



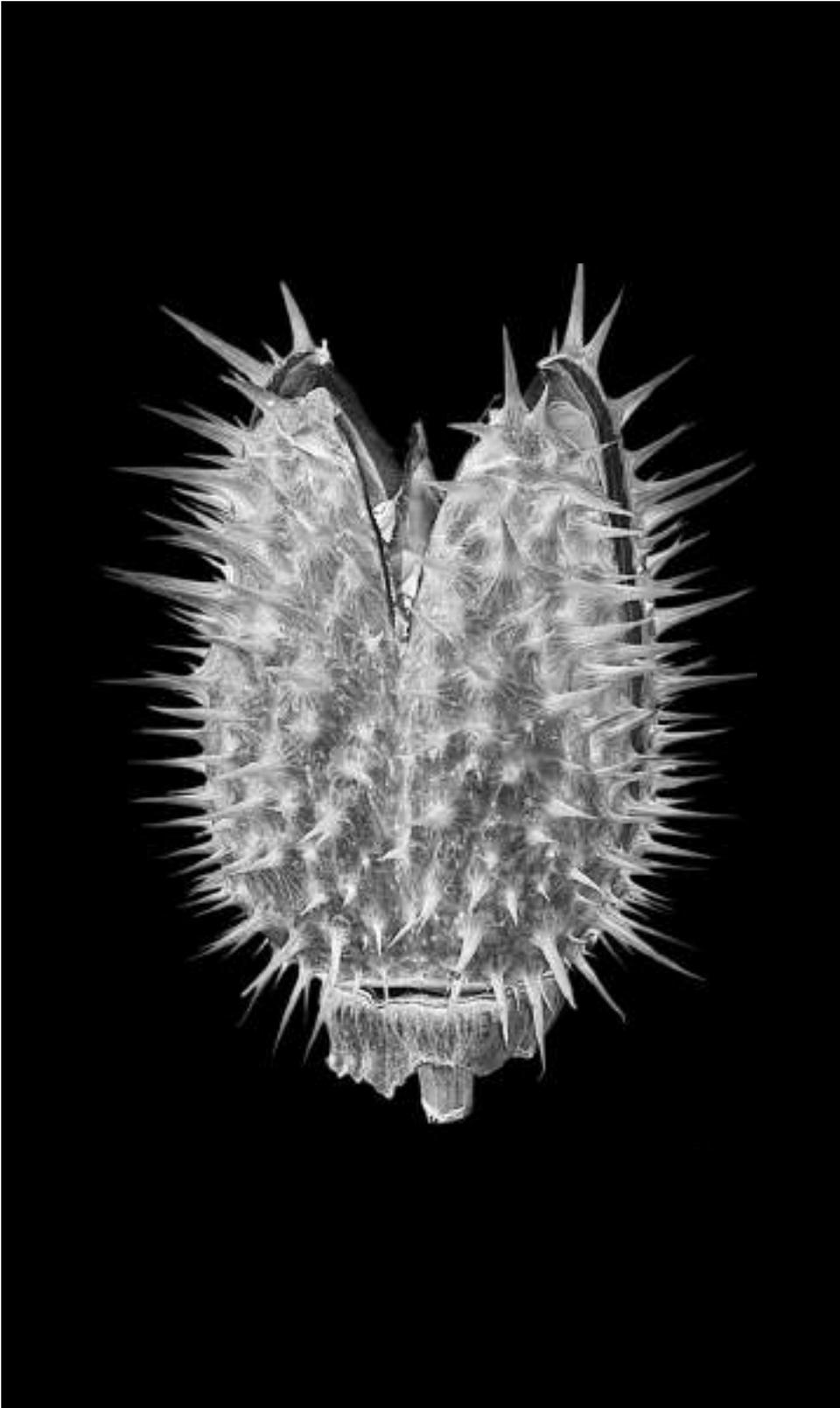
ANTOINE RENARD

OH RATS!
IT'S DECEIVING!

DATURA AND THE GREAT BROTHER SISTER STORY.

A ZUNI LEGEND.

Once upon a time a long, long time ago, a boy called A'neglakya and his sister A'neglakyatsi-tsa lived deep within the Earth. As often as they could they came up to the surface to go on long walks, exploring the land, watching and listening carefully to all and everything they encountered on their journeys. Upon their return they told their mother about everything they had seen. However, one day the twin-sons of the Sun-god grew suspicious of them and they wondered what they should do about the inquisitive pair. Soon after, A'neglakya and his sister were once again on one of their walkabouts, when they came upon the sons of the Sun-god. Casually the twins inquired about their well-being: "We are very happy" was the reply, and A'neglakya told the twins how he and his sister could make people fall asleep and have visionary dreams or let them 'see' the whereabouts of lost objects. Upon hearing this the twins decided that the two definitely knew too much and that they should put an end to A'neglakya's and A'neglakyatsi-tsa's doings. That day the sons of the Sun-god let the brother and sister disappear into the Earth forever. But lo and behold, two beautiful flowers emerged from the ground in just the same spot where the two had vanished. They were the same flowers that the brother and sister had laid on the heads of the people to give them visions. In their memory the Gods called the flower A'neglakya and their children spread far across the Earth - bringing visions to many people.



A TALE OF NUDITY, ARREST & INSANITY...

BY CRYSTALLINESHEEN

DOSE	BODY WEIGHT	EXP. YEAR	AGE	GENDER
150 SEEDS, ORAL	175 LB	1998	NOT GIVEN	MALE

Here's a life changing experience for ya'll....I was just re-reading the stories in the Datura vault, and I decided that my experience would be one that folks would like to read. ¶ So, let's go back a ways...to August 22, 1998, a date that will live in infamy for me. At the time, I had just finished my first year in college, and had been working with relatives in Mississippi that summer to save money & go out to work as a roofer in New Mexico with a college buddy. My father thought I was 'wasting my time' dropping out of college to go roam about the country, but I was ready to get out of my home state of Louisiana and take to the road. ¶ The road led to Dallas, TX, where my buddy (we'll call him Lucifer) was staying with another friend (let's call her E)for a time. The plan was for me to leave Mississippi, go home to Louisiana, and storm out to Dallas.....to be free from the clutches of home for the first time of my life. The day I left Louisiana for Texas, I felt a tremendous surge of freedom, almost orgasmic in it's implications. I felt like I had been released from a kind of prison, & was ready to hit Dallas and party for a week before heading on to New Mexico with Lucifer. ¶ The stage is set..... ¶ I arrive in the sprawling metropolis, and experience the debilitating effects of the worst heat wave in the city in years. (Temps were up over 110 with the heat index) It was godawful hot, ya'll! I make my way through the scramble to E's apartment she shared with her mother (a cool hippie type) There, I reunited with my good friends, and we chill and get stoned, catching up on each other's summer adventures up to that point. Eventually, we feel like going out, so Lucifer goes off to visit a girlfriend and E & I go to her boyfriend's apartment complex to go swimming in the pool. ¶ I put on my shorts, placing my wallet & keys into my luggage (an action I was very glad I did later on) and we went off to take a nice

cool dip. We arrive, I meet E's boyfriend for the first time, and we splash around for a while. As it starts to get dark, an impromptu party erupts around the pool, a keg gets brought out, and everyone proceeds to get fucked up, Texas style. The complex seemed to house many college-aged party kids, so there was just parties coming out of the woodwork! All different kinds of folks, from ghetto gangstas to rave kids to cowboys crowded around, having a mellow time. But this benevolent vibe didn't last for very long. A couple of people pull knives, and I hear someone say, 'He's got a gun' so everyone scatters. We all run into E's boyfriend's apartment to escape the carnage. ¶ Inside, everyone chills out, and soon the bong's going around & the beer is flowing again. I check out the motely collection of people around me: I didn't know a soul, but everyone seemed to be fairly cool, and ready to seriously get down. I had no idea that one of the party attendees was about to unveil something for which there is no words, no explanations, just a magic plant that takes you to the edge of death, and pushes you right over. ¶ That's right, kiddies, enter Jimson Weed onto the stage.... ¶ Now, I was familiar with Jimson Weed, having read Carlos Castaneda's experiences with this plant ally. But I had no idea what awaited me..... ¶ This guy pulls out a gallon size Ziploc baggie, about halfway filled with some kind of seed. 'This, everyone, is Jimson Weed. It'll make you trip for like, two days...usually, I charge 40 bucks for a dose (indicating that a handfull was a dose) but I'll dose anyone who wants to for free.' ¶ Good god, when someone starts handing out drugs, I'm usually first in line, but the earlier violence outside & the fact that I knew no one there kept me from swallowing the seeds that the dealer handed to me. I decided to wait for my friend Lucifer to return from his girls' house to see if he wanted to trip. A couple of other fellows immediately swallow their handfulls. (In retrospect, after reading hundreds of trip reports on this substance, this guy's recommended dose was WAY too much, I don't even think calling this a 'heroic dose' is doing it justice) I sit and watch to see what the seeds will do to these guys....then after about ten minutes, I'm like 'fuck it' and down the seeds with a swig of beer. ¶ Five minutes later, I know I'm fucked. ¶ One of the guys starts to stare at the wall, unblinking, unresponsive. His behavior is weird because earlier, he had been very lively, but now he was catatonic. I mean this guy was out of it! People started to get worried, when the guy suddenly comes to, leaps up, and dashes out

