

PROVER 1 (MALE), remedy known, 1M

Dream 1:

Topic: gambling addiction. After 15 years I've realized, oh, I have a daughter. Before, trapped in gambling addiction, I didn't notice anything around me.

Dream 2:

We are riding in a bus to the top of a church via a spiral driveway on the outside. From the top we drive down again backwards and I'm thinking, we are getting faster, soon the bus will overturn. But this is just a (tourist) attraction, and we go backwards at full speed on to a huge car park. At first I looked away and then I consciously watched.

Then there is the next attraction, the Rhine, which flows past that place. It's smaller than in real life. In my dream it's more like a rivulet, like the Oker (*creek in Germany*) or similar.

Some people want to take a swim and so do I. I undress myself, my daughters have already jumped into the water; they can't swim by themselves; I quickly swim after them, into the middle of the river. I soon catch up with them and now easily manoeuvre through the water, crossing to the left shore. There we walk upstream through the water to join the others.

In between, a diver crosses my path... with a turbine driven device...he won't be able to get away (?)... (the rest is not readable or not known).

Dream 3:

I detect a tumour on my right testicle, it feels very real. I'm shocked and I can't decide what to do, what a thing! I wake up and I'm really happy that it was just a dream.

On waking a twitch goes through my body, as if I got electrocuted. But there is no pain.

AFTER 30C:

Dream 1:

I am in the Natural History Museum. I keep an eye on everything and do archiving. There are wooden shelves, with all sorts of boxes, everything is pretty old. There are squids with luminescent organs, with all sorts of dwarves in between; they look like garden gnomes or dwarves in fairy tales.

I get the message that a former classmate, who developed hydrocephalus after a long illness, has fallen down the stairs due to the hydrocephalus. I receive a message that she is dead. She is the second person out of my old class who has died within 48 hours.

Dream 2:

The situation is like a spring tide. I can see a sandbank that's quite wrecked; there is a woman – she must have lived there – and she cries. Her husband is behind her, he looks Russian and he doesn't speak my language. I give him a hug to console him; he lets it happen for a while before he pushes me away. All this happens in silence.

Then I am in a kind of bunker for soldiers, I am a soldier, too. We have our marching order but one of them forgets to close the windows. The next wave comes and everything is under water, one soldier even drowns. Then we get the order to pick up our stuff and not to forget our helmets. We leave. I think, "Hopefully I have finished packing and will find everything I need quickly".

PROVER 2 (FEMALE), 1M:

First night:

The whole night a feeling of complete clarity, but it wasn't focused on anything, like an empty room.

In the morning there is a feeling of being high, like having taken drugs.

Time is passing too slowly, everything takes a really long time. There is always fear to get lost in the car or to miss something. Everything appears out of proportion (huge) – it reminds me strongly of a cannabis trip.

While I am driving I am listening to Kate Bush and Santana and it feels like I am travelling far away (eternity) after a long night of partying.

Now I am in my clinic. Let's see what happens. There is a case I have got to take in a moment, oh God!

Mental work better. When I am outside I feel like walking on clouds, everything seems so unreal. Like a dream. A feeling I remember from night-watching.

At home: very tired, I have to lie down. Have a short nap, I could mooch around like that all day long.

Absolute silence is great.

A case in the afternoon, by then I was fit again.

I notice that every time I talk of myself I get confused. When I work mentally or when I am alone it is a lot better.

In the evening visitors are coming over. Again, I am totally confused. I think people can tell, I think I look wasted, I think everybody looks at me and will think that I have taken something (drugs). I explain immediately what is going on and that I am participating in a proving. Everybody looks at me with real surprise; obviously nobody is noticing that I am so confused. I check in the mirror later and I realize that I look completely normal.

Second night:

Slept really well. Wake up with my partner at around 4:00am. He says, "What was that? Probably an earthquake." I say, "Rubbish, that was not an earthquake, don't know what it was though. Maybe it was a bomb." We both fall asleep again.

No dreams, there is just this feeling of a deep, relaxing sleep.

I wake up feeling well in the morning and turn on the radio. They say there was an earthquake at 4:00am. I feel very relaxed and good, just fit.

The day passes in a more relaxed way than yesterday.

But a few things stayed with me:

No sense of time.

