

AN OBSCURE FOOTNOTE

A week after taking MDMA I woke in the middle of the night and as I awakened I felt that there would be no reality but only nothingness. I was horrified and threw myself bolt upright in bed and opened my eyes instantaneously.

Shelley says:

Lift not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life; though unreal shapes be pictured there,
And it but mimic all we would believe
With colors idly spread, behind, lurk Fear
And Hope, twin Destinies; who ever weave
Their shadows, oer the chasm, sightless and drear...

The awakening I had was definitely a reaction to the MDMA. Yesterday I talked with a man who has taken too much lsd. I tried to avoid speaking of hallucinogens but he was insistent. As I described some post-hallucinogen states of extreme anxiety regarding the nature of reality, the man began to writhe in his chair, wring his hands, and temporarily lost the ability to speak. I have been in that state. While speaking with Taylor Wolf he identified it as an anxiety state and pointed out that it is not only related to hallucinogens but is a not uncommon anxiety state for those who have not had drugs.

Taylor accounts the state to an arising of unconscious material to the surface.