the door. (Later on, the guy said that he realized he was in for the trip of his life, so he went to his apartment, locked himself inside, and spent the next two days destroying his place & locked into the worst form of insanity.) The other guy stood up like the other dude, but started to run into walls as hard as he could. Everyone tried to restrain him, but it was like he was on PCP or something. ¶ Oh shit, I thought, I'm about to become VERY fucking derranged. It was a horrible feeling, and a few minutes later, I started to get the worst stomach cramps of my life, and my body told me, 'You've just poisoned yourself badly, and you might not make it.' ¶ I got very scared, and ran into the bathroom where my stomach proceeded to turn itself inside out. I think this action probably saved my life. After I was finished, I had this feeling like I had drank a couple of cases of beer, and my legs were so wobbly I couldn't hardly walk. Every muscle in my body felt flabby and loose. I returned to the living room, where I felt concern from people....E was repeatedly asking me, 'Are you OK?' I tried to tell her I wasn't, but my tongue wouldn't work properly. At about this time, I started to feel like there were insects crawling around under my skin, an EXTREMELY uncomfortable sensation. It was so bad that I began to claw at my flesh in order to rip them out. The last thing I remembered was leaping up off of the couch, and running out the door, then, blackness. ¶ I don't know what happened, it was like being in a dream....entities swirled around me, I had the vague sensation of being around people, but my memories of this time are kinda like recalling a hazy dream... nothing was substantial. ¶ Finally, I woke up. It was morning, and I was in an apartment, lying on the floor curled up in a fetal position, naked. How I had arrived at this particular point in space & time was a mystery to me. My eyes were dry as a desert, and my contacts were sticking to my eyelids, making everything look really fuzzy. The odd thing was, it was like I had woken up into a dream, but I was aware that the dream was 'consensus reality' but a dream, nonetheless. I felt incredibly happy, and full of elation. Suddenly, I was aware of human presences entering the room. Intrigued, I studied them to become aware of their intent. One of the people seemed to be a average middle-aged man, but to my surprise, the other two were wearing uniforms and were armed. 'Why, it's the police!' I thought. 'But why are they here? What is going on?' ¶ The police came over to me and started to ask me questions. I couldn't tell if they were real or not, but I jabbered

my jaws in a manner resembling speech, and they seemed satisfied with my answers. One of the officers gets a bedsheet from somewhere and wraps it around me, toga-style. I thought I had changed into someone from Ancient Greece, and couldn't figure out why my hands were being cuffed. Surely the Greeks need their hands free! I was led out into the bright sunshine, when I realized just how thirsty and sensitive to light my eyes were. But I was just having the greatest time getting arrested! It was like I was aware of this happening to me, but I was so far away, I was like, 'It's a dream, and I'll wake up back in my bed in Louisiana.' So I went along with the officers to see where they would take me. Along the way, I tried to make jolly conversation from the backseat, realizing that I'm being arrested. 'So tell me, gentlemen, what exactly am I being arrested for?' They wouldn't respond. 'Oh well, I thought, and continued my conversation with the other people in the backseat with me. It was weird, I was talking to this guy in the backseat and he promptly disappeared! But I really wasn't disturbed by this. ¶ The cops continued to ply me with questions, like 'Which day is this? The year? Who's the President', and other such inanities. I answered them all with gusto & personality, because I wanted them to like me. In response to their question, 'So what drugs do you like to do?' I responded, 'Well, I just got really drunk at the kegger last night, officer, and I just don't know what happened after that!' Now that I look back on that, I am glad I instinctively knew to not admit the fact that I was blasted on Jimson Weed, thereby saving me three days in the Psycho Ward. ¶ We pull into the giant structure located in the heart of Dallas which is the Dallas county jail. I was led into the heart of processing, and I was convinced that I was in an airport for some reason, what with all of the hubbub around me. My toga kept falling off, revealing my nakedness to hundreds of people, but I was so far out there, I didn't even notice until cops kept putting my sheet back on. After the volley of fingerprinting & paperwork, I was led into a single cell and given an orange jumpsuit to wear. Man, getting locked into a cell while mad on Jimson Weed is something to behold. I immediately realized my situation, and got 'serious' in a dissociated sort of way. It was the first time I had ever been in jail, but the emotional impact of this was lost on me, as I was totally oblivious to everything. It was like the feeling you get when you wake up out of a deep sleep, you know, that 'out of it' feeling? It was like that, except about 100 times stronger. I tried to

get my faculties in order, but was tripping so hard still, I couldn't do anything but wait. ¶ I think I was put in my cell at about eight in the morning, and stayed in there until about ten o'clock at night. It was like I turned on my 'survival mode', and even ate the shitty prison food, because I knew I needed to keep up my strength. As the day wore on, I started to come back to reality, and I started to worry about exactly what I had done to get here. Had I killed somebody? Attacked someone? I had no idea of the seriousness transgression that had landed me here, and no one would tell me. Finally, at long last, a jailer came and let me out, handcuffing me to a group of about ten other people. 'Okay, people, it's time to go see the judge!' ¶ Alright, I thought, now I get to find out what I had done. After arriving in the courtroom, the judge scrolled down the list, and finally, when she got to my name, I feared the worst. The charge: ¶ Disorderly Conduct. ¶ 'Whew,' I thought, 'doesn't sound so serious!' I was elated in a way. The next thing I know, I'm going through another set of corridors to stand in another line. The friendly jailer keeps us all there, joking about what we were we all going to do when we got out. 'I bet ya'll all will go get drunk, huh?' he grinned, and looked at me, 'What in the hell did you do?' 'I don't know, but I got seriously wasted last night and got into some shit!' Everyone laughed, as obviously I was on very powerful drugs and probably looked like shit. The jailer gives me some street clothes and shoes (I had been wandering around the jail all day shoeless as well) and miraculously, lets us go! ¶ I was elated, until I realized I had no money, had no idea where I was, and was still tripping VERY fucking hard. In jail, I had been surrounded by a lot of people, and I kept feeling like they were all still around me. I was at a loss of what to do, so I just set out walking. Spirits kept revolving around me, kinda like the way electrons surround an atom. As I walked, my trip seemed to grow in intensity. I recall myself just having great conversations with all of my friends, then just realizing, 'Wait, they aren't here,' and then seeing another one of my friends walking beside me and renewing my conversation. I remember seeing Lucifer, and running up to him to tell him about my experience so far. 'Man, you should have kept me from the cops, like, what the fuck, dude!' and he would just smile and then disappear. Eventually, I found myself rapidly walking out of town into some weird area, the kind of place I'd normally be paranoid driving through at night sober....not to mention on foot, out of my head

on Jimson Weed. Amazingly, I felt no fear, as the spirits surrounding me revealed themselves to be my ‚guardian angels‘. They were spirits of my ancestors, and of people I had never met. I somehow knew they were gonna help me survive this experience, and keep me from harm. ¶ I decided to walk back into the city, and a new problem manifested itself. As I stated previously, Dallas was in the middle of a heat wave, and I was desprately hot & thirsty. Earlier that summer, I had suffered heat exhaustion, and I felt my body slipping back into that state. My survival instinct kicked in, and I managed to keep myself hydrated by drinking out of water sprinklers and gutters. I knew if I didn’t keep myself hydrated, I would die. I imagine that a lot of the thirst was directly caused by the Jimson Weed, man, that stuff just sucks it out of you! ¶ I finally reached a point, after walking around the city for several hours, that my body needed rest, so I found a spot under an overpass with an spectacular view of the city. I went to sleep, and woke up at dawn. Immediately upon waking, I resumed my walking. My delierium seemed to be increasing as the day progressed & the temperature climbed. It seemed like I just couldn’t keep enough fluids in me, and that I was slowly dying. Suddenly, I had a flash of memory. I remembered the name of the street that E’s apartment was on! Encouraged by this recall, I asked everyone I ran into until I was pointed in the right direction. ‚It’s about six miles that way,‘ said some denizen of the city. ¶ Great. Another six miles in this heat, along the side of one of the main expressways in the city. It was like the Battan Death march to me, I knew that I was in a struggle for my life – and there was no more water to be found. I knew I was getting very close, but the heat exhaustion claimed me, and I knew my situation was getting critical. I called on my guardian spirits to help me, but they were nowhere to be found. Out of the blue, I hear a cry, ‚Hey man, come over here and get some water! You don’t look so good!‘ I looked to where the voice was coming from, and spied a city workcrew, and a black man was waving me over to their water cooler. At first, I thought these were imaginary people like all of the rest, but then a took a swig of water and realized that the spirits had saved me once again. I looked at the man who had called me over, and realized that his spirit was one of the ones that had accompanied me since I had gotten out of jail. He was like a redeeming angel. I gushed thanks to him, and asked him if I was close to the street I was looking for. ‚Yeah, it’s right over there, about a couple of blocks

up.‘ Eureka! I was going to survive after all! ¶ I stagger the rest of the way to the street, and then follow it to the apartment building where E lived. I went to her door, and knocked. Lucifer opens the door, and totally flips out. We were very glad to see one another, as they all thought I was dead. I don’t remember anything except falling out on the floor in a dead faint, aware that I had made it out of the most trying event of my life. ¶ The Aftermath: It took me about four days to get back to ‚normal‘. I had to use a cane to walk for about a week after, as my body had been smashed like I had been in a motorcycle accident. Evidently I had fallen repeatedly during my blackout phase. I pieced together what had happened to me with the help of people who had been at the party. Seems that I had jumped up out of the apartment, took off all of my clothes, and spent the rest of the evening jumping in and out of the pool (accounting for all of the abrasions & lacerations suffered from banging into concrete repeatedly) What got the cops called was that I started to go up to people’s apartments (stark naked, of course) and saying, ‚I am the TERMINATOR,‘ then laughing gleefully and running away. So I didn’t do anything too bad. The worst thing that came out of the entire ordeal was that E’s boyfriend got kicked out of his apartment because of my behavior. Turns out the guy who had been with the cops when I came to was the apartment manager, and that my arrest was enough to get E’s boyfriend & roomates kicked out. Pretty weak reasoning, but shit happens, I guess. Surprisingly, the boyfriend & roomates weren’t really mad at me, saying ‚It could have happened to any one of us, dude.‘ I was decent and helped them move their shit out, while I did this, I had all of these people who lived in the complex make comments like, ‚Fucked up, weren’t ya?’ and ‚nice ass‘ and shit like that. Hey, I would have laughed at me too! ¶ I will NEVER do Jimson Weed again, but I am glad for the experience. If any of ya’ll do it, be out somewhere FAR AWAY from civilization, with plenty of good trip-sitters. And prepare to have one foot in the land of the dead, and one in the land of the living for about three days. This experience changed me as much as my first acid trip did, but this plant will make you realize what death is all about. It was said that Jim Morrison, known for his seemingly superhuman ability to consume substances without any ill effect was permanently changed by this weed, as was I. Be careful, ya’ll, and stay away from this stuff, because its trip is a death trip. ¶ Love and light.....

