

Ibogaine & Eboga Experiences

Please Take Note:

The following accounts describe the subjective experience of the participant (quite likely soon after the event) and may not represent their objective opinion on the healing effects with the passage of time. In the first 3 months after taking ibogaine, normally, there is a window of opportunity where ones old cravings and actouts are diminished or disappeared. However, like a well that has been emptied, with the passage of time many of the issues can return and without proper follow up therapy relapse can occur. It is not uncommon for an individual to require more than one session of ibogaine to finally break their dependence. Hence one reason for followup support to use this window of opportunity to lay in new behaviour patterns and to be more objective in ones view of old behaviour patterns. This applies to anyone undergoing treatment be they chemically dependent or otherwise.

"Based on open clinical studies, it has been claimed that ibogaine therapy resulted in 25% of patients remaining drug-free without craving for 6 months. This group included those who were both highly motivated to quit and had relatively stable home environments. Another 40-50% of patients had their addictions interrupted successfully, and required psychotherapy. Twenty to 30% of patients had returned to drug use within a month following treatment. Somewhat lower success rates (10-15%) are cited by Touchette. - Popik & Skolnick, "THE ALKALOIDS", Vol.52, 1998."

Types of Experiences:

"Many users of ibogaine report experiencing visual phenomena during a waking dream state, such as instructive replays of life events that led to their addiction, while others report therapeutic shamanic visions that help them conquer the fears and negative emotions that might drive their addiction. It is proposed that intensive counseling and therapy during the interruption period following treatment is of significant value. Some patients require a second or third treatment session with ibogaine over the course of the next 12 to 18 months. - Wikipedia."

The following is taken from the experience "Words Cannot Describe":

"What happened to me was obviously my experience. In conversation with other friends who have done Ibogaine each experience was unique. Some friends had little to no hallucinations. One friend got extremely nauseous. The variety of experience is equivalent to the variety of personalities. Whatever happens to you is your experience - custom designed for what you need."

Note: It may be best not to read individual accounts as it may predispose you to false expectations. Perhaps reading the technical descriptions which follow is a more useful exercise.

Technical Descriptions of an Eboga/Ibogaine Session:

On page 158 of the book *Amazing Grace - A Journey with Eboga*, I describe a full Eboga session (normally 36 hours broken down into 3 phases) using ibogaine, the principle alkaloid of the eboga plant, as follows:

"It might be helpful to view a session using the analogy of a 36-hour plane journey. We arrive at the airport somewhat flustered, lugging our baggage behind us. With a little relief and a little trepidation we settle into our seat on the plane. We sit and wait; nothing much happens. Then the engines begin to fire up and we start to move slowly. Before we know it we are taking off, a little perturbed, at the speed of sound. Once in the air, we encounter a number of air pockets leading to turbulence. Occasionally this is too much and we throw up. But after about five to seven hours the plane settles down and we sit back and watch a very fast, educational movie which we don't seem to be able to avoid. After this we are worn out and simply want to be left to ourselves to ride out the rest of the journey. Towards the end of our 36-hour journey we fall asleep and wake up on the ground parked or we have a few hours' sleep and encounter a very soft landing. We go to the luggage collection to discover half our bags are missing. We don't give a damn because we are so relieved to be alive and well and, anyway, most of what was lost was just a lot of rubbish we didn't need. The next day we relax and simply enjoy our good fortune to be alive soaking up the sun in the five-star hotel we have been booked into by the airline right on the beachfront in lieu of our very demanding journey and loss of luggage. The following days we may be wondering about our lost luggage. However, all in all we are doing pretty damn okay!"

Other formal technical descriptions:

1. Lotsof & Alexander (Case Studies of Ibogaine Treatment: Implications for Patient Management Strategies, Section V. Psychological Aftereffects) describe the three phases as follows:

"In the first phase, the greatest intensity of which lasts approximately 3 hours, the patient appears to experience dreaming with eyes closed while awake. The form of the material experienced during this ibogaine visualization period is as varied as the scope and breadth of material seen in ordinary dreaming, in that it may be realistic or symbolic, in black and white or color, and diverse in subject matter. The visualization will be interrupted if patients open their eyes. It should also be noted that this dreamlike phase tends to end abruptly. A second phase consisting of cognitive

evaluation lasts between 8 and 20 hours. The material reviewed and reported by patients during the cognitive evaluation phase may consist of material from the dreamlike experience, or of other memories, and often concerns traumatic or emotional experiences, personal relationships, and important decisions that the patient has made. The second phase transitions slowly into a third phase of residual stimulation. The third stage may last as long as 36 hours or longer in some patients. The first three phases will run their course in most patients within 48 hours. It is not uncommon for a subset of patients to recover within 24 hours."

2. From "Experiences of an Ibogaine Treatment Provider - from the Underground to Clinics" by Boaz Wachtel:

"The phases of the Ibogaine experience: The Ibogaine experience has been described as being characterized by three distinct phases (Lotsof, 1995). The onset of the effect progresses gradually. In the first phase after taking Ibogaine (0-1 hours) the visual and the physical perception of the body change. Some patients suffer from lowered coordination ability and feel the need to lie down. The second phase (1-7 hours) is often called "the waking dream state". The patients lie down and usually are overwhelmed by the effects of the experience: hallucinations, emotions, changes in perception of their own body, time and space. Patients feel heavy physically and experience difficulties when trying to move. The hallucinations include, among other things, the following scenes: hearing African drums; seeing TV screens, animals, deceased people (who often look alive and approach the person, tell him something and disappear again); flying above oceans, cities, woods; traveling through their own brain or DNA; seeing objects in intensive colors; scenes of violence etc. In spite of the strong hallucinogenic effects, the patients are able to exit them by opening the eyes. When the eyes are shut again, the hallucinations continue, as if they are shown on TV screens. The vast majority of the patients prefer not to communicate during this phase with the supervisors, but concentrate on the visions. Many patients also report about visions that can be characterized as complete stories, which mean something to the subject and help him to achieve certain insights. These visions are often memories or events from the early childhood. The insights reached are usually have to do with the subject's past and the meaning of life, the creation and evolution of the humanity, the animal world or the universe. The visions usually end after three to five hours. The third phase is often called "the cognitive phase of deep introspection", which usually starts 8-36 hours after taking Ibogaine. It seems that the body is asleep while the spirit is fully awake. This phase is characterized by an intellectual evaluation of earlier experiences in life and the choices made. For instance, if a certain choice seemed as the only solution at that point, the subject discovers in the third phase that there were other alternatives. After the end of the third phase the subjects finally fall asleep for several hours. Often the need to sleep is temporarily reduced after an Ibogaine experience, a situation that can last for one month or even longer."

3. From: The Ibogaine Medical Subculture (Section 1.4), Journal of Ethnopharmacology 115 (2008) 9-24. Authors: Kenneth R. Alper, Howard S. Lotsof, Charles D. Kaplan:

The phenomenology of the subjective state produced by ibogaine has been attributed with the quality of a "waking dream" and distinguished from the state associated with classical hallucinogens (Goutarel et al., 1993; Lotsof and Alexander, 2001). The visual phenomena associated with ibogaine tend to occur with greatest intensity with the eyes closed, and to be suppressed with the eyes open, and often involve a sense of location within an internally represented visual or dream landscape, in contrast to an alteration of the visual environment experienced with the eyes open while awake which is often reported with classical hallucinogens. The occurrence of an atropine-sensitive electroencephalogram (EEG) rhythm in animals treated with ibogaine (Schneider and Sigg, 1957; Depoortere, 1987) suggests a waking neurophysiological state with an analogy to rapid eye movement sleep (Goutarel et al., 1993; Alper, 2001).

Chemical Dependence & Non-Chemical Dependence Treatment Accounts

The following accounts are broken down into those seeking treatment for chemical dependence and those for non-chemical dependence.

Chemical Dependence:

1. Bob W.: "I found myself taking the ibogaine three days later, unsure if two thousand dollars was going to a scam artist or if it was real.."
2. Frank R.: "I had a drinking problem (mostly beer). Once I got started it was hard to stop but I did stop, sometimes for weeks at a time, when..."
3. A Journey: "I have been prone to addiction for most of my life.."
4. Crack Cocaine Addiction: "My cocaine usage is a ten year old habit, and before that I was drinking alcoholically for ten years..."
5. An Adventure: "I had been struggling with my addictions for years, and I could not give up drug use or my other obsessions and compulsions..."
6. The Spiraling Universe: "My name is Dave. I am 31 years old, and have struggled with drug addiction since I was 11 years old..."

Non-Chemical Dependence:

1. A Doctor's Experience: "I have prepared myself in the last week for this ibogaine experience. Meditated, specified purpose, etc., etc."
2. A Receiving of Myself: "The experience was incredible - incredibly intense, full of integrity, and richly nauseating..."
3. Defragging my Harddrive: "I chose to experience ibogaine primarily out of a spirit of

adventure...”

4. An Ibogaine Experience: "I was wanting, at this period in my life, to recall lost childhood memories..."
5. My Ibogaine Experience: "As I knew Ibogaine was a powerful addiction interrupter, I knew my attachment to smoking pot might be affected.."
6. Words Cannot Describe: "The statement "words cannot describe" is an understatement.."

A Negative Ibogaine Experience:

A report exists on The Ibogaine Dossier at <http://www.ibogaine.desk.nl/experience-1297.html> of an unverified negative ibogaine experience by someone being treated for alcohol dependence. Please bear in mind that the dose administered, if not sufficient, can leave a person in withdrawals and drawn back to their addiction. It also affects the content of the experience.

Chemical Dependence Experiences:

1. Bob W.

I first heard about ibogaine from my mother, from whom I first hear about many things. I listened to the stories with a mixture of hope and skepticism and to the price of treatment with resignation, as drug addicts of my caliber generally have no money. The desperate quality and general hopelessness of my life reached an all time low about the time it became possible for me to do it, and overcame my reluctance to have any more of someone else's money flushed down the proverbial toilet.

I found myself taking the ibogaine three days later, unsure if two thousand dollars was going to a scam artist or if it was real, if it would really help or if I would even live through the experience a sane man. I was unprepared, unsure of my goals, and not completely sure if I wanted to do it at all. I only knew that anything was better than life as I had known it. I took the ibogaine around 9 a.m. Wednesday morning, Sept. 13, 1995. It took about 45 minutes to get off. Benjamin was there to relax and comfort me. My first sensations were a tingling in my fingertips, and a sort of pressure in the heart area. The tingling/numbness soon enveloped my whole body, and I heard sounds rising in a spiral pattern from my heart. I had never experienced auditory hallucinations before. About this time I began to hear everything around me... not hallucinations. My own breathing was very loud, and I believe I could hear the blood rushing through my veins.

The first real rush (of the drug) came over me, exactly like an ocean wave. I began to hear things that definitely were not there, and to see small glimmers of light. Physically moving too fast was not an option, it would set everything to spinning. I

began to get a sense of a personality or life force in the drug; I could feel the jungle from which it came. I asked it to be easy with me; as I said, I felt an awesome power.

I remained at this level until I was comfortable with it. Then a very strong wave hit me and things began to escalate rapidly. My hallucinations at this point became visual, the familiar patterns of my experience with LSD and mescaline, although I never took large doses of either. Also there were sapphire blue tendrils that moved up the wall and became flowers, as well as other moving configurations of light. They were beautiful. I began to hear music, voices, a cacophony of other whirring, drumming, and creaking, rushing sounds. Yet I could still talk to Benjamin. The bodily sensation was very pleasant and good, and although I was scared, I liked it. Again, it seemed that things remained awhile until I got comfortable, then went beyond anything I had ever experienced.

I was by now floating in a sea of physical sensations and began to close my eyes. I saw a whole universe behind my eyelids which I can only describe as the creative mind. My eyelids were the window to an array of visions floating in a void. Some were abstract visual patterns, some were faces. There were also voices, music, and unidentifiable sounds. If I focused on one of these it would begin to develop, become larger and more involved. I could play with them or discount them. The whole time my normal thought processes continued and things or people would appear visually or music would play if I thought of it. I had a sense that things I needed to find or understand were located in this mind, also that thought creates an infinite number of realities. I could open my eyes and still had a sense of being in the room but the hallucinations there were extraordinary. I felt through all of this that I might be resolving a number of different conflicts within myself very rapidly, that Iboga was teaching me. I began to sense a threshold, a jumping off point if you will, that would totally disconnect me from this reality, but at the same time I would resolve my deepest conflicts. I would reconnect to something I've lost; I would see the face of God.

I became terrified, fearing for my life and sanity, I vomited, which immediately pulled me back from the threshold. I lay back, waiting for it to reappear, wanting it and dreading it at the same time. My body went into full revolt, flushing everything, and I mean everything from my stomach and my bowels. This was a very difficult thing to do with any dignity whatsoever in my condition, but I still made it to the bathroom with Benjamin's help.

That done, I returned to the bed, no longer dreading my threshold but profoundly disappointed that I soon felt it slipping away from me. I came down very rapidly at this point. Within one half hour the hallucinations were all but gone and my floating sensation much less intense.