1. At 4pm I terminate a session with a patient because I realize that I won't have enough time. The next patient is already waiting outside. In the waiting room I come to realize that the next appointment is at 4:30pm.
2. I have to sign attendance in clinic. I was there from 2.45pm until 6.45pm, result = 3 hours.

Only later, already sitting in my car I realize that it was 4 hours. I had been wondering how I can learn so many new things in just 3 hours.

Poor spatial awareness.

On the highway I have to tell myself, "It's the right way, you always take this way". My thought before that was, "Where am I, did I get lost?"

In the car I have the feeling that my legs are falling asleep. I have to concentrate on my legs, I feel as though I don't have legs. I have to pay attention to what the body does.

I am still better when inside and when doing mental work.

General aggravation when outside.

Another noticeable thing: after case-taking I am very certain of what to prescribe. I don't do any repertorisation.

I also believe that my sense of smell is very sensitive. I find that everything seems to stink. Even I, after having taken a shower, oh God, that is just not on. The toilet, despite scrubbing; the house, the car, etc.

Third night, no remedy under the pillow any longer:

Slept well. But this night stood out: while dreaming I didn't know if it was true or not, so in principal it was the same like in the first night when I did have the remedy under my pillow.

I talked once during my sleep; I just remember that I talked to my daughter and gave her some whispered advice. I can't remember any more of this or any other dream.

Three days later:

During the last few days everything seemed to return to normal. At the end, my sense of smell was the most noticeable, meaning that it was over-sensitive. (I am aware of this in myself but not to such an extent).

Dreams: dealing with everyday life, sometimes I could not tell in my dreams if I was awake or dreaming.

Twice I had pain in my legs and my buttocks, like crushed, as if somebody had hit me with a wooden stick, mainly in the evening.

PROVER 3 (MALE), 200C:

Dream (image) I:

While falling asleep I can hear a man screaming... like Tarzan. It is repeated three times, but it rather sounds like a man being tortured! It's scary. It turns out to be the crow of the next door's rooster, which is obviously confused and just makes some noise after midnight. The tune is like 'G-F sharp-E-D' and I think of 'F-E-D-C-D' in my head and remember Barry Ryan's 'Eloise'.

Dream (image) II:

My knees and lower legs feel like crushed, literally: like the legs of a criminal, which have been broken as a punishment. (I think there is a record of this somewhere in the bible).

The whole night I slept very deep and better than normal. The next memorable dream image I had in the morning at 6:00am.

Dream (image) III:

Somebody wants to travel by train, but to no avail. The trains are not running. Somebody has fragmented the rails and cut them into 80-100cm pieces, which now lie on and around the railway. (Mind you, I saw something about a convicted railway assassin on the news two days ago).

Dream IV:

I have to hand in a so-called legionnaire's report. On my left there is an old statue, on my right, literally Julius Cesar in person. Surprising myself I say: "I don't want to hand in my report sitting between a broken statue and a gay commander." But then a woman with nearly bare breasts positions herself between the two, a "Schlichtrakupumpe" (*not a real word*), (I don't know the meaning of this word). She is standing there like Justicia herself with arms bent at her sides and palms facing upward. Now I can report.

Dream V:

I want to buy return tickets to the West at the Berlin Hauptbahnhof (*central station*). Before that I run into some aggressive hooligans and dossers, but I am not intimidated, instead I send them to the desert (that's the expression in my dream). The ticket lady is very friendly. Behind her sliding window there is a kitchen rather than a checkout counter. She advises me not to take the first train in the morning because autumn is the high season and most trains are overcrowded at this time. A seat reservation is not possible at this stage. But I want to take exactly the first train in the morning, at 7:30am – that was the one I took last time, too. The ticket costs 260 Marks and after a little to-ing and fro-ing (accidentally I gave her 270 Marks) the money is right. The ticket is smaller, handwritten, like a simple register receipt; it is also a little wet because the ticket lady was working at the sink before and she had wet hands when she gave me the ticket.

The journey to the West is like a car rally. There is no train but, instead, many old-timers drive in both directions (East and West) on windy dual-carriage roads, which are only divided by a white line in the middle. I don't drive an old-timer myself, I drive an R4 (*very old, small Renault, from the 80's*). It really is the West, the Wild West. Western towns with saloons line the sides of the road, the streets are sandy, dusty and unpaved. It is difficult to get petrol. There are dangerous overtaking manoeuvres, with ghost motorists driving against the traffic. There are ghost towns, too.