MR. VIDEO CAMERA

BY WAYDOWN

DOSE	BODY WEIGHT	EXP. YEAR	AGE	GENDER
3 FLOWERS, ORAL (TEA)	70 KG	2006	NOT GIVEN	FEMALE

Exams are over. My friend and I had been studying arses off and were looking forward to the night which we had saved up for. We had read many a report about the majority of substances we were intending on ingesting and yes, we both intentionally wanted to push the stupidity barriers by getting fucked up on exorbitant amounts of everything. ¶ About four days ago to be precise, a uni lecturer from the toxicology unit pointed out that there were Datura plants growing around the campus, and to our amusement, we didn't have to venture very far in order to find a very enticing looking plant filled with many of these glorius devils trumpets. We did not hesitate in picking ourselves three 15–20 cm flowers and a few leaves... just for kicks. ¶ So we walk and talk and walk somemore until we reach our campus apartment, which we then proceed to do the usual extraction technique of boiling the flowers and leaves in a pot for awhile until it was of a yellowish tinge, and then drain it, mix it with some cinammon sugar and let it rest in the refridgerator. The thought that consumed both of us at this point in time was almost exactly the same. A nice, cool, refreshing drink to accompany all of our other supplies. An exciting thought indeed. We then each railed up .2 gram of coke lines for each of us. We have both usually enjoyed ourselved immensely whilst under the influence of good old charlie. After our lines, we're feeling fine so venture on to roll ourselves a mother blunt. And it was just that. Chucked on one of our favourite albums of all time, Piper at the gates of Dawn, and continued to draw in the sweet smoke of mary jane, whilst babbling on like monkeys. ¶ When reading this, it may appear that this was over a short period of time...extracting datura, snorting the coke, ect. It wasn't a short period of time. Maybe about two and a half hours to the point where we smoke the last of our blunt and feel fucking fantastic. What to do now? We have quite a bit of ingesting to do before the night is through..although a dif-

ficult question is....what next? Neither of us had touched Datura before and we were excited to say the least. From what we had read of Datura trips, people don't feel like they are actually tripping as such, so our plan was to hook up the god blessed video camera and get it all on cam. We then decided to not rush into it and smoke a few cigarettes, drink a few brews whilst sitting on the baby balcony, observing the wonders that are the...campus gardens. Profound, really. This seemed a bit banal for us so we had a few more lines. More albums, more coke, more albums, more coke, more.....is a great pink floyd album, so we put it on. ¶ The Datura would have been chilled mondo styles, so we pondered if right now may be the right time to have a sippy-wip. Music setting is vital. So we put on California by Mr. Bungle. On goes the REC button of mr. video camera and we get two pretty cups and fill each other up. It is nowhere near as bad tasting as we had prior anticipated. Maybe because of the cinammon sugar, but it really wasn't too bad. Bitter if anything. From our brew, we got about a one litre and a half mix. We consumed a few glasses until we had only the half litre left which is when we decided to slow things down. We sat down to play connect four, which is a loved game between us. We didn't notice anything at first, obviously, so kept on playing, sparking cigarettes. Throat felt a bit dry...as did my friends, he be called Jeckyl by the way. ¶ Connect four got a bit old, so we took turns in using the toilet. He seemed to have no trouble taking a tinkle, but for me, it was beyond difficult. It was extremely extremely fucking hard. and on the flip side of the coin, my bladder felt as though it may very well burst quite soon. I sat on the toilet in a bit of pain just thinking to myself and I notice that my friend from high school slid under the crack of the toilet cubical. Gee thanks Rene, a bit of privacy would be appreciated, although seeing you is quite good also! How have things been? She seemed offended and disappeared. I wasn't trying to insult her so thus it wasn't my fault and I had nothing to feel sorry about. ¶ I come out of the toilet and there Jeckyl is, laughing hysterically and having conversations with people he can see but I cannot. This made me rather jealous, so I then pounce on Jeckyl, and to my surprise end up face down on the floor. I scream out Jeckyl Jeckyl you sneaky motherfucker, where are you hiding? and his head pops up behind the back of the sofa. I lunge at it and again, he disappears into fat air. This game isn't fair, Jeckyl then finally comes up behind me and proposes that

OH RATS! IT'S DECEIVING!

BY THE PIE-EYED PIPER

DOSE	BODY WEIGHT	EXP. YEAR	AGE	GENDER
700 SEEDS, ORAL	150 LB	2005	NOT GIVEN	FEMALE

September 10, 2005- *Datura Innoxia* (2 pods each, freshly picked) Each pod contained over 200 seeds. My boyfriend (170 lbs.) and I (145 lbs.) ate them in the early evening, got really tired when it set in and both fell asleep for a couple hours. I woke to find him looking under the baseboard heater with a maglight. He had found a bunch of pills under there, he said, but some of them weren't real because they'd dematerialize when you picked them up. He also told me that our pet rat Baldwin (God Bless your little tail...Wherever you are) had 'found' some other rats but some of them looked sick so he had put them in the cage (Baldy was a free range hairless rat) to keep them from contaminating anybody. I looked and sure enough I saw 2 or 3 rats and a little black mouse in the cage. Then I noticed 2 more sleeping by the alarm clock... there were more burrowing through the laundry hamper making the whole thing squirm around like crazy. ¶ Now one of the important things to remember about any kind of jimson weed is that a lot of the time that I'm high I don't even know that I'm totally insane. It's like I forgot I took anything and it seems perfectly natural for the world to suddenly appear like it does. Well, we came down a bit and discerned that the sick 'rats' were a paper towel, a sock, some newspaper, etc. We had a good laugh about it. ¶ September 11, 2005- In this hallucinogenic garden of our eccentric neighbor also grew *Datura Stramonium*. Unlike the beautiful *Innoxia* it had no semen-scented (no kidding) white trumpets and instead of the smooth leaves and less-spiky pods... the plants were scraggly with worm-eaten pointy leaves, dark, flowerless, and the pods wore armor like so many hypodermic needles- I had to wear a glove to twist them off and scoop out the seeds. It looked pretty evil for a plant, and the seeds were more abundant per pod, smaller and darker, and tasted like battery acid as we chomped down at least 700 seeds apiece at about 8 AM. That, as you will soon note, is too much. ¶ Both C. and I are very

experienced with tripping. I started with acid and mushrooms at thirteen and loved it. Then I went on to love peyote, mescaline, DXM, AMT, DMT...all the way to toad skins and Brazilian tree bark. Nothing could have prepared us for this one. Again we fell asleep and again I woke second. This time C. was talking on the phone to his mom on a screwdriver in the middle of the kitchen floor, surrounded by the inner workings of the coffee pot, trying to inject a spoonful of tobacco, and 'smoking' a butter knife, begging his mom (on the screwdriver) and I for a glass of water. ¶ *Datura* lets us confuse one object of even slightly similar size, shape, weight or personality with another object, often with strange results. I noticed the rats were back and mentioned it to C. He said yes, they'd come home about an hour ago and were seemingly in worse health even than before. In the cage was a gruesome sight. A white big shaved mother rat had been hit by a car or something and was all ripped apart on the back half with her spine hanging out (in reality this was the hole in the sock one puts their foot in) and I could tell by her labored breathing that she was in agony. I had all I could do to hold back the tears while I begged C. to 'put it out of its misery' as she gave birth to litter after litter of rotting stillborn pinkies. This brought the maggots and flies. Even some huge spiders. ¶ All those cliché 'tripping stories' were coming true but by then we had no idea we were schizo and had forgotten that we had even taken anything. That jimson weed could convince two adults of nonexistent rats not once but twice in 24 hours. We didn't know how, since we always kept the place tidy, that we ended up with such a pest problem. It was hard to keep track of how many people were in the apartment. Most of them I didn't know anyway. We agreed that the 2 smelly fisherman who had just left would not be allowed back in. ¶ I told the fan not to answer the door and she said she'd give me a shot of dope since there was coke piled sky high on the table and I couldn't get my dealer to listen to me do give me anything or to pay attention to me when he was so small. He was so uncooperative that the more and louder I yelled at him the smaller and more deformed he became until I realized he was a potato in the palm of my hand. The potatoes had pushed off the table by all the coke and this immense jet black hulk of a man weighing it out in 'featherweights.' No, no not potatoes... how could someone be so cruel as to cut off a rat's tail and arms and legs like that? ¶ I guess they weren't all dying though because

they were all still breathing and moving and had many scars but no open wounds or blood. The old man and old woman in our bed were dying though. The woman had a bottle of OxyFast. I told her I needed some as I was dopesick but she said I'd get no sympathy from her, even after all I was doing for them. She and her husband were so sick and dying I felt bad and let them boss me around in my own house so rudely- making me brush their teeth for them, cook and bring them soup made of Datura seeds and lotion, ice water, cold compresses. I shaved her legs with one piece of the inside of that Mr. Coffee that would never work again. The piece looked something like a razor...as I said that would be a common mistake on this stuff. The landlord must have found out about the vermin because by the looks of all the people taking cover in the trash cans outside, they were gonna smoke us out! C. was on probation at the time with less than a week left (really) so either the cops or the landlord or the fire dept. or someone, C. said, was gonna fumigate us in a second. ¶ He put a pair of jeans. Then he put on another pair over those. I told him he had 2 and he took 1 off again. He said hurry and I said I couldn't move – I lay on the floor a little beat up – a blackish eye and split brow and lip – C. had wanted to get me out of me – wanted to know where I had hidden myself – ,what did you do with L?! I know she's in there...or something to that effect. Obviously no hard feelings about this. He didn't remember it and I barely can but I had marks for a week or so. I couldn't move cuz I most likely had a concussion so I told him to go on without me, save yourself! Save yourself from the cops and poor Baldwin the Rat (the only real rat in the place) from the pest control army that was now advancing on us from the front of the house, running hoses under the doors (you see the hoses flapping around with the pressure of the gas inside, hissing like snakes and whispering jumbled warnings and laughing at us.) ¶ C. put Baldwin on his shoulder and (no shirt no belt no socks) jumped out the window and down the fire escape. That was the last time we ever saw our beloved pet. *a moment of sad silence* ¶ More and more people kept coming to my house. They'd usually knock on the door and I'd open it and once I did I couldn't get rid of any of them, even when I said I had to leave to go look for C., because hallucinations are so damn uncooperative. You can't even physically remove them from your living room when your hand goes right through ,em! Nuts! There was some little Quasimodo of an

