

# **The Effects of Belladonna and Henbane**

**First hand accounts and detailed descriptions**

## **1. BELLADONNA**

**The Manson Family killed on this plant:  
Atropa belladonna**

**by Kevin**

<http://de1.erowid.org/experiences/exp.phpquery=ID=18736.html>

I had first heard about Belladonna in Kurgan, Siberia. There was a local thrash metal band named after the plant, and their motto was “Many poisoned, few cured!” A few years later, while crashing at a communal apartment Western, Wisconsin, with several punks from across the state, one of the couples told me about experimenting with a tea made from the plant while in Texas. The girl was originally from there, and they were apparently turned on to the drug by her grandmother. The description they gave me led me to believe that it was something like a mix between a near blackout alcohol experience and an intense LSD trip.

I managed to procure some foliage of the plant about a year later while I was living on the other side of the state with my girlfriend

and my best friend. We were involved with some fairly sizable amounts of LSD and experimented regularly with a plethora of chemicals from cocaine to DXM to dimenhydrinate to ketamine, etc. We considered ourselves experienced psychonauts, and I had a particularly high tolerance to the drugs. This drug in particular was difficult to find information on, so we truly had to 'experiment' with it.

We used a coffee maker to brew the tea. We did not measure out a specific amount of foliage and just decided that we would measure by glasses. My friend and girlfriend only drank one glass of the tea. I drank two for starters. I was ignorant and arrogant, but figured that since I usually needed almost twice as much as anyone else when using other drugs, that the same would be valid with this. I understood that the drug was extremely toxic and potentially fatal, but I had taken dosages of several chemicals that could have in other people proven fatal and felt that my tolerance would somehow come into play with this drug as well.

After a few hours I decided to drink a couple more cups of tea as I was not feeling anything .... this I can only attribute to the fact that my judgment was already impaired by the drug.

Shortly after this, we for some reason decided that it would be a good idea to split up. My girlfriend was feeling sleepy, so she laid down for a nap. My friend felt a bit queasy, and decided that it might be a good idea to go stay at his parent's house for the night, where he would have a little more privacy. I went over to another friend's house.

For the next few hours, I simply lay back on my friend's floor, trying to shake the discomfort I felt. I could compare it to a slight overdose of caffeine. Eventually my friend went to sleep, and I lay on the floor convulsing all night long. I did not experience anything that I could have considered 'mind-altering' or 'psychedelic.' The next morning, my friend and his wife came and picked me up to spend the day with them.

We went out to eat and I noticed that people were looking at me strange. I could not read the menu, and felt slightly disconnected.

The next time I spoke to my friend and his wife, they explained to me that the whole time I was with them I shook and quaked, almost like I was having a seizure. I was unaware of it, and they told me they didn't tell me, because they figured that I was on something and didn't want to freak me out. They said that my face was sunken in and dark and that I looked very sick. I only felt a slight disconnection that lasted for somewhere near 48 hours after consuming the tea.

During this time I could not focus on printed words, and near the end of the 48 hours was starting to feel great concern. I thought I might never be able to read again.

I didn't see my friend and roommate until a few days later. What he described to me could best be compared to a three day dimenhydrinate trip multiplied in intensity by a hundred. His mother ended up finding him in his underwear in the middle of the night talking to people who weren't there. My friend had spent a couple of years of his life institutionalized for schizophrenia, so his mother assumed he was going through an episode and brought him to the psychiatrist the next morning.

He constantly referred and talked to people who weren't there. He did not seem alarmed or scared by what was happening and did not even remember that he had consumed the tea or that he had been expecting a 'trip'. Unfortunately for him, he also had his first meeting with his new probation officer two days after consuming the tea, while he was still deep within the grip of the drug. He had to have his mother hold a pen in his hand and sign his name for him on his documents. Nobody expected that it was anything other than a psychotic episode for him, and his psychiatrist just raised his prescription.

I saw my girlfriend the evening after we drank the tea. When I got home she was gone. She had went to work. When she came home, the first thing she did was tell me that when she woke up that morning she found our cat, cold, stiff and dead on the couch. She picked it up and held it for a while. When she put the cat down, she said it awoke from the dead and started walking around. At this

point she believed what she was saying to be true. She had not even considered the possibility that she was perceiving this because of the drugs we had consumed the day before. I asked her about her 'trip' and she said that after we left, all sorts of people she hadn't seen in a long time showed up at our apartment, and that there was a big party. She actually thought that both my friend and I had come back at some point during the night. She said she had a lot of fun.

