Sensual and Amusing: An Ideal Combination
by Piscea Indica

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dose: T+ 0:00</th>
<th>60 g oral</th>
<th>Mushrooms - G. spectabilis fresh</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T+ 0:00</td>
<td>oral</td>
<td>Chamomile tea</td>
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Body weight: 122.4 lbs

While enjoying a pleasurable evening walk on my property, I stumbled across a clump of large, orangish mushrooms. I was initially inclined to dismiss them as Jack O’ Lanterns, a beautiful yet mildly toxic (and certainly not psychoactive) mushroom common to my area. However, upon having a closer look, these particular mushrooms did not possess the typical characteristics of Jack O’ Lanterns, and more so resembled Gymnopilus. I decided to collect a few of the caps and bring them home for a spore print, in a hopeful attempt to confirm them as Gymnopilus Junonius.

I brought them home, and did a spore print. I contact several mycologist acquaintances as well, to gain their insight. The spore print was positive, as were the responses I obtained when I inquired.

I knew G. Junonius to be my area of North America’s single species of psychotropic fungi, and I was overjoyed. Unfortunately, not much is known about this species, or its psychoactive effects and active chemical composition. I took the information I did obtain to heart, though I decided to take it into my own hands to see what psychoactive secrets these mushrooms held, if any.

I had read before that Gymnopilus collected from certain areas was not active; mycologist are currently studying the reasons for this. However, I had harvested mine from an area where they were largely presumed to be psychoactive (from the isolated reports I had uncovered).

I could not find any information on preparing it. I knew that some had obtained effects from simply eating the mushrooms, and I decided this to be my mode of ingestion. I cleaned them very well, allowing them to sit in tepid water for several hours, while I was out.

Upon returning, I began preparation. I removed the caps from the tough, woody stems, and I discarded the stems. I kept the caps, and set aside those I would be using. The remainder were dehydrated, for future use, and spore prints were saved as well.

One of the troubles I had encountered was the lack of dosage information among what little information I could find. I was going to increase the amount I ingested over the course of the afternoon and the next day, if need be. Luckily, I had more than enough G. Junonius.

Late in the evening, I began my experiment. I had carefully arranged my surroundings, and told others whom I could trust nearby what I was planning, lest anything should go wrong.

I planned upon sixty grams (g), being the initial dosage. The taste was rather unpleasant; heavy, chewy, and disgusting; bitter, with an odd fibrous texture I would liken to overcooked asparagus.
I finished the caps, and had a bit of chamomile tea as well, to rid my mouth of the off-putting aftertaste.

I moved to my darkened bedroom shortly afterwards. I was not yet feeling anything but a slight delay in thought and motion, though I knew now that these were certainly active. I decided to wait a bit longer, before consuming more.

At about an hour after initial ingestion, I noticed a prominent intensification of colors, and slight movement, especially in the halo of warm gold surrounding the basking lamp over my large aquarium. I found this very beautiful, yet it was somehow difficult for me to wrap my mind around color in any form. This struck me as deeply amusing.

I was feeling very positive, and experiencing slight hallucinatory effects, including minor auditory distortions and amplification, vague CEVs, and visual distortion, though most of the noted effects were internal, emotional and psychological. One thing that I remember very distinctly, however, was watching small, glowing golden orbs drift and dance across my dark, velvety comforter. This was enjoyable to see, though, like all things, it eventually ended.

After this, I took a bath. I can’t describe it, entirely, though watching the water flow from the faucet made me feel as though I had just been told the best joke of my young life, and I laughed until my throat hurt. I let the amusement roll over me, and I laughed until I collapsed.

This passed eventually, and I sat there, breathing raggedly and giggling. I now understood why some referred to G. Junonius affectionately as ‘Big Laughing Gyms.’

The smooth feeling of the water was very sensual. I had lit some patchouli incense as well, and I watched the smoke swirl about the room, seeming to me then a solid, living thing.

By now, about two and a half hours had passed, and I had returned to a normal, if relaxed, mindset. In a few weeks, I hope to increase the dosage and see what may be accomplished. Overall, it was highly enjoyable, very subtle, and something I will certainly indulge in again, if fate sees willing.

One of the single unpleasantries I noted was insomnia and unusual dreams in the following nights. However, I do not know if this is to be directly attributed to the effects of G. Junonius, as I am facing other circumstances that may affect my sleep patterns.