and do become part of the living machinery, still there is a defensive reaction against them that constitutes a very large part of their effect.

In contrast with this, the osteopathic method is corrective, enabling, liberating, and it does not have to invent; it merely discovers. The contrast ^{was} is complete, and ^{it} still is so today. The two systems represent, as said, opposite orientations. In osteopathic schools it is found to be impossible to modify sufficiently the indoctrination with the materia medica concept in a few months of postgraduate study. They have found it necessary to require even of fully trained medical graduates, to take the full course in osteopathy. I am reminded again of my classmate Dr. Bancroft; who professed:

"If you fellows are right, then we fellows have to go back to school and study all over again!" To him that was sufficient and compelling reason why we could not possibly be right.

The way Still put it was:

"Did you ever see a coon try to climb two trees at the same time?"

Of course the human mind should be broad enough to hold both of these approaches, these points of view, at the same time ; to climb both of those trees. But the practical fact is that it is not; not, at least, in the developmental stages. Development calls for a different psychology from purveying. The effective fact is, too, that the medically trained mind is in fact and in effect very nearly estopped from even considering this osteopathic approach. It ought not to be so, but it is so ; and the reason for it must be sought in the field of human psychology. Some few medical practitioners have allowed themselves to "see" the significance of this osteopathic contribution, it is true, nor can I say what goes on in their minds. But they apparently cannot afford to allow themselves to make the re-orientation. Their investment in medical education represents approximately half of their lives. Must they throw that all away, and start again?

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The world has been made over since 1874. In all lines, the advance has been stupendous; a veritable explosion of intelligence, organization, skills, spirit.

Among these advances none has been more amazing or more worth while than the advance in medicine. The abominations of those days have ceased, at least approximately ceased, in civilized countries. The achievements in that field have been such as to make it ^{rank as} the highest achievement of the genius of the genus homo, ^{sapienter} since the sap began to run in his ~~homo~~.

These advances have ~~been~~ in two main streams: control of infections and physiologic management, by chemotherapy. That management is still ~~by~~ artificial and external modalities, materia medica, but it has been real, broad, and most salutary.

The mental stimulus from these advances has effectively claimed and held the attention of scientists.

The osteopathic contribution has also advanced, in that time; as noted; but it has not been the same jack rabbit advance that medicine in other fields has been; rather a slow ground-growth; but stable and sure.

One effect of this stupendous advance in medicine has been ~~the~~ of course specialization. And in that field of ~~spe~~ specialization, the effect has been that in each and every one of those lines, the amount of knowledge that has accumulated is far greater than any one mind can possibly cover; and ^{more} ~~that~~ ~~is~~ learning is pouring in every day. ~~Immediate~~ Each doctor lives in his specialty. There is no time in their days, no room in their brains, no ⁺ interest economic or scientific in any developments outside of them.

And an effect that arises from this is that medicine has become chaos; a higher chaos, but a chaos for all that; a conceptual chaos, where the more one knows the less one knows about things.

These effects are somewhat like the effect of the three blind men examining an elephant. They lacked the central truth, around which to assemble their impressions; and the effect was chaotic.

Medicine is now due a period not of extension but of ordering, simplification, co-ordination, unifying; a period of intention. For certainly the living organism - complicated as it undoubtedly is, seen externally, is simple seen as from inside.

The ^{Symmetry} ~~simplicity~~ and order are there, but have not been considered merely because men's minds have been looking in the opposite direction. They are due for a bit of reversed orientation. Osteopathy can supply that simplification; or rather, ~~the~~ Still could supply it. He is still Andrew Taylor Still M.D.

Still and Religion

Of religion he said:

"I've taken many a shot at religion, but never hit anything." There was a note of nostalgic sadness in his voice.

Beyond question Still was a profoundly religious man; or should I say religious mind; for there is a difference. His mind was saturated with the lore of the body and with the concept of God from his cradle, apparently. Certainly his conversation ~~was~~ and his books were ~~dis-~~crossed with them.

Did this make a difference? Did this produce or in any way aid in producing the results we here consider? What there is for us to see is the hidden effects of this - this Goddishness.

God is a seed that planted in the soil of the human mind and nourished with his consciousness grows and brings forth fruit after its kind. But that fruit is often strange!

To illustrate: I quote from the Calvary Catechism, on which so many of my generation were raised; which was in turn taken from the Book of Genesis, on which so many generations of our civilized world were raised. But along with the questions I present also the hidden effect of them:

Q. "Who made the world?"

A. God.

Hidden effect: Who wants to know?

A. I do.

Q. How long was God in making the world?

A. Six days.

cares?

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Hidden effect: Who ~~wants to know~~?

A. I do!

These are the very first items of religious thought presented to the infantile mind on its first contact with religion. What it says, therefore, in effect, is that this is the thing that human beings should busy themselves with, this is the thing that counts. This then becomes the background for all thought that reaches beyond the immediate problems. It did become such a background, did it not, in your mind and in mine?

This then in its ultimate development became the ~~the~~ modern scientific mind; or the progenitor of it. ~~First it~~ Religion itself will in all probability be most astonished at such a suggestion. I can imagine a great easing of its conscience, however, and a sudden and very healthy surge of interest in the matter. Did not God make science, or the thing it studies, too? ~~But~~ ^{But at first the suggestion comes as a shock.} The lineaments ~~are~~ of resemblance are not at first apparent, but they can be traced quite convincingly.

First, there is the mind extending beyond the animal self, into the world around; hidden, but effective.

Second there is God Who made the world; our God; giving us a sort of proprietary attitude toward it; not directly stated, but effectively implied.

Third, there is intelligence out there; ~~and order~~; implied in the statement that it was made.

There is even a suggestion of the sequence of orders, a long-range process, in the successive "days" of that creation

Other parts of this Garden of Eden story fit into

= motive re for ...

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this picture, so ^{admi} admirably as to make us begin to wonder--. There is for instance the Tree of Knowledge; set over against the Tree of Life; and this could be an intuitive recognition of the fact that knowledge (and science too) is an analytic process, a matter of conscious details; whereas life is a matter of blended wholes, in which each individual part disappears as such in ~~the~~ producing the wholeness.

In Still's ^S case certainly we can see this deep-planted seed of God springing up into a ^{profound} ~~powerful~~ respect for the intelligence and perfection of the living body - retaining its religious quality as a hidden effect. It becomes a thing not to be mauled around by ignorance or subject to the twisting of superstition. Certainly his mind was saturated with medicine and riddled with God, but toward both of these he had developed a healthy skepticism, not to say a ^O vigorous rebellion! He kept himself on the frontier! Probably all sincere minds do that. Having ^O own up right in the midst of the workshop where these things were made, or at least managed and repaired, he was familiar with their sawdust. Did that too have its hidden effect?

Yet nobody gets rid of God. When God is analysed, He disappears. But He soon synthesizes again when the analysis stops; out of different ^elements, maybe, or out of the same ^elements differently assembled. There is something in the human ~~mechanism~~ mechanism of ^econsciousness that does this, something ^einherent. One may ^e be scornful of the forms it takes, sometimes, this faculty of God -- is that a new idea? But that faculty is there, and in everybody. How many forms did life take on each of its lower planes - call them ~~trial~~ forms if you like, though that was not life's idea? How many forms of just ants, for instance; or of clovers, or- of anything? No two individuals ^e alike! So here.

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But they did have things in common; and they did have a strong tendency to flow together; and in doing so they discovered or revealed or expressed other inherent qualities, the corporate sense of humanity; its group functions; its summations of emotion and realization; its further possibilities.

Here then are two grand divisions. We might use Biblical terms and call them the Alpha God and the Omega God; or more properly, functions. In both, infinite varieties; in the first infinite varieties of seers; in the second, infinite varieties of religions.