We later contacted virtually everyone she saw (some were unreachable as she hadn't been in contact with them for years) and none of them had come over, most of them were not within 200 miles from our apartment at the time. When she was at work that day, she thought that I came to visit her (she worked alone most of the day as a screen printer in a big shop) and that we had talked all day long. She said that her boss came in a few times and asked who she was talking to, and anytime he did, she explained that she couldn't exactly remember. Only shortly after he left did I reappear and she did not at the time (both when it was happening, and again as she was explaining it to me) seem to understand how illogical this was.

Eventually, over the course of the evening she started coming back to her senses. Never once as I talked to her did I get the feeling that she was 'tripping' so much as she was delusional, but she was so calm that unless you listened to what she was saying, you wouldn't have noticed.

Since our experiment, none of us have had any urge to try and repeat it. I myself did not notice any hallucinations or anything particularly strange at all. I feel very sure that I put myself and my friends at great risk of dying, but feel particularly lucky that I am alive to tell the story.

I would recommend that anyone wishing to experiment with this plant exercise great caution. I would recommend doing some serious research into the toxicological effects of the plant and try to find out what is a reasonably safe amount before consuming any. I would also strongly recommend taking a few lower level practice runs before jumping into it, and I would say that it is imperative that you

have a sober sitter around, as it is very likely that if you come into contact with someone who doesn't know or understand what's going on (or possibly even worse if they do) that you will end up in jail or the mental institution.

## **Wandering Delirium: Belladonna (roots)**

**by yamamushi**

<http://del.erowid.org/experiences/exp.phpquery=ID=30718.html>

It all started when friend and I decided we wanted to try belladonna. The main reason I did it, is because I read it would bring back vivid memories. My mother died when I was about four, so I didn't think much would come of it. Boy was I wrong.

4:30 — We boil about 6 cups of water with the 1/4 oz. roots.

4:45 — I get a phone call from another friend saying he's coming over.

5:00 — About 1/2 cup of water has evaporated.

5:30 — I turn the stove off, and let the tea just boil for a while.

5:50 — We each drink about 1 cup of the tea, later would I learn that I was the only one to drink the whole cup. It tastes like ginseng, a little sweet, not bitter at all. If it weren't for the cotton mouth, it would be quite nice.

6:10 — The first side effects start to kick in, dry mouth, dry eyes, stomach ache. I got up to go to the bathroom, and fell flat on my face.

6:30 — I decided to lay down, while my friends watched TV. This is where memories start to fade away into nothing.

I first forgot what day it was, and believing that I must get ready for school, I went to go take a shower, but there was a line of people waiting to get in the shower as well. My own bathroom, and there was a line! At this point in time, I had forgotten that I had taken the belladonna, and was unaware that my friends had left. I have this thing about watching me go to the bathroom, and when I went into the bathroom, there were about four people just standing around in there, all around the toilet, I couldn't go!

If that wasn't bad enough, a cop came up to me, and asked me to hide some cookies. *You will see how this is important later.*

I started to watch a little TV, when suddenly I saw a picture of my dad and my mom and my sister all on the TV. They were all saying things, and just as soon as it started, my mom came out of the TV and started yelling at me. I was pretty confused at this point. BAM! I'm downstairs for some reason, my pants are gone, and someone is shaking me. It's my cousin, telling me to come show her how to play guitar. I get up, put some pants on, and go into the guitar room. I turn on the amp, and let her play a little. She played pretty good, I walked into my own room, and sat down on my bed. A girl walked by my door, and as the light from my room shined on her, she faded away, but as soon as she got into the shadows again, she came into existence. Many other things happened, but not in any order I can remember very clearly.

The time I took the tea was about 5:50 p.m., the time I went to sleep was about 6 a.m. I was talking to myself for about twelve hours. And the whole time I was convinced I was not imagining things. Everything was too realistic. *Those cookies I mentioned earlier, well, I found them, exactly where I had hid them.* My cousin playing guitar? She never came over last night. People waiting in line for my shower? Yeah right.

I thought I had lost the belladonna, when I found it in my dad's closet. I don't remember putting it in there, but I must have. It's as if part of me was awake, while the other part was sleepwalking. One half of me was constantly setting up the next sequence of events, while the other half was living them out one step at a time.

The warnings about blindness? Well, I'm not blind right now, but my eyes are plenty dry. Before drinking tea, I had drunk about 4 cups of water. And still I was pretty dehydrated. Now and then I will see flashes of people walking by, but aren't there.

**Warning:** a word to the wise, do not — I repeat do not — attempt to ingest this plant in any way, shape, or form without first being able to fully give up your sanity. Drink plenty of fluids, and have plenty of fluids ready for you. My friends were assholes and left me, some friends huh? Have at least two sitters ready. That way they can take turns sleeping.

