

THE TRITURATION OF TABACUM CUBENSIS (CUBAN CIGAR TOBACCO)



Petra Wood RSHom
14th May 2011
at the
Welsh School of Homoeopathy

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, "Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, and fabulous?" Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone and as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give others permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.

Marianne Williamson

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Foreword

The trituration of *Tabacum cubensis* took place at the Welsh School of Homoeopathy in Carmarthen, West Wales, on Saturday 14th May 2011. A trituration does not follow the standards set for a Hahnemannian proving, and a number of “only” 6 triturators will obviously only give a glance into the depth of this remedy, however, it is my hope that homoeopaths will feel enabled to use the remedy *Tabacum/Tabacum cubensis* in a deeper way.

The themes from the trituration as well as an overview of mental/emotional and physical symptoms are explained in the chapter on *Tabacum cubensis*.

The complete transcripts from the triturators can be found in the Appendix, together with a more expanded version of quotes in relation to themes, rubrics and physical symptoms. I decided to include all the information, to enable every individual homoeopath to find the answers and quotes they may be looking for. Thanks to the electronic format of this document, the information can be provided without additional cost.

I would like to hear from anybody who prescribed *Tabacum/Tabacum cubensis* in a different way, following on from the information from this trituration. Please feel free to contact me:

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The remedy *Tabacum cubensis* is available from Helios Homoeopathic Pharmacy in Tunbridge Wells.

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Thank you to Linda Gwillim for wholeheartedly supporting my journey with *Tabacum cubensis*.

Thank you to the triturators for joining in this journey.

Thank you to my colleagues who have done triturations before and since, for sharing their experience.

Petra Wood, April 2013

Nicotiana Tabacum

Botanical Information

Tobacco is a plant of the Solanaceae or Nightshade family, which includes about 96 genera of herbs, shrubs and trees. The Nightshades are present around the world (except for the arctic areas), but their principal centre lies in the Andes of South America.¹

Several members of the Nightshade family have narcotic and hallucinogenic properties, and therefore medicinal value, e.g. Belladonna, Stramonium, Hyoscyamus and Mandragora. Other members are of huge importance in food production, e.g. tomatoes (*Solanum lycopersicum*), potatoes (*S. tuberosum*), capsicum (sweet pepper and chilli) or eggplant (*S. melongena*).

Tobacco (*Nicotiana tabacum*) is of huge economic value worldwide: "Revenues from global tobacco sales are estimated to be close to \$500bn (£316bn), generating combined profits for the six largest firms of \$35.1bn – more than \$1,100 a second."²

Nicotiana is part of the Solanaceae subfamily of Nicotianoideae, whilst the other members of the Solanaceae used as food and/or in homoeopathy belong to the sister-subfamily of Solanoideae.

The genus *Nicotiana* includes some 65 species of annual and perennial herbs and shrubs, many used in gardens for ornamental purposes. They are native to North and South America as well as Polynesia and Australia.³

The two species referred to as tobacco are *Nicotiana tabacum* and *Nicotiana rustica*.

N. tabacum is the species grown commercially for cigars, cigarettes etc. *N. rustica* contains far more nicotine and also other alkaloids, which enhance the action of nicotine on the body, making it a far more powerful drug. In historic references to tobacco it is hard to distinguish which of the two species is referred to. However, due to its more powerful nature, it can be assumed that *N. rustica* has had a more prominent role in ritual work. *N. rustica* is the species that was cultivated by native North American Indians.⁴

N. tabacum is an annual plant, growing from 1 to 1.5 m high (3 to 5 foot). It has a thick stem from which leaves grow in a rising spiral. The flowers are white, pink or red and funnel shaped.⁵



¹ Vermeulen, Prisma, p. 221.

² Bowers, Guardian 22/3/2012.

³ Vermeulen, Prisma, p. 1327.

⁴ See Pitt.

⁵ Vermeulen, Prisma, p. 1327.

Cultivation and Cigar Production¹

Nicotiana tabacum grows best in warm climates with temperatures between 20°C and 27°C (68 - 80°F), however, they can tolerate short periods of light frost. Higher temperatures (40°C/104°F and above) will cause burning of the leaves.

For optimal growth, the plants need as loose a soil as possible, with farmers ploughing fields several times before planting.

Seedlings are planted in October, when they are 15 to 20 cm tall (6 - 8 inches), 45 days after sowing. After a further 45 to 50 days the plants are ripe.

During their growth, the plants are regularly checked and weeded, and any side-growths are removed. Once the plants reach maturity, the flowers are removed so all energy will be directed into leaf development.

Harvest begins in January and is carried out over several weeks. The leaves are picked in six passages, beginning at ground level and moving upwards. At each passage, only 2 or 3 leaves are picked.

Over the following 50 days, the tobacco leaves are placed in drying sheds where humidity and temperature are carefully controlled. During this time, the leaves are gradually moved higher and higher in the shed. From green, the leaves first turn yellow and then brown.



After the drying process is completed, the leaves are fermented or cured in two stages. For fermentation, the leaves are stacked in piles and left to naturally heat up. If the temperature rises above 35°C (95°F), the piles are dismantled and allowed to cool before being heaped up again. The first fermentation takes 30 days, the second 60 days. Fermentation helps to dissipate ammonia and unwanted components whilst the chemical changes influence taste and flavour.

After fermentation, the leaves are packed and stored until required. The leaves can be stored for up to 3 years, during which taste and flavour continues to improve.

Cuban cigars are hand-rolled. The different leaves (age on the plant, fermentation and maturity) provide the different components needed (wrappers, binders and fillers) and their composition allows for the different flavours of the different makes.²

Before packing and despatch, the cigars are fumigated with phosphine to destroy pests. Phosphine gas exposure shows much similarity to nicotine poisoning (see below): headaches, dizziness, staggering, gastrointestinal (nausea, abdominal pain, vomiting, diarrhoea), respiratory (tightness of chest, breathlessness) and cardiovascular symptoms (pain in the chest, palpitations).³

¹ All information here taken from Don Cigarro.

² Please look at the following clip for demonstration: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ckqzMqWGzaY>.

³ U.S. Dept. of Health and Human Services.

Nicotine

Nicotine is an alkaloid produced by plants of the Solanaceae family, though not exclusively. Species from the Solanaceae containing traces of nicotine are Belladonna, Stramonium, Duboisia (Australian tobacco), as well as the edible species eggplants, potatoes, tomatoes (Solanum spp.) and both sweet and hot pepper (Capsicum spp.). Tomatoes contain less nicotine as they ripen, and both the green skin and sprouted areas of potatoes contain more than the usual amount. Cooking reduces the amount of nicotine by half.¹

The leaves of *N. tabacum* have a nicotine content of 1-3%, whilst the leaves of *N. rustica* contain up to 9% nicotine.²

Several other plants produce naturally-occurring nicotine in very small amounts. Of note from a homoeopathic point of view may be the common horsetail (*Equisetum arvense*), containing approximately 0.4 parts per million nicotine throughout the body of the plant³, the coca plant and club moss (*Lycopodium*).

Effects

Nicotine can, like alcohol, act in a bi-phasic way: causing stimulation in low doses and sedation in higher doses. When smoking a cigarette, nicotine-rich blood passes to the brain within 7 seconds.⁴

In small concentrations, nicotine promotes the release of a number of hormones and nerve transmitters (e.g. adrenaline, dopamine and norepinephrine), causing an increase in heart rate and blood pressure through constriction of blood vessels (especially peripheral) as well as accelerated breathing. Glucose is released from the liver for instant availability to motor muscles. This increase in blood sugar levels may be enhanced in action by the blocking of insulin, causing a feeling of satiety or absence of hunger. Feelings of alertness, sharpness and performance increase may be experienced, as well as anxiety. These feelings are similar to those caused by psychostimulants.

The stimulating effects of small concentrations are short lived and replaced by sedative (e.g. of serotonin) and pain-reducing effects (e.g. of endorphins) in higher nicotine blood concentration. Anxiety is reduced and users experience feelings of relaxation. Dopamine is increased, creating reward systems in the brain, a cause of addiction.

Considering that cigarette smoking is often used as a way to overcome anxieties, the homoeopathicity of the bi-phasic action of nicotine has been pointed out:

*"The physiological effect of nicotine has two stages. It not only raises blood pressure and pulse at the price of increasing discomfort [adrenaline release] – in the next moment it lowers them, producing a marked feeling of release and relief [dopamine]. After mastering anxiety by increasing it, by giving it a precise, punctual origin, at the cost of more intense displeasure the organism that has taken a puff of its cigarette gets a little reward for its heroism."*⁵

Poisoning

Nicotine poisoning causes stomach pain, nausea and vomiting, headaches, dizziness, laboured breathing, tremors and seizures, unconsciousness and, in sufficient doses, death. Similar symptoms are experienced in cases of organophosphate poisoning (e.g. phosphine, see Cultivation and Cigar Production above).

¹ GardenGuides.com.

² Wikipedia, *Nicotiana rustica*.

³ Howard.

⁴ Wikipedia, Nicotine.

⁵ Klein, quoted in Pitt, p. 66.

Tobacco

History of Tobacco

Tobacco has been cultivated since 5,000-3,000 BC, in the Peruvian/Ecuadorian Andes.¹ However, from historic sources it seems impossible to differentiate between the cultivation and usage of *N. tabacum* and *N. rustica*.

It can be assumed that tobacco has been used for medicinal, ritual and pleasure purposes throughout its history.² It was part of Mayan and Aztec as well as North American Indian culture. In fact, tobacco seems to be the only plant cultivated by some of the nomadic North American tribes.³

In 1492, Columbus reached the West Indies and, amongst other things, was offered dried tobacco leaves. Two of his crew become the first Europeans to witness the custom of tobacco smoking. Rodrigo de Xeres, a lieutenant on Columbus's expedition, became the first European to smoke tobacco – and continued to smoke on every subsequent day of the expedition!⁴

In 1519, tobacco leaves were first brought to Europe. In 1556, the first seeds arrived in Europe, with Andre Thevet, a Franciscan friar in France, apparently being the first to cultivate tobacco in Europe. However, tobacco was named after a different man: the French ambassador to Portugal, Jean Nicot, who had the foresight to send tobacco to the French Queen as a (successful) cure for her headaches.

In 1565, tobacco seeds arrived in England. Tobacco smoking became fashionable in the 1570's, probably to a large degree because of Sir Walter Raleigh and his influence at court. From 1575, smoking became a "duty" of every man of fashion and tobacco was worth its weight in silver.⁵

By 1571, tobacco was almost universally approved as a medicine in Europe and was mentioned as an infallible cure for 36 different ailments.⁶

Within a short time, and considering the difficulties of travel in the 16th century, tobacco had made its way through Europe and around the world: in 1585 it was cultivated in North Carolina, in 1601 it arrived in Java, in 1603 in Japan.

As tobacco made its success around Europe and the world, hailed as panacea and more so for its calming and relaxing effects, it was seen as dangerous by many authorities who made various attempts to ban smoking: England (King James I and his son, King Charles I), Russia, Persia, Japan, Turkey, the Catholic Church and others. Neither excommunication nor the threat of beheading stopped tobacco usage. In 1659, the merchant state of Venice finally leads by example of creating a state monopoly over the right to import, manufacture or trade in tobacco, making tobacco pay more towards state coffers than just taxing it.

Tobacco became more and more valuable and a means of financial exchange (barter) in many parts of the world. In 1652, the Dutch purchased the entire peninsula of the Cape of Good Hope for a "certain quantity of tobacco and brandy."⁷

The North American colonies originally cultivated the more potent *N. rustica* (native to the area) until the introduction of *N. tabacum* seeds in 1612 from the Caribbean, allowing for the trade with England to grow.⁸ In 1628, Virginia was given a monopoly on tobacco export to England. 500,000 pounds of tobacco were shipped. By 1638 export of tobacco to England had grown to 1,400,000 pounds.⁹

In 2012, revenue from global tobacco sales was estimated to be close to \$500bn, generating a combined profit for the six largest tobacco companies of \$35.1bn, or more than \$1,100 per second.¹⁰

¹ Pitt, p. 15.

² For detailed information on shamanic ritual use of tobacco (probably *N. rustica*) see Pitt.

³ Pitt, p. 16.

⁴ Cigarhandbook.com.

⁵ Erowid.org.

⁶ Erowid.org.

⁷ Pitt, p. 31.

⁸ Pitt, p. 23.

⁹ Erowid.org.

¹⁰ Bowers, Guardian 22/3/2012.

Tobacco and Slavery¹

Tobacco cultivation and slavery was closely interlinked in the Caribbean and North America. Slavery in the Caribbean was initially linked to sugar plantations (another highly addictive substance). In the American colonies, indentured labourers, both from Africa initially and also from Britain, were used on tobacco plantations, since the Native American Indians proved to be 'unsuitable' for the working conditions (as the natives tribes had been to working the sugar plantations in the Caribbean).

The end of the civil war in England brought an end to migration of labourers. In order to meet the demand of labourers on the tobacco plantations, by the end of the 1660's the government of Virginia passed laws to introduce slavery based on colour.

By this time, income from sugar trade had dropped for Caribbean farmers, with a subsequent trade of slaves to the North American colonies: The principle of slavery (a tamed workforce) followed geographically from the cultivation of *N. tabacum*, the tamer tobacco species:

*"The domesticate version, N. tabacum, humbly met European wishes [for a less potent smoke], but also demanded slave labor, as well as chemically enslaving its users. This suggests a split in the nature of tobacco itself, similar to the split observed within certain groups of animals, such as the dog and wolf both from the genus Canis, part of which has become domesticated and part of which has resisted domestication, remaining free and wild. [...] Nicotiana tabacum has adapted itself to human demands as a generic crop that can be bought, sold, traded, and used in a system that holds little concern for the spiritual aspects of human life [e.g. ritual work and shamanism], or the potential health dangers of its products – choosing, instead, a narrow focus on making profits. [...] This split suggests a polar tension in the nature of the Nicotiana genus along the axis of freedom and slavery, with N. tabacum as the emblem of slavery and N. rustica as the emblem of resistance against it."*²

Tobacco in Cuba

Cuba became a Spanish colony in 1511. Both sugar and tobacco were important crops in Cuba from early on. Cultivation of tobacco (almost certainly only of *N. tabacum*) by Spanish settlers began in 1580.³

In 1717, the Spanish crown established a royal monopoly on tobacco growing and cigar production in Cuba, thwarting the island's economy (and increasing its attraction for smugglers). In 1817, the monopoly was removed, leading to an increase in tobacco plantations and cigar companies in Cuba. In 1859, Cuba had nearly 10,000 tobacco plantations and around 1300 cigar factories.⁴

Tobacco fields in Cuba in the 19th century were worked predominantly by immigrants from the Canary Islands, with slavery being more dominant on the sugar plantations.⁵ Until today, small-ish scale production of tobacco is the norm in Cuba, with 85% of tobacco grown in Cuba produced by members of the National Association of Small Farmers.⁶

Cuban cigars have held a special status in the tobacco industry from early on and until today. Cuba has the second largest area planted with tobacco of all countries worldwide. Almost the whole production of cigars is exported, with an estimated income of \$200 million per year.⁷

¹ Pitt, p. 23ff.

² Pitt, p. 29.

³ History Net.

⁴ Puro Express.

⁵ Puro Express.

⁶ Wikipedia, Agriculture in Cuba.

⁷ Wikipedia, Agriculture in Cuba.

Psychology of Smoking in its Historic Context in Europe

Tobacco reached Europe at the time of the Reformation, heading for the Age of Reason. Lifestyles were changing and emphasis on mental labour became predominant. Both tobacco and coffee, its liquid counterpart, offered 'modern' man the tools to live this new lifestyle: mental stimulation as well as the ability to ponder and contemplate.

*"There is nothing better for contemplation than tobacco smoking, for here straying thoughts are recollected, this being most beneficial for students, in that while smoking they can grow accustomed to pondering everything well. Often enough one's faculties are divided, so that it is impossible to reason correctly over some difficult matter; among tobacco smokers, on the other hand, thoughts are collected and afterwards too, although they rarely occur, weaknesses caused by overmuch zeal are dispelled. One remains calm within oneself and can make appropriate decisions about the most important matters."*¹

Whilst coffee functions positively by stimulating and arousing the brain, tobacco functions negatively by calming the rest of the body. By reducing restlessness in the physical body, brain function can be accessed even more effectively – creating calmness, placidity, contemplation and concentration, i.e. quiet contemplation.

Smoking releases nervousness, both through the action of nicotine (see above) and also through the whole ritual involving fine motor skills: "In the act of smoking the nervously restless hand fixes on a purpose. ... Smoking creates both a feeling of activity in leisure and one of leisure in the midst of activity."²

¹ 18th century text, Schivelbusch, p. 107.

² Kurt Pohlisch, Schivelbusch, p. 107.

Tabacum in Homoeopathy

Information about the remedy Tabacum first appeared in T.F. Allen's *Encyclopedia of Pure Materia Medica*, published in 1879. 175 sources of symptom information are listed, all stemming from exposure to the crude substance – from smoke, chew, snuff (all medicinal or recreational), infusion, tincture, enema, external application or injection.

To date, no actual provings of Tabacum have been carried out and the information in our Materia medica stems from the effects of poisoning.

In 2002, a proving and trituration of Tabacum zigaretti was conducted in Germany by Jürgen Becker and Michael Geisler, using a Marlboro filterless cigarette that had been roughly half-smoked, with some ash and remnants of the smoke. Cigarette tobacco contains a large number of additives, which make this remedy different from general Tabacum.

In 2003, Richard Pitt conducted a proving of *Nicotiana rustica* in California; single-blind, placebo-controlled with 18 provers. *Nicotiana rustica* is a different species to *Nicotiana tabacum* (see above), which again makes this remedy very different.

The 'conventional' homoeopathic remedy Tabacum, e.g. from Helios Homoeopathy in Tunbridge Wells, is made from a tincture of the fresh leaves of *Nicotiana tabacum*.

Tabacum Cubensis

The Trituration Process

The trituration was set out following the guidelines given in *The Trituration Handbook* by Hogeland and Schriebman.¹

The substance was taken from the central part of a Cuban cigar: Petit Coronation by Punch, Habana, Cuba, which had been purchased in a tobacconist eleven days prior to the trituration.

Helios Homoeopathic Pharmacy kindly provided a visual measuring device for the substance, to measure 0.06g, as well as a measuring spoon to measure 1.98g lactose. During each round a total of 3 measuring spoons lactose was added to the substance (one before G1, one before G3 and one before G5), resulting in a 1:100 dilution, i.e. centesimal.

Each grind (G) lasted 6 minutes and each scrape (S) 4 minutes. There were 6 grinds and 6 scrapes in each C round.

After each C round the contents of everybody's mortar was collected and mixed before 0.06g was given out again to each triturator at the beginning of the next round.

The intention was to take the trituration to the C4 round or further, if that seemed to be required. However, during C3, the trituration came to a natural end.

The triturators were encouraged to remain silent during each round, with opportunities for exchange between rounds.

Six triturators took part, all female, all homoeopaths, aged between 41 and 61. Another triturator (also female) did not arrive in the morning but sent an email later in the day: In the previous 48 hours she had lost two mobiles, two set of car keys and her purse, as well as straining both ankles!

- T1 – female, homoeopath, age 42.
- T2 – female, homoeopath, age 41 – only heard about the trituration and agreed to take part two days previously.
- T3 – female, homoeopath, age 55.
- T4 – female, homoeopath, age 55 – knew the substance.
- T5 – female, homoeopath, age 61.
- T6 – female, homoeopath, age 43 – knew the substance.

In the following, the themes and symptoms from the trituration are extracted. For the full trituration journals, please see the Appendix.

The numbers in brackets indicate how many of the 6 triturators experienced the symptom.

Quotes from the trituration journal are marked in smaller print, followed by the triturator's number (T1 – T6), C round (C1 – C3) and grind/scrape (G/S1 – G/S6), in order to allow the reader to place the quote into the context of the triturator's journal.

¹ See Bibliography.

Themes

Polarity / Contrast

There are 2 sides to it, but everything has 2 sides; a light and a dark side. (T3 C1 G6)

The polarity of *Tabacum cubensis* is not necessarily the black and white found in other Solanaceae, though this was seen in the powder:

Noticed whiteness of new powder in contrast to brownness of old. Contrast. Like Yin and Yang. (T1 C1 G3)

Observation of dark and light piles in the bowl with new addition of powder – stark polarity. Compare health vs. disease (T4 C1 G3)

Tabacum cubensis has more of a polarity between **grey and colour**, especially pink. (The grey smoke from a cigar, vs. the pruning of the pink flowers on the plant for maximum energy towards leaf production.)

Colourful turned into grey. Oppressive. (Discussion after C2)

Speaking your truth. Grey → pink (T4 C3 G4)

The polarity lies between the greyness/joylessness of the **adult world/work/oppressive** systems vs. the joyfulness of a child-like lightness and of **childhood** or even rebellion.

Adult The adult world is so rigid. Why is it frowned upon to play and laugh and be silly and let go and be free. (T2 C2 G3) Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. (T6 C2 G5)	Child T4 looks jolly – childlike, very happy – pink. (T1 C2 G4) I am trying to make as much noise as possible. Childlike and laughing and grinning. (T2 C2 S2)
Serious/humourless (4) Everyone seems very serious. Feels almost 'business like'. (T1 C1 G3) Feel very serious – humourless. (T1 C2 S3) Feel very solemn – introverted. (T1 C2 G4) Feeling the weight of this task, the heaviness and importance. Feels grave and serious. (T1 C2 G5) I can't help but hum. T3 is irritated by that. I feel like I am frowned upon. (T2 C2 G3) T6 laughed a lot, so did everyone except me and T1. I don't see what's so funny. (T3 C2 S1) I need to leave the room because of the frivolity. [T3 actually said that she would have to leave, but she didn't leave the room.] T1 and I understand each other. T2 is now humming!! Let's knuckle down. This substance is <u>Germanic</u> . (T3 C2 G3) I don't like this part as I am always up for a laugh but this feeling is not nice. I feel that everyone should work and not enjoy. Get me out of this phase please. (T3 C2 G3) What are we doing [giggling]. Now pull yourself together, be serious, check the timer. (T6 C2 G2)	Joyous/laughing (3) T2, T4, T6 laughing with tears. T1, T3, T5 not. (T2 C2 G2) This is very silly. (T2 C2 G3) Naughty schoolgirl. (T4 C2 G3) Playful (T6 C2 G2) I want to see how fast I can do it. (T6 C2 S2) I am looking up and making eye contact – NAUGHTY (T6 C2 G3) Laughing until crying. (T4 C2 S1) Just want to laugh. (T4 C2 G4) Giggling – why not – contagious – relief. I LIKE THIS. (T6 C2 S1)
Order/structure Clockwise (6) Accepting the inevitable. Sacrifice. Going clockwise. (T2 C3 S1) Acceptance (2) Knowing what is going to happen. A buffer between pacifying and protecting. Accepting the inevitable. Sacrifice. Going clockwise. (T2 C3 S1) Going with the flow (2) Before the trituration, when we were all talking, T6 and T4 were disagreeing about the issue of time of an event. I felt annoyed but then decided to go with the flow. (T3) I am worried that I may have got my feelings wrong, but have decided to go with the flow. (T3 C1 S3) Go easy, let it flow – don't force it, versus: I need to do it properly. (T6 C1 G2)	Rebellion (6) Feel confused – I thought this was meant to be serious! 'I wasn't allowed to rebel (in my trituration)!' or talk for that matter – why is everyone breaking the rules. (T1 C2 S2) The adult world is so rigid. Why is it frowned upon to play and laugh and be silly and let go and be free. (T2 C2 G3) Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly. (T2 C2 G5) I feel a shout, an uprising coming. (T2 C2 S5) I want to be annoying. (T2 C2 S5) Journey: plantations/slaves/boats. I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order. Not meant to be cultivated. Hence irritation – rebellion! I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction (T4 C2 G1) Still element of giggling/playful – with that hint of rebellion. (T4 C2 G3)

<p>Do as told/put in place/reprimanded (3)</p> <p>Feel I have to be in my place and do as I'm told. (T1 C2 G2)</p> <p>Has T3 threatened us? Taken control (She said 'I have to leave soon.') Feel less at ease again – uncomfortable with this thought. Laughter has stopped again – 'been put in their place'. (T1 C2 G3)</p> <p>Am happy to be 'doing it by the book', 'sticking to the rules'. Happy to be subservient – not sure where that word came from – bit a feeling of 'bowing to my elders'. Happy to do as I am told. (T1 C2 S4)</p> <p>Feeling controlled and not resisting. (T1 C2 S4)</p> <p>More subdued now. (T2 C2 S3)</p> <p>I like to make lots of noise, see if I can irritate them. T5 says "It's not a competition!" – Behave yourself! (T6 C2 G3)</p> <p>T3 says she wants to leave the room – have we upset her [with our giggling]? Everybody stops grinding, be quiet, told off. (T6 C2 G3)</p> <p>T1 is ringing her bell again [the sound from her pestle and mortar] but this time it is not funny, not allowed to. (T6 C2 S3)</p> <p>Religion</p> <p>A feeling of something religious – a religious ceremony. Of us all receiving communion from T6. Her kneeling in front of us being subservient. [T6 was giving out more powder.] T6 then faced the table to put the substance [lactose] away and I felt she was a minister of religion looking towards the cross. Also like Jesus washing the feet of his disciples when T6 was kneeling at our feet. How people have been <u>slaves/subservient</u> to religion for centuries. Even the underneath of T6's shoes have crosses on them. (T3 reflecting during last few rounds of C3)</p> <p>Work (4)</p>	<p>Naughty schoolgirl. (T4 C2 G3)</p> <p>I am hardly grinding at all now – slower and slower. I want to walk out – almost standing up to go. On <u>strike</u>. (T5 C2 G5)</p> <p>Freedom – breaking from the mould instead of swallowing it back down and continuing. What a challenge. (T4 C3 G4)</p> <p>Speaking my truth – clearly; in my actions, not just saying one thing and doing another. Being real – in the moment rather than conforming – is this the meaning of rebellion? If so then I have been rebelling against my true self. [Who do you really rebel against? I.e. rebel against self in order to conform.] (T4 C3 G4)</p> <p>Anti-clockwise (6)</p> <p>I need to grind anti-clockwise, nice feeling of smoothness. I have tried to grind clockwise but it wasn't happening. (T3 C1 G1)</p> <p>Grinding anti-clockwise is much easier, smoother. Clockwise I need to apply so much pressure. There are all these hooks. (T6 C1 G1)</p> <p>Purposely causing 'dis-order' going anti-clockwise to mess up the structure. (T1 C2 G1)</p> <p>I like to grind anti-clockwise, the opposite direction to how I have been doing it. (T4 C2 G5)</p>
<p>Order/proper (3)</p> <p>Haven't finished my scrape. Doesn't feel right grinding on an unfinished scrape! Have an OCD feeling of going back and finishing the scraping properly! (T1 C1 G4)</p> <p>I am frustrated at my untidy writing and poor spelling. (T2 C1 G2)</p> <p>Hurry – everybody else seems so calm. They can take the time out to write, and write clearly. I am not allowed, I've got to do it proper. (T6 C1 G5)</p> <p>T2 and T6 felt they were not doing the trituration properly. (after C1)</p> <p>Am happy to be 'doing it by the book', 'sticking to the rules'. Happy to be subservient – not sure where that word came from – bit a feeling of 'bowing to my elders'. Happy to do as I am told. (T1 C2 S4)</p> <p>Careful, controlled (1)</p> <p>Doing it so carefully, but with great interest too. Pursing my lips together in concentration, almost pouting. (T1 C1 G3)</p> <p>Being so contained and careful. (T1 C1 S6)</p>	<p>Joyous/childish</p> <p>Feeling more impatient now – losing the careful feeling. Getting a bit more hap-hazard. (T1 C2 G6)</p> <p>Wanting to laugh to be de-constructive. (T4 pre-grinding)</p> <p>I want to do it properly, because my intention is right. But I also want to play and do it my way, because this is how I learn. Please don't be too strict. (T6 C2 S3)</p>

The seriousness leads to feelings of **detachment**, of feeling insular, though content with it:

<p>Insular/alone/detached (6)</p> <p>Feel self absorbed – not really interested in what the others are doing. (T1 C1 G2)</p> <p>Happy to be self-contained as others rush off. (T1 C1 S4)</p> <p>I feel we are separate in our work – we need something to unite us again. We are focussed. Balance between communication and silence. (T2 C1 G5)</p> <p>I am in a really nice place where time isn't important. Just me and my universe. (T3 C1 S4)</p>	<p>Community/unity (4)</p> <p>Connection between each other. (Discussion after C2)</p> <p>I am more aware of everyone else in the room. (T2 C2 G4)</p> <p>More outward – less insular – more aware of the group – am thinking about the plant. (T4 C2 G2)</p> <p>All friends together. (T3 C1 G4)</p> <p>More subdued because one of us [T3] thought about leaving. (T2 C2 G4)</p> <p>Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to</p>
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<p>Feel disconnected to [from] others in the group – very insular rather than looking out or feeling community. (T4 C1 G4)</p> <p>There was no sense of community, no communication, insular – detachment. (Discussion after C1)</p> <p>I want to keep my head down and be insular again. (T2 C2 G3)</p> <p>I don't want to talk to anyone. Am happy as I am. (T3 C2 G1)</p> <p>This substance is just about me – no one else – a bit of a loner but happy. I don't need anyone else. (T3 C2 G1)</p> <p>The substance and me are a part of each other now. Solitude. (T3 C2 G2)</p> <p>Feeling insular [as discussed after C1] resonates: keep going – just get it done. (T6 C2 G1)</p>	<p>support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is <u>no mother love</u>. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)</p>
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There was a stark polarity around noise and quiet, and **sensitivity to noise**:

<p>Silence/noise, sensitive to (5)</p> <p>I am enjoying the absence of voices. (T2 C1 G4)</p> <p>I have closed my eyes and am getting lost in the sound and movement of grinding. I don't want the alarm of the clock to ring! (T3 C1 G4)</p> <p>Sudden silence – everybody writing – bliss. (T4 C1 G4)</p> <p>Scraping seems so noisy – loud. (T1 C2 S5)</p> <p>Feel irritated by banging of scraper. Really bothering me. Ow – too loud! (T1 C2 S5)</p> <p>Silence – everyone stopped scraping and the silence was lovely. (T3 C3 S2)</p> <p>Startled from noise (3)</p>	<p>Singing, whistling, rhythm (3)</p> <p>I feel like we should be singing (but I almost wrote “skinning”). (T2 C1 G2)</p> <p>Unity in rhythm. (T2 C1 G2)</p> <p>Whistle while you work. (T2 C1 G4)</p> <p>The whole body is moving with the rhythm of the stirring. My whole body stirring. More energy efficient but more insular. Connection of sound of words to other sounds of words. Words birds. (T2 C1 G6)</p> <p>Action of grinding feels a release of the physical restlessness. I like the <u>rhythm</u>. (T4 C1 G1)</p> <p>Don't like the noise of talking. Regular rhythm noises soothes. Don't like sudden loud noises. (T4 C1 S2)</p> <p>Watching the whole body move to the rhythm of my grinding. (T4 C2 G6)</p> <p>Songs – words keep popping into my head as I grind. (T5 C2 G1)</p>
<p>Quiet/talk, indisposed (4)</p> <p>Feeling emotional – quiet, self-contained, going quietly into myself. (T1 C1 G5)</p> <p>I don't want to talk about this until the day is done. (T2 C1 S4)</p> <p>Don't like the noise of talking. Regular rhythm noises soothes. Don't like sudden loud noises. (T4 C1 S2)</p> <p>I hold my bowl on my lap because it is quieter – shhh. (T2 C2 G1)</p> <p>I have no words now. (T2 C2 G4)</p> <p>I want to be quiet, hear the clock ticking. (T2 C2 G4)</p> <p>Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly. (T2 C2 G5)</p> <p>I am reminded of a Bjork song: “It's nice and quiet” shshh then Bang [Björk, “It's Oh So Quiet”]. (T2 C2 G5)</p> <p>I don't want to talk to anyone. Am happy as I am. (T3 C2 G1)</p> <p>Nothing to say. I like the repetitive action of the circle – softer/heavier. (T4 C2 G5)</p> <p>Quiet – not thinking of anything. (T2 C3 G1)</p> <p>Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am. Stifling. Gaggling. Cruelty: adult to child (T4 C3 G1)</p>	<p>Joyous/noisy</p> <p>I am trying to make as much noise as possible. Childlike and laughing and grinning. (T2 C2 S2)</p> <p>I like to make lots of noise, see if I can irritate them. T5 says “It's not a competition!” – Behave yourself! (T6 C2 G3)</p>

There were many misconceptions around **time and speed**:

<p>Speed, hurried (5)</p> <p>I want to reflect, but feel like everyone else is running away, speeding off. Don't even feel like catching up with them – just listening. (T1 C1 S4)</p> <p>I have to go faster to complete the task. (T2 C1 S2)</p> <p>I don't want to do anything fast. T6, stop grinding like the clappers. Everyone is. Shut up!! (T3 C1 S5)</p> <p>I feel hurried. (T4 C1 G1)</p> <p>I like to go faster and faster, round and round. (T6 C1 G2)</p> <p>Hurry – everybody else seems so calm. They can take the time out to write, and write clearly. I am not allowed, I've got to do it proper. (T6 C1 G5)</p> <p>This [scrape] is going too fast. I want more time. I really wanted to get everything off the sides! (T6 C1 S5)</p> <p>Speed – the perception that everybody else was doing the grinding/scraping faster. (discussion after C1)</p> <p>Thought 'On your marks, get set, go.' (T1 C2 G1) (T2 C2 G3) (T2 C3 G1)</p> <p>Faster, more energised. Spiralling up, less in body. (T4 C2 G2)</p> <p>Just realised there are 2 clocks in the room and they are ticking twice as fast. (T4 C3 S2)</p>	<p>Slowness (5)</p> <p>Happy to be self-contained as others rush off. (T1 C1 S4)</p> <p>Feel a bit lost, can't catch up with the others – quite like it. (T1 C1 G5)</p> <p>It was more frenzied towards the end of the last stage, now it seems quieter, slower, gentler. Less rushed. (T2 C1 G3)</p> <p>I feel like a hippie. <u>Everything slow Man!!</u> (T3 C1 S5)</p> <p>Slow and tired (T4 C1 G6)</p> <p>I literally ground to a stop. Almost asleep. (T5 C2 G5)</p> <p>Timelessness (2)</p> <p>I am in a really nice place where time isn't important. Just me and my universe. (T3 C1 S4)</p> <p>I feel so completely grounded with this remedy. Timeless, ageless. (T3 C1 G5)</p> <p>Time is not important. (Discussion after C1)</p> <p>Time is infinite. (T2 C3 S6)</p> <p>In own time (2)</p> <p>I like to take my own time. The work will be done, but in my own time. (T6 C2 G4)</p>
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The drug quality of **spiralling upwards** and outwards is met with a sense of **heaviness**, energetically and physically. (The leaves on the plants grow in a rising spiral, are picked from the bottom up and are moved higher and higher during the drying process. The seedlings are planted in very loose soil.)

