



**GLIMPSSES**  
OF THE  
**ASSOCIATION**



BETWEEN

**FAIRY TALES**



AND

**HOMOEOPATHY**

FAROKH J. MASTER



# Glimpses of the Association Between Fairy Tales and Homoeopathy

*by*

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**Homeopathic Essence**

# Foreword

A very interesting work by Farokh Master on our age old favourite fairy tales. The famous Mumbai homoeopath explores our human soul and its very inner essence to simplify the understanding of Homoeopathic remedies through these simple tales. It helps us understand the minds of our patients through these characters. An enjoyable read!!

**Dr Didier Grandgeorge**

# Preface

The last decade has seen an amazing transformation and broadening in the ways fairy tales are interpreted and understood. This book brings together the most recent developments in the archetypal patterns in fairy tales, while taking into account the complexity of the emerging field. I hope it will prove to be accessible at all levels.

This book is the fruit of my long journey of thirty years studying analytical psychology. I, as a homoeopath took this study to help my patients grow regarding their's and society's psychological realities, find healing and meaning in their lives, greater depth in their relationships and to live in response to their newly discovered sense of purpose.

The book is a collection of fairy tale interpretations keeping homoeopathic philosophy, materia medica and repertory as it's base. I chose only a few fairy tales that challenged as they were unusual. I wanted to show how Jung's method of interpreting archetypal fantasy material could be applied to these diverse tales.

The book is written equally for homoeopaths involved with Jungian analytical methods as well as for homoeopaths who know nothing regarding psychotherapy and psychology.

I have equally used works of Bruno Bettelheim, Carl Jung and Marie Louise von Franz while explaining the motif's in fairy tales. I have tried my best to offer insights into the psychology of all the characters, especially the central characters like the prince, princess, king, step-mother. While others reflect the problems and characteristics of the anima, the inner femininity of man.

I have drawn images of homoeopathic drug pictures at every stage while describing archetypes and symbolic themes that appear in fairy tales.

Synthesis repertory, edited by Dr Frederick Schroyens has been the prime source from which a lot of information regarding individual drugs has been extracted.

I am grateful to the Grimm brothers and Hans Christian Andersen for making the world richer by writing such stories for generations to come.

I have gained this insight through my life's experiences and analysis, through working with my patients, and through my studies.

I would like to thank Dr Ameet Panchal, my student and now my colleague for stimulating me to study psychology. He came to my clinic to study homoeopathy but instead taught me and stimulated me to study this fascinating science of analytical psychology.

I also learnt a lot from another good soul – Dr Farokh Buchia. He always encouraged me to understand a close link between homoeopathy and psychology.

Dr Farhad Adajania has always helped me with his sincere suggestions and healthy comments.

I am also grateful to my darling daughter, Dr Rukshin Master for going through the manuscript and making the necessary corrections.

Mr Rene Otter, Dr Frederick Schroyens, Dr Dider Grandgeorge, Dr Edouard Broussalian gave me a wonderful atmosphere in Holland, France and Switzerland to write this book.

My clinic staff needs a special thanks, especially Dr Shivin Gupta who kept on helping me whenever I was stuck with Microsoft word, Dr Natasha Fernandes helping me to repertorize the cases, Miss Sunita Shah for all her help in graphics and designing the cover page. Dr Fatema Slatwala who helped me very sincerely to edit the stories from the source books.

Above all, I want to thank my analysand's students, seminar participants for their uncounted contribution in raising questions and challenges, for permitting me to use their material and for offering their feelings, reactions and thoughts in the course of therapy.

Last but not the least I want to thank my wife Dilnavaz and my two queens of heart Rukshin and Mahaziver who dedicated their love so that I can write this book.

# Publisher's Note

**D**r Farokh Master is one of the living stalwarts of Homoeopathy today. He has written more than 63 books and lectures in most of the countries where homoeopathy exists in the world. We are very proud to be the publishers of his works. This work of Dr Farokh is a masterpiece where he has shared his experience of more than 34 years of practice on use of fairy tales in interpreting the psychology of the person.

The book starts with the factual and historical details about how the famous works on fairy tales came into publishing like the Grimm's Brother & Oscar Wilde. Further it discusses the different aspects of fairy tales and what impact they have on a child psychology. The book discusses how people relate to different characters of fairy tales and how we can use that to understand the psychology of the person and also find the most probable homoeopathy remedy on that basis. The homoeopathic interpretation of various characters of fairy tales has been talked about which is a very interesting read.

We hope this books brings more insights into homoeopathic practice and thus help homoeopaths heal more and more people through this wonderful science.