## **A Trip I'll Never Forget: Belladonna**

**by Astral Perceptionz**

<http://del.erowid.org/experiences/exp.phpquery=ID=35717.html>

This trip occurred 2 years ago in the summer when I was 15 years old. I researched a little bit about the plant. I found out that all parts of the plant are poisonous, but I couldn't find any dosage information on eating the seeds. The main chemicals in this plant are tropane alkaloids (scopolamine, atropine, hyoscyamine). Many plants have tropane alkaloids, like datura, henbane, and European mandrake, but atropa belladonna is very high up in potency. So I ordered a quarter ounce of these seeds online, as they are legal. A quarter ounce comes with approximately 7,000 seeds.

I decided to start off slow, with about 50 seeds. These seeds are very small. Like the size of poppy seeds. I wasn't feeling anything after the 50 seeds, so I jumped to 200 seeds. I still wasn't feeling

anything, so I went to sleep. The next day, I decided to take another shot at it. I started off with about 200 seeds. Waited about 2 hours and nothing was happening. I then took about 600 more seeds. I wait another 2 hours. I wasn't feeling anything, but when I saw myself in the mirror, my pupils were dilated almost to the size of my whole eyeball. (Eye doctors use atropine to dilate pupils.) I was getting mad because it was taking so long to start working, and I didn't even know if it was going to work, so I just downed about 900 more seeds.

Me and two of my friends start walking to a firehouse fair a few blocks away, to check it out. I start feeling my motor skills decreasing. When we get to the fair it is about 7 p.m. and we just sit down with a few friends for like an hour, just talking and watching the fair. After about a half hour, I get up and start walking, my motor skills just keep decreasing, I think the ground is shifting under me, like in one of those funhouse type things. I keep on tripping (well, I am tripping) but tripping over the shifting grounds. So one of my friends and I decide to leave, because there are cops, and I was getting very messed up.

So we went to a park around the block. We sit on a bench, and I decide to smoke a bowl of weed. I am incapable of packing the bowl, and I just get too tired to try anymore, so I put everything down, and going in a corner by some bushes. I start feeling the leaves and taking bites out of some, while my friend is sleeping on the bench. I don't know how long I was sitting by the bushes, but it seemed long and short at the same time.

I wake my friend up, and she wants to go home. She doesn't know my part of the neighborhood well, so she asks me to walk with her. We start walking down the blocks. I'm just walking on the sidewalks, trying not to fall. I start climbing mountains (which were really just cracks in the sidewalk). I then come across a mushroom on the grass. It looked so amazing. My friend yells to me, and when I look back, the mushroom is gone. We keep walking. We've been walking in circles, I forgot where we were supposed to go, but we finally made it to my house, and we went our separate ways.

While I'm at home in my room for awhile, I come out into the kitchen to get a drink. My mother comes in and asks me who I was talking to in my room. I tell her it's my friend Dan, who was one of the friends I had over earlier. She tells me to ask him to leave, or she'll call his parents, because it's too late. I actually thought it was daytime, but it was really 3 in the morning. So I go back into my room, but I can't find him. My mom follows me around the house looking for him. I check in closets, in the basement. I thought he was hiding. I checked the backyard, and said there was a hole in the fence. That he must have left through the back. Now I go back in my room alone for a while.

My mom then comes in my room for some reason. I tell her I can't sleep, because there are seeds all over my bed. She asks me to show her what seeds, so I start picking up 'nothing' very carefully, and putting 'nothing' into my mom's open hand. She then tells me to go sleep in her bed, but I couldn't in there, because there were seeds in her bed too. So I go back into my room again. After a while, I go into the bathroom, and start playing with the hand soap dispenser bottle. I would keep on putting it on different shelves, bring it into my room, and my mom would just keep moving it back. Later that night, my mom finds me hysterically laughing at myself in the bathroom mirror, saying that there is 3 of me.

In the morning, I am still very out of my mind, so my dad tells me to get in the car. We start driving, and my brothers follow behind. I just thought that we were going on an outing. We finally parked and reached a big building. I told my brother I thought we were in California. I then told my dad that I was a vampire as I sucked blood from my finger, which really wasn't there.

When we got into a building, I was taken into a room. It took me about 15 minutes to realize that I was in a hospital. I started going nuts. I started fighting guards. It took about 5 guards and my brother to hold me down. But I just submitted to them, because while the fight was going on, I saw a baby stroller in the room, and I accidentally kicked it, making me feel guilty, so I let go. I was then given a shot of a tranquilizer, I forget what it was called, and was

strapped down to a stretcher and taken into another room. In this room, I could see out the open door, people that I knew from my school, but they weren't really there. I then was seeing scorpion-like creatures crawling and flipping over each other on the walls. I also thought I saw a laptop at the end of the stretcher, and thought it was mine, but I couldn't get it, cause I was tied down. I was then being pushed on the stretcher. A hole opened up in the wall and I was taken through a secret passageway, in circles. Obviously that wasn't real either. But I was taken to the ICU.