<p>Spiralling out/upwards (3)</p> <p>Faster, more energised. Spiralling up, less in body. Taken up, out of the struggle. Like disappearing in a puff of smoke. (T4 C2 G2)</p> <p>Very ungrounded. Like to take shoes off to feel more connected. (T4 C2 G3)</p> <p><u>Hot – floating; spiralling above my body.</u> (T4 C2 G4)</p> <p>I am asking the remedy to take me away from all this. I want to evaporate... Not sure I've experienced that before – but just to be part of the air – to float, that would be really great. (T5 C2 G4)</p> <p>I am really spinning out [of my body] up over the back and top. (T6 C3 G1)</p> <p>Bliss (4)</p> <p>Feeling of peace, serenity. I can see stars in the night sky. (T3 C1 G1)</p> <p>Anxiety and irritation emotionally much less, as if taken a 'chill pill'. (T4 C1 S5)</p> <p>Feel so at ease and peaceful. (T1 C2 G5)</p> <p>Calm and peaceful. (T5 C3 G2)</p> <p>→ Addiction</p> <p>I would like a lot of this substance. (T3 C1 S5)</p> <p>I don't want this to stop. (T3 C1 G6)</p> <p>Disappointed by amount in bowl again. Feeling of I like 'more'. <u>Addictive</u> feel. (T4 C2 G1)</p> <p>Slave to the addiction. (T4 C3 G2)</p>	<p>Heavy (5)</p> <p>Feel toxic – but heavy and more chilled with it than at the beginning. (T4 C1 S3)</p> <p>Feeling the weight of this task, the heaviness and importance. Feels grave and serious. (T1 C2 G5)</p> <p>Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry. I feel darkness in C2, not nice. Heavy. (T3 C2 G4)</p> <p>Very ungrounded... All heavy/tired/yawning. (T4 C2 G3)</p> <p>Heavy/tiredness (T4 C2 G6)</p> <p>Languid (T4 C2 G6)</p> <p>I remember being told about a CD called "Floating in Space" which was sold in a blister pack, so that until you wanted to read or play it was floating. I feel rather like that – rather I want to be like that. Instead I feel heavy and tied down. (T5 C2 G4)</p> <p>Feel very grave and serious – heavy feeling in the room. (T1 C3 G3)</p> <p>I feel really spacey. My vision is blurred, out of focus. I feel like I would fall off my chair, to the left. (T6 C3 G2)</p> <p>I feel dull, empty head. I stop grinding, feel a heaviness, like falling asleep, but I am not asleep, not even tired. The heaviness comes from the back of my head, pushing down my head. [T6 then couldn't write any more, was hunched over. Like a drugged heaviness, paralytic. It was a real effort to reach out to set the timer for S2] (T6 C3 G2)</p> <p>Head (5)</p> <p>Eyes (1)</p> <p>Chest (1)</p>
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There is **darkness**, but with the hope of **light**, an awareness of lightness:

Darkness	Light
There were caverns and caves, dark enclosed spaces. Lots there but... (T2 after C1)	As if suddenly there was loads of light. (T5 after C1)
I went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter.	Shaft of light – see an open door with sunlight streaming through it. Heart jumped. (T1 C3 S3)
Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave. (T3 after C2)	I am glad to see sunshine in the room. (T5 C3 G2)
	I feel things are going to get better. Out of despair the phoenix will rise. (T3 C2 G5)
	I feel as though I am beginning to smile again. I feel a bit lighter. (T3 C2 S5)
	This poem came to me: To all those who suffer, I hope that I can be a buffer. There is a light at the end and a ray of sun. Love is the way – not the rule of the gun. (T3 C2 G6)

Growing Up: Childhood – Adolescence – Adulthood

As discussed in Polarity above, the themes of seriousness vs. playfulness, of adult vs. child, were dominant.

Tabacum cubensis can be seen as the stage of moving from childhood towards adulthood: The stage of adolescence as the time in the individual's life where they have to make choices of how to find a place in society, how to adapt to society.

Apart from the joyfulness and playfulness mentioned in Polarity above, childhood was a theme of the **lost stage** from before.

Loss of mother (3)

Loss of mother – not mine. I want to cry but have no tears. (T3 C2 G5)

A children's home. Learning together but no parental love – lost generation. Not alone but detached. Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. (T6 C2 G5)

Spaced out at G4, desire to suck mother's breast (T4 after C2)

Homesickness (2)

With the window shaking I can see an old cottage in the countryside with wild flowers around – heaven. I feel a bit of sadness, "hiraeth", about this cottage. A place where there was love. I want to go back there. (T3 C1 G4)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats (T4 C2 G1)

Saw the link to travel sickness – being taken away from country of origin. (T4 C2 G1)

Homesickness (T4 C2 S4)

Sucking (4) (There are numerous stories of children who were late thumb-suckers, to start early on cigarette smoking/sucking.)

I notice I am rolling my tongue against my bottom lip. (T2 C1 S3)

Smacking my tongue. (T2 C1 S4)

I tell myself to stop thinking – just follow the movement of the pestle (anti-clockwise) and get sucked into the centre. (T6 C1 G4)

Am biting my bottom lip as I concentrate. Still being very careful, thoughtful as I grind – feel no speed or anxiety. (T1 C2 G5)

Sucking my tongue and clenching my jaw. (T2 C2 G5)

Connection to sucking at the nipple – note of sadness. (T4 C2 S5)

Why I sucked my thumb?? Innocence/ugliness (T4 C2 S5)

Spaced out at G4, desire to suck mother's breast (T4 after C2)

There were many references to **school** and **exam** situations. (4)

[T4 says: "May I get up please, Miss?" to T6 in a mocking tone at end of C1.]

I am not aware of any symptoms. Don't worry, I am only a beginner. I need to learn how to do it first. [I am the only person in the group who has not taken part in a trituration before.] (T6 C1 G3)

T4 reminds me of a naughty school girl and T6 a cross teacher. (T1 C2 S1)

Feel judgmental of 'giggling school girls' – disapproving. (T1 C2 G2)

Sensation of a stuffy, uptight school teacher. Stiff – rigid – frigid! (T1 C2 S3)

Naughty schoolgirl. (T4 C2 G3)

T3 is a teacher – no wonder she can't cope with naughtiness. (T6 C2 G3)

Classroom (T6 C2 S3)

Adolescence (T6 C2 S3)

I had to complete the last scrape after the bell went. I am behind with my work. I needed to say "sorry" to the group because I was behind. (T6 C2 S3)

[Everybody is writing] Is this a classroom exam? If so, what is the subject? Philosophy? (T6 C2 G4)

I have a real resistance to go back to grinding. The grinding is done. (I haven't even started this grind.) Maybe I should – sigh – go on, pick it up. I am talking to myself. I am so aware others aren't grinding too, so why should I. I don't always want to be teacher's pet. (I have really sweaty hands.) This is important. I need to make this clear: it is so important. There is no right or wrong. It is not all about work. (T6 C2 G4)

The bell went: everybody is writing. I hear the teacher calling: "Time is up – hand in your papers." Only T3 is scraping instantly – teacher's pet. (T6 C2 G4)

I don't feel I need to scrape. I haven't ground anything. Maybe it is done? Looks fine to me. I have a great desire to sit out this round. I don't know the answer to this exam question. I give it a miss and wait for the next bit. Let's hope I can still get a decent result. T2 is crying and T4 looks unhappy too. They are sweating over the questions and don't know them either. But maybe they can't cope as well as I can. (T6 C2 S4)

(Feel almost like we are in school – some people have finished their exams and some haven't. Waiting for everyone to finish.) T5 is being very good and finishing everything – but she's not writing anything down! Being 'good'. We're being 'good' too – being patient and waiting for her. (T1 C3 last entry)

In a court of law of an old building of law/education. Door opens. I am accused of something – being tried for something. No fear – acceptance. (T3 C3 G4)

Compare: sitting in an exam hall and finishing before everybody else. (T4 C3 G4)

There is a **lack of self-confidence**, of trying to cover up a sense of inadequacy. (4)

Old stuff coming up – embarrassment – confidence issues – probably mine. (T1 C1 G5)

I am worried that I won't give enough information, or any information of use. (T2 C1 G3)

Am I proving the same as everyone else? (T2 C1 G3)

Stupido. (T2 C1 G5)

Thinking that I'm thick. Dull and stupid. But these are the feelings I have had before. Don't like these feelings. I'm not thick. (T2 C1 S5)

I am worried that I may have got my feelings wrong, but have decided to go with the flow. (T3 C1 S3)

I don't feel anything – am I not good enough? (T6 C1 G2)

Maybe I need to keep my stuff [contents of bowl] separate – it is not done right. (T6 C1 S2)

[With regards to the contents of my bowl, because it is so much browner:] I need to ask for help, to get the others' opinion and permission. (T6 C1 G3)

Why am I doing this [the whole process of the trituration]? Who am I to have chosen this? This is all wrong – preposterous. I am trying to be something that I am not. (T6 C1 G3)

I should leave them [the other tritulators] to it. They will do it so much better without me. (T6 C1 G3)

I don't want to continue. This is not for me. I am doing it all wrong. (T6 C1 G3)

Why didn't you talk me out of this, T4? This is all a farce. I am a failure. (T6 C1 G4)

T2 and T6 felt they were not doing the trituration properly. (after C1)

Feel like a fake – a phoney. (T1 C3 G1)

Don't know why I keep re-reading everything I've written – am unsure of self – under-confident – need to re-read it to know where I am. (T1 C3 G1)

There were many references to **work** (4), working diligently and with seriousness. Working hard and seriously as compensation for lack of self-confidence and to find an acceptable place in society?

Everyone seems very serious. Feels almost 'business like'. (T1 C1 G3)

I want to wear good comfy shoes/boots this morning, a good solid base to work from. (T2 C1 G4)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarves. Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go. (T2 C1 G4)

Working away like busy beavers. (T2 C1 S4)

Everyone looks serious and working diligently. (T3 C1 G2)

I wonder why they [the other tritulators] stop scraping [in order to write]. Don't they know they've got to continue? (T6 C1 S1)

There had been a focus on the task – get it done. Goats strive and climb higher. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. There should be singing whilst working. (T2 after C1)

I got a bit annoyed with the laughing. I didn't see the point. Get on with the work. (T3 C2 G2)

I need to leave the room because of the frivolity. [T3 actually said that she would have to leave, but she didn't leave the room.] T1 and I understand each other. T2 is now humming!! Let's knuckle down. This substance is Germanic. (T3 C2 G3)

I feel that everyone should work and not enjoy. (T3 C2 G3)

I feel a bit like a child worker working in a sweatshop. No fun, all work. (T3 C2 S3)

Okay, this is just work. We have had our fun – keep working, break is over. (T6 C2 G3)

I had to complete the last scrape after the bell went. I am behind with my work. I needed to say "sorry" to the group because I was behind. (T6 C2 S3)

Grey – Dickensian – workhouse – children having to work, no play, no joy. (T6 C2 G6)

I went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter. Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave. (T3 after C2)

Oppression and hard work. Mines, quarries, chalk. (T3 C3 G2)

Impatience (3)

I wanted to start grinding before the clock was set. (T3 C1 G5)

I forgot there is another grind – impatience? (T6 C1 S5)

Feeling more impatient now – losing the careful feeling. Getting a bit more hap-hazard. (T1 C2 G6)

Mangialavori explains Tabacum's situation from a position of insecurity during childhood:

*"Tabacum's strategy in reacting to this situation is to do whatever he can to be accepted by the family. He tries to do whatever is possible to be better and better and to demonstrate that he can cope with the situation of little affection, little understanding, and tries to outwardly demonstrate that this is not a problem. By behaving in a certain way he also demonstrates that he deserves better and better."*¹

Suppression

Following from the theme of trying to find a place within society, **suppression** is a big theme of Tabacum cubensis (see Miasm below). Yet there is awareness of **being misunderstood**, of suppression, almost to the point of voluntary suppression and **acceptance**, leading to **indifference**.

Misunderstood – ailments from being. (T4 C3 G1)

Being taken the wrong way. (T4 C3 G1)

The adult world is so rigid. Why is it frowned upon to play and laugh and be silly and let go and be free. I want to keep my head down and be insular again. (T2 C2 G3)

More subdued now. (T2 C2 S3)

I am feeling suppressed (how do you spell that?) (T6 C2 G3)

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am.

Stifling. Gagging. Cruelty: adult to child (T4 C3 G1)

Indifference/numbness (3)

Just feel dead inside – acceptance. (T3 C2 S4)

I don't really want to grind – what is the point? (T3 C2 G5)

Almost to the point of indifference – so numbed out – don't care. Don't care in a sad kind of way – not a rebellious or energetic way. (T4 C2 G6)

I think I'd rather be writing this, meandering nonsense, than start grinding again. Why bother? (T5 C2 G1)

Avoidance (2)

Other authors have realised the role of tobacco smoking as a near-wilful submission into the inevitable in order to encourage endurance of the worst:

*"The last cigarette smoked before an execution [or by soldiers waiting to attack] is not equivalent to a shot of morphine; it stiffens the spine of the person condemned, kills escape, and promotes a resignation to necessity that gives one courage to endure the worst. It is because a moment out of time is born and then made to die that the cigarette serves as a simulacrum, a little enactment of death. It is as if the last cigarette plays out, in a controlled fiction, the death that is anticipated and feared. [...] Using cigarettes to master anxiety may be understood as preferring a certain form of dying over and intolerable form of living."*²

One of the triturators put this into a more positive way:

This poem came to me: To all those who suffer, I hope that I can be a buffer. There is a light at the end and a ray of sun. Love is the way – not the rule of the gun. (T3 C2 G6)

¹ Mangialavori, p. 303.

² Pitt, quoting Klein, p. 65.

There is a desire to hide, not to have attention drawn onto oneself, **not to be seen or found out**. (4)

There is something odd about time. When T6 phoned me during the week and I got the dates wrong. I felt that T6 was checking up on me as I am useless with dates and time. I actually felt as though I was being found out. (T3 C1 S6)

I messed it all up. But just go along with it – pretend and hope nobody will find out. (T6 C1 G5)

How quietly can I grind. I don't want to draw attention. The mouse in the tea pot (in Alice in wonderland). (T2 C2 G4)

Curl into a small, small space and hide. Back into the cave. Sit at mother's feet and sleep, for a long time, then I will be forgotten about. Don't draw attention. Do what I have come here to do quietly so I can't get into trouble. I am reminded of my childhood, being quiet around my mum. Being a grown-up girl. Why do I irritate her. (T2 C2 G4)

Hide your pain. Make no sound so [spelled 'same' – error] they can't gain or take your ground. (T2 C2 G5)

I will creep inside that quiet place so I can cry and hide my face. (T2 C2 G5)

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am. Stifling. Gagging. Cruelty: adult to child (T4 C3 G1)

If you make a noise or look then they (the masters) may pick you out. "Nur nicht auffallen." Don't stand out from the crowd. (T6 C2 G6)

According to Mangialavori, the lack of security and lack of feeling that they deserve lead to trying to appear knowledgeable and successful, yet with the underlying lack of self-confidence that makes them doubt their success and makes them feel like a fake that is bound to be found out:

*"... the main tragedy of Tabacum is that they have an enormous fear that they will be discovered and that other people around will realize his truth [I am a fake]."*¹

The suppression is also present in grief and **sadness** with an **inability to weep** (6) and **sighing** (5).

Feel like crying. Eyes getting wet. (T1 C1 S5)

Sad memories coming up – not especially unusual – but unexpected here now. (T5 C1 G1)

Tears don't understand. (T2 C2 S4)

Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry. (T3 C2 G4)

Loss of mother – not mine. I want to cry but have no tears. (T3 C2 G5)

I want to look, in my eyes, wide open, deep, deep – looking into the depth. Actually it is an eye looking back at me from the bowl, a big, round eye with sadness and with fright? What would happen if a tear fell into it? My tear. Be gentle, so gentle – to not make the pain any more or any deeper. This is more like stroking than grinding. (T6 C3 G1)

Religion and religious symbols came up throughout the trituration. (5) References to triads, and in particular the **Star of David** (two triangles/triads) were dominant. (4) (Tobacco, though probably more so N. rustica, has played a part in ritual work in South and North America for millennia.)

Reminded of Tibetan singing bowls. (T2 C2 G4)

[T1, T3 and T5 are not giggling] [drawing of Star of David] (T6 C2 S1)

See a person kneeling down – giving in – a grey large person – beneath me. (T1 C3 S3)

3 [trituration] have water, but more in a Yod shape = finger of God. 3 don't have water. (T2 C3 G2)

I think of the triad of religion; Jewish, Christianity, Islam. Celtic druids OBOD [Order of Bards, Obates and Druids] – triads. 3's maiden – mother – crone. (T2 C3 G2)

A feeling of something religious – a religious ceremony. Of us all receiving communion from T6. Her kneeling in front of us being subservient. [T6 was giving out more powder.] T6 then faced the table to put the substance [lactose] away and I felt she was a minister of religion looking towards the cross. Also like Jesus washing the feet of his disciples when T6 was kneeling at our feet. How people have been slaves/subservient to religion for centuries. Even the underneath of T6's shoes have crosses on them. (T3 reflecting during last few rounds of C3)

Star of David Star of Bethlehem (T3 reflecting during last few rounds of C3)

[drawing of Star of David] (T4 at end of entries)

I wish T5 would stop grinding – death throws – RIP [picture of a Cross]. Don't keep it artificially alive. (T6 C3 G6)

¹ Mangialavori, p. 304.

Apart from the seemingly voluntary suppression, images of **oppression (concentration camp, slavery)** were powerful. (4)

Eyes closed I can see a room with a single light bulb coming from the ceiling – interrogation room! (T3 C1 G5)

Feel an issue around hierarchy. (T1 C2 G1)

I feel a bit like a child worker working in a sweatshop. No fun, all work. (T3 C2 S3)

Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry. (T3 C2 G4)

Grey – Dickensian – workhouse – children having to work, no play, no joy. (T6 C2 G6)

I went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter. Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave. (T3 after C2)

About the substance: it has been in the presence of bad. It has grown or lived where there had been oppression in the history. The stain is still there. (T3 after C2)

Watching, looking down upon. 'I'm watching you', menacing. Looking down upon a lot of small people in my bowl. Feel like I'm very big, with something small in my hands that I'm controlling, playing with. Like a cat playing with a mouse. The word 'dominance' comes to me. (T1 C3 G2)

Oppression and hard work. Mines, quarries, chalk. (T3 C3 G2)

Issues around hierarchy/superiority/arrogance (T4 C3 S1)

However, there is a sense of **irritability** still present within the suppression: irritability about suppression and about joyfulness of others that is a reminder of one's own suppression. (4)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats. I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order. Not meant to be cultivated. Hence irritation – rebellion! I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction (T4 C2 G1)

I don't like this part as I am always up for a laugh but this feeling is not nice. I feel that everyone should work and not enjoy. Get me out of this phase please. (T3 C2 G3)

At formality

Irritation at formality – instructions. (T4 pre-grinding)

At noise

Feel irritated by banging of scraper. Really bothering me. Ow – too loud! (T1 C2 S5)

Feel cross that my peace has been disturbed. (T1 C2 G6)

Rude alarm – annoying me. (T1 C3 G2)

T4 is ping-pong with her bracelet – irritating, stops me from going off. (T6 C3 G1)

At others laughing

I got a bit annoyed with the laughing. I didn't see the point. Get on with the work. (T3 C2 G2)

Oh my god, am I losing my sense of humour, the laughing has started again. A little annoyed. (T3 C2 S2)

I need to leave the room because of the frivolity. [T3 actually said that she would have to leave, but she didn't leave the room.] T1 and I understand each other. T2 is now humming!! Let's knuckle down. This substance is Germanic. (T3 C2 G3)

Yet at the same time there was a sense of **respectfulness** for others (and the suppression they have chosen).

Giving out the lactose: I have to be much more precise about it – to honour what people are going through. This is really important for them and it needs to be honoured. (T6 C2 S4)

RESPECTFUL (T6 C2 G5)

I have to do it really quietly to respect the others and their emotions because it could be me too. (T6 C2 G6)

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)

Both T4 and T6, who had known the substance, discussed that it would be good to reveal the substance at the end of the day, rather than in three weeks' time as planned. "They need to know." (During lunch break)

Respect this energy. Thank you. Gratitude. (T1 C3 G3)

Huge dilemma whether to continue or not – respect. Very clear message or see it as a resistance/stubbornness in me or the substance. (T4 C3 G3)

Confusion / Memory / Time

There were issues around **confusion**, both mentally (of days, of numbers, of identity) and physically (clumsiness). (3)

I thought we had finished C1. I am really surprised that we haven't, disorientated. (T6 C1 S4)

Confusion between scraper and pestle. (T4 C2 G3)

Funny watching T1's confusion. Same as my own. (T4 C2 G4)

Physically confused/challenged. Doing things all wrong – wrong hands, words gone. (T4 C2 S1)

I don't know what day it is. (T4 C1 G4)

Confusion of time and numbers. (Discussion after C1)

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am. (T4 C3 G1)

Yet there was also **concentration** and clarity of thought. (3)

There is a look of concentration on the faces, almost a bit of frown. (T2 C1 G2)

We are focussed. (T2 C1 G5)

Keep focussing on one detail but in a spacey way. (T4 C2 G6)

The laughing continued. I feel I have to hold this together... The laughing stops – a sense of intense concentration. (T5 C2 G2)

Forgetfulness and **lack of memory** was present. (3) (Nicotine patches have been trialled in the treatment of dementia patients.¹)

Forgetting what number I am up to. (T2 C1 S4)

I can't remember names. This began before the trituration with one name. Now I am trying to relate that person to another friend and realise I can't remember her name either! (T5 C1 G2)

I forgot there is another grind – impatience? (T6 C1 S5)

Maybe a remedy for dementia? I am remembering verses I knew when I was very small and have hardly thought of since. (T5 C2 G1)

A sudden realisation of the person I was trying to remember earlier – one of a group – I knew there was one more person but couldn't remember who. Now I can. (T5 C2 S4)

Distortion of time was on going throughout the trituration, with time passing faster (3) or **slower** (5).

Faster (3)

That was a very quick 3 minutes. (T2 C1 S3)

I like to scrape more; the time is too short. (T6 C1 S4)

Timing: the scrapes were too short (this may be a common delusion in triturations). (Discussion after C1)

Distortion of time? Or T6 got it wrong. Tick of the clock very fast then slow. (T4 C2 S2)

Scrapes seem so long. Grinding so quick. (T4 C2 S3)

Just realised there are 2 clocks in the room and they are ticking twice as fast. (T4 C3 S2)

The bell went much too soon. (T6 C3 G1)

Slower (5)

This 3 minutes seemed longer. I scraped all the bowl. (T2 C1 S5)

Confusion of time – now passing too slowly and yet feels quick to be at this part of C1. (T4 C1 G4)

Awareness of slowness of time. We've got a long way to go until lunchtime! (T4 C1 S4)

The grinding seems longer this time. (T3 C2 G2)

Thank God the alarm has gone off. Time is very long. (T3 C2 G4)

Felt like a very long scrape. (T4 C2 S2)

The timing seems to be lasting much longer this time round. (T5 C2 G3)

This seems to be taking hours. (T5 C2 G5)

This is taking a long time. (T6 C2 G2)

I've finished, why hasn't the timer gone yet? (T6 C2 S2)

Time drags on. (T2 C3 S2)

¹ BBC News. "Nicotine 'may aid memory for in [sic] early dementia'. <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/health-16467186> accessed 22/3/2013.

Drugged / Spaced Out

As discussed in Polarity above with the contrast between spiralling up vs. heaviness, the drug nature of the remedy was present in all triturators. (6)

Very random. Very dreamy. Into the cauldron above the fire. (T2 C1 S6)

I feel a bit intoxicated, as though I can't speak clearly. (T3 C1 S4)

I feel like a hippie. Everything slow Man!! (T3 C1 S5)

Spaced feeling. (T4 C1 S6)

A thought: there are more ways to leave this space, other than through the door. You could just drift off into the ether. I was very close to doing this. Just floating away. Detachment... (T5 C1 G5)

I feel like I've taken magic mushrooms. Alice in wonderland. The creature that sits on the toadstool. (T2 C2 S2)

The trituration revealed **delusions** in regards to body and size. These are commonly known for other members of the Solanaceae, e.g. Belladonna, Hyoscyamus and Stramonium. So far, Tabacum has not been listed in our repertories (Synthesis 9.1) for these delusions.

Sensation of something on my head, almost like two ears on the top of my head! ... Strong feeling of two things on each side of my head. (T1 C1 G2)

Still have a strong feeling of two things on either side of my head. (T1 C1 G4)

Head feels large, much larger than it really is. Almost blown up like a balloon. (T1 C1 G6)

Head feeling heavy and disconnected. (T4 C1 S1)

I feel big all over/large. (T3 C2 G1)

Watching, looking down upon. 'I'm watching you', menacing. Looking down upon a lot of small people in my bowl. Feel like I'm very big, with something small in my hands that I'm controlling, playing with. Like a cat playing with a mouse. The word 'dominance' comes to me. (T1 C3 G2)

Spiky feeling coming out from the top of my head – like 2 rams horns! (T1 C3 G3)

Alternation of Symptoms / Changeable

Two triturators noticed a tendency to changeable states. (2)

Changes, alternating. (T2 C1 G3)

Short term changeable states. (T4 C2 G6)

Mangialavori explains the tendency to alternation of mental symptoms and cyclothymic/bipolar personality as an over-reaction to a failure (fear of being found out), which causes depression. The degrees of the mental/emotional mood swings is an indication as to how well the person is managing to compensate for their 'failure'.¹

Hysteria is, according to Mangialavori, not far from the cyclothymic personality. These individuals are always on the alert and hyper-sensitive, unable to filter impulses correctly:

*"Tabacum .. look like someone on amphetamines. They are over-excited, over-demanding when sick [...]"*²

Mangialavori implies the link to the spaced out quality as something that will amplify hysterical and cyclothymic tendencies:

*"Very often they have an extremely bad relation with their corpus (the integration of mind and physical symptoms) and they feel awful; it is not a nice house. It is not something stable."*³

¹ Mangialavori, p. 304.

² Mangialavori, p. 306.

³ Mangialavori, p. 307.

Physical Symptoms

Vertigo (3)

Lightheaded and nauseous. (T4 C1 G6)

I felt slightly light headed when raising my head. (T3 C2 G1)

(Mangialavori likens the vertigo to a fear of falling from a height, a fear of failure or a fear of discovery.¹)

Head

Pain (5): boring, shooting (2), dull ache, pulsating; back (3), front, right side (2), left temple

Heavy/pressure (5): above ears, descending

Heat (3)

Eyes

Dry (2); itching; heavy

Vision (5)

To some extent I feel I'm looking through water. Everything seems hazy and muzzy. (T5 C2 G4)

Ears

Heat; pain (2); itch (2)

Hearing, distorted

Distortion of senses – I could hear a bell ringing far away which was actually my bracelet hitting the bowl. Took me ages to realise. (T4 C3 G2)

Nose

Clear sinuses; runny (3); itch (2); dry

Smell

Sense of smell heightened (water chlorine, rose perfume)

Smell and taste of burning

Face

Heat/flushed/red (5); pale; itch (2)

Jaw stiff/clenched (3)

Mouth

Dry (2); salivation increased (2)

Throat

Dry/tickle/desire to clear

Lump with nausea

¹ Mangialavori, p. 309.