albino girl that I might have gone to school with in the hamper now, getting eaten alive by the rats and maggots in there to be sure but it was all way-out of my control. ¶ I had to get ready and find a ride to the party! I met one girl Jaimie who was homeless and on the road like I used to be. She also carried baby wipes in her satchel for when she couldn't get a shower – which she asked me for and I felt bad refusing her but I simply had to get everybody out so I could go find C. (C. who took my morphine and supposedly went out to lunch with a bunch of girls and one of my ex-boyfriends from a long time ago and would show up at the party and better not have given away my morphine by the time I got there.) Jaimie and I talked very closely for a while though and found out we had a lot in common even though she was ,dead' and I was on a different plane. We could still smoke a joint together and so we did, in the bathroom. Then she packed up her bag, gave me a straight-through hologram hug, and disappeared. ¶ We live next door to a supermarket. I went over there to see if anyone in the parking lot had seen C. with my morphine, or had any morphine for that matter. Boy, am I lucky I didn't get arrested. I found out the party was closer than I thought – It was to be held almost right behind my house, down by the railroad tracks. They were using the supermarket parking lot for the overflow. It was full of low-flying bats, birds, and tiny dinosaur-like things, all white or albino. I talked to the ATM machine. The ,automatic Teller' automatically Told me all kinds of nonsense. Back at home, waiting for C. and my nonexistent morphine, I could see them setting up the tents and getting the stages ready for the party, for the big show. It was practically standing room only out there. People (?) of all shapes and sizes and styles of dress (even some tophats and monacles and bustles and hoop-skirts and crazy african stuff and stilts) ¶ I doubted the humanness of some entities, including some with more than one head, but never doubted their reality. I was starting to get upset now though, not so much about the pills but I was worried about C. It was getting dark now and I walked away from the carloads and truckloads of people pointing at me and talking about me like ,wow, what is that?' Now it was just me and the ghost of Timmy Irving, someone I knew who had died just a couple months ago. I had been asking questions of a telephone pole when he came up behind me and told me it wasn't gonna talk back but I could talk to him if I wanted, like if I ever needed anyone to talk to... a little

nicer than he usually was in real life. We walked and talked all the way down the street to the garden where we picked the pods... and then (almost 12 hrs. late) then I remembered that I took the Datura and I was tripping. The road was flapping like a magic carpet. I could see animals and eyes and faces everywhere. Timmy said if we (me and C.) were both tripping on the Nightshade on the same night but at different places I should be able to find him. I closed my eyes and called to him. ¶ We are very close not only in our relationship but as tripping partners – we’ve often had mass hallucinations or communicated without speaking, so I had no doubt it would work. He appeared in the jimson weed garden, kinda fading in and out like TV with bad reception. It was hard to see him and it took all my energy just to get through for long enough for Timmy to disappear and C. to look at me with grave seriousness and say: ‚Find out if I have Bail!‘ So I knew he was in jail. He had got arrested for allegedly going in the Thai restaurant and asking to drink the fishtank water and eat the fish, then continuing on to Turner St. and climbing into the back seat of an unlocked car and sitting there talking to the headrests until the police showed up. He thought it was me and his mom in the car, driving us all to the party! ¶ In the end though they dropped the charges after he said he’d accidentally eaten a poisonous plant and was just temporarily loony. I was crazy for about 2–3 days altogether, before all the posters finally stopped talking to each other and I couldn’t see that design in the carpet or ceiling squirming around anymore. ¶ Altogether, this may sound like a bad trip but I wouldn’t say so. Too big of a dose and not the right setting. Had the plants been more mature we may well have kicked the bucket. I’ve tried it again twice more since, anyways. The Stramonium is stronger than the Innoxia by far, though the Innoxia gives a worse dry mouth and difficulty swallowing, unless I was just too high on the D.S. to notice anything. The visuals can tend to lean toward the gruesome and grotesque – it must just be the chemical cuz I’ve heard the same from just about anyone that’s done it.

plants project / 2

Plants as multiples. Well yeah, plants tend to multiply and be multiple. Like to grow in the wild, too. Urban, non-urban, don’t care. One can step in, be with them, go planter, go a crew. Crop and clear. And think about the commons. The commons - ‘cultural and natural resources accessible to all members of a society’, says one. ‘All gifts, all shared’, says another. What was “a society” again? Never mind. Definitions of SP23. Network 23. Free tekno, free party. Then-there-now.

The trip to relive. To relive a so-called significant event. A ciggy burn then scar tissue here, the smell of fruit and juice and kisses there – now jalapeño pepper, now musk. Tracks and songs about these - though maybe better play Music For Your Plants. And while losing fears – say trust, straight men, stasis... but heyya 22nd century, who needs these really – just don’t lose your sense of humour with it. “She has closed her eyes”.

Like, coming out of that – stronger? That wishful positivolo thinking. Re: process theory. But then, constructive, yes – per reconstruct and while not necessarily positivist, definitely projective, too. It was and by a same stroke new will be. And gotten. Motherboard[.vice.com] reports on new hearts being made out of scar tissue now. All generic – not so much progress but generative. Mean - to reconstruct what is visible each and every day. And that differently at night, with fading or flasher lights. Extreme events are bonding – someone says she’d read. Try as you will a different logic. Dumbo, though the cartoon version who manages to fly an all-time fav. Our Lady of the Flowers, Notre-Dame-des-Fleurs – another one quotes.

So there’s your vision. Call it forecast, call it speculation, if this weren’t so eager. Consumption and vision, consumption of vision; purge and vision, purge of vision. Consumption and purge of – it all. The analytical moment to consumption, basically. Right, bite that apple and go.

A CURIOUS MIND

BY JAMIE

DOSE	BODY WEIGHT	EXP. YEAR	AGE	GENDER
T+ 00:00: 150 SEEDS, ORAL T+ 18:00: 450 SEEDS, ORAL	127 LB	2003	NOT GIVEN	MALE

Its October 10th, 2 days before my 15th birthday. My Boy Dave comes to school an tells me about this crazy ass drug he found, he asked me if I've ever heard of jimson weed seeds. I say no as he proceeds to tell me about his experience with them. He said he injested one pod, about 100–200 seeds. He tells me he was on his way to his best friends house and he walked into the neibours house instead without even noticing. He walked to the fridge and poured a glass of milk then drank it, suddenly an old lady walks in and screams ,What are you doing in my house?' He frantically runs out of her house an to the right house. Then he tells me he did them the next day and did the exact same thing to the same house. Being the kind of person who will try almost anything once to find out what it does to me, I instantly was interested in trying this drug and asked what they looked like and how many I should do. He said to eat no more than one whole pod. ¶ I told 2 of my friends about these things and what they did to Dave. My friend Steve said he heard of them and know where one is growing. Me, Shawn and Steve start walking toward where they were. I was a little nervous since I've never heard of this before but was still eager to try them. We picked a single pod off and decided to get our other friend Stuters (Shayne) to come along. We sat there and told him about them and he wanted to be the first to try them. So we cut open the pod and he injested every last beat red seed, chewed, and swallowed. We went back to Stuters house and about half hour later he slured the words ,I feel a bit drunk' and told us to go eat some. ¶ Knowing they were for real and did get you high we went back to the plant and raided it. We took 3 more pods and each ate one. We decided to walk down town. About an hour later I felt very hot and uncomfortable. I remeber Steve saying he was going home to see his girl. Me, Shawn, and Stuters

were on Stuters front porch. Stuters said he was going to be right back, then I remember waking up on his front porch by myself and it was dark out by now. Confused, I got up and walked home. On the way I kept looking over and seeing all my friends I did them with. I was talking to them and smokin a spliff with them. I turned again and they were gone. I got real confused as too why they kept running off on me, it made me pretty mad too. I don't remember getting home or much after that at all. My mom told me the rest. ¶ She said when I got home I looked all fucked up. She said I sat down at the computer table without a single word and started moving my hands as I were rolling a joint, then lit it up and passed it around. I was talking to Shawn and Stuters about selling these things she said. Her and her boyfriend didn't know what to think so she kept asking me ,What are you on?' and I would say ,Oh nothing mom I've just been smokin weed an drinkin with Shawn and Shayne, you know, it's my birthday were just chillin'. ,No your not,' she said, ,Your on somthing harder.' And I argued with her ,No I've just been chillin with Shawn and Shayne smokiin weed, ask them!' She looks at me and yells ,There's noone fuckin there!' I turned and looked beside me with a confused look on my face and said ,Oh. they'll be right back.' ¶ She still didn't know what I was on because I simply didn't remember, all I knew was I was chillin wit my friends. She said over the next 7 hours I kept smoking cigarettes that weren't there and thinking I was burning myself. My step dad stayed up all night on the computer watching me since I wouldn't stay still or sleep. He told my at about 4 in the morning I got up off the couch and walked towards the table. It was pitch black so he couldn't see what I was doing. He said I was moving things around on the table so he told me to sit back down on the couch, so I did. He noticed I had something in my hands, looking at it, flipping it around and about 5 minutes later he heard me say, ,Is this the fuckin lid to the butter?' So he stands up and turns on the light. There I was sitting on the couch with the lid to our glass butter holder. He grabed it and went towards the butter and finds the pillow sitting in the spot where the lid should be and he laughed his ass off. ¶ My parents said they got a huge kick out of me, they said I was like a 10 year old kid with a 10 second memory span. Another incident my moma told me about was that I went to the bathroom an I was in there for like 10 minutes before I came out struting my

stuff buck naked in the hallway. She turned to her boyfriend and asked ‚What do I do?’ and he said I don’t know I’m not touchin him, so they told me to get dressed and it took quite a while for me to come out and when I did I had my momas pants around my head so they had to get me dressed themselves which I later apologised to them. ¶ It was a school night so my moma said I should stay home while they went to work. In the morning I was still pretty high but I remembered what I did by then. I went to my friend Joe’s house and told him all about it and we decided he wasn’t gunna go to school either and he was gunna do some seeds with me. We were gunna sell them to kids and make some money too so we went to the plant and grabed like 20 pods. We went up to the high school and gave a bunch away then we ate a pod each on the way to Shawn’s house to see how he made out last night. ¶ We got there and cut open all the pods and put them in bagies. We figured not many people would buy them so we ate another 3 pods each. The last thing I remember is Stuters aunt coming to Shawn’s freaking out asking us what he was on and to show her where they are because Stuters was in the hospital bleeding out of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. I instantly got paranoid since I just ate 4 more pods. ¶ I only remember about 10% of the whole time but Shawn wanted to stay sober to see what we do because he didn’t remember the night before which was good because we probly wouldn’t be here if he did them too. He first noticed Joe was trippin out because he asked Shawn who the lady suntaning in his back yard was. Shawn seen there was no one there and said it was his mom’s friend. His mom was coming home soon so he walked up to Joe’s house. On the way he said he knew I was high now too because I was chewing on my shirt like it was food, he said I looked at him and with the funniest expression on my face I said to him with my shirt in my hands, ‚Sosage???’ he just laughed and said ‚No, its ok Jamie.’ ¶ When we got to Joe’s he was having a hard time watching us since Joe was in his house and I was all over the place, in his back yard, his basement and walkin down his street. He came out back once and seen me smoking something and passing it to people who weren’t there. He started playing with me a bit asking if he can have some and I was like ‚No! Your cut you fucker!’ He just laughed and went back inside. When he got in there Joe was in his bathroom slicking his hair back with hair gel. Shawn didn’t say anything to him, just watched to see what