There, the trip started getting harder. I thought that I was in a school auditorium, and a game show was going on the stage. And I saw a girl next to me that I fell in love with. I felt the love through my body. It was a blonde girl with no eyes. She was also deaf and mute, with electricity running through her completely black mouth. After a bunch of stuff I don't really remember, smoke canisters were thrown through windows in the auditorium, spewing smoke all over. I then snapped out. I was tripping for three days. I blacked out for a lot of the stuff, but my parents and brothers told me about some stuff that happened.

I was put in a straight jacket that had ties from head to toe. I yelled and cursed at the doctors and nurses. At one point they had me wear a diaper, even though I wasn't going to the bathroom. They didn't want to give me a catheter, because they were afraid of what might happen. I had to be given baths. I was treated like a baby, because I was completely out of my mind and didn't know what was going on.

My mom told me that when she went back home, she found a glass in the fridge with the top of a spray bottle in it. Also, the top of the soap dispenser thing was missing, and my brother found it in a tissue box.

This was definitely the most intense trip I ever had, and I will never forget it. I might do it again, but not anytime soon. I am growing it now, to save it for the future.

Overall, I ate about 1,500 seeds. and tripped for three days. I didn't really know I was tripping. I was just taken to a different world, and all the stuff that happened there was normal.

## **100% Visual Hallucinations: Belladonna**

**by parXal**

<http://www.erowid.org/experiences/exp.php?ID=9392>

October 6, 2001: Portugal, nineteen years old. I was in a trance party, when a friend come with some bottles of belladonna, the people who drink it disappear ... and everyone was afraid to drink it.

One day later: October 7, 2001: I was in a friend's house that keep the bottles, it was 00:00 when I and my two friends (André and Anthony) start to drink it. It was the first time and I said that it couldn't be more harder that liquid LSD, but 30 minutes after I start walking and I couldn't walk straight and I was seeing very bad.

I get the car and go buy some cannabis, we smoke two bowls of it and I felt my mouth very dry, we went to a coffee we drink some water, and more water and more, but my mouth was always dry. My friend Antony started to vomit, for about 30 minutes we were vomiting, until we got home.

Me and friend were going to a park, but my friend that was driving very bad, we weren't seeing the road and for 3 times we get out of the road. I decided to stop. It was 4 o'clock and we started to trip very hard, I was seeing little people dancing in the street, the signs were balancing to right and then to left, every object was different, rock were dogs, trees were stone, everything was different, my friend start running from a dog but it was only his right leg. We start talking without any sense, were short phrases with no logic. I didn't understand anything. My friend disappeared and I find him talking

to nothing, he said that he was talking with some old man. But there was nothing there.

We get home (5:00p.m.) after great hallucinations. I was walking home, but I don't remember anything. It was 6:00 p.m. and I was in a friend's car, I gave one pipe to a friend, but suddenly I woke up and I was in the police car driving me home. I got home and start to sleep.

In that hour that I don't remember anything, I was trying to open a car that I thought it was André's car, I was talking to my friends that were in the car (but the car was empty and wasn't André's car). I tried and talk to every car in the street and police saw it, and thought that I was trying to steal the cars.

In the next day I wake up (12:00) and I was seeing very bad and still stoned, I run into André's house and some images come.

André's night: André was jumping in his grandfather's bed and running in the house.

Antony's night: he was all the night seeing people walking and talking in his bedroom.

My night (6:00 p.m.-12:00): My mother said that I scream and talk all the night, I got out of the bed and talk to my clothes and furniture. They tell me that I was talking to my shadow. All the night I saw pipes in my hand, and when I was going to smoke it, it disappear.

Belladonna is very hard. It's not of this world, I have seen things that were so real. Nothing compared to LSD. I think that drinking Belladonna we stay in a state that is not death and not alive. Be careful with Belladonna. I couldn't know what was real and what was fake.

## **Sensory Illusion Destroyed: Mushrooms, Belladonna, and Brugmansia**

**by The Craic**

<http://del.erowid.org/experiences/exp.phpquery=ID=48411.html>

This is the only account which describes mystical experiences. But this story is the exception that proves the rule, because here the belladonna was combined with two different kinds of magic mushrooms: Liberty caps (*Psilocybe semilanceata*) are psychedelic mushrooms that contain the psychoactive compound psilocybin, while fly agaric (*Amanita muscaria*) is a kind of poisonous toadstool which can also produce hallucinations. And just for good measure, this person also added some Brugmansia flowers, which contain the same combination of psychoactive drugs found in belladonna.