Stomach

Anxiety in; burping (2); nausea (3)

Appetite increased/diminished

(At the end of the trituration day, a man passing by on the street outside vomited in the doorway of the building.)

Abdomen

Pain (3): right side, liver, ovary right and left

Bladder

Urination frequent and increased (3)

Female

Pain ovary left, right (3)

Larynx/Trachea

Voice hoarse, lost

Respiration

Improved (2)

Breathing was better (normally is difficult) (T1 during C1)

I feel as though I can breathe clearly and deeply, whereas before I couldn't. (T3 C2 G6)

Heaviness like asthma

Like fresh air and like to breathe deeply but don't feel I can as the air feels 'dusty', dry and would irritate by [my] airways. (T4 C1 S3)

Felt irritation physically and mentally. Didn't like to inhale because it would be like dust. Would have liked to take a deep breath but it would be so dry and irritating down to the chest. Had to clear the throat, with sputum. Wanted to sneeze but couldn't. (T4 during C1)

Suffocation, asfixiation, emaciation. Respiration – that is the sensation. (T4 C3 G4)

Restricted / deep breathing / sighing

It is quieter in the room now. T4's head is down. Several in room take deep breaths/sigh. (T2 C2 G5)

Just focus on the task. Let it go and breathe. (T2 C2 G6)

An image of a volcano erupting, the destruction of a society. Ash choking lungs and such heated air burning lungs. (T2 C3 G2)

Cough

Dry, tickling, irritating, with sputum

Chest

Dryness

Heart rate increased

Back

Pain (4): neck (3), lower (3)

Itching; heat

Extremities

Numbness with desire to stretch

Itch (3); shaky; sweaty

Sleep

Sleepiness (4)

Sleepy – brain wants to shut down. (T4 C1 G3)

I am closing my eyes, wanting to sleep. (T5 C1 G5)

I feel really tired. I could lie down and I'd go straight to sleep. (T2 C3 G4)

Yawning (4)

Skin

Itching (5); lumps

Generals

Dryness internal membranes, eyes, nose, mouth, lips

Food and Drink, desires: chocolate (2), cigarettes, tea, acrid

Heat, vital, lack of (3); shivery (2)

Heat, flushes of

Heaviness (3)

Restless (3), stretching (3)

Shaky (3)

Affinities

NERVOUS SYSTEM (vagus nerve¹)

Respiratory tract, LUNGS, heart

STOMACH, liver

Skin

Ears, eyes/vision, ovaries

Miasm

Tabacum cubensis, with its dominant theme of suppression, is undoubtedly part of the Cancer miasm.

However, as mentioned above, my personal understanding from the trituration is that there is awareness and almost a voluntary aspect to the suppression: something that needs to be done for the benefit of (fitting into) society. The 'peace pipe' of North American Indians, though most likely using *Nicotiana rustica*, provides a clear example of using tobacco as a part of the social contract.

Tabacum cubensis, in its healing way, can provide the opportunity for the individual to understand their own truths and to be truthful to themselves – to break out of the potentially damaging conformity with society. This is the message from the trituration:

Speaking my truth – clearly; in my actions, not just saying one thing and doing another. Being real – in the moment rather than conforming – is this the meaning of rebellion? If so then I have been rebelling against my true self. [Who do you really rebel against? I.e. rebel against self in order to conform.] (T4 C3 G4)

With its affinity to the respiratory system, I would like to propose that *Tabacum cubensis* is well based in the tubercular miasm. Desire for freedom, nostalgia about a different life style, a childlike raucousness, were all present during the trituration.

¹ Vermeulen, Prisma, p. 1333.

Differential Diagnosis

Other (more toxic) Solanaceae

According to Mangialavori, the more toxic Solanaceae (i.e. Belladonna, Hyoscyamus, Stramonium) react to deprivation/insecurity within the family with anger rather than resignation.¹ Mangialavori expects a lack of anger with others in *Tabacum*.² However, during the trituration of *Tabacum cubensis*, irritation and anger were experienced, though without any violence.

Both *Nicotiana* species, *N. tabacum* and *N. rustica*, are botanically slightly independent from the other Solanaceae (see Botanical Information), which helps to explain the lesser intensity of the mental and emotional states compared to remedies like Belladonna and Stramonium. Whilst the more toxic Solanaceae experience extreme states of fear and fright – black and white –, the polarity of *Tabacum cubensis* is not as stark – grey and colourful.



Illustration by T1 at the end of C3.

¹ Mangialavori, p. 12.

² Mangialavori, p. 310.

Lac remedies

Themes around the loss of the mother, orphans and a lack of affection and nurture were dominant during the trituration. It is commonly known that many smokers started from a young age, possibly after having been a long-term 'thumb-sucker'. Within the tobacco industry this is a well-known fact too:

*"You have to look at the age somebody starts smoking. If you don't get them before they are 18 or 20, you never get them."*¹

Mangialavori explains the similarity to the Lac remedies from the problem of contacting the instinctual side of themselves, which is shared by both.²

Of the Lac remedies, Lac humanum is probably the closest in its relation to Tabacum cubensis, and the two remedies possibly follow each other well. Hatherly sums up the key theme of Lac humanum as:

*"A sense of conflict between living as a self-determined individual in a group and being beholden to it. The Group vs. the Self."*³

Saccharum officinale

Closely related to Lac humanum, Saccharum officinale in its crude form has a strong connection with tobacco: their history, geography and slavery, as well as their addictive properties.

Smits on his website⁴ lists many keynotes of Saccharum officinale which are very similar to those of Tabacum cubensis. However, the Saccharum officinale personality has more anger with violent outburst, and is difficult to please.

Coca

Fraser compares Tabacum to Coca: Tabacum is an "extremely effective suppressant of many things including appetite, tiredness, emotions, memories and mucus (damp). In this it rivals and usually exceeds the effects of Coca."⁵

Coca personalities compensate for their lack of self-worth and inner sadness by high ambition and over-working, in a way similar to Tabacum. However, unlike Tabacum, they experience a sense of isolation from the outer world – being on top of a high mountain.

Coffea

Coffee and tobacco have had an affinity in their usage since they were introduced in Europe, as they were both used to support intellectual activities despite their contrasting action.

Vermeulen compares Coffea to Belladonna, which leads to the potential comparison to Tabacum as another Solanacea.⁶

What distinguishes Coffea, and many of the other remedies listed below, from Tabacum is the lack of suppression. Coffea is like the 'high' of Tabacum, without its 'low'.

Loganiaceae family

The Loganiaceae include, amongst others, Strychnine, Nux vomica, Spigelia, Gelsemium and Ignatia.

Sankaran describes the sensation of the Loganiaceae as one of shock, shattered, torn to pieces, leading to a passive reaction of paralysis, sadness and silent grief or an active reaction of excitability and convulsiveness. The compensatory state is one of remaining calm and composed in the most shocking circumstances.⁷

Nux vomica came up in the trituration, with its similarity of symptoms of nausea, affinity to the liver and sense of toxicity. Clarke¹ lists Nux vomica as the main remedy for those who want to stop a tobacco habit.

¹ Brenner, p. 11.

² Mangialavori, p. 7.

³ Hatherly, p. 191.

⁴ See Bibliography.

⁵ See Bibliography.

⁶ Vermeulen, Prisma, p. 513.

⁷ Sankaran, p. 18.

Gelsemium has heaviness similar to Tabacum.

Ignatia has hysteria, which is part of Mangialavori's understanding of Tabacum.²

Spigelia shares the same geographic origin as Tabacum. The active ingredient of Spigelia, spigeline, resembles nicotine and gives rise to a similarity of symptoms.³ Spigelia is one of the remedies renowned for its adverse reactions to tobacco.

Lobelia inflata

Lobelia, also called Indian tobacco, has been used as a tobacco substitute by North American Indians.

The active ingredient of Lobelia, lobeline, uses the same acetylcholine receptors in the body as nicotine and produces symptoms that are almost identical to those of nicotine.⁴

In homeopathic usage, Lobelia is known for its support for the respiratory system, especially for respiratory problems in conjunction with gastric symptoms.

Caladium seguinum

Pitt⁵ draws the link between Caladium seguinum and Tabacum. Caladium has strong cravings for smoking, with ailments from excessive smoking. Smoking is used as a means to escape reality:

*"Melancholic and wooden as the old cigar-store carving of Indians, they live in a permanent cloud of smoke that masks the thorny reality outside."*⁶

Caladium can be compared to the remedy Selenium. Selenium belongs to the Ferrum series of the periodic table (the worker), at stage 16 (theme of neglect and begging). In its material form, Selenium is known as an antioxidant that binds cadmium from cigarette smoke.

Spider remedies

Fraser⁷ draws a comparison to the Spider remedies, with their strong desire for tobacco and their dislike of solid food. Tobacco smoke is the perfect form of nourishment for Spider personalities.

Mangialavori⁸ mentions a differential relationship to hysteria remedies (Aethusa, Valeriana, Moschus) and 'false self' remedies (Niccolum, Palladium, Chromium).

¹ Clarke, Prescriber, p. 342.

² Mangialavori, p. 304f.

³ Vermeulen, Prisma, p. 1244f.

⁴ Vermeulen, Prisma, p. 840.

⁵ Pitt, p. 77.

⁶ Vermeulen, Synoptic MM, p. 180.

⁷ See Bibliography.

⁸ Mangialavori, p. 303.

Appendix

Mind Symptoms with Trituration Quotes

ACCEPTANCE

Knowing what is going to happen. A buffer between pacifying and protecting. Accepting the inevitable. Sacrifice. Going clockwise. (T2 C3 S1)

Retribution – death and retribution, forgiveness and acceptance. (T3 C3 G1)

Accepting people for who they are – this didn't happen in years gone by. If you are a homosexual. (T3 C3 G3)

In a court of law of an old building of law/education. Door opens. I am accused of something – being tried for something. No fear – acceptance. (T3 C3 G4)

ADDICTION

I thought for the 3rd time today about not smoking through this process but I know I will. I want a cigarette now. [T2 commented later as to how much more than her average she had smoked in the 2 weeks before the trituration.] (T2 C1 G4)

I would like a lot of this substance. (T3 C1 S5)

I don't want this to stop. (T3 C1 G6)

T3 didn't say a word during the discussion. On being asked she said: this was absolutely fantastic. I want bucketsful of that. Time is not important. (Discussion after C1)

Disappointed by amount in bowl again. Feeling of I like 'more'. Addictive feel. (T4 C2 G1)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats. I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order. Not meant to be cultivated. Hence irritation – rebellion! I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction (T4 C2 G1)

Slave to the addiction. (T4 C3 G2)

This needs to be continued another time. It is not ready yet [to reveal more information]. But I am spaced out!!! I don't know what to do, how to come down. Do I want to come down? Where am I? Shall I call for help? But who is there to help me? The bell – decision time – continue or not? Ruthless. (T6 C3 G5)

ALTERNATION OF SYMPTOMS / CHANGEABLE

Changes, alternating. (T2 C1 G3)

Now close to tears. Alternation of symptoms. (T4 C2 S4)

Short term changeable states. (T4 C2 G6)

Alternating states: talkative and open // closed and spaced off. (T4 during lunchbreak)

Giggling – avoidance or alternating state. (T4 C3 G1)

All the powder on the side of the bowl: dry, bare alternating soft, full (T4 C3 G2)

ANXIETY

I feel really relaxed but with anxiety in the stomach. I feel as though I could go to sleep. (T3 C1 G3)

Anxiety and irritation emotionally much less, as if taken a 'chill pill'. (T4 C1 S5)

I so worry the proportions [of lactose and substance] weren't right, for nobody. (T6 C1 S1)

I feel anxiety in my stomach. (T3 C2 G3)

When grinding I have anxiety in the stomach and feel a bit sick. (T3 C2 G4)

Anxiety a bit in stomach. (T3 C2 S5)

Slightly anxious but ok. (T4 C2 G4)

AWKWARD / CLUMSY / SPATIALLY UNAWARE

Become [physically] really 'clumsy' – can't think of the right word. (T4 C2 S1)

Physically confused/challenged. Doing things all wrong – wrong hands, words gone. (T4 C2 S1)

Hard to write. (T4 C2 G3)

I can't grip the pen to write. (T4 C2 G4)

(missing the margin of the paper, spatially unaware) (T4 C2 G6)

On going for lunch: spatial awareness is weird, feeling of being invisible. (T4 during lunchbreak)

AVOIDANCE

Avoidance, oh god, what is going to happen now? (T2 C3 G1)

Avoidance (T4 C3 G1)

Giggling – avoidance or alternating state. (T4 C3 G1)

BLISS / AT PEACE / CALM

Feeling of peace, serenity. I can see stars in the night sky. (T3 C1 G1)

Wow, I love it. This is me. (T3 C1 G6)

Sudden silence – everybody writing – bliss. (T4 C1 G4)

Anxiety and irritation emotionally much less, as if taken a 'chill pill'. (T4 C1 S5)

T3 didn't say a word during the discussion. On being asked she said: this was absolutely fantastic. I want bucketsful of that. Time is not important. (Discussion after C1)

Feel at ease – relaxed – happy. (T1 C2 G3)

Am smoothing out the pain – bringing peace to the suffering – feel at peace with the sadness – it is lovely. (T1 C2 G5)

Feel so at ease and peaceful. (T1 C2 G5)

Languid (T4 C2 G6)

Calm and peaceful. (T5 C3 G2)

A very calm energy. (Discussion at end of C1)

CAREFUL

SEE Controlled

Feel clear, not sure how to describe it: careful, thoughtful. (T1 C1 G1)

Doing it so carefully, but with great interest too. Pursing my lips together in concentration, almost pouting. (T1 C1 G3)

My writing is very tidy – usually I scribble, but I am being more controlled, more careful. (T1 C1 S3)

Taking time to correct my spelling. Don't usually do that. (T1 C1 S4)

Being so contained and careful. (T1 C1 S6)

Am biting my bottom lip as I concentrate. Still being very careful, thoughtful as I grind – feel no speed or anxiety. (T1 C2 G5)

CARELESS

Feeling more impatient now – losing the careful feeling. Getting a bit more hap-hazard. (T1 C2 G6)

CHILD

T4 looks jolly – childlike, very happy – pink. (T1 C2 G4)

I am trying to make as much noise as possible. Childlike and laughing and grinning. (T2 C2 S2)

Suddenly all stop misbehaving, difficult to contain. Surely it is ok to be childish sometimes. (T2 C2 G3)

Curl into a small, small space and hide. Back into the cave. Sit at mother's feet and sleep, for a long time, then I will be forgotten about. Don't draw attention. Do what I have come here to do quietly so I can't get into trouble. I am reminded of my childhood, being quiet around my mum. Being a grown-up girl. Why do I irritate her. (T2 C2 G4)

I can hear a child outside, the child cries Dad. (T2 C2 G5)

My dad let me be free. (T2 C2 G5)

I think this experience might help me understand my children [age 12 and 15] better to allow them the journey of the child, especially my youngest. (T2 C2 S5)

A children's home. Learning together but no parental love – lost generation. Not alone but detached. (T6 C2 G5)

Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)

Grey – Dickensian – workhouse – children having to work, no play, no joy. (T6 C2 G6)

C1 – infancy; C2 – adolescence; C3 – adulthood. (T2 C3 S1)

Adult

The adult world is so rigid. Why is it frowned upon to play and laugh and be silly and let go and be free. (T2 C2 G3)

Ignore the grown up. No bad feelings towards the grown up because I love them but need a space for a spell. (T2 C2 G6)

Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)

It is like going back in time [to before the trituration]. We are adults surprisingly. Exam = adolescence. Orphanage = childhood. (When I set the timer and looked around the room I was surprised to be seeing adults.) (T6 C2 G6)

C1 – infancy; C2 – adolescence; C3 – adulthood. (T2 C3 S1)

CHILDISH BEHAVIOUR / PLAYFUL / MISCHIEVOUS / NAUGHTY

This is very silly. (T2 C2 G3)

T6 is funny. (T2 C2 G3)

Suddenly all stop misbehaving, difficult to contain. Surely it is ok to be childish sometimes. (T2 C2 G3)

Still element of giggling/playful – with that hint of rebellion. (T4 C2 G3)

Naughty schoolgirl. (T4 C2 G3)

Playful (T6 C2 G2)

I want to see how fast I can do it. (T6 C2 S2)

I like to make lots of noise, see if I can irritate them. T5 says "It's not a competition!" – Behave yourself! (T6 C2 G3)

I am looking up and making eye contact – NAUGHTY (T6 C2 G3)

I want to do it properly, because my intention is right. But I also want to play and do it my way, because this is how I learn. Please don't be too strict. (T6 C2 S3)

COLOURS

Now becoming very aware of others. T5 grinding sounds like a steam train – old, black – puffing away. (T1 C1 G4)

Amazed at how brown the powder looks. (T1 C1 S5)

T4 looks jolly – childlike, very happy – pink. (T1 C2 G4)

I am aware of my love for blue and green. (T2 C2 G1)

Fixated on the shadow of my hand. The shadow within the shadow – and then my red hand all blended into one. (T4 C2 S4)

Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)

Grey – Dickensian – workhouse – children having to work, no play, no joy. (T6 C2 G6)

Colourful turned into grey. Oppressive. (Discussion after C2)

Yellow Brick Road. Transforming yellow which is my least favourite colour. I used it in the picture to draw the fish and birds and to write. T3 spoke about concentration camps and this awful thing has stayed with me over lunch, following the Yellow brick road, unaware that they are being led to gas chambers, to murder. I think of yellow gas though I can't remember what it is called. (T2 during lunchbreak)

'Hitler' (word popped into mind) – image of military face with military hat – grey face. (T1 C3 G1)

Rigid – controlled – military hat – grey with a peak on my head – stiff lips – tight lips – stern face. (T1 C3 S1)

See a person kneeling down – giving in – a grey large person – beneath me. (T1 C3 S3)

Schindler's List and the little red coat. [In Schindler's List the film is in black and white apart from various scenes i.e. a little girl with a red coat. At the end of the film you see her red coat on a mountainous pile of coats, next to piles of glasses, teeth etc. the contrast of colour and the darkness and horror of the film – in one sense things (life) are black and white but also the opposite is true.] (T2 C3 G1)

Yellow sun, black sun. (T2 C3 G3)

I can see a little pink flower growing by a railway track. (T3 C3 G1)

I can see a white flower. (T3 C3 S1)

Speaking your truth. Grey → pink (T4 C3 G4)

COMMUNITY / AWARE OF OTHERS / COMMUNICATION

SEE Respectful, Unity

Balance between communication and silence. (T2 C1 G5)

Thought of family and friends. (T3 C1 G6)

Found T3 crying in the toilet – gave her a hug. (T1 C2 G5)

Feel relieved. T2 and I sighed together. (T1 C2 End)

Why am I doing this [the whole process of the trituration]? Who am I to have chosen this? This is all wrong – preposterous. I am trying to be something that I am not. I should leave them [the other tritulators] to it. They will do it so much better without me. I don't belong – the ugly duckling. I want to cry, feel sorry for myself. (T6 C1 G3)

Why do I think I need to ask permission [to add my contents to the group's]? This is my trituration. (T6 C1 G4)

I am sure they will be fine with me [the contents of my bowl] – to accommodate and please me? (T6 C1 G6)

More subdued because one of us thought about leaving. (T2 C2 G4)

I am more aware of everyone else in the room. (T2 C2 G4)

It is quieter in the room now. T4's head is down. Several in room take deep breaths/sigh. (T2 C2 G5)

I need to leave the room because of the frivolity. [T3 actually said that she would have to leave, but she didn't leave the room.] T1 and I understand each other. (T3 C2 G3)

T4 has stopped – I hope she is ok. (T3 C2 G4)

I want to apologise to T2 for giving her a nasty look when she hummed. (T3 C2 G6)

More outward – less insular – more aware of the group – am thinking about the plant. (T4 C2 G2)

Smoke rings – to communicate to people far away. Smoke signals. (T4 C2 G2)

Seeing the beauty in everyone in the room. Much more aware of the group. (T4 C2 G3)

Giggling – T4 starts it and everyone joins in except T3. T6 is in pieces. T3 is bemused. (T5 C2 S1)

What are we doing [giggling] (T6 C2 G2)

I am looking up and making eye contact – NAUGHTY (T6 C2 G3)

T3 says she wants to leave the room – have we upset her [with our giggling]? Everybody stops grinding, be quiet, told off. (T6 C2 G3)

I had to complete the last scrape after the bell went. I am behind with my work. I needed to say “sorry” to the group because I was behind. (T6 C2 S3)

Everybody is writing – silence – NICE. ... I feel I could go on writing forever, just like the others? [Nobody is grinding.] ... I am so aware others aren't grinding too, so why should I. ... I am feeling a bit guilty for not doing so, but most others aren't either. If they don't grind then it is fine for me not to either. (T6 C2 G4)

T2 is crying and T4 looks unhappy too. They are sweating over the questions and don't know them either. But maybe they can't cope as well as I can. (T6 C2 S4)

Giving out the lactose: I have to be much more precise about it – to honour what people are going through. This is really important for them and it needs to be honoured. (T6 C2 S4)

It almost feels cruel to put the timer on. ... I feel so much empathy for everybody here. (T6 C2 G5)

A children's home. Learning together but no parental love – lost generation. Not alone but detached. Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)

I have to do it really quietly to respect the others and their emotions because it could be me too. (T6 C2 G6)

Connection between each other. (Discussion after C2)

Both T4 and T6, who had known the substance, discussed that it would be good to reveal the substance at the end of the day, rather than in three weeks' time as planned. “They need to know.” (During lunchbreak)

(Feel almost like we are in school – some people have finished their exams and some haven't. Waiting for everyone to finish.) T5 is being very good and finishing everything – but she's not writing anything down! Being 'good'. We're being 'good' too – being patient and waiting for her. (T1 C3 last entry)

I am aware of T6. She stopped, head down. Concern she is ok. I want to send her light. (T2 C3 S2)

CONCENTRATION / CLARITY OF THOUGHT

Tension in brain – can't think, hold information. (T4 pre-grinding)

Feel clear, not sure how to describe it: careful, thoughtful. (T1 C1 G1)

Doing it so carefully, but with great interest too. Pursing my lips together in concentration, almost pouting. (T1 C1 G3)

There is a look of concentration on the faces, almost a bit of frown. (T2 C1 G2)

We are focussed. (T2 C1 G5)

Am biting my bottom lip as I concentrate. Still being very careful, thoughtful as I grind – feel no speed or anxiety. (T1 C2 G5)

Keep focussing on one detail but in a spacey way. (T4 C2 G6)

The laughing continued. I feel I have to hold this together... The laughing stops – a sense of intense concentration. (T5 C2 G2)

CONFUSION

SEE Time

Thanks for writing the process on the white board T6 [a list of number of grinds and scrapes and when powder would be added], because I don't know where I am. (T3 C1 S5)

Sorry T6 – I thought everything was over and I was ready to go home. (T3 after C1)

I don't know what day it is. (T4 C1 G4)

I thought we had finished C1. I am really surprised that we haven't, disorientated. (T6 C1 S4)

I forgot there is another grind – impatience? (T6 C1 S5)

Confusion of time and numbers. (Discussion after C1)

Confusion!!! G1 went too fast (T4 C2 S1)

Physically confused/challenged. Doing things all wrong – wrong hands, words gone. (T4 C2 S1)

Confusion between scraper and pestle. (T4 C2 G3)

Funny watching T1's confusion. Same as my own. (T4 C2 G4)

I feel kind of shaky and disorientated now. (T5 C2 G2)

[crossed out S6 – confusion of where we are in the trituration] (T6 C2 S5)

Don't know why I keep re-reading everything I've written – am unsure of self – under-confident – need to re-read it to know where I am. (T1 C3 G1)

Of Identity

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am. (T4 C3 G1)

CONTRAST / POLARITY

Noticed whiteness of new powder in contrast to brownness of old. Contrast. Like Yin and Yang. (T1 C1 G3)

There are 2 sides to it, but everything has 2 sides; a light and a dark side. (T3 C1 G6)

Observation of dark and light piles in the bowl with new addition of powder – stark polarity. (T4 C1 G3)

Compare health vs. disease (T4 C1 G3)

I suppose donkeys are pretty detached animals, and often lonely, usually looking sad, big liquid eyes. But they are also very virile creatures, the males anyway, something of a polarity between mildness and rampant virility. (T5 C1 G5)

T2, T4, T6 laughing with tears. T1, T3, T5 not. (T2 C2 G2)

I think I have seen the 2 sides of the substance, light and dark. (T3 C2 G5)

I remember being told about a CD called “Floating in Space” which was sold in a blister pack, so that until you wanted to read or play it it was floating. I feel rather like that – rather I want to be like that. Instead I feel heavy and tied down. (T5 C2 G4)

I want to do it properly, because my intention is right. But I also want to play and do it my way, because this is how I learn. Please don't be too strict. (T6 C2 S3)

Alternating states: talkative and open // closed and spaced off. (T4 during lunchbreak)

Schindler's List and the little red coat. [In Schindler's List the film is in black and white apart from various scenes i.e. a little girl with a red coat. At the end of the film you see her red coat on a mountainous pile of coats, next to piles of glasses, teeth etc. the contrast of colour and the darkness and horror of the film – in one sense things (life) are black and white but also the opposite is true.] (T2 C3 G1)

CONTROLLED / PRECISE

SEE Order, Careful

My writing is very tidy – usually I scribble, but I am being more controlled, more careful. (T1 C1 S3)

Taking time to correct my spelling. Don't usually do that. (T1 C1 S4)

Being 'precise' – put pen down with control and order. (T1 C2 G1)

CURSING

I am swearing in my mind, not at anything. (T2 C1 G5)

Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly. (T2 C2 G5)

DARK / LIGHT

SEE Joyless

Noticed whiteness of new powder in contrast to brownness of old. Contrast. Like Yin and Yang. (T1 C1 G3)

More sombre mood. (T2 C1 G3)

I need to grind anti-clockwise, nice feeling of smoothness. Need light to see the powder clearly, hold it in the light. (T3 C1 G1)

Feeling of peace, serenity. I can see stars in the night sky. (T3 C1 G1)

Feeling at peace with myself and yet feel there is a darker side. I can see a horrible face at times. (T3 C1 G4)

There are 2 sides to it, but everything has 2 sides; a light and a dark side. (T3 C1 G6)

I know there is a darkness lurking there somewhere. (T3 C1 S6)

Observation of dark and light piles in the bowl with new addition of powder – stark polarity. Compare health vs. disease (T4 C1 G3)

I spotted a piece of the substance, like a bit of thick hard/dark hair. (T5 C1 G1)

As if suddenly there was loads of light. (T5 after C1)

There were caverns and caves, dark enclosed spaces. Lots there but... (T2 after C1)

Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry. I feel darkness in C2, not nice. Heavy. (T3 C2 G4)

I think I have seen the 2 sides of the substance, light and dark. (T3 C2 G5)

I feel things are going to get better. Out of despair the phoenix will rise. (T3 C2 G5)

I feel as though I am beginning to smile again. I feel a bit lighter. (T3 C2 S5)

This poem came to me: To all those who suffer, I hope that I can be a buffer. There is a light at the end and a ray of sun. Love is the way – not the rule of the gun. (T3 C2 G6)

This substance has taken me somewhere really dark. (T3 C2 G6)

Tribal – journey – fire – dark – shaman – animals – totem (T4 C2 G4)

I went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter. Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave. (T3 after C2)

Shaft of light – see an open door with sunlight streaming through it. Heart jumped. (T1 C3 S3)

Druggy feeling to this. Acid trip, psychedelic and dark. (T2 C3 G1)

Schindler's List and the little red coat. [In Schindler's List the film is in black and white apart from various scenes i.e. a little girl with a red coat. At the end of the film you see her red coat on a mountainous pile of coats, next to piles of glasses, teeth etc. the contrast of colour and the darkness and horror of the film – in one sense things (life) are black and white but also the opposite is true.] (T2 C3 G1)

Yellow sun, black sun. (T2 C3 G3)

I am glad to see sunshine in the room. (T5 C3 G2)

DELUSIONS

Sensation of something on my head, almost like two ears on the top of my head! ... Strong feeling of two things on each side of my head. (T1 C1 G2)

Still have a strong feeling of two things on either side of my head. (T1 C1 G4)

Head feels large, much larger than it really is. Almost blown up like a balloon. (T1 C1 G6)

Head feeling heavy and disconnected. (T4 C1 S1)

I feel big all over/large. (T3 C2 G1)

Watching, looking down upon. 'I'm watching you', menacing. Looking down upon a lot of small people in my bowl. Feel like I'm very big, with something small in my hands that I'm controlling, playing with. Like a cat playing with a mouse. The word 'dominance' comes to me. (T1 C3 G2)

Spiky feeling coming out from the top of my head – like 2 rams horns! (T1 C3 G3)

DETACHED / ISOLATION / SELF-CONTAINED / SEPARATION / INSULAR

Feel self absorbed – not really interested in what the others are doing. (T1 C1 G2)

Feel in a trance with pressure in my ears. Very strong feeling. Now becoming very aware of others. (T1 C1 G4)

Happy to be self-contained as others rush off. (T1 C1 S4)

Feel a bit lost, can't catch up with the others – quite like it. (T1 C1 G5)

Feeling emotional – quiet, self-contained, going quietly into myself. (T1 C1 G5)

Being so contained and careful. (T1 C1 S6)

I feel we are separate in our work – we need something to unite us again. (T2 C1 G5)

The whole body is moving with the rhythm of the stirring. My whole body stirring. More energy efficient but more insular. Connection of sound of words to other sounds of words. Words birds. (T2 C1 G6)

I have closed my eyes and am getting lost in the sound and movement of grinding. (T3 C1 G4)

I am in a really nice place where time isn't important. Just me and my universe. (T3 C1 S4)

Head feeling heavy and disconnected. (T4 C1 S1)

Feel disconnected to [from] others in the group – very insular rather than looking out or feeling community. (T4 C1 G4)

A thought: there are more ways to leave this space, other than through the door. You could just drift off into the ether. I was very close to doing this. Just floating away. Detachment... (T5 C1 G5)

I suppose donkeys are pretty detached animals, and often lonely, usually looking sad, big liquid eyes. (T5 C1 G5)

It is even browner now [in the bowl]. I wonder if mine should go in with everybody else's? (T6 C1 G2)

I have a different pen to everybody else. [I gave out pens for everybody to use, but used my own one.] (T6 C1 G2)

Maybe I need to keep my stuff [contents of bowl] separate – it is not done right. (T6 C1 S2)