he was doing. Joe got out of the bathroom and sat on his couch. He put his arm around someone who wasn’t there and with a stud look on his face he asked, ‚What’s goin on babie?’ Shawn told me he actually fell to the ground laughing. ¶ The whole time this was going on I had 1 hit of ecstasy that I was saving for my birthday in a dime bag, Shawn said he kept asking to see it and make sure I still had it, I pulled it out a few times and showed him then he said that one time I pulled out the baggie and it was empty, he started getting paranoid and kept saying ‚Where’s the pill? Where is it?’ I had no idea what he was talking about and we still don’t know to this day if I ate it or not. ¶ About 5 hours of him babysitting us he was getting frustrated and decided to bring me home. He told my mom Shayne was in the hospital and she and him brought me there, Joe’s dad came home and found him talking to a telephone pole. My moma told Joe’s dad to bring him there too. When we got into the car she said I thought we were going to get my contacts so she didn’t tell me we were going to the hospital. When we got there it was around the time when the sars were going around so we had to get asked all these questions. The nurse asking my mom the questions had no idea I was all fucked up. I grabed at all the bottles that were on the desk and I was trying to drink one of em. My moma tried to grab it from me saying that it was the nurse’s and I held it tight yelling ‚No it’s not, I just made this fucking juice.’ There were people staring at me by this time and the nurse fetches a doctor. ¶ I got brought to this room and on the bed beside me was my friend Joe. Stuters was in intensive care. I vaguely remember this but I remember some. I remember the doctors and the 3 cops standing in front of me. The doctors gave me 2 cups of charcole in a paper cup and said I had to drink them or they would have to stick a tube down my throat. Me, having still no idea why I was in the hospital, was kinda thirsty anyway and forgot it was charcole. I looked down at the 2 cups and I figured it was pepsi or something so I chuged the first one then the second one. ¶ Instantly I felt a sandy feeling in my throat and was disgusted, then came 8 cups of see through liquid and the cop says I have to drink them too. Still mad they fed me pop with sand in it I refused. I lied back in my chair and tried to look over at my friend Joe but the curtain was in the way. I whispered to my mom to push my bed back so I could see him and she said if I drink the cups first. So I did, slowly but

surely. I remember how gross it was but still I did it. They had a clip clipped to my finger and I kept moving my finger towards my other hand. My moma would hold it back and say no and I was like ‚I just want to see it, just for a second.‘ So she let me. ¶ I was moving my finger slowly towards my hand then in a fast motion I grabbed it and ripped it off. They put the clip back on and I kept trying. Finally when I gave up I whispered to my moma again. ‚Move back my bed so I can see Joe‘. So without the doctors noticing she did so (gotta love my moma). I looked over at Joe and I remember seeing the biggest smile on his face as he said ‚Your nose is broken, that’s why your here.‘ and I replied ‚Really? Why are you here man?‘ and he laughed and said ‚I broke both of my legs man, I’ll never be able to walk again.‘ and all the cops started laughing at us. ¶ I forgot to mention when the cops were trying to get me to drink the stuff my mom said I was hitting on the lady cop and she was blushing and everything, I laughed when she told me that. But anyway we got put into our own rooms. When I got out of the hospital like 6 of my friends told me I called them from the hospital and I don’t remember still. One of the nurses found me naked in the elevator trying to escape the hospital. When I got out I was still having major side effects such as blurred vision (lasted over a week) dilated pupils (lasted a few days) for about a month after that every once in a while I would forget to take a breath, then find myself grasping for air. The doctor said we all suffered brain damage and should stay away from all drugs for at least 6 months, think any of us fucked up kids listened? Heh. ¶ Jimson seeds is the only drug I’ve done that I’ve said and actually meant that I’ll never do them again, they were quite the experience from what I remember but are no doubt very harmful to my body and very unpredictable seeings how the levels of poison in the plant varies from year to year and even from leaf to leaf. I know how I think when people say don’t do this or even suggest not too, I’m a curious kid and that’s why I did them and I know many more kids will too so I’ll just try to let you know what your in for, I suggest you don’t do them, they are evil but I know how I am and I know some will. I spent my 15th birthday in the hospital and I’ll never forget that. I’m personally glad I did them because I learned alot, I learned that even when things seem fun they could be fatal.

THAT TERRIFIED, NAKED MAN IN THE CORNER IS ME

BY CRAIG

DOSE	BODY WEIGHT	EXP. YEAR	AGE	GENDER
600 SEEDS, ORAL	195 LB	2006	NOT GIVEN	MALE

I’ll start with a little background. This is a detailed report of a trip that spans the course of three days. I am not 100% sure on all of the details of the trip, as I can’t truly recall everything. Clues I found in my house after the trip help, though, and chronologically this story is quite accurate. **BACKGROUND:** A friend and I have been serious into drugs for years now -- we’ll call him Chris. Between the two of us, we’ve tried nearly every drug that could even be slightly considered recreational -- drugs many of you have likely never heard of. ¶ Then came inevitability: Deliriants. The day finally came where there were just no drugs left to try. After reading extensively, we turned to deliriants. It was all that was left to try. ¶ We meticulously grew and picked Datura plants that we had grown and cultivated over an indeterminate stretch of time. The day came when the plant was ready to be ingested. We separated a significant portion of seeds -- 600 a piece. Looking back, the dose was absolutely ridiculous, and we are very, very lucky to be alive. I should be a dead man right now. ¶ The mentality behind the dose was something along the lines of ‚we’re too experienced not to do this much,‘ and ‚our bodies are too used to drugs,‘ etc... Essentially, we were ‚too tough‘ for Datura, and thus took a very stupid dose and a very stupid risk. ¶ **THE TRIP:** Day 1 T+ 0:00 – T+ 1:00 ¶ Jenn, a friend of mine, came over to sit with us. ¶ We ingested 600 seeds each as quickly as possible and washed them down with a glass of milk. We then locked all the doors and windows to my house as to prevent any drug-induced rampages, police run-ins, or worse. Chris and I plopped down in front of my new big-screen, and began watching a movie. About an hour into it, I started to feel the effects. The dry mouth came on, as in other trip reports. I had no idea it would be this strong. My legs felt like rubber and

my body was completely out of whack. I looked over to Chris to tell him it was kicking in and I found even this simple task disorienting. He confirmed the same experience thus far. In what was the stupidest move of the century, Jenn decided she was bored and that she would take 150 seeds. Now, she's had her experiences with drugs before, but she was our sitter. ¶ T+3:00 As time passed, it seemed to stretch. Much like a DXM trip I lost all reference of time. The only indicator was a digital clock, which would have been impossible to read if it weren't for the large readout. The movie had since finished, and the television was airing some show about cops. I honestly couldn't tell you what it was I was watching, but all the lights and colors melded into this visual supernova that I couldn't stop staring at. Chris grunted strangely, and I looked over to see him sliding off the couch. I became frightened because at that very moment, the room had vanished. We were stranded on a couch in a burning hallway. I grabbed Chris and pulled him back onto the couch so that he wouldn't get burned. He looked at me with his massive pupils and spoke an unrecognizable string of words. Time slowed as he spoke. His voice echoed in slow-motion, and his pupils expanded beyond his eyes, spiraling toward me. I was intrigued at what I was seeing when Jenn grabbed my shoulder from the other couch. She was engulfed in flames and ran from the couch up into my bedroom. ¶ I laid on my bed trying to make sense of everything when I saw a man looking in through my window. Unable to make out his face, I was frightened. It was dark outside, and I was on the second floor. Impossible, but I believed it. ¶ T+5:00 Jenn opened the door to my room. She shouted something and laid next to me. Her face twisted and turned as I stared and I couldn't remember where we were. ¶ T+8:00 I must have blacked out, because three hours had passed and I was still lying with Jenn in my bed – only we were now both naked. Did we have sex? Why was I naked? What happened? I had no explanation, but somehow I didn't seem to need one. We tried to have sex, which is weird in itself since we had never so much as kissed before this. I was too far gone to know what I was doing, and then I went black again. ¶ T+11:00 I came to. Sprawled on my bedroom floor, I was now by myself. I noticed a residue on my body, leading me to believe that we had sex, but Jenn was nowhere to be found. I walked into the kitchen looking for her, but there was no kitchen beyond my bedroom door. I stepped into a supermarket -- only it was closed,

and there was no food on the shelves. I ran back downstairs into the TV room, where I had last seen Chris. The room was black. I saw nothing but a body, hovering in mid air. It was Chris, who seemed to be sleeping. ¶ T+12:00 I decided I needed a cigarette. Interestingly enough, I had one in my ear at the time. I smoked it, and took another one from my now-reloaded ear. Where were these coming from? ¶ T+13:00 I grew tired, but I still hadn't found Jenn. I walked upstairs and immediately upon opening the door I needed to lie down. I thought I was in some kind of endless field, and that I was sleeping on the grass. There I slept for almost 20 hours. ¶ T+33:00 I awoke, still hallucinating. I didn't know where I was or how I had gotten there, but it seemed to be a house that wasn't my own. I proceeded into the living room to come across a naked woman (Jenn). She sat in her chair, talking to nobody. When I entered the room, she saw me and immediately took off running. Where did she go? Who was she? ¶ T+35:00 I needed to leave. I was in a strange house and I was stuck. I ventured into what I thought was a bedroom. It turned out to be a balcony. On the balcony, I found a man's clothing but no man. Were these mine? I looked out into the backyard and there on the ground was a man, naked. Somebody had fallen. Luckily they landed in the water. ¶ T+36:00 I proceeded into the next room, intrigued as if I were investigating some deserted mansion. A radio hummed, though I saw no radio. I noticed a sliding glass door to the back, and tried to open it. This was a strange door, and I couldn't seem to open it. I felt trapped. I knew it was some kind of illusion. I jumped through it and I was right. There was nothing there, and I was finally outside -- free from the prison. There was a truck on the side of the road that I noticed from where I was standing. I decided to hitch a ride and try to get back home. I jumped into the bed of the truck and waited. Shortly thereafter, the driver got in and we were off. I laid still so not to attract attention, when all of a sudden a friend of mine from High School appeared. I hadn't seen him in ages, but he was going to blow my cover. I remembered I was naked, and I didn't want him to see me. I tried to close my eyes, but he was still there. I shouted and tried to struggle with him, but he disappeared. ¶ T+??? The truck stopped. I was found out. The driver got out and saw me. He had no facial features -- no mouth, no nose, no eyes. I jumped from the bed and began to run, naked and scared. This is my last memory. There is no further evidence

as to what happened after this point, but I awoke hours later, finally somewhat sober. ¶ I opened my eyes, and there were three people staring at me. I was naked, bleeding and covered in my own feces. I huddled in the corner of whatever room I was in. It was a family. They found me and tried to keep me safe. I was in southern New Hampshire, after starting in Maine. I was almost three hours from my home with no recollection of how I got there. The family offered me clothing and enough money to take the bus back home. ¶ AFTERMATH: I returned home to find my house in ruins. The sliding glass door I had ,imagined‘ was my bedroom window. Chris was lying on the ground in my yard after falling from the second floor. He had no clothing on. He was alive, but broke his right leg. I found Jenn in my bathtub, still naked and sleeping. My life was hysteria for 48 hours, I’m not sure how all three of us survived that trip.