Also please note the warning at the end of this story. When Belladonna and/or Brugmansia are added to the mix, they do not give you pretty colors and saving visions of a loving and forgiving God of Light. They take you down into the same dark and hellish underworld of stumbling, helpless insanity which is produced by datura (the substance used to produce zombies).

On October 31st 2005 I had a witches brew of 33 liberty cap mushrooms (locally picked) and three belladonna cherries from a companion who I will call Isa for the sake of his paranoia.

On the 1st of December 2005, with the new moon black in the sky (an especially good time for Earth magic and divination) and thick dense cloud hovering overhead I undertook a journey into the recesses of the mind and tasted my own insanity.

Near Castle Combe (about five miles from where I live) there is an ancient burial chamber called Lanhill Long Barrow. It was partially destroyed by grave diggers in 1906 and two of the three doorways were collapsed. The only remaining door has been shored up with horrible iron bars and badly placed bricks. The space available is about ten foot by five foot and four feet depth. It is infested with spiders, absolutely massive ones, and there are signs of rats burrowing from in the barrow and using the small cave as an escape route. Isa and I decided we would use the small chamber as an isolation tank, a sensory prison cell if you will. In the same way long barrows and tombs have been used for millennia to contact the fathers and ancestors.

So, I read up a bit on Mayan / Aztec / Celtic / American Indian / Pictish rituals regarding the dead and speaking with them and decided on a brew to help me there. I took three belladonna cherries from Isa's back garden, he then gave me three fly agaric caps [*Amanita muscaria* mushrooms] from his collection. I selected three plump looking liberty caps [*Psilocybe semilanceata* mushrooms] to put in and the three brugmansia flowers I had dried some time ago. This was purely numerology more than anything. 3 flowers, 3 cherries, 3 caps, 3 shrooms = 12 elements all together which again adds up to 3. The number 3 has been sacred to native cultures since they learnt to count.

I discovered that during initiation rituals among the Peruvian shamans they add cemetery dust or earth from a grave, so we went to the barrow during the week and collected some brown dirt from the back of the chamber.

I put the mushrooms in a pan of boiling water and let them ooze out and turn into ugly little slugs. Then I took it off the heat and as it cooled added the brugmansia and belladonna. The mud came last and added a distinct blackness to the whole thing. I let this steam itself and stew away in a corner whilst I busied myself with preparations. I then sieved and poured the brews into two half pint bottles. It looked like a dull coloured urine.

I went to Isa's house and he was preparing his brew of 55 grams of dried powdered Peruvian Torch / San Pedro cactus [which contains mescaline, the same psychedelic drug found in peyote cactus]. It was thick like a vile mucous and the lemon slightly curdled so he was drinking a bitter, acrid jelly that he had to spoon drink rather than gulp.

As we made the five mile trek in the pissing down rain I started to drink the first bottle of my brew. It tasted somewhere between glorious and disgusting. The flowers and cherries gave it a warm nectar kind of fruitiness and the mushrooms and earth made it taste like old jock straps. I managed to sip it down as the Peruvian shamans say, 'poco el poco' (i think?) or 'little by little'.

Once we were within a mile of the barrow I started to feel VERY weak. My arms were like dead weights, my legs were dragging on the floor, I could hardly even climb a three foot high fence without fear of falling flat on my face.

All around me everything was changing, it was as if I could see the spirits of grass, mud, trees, clouds, all making horrendous faces, but in that state of mind I just chuckled. When we finally reached the barrow I was already in a complete state. Isa was fine, just waiting for the mescaline to kick in whilst I was semi-hunched, soaking wet, freezing cold in the doorway. This was supposed to be a journey for me to face my fears but at this point all I could think of was being warm and dry.

I unpacked my bag and we lit some candles and lay a few trinkets around (some old flint of mine, a statue of an owl, a piece of rock I had painted in honour of the Mother). Isa had a look in his eye that said 'what the fuck?' and I couldn't place what he was confused about. Then I realised it was me, with eyes as wide as they could possibly open and gawking around the room in a semi state of insanity. I dragged myself into the back corner and slumped among the rocks. Isa sat at the entrance and meditated. That's when everything started to go a bit weird.

I closed my eyes and just appeared at home. I was in my flat walking around and then I saw my girlfriend (I think, bad memory)

and said 'I love you' to her. Then I awoke and Isa was laughing: 'I love you too man, are you alright?' I just stared and smiled and then nervously lay down again.

It's hard to explain but the walls became Isa and Isa became a rock, and vice versa for the next half an hour. I would go to say something and realise it was a stone, not his face and then hear giggling behind me and see him sat there with a look of shock on his face. Everything was what it is not and could possibly be .... I grabbed Isa's foot at one point, totally convinced that it was something of mine that I needed to hold onto. Every time we tried to talk or I tried to say something the words came out all jumbled and slowed down. I could hear the words in my head but couldn't speak properly. All I could managed every now and then was the odd 'huhhhnn not far now, where? hnnnnnn'.