I should leave them [the other tritulators] to it. They will do it so much better without me. (T6 C1 G3)

I don't belong – the ugly duckling. I want to cry, feel sorry for myself. Pull yourself together – this is just your usual stuff. Get over it. (T6 C1 G3)

There was no sense of community, no communication, insular – detachment. (Discussion after C1)

Feel very solemn – introverted. (T1 C2 G4)

I want to keep my head down and be insular again. (T2 C2 G3)

I don't want to talk to anyone. Am happy as I am. (T3 C2 G1)

This substance is just about me – no one else – a bit of a loner but happy. I don't need anyone else. (T3 C2 G1)

The substance and me are a part of each other now. Solitude. (T3 C2 G2)

Feeling insular [as discussed after C1] resonates: keep going – just get it done. (T6 C2 G1)

A children's home. Learning together but no parental love – lost generation. Not alone but detached. (T6 C2 G5)

Alternating states: talkative and open # closed and spaced off. (T4 during lunchbreak)

Detachment again, rising above it, discernment, objective, calmer. (T2 C3 G2)

DISAPPROVAL / JUDGEMENTAL

Feel judgmental of 'giggling school girls' – disapproving. (T1 C2 G2)

I have been thinking how I don't like the sound of the alarm [timer]. Seems rude and bossy. Doesn't seem appropriate – feel judgmental. (T1 C2 G2)

Am totally absorbed in this. Can't understand why others are laughing – don't feel amused 'I am not amused!' (T1 C2 S2)

The word reliability comes to me – people who are reliable and those who aren't – feeling judgmental of those who aren't. (T1 C2 G6)

DRUGGED / TRANCE / DREAMY / SPACED / NUMBED OUT

Feel in a trance with pressure in my ears. Very strong feeling. (T1 C1 G4)

I wondered what would happen if we all went in a trance. We need a 7th [person] to oversee. (T2 C1 G6)

Very random. Very dreamy. Into the cauldron above the fire. (T2 C1 S6)

I feel a bit intoxicated, as though I can't speak clearly. (T3 C1 S4)

I feel like a hippie. Everything slow Man!! (T3 C1 S5)

Feel toxic – but heavy and more chilled with it than at the beginning. (T4 C1 S3)

Anxiety and irritation emotionally much less, as if taken a 'chill pill'. (T4 C1 S5)

Spaced feeling. (T4 C1 S6)

A thought: there are more ways to leave this space, other than through the door. You could just drift off into the ether. I was very close to doing this. Just floating away. Detachment... (T5 C1 G5)

I tell myself to stop thinking – just follow the movement of the pestle (anti-clockwise) and get sucked into the centre. (T6 C1 G4)

T3 didn't say a word during the discussion. On being asked she said: this was absolutely fantastic. I want bucketsful of that. Time is not important. (Discussion after C1)

Ding dong, merrily on high. (T2 C2 G2)

I feel like I've taken magic mushrooms. Alice in wonderland. The creature that sits on the toadstool. (T2 C2 S2)

Faster, more energised. Spiralling up, less in body. Taken up, out of the struggle. Like disappearing in a puff of smoke. (T4 C2 G2)

Very ungrounded. Like to take shoes off to feel more connected. (T4 C2 G3)

Hot – floating; spiralling above my body. (T4 C2 G4)

Really don't want to grind. I like to sit with my head in my hands and just stay with the feeling. I can't grip the pen to write. (T4 C2 G4)

Almost to the point of indifference – so numbed out – don't care. Don't care in a sad kind of way – not a rebellious or energetic way. (T4 C2 G6)

Keep focussing on one detail but in a spacey way. (T4 C2 G6)

Numbs out. (T4 C2 G6)

Still yawning and wanting to dip out of what I am doing. (T5 C2 G2)

I am asking the remedy to take me away from all this. I want to evaporate... Not sure I've experienced that before – but just to be part of the air – to float, that would be really great. (T5 C2 G4)

I remember being told about a CD called "Floating in Space" which was sold in a blister pack, so that until you wanted to read or play it it was floating. I feel rather like that – rather I want to be like that. Instead I feel heavy and tied down. (T5 C2 G4)

I am really floating off again. Initially I thought I was doing well. Then I am dreaming: a picture of sheep grazing, sunset, the Cotswolds??? (T5 C2 G6)

Spaced out at G4, desire to suck mother's breast (T4 after C2)

Felt spacey. (T2 during lunchbreak)

Alternating states: talkative and open // closed and spaced off. (T4 during lunchbreak)

[Had Tabasco sauce by the spoon, then] I stopped but didn't want to eat, don't want to be grounded. Felt I was nearly floating off – good thing the café had a low ceiling. (T6 during lunchbreak)

In a bit of a daze. Druggy feeling to this. Acid trip, psychedelic and dark. (T2 C3 G1)

Carrying on automatically. The mind asleep, spirit asleep but the body continuing. (T2 C3 G4)

I feel it has dispersed from me, through my head up and out to our progeny. (T2 C3 G4)

I am drifting into sleep – dreaming, very hard to catch - pastoral, countryside. (T5 C3 G4)

I am really spinning out [of my body] up over the back and top. (T6 C3 G1)

I want to go to sleep in order to dream. (T6 C3 G1)

I feel really spacey. My vision is blurred, out of focus. I feel like I would fall off my chair, to the left. (T6 C3 G2)

I feel dull, empty head. I stop grinding, feel a heaviness, like falling asleep, but I am not asleep, not even tired. The heaviness comes from the back of my head, pushing down my head. [T6 then couldn't write any more, was hunched over. Like a drugged heaviness, paralytic. It was a real effort to reach out to set the timer for S2] (T6 C3 G2)

I can do this in my sleep, mind drifting all over the place. Have I got any connection to the bowl on my lap? Has it got any connection to me? (T6 C3 G4)

This needs to be continued another time. It is not ready yet [to reveal more information]. But I am spaced out!!!! I don't know what to do, how to come down. Do I want to come down? Where am I? Shall I call for help? But who is there to help me? The bell – decision time – continue or not? Ruthless. (T6 C3 G5)

ESCAPE

I don't want to do this. I just want to leave. (T6 C1 S3)

I am thinking of home tonight – when I can forget all of this, as if it never happened. (T6 C1 G6)

I don't like this part as I am always up for a laugh but this feeling is not nice. I feel that everyone should work and not enjoy. Get me out of this phase please. (T3 C2 G3)

Taken up, out of the struggle. (T4 C2 G2)

I am asking the remedy to take me away from all this. I want to evaporate... Not sure I've experienced that before – but just to be part of the air – to float, that would be really great. (T5 C2 G4)

I am hardly grinding at all now – slower and slower. I want to walk out – almost standing up to go. On strike. (T5 C2 G5)

FASTIDIOUS

Haven't finished my scrape. Doesn't feel right grinding on an unfinished scrape! Have an OCD feeling of going back and finishing the scraping properly! (T1 C1 G4)

I am frustrated at my untidy writing and poor spelling. (T2 C1 G2)

FEAR

A bit fearful – I don't like the feeling. (T3 C2 S3)

I am getting angry at myself and let it out with the scraper. What do I have to fear? That they will reject me! (T6 C1 S3)

I want to look, in my eyes, wide open, deep, deep – looking into the depth. Actually it is an eye looking back at me from the bowl, a big, round eye with sadness and with fright? What would happen if a tear fell into it? My tear. Be gentle, so gentle – to not make the pain any more or any deeper. This is more like stroking than grinding. (T6 C3 G1)

FREEDOM

The adult world is so rigid. Why is it frowned upon to play and laugh and be silly and let go and be free. (T2 C2 G3)

Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly. (T2 C2 G5)

My dad let me be free. (T2 C2 G5)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats. I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order. Not meant to be cultivated. Hence irritation – rebellion! I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction (T4 C2 G1)

Freedom – breaking from the mould instead of swallowing it back down and continuing. What a challenge. (T4 C3 G4)

FLOW, GOING WITH

Before the trituration, when we were all talking, T6 and T4 were disagreeing about the issue of time of an event. I felt annoyed but then decided to go with the flow. (T3)

I am worried that I may have got my feelings wrong, but have decided to go with the flow. (T3 C1 S3)

Struggling with the dryness of the bowl. Irritating, to the point that I don't want to grind anymore and would rather write. I like the flow of the ink rather than the dryness of the grinding. (T4 C1 G2)

Go easy, let it flow – don't force it, versus: I need to do it properly. (T6 C1 G2)

GROUNDING

I feel so completely grounded with this remedy. Timeless, ageless. (T3 C1 G5)

Feel grounded – like I'm reliable. (T1 C2 S6)

So hard to stay grounded/focussed. (T4 C2 G3)

Spiralling down, into the earth, feel stiller. (T2 C3 G3)

Ground down. (T4 C3 G3)

HEAVEN / HIRAETH

SEE Homesickness

With the window shaking I can see an old cottage in the countryside with wild flowers around – heaven. (T3 C1 G3)

I feel a bit of sadness, "hiraeth", about this cottage. A place where there was love. I want to go back there. (T3 C1 G4)

This cottage is waiting for me, not sure when – next life?? I want it now. (T3 C1 G6)

T3 didn't say a word during the discussion. On being asked she said: this was absolutely fantastic. I want bucketsful of that. Time is not important. (Discussion after C1)

HEAVY / PRESSING

SEE Grounded

SEE Head, Eyes, Chest

Feel toxic – but heavy and more chilled with it than at the beginning. (T4 C1 S3)

Feeling the weight of this task, the heaviness and importance. Feels grave and serious. (T1 C2 G5)

Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry. I feel darkness in C2, not nice. Heavy. (T3 C2 G4)

Very ungrounded... All heavy/tired/yawning. (T4 C2 G3)

Heavy/tiredness (T4 C2 G6)

Languid (T4 C2 G6)

I remember being told about a CD called "Floating in Space" which was sold in a blister pack, so that until you wanted to read or play it it was floating. I feel rather like that – rather I want to be like that. Instead I feel heavy and tied down. (T5 C2 G4)

Feel very grave and serious – heavy feeling in the room. (T1 C3 G3)

I stop grinding, feel a heaviness, like falling asleep, but I am not asleep, not even tired. The heaviness comes from the back of my head, pushing down my head. [T6 then couldn't write any more, was hunched over. Like a drugged heaviness, paralytic. It was a real effort to reach out to set the timer for S2] (T6 C3 G2)

HIDE, DESIRE TO

Curl into a small, small space and hide. Back into the cave. Sit at mother's feet and sleep, for a long time, then I will be forgotten about. Don't draw attention. Do what I have come here to do quietly so I can't get into trouble. I am reminded of my childhood, being quiet around my mum. Being a grown-up girl. Why do I irritate her. (T2 C2 G4)

Hide your pain. Make no sound so [spelled 'same' – error] they can't gain or take your ground. (T2 C2 G5)

I will creep inside that quiet place so I can cry and hide my face. (T2 C2 G5)

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am.

Stifling. Gagging. Cruelty: adult to child (T4 C3 G1)

HOMESICKNESS

SEE Heaven / Hiraeth

With the window shaking I can see an old cottage in the countryside with wild flowers around – heaven. I feel a bit of sadness, "hiraeth", about this cottage. A place where there was love. I want to go back there. (T3 C1 G4)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats (T4 C2 G1)

Saw the link to travel sickness – being taken away from country of origin. (T4 C2 G1)

Homesickness (T4 C2 S4)

Tribal – journey – fire – dark – shaman – animals – totem (T4 C2 G4)

HOPEFUL / LIGHTER

I feel things are going to get better. Out of despair the phoenix will rise. (T3 C2 G5)

I feel as though I am beginning to smile again. I feel a bit lighter. (T3 C2 S5)

IMPATIENCE

Irritated by delay to the start. (T4 pre-grinding)

I wanted to start grinding before the clock was set. (T3 C1 G5)

I forgot there is another grind – impatience? (T6 C1 S5)

Feeling more impatient now – losing the careful feeling. Getting a bit more hap-hazard. (T1 C2 G6)

INDECISION

Slight indecision [over whether to keep grinding (for T6) or accept it is complete] !!!!!!! (T2 C3 G5 but had stopped at S4)

This needs to be continued another time. It is not ready yet [to reveal more information]. But I am spaced out!!!! I don't know what to do, how to come down. Do I want to come down? Where am I? Shall I call for help? But who is there to help me? The bell – decision time – continue or not? Ruthless. (T6 C3 G5)

INDIFFERENCE / NUMBNESS

Just feel dead inside – acceptance. (T3 C2 S4)

I don't really want to grind – what is the point? (T3 C2 G5)

Almost to the point of indifference – so numbed out – don't care. Don't care in a sad kind of way – not a rebellious or energetic way. More what's the point? (T4 C2 G6)

Numbs out. (T4 C2 G6)

I think I'd rather be writing this, meandering nonsense, than start grinding again. Why bother? (T5 C2 G1)

INDIGNATION

Why do I think I need to ask permission [to add my contents to the group's]? This is my trituration. (T6 C1 G4)

Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly. (T2 C2 G5)

IRRITABILITY / IRRITATION

Agitation, irritability, lips twitching, can't be still. (T4 pre-grinding)

Irritation at formality – instructions. (T4 pre-grinding)

Before the trituration, when we were all talking, T6 and T4 were disagreeing about the issue of time of an event. I felt annoyed but then decided to go with the flow. (T3)

Struggling with the dryness of the bowl. Irritating, to the point that I don't want to grind anymore and would rather write. I like the flow of the ink rather than the dryness of the grinding. (T4 C1 G2)

Sleepy – brain wants to shut down. Notice I am grinding slowly and annoyed at speed of T5's grinding next to me! (T4 C1 G3)

The bell goes and I want to scrape more. I am very annoyed about that (the bell). (T6 C1 S3)

Feel irritated by banging of scraper. Really bothering me. Ow – too loud! (T1 C2 S5)

Feel cross that my peace has been disturbed. (T1 C2 G6)

I got a bit annoyed with the laughing. I didn't see the point. Get on with the work. (T3 C2 G2)

Oh my god, am I losing my sense of humour, the laughing has started again. A little annoyed. (T3 C2 S2)

I need to leave the room because of the frivolity. [T3 actually said that she would have to leave, but she didn't leave the room.] T1 and I understand each other. T2 is now humming!! Let's knuckle down. This substance is Germanic. (T3 C2 G3)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats. I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order. Not meant to be cultivated. Hence irritation – rebellion! I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction (T4 C2 G1)

Rude alarm – annoying me. (T1 C3 G2)

T4 is ping-pong with her bracelet – irritating, stops me from going off. (T6 C3 G1)

JOYLESS / DARKNESS

Feeling at peace with myself and yet feel there is a darker side. I can see a horrible face at times. (T3 C1 G4)

There are 2 sides to it, but everything has 2 sides; a light and a dark side. (T3 C1 G6)

I know there is a darkness lurking there somewhere. (T3 C1 S6)

I see an unhappy face in the powder. (T3 C2 G3)

I don't like this part as I am always up for a laugh but this feeling is not nice. I feel that everyone should work and not enjoy. (T3 C2 G3)

I feel darkness in C2, not nice. Heavy. (T3 C2 G4)

I think I have seen the 2 sides of the substance, light and dark. (T3 C2 G5)

Grey – Dickensian – workhouse – children having to work, no play, no joy. (T6 C2 G6)

I went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter. Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave. (T3 after C2)

LAUGHING / GIGGLING / HUMOUR

Wanting to laugh to be de-constructive. (T4 pre-grinding)

I feel a bit giggly. (T2 C1 G1)

T4 looks jolly – childlike, very happy – pink. (T1 C2 G4)

All the banging makes me laugh. Noisy buggers. (T2 C2 S1)

Laughing and tears of laughter. (T2 C2 S1)

T2, T4, T6 laughing with tears. T1, T3, T5 not. (T2 C2 G2)

I am trying to make as much noise as possible. Childlike and laughing and grinning. (T2 C2 S2)

Giggles – T6 tapping as if cross! (T4 C2 S1)

Laughing until crying. (T4 C2 S1)

Laughing (T4 C2 S1)

Just want to laugh. (T4 C2 G4)

Giggling – why not – contagious – relief. I LIKE THIS. (T6 C2 S1)

Is T1 ringing a bell? I am in fits of laughter. (Cann-i) (T6 C2 S1)

What are we doing [giggling]. Now pull yourself together, be serious, check the timer. (T6 C2 G2)

Giggling – avoidance or alternating state. (T4 C3 G1)

MEMORY / FORGETFUL

Forgetting what number I am up to. (T2 C1 S4)

I can't remember names. This began before the trituration with one name. Now I am trying to relate that person to another friend and realise I can't remember her name either! (T5 C1 G2)

I forgot there is another grind – impatience? (T6 C1 S5)

Maybe a remedy for dementia? I am remembering verses I knew when I was very small and have hardly thought of since. (T5 C2 G1)

A sudden realisation of the person I was trying to remember earlier – one of a group – I knew there was one more person but couldn't remember who. Now I can. (T5 C2 S4)

MISUNDERSTOOD

Misunderstood – ailments from being. (T4 C3 G1)

Being taken the wrong way. (T4 C3 G1)

MOTHER

Curl into a small, small space and hide. Back into the cave. Sit at mother's feet and sleep, for a long time, then I will be forgotten about. Don't draw attention. Do what I have come here to do quietly so I can't get into trouble. I am reminded of my childhood, being quiet around my mum. Being a grown-up girl. Why do I irritate her. (T2 C2 G4)

Loss of mother – not mine. I want to cry but have no tears. (T3 C2 G5)

A children's home. Learning together but no parental love – lost generation. Not alone but detached. (T6 C2 G5)

Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)

Spaced out at G4, desire to suck mother's breast (T4 after C2)

NOISE

I am trying to make as much noise as possible. Childlike and laughing and grinning. (T2 C2 S2)

Scraping is done much more energetically and noisily. (T2 C2 S3)

I am reminded of a Bjork song: "It's nice and quiet" shhhh then Bang. (T2 C2 G5)

I like to make lots of noise, see if I can irritate them. T5 says "It's not a competition!" – Behave yourself! (T6 C2 G3)

Sensitive to

SEE Quiet, Silence

Don't like the noise of talking. Regular rhythm noises soothes. Don't like sudden loud noises. (T4 C1 S2)

Scraping seems so noisy – loud. (T1 C2 S5)

Feel irritated by banging of scraper. Really bothering me. Ow – too loud! (T1 C2 S5)

It's so noisy in here. (T1 C2 S6)

I hold my bowl on my lap because it is quieter – shhh. (T2 C2 G1)

The bell going off made me jump. (T2 C2 G1)

I want to be quiet, hear the clock ticking. (T2 C2 G4)

I feel the alarm clock in my stomach. (T3 C2 G2)

T4 is ping-pong with her bracelet – irritating, stops me from going off. (T6 C3 G1)

That hurt my head when T3 tinged her mortar. (T6 C3 S4)

I am making too much noise. Hangover – do I need Nux-v to antidote? T1 is drawing with a wax crayon but it sounds as if she is grinding. (T6 C3 S4)

NUMBERS

There was a confusion of numbers of tritulators. I was sure we would be 6, but T4 pointed out that we could be 7. It took me ages before the numbers added up (to 7). I had set out the room already for 6, so I had to add another chair and table etc. That made the room layout nicer, as there was more space then... We are only 6 after all. It feels a relief to put one chair and table into a corner. It feels better with 6, and there is more space now too. (T6 pre-grinding)

At 6's and 7's – 3 6 9. (T2 C1 G1)

6 women stirring round and round. (T2 C1 G1)

Forgetting what number I am up to. (T2 C1 S4)

[crossed out:] 3 6 9, turning circles so sublime. 9 6 3, I send a prayer to thee. (T2 C1 G5)

6's and 7's, ears and eyes, back and forth, round and round. (T2 C1 G6)

Confusion of time and numbers. (Discussion after C1)

Too many numbers. (T2 C2 G1)

3 – the mystery of 3. I feel I want to stop. I should have stopped after C3, grind 3 and scrape 3: 3 6 9 → 18 → 9 (T2 C3 G4)

OBSERVED / LOOKED AT

I am aware of T3 looking at me. (T2 C1 G1)

I wondered what would happen if we all went in a trance. We need a 7th [person] to oversee. (T2 C1 G6)

Someone is here without being here. I feel we are being kept an eye on/observed. (T2 C1 S6)

I can't help but hum. T3 is irritated by that. I feel like I am frowned upon. (T2 C2 G3)

I want to keep my head down and be insular again. (T2 C2 G3)

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)

Watching, looking down upon. 'I'm watching you', menacing. Looking down upon a lot of small people in my bowl. Feel like I'm very big, with something small in my hands that I'm controlling, playing with. Like a cat playing with a mouse. The word 'dominance' comes to me. (T1 C3 G2)

OLD / UNRESOLVED STORIES

Now becoming very aware of others. T5 grinding sounds like a steam train – old, black – puffing away. (T1 C1 G4)

With the window shaking I can see an old cottage in the countryside with wild flowers around – heaven. (T3 C1 G3)

I heard on the radio on the way today of old, unsolved stories of people's lives. This has just come back to me now. (T3 C1 G3)

Things unresolved in the past. (T3 C1 S3)

I feel a bit of sadness, "hiraeth", about this cottage. A place where there was love. I want to go back there. (T3 C1 G4)

I feel so completely grounded with this remedy. Timeless, ageless. (T3 C1 G5)

Pictures in the powder of aliens, skeletons, 1st people in Egypt. (T3 C1 G5)

I can see a shaped Aztec Sun in the powder. (T3 C1 S5)

Keep re-reading what I've written again and again – aware of T4's grief. (T1 C2 G4)

About the substance: it has been in the presence of bad. It has grown or lived where there had been oppression in the history. The stain is still there. (T3 after C2)

OPPRESSION / PERSECUTOR / HIERARCHY

I can see the wicked queen but she can't touch me. I am sure footed. I think of a goat. I remember the goats in Alaska and how I marvelled at their balance and agility. (T2 C1 G4)

Aspirations and climbing. (T2 C1 S4)

Eyes closed I can see a room with a single light bulb coming from the ceiling – interrogation room! (T3 C1 G5)

Why do I think I need to ask permission [to add my contents to the group's]? This is my trituration. (T6 C1 G4)

Feel an issue around hierarchy. (T1 C2 G1)

I have been thinking how I don't like the sound of the alarm [timer]. Seems rude and bossy. Doesn't seem appropriate – feel judgemental. (T1 C2 G2)

Has T3 threatened us? Taken control (She said 'I have to leave soon.') (T1 C2 G3)

I can feel her [T3's] irritation and it stifles me a bit. (T2 C2 G3)

More subdued because one of us [T3] thought about leaving. I have no words now. I don't want to grind. (T2 C2 G4)

I feel big all over/large. (T3 C2 G1)

I feel a bit like a child worker working in a sweatroom. No fun, all work. (T3 C2 S3)

Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry. (T3 C2 G4)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats. I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order. Not meant to be cultivated. Hence irritation – rebellion! I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction (T4 C2 G1)

I went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter. Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave. (T3 after C2)

About the substance: it has been in the presence of bad. It has grown or lived where there had been oppression in the history. The stain is still there. (T3 after C2)

Lunchtime: noticed the soldier with a gun sprayed on the wall outside the School. Stood out – never paid much attention to it before. (T1 lunchbreak)

'Hitler' (word popped into mind) – image of military face with military hat – grey face. (T1 C3 G1)

Rigid – controlled – military hat – grey with a peak on my head – stiff lips – tight lips – stern face. (T1 C3 S1)

Rounding (as you would round up a flock of sheep) up the powder with my scraper – controlling it. (T1 C3 S1)

Watching, looking down upon. 'I'm watching you', menacing. Looking down upon a lot of small people in my bowl. Feel like I'm very big, with something small in my hands that I'm controlling, playing with. Like a cat playing with a mouse. The word 'dominance' comes to me. (T1 C3 G2)

See a person kneeling down – giving in – a grey large person – beneath me. (T1 C3 S3)

Oppression and hard work. Mines, quarries, chalk. (T3 C3 G2)

In a court of law of an old building of law/education. Door opens. I am accused of something – being tried for something. No fear – acceptance. (T3 C3 G4)

Issues around hierarchy/superiority/arrogance (T4 C3 S1)

Being Found Out / Keep Head Down

There is something odd about time. When T6 phoned me during the week and I got the dates wrong. I felt that T6 was checking up on me as I am useless with dates and time. I actually felt as though I was being found out. (T3 C1 S6)

I messed it all up. But just go along with it – pretend and hope nobody will find out. (T6 C1 G5)

I want to keep my head down and be insular again. (T2 C2 G3)

How quietly can I grind. I don't want to draw attention. The mouse in the tea pot (in Alice in wonderland). (T2 C2 G4)
 Curl into a small, small space and hide. Back into the cave. Sit at mother's feet and sleep, for a long time, then I will be forgotten about. Don't draw attention. Do what I have come here to do quietly so I can't get into trouble. I am reminded of my childhood, being quiet around my mum. Being a grown-up girl. Why do I irritate her. (T2 C2 G4)
 Hide your pain. Make no sound so [spelled 'same' – error] they can't gain or take your ground. (T2 C2 G5)
 I will creep inside that quiet place so I can cry and hide my face. (T2 C2 G5)
 Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly. (T2 C2 G5)
 T4 looked when I made a noise, but I didn't mean to be naughty really. (T6 C2 S3)
 I have to do it really quietly to respect the others and their emotions because it could be me too. (T6 C2 G6)
 I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)
 If you make a noise or look then they (the masters) may pick you out. "Nur nicht auffallen." Don't stand out from the crowd. (T6 C2 G6)

Do as You're Told / Put in Your Place / Reprimanded

I have been thinking how I don't like the sound of the alarm [timer]. Seems rude and bossy. Doesn't seem appropriate – feel judgemental. (T1 C2 G2)
 Feel I have to be in my place and do as I'm told. (T1 C2 G2)
 Feel confused – I thought this was meant to be serious! 'I wasn't allowed to rebel (in my trituration)! or talk for that matter – why is everyone breaking the rules. (T1 C2 S2)
 Has T3 threatened us? Taken control (She said 'I have to leave soon.') Feel less at ease again – uncomfortable with this thought. Laughter has stopped again – 'been put in their place'. (T1 C2 G3)
 Am happy to be 'doing it by the book', 'sticking to the rules'. Happy to be subservient – not sure where that word came from – bit a feeling of 'bowing to my elders'. Happy to do as I am told. (T1 C2 S4)
 Feeling controlled and not resisting. (T1 C2 S4)
 I really want to hum or sing but that will irritate the others. (T2 C2 G1)
 I can't help but hum. T3 is irritated by that. I feel like I am frowned upon. (T2 C2 G3)
 More subdued now. (T2 C2 S3)
 I like to make lots of noise, see if I can irritate them. T5 says "It's not a competition!" – Behave yourself! (T6 C2 G3)
 T3 says she wants to leave the room – have we upset her [with our giggling]? Everybody stops grinding, be quiet, told off. (T6 C2 G3)
 I am feeling suppressed (how do you spell that?) (T6 C2 G3)
 T1 is ringing her bell again [the sound from her pestle and mortar] but this time it is not funny, not allowed to. (T6 C2 S3)
 R at Helios will tell me off if I send him the C1 powder, it is so discoloured that surely we can't have done it properly. (T6 C2 G6)

Slavery

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats (T4 C2 G1)
 I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction (T4 C2 G1)
 I went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter. Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave. (T3 after C2)
 T4: slavery, didn't want to be free (T4 after C2)
 A feeling of something religious – a religious ceremony. Of us all receiving communion from T6. Her kneeling in front of us being subservient. [T6 was giving out more powder.] T6 then faced the table to put the substance [lactose] away and I felt she was a minister of religion looking towards the cross. Also like Jesus washing the feet of his disciples when T6 was kneeling at our feet. How people have been slaves/subservient to religion for centuries. Even the underneath of T6's shoes have crosses on them. (T3 reflecting during last few rounds of C3)
 Slave to the addiction. (T4 C3 G2)
 10 little niggers – one after the other dropping out [trituration stopping]. (T6 C3 G5)

ORDER / STRUCTURE / PROPER

Wanting to laugh to be de-constructive. (T4 pre-grinding)
 Haven't finished my scrape. Doesn't feel right grinding on an unfinished scrape! Have an OCD feeling of going back and finishing the scraping properly! (T1 C1 G4)
 I am frustrated at my untidy writing and poor spelling. (T2 C1 G2)
 [T4 says: "May I get up please, Miss?" to T6 in a mocking tone at end of C1.]
 I so worry the proportions [of lactose and substance] weren't right, for nobody. (T6 C1 S1)
 I wonder why they [the other trituration] stop scraping [in order to write]. Don't they know they've got to continue? (T6 C1 S1)
 Go easy, let it flow – don't force it, versus: I need to do it properly. (T6 C1 G2)
 Maybe I need to keep my stuff [contents of bowl] separate – it is not done right. (T6 C1 S2)

Anger. Why can't I do it properly? Why all these emotions? This should be physical (C1). (T6 C1 G4)

Hurry – everybody else seems so calm. They can take the time out to write, and write clearly. I am not allowed, I've got to do it proper. (T6 C1 G5)

This [scrape] is going too fast. I want more time. I really wanted to get everything off the sides! (T6 C1 S5)

I wanted to start grinding before the clock was set. I don't like the clock as it restrains me. (T3 C1 G5)

T2 and T6 felt they were not doing the trituration properly. (after C1)

Purposely causing 'dis-order' going anti-clockwise to mess up the structure. (T1 C2 G1)

Being 'precise' – put pen down with control and order. (T1 C2 G1)

Am happy to be 'doing it by the book', 'sticking to the rules'. Happy to be subservient – not sure where that word came from – bit a feeling of 'bowing to my elders'. Happy to do as I am told. (T1 C2 S4)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats. I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order. (T4 C2 G1)

The powder in my bowl is a mess – unevenly distributed – thick and deep on the right side, not there on the left – making the grinding uneven. How can this be like this? (T5 C2 G3)

What are we doing [giggling]. Now pull yourself together, be serious, check the timer. (T6 C2 G2)

I want to do it properly, because my intention is right. But I also want to play and do it my way, because this is how I learn. Please don't be too strict. (T6 C2 S3)

I am always that little bit behind, trying to get the last bit off and then there is still more and more to scrape. (T6 C2 S5)

R at Helios will tell me off if I send him the C1 powder, it is so discoloured that surely we can't have done it properly. (T6 C2 G6)

In a court of law of an old building of law/education. Door opens. I am accused of something – being tried for something. No fear – acceptance. (T3 C3 G4)

I am driven. I feel I must complete C3. Everyone else has stopped. (T5 C3 G6)

Clockwise / Anti-Clockwise

I am always going round anti-clockwise. (T6 preparing the substance)

Anti-clockwise. (T2 C1 G1)

I am turning the spoon anti-clockwise. In the morning I turned the bowl anti-clockwise. (T2 C1 S1)

I am grinding anti-clockwise and then clockwise. (T2 C1 G2)

Still alternating clockwise and anti-clockwise. (T2 C1 G2)

Anti-clockwise going round and up the sides of the bowl. Anti-clockwise. (T2 C1 G2)

Then I scrape clockwise. (T2 C1 S2)

Stirring anti-clockwise. (T2 C1 G5)

I need to grind anti-clockwise, nice feeling of smoothness. I have tried to grind clockwise but it wasn't happening. (T3 C1 G1)

I am able to grind clockwise but it doesn't feel right. (T3 C1 G2)

T4 is grinding anti-clockwise, so is T5 – no, T5 isn't. I think T1 is. Now T5 is. (T3 C1 G2)

When I grind clockwise I go faster. Then I find I am whizzing round anti-clockwise – no great awareness. I seem obsessed with trivia. (T5 C1 G6)

Grinding anti-clockwise is much easier, smoother. Clockwise I need to apply so much pressure. There are all these hooks. (T6 C1 G1)

I tell myself to stop thinking – just follow the movement of the pestle (anti-clockwise) and get sucked into the centre. (T6 C1 G4)

It is very smooth now. I feel I need to go back and forth all the time, can't keep one direction. (T6 C1 G6)

Purposely causing 'dis-order' going anti-clockwise to mess up the structure. (T1 C2 G1)

I like to grind anti-clockwise, the opposite direction to how I have been doing it. (T4 C2 G5)

Grinding all clockwise now. (T6 C2 G1)

I started stirring clockwise. (T2 C3 G1)

Accepting the inevitable. Sacrifice. Going clockwise. (T2 C3 S1)

Stirring anti-clockwise. Clockwise. (T2 C3 G2)

Clockwise, changed direction. (T2 C3 G3)

More comfortable going anti-clockwise. (T2 C3 G3)

I turn clockwise – I turn anti-clockwise. (T4 C3 G2)

I am doing it segment by segment, into the middle. Like going against the clock but anti-clockwise. (T6 C3 S1)

School / Exam

SEE Child

Keep mentioning bell instead of alarm

[T4 says: "May I get up please, Miss?" to T6 in a mocking tone at end of C1.]

