

Observation: In general I observed that the dreams were not dramatic. Everything was slow and peaceful, nearly without sound (except for a few sentences). I had very clear and vivid images of the people even if I didn't know them.

PROVER 12, MALE (37 years old)

I received the medicine in the evening before the course – kept it in my jacket pocket. After the course (*I went*) to the pub, unusually cheerful and lively. I had two beers and reeled like drunk on the way to my car.

Back at the apartment; there were five messages on my answer-phone. When I listened to them again the next day I noticed that they were all confused; one patient, for instance, called twice because she could not recall her phone number correctly at the first attempt. She said, "I am off my head today!" When she called again she first gave a wrong area code. Another patient left the following message, "I am just being admitted to the Sonnenberg Psychiatric Unit in Saarbrücken". The mother of yet another patient said that she was supposed to call me that night however that had not been agreed. Strange accumulation of confusion! In my apartment I have a sense of threat, dark, alone, probably mainly because of the Sonnenberg patient (amongst other things).

When I was going to sleep I started thinking about eunuchs. I asked myself how I would feel if I cut off my testicles. I imagine it vividly and nearly experience some pain.

Short stitches, upper edge and middle of shoulder, left trapezius.

Nose: Odour like powder, cardboard.

On waking, the word 'falling' (*German: Fallen*) occurs in a number of variations; (*German: Ab-Fallen*) "to fall off; to drop back; to break with; to break away; to drop out; to fall away".

Dream: A long dream – I cannot remember the first part.

Atmosphere: like a street riot; I am in a group of three, we feel strong as though we are heroes. It is night, we are waiting for a retaliation from the police; (*it is*) dangerous; will we be able to reach the safety of the apartment? Image: a dark area (factory grounds); at one end there are two fire engines; that means they are coming! Another image: we have to traverse an old large yard enclosed by walls, like a graveyard; the police is there – they let us pass but shoot at others with green nuts shaped like hazelnuts; (*I am*) glad that they are not bothering with us, a narrow escape. But with it an uneasy feeling as we pretended that we had nothing to do with it to save our skins; we reach a passage like a corridor in a train, on the right (*there is*) a room like a train compartment, half of it is barred with grilles. L. (the eight-year-old daughter of a friend) and a baby are in there; they have slept there and it seems that they are locked up. L. wants to go with us but how can she get out of the barred

room? I say, "But you don't have a key!" It's baffling. She simply climbs over the bars and fetches the key from the anteroom. I think, "Strange! What does she need a key for now?" She says that her daddy is lying in the other room; he also came in at night ahead of the police; she is worried, a bit frantic, like children are when they are worried about their dad. He has extended areas of blue discolouration on his right hip and along the outside of his right leg, the shade of blue like that of the Schlümpfe (*German kids' television characters*), but with a metallic sheen, like a large haematoma due to injury but it is not too bad; then I see that L.'s neck has the same discolouration on the right side.

Image: We arrive at the apartment; many strangers are coming there, too, looking for protection.

It is day again. I have the sensation of not having slept at all but nevertheless I feel fit – fantastic! A bit heroic!

New image: The next morning, a parking lot (similar to the one in Metzger Street), large, with benches, trees. There are two people who have come from a lecture at the homoeopathic congress in Saarbrücken which is taking place just then; they talk about it; my feeling: they haven't got much of a clue. I have to change in the parking lot, my clothes are dirty from the night before; it is as though I am trying to destroy evidence. When I take my trousers off I am naked for a short while and I feel uncomfortable, somebody could see me – because my penis is so small and shrivelled – in a public place!

After getting up: the night was a short one, I woke up before the alarm clock – I am in a feverish, excited frame of mind because I am supposed to remember everything and must not forget anything. My brain feels fit; normally I feel totally worn out and shattered on waking.

Back from town: (*I am*) in a strange mood all the time. On the one hand (*there is*) a feeling of threat – for example a police siren feels spooky, like shadows of the night – is mixed up with the feeling I had at home last night, alone in the dark apartment after the call from the Sonnenberg patient. In the entry hall I am scared for a short moment, there is something menacing in the dark hall.

On the other hand, as though my sexual energy, my sexual charisma, is enhanced. In town I feel that women react to this energy, they look at me. I am more open, I get to the point, I am less reticent when I introduce myself, more direct! Even yesterday, in the pub, it was already like this. I could have it off without restraint!

At the supermarket the music touched me, a slow "mystic" piece. All in all (*I feel*) like in a dream world.

(*I am*) unusually hungry, also yesterday after the course.