All this from one bottle, I hadn't even opened the other one yet! I was attempting to speak to Isa but all I could ever muster was the beginning of a sentence and not the end.

Isa is a master shaman in the making so seeing me (somewhat his apprentice) in a state of no control was quite strange. I would think I was talking to him and then look up for an answer and he would just look at me. Then I would slowly realise I hadn't spoken out loud.

As these bizarre symptoms continued to increase I began flitting between the dream world and the real world. Most of the inner visions were quite strange but slightly tame: I was in an etheric version of an ITV game show, then I was in town, then at home, then on a mountain. I think with these plants you can literally appear and reappear wherever and whenever you want. When I closed my eyes I could see the cave and other people, then when I opened them little fragments of the dream image would stay imprinted on the reality.

For the next hour or two I found I could see substances, items, bottles and all sorts of strange things, but when I went to touch them my hand went straight through. Because I had no way of telling what was real or not I became convinced that if I mastered Brugmansia I could walk through walls and make objects appear before my eyes.

All the time trying to explain this to Isa and him just staring in disbelief.

I went for a piss several times (probably six or seven) and each time got distracted by the outside world. When I turned round to re-enter the barrow it was gone, and I searched around in dismay. Then Isa would shout from inside the barrow and it would suddenly appear behind me!

Just as we were about to leave because it was so cold and wet I started actually breaking through the barriers I wanted to remove. All over the barrow, paintings started to appear, the most beautiful and archaic cave paintings in a Neanderthal style. They were crude but somehow in their childishness made all the more special. I tried to motion to Isa that the room was covered in detailed ultra-psychedelic imagery. All over the walls and dark shadows there were intricate layered patterns of what I can only describe as insect wings. The pictures moved and swayed with some ancient energy and my inner mind became acutely aware that I was not merely 'hallucinating' I was SEEING the cave paintings before the barrow was destroyed. They depicted the most wonderful romantic scenes of the hunt, a shaman, witches, wizards, communities, villages, barrows, aliens and spirits. Everything I ever sought from Brugmansia was shown to me in an instant.

On that note Isa collected all our things together and we started the journey home. I didn't know at the time but Isa was getting quite worried about me. To me I felt perfectly fine, if a little disorientated and confused but well aware of what was going on. Turns out, I wasn't. Isa told me that I was stumbling behind him muttering and being distracted by all sorts. One minute I would be behind him then he'd turn around and I was off in some ditch claiming I could see something. Then when we got into civilisation I totally lost it.

To be honest I have absolutely no memory of how I got home or what happened. I have disjointed flashbacks of me finding an imaginary pen and demanding that Isa wait for me whilst I try to pick it up. Obviously it was an illusion and my hand just kept going through it. There are not words to express how frustrating it is to try

and touch something that all your senses confirm is there but when you reach out your flesh just slides through.

When we got back to Isa's I was in a worse state than ever, I thought I was fine but I was swaying, I couldn't stand, sit, kneel or move without seeing something or getting confused. At one point before we left for my flat I demanded to know where Isa had put my clean socks and trousers. Him and his girlfriend Bee just stared in shock. I started rummaging through Isa's clothes and started getting angry that either they were hiding my dry clothes or I was so messed up that I was wrong.

Another memory blank and I was home, with my house full of drunk friends of my fiancée's. She was worried sick and came to see if I was O.K. I managed to grip enough of my sanity to fake being fine, and kept my mouth shut, knowing I would make an ass of myself if I were able to have everyone's attention. One of Vixen's friends asked me if my 'trip' was good, and did I see anything. I just nodded and said 'very good, yes'.

It turns out Isa fully thought I had lost the plot and I believe if I were able to listen to a recording of the evening on tape it would blow my mind.

So a final note, as a warning to the drug culture wannabes of the world, DO NOT FUCK WITH THESE PLANTS. Mushrooms have a built in defence system that if you aren't ready you just get your pretty colours and your giggles.

Brugmansia and Belladonna do NOT play games. These plants will make you temporarily insane. As the Peruvian shamans say, the Brugmansia is the key to the underworld, you become one with the spirits but join with their complete lack of ego control. With Brugmansia there is no control, and I honestly believe if Isa hadn't been there I would have ended up in a ditch chasing some random illusionary object. But for those of you who want a profound shamanic experience then maybe the solanaceous plants [plants in the nightshade family] are for you.

Mother Darkness is my ally now and I have dedicated myself to her. The journey I undertook in that soaking-wet, freezing-cold hole

has changed me forever. I no longer want to have fun on a journey, I don't want pretty colours and intricate but boring hallucinations. Brugmansia single-handedly rips the door off its hinges and demands respect. I have the second brew still to drink ... and maybe on a somewhat warmer evening I will go back to the barrow and see what else she has to offer.