I am not aware of any symptoms. Don't worry, I am only a beginner. I need to learn how to do it first. [I am the only person in the group who has not taken part in a trituration before.] (T6 C1 G3)

T4 reminds me of a naughty school girl and T6 a cross teacher. (T1 C2 S1)

Feel judgmental of 'giggling school girls' – disapproving. (T1 C2 G2)
 Sensation of a stuffy, uptight school teacher. Stiff – rigid – frigid! (T1 C2 S3)
 Naughty schoolgirl. (T4 C2 G3)
 T3 is a teacher – no wonder she can't cope with naughtiness. (T6 C2 G3)
 Classroom (T6 C2 S3)
 Adolescence (T6 C2 S3)
 I want to do it properly, because my intention is right. But I also want to play and do it my way, because this is how I learn.
 Please don't be too strict. (T6 C2 S3)
 I had to complete the last scrape after the bell went. I am behind with my work. I needed to say "sorry" to the group because I was behind. (T6 C2 S3)
 [Everybody is writing] Is this a classroom exam? If so, what is the subject? Philosophy? (T6 C2 G4)
 I have a real resistance to go back to grinding. The grinding is done. (I haven't even started this grind.) Maybe I should – sigh – go on, pick it up. I am talking to myself. I am so aware others aren't grinding too, so why should I. I don't always want to be teacher's pet. (I have really sweaty hands.) This is important. I need to make this clear: it is so important. There is no right or wrong. It is not all about work. (T6 C2 G4)
 The bell went: everybody is writing. I hear the teacher calling: "Time is up – hand in your papers." Only T3 is scraping instantly – teacher's pet. (T6 C2 G4)
 I don't feel I need to scrape. I haven't ground anything. Maybe it is done? Looks fine to me. I have a great desire to sit out this round. I don't know the answer to this exam question. I give it a miss and wait for the next bit. Let's hope I can still get a decent result. T2 is crying and T4 looks unhappy too. They are sweating over the questions and don't know them either. But maybe they can't cope as well as I can. (T6 C2 S4)
 (Feel almost like we are in school – some people have finished their exams and some haven't. Waiting for everyone to finish.) T5 is being very good and finishing everything – but she's not writing anything down! Being 'good'. We're being 'good' too – being patient and waiting for her. (T1 C3 last entry)
 In a court of law of an old building of law/education. Door opens. I am accused of something – being tried for something. No fear – acceptance. (T3 C3 G4)
 Compare: sitting in an exam hall and finishing before everybody else. (T4 C3 G4)

PLEASING

I am sure they will be fine with me [the contents of my bowl] – to accommodate and please me? (T6 C1 G6)
 I have a real resistance to go back to grinding. The grinding is done. (I haven't even started this grind.) Maybe I should – sigh – go on, pick it up. I am talking to myself. I am so aware others aren't grinding too, so why should I. I don't always want to be teacher's pet. (T6 C2 G4)
 The bell went: everybody is writing. I hear the teacher calling: "Time is up – hand in your papers." Only T3 is scraping instantly – teacher's pet. (T6 C2 G4)
 (Feel almost like we are in school – some people have finished their exams and some haven't. Waiting for everyone to finish.) T5 is being very good and finishing everything – but she's not writing anything down! Being 'good'. We're being 'good' too – being patient and waiting for her. (T1 C3 [did no more grinding or scraping, last entry])
 I have extra lactose but I think I don't want to upset T6. (T2 C3 G5)

QUIET / TALK, INDISPOSED

Feeling emotional – quiet, self-contained, going quietly into myself. (T1 C1 G5)
 It was more frenzied towards the end of the last stage, now it seems quieter, slower, gentler. Less rushed. (T2 C1 G3)
 I don't want to talk about this until the day is done. (T2 C1 S4)
 Are we not going to talk to each other about how we feel? Doesn't matter, better this way. [T3 was under the misconception that we would only do this one round of C1, that that was going to be the whole trituration.] (T3 C1 G4)
 Don't like the noise of talking. Regular rhythm noises soothes. Don't like sudden loud noises. (T4 C1 S2)
 T3 didn't say a word during the discussion. On being asked she said: this was absolutely fantastic. I want bucketsful of that. Time is not important. (Discussion after C1)
 I hold my bowl on my lap because it is quieter – shhh. (T2 C2 G1)
 I have no words now. (T2 C2 G4)
 I want to be quiet, hear the clock ticking. (T2 C2 G4)
 How quietly can I grind. I don't want to draw attention. The mouse in the tea pot (in Alice in wonderland). (T2 C2 G4)
 Hide your pain. Make no sound so [spelled 'same' – error] they can't gain or take your ground. (T2 C2 G5)
 I will creep inside that quiet place so I can cry and hide my face. (T2 C2 G5)
 Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly. (T2 C2 G5)
 I am reminded of a Bjork song: "It's nice and quiet" shshh then Bang. (T2 C2 G5)
 I don't want to talk to anyone. Am happy as I am. (T3 C2 G1)
 Nothing to say. I like the repetitive action of the circle – softer/heavier. (T4 C2 G5)
 T3 says she wants to leave the room – have we upset her [with our giggling]? Everybody stops grinding, be quiet, told off. (T6 C2 G3)

I have to do it really quietly to respect the others and their emotions because it could be me too. (T6 C2 G6)

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)

Quiet – not thinking of anything. (T2 C3 G1)

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am.

Stifling. Gagging. Cruelty: adult to child (T4 C3 G1)

REBELLIOUS

Feel rebellious, against the order and structure. (T4 pre-grinding)

I wanted to start grinding before the clock was set. I don't like the clock as it restrains me. (T3 C1 G5)

Why do I think I need to ask permission [to add my contents to the group's]? This is my trituration. (T6 C1 G4)

Purposely causing 'dis-order' going anti-clockwise to mess up the structure. (T1 C2 G1)

Feel confused – I thought this was meant to be serious! 'I wasn't allowed to rebel (in my trituration)!' or talk for that matter – why is everyone breaking the rules. (T1 C2 S2)

I am trying to make as much noise as possible. Childlike and laughing and grinning. (T2 C2 S2)

Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly. (T2 C2 G5)

I feel a shout, an uprising coming. (T2 C2 S5)

I want to be annoying. (T2 C2 S5)

Journey: plantations/slaves/boats. I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order. Not meant to be cultivated. Hence irritation – rebellion! I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction (T4 C2 G1)

Still element of giggling/playful – with that hint of rebellion. (T4 C2 G3)

Naughty schoolgirl. (T4 C2 G3)

I am hardly grinding at all now – slower and slower. I want to walk out – almost standing up to go. On strike. (T5 C2 G5)

I have a real resistance to go back to grinding. The grinding is done. (I haven't even started this grind.) Maybe I should – sigh – go on, pick it up. I am talking to myself. I am so aware others aren't grinding too, so why should I. I don't always want to be teacher's pet. (I have really sweaty hands.) This is important. I need to make this clear: it is so important. There is no right or wrong. It is not all about work. (T6 C2 G4)

Speaking my truth – clearly; in my actions, not just saying one thing and doing another. Being real – in the moment rather than conforming – is this the meaning of rebellion? If so then I have been rebelling against my true self. [Who do you really rebel against? I.e. rebel against self in order to conform.] (T4 C3 G4)

RELIEVED

Struggling with the dryness of the bowl. Irritating, to the point that I don't want to grind anymore and would rather write. I like the flow of the ink rather than the dryness of the grinding. (T4 C1 G2)

Grinding hard, aching – can't find a comfortable position to hold the bowl in. Feels like breaking bone. Dissatisfaction. Relief when it is time to end. (T4 C1 G2)

Feel relieved. T2 and I sighed together. (T1 C2 End)

Thank god that's done. (T2 C2 S1)

Thank God the alarm has gone off. (T3 C2 G4)

Thank god for the buzzer. (T5 C2 G5)

Giggling – why not – contagious – relief. I LIKE THIS. (T6 C2 S1)

RELIGION

Reminded of Tibetan singing bowls. (T2 C2 G4)

[T1, T3 and T5 are not giggling] [drawing of Star of David] (T6 C2 S1)

See a person kneeling down – giving in – a grey large person – beneath me. (T1 C3 S3)

3 [trituration] have water, but more in a Yod shape = finger of God. 3 don't have water. (T2 C3 G2)

I think of the triad of religion; Jewish, Christianity, Islam. Celtic druids OBOD [Order of Bards, Obates and Druids] – triads. 3's maiden – mother – crone. (T2 C3 G2)

A feeling of something religious – a religious ceremony. Of us all receiving communion from T6. Her kneeling in front of us being subservient. [T6 was giving out more powder.] T6 then faced the table to put the substance [lactose] away and I felt she was a minister of religion looking towards the cross. Also like Jesus washing the feet of his disciples when T6 was kneeling at our feet. How people have been slaves/subservient to religion for centuries. Even the underneath of T6's shoes have crosses on them. (T3 reflecting during last few rounds of C3)

Star of David Star of Bethlehem (T3 reflecting during last few rounds of C3)

Distortion of senses – I could hear a bell ringing far away which was actually my bracelet hitting the bowl. Took me ages to realise. (T4 C3 G2)

[drawing of Star of David] (T4 at end of entries)

I wish T5 would stop grinding – death throws – RIP [picture of a Cross]. Don't keep it artificially alive. (T6 C3 G6)

RESPECTFUL

Giving out the lactose: I have to be much more precise about it – to honour what people are going through. This is really important for them and it needs to be honoured. (T6 C2 S4)

RESPECTFUL (T6 C2 G5)

I have to do it really quietly to respect the others and their emotions because it could be me too. (T6 C2 G6)

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)

Both T4 and T6, who had known the substance, discussed that it would be good to reveal the substance at the end of the day, rather than in three weeks' time as planned. "They need to know." (During lunchbreak)

Respect this energy. Thank you. Gratitude. (T1 C3 G3)

Huge dilemma whether to continue or not – respect. Very clear message or see it as a resistance/stubbornness in me or the substance. (T4 C3 G3)

RESTLESSNESS

Agitation, irritability, lips twitching, can't be still. (T4 pre-grinding)

I can't get comfortable. Fidgeting (T6 C2 G1)

Restless. (T2 C3 G5)

RHYTHM

Unity in rhythm. (T2 C1 G2)

The whole body is moving with the rhythm of the stirring. My whole body stirring. More energy efficient but more insular. Connection of sound of words to other sounds of words. Words birds. (T2 C1 G6)

Action of grinding feels a release of the physical restlessness. I like the rhythm. (T4 C1 G1)

Don't like the noise of talking. Regular rhythm noises soothes. Don't like sudden loud noises. (T4 C1 S2)

Donkeys? I saw one on the way here and the image keeps coming back to me. Now I find myself almost muttering – "Donkey, donkey don't you stop – just let the wheels go clippety clop..." Where did that come from? Memory: the proper words are "Horse, horse...???" (T5 C1 G4)

Watching the whole body move to the rhythm of my grinding. (T4 C2 G6)

SADNESS / WEEPING

Feel like crying. Eyes getting wet. (T1 C1 S5)

I feel a bit of sadness, "hiraeth", about this cottage. A place where there was love. I want to go back there. (T3 C1 G4)

Sad memories coming up – not especially unusual – but unexpected here now. (T5 C1 G1)

I suppose donkeys are pretty detached animals, and often lonely, usually looking sad, big liquid eyes. (T5 C1 G5)

Keep re-reading what I've written again and again – aware of T4's grief. (T1 C2 G4)

Am smoothing out the pain – bringing peace to the suffering – feel at peace with the sadness – it is lovely. (T1 C2 G5)

Tears don't understand. (T2 C2 S4)

I will creep inside that quiet place so I can cry and hide my face. (T2 C2 G5)

I see an unhappy face in the powder. (T3 C2 G3)

Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry. (T3 C2 G4)

Loss of mother – not mine. I want to cry but have no tears. (T3 C2 G5)

Now close to tears. Alternation of symptoms. (T4 C2 S4)

Connection to sucking at the nipple – note of sadness. (T4 C2 S5)

Almost to the point of indifference – so numbed out – don't care. Don't care in a sad kind of way – not a rebellious or energetic way. (T4 C2 G6)

Respect this energy. Thank you. Gratitude. Re-reading everything again, reflecting. Brink of tears. (T1 C3 G3)

I want to look, in my eyes, wide open, deep, deep – looking into the depth. Actually it is an eye looking back at me from the bowl, a big, round eye with sadness and with fright? What would happen if a tear fell into it? My tear. Be gentle, so gentle – to not make the pain any more or any deeper. This is more like stroking than grinding. (T6 C3 G1)

SELF-CONFIDENCE, LACK OF

Old stuff coming up – embarrassment – confidence issues – probably mine. (T1 C1 G5)

I am worried that I won't give enough information, or any information of use. (T2 C1 G3)

Am I proving the same as everyone else? (T2 C1 G3)

Stupido. (T2 C1 G5)

Thinking that I'm thick. Dull and stupid. But these are the feelings I have had before. Don't like these feelings. I'm not thick. (T2 C1 S5)

I am worried that I may have got my feelings wrong, but have decided to go with the flow. (T3 C1 S3)

I don't feel anything – am I not good enough? (T6 C1 G2)
 Maybe I need to keep my stuff [contents of bowl] separate – it is not done right. (T6 C1 S2)
 [With regards to the contents of my bowl, because it is so much browner:] I need to ask for help, to get the others' opinion and permission. (T6 C1 G3)
 Why am I doing this [the whole process of the trituration]? Who am I to have chosen this? This is all wrong – preposterous. I am trying to be something that I am not. (T6 C1 G3)
 I should leave them [the other triturators] to it. They will do it so much better without me. (T6 C1 G3)
 I don't want to continue. This is not for me. I am doing it all wrong. (T6 C1 G3)
 Why didn't you talk me out of this, T4? This is all a farce. I am a failure. (T6 C1 G4)
 T2 and T6 felt they were not doing the trituration properly. (after C1)
 Saw blood streaked across bottom of bowl. Feel like a fake – a phoney. (T1 C3 G1)
 Don't know why I keep re-reading everything I've written – am unsure of self – under-confident – need to re-read it to know where I am. (T1 C3 G1)

SERIOUSNESS / HUMOURLESS

Everyone seems very serious. Feels almost 'business like'. (T1 C1 G3)
 More sombre mood. (T2 C1 G3)
 T6 looks very serious. All look quite pensive. (T2 C1 G3)
 Everyone looks serious and working diligently. (T3 C1 G2)
 Am totally absorbed in this. Can't understand why others are laughing – don't feel amused 'I am not amused!' (T1 C2 S2)
 Feel confused – I thought this was meant to be serious! 'I wasn't allowed to rebel (in my trituration)! or talk for that matter – why is everyone breaking the rules. (T1 C2 S2)
 Feel very serious – humourless. (T1 C2 S3)
 Feel very solemn – introverted. (T1 C2 G4)
 Feeling the weight of this task, the heaviness and importance. Feels grave and serious. (T1 C2 G5)
 T6 laughed a lot, so did everyone except me and T1. I don't see what's so funny. (T3 C2 S1)
 Please no laughing when we scrape. (T3 C2 G2)
 Oh my god, am I losing my sense of humour, the laughing has started again. A little annoyed. (T3 C2 S2)
 I need to leave the room because of the frivolity. [T3 actually said that she would have to leave, but she didn't leave the room.] T1 and I understand each other. T2 is now humming!! Let's knuckle down. This substance is Germanic. (T3 C2 G3)
 The laughing continued. I feel I have to hold this together... The laughing stops – a sense of intense concentration. (T5 C2 G2)
 What are we doing [giggling]. Now pull yourself together, be serious, check the timer. (T6 C2 G2)
 Feel very grave and serious – heavy feeling in the room. (T1 C3 G3)

SIGHING

Like to sigh. (T4 C1 S1)
 Feel relieved. T2 and I sighed together. (T1 C2 End)
 Several in room take deep breaths/sigh. (T2 C2 G5)
 I have a real resistance to go back to grinding. The grinding is done. (I haven't even started this grind.) Maybe I should – sigh – go on, pick it up. I am talking to myself. I am so aware others aren't grinding too, so why should I. I don't always want to be teacher's pet. (I have really sweaty hands.) This is important. I need to make this clear: it is so important. There is no right or wrong. It is not all about work. (T6 C2 G4)
 T2 is sighing. (T3 C3 G1)

SILENCE

I am enjoying the absence of voices. (T2 C1 G4)
 Balance between communication and silence. (T2 C1 G5)
 I don't want to listen to the sound of my thoughts. (T2 C1 G5)
 I have closed my eyes and am getting lost in the sound and movement of grinding. I don't want the alarm of the clock to ring! (T3 C1 G4)
 Sudden silence – everybody writing – bliss. (T4 C1 G4)
 I have no words now. (T2 C2 G4)
 Everybody is writing – silence – NICE. This is important too, it is not all about work – there is more to life. And who decides what is right and wrong anyway. (T6 C2 G4)
 I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)
 Silence – everyone stopped scraping and the silence was lovely. (T3 C3 S2)

SINGING / WHISTLING / HUMMING / SOUND

SEE Rhythm

I feel like we should be singing (but I almost wrote “skinning”). (T2 C1 G2)

Unity in rhythm. (T2 C1 G2)

Whistle while you work. (T2 C1 G4)

Snow White and the seven dwarves. Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go. (T2 C1 G4)

The whole body is moving with the rhythm of the stirring. My whole body stirring. More energy efficient but more insular. Connection of sound of words to other sounds of words. Words birds. (T2 C1 G6)

I have closed my eyes and am getting lost in the sound and movement of grinding. (T3 C1 G4)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. There should be singing whilst working. (T2 after C1)

I really want to hum or sing but that will irritate the others. (T2 C2 G1)

All the banging makes me laugh. Noisy buggers. (T2 C2 S1)

Ding dong, merrily on high. (T2 C2 G2)

I can't help but hum. T3 is irritated by that. I feel like I am frowned upon. (T2 C2 G3)

Songs – words keep popping into my head as I grind. “Blow the wind southerly...” “I've got plenty of nothing...” (maybe more appropriate?) (T5 C2 G1)

Songs keep going through my head. (T2 C3 G1)

SPEED / RUSH / HURRY - SLOW

I want to reflect, but feel like everyone else is running away, speeding off. Don't even feel like catching up with them – just listening. (T1 C1 S4)

Making a half-hearted attempt to catch up. (T1 C1 S4)

Happy to be self-contained as others rush off. (T1 C1 S4)

Feel a bit lost, can't catch up with the others – quite like it. (T1 C1 G5)

I have to go faster to complete the task. (T2 C1 S2)

It was more frenzied towards the end of the last stage, now it seems quieter, slower, gentler. Less rushed. (T2 C1 G3)

When I grind slowly I can feel the smoothness. When I grind quickly the smoothness goes to nothingness. I'd rather grind slowly. (T3 C1 G1)

T6 is scraping like the clappers! (T3 C1 S3)

Nearly 20 past 11, plenty of time. Time is going slowly – nice! (T3 C1 G4)

I wanted to start grinding before the clock was set. (T3 C1 G5)

I don't want to do anything fast. T6, stop grinding like the clappers. Everyone is. Shut up!! (T3 C1 S5)

I feel like a hippie. Everything slow Man!! (T3 C1 S5)

I feel hurried. (T4 C1 G1)

Sleepy – brain wants to shut down. Notice I am grinding slowly and annoyed at speed of T5's grinding next to me! (T4 C1 G3)

Slow and tired (T4 C1 G6)

Suddenly the whole process is smoother and faster [more lactose added] – whipping round the bowl. Until – it is as if there is a lump in the middle, an obstacle the pestle keeps bumping into. (T5 C1 G3)

When I grind clockwise I go faster. Then I find I am whizzing round anti-clockwise – no great awareness. I seem obsessed with trivia. (T5 C1 G6)

I like to go faster and faster, round and round. (T6 C1 G2)

Go easy, let it flow – don't force it, versus: I need to do it properly. (T6 C1 G2)

The bell goes and I want to scrape more. I am very annoyed about that (the bell). (T6 C1 S3)

Hurry – everybody else seems so calm. They can take the time out to write, and write clearly. I am not allowed, I've got to do it proper. (T6 C1 G5)

This [scrape] is going too fast. I want more time. I really wanted to get everything off the sides! (T6 C1 S5)

I am going much slower now. (T6 C1 G6)

Speed – the perception that everybody else was doing the grinding/scraping faster. (discussion after C1)

Thought 'On your marks, get set, go.' (T1 C2 G1)

Am biting my bottom lip as I concentrate. Still being very careful, thoughtful as I grind – feel no speed or anxiety. (T1 C2 G5)

On your marks, get set, go. (T2 C2 G3) (T2 C3 G1)

Faster, more energised. Spiralling up, less in body. (T4 C2 G2)

I literally ground to a stop. Almost asleep. (T5 C2 G5)

I am hardly grinding at all now – slower and slower. I want to walk out – almost standing up to go. On strike. (T5 C2 G5)

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)

SPELLING

Taking time to correct my spelling. Don't usually do that. (T1 C1 S4)

I am frustrated at my untidy writing and poor spelling. (T2 C1 G2)

Hurry – everybody else seems so calm. They can take the time out to write, and write clearly. I am not allowed, I've got to do it proper. (T6 C1 G5)

Mistakes in Spelling

I feel like we should be singing (but I almost wrote "skinning"). (T2 C1 G2)

Difficulty spelling. (T2 C1 G2)

I am frustrated at my untidy writing and poor spelling. (T2 C1 G2)

Dyslexic? Misspelling words, writing wrong names. (Discussion after C1)

I am feeling suppressed (how do you spell that?) (T6 C2 G3)

STARTLED

The bell going off made me jump. (T2 C2 G1)

I am reminded of a Bjork song: "It's nice and quiet" shshh then Bang. (T2 C2 G5)

Can't focus my eyes – jump back with bell. (T4 C2 G4)

The bell made me jump. (T2 C3 G1)

T3's book fell down – I am jolted up. (T6 C3 G5)

SUCKING

I notice I am rolling my tongue against my bottom lip. (T2 C1 S3)

Smacking my tongue. (T2 C1 S4)

I tell myself to stop thinking – just follow the movement of the pestle (anti-clockwise) and get sucked into the centre. (T6 C1 G4)

Am biting my bottom lip as I concentrate. Still being very careful, thoughtful as I grind – feel no speed or anxiety. (T1 C2 G5)

Sucking my tongue and clenching my jaw. (T2 C2 G5)

Connection to sucking at the nipple – note of sadness. (T4 C2 S5)

Why I sucked my thumb?? Innocence/ugliness (T4 C2 S5)

Spaced out at G4, desire to suck mother's breast (T4 after C2)

SUPPRESSION

I can feel her [T3's] irritation and it stifles me a bit. (T2 C2 G3)

The adult world is so rigid. Why is it frowned upon to play and laugh and be silly and let go and be free. I want to keep my head down and be insular again. (T2 C2 G3)

More subdued now. (T2 C2 S3)

I am feeling suppressed (how do you spell that?) (T6 C2 G3)

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am.

Stifling. Gagging. Cruelty: adult to child (T4 C3 G1)

TAINTED / DIRTY

Brown discoloration – tainted. (T4 C1 S3)

I really should have taken the spare mortar and pestle – mine is much too discoloured and full of substance. (T6 C1 G1)

It is even browner now [in the bowl]. I wonder if mine should go in with everybody else's? (T6 C1 G2)

It is nice to see more powder. I hate it sticking to the sides – these dirty, overpowering sides. (T6 C1 G3)

How is this [the discolouration of the bowl] ever going to come out? The bowl is tarnished for life. (T6 C1 S4)

About the substance: it has been in the presence of bad. It has grown or lived where there had been oppression in the history. The stain is still there. (T3 after C2)

Another brown fleck in my bowl! (T6 C3 S4)

THOUGHTFUL / PENSIVE

T6 looks very serious. All look quite pensive. (T2 C1 G3)

Am biting my bottom lip as I concentrate. Still being very careful, thoughtful as I grind – feel no speed or anxiety. (T1 C2 G5)

TIME

I started thinking about time and the dandelion clock. (T3 C1 S1)

Why am I thinking about time? I am enjoying – plenty of time. (T3 C1 G2)

I look at the clock again – 5 minutes have passed. (T3 C1 G2)

Nearly 20 past 11, plenty of time. Time is going slowly – nice! (T3 C1 G4)

I am in a really nice place where time isn't important. Just me and my universe. (T3 C1 S4)

I feel so completely grounded with this remedy. Timeless, ageless. (T3 C1 G5)

There is something odd about time. When T6 phoned me during the week and I got the dates wrong. I felt that T6 was checking up on me as I am useless with dates and time. I actually felt as though I was being found out. (T3 C1 S6)

T3 didn't say a word during the discussion. On being asked she said: this was absolutely fantastic. I want bucketsful of that. Time is not important. (Discussion after C1)

Confusion of time and numbers. (Discussion after C1)

C3 G3 – the bell rang too early, of its own?

Time is infinite. (T2 C3 S6)

Clock

I started thinking about time and the dandelion clock. (T3 C1 S1)

I notice the clock in the room twice. (T3 C1 G2)

I look at the clock again – 5 minutes have passed. (T3 C1 G2)

I want to look at the clock but am not going to. (T3 C1 S3)

I don't want the alarm of the clock to ring! (T3 C1 G4)

I wanted to start grinding before the clock was set. I don't like the clock as it restrains me. (T3 C1 G5)

Looked at clock: 11:50. (T3 C1 G6)

Suddenly aware of the ticking of the clock! (T4 C1 S2)

I want to be quiet, hear the clock ticking. (T2 C2 G4)

I didn't expect the clock to ring – very intrusive. (T3 C2 G1)

Distortion of time? Or T6 got it wrong. Tick of the clock very fast then slow. (T4 C2 S2)

Just realised there are 2 clocks in the room and they are ticking twice as fast. (T4 C3 S2)

Mistakes in Time

That was over very quickly – and I think T6 made a mistake in the timing. (T1 C1 S3)

Confusion of time – now passing too slowly and yet feels quick to be at this part of C1. (T4 C1 G4)

Distortion of time? Or T6 got it wrong. Tick of the clock very fast then slow. (T4 C2 S2)

Confusion about time, where to set the timer to. I am doubting I did it right earlier. (T6 C2 S1)

C3 G3 – the bell rang too early, of its own?

In Own Time

I want to reflect, but feel like everyone else is running away, speeding off. Don't even feel like catching up with them – just listening. (T1 C1 S4)

Making a half-hearted attempt to catch up. (T1 C1 S4)

I had to complete the last scrape after the bell went. I am behind with my work. I needed to say "sorry" to the group because I was behind. (T6 C2 S3)

I like to take my own time. The work will be done, but in my own time. (T6 C2 G4)

C3 G3 – the bell rang too early, of its own?

Time is infinite. (T2 C3 S6)

Running Out of Time / Faster

I haven't finished scraping it down when the bell goes off. (T2 C1 S1)

I have to go faster to complete the task. (T2 C1 S2)

It was more frenzied towards the end of the last stage, now it seems quieter, slower, gentler. Less rushed. (T2 C1 G3)

That was a very quick 3 minutes. (T2 C1 S3)

Not finished scraping. (T2 C1 S4)

I like to scrape more; the time is too short. (T6 C1 S4)

This [scrape] is going too fast. I want more time. I really wanted to get everything off the sides! (T6 C1 S5)

Timing: the scrapes were too short (this may be a common delusion in triturations). (Discussion after C1)

[The grind] went very fast. (T4 C2 G1)

[The scrape went] fast again. (T4 C2 S1)

Distortion of time? Or T6 got it wrong. Tick of the clock very fast then slow. (T4 C2 S2)

Scrapes seem so long. Grinding so quick. (T4 C2 S3)

I had to complete the last scrape after the bell went. I am behind with my work. I needed to say "sorry" to the group because I was behind. (T6 C2 S3)

I am always that little bit behind, trying to get the last bit off and then there is still more and more to scrape. (T6 C2 S5)

Just realised there are 2 clocks in the room and they are ticking twice as fast. (T4 C3 S2)

The bell went much too soon. (T6 C3 G1)

Slower

This 3 minutes seemed longer. I scraped all the bowl. (T2 C1 S5)

Nearly 20 past 11, plenty of time. Time is going slowly – nice! (T3 C1 G4)

Confusion of time – now passing too slowly and yet feels quick to be at this part of C1. (T4 C1 G4)

Awareness of slowness of time. We've got a long way to go until lunchtime! (T4 C1 S4)

The grinding seems longer this time. (T3 C2 G2)

Thank God the alarm has gone off. Time is very long. (T3 C2 G4)

Felt like a very long scrape. (T4 C2 S2)

Distortion of time? Or T6 got it wrong. Tick of the clock very fast then slow. (T4 C2 S2)

Scrapes seem so long. Grinding so quick. (T4 C2 S3)

The timing seems to be lasting much longer this time round. (T5 C2 G3)

This seems to be taking hours. (T5 C2 G5)

This is taking a long time. (T6 C2 G2)

I've finished, why hasn't the timer gone yet? (T6 C2 S2)

Time drags on. (T2 C3 S2)

This seems to be taking a long time to the end of C3. (T2 C3 G5)

I finished scraping long before time. (T5 C3 S2)

I finished before the bell. (T6 C3 S1)

TORTURE / CRUELTY

Eyes closed I can see a room with a single light bulb coming from the ceiling – interrogation room! (T3 C1 G5)

Concentration camp. (T3 C2 G4)

It almost feels cruel to put the timer on. (T6 C2 G5)

Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)

Saw blood streaked across bottom of bowl. (T1 C3 G1)

Watching, looking down upon. 'I'm watching you', menacing. Looking down upon a lot of small people in my bowl. Feel like I'm very big, with something small in my hands that I'm controlling, playing with. Like a cat playing with a mouse. The word 'dominance' comes to me. (T1 C3 G2)

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy. Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too [at end of lunch break]. Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am.

