Argument '1/2' isn't numeric in numericlt(<
) at/www/erowid.org/experiences/expr.tex.pl line 475.

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) at/www/erowid.org/experiences/expr.tex.pl line 500.
Treading the Waters of Surreality

by Psychedelic Magnate

Dose: T+ 0:00

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Dosage</th>
<th>Method</th>
<th>Plant</th>
<th>Form</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T+ 0:50</td>
<td>10 seeds</td>
<td>smoked</td>
<td>Datura</td>
<td>seeds</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td>T+ 0:00</td>
<td>1/2 cup</td>
<td>oral</td>
<td>Datura</td>
<td>extract</td>
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Body weight: 200 lbs

What follows are the events of my first two experimental Datura trips. I'm a 21 year old, 200 pound male experienced psychonaut, having used nearly all common psychedelics multiple times, as well as all but one 2C chemical. I'm an uncanny hard head to most psychedelic compounds (much to my dismay) which means I can rarely achieve the level of experience as many other experience report authors, unless taking an immensely high dose. The Datura inoxia I used was found on my college campus, and it is definitely a genuine, native specimen. I have spent much of this year researching and reading on the tropane alkaloid containing plants (Datura, belladonna, mandrake, brugmansia, and henbane to name a few). I had my heart set on belladonna, but recently I discovered a perfectly good Datura shrub, and that gave me the inspiration to begin. Both of these experiments were done indoors, in a large house with 21 members. They were all good friends, and a few of them knew what I was planning to do. I chose two experienced trip sitters to read a handful of Datura trip reports and the Datura-sitting guidelines, just in case things went sour.

Experiment one:

T-0:00 (3:00pm): Ground up 50 small Datura inoxia seeds in a mortar and pestle. The seed coats are exceedingly durable, and the mortar and pestle did very little to truly crush them. Moisture was expelled from them only after a long period of crushing. I chewed them as much as I could, and washed them down with water. Despite intense bitterness, I was able to choke them down with minimal gagging. This is a “test run” for me; I find it highly unlikely that the small dose will affect me. Fortunately, you can always take more after the fact, but you can never take less. At 200 pounds, this may be one of the smallest dose to weight ratios for which there is a plausible experience report.

T+0:50: I’ve begun to feel the gradual placebo come up; something I often feel when very anxious about a new drug. It’s nearly certainly psychological, but to enhance the feeling, I smoked 10 seeds of Datura Inoxia out of a waterless bong. They smoke surprisingly well, and the taste, although slightly acrid, isn’t entirely unpleasant. It’s difficult to inhale once a certain smoke volume is reached, and the seeds taste much like a cross between burning marshmallow and gasoline. Taking large bong rips is completely out of the question due to the power of the smoke. The smoking has
elicited a rather dry mouth, as expected, but only slight changes in perception.

T+1:00: Another 10 seeds were smoked, this time with water added to the bong. This markedly increased the volume able to be inhaled. Sensory effects have begun to grow, but only slightly.

T+2:00: I’ve been trying to sleep for the last hour and surprisingly it was a comfortable nap. However, the effects were very faint. I had difficulty focusing on things, much like trying to view something after staring at the sun for a while. But the one way I knew that it was working was the dry mouth and throat; it was completely impossible to rehydrate; water simply seemed to run off the dry lining of my throat rather than absorbing into it.

T+4:00 no new effects have cropped up, aside from more noticeable dry throat and an increase in epidermal discomfort; I felt as though I was wearing a wool jumpsuit with nothing over it. My friend and I cooked a delicious pizza, but I found it to be tasteless and dry due to the supreme lack of saliva in my mouth. It filled me up, but didn’t grant me even the slightest pleasure.

T+6:00: I feel to be coming down already which is uncommon according to most Datura trip reports. The sore throat has gotten markedly better, my vision is slightly off kilter but barely noticeably so, and the skin irritation is no longer present. I’ll probably call it a night early, and for the next experiment, either double the seed dose and/or smoke the leaves and roots. A tea may also help.

T+14:00: Feel much better this morning, although it has reminded me of how unpleasant the earlier night had been. I’m certainly not looking forward to upping the dosage…

Experience 2:

T-0:00: I chose to up the dosage considerably on my second experiment with Datura, picking one fresh flower, four fresh leaves, and roughly 300 seeds. I pulverized them all in a mortar and pestle until there was a soggy wad. This wad was added to 1.5 cups of boiling water, and I allowed fifteen minutes to elapse for the solution to concentrate and release the tropane alkaloids. One cup of the water evaporated in the boiling process, leaving cup. I strained this with a coffee filter into another cup filled with lemonade and fruit punch. In this mixture, the Datura wasn’t even noticeable.