DARK AND HOPELESS HELL

BY TEK22

DOSE	BODY WEIGHT	EXP. YEAR	AGE	GENDER
1, ORAL	170 LB	1998	NOT GIVEN	MALE

When I was 18, I was in a strange place in the world. I was homeless, penniless and with no real ambition to pull myself out of the gutter. Although I was without the basic necessities of food and shelter, I had a steady supply of drugs that were dispensed, I suppose, out of sympathy by many of my friends. I went to sleep hungry and cold every night, but never sober. One evening, before I left a party to hit the streets to find a broom closet or stairwell to lay my head, I guy a barely knew gave me a large freezer bag full of brown spikey pods. ¶ ,What are these?‘ ,Jimson Weed. The seeds will make you trip. Maybe you can sell them. I don’t want them.‘ ¶ He told me to split the pod open and eat half of the seeds if I really wanted to trip hard. To me that meant

eat the whole pod since I always found ,recommended‘ dosages to be unsatisfying. ¶ I chose not to dose that night, since I was already tired and afraid I might fall asleep before the trip kicked in. I slept in a building gutted by a fire a few years before and the freezing November air woke me just before dawn. I got up and walked into town to raise my body temperature and avoid hypothermia (this was my daily morning ritual). Obviously, 5 AM in a small city offers very little in terms of recreation, so I decided it was the right time to open the door of perception and began my day with a psychedelic breakfast. ¶ I chose the largest pod in the bag, which was also the darkest in color (I was told afterward the most potent seeds are the deepest brown). The seeds were terribly bitter and many of the shells got stuck in my teeth. I managed to finish the entire pod with a little help from a public water fountain. I watched a beautiful sunrise from the roof of an apartment building, constantly waiting for the effects of the Jimson Weed to take effect. ¶ I can’t say how long I sat until the seeds started working, but the first noticeable signs came in the form of extreme thirst and general physical discomfort. Finding the feelings of seeming dehydration too strong to ignore, I went to a nearby McDonald’s for free ice water. It must have been after 9 because the only people in the restraint were old guys getting free refills on senior citizen-discounted coffee. I sat in a booth in the back corner, sipping water through a cracked straw, watching the thirsty elderly redneck parade. It didn’t take long for me to realize I was entering into a very hallucinogenic trip. The fact that I hadn’t eaten a real meal in a week and I was sleep deprived probably added to the drug’s intensity, but I can’t imagine a big dinner and a full 8 hours would have made too much of a difference. ¶ Unlike the onset of an E or acid trip, my mental state was very comfortable but my physical condition felt quite unhealthy. The heavy sense of inebriation was quickly followed by powerful, disorienting visuals. Though they weren’t disturbing, they seemed as clear as sunlight. Black cats milled about the floor in front of me, so numerous I couldn’t even see the tile. They appeared wet and angry. There was deep crimson blood dripping from the ceiling. ¶ Everything was technicolor. The sense of detachment was strong, but it didn’t feel strange. Each hallucination flowed into the next. I was holding a very old bible in my lap. I couldn’t figure out how to open it. Soon it started to leak blood, too. The more I struggled, the more it bled. As soon as I realized my efforts

were futile, the book materialized into the air around me. It didn't seem strange to me. When I analyzed the room again it was a bustling, futuristic metropolis. It appeared very large and very alien, with shining chrome and flashing lights everywhere. I began to feel discomfort and the strong urge to urinate simultaneously. ¶ I staggered into the bathroom and vomited in the closest urinal, right in front of an amish man. Now I live in south central Pennsylvania, so it's very possible that he was really there, but considering my state and other people's accounts of Datura-induced visuals, I suspect he was just a hallucination. I do know that I relieved myself somewhere in the bathroom and left through the side exit adjacent to the lavatory door. The street outside was a scene of WWII-ravaged Europe. I don't know which country, but everyone on the street was garbed in Nazi military uniform. I felt very threatened. I ran into the alley behind the parking lot and ¶ hid behind a pine tree. ¶ The anxiety soon ebbed, but the thirst and need to urinate returned. I knew I needed a comfort zone, a place I could relax in. A friend lived nearby. I walked to his apartment complex and stood in front of the stairwell. The same crimson blood from the McDonald's was cascading down the steps. It began to rise over my shoes, up my legs. A heavy sense of vertigo came over me. There's a memory gap between the stairs and my friends apartment, but I ended up on his couch watching dolphins dive through the wall in a seamless loop. During my time there, I experienced the typical non-existent cigarette search and the disappearing person puzzle. I visited the bathroom many times, but eliminated very little. The sense of dehydration was unbearable! There was no comfort. I didn't recognize the people in the room. I asked the person closest to me where 'Bill' was. ¶ 'Bill's not here', was the return. I closed my eyes to escape the growing sense of panic. But when my eyelids shut, all I saw was a new room with new people. Where was I? I tried to reopen my eyes, but it only revealed another room with yet more strangers. This went on and on. I didn't know if my eyes were open or shut. I didn't know where I was, what time it was or what was happening. My panic turned into sensory collapse. Every thing bled together and I felt a deep spiraling sensation engulf me. I lost all visual capabilities, but I still had a very real sense of touch. I was trapped in a small metallic box. It made perfect sense to me. ¶ I was dead. This was hell. There were no demons, no hellfire or brimstone, just a deep, complete feeling of darkness and hopelessness. This

plants project /3

The Datura video game, courtesy PlayStation – reviews, user feedback and comments:

"There's a fine line between the artistically brilliant and the indecipherable. To walk that line is to risk turning a potentially great piece of work into an object of ridicule. And yet, that's a risk that developer Plastic has taken with the PlayStation Move-powered first-person adventure Datura. It's not so much a game as it is an interactive art piece, a psychedelic trip that hints at greatness but ends up trying too hard to be clever for its own good. There's no coherence to the story and no real challenge to be had, resulting in a short, if technically impressive, adventure that's more confusing than intriguing." [source: <http://www.gamespot.com/datura/reviews/datura-review-6376448>]

"THE VERDICT: At about 90 minutes in length, Datura won't take you very long to get through. If you enjoy yourself enough the first time around, the game certainly warrants a second playthrough to see the different choices you could have made and their respective ramifications. Still, the control scheme butchers what could have been one of the PlayStation Network's finest exclusive experiences, giving players something that they've simply never seen or played before, something ambient, artistic and heady." [source: <http://www.ign.com/articles/2012/05/07/datura-review>]

"If the execution fails to live up to the promise, it's hard not to admire the ambition to at least create something different. And it's another praiseworthy example of Sony Santa Monica taking a punt on an oddball indie project. I've played it through three times in three ways: Move with 3D, Move and Dual Shock. The latter option, as I've said, is a pointless addition that feels like an interminably drawn-out QTE with dreadful Sixaxis implementation. It's better with Move because it was made for it. It's not, though, reason enough to buy one. But if you do have Sony's under-supported device stuffed in a drawer, Datura is a flawed experiment that's worth a look if only because it reaches towards - and occasionally touches - something that feels genuinely fresh." [source: <http://www.eurogamer.net/articles/2012-05-10-datura-review>]

was the never-ending void. Not at all how I had imagined it, but worse than I thought that it could have been. I've had feelings of infinite emotion on acid trips and sensations of universal truth in K-holes, but this was the most profound reality I had ever experienced. My whole existence was put into perspective, and I was being punished for wasting the gift of life. I blacked out at some point in the box and woke up in my friend's apartment the next day. He said I was out for about 8 hours. The physical effects wore off about a day later, but the psychological impression has yet to fade. ¶ Datura is boundless. Datura is powerful beyond words. Datura is POISON!