It is of religion that Still said: "I have taken many a shot at religion, but never hit anything." It is the Alpha ~~as~~ aspect that we are interested in. This is the aspect of internal truth, truth at the creative angle. For no other reason than just because it exists, the living organism consists of internal truth; and to advance its being it seeks more internal truth, unity, rightness, co-ordination, responsiveness. Particularly in the field of consciousness does it seek this, calling it God; classifying it under that great name. At the center of his consciousness each of us, by virtue of his surplus of free energy, is aware of questions, of the possibility of further extension of that consciousness, of that truth. At that point there is complete honesty, or there is nothing. There is complete sincerity, or there is nothing. At that point, consciousness recognizes its own inherent conditions; one of which is undisguised honesty with itself. At that point also, consciousness recognizes intelligence and sees that honesty and intelligence are one and the same. Can intelligence be dishonest with itself and still be intelligence? At that point also - now we have not any name for this - call it friendliness, or willingness, or mutuality, or the spirit of

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co-ordination; but this is also part of the inherent condition of being. Creation at its heart is a friendly process. Friendliness and honesty and intelligence are all/different aspects of one and the same thing.

Certainly I cannot say that Still had any such thoughts as these. Probably by assembling and arranging statements of his they could be made to indicate that he did; but I would still doubt it. What I do not doubt is that he had this function a bit less complicated than the average of us. The conditions of consciousness are the conditions of creation; the conditions of being. Reason and logic are its expressions, seen from the inside; are the nature and the constitution of reality. God is indistinguishable from ~~these~~ these; from uncompromising reason; from the ego; from the power to care; from the urge to greater being through greater truth; the motive for honesty and friendliness and the means thereto, which is intelligence. The Alpha God is creation at its heart of being, lifted into consciousness as each one can. It is creation at its highest ^{personal} ~~present~~ level, urging itself into its next higher estate. The Omega God, as expressed in human consciousness, is the effort of that consciousness to embrace everything.

God, at least, is the name that we give to that function and that process, in us.

This great Omega function, trying to find itself as a function of many minds, then often assumes forms according to the culture of the people of the time and place; forms noble or bizarre - but which cling just because they are mass forms; and feel a larger diameter in that fact alone. These are no doubt capable of winnowing out their inconsistencies and false slants &c &c, (to give them gentle names). If this they will be in continuous

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interaction with the seers of the Alpha functions. Between them
is - a struggle. Read the history of religions!

Still did not genuflect to the orthodox! He was much more
likely to make jokes about it.

Nor was his God the conventional kind; but was exceedingly
vital, exceedingly real, and exceedingly there

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B

Still as a Philosopher

"Have you told that to the philosophers yet, Elder?" Still asked me one day, following a discussion of the previous afternoon. He was evidently quite serious. What did he mean? The idea crossed my mind that possibly to him Philosophy was a great horizon figure, with which I as an educated man was presumably familiar; in contact. Or was he quizzical? I was not sure. A grifle embarrassed I replied that I had communed with one of them- myself.

I had communed with myself - rather vaguely at that time, but more broadly since, ~~that~~ to this effect: that Still's real philosophy could probably be summarized in a very few words: How could a thing be, and not be perfect as of its class and degree of development? If it exists, it demonstrates; is final. It is not that he put this thought into words- that was not his ~~maxime~~ métier -- but his words circled around it like a rim around a hub; as though around some hidden center or source. It was intuitive, unconscious philosophy.

Of conscious philosophy he had much, and there was between them a contrast as great as that between the peach and the peach stone. It was as though the word philosophy had been a household word with his preacher-physician-father, from Virginia; and that the word and the mood of the word had been planted in young Andrew's mind since childhood; but that the materials to fill it had been lacking, on the frontier, so he had filled it largely with his own materials; natural materials, contrasting materials. A marbelled

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appearance was the result- respect and ridicule veined together.

Did he have a real philosophy? Let us take an Indian look.

A philosopher is a person who dwells in tubs, or ivory towers, or tomes (a tome is a kind of book) or in tomorrow, anywhere but in the here and now. No, I did not think Still was that kind of a philosopher - though he may have thought I was.

A philosopher is one who tries to see the whole picture, the complete reason, the ultimate goal. That certainly, but as a matter of character rather than of philosophy

Philosophy is advertized to keep men humble. Maybe it has that effect; but look beneath the surface: to be a philosopher a man must think well of himself. Without saying so, he assumes that the human faculties of reason and understanding are capable of truly picturing creation; and that they are unlimited, able to reach as far as it may extend. He assumes too that creation is susceptible of being understood, classified according to these our faculties of reason and understanding; which must therefore correspond with each other.

Or it assumes that this is possible at least to the mind of a philosopher.

Yet to our Indian look this seems a little less than fair. Perhaps the word assumes is too strong a word. Perhaps he only finds in himself these faculties, faculties of reason and understanding, and uses them; ~~uses~~ uses them because they are there; part of him; uses them to the top of his bent, of their extent, taking them for granted. If there is any matter wholly beyond the reach of those faculties, he will certainly never know it - so ~~it is~~

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they need concern him not at all. He may assume the co-extension of his faculties with the universe.

He takes his faculties for granted, and there is no possible question that they are granted. He uses them in faith of their being there and there is no one to question his right to do so and of his power to do so. He uses them experimentally, to see what will happen; ~~with them~~ and there is no possible question as to his making things happen with them. He uses them to make the greatest possible pictures with them, even total pictures - and there is no one to say him nay. He tries them out in the field of experience, and there is no other field to try them in. It is not a philosophic deduction, it is a clinical fact, a real operative fact, a real experience, this reasoning business of his. The difference between a philosopher and any other citizen seems to be that the philosopher craves to see ^{it} ~~the~~ whole, has the courage or the foolhardiness or whatever it is that it takes, to keep on trying for it; keeps in view the possible larger meanings of each item and detail; and sees himself trying for that goal; sees his consciousness trying for that whole; and consciously criticizes his results and his faculties themselves, equally, in working toward it; and enjoys the whole thing.

It is a largish job! How will he ever finish it? He will not! But that is his out! Where a job is incompleteable there is always excuse for failure; and one not worse than another! We take an Indian look at this! Just beautiful flower gardens of infinitely varied intelligence! Philosophy has the human tag on it.

We take an Indian look; and we try to give philosophy some of its own medicine. We see philosophy as a part of a greater

whole - as a part of human consciousness as a whole . We promptly realize, then, that reason is limited; it follows special lines, single lines at a time ; and cannot follow wholes. It does not include much that is intuitive, emotional, vital, but just as real; it does not include the sense of being. It is the design of the house, rather than the house lived in.

Now I am suspicious of myself in saying of Still that he exemplified a higher type of philosophy that thinks not of, but as, the thing it thinks about. I do not know just how much of praise or approval or allegation of greatness is too much. But it might profit us to get this slant on him, that he "lived in the liver"; that he decided to "be that bone"; that he did not so much think of that sick baby's body or think as that sick body but rather felt as it -- felt himself into it - got a realizing sense of its state.

Most certainly his philosophy did not leave out the emotional.; it was almost as much emotional and intuitive and dramatic and propagandist as it was rational; inclined to clairvoyance in the depth of its insight. Certainly it was instinct with the feeling of perfection in creation; ^{the internal perfection.} How could anything be, and not be internally right , as of its class and degree of development? Can we match our wisdom with the wisdom of any created thing? Can we really expect to be able to add our wisdom to its wisdom? If not, can we expect to add our guessing? Can we honestly ask God to "bless the means used to bring our brother back to health" when such are the means used?

Now nothing is hidden from reason permanently. Reason is just the technic of construction defined in our consciousness.

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It is the eye by which we see those processes; first more facts, then more reason among those facts, more eye to see with, more things seen. But whereas in nature these act all at once and together, we must trace them singly and blend them slowly and carefully. If we act correctly according to true reason, we too act constructively and in harmony with nature. That is a large if.

Still was clearly and wholly in the class of those who believed in creation, its processes, in life and logic and reason inherent in creation; who believed in the wholeness and the completeness of this reason for each creature in it; the oneness of it. He was outstanding and dramatic and emotional and propagandist and devotee and zealot for it - for the God of reason and of perfection, internal qualities both; and the God of Demonstration. His philosophy was completely inseparable from his kind of God, from law and order and intelligence in all created things.

