

Catherina Caton
New Material, October 5, 1981

Turning on: slight uneasiness of stomach. A little bit of numbness/tingling. Decided to lie down after about 1/2 hour. The music sounds started to intensify, especially the metallic gong-twang sort of noises. It was like being in a bell jar or large metallic tube, sort of echoy and spacey.

About the space; like being at the edge of the leading edge of the trip, more like being pushed at the leading edge, definite sense of space and clearness and strong vector-like direction. I remember thinking how intimate the material was...and I don't mean dainty. As far as comparisons to other drugs, I'd say the true marriage of Ibogaine times itself and sold with metallic feeling and bodily effects of coke. There was something of an Adam quality when I was shaking off some tension and also the acceptance of the shattering experiences I had. A unique feature of my trip, I think was that it self-destructed behind me. I couldn't rest on the "Ah-ha's" of the past seconds of the trip.

Events of the trip: I was kind of drudging around in some guilt feelings, not really caring about living or dying. "Oh, so this is what it feels like not caring if I live or die." Suddenly I realized where I was. Quite coolly, I had brought myself to the choosing point of Me Alive or Me Dead.