All day long: more decisive, greater clarity, assertiveness, more masculine energy.

Suddenly I realised my problem with money: when I was a child I stole money from my mother; I just lusted after buying something for myself. Because I had a bad conscience I bought a present for her; even nowadays she will talk about this full of emotion. It is awful that I pretended I was doing something for her out of love. I have often remembered this over the years but its deeper significance for my life never “dawned” on me until now. I keep on thinking of it all week; I feel the need to talk things out with her and to apologise.

Dream: I am getting involved with a woman friend that I have known for years; we are having sex. Her partner comes to know about it. He threatens me, throws small objects at me. On the one hand he scares me and I want to flee. On the other hand I can't take him seriously; he is ridiculous; his rage is not expressed fully against me; it is checked by a kind of impotent helplessness and directed inward, a bit insane. I vacillate between being afraid and making fun of him.

On waking I am rather disturbed and full of consternation about my behaviour in the dream; feeling guilty.

In the evening in bed: for a short time (*I had*) the sensation as though the inside of my cranium is very large, like a large room (I thought of a cathedral); with this I feel dizzy for a short while as though losing consciousness.

Dream: There was a triangle, the image of a triangle on a lawn, a “magic” triangle. The union of three gives strength. Even in the dream during the first night we were three. Association: the “magic” triangle of the Stuttgart football club (Bobic, Balakov, Elber – *players*).

Dream: A box, buried in the sand near the sea, the water washes around it. I thought, this contains something dangerous, radioactive stuff, it needs to be taken away. There were many people, I wanted to find the box but someone else found it. As we opened it there were many tools, small pieces, more than 100 years old, nearly like ornaments with a subtle, soft, metallic lustre.

In the morning in town: again I have the feeling of being direct. On the one hand (*there is*) direct communication – I look at someone and – just like that! – I get to talking with strangers. This I only get rarely, when I am on form. Since the first night I am finding that strangers just talk to me. It is very easy to have contact, I don't need to do anything, it just happens. An example: I am living in this house since one year. On the first floor there lives a woman who is pretty disturbed. Except for “Hello” we haven't had any contact so far. Last week she asked me whether I could drive her to the forest; today she told me that she is pregnant. Women follow me with their eyes. (*I have*) more self-confidence. I feel attractive towards women. Feeling: it is so easy!

Directness also manifests in this way: I want something and – just like that – I achieve it, it just happens. Example: I am currently looking for a job. I sit in a café, get to talking to

someone and he says, "You can mow my lawn for DM 20 per hour." Similarly at the employment office: I just have to press some keys on the computer and immediately I get some job offers. Life is fun this way!

(There is) a certain tendency to get overexcited: while cycling I am too careless – today I nearly ran into a car because I was going too fast, too eager for action, a kind of overshooting carelessness. I am hungry for adventure and have little motivation to sit at my desk and work.

In the evening at the course: sensation that I am getting ill. *(There are)* too many people; again the slight anticipation of something menacing. In the evening in bed: I have a sharper perception of shadows in the room. Shadow world.

Dream: A truck, like a tractor, the front cab without the trailer, is trying to drive down a very steep mountain track through snow and slippery ice. There are many of us. Where we are standing the track is even steeper. Our baggage is in the truck. While it is coming closer the relief driver is hurling our bags towards us. We are trying to collect them. It is dangerous, the truck will be upon us at any moment. I run towards it. Then it is upon us, skidding. Surprise, but also fear: I had not anticipated that it could hit me because I was running in the middle of the track. The driver avoids me, then the truck is past. It looks as though it is sliding down the mountainside – it is tearing down – but the driver succeeds to pull up at the last moment. We are relieved and grateful to the driver.

In the morning on waking a perception: waking is the transition from dreaming to the world of consciousness. In the borderland of the transition there are remains of the ocean of dreams, an area where both overlap, like waves that break upon the beach. Since the beginning of the proving I have more to do with people that are on the border of mental imbalance; this seems to be the common denominator. In the morning at the café there are two bullies, they appear really menacing. In the afternoon I go to the fair with the children: a friend of my daughter gets beaten up – she is totally traumatised.

In bed at night: oppression of the heart, strong palpitations through the upper torso while at rest, < from motion, cardiac anxiety, restlessness. This is familiar albeit uncommonly strong but there is a possible explanation: since I went on a cycling tour that lasted several days in great summer heat a few years ago, I've had the sensation that my heart was damaged. Today I struggled up a steep mountain, which I am not used to.