But please, please, please, if you cannot handle substances that remove your self-control DO NOT mess with these plants. Even the Ayauscha shamans in central America warn people against the Datura shaman and his total insanity. So be careful and demand that a companion comes with you.

Side note: oh and by the way, I still have blurry vision and slurred speech 24 hours after the end of the visions.

## 2. HENBANE

Taken from <http://www.vithoukias.com/content/view/1085/122/lang,en/>

### HYOSCYAMUS NIGER

On men it produces, in large doses, delirium resembling that of drunkenness,—a garrulous delirium, with proneness to altercation and quarrelsomeness. Hence one of its ancient names, *Altercum*. Its power to produce an excited or quarrelsome or fantastic mania is universally conceded. The effects are, moreover, "fullness and heat of the head, flushing of the face, injection of the eyes and cerebral excitement, manifested by indistinct or clouded vision, and sometimes total blindness, giddiness, delirium and hallucinations. Sometimes natural objects assume a grotesque appearance, or the field of vision is filled by luminous figures.

"There is little or no inclination to sound sleep, but a sort of somnolence with incoherent mutterings, like that which is so common in typhoid fever.

"Sometimes the hearing is lost. The pupils are often, but not always, dilated; the muscles of the throat and chest, and of the lower limbs, are affected with tetanic rigidity or clonic spasms [grand mal seizures]; and there is more or less complete loss of power in the same parts, which is apt to continue after the attack. Aponia [total loss of voice] is by no means uncommon. General sensibility is in most cases very much impaired, while at the same time there may be severe neuralgic pains in the course of the principal nervous trunks. The skin is apt to be bathed in perspiration, which is sometimes cold when a large dose has been taken. Sometimes the tongue is paralyzed and the pharynx spasmodically contracted." (Stille, vol. ii., 24.)

The action of Hyoscyamus on the vital power is marked.

1. On the sensorium it produces perversion of perception, so that illusions perplex the patient; he sees things which have no existence; also perversion of intellectual action; he reasons erroneously. A distinct mania of the quarrelsome or obscene character. The patient would escape, or would be undressed and walk about nude, or use offensive and unbecoming language and gestures, or quarrel with bystanders.

2. On the muscular system. It paralyzes and convulses the voluntary muscular system, e.g. the extremities, and paralyzes the involuntary system, produces convulsions and paralysis (with pale face, quiet pulse, nervousness). As, for example, paralysis of the constrictors of the pharynx, and also of the sphincter ani [the sphincter muscles of the anus].

The sphere of action of the drug seems to be confined :

3. To the sleep: Produces at first, under small doses, an unwonted liveliness and difficulty in getting asleep; sleeplessness and frequent waking, with exaltation of mind and vivid imaginings. Even when it occurs the sleep is very unquiet, the limbs twitch or are contorted into various grotesque shapes, the hands clutch at the bedclothes or grope about here and there; there are convulsive twitches, startings up in affright, grinding of the teeth, groaning and starting in sleep.

4. The singular and definite character of the mania, which is loquacious and quarrelsome, the subject of it being especially inclined to unseemly and immodest acts, gestures or expressions.

The vertigo of *Hyoscyamus* is attended by obscuration of vision, and loss of the general sensibility of the external surface of the body. The head becomes heavy and confused. The pains which, however, are ill-defined, are mostly in the forehead. When walking there is a

sensation as of a wave within the cranium with pressing in the forehead. Heat in the head and in the forehead.

The sight is obscured; illusions are very various; fiery red objects appear. When reading, the letters move about, small objects appear large; in sewing, the needle goes to the wrong place. There is roaring in the ears.

The disposition is exceedingly despondent and melancholy (save in the mania). A peculiar feature is the production of a state of mind resembling jealousy.

## **Old Family Recipe: Henbane & Alcohol**

**by Alvaterssklave**

<http://www.erowid.org/experiences/exp.php?ID=72632>

The misinformation on henbane has gotten really bad. If you're looking for a crazy, LSD high, FORGET IT.

Let me start by saying that my family has been using henbane in home-brewing for hundreds of years, and the reports one reads on the Internet about its deadly effects are ridiculously overstated. My grandfather drank Pilsenkraut-spiked beer and whiskey his whole life, and was never seriously affected, other than the mild "nonsense-speaking" effects that the weed can have once it really grabs onto someone. That probably sounds terrible, but it's harmless, and can be profound.

My mother's family is "Karpatendeutsch," meaning Germans from Slovakia and Transylvania. "Pilsner" is originally simply beer made with henbane instead of hops or henbane mixed with hops. I brew it regularly, drink it regularly and am not a babbling "shaman" or smelly hippie.

