Swept Up into the Everlasting Orgasm of Life
by On The Beach

| Dose: T+ 0:00 | 20 g oral | Mushrooms - P. cubensis | fresh |

Earlier in the day I had consumed 15g of fresh cubes and had had a most pleasant second experience with mushrooms. Rather arrogantly, I decided that I wanted to repeat the experience right away. My morning trip ended around 6pm. By 9pm I had begun munching my way through another 20g.

I remember walking to the bathroom to purge my system and asking/praying that the mushrooms would ‘show me their dark side’. My reasoning for doing this at the time was that my first two trips had been happy and philosophical, and I knew that the reality of psychedelic usage was that bad trips CAN and DO happen. So I thought it might be useful to try and induce one intentionally to see if I could understand what was happening to me. Bad mistake. Bad mistake.

I had created an uplifting playlist consisting of Trance and mid-tempo chill-out and it was a truly extraordinary thing to be listening to as I was coming up. I began to feel ripples of energy flowing through my legs, the most pleasant sensation imaginable (sexual, in a way).

I didn’t feel sick as I did earlier on in the day, so I gently lay back and let the music guide my soul. The first hour and a half of the trip was simply heavenly. The music soared to ever greater and brighter tones and lifted me up with it. After a while the feeling I had gotten in my legs had spread throughout my entire body and I was feeling orgasmic. I got up and wrote on the PC: ‘Swept up into the everlasting orgasm of life’ and lay back down once more to continue in this heavenly moment.

I kept gently moving my body and torso around - it felt as if I was making love to the music (By that I mean, the music was making me feel sexual in a spiritual way). It was so damned perfect, the best feeling I could imagine. I kept having to get up to turn the music down slightly as I didn’t want my housemates to come in and ask me to turn it down (which would have also let them realise I was tripping my balls off). I knew this was building up to a spiritual climax...

Time slowed. Time slowed. Time stopped. I was looking up at my ceiling and saw a bright white light moving towards me. There was a heavy aliasing effect as the light descended. I interpreted this as being God itself, and immediately thought: ‘What if I find God on only my third trip? How could I ever integrate this experience into my normal concept of reality without going mad?’ I quickly made the decision to stop this. And as I did, the light disappeared, and I was left in darkness. This is when the trip dramatically gained an overwhelming edge of evilness.

After a while I had to get up to take a piss. I knew I wasn’t co-ordinated enough to get to the
bathroom - the only two things I had to hand were a Coke can and a Pepsi can. I saw this as kind of the reverse of the Pepsi challenge (as in, which drink I would rather pee into). I chose the Coke can to pee into and chortled to myself at how ironic the situation was.

As I sat back down on my bed the most mind-blowing thing happened. I rested my head in my hands and had a vision of every thought, memory and feeling that was stored in my mind. They were all arranged in a completely random spherical fashion, and displayed as words and numbers crammed together in a 60s style trippy font (looked like the font used in The Monkees’ logo). I remember thinking to myself: ‘Wow, you’re seeing the inside of your mind!’ I had a thought along the lines of ‘I’m the master of all this now’. Once I snapped out of this I managed to lie back down and hoped I wouldn’t experience anything else so unsettling.

No matter what I tried, the same vision kept appearing to me. Random words. Random numbers. Random feelings. All jumbled up into a paradoxical mixture of insanity and genius. After a while I lost all sense of rationality. My mind would get stuck in cyclical thought patterns, and no matter what I did I couldn’t stop them. I kept thinking strange nonsensical thoughts like: ‘The difference between all this sameness is all the same again’ and ‘The beginning of the end is the beginning also again’.

It was now just after 11pm and I had lost my mind completely. Rationality was impossible because my mind was stuck thinking meaningless thoughts. I kept getting up and looking at the time on the PC, and what seemed like hours and hours was only a minute. It took like an hour just for five minutes to pass. All the time, I was thinking gibberish.

Back to bed. It was then that several terrifying thoughts catapulted themselves into my mind. I thought that time itself had stopped and that I would be left insane forever. I thought either that I was God and that I was playing a trick on myself, or that God was playing a trick on me and that ‘life/reality’ was in fact a construction of my own mind and that I was in fact God.

I started trying to do reality checks in an already insane state of mind, and everything I thought of confirmed that fact that I was in fact God.

Earlier in the day several of my Greek friends had told me that today was St. Nicholas Day (in Greece) - so in my delusional state I thought that I might be a Saint.

I had recently gotten in contact with an old female friend from my childhood, and soon found out that when we were young she was crazy about me (and I was crazy about her also). But in talking to her recently I found out that she had a boyfriend and that we could never have a relationship. She had told me that she was studying to be a teacher. I was browsing online earlier in the day and saw a face that I imagined was like she would look like nowadays. In my delusional state I went back to this page and read it again. It said that her keywords were: ‘teaching’ and ‘learning’. In this state of mind, I equated this with her being God and teaching me a lesson.

I realised that this was in fact the end of time. Perhaps I had died - I kept trying to remember how I had died but I couldn’t remember so I concluded I must still be alive. I knew that time had stopped, and that God was waiting for me to make a decision. My options?...
1. Kill myself. This would end the nightmare immediately and reveal myself as God who had constructed this thing known as ‘reality’ as a puzzle that only I could solve. I thought of lots of ways to kill myself like wandering out into the road or throwing myself into the sea.

2. Live/Reproduce. This would involve contacting my female friend and telling her that I needed her (in THAT way) for the human race. I thought that as I had identified her as God earlier on, perhaps this was what I was supposed to do. And I thought once I had said that I needed her that she would in fact tell me that she was God and that all this was a puzzle I was meant to solve.

After an eternity thinking about what I should choose, a third option popped into my mind:

3. Do nothing. In the back of my mind I still had the capacity to doubt what I was experiencing. I thought: Hang on, this CAN’T be real…what if you just wait to be sure?

I kept thinking about Bill Murray in Groundhog Day. I know it’s not the same situation…but I was trying to think what he did to get tomorrow to become today. I realised it was because he believed in his mind and soul that he was on earth to help others with little regard for himself and stopped being such a selfish bastard. So I thought that is what I need to do in my life also.

Laying there… I managed to utter four words. ‘I DECIDE TO WAIT’.

This was about five hours after ingestion, and finally I found some relief. Soon I fell asleep, but not after realising that I had peed all over myself (Remember, earlier I’d practically met God and almost realised that reality is a puzzle meant to be solved).

I woke up the next morning very unsettled and confused. Tripped later that day also (amazing trip where I dreamed of being a rock star and saw the brilliance of mankind) so that I didn’t permanently equate the mushrooms with insanity. I managed to integrate my thoughts about Groundhog Day into everyday life and it has made me a wonderful, caring person.