During my look into the void, I had seen all of my loved ones who are still living, and had the experience of vignettes of my relationships with them, accompanied by a profound and compassionate love. In this, my second much less dramatic phase, I lay in bed for 12 hours, experiencing hundreds of vignettes, very much like day dreams, but more vivid and in great detail. These all had to do with my ordinary and unfortunately very mundane life, and reminded me of times I had lain awake at night and reviewed past events. The difference was the rapidity and incredible number of vignettes and their detail and sometimes very abstract quality. I have a sense that even though I may have bailed out on the best part of my experience, a great deal of healing was taking place through this phase. These daydreams eventually just devolved into mind chatter that became annoying. I got a little something to eat, and read myself to sleep.

I awoke feeling refreshed, ten years younger, and more at peace than I have been in years. Although I cannot pinpoint anything specific being resolved, I have a sense of hope and a sense of possibilities, a sense I may not be as I was. I have also a sense that there are more things in heaven and earth than our eyes have ever seen, my friends.

2. Frank R.

I became interested in ibogaine when I read an article on it in the Networker magazine. I was interested in it because I'd been practicing lucid dreaming. What I read fit in with what I was doing. I was attracted to the initiatory use natives had made of this plant, going back to the Source, and becoming master dreamers.

I had a drinking problem (mostly beer). Once I got started it was hard to stop but I did stop, sometimes for weeks at a time, when the hangovers got too unpleasant. I would go back to drinking after a stressful experience, or getting angry, or sometimes as a kind of self-sabotage when I was feeling exceptionally good.

Since ibogaine I have had no desire whatsoever to take even one drink. The impulse of self-sabotage is gone. I'm more hopeful about what I can do, or how things will turn out. If something upsets me, it no longer feels like everything is hopeless. I'm more confident and at ease with life.

I took a mid-range dose of ibogaine at 11:30 in the morning. I didn't get nauseated or feel any ill effects. It started to take effect after about 20 minutes and the therapist recommended that I lie down.

The ibogaine came on very strong during the first hour. I was seeing beams of blue-white light penetrating different areas of my brain. These areas would light up like fireflies, on and off. In that instant I could go into an information sequence from

the area of the brain that was lighting up. It happened so fast and there were so many things lighting up that I could only catch pieces of each one. One example: when I looked at the therapist I distinctly saw her present face, plus her face in two past lives. She later confirmed that she was aware of these past lives. What I was seeing was like a huge file which I could access. I saw other beings in the file the same way. What I knew to be their present faces and then faces they had worn previously.

This sequence and others continued through the peak of the experience, the first four hours or so.

I had talked to the therapist beforehand about my separation issue. I felt that I had a Dr. Jekyll side and a Mr. Hyde side, switching from being very sweet to the coldest person on earth.

I want to explain that what I'm calling dreams were absolutely real experiences, and that I felt no anxiety. I saw myself as an innocent little baby wrapped in a receiving blanket. From the bottom of the blanket, extending from my baby body, came a hideous creature which I knew as my Mr. Hyde self. The therapist asked me to embrace the creature. In my baby body, I reached out and hugged the separated, evil looking part of myself. I wasn't fearful. As I drew my separated self toward me we merged. I felt an impact, and we saw and felt the parts connect. Each half had receiving points and penetrating points. I saw them connected into and through each other.

It's hard to remember all the waking dreams because they came so fast. But on the third day time slowed down. I went into an initiatory experience.

Some time ago I had a lucid dream where I was about to launch myself up into the starry sky, but something grabbed my shoulder and held me back, and I woke up. On ibogaine I was looking up into the same starry sky with two large rectangles composed of blue white lights on either side of me. These banks of light launched me into the galaxy. As I picked up speed my body melted, changing into an ovoid of golden light. I penetrated many different galaxies, moving at great speed. After a while I perceived other golden orbs. We were all heading from different directions to a planet or asteroid with many craters, hanging in space. I entered a huge cylindrical tunnel with a golden light that was so bright it hurt my eyes. I had to squint. I saw a city below, in a crater, surrounded by the blue-white light. I entered a circular chamber where many people and other beings were standing. I was directed by my own knowing to an area where several beings sat on thrones. If I looked at anyone's face, I would see them change into their past-life identities. I knew I had to look at a bright, blue-white light that was on one of the thrones. It was too intense to focus on, but I tried because I knew I had to. Then I turned around toward the other beings in

the room and was directed by my knowing to kneel. One of the beings touched me on both shoulders and my head with a golden sword or beam of light.

I saw a gigantic figure, half man and half beast, in armor, slumped against a wall. I looked down and saw that my chest was huge and covered with thick, black hair. I started thinking maybe I was half man and half beast and became confused. The dream was dissolved.

Since I took ibogaine I feel a closer connection with the source and with other people. I feel like I've integrated a part of me which, when separated, was uncontrollable and created problems for me. I would like to take ibogaine for further self-exploration.

3. A Journey

I have been prone to addiction for most of my life. I have the line around the heel of my palm which palmists recognize as the "line of addiction", so I may have carried this tendency over from past lives. It has manifested in a variety of ways with scores of different substances over several decades. With each addiction I would suffer, struggle, stumble, get up and brush myself off, and eventually conquer the habit with sheer will and persistence. And then I would replace it with another and repeat the cycle.

Eventually, I found myself in the grip of a food addiction accompanied by an addiction to certain herbs which have stimulating properties. While lying in bed one night, feeling overstuffed and disgusted with myself for the one-thousandth time, "I have just got to do something about this," I realized that if I struggled and overcame the overeating and herbal stimulant habits, I would certainly find some other form of addiction to replace them with, as well.

At times, in my life, I had prayed for help in overcoming particular addictions. But now I realized that what I must ask for help with was release from Addiction - with a capital "A" - all addiction - the whole addictive pattern in my personality and my life. And so I did. It was just a few days later that I picked up a magazine and read about ibogaine for the first time. I knew immediately that my prayer had been heard and answered.

It took some time to arrange for a session with ibogaine but from the time that plans started to gel and a date was set, I started to notice a shift in my consciousness. There were moments of a markedly greater sense of centeredness, a tendency to remain detached rather than get caught in the undertow of potentially negative emotion in my everyday life. I seemed to have a more natural inclination to remain steadily in a heart-space of love and a sense of connectedness to life around me, rather than splintering off into ego-reactivity. There was a greater calm, more spontaneity, a

greater ease in personal interactions, and an underlying sense of "whatever happens, it's all okay."

All of this was subtle, and yet distinctly noticeable. My logical mind entertained the notion that it was perhaps my imagination, or merely an internal response to my anticipation of the freedom from addiction and dysfunction that I looked forward to achieving with the aid of the ibogaine. But on a deeper level I intuitively understood that this was the beginning of my initiation into the ibogaine journey. Events that followed cemented my certainty. There is now no doubt in my mind that the iboga plant is inhabited by a powerful spirit, a living intelligence, which had begun its preparatory work with me well in advance of my ingestion of the ibogaine.

Approximately one month before my session date, I wrote in my journal that I seemed to be experiencing a decreased appetite, feeling satisfied with smaller portions of food, and also cut down somewhat on the stimulating herbs. This was not accompanied by a sense of struggle and withdrawal, but rather seemed to occur spontaneously, as if I had simply "lost interest".

About three weeks before my session date, I began to experience a good deal of apprehension and doubt about whether or not a session with ibogaine was really the right thing to do. Was I just going off "half-cocked" looking for a "quick fix" to my problems? Had this drug been tested enough? Were there possible side effects that were not yet understood? Should I call the whole thing off now, while there is still time, before purchasing the non-refundable airline ticket?...etc. I decided to do a tarot reading on the question in an attempt to clarify my perspective and help myself feel more comfortable with my decision. I went to the bookshelf upon which my tarot books and some of my cards are kept. There were some loose cards there - five cards from a deck called "The Power Deck", which were given to me by the woman who published the deck, prior to the actual publication, when I attended one of her seminars. (Eventually I purchased the entire deck, along with the companion book, but I had never known quite what to do with these five extra cards, and they had ended up on my bookshelf.) As I pulled a few of the books off the shelf, one -- only one -- of the Power Cards fell off the shelf and onto the floor, face down. I stood there looking at it. I believe in synchronicity. Nothing is an accident. I knew intuitively that this card had a message for me. I picked it up and turned it over and read the following:

Perfection

"Dream your passion. Fly away. Go through the hoop of your innermost fears and desires. Meet them and conquer them. What pain from childhood have you not dealt with? Move into the wound of your most secret fears, and find the seeds of wisdom that are planted there. Face what upsets you the most; it is a great teacher. Give away

whatever is holding you back -- insecurities, ego, fear of failure, or not being loved, fear of being alone -- and be reborn into a new state of perfection."

As soon as I saw the phrase "fly away" I knew the universe was responding to my questions and apprehension, because I was going to be flying to the location of my session, and I had been thinking that if I decided to cancel out, I had better do it before buying my ticket -- and that had better be soon. I needed to decide if I was going to really commit to this or back out. But all of the rest of the statement from the card was also as if it had been tailor-made in response to my specific needs and issues. It seemed absolutely apropos on every level, from the use of the word "dream" which describes the ibogaine visions, to the references to pain from childhood (the unlocking of repressed memories that the ibogaine is noted for), to the reference to a "great teacher", which I took to have a double meaning, and to my mind, which referred to the Iboga Spirit. The entire statement was a recapitulation of everything I had read and come to understand about the ibogaine experience. There was no doubt in my mind that that card was meant as reassurance to my wavering resolve. I never did an actual tarot reading, as there was no need for it after that.

I also reminded myself that I had been led to ibogaine through prayer, and because of that I felt I could trust it to be a beneficial experience. I went ahead and purchased my ticket.

A little more than two weeks before my session date the whole process was greatly intensified. My energy level began to rise, and I began to need much less sleep than usual. I was literally forced to cut down on the stimulating herbs because I couldn't stay asleep for more than four or five hours a night. I was conditioned to believe that I needed more sleep than that to function well. Since my mind saw this as a problem of insomnia, I attempted to resolve it by halving all of my doses of herbal stimulants. I was amazed to find that it didn't seem to matter. I still had a tremendously high energy level, and continued to need much less sleep than I considered "normal". So, after several days at the lower doses, I halved all of the doses again. Simultaneously, I began to notice a rather low-grade, constant feeling of anxiety -- "the butterflies in the stomach" syndrome. This was accompanied by diarrhea every morning during the two week period. Yet, I did not feel ill. To the contrary, I felt extremely well. Once again, I suspected that this purging was preparatory to the core ibogaine experience and moreover, that the purging on the physical level was only a reflection of the purging that was occurring on the emotional, mental, and spiritual levels.

On both of the two nights prior to the actual ingestion of the ibogaine I averaged between two and three hours of sleep. And yet, although I had by now cut my stimulants to 1/4 my usual dose, I was not tired. This was so contrary to what I had

come to expect from my previous experiences of cutting down or cutting out stimulating agents that I was utterly amazed.

At about this time, there was another synchronistic experience -- one that I felt had a great significance, which I am still attempting to fully assimilate. It occurred in the airport just shortly after my plane had landed in the city in which my session was to take place. While walking along in the airport with the man was to be the facilitator for my session, my eye was caught by the sight of the most incredibly beautiful child I have ever seen in my life. She had very dark hair and dark eyes, and looked to be possibly of east Indian heritage. She was dressed to perfection in a darling outfit that had just a hint of Indian flavor to it, and she positively glowed. She was holding her father's hand and they were both walking toward the facilitator and me. Her body looked to be about three years old, but it was quite clearly inhabited by an ancient soul. The awareness level was evident in her eyes and the incongruity was stunning. As she passed by us she looked up directly into my eyes and beamed the brightest smile at me. There was an instant sense of connection. I felt clearly that she knew me and recognized me, consciously, and was acknowledging that with her glance and her smile. And I also felt as if I knew her on some level of my being, but could not quite recollect the details in my conscious mind. I had the sense that there was some message in her presence there and in the fact that she was sharing her presence and her energy with me at just that time, while I was on my final approach to my core experience with Iboga. The feeling was so subtle that I hesitate to try to verbalize it. But it was as if she was rewarding me with her presence, for my courage in setting aside my fears and diving headlong into the Iboga God's teaching. On another level, it was as if she were always with me, but that it was by my coming into a higher state of light and energy, by virtue of the ibogaine, that I was able to become consciously aware of her and experience her physical manifestation. My facilitator had also noticed her, and something that he said a while later made it clear to me that he had experienced her glance as directed at him, which I also thought was rather strange and interesting. How did she do that? I definitely consider her to be connected to and a significant feature of my ibogaine journey. Though it may seem fantastical to some who read this, the impact that this brief encounter had on my inner being is undeniable.

During the remainder of the time before I ingested the ibogaine my anxiety level was steadily intensifying. Some of this, I reasoned, was quite natural. After all, ibogaine was a Big Unknown to me. Yet I had taken other drugs, of the consciousness-expanding genre before. So, why all the anxiety over this one? I was later to understand this more clearly.