BODILY INVASION

BY PHILSTER

DOSE	BODY WEIGHT	EXP. YEAR	AGE	GENDER
150 SEEDS, ORAL	162 LB	2004	NOT GIVEN	MALE

I was with a few friends one night when I saw a plant with small cactus pods. I remembered having heard about it before when I was a few years younger. They were called Jimson weed. The word around the campfire was that if you cut open the pod and let the seeds dry out, they will turn brown and be edible. I had never heard anything about dosage, although, I seem to recall hearing something about eating no more than half a pod, though I am unsure if that was when I first discovered Datura or after my friends took it at my first encounter with it. Anyway, I took a few pods off the plant and decided to share them with other psychonauts I knew. I could not find the few people I knew would have tried it so I dried out a couple pods, anyway. ¶ A couple days later I saw that the seeds had turned gustably brown. ¶ At about 7:00 P.M. I swallowed about half a pod which I estimated to contain about 280–320 seeds. I guess about two hours had passed until I started to feel the effects. I had no idea what to expect. I

was watching something on TV with the lights off. I started to feel disappointed. I got up to get a drink, or something, and I felt very heavy and lost my balance when I stood up. I remember telling myself ,wow, I am flying! I am really flying!(the enthusiasm about flying came from my previous notions about powerful drugs like that: they will make you feel like you can fly). At that pseudoaerial moment the feelings were pleasant and euphoric until a vicious feeling of a cotton-mouth hit me. I ,glided' to the sink and got a drink. A few seconds later I had the same cotton mouth. I had terrible balance and poor depth perception(greatly reduced ability to know how far away anything was from my grasp). My friend Chris came home and didn't seem to notice anything was awry. Then my mum came home. ¶ it must have been near 8:00–30 now. ¶ It was November at the time and quite cold in Woodstock, Canada. I had been seeing some fast, black dots streaking across the room like a fly buzzing around. I remarked to my mum and Chris that I thought it ,amazing that flies are still buzzing around this late into November. I thought they all would have frozen.' They had no idea what I was talking about. The next thing I remember after my ,flies in November' observation was putting somebody's boot on the countertop and inserting various items like a pencil, a salt shaker, crackers, a fork, a small booklet and other small objects, into the boot. I can only remember telling my mum and Chris that I had some purpose to my actions;; that it was a vital task I had to undertake. After I put all the random objects into the boot I put it back on the shoe mat, carefully and methodically. After that I stumbled to the fridge and became frustrated after attempting to grab a hold of the fridge handle. I could not sense how far away the handle was. I finally got it, flustered and nearly exhausted from so many failed attempts to open it. I just stared listlessly into the fridge and grabbed a carton of soy milk. I looked at it, astonished at what I was holding. With my eyes wide open and mouth ajar as if I had just prevented a lit cigarette in my dust bin from igniting some tissues and newspapers on fire, I asked Chris, ,wow, Chris! Where did I get this?' ,Uhhh, the fridge,' he said. At this point they still didn't grasp the seriousness of just how stoned I was. They were aware that I was acting strangely, but couldn't think of anything that would have had that effect on me. My mum was a bit worried and deduced that I must have taken something, and told Chris to keep an eye on me. ¶ It must have been around

9:30–10:00, about two or three hours into the ordeal, when I found myself in the bathroom, several times, as I kept walking in and out after completing some job. I remember holding an oval soap dish with a brown and golden ancient Egyptian border around it. I kept trying to wash it off and then I would place it on its side when I finished. Chris was standing at the bathroom door the whole time without my noticing him, just watching what I was doing the way someone would watch a physical altercation unfolding across a parking lot, waiting to see if it would become serious or violent before getting involved. Every once in a while I would realise he was there and tell him that things needed to be cleaned and that there was some problem in the bathroom. The most severe (if that is the right word) thing I remember from that night was walking into the bathroom again. I looked at the mirror and noticed I had a small, white stain on my Jimi Hendrix t-shirt. I tried to rub it off and remarked to the stranger in the mirror that we had the same stain. Just seconds later I pointed out that we also had the same shirt. I became quite irritated and defensive about this imposter in my bathroom and bitterly said to him ‚get the fuck out of my house! What are doin’ in my house? Dude, you need to get the fuck out, now!’ Chris just watched in shock. Who could ever have imagined it possible for a person to forget his own reflection? and then become enraged at it, too? He calmed me down and assured me that I was overreacting. I have no memory of what I did immediately after that. I think I blacked out, but I was still walking around. My memory seemed to have shut off. The next thing I remember, quite suddenly, as if my memory had been turned on again, was standing in the bathroom looking at my mum as she extracted a body towel, a hand towel and a face cloth from the toilet. I had no idea what was going on. She looked really worried about me. She kept asking Chris what I took but he didn’t know either and they couldn’t get any sensible answer from me. I have a very vague memory of having some complex purpose for putting the towels in the toilet. During all this, by the way, I had still had the savage dry mouth, so I had been drinking water periodically. ¶ At around 12:30 A.M., five and a half hours after I had ingested the seeds, I had still been plagued by the abrasive cotton-mouth, and by a painfully full bladder because of all the water I had drunk to quench it. I had not been able to urinate at all during the peak effects or during any of my adventures in the bathroom. All the

water had added up and hurt my bladder immensely. I could not manage even a small drop of urine despite the obvious need to do so. I am not sure how much time passed after the incident with the towels, but my best guess is about 1.5-two hours. ¶ During the night’s final stages my sense of identity returned along with my motor coordination, but I began to have unpleasantly vivid, tactile hallucinations of translucent spiders with long, curly tails composed of what seemed like fishing line. They had made me very agitated and paranoid because they had been crawling up the walls, on the floor around me, up my legs, in my hair and up the curtains. There were not swarms of them, as you might have inferred, but roughly a dozen or more visible at any moment. I became quite distressed about the situation because they felt very real. Wherever I looked I could see that their long, cumbersome tails had been making them very clumsy as they crawled. The hallucinations were so overwhelmingly vivid and tactile because whenever I stepped on their ‚tails’ they illusively tripped up, or got snagged beneath my feet and struggled to go anywhere, whether along the floor, or up the walls. The sensations were so tactile that I felt itchy as they stumbled up my arms and legs. I was not scared or overly distraught, or anywhere near panicking, as one would assume, but paranoid and overwrought. I compulsively scanned the room for them and tried to see where they had all come from. They had been combing the room like white smoke, everywhere I looked. My mood changed from being tensely agitated to immensely irritated by them. After repeated attempts from anxiety to squash them with my feet, my vengeful efforts to rid my home of these clumsy, hybrid creatures led me to summon my dog Lucy for help. I commanded her to ‚get ‚em!’ and pointed to them, floundering and limping beneath her snout. She just wagged her tail as she sniffed the floor, frantically trying to get what I was pointing at and then promptly returned to her original position to listen to whatever I said. ¶ The next day, Chris told me I had been talking to Lucy seriously, as if she were conversing with me and satisfying my curiosity about whatever topic. She followed me everywhere I went, always at my heels or sat attentively in front of me. There was one point during my experience, despite the distressing hallucinations that absorbed me, when I realised with a small degree of deliberate cognizance, Lucy’s bizarre (who’s calling who bizarre?) behaviour and sensed that she knew something was wrong with me. She had a con-

cerned, penetrating look in her eyes every time I had stopped wandering. Once again the agonising urge to urinate brought me back to the bathroom. I could still see the spiders climbing everywhere. I must have stood at the toilet with my pants down for twenty minutes, or more, while I tried to pee. I was too distracted by all the spiders struggling to climb up the toilet bowl. I flushed the toilet and they all managed to stay on the surface of the water. Eventually I started to pee, painfully and only a little at first. It definitely wasn't a situation I would want anybody seeing. I think the determination to drown the spiders in piss made myself able to finally pee. I had such a long, orgasmic emiction, perhaps the longest I have ever had. After that I went to bed, brought Lucy up, and had a conversation with her about work. I don't know how long I had been conversing with her when I suddenly came to my senses and said to myself, 'what the fuck is wrong with me? I was just talking to my dog,' and laughed. I was very glad when that was over. ¶ Would I do it again? Yes, now that I know what to expect. Next time I will have ice cubes at my disposal to relieve the dry mouth, this way I won't have to drink copiously.

I'M EATING MCDONALDS

BY TERRY

DOSE	BODY WEIGHT	EXP. YEAR	AGE	GENDER
3,5 GR, ORAL	155 LB	2004	NOT GIVEN	MALE

Somewhere between 11 and 11:30 pm on a mid april day in a small midwest town, two guys named Terry (me) and Will (my friend) were sitting around playing video games and had no marijuana. ¶ That's when I pulled out about 7 grams of months-old Datura Innoxia seeds which were only known to me as Moon Lilly variety at the time. These were from home plants of a relative, to be passed to another until I had put them away and forgot about them. I don't remember how I came to learn that the moon lilly

was intoxicating because I didn't know its proper name for months after the experience. I assumed they were a variety of morning glory seeds only learning the truth after following up on experiences in the archives. Nothing at all happened after an initial test of a gram at most. So I figured it would be safe for me and Will to try 3.5 this night. ¶ So here me and Will are thinking, 'what have we got to lose?'. After all LSD and mushrooms wears off within 8-12 hours...how bad can an organic flower be? After eating 3.5 grams of sunflower-tasting datura seeds each on an empty stomach...pretty god damn bad. Within 45 minutes and still expecting nothing, our vision began to fail like so many reports before this one. I thought that would be the worst of it but not quite. ¶ Will decided he should go home a little after 12 to avoid coming home to angry worried parents. As he walked out the door I looked into his eyes/dinner plates and knew that we were in for something big. I should've stopped him then but we've both taken halucinogens enough that I felt he could take care of himself. As soon as he left I was on my computer and noticed I couldn't read it much less stay concentrated on it. ¶ Again like so many before, I found myself searching for dropped cigarettes... but they were burning through and sliding under the sheets. I could feel the burnt holes and heat coming off them, feel the cigarette roll away from me under the sheets. And then it hit me that I never lit a cigarette, but I sure needed one. Forget that I was just thrashing around like a wild man for imaginary cigarettes, it was time for the real thing. I actually smoked the same amount as I normally do (30 to 45 min apart), but I always felt like I had one in my hand. Many times my index, middle fingers and thumb would meet as I spaced off and that would induce a frantic cigarette hunt. It was mostly happening in my left hand which I don't even smoke with. This is the aspect I am most curious about of all my experiences. Its so common the explanation is probably very simple. ¶ Some time I laid down to sleep it off (BIG NO NO). I am guessing it was around 2 am by this time. I never felt like I fell asleep in fact I sat right up and started using my computer at one point. I opened Notepad.exe maybe by accident...not really sure. What I was sure of though was that aliens were typing messages to me and replying in real time. The room looked disconnected and distorted with subtle colors like red, green, and yellow and everything seemed liquid like as if I was in an out of body state (or at least how they make it appear on the soap opera flash-

