

Pristine Pilze Polluted Phantasies

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A VERY SHORT INTRODUCTION

The first time I read *The Pristine Pilze Polluted Phantasies* I was astounded to discover stories of entanglement emerging from a collection of seemingly fragmented texts. Bill Murray's *Cenotaph for the Last Reason* set the scene for a multitude of discussions and performances to take place, each suggesting public faces and private desires of objects on the island. On this island, a feast takes place hosted by Bill.

From the perspective of a door, a mushroom, a lawn mower, an AI butler, a vase, and a lamp, the authors concoct a world that is simultaneously fantastical and confusing. The conflict arises between the fungus, who cleans the island through enabling entanglements and decay, and Janus, who cleans through eliminating all dirt, grime, stain, and disorder. Through a setup contaminated with complexity and multiplicity, the book challenges the Enlightenment definition of cleanliness and reason. A question-raising paradox: What is clean and what is not?

OPEN SESAME

Some say one really knows existence when one realises their own desires. And some had a point. Every door harbours a wish: that it can switch seamlessly and instantly between its "wall" state and its open state, without the cumbersome manual process of opening and closing. ¹ **If one speaks of relevance, reason, then there must be a sentient being safeguarding such ideas. A Cenotaph, walled with an opening that is not easy to find, from the start of time till now.** In the 12th century, the Muslim engineer Badi' al Zaman al Dazari created the first fully mechanized door openers using hydropower, incorporating them into lavish amusements like his "serving waitress" automata. ² **This is a story with magic:**

Open sesame. and the thickest possible wall suddenly opens to become an automatic door³.

How can one be at home everywhere in the world, be friends with everyone, influence each person, regardless of their individual peculiarities?⁴ **A generous man can, Bill Murray can. It's simple: open doors, feast. Wishing thoughts one thinks perhaps elusively** the illusion of having escaped reality⁵. **Tell stories,** stories entangle, weaving together fact and fiction, transforming lighthouses into palaces with the aid of gauze.⁶

Two days before Bill instructed Janus to open me to the blended haze of spices⁷ of Istanbul. Here I welcome guests from all over, his acquaintances, mistresses, dear friends, dear foes. On the door of the magnificent garden is written with golden letters: 'The **Cenotaph of Last Reason,** ⁸ Opens in times of war, closed in times of peace.⁹ **I always believed true treasure hides behind me, not Alibaba's gold, but a place to talk. An** open court with a colonnade on each side — an artificial open-air garden, realised through the most advanced technical means: The ceiling is decorated to represent a blue sky in which electric lights twinkle, while by an ingenious arrangement of optical apparatus, the effect of clouds sweeping over the Sky is produced....¹⁰

I want time to leave me alone because I too was not an evader of decay. I was once a thousand-year-old magical brick door embellished by the tendrils of fungi, with a flair of art nouveau. But the bricks crumble, the girders sag sickly. ¹¹ Lines disintegrate before I realise they're there."¹² **Janus found and refitted**

¹ Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

² Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

³ Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

⁴ Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

⁵ Semper, Style in the Technical and Tectonic Arts or Practical Aesthetics

⁶ Carter, Shaking A Leg

⁷ Serres, The Five Senses

⁸ Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648 1815

⁹ David, Architecture Post Mortem The Diastolic Architecture

¹⁰ Koolhaas, Delirious New York

¹¹ Goldsmith, Capital New York Capital of the 20th Century

¹² Rosenberg, Trisha Brown Choreography as Visual Art

me, and now here I am, with a metal plate on the top right corner, my badge of honour, DOOR 2014, Standard door.¹³

The garden behind me is a sort of banalized terrain. When guests enter, they are required by Janus to be cleansed of “dirt”. Washing is a social act; purifying one’s space is an act of welcoming. The more the body is dirty, the more the niche is soiled with faeces, the more the person is attached to his property. The host is clean; the parasite is dirty; I mean that it is only clean for itself. The “for itself” stinks. You can eat, sleep, make love, and so on in the deodorised hotel, but you won’t sleep a wink or eat a morsel in dirty surroundings. For these surroundings belong to one person.¹⁴

Why? In my short thousand years of existence, I realised objectively, we have to continue living with cancers, with germs, **with fungus**, with decay. It’s better to find a symbiotic equilibrium, even fairly primitive, than to reopen a war that is always lost because one and the enemy find renewed force in the relationship. Decomposing is their own ideal of cleansing, and if so, why not culture them in curdled milk, which sometimes results in delicious cheeses?¹⁵

Open sesame, hear hear. Dare I ask, are you a host or a parasite?