On the day that I was to take the ibogaine, during the few waking hours preceding the session my anxiety had increased to a fairly fevered pitch. I swallowed the capsule shortly before 2:00 p.m. I felt nothing for 40-45 minutes. Then it began.

At first there was simply the sensation of a vibration or a slight electrical charge running through me. It began to build and intensify very rapidly. I began to feel a sort of drowsy feeling that made me want to close my eyes. I had been sitting up on the bed with my back propped against the wall. Soon I wanted just to lie down perfectly flat, and did so. It was becoming a bit awkward to maneuver my body. I felt a bit detached from it.

Soon, I began to feel as though a locomotive was roaring right through me, thundering through my bloodstream. I felt that I could hear it, though not with my physical ears. I felt overwhelmed by it, totally absorbed by it (some time after this session, while recalling this experience, I suddenly thought of a phrase found in the book of Revelation; "the sound of many waters", which fairly aptly approaches a description of this "sound" in so far as is verbally possible).

Shortly, what I had been referring to as anxiety became more accurately labeled fear, and then fear bordered on terror. I felt an electricity around my entire body about 1/2 inch thickness out from my skin. It was palpable, and I identified this as the physical manifestation of my fear. Later, it occurred to me that I may have placed this "shield" of electricity/fear around me with the idea of protecting myself but that it was simultaneously acting as a barrier, which prevented meaningful connections and true intimacy.

I began to feel that I had made a big mistake. This did not feel good. "What have I done? I've really gone and done it now. Oh, God, just let me hang on and get through this." I was terrified. I wasn't sure at the time whether the anxiety which had been with me for weeks had progressed to fear and then the fear to terror, or whether the terror had always been there and I had only progressed from a lesser awareness of it to a more complete awareness. On another level, it was almost as if the fear was a living presence, which could at times be removed from me and at other times move in more closely. During the first part of my ibogaine session it moved right in and enveloped me and I moved, so to speak, right into the center of it. Perhaps the Iboga Spirit was leading me, as one of my facilitators had predicted, to the place that was most in need of healing, like water relentlessly seeking the lowest level.

Toward the beginning of the session, I thought I heard my facilitators discussing how they would arrange their breaks. There was some confusion around this in my mind, and I am not sure that I understood their statements accurately. I almost felt as though I might have hallucinated hearing the exact thing that I was most fearful of -- to be left alone. I wanted to object and ask that someone be with me throughout, as I was experiencing so much fear, but I'm not sure whether or not I verbalized that. Verbalization was beginning to feel like a lot of work. My attention wanted to turn to what was happening internally.

Earlier, I had asked my facilitators to keep a written record of anything I said, to help me later recall any insights gained. As close as I was able to get to a verbal summation of my first insight was this: "The only thing that has ever really terrified me is being left alone." It was stimulated by the idea of being left alone while under the influence of ibogaine, which then led me into a reverie about a thought process that had taken place when I was about nine or ten years old. I had been trying to imagine what Hell was like. Whatever I imagined, no matter how painful, or whatever, nothing seemed truly unbearable until I came up with the thought of having to endure it completely alone. "If I end up not being good enough to make it to Heaven", I thought, "and have to go to Hell, I can bear it as long as there is someone else there with me. But if I am there alone, that would be incomprehensibly unbearable. So that must be what Hell is," I concluded, "to be completely and eternally alone and separate." This was a memory which had been accessible to my conscious mind before taking the ibogaine, but somehow the combination of experiencing the intense fear on a very primal emotional level, along with the thought pictures that were parading past my mind's eye now in rapid succession, enabled me to put this all together in such a way that I was able to identify the core of at least part of my fear. As one of the facilitators said, being able to define a problem -- to "name" it -- is actually the first step in being able to resolve it. I believe this is one of the functions of ibogaine. It seems to lend the clarity required to clearly define the cause and structure of the neurosis.

As soon as I made the statement, "The only thing that ever really terrified me is being alone", one of the facilitators, who had a considerable expertise in Neuro-Linguistic Programming, said to me, "add an 'L' to 'alone'." I thought about that for a moment and realized that adding an 'L' transformed it into 'all one'. Then he asked me, "What does the 'L' stand for?" I immediately replied, "Love". Somehow this brought a sense of completion and a bit of peace to this whole cycle of realization, and I then laid back down, closed my eyes and continued my psychic journey with Iboga.

By now the mental pictures were flooding my mind's eye. Dozens and hundreds of picture fragments floated up before me that were reminiscent of a pile of fragments of torn up photographs. Most of them have faded from memory. The only two that I distinctly remember are these: one in which I was lying in a grave looking up into the rectangle of sky above. Within that rectangle of blue light, there was a huge, fear inspiring form of a man/monster. He was holding what seemed to be a spear-like instrument in one of his hands and it was clear that he was preparing to impale me with it. I felt powerless and terrified. Then my rational mind seemed to get into the act and say, "No, this is a grave you are lying in, therefore the instrument in his hand must be a shovel." And the vision instantly changed to a picture of him shoveling dirt on me. This seemed to me analytical mind to be a picture/symbol relating to a real life situation in which I had been the subject of gossip. It had been painful, and like a little death to my ego-self. The other picture that I recall is one of some alien faces, exactly

like the ones that we are seeing more and more of in the media now - like on the cover of Whitley Streiber's book, *Communion*. I just saw the faces before my mind's eye, more or less motionless, like a photograph. So, whether this is a memory of an encounter or just a memory of the pictures I've seen is not clear. I only know that it is one of the two pictures that made it back into my conscious mind/memory.

Although I don't recall most of the picture, visions specifically, I do seem to recall the process that was taking place. What seemed to happen is that suddenly one of these picture fragments would light up, as if it had been suddenly targeted by a spotlight. Simultaneously, this lighted picture fragment would move forward and center where I could focus on it for a moment. Then it would quickly recede or dissolve and another picture-fragment would take its place. With each picture that was highlighted, there was some sort of thought of significance occurring simultaneously. There would be a chain of pictures accompanied by meanings, with a significance that is difficult, now, to recall and verbalize. But at the end of each chain there would be a realization or a conclusion of some sort, at which point I would verbalize to my facilitator the "concluding thought in a nutshell," and ask him to write it down.

The last statement, "adrenaline makes me breathe," was interesting in its origins. I was in a state of superconscious awareness as to what was going on inside my body at various points during the session. Periodically I noted that when I had my eyes closed, which was most of the time, my eyes would be automatically rolled back into my head and locked into my sixth chakra (third eye).

The visions I was focusing on as a result of the ibogaine were obviously connected to perception through this chakra. My eyes and attention were quite literally riveted there. While I was focused on the visions, my breath became totally still. I simply stopped breathing for long periods during which I was completely absorbed. Then, suddenly, I would feel a rush of adrenaline (accompanied by, or, I suppose, caused by anxiety/fear and just moments after I felt the adrenaline being released I would heave a big deep sigh, which had the effect of disturbing my focus on the visions and bringing me back into my body, as it were. During one of these cycles I became aware that this whole syndrome was somehow connected to the fact that I had not really wanted to incarnate. I got in touch, in a way that I can only vaguely recall now, with my pre-birth intentions and feelings. Obviously some part of me wanted to incarnate or I wouldn't be here now, but there were huge chunks of me that were very reluctant and resistant. Somehow, I saw that if it weren't for the adrenaline rushes, I would probably just naturally 'float off' into the world from which these visions were originating and just stay there, abandoning my body.

There is another interesting connection in regard to the insights about adrenaline and fear. I was asthmatic as a child and adolescent. Whenever I had a particularly intense episode of asthma which would not respond to my ordinary medication and I had to

go to the hospital on an emergency basis, the treatment always included an injection of ACTH, one of the hormones manufactured by the adrenal glands. This would always restore my breathing to normal.

The "peak period" -- the first four hours or so -- was indescribably intense and arduous on a psychological/psychic level. Iboga was making me work in a way that seems impossible to explain.

Part of me knew that I had no choice now but to go along. Part of me really wanted it to be over. I was gritting my mental teeth and just hanging on. I remember opening my eyes on several occasions during this period. I would glance around the room to see who was there, or whatever, and always look at the clock and do a brief mental calculation of how much longer I had to go. I remember figuring I was about half way through the peak period and thinking, "Good. If I can make it through the first half, I can make it through the second half."

During approximately the second half of the peak period, I began to feel a concern for my facilitator, who had been in the room each time I had opened my eyes. Because the ibogaine had drastically altered my perception of time, the few hours that had passed seemed almost interminable. I felt responsible for having "stuck him" (by my proclamations about fear of being alone) with what felt to me like an almost intolerably lengthy and boring task. At around 6:30 or so (after being either unable or unwilling to speak for the past couple of hours 'real' time) I remember beginning to feel as though I was emerging, somewhat, from the ibogaine induced dreamtime and feeling allright about being alone. Anxious that my facilitator's ordeal not be any more prolonged than necessary, I managed to string a few words together, "It's OK, you can take a break now." He replied that, actually, he had taken a break about a half hour earlier. I had not noticed. I think I re-entered the dreamtime then, for a short while, but still not satisfied that my facilitator's patience was not being painfully taxed, I sat up and said, "I feel bad that you have to stay here for such a long time." He looked up from his book and stated with great calm and clarity, "I don't have to." I was then relieved of my worry. He was there by choice, of course, which immediately made it allright. I think that I was also becoming cognizant that I had been experiencing time quite differently than he had been during my odyssey, and therefore my concern was unrealistic. About a half hour later I "awoke" to both my facilitators standing over me trying to get my attention to tell me that they would be leaving now for a few hours to have dinner. By this time I felt perfectly OK about being alone. I knew I had made it through the rough part.

This was definitely not a pleasure trip for me, but I also know that much, if not all, of the reason for the fact was the fear that I had become aware of and experienced so intensely during the course of my session. And I knew somehow that this whole process was instrumental in the true healing and transforming of my fear. By early to

mid evening I was able to get up and walk around a bit. On a trip back from the bathroom I remember thinking that I felt somehow "poisoned", and it occurred to me that perhaps the ibogaine had some toxicity. But almost as fast as that thought occurred to me it was replaced by the realization that fear itself has a toxic effect, and at the intensity that I was experiencing it, and with my heightened awareness, it was no wonder that I was able to sense that toxicity manifesting all the way down to the physical level. In the solitude of the several hours following the ibogaine peak hours I was still deeply internalized and reflective, wanting only to lie quietly embracing insight after insight. I realized during this period that I wanted/needed to do two things to continue with my healing. One: I needed to pray for release from fear. And Two: to facilitate the healing process it occurred to me that it would be very helpful to use the Bach Flower Remedies -- all of those that address various forms of fear. It was definitely coming clear to me that fear was the overriding issue that the Iboga spirit was presenting to me as needing healing first and foremost in my life. Although it had been a very rough day on certain levels, and I had sworn to myself more than once that I would never take ibogaine again, by the time my facilitators returned in the later evening, I was beginning to see past the difficulty of the ibogaine work into the glimmering of a purpose and plan. My facilitator and I then began working on a more verbally oriented psycho/spiritual/awareness work while I was in the completely open state of the post peak period. I had many insights into my "case" as it were. But even more significant than that was having the experience of the state of being that followed. It's difficult to describe, but I felt completely open to anything and everything. I was completely without defenses or the need for them, which made "seeing the truth" possible in ways that it was not before. More than that, though, there was the experience of being connected to and a part of everyone and everything around me. The sense of separate, ego competitiveness; the inclination to compare and judge, was dissolved -- gone. In its place was sense of oneness and unity. A feeling of being a part of everything. This was the experience that I had been having in its less intense form for the previous couple of months, but in the post-peak period, it was complete, in a way that it had not been before. Over the months since I took the ibogaine (13, now) much of the experience has gradually faded. But some of the changes, I feel, are permanent. I allow myself to be who I am more now, without editing or censoring or holding back so much. My typically introverted and reserved personality is more outgoing than it formerly was.

Some very difficult relationships in my work environment and my personal life have been completely transformed, from really awful to comfortable and enjoyable. I can see clearly that this has taken place in response to my having a different awareness of the situation and a different response to it. It really has been nothing short of a miracle for me.

Before ibogaine, I had troublesome phobia of driving on freeways in areas that I was not completely familiar with, and particularly in the San Francisco area. I generally

got to where I needed to go but often with great stress and wear and tear on my nerves. Less than a week after I took the ibogaine, I had an appointment in that area and had to make the drive. A friend drove with me, and I kept commenting to her during the trip that I couldn't believe how relaxed I felt. I made several subsequent trips alone, and was pleasantly surprised to find that they were also much less stressful and more enjoyable than had been the case pre-ibogaine.

My job also became less stressful. I handle customers over the phone -- hundreds in a day. Some can be rude, obnoxious and irritating. But I found that after my ibogaine session, things did not get under my skin the way they sometimes did before. Nothing seemed worthy of getting upset over.

