

### ***Mycologies I, “Crypto-puffball”***

All the beginnings of all times have one thing in common: neo-pollution. This is the case with crypto-puffballs that are erroneously called “eyes” in colloquial language. The human embryo is contaminated by the gut flora of the mother that always contains a few fertile spores. When free-floating, the crypto-puffball forms stipitate or sessile groups that live without a host for some days until they dry up. They are particularly efficient at collecting phosphorous off the ground.

There are tens of known crypto-puffball species, and they vary according to the host. Their size, colour and even their structure vary, although they usually remain somewhat recognizable independently of the particularities of the host. The colony is a spherical vacuum that is covered by a humid membrane and that forms a voluntary parasitic connection with the central nervous system. In the middle of the vacuum, there is a sharp-edged black bowl, whose depth varies from a millimetre to several centimetres depending on the size of the puffball and the host. The mushroom can be extremely long-lived, and it almost always dies along with the body of the host.

However, it doesn't always die. If the crypto-puffball is detached from its cotter pin during black moon, especially between Christmas and New Year's Eve, it can be grown with “other means”. This requires sophisticated professional instruments and skilled precision; some of the details can only be taught in practice. There are also advanced techniques, where the crypto-puffball is brought to life with a ball lightning of suitable frequency. Such practices, however, belong to higher ritual mycology and require extreme specialization.

It is not recommendable to stare at it. Behold: your burned pearl, crypto-puffball, my hammer.

### ***Mycologies I, “Thunder tangle”***

It is in the sky. It falls from the sky. The mycelia are certainly not always in the dark. They can illuminate. And that is exactly what the thunder tangle does. It is living electricity, it is raw unaccommodating power. Its form is alive.

It cannot be used. It cannot be hunted. One can only wait. Its name shall not be mentioned, especially not in periods of low pressure or in open places. It might accidentally become interested and come to the one who has called for it. It can come to you in the form of small glowing bundles. They like those with red hair.

It is widely known that the Soviet Tokamak reactors were designed to harness thunder tangles. The task proved to be difficult. Thunder tangles can be floated temporarily in an exceptionally strong magnetic flux, but they do not like it. After Stalin died, they began to develop Tokamak technologies from thunder tangle nuclei in two East-Siberian cities that were never marked on the map (S had a famously paranoid relationship with mushrooms). The results remained scarce, and the engineers dedicated to this reactor technique lost their faith in anti-imperialist science.

Working with thunder tangles can truly get on one's nerves. The inhabitants of both cities lived as if in a hornet's nest. They, and especially the engineers and researchers that were exposed to the mushrooms, needed to be treated with drastic cures in order to make their lives bearable. Everyone was in such a bad mood that the transported goods were left at a five-kilometre distance from the bounds of the city.

Nowadays, we understand and admit that the harnessing of thunder tangle technologies cannot be dreamed of. But if they for some reason wish to help you, you know for sure that you are in their favour. You have the skills. You can snap your fingers and the little birds in the neighbourhood will fall off the branches. You can put a light bulb between your toes and make the children laugh.

### **Mycologies I, “Abyss waxcap”**

Characterizing the abyss waxcap has caused scholars trouble and existential pain during many centuries while its true character has puzzled the most fearless of mycologists. Time and time again, it has been encountered in different times and continents, with varying but fatal consequences.

The abyss waxcap lacks all the features that would allow it to be classified as part of an existing class of the mushroom kingdom. As a matter of fact, as doctor Halef Yusud recalls in his commentary concerning the Persian desert species, titled *Mohammedan and Hybrid Mycelia* (Yusud 1788a), it is “without features and as unattainable as you-know-very-well-who”. In other words, it has no outer appearance. It has attained its patina from another world that is folded within ours, that is to say, directly from the shadow biosphere.

When abyss waxcaps are growing [?] in one’s vicinity, their gatherer may feel a slight touch of maidenhair across their face, as a long-repressed childhood memory surfaces in their mind. Soon, the longing for life lost, all that could accidentally have been otherwise, merges with a strong and immediate desire – not to die, but – to immediately cease to exist. It has been speculated that the recess waxcap may be a member of actinomycetes family, but for understandable reasons, the arguments have not been verified. In all honesty, one can only say that the undefined presence of abyss waxcaps may be felt as an uncontrollable desire to perish, especially when combined with a “dark golden wave” of nostalgia (see Yusud 1788b).

Non-existent as an edible mushroom.

The Taoist nature philosopher Huang Tseng (1631–1764) has described the species in his erotic-metaphysical potpourris that specify the position of the abyss waxcap within the order of “ten thousand beings”. Only fractions remain of the decidedly complex poems that confuse even an avid reader well read in Tibetan Buddhist metaphysics. Even in the verse division of the following sentences, we have to content ourselves with a counterfeit reconstruction:

“Neti, neti, my love:  
The tent of matter is wavering.  
The thisness of raw everything  
Makes as unemployed.”

### **Shadow biosphere for beginners and the advanced**

An unexpected encounter with various species may throw one into the shadow biosphere quite suddenly and unintentionally, which is how time gets out of joint. Such moments are guided by a lightning that, as we know, consists solely of the tension between the shadow biosphere and our known biosphere. As Aleksei Konstantinovič Tolstoi once told his becoming bride in a letter dated August 22<sup>nd</sup> 1851:

“This is when I smelled the rhyzik, and as a lightning strike, I saw my whole childhood in detail until age seven. The vision came and went in a fraction of a second. Each mushroom has its particular smell, and those smells make us recall the past.”

As such, this is not the shadow biosphere, but A. K. Tolstoi’s description hints at the origin of the golden veins that gush within you.

**"Mushrooms in the war economy", note**

Many of the species that are used for the purification of water have a modest appearance and reserved character. The ones suitable for the purification of the earth are structurally sound, and their spore dams are relatively long-lived. The clades used for the purification of the air are virtually unnoticeable and easy to maintain. The ones meant for spiritual purification are playful, and at times cunning and taunting.

There is also a certain species that can be used for all the above-mentioned purposes. Moreover, it is easy-care and only needs a bit of stroking every now and then. The cultural history of this mushroom group remained unresearched for a long time, until a certain John made his tests and researched results (carefully, intelligently) public. Of course, he was not listened to, because the intelligence of the Gnostic Mushroom Society of Vyborg had kept an eye on his research for quite a while, and he was easy to shut down by spreading rumors, salt, and mold spores into strategic targets. In the honour of John's unrequited yet well-intending attempts, we have named the indispensable "thunder tangle" after him...

### **Of geomachian annals**

A certain John gathered many mushrooms. He knew a number of species, as he was a member of a traditional mushroom society on the west coast.

John found a sturdy thunder tangle in the forest in 1951. John did not inform the society. He kept the tangle to himself and composed various kinds of music dictated by its unfaltering sense of beauty.

In our use, the thunder tangle has another special task. When the colony reaches the surface, when the spore dams mature, it attracts storms induced with rain organs. The luring of storms is difficult yet possible.

Those who wish to harvest must keep inoculating persistently, sense the smallest changes in air pressure, and remain attentive.

Thunder tangles function with infinitely low probability. To those in the forest: Beware of their ability to improvise. Beware of their ability to begin again.