**Kuldeep Jain**  
CEO, B. Jain Publishers (P) Ltd.

# Contents

FOREWORD .....	iii
PREFACE .....	iv
PUBLISHER'S NOTE.....	vi

## CHAPTER

1. Introduction To Fairy Tales .....	1
2. Fairy Tales And The Unconscious.....	9
3. The Modified Fairy Tale Test (MFTT) .....	13
4. Archetypes in Fairy Tales .....	17
5. Symbolism in Fairy Tales .....	21
6. Fairy Tales Interpretation.....	25
7. Women in Fairy Tales.....	27
8. Archetypes as a Helpful Tool to Understand Patients in Practice.....	33
9. Abusive Conflicts in Fairy Tales .....	35
10. Shadows in Fairy Tales.....	37
• Stories From Childhood.....	38
• Stories From Adult Life.....	39
11. Brothers Grimm's Contribution of Fairy Tales: An Overview.....	41
12. Oscar Wilde's Contribution: An Overview.....	43
13. Understanding Archetypes of Fairy Tales in Homoeopathic Materia Medica.....	45
14. Hansel And Gretel.....	51
• Homoeopathic Interpretation .....	57
• Hansel and Gretel.....	58
• Stepmother.....	60

	• Father.....	61
	• Witch .....	63
	• Cases for the Story of Hansel and Gretel.....	65
15.	Rumpelstiltskin.....	69
	• Homoeopathic Interpretation .....	73
	• Miller .....	74
	• King.....	74
	• Rumpelstiltskin .....	75
	• Miller's daughter .....	77
	• Cases for the Story of Rumpelstiltskin.....	78
16.	Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs.....	81
	• Homoeopathic Interpretation .....	86
	• Snow White .....	86
	• Stepmother.....	89
	• The Seven Dwarfs .....	92
	• Prince.....	94
	• Cases for the Story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs....	97
17.	Sleeping Beauty.....	101
	• Homoeopathic Interpretation .....	104
	• Sleeping Beauty .....	105
	• Wicked Fairy.....	106
	• Princess as the Archetype in Fairy Tales.....	108
	• Cases From the Story of Sleeping Beauty .....	111
18.	Little Red Riding Hood .....	115
	• Psycho-analysis of the Tale .....	119
	• Little Red Riding Hood v/s Hansel and Gretel .....	122
	• Cases for The Little Red Riding Hood.....	125
19.	The Little Mermaid.....	129
	• Homoeopathic Interpretation .....	138
	• Hero in Fairy Tales.....	141
20.	Villains in Fairy Tales .....	149
	• What does a villain do? .....	149
21.	Further Reading and Research....	173



## CHAPTER 16

# Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs

*There is no country in this world where the story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs has not been a part of kindergarten curriculum, or there are very few people in this world who would not have heard of who Snow White was. This story was published sometime in the year 1634. In some older version of the story, Snow White was also known as Snowdrop (named after a European flower which is white in colour and it blooms in winter making the other flowers envious of her as the rest of them are withered or shrivelled). Also when Walt Disney production did an animation film on Snow White, they named the female actor, Snowdrop.*

Below we narrate Grimm's fairy tale version, translated by Margaret Hunt, language modernized (a bit) by Leanne Guenther:

Once upon a time, long, long ago a King and Queen ruled over a distant land. The Queen was kind and lovely and all the people of the realm adored her. The only sadness in the Queen's life was that she wished for a child but did not have one. One winter day, the Queen was doing some needle work while gazing out her ebony window at the new fallen snow. A bird flew by the window startling the queen and she pricked her finger. A single drop of blood fell on the snow outside her window. As she looked at the blood on the snow she said to herself, "Oh, how I wish that I had a daughter that had skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony."

Soon after that, the kind Queen got her wish when she gave birth to a baby girl who had skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood and hair as black as

ebony. They named the baby princess Snow White, but sadly, the Queen died soon after giving birth to Snow White.

Soon after, the King married a new woman who was beautiful, but also proud and cruel. She had studied dark magic and owned a magic mirror, to which she would daily ask, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" The reply was always: "You are, your Majesty," until the dreadful day when she heard it say, "Snow White is the loveliest in the land." The stepmother was furious and wild with jealousy. She began plotting to get rid of



her rival. Calling one of her trusted servants, she bribed him with a rich reward to take Snow White into the forest, far away from the Castle. Then, unseen, he was to put her to death. The greedy servant, attracted by the reward, agreed to do this deed, and he led the innocent little girl away. However, when they came to the fatal spot, the man's courage failed him and leaving Snow White sitting beside a tree, he mumbled an excuse and ran off. Snow White was all alone in the forest.