Dream: A man, whom I know from my work at the community centre and who has been quadriplegic since a car accident, has been bitten by a snake. In my dream I was spending his last minutes with him. He was dying but very calm; it was clear that nothing could be done for him. Only at the end did I have the idea that there could be an anti-venom and I thought, where can I get this in a hurry? At the same time it was impossible to obtain it so quickly. Strangely enough I knew that he had been bitten by an Elaps.

I have decided not to sleep on the remedy any longer. I am getting more and more scared at what is happening or what could happen. I went around and about in the morning: I had a near-accident with my car; another car came shooting out of a parking space, I was just able to break at the last moment. I am driving extremely carefully. I have the very strong feeling that I have to be especially cautious – it is really dangerous – or I'll have an accident; something fateful could happen; "fate is taking its course!" I am restless, yes, afraid, with oppression of the heart. As though I have strayed into magic thoughtlessly and have given rise to something. My mood has a touch of menace, magic, power. A little like the sorcerer's apprentice: the spirits that I raised won't leave me alone. I need peace and quiet, I am unable to be amongst people because I quickly feel unwell.

Since the proving I have strong palpitations when lying down, < from motion, an uncomfortable fluttering sensation; a threat, feeling that something is wrong with my heart. This is familiar from last autumn when I was ill. I thought that it was due to drinking coffee. However, it is still a bit mysterious. Possibly it is connected with the proving.

PROVER 13, MALE (39 years old)

Dream: At a swimming pool with a tropical ambience – palms, UV-light, fountains here and there, beautifully heated, artificial waterfall, etc. (I've never been in a place like this; sensation: pleasant, relaxed, quiet) – there are several people that I know, however, later on I can only identify one of them. This is a good acquaintance from a while ago with whom I have not had any contact since about fifteen years.

The last memory: I am treading on a pointed object (glass or similar); I lie down on a lounge and this acquaintance pulls the object out of my foot. At that moment I wake up because I experience a pain.

Observation: I had the hots for this woman, I had probably always wanted to take up with her; I had met her a few weeks previously but had not talked to her then.

Then I fall asleep again and shortly afterwards I hear the phone ring. I wake up again but I cannot say whether this was a dream or whether the phone has really rung.

During this night I had a number of dream fragments, however I couldn't remember them in the morning. In the evening I did not fall asleep for a long time; this is rather unusual (I lay awake for at least two hours though I was tired; I tossed and turned, I felt irritated because I had to get up early in the morning).

Dream: I am in the apartment of an acquaintance with several other people. Somebody is constantly walking around with a mobile in his hand. I ask this 'Somebody' to give me some coaching in maths because of our upcoming matriculation (this is actually 18 years ago).

Observation: I have this dream about the matriculation frequently; normally I always wake up covered in perspiration but not this time. I recognise the room, the private apartment, because of its slanting ceilings, the marble table and large massive armchairs. The guy with the mobile kept on running about, he didn't have time to listen to me, I think that I then turned pushy and nervous.

Next morning my left earlobe (where I have an earring) is inflamed. This happens every few months. After four nights I stop the proving. During this time I have a number of other dreams which I can, however, not remember the next morning. Also: inflammation of the lymph nodes in my axillae, they hurt but again I tend to get this every so often. It was unusual that it happened exactly at this time and then disappeared again after the proving.

PROVER 14, MALE (38 years old)

Dream: I was standing at the ski lift (a lift that pulls you) and wanted a ride. However, the lift was broken. Then a tractor, painted in many colours (mainly red), was substituted to pull all the skiers up the mountain with a long rope. However, somehow I got up the mountain by myself. When I took off downhill I saw the tractor come up with all the skiers. On the other side of the mountain there must have been an avalanche which I did not see (the snow was all stirred up, firm snow which does not stick together and is not so smooth). I climbed up on the snowfield and saw dozens of sunglasses on the pass (the sunglasses were strewn around an area of five to ten metres, some half-buried in the snow, some with a bit showing, others deeper or totally covered).

Dream: I helped an acquaintance with the launching preparations for a rocket that was to carry a live passenger (a monkey, brown like a rhesus monkey; the monkey was put on board through a hatch). The rocket was about 2 metres long and was fixed via two thin wires to a cement pillar (like pillars common in double-garages; behind it my acquaintance was tinkering with the rocket). I thought, what nonsense! Nevertheless I assisted him. At the end we had to manually adjust the rocket's position (it was tilted to one side when we started the count-down; I put both my arms around it to straighten it up). I was wondering... Then the lights (orange-red) started to blink across the whole area to indicate take-off. Only now I realised that this was a military compound. From about 50 metres away, behind a stone wall, we watched the rocket take off; it looked rather larger than before. I wondered why it was so large. Shortly after take-off the rocket turned downwards and exploded on the ground. A low, broad fireball was coming towards us. We threw ourselves down.