Now this build-up of reason is an individual thing, and differs in each of us. One gets the feeling that with Still there was a deeper and firmer stone at its core, and a larger and better ripened peach of sensitivity. Truly I do not know how to tell this, except by results; and I may have been seeing things myself. *But the reason is simple. He had no preconceived theories. He thought with less impedence; more in tune with nature, less with man.*

However, we as of today do not possess all of that wisdom, we have not defined ⁱⁿ all of those reasons and that logic, so that we thresh around the tangles of fact and event, to try to discover and to define them. Still witnessed that threshing around, in the matter of materia medica, and it made him monstrous pitiful, and indignant and rebellious. For his pitifulness, he tried to define and present a bit more of the reasoned picture. For

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his indignation he ^{at} argued against the hopeless practices of his day. He then himself threshed around in what was to him reason and logic, pursuing his philosophic engineering studies - but- pursuing them ; and we do see him threshing around rather wildly at times , or so it seems to me . At least I have never been able to find facts corresponding with ~~his~~ some of his ideas, on say the hamular process or the distortions of the diaphragm. Many of his ideas have been simply by-passed by the more lucid developments since that time; as by the germ theory. But it can be recorded of him that he anticipated by many decades some of the most wonderful discoveries of our ~~modern~~ medical history. (See Michael A. Lane: A.T.Still. Scientist and Reformer).

He who proves discovers. Still proved enough! As a philosopher, however, his idea was to see; perhaps to provide his followers with things to be investigated and proved - or of course the reverse.

There was one aspect of his philosophy that I feel I can not allow to pass without mention; something to be appreciated by all students of philosophy; it had a strong tendency to reduce itself to epigrammes/ It summed itself up ~~and~~ into a focal point, and presented itself point first. Incidentally, this is good philosophy. Creation is like that; always focal. And the human mind is like that too- it thinks of one subject at a time.

"Find it, fix it, and leave it alone."

"Did you ever see a conn try to climb two trees at the same time?"

"The God I worship demonstrates all his works."

"TO understand just one thigh bone would close both ^d ends of an eternity."

"Eternal truths lie under the finger-nail."

labor

"God's pay for ~~labor~~ and sacrifice is truth, and truth only."

"All men are fools, the philosopher too; maybe he is the biggest fool, because he knows it."

-- And enjoys it!

In retrospect of a great life, as much of it as was known to me, I seem to realize that looming rather larger than ~~any~~ one would think necessary was Still's use of the word fool. And he did seem to enjoy it. Sometimes a term of endearment; or of humor; or equally of philosophy; and it came over me that there might be much more of meaningful philosophy in this than jack-rabbiting humor. Life not infrequently reveals great truths in ~~its~~ jest, in intaglio, great meanings in apparent absurdity. So I gave it, and him using it, my sympathetic attention; to see what I could feel; I "lived in" the fool side of him, of myself, for the purpose; and found a vein of pure gold; which I would like to leave in the reader's mouth as a final taste of this book. I always did secretly enjoy the fool side of me, but never before had the courage to confess it, much less to exploit it.

What a fool is man! You may have noticed it! He has an instrument called a hand, by which he can interfere in the processes of nature. And he does interfere. He has another instrument called a brain, by which to guide that hand in its ~~the~~ interfering with the processes of nature. In the brain he can record those interfering actions and their results, and increase the degree of interference; and does so; and thereby learns ~~so~~ something about those processes of nature. Then having learned a little he begins to see how much there is that he does not know about these processes, how far he fails to make his interferences pay; how often he does not the right thing but the wrong thing.

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Man then discovers what a fool he is; for in spite of not knowing he must still act, still interfere. He soon discovers what a fool he is - his second and greater discovery.

He has a faculty for interfering, and interfere he must; just to show them! Just to exercise that faculty! Just to realize that he has it; and to push it as far as it will go; and then further! It has a sort of itch to be so pushed.

He has this urge, which represents the urge of life, the ^{intu} ~~impulsion~~ of creation; which intuitively knows that growth comes from exercise; investment from sacrifice; truth from correction of errors; and that the first duty of man is therefore to make mistakes, to explore the hinterland of unwisdom and the pebumbra of folly around the pure kernel of wisdom. So he challenges - always challenges-- himself; makes a gay game of it; consciously calls himself a fool; and in unconscious reaction to this proceeds to correct it. He is safer when he knows what a fool he is! He can actually trust himself more! No - we want no exclamation point after that - we want a simple period. He can trust himself more- period.

"All men are fools, even philosophers. Perhaps they are the biggest fools, because they know it."

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Still as a Psychic

Dr. Still believed himself to be a "psychic"; and no honest portrayal of the man may ignore that fact.

The form of that statement is merely caution. If I were to say that Dr. Still was a psychic, I would thereby endorse his claims. Personally, I surely do; but not scientifically or logically - not yet. Caution is necessary, for my own sake, as well as in deference to the current opinions on that topic. The woods are full of pseudos, the sky is the limit of their claims, and no holds are barred of methods; and they fly around like bats - the good indistinguishable from the bad, assuming that there are some who are genuine.

Still made no claims; neither did he indulge in beliefs. He merely showed results; *naively and without self consciousness.*

We however who witnessed those results felt a certain awe of the man; an exaggerated respect, in which almost anything could be read as a psychic message or quality. We gave too much weight, no doubt, to his statements. A man who has psychic powers, is he not well-nigh infallible? Even his own sons, as mentioned, thought that his healing powers were "some sort of gift."

and mixed with this was a sort of - shall we call it condescension -- that surrounds all such matters; the shade of suspicion, the cowardly preparation for an "I-told-you-so" attitude, just in case. This is the mixed atmosphere that surrounded the man. Whether it helped or hindered in the development of his school is very much in question; but

in point of fact, that development was not slow. 61

His own attitude toward psychic phenomena was normal enough; and I challenge anybody to challenge the rightness of it.

He carried observation as far as it would go. Beyond that he followed reason as far as that could be made to go; and reason does see far beyond mere fact. Beyond reason he followed intuition, that voice of the subconscious whole, as far as that would speak; for intuition sometimes speaks the wisdom of the whole. Now whether the so-called psychic senses are merely intuition in some high distillate, or whether they are faculties next beyond intuitions, is anybody's guess at this time. But in all of these, from factual observation to psychic or "spirit" messages, he checked up on them.

"The God I worship demonstrates - 2.

None of these is infallible, certainly in human minds.

So I will just tell the facts as I happen to know them.

Fact number one: From my very first contact with him (What did you say anything for! I would have told you all about yourself") up to the very last ("You will be picking apples") the background of our contact was religion or psychic phenomena. No doubt it was my own preoccupation with these matters - these great, or greatest matters-- that was responsible; and this may have brought out that side of the man more than otherwise would have been the case in evidence.

Fact number two: People generally much prefer to do things not by logic or by reason but by God - if this conveys the right meaning; by faith; and if this is not at first ^{easy} to realize, one has only to watch one's self, one's real motives and attitudes; for we carry reason as far as happens to be convenient, (ne

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never to completion - nobody ever did that- and then we act; on faith as it were; partly on reason, the rest on faith; or wholly on faith; or on God. What we are actually relying on is the great totality of wisdom and of technic that is represented in these bodies of ours "that God made", which is so very much ^a ~~vaster~~ a thing than the best of us realize; a wisdom accumulated through the ages, and revealed in our living organisms. Reason is not an operative faculty, but a sensory one. The operative faculty has the nature of faith; it uses and must use the whole great build-up of the subconscious, whence come things still far beyond the reach of the deepest wisdom. Even sight is far beyond it!

This, from ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "beyond the veil" of the things ~~clearly~~ clearly defined in consciousness, is "under God". *Psychic matters come under the same classification and are accepted easily - even eagerly.*

Fact number three: We find in ourselves certain faculties, as hands and eyes, which we use because we have them. We also find in ourselves certain marginal faculties such as the psychic senses seem to be, which we use for the same reason. Like a child trying out its hands on every door-knob and stick and stone; to see what they may be good for. We do not find them very reliable, certainly not so reliable as the well stabilized animal senses. We use them much as a child uses a stick - just to poke around. They are not subject to the discipline that the "factual" senses have had! But that does not mean that they may not be actual, and in time useful too. The only question is, are they real. That is not yet easy to prove or to deny. Nevertheless we explore them for the sake of the qualities of consciousness that they may give.

As to prophecies: Is there any prophecy that will not in time find fulfillment, or any event that cannot be interpreted as a fulfillment of prophecy? - if one wishes it so?

So: Are they real?