Stifling. Gagging. Cruelty: adult to child (T4 C3 G1)

I want to look, in my eyes, wide open, deep, deep – looking into the depth. Actually it is an eye looking back at me from the bowl, a big, round eye with sadness and with fright? What would happen if a tear fell into it? My tear. Be gentle, so gentle – to not make the pain any more or any deeper. This is more like stroking than grinding. (T6 C3 G1)

UNCERTAIN / UNSURE

Feel a bit uncertain, unsure. (T1 C1 G1)

Old stuff coming up – embarrassment – confidence issues – probably mine. (T1 C1 G5)

I am worried that I won't give enough information, or any information of use. (T2 C1 G3)

Am I proving the same as everyone else? (T2 C1 G3)

Feeling – not sure of what feeling. (T2 C1 G4)

I am worried that I may have got my feelings wrong, but have decided to go with the flow. (T3 C1 S3)

I so worry the proportions [of lactose and substance] weren't right, for nobody. (T6 C1 S1)

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down. (T6 C2 G6)

Don't know why I keep re-reading everything I've written – am unsure of self – under-confident – need to re-read it to know where I am. (T1 C3 G1)

UNITY

6 women stirring round and round. (T2 C1 G1)

Unity in rhythm. (T2 C1 G2)

I feel we are separate in our work – we need something to unite us again. We are focussed. Balance between communication and silence. (T2 C1 G5)

All friends together. (T3 C1 G4)

More subdued because one of us [T3] thought about leaving. (T2 C2 G4)

Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)

WORK

Everyone seems very serious. Feels almost 'business like'. (T1 C1 G3)

I want to wear good comfy shoes/boots this morning, a good solid base to work from. (T2 C1 G4)

Snow White and the seven dwarves. Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go. (T2 C1 G4)

Working away like busy beavers. (T2 C1 S4)

I feel we are separate in our work – we need something to unite us again. (T2 C1 G5)

Everyone looks serious and working diligently. (T3 C1 G2)

I wonder why they [the other tritulators] stop scraping [in order to write]. Don't they know they've got to continue? (T6 C1 S1)

There had been a focus on the task – get it done. Goats strive and climb higher. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. There should be singing whilst working. (T2 after C1)

I wish I could get the dwarves mining out of my head. (T2 C2 G2)

Just focus on the task. Let it go and breathe. (T2 C2 G6)

I got a bit annoyed with the laughing. I didn't see the point. Get on with the work. (T3 C2 G2)

I need to leave the room because of the frivolity. [T3 actually said that she would have to leave, but she didn't leave the room.] T1 and I understand each other. T2 is now humming!! Let's knuckle down. This substance is Germanic. (T3 C2 G3)

I feel that everyone should work and not enjoy. (T3 C2 G3)

I feel a bit like a child worker working in a sweatroom. No fun, all work. (T3 C2 S3)

Feeling insular [as discussed after C1] resonates: keep going – just get it done. (T6 C2 G1)

Okay, this is just work. We have had our fun – keep working, break is over. (T6 C2 G3)

I had to complete the last scrape after the bell went. I am behind with my work. I needed to say "sorry" to the group because I was behind. (T6 C2 S3)

I like to take my own time. The work will be done, but in my own time. (T6 C2 G4)

Everybody is writing – silence – NICE. This is important too, it is not all about work – there is more to life. And who decides what is right and wrong anyway. (T6 C2 G4)

I have a real resistance to go back to grinding. The grinding is done. (I haven't even started this grind.) Maybe I should – sigh – go on, pick it up. I am talking to myself. I am so aware others aren't grinding too, so why should I. I don't always want to be teacher's pet. (I have really sweaty hands.) This is important. I need to make this clear: it is so important. There is no right or wrong. It is not all about work. (T6 C2 G4)

Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves. (T6 C2 G5)

I am always that little bit behind, trying to get the last bit off and then there is still more and more to scrape. (T6 C2 S5)

Grey – Dickensian – workhouse – children having to work, no play, no joy. (T6 C2 G6)

I went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter. Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave. (T3 after C2)

Carrying on automatically. The mind asleep, spirit asleep but the body continuing. (T2 C3 G4)

Oppression and hard work. Mines, quarries, chalk. (T3 C3 G2)

Physical Symptoms with Trituration Quotes

VERTIGO

Vertigo: like to close eyes but it aggravates. (T4 C1 G2)

Lightheaded and nauseous. (T4 C1 G6)

Dizziness on getting up. Spaced feeling. (T4 C1 S6)

I felt slightly light headed when raising my head. (T3 C2 G1)

(After eating lots of Tabasco sauce during lunch:) I felt that I got really dizzy, ready to faint. I stopped but didn't want to eat, don't want to be grounded. Felt I was nearly floating off – good thing the café had a low ceiling. (T6 during lunchbreak)

I feel really spacey. My vision is blurred, out of focus. I feel like I would fall off my chair, to the left. (T6 C3 G2)

HEAD

Head feels large, much larger than it really is. Almost blown up like a balloon. (T1 C1 G6)

I am holding my head to the left. (T2 C1 G4)

A dandelion clock in the bowl, because it was fluffy, with a sensation of a large head and of being all "in the head". (T1 during C1)

Band about my head and forehead, above ears, all around like the top of my head will come off and energy pour out, tingling in the band. (T2 during lunchbreak)

Metallic 'drop' of coldness 'spotted' on the left side of my crown – turned into a boring feeling. (T1 C3 G2)

Feel my head is being mixed – like the mixing motion of the pestle. (T1 C3 G2)

Heat

Head feels hot – ears burning. (T1 C1 S4)

Heat and itchy back of head and neck. (T2 C1 G1)

Heat and itchy back of head and neck. (T2 C1 G1)

Sense of heat, from the face outwards. Sensation as if something hot over the head. (T1, T2, T4 during C1)

Heaviness

Sort of pressure above my ears and spreading down over my ears. Spreading down, descending pressure. (T1 C1 G4)

Head feeling heavy and disconnected. (T4 C1 S1)

Frontal headache – heaviness – eyes and head; 'dull ache' again. (T4 C1 G5)

Heavy head and eyes. (T4 C1 G6)

Headache with sensation of fullness/pressure outwards, back of head. (T6 C1 G1)

Back of my head: compression, pressure sensation. Bit headachy. (T2 C2 G1)

To some extent I feel I'm looking through water. Everything seems hazy and muzzy. I have to hold my head up. (T5 C2 G4)

Heavy sensation pushing on my head. (T1 C3 G1)

Pushing on the back of my skull behind my ears. (T1 C3 S2)

I stop grinding, feel a heaviness, like falling asleep, but I am not asleep, not even tired. The heaviness comes from the back of my head, pushing down my head. (T6 C3 G2)

Itching

Itching behind ears, left then right. (T2 C1 G1)

Heat and itchy back of head and neck. (T2 C1 G1)

Pain

Slight pain boring into the right side of my head. (T1 C1 G1)

Slight shooting pains going up through my skull. (T1 C1 G3)

Slight headache in back of head. (T1 C1 G3)

Pain behind right ear, in bone. (T1 C1 G3)

Sort of pressure above my ears and spreading down over my ears. Spreading down, descending pressure. (T1 C1 G4)

Frontal headache – heaviness – eyes and head; 'dull ache' again. (T4 C1 G5)

Headache with sensation of fullness/pressure outwards, back of head. (T6 C1 G1)

Pain in occiput, left, just in one spot, like a golf ball inside. (T6 C1 G5)

Back of my head: compression, pressure sensation. Bit headachy. (T2 C2 G1)

Pulsating pain left temple. (T2 C2 G2)

A bit of a headache, right side, shooting pain forehead. (T3 C2 S3)

I have a faint muzzy headache. I think it has been there all the way through, but every time I try to examine it, it's not properly there... But I keep yawning and wanting to sleep. (T5 C2 G4)
That hurt my head when T3 tinged her mortar. (T6 C3 S4)

EYES

Left eyelid itchy. (T2 C1 S1)
Itchings are moving to the left, ear, eye, back. (T2 C1 G6)
Frontal headache – heaviness – eyes and head; 'dull ache' again. (T4 C1 G5)
Like to close eyes – dry and itchy and irritated. (T4 C1 G5)
Heavy head and eyes. (T4 C1 G6)
Itchy outer corner of right and left eye, where tears of laughter dried. (T4 C2 G3)
Eyes are really dry with lachrymation. (T6 C2 S6)
Itchy eyes (T2 C3 G2)
My eyes feel wide open, unblinking. They are dry from not blinking. Oh, it is so nice to close my eyes, stop the burning. (T6 C3 G2)
Eyes dry and irritated with lachrymation, < morning on waking. (T6 before trituration and ongoing afterwards)
Tired and dry, a real relief to close them (T6 Day 1, 5.30pm)
Burning, with desire to rub, then bloodshot (T6's son, age 13, ongoing for several days)

Vision

Need light to see the powder clearly, hold it in the light. (T3 C1 G1)
As if suddenly there was loads of light. (T5 during C1)
Can't focus my eyes – jump back with bell. (T4 C2 G4)
To some extent I feel I'm looking through water. Everything seems hazy and muzzy. I have to hold my head up. (T5 C2 G4)
I feel really spacey. My vision is blurred, out of focus. I feel like I would fall off my chair, to the left. (T6 C3 G2)
Blurred vision, out of focus (T6 Day 1)

EARS

My ears feel warm. (T1 C1 G2)
Pain behind right ear, in bone. (T1 C1 S2)
Sort of pressure above my ears and spreading down over my ears. Spreading down, descending pressure. (T1 C1 G4)
My ears are really burning now. (T1 C1 G4)
Feel in a trance with pressure in my ears. (T1 C1 G4)
Head feels hot – ears burning. (T1 C1 S4)
Still got those burning ears! (T1 C1 S4)
Ears burning again. Burning ears!! (T1 C1 G6)
Shooting pain going into my ears. (T1 C1 S6)
Itching behind ears, left then right. (T2 C1 G1)
Itch right ear. (T2 C1 G2)
Itching behind right ear. (T2 C1 G2)
Itch back of ear, right, irritating me because it is interrupting. (T2 C1 S2)
There are lumps under my right ear, itchy. (T2 C1 S2)
Itchings are moving to the left, ear, eye, back. (T2 C1 G6)
Itch in the left ear again – I had that earlier already. (T6 C1 G5)
Itch in right ear. (T6 C1 G5)
T1 had shooting pain in the ears, also T2 with itching in the ears. (During C1)
Ears and cheeks still burning. (T1 C2 G2)
Ear ache in left ear. Quite marked. (T1 C2 G4)
Ears still burning – face still hot. (T1 C2 S5)
Pain in bone behind ears. (T1 C2 S6)
Ears burning again. (T1 C3 G3)

Hearing

Feel irritated by banging of scraper. Really bothering me. Ow – too loud! (T1 C2 S5)
Distortion of senses – I could hear a bell ringing far away which was actually my bracelet hitting the bowl. Took me ages to realise. (T4 C3 G2)

NOSE

Breathing is very clear from my nose – cold, clear air. (T1 C1 G2)

Nose a bit runny. (T2 C1 G3)

Nose, left nostril, itching a lot. (T3 C1 G3)

My nose is cold. (T3 C1 G4)

Nose a bit runny – left side. (T3 C1 G6)

Dryness nasal passages → lungs → tickle sensation. (T4 C1 G3)

Dry tickly irritation in nose; desire to sneeze. (T4 C1 S6)

Felt irritation physically and mentally. Didn't like to inhale because it would be like dust. Would have liked to take a deep breath but it would be so dry and irritating down to the chest. Had to clear the throat, with sputum. Wanted to sneeze but couldn't. (T4 during C1)

Very clear sensation in my sinuses – throughout my skull – clear pathways in my skull. (T1 C2 G2)

Itching up my left nostril, makes my nose twitch. (T1 C2 G2)

Now I feel the powder is in my nose, < left side. (T5 C2 S3)

My nose is dripping. (T6 C2 G1)

Smell

(Images of smoke and fire – I wasn't going to write it but is so clear. I could smell and taste burning.) (T4 C1 G6)

The water smells very strongly of chlorine. (T1 C3 S1)

A feeling of flowers, petals – can smell my rose perfume. (T1 C2 G5)

FACE

T6 has a red mark under her left eye. (C1 G3)

Cheeks feel flushed. (T1 C1 G6)

Face is itching, left (cheek). (T2 C1 S1)

Left eyelid itchy. (T2 C1 S1)

Itchiness right [side] face, back now, top of foot. (T2 C1 S4)

Feel colour draining from my face. (T4 C1 S1)

Heat in face extending to rest of body. (T4 C1 G2)

Hair irritating on face. (T4 C1 G6)

A sensation as if all colour was drained from my head. (T4 during C1)

Sense of heat, from the face outwards. Sensation as if something hot over the head. (T1, T2, T4 during C1)

Red cheeks, a red patch on the left cheek; no sensation of heat from the redness. (T6 during C1)

Ears and cheeks still burning. (T1 C2 G2)

Ears still burning – face still hot. (T1 C2 S5)

Loads of saliva in my mouth. Muscles around my mouth feel strained – kind of achy – jaw aches. Getting quite tired now. Face feels stiff especially around the mouth area. (T1 C2 G6)

Sucking my tongue and clenching my jaw. (T2 C2 G5)

I feel heat in the face. (T3 C2 S4)

Itchy outer corner of right and left eye, where tears of laughter dried. (T4 C2 G3)

Very hot face and hand – slightly clammy. (T4 C2 G4)

T4's face looked almost sunburned, dark reddish. No sense of heat. (during lunchbreak)

Heat of my face – cheeks. (T2 C3 G2)

I am clenching my jaw. (T6 C3 G3)

MOUTH

I notice I am rolling my tongue against my bottom lip. (T2 C1 S3)

Smacking my tongue. (T2 C1 S4)

Bit of nausea and mouth salivation; everything else feels dry. (T4 C1 G1)

Noting I am gritting my teeth. (T4 C1 S1)

Dryness of internal membranes – chest feels dry. All except for mouth where still excess salivation. (T4 C1 S2)

Bitter taste in mouth. (T4 C1 G3)

My mouth is dry (from the anxiety before?) Lips are dry. (T6 C1 G1)

More saliva in my mouth – swallowing it back. (T1 C2 G1)

Loads of saliva in my mouth. Muscles around my mouth feel strained – kind of achy – jaw aches. Getting quite tired now. Face feels stiff especially around the mouth area. (T1 C2 G6)

Sucking my tongue and clenching my jaw. (T2 C2 G5)

I have a dry mouth, my breathing fast and laboured. (T6 C3 G3)

Delusions of Taste

(Images of smoke and fire – I wasn't going to write it but is so clear. I could smell and taste burning.) (T4 C1 G6)

THROAT

Tickle in throat and like to clear it. (T4 C1 G3)

Felt irritation physically and mentally. Didn't like to inhale because it would be like dust. Would have liked to take a deep breath but it would be so dry and irritating down to the chest. Had to clear the throat, with sputum. Wanted to sneeze but couldn't. (T4 during C1)

Clearing of throat. (T4 C2 G3)

Nausea, lump in the throat. If I need to vomit, will I make it to the toilet? (T6 C3 G3)

STOMACH

I had a feeling of heaviness in the chest like slight asthma – this turned to feeling anxiety, felt in the stomach. (T3 C1 S2)

I feel really relaxed but with anxiety in the stomach. I feel as though I could go to sleep. (T3 C1 G3)

I need to burp. Lots of air in the stomach coming up. (T6 C1 S6)

I feel anxiety in my stomach. (T3 C2 G3)

When grinding I have anxiety in the stomach and feel a bit sick. (T3 C2 G4)

Lot of stomach rumbles. (T3 C2 G4)

Anxiety a bit in stomach. (T3 C2 S5)

Indigestion after my lunch. Weight, hardness in solar plexus. (T2 C3 G3)

Burping (T2 during C3)

Burping and wind. (During C3)

Whilst we tidied up to leave the School after the trituration, a man turned up in the doorway (glass door and glass fronted building) and threw up right in the doorway!

Nausea

Bit of nausea and mouth salivation; everything else feels dry. (T4 C1 G1)

Nausea worse with the up and down motion, rather than the round and round motion [of the grinding]. Nausea really increasing. (T4 C1 S1)

Nausea again more highlighted. (T4 C1 S2)

Yawn, desire to; with both sleepiness and nausea. (T4 C1 G4)

Twinges in liver of a 'dull ache' consistency – again accompanied by nausea. (T4 C1 G5)

Lightheaded and nauseous. (T4 C1 G6)

Nausea as if being sick. A sensation as if all colour was drained from my head. Nausea with vertigo, worse scraping up and down movement, worse in the first 3 grinds and scrapes. (T4 during C1)

When grinding I have anxiety in the stomach and feel a bit sick. (T3 C2 G4)

Saw the link to travel sickness – being taken away from country of origin. (T4 C2 G1)

Still some nausea. (T4 C2 G2)

Nausea strong again, in waves. (T4 C2 S4)

Nausea, lump in the throat. If I need to vomit, will I make it to the toilet? (T6 C3 G3)

Whilst we tidied up to leave the School after the trituration, a man turned up in the doorway (glass door and glass fronted building) and threw up right in the doorway!

ABDOMEN

Sharp pain in right side of abdomen. (T1 C1 G5)

Twinges in liver of a 'dull ache' consistency – again accompanied by nausea. (T4 C1 G5)

Sharp pain in left ovary area. (T1 C2 G5)

Aware of right ovary – pain boring. (T1 C2 S5)

Ache in right groin area. (T2 C2 G1)

Pain in right side – ovaries. (T3 during C3)

I feel a twitching from my belly, almost convulsive [with nausea]. (T6 C3 G3)

BLADDER

Sensation of my urinary tract. (T1 C2 G1)

Urination, Frequent and Increased

T1 as soon as C1 stopped

I want a wee. (T3 C1 S4) (T3 C1 G6) (T3 C1 S6)

Mortar on belly → bladder → need a wee! (T4 C1 G6)

Weeing more than usual. (T4 during break after C1)

Need yet another wee! Number 4! (T1 C2 G4)

There was continuing frequent and copious urination. (During C2)

FEMALE GENITALIA

Sharp pain in left ovary area. (T1 C2 G5)

Aware of right ovary – pain boring. (T1 C2 S5)

Ache in right groin area. (T2 C2 G1)

Pain in right side – ovaries. (T3 during C3)

My period is nearly finished [after 14 days]. Very unusual, usually I have a 5-day period. (T2 Day 16)

After the trituration periods came on as usual (4 days after the trituration), however, the following cycle was much longer than normal (35 instead of 30 days). (T6)

LARYNX AND TRACHEA

T3 was losing her voice, had arrived in the morning with a hoarse voice that was now much worse. (During C1)

RESPIRATION

Breathing is very clear from my nose – cold, clear air. (T1 C1 G2)

I had a feeling of heaviness in the chest like slight asthma – this turned to feeling anxiety, felt in the stomach. (T3 C1 S2)

Dryness nasal passages → lungs → tickle sensation. (T4 C1 G3)

Like fresh air and like to breathe deeply but don't feel I can as the air feels 'dusty', dry and would irritate by [my] airways. (T4 C1 S3)

Felt irritation physically and mentally. Didn't like to inhale because it would be like dust. Would have liked to take a deep breath but it would be so dry and irritating down to the chest. Had to clear the throat, with sputum. Wanted to sneeze but couldn't. (T4 during C1)

Breathing was better (normally is difficult) (T1 during C1)

I feel as though I can breathe clearly and deeply, whereas before I couldn't. (T3 C2 G6)

Suffocation, asfixiation, emaciation. Respiration – that is the sensation. (T4 C3 G4)

I have a dry mouth, my breathing fast and laboured. (T6 C3 G3)

COUGH

Desire to cough and I actually produced a lump of sputum. (T4 C1 G4)

Dry tickly cough. (T4 C1 G6)

Felt irritation physically and mentally. Didn't like to inhale because it would be like dust. Would have liked to take a deep breath but it would be so dry and irritating down to the chest. Had to clear the throat, with sputum. Wanted to sneeze but couldn't. (T4 during C1)

T4 has a bark, bit of cough. (During C2 G2)

Cough with phlegm from throat, < mid-morning (T6)

CHEST

Right boob aches (I am due on). (T2 C1 G5)

I had a feeling of heaviness in the chest like slight asthma – this turned to feeling anxiety, felt in the stomach. (T3 C1 S2)

Dryness of internal membranes – chest feels dry. All except for mouth where still excess salivation. (T4 C1 S2)

Felt irritation physically and mentally. Didn't like to inhale because it would be like dust. Would have liked to take a deep breath but it would be so dry and irritating down to the chest. Had to clear the throat, with sputum. Wanted to sneeze but couldn't. (T4 during C1)

Felt my heart beat faster for a few seconds. This happened in C1 too. (T1 C2 G5)

BACK

Aware of stiffness in the back of my neck. (T1 C1 S1)

Stiffness in neck, sort of shoots upwards. (T1 C1 S2)

Slight headache in back of head. (T1 C1 S2)

Pain behind right ear, in bone. (T1 C1 S2)

Aware of the base of my spine. (T1 C1 G6)
 Ache in lower back. (T1 C1 G6)
 Tingling up back to base of skull. (T2 C1 G1)
 Heat and itchy back of head and neck. (T2 C1 G1)
 My neck is aching. (T2 C1 G2)
 Itchiness right [side] face, back now, top of foot. (T2 C1 S4)
 Itchings are moving to the left, ear, eye, back. (T2 C1 G6)
 Shooting pain left side of neck – back of neck. (T3 C1 G5)
 Itching started, back of neck. (T4 C1 G2)
 Patches of itching – hands, neck. (T3 C2 G1)
 Back of neck aching (T2 C3 G2)
 Lower back really aching, < right, and neck. (T2 C3 G4)
 Stretching back out. (T2 C3 G4)
 This is really hurting my neck. (T2 C3 G5)
 Lower back pain right side. (T6 C3 G5)

EXTREMITIES

Itchy prickle on wrist. (T1 C1 G1)
 Left outside wrist itchy. (T2 C1 S1)
 Itchiness right [side] face, back now, top of foot. (T2 C1 S4)
 My left leg has gone to sleep. (T3 C1 S6)
 Legs stiff, achy, numb – hard to move them – been in one position all this time – actually quite painful. < left leg. Desire to stretch. (T4 C1 G4)
 Patches of itching – hands, neck. (T3 C2 G1)
 Very hot face and hand – slightly clammy. (T4 C2 G4)
 I have really sweaty hands. (T6 C2 G4)
 I am all shaky, like to shake [shake my hands]. (T6 C2 S5)
 Over the last week and half have had sweaty feet. (T2 Day 17)

SLEEP

I feel really relaxed but with anxiety in the stomach. I feel as though I could go to sleep. (T3 C1 G3)
 Sleepy – brain wants to shut down. (T4 C1 G3)
 I am closing my eyes, wanting to sleep. (T5 C1 G5)
 Feeling really sleepy. (T4 and T5 during C1)
 I have a faint muzzy headache. I think it has been there all the way through, but every time I try to examine it, it's not properly there... But I keep yawning and wanting to sleep. (T5 C2 G4)
 I literally ground to a stop. Almost asleep. (T5 C2 G5)
 I feel really tired. I could lie down and I'd go straight to sleep. (T2 C3 G4)
 I am drifting into sleep – dreaming, very hard to catch - pastoral, countryside. (T5 C3 G4)
 I have been waking early when I don't need to (this doesn't happen ever). 5am/6am on three occasions last week. (T2 Day 15)

Yawning

(T3 C1 G2) T5 during C1 G4 (T3 C1 G5 x2) T5 during C1 G5 (T3 C1 G6) (T4 C1 G6) (T2 C2 G1) (T2 C3 G1) (T2 C3 G3)
 Yawn, desire to; with both sleepiness and nausea. (T4 C1 G4)
 Some yawning and stretching. (T5 C1 S4)
 All heavy/tired/yawning. (T4 C2 G3)
 Still yawning and wanting to dip out of what I am doing. (T5 C2 G2)
 I have a faint muzzy headache. I think it has been there all the way through, but every time I try to examine it, it's not properly there... But I keep yawning and wanting to sleep. (T5 C2 G4)

SKIN

There are lumps under my right ear, itchy. (T2 C1 S2)
 Lumps, itchy areas like little bites. (T2 C1 G3)
 Itching spots on right side. (T2 C1 G3)
 Still little itches, as if midge bites (T6 ongoing for several days)
 Skin has been itching in spots periodically. (T2 Day 16)

Itching

Itchy prickle on wrist. (T1 C1 G1)
Itching behind ears, left then right. (T2 C1 G1)
Heat and itchy back of head and neck. (T2 C1 G1)
Face is itching, left (cheek). (T2 C1 S1)
Left eyelid itchy. (T2 C1 S1)
Left outside wrist itchy. (T2 C1 S1)
Itch right ear. (T2 C1 G2)
Itching behind right ear. (T2 C1 G2)
Itch back of ear, right, irritating me because it is interrupting. (T2 C1 S2)
There are lumps under my right ear, itchy. (T2 C1 S2)
Lumps, itchy areas like little bites. (T2 C1 G3)
Itching spots on right side. (T2 C1 G3)
Itches, right side (T2 C1 G4)
Itchiness right [side] face, back now, top of foot. (T2 C1 S4)
Itchings are moving to the left, ear, eye, back. (T2 C1 G6)
Nose, left nostril, itching a lot. (T3 C1 G3)
Itching started, back of neck. (T4 C1 G2)
Like to close eyes – dry and itchy and irritated. (T4 C1 G5)
Itch in the left ear again – I had that earlier already. (T6 C1 G5)
Itch in right ear. (T6 C1 G5)
Itching up my left nostril, makes my nose twitch. (T1 C2 G2)
Itchy (T2 C2 G1)
And itchy. (T2 C2 G2)
Patches of itching – hands, neck. (T3 C2 G1)
Itchy outer corner of right and left eye, where tears of laughter dried. (T4 C2 G3)
I am still itching in little spots. (T6 C2 G1)
Still little itches (T6 C2 G5)
Itchy eyes (T2 C3 G2)
Still itchy spots (T6 C3 S1)
Still little itches, as if midge bites (T6 ongoing for several days)
Skin has been itching in spots periodically. (T2 Day 16)

GENERALS

Physical stiffness and dryness. (T4 C1 S4)
Feeling really sleepy. (T4 and T5 during C1)
T4 was feeling really heavy. (During C1)
Felt my heart beat faster for a few seconds. This happened in C1 too. (T1 C2 G5)
Loads of saliva in my mouth. Muscles around my mouth feel strained – kind of achy – jaw aches. Getting quite tired now. Face feels stiff especially around the mouth area. (T1 C2 G6)
I started to feel tired again. (T2 C2 G1)
All heavy/tired/yawning. (T4 C2 G3)
Cold, tired. (T4 C2 G5)
Heavy/tiredness (T4 C2 G6)
Languid (T4 C2 G6)
I feel kind of shaky and disorientated now. (T5 C2 G2)
I remember being told about a CD called "Floating in Space" which was sold in a blister pack, so that until you wanted to read or play it it was floating. I feel rather like that – rather I want to be like that. Instead I feel heavy and tied down. (T5 C2 G4)
I literally ground to a stop. Almost asleep. (T5 C2 G5)
I am all shaky, like to shake [shake my hands]. (T6 C2 S5)
T4, T5, T6: VERY SHAKY (during C2)
Tired (T2 C3 G2)
Suffocation, asfixiation, emaciation. Respiration – that is the sensation. (T4 C3 G4)
I stop grinding, feel a heaviness, like falling asleep, but I am not asleep, not even tired. The heaviness comes from the back of my head, pushing down my head. [T6 then couldn't write any more, was hunched over. Like a drugged heaviness, paralytic. (T6 C3 G2)
I am shaky. (T6 C3 G3)
Heaviness: I am resting my head on my arm on the table whilst writing. (T6 Day 1)
Very, very tired (T2 Day 3 and 4)

Feel very tired, can't keep up (T2 Day 11)

Dryness

Bit of nausea and mouth salivation; everything else feels dry. (T4 C1 G1)
Dryness of internal membranes – chest feels dry. All except for mouth where still excess salivation. (T4 C1 S2)
Dryness nasal passages → lungs → tickle sensation. (T4 C1 G3)
Sense of dryness and friction – not really helped by added powder. (T4 C1 G3)
Like fresh air and like to breathe deeply but don't feel I can as the air feels 'dusty', dry and would irritate by [my] airways. (T4 C1 S3)
Physical stiffness and dryness. (T4 C1 S4)
Like to close eyes – dry and itchy and irritated. (T4 C1 G5)
Dry tickly cough. (T4 C1 G6)
Dry tickly irritation in nose; desire to sneeze. (T4 C1 S6)
There is almost nothing in my bowl. Dry and hard. (T5 C1 S2)
My mouth is dry (from the anxiety before?) Lips are dry. (T6 C1 G1)
Now I feel the powder is in my nose, < left side. (T5 C2 S3)
Eyes are really dry with lachrymation. (T6 C2 S6)
My eyes feel wide open, unblinking. They are dry from not blinking. (T6 C3 G2)
I have a dry mouth, my breathing fast and laboured. (T6 C3 G3)

Food and Drink

I thought for the 3rd time today about not smoking through this process but I know I will. I want a cigarette now. [T2 commented later as to how much more than her average she had smoked in the 2 weeks before the trituration.] (T2 C1 G4)
Desire chocolate (and the smell of T2's cigarette) in the break. (T4 after C1)
Chocolate tastes better than ever before!! The ginger biscuits were bland [and they are not usually bland]. (T6 At tea break after C1)
Had three biscuits in the break. Now looking forward to lunch! (T4 C2 G1)
I had no real desire for food. (T6 during lunchbreak)
Desired strong green tea, something dry and acrid in the throat. But the tea wasn't strong enough. Then I found the Thai Sweet Chilli Sauce in the café. I liked to create a burning in my throat. I even ate the Chilli Sauce by the spoonful but it wasn't enough. T4 suggested I asked for a proper chilli but they only had dried ones in the café, which didn't seem right – and Tabasco sauce. That did it – burning. (T6 during lunchbreak)
Longing for tea! (T5 C3 G4)

Hot and Cold

Heat and itchy back of head and neck. (T2 C1 G1)
My nose is cold. (T3 C1 G4)
My body is feeling cold – slight chill in body. (T3 C1 G4)
Feeling cold. (T3 C1 G6)
Heat in face extending to rest of body. (T4 C1 G2)
Heat radiating outwards – as if coming round from a faint. (T4 C1 G2)
Sense of heat, from the face outwards. Sensation as if something hot over the head. (T1, T2, T4 during C1)
T3 and T4 had been cold, T3 shivery cold. (During C1)
T1 and T2: cold hands, cold feet with hot face and head. (During C1)
Ears and cheeks still burning. (T1 C2 G2)
Ears still burning – face still hot. (T1 C2 S5)
I feel warmer, took my cardigan off. [The heater was turned on in the room during the break.] (T2 C2 G1)
Feeling warm but sweaty. (T2 C2 G2)
Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry. (T3 C2 G4)
I feel heat in the face. (T3 C2 S4)
Hot – floating; spiralling above my body. (T4 C2 G4)
Very hot face and hand – slightly clammy. (T4 C2 G4)
Cold/shivery. (T4 C2 G5)
Cold, tired. (T4 C2 G5)
I am feeling a little bit cold again. (T6 C2 S3)
Shivery. (T6 C2 S6)
I feel I am warming up. (T2 C3 G1)
Heat of my face – cheeks. (T2 C3 G2)

Restlessness

Agitation, irritability, lips twitching, can't be still. (T4 pre-grinding)

Action of grinding feels a release of the physical restlessness. (T4 C1 G1)

Difficulty getting comfy. Restless. (T2 C2 G1)

I can't get comfortable. Fidgeting. (T6 C2 G1)

Restless. (T2 C3 G5)

Stretching

T5 observed C1 G5

Legs stiff, achy, numb – hard to move them – been in one position all this time – actually quite painful. < left leg. Desire to stretch. (T4 C1 G4)

Desire to stretch. (T4 C1 G6)

Some yawning and stretching. (T5 C1 S4)

Sat still, need to move and stretch. (T2 C3 G4)

Stretching back out. (T2 C3 G4)

Unabridged Trituration Journals

Pre-grinding

T4

Agitation, irritability, lips twitching, can't be still.