Let me tell you how we make it, first.

5 gallons of clean, non-chlorinated water  
7 pounds of fermentable malt extract, available at brewing supply stores  
about 1½ ounces henbane leaf and flower, dried  
1 ounce of hops to taste  
yeast (I recommend Munton's Ale)

Boil water, add malt, boil malt together with hops for one hour. Using a separate tea-bag infuser, add the henbane about 15 minutes before the end of the boil. Leave the henbane infuser in as the beer cools. Take the infuser out when beer is 80 degrees, add yeast and ferment somewhere dark and cool. Read up on brewing elsewhere, as cleanliness is essential. Prime, bottle and age about a month. Drink at about 55 degrees.

With all that out of the way, let me say that drinking more than six beers or so may indeed be dangerous. I don't know, as the beer is so filling and the taste so strong (kind of like an earthy licorice) that I don't think anyone I know has ever downed more than six beers. If someone reads this and drinks 15 real Pilseners and dies, that sounds like karma to me. So everything in moderation, huh kids?

Here are some effects I notice from Pilsener. I had a few just last night while barbecuing.

1. Time becomes a bit strange. For example, grilling chicken can be a long and tedious wait, trying to cook the meat evenly through; before I knew it, the meat was perfectly done and it seemed like the meat had only been on the grill for ten seconds, even though it was about 40 minutes.
2. Vision can become a bit weird, too. Photographs may look very detailed or deeply shadowed, almost 3-D. People can look like they are made of rubber or latex.
3. I have to be careful what I do when I have Pilsener in my belly as my pain threshold goes through the roof; I can hurt myself badly and not feel it for hours. No power tools!

4. If I really push it and start getting to the 6 or 7 beer range, I can get a little delirious. My wife told me I once wandered around the house, wetting towels and telling her we had to get our daughter's fever down. My little girl was not sick at the time and I don't remember the episode.

5. Henbane can give me terrible, horrifying nightmares if I eat too much while I drink it. These are nightmares that will haunt you, buddy, so be careful. After a few beers (and a bowl of cereal) I once dreamt that my dead next door neighbor was trying to get into my house after clawing her way out of the grave; I have never forgotten what a gruesome dream it was. If you drink Pilsener, **DO NOT EAT BEFORE BEDTIME.**

6. The hangover from overdoing Pilsener includes diarrhea, muscle aches and cramps and a headache that will make me suicidal.

Okay. So that all sounds bad. But Pilsener is a sometimes thing that can be a lot of fun and can be *very* relaxing. It's especially good on cold, holiday nights with lots of pretty tree lights and carols. I don't drink more than three in one evening and I don't do it more than a couple times a month. I consider it a part of my ethnic heritage, and I enjoy the taste.

I hesitate to mention it, but henbane leaves can be steeped in hard liquor for a few days to get the same effects. Just be careful as the effects are stronger and it takes *far, far, far* less of this alcohol to give the effects. Add about ¼ ounce to a bottle of vodka and leave it alone for a few weeks. Then have a shot or two. *Do not overdo it.*

That's the mantra for henbane: **DO NOT OVERDO IT.** You'll be sorry if you do.

### **3. A MODERN CLINICAL EVALUATION**

Lawrence C. Willoughby, LCSW, MSW, is currently a Clinical Psychologist at Oaklawn Psychiatric Center in South Bend, Indiana. He is one of best psychotherapists in northern Indiana, with particular expertise in treating adolescents who combine alcoholism and drug addiction with extremely serious psychological problems. Due to his own early life experiences, he also has special skills and empathy in dealing with patients who are suffering from trauma and PTSD, including the aftereffects of combat.

Many of his patients insist that he is able to read minds in magical fashion; he insists that he uses only a combination of long experience and paying careful attention to subtle facial, verbal, and bodily cues and tells. But he does have what often seems like an uncanny ability to understand what his patients are actually thinking and feeling inside, and he has an extraordinary ability to get young people to open up and talk about what they are really feeling and experiencing. That is why his comments below must be taken with such great seriousness.

#### **Lawrence Willoughby**

January 31, 2010, AA History Lovers Message #6299  
<http://health.groups.yahoo.com/group/AAHistoryLovers/message/6299>

In my 35 years of clinical experience, with one of my specialties being the treatment of adolescents who are alcoholics and drug addicts, I have known at least a thousand cases of people who have experimented with using belladonna to get high.

Belladonna to the best of my experiences with patients has NEVER produced anything like what Bill Wilson reported happening to him at Towns Hospital.

It is always bad.

The attempt to claim that Bill Wilson's experience was a hallucination induced by belladonna is the silliest thing I have ever heard. Where is this coming from?

Larry