"You can smell bacon frying in San Francisco" he asserted.
What would a perfectly honest philosopher do with that?

If he were a philosopher of the Still variety he would try to see it as from the inside: If it is so, how is it so?

In this, as in all else herein, I shall allow the intervening years to make their contributions of knowledge and understanding.

Noo dinna gang awa, lads and lassies, fo' Ah ha' summat to say to ye.

But you had better hang on to your seats.

I have no slightest doubt that if life wanted to it could develop psychic powers of any kind, quality, character, color, or combination of them.

Back of this statement is the known fact that the growth of living organisms is on the molecular, atomic, electronic level or if there is a level still below that, then on that lower level. The process includes the relations between and among them, which is susceptible of variations of infinite degrees of fineness. In this process of chemical construction they are reached by and affected by each and every force, quality, influence, of creation that exists or can exist. The result is that their growth can record such influences.

If this is so, then these can be developed to any useful or desired degree, and faculties made of them or built upon them. If so, then life will have explored those possibilities, as it at all times is constantly exploring in all possible directions; and will continue to do so. (if challenged, this statement would have to be modified), ~~and will continue to do so.~~ Thus it produced the eye; and on this basis produced the close interwoven

last

unity of the whole living organism, that underlies and pervades all of its special arrangements. It will have explored them on the physiologic level, as for instance in sex. It will have explored them on the mental level, as for instance in the association of memories by subject, and ideas by similarity; and in the kaleidoscopic shifting of great blends of consciousness, such as make up most of our conscious lives; and also in the making of the great blend of the philosophers. It will have explored them all for all possible uses, and now with the great surplus of mental energy it is exploring them for their own sakes, making arts of them; and among them the things we now call psychic experiences.

Could it produce "smelling bacon flying in San Francisco" while breathing in Missouri? Not the smell of bacon, surely, but maybe the smell of the smell- the psychic act of smelling? Undoubtedly any conscious act involves a release or a transformation or a transference of energy. Undoubtedly this creates a disturbance in the ether (or whatever be its modern equivalent); and undoubtedly this travels, just as does light, for distances measured in infinities. Undoubtedly it traverses your brain, or could do so. It is a question, then, of attuning your brain to the extreme delicacy of such reverberations. This as we have already seen is potentially total. Yes, the links are all there - all but the question of attuning and what follows after it.

Could this explain the reading of the design on the hidden face of a card? (Rine: At Duke University). Possibly! That state of consciousness is an energy state; from which radiations do, or could, escape and strike and penetrate that card, to the design on the hidden side; and could produce a radar effect from that design back to the brain of the sender. Again the links are

all there, in theory.. no doubt you or I, with these materials, ~~would~~ would be clever enough to construct any picture we might want. Does it follow that life could so construct them? On the whole, I quite think so. Now let someone remind me of the equally unlimited capacity of life to make a fool of itself!

That too!

On the whole I think we had all better hold on to our ~~Scotch~~ Scotch.

In the long story of evolution life has pushed its experiments in all possible directions ; and has produced myriads upon myriads of lunatic forms of life - that is, from the point of view of the central stem that ~~imposed~~ led upward these were lunatic forms. Now we, at top level, with our great freedom, can outdo nature ten to one in this. What are the chances of bringing out something sane, safe, stabilized, reliable, progressive?

Yet life in its lower levels has certainly learned much about systems of organization that do prosper and lead up; it is made of them! It will be able to bring these to bear in this new psychic field, so as to produce at least occasionally a well-ordered function. I would expect these to be rather random, very varied, narrow, specialized rather than ~~generalized~~ generalized; but I would also expect to find that they had gone long distances before ^{being} suspected. We may be using "psychic" powers all day long, without in the least knowing it. They like all else develop in the subconscious fields and show only their results in conscious fields.

If so then the performances of Still that I happen to know about ^{are not only credible, but may in fact be rather common} may be crude, and the whole subject just the fringe of a future development that -

Na, na, laddie, dinna whup a horse that ye hanna' got.
 There are a number of performances that guests haven't the margin of memory but are lost because of a conscientious check.

CC

The performances as known to me are, some of them, these;

It is known that the police authorities actually set a watch on him, on the suspicion that he himself started the fires that he prophesied; or had some hand in bringing about the fulfillment of his prophesies. Obviously none of them found any such evidence or such acts, for ~~they~~^{he} would most certainly have been dealt with accordingly if they had.

Several times in my presence when some troubled student sought his advise, he would after hearing the evidence say:

"You look for trouble at the eighth dorsal level" of at some other specific point. It was regarded as pure psychic insight; and it may have been; but I myself, after fifty years of experience, can do approximately the same thing; not with psychic powers but on the basis of abundant experience.

Again: at times, when some question was asked that required a thoughtful answer, he would throw his head back, squint his eyes, leaning on his long staff; slightly open his mouth like a person seeking a delicate sensation, or a lost memory, and mumble something in the Indian tongue.

"They say so-and-so" he would then translate.

Mumbo jumbo? Oh, quite possibly. He could play games with the best of ~~them~~ us. But not necessarily. It might have meant only that he thought in the Indian tongue - as well he might, having lived ~~with them~~ among them; or even that he thought certain thoughts better in their language; as again well he might; and since it is necessary to finish a thought in the language in which it ^{is} begun; and since, ~~with them~~^{as} with a, thought is conditioned by language, and since thought takes a different form in a different language, therefore it may very well be that his thought shaped itself in that language before being translated into

English.

Or it may be true that his messages came from Indian "guides".//

One point to be considered here is that the Indian thought system differed widely from the white man's thought system. It may have been very desirable to escape from the thought idioms of civilization, in order to reach other horizons. This gave him a sort of binocular vision, at least a double point of view. It is only one small step from this to thinking of such thoughts as coming from spirits. Which does not mean that they could nor actually have come from such spirits.

"You can smell bacon frying in San Francisco" he said.

"It is not telepathy, it is the aroma of the earth." To him it was something that he felt as an aroma of the earth.

"Spirits are all around you" he assured me.

"All right" he remarked once, apropos of a rather skeptical remark of mine; "I'll just show you. I'll make Dixie write you a letter in which she will say some mighty fine things about me, heavily underscored. "

All I could think of was to ask him when I would get it. '

"Oh- Wednesday" he answered.

Now you may believe me crazy, you will believe me honest. This is what happened. Wednesday came and no letter. I was deflated, as you may well guess; and dismissed the matter from my mind with a shrug. But next Wednesday came, and with it a letter from Dixie, at that time in Mobile. I drew out the missive and there staring me in the face were some underscored lines - and I recalled Still's prophesy. The words "heart of gold and brain of light" caught my eye. I read the letter through -- and found no underscored lines at all. I put it in my pocket. '

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Puzzled, I drew it out again; and there again were the underscored lines.. Dixie, in her mood of exaltation and praise, had simply made long heavy crosses to her t's; which gave the effect of the heavily underscored lines, on casual looking; but which on reading were no more than long crosses to her t's.

Each one will decide those matters according to his own predilections. My job is to report what I personally know; ornamented with what I have open to think about it, plainly marked.

Speaking of spirits, I only once say Still in tears. The occasion for this too is completely lost in the years, except this detail: reminiscing of the civil war, he said:

"They used to arrive in the spirit world full of hate and vengeance; but they do not do that any more--" and his breath suddenly began to come in short trembly gasps; and tears poured from his eyes.

09

Still as Author

"O that mine enemy would write a book!" This sounds like something that a witty Frenchman might have written, or a canny Scott. For if he has written a book he has given hostages to his enemy. Always something can be found in a book that can be used against the writer; or twisted into a diabolical slant; or given a nefarious meaning.

Still wrote several books. His autobiography; the Philosophy and Mechanical Principles of Osteopathy (1899); The Philosophy of Osteopathy (1902); Osteopathy, Research and Practice (1910).

If ^h these books are read on the background of modern scientific knowledge, they are painful reading; let us face the fact. An enemy might ~~use~~ could use them handily. But as the measure of a mind doing battle all alone against a world saturated with drugs and soaked in superstition with regard to them, ^{a mind} and driving itself against the greatest of problems, the problem of human disease and suffering, they are monumental. There were no laboratories in those days, no billion dollar endowments for research, no groups of men devotedly studying ^{as} a team. The germ theory was unknown or only suspected. There was only chaos; and a need to "do something, Doctor, for God's sake; and do it quick!"