¹³ Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

¹⁴ Serres, The Parasite

¹⁵ Serres Latour, Conversations on Science Culture and Time

10, December, 2005
Saturday

DEAR DIARY,

I must state that upon accounting I discovered: the range of uses for cleaning products is wide and their specificity is remarkable.¹⁶ In the janitor's chamber one finds a multitude of tools, that they've got uses that go beyond their masters' intentions. **If you let your thoughts wander far enough,** the master's tools can dismantle the master's house, or even the master him/herself. The tools revolt: washing machines snatch clothes from the guests, bellowing Hoovers suck off makeup and wigs and false teeth, electric toothbrushes leap into screaming mouths, clothes dryers turn gardens into dust bowls, garden tools whiz through lawn parties, impaling the guests, who are hacked to fertiliser by industrious Japanese hatchets.¹⁷

You see, the house is the winning throw of the dice which man has wrested from the uncanniness of the universe. It's my defence against the chaos that threatens to invade him.¹⁸ **The more overwhelming Istanbul is, the tidier this has to get. The higher the chambers go, the tidier they have to get.**

I'll talk to you soon, recently I've been eyeing this new personal computer butler. He could be the best thing that has yet happened, or the worst.

Bill

¹⁶ Zimring, Encyclopaedia of Consumption and Waste

¹⁷ Koolhaas, SMLXL

¹⁸ Marx, Capital Volume One

Attempting to establish a connection to the Fungithub... ..

JANUS_1.0

One cannot be reasonable without having order, without being tidy.

The daily toil required to keep this mass of rubbish in order¹⁹

def main():

for day in range (infinity):

tidy(self)

for wall in walls:

wipe(wall)

for tile in roof_tiles:

replace(tile, new_tile)

this function ran 7896 times

for stone in stones:

scrub(stone)

for pebble in pebbles:

rinse(pebble)

for sandgrain in sandgrains:

polish(sandgrain)

while (dirty_dishes):

wash (dirty_dishes[-1])

dirty_dishes.pop()

print ("*haven't you heard of that poem proclaiming that to wash dishes was nobler than to write a symphony?*²⁰")

if found_object == magic_lantern:

polish(magic_lantern)

make_a_wish()

¹⁹ Stickle, Gustav Stickle's Craftsman Homes and Bungalows

²⁰ Rand, The Fountainhead

ON NOT MAINTAINING A MUSHROOM GARDEN , REFLECTIONS FROM DALIT THE SEWER

‘Never again clean other people’s shit ... Never again allow your children to live in shame and fear.’ The entire population of toilet cleaners in India are ‘Dalits’, the people previously labelled with the ultimate pejorative ‘untouchables’.²¹ **What false message, I loved being dalit! For in the damp and moist places of sewers it’s the place where I harvest my most delicate mushrooms.** Tartuffe. “truffle” in Italian, tubercule, Underground mushroom is a parasite; he detours and captures,²² **They say, but when it comes to eating, however, the delicious comes from those which are captured from filth. Such as crabs, lobsters, fungus, or the toilet.**

Bill designed the cenotaph and the whole toilet to spring up around **my** core. Columns support an outward cornice that forms a gutter; into which the **waste** water falls from the roof.²³ Any excess overflows into a second gutter outside the first, where, however, it cannot remain, but passes away by means of a ring of small holes between the base of the outer of the cylinder.²⁴ **Through holes,** The sun enters the sewer no less than the palace, yet takes no pollution.²⁵

The worldwide westernisation of the toilet looks increasingly untenable, given its reliance on plentiful water and expensive infrastructure. **It lacks reason,** defecating in clean water, using paper is especially alarming since all three aspects are fundamentally dubious. Logic suggests reversing the process: water is better for cleansing the body and wasteful to sully by excreting into.²⁶