In between times I have a break and there is that nice ticket lady again cooking Spaghetti Bolognese. Being the nice person I am I help with removing the dishes. I put my plate and my little spoon into a big, empty pan and take them to the sink where I leave them to soak. This is not common in the Wild West, it is a gentlemen's gesture (it may look a bit 'soft' to the ranchers present).

Around noon, while walking, I feel a shooting, pulling pain in the tendons of the back of my right knee, as though somebody has hit it with a club.

After I was told what the remedy was I had to think of a particular joke about the CDU (*conservative party in Germany*) and Schaeuble (*member of that party. He's wheelchair-bound*): lies have short legs (*sic*).

[The prover sent me his journal together with two cases of *Psilocybe caerulescens*, a Mexican drug derived from mushrooms].

PROVER 4 (FEMALE), 1M

Dream:

My partner and I have moved into this super apartment. It has got two levels, there is a galley kitchen, then the stairs lead to a gallery and from there to the bedrooms. We decorated everything in a really beautiful way, just perfect.

Then we were coming back from the city to our apartment and were looking forward to it when my partner saw a woman in a wheelchair on the other side of the road. He ran over and hugged the woman. They both came across and he introduced the woman to me. She

was about my age, maybe a little bit older. It's an old friend, said my partner, we have known each other for ages, but there was never anything erotic or anything like that. She will live with us now.

I replied that I have a say in this, too. No, he replied, you either accept that she lives with us or you can leave now. I said, she can't even walk, how will she use the gallery? But he insisted. I packed my stuff and believed that now he would give in, but he let me go. From that moment I saw both of them together everywhere, shopping, in the city, everywhere. Then I was in a feedlot, I had to take away a horse (comment: prover rides horses in real life). There they were, she in her wheelchair and he next to her in the grass. I said to the horse: ok, now you run her over!

There was such a feeling of jealousy and especially of a complete lack of understanding.

The woman had dark hair, she had a horrible laugh, I could have punched her in the face. I would have loved to say all these awful things to her, like 'cripple' etc.

Location: it looked like Norderney (*Island in the North of Germany*), but it was not Norderney.

On waking I had a totally sad and empty feeling inside of me. It took me a long time to realise that it was only a dream, that my partner is lying next to me and that everything is alright.

I dreamed a lot more after that but I couldn't remember the dreams. On night I woke up and remembered all my dreams but in the morning they were gone again.

When I took it once again, I didn't dream much any more. Stress about carnival, I have never slept much, I was really exhausted.

My partner said that I had become more and more distant to him, that he was no longer important, he felt neglected. There was a big fight, we almost separated.

PROVER 5 (FEMALE), 1M:

First night:

A large festive spread, a family party with many relatives and friends, the "official" part is over, some people are still sitting at the table – outside – Mediterranean atmosphere, really relaxed, everybody satisfied with everything.

I create a drink out of Mum's fantastic, homemade apricot jam and hot water – sweet, hot, delicious – I put my feet on the white tablecloth, slurp my drink appreciatively – the afternoon sun is comfortably warm and I am thinking: how nice to be an adult and having proved that you can do it (table manners!).

Then you can let yourself go and just enjoy things.

The others watch what I am doing, they chat and think it is ok.

At the same party there are heaps of children of all ages. Only some of them know each other but they 'find' one another whilst playing. They play outside near the house where

our party is taking place. We, the adults, can hear them but we are on the first floor of the house.

We can see them from a balcony; they are fully intent on running around and playing.

As I look down because there is screaming I notice that they have swapped clothes and I can't separate one from another.

My three-year-old daughter gets kicked during the play – there is screaming – but then I realize that it is not her, another child is wearing her stuff. I am a little confused but I think that it is an interesting idea.

Second dream:

I sit at a table with my older and younger brother, again some official occasion.

We have not seen each other for many months; I am sitting across from them.

I have to keep on looking at my older brother and I am stunned and think; "What's with him? He's smiling the whole time, he looks 15 years younger, he is totally relaxed and happy. I can't explain it, he's probably in love."

I ask him and but he denies everything and says; "Life is just beautiful."

It feels good, but I have the feeling that they are keeping something from me and I feel left out and distant.