My sweet tooth completely disappeared and stayed gone for many months following my session. My appetite, in general, was virtually nil for days, but gradually returned. However, the eating is far less compulsive than it used to be. The different and more loving way that I relate to the world around me, as well as to myself, is a much more fundamental and valued effect of my ibogaine journey. And I believe that this new way of perceiving and relating is and will continue to be fundamental to my release from all tendency toward addictive behavior. I feel as though several layers of the "neurosis onion" have been peeled away permanently. Moreover, I have been given a glimpse into what it must be like to live without any of those layers covering and interfering with the expression of my true nature. I feel that I have now integrated most of the changes that have taken place as a result of my first ibogaine session., and I hope to have other opportunities to do more work with Iboga -- to peel away more of those layers -- in the future.

4. Crack Cocaine Addiction

A few days before I met with Iboga, I lost my cool in a parking lot because a warehouse forklift was blocking my way. After a lot of angry hollering, all I got was: "Hey buddy, life's too short, lighten up!" I remained pissed. I have always had a temper, an angry edge.

And I have a crack cocaine problem. My cocaine usage is a ten year old habit, and before that I was drinking alcoholically for ten years. I have been to several treatment programs, and have actively participated in a twelve step program off and on for the past ten years. Several times I was the secretary for the group. I have had several sponsors, and have tried "working the steps," but relapsed every three to six months and went on a twenty-four to seventy-two hour binge, during which I used large amounts of crack. Sometimes I binged several times over the course of weeks. People had given up on me ever recovering.

On the morning of December 14, 1999, I took ibogaine. My sitter asked if I was terrified. “No.” I really wanted to get to the root of my addiction and heal.

To get an idea of how potent this drug is, consider that an hour after I took the pill, the ataxia was overwhelming and I was unable to walk on my own. And that was the 75 mg test dose! I took 900 mg on top of that! It was then that I felt a tinge of terror.

I was told not to move, and I didn’t want to. I heard a humming sound, much like a fan in a window. I heard everything, and sounds had echoes around their edges, as though I were in a tunnel.

It was then that I began to feel a bit afraid, and then the word “menace” came into my consciousness. I felt a menace, but there was something wrong with the spelling, for I could see the letter drifting in the darkness: M-E-N-I-C-E. Then I understood, it wasn’t menace, it was me-nice. I hadn’t “heard” it right the first time. I had the distinct impression that an intelligence was speaking to me, reassuring me. I felt safe for the entire trip after that.

Unlike other psychedelics, there wasn’t much in the way of open eye hallucinatory effects. I did see zebra pin stripes in my peripheral vision, but mostly I wanted to keep me eyes closed. The visuals were all internal, very much like dreaming. I felt as though I was actually there. The visions had a repetitive, thematic quality to them. I remained in this state of reverie for many hours.

I saw my parents, and I saw them as ordinary people, devoid of all the emotional charge of “my father,” or “my mother.” They were just people, ordinary people, with faults just like everybody else. I felt that I had been taught something extremely important that was very liberating: my parents’ job of raising me was finally complete, I saw them for who they were. And I connected with the wise, self confident adult within, my own inner parent.

At one point, I heard a soft but distinct “pop,” like what a soggy paper balloon might sound like if it were popped. Then, light shone upon my face, intensely bright. It was a pleasant but exciting tactile sensation, and then something was pulled from my face, and my face seemed to be exposed, invigorated, tingling, and alive with a joyous feeling of light shining on it. Behind me, in my memory, a thick, black squiggle, the birth canal. I was a pure, innocent glowing newborn babe, so pure, I had a distinct impression of death and rebirth, and this became a major theme in the rest of my reverie.

I went back to my childhood and relived many painful events, particularly the sixth grade where I was severely teased and jeered at by the other boys while playing baseball. I couldn’t hit the ball, nor was I good at catching it. Never had any practice

with that. I was the new kid in town and it was the most miserable time of my life. I would stand out in left field and write names in an imaginary notebook, vowing through gritted teeth that one day I would have revenge. The number one name on the list was of the kid that had just hurt me the worst, and that top slot was in a state of continual updating. I suffered this day after day, for an entire year. And with Iboga, I did it again, over and over. It seemed as though it went on for five or six hours.

Finally I grew angry. I paid \$2000 for this experience, and all I get is a tormenting replay of the most painful experience of my life? I was very upset. I received an answer: “You needed to learn to accept your limitations.” Limitations! It seemed I was being told that I was limited as a person because of that childhood experience. I felt cheated!

I later experienced massive grieving over what I lost in that tenth year of my life. A huge part of me had died. My self-confidence, brightness, spontaneity, and trust were all gone. Out of self-defense, I had closed my heart when I was ten years old. That wounded child remained trapped inside me and has controlled my entire life, seeking revenge, as well as relief in drinking and using drugs. Now, with Iboga, I realized the extent of my injury and I sobbed deeply off and on for a few hours.

After several hours of crying, I realized there was no one to blame for that traumatic experience in my childhood. Kids tease, and kids will be kids. For some reason I never told my folks, never asked for help. The kids who teased me would probably not have done so had they known the damage they were inflicting. The limitation is that there is no revenge to be had. There is no one to whom I can deliver it. It is over. I experienced freedom and the wounded child within, and was reborn as a wise and competent adult.

I recalled several painful occurrences of using crack, and I was appalled and disgusted by it. This happened repeatedly. Then I thought of cigarettes, nicotine, with the same disgust, and I gave up smoking five years ago. Then caffeine, also not an issue. I drink just one cup in the morning. Then milk! Of which I drink too much and should give up.

I remembered events and places from my childhood that were long forgotten, such as the layout of the buildings of my grade school, in detail. It was as though a “proof” was being offered by Iboga that would verify all the insights I was receiving.

I remembered how alive, bright, and happy I was in my earlier childhood before my tenth year, and I now reconnected with and reclaimed that innocent, loving, playful self. I was told by Iboga how short and precious this life is, and that I should cherish and revere it.

I got a lot from this experience. I regained my self-confidence and matured. I don't seem to be a ten year old kid anymore. I am an adult, a forty-five year old man. I don't need to prove myself, and I am not a target of other's ridicule.

My craving for cocaine is gone, what an amazing sensation! When I think of cocaine, I conjure up the image of white rocks or powder, it is like contemplating golf balls or egg cartons- no emotional charge. No repulsion, no attraction. I have for the time being given up coffee and milk.

I can do the unthinkable, leave my wife. My desire to stay for my daughter's sake has diminished, because I can see that much like my own parents were not the primary cause of my traumatic childhood, I am not the omnipotent influence I thought I was in my daughter's life. It is more important for me to take good care of myself, and in doing so, I can offer more to my daughter and others I love. I have always known this intellectually, but to realize it with all my being is very different, it is an empowerment.

5. An Adventure

Wow, what an adventure. One that continues to illuminate my journey with a sense of peace and fulfillment. The plant guides that took me through this thirty-six or so hour "trip" continue to provide guidance for me today because I was taught in many ways how to tap into my own inner wisdom. I am not completely healed of all of my life's problems, but I am well on my way through the release of old patterns and fixations, and Ibogaine helped me to do this.

The reason I did Ibogaine was because it was recommended to me by a friend, who is also a spiritual teacher in my life. This person was able to see where I was in my life, and thought that I could use a little help from the drug. I had been struggling with my addictions for years, and I could not give up drug use or my other obsessions and compulsions, though I had made some progress through spiritual practice and therapy.

So it was arranged for me to partake of this plant medicine I had heard so much about, and I went into it with no expectations or preconceived notions, which I think is helpful when doing anything this powerful.

I was guided by a "narrator," of which I could tell nothing about. It was just a force that showed me visual images, which were projected onto a screen. These arrows would point into doors and I would have to go into them. When I went into the doors some strong visual cue would suggest something to me about my life. I would see scenes of people from my past, events, and so forth. At first I tried to reject these images because a lot of them were painful. I would put my arms over my eyes to stop

myself from being able to see. But eventually I gave up resisting, it was taking too much energy, and actually making me a little nauseated.

While I could discuss many images, scenes, and lessons- the most important thread that ran through them all was the notion that in my life I have allowed my mind to terrorize my being. The way I think about the world actually clouds my clear perception of it. Because I live so much in my mind and believe every thought that arises within my being, I have actually disassociated from my body, which is the main location of wisdom and intuition. (Not the body itself, but the subtle energy fields therein). Nothing I can learn on a mental or intellectual plain can begin to touch the truth that was revealed to me through this session (and of which I had experienced or “seen” before), the truth of who I really am, which is a timeless and eternal presence. And who I am not is everything that gets in the way of that and clouds it, which for me is my incessant indulgence in my mind.

What I fought the most was when the plant showed me that my core “thought,” or identification, was that my relationship with my ex-fiancé was “special.” I really thought that this person was my soul mate and was heavily identified with that. The plant guide let me know ever so gently, that while this may or may not have some truth to it, holding onto it as I did was limiting me from experiencing myself as anything else, it was blocking out possibilities in an ever-changing, ever-expanding matrix of life and reality. I really did not want to let that one go. But finally the fight wore me out, and my mind relaxed. I realized a depth of my being that I had tasted before- that who I am is free of all conceptions and ideas that I want to obsess over because I am afraid of the discomfort of the unknown.

This journey was very embodying for me. I have lived my life hiding in the cave of my mind and could barely even have told you what it felt like inside of my body before my Ibogaine session. The narrators were very instructive to me in telling me how to reconnect with this site of wisdom, this vessel through which my life energies come into form. It told me to practice things such as yoga that would help me bring my awareness back into my body, and I have been working on it. It has been difficult for me to remember this lesson from the session, but the results of my work in this area have been profound.

Basically, through a series of revelations, I saw my true nature and I saw all that blocked me from experiencing that reality on a day to day level. I saw all of the things that I project fear, guilt, pain and anguish onto. I saw that none of those things were real, that they were all my mind’s way of keeping me “down,” so to speak. I saw that all that is real is love, acceptance, and unity. I was held by the loving arms of the plant guide, and can still feel it months later.

I was not addicted to opiates, which I understand is the primary motivation in Ibogaine therapy because of how the drug works on the brain. However, the chemicals that I was consuming on a day to day basis no longer had any intrigue to me. The clarity I felt after my few days of the session was so profound that I felt that doing drugs would actually bring me down, which was quite a different way of thinking, as I used to take them to “get high,” a concept that means nothing to me now. There is no “getting high,” there is only being free or being caged, and it is a choice. I don’t say this as a universal rule or anything, but for me drugs were a cage, because they were an addiction, something I did to not feel, detach. The times I have gone back and dabbled with the drugs I used to like to do since my session, I have suffered miserably. I felt that all I was succeeding in doing was numbing myself out. Any excuse like “Oh, but really, I’m expanding consciousness here,” or “I’m widening my perspective” no longer held any water. In part, this was also due to the fact that I had a therapist working through these kinds of issues with me. It is really difficult for us to see through our own bullshit rationalizations on our own, especially when something is deeply engrained due to the simultaneous conditioning of our culture and our own mind/desires.

Ibogaine is really not a recreational drug. It is of great therapeutic value. However, it is not something that will just make all of one’s addictions go away if you don’t want them to. But if someone is ready and willing to truly transform, it can open the door and help you walk through it.

6. The Spiraling Universe

My name is Dave. I am 31 years old, and have struggled with drug addiction since I was 11 years old. Prior to that, I was a most unhappy child. I was terrified of my parent’s anger, and I sought many ways to escape the feelings of doubt, fear, disillusion, and confusion, although at the time I didn’t comprehend the meaning of those words. I was just scared. At age 11 I first got high, and from the very first time, there was never enough. If I wasn’t high, I was always trying to get high. It made me feel safe, and for a long time it worked. Yet there was always the underlying feeling of fear. My addiction took me to many beautiful spaces, but mostly it brought me despair and depression. I went from drug to drug seeking the right combination or strength, with some successes, but ultimately, there was never enough.

I moved across the United States to escape my family horrors, thinking that would solve things, but wherever I went, so did my addiction. In California, I was introduced to harder drugs, freebase cocaine and Persian heroin. I had done plenty of cocaine before, and certainly plenty of Demerol, and codeine, but nothing compared to what I encountered with freebase and Persian dope. I danced with it for several years, until finally in 1990 I got into an automobile accident and broke my back. Having an endless prescription for painkillers, I was off and running. Soon, they weren’t enough,

and I had people bringing me morphine and heroin, whatever I could get. Eventually, the good doctor cut me off, and I was supposed to continue physical rehab and move on. But I had a taste of the opiate bliss, and soon enough I had a connection for my heroin. Slowly but very surely, it crept its way into my entire existence, at first I was into the Dutch method of smoking it on tinfoil. But sooner than later that wasn't enough and I began to mainline inject the dope. Then came the speedballs, and a constant spiraling downward until I had nothing. I was homeless, and completely strung out. I had stolen from all my family and friends, and couldn't be trusted for anything. I was completely alone in my addiction.