Irritated by delay to the start.

Tension in brain – can't think, hold information

Irritation at formality – instructions.

Wanting to laugh to be de-constructive.

Feel rebellious, against the order and structure.

T6

There was a confusion of numbers of tritulators. I was sure we would be 6, but T4 pointed out that we could be 7. It took me ages before the numbers added up (to 7). I had set out the room already for 6, so I had to add another chair and table etc. That made the room layout nicer, as there was more space then.

Preparing the substance for the trituration

T6

Grinding the substance is harder than I thought. Wow – I am getting really hot. Then I decided to add some lactose but it is staining the bowl?

I am getting easier with it. What the heck – it will be right.

I am always going round anti-clockwise.

We are only 6 after all. It feels a relief to put one chair and table into a corner. It feels better with 6, and there is more space now too.

C1 Round

T1 C1 G1

Feel a bit uncertain, unsure.

Powder seems to have increased in volume.

Feel clear, not sure how to describe it: careful, thoughtful.

Itchy prickle on wrist.

Careful and thoughtful.

Slight pain boring into the right side of my head.

T1 C1 S1

Feel interested in how the scraper blurs as it goes up and down.

Aware of stiffness in the back of my neck.

T1 C1 G2

Feel self absorbed – not really interested in what the others are doing.

Sensation of something on my head, almost like two ears on the top of my head!

Breathing is very clear from my nose – cold, clear air. [T1 has chronic respiratory problems.]

Keep trying to think of what the substance must be – stop!

Strong feeling of two things on each side of my head.

My ears feel warm.

T1 C1 S2

Made a dandelion seed head in my bowl – looks feathery and fluffy.

Stiffness in neck, sort of shoots upwards.

T1 C1 G3

Noticed whiteness of new powder in contrast to brownness of old. Contrast. Like Yin and Yang.

Slight shooting pains going up through my skull.

Everyone seems very serious. Feels almost 'business like'.
Slight headache in back of head.
Doing it so carefully, but with great interest too. Pursing my lips together in concentration, almost pouting.
Pain behind right ear, in bone.
T6 has a red mark under her left eye. Wasn't there before.

T1 C1 S3

My writing is very tidy – usually I scribble, but I am being more controlled, more careful.
The scraping really makes the bowl more 'fluffy looking – feathery'.
That was over very quickly – and I think T6 made a mistake in the timing.

T1 C1 G4

Haven't finished my scrape. Doesn't feel right grinding on an unfinished scrape! Have an OCD feeling of going back and finishing the scraping properly!
Still have a strong feeling of two things on either side of my head.
Sort of pressure above my ears and spreading down over my ears. Spreading down, descending pressure.
My ears are really burning now.
Feel in a trance with pressure in my ears. Very strong feeling.
Now becoming very aware of others. T5 grinding sounds like a steam train – old, black – puffing away.

T1 C1 S4

I want to reflect, but feel like everyone else is running away, speeding off. Don't even feel like catching up with them – just listening.
Making a half-hearted attempt to catch up.
Head feels hot – ears burning.
Taking time to correct my spelling. Don't usually do that.
Happy to be self-contained as others rush off.

T1 C1 G5

Feel a bit lost, can't catch up with the others – quite like it.
Still got those burning ears!
Old stuff coming up – embarrassment – confidence issues – probably mine.
Feeling emotional – quiet, self-contained, going quietly into myself.
Sharp pain in right side of abdomen.

T1 C1 S5

Making stripes in the bowl.
Made another flower.
Feel like crying. Eyes getting wet.
Amazed at how brown the powder looks.

T1 C1 G6

Aware of the base of my spine.
T5 doing steam train again.
Ache in lower back.
Cheeks feel flushed. Ears burning again.
Head feels large, much larger than it really is. Almost blown up like a balloon.
Burning ears!!

T1 C1 S6

Being so contained and careful.
Shooting pain going into my ears.
Bowl looks fluffy like a dandelion clock.

[T1 shoots off as soon as C1 stopped to do a wee.]

T2 C1 G1

At 6's and 7's – 3 6 9.

Anti-clockwise.

Tingling up back to base of skull. Hair raising, but gently.

6 women stirring round and round.

I feel a bit giggly.

I am aware of T3 looking at me.

Itching behind ears, left then right.

Heat and itchy back of head and neck.

T2 C1 S1

I am turning the spoon anti-clockwise. In the morning I turned the bowl anti-clockwise.

Face is itching, left (cheek)

Left outside wrist itchy.

Left eyelid itchy.

I haven't finished scraping it down when the bell goes off.

T2 C1 G2

I am grinding anti-clockwise and then clockwise.

Itch right ear.

I feel like we should be singing (but I almost wrote "skinning").

Difficulty spelling.

Unity in rhythm.

Still alternating clockwise and anti-clockwise.

Itching behind right ear.

There is a look of concentration on the faces, almost a bit of frown.

I am frustrated at my untidy writing and poor spelling.

My neck is aching.

Anti-clockwise going round and up the sides of the bowl.

Anti-clockwise.

T2 C1 S2

I have to go faster to complete the task.

Itch back of ear, right, irritating me because it is interrupting.

Itching

Then I scrape clockwise.

There are lumps under my right ear, itchy.

T2 C1 G3

I am worried that I won't give enough information, or any information of use.

Lumps, itchy areas like little bites

Nose a bit runny.

Am I proving the same as everyone else.

It was more frenzied towards the end of the last stage, now it seems quieter, slower, gentler. Less rushed.

I notice the window rattling behind me.

Changes, alternating.

Realised forgotten to put each stage on a different page [as suggested by T6 before the beginning].

Cavern. The Weaver goddess – the Goddess who spins the web of our lives. Cob web. Ask a question, she says.

Itching spots on right side.

More sombre mood.

T6 looks very serious. All look quite pensive.

T2 C1 S3

That was a very quick 3 minutes.

I notice I am rolling my tongue against my bottom lip.

T2 C1 G4

I am holding my head to the left.

Creativity.

Feeling – not sure of what feeling.

I am enjoying the absence of voices.

Whistle while you work.

I thought for the 3rd time today about not smoking through this process but I know I will. I want a cigarette now. [T2 commented later as to how much more than her average she had smoked in the 2 weeks before the trituration.]

Snow White and the seven dwarves.

I want to wear good comfy shoes/boots this morning, a good solid base to work from.

My legs are not crossed but side by side.

Itches, right side

Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go.

I can see the wicked queen but she can't touch me. I am sure footed. I think of a goat. I remember the goats in Alaska and how I marvelled at their balance and agility.

T2 C1 S4

Asperations and climbing.

I don't want to talk about this until the day is done.

Forgetting what number I am up to.

Smacking my tongue.

Not finished scraping.

Working away like busy beavers.

Itchiness right [side] face, back now, top of foot.

T2 C1 G5

I feel we are separate in our work – we need something to unite us again.

We are focussed.

Balance between communication and silence.

Stirring anti-clockwise.

I hear some yawning and some sniffing.

I remember again yesterday something came up about the 7 dwarves.

[crossed out:] 3 6 9, turning circles so sublime. 9 6 3, I send a prayer to thee.

Stupido.

I am swearing in my mind, not at anything.

Right boob aches (I am due on).

I am trying to discern what is crap and what is of value to write down here.

I'm a bit bored.

I don't want to listen to the sound of my thoughts.

T2 C1 S5

Thinking that I'm thick. Dull and stupid. But these are the feelings I have had before. Don't like these feelings. I'm not thick.

This 3 minutes seemed longer. I scraped all the bowl.

T2 C1 G6

T6 thought we had finished.

I wondered what would happen if we all went in a trance. We need a 7th [person] to oversee.

There is a strong Punch & Judy sound outside.

6's and 7's, ears and eyes, back and forth, round and round.

Itchings are moving to the left, ear, eye, back.

The whole body is moving with the rhythm of the stirring. My whole body stirring. More energy efficient but more insular. Connection of sound of words to other sounds of words. Words birds.

T2 C1 S6

Someone is here without being here. I feel we are being kept an eye on/observed.

Very random. Very dreamy. Into the cauldron above the fire.

I notice me and T4 sit with hands laced on head.

T3 C1 G1

I need to grind anti-clockwise, nice feeling of smoothness. Need light to see the powder clearly, hold it in the light.
Feeling of peace, serenity. I can see stars in the night sky.
I have tried to grind clockwise but it wasn't happening.
Everyone is looking very engrossed in the grinding. T2 has a smile on her face. We both smiled and laughed at each other.
When I grind slowly I can feel the smoothness. When I grind quickly the smoothness goes to nothingness. I'd rather grind slowly.

T3 C1 S1

I started thinking about time and the dandelion clock. The pattern on the bowl looks like a dandelion clock. I had thoughts of a dandelion clock on the way in the car.

T3 C1 G2

I am able to grind clockwise but it doesn't feel right.
I notice the clock in the room twice.
Everyone looks serious and working diligently.
Why am I thinking about time? I am enjoying – plenty of time.
I look at the clock again – 5 minutes have passed.
Yawning.
T4 is grinding anti-clockwise, so is T5 – no, T5 isn't. I think T1 is. Now T5 is.

T3 C1 S2

I had a feeling of heaviness in the chest like slight asthma – this turned to feeling anxiety, felt in the stomach.

T3 C1 G3

I couldn't remember what T5 said the lactose does – breaks it down? It doesn't matter as this is nothing new for me.
I feel really relaxed but with anxiety in the stomach. I feel as though I could go to sleep.
Nose, left nostril, itching a lot. The window is shaking behind me.
With the window shaking I can see an old cottage in the countryside with wild flowers around – heaven.
I heard on the radio on the way today of old, unsolved stories of people's lives. This has just come back to me now.

T3 C1 S3

Things unresolved in the past.
I want to look at the clock but am not going to.
T6 is scraping like the clappers!
I am worried that I may have got my feelings wrong, but have decided to go with the flow.

T3 C1 G4

Nearly 20 past 11, plenty of time. Time is going slowly – nice!
All friends together.
Feeling at peace with myself and yet feel there is a darker side. I can see a horrible face at times.
My nose is cold and T5 is yawning.
Are we not going to talk to each other about how we feel? Doesn't matter, better this way. [T3 was under the misconception that we would only do this one round of C1, that that was going to be the whole trituration.]
I feel a bit of sadness, "hiraeth", about this cottage. A place where there was love. I want to go back there.
My body is feeling cold – slight chill in body.
I have closed my eyes and am getting lost in the sound and movement of grinding.
I don't want the alarm of the clock to ring!

T3 C1 S4

I am in a really nice place where time isn't important. Just me and my universe.
I want a wee.
Why did T6 thank T1 at the beginning, was it for the scrapers?
I feel a bit intoxicated, as though I can't speak clearly.

T3 C1 G5

Yawning. T5 is stretching.
T1 thinking we were at Grind 2. Brilliant! I wanted to start grinding before the clock was set.
I don't like the clock as it restrains me.

I think I can see the letter K in the powder.
T5 yawning and yawning again. Me yawning.
I feel so completely grounded with this remedy. Timeless, ageless.
Pictures in the powder of aliens, skeletons, 1st people in Egypt.
Shooting pain left side of neck – back of neck.
Eyes closed I can see a room with a single light bulb coming from the ceiling – interrogation room!

T3 C1 S5

Thanks for writing the process on the white board T6 [a list of number of grinds and scrapes and when powder would be added], because I don't know where I am.
I can see a shaped Aztec Sun in the powder.
I don't want to do anything fast. T6, stop grinding like the clappers. Everyone is. Shut up!!
I would like a lot of this substance.
I feel like a hippie. Everything slow Man!!

T3 C1 G6

Yawning, very tired – lovely.
I want a wee.
Wow, I love it. This is me.
There are 2 sides to it, but everything has 2 sides; a light and a dark side.
This cottage is waiting for me, not sure when – next life?? I want it now.
I don't want this to stop.
Feeling cold.
Nose a bit runny – left side.
Looked at clock: 11:50.
Thought of family and friends.

T3 C1 S6

Thank you (the substance) for letting me be a part of you.
I know there is a darkness lurking there somewhere.
I need a wee.
I am thinking of dandelion again.
My left leg has gone to sleep.
There is something odd about time. When T6 phoned me during the week and I got the dates wrong. I felt that T6 was checking up on me as I am useless with dates and time. I actually felt as though I was being found out.
Before the trituration, when we were all talking, T6 and T4 were disagreeing about the issue of time of an event. I felt annoyed but then decided to go with the flow.
Sorry T6 – I thought everything was over and I was ready to go home.

T4 C1 G1

Action of grinding feels a release of the physical restlessness. I like the rhythm.
I feel hurried.
I don't like the dryness of the bowl.
Bit of nausea and mouth salivation; everything else feels dry.

T4 C1 S1

Nausea worse with the up and down motion, rather than the round and round motion [of the grinding].
Head feeling heavy and disconnected.
Nausea really increasing.
Noting I am gritting my teeth.
Feel colour draining from my face.
Like to sigh.

T4 C1 G2

Heat in face extending to rest of body
Heat radiating outwards – as if coming round from a faint.

Vertigo: like to close eyes but it aggravates.

Struggling with the dryness of the bowl. Irritating, to the point that I don't want to grind anymore and would rather write. I like the flow of the ink rather than the dryness of the grinding.

Grinding hard, aching – can't find a comfortable position to hold the bowl in. Feels like breaking bone.

Dissatisfaction

Relief when it is time to end.

T4 C1 S2

Itching started, back of neck.

Nausea again more highlighted.

Dryness of internal membranes – chest feels dry. All except for mouth where still excess salivation.

Suddenly aware of the ticking of the clock!

Don't like the noise of talking. Regular rhythm noises soothes. Don't like sudden loud noises.

T4 C1 G3

Observation of dark and light piles in the bowl with new addition of powder – stark polarity.

Compare health vs. disease

Image of lungs.

Dryness nasal passages → lungs → tickle sensation.

Tickle in throat and like to clear it.

Bitter taste in mouth.

Sleepy – brain wants to shut down. Notice I am grinding slowly and annoyed at speed of T5's grinding next to me!

Sense of dryness and friction – not really helped by added powder.

T4 C1 S3

Relation to Nux vomica.

Brown discoloration – tainted.

Feel toxic – but heavy and more chilled with it than at the beginning.

T4 C1 G4

Yawn, desire to; with both sleepiness and nausea.

Confusion of time – now passing too slowly and yet feels quick to be at this part of C1.

I don't know what day it is.

Like fresh air and like to breathe deeply but don't feel I can as the air feels 'dusty', dry and would irritate by [my] airways.

Desire to cough and I actually produced a lump of sputum.

Sudden silence – everybody writing – bliss.

Feel disconnected to [from] others in the group – very insular rather than looking out or feeling community.

Legs stiff, achy, numb – hard to move them – been in one position all this time – actually quite painful. < left leg. Desire to stretch.

T4 C1 S4

Awareness of slowness of time.

Physical stiffness and dryness

We've got a long way to go until lunchtime!

T4 C1 G5

Suddenly aware of the imperfections in my pestle!

Twinges in liver of a 'dull ache' consistency – again accompanied by nausea.

Frontal headache – heaviness – eyes and head; 'dull ache' again.

Like to close eyes – dry and itchy and irritated.

T4 C1 S5

Anxiety and irritation emotionally much less, as if taken a 'chill pill'.

T4 C1 G6

Yawning

Desire to stretch.

Heavy head and eyes.

Dry tickly cough.

Slow and tired

Lightheaded and nauseous

(Images of smoke and fire – I wasn't going to write it but it is so clear. I could smell and taste burning.)

< pressure – knee on table.

Mortar on belly → bladder → need a wee!

Hair irritating on face.

T4 C1 S6

Dry tickly irritation in nose; desire to sneeze.

Dizziness on getting up.

Spaced feeling.

[T4 says: "May I get up please, Miss?" to T6 in a mocking tone.]

T4: Desire chocolate (and the smell of T2's cigarette) in the break.

Weeing more than usual.

T5 C1 G1

I spotted a piece of the substance, like a bit of thick hard/dark hair.

Sad memories coming up – not especially unusual – but unexpected here now.

The powder seems to be diminishing, disappearing into the bowl.

T5 C1 S1

Still very little powder there after scraping.

T5 C1 G2

I can't remember names. This began before the trituration with one name. Now I am trying to relate that person to another friend and realise I can't remember her name either!

T5 C1 S2

There is almost nothing in my bowl. Dry and hard.

Thank heavens we are getting more lactose now.

T5 C1 G3

Suddenly the whole process is smoother and faster – whipping round the bowl. Until – it is as if there is a lump in the middle, an obstacle the pestle keeps bumping into.

T5 C1 S3

(no entries)

T5 C1 G4

The substance/powder is doing its vanishing trick again.

Donkeys? I saw one on the way here and the image keeps coming back to me. Now I find myself almost muttering – "Donkey, donkey don't you stop – just let the wheels go clippety clop..." Where did that come from? Memory: the proper words are "Horsey, horsey...???"

T5 C1 S4

Some yawning and stretching.

T5 C1 G5

I am closing my eyes, wanting to sleep. The beanbag looks very inviting.

A thought: there are more ways to leave this space, other than through the door. You could just drift off into the ether. I was very close to doing this. Just floating away. Detachment... [T6 had invited all tritulators before the beginning, to stay in the room even if they felt uncomfortable.]

I suppose donkeys are pretty detached animals, and often lonely, usually looking sad, big liquid eyes.

But they are also very virile creatures, the males anyway, something of a polarity between mildness and rampant virility.

T5 C1 S5
(no entries)

T5 C1 G6
Owls? Maybe it is the picture behind me but I am thinking about owls too.
When I grind clockwise I go faster. Then I find I am whizzing round anti-clockwise – no great awareness. I seem obsessed with trivia.

T5 C1 S6
(no entries)

T6 C1 G1
I really should have taken the spare mortar and pestle – mine is much too discoloured and full of substance.
Headache with sensation of fullness/pressure outwards, back of head.
Grinding anti-clockwise is much easier, smoother. Clockwise I need to apply so much pressure. There are all these hooks.
My mouth is dry (from the anxiety before?) Lips are dry.

T6 C1 S1
I so worry the proportions [of lactose and substance] weren't right, for nobody.
I wonder why they [the other tritulators] stop scraping. Don't they know they've got to continue?

T6 C1 G2
It is even browner now [in the bowl]. I wonder if mine should go in with everybody else's? But maybe it is needed to make up the right proportions?
I have a different pen to everybody else. [I gave out pens for everybody to use, but used my own one.]
I like to go faster and faster, round and round.
Go easy, let it flow – don't force it, versus: I need to do it properly.
I don't feel anything – am I not good enough?

T6 C1 S2
Maybe I need to keep my stuff [contents of bowl] separate – it is not done right.
[When adding lactose before the next grind:] Everybody's is so clean!

T6 C1 G3
[With regards to the contents of my bowl:] I need to ask for help, to get the others' opinion and permission.
It is nice to see more powder. I hate it sticking to the sides – these dirty, overpowering sides.
I am not aware of any symptoms. Don't worry, I am only a beginner. I need to learn how to do it first. [I am the only person in the group who has not taken part in a trituration before.]
Why am I doing this [the whole process of the trituration]? Who am I to have chosen this? This is all wrong – preposterous. I am trying to be something that I am not.
I should leave them [the other tritulators] to it. They will do it so much better without me.
I don't belong – the ugly duckling. I want to cry, feel sorry for myself.
Pull yourself together – this is just your usual stuff. Get over it.
I don't want to continue. This is not for me. I am doing it all wrong.

T6 C1 S3
I don't want to do this. I just want to leave.
I am getting angry at myself and let it out with the scraper. What do I have to fear? That they will reject me!
The bell goes and I want to scrape more. I am very annoyed about that (the bell).

T6 C1 G4
Anger. Why can't I do it properly? Why all these emotions? This should be physical (C1).
Why do I think I need to ask permission [to add my contents to the group's]? This is my trituration.
I tell myself to stop thinking – just follow the movement of the pestle (anti-clockwise) and get sucked into the centre.
Why didn't you talk me out of this, T4? This is all a farce. I am a failure.

T6 C1 S4

How is this [the discolouration of the bowl] ever going to come out? The bowl is tarnished for life.

I like to scrape more; the time is too short.

I thought we had finished C1. I am really surprised that we haven't, disorientated.

T6 C1 G5

Pain in occiput, left, just in one spot, like a golf ball inside.

Itch in the left ear again – I had that earlier already.

Hurry – everybody else seems so calm. They can take the time out to write, and write clearly. I am not allowed, I've got to do it proper.

Itch in right ear.

I messed it all up. But just go along with it – pretend and hope nobody will find out.

T6 C1 S5

This [scrape] is going too fast. I want more time. I really wanted to get everything off the sides!

I forgot there is another grind – impatience?

T6 C1 G6

I am sure they will be fine with me [the contents of my bowl] – to accommodate and please me?

It is very smooth now. I feel I need to go back and forth all the time, can't keep one direction.

I like to get it all to stick to the sides, nice and smooth.

I am going much slower now.

Maybe I am focussing too much?

I am thinking of home tonight – when I can forget all of this, as if it never happened.

T6 C1 S6

I need to burp. Lots of air in the stomach coming up.

It [the substance] is coming off in great sheets.

T6 At tea break after C1: Chocolate tastes better than ever before!! The ginger biscuits were bland [and they are not usually bland].

=====

Discussion at end of C1 Round

A very calm energy.

T4 and T5 were feeling really sleepy. T4 was feeling really heavy.

T4: nausea as if being sick. A sensation as if all colour was drained from my head. Nausea with vertigo, worse scraping up and down movement, worse in the first 3 grinds and scrapes.

T1, T2, T4: sense of heat, from the face outwards. Sensation as if something hot over the head.

T5: as if suddenly there was loads of light.

T4 and T5 both commented how there didn't seem to be anything in the bowl, better from G3 onwards (after adding more lactose). T4 felt irritated by that.

T6 had red cheeks, a red patch on the left cheek; no sensation of heat from the redness.

There was no sense of community, no communication, insular – detachment.

T2: there were caverns and caves, dark enclosed spaces. Lots there but...

T5: donkeys (and owls)

T2: goats

T1: rabbits

T1: a dandelion clock in the bowl, because it was fluffy, also T4, with a sensation of a large head and of being all "in the head".

T1 had shooting pain in the ears, also T2 with itching in the ears.

T4 felt irritation physically and mentally. Didn't like to inhale because it would be like dust. Would have liked to take a deep breath but it would be so dry and irritating down to the chest. Had to clear the throat, with sputum. Wanted to sneeze but couldn't.

T1: breathing was better (normally is difficult)

T2: there had been a focus on the task – get it done. Goats strive and climb higher. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. There should be singing whilst working.

T2 and T6 felt they were not doing the trituration properly.

Speed – the perception that everybody else was doing the grinding/scraping faster.

T3 didn't say a word during the discussion. On being asked she said: this was absolutely fantastic. I want bucketsful of that. Time is not important.

T3 was losing her voice, had arrived in the morning with a hoarse voice that was now much worse.

T3 and T4 had been cold, T3 shivery cold.

T1 and T2: cold hands, cold feet with hot face and head.

Timing: the scrapes were too short (this may be a common delusion in triturations).

Confusion of time and numbers.

Dyslexic? Misspelling words, writing wrong names.

C2 Round

T1 C2 I want the door shut, want privacy.

T1 C2 G1

Thought 'On your marks, get set, go.'

Sensation of my urinary tract.

Purposely causing 'dis-order going anti-clockwise to mess up the structure.

Feel an issue around hierarchy.

More saliva in my mouth – swallowing it back.

Being 'precise' – put pen down with control and order.

T1 C2 S1

T4 reminds me of a naughty school girl and T6 a cross teacher.

T1 C2 G2

Feel judgmental of 'giggling school girls' – disapproving.

Pestle is getting stuck and then jumping, like it is going over bumps.

Very clear sensation in my sinuses – throughout my skull – clear pathways in my skull.

Itching up my left nostril, makes my nose twitch.

Ears and cheeks still burning.

I have been thinking how I don't like the sound of the alarm [timer]. Seems rude and bossy. Doesn't seem appropriate – feel judgemental.

Feel I have to be in my place and do as I'm told.

T1 C2 S2

Am totally absorbed in this. Can't understand why others are laughing – don't feel amused 'I am not amused!'

Feel confused – I thought this was meant to be serious! 'I wasn't allowed to rebel (in my trituration)!' or talk for that matter – why is everyone breaking the rules.

T1 C2 G3

Feel at ease – relaxed – happy.

Has T3 threatened us? Taken control (She said 'I have to leave soon.')

Feel less at ease again – uncomfortable with this thought. Laughter has stopped again – 'been put in their place'.

T1 C2 S3

Feel very serious – humourless.

Sensation of a stuffy, uptight school teacher. Stiff – rigid – frigid!

T1 C2 G4

T4 looks jolly – childlike, very happy – pink.

Ear ache in left ear. Quite marked.

Need yet another wee! Number 4!

Feel very solemn – introverted.

Keep re-reading what I've written again and again – aware of T4's grief.

T1 C2 S4

Am happy to be 'doing it by the book', 'sticking to the rules'. Happy to be subservient – not sure where that word came from – bit a feeling of 'bowing to my elders'. Happy to do as I am told.

Feeling controlled and not resisting.

T1 C2 G5

Feeling the weight of this task, the heaviness and importance. Feels grave and serious. Found T3 crying in the toilet – gave her a hug.

Sharp pain in left ovary area.

Am smoothing out the pain – bringing peace to the suffering – feel at peace with the sadness – it is lovely.

Feel so at ease and peaceful.

Felt my heart beat faster for a few seconds. This happened in C1 too.

Am biting my bottom lip as I concentrate. Still being very careful, thoughtful as I grind – feel no speed or anxiety.

A feeling of flowers, petals – can smell my rose perfume.

T1 C2 S5

Scraping seems so noisy – loud.

Aware of right ovary – pain boring.

Ears still burning – face still hot.

Feel irritated by banging of scraper. Really bothering me. Ow – too loud!

T1 C2 G6

Feel cross that my peace has been disturbed.

Loads of saliva in my mouth. Muscles around my mouth feel strained – kind of achy – jaw aches. Getting quite tired now. Face feels stiff especially around the mouth area.

Feeling more impatient now – losing the careful feeling. Getting a bit more hap-hazard.

The word reliability comes to me – people who are reliable and those who aren't – feeling judgemental of those who aren't.

T1 C2 S6

Feel grounded – like I'm reliable.

It's so noisy in here.

Pain in bone behind ears.

T1 C2 End: Feel relieved. T2 and I sighed together.

T2 C2 G1

Too many numbers.

I feel warmer, took my cardigan off. [The heater was turned on in the room during the break.]

I want my special things near me, support.

Itchy

I want to take my boots off, and my scarf off.

I am aware of my love for blue and green.
I hold my bowl on my lap because it is quieter – shhh.
I started to feel tired again.
Back of my head: compression, pressure sensation. Bit headachy
Yawning
Difficulty getting comfy. Restless.
Ache in right groin area.
I really want to hum or sing but that will irritate the others.
The bell going off made me jump.

T2 C2 S1

All the banging makes me laugh. Noisy buggers.
Laughing and tears of laughter.
Thank god that's done.

T2 C2 G2

T4 has a bark, bit of cough
T2, T4, T6 laughing with tears. T1, T3, T5 not.
I wish I could get the dwarves mining out of my head.
Or we are off to see the wizard. Follow the yellow brick road.
Mountains and hills.
Feeling warm but sweaty.
Ding dong, merrily on high.
Thinking more and more of fantasy life. Faery tales, stories of learning.
I feel I want to write a story.
Pulsating pain left temple.
And itchy.
Thoughts of water and trees and a fleet of good faeries both beautiful and terrible in their majesty, leaping and gliding from tree top to flower, sparkling and dancing of stream and river.
I want to live in this world of ... [poem unfinished]

T2 C2 S2

I am trying to make as much noise as possible. Childlike and laughing and grinning.
I feel like I've taken magic mushrooms.
Alice in wonderland. The creature that sits on the toadstool.

T2 C2 G3

This is very silly.
On your marks, get set, go.
"I'd like to teach the world to sing" [title of a song] in perfect harmony and honeybees... (can't remember all the lyrics) [famous song, 1970s]
T6 is funny.
I can't help but hum. T3 is irritated by that. I feel like I am frowned upon.
Suddenly all stop misbehaving, difficult to contain. Surely it is ok to be childish sometimes.
I can feel her [T3's] irritation and it stifles me a bit.
The adult world is so rigid. Why is it frowned upon to play and laugh and be silly and let go and be free.
I want to keep my head down and be insular again.

T2 C2 S3

Scraping is done much more energetically and noisily.
More subdued now.

T2 C2 G4

More subdued because one of us thought about leaving. [T3 said she thought of leaving the room.]
I have no words now.
I don't want to grind.
I am more aware of everyone else in the room.
I want to be quiet, hear the clock ticking.

Uncomfortable.

Reminded of Tibetan singing bowls.

How quietly can I grind. I don't want to draw attention. The mouse in the tea pot (in Alice in wonderland).

