



Magda Wosinska, *Mushrooms in Nevada*, 2013

THE PICTURE | THE STORY

The Making of Magda Wosinska's *Mushrooms in Nevada* According to Greg:

Ok, so that day started out like any other on a camping trip with friends.....hungover. Remember, the night before we partied on the shitty floating bar with the "rich" old guys offering us coke. Anyways....after some campfire coffee, we decided to go on a little ride. Luke mentioned that the Laughlin River Run was happening this weekend, so we said, "fuck it, it's not that far." Hahaha.

Most of the other people weren't down and wanted to stay around the camp. So, you, me, Kerri, Luke, and Brownie suited up and hit the road north. We rode for an hour-ish and got to the north end of Lake Havasu, stopped for gas, and decided that it was too god damn hot and there was a lot of day left. We asked the local kid working at the gas station if there were any good swimming spots along the river we should stop at and burn some time. He told us about the spot underneath the railroad bridge. "Go down here. Park in the dirt. Walk along the fence for a bit, and there's a sketchy rope swing hanging

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from the bridge.” We followed his directions and found the spot, stripped down to our *chonies*, and had a fucking blast for an hour or so.

Soaking wet and hungry as hell, we decided to jam on the bikes up to Laughlin, Nevada and check out the River Run. We got there, and it was a dirty biker paradise. We weren't as hungry any more when we got there, and decided to crash a hotel pool for a bit. [We] stopped at the bar in the casino, grabbed a bucket of Budweisers, and piggy backed someone with a hotel key going into the pool area. We hung there for a bit as the late afternoon sun was creeping down, finished our bucket of buds and went back into the casino.

Now everyone was starving, and The Outback was calling our names. We put our name in for a table and hung out at the casino bar until we were called. That's where the outlaw dude flexed on Brownie, asking if he was a Hells Angel. I had my back to them and thought it was Luke being funny and started laughing. It wasn't as funny when I turned around and saw the guy. Thankfully Brownie played it off cool and the dude just moved on.

We went and had an EPIC steak dinner at The Outback complete with a Blooming' Onion of course. Light was getting low after dinner, so we jumped back on the bikes and started riding back to Parker, AZ, where we camped. We had a few friends staying at an amazing compound on the river in Needles, AZ -- Matt Davis (R.I.P.), Mike Quiones, Josh "Broken Homme." We pit stopped there. It was dark by the time we left. But, we were more than half way back to camp.

Right before we started riding, you mentioned to us that you want to pull off before we got back to camp because you had an idea for a photo you wanted to take. I think that's when you passed out some mushrooms and said, 'these will kick in right when we get back to camp,' and you didn't have a lot, so you didn't want to hand them out around everyone at camp. A way's down the road, there was a turn off.

We pulled over and you looked at me and Kerri and said something like "are you cool to ride on the back of his bike naked?" I had to do a double take, did I just hear that right...? Before I could process it, you were all "Greg you can ride with your shirt off, right. It's warm enough out." Next thing I know I'm living out every guy on a motorcycle's biggest dream, and riding with a beautiful girl stark naked on the back, down a moonlit Arizona road along the Colorado River. You snapped off the rest of the film you had from that day and we threw our clothes back on and rode into camp with mushroom smiles, on top of the world from one of the most epic days ever. Didn't even sleep in tents that night, just crashed under the stars. We rode about 250 miles or so that day while it was close to 100 degrees out.

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