In desperation, I tried many times to kick, with pills or Methadone, cold turkey, residential treatment facilities, but I was always drawn back into what I knew best, a way to stop the pain. In a dark cloud of confusion, doubt and fear, there were glimpses of light at the end of the tunnel, but they were few and far between. At one point I managed to get a year and a half clean from all drugs, but I came to a point where both my emotional and physical pain was so great, I once again retreated into the opiate womb. Oblivion seemed far more attractive than kicking again, and I had resigned to the fact that I would die with a needle in my arm before I was 30 years old. After several attempts at Methadone detoxes, I gave in and got on Methadone maintenance. I hated the idea of it, but it was better than returning to the street and a life of crime. I was able to stabilize my life, but I was making it to the Methadone clinic and trying to justify what I was doing. For me, Methadone was a prison without walls. A ball and chain. I told myself I would get off in two years. Two years came and went. And I was still on a high dose. I was in school, and that involved computers. I was browsing the internet, and I made a fascinating discovery.

Ibogaine. An alkaloid from the Tabernathe Iboga plant from Africa. An experimental treatment for addiction discovered quite by accident in the 1960's. I was captivated. I knew at that moment that it was true. I began to read everything I could about ibogaine. There was a wealth of information about it on the internet, and the more I read the more I wanted to try it. Sure, I had my doubts, but I had an intuitive feeling that this was something special. It took me a year to find the right source.

My first treatment was... an ordeal. It didn't go as planned. I was unable to keep down the full dose due to severe nausea, and I was very uncomfortable and in pain. But I went through with it anyways. It was a very introspective experience. At first I was frightened, but that passed and I went through what seemed to be a time tunnel, traveling through the stars. I could feel my physical body weighted to the earth, yet my soul seemed to be traveling through space. It was a very peculiar feeling, slightly uncomfortable. I did feel safe, even though I was in some pain, mainly due to the nausea and my still troublesome back pain. I could feel my body going through a metamorphosis. I felt a rocking motion, and a spinning sensation that gathered momentum. A vaporous glow was rippling out of my body, as I traveled through this

tube to the stars. I was told many things. I was reassured that I was safe. Then I reached what seemed to be a holding place. I was at a threshold that I was unsure of going past. I didn't feel ready, and I began to travel again, and I wasn't sure if it was further on, or backwards. I saw many faces, and I "knew" them to be past lives. I saw the earth in prehistory, in the times of the gods, with many marble structures. I was taken to an ancient prison, where I saw myself clawing at the earth with bare fingers, digging my way out. I watched myself punch a hole into the earth and a gleam of sunlight burst through. There was much more but it is hard to recall everything and then articulate it. As the ibogaine wore off, I realized I was experiencing some withdrawal, and after analyzing what I threw up, we discovered that I had only absorbed half of the therapeutic dose. We decided to wait a week, and then have a second treatment. During that week I was exhausted and had some very minor withdrawals, mainly restlessness, leg cramps, and twitching.

My second ibogaine experience was the most spectacular, incredible, mind expanding, reincarnational journey that I have ever had. It was beyond my wildest hopes and imagination, and that doesn't even come close to what it was like.

At 12:15 PM I took 750 mg of ibogaine base with an additional 100 mg of ibogaine hydrochloride. We mixed it with sugar and placed it into gel caps. After taking anti-nausea pills and the ibogaine, it was about an hour before the ibogaine began to take over. I experienced no nausea this time. My guide had put on some piano CDs and the first thing I noticed was that I could see the spatial coordinates of the room with my eyes closed. There were Persian rugs forming in place of the wall paper. I was at total peace, and was meditating for the truth, and strength. A reflective surface formed above me, and I realized I was looking up at the surface of a lake, as the ripples and reflections flowed above me. Nebulous shapes began to drift by my field of vision. As I turned my head from side to side I was aware that I was sinking down... becoming one with the soil and the bottom of the lake. I knew at that point that I was returning to the Earth, and I knew what it was like to be a lake bed, watching the sky for eternity, with complete patience and awareness. Bright blue reflective bubbles began to sink down towards me, glassine and rippling with shape and liquidity. I felt another sinking sensation and I sank deep into the Earth. At that point, still seeing the spatial coordinates of the room I was in, the Universe appeared beyond the transparent confines of the room. Sacred geometry began to form, with spherical spiraling forms revolving around and around. Fractals and DNA strands, pulsing and changing with form and color began to Dance in synchronicity to the Music. As this began to unravel, I felt a gentle rocking and spinning sensation, and I knew my soul was separating from its physical body and returning to its eternal oneness with the Cosmos. There was no fear, only truth, beauty, tranquility, and unity.

An infinite amount of souls began to flow around me, in liquid blue luminescent form. I was one with these souls, as they were one with me and as a whole we are God. I

knew at that point that there is no end to the chain of reincarnation. A voice began to tell me many things, that I was eternal, that I was good, that there is always light, there is no evil, only lessons to be learned. An infinite eternity of spiraling form and color continued to dance, while immaculately divine forms flowed through my soul into oneness with the universe. There was no doubt, confusion, or fear, only awareness of light and transcendence.

I became aware that the pain, suffering, doubt, confusion and fear that I hold as an addict is a spiritual matter, that I had lost touch with my soul. Male and Female forms glowing with fertility drifted through me, and the chain of life was everywhere. This was not a hallucination. I recognized everything I saw, as it is etched into my soul for eternity. This was my “remembering.” To go back, and come forth again. The affirmation of my unity with the Cosmos. This process repeated itself over and over again, for 18 hours straight, with visuals and complete peace the entire time. This was to engrave all this knowledge into my mind/soul/life.

At a certain point I gained the knowledge of my path in life, why I feel the way I do, why I get terrified, confused, and why it seems as if there is only darkness. All these things are an illusion, a growing for the human experience. Many years I steeped in my addiction, with little or no focus or direction. I was either high or trying to get high. At any cost, I was shown that this was just a period of darkness that was a most valuable learning experience that I could look back on and prosper from the wisdom I gained.

The two treatments were most exhausting, and I have been resting for a week now since the last treatment. I went through absolutely no withdrawals after the second treatment. Besides being tired, I feel very much alive, clean, and ready to put into practice the things I have been shown thru this very special and unique treatment for addiction. I feel like a new person, while retaining all my good qualities that I was blinded to in my addiction. May all suffering addicts seeking treatment find ibogaine.

Non-Chemical Dependence Experiences:

1. A Doctor's Experience

I have prepared myself in the last week for this ibogaine experience. Meditated, specified purpose, etc., etc. I have prepared to die, although I do not worry that will happen. This morning I cleanse. Then, having fasted since a light supper, take two little vials of a Chinese herbal preparation, give them thirty minutes to take effect, then down the huge capsule of ibogaine (I am taking 8.5 mg/ Kg). Eric and I chat a while, then I ask her to meditate with me. After 55 minutes, I have grown dizzy, and take myself off to bed, light a candle and settle in, my emesis bag beside the bed.

My dizziness expands exponentially, and soon there is a whirling disk of light which changes the direction of its spin periodically. The big show, though, is an enormous amount of noise of all kinds -- whistling, groaning, popping, hissing, and a steady binaural beat exactly like Hemi-Sync [audio tapes designed to bring about brain hemisphere synchronization]. The beat will be present for the entire rest of the experience. During this time I am reminiscing of receiving ether anesthesia at the age of four. The induction phase had exactly the same noises, etc., as this stage, and I wonder if I will be put completely out this time as well.

And my body is doing very strange things, indeed. The whole nervous system is lighting up. Tingling, warmth, electricity, and muscle fasciculation are happening everywhere. The left side of my body feels like it's rocking like a boat, while the right side does not. I do a whole soliloquy about seeing through a porthole, but the rest of my surrounding is darkened. The puzzle is to guess where one is by the view through the porthole, by what the scenery is out there rather than what's inside and can't be seen.

After what seems like a very long time when I am beginning to wonder if there will be no images, the screen of my eyelids suddenly lights up onto a beautiful sunny day. There is a male figure squatting at the top of a cliff, looking out over the ocean. Suddenly, he stands up and jumps off the cliff. As he goes into the water, his hands are extended above his head, and I leave the scene with just his hands remaining out of the water. And so with the leap of The Fool, it begins.

Then images begin -- nightmarish in quality -- much like hypnotic sleep. They are somewhat more grotesque and bloodthirsty than hypnotic sleep though. I consciously try to change these and cannot. I am now aware of the very strong separation of me, the dispassionate watcher from the proceedings. These scenes are, throughout the day, without much emotional content other than humor. Most are quite matter-of-fact. And I have a dialogue with myself throughout. The dialogue is constant.

After a while I wonder if I will be stuck in this nightmarish stuff the whole time. Then, other images start, many of them very fleeting and hard to catch. A recurrent one -- people, men, women, children, standing waist deep in water, naked. They are often ugly people, not particularly pretty or graceful and they just stand in the very dark water, with a copper sun reflecting on the water, and look at me.

This is all extremely intense as the body feelings, the noise, and the images create quite a cacophony of sensations, not all entirely pleasant. I am aware of my neck being rigid, my jaws grinding, my back arched a bit. My hands feel like they are moving, though they are not. I have some trouble with my arms and hands going numb, and move them from time to time. After a time, a pain develops in my stomach, which stays for almost twenty hours. It reaches a peak, when it feels like it could

result in vomiting but then subsides a bit and just remains steady. I notice it from time to time.

The rush of images is very similar to the experience of hallucinations I had all night after my head injury from the car accident. The only difference is that those images were memories of the last 48 hours before, while these images are not memories and do have sound connected to them in a coherent way. And sound is enormously distorted, reverberating crazily around in my head, so that the littlest sound in the house sends me off on crazy excursions, fascinates me, trying to figure out what it is, which I cannot, because it's so distorted. Any voices sound as if they're talking too fast -- I have trouble following them.

But now I encounter what appears to be the meat of the Iboga God experience. I begin to get exercises and lessons in causality, and what I need to work on, though as they are brought up there is the sense they are being resolved at the same time. This is presented in a scene. Then, in case I missed the point, the words show up in printed form and then move to a list forming at the lower right of the picture. Before these lessons begin, I have a very real scene in which my mother is dying, I am holding her in my arms, then she dies. I am worried at this point, as it was so real, and feel I should call her, but it would be impossible for me to get out of bed or stand up, so I give up on that.

Each of these lessons is presented in such a way that every side of the question is examined; the cause, the action, and the reaction or result. This all seems to take place at hyperspeed, and though I can change certain things in these scenes at will, I can not change their content or where they want to go. They are definitely going of their own volition. These are not memories, and except for my mother, there are not any other people in any of this that I recognize. So here are some of the lessons or things I need to work on or things that were finished working on during this VERY strenuous day.

1. Give up needing to seduce (not necessarily in a sexual way).

which played right into the next lesson...

2. Give up needing approval.
3. Live in the NOW moment.
4. Give up being so hard on myself.
5. Accept growing older, becoming the crone.
6. BELIEVE.

This last one was particularly humorous in the way it played out. First I was in a conversation with someone and I was saying to them, "I don't believe you didn't...". At this point the words coming out my mouth appear in print form, and I and the other

person disappear from the screen. Now the words "you didn't" are chopped off and the other words "I don't believe" enlarged and centered. So now I am looking at, "I don't believe" in large letters, and must contemplate that -- I shout "But I DO believe", But the letters keep pulsing back at me. Then, the "I don't" is chopped off and now there is just gigantic, pulsating, in my face BELIEVE. What a fun exercise.

I am amazed throughout this at the amount of self denigrating, negative dialogue I have with myself, lecturing, degrading, etc. It goes on and on -- you are so flawed, so imperfect, so unworthy, etc. That was a superb lesson to me to have revealed that inner dialogue I am long-since no longer aware of at all, and it is this inner dialogue which seems to be what will be modified after this experience. Some of the lessons above came out of my becoming aware of this constant dialogue.

I was also quite anxious, in a detached way, that for some reason the drug would not work on me. It took a long time to take effect, then I worried at each stage that nothing else would happen, thus the lesson in living the now moment. This is also a lesson, I see, in expectations, and a joke on me, as I had felt I had no expectations. But I did -- I expected travels elsewhere, past and current life memories, all sorts of specific encounters with beings and tunnels of light, etc. Instead it took me a while to settle down and see the quite real and important and transformative stuff speeding past my vision.

I receive instructions somewhere in here to take up walking again. Also some humorous physical stuff -- stomach churning noisily, then some kind of trickle coming up my esophagus which I can't feel but is noisy -- happens several times. And swallowing is so loud (and has to be done a lot) I fear disturbing Eric at her computer in the next room.

There is a long soliloquy about the nature of things seen from a true metaphysical sense. During this time I am in wonder at the magnificent way in which this universe works -- and I am thinking, in the same kind of dialogue as a Fritjof Capra etc., of the true core of all. I see the electrons running in wiring and the magnificent structure of the human body, in all its intricate and perfect placement, such an incredible miracle how all has its order and structure. Although I have seen these things and known these words and processes, this is another kind of "seeing". I also had a whole thing about form and function -- how they really explain the shape and nature of something, but that it really holds no meaning or completeness until it is moving through space.