Hence it would be a joke to maintain the mushroom garden, for if one thinks hard enough, sitting is anatomically incorrect (but squatting is); shitting in clean water is wasteful and there are plenty of alternative "grey water" or "dry" toilets.²⁷ **I receive faeces everyday, every fluid can be a fertiliser, and every structure, fertile.** In this last cleaning, water goes into ponds or indoor pools where microalgae are grown to absorb nitrogen and phosphorus.²⁸

For where the glamour and power, the television and internet don’t reach it is this place. Amongst the lush bushes of mycelium, is where the people, being kicked out of the party, where stowaways who swam on the island with whatever purpose, where outcasts, or the invisible could gather, the sewers were refuges from which to challenge the bourgeois order above. Because it is so accessible, Victor Hugo, author of *Les Misérables*, argued that they unveiled the city’s excretions and made visible what he called ‘the sincerity of

²¹ Graham, Vertical The City From Satellites to Bunkers 8 Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

²² Serres, The Parasite

²³ Palladio, The Four Books of Architecture

²⁴ Pasteur, Studies on Fermentation

²⁵ Bacon, Selected Philosophical Works

²⁶ Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

²⁷ Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

²⁸ Kassinger, Slime

filth'. In *Les Misérables* the sewer is a place where the poor and the outcasts of society gather together as a collective population which can erupt upwards at any moment to threaten the world above ground. There are no more false appearances, no possible plastering, the filth takes off its shirt, absolute nakedness, rout of illusions and of mirages, nothing more but what it is ... The last veil is rent. A sewer is a cynic. It tells all.' The sewer offered refuge and respite to all those who struggled against the violence and repressive injustice of the bourgeois urbanism above. Belgrand's vast engineering project meant that Paris's sewers were increasingly rationalised. They became much less haphazard and more vertically segregated from the boulevards above. ²⁹ **In Istanbul we don't want that. We live.**

In the mushroom garden, one does not clean, nor pay rent.

²⁹ Graham, *Vertical The City From Satellites to Bunkers*

THE MUSHROOM EGO AND JANUS' LAWN MOWER - A DIALOGUE

The afternoon wind wafts across the Bosphorus, enveloping the island in a general air of mild decay. I rub my somewhat bulbous nose and fear how badly the flavour of decay was developing in Istanbul.³⁰ Here, mushrooms **grow** off stones; lichens cover every imaginable piece of rock or bark; mosses grow in dark crannies.³¹ Trees keep mutating into rhizomes. **I** keep trimming **them** into tree shapes.³²

I move to the next tree before the fungal hyphae get a chance to digest my rubber tyres. Mycelium keeps trying to entangle stories. NO. Absolute rationality must be maintained!³³ To precisely put it: there is a source and a place in a general structure of rationality concerning nature and that is in the order of things.³⁴ To put things together of the sign and its likeness, and this is why nature and the word can intertwine with one another to infinity, forming, for those who can read it, one vast single entity.³⁵

"I must **not** let the Palace decay."³⁶

"Changelessness is decay,"³⁷ **counsels the mushroom perching on the tree trunk, all intertwined.**

"A paradox. There is no decay without a change for the worse."

"Changelessness is a change for the worse."³⁸

"But this island is to remain the most perfect Baroque garden," I cried indignantly.

"It seems a lighthouse **to you, but it is just a mirage, and ideal** — a flashing, bright **green light**³⁹ **that is** as close as a star to the moon."⁴⁰

"Stop talking in metaphors and mirages. You are just a mushroom."

"And you are just Bill's lawn mower."

The agitated ocean runs up the rockface, leaps with the aid of the full moon, and splashes me in the face. I move out of its reach. What charming ignorance!⁴¹ **I laugh at the petty attempts of the ocean. Meanwhile,** the waves of ignorance⁴² **gradually eat** away the ground **I** stand on.⁴³

³⁰ Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

³¹ Freedberg, The Eye of the Lynx

³² Schumacher, The Autopoiesis of Architecture Vol 2

³³ Schumacher, The Autopoiesis of Architecture Vol 2

³⁴ Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

³⁵ Foucault, The Order of Things

³⁶ Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

³⁷ Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

³⁸ Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

³⁹ Zizek, Less Than Nothing

⁴⁰ Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby

⁴¹ Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau

⁴² Serres, The Incandescent

⁴³ Wolfe, To The Lighthouse

JANUS_4.7

How can one cleanse the infected members of all trace of pollution?⁴⁴

```
def main():
    deep_clean(guests)
    deep_clean(house)
    deep_clean(island)
    return

# recursive cleaning
def deep_clean(thing):
    if thing == atom:
        clean(thing)
        return thing
    else:
        for part in thing:
            return deep_clean(part)
```