Second night:

Dream 1:

I drive with my best friend and my two daughters to my parents' home in Austria. My Mum is not home. I feel a bit insecure about how she will react to my friend and his friend and girlfriend, who have come along as well.

(In real life my Mum grieves a lot about my Dad, who died about a year ago).

My Mum comes home and looks completely different: a lot younger, hair dyed red, new hairstyle, and she says hello in a nice and open manner even to the strangers.

(It's conspicuous that the friend and girlfriend of my best friend both have fiery red hair).

A party starts to happen out of nowhere; more and more people arrive; they move freely inside the house; food and drinks have been supplied; everybody helps themselves. There is a huge table where people sit, eat and talk in a very casual manner.

I don't know anybody except for a woman (somebody whom I've met recently in real life – a red-head), who lectures us on how beautiful reddish golden hair is and that only men with red hair would suit red-headed women.

My Mum stays away from all the business, she doesn't look after her guests. The only thing she proudly talks about is what a piece of art her new bedroom is and – like in a museum – everybody is allowed to have a look.

Then I say that I have to go to my piano lesson and I tell her to please look after the kids (my last piano lesson was 20 years ago). But she talks so much that I have to literally tear myself away and I am running late. I decide within myself to terminate the piano lessons.

Dream 2:

A large bedroom with several people asleep in it.

I spend the night with a new friend's husband. I've met them and their two kids recently in real life as well.

One of the kids also sleeps in our bed which is very big.

His wife sleeps on the opposite side to us in a single bed.

I am very concerned that my friend will wake up and find her husband in my bed. But he does not make a big effort to be quiet, he doesn't seem to care.

I constantly look over at her, my conscience is killing me and I am sad to be in such a situation. I am totally torn between guilt and enjoyment.

There were more dreams. First when I woke up I had the feeling that I wouldn't remember anything, but I keep on remembering many fragments, I just can't put them together.

There is one sequence at our Alpine hut in Saalbach (*Austria*) (we've owned it for 30 years and my parents have made a huge effort to renovate and maintain it).

Everything was strange there, different, new. I was very confused and unhappy, because I could not orientate myself.

Body:

I've had a latent cold for about 2-3 weeks: a little scratch in the throat and the feeling of having a cold. Since yesterday "everything is coming out" (first contact with the remedy).

Pain in the throat on swallowing, more on the right side. This morning I had a persistent cough between 6am and 7am with pain behind the sternum, rawness, a lot of discharge, yellow green. I had the desire to breathe the warmth under my blanket; otherwise there was the urge to cough with every inhalation.

Nostrils are blocked alternately.

Much white-yellowish discharge from the eyes. Feeling of malaise with flushes of heat when moving.

PROVER 6 (FEMALE), 1M:

During the time I had the remedy under my pillow I was very restless and I thought I hadn't slept at all though I did. I thought I was awake all night but I did sleep.

Dream 1:

I was in a forest with someone, a large area had been cleared or it had been destroyed by a storm, there were many fallen trees and roots. In this area there was a market with many stalls, they all sold meat and sausages, half pigs, all sorts of things, but only meat. It was entirely a meat market.

Dream 2:

I am on board a ship and I am looking for the captain to get my orders. I am searching for him but behind every door that I am opening there are more doors. Finally I get to a balcony; there are a lot of dividing walls behind which I can see people; they are wearing thick, white cotton socks. Nobody responds to my yelling and nobody is able to help me find the captain. I couldn't recognize these people by their faces as these were hidden behind the walls. But there was a gap at the bottom of the walls, that's why I could only see the white cotton socks.

Dream 3:

We are in an underground cave; in this cave there is a lake. Every now and then the lake heaves as though there is a storm on the water; then funnels appear within the lake. The man (sic) doesn't know himself anymore; he wants to jump into the funnel in order to get to the bottom of the lake. He suspects a Chinese treasure down there. He is aware of the fact that he might die. Nevertheless he risks it; I don't hold him back and I don't expect him to come back again. Then, after some time, he reappears; dry, full of energy and not at all exhausted and he shows me an old Etagere (large plates at the bottom, smaller plates higher up and so on), it is beautiful and painted black and gold. Each plate has an old ship painted on it: one ship has four or five masts. Another ship is decorated with black and golden mountings. We both believe that this ship really existed once upon a time and that it must have sunk. We suspect this ship still lies where he has dived.