The "remedies" used in those days to cure the sick would

certainly strike horror into the soul of any modern doctor - or 70
I believe, layman. We have to transport ourselves back to the
horror-filled days with their foetid jungles of drugging; before
any order at all had appeared in the practice; when the standard
"remedy" for yellow fever was calomel- ^{now} known to be a death
warrant; when in order to be sure to get the remedy that would

"hit the spot" prescriptions were made long - but long! And
mysterious (tea was infusum coptis; bed rest was dorsal decubitus).

"For we have to try!"

Against this still set his intellect; in a mood of
disillusioned rage.

"I have spent thirty years of my life reading and
following rules and remedies used for curing, and learned in
sorrow that it is useless to listen to their claims."

"I quote no authorities but God and experience."

His books contain more or less a summary of his ~~eff~~
efforts. If not drugs, then what? They show him blanketing the
body with questions; fine-tooth-combing it with inquiry; dragging
his thought through its secret passages, his surveying tools at
his side; wrestling prodigiously with its problems.

These books show the mental attitude of that search;
his constant background of rebellion, his foreground of reason;
show his mood (confronting the world, the medical profession, the
student body, and himself - show his opinion of himself naively and
unconsciously expressed; in a way, subjective documents. But ~~it~~
always the inspiration of his confidence in the perfection of the
living body and the wisdom of its Creator.

His language is quite unique; a bit quaint; with over-
tones of the Scriptures; a bit laborious at times. Often it is
difficult not to be amused to the point of quite missing the
intensity of inquiry, the wistful courage of it. But if we will

let ourselves respond to his feeling, we will realize an absolute-ness of courage/ (easy enough in a fool but more and more difficult in proportion to intelligence); we will realize the intellectual honesty also just about absolute, certainly so in intent; and how deeply he had sunk himself in his problem. We may even realize why he keeps the negative side of the picture before him because against it the clues he did happen to find stand out. Small they may have been, and against any other background scarcely visible; and in other circumstances might have been passed unregarded, as indeed they were, and still are except where he has driven them home; but under the circumstances they were loomed large; partly because they were the only clues that offered.

A crooked rib; out from under the snout of a hog/. But Still "pulled that bone" and out stepped a geni. He straightened a defect, and out stepped a great principle of disease causation. These small clues proved to be the keys that fitted the keyhole to ~~the~~ a new world of therapy. That was not yet apparant, at the

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time, except possibly to the intuitive genius of Still. "evertheless he hammered it home. ~~any~~ A very large truth can come through a very small key-hole. How big is a germ?

One gets the effect, somehow, ~~of~~ a much scratched-up ground ^{where} ~~who~~ there has been a wrestling match, Difficulties do arise when a simple idea that has wide bearings tries to squeeze itself through language, or even to filter its way through a single human brain. Still apparently recognized, or perhaps felt, this difficulty; for he tried always to get across the inside view, the right approach, the angle of origin (which is the angle of logic); and the reverse of the traditional objective view which sees nothing!

"I dislike to write, and only do so when I think my productions will go into the hands of kind hearted geniuses who read not to find quotations " (referring to the typical medical text of the day) "but to go with the soul of the subject that is being explored, for its merits; to weigh all truth and help to bring its uses to the front for the good of men" (italics mine).

"Thus, to obtain results we must blend ourselves with and travel in harmony with nature's truths".

Or in effect we must be that bone.

" My idea has been to give a system for exploration for causes of disease (italics mine); Research and Practice, p.65

The real meat of these books, however ornamented by philosophy, the real moral strength of them, is his patient ~~search~~ thoroughness of search through the body for its disorders.

"We must stop at the pelvis and observe that there is no twist of ligaments." Philos: p.31

"On my first exploration I found all nerves and muscles that attached to the os hyoid at any point contracted, shortened, and pulling the hyoid back against the pneumogastric nerve" - (This is not a true statement of the etiology, but it is true; it is a factual observation, that is the real significance; and it did result in a therapy that was effective) (ibid. p.90).

"The diaphragm can ~~be~~ be and is pulled back ~~against~~ down against the vena cava and the thoracic duct, obstructing blood and chyle (ibid.p.36).

"True all joints of the neck. See that the ribs on the spine and at the manubrium are true; and that the neck is true on the first dorsal."

These books are records of the footprints of his great idea, as it made its way through his mind and through the minds of others around him. The idea was alive, and growing, and soon outgrew the written records.

Of those enemies, he spoke only once to my knowledge; when he said:

"I never knew a wave of scorn that truth could not eat up and thrive on."

His ~~books~~ fighting words

His books are fighting books. Behind the blows is a mind, and behind the mind is a motive, an intuition, a philosophy, inspiring the blows. That is what we want to get. The real subconscious gravamen of his animadversions seems to deal with the method rather than the material, the philosophy ~~rather~~ of the lack of it rather than the acts. But since neither the method nor the philosophy has changed much since then, his protests still apply.

And that too, ~~xxxxxxx~~ that lack of change, is ~~something~~ worth an effort to understand.

What then is the method, and what is wrong with it? That method is the method of statistical experiment. It is the method that has marked the emergence of man from the dark ages of medicine. It has virtually eliminated infection as a threat to us. It has created a virtual control at the physiologic level. These are victories of the first order. What is wrong with it? Why, everything has the faults of its qualities, even victory. This one has effectively held medical practice ~~in~~ rigidly in that groove, or that channel, seeing how wide it is. But for all of those victories it is still an alien form of practice, it is something imposed, on the body, it is based on an ancient inherited and insufficiently criticized concept of the body and the diseases that occur in it.

Still's protests are along two lines, both psychological, that is relating to the psychology of the practice. I shall try to put them both in language that I think A.T.S. might have used:

"What does nature see when it looks at a collarbone? A key? A clavicle? No, what it sees is a link, a spring link, between the arm and the trunk.

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"What does life see when it looks at a bone? An os? No, it sees a function of pressure resistance. An ulna is a hinge bone and a radius is a pivot bone; that is the kind of thing that life sees. Does life think in Latin? No! Do we? Not so well! Does not the foreign language wrap up things in names so that we do not think about them at all?"

Of course I am no Still; but perhaps I get his feeling in my language.

Now of course there is need for names; a constant need for new names, in advancing science; and there is the great Latin and Greek reservoirs, ready for the purpose. And there is the wonderful chance to make a system out of it - which we have done, very well too. My own contribution to this is that there are hidden effects from these; and these effects accumulate; and the end result is that we are strangers to ourselves, and separated from an understanding of ourselves by a conceptual barrier that is hard to by-pass; an iron curtain of alienness.

The other protest has to do with the philosophy. That same alienness afflicts it. Familiar with it, we easily accept as normal practices that are completely alien in themselves. We think of those regulations under compulsion as curative. They do undoubtedly have their value; but --.

As A.T.S. might have said: "We make a key that will fit into a particular lock of the body; and what does it do? The key is dead, the body is alive. ^{The living body} It cannot tolerate the dead key. It either struggles violently against it (is stimulated) or it is knocked out and made helpless by it ^(is inhibited). We can make it either stop or go - that is what it looks like from the outside. But what is it like, seen on the inside? "

It is physiologic regulation; with its weight in gold

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if that is all that we can do. It is a ~~binomial~~ yes-no system; a binomial system, like that in use in modern cybernetics; like the one that nature uses; but - it is not ^{natural} the same one that life uses.

One wonders whether that ^{natural} system can be found and used, or a nearer approach to it managed. Personally I have a rather exuberant confidence in the genius of the genus, if its energies can be oriented into those channels.

"D.O. means dig on!"

Still did not follow beaten paths. He was a path finder, not a path follower. One does quite a bit of beating around in beating out new paths; and this we must expect in his books.

But he did beat around with rather a long stick!

Future of Osteopathy

It has been impossible to assemble all of those reminiscences and not to consider the future of that so valiant assault upon our limitations: especially since it was directed at the future. The past is dead; the present is brief; the future holds the test. What will be the future of osteopathy?