Also a long piece about when I say, "I can't", I really mean I don't want to or I won't, and just say that in the first place.

And a very long piece about not feeling, how there is a very thin film, like saran wrap, which is lifted to capture any feelings beneath it when they occur, thus hiding them

from my knowledge. I see this film needs to be removed but I have a sense that this is not resolved during this process.

There are times when I specifically try to address certain issues, like eating and sexuality, past memories, and past life issues, but the screen follows its own order and pays no attention to my directions, letting me know these things will not be brought up. Later, I understand that any glitches in these areas are results of the above six areas and if those lessons are carried out, the rest will be resolved.

My body begins to be very uncomfortable, and when Eric checks up on me I ask the time -- 3:30 -- six hours into this. The biggest onslaught is over but there continues the same pictures, etc. and enormous dizziness. I am so astounded I can observe my body quietly breathing, obviously asleep, though not paralyzed, though not really asleep, as I could open my eyes and talk to someone any time I wanted. This is like being in a lucid dream, in that one can direct the dreams somewhat, and remain fully conscious of what is going on. It is exactly like being asleep, and the heart functions and respiratory function seem also to indicate sleep, but not actually be asleep. This drug is a powerful stimulant because, as it turns out, I went all through till the next night without any sleep and without feeling sleepy. Imagine laying on a bed for 24 hours, with eyes closed, and never once falling asleep, and then getting up the following day without the slightest drowsiness (though still with a bit of dizziness).

I get up for a little while and sit in the living room, miserable with dizziness and noise and hardly able to open my eyes. But I eat a banana and a peanut butter sandwich, then go back to bed.

Throughout the rest of the experience, I spend my time reviewing current life situations, and just basically reverie -- the intensity is now gone, as are the printed lessons, etc. Really, for the rest of the time my enormous physical discomfort begins to be uppermost. I stagger to the bathroom once, then gratefully climb back into bed. I begin to suffer greatly from increasingly painful numb arms which cannot be laid in any position without angry pins and needles starting almost immediately. I try putting on my carpal tunnel splint, which only helps slightly, and then, finally, the problem just goes away.

My back and neck are very sore, as are my shoulders and hips, so I toss and turn, only comfortable for a few minutes in one position. I am afraid to take aspirin because my stomach still hurts. Even my big toes hurt where the very light covers touch them. After a very restless night I get up and eat a bit of breakfast, take some aspirin, and go back to bed for two hours, this time to sleep. When I am awake, the pain is gone, and I am clear, except for some slight dizziness. And so it ends.

Eric and I have spoken intermittently over the last two days, during this process, and it has helped me enormously to put this in some kind of context. During the worst (or best) of it, I thought more than once I must be crazy to get myself in this miserable state. This A.M. I still had my doubts, but now tonight I feel very positive about the whole thing, and could conceive of doing it again in a few years. I am especially pleased I was able to remember the list of lessons, though I've forgotten many of the scenarios. It was such an onslaught, I feared I'd not be able to remember anything.

This experience reminds me of two things more. First, lying on the bed and experiencing this, with the accompanying suffering associated with bringing forth something new and precious was just like lying in labor, silent, with no complaint, struggling to give birth to my sons.

Secondly, I realize during conversation with Donald, how similar this is to those things described in the Tibetan Book of the Dead. And I see exactly the initial confusion, which cleared after a time -- is the same as during the near death experience and actual death as described by the Tibetans.

Also, in talking with both Jane and Donald, they both talk about the noise as being similar to what they experience in the astral body and I know this to be true, just never thought of before. Sound, as usual, is very important and significant.

And in talking with Melissa, she wonders if all the pain in the body has to do with body memory and blocks -- I think she is probably right about this.

The day after I arrive home, I am talking with my mother about some information she has learned about her grandfather (he was a murderer). While this talk goes on I begin to again experience the noise and beat of ibogaine, then see a scene, while my mother goes on talking, of myself being held, naked, arms pinned back, and a person in front of me brutally grabs my breast and cuts it off. Then the other one. I am screaming in this scene while being totally with my mother in the discussion of her grandfather. That night, the beat and sound return as I go to bed, together with some of the physical sensations, and the night is like a mini-ibogaine experience again.

I am, since arriving home, feeling calm, more like my old self, except deepened somehow, better than before all the life dissolution began to take place. A definite and palpable change.

2. A Receiving of Myself

I took Ibogaine on December 21, 1997, at about 9:00 am. The experience was incredible - incredibly intense, full of integrity, and richly nauseating. I felt scared and ready to be supported by this agent. And, after the planning and getting ready, I was looking forward to getting started. My mantra going into the experience was "Simply,

Sweetly, Gently." This was how I wanted my experience to be throughout and how I wanted to receive the healing. It was only about 30 hours later that I got how simply, sweetly, gently my experience truly was because parts of it looked nothing like "simply, sweetly, gently."

After I took the medicine, I got in bed. It was dark, quiet, and safe. Within 15-20 minutes I could feel it coming on. Like I usually do when I am scared and receiving the medicine of an agent and entering the unknown, I moved my body and breathed deeply. I did not know not to move as the medicine was entering my body, and that if I did move, I could throw up.

So, I was on and the medicine was starting. It was intense from the beginning. There were sounds, like a helicopter propeller whirring from each ear, and incredible bedspins... out through the roof, into the Universe, into the unknown. There were times that my head was spinning and thrashing. These experiences would come in waves, each being more intense than the previous one. At each mellow spot, I could feel the medicine moving throughout my body and subsequently, I moved my body to "help" it get in me. I felt very nauseous.

At this early point, the medicine started communicating... he (it felt like a he at this point) said, "You are trying be God. Stop this. You thought God wasn't capable and that you could do it better. You can't." This message was words and feeling tones. I was amazed. How did the medicine know that this was my major control plan and, therefore, addiction? My conditioning and background lead me to fight life, not trust; to plan my life so as not to have to trust, and try to be God in God's place.

I knew right away how accurate this communication was. I got even more scared. I had tried so hard throughout life to cover up my fears, insecurities, and control plans. I would "meet" life head on, get stronger and stronger, and puff up my energy to protect my scared, insecure self and fight, struggle, compete. The strength of this medicine immediately let me know that I would not be able to fight, struggle, or compete with it like I had with God and the Patriarch. I felt very small and out-of-control. I threw up the medicine.

It was not my intention to throw up. I fought to keep it down and was very disappointed when I couldn't. I was getting more scared... I didn't understand why I was throwing up. I had done everything right, hadn't I? And, thus, another great understanding... all my life and energy was spent making sure I did everything right. This was the only acceptable way to live, I thought. So, upon ingesting the medicine, I was doing it right... I was moving my fear, I was keeping my energy moving so as to "help" myself receive it, I was puffing myself up to "meet" this entity, and I was making myself nauseous and sick. Instead of doing all the right things, what I needed to do was listen. I needed to get present with myself, my body, and surrender rather

than do what I had pre-conceived was the right thing to do. Thus, another immediate gift of the medicine.

Throughout these understandings and experiences, the sounds and frequencies were increasing, as were the bedspins. In between throwing up, I was having great recognitions. Another communication the medicine made was that it was time for me to stop competing with male authorities. This was the second layer of the previous understanding around trying to be God. I understood that partly why I was having a hard time keeping the medicine in me was because of this competition. To feel that it was time to give up this control plan was an understatement. I saw that my dad had this type of competition with God and the Patriarch also and that I had also made my dad God and the local authority as I grew up and that much of my energy as I grew up was used to compete with my dad and, since I was trying to be God, I was supposed to be better than my dad. So, competition and rebellion was all wrapped into one tight, scared girl/woman. I could instantly understand why my life had included the experiences it has. I had programmed myself to have it this way.

At this point, my body was having a tough time. The throwing up was painful. The medicine works in very unique ways physically as far as the energy moving in and around my body. I had all kinds of shakes and vibrations. All were frequencies that were strong yet not overriding. Intense yet safe was the feeling tone.

The bit that I had digested was slowing down. I had no idea how much I had thrown up until my fiancé told me it was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the dose. It was time to re-ingest the medicine, a thought that was hard to fathom. Lifting my head was an amazing chore so sitting up seemed like a very distant and remote possibility. I re-ingested the medicine and did not move! No way was I going to move and go through this again!

Phase two came on in a much more mellow way. The pace in phase one was that of a freight train and this phase was more Earth-paced. The energy was more female than male. There were very intense phases that were followed by mellow times that lasted a couple of minutes to half an hour. Each intense phase had a purpose. One phase was connecting with my family members who are no longer living. We would connect and share. I asked many questions of them and received their advice and perspectives.

Another phase was going through any and all experiences from my past where I was holding any shame, guilt, or embarrassment. I would find myself in the exact situation that the original experience occurred in. I would be eight years old in school and then be at college talking to my coach and then go to my parent's house. The medicine picked the places and situations and it didn't spare the details. The clarity was amazing. Once in these situations, I connected with what had happened and with the energy I was still holding. Then the medicine provided the opportunity to redo the experience. At the point that I wanted to change the outcome or my response or

whatever, I had the choice to do that. The change was instant and refreshing. On a few of the more intense situations, I would go back there again thinking that I could not trust the immediateness of the change. Upon going back, there was no energy left in the experiences. The medicine would say something like, "You see? Do you get it? We have already been here and you are complete." It was so undramatic.

Another phase was learning about my empathic listener. This phase was cartoony in its visuals. I would be in social setting; a party. Someone would be saying something that wasn't true and I would beam bubbles of what they really meant above their heads for all to see. I had an understanding that to mis-use this ability was back in the territory of competing with God. I received clarity about how to embrace my empathic listener and share it if appropriate without competition.

Throughout this second phase two women guided me. One provided the "Voice of Understanding" and the other provided the "Voice of Integration." I had these guides with me throughout sometimes with one stronger or more present than the other. They spoke to me in feeling tones that were very clear and visuals that were clear and abstract at the same time. There was no vagueness with this medicine and I appreciated this.

Phase three has been just as intense. As the medicine was slowing, the understanding and unraveling was increasing. This started about the 24th hour and lasted about ten days. This period showed me the addictions I am unraveling. I received clarity about all my choices simply by starting to make choices as the medicine was slowing. I saw that my addiction is many places:

Addiction to self-sabotage (making decisions that lead to me not loving or trusting myself)

Addiction to not trusting my choices or behaviors

Addiction to competition, struggle, and fight

Addiction to competing with men, males, authority

Addiction to covering my insecurities

Addiction to revving... keeping my pace intense, myself intense (to avoid intimacy)

Addiction to using my voice and energy to rev and be intense (to avoid intimacy)

Addiction to indulgence

At one point during my experience, I received the task of re-learning relationship. I was told that relationships are different than I had ever thought or let them be. I recognized that I thought relationships contained all the above list to some degree. Not that I thought all my friends and family were doing these things but that I was doing these things and had established these as my basecamp for relationship. These were such deep grooves in my neurology that I was no longer actively choosing about my behaviors. They had become habits and addictions. I was avoiding my essence by using these control plans.

Since December 21st I have been in withdrawal to these behaviors and my life has changed. I am soothing to myself and others in ways that I had only dreamed of before. I am more myself than ever and am able to be in relationships from my essence. Before I was two feet in front of myself with all these protections and barriers and now I am within myself and it feels good.

As the days continue, I am faced with opportunities to constantly choose. What makes it easy to continue choosing non-addictive behaviors is that the medicine made the CHOICE button huge. It is easy to find almost no matter where I am or what old behavior I am attempting to assemble.

The medicine provided understandings and next steps for many aspects of my life: my mate relationship, the exercises my body wants me to do, my next steps with my career and livelihood, how to deepen all my relationships, how to be in relationships without codependence, how to relax and slow down, and how to love and trust myself and God. I don't have the reactivity to life that I had always experienced in myself. I feel an ease that I have longed for. I am humble and empowered and have received myself in the simple, sweet, gentle way that my mantra was intending.

Some details... at the thirty-six hour point I was still lying in bed or on the couch. It was hard to think or talk especially on the phone. It was hard to walk past a room with computers in it. The energies of the medicine and electronics don't match. My physical recovery was slower than I expected. I didn't feel sick. I felt affected and in a major transition. Just when I thought I was truly complete with the medicine, I received more waves of energy and usually had to stop whatever I was doing, lie down and relax. These experiences supported me seeing my addictions as I was usually trying to do my life like I did prior to the medicine. I spent three-four days not doing anything but resting.

I highly recommend this medicine if you want to experience a shift in the context of your life. I am living in new territory and I am a refreshed thirty-year-old. The medicine is a gift and a blessing. It is intense, safe, probing, and deeply connected. I experienced an initiation to myself, which corresponds to and supports many years of intent for my healing and freedom. I look forward to ingesting this medicine again. I am very grateful for its presence, integrity, love, and many other qualities that have touched me.