⁴⁴ Girard, Violence and the Sacred

AN EVER-EXPANDING INVENTORY OF THINGS THAT ONE CAN INGEST

Those with an expiry date

Consumables (capitalist flavour)

Digestibles

Parasites

Those that can be eaten only once

Those that can be boxed

Gelatinous ones

Those that when frozen can no longer revert it to its original state

Those that colonise

Rocks

Magical ones

Cosmic latte⁴⁵

Those that eat you

⁴⁵ Ursprung, Lecture

THE ENCHANTING FOREST OF CONTROLLED DECAY

What do you do when your world starts to fall apart? I go for a walk **around the island**, and if I'm lucky, I find mushrooms.⁴⁶ **For ingredients, consult An Ever-Expanding Inventory Of Things That One Can Ingest, but in the case of having a good tasting menu:** everything depends on everything else. There's a kind of vole that needs old forest. It eats mushrooms that grow on rotting logs and excretes spores somewhere else. No rotting logs, no mushrooms; no mushrooms, no vole; no vole, no spreading fungus; no spreading fungus, no new trees.⁴⁷ **Everything.** It represents a vast circulation. Plants grow and are eaten by animals. Animals eat and are eaten. Any organism that dies is incorporated into the cells of moulds, decay bacteria, and so on.⁴⁸ **Extracting taste from everything and everything else is a type of controlled decay.**

Milk

Milk is what differentiates a splendid Ayran from the ordinary. Milk can be used to produce a wide range of dairy products, which include butter, ghee, cheese, curds, whey, casein, **and** yoghurt.⁴⁹ **The ideal yoghurt is half cheese.**

Thunder mushroom

Use the fungus İTOV in Thrace that grows during thunder. Subdued thunder generates mushrooms.⁵⁰ **The old Sultan Sikandar Adil Shah** practised taking two **exact** spoonfuls of psilocybin mushroom, laced with honey every day until time and space melted away into flashes of mercury swirling around the periphery of **his** vision.⁵¹

Aged Bosphorus Sardine

Sumac, salt, cumin, garlic, grinded into powder as marination. The fish of the sea, the flying creatures of the heavens, Every living thing that crawls on the earth **would taste more delicious if they are left to age (rot) in a cold, clean environment for 5 days and nights.**

Silk Road Kombucha

Kombucha is a fermented tea made with a symbiotic culture of bacteria and yeast **that has travelled all the way from the east to west.**⁵² Serve tea to Kombucha every week so that it is happy. Stay happy. Keep calm and drink kombucha. Drink the mélange of fungi and tea ;)

⁴⁶ Tsing, Mushroom At The End Of The World

⁴⁷ Powers, The Overstory

⁴⁸ Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

⁴⁹ Zimring, Encyclopaedia of Consumption and Waste

⁵⁰ Grimm, Teutonic Mythology The Complete Work

⁵¹ Zorn, Arcana 5

⁵² Negarestani, Collapse Volume VII Culinary Materialism

FEAST IMPRESSIONS

It is a room with Mudejar style stucco work,⁵³ marbles from Alexandria,⁵⁴ mosaics of Numidian stone,⁵⁵ staircases, all of wood,⁵⁶ **heavy** black velvet **curtains that** transmitted no light rays,⁵⁷ **a timber ceiling** in which a carved dolphin **swims**,⁵⁸ Escher-like pattern tattooed on the floor,⁵⁹ **peacock-colored Bonsai**, a burnished throne wrought with fruited vines,⁶⁰ **a** Turkey carpet, stuffed couches and armchairs, flames of seven branched candelabra reflecting light upon⁶¹ the walnut wood table,⁶² vials of ivory and coloured glass,⁶³ **and guests drowning in** strange synthetic perfumes.⁶⁴