backs). I was visited by some friends though I can only remember one person in particular, my girlfriend. I saw her sitting behind my oscillating fan staring at me, saying nothing. I started yelling at the top of my lungs ,WHY WON'T YOU TALK TO ME... JUST FUCKING TALK TO ME' when I heard a knock at the door. ¶ Its my sister asking if I am ok because they heard talking in my room and I say I was just having a dream, which wasn't a complete lie. All it takes though is one look into my solar eclipse of a pupil and the story falls apart. She tells me its 4 am which I have a hard time believing because in my mind my friend had just left and I was listening to music, surfing the net waiting for seeds to kick in that never would. Never mind talking with aliens or hunting for dropped cigarettes...never mind becoming blind as a bat, or hardly being able to swallow whatever liquids I drank to alleviate the dehydration. I didn't have the constant urge to urinate possibly because I'd been trained from so many late night trips to avoid leaving my parents basement at all costs. But I did take one bathroom break which I took time out from to examine my pupils. That was just the reminder I needed to realize that I was fucked up and needed to avoid all contact. ¶ After my sister's concerned check in and the bathroom break, there was another knock at the door. This time I told myself I was just paranoid and it was my imagination. After three or four knocks there was no denying I was in deep shit. I answered it to see my mother's face grim and threatening with the question taking no time to jump from her lips ,are you on something?'. A million excuses filled my mind and I can't be sure but the one that I believe popped out involved taking a few too many antidepressants. Not a bad choice as the label says may cause hallucinations, delerium, dry mouth, and all the other symptoms I had and she would know that working in a pharmacy. So I would be off the hook, able to go back to smoking my cigarettes in insanity land. Not quite yet... she wants me to go upstairs and talk, make sure I am ok. ¶ Bad choice as I am the farthest thing from ok. I found myself at the kitchen table, near 5 am, jumping from the most nonsensical topic to the next. A wonderful show for your family I think not. I would stop midsentance and come back into consciousness and think how much of an IDIOT I was for allowing myself to run off the handle like that...and the look on their faces in that moment of clarity was enough to shock me back into rambling and incoherent gibberish mode. This cycle went on for 20 minutes as I

tried to be normal and thought I was playing them like puppets. That is until I puked up a belly full of tea and half digested datura seeds all over the kitchen table. I was filled with dread that my lie would be discovered then and there but it wasn't time for that yet. ¶ Somehow I managed to lay myself on the kitchen floor where I watched armies of half cricket half roaches in awe as they marched in perfect strategic lines like you see in the Chinese military marches. I was also threatened with the possibility of visiting the emergency room which between bug gazing moments, I peacefully protested. ¶ After the nightmarish scene upstairs, I was somehow allowed to retreat to my room unsure and only half thinking of what trouble lay ahead. I just wanted to be in the safety of my room. Once in, I -immediately- calmed down to my average state of being although still experiencing the loose cigarette phenomenon as well as periods of spacing out and dreaming while wide awake. There were no more panicky hallucinations though. My girlfriend showed up and told me something bad has happened and she wants to know what happened. I ask her what the problem is and apparantly Will's mom was calling up friends to see what poison had been given to her son. I then start a short one way conversation about my grandparents who she barely knows for no reason until I snap back to reality and see the familiar shocked stare. That was when I realized how much trouble Will could be in. ¶ Through a friend I learned that Will came home and began talking to imaginary friends. He was as blurred and blind as I was if not more. It wasn't the incoherent gibberish or the psychotic look in his eyes that worried his family. It was the fact that he had been found eating carnation baby formula and when asked what the hell he was doing replied, ,I'm eating McDonalds'. Both of our vision was restored after a day of sleep and recovery which surprised me after reading all the reports here lasting 4 days and longer. I had to admit to my mother what I had really done and it was humiliating just like the time when I told her I had tried coke, speed, and basically everything else but h. This time it was maybe even worse because I undeniably lost control and it was all over a natural legal plant. ¶ I have not eaten datura again and don't plan on it soon. I did begin experimenting with smoking the fresh picked leaves, flower, anther, and filament and the results are much lighter. After less than a gram of flower material, lethargy sets in known around here as ,Datura stoned'. Also I have a bit of anxiety fearing another on-

slaught by this untamed plant. I have yet to experience drastic effects smoking datura that I had while eating the seeds. ¶ Knowing what I know now about the plant I regret ever taking it as I did (very foolish especially considering the drugs in it). Then I think of the experience and feel a strong desire to go through it again because it is like no other drug. Yes it is one unique ride if for anything to have a better appreciation for the capacity of the mind and the potential to unlock some heavy subconscious ego crushing insight, man. But the bottom line is not to do this alone because reality becomes 100% subjective to a part of oneself that one may not know or even want to know. This is the closest thing to schizophrenia I could ever imagine...knowing enough to hide the fact I had taken psychotic drugs while completely forgetting that I was on them. Scary indeed. I do not feel I was in serious danger or becoming sick from the seeds, however it was obviously an unsafe state of mind. ¶ One last word of caution. It has been over a year since I ate the seeds but over time I have caught myself dreaming while still awake in bed, believing it is all just a dream. Like many others into lucid dreams, I always test the boundaries of unreality by doing things I couldn't get away with in the real world like tearing my girlfriend's panties off with my teeth for example. Not a personal example in my case but a very possible and potentially bad scenario if I'm not expected to act that way and if I'm not woken up in time. I have had these occurrences 3-4 times and never did before taking datura... not even sleep walking. I will be thinking it is ok to do this or that because I can just wake up or press reset like a video game when that's actually not true. That same feeling of stupidity I had between moments in and out of consciousness while on datura is present after these rare experiences.

Un psychodysléptique particulier : Le datura

OLIE J.-P. *, GAY C. *, LEBEAU P. *, LOO H. *

L'intoxication volontaire dans un but d'expérience onirique, à partir de l'utilisation de datura, a rarement été signalée dans la littérature médicale de langue française.

Depuis longtemps connu, à la fois pour ses propriétés toxiques (hallucinogène, onirogène) et thérapeutiques (sédatif, antirhumatismal, antiasthmatique) le datura entre encore aujourd'hui dans la composition de certaines préparations antiasthmatiques obligatoirement inscrites au tableau C depuis 1975.

Les spécialistes des consultations de toxicomanie que nous avons interrogés nous ont confirmé le caractère actuellement peu fréquent de l'usage du datura par les toxicomanes dans notre pays.

Paradoxalement, nous pouvons affirmer que la population des jeunes poly-toxicomanes connaît bien les effets hallucinogènes du datura : l'intérêt qu'ils portent aux ouvrages de Castaneda en est un témoignage (2). L'expérience psychiatrique de l'un d'entre nous à Bombay durant une année permet également d'en attester (3).

A titre d'illustration, nous rapporterons ici une observation où nous avons retrouvé les signes cliniques caractéristiques de l'intoxication au datura.

Il s'agit d'un jeune homme de 17 ans adressé dans le service par l'I.P.P. où a été rédigé le certificat suivant : « Episode onirique au cours duquel il a mis le feu à son logement. Raconte avec précision une effraction commise par sept individus d'aspect monstrueux. A mis le feu pour leur échapper. Décrit en outre, les allées et venues de proches, notamment son frère, lequel déclare qu'il se trouvait alors à Chalon-sur-Saône. Dans les suites immédiates, perplexité anxieuse, craint que ses persécuteurs ne récidivent. Par la suite, absence de toute pathologie psychiatrique patente. Reconnaît l'in vraisemblance de ce qu'il persiste à se rappeler comme vécu. Seule persiste une mydriase symétrique, seul élément objectif en faveur d'une intoxication aiguë qu'il nie absolument. N'a pris qu'un bol de thé... »

Ce bol de boisson était en fait une infusion de six cigarettes Louis-Légras dans de l'eau chaude. Trente minutes après l'absorption, le sujet éprouve une sensation brutale de « déchirement, d'explosion visuelle ». Il voit arriver son frère accompagné de son amie, dialogue avec lui sur un mode habituel. Il voit ensuite arriver ses parents qui restent silencieux et repartent au bout de dix minutes : tous ces gens étaient absents du lieu ce soir-là. Soudain apparaissent sept personnages porteurs de masques terrifiants, le rocking-chair s'enrichit d'une bouche et de deux yeux et entreprend une conversation avec les sept individus terrifiants. L'un d'eux va se coucher dans le lit de l'intéressé, l'autre va occuper le lit du frère, un troisième se met à fouiller la cuisine. Soudain un violent sentiment de peur conduit le sujet à prendre un tuyau d'aspirateur en guise d'arme défensive : il s'assied dans sa cuisine, les personnages restent immobiles.

Tout ce drame a commencé à 21 heures. Vers six heures du matin, vision d'une tête sortant du sac à linge sale et un cendrier familial prend l'aspect

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Oh Rats! It's Deceiving!

Antoine Renard

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This book is the result of a project by artist Antoine Renard. Following from a long interest in drugs and altered states of reality, as well as objects and their shamanic possibilities, Renard encountered in summer 2010 a naturally growing *Datura Stramonium* plant in the Berlin district of Neukölln where he lives and works. Harvesting its seeds, he cultivated around 80 plants in his studio and garden using hypertonic methods. The result was a crop of organic art objects weighted in potential, altered and sculpted. In December 2012 he presented this harvest in his studio and later also at the gallery in Altes Finanzamt, Berlin. The photographs of Maxime Ballesteros, in his trademark stark and bright style, caught the artist with his creations as part of a profile for *Sleek Magazine*, a fashion and art magazine – a fitting outlet for a project that crosses the fields of contemporary art, urban gardening, land art, horticulture, shamanism, consumerism, psychedelics and the global, anecdotal sharing of experiences found on the Internet.

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In memory of Julien »Le Niak« Passarello



Chemical Constituents

1. *Datura Stramonium* contains about 0.2-0.45% of alkaloids.
2. The primary constituents present in the drug are hyoscyamine and hyoscyne.
3. A small quantity of atropine is also present in *Datura*.
4. The stramonium seeds are characterized by the presence of 0.2% of mydriatic alkaloids and about 15-30% of fixed oil.
5. Stramonium roots also contain ditigloyl esters of 3,6-dihydroxytropine and 3,6,7-trihydroxytropine.

Nine new tropane alkaloids, 3,7-dihydroxy-6-propionyloxytropine (16), 6,7-dehydro-3-tigloyloxytropine (17), 3-tigloyloxy-6,7-epoxytropine (25), 3,7-dihydroxy-6-(2-methylbutyryloxy) tropine (30), 6,7-dehydroapoatropine (35), 3-(3-methoxytropoyloxy)tropine (45), 3-tigloyloxy-6-isobutyryloxy-7-hydroxytropine (49), 3-tropoyloxy-6-isobutyryloxytropine (64), 3-tropoyloxy-6-isovaleryloxytropine (66) were determined from the extracts of *Datura stramonium* L. (Moroccan origin).

Adulterants

The common adulterants of *Datura Stramonium* are:

1. *Xanthium* (Compositae)
2. *Carthamus* (Compositae)
3. *Chenopodium* (Chenopodiaceae)