The test is not ^{an} mere continuance; the real test is the things that grow out of the present; for things must either grow or be outgrown. Truths are not single, nor isolated, but are parts of a net and each one drags another into sight.

It is impossible- at least in my opinion it is impossible that the system of correction called osteopathy should ever perish from the earth; unless another flood should occur and mankind have to start all over again.

The possibilities for its future that are in sight at this ~~present~~ time and from this point are: First that the osteopathic profession should continue as now, parallel with general medicine; itself being general medicine plus osteopathy.

Second that general medicine should absorb it, with or without that name. This would make even more urgent a considerable simplification of all medical subjects, and/or a considerable improvement in teaching ~~methods~~ methods, through a better understanding of the machinery of consciousness; since it takes about half of one's life expectancy to become a doctor, already.

Third, that general medicine should continue to divide itself up into specialties, until it was completely specialized;

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with osteopathy as one of them/. But osteopathy is not a specialty in the same sense. It is a specialty in that it requires a special skill; but it in fact relates to all diseases, to the body in which those diseases occur, and is in effect a general practice in itself. It is altogether possible that it might gravitate to that position, with specialties grouped around it.

~~Anyxxx~~

There is a fourth possibility, devoutly to be hoped for but slightly colored with the miraculous^{ly}: which is that the general public should become so interested in the body and its affairs that this would become a part of general education; carried to such a degree as to make the education of a doctor very much shorter and less costly than it is today.

Any other possibility would have to come from future developments not in sight today. Such developments are in fact very likely to present themselves. Every new truth drags in more new truth; and sometimes a new clue ~~xxxxx~~^{starts} a veritable spurt of discovery and development. What developments does osteopathy indicate? What other great truths lie next in line? Some of them are visible already.

The first development was naturally a wider coverage of the factor of structural strain and mechanical disorder in the body as causes of disease; in which it was found, as said, that they constitute probably fifty percent of the actual effective causes of disease; more rather than less. Recently this study has been extended to the skull itself, with profit.

The next development came early/ Along with structural strain were found muscles in a state of contracture, differing from normal contraction. These were found to occur in connection with ~~xxxxx~~ diseases,

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disease, as though parts of the process or the state itself. It was then found that they could be easily made normal by manipulation, as a rule; and that when this was done there was a definite improvement in the diseased state; often a cure.

The reason for the contracture is seen in the delicacy of the metastables of the muscles. Nature makes them as delicate as possible - the hummingbird's wing, the fencer's speed; and it is probable that a pathologic overflow shows here just about as soon as it appears in the sensory field.

The chief reason for the ill effect of this contracture is to be seen in the mass release of energy in muscle - the tiny trigger that discharges the ten-hundred-ton-gun. This is again a physiologic provision; but here working ill because abnormal.

The chief value of this knowledge is in the fact that these contractures are easily found; that their location indicates their approximate source; that they ^{are} not as a rule hard to relieve. (I am told that some phases of the Ypqi system have relation with this aspect of disease.).

No doubt every physiologic property and variant of muscular tissue shows in the symptoms of such contracture. It should be as valuable to study them first and from them to interpret symptoms, as it is to define symptoms and trace back to physiologic properties.

Another thing came to light: there were areas of tissue tenderness sometimes limited to a single vertebral segment, entirely unsuspected up to now. It was found that these too were associated with disease, as though part of the process or state. It was found that their location indicated the vertebral segment of the nerves of such organ. It was found too that manipulation or "treatment" of these "entres" had a very helpful effect on the diseased state.

These three things then drew to a focus, and called attention pointedly to one thing- a dynamic disturbance, or dynamic factor in disease. This opened up to our vision and to our understanding- and to our exploitation also-- a new and vast field, a new depth of biologic meaning. The osteopathic lesion is the Open Sesame to this cave of treasure and of understanding. It enables us to begin to gather together and to correlate significant aspects of the dynamism of the body. Certainly dynamic aspects have been known before, but there has not been, before, any way to use them therapeutically; so they have not held the attention in a way to make them become visible in their own right and their real meanings.

But as soon as this clue was followed revelations in great number and importance began to present themselves. Certainly there is dynamism there; and if it has not been considered before then certainly revelations may be expected from considering it now.

This dynamism enters the picture through osteopathy in the following way.

The osteopathic lesion is a state of strain or distortion in the structural elements of the body. This is in itself a dynamic state, produced by dynamic excess of some kind; and excessive, by definition.

The immediate consequence of this is the release of the self-contained energies of the tissues under strain, also in excess. This refers to the physiologic law that all tissue acts by virtue of its own self-contained energy. The osteopathic lesion leads directly into the field of dynamics.

Following this clue, then: the dynamic excess diffuses as all energy does; in all directions. In the living body, this is "absorbed" by the nerves, since it is their main business to absorb all such local excesses. It is absorbed by them

up to tolerance; that is, as far as they can; but since it is in excess, there is practically always some local overflow, which is felt as local tenderness.

When absorbed by the nerves it is carried to the nerve centres, where also it is an excess; and it then causes excess action in the tissues supplied by those nerves. Here we are on familiar ground; ~~the~~ we have all seen this, and called it ~~real~~ inflammation. We have seen it but not as a dynamic event. But it is a dynamic event, or it is no event at all. Seen as a dynamic event, it becomes surprisingly simple. There is first of all pain; surely an excess. There is then muscular reflex action, or spasm or contracture, again clearly an excess, and a dynamic event. There is then congestion, an overactivity of the blood vessels and a dynamic event; and with it, ~~contracture of the veil-like areolar tissue that surrounds them, by which the fluid squeezed~~ a squeezing out of an extra amount of blood fluid—a dynamic event. With this there occurs also a contraction of the veil-like tissue (areolar tissue) that surrounds the area, by which the fluids are held there, causing the swelling; ~~and in~~ ^{also therefore} itself a dynamic event. There is then heat, certainly a matter of energy, and in this case of excess energy; no matter how it may have been produced. Here then are heat, redness, swelling, pain, the classic picture of inflammation, ~~here~~ seen as dynamic events, or a dynamic event. This picture can be carried out to further details.

At least, this lifts the dynamic aspect of the matter into the foreground. We then reflect that if there is no release or redistribution or transformation of energy, there is no action of any kind. Everybody knows this, and yet it is necessary to

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state it, define it, picture it, specifically and in detail, here, in this connection, in order to break through the iron curtain of mystic misconception that surrounds the body and everything ~~about it~~ concerning it.

We continue to follow this clue - or it might be more proper to say that this clue now leads us-- . We realize that before this energy can be released in the tissues it must first be built up in them. It is built up in the process of growth. The process of growth too is a dynamic event; Growth consumes energy; it also stores energy. It is a process that is by and for energy. It is the stored energy that is the significant thing, it is the stored energy that carries with it the property of being alive.

The living organism is a dynamic organism; and life is a dynamic ~~process~~ process. This is one of those ideas that immediately they are stated, we recognize as being of course true; even if our ideas never happened to shape up in just that form before.

Still following back, we come to [^] something we already know, that the source of this energy is the sun, shining on the chlorophyll of the plants. Here we reach a stopping point, since we still do not know just how this is done. But from other sources we have a general principle that covers the point; which is this: that wherever energy is stored, anywhere in the universe, it is stored in the form of a metastable state. *Some energy is stored in metastable states of the molecules of carbon and hydrogen.* We pause, then, to get a picture that can be carried with us of this ~~that~~ thing with the euphonious name of [^] metastable state. It is important since it is indicated that life is built of metastable states; or as we shall call them, of metastables.

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A brick stood up on its end is in a metastable state, or constitutes a metastable state of energy. It is stable because in order to be toppled over it must be lifted slightly, up on its edge or corner. But if this is done and it is tilted until the line of gravity falls outside of its base, then it will fall to the ground, and doing so will release all of the energy that was used in setting it up on its end. A quarter of beef hung up on a hook is in a metastable state; as is a hog tied out of the way against a tree trunk; where the mere pulling of a piece of string will break the metastability and release the energy. A trigger is such a state; as is the gunpowder itself. The energy stored in a hydrogen bomb is in a metastable state. Still further back is the fact, now known to science, that matter ~~is~~ itself is energy trapped in a metastable state; that matter can be changed into energy, and energy into matter.