3. Defragging My Harddrive

I chose to experience Ibogaine primarily out of the spirit of adventure. I was at a place in my life where I was wanting more of something but not knowing what it was. I had been looking for several years and was getting tired of the feeling of not getting anywhere. Kind of a midlife changing time but nothing to change to. I went in with

the intention of connecting with my life purpose, and clearing away anything blocking my way to achieving it. Also to gain any knowledge or experience that I may need. I really wanted to more fully open my heart to the love of life. But I couldn't describe it as that at the time. I had reservations about a plant's ability to provide these things for me and concerns about damage to my body in any way.

My experience it seems, was guided solely by my intention. I remember the first sensations of it coming on and I thought "there is no turning back now." I did a lot of deep breathing to clear the fear. I was amazed at how conscious, aware and alert I was throughout the whole experience. It was clear that this was not going to be an escape or an hallucinatory experience of any kind. Two hours into the experience I knew there was nothing harmful for my body in any way. In fact a powerful cleansing was taking place throughout my whole system. I felt chronic pains in my neck that had been with me for years disappear. In fact whole knots that had been there for years, softened and dissolved.

It was very apparent that this experience was going to be different than anything I had ever experienced before in this life. Different than anything I could have imagined or prepared for.

I was getting pictures running in my head like little movies from my past. Some were repeated, some just played out in nonsense order. There was no way to make any interpretation of them or change them. I compare the sensation to a "defrag of the hard drive." Any memories of experiences stored in my brain that were incomplete or stuck in some way were being systematically cleared out. It seemed to me that if a life experience is not allowed to complete itself in some way then there is some belief constructed, and emotional energy tied with the memory of that event hangs around. The event-construct is kind of stuck in the brain tying up vital life energy from that point on. As the Ibogaine enters the brain, it makes contact with this stuck stuff and fires off the neurons producing a picture and clearing the emotional charge all at once: clearing all the stuck fragments in a similar way that a computer clears up file fragments stored on a hard disk.

I remember vividly a scene where my Dad is slapping my older brother with a belt. I didn't know what he did to deserve it. I just knew I didn't want to do what he did or be like him and I feared my dad for what he might do. This was one of those events, mixed with beliefs, that just sort of stuck there with no way to clear itself. After the Ibogaine, I felt somehow free of the burden of having to carry all that stuck stuff around with me. My ability to think is more clear and I process information with more ease: like my hard drive has been "defragmented."

The experience lasted much longer than I had anticipated. I felt as if I was on board a ship in a storm. I felt at least three distinct standing wave patterns moving through me.

Front to back, right to left and side to side. This lasted for about 36 hours continuously. It wasn't really uncomfortable. I felt OK. I just couldn't walk without getting dizzy. Crawling was even difficult. I could make the ever-present sounds, pictures, and rocking motion uncomfortable or relaxing depending on how I looked at it.

I got more auditory memories than visual ones. The constant ringing sound of the "cosmos" was ever present in my head. And most of the pictures I saw were accompanied by full scores of musical accompaniment. Some of my "memories" were mixed up, some half made up -- images like cartoon characters and pencil sketches of events instead of the actual pictures. But, I knew what events they depicted and for what purpose they were intended. They were not hallucinations though, more like limited perceptions of events.

For the first couple of hours I kept trying to make sense out of it: to get some message or meaning that I could take back. This struggle to succeed, to make it all worth it was completely a waste. It left me with a profound sense of failure and disappointment. About 16 or so hours into it I felt very depressed: like a total failure. Fortunately that feeling only lasted for 8-10 hours more.

I could see why the Ibogaine is non-addictive. It's no fun, and it's not an escape. What I did get from it though, was the sense that something deep down within me was satisfied. I had felt throughout my whole life that something was missing at my core: some unnamable missing thing. And I've been spending my whole life searching for this whatever it was. I've been trying to fill it up with my life somehow. Now that hole (or is it "whole") has been satisfied. I can just be here in life without the need to search for something or fix anything. I don't have to have problems to fix, with which I can justify my self worth and existence. I don't have to have a reason for being here.

What I got from the Ibogaine is that: all I am here for is to have fun living life. I now feel complete with life. Like I could die now and it would be OK. There is nothing I need to do or finish or accomplish to make my life worth living. It just is. Since I am here, I am truly free to experience life - free of judgment of myself and my experience about it being right or wrong or good enough. It just is. I am somehow now empowered to choose. Those old unconscious beliefs that used to run me are still there, but they do not have so much power behind them. I can choose to follow them or not. I could choose my old patterns but they just don't give me the joy that I know is possible. I feel much more natural with my heart opened to myself and my life.

On the third morning I woke up laughing and crying alternately. Laughing just because it felt good to laugh and crying just because life felt so sweet to experience. Later Suzan found me on the floor laughing again. I said: "I am laughing at what we

were laughing at earlier this morning even though I can't remember what it was. I know it was funny." It just felt good to laugh so I did.

Three months later. None of the stiffness or pain has returned to my neck. I feel fine in every way. My body feels more like 28 years old instead of 38. I seem to have a whole lot more life energy available for myself. I still sense changes going on from the Ibogaine: subtle shifts in thinking and my choices. Its just a lot easier to go through life. I don't seem to have problems anymore, just more opportunities to have fun and grow.

I AM GRATEFUL FOR MY EXPERIENCE!

4. An Ibogaine Experience

I had read material given me by the person who obtained the ibogaine. It spoke mainly of relief from drug dependencies. Since I was not a drug dependent individual I found the input from the material more or less irrelevant.

The part that I was interested in had come from other sources, and that was the possibility of experiencing a regression or a clear remembrance of earlier life experiences.

I was wanting, at this period in my life, to recall lost childhood memories. I have for many years looked at my life in all aspects, as much as possible, but realized one important component was missing. I had not been able to connect with the emotions of my childhood except in a few specific memories, and even that had the quality of not being fully experienced.

I planned the experience by setting up a space that I would feel comfortable in. Twelve hours before taking the ibogaine I ceased eating. In the room I had set up a large board with photographs of myself and other members of my family (parents, children, siblings, ex-wife, etc.) to help focus and help push against the "forgotten stored memories".

The effect of the dose started within forty-five minutes and built up to a peak in about two or three hours. The first experience in the physical sense was the feeling of a great pressure pushing down on my head, as if a great weight was being lowered on me. Some dizziness accompanied this phenomenon. I also had some hallucinations; faces appearing in front of me then fading off to the distance. I didn't recognize anyone in those faces.

For the first two or three hours the above happened and I also found myself recalling memories that I had already experienced. The one difference was that there seemed to

be a sense that there was a different connection between them, and that I was having insights into these repeated sequences.

A very powerful experience then began to happen, and after the second time I recognized a pattern. As I began to experience a memory, I would become nauseous and have to get up (a difficult task) vomit and then come back and proceed. I can only propose that my ego was fighting me for these memories.

For a large percentage of the time I was quiet, except when those who were with me would ask me questions, have me look at the photos and when I would explain an internal experience. I lay under a blanket as I felt chilled.

The total effect of the drug lasted approximately eight hours. I wasn't sure what the outcome would be, but by that time I needed to sleep. It wasn't until the next morning that my real experience happened.

After I awoke I had no desire to get out of bed. At some point I went into a spontaneous regression and saw myself as approximately eight or nine years old. I was standing in what I could best describe as a black space (like the universe) there were no stars or light of any kind, although I could seem to see . It was at this time I contacted that child that was me and felt the complete and utter isolation that I had been feeling since I was too young to remember. All alone in the universe. I spent hours crying and moaning and experiencing my realization.

From that experience I now am able to understand my anxiety of feeling uncomfortable when I've been alone. The experience has also opened up my emotions. Since that time I have had no problem crying and feeling pain, where before I could become rigid and stuff it or perhaps not even be aware of my emotions. I've gotten in contact (with the help of a counselor) with other aspects of my life that had been stopped because of this closed part of me.

I don't know if I would have reached this point in my life process if I hadn't done the ibogaine, but it is apparently true that my life process has opened in a way that in the past 54 years it hadn't been able, even though I had been doing a lot of deep internal searching.

5. My Ibogaine Experience

Not too long ago I had occasion to undergo my first Ibogaine experience. I was introduced to the material by a dedicated individual named Eric who has now become a good friend. About a month ahead of the experience Eric suggested I begin working on an intent. Such an intent, it was suggested, would help guide the experience. My initial primary intent was simply to successfully survive the experience. As such, I

meditated on and prayed for courage and to remember to be grateful, to surrender, to forgive myself and others, to smile and to breathe.

Also, as I knew Ibogaine was a powerful addiction interrupter, I knew too that my attachment to smoking pot might be affected - an unlikely outcome, given my long-standing love affair with cannabis. Even so, I figured there was nothing to lose. My reasoning was this: for something to interrupt my desire to connect with the very enjoyable state of mind that pot afforded me, that something would itself have to create a physiological state that was as least as satisfying. Interestingly, as the day of the Ibogaine journey approached, my desire to get high started tapering off.

Having had some shamanic training I invoked the assistance and protection of my power animals and other beings to assist me in what I knew would possibly be a difficult journey. Eric would be my sitter and his calm demeanor gave me a level of comfort that I was glad for.

At 8:30 AM he suggested I take 2 dramamine to help quell the nausea that often accompanies the Ibogaine experience. At 9:00 AM I ingested 860 milligrams of 99.8% pure, organically derived Ibogaine hydrochloride (taken in capsule form) and laid down quietly in bed. Eric advised me to lay as still as possible and that if I did have to move, to do so very slowly and deliberately - to move as though the room was filled with honey. I soon found the wisdom of this advice. About half an hour into the experience I reached forward to adjust my covers - a little too fast. A small wave of nausea hit, then gradually receded. At about the 45 minute mark I had to pee. Eric escorted me to the bathroom. I found my coordination definitely off as my feet inched toward the apparently receding bathroom door. I got back to bed, laid down and concentrated on being as still as possible. I kept reminding myself of Thich Nhat Hanh's breathing meditation: "Breathing in, I relax my body. Breathing out, I smile..."

I became aware of a slight buzzing in my head and tingling in my fingertips. As the journey progressed the buzzing and tingling persisted and increased a little but not to the point of discomfort or annoyance. As I lay quietly I saw a clean white dog inside a car and a dirty white dog outside it wanting to get in. The image slipped inside my visual field so smoothly that it only dawned on me a few moments later that this was my first vision.

Over the course of the next 7-8 hours an enormous amount of material was presented - most of it visual imagery of scenes involving myself, other people and events. Other material was presented in auditory form. Looking back, it seems that the Ibogaine triggered in my psyche a process of intensive introspective psychoanalytic renewal - all the images and impressions working to deconstruct stagnant or debilitating ego formations through shedding light on the circumstances around which they initially

congealed; this then ultimately creating new awareness, new insight and an underlying feeling of my psyche being deeply and luxuriously nourished.

Unfortunately, the overwhelming majority of the impressions were lost in the cyclonic wake of the experience. I tried hard to recollect but mostly just couldn't. Those memories that did come back were fragmented and non-sequential but documented as follows nonetheless:

I saw the 3 capsules I had ingested going down my throat, into my stomach, dissolving, allowing the Ibogaine to be released into my system. I saw that the Ibogaine had intention -intention to check everything out in this new environment and to begin its work on my psyche without delay by moving straight to the appropriate neuronal receptors. As the level of the experience grew increasingly intense I remembered repeating over and over: "I surrender my old self. I am born again continuously with each breath." I saw a series of cataclysmic events - buildings being blown to pieces by the force of wind or shock waves (reminiscent of Department of Defense nuclear blast footage); continents and coastlines altered. I remember thinking that the only thing that could cause such destruction would be a massive space-borne object slamming into the earth. I was traveling contentedly and fearlessly through twisting curving tubes - like the tubes at water parks. Later on in the journey I was still traveling through the tubes but now the tubes were incompletely formed with portions missing. Through the gaps and openings the underlying gridlike structure of the tube was revealed. Toward the end of the journey it felt like I was still traveling but by now the tubes were no longer in evidence. Instead, I was traveling along on curvy, winding train tracks. I reflected on a UFO abduction story I had once heard on TV. The man in question reported that the space being appeared quite human and extraordinarily loving. I remembered the deeply moved, quaking quality of the man's voice in describing the experience. He said that for as long as he lived, he'd never forget the unfathomable intensity of the love and compassion he felt coming from this being. I remember seeing a frisbee made of concrete. I wondered what this was. Then I chuckled as I understood the pun: 'disk' + 'crete'. Discrete. Then I was made to understand the importance of discretion. That the faculty of discretion is an important tool in handling tricky/sticky situations that come up in life. That it's so very important to learn the art of knowing when to keep my mouth shut. That blabbing is not skillful. That discretion requires skill and vigilance.

I went back to my birth. I saw myself pressed tightly in my mother's womb in the final stage of expulsion. There didn't seem to be much of a charge with this material, maybe because of prior work I'd done in this area through the modality of holotropic breathwork, maybe simply because most of what I recalled viewing under the influence of the Ibogaine was through a filter of emotional detachment.