Curl into a small, small space and hide. Back into the cave. Sit at mother's feet and sleep, for a long time, then I will be forgotten about. Don't draw attention. Do what I have come here to do quietly so I can't get into trouble. I am reminded of my childhood, being quiet around my mum. Being a grown-up girl. Why do I irritate her.

T2 C2 S4

Tears don't understand.

T2 C2 G5

Hide your pain. Make no sound so [spelled 'same' – error] they can't gain or take your ground.

I will creep inside that quiet place so I can cry and hide my face.

Fuck off – I can do what I like. I am allowed to be free and fly and laugh. But I will do it quietly.

Sucking my tongue and clenching my jaw.

Why? Can't I have the dream.

I can hear a child outside, the child cries Dad.

My dad let me be free.

Move on now, T2.

Breathe – breathe – breathe.

It is quieter in the room now. T4's head is down.

Several in room take deep breaths/sigh.

I am reminded of a Bjork song: "It's nice and quiet" shshh then Bang.

T2 C2 S5

I feel a shout, an uprising coming.

I think this experience might help me understand my children [age 12 and 15] better to allow them the journey of the child, especially my youngest.

I want to be annoying.

T2 C2 G6

Breathe

I feel a bit light headed and tired and drained.

I drew a picture to comfort myself. Nature.

Just focus on the task. Let it go and breathe.

Ignore the grown up. No bad feelings towards the grown up because I love them but need a space for a spell.

T2 C2 S6

(no entries)

T3 C2 G1

I feel big all over/large.

Patches of itching – hands, neck.

I felt slightly light headed when raising my head.

I don't want to talk to anyone. Am happy as I am. Tired though.

This substance is just about me – no one else – a bit of a loner but happy. I don't need anyone else.

I didn't expect the clock to ring – very intrusive.

T3 C2 S1

T6 laughed a lot, so did everyone except me and T1. I don't see what's so funny.

T3 C2 G2

I got a bit annoyed with the laughing. I didn't see the point. Get on with the work.

The substance and me are a part of each other now.

Solitude.

The grinding seems longer this time.

I feel the alarm clock in my stomach.
Please no laughing when we scrape.

T3 C2 S2

Oh my god, am I losing my sense of humour, the laughing has started again. A little annoyed.

T3 C2 G3

I need to leave the room because of the frivolity. [T3 actually said that she would have to leave, but she didn't leave the room.] T1 and I understand each other. T2 is now humming!! Let's knuckle down. This substance is Germanic.

I see an unhappy face in the powder.

I don't like this part as I am always up for a laugh but this feeling is not nice.

I feel that everyone should work and not enjoy.

Get me out of this phase please.

I feel anxiety in my stomach.

T3 C2 S3

A bit of a headache, right side, shooting pain forehead.

I feel a bit like a child worker working in a sweatroom. No fun, all work.

T3 C2 G4

When grinding I have anxiety in the stomach and feel a bit sick.

A bit fearful – I don't like the feeling.

T4 has stopped – I hope she is ok.

Lot of stomach rumbles.

Concentration camp. I feel hot. I have to stop grinding. Don't know how I feel. Feel a bit tearful but don't want to cry.

I feel darkness in C2, not nice. Heavy.

Thank God the alarm has gone off. Time is very long.

T3 C2 S4

I feel heat in the face.

Just feel dead inside – acceptance.

T3 C2 G5

I don't really want to grind – what is the point?

I think I have seen the 2 sides of the substance, light and dark.

Loss of mother – not mine. I want to cry but have no tears.

I feel things are going to get better. Out of despair the phoenix will rise.

T3 C2 S5

I feel as though I am beginning to smile again. I feel a bit lighter.

Anxiety a bit in stomach.

T3 C2 G6

I can see a smiley face in the powder.

This poem came to me:

To all those who suffer

I hope that I can be a buffer.

There is a light at the end and a ray of sun.

Love is the way – not the rule of the gun.

I feel as though I can breathe clearly and deeply, whereas before I couldn't.

I want to apologise to T2 for giving her a nasty look when she hummed.

This substance has taken me somewhere really dark.

T3 C2 S6

(no entries)

T4 C2 G1

Disappointed by amount in bowl again. Feeling of I like 'more'. Addictive feel.
Had three biscuits in the break. Now looking forward to lunch!
Journey: plantations/slaves/boats
I don't like the cultivation of it all. I like to be wild and free, not grown in lines of order.
Saw the link to travel sickness – being taken away from country of origin.
Not meant to be cultivated.
Hence irritation – rebellion!
I don't like the hierarchy of plantation slave → slave → addiction
[The grind] went very fast.

T4 C2 S1

Confusion!!! G1 went too fast
Giggles – T6 tapping as if cross!
Laughing until crying.
Become [physically] really 'clumsy' – can't think of the right word.
Physically confused/challenged. Doing things all wrong – wrong hands, words gone.
Laughing
[The scrape went] fast again.

T4 C2 G2

More outward – less insular – more aware of the group – am thinking about the plant.
Still some nausea.
Faster, more energised. Spiralling up, less in body.
Taken up, out of the struggle.
Less of the substance – more of the energy – white powder.
Like disappearing in a puff of smoke.
Smoke rings – to communicate to people far away. Smoke signals.

T4 C2 S2

Felt like a very long scrape.
Distortion of time? Or T6 got it wrong. Tick of the clock very fast then slow.

T4 C2 G3

Clearing of throat.
So hard to stay grounded/focussed.
Still element of giggling/playful – with that hint of rebellion.
Naughty schoolgirl.
Itchy outer corner of right and left eye, where tears of laughter dried.
Confusion between scraper and pestle.
Very ungrounded.
Hard to write.
All heavy/tired/yawning.
Like to take shoes off to feel more connected.
Seeing the beauty in everyone in the room. Much more aware of the group.

T4 C2 S3

Scrapes seem so long. Grinding so quick.

T4 C2 G4

Funny watching T1's confusion. Same as my own.
I can't grip the pen to write.
Just want to laugh.
Hot – floating; spiralling above my body.
Slightly anxious but ok.
Very hot face and hand – slightly clammy.
Really don't want to grind. I like to sit with my head in my hands and just stay with the feeling. Know I should be grinding but I can't.
Tribal – journey – fire – dark – shaman – animals – totem

Can't focus my eyes – jump back with bell.

T4 C2 S4

Nausea strong again, in waves.

Homesickness

Fixated on the shadow of my hand. The shadow within the shadow – and then my red hand all blended into one.

Now close to tears. Alternation of symptoms.

T4 C2 G5

Cold/shivery

Nothing to say. I like the repetitive action of the circle – softer/heavier.

Cold, tired.

I like to grind anti-clockwise, the opposite direction to how I have been doing it.

T4 C2 S5

Connection to sucking at the nipple – note of sadness.

Why I sucked my thumb?? Innocence/ugliness

T4 C2 G6

Heavy/tiredness

(missing the margin of the paper, spatially unaware)

Almost to the point of indifference – so numbed out – don't care. Don't care in a sad kind of way – not a rebellious or energetic way.

More what's the point?

Short term changeable states.

Languid

Watching the whole body move to the rhythm of my grinding.

Keep focussing on one detail but in a spacey way.

Numbs out.

T4 C2 S6

(no entries)

T5 C2 G1

Songs – words keep popping into my head as I grind.

"Blow the wind southerly..."

"I've got plenty of nothing..." (maybe more appropriate?)

I think I'd rather be writing this, meandering nonsense, than start grinding again. Why bother?

Maybe a remedy for dementia? I am remembering verses I knew when I was very small and have hardly thought of since.

T5 C2 S1

Giggling – T4 starts it and everyone joins in except T3. T6 is in pieces. T3 is bemused.

T5 C2 G2

The laughing continued. I feel I have to hold this together... The laughing stops – a sense of intense concentration.

Still yawning and wanting to dip out of what I am doing.

I feel kind of shaky and disorientated now.

T5 C2 S2

The scraping noises sound like chickens clucking.

T5 C2 G3

The powder in my bowl is a mess – unevenly distributed – thick and deep on the right side, not there on the left – making the grinding uneven. How can this be like this?

The timing seems to be lasting much longer this time round.

T5 C2 S3

Now I feel the powder is in my nose, < left side.

T5 C2 G4

I am wanting to rotate my head instead of grinding.

I have a faint muzzy headache. I think it has been there all the way through, but every time I try to examine it, it's not properly there... But I keep yawning and wanting to sleep.

To some extent I feel I'm looking through water. Everything seems hazy and muzzy. I have to hold my head up.

I am asking the remedy to take me away from all this. I want to evaporate... Not sure I've experienced that before – but just to be part of the air – to float, that would be really great.

I remember being told about a CD called "Floating in Space" which was sold in a blister pack, so that until you wanted to read or play it it was floating. I feel rather like that – rather I want to be like that. Instead I feel heavy and tied down.

T5 C2 S4

A sudden realisation of the person I was trying to remember earlier – one of a group – I knew there was one more person but couldn't remember who. Now I can.

T5 C2 G5

I literally ground to a stop. Almost asleep.

This seems to be taking hours.

I am hardly grinding at all now – slower and slower. I want to walk out – almost standing up to go. On strike.

My arm is aching. My head is not right.

Thank god for the buzzer.

T5 C2 S5

Scraping is easier.

T5 C2 G6

I am really floating off again. Initially I thought I was doing well. Then I am dreaming: a picture of sheep grazing, sunset, the Cotswolds???

T5 C2 S6

(no entries)

T6 C2 G1

A fresh start but it is still taking colour from the sides!

I can't get comfortable. Fidgeting

This is much more powder than in the first G1.

My arm is aching so much, no way I can do this for hours!

I am still itching in little spots.

I am trying my left hand now [for grinding].

Grinding all clockwise now.

Feeling insular [as discussed after C1] resonates: keep going – just get it done.

NOTHING is happening, empty space.

My nose is dripping.

T6 C2 S1

Confusion about time, where to set the timer to. I am doubting I did it right earlier.

Everybody is giggling – why?

A much lighter mood.

Giggling – why not – contagious – relief. I LIKE THIS.

[T1, T3 and T5 are not giggling] [drawing of Star of David]

Is T1 ringing a bell? I am in fits of laughter. (Cann-i)

T6 C2 G2

What are we doing [giggling]. Now pull yourself together, be serious, check the timer.

There is no powder in my bowl. The pestle is just swishing around the sides, above the powder.

Playful

Suddenly the bowl is getting very sticky again, not smooth, resistance.

This is taking a long time.

T6 C2 S2

I want to see how fast I can do it.

The brown flecks are still appearing in my bowl.

I've finished, why hasn't the timer gone yet?

When I gave out the sugar, T3 starts grinding straight away, not waiting for the timer.

T6 C2 G3

I like to make lots of noise, see if I can irritate them. T5 says "It's not a competition!" – Behave yourself!

I am looking up and making eye contact – NAUGHTY

T3 says she wants to leave the room – have we upset her [with our giggling]? Everybody stops grinding, be quiet, told off.

I am feeling suppressed (how do you spell that?)

Okay, this is just work. We have had our fun – keep working, break is over.

T3 is a teacher – no wonder she can't cope with naughtiness.

T6 C2 S3

I am feeling a little bit cold again.

T4 looked when I made a noise, but I didn't mean to be naughty really.

T1 is ringing her bell again [the sound from her pestle and mortar] but this time it is not funny, not allowed to.

Classroom

Adolescence

I want to do it properly, because my intention is right. But I also want to play and do it my way, because this is how I learn. Please don't be too strict.

I had to complete the last scrape after the bell went. I am behind with my work. I needed to say "sorry" to the group because I was behind.

T6 C2 G4

I like to take my own time. The work will be done, but in my own time.

Everybody is writing – silence – NICE. This is important too, it is not all about work – there is more to life. And who decides what is right and wrong anyway.

I feel I could go on writing forever, just like the others? [Nobody is grinding.]

Is this a classroom exam? If so, what is the subject? Philosophy?

I have a real resistance to go back to grinding. The grinding is done. (I haven't even started this grind.) Maybe I should – sigh – go on, pick it up. I am talking to myself. I am so aware others aren't grinding too, so why should I. I don't always want to be teacher's pet. (I have really sweaty hands.) This is important. I need to make this clear: it is so important. There is no right or wrong. It is not all about work.

I am trying to convince myself to pick up the pestle and mortar. I am feeling a bit guilty for not doing so, but most others aren't either. If they don't grind then it is fine for me not to either. But I need to keep writing – can't stop writing, because that is the work I'm doing.

Do I need to justify myself? No, but I can't put down the pen. I want to write it all down. Write what down?

The bell went: everybody is writing. I hear the teacher calling: "Time is up – hand in your papers." Only T3 is scraping instantly – teacher's pet.

T6 C2 S4

I don't feel I need to scrape. I haven't ground anything. Maybe it is done? Looks fine to me.

I have a great desire to sit out this round. I don't know the answer to this exam question. I give it a miss and wait for the next bit. Let's hope I can still get a decent result.

Really sweaty hands.

T2 is crying and T4 looks unhappy too. They are sweating over the questions and don't know them either. But maybe they can't cope as well as I can.

Giving out the lactose: I have to be much more precise about it – to honour what people are going through. This is really important for them and it needs to be honoured.

T6 C2 G5

RESPECTFUL

It almost feels cruel to put the timer on.

Still little itches

I feel so much empathy for everybody here.

A children's home. Learning together but no parental love – lost generation. Not alone but detached.

I just realised what trituration is about. It is not about grinding the substance into smallest particles. Is is about letting out what is hidden inside.

Children's home, grey. No mother-love – orphans. We need to support each other, but we don't quite know how to do it. We inadvertently hurt each other. It is part of growing up. But there is no mother love. You can't trust the adults – they are only doing a job and they have nothing to give because it would be too much they would have to give. We need to make do with what we have got between ourselves.

T6 C2 S5

[crossed out S6 – confusion of where we are in the trituration]

I am all shaky, like to shake [shake my hands].

My bowl is getting cleaner. But the dark flake is there again!

I am reflecting on the last few grinds and scrapes. How will they make sense in regards to patients.

I am always that little bit behind, trying to get the last bit off and then there is still more and more to scrape.

T6 C2 G6

I have to do it really quietly to respect the others and their emotions because it could be me too.

I am unsure about how to react. I sense how upset T5 is but I do want to show my respect and therefore I don't look. It could be me. I don't like to be seen in pain. Hushed silence. Slow down.

If you make a noise or look then they (the masters) may pick you out. "Nur nicht auffallen." Don't stand out from the crowd.

Grey – Dickensian – workhouse – children having to work, no play, no joy.

R at Helios will tell me off if I send him the C1 powder, it is so discoloured that surely we can't have done it properly.

It is like going back in time [to before the trituration]. We are adults surprisingly.

Exam = adolescence

Orphanage = childhood

(When I set the timer and looked around the room I was surprised to be seeing adults.)

T6 C2 S6

Another brown flake in my bowl!

The end: that was better [images appearing]

Shivery.

Eyes are really dry with lachrymation.

=====

Discussion at end of C2 Round

T3 went somewhere different – dark, no fun, no laughter. Concentration camp, sweat shop, slave.

T4 spaced out at G4, desire to suck mother's breast

T2: desire to disappear.

T2 and T6: don't draw attention.

T2: having to be grown up.

T4: sensation being taken from source, taken away from home.

SCHOOL – TEACHER

Connection between each other.

T4: slavery, didn't want to be free

T2 and T4 felt rebellious

T3: concentration camp – there was no way out. Couldn't see anything funny (in the laughing that was happening).

T4 and T5: hazy, floating off.

T4, T5, T6: VERY SHAKY

Colourful turned into grey. Oppressive

T3 about the substance: it has been in the presence of bad. It has grown or lived where there had been oppression in the history. The stain is still there.

T4 saw a shadow in the shadow.

There was continuing frequent and copious urination.

=====

Lunchbreak

T1

Lunchtime: noticed the soldier with a gun sprayed on the wall outside the School. Stood out – never paid much attention to it before.

T2

Yellow Brick Road

Transforming yellow which is my least favourite colour. I used it in the picture to draw the fish and birds and to write.

T3 spoke about concentration camps and this awful thing has stayed with me over lunch, following the Yellow brick road, unaware that they are being led to gas chambers, to murder. I think of yellow gas though I can't remember what it is called.

Felt spacey.

Band about my head and forehead, above ears, all around like the top of my head will come off and energy pour out, tingling in the band.

Fine also (at the end of the morning session).

T4

On going for lunch: spatial awareness is weird, feeling of being invisible.

Alternating states: talkative and open // closed and spaced off.

[To T6 at end of lunchbreak T4's face looked almost sunburned, dark reddish. No sense of heat]

T6

I had no real desire for food.

Desired strong green tea, something dry and acrid in the throat. But the tea wasn't strong enough. Then I found the Thai Sweet Chilli Sauce in the café. I liked to create a burning in my throat. I even ate the Chilli Sauce by the spoonful but it wasn't enough. T4 suggested I asked for a proper chilli but they only had dried ones in the café, which didn't seem right – and Tabasco sauce. That did it – burning. I took more and more of it to get it burning right down the throat. I wanted more and more, felt that I got really dizzy, ready to faint. I stopped but didn't want to eat, don't want to be grounded. Felt I was nearly floating off – good thing the café had a low ceiling.

Both T4 and T6, who had known the substance, discussed that it would be good to reveal the substance at the end of the day, rather than in three weeks' time as planned. "They need to know."

C3 Round

T1 C3 G1

Feel nervous.

Heavy sensation pushing on my head.

'Hitler' (word popped into mind) – image of military face with military hat – grey face.

Saw blood streaked across bottom of bowl. Feel like a fake – a phoney.

Bowl seems so empty – grinding nothingness – nothing there.

Don't know why I keep re-reading everything I've written – am unsure of self – under-confident – need to re-read it to know where I am.

Rude awakening of the alarm.

T1 C3 S1

Rigid – controlled – military hat – grey with a peak on my head – stiff lips – tight lips – stern face.

Rounding (as you would round up a flock of sheep) up the powder with my scraper – controlling it.

The water smells very strongly of chlorine.

T1 C3 G2

Metallic 'drop' of coldness 'spotted' on the left side of my crown – turned into a boring feeling.

Watching, looking down upon. 'I'm watching you', menacing. Looking down upon a lot of small people in my bowl. Feel like I'm very big, with something small in my hands that I'm controlling, playing with. Like a cat playing with a mouse. The word 'dominance' comes to me.

Feel my head is being mixed – like the mixing motion of the pestle.

Rude alarm – annoying me.

T1 C3 S2

A feeling of completion.

Pushing on the back of my skull behind my ears.

T1 C3 G3

Powder looks like a fingernail (shaped like that due to spoon).

Spiky feeling coming out from the top of my head – like 2 rams horns!

Ears burning again.

Feel very grave and serious – heavy feeling in the room.

Need to rest. Alarm 'almost' went off – time for a breather [alarm had gone off well before time].

Respect this energy. Thank you. Gratitude.

Re-reading everything again, reflecting.

Brink of tears.

T1 C3 S3

Feel I'm being told to stop. Had spooky feeling – as I put down the pestle it rocked back and forth for ages! – as though 'No' – I should not carry on. Feel resistance from this substance – 'Don't go there' – 'Don't enter'.

Shaft of light – see an open door with sunlight streaming through it. Heart jumped.

See a person kneeling down – giving in – a grey large person – beneath me.

Gratitude. Thank you to the energy of this substance. Thank you for letting us in.

A sense of completion.

T1 C3 [did no more grinding or scraping, last entry:]

(Feel almost like we are in school – some people have finished their exams and some haven't. Waiting for everyone to finish.) T5 is being very good and finishing everything – but she's not writing anything down! Being 'good'. We're being 'good' too – being patient and waiting for her.

T2 C3 G1

Avoidance, oh god, what is going to happen now?

On your marks, get set, go.

Songs keep going through my head.

Quiet – not thinking of anything.

Yawning.

In a bit of a daze.

Druggy feeling to this. Acid trip, psychedelic and dark.

Schindler's List and the little red coat. [In Schindler's List the film is in black and white apart from various scenes i.e. a little girl with a red coat. At the end of the film you see her red coat on a mountainous pile of coats, next to piles of glasses, teeth etc. the contrast of colour and the darkness and horror of the film – in one sense things (life) are black and white but also the opposite is true.]

I feel I am warming up.

I started stirring clockwise.

The bell made me jump.

T2 C3 S1

Knowing what is going to happen.

A buffer between pacifying and protecting.

Accepting the inevitable.

Sacrifice.

Going clockwise.

C1 – infancy; C2 – adolescence; C3 – adulthood.

T2 C3 G2

An image of a volcano erupting, the destruction of a society. Ash choking lungs and such heated air burning lungs.
3 [tritulators] have water, but more in a Yod shape = finger of God. 3 don't have water.
I think of the triad of religion; Jewish, Christianity, Islam. Celtic druids OBOD [Order of Bards, Obates and Druids] – triads.
3's maiden – mother – crone.
Stirring anti-clockwise.
Heat of my face – cheeks.
Clockwise
Detachment again, rising above it, discernment, objective, calmer.
Itchy eyes
Tired
Back of neck aching

T2 C3 S2

I am aware of T6. She stopped, head down. Concern she is ok. I want to send her light.
Time drags on.

T2 C3 G3

Spiralling down, into the earth, feel stiller.
Yellow sun, black sun.
Indigestion after my lunch. Weight, hardness in solar plexus.
Clockwise, changed direction.
The bell rang too early.
Yawn
More comfortable going anti-clockwise.
Not feeling much.

T2 C3 S3

The story hasn't finished. We can't finish it as it will go on beyond us.

T2 C3 G4

Carrying on automatically. The mind asleep, spirit asleep but the body continuing.
Lower back really aching, < right, and neck.
Sat still, need to move and stretch.
I feel really tired. I could lie down and I'd go straight to sleep.
Stretching back out.
Blar Blar Blar (I am just talking rubbish)
Not much coming
3 – the mystery of 3
I feel I want to stop. I should have stopped after C3, grind 3 and scrape 3: 3 6 9 → 18 → 9
I feel it has dispersed from me, through my head up and out to our progeny

T2 C3 S4

(no entries)
[not scraped]

T2 C3 G5

I have extra lactose but I think I don't want to upset T6.
I feel clear of it. I didn't scrape 4 so the new powder sits in the centre with the ground powder on the sides.
I feel we should stop after C3 or C6. Everyone appears tired. The energy seems to have decreased for me.
However I will remain open for more if it comes.
I didn't scrape 4 and am now grinding 5. I have decided to finish C3. I do this for T6 to [word completely crossed out].
Oh bollocks, I'm done. I hope she isn't disappointed.
Slight indecision!!!!!!
I want to go home now. I don't want to sit through any more. My part in this story is complete.
This seems to be taking a long time to the end of C3.
This is really hurting my neck.
Restless.

T2 C3 S6

I did scrape 6 to bring the powder into the center for easy collection.

Time is infinite.

T2: Burping through this C3.

T3 C3 G1

T2 is sighing.

I can see a little pink flower growing by a railway track.

Retribution – death and retribution, forgiveness and acceptance.

T3 C3 S1

I can see a white flower.

T3 C3 G2

Very little substance [in the bowl] – nothingness.

Oppression and hard work. Mines, quarries, chalk.

Equality.

T3 C3 S2

More is less. The more you have, the less you actually have.

Silence – everyone stopped scraping and the silence was lovely.

T3 C3 G3

People coming to collect money – debt collectors. I am unable to pay my debts. Asking there to wait.

Accepting people for who they are – this didn't happen in years gone by.

If you are a homosexual.

T3 C3 S3

There is more to come, like a story. I can't give it up yet.

T3 C3 G4

In a court of law of an old building of law/education. Door opens. I am accused of something – being tried for something. No fear – acceptance.

I need to work through this substance.

T3 C3 S4

Time for reflection. No more scraping.

[T3 stopped scraping and grinding and did not continue again.]

T3 C3 Reflection: a feeling of something religious – a religious ceremony. Of us all receiving communion from T6. Her kneeling in front of us being subservient. [T6 was giving out more powder.]

T6 then faced the table to put the substance [lactose] away and I felt she was a minister of religion looking towards the cross. Also like Jesus washing the feet of his disciples when T6 was kneeling at our feet.

How people have been slaves/subservient to religion for centuries. Even the underneath of T6's shoes have crosses on them.

Star of David Star of Bethlehem

Pain in right side – ovaries.

This isn't over yet. I feel the proving will carry on for a while yet.

T4 C3 G1

Daunted – next round.

Avoidance

Giggling – avoidance or alternating state.

Misunderstood – ailments from being.

Being taken the wrong way.

Deep hurt/wounding

Not been seen for who I really am → to have to hide who I really am → self-fulfilling prophecy.

Looking in the mirror and not recognising who I see. Other people look different too. [at end of lunch break]

Confusion of identity from suppression of self, of who I really am.

Stifling

Gagging

Be quiet

Cruelty: adult to child

T4 C3 S1

Issues around hierarchy/superiority/arrogance

Being bigger than you really are – the unsuppressed self.

T4 C3 G2

Alchemy – the transformation of self.

Retrieval from suppressed self to real self and vice versa.

The fire/air axis [as of the Mappa Mundi]

I turn clockwise – I turn anti-clockwise.

Slave to the addiction.

All the powder on the side of the bowl: dry, bare alternating soft, full

Distortion of senses – I could hear a bell ringing far away which was actually my bracelet hitting the bowl. Took me ages to realise.

T4 C3 S2

Just realised there are 2 clocks in the room and they are ticking twice as fast.

T4 C3 G3

Ground down.

Resistance

[The substance] doesn't like to give any more information. Like to stop.

(The bell went 4 minutes early then didn't ring when it was meant to.)

(The pen stopped writing.)

Huge dilemma whether to continue or not – respect. Very clear message or see it as a resistance/stubbornness in me or the substance.

[T4 stopped grinding and scraping and did not continue any more.]

T4 C3 S3

(no entries)

T4 C3 G4

Carry on and do as I should or respect the message.

I have to respect the message.

So unlike me not to do as I should.

Not able to complete a process – and yet it is complete to me.

DILEMMA

Follow innate knowledge or conscious head – I have to go with my gut and trust that this the right decision for me.

Freedom – breaking from the mould instead of swallowing it back down and continuing. What a challenge.

Speaking my truth – clearly; in my actions, not just saying one thing and doing another. Being real – in the moment rather than conforming – is this the meaning of rebellion? If so then I have been rebelling against my true self. [Who do you really rebel against? I.e. rebel against self in order to conform.]

Being heard.

Speaking your truth.

Grey → pink

[drawing of circle] → [drawing of heart]

smoke ring → heart

empty space → full space

= communication

The smoke screen has lifted.

Suffocation, asfixiation, emaciation

Respiration – that is the sensation.

Compare: sitting in an exam hall and finishing before everybody else.

[drawing of Star of David]

T5 C3

Not wanting to begin...

T5 C3 G1

It is disappearing into the bowl again.

Thoughts of earning a living, income etc. Not sure why?

T5 C3 S1

(no entries)

T5 C3 G2

Calm and peaceful.

I am glad to see sunshine in the room.

T5 C3 S2

I finished scraping long before time.

T5 C3 G3

Stopping – the bell rang too soon.

T5 C3 S3

Stubborn substance – not revealing.

T5 C3 G4

Longing for tea!

I am drifting into sleep – dreaming, very hard to catch - pastoral, countryside.

T5 C3 S4

I am really tired.

T5 C3 G5

I have an urge to pour my water into the bowl.

T5 C3 S5

(no entries)

T5 C3 G6

I am driven. I feel I must complete C3. Everyone else has stopped.

T5 C3 S6

(no entries)

T5 after C3 completed

Pay attention

Here and now

[Aldous Huxley "Island"]

T6 C3 G1

I am really spinning out [of my body] up over the back and top.

Did I put anything [substance] in my bowl? Yes, I must have. How quickly it gets discoloured.

I want to look, in my eyes, wide open, deep, deep – looking into the depth.

Actually it is an eye looking back at me from the bowl, a big, round eye with sadness and with fright? What would happen if a tear fell into it? My tear. Be gentle, so gentle – to not make the pain any more or any deeper. This is more like stroking than grinding.

I close my eyes, see with the inner eye.

A heartbeat – slow and steady.

I want to go to sleep in order to dream.

T4 is pinging with her bracelet – irritating, stops me from going off.

The bell went much too soon.

T6 C3 S1

I am doing it segment by segment, into the middle. Like going against the clock but anti-clockwise.

Still itchy spots

The bowl looks much nicer now [less discolouration].

I finished before the bell.

T6 C3 G2

I feel really spacey. My vision is blurred, out of focus. I feel like I would fall off my chair, to the left.

It doesn't matter where I look because it is not about seeing.

My eyes feel wide open, unblinking. They are dry from not blinking.

I can't sit up straight, am hunched over my bowl, like I am going to fall into it.

Oh, it is so nice to close my eyes, stop the burning. But I need to keep them open, to write.

I feel dull, empty head.

I stop grinding, feel a heaviness, like falling asleep, but I am not asleep, not even tired. The heaviness comes from the back of my head, pushing down my head.

[T6 then couldn't write any more, was hunched over. Like a drugged heaviness, paralytic. It was a real effort to reach out to set the timer for S2]

T6 C3 S2

[no entries – a whole page in the book missed. T6 slid off her chair to sit on the floor, in order not to fall over. Couldn't give out more lactose for G3 nor set the timer, both of which were done by T4 instead.]

T6 C3 G3

I have a dry mouth, my breathing fast and laboured.

I am shaky.

I am clenching my jaw.

I don't want to write.

Nausea, lump in the throat. If I need to vomit, will I make it to the toilet?

I feel a twitching from my belly, almost convulsive.

The timer is wrong, rang too early – does it matter?

T6 C3 S3

I thought the scraper broke in my hand under my thumb.

T6 C3 G4

I can do this in my sleep, mind drifting all over the place. Have I got any connection to the bowl on my lap? Has it got any connection to me?

I don't know [whether to continue, as others have stopped]. There is no message.

T6 C3 S4

That hurt my head when T3 tinged her mortar.

I am making too much noise. Hangover – do I need Nux-v to antidote?

Another brown fleck in my bowl!

T1 is drawing with a wax crayon but it sounds as if she is grinding.

T6 C3 G5

10 little niggers – one after the other dropping out [tritulators stopping].

T3's book fell down – I am jolted up.
Lower back pain right side.
How will I know when to stop?
This needs to be continued another time. It is not ready yet [to reveal more information].
But I am spaced out!!! I don't know what to do, how to come down. Do I want to come down?
Where am I?
Shall I call for help? But who is there to help me?
The bell – decision time – continue or not? Ruthless.

T6 C3 S5
I continue to see if it helps [to come to a decision].

T6 C3 G6
It doesn't want to be ground any more. [stopped grinding]
Empty.
Unfinished. "Before it's time."
I wish T5 would stop grinding – death throws – RIP [picture of a Cross]. Don't keep it artificially alive.

T6 C3 S6
I scrape it just to tidy up, so it can be put away.
THE END

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