This is the depth to which the osteopathic lesion leads.

Coming back to more practical matters: The question arises, can all of the phenomena of disease be pictured in these terms, terms of dynamics, as well as inflammation? The answer is almost certain to be yes; though it has not been thoroughly tried yet (In the year _____ in The Osteopathic Physician, H.S. Bunting, I published a series of articles under the heading: Anatomic and Physiologic Pictures of Diseases; in which this aspect of disease was followed through to some depth). One very valuable effect of this follow-through is a great simplification of the descriptions of diseases.

The further question arises: Do all causes of diseases act through this channel, the dynamic channel? They do indeed all act upon the dynamic patterns, but not always originally. Any property of the body can be a path of entry for disease. We have bones, therefore they can be broken. We have

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about any trick in dynamics can be played , as much as in our industries.

But there is one trick of dynamics that life can play that we cannot duplicate yet. Following the release of its energy, that living metastable rebuilds itself ; and always a trifle more than was broken down. This is familiarly seen in the growth of muscles from exercise, and the improvement of specialization ~~from~~ in response to demand, and is seen also in the vis medicatrix naturae, the healing power of nature; which is certainly this inherent power to rebuild- just an extension of the original power to build.

These metastables, in continuous contact with each other, ~~then give the effect~~ and at the feather-edge of sensitivity, then give the effect of a great spider-web; where a slight touch on one of its strands is reflected through the whole web. We are not consciously aware of this, since it goes on ~~far~~ far below the level of consciousness; but it is in continuous operation, every moment of the day, ^{and} in respect to every influence that is felt by the body. This constitutes the state of being alive. A continuous and extremely delicate adjustment of all parts is continuously going on. The wisdom so produced is at a low level, and is subconscious, but it ~~is~~ is wisdom, it is basic, and it does sometimes make itself felt in consciousness.

Now to get a perfectly simple and obvious but perfectly wonderful picture, let us add this fact: that when things are not used they slowly dwindle and shrink and finally disappear, in this ensemble of metastables. The effect is again a binomial system, a yes-no system, acting on the structures of the body, through dynamic channels; which can take it anywhere. Any attribute, any quality, detail, can be developed to any degree; subject to

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conditions of economy and environment &c. We see these various strands of our spider-web becoming specialized, meticulously adapted by this yes-no system, to the conditions of the world that they ^{are} ~~have~~ to meet; and we see the web inside developing its total sensitivity to any degree- all on the dynamic basis. In doing so they use, of course, various chemical molecules and *atomic* arrangements; selectively; but it is the user that determines the selection and the pattern, not the used; it is the dynamics that do the building; so that this dynamic factor lies at a deeper level than the materials it manages.

In effect, we are creatures of light. It has been a most fascinating project, this following through along this line, ~~it~~ ^{is} this assembling into at least some initial order of the factors of dynamics. Larger and larger in the background loomed the dim figure of Still, the seer who without the technical knowledge to define it yet saw in intuition this great reality of life, and without defining it yet acted upon it. By what quality of mind did he do this? I should say, by seeking truth for its own sake. He who seeks truth for truth's sake follows not the trodden paths. He who seeks truth for its own sake examines many a gem. He who seeks truth for its own sake scatters seed that will grow in distant places. Or a better simile might ~~be~~ be, grows a flower whose pollen will fertilize all other flowers, bringing forth in then new kinds of truth. Or a still better simile might be the picture of a small boy who first caught a worm, and with the worm caught a small fish, and with the small fish caught a bigger one - and just as he was drawing in the bigger one a still bigger one rushed at it, swallowed it and was caught- whereupon the boy thought he would play that game some more. He did, and what do you suppose? Pretty soon he caught a whale.

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However it may be with fish, that is the way it is with truth for truth's sake. Each new truth opens up a whole vista of further new truths. This is true of any new truth, but is especially true of this one, which now presents itself as rather an axiom than a mere truth, if there is any such thing as a mere truth.

Now the next phase of this particular revelation: for around this central idea ^{to many} ~~came~~ details from the realm of pathology now assemble themselves. First is the fact that disease begets disease. Every pathologic state is also pathogenic. To understand this, and the why of this, would ~~enable~~ enable us to relieve many an age of sickness. Again it is a question of the metastables. These act by their own self-contained energy. If one is in state of disease, that is of break-down with release of an excess of its energies, this excess strikes the next one, and causes it ~~to do the same~~ - itself in no way sick, yet sympathetically responds to the sickness of the first. It may even go farther, and respond still more violently, to no limit at all; to the degree of shock; or of sudden death from shock. Now in a sense, nature intends it that way; she intends that you should get away from that hurt: even though it takes a thousand times as much energy to so escape as was represented in the original hurt. This is one of the things that can happen. The other is of course the reverse of this - she can bring to bear on those metastables from other sources a different orientation, an orientation toward ~~axis~~ resisting, ignoring, discounting, and presumably toward rapid rebuilding. This is the very simple A B C on which so many systems of psychic healing are built up - thoroughly practical, but probably thoroughly overstated as well; but as to that, who is to judge?

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The vis medicatrix naturae itself, then, is a matter of re-growth, therefore of growth, therefore of metastables, therefore of energy. The thing that it must be is the pattern of the whole affecting the pattern of each part toward reuniting, which means re-balancing, re-sensitizing, the thing it has to contend against is something that has not been mentioned yet, it is the fact that disease patterns, produced by excess energy, are integrated by it, as such, to that degree. The co-ordination as disease is ~~xxxx~~ itself established, to a degree; it holds itself together, a separate unity distinct in those pathologic ways from the unity of the body. This is in line with all physiology and biology, of course, as ^{with} the fact that ^{exercise} ~~exercise~~ strengthens faculty. It becomes an integration on a lower ² plane; an integration of defense, ideally, but not co-ordinated with the rest of the whole. Cancer is probably the most easily realized of these pictures, a unity within but not with the rest of the body. An invasion of germs, for instance, calls for just that - the production of antibodies that are adapted to the germ, not the body; and in order to produce them the body has violently to re-organize its chemical metastables: and suffers the shock of so doing, which ~~may be~~ is by far the deadliest aspect of the invasion. One of Still's earliest discoveries was along this line; when he merely dissipated the shock and the deadlock of physiologic action in an excess state, due to the shock, and the body then itself took care of the germ.

A traveller met the plague on the way to India.

"I'm going to India to kill ten thousand" said the plague.

The same traveller met the plague on the way back.

"You said you were going to kill ten thousand; you killed twenty thousand!" Said the traveller.

"No, I killed only ten thousand ; fear lilled the rest" stated the plague.

This becomes something more than a mere fable when we understand the mechanism by which it occurs.

Before full functional activity can be restored, it is necessary that the dynamic excess be siphoned off, dissipated, or otherwise disposed of - possibly ~~xxxxx~~ merely readjusted.

I was seated in a restaurant on forty second street in New York when I heard a sound that I recognized as the onset of an epileptic attack. Laying down my napkin I made my way toward the sound, and soon saw a young man just beginning to tilt sideways in his chair with eyes rolling. Quickly placing one hand on his forehead and the other against his atlas, I drew his head sharply back and lifted. Instantly he came out of the attack; and was very grateful, saying that this was the first time that one of his attacks had been averted.