Night came, but the servant did not return. Snow White, alone in the dark forest, began to cry bitterly. She thought she could feel terrible eyes spying on her, and she heard strange sounds and rustlings that made her heart thump. At last, overcome by tiredness, she fell asleep curled under a tree.

Snow White slept fitfully, waking from time to time with a start and staring into the darkness round her. Several times, she thought she felt something, or somebody touch her as she slept.

At last, dawn awoke the forest to the song of the birds, and Snow White too, awoke. A whole world was stirring to life and the little girl was glad to see how silly her fears had been. However, the thick trees were like a wall around her, and as she tried to find out where she was, she came upon a path. She walked along it, hopefully. On she walked till she came to a clearing. There stood a strange cottage, with a tiny door, tiny windows and a tiny chimney pot. Everything about the cottage was much tinier than it ought to be. Snow White pushed the door open.

"I wonder who lives here?" she said to herself, peeping around the kitchen. "What tiny plates and spoons! There must be seven of them, as the table's laid for seven people." Upstairs was a bedroom with seven neat little beds. Going back to the kitchen, Snow White suddenly got an idea, "I'll make them something to eat. When they come home, they'll be glad to find a meal ready." Towards dusk, seven tiny men marched homewards singing. But when they



opened the door, to their surprise they found a bowl of hot steaming soup on the table, and the whole house spick and span. Upstairs was Snow White, fast asleep on one of the beds. The chief dwarf prodded her gently.

"Who are you?" he asked. Snow White told them her sad story, and tears sprang to the dwarfs' eyes. Then one of them said, as he noisily blew his nose, "Stay here with us."

“Hooray! Hooray!” they cheered, dancing joyfully around the little girl. The dwarfs said to Snow White, “You can live here and tend to the house while we’re down in the mine. Don’t worry about your stepmother leaving you in the forest. We love you and we’ll take care of you!” Snow White gratefully accepted their hospitality, and next morning the dwarfs set off for work. But they warned Snow White not to open the door to strangers.

Meanwhile, the servant had returned to the castle, with the heart of a roe deer. He gave it to the cruel Stepmother, telling her it belonged to Snow White, so that he could claim the reward. Highly pleased, the Stepmother turned again to the magic mirror. But her hopes were dashed, for the mirror replied: “The loveliest in the land is still Snow White, who lives in the seven dwarfs’ cottage, down in the forest.” The Stepmother was besides herself with rage.

“She must die. She must die,” she screamed. Disguising herself as an old peasant woman, she put a poisoned apple with the others in her basket. Then, taking the quickest route into the forest, she crossed the swamp at the edge of the trees. She reached the bank unseen, just as Snow White stood waving goodbye to the seven dwarfs on their way to the mine.

Snow White was in the kitchen when she heard the sound at the door: KNOCK. KNOCK.

“Who’s there?” she called suspiciously, remembering the dwarf’s advice.

“I’m an old peasant woman selling apples,” came the reply.

“I don’t need any apples, thank you,” she said.

“But they are beautiful apples and ever so juicy!” said the velvety voice from outside the door.

“I’m not supposed to open the door to anyone,” said the little girl, who was reluctant to disobey her friends.

“And quite right too. Good girl. If you promised not to open up to strangers, then of course you can’t buy. But you are a good girl indeed, and as a reward for being good, I’m going to make you a gift of one of my apples.” Without

a further thought, Snow White opened the door just a tiny crack, to take the apple. "There! Now isn't that a nice apple?" Snow White bit into the fruit, and as she did, she fell to the ground thus fainting; the effect of the terrible poison left her lifeless instantaneously.

Now chuckling evilly, the wicked Stepmother hurried off. But as she ran back across the swamp, she tripped and fell into the quicksand. No one heard her cries for help, and she disappeared without a trace.

Meanwhile, the dwarfs came out of the mine to find the sky growing dark and stormy. Loud thunder echoed through the valleys and streaks of lightning ripped the sky. Worried about Snow White they ran as quickly as they could down the mountain to the cottage.

There they found Snow White, lying still and lifeless, the poisoned apple by her side. They did their best to bring her around, but it was to no avail.

They wept and wept for a long time. Then they laid her on a bed of rose petals, carried her into the forest and put her in a crystal coffin.

Each day they laid a flower there.

Then one evening, they discovered a strange young man admiring Snow White's lovely face through the glass. After listening to the story, the Prince made a suggestion, "If you allow me to take her to the Castle, I'll call in famous doctors to awaken her from this peculiar sleep. She's so lovely I'd love to kiss her!" He did, and as