T+1:00: The dry mouth is already in full swing, and by body does not feel good at all. There are pins and needles all over me, and no amount of rubbing helps. I have also grown extremely unbalanced, almost exactly how I feel while intoxicated with alcohol. I generally am holding on to something as I wander around my house, to keep from tripping (physically).

T+2:00: I’ve fallen into some sort of hypnotic hibernation. I feel too lousy to walk around, my eyes hurt too much to open, and the spring water I drink is indistinguishable from puddle water. So I sit on my love sack, eyes closed, body intensely irritated. At one point, needing to go to the bathroom, I got up and swayed my way to the toilet. In my experience, walking while on Datura is much like walking blindfolded in a boulder field. It’s impossible to tell when my feet are going to land on the ground. Occasionally it felt as though I was walking with one foot on the sidewalk and one on the road. Urination is highly abnormal: I pee for much longer than average, but the
volume expelled is significantly smaller. Also, after finishing, I feel like I need to go even worse than before.

T+3:00: I believe I finally got into bed at this point, and that is where the trip truly started. It’s very difficult to explain, but I began to have the ability to switch between reality and dreams. One minute, in my mind’s eye, I’d be sitting in a field, speaking to a friend or two (in my head, not out loud). I’d jerk my eyes open and return swiftly to lying in bed. But the second my eyes closed again, there I was in an entirely new setting. The most incredible thing about these dream hallucinations was the speed with which they unraveled. I was literally having about six small dreams a minute, ranging from a quick brusque conversation to weeding a garden. Despite how mundane they were, it was always very peculiar to choose when to awake. I wouldn’t call these lucid dreams, because I was not in control of what I was dreaming; I could only manipulate the point when I started and when I ended the dream. Very few times, during what I assume were slightly more realistic dreams, I even woke myself up by speaking out loud rather than in my head. (I’ve never talked or walked in my sleep.)

T+5:00: I’m woken up by some friends (they were not imaginary this time,) and we went downstairs to play some poker and then participate in a fraternity initiation ritual. The game had already started, and I was told to pick out my chips to buy in. Well, I counted out my chips and sat down at the table. “Did you get your chips, F?” I hear. Looking down, I see that there were no chips there. Embarrassed, I got up and counted out the chips again. I played five or so hands, but had a very difficult time reading the cards, and often made poor bets because I saw a four of hearts when it was really a five of diamonds. The ritual began, and I spent most of the time with my head down, testing the dreamlands once again. I took to having the same dream over and over again, in which I pick up a golden hexagonal prism. Each time, I tried to awaken still holding the box, but of course my fist was always tightly clenched around nothing.

T+7:00: The ritual ends, and I’ve finally managed to get to bed. The dreams are growing longer and more difficult to awaken from, and I think the effects are starting to wear off.

T+9:00: I wake up again to lead another ritual, but I’m so delirious at this point that I’m unable to speak much and (for all I know) really frightening the pledges. Mercifully the ritual does not take much time at all, and I’m able to return to bed. Although the sleep is fitful, I manage to fall into normal rest.

T+15:00: The major effects are long gone, but I still feel slightly irritated. I have quite severe nearsightedness under normal circumstances, hovering around 20/100 in both eyes. However, at this point, the condition seems to have reversed. While normally I read with the book 8 inches away from my eyes, I cannot even begin to make out the letters with less that 12 inches distance between the page and my eyes.

T+18:00: The rest of the day has turned out to get significantly better, although my short term memory is utterly destroyed. I’ve been starting conversations, and in seconds, completely losing track of what we were talking about. I’ve even lost the will to try and remember what the topic is. I’m sure things will return to baseline by tomorrow.
Conclusion: This experience was much more like the “average” Datura report, in that it included a thin line between reality and surreality. I don’t think I reached the level I’m trying for yet, but this dose is very close. I believe I have one more attempt left in me before I leave Datura alone and move on to something with less of a body load and unpleasant side effects. However, I wish to give a good long time to prepare even more.

Afterthought: I absolutely love altering my conscious, no matter how (Drugs, pain, meditation, or even things like removing my sight for a day). However, this drug is certainly not something I would seek out if I were looking for a good time. Although I wouldn’t call this a negative or a positive experience, I believe that an overwhelming majority of people should avoid it. Just because it grows like a weed doesn’t mean you should treat it like one. Some people say that each plant has a spirit associated with it. If marijuana’s spirit is a laid-back, spacey woman, Datura’s is a cunning and tricky sorceress. Even after years of Salvia experience, I believe Datura is fathoms more powerful, simply due to how permanently it can rip you from reality.