Observation: Feeling: scared! A gigantic explosion and then fire coming at you, you fear for your life. After that I woke up. My first thought after waking was: what a lot of trash I have dreamed. I was no longer afraid because I knew that it had only been a dream.

During the proving I woke up a lot but always fell asleep again immediately; tossing and turning. My sleep was superficial; when I haven't had a good night's sleep I am tired in the morning and want to stay asleep longer.

PROVER 15, FEMALE (35 years old – remedy known)

I go to bed tired hoping for a good, deep sleep like the night before. After a short while I am lying in bed totally wound-up, the same sensation as after drinking coffee, albeit without the press of thoughts. I am trying to drop off and eventually I fall into a light, superficial, sleep, aware of every noise. In the morning I wake up at the first sound of my alarm clock; I don't feel shattered as I do after sleeping badly due to coffee consumption. I am immediately aware and fit.

Dream: I am sitting in my office, a relatively small room. Constantly more desks and colleagues arrive though they don't belong to my department. We are sitting very cramped (*the room*) is totally overcrowded and becomes fuller and fuller). Suddenly someone connects a workstation to a power outlet which turns bright red and starts to sizzle; everybody shrinks back.

Observation: Sensation: shock, fear, shrinking back, paralysing fear; everybody is huddling together. Somebody pulls out the plug; relief, we had thought that it was going to explode. The crush (*in the office*) I just took note of.

Dream: A colleague tells me that his wife is pregnant; after that I am away on holiday for two weeks. When I return two people have died. The child – somebody from the homoeopathy course gave her an injection that was supposed to help... now they are both dead and someone is missing from the office. Feeling: disappointed and sad; the incident with the child was terrible.

Observation: One or one-and-a-half days later I had already forgotten my dreams. Last night the same sensation as on the first day: as though I had drunk coffee; more (*noticeable*) heart beat.

PROVER 16, MALE (age unknown)

In the evening I buried the remedy in my pillow. In the morning I awoke one hour too early – that never happens. I fell asleep again but only for short periods; I didn't dream anything that I can remember.

After the next night I awoke half an hour too early; slight headache, no dreams.

Dream: I had my television set valued, I don't know why. I was looking through the user instructions. S7 was on the right side, S97 on the left. Somebody said, "That's correct". Melanie was standing beside me. The user instructions were also a catalogue; the walkman – the same that my nephew had received as a communion gift – cost DM 605 (*in reality*) DM 40). The questions "Why" occurred several times. I wondered why I was doing all this.

During the next night I awoke several times and fell asleep again having a different dream each time.

Dream: Court hearing with a jury; I am the defence counsel.

Observation: I don't know any more. (*It may be*) from a film I saw yesterday. The other dreams disappeared immediately. In one of them there was an issue about my possibly becoming a head of department at INI. But the dream was very hazy when I woke up. I am currently having some stress at work.

Dream: A gigantic cave with an underground city and the quotation: "The city swallows everything."

Observation: I rarely dream of such things, somehow it's a feeling of threat. Everything is without context.

Then several dreamless nights. My nose is blocked.

Dream: Of a pink cheese covered in icing sugar. Unfortunately I can't remember more.

Then, for the first time I have neck pain already in the morning (I often get it during the day or towards evening. I feel as though my head is a bit congested, a light cold. A slightly sore throat during the next few days (I never get that); it really hurt on swallowing; it disturbed me.

PROVER 17, FEMALE (24 years old)

Unfortunately I dreamed nothing. In general, I only dream rarely but when I do I can remember it really well.

Mind you, my cat that stays in my room at night could not make friends with the remedy at all. It tried constantly to pull the pillow from under my head. It has become rather aggressive and "wound-up" (as though under the influence of drugs) while normally it is rather sleepy, being quite an old cat.

THEMES

Deception – being cheated and betrayed

To conceal, camouflage, underground, hidden ⇔ un/discovered, to track down

Keys – ornaments/jewellery, treasure

Unavoidable, fate takes its course – the path that is shown ends at the top or something comes to the surface, then one is in danger

Contradictions that cannot be reconciled, e.g. a stinking odourless gas; a steep plain

Danger – threat/menace

To be put to any work, literally: “to be put in front of every cart” – liberating oneself from a handicap