Dream 4:

Somebody emptied his rubbish bag in my apartment, with all its contents.

PROVER 7 (FEMALE), 1M:

I had a lot of confusing dreams, but could not really remember a single one of them.

PROVER 8 (FEMALE), 1M:

The whole time I crept around the remedy but I did not dare to put it under my pillow. I always came up with a new excuse.

THEMES

Addiction/drugs

Topic: gambling addiction. After 15 years I've realized, oh, I have a daughter. Before, trapped in gambling addiction, I didn't notice anything around me. #1

In the morning there is a feeling of being high, like having taken drugs. #2

...Everything appears out of proportion (huge) – it reminds me strongly of a cannabis trip. #2

While I am driving I am listening to Kate Bush and Santana and it feels like I am travelling far away (eternity) after a long night of partying. #2

...I think people can tell, I think I look wasted, I think everybody looks at me and will think that I have taken something (drugs). #2

[The prover sent me his journal together with two cases of *Psilocybe caerulescens*, a Mexican drug derived from mushrooms]. #3

Punch, stick.

On waking a twitch goes through my body, as if I got electrocuted. #1

Twice I had pain in my legs and my buttocks, like crushed, as if somebody had hit me with a wooden stick, mainly in the evening.

My knees and lower legs feel like crushed, literally: like the legs of a criminal, which have been broken as a punishment. #3

Around noon, while walking, I feel a shooting, pulling pain in the tendons of the back of my right knee, as though somebody has hit it with a club. #3

Distance to others

I give him a hug to console him; he lets it happen for a while before he pushes me away. All this happens in silence. #1

My partner said that I had become more and more distant to him, that he was no longer important, he felt neglected. There was a big fight, we almost separated. #4

It feels good, but I have the feeling that they are keeping something from me and I feel left out and distant. #5

Dimensions displaced

Then there is the next attraction, the Rhine, which flows past that place. It's smaller than in real life. In my dream it's more like a rivulet, like the Oker (*creek in Germany*) or similar. #1

...with all sorts of dwarves in between; they look like garden gnomes or dwarves in fairy tales. #1

...Everything appears out of proportion (huge)...#2

Time is passing too slowly, everything takes a really long time. #2

No sense of time.

1. At 4pm I terminate a session with a patient because I realize that I won't have enough time. The next patient is already waiting outside. In the waiting room I come to realize that the next appointment is at 4:30pm.
2. I have to sign attendance in clinic. I was there from 2.45pm until 6.45pm, result = 3 hours.

Only later, already sitting in my car I realize that it was 4 hours. I had been wondering how I can learn so many new things in just 3 hours. #2

Poor spatial awareness. #2

Wheelchair – legs gone

In the car I have the feeling that my legs are falling asleep. I have to concentrate on my legs, I feel as though I don't have legs. #2

My knees and lower legs feel like crushed, literally: like the legs of a criminal, which have been broken as a punishment. #3

After I was told what the remedy was I had to think of a particular joke about the CDU (*conservative party in Germany*) and Schaeuble (*member of that party. He's wheelchair-bound*): lies have short legs (*sic*). #3

...my partner saw a woman in a wheelchair on the other side of the road. #4

“Howler”

While falling asleep I can hear a man screaming... like Tarzan. It is repeated three times, but it rather sounds like a man being tortured! It's scary. It turns out to be the crow of the next door's rooster, which is obviously confused and just makes some noise after midnight. The tune is like 'G-F sharp-E-D' and I think of 'F-E-D-C-D' in my head and remember Barry Ryan's 'Eloise'. #3

We, the adults, can hear them but we are on the first floor of the house. #5

Lack of orientation

On the highway I have to tell myself, "It's the right way, you always take this way". My thought before that was, "Where am I, did I get lost?" #2

Everything was strange there, different, new. I was very confused and unhappy, because I could not orientate myself. #5

Am I dreaming or am I awake?

During the time I had the remedy under my pillow I was very restless and I thought I hadn't slept at all though I did. I thought I was awake all night but I did sleep. #6

Danger of drowning

Every now and then the lake heaves as though there is a storm on the water; then funnels appear within the lake. The man (sic) doesn't know himself anymore; he wants to jump into the funnel in order to get to the bottom of the lake. He suspects a Chinese treasure down there. He is aware of the fact that he might die. #6