One more recollection: about an hour into the experience (or so it seemed to me) I heard Eric exclaim: "Wow! Did you feel that wave?!" I was pretty well immobilized

by then but made a mental note to ask him about it later. When I did, he was surprised because the exclamation was made at a session following mine in another room. By 5 PM the majority of the rush was over and my coordination was starting to come back. I drank some juice and rested until about 2 AM when I was finally able to fall asleep. I woke up at about 5 AM filled with a transformative mixture of profound inner peace, spiritual rebirth, and intense aliveness.

It's now been twelve days since my experience. All my interest in and appetite for pot has vanished. It's not a question of will power. I just feel so full, so satiated, and alive, that any notion of getting high or higher is just totally irrelevant. There's also a sense, a feeling, of wanting to protect and nurture this pristine state.

Where it will lead to from here, there's no way of knowing. What can be said is that the resultant deep, quiet clarity is daily opening new levels of centeredness and creative expression. All in all, I'm very grateful for having had this opportunity.

6. Words Cannot Describe

The following is my experience with Ibogaine. The statement "words cannot describe..." is an understatement.

I ingested the Ibogaine in the evening of December 1st, 1997. After 45 minutes the first wave hit. I had no nausea with the Ibo coming on or through the entire journey. Then the second wave hit. The best way to describe the waves would be a freight train plowing through my energy field. During each wave there was an accompanying sound - something like thin fiberglass rods coming out of my ears that were whirling around just below the speed of sound. The second wave backed off. I then was in blackness and I could see my body lying in my bed as I floated away from it up to the ceiling. I passed through the ceiling into the night sky. I could feel myself going further up to the stars, then slowly descending through some trees I had never seen before. When I touched down on land I realized I was in Africa. I then felt my skull split open and hinged back. I looked up into the African night and saw two giant black hands pouring what looked like sand into my brain. It was shimmering down all around me and I realized it was the Ibogaine being poured into my brain. As the Ibogaine hit my brain I could feel/hear/see my brain lighting up like a switchboard. I was then back in my bed. The Ibo was seeming to say "Are you ready?" I was. The final wave was quite intense... After the third wave I felt as if my whole body was being violently shaken. I then had my whole body lifted off the bed by the Ibo and swung from side to side in a 300 degree arc. It wasn't frightening. My sense was that the Ibogaine was showing me its power. It was powerful!!!

I was then laid back down. I heard a voice say, "Here are some of the things we can do. Do you want to see what your niece will look like at 27?" I replied, "Yes." A three

dimensional image of her flashed up and then I saw her morph from 13 to 27. Then they did the same thing with another person taking them from age 50 to 6. I was told that this is only a small example of what was capable. I started shaking/vibrating violently (it felt that way at least). The whirring sound got louder and louder. I started shaking more violently. Then my stomach was blown wide open and brilliant red 20 foot flames started spew-ing out. It was very intense but there was no fear with the experience. Out of the flames rose a HUGE red man. I realized that this was my repressed male red energy - and he was angry.... He had his fists in the air and was swaying back and forth pounding his fists. He was also yelling. While he was still doing this the red flames changed to blue light/smoke that was spewing forth all around the Red Energy Man. I realized that this was all the grief and sadness that I had stored for 34 years.

Everything went still. I then saw to my right an African man with white hair and a beard and wearing a loincloth. I walked over to him. I heard Bwiti (the Ibogaine spirit) say "This is your guide." I asked Bwiti if I could ask the man his name. I was told I could. The man said "Moka." I laughed! I told Bwiti,, "I could not have a guide named Mocha. That was coffee..." As soon as I said that, two words flashed up: "rebellion" and "self importance." Then Bwiti got EXTREMELY angry and yelled, "HIS NAME IS MOKA!!!! M-O-K-A!!!! MOKA!!!!" I apologized. Moka told me that I was now in the second phase of my process. He explained, "We had to remove all your repressed emotions so we could teach you these new things. The key is to not allow yourself to store so many emotions. What is important is to speak in the moment so every emotion moves as it happens. A person should look like this." I then saw the image of a woman walking with a rainbow streaming out of her body, each color representing an emotion. There were slight "hills and valleys" to the rainbow. Moka explained, "Emotions need to be fluid; a cry should come as easy as a laugh. Some people in your life abuse their emotions by holding them and expressing them later. They need to live in the now."

Tangent:

I'm not sure of the exact timing of this but at some point the Ibogaine seemed to have wore off a bit. I was laying in bed thinking, "This is it? \$2000.00 dollars for this? This sucks!!! Ibogaine sucks!" Then the word "trust" popped up. I thought "O.K-trust...trust the experience." The word "listen" popped up. I listened. Two seconds later I could hear the phone ring in the next room. This was the proof I was looking for... Bwiti said listen and then the phone rang. At that moment I had a bodily felt reference and total understanding of shamanism/plant allies/the spirit world and the true power of Ibogaine. (Conveying all the details and magic with words is difficult.)

Also at this time I was standing with Moka when Bwiti interrupted us and said, "Look!" Suddenly to my right was the Earth. It was about the size of a beach ball.

Bwiti seemed to be holding the Earth and literally pushing it right into my face. I then saw a large bulldozer come over the top of the Earth tearing the Earth in half. As this was happening I could hear the Earth screaming, "HELP ME!!! PLEASE HELP ME!!!!!" I was then pushed/shoved to a desk where a blank book was. Bwiti informed me that I was to write a book called "How to Save the Earth - A Manifesto for Change." A pen was in my hand and I started writing down what Moka was saying. The first line was, "Our Earth is dying." There was other dialog that I cannot remember. I seemed to get started and I was told Phase Two was begin-ning.

Phase Two: Conditioning Awareness Program

Phase two consisted of 100's of scenarios where I was put into a past situation or a "made-up" one. These events were all done symbolically. For example: I realized what I was learning was about choice. A week before my journey the word "choice" kept popping into my head. I then had the thought this has come...ahhh...ahhh... I then looked down and there was a dog running around a concrete ring on the side of a hill... the phrase "Full Circle" flashed in front of me. It was as if a special way of teaching had been developed specifically for my being. As I would walk through each scenario I had to make different decisions. If the thought was incorrect a sign would flash up with a word describing my thought/action. The three main words I kept encountering were trust, rebellion and the phrase "the need to please." Others were: lie, co-dependence, distraction, fear and several I can't remember. It was like I was walking down a maze. Wrong thought, go the other way... until you reach "the truth." Through this whole phase Moka was walking with me.

Phase Three: Question and Answer Period

I was then asked by Moka if I had any questions for him. I did. I asked about emotions. I told him I need to go further into my emotions. He reminded me that all past emotions had been removed from me. I then asked what about my parents. I know there has to still be a lot of energy left around them. Moka then walked me out to the edge of a giant plateau. We were at the very edge. In the distance were five grey cubes suspended by a cable that stretched to the sky. On each cube was a very faint black and white image of a family member. Moka said, "There is your family, do you feel anything?" I didn't. No anger. No co-dependence. No energy hooks into the past. Moka then told me that my emotional healing was going to take place after the Ibo journey and that my mate was to be my guide. Also that this emotional healing would be dealing with emotions in the "now," not the past. I was also informed that I would need to "relearn what love is." I was informed that this could be taught with the Ibo but my task was to learn it on my own.

What followed was an hour or so of Q & A. I would ask a question and I would get an answer either in the form of a written or verbal message or in a scenario. For example:

I asked the question, "What is the nature of core healing?" I then found myself falling face first through the sky, through trees and as I was ready to smash into the dirt I stopped. The word "earth" appeared in the dirt. The nature of core healing for me was more earth connection. I asked questions about career, relationships, future children (which I was shown), and explanations of the fantasy bond and aspect identification. Several of my questions were around concepts that I had been using prior to the Ibogaine for my own healing, concepts that I understood but did not totally grasp. The Ibogaine allowed me to assimilate these concepts in every cell of my body. Once again the Ibogaine seems to develop a specific form of teaching that allows the user to understand things on a whole new level. Ibogaine has the gift of pure insight.

Phase Four: Redoing the Past

I eventually ran out of questions...there was a period of nothingness. I remember someone coming in to check on me and me telling them, "I think it's beginning to wear off." The minute I said that I was slammed by the Ibogaine. "Never mind," I said.

I found myself in a huge field. In the field were various mounds of dirt. I was to discover that each mound of dirt was a past event that I had not fully dealt with. So I spent the next several hours going from mound to mound redoing my past. I would walk up to a mound, put my hand on it and a specific scenario would open up. I then got the insight of what created each event and that I was responsible for the choice I made in that moment. I also had the opportunity to re-choose each decision or thought process.

I asked Moka why I had to go through these past experiences if there were no longer any emotions tied to them. I was told that it was part of my retraining and to gain wisdom.

Towards the end of this experience I saw myself as a 6-year-old boy with a small wagon behind me. On the wagon was a grey cube similar to the ones I saw earlier as my family. There was no top to the cube and inside the cube it was empty. The wagon and cube then turned to a charcoal shell. Suddenly I saw what seemed to be the hand of Bwiti and it crushed the wagon and cube. This cube represented the emotional baggage of my life that I had been hauling around for the past 34 years. When Bwiti crushed it I felt a wave of sadness and loneliness; I had just lost a part of myself that I knew quite well. This was followed by a great sense of freedom from the past.

What followed was a series of what I call "whumpings." The first was my Mother. The image of her giving birth to me appeared. She was in a delivery room with her legs in stirrups. I had just "arrived." I could see my placenta hanging out of her. Bwiti's hand came down and scooped me up. My Mother turned to charcoal, then a

hand came down and "whumped" her turning her to black dust. All my past girlfriends then appeared in charcoal form and were "whumped." Bwiti got to one girlfriend that he could not crush. He tried again. Nothing happened. I felt myself pushed towards her. There were some unresolved issues with her that had not been dealt with. I worked them out, saw how I had energy hooks still in her, cleared these, and then she got "whumped."

In writing this now it seems rather heartless and sadistic to have your Mother and old girlfriends "crushed." But I see this process as a total completion to the past. I no longer feel the co-dependence with these women.

Insights Gained

To say that I gained a thousand new insights would not be an exaggeration. My life has been forever changed. The strongest message for me was to "slow down!" I also learned of all the tricks/techniques/distractions I have developed to avoid feelings and how I have been addicted to feeling bad about myself and sabotaging my own life. The fact that I create my own reality now has a new depth to it. The Ibogaine showed me who I am at my very core without any conditioning, tied-up emotions or energy - my true essence. It gave me an extended glimpse of what's possible as a self-actualized human. It then also gave me the tools and training to achieve this pureness. Ibogaine is not a means to an end. After the experience you are not "fixed." It is up to me to make the choices, to use the tools.

Twenty Days Later:

During my Ibogaine experience I was given a chance to see myself at my true essence. Since the journey I have deviated from that true essence - but not far. The insights gained are still there. Unfortunately so is all of my conditioning/headtrips. But what I have now is a better form of dealing with these. My life has also slowed down. I find I cannot rev like I use to. I can't do six things at once staying in a state of perpetual distraction. The phrase, "Be Here Now" pops up frequently. I am looking into a major career change out of corporate America into some type of counseling/guide work. My relationship with my fiancée has taken a quantum leap of truth and love. This has been the greatest gift of the Ibogaine. I am relearning what love is.

Tips for Use

Do not eat for 12 hours prior to the ingestion of the Ibogaine. Do not drink water for at least 5 hours prior. There is a component of the Ibogaine that does not want you to get out of bed (or even move.). To get up to urinate would be extremely difficult for the first 6-8 hours. Your body feels like it weighs about 900 pounds. Also movement = body spins. I made the mistake of rolling on to my side which produced 10 minutes

of the most intense bedspins of my life! So once the Ibogaine kicks in - Do Not Move!!! I would also recommend keeping noise to a minimum. My hearing was turned up to the level where I could here a pin drop five miles away. You hear EVERYTHING. So if you have friends staying with you, silence is the rule. As far as being guided through the journey, I feel it is best to allow the Ibogaine to do that. Keep all interruptions to a minimum.

The hallucinatory component of the Ibogaine lasted approximately 30 hours for me. It seemed to come and go. One minute you can be in conversation with someone and five minutes later you are seeing jeweled boxes and binary coding coming out of the ceiling. The hallucinations are extremely real!!! What I was seeing with my eyes closed I could see if my eyes were open.

The physical aspect of the Ibogaine lasted approximately 20 hours +. It has a VERY slow taper effect. At no time did I feel ill or that I had ingested anything toxic into my body. The Ibogaine felt extremely pure in my body.

Final Note

What happened to me was obviously my experience. In conversation with other friends who have done Ibogaine each experience was unique. Some friends had little to no hallucinations. One friend got extremely nauseous. The variety of experience is equivalent to the variety of personalities. Whatever happens to you is your experience - custom designed for what you need.