

In my visions my Doctor repeatedly appeared to me accompanied by a policeman or in conversation with his wife, which I witnessed by way of nerve-contact and where he called himself "God Doctor" to his wife, so that she was inclined to think he was mad. I am, however, almost certain now that these visions did not conform to real happenings in the way I believed I had seen them. But I think it is permissible to interpret them as revelations of divine opinion on what ought to have happened to him. However that may be, it is an actual or subjectively certain event from the distinctness of my recollection whether other people can or cannot believe me-that about that time I had the Doctor's soul and most probably his whole soul temporarily in my body. It was a fairly bulky ball or bundle which I can perhaps best compare with a corresponding volume of wadding or cobweb, which had been thrown into my belly by way of miracle, presumably to perish there. In view of its size it would in any case probably have been impossible to retain this soul in my belly, to digest it so to speak; indeed when it attempted to free itself I let it go voluntarily, being moved by a kind of sympathy, and so it escaped through my mouth into the open again.

- from Memoirs of my Nervous Illness
by Judge Daniel Paul Schreber