Externally, this was an incident. But internally it is a principle

This is the concept of the living body into which the principles of osteopathy inevitably lead. ^{The science of osteopathy} It has made something of a beginning in exploiting it. But it has "only scratched the surface" as yet. I have no least doubt that the same genius that developed chemotherapy to the very serviceable thing it has become, will be able in time to make correspondingly effective use of this deeper principle.

more space

When one has "caught a cold" examination shows - I would be inclined to say invariably shows - that the muscles of the neck are in a state of contracture. This state differs markedly from the state of functional contraction, but it is

not important for us here to discuss that difference. What is important is the fact that by manipulation these contractures can be relieved; and concomitantly with that relaxation, the symptoms of the cold are ~~xxx~~ dissipated or markedly relieved. This is a clinical fact, not a theory. What does it mean? Following the dynamism step by step: there is a shock to the thermic centres; a release of excess nerve energy in them; a diffusion of this energy so that it reaches, among other things, these muscles; causing in them this state of contracture. This then becomes itself a patho-stasis, and also a pathogenesis, feeding itself back into the nerve centres; which also are somewhat locked in a stage of excess. If there were any possible profit in meeting that shock of cold, or any possible profit in recovering from it, in this state, it would be a disadvantage to interfere with it in any way. But obviously this is not the case; it is a fault-of-the-quality of this organism built up of metastables. It is an aspect that needs to be understood, calls painfully and tragically to be understood, and to be properly handled. Externally, these contractures are incidents; but internally they represent principles.

from preceding page

Osteopathy in its development will no doubt expand on a broad front. It is now exploring the matter of specific centres; the matter of stimulation versus inhibition of nerves; the matter of the correlation of structural strains with various types of activity, as sitting posture, sleeping posture, all monotonous postures, heavy instruments, the effect of excessive auto driving, the carrying of ~~gas~~ on one shoulder, various studies of shock to various parts of the body &c. There is one very broad front, the chemical properties of the body and the practice of chemotherapy. What is to be its future in this respect? Probably no conclusions can be drawn or even

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considered, now. But this contact is very subtle, very far-reaching, and as to its importance there are few or none that in the long run will more affect the future of our whole race. Man's greatest discovery will be himself.

There is a contact between ~~the~~ osteopathy as an organized profession, and medicine as an organized profession, and which hardly comes within the range of our discussion here, and there is a contact between the two in the field of psychology.

This

~~which~~ we may describe as an external contact. But there is also an internal contact. *At* osteopathic graduates of today receive a full standard training in the same subjects as do doctors of medicine, and all of those subjects; and must pass the same examinations before the same boards at the same time as ~~educational~~ ^{our} graduates. There is therefore a complete contact between the two minds ideas, in the ~~minds~~ ^{minds} of at least the osteopathic doctors. At present, in both of these situations, there is no mixture; the two stand side by side, develop independently, are practiced as completely separate arts. There is no ground of contact, except the results, the statistical assaying of the relative values. They do not interfere because they do not meet, except at the bedside.

And yet each questions the other, and must; and on clinical grounds first, but on grounds of principle eventually.

The common ground between them is again those metastables. *Drugs also act on them, or they do not act at all.* I am afraid that the information does not exist by which to follow through from the administration of a drug to the final action or reaction in, or by, those metastable ~~buildingstones~~ buildingstones of life. It cannot be very long, now, until science will have cracked the green curtain around the vegetable world, and learned the precise nature of the ^M ~~metastability~~ ^{metastability} ~~the built~~ ^{them; with this} ~~with this~~ knowledge

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it should become possible to fill in the missing links in the
chains of biochemistry, and to study effectively the total
effect of chemical interference.

An Estimate

In sum: how great was Still? Or if you prefer, how great is Still? O^h much more to the point, how great may he prove to be?

It does not accord with the spirit of the man as I knew him to even ask/. I feel that he would be apologetic-- and for me -if I should ask it.

But greatness is one of the games we play, It is as though we said: this is the kind of thing life can produce, it is what mankind may become. It is encouraging to all of us to record these things; part of the values of the human scene.

So we consider Still as to the measure of his greatness; ~~isn't~~ more not to lose anything of value than in ~~the~~ any sense of rival greatness. Nor do we need to be modest about it; but rather should be eager to squeeze all of the juice out of this particular orange. *Is what greatness may his followers have left him? And that would be a loss to nobody, a gain to everybody.*

It is not often in human history that a single man can see as the result of his work and thought a great profession, with schools dotting the land, and thousands of students: with hundreds of hospitals, and more springing up all the time; with research endowments to carry on his work. Some few great statesmen have had ^{a comparable} similar experiences, but in their cases they were aided by others, hundreds of others no doubt. In this case the essential foundation was the work of a single man. I wonder if this has ever been ~~implied~~ even approached.

When lightning strikes close at hand it is heard as a single sharp crack; but that crack reaches from the grass roots to the top of the clouds; and it spreads in all directions; and it bounces from cloud bank to cloud bank, and reverberates in the

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vortices of the storm, to become the great voice of the thunder. The osteopathic lesion is a small thing - it too makes a bit of a crack, most likely, when it is corrected; but it too relates to all disease, any disease, from the top to the bottom. It too bounces from pathology to pathology, and reverberates in the vortices of etiology, to become something of a thunder tone.

This comparison is I think not too distant. Today that voice is heard as a sort of permanent thunder. Will it continue so? Will it end soon, like a brief storm? It may! In these days ~~when~~ scientific discoveries are coming in in such volume as to be a veritable deluge; so that no man can keep up with the advances in only his particular subject. Great discoveries are everywhere; and in confusion; becoming invisible to each other because of other great discoveries that loom in between. The question of survival becomes a question of the average capacity of the human intellect to take on any more. In almost any research laboratory there are incipient discoveries, promising leads, great possibilities, that simply have to be neglected for the sake of some immediate problem. It is by no means certain that the discoveries of Still will hold their own.

~~For that matter~~ For that matter it is altogether possible that the great osteopathic principles will be discovered by other men, any number of them, unaware of each other, or of Still; inspired it may be by wind-blown seed from his the plant he fostered. This is rather likely since the facts are there to be discovered. It is quite possible that the name of Still may be lost in the shuffle. But it is also possible that the osteopathic profession may take on greater scientific momentum; in which case his name and fame will be preserved for historic reasons alone, as well as for the ~~example of his~~ quality of his mind. But

tens of thousands ~~more~~ of ~~of~~ contributors have been lost to history even while the value of their contributions carries on. Mankind is so rich in great men that it can afford the loss of a few; but it is the poorer for the loss nevertheless.

Can those qualities of mind be known, and told? The particular quality that in my memory of him is outstanding as a possible reason for his achievement is that he sought truth for its own sake. To him it was for God's sake, insofar as he gave it any thought at all - other than to be honest with himself, honest with the truth. But that was the apparent effect- truth for truth's sake; and a belief that truth would always justify itself.

But - truth for truth's sake - that is a heady dose. It can be made to justify just about anything, any extravaganza can masquerade as truth for truth's sake. That is the fault of the quality. And we do find something of that in Still's writing; an occasional unbridled flight. But it has also the quality of the fault; it does orient the mind- and the growth of the mind-- in that direction; it does tend to put the mind en rapport with nature, life, with what goes on in there; it does enable the body itself to speak its piece, out of the subconscious; and when the body ~~is~~ so speaks, it enables the ear of the mind to hear.

This, to all intents and purposes, is a reversal of attitude, compared to ~~the~~ attitude of traditional medicine. Drugs are used because we have ~~enough~~ drugs to use; because they are things we can handle, use, manage. After ~~a~~ million million experiments, a vast good has come out of this. But it is also an orientation, it does tend to hold the growth of the mind in those channels. Still reversed this. Instead of thinking ~~from the~~ - and acting-- from the outside inward, he thought as from within, outward; from

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the nature of the body, ^{the} the nature of life, the nature of disease, he thought outward toward measures to correct and regulate. The power to grow was in it, too!

This suggests that as a part of the preparation for the ^Q medical course, the mind of the student should be prepared. The traditional background is a very poor thing by modern standards, a shaky foundation for the immense structure that is to be raised on it/. Who should know these ^{mental qualities} things if not the profession that deals with them? After all, whether the business is digging potatoes or star gazing, the important thing is the instrument that is used. The instrument in this case is the human mind. What are the qualities of this mental machine that are most desirable in exploring new territory? What qualities are most desirable in building a science? What qualities are best for the use and growth of a science, or a technic, or an art? Should not that mind know itself, as an instrument, as a variable and an adaptable instrument, so as to bring to any given job the best of its qualities?

Still ~~xxxxxxxx~~ did not have all of them; but he did exemplify one very important ^{mental} ~~mental~~ quality, he made himself as it were en rapport with the body he studied; he tried to be that bone; he thought as a measles; he put himself inside of ~~the~~ spleen, or the trochanter major, to feel its operation as a part of the great unity of action and of logic and of life, that was the body. He carried bones in his pocket for years, to get the feel of them. ^{This is} (called, now, structural visualization); but to him it was logical visualization. To him the human body came alive with logic, that first, and finally alive as logic; to a degree. Living light, living logic - that is us. ~~This is~~