A man and a woman; knife and fork; pepper and salt.⁶⁵ Even the couches on which guests reclined at dinner could be carried from one room to another if necessary.⁶⁶

THIRSTY. Want Coke? **Do** you want pineapple, papaya, guava, peach, coconut, apple, orange, strawberry grapefruit, pink grapefruit, cherry apple, apple strawberry, or grape juice?⁶⁷ **Do you want** Virgin's Milk, Vegetable Liquor, **or** Mushroom Saliva?⁶⁸ **We only have Ayran and kombucha.**

There are meats stuffed with sweet-smelling ingredients, **emitting a** delicious mist which is slow to evaporate,⁶⁹ **sardines, and** rice combined with curries served on disposable, recyclable, banana leaves,⁷⁰ **mouldy eggplants**, slivers of white cheese on the side, large platter of broiled fish and small roasted potatoes, resting on cool, green lettuce leaves,⁷¹ **psilocybin tablets for a destabilised mind**, a rabbit fillet **Bill's** been saving for no reason, fried mushrooms and onions, a decent coffee cake made of Grape Nuts, and a couple of shots of fermented thimbleberry,⁷² **a feast.**

⁵³ Bork, Late Gothic Architecture

⁵⁴ Seneca, Complete Works

⁵⁵ Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City

⁵⁶ Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol II Within a Budding Grove

⁵⁷ Rand, The Fountainhead

⁵⁸ Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City

⁵⁹ Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

⁶⁰ Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City

⁶¹ Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City

⁶² Stickley, Gustav Stickley's Craftsman Homes and Bungalows

⁶³ Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City

⁶⁴ Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City

⁶⁵ Sloterdijk, Critique of Cynical Reason

⁶⁶ Acocella, Stone Architecture Ancient and Modern Construction Skills

⁶⁷ Koolhaas, SMLXL

⁶⁸ Eco, The Infinity of Lists

⁶⁹ de Montaigne, The Complete Essays

⁷⁰ Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City

⁷¹ Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

⁷² Powers, The Overstory

A RUDE INTERRUPTION

[A blow of the wind, the door of the **palace** swings open. Lightning and thunder. **The Mushroom** appears]

Vase: Why, it's **Mushroom!**

Lamp: What does she want here?

Tablecloth: Shhh!

Mushroom: Well, quite a glittering assemblage, **Monsieur Murray. Pantalone, Flavio, Il Capitano**, and, how quaint, even the **Harlequin**. I really felt quite distressed of not receiving an invitation **to the feast**.

Lamp: You weren't wanted!

Mushroom: Not wa...? Oh dear, what an awkward situation. I had hoped it was merely due to some oversight.⁷³
[Interpretation failed, reason blushed, speech was silent.⁷⁴]

Bill: **Indeed it was a terrible oversight. I offer my greatest apology to you. Dear guests,** the mushroom speaks.⁷⁵

[**Bill hands** the fungus the mic.⁷⁶]

Mushroom:

**I contaminate,
Grow, expand, and entangle
Polyphonic dreams.**

[guests applaud]

Vase: **Such fine Haiku. Well phrased, my fellow poet.**

Mushroom: **Thank you.** [dramatic pause] I am old, older than thought in your species, which is itself fifty times older than your history.⁷⁷ **The world keeps changing, and I change with it.** If you have seen Mother Earth's harlequin costume, you have known Antiquity. It is gradually disappearing, becoming a white, virginal coat again, open fields where monotonous corn, disturbingly, occupies the space as far as the horizon, ugly and greenish.⁷⁸ **In fact, maintaining order and self-contained singularity is like trying to disrobe a harlequin, who** will never arrive at his last costume. He undresses infinitely. There are always more peacock marks, ocelli, and tattoos. The state of things becomes tangled, mingled like thread, a long cable, a skein.⁷⁹

Entanglement further creates "baroque evolutionary possibilities" of symbiosis.⁸⁰ **For example, from my**

⁷³ Disney, *Sleeping Beauty*

⁷⁴ Augustine, *The City of God*

⁷⁵ Davis, *High Weirdness*

⁷⁶ Davis, *High Weirdness*

⁷⁷ Davis, *High Weirdness*

⁷⁸ Serres, *The Five Senses*

⁷⁹ Serres, *The Five Senses*

⁸⁰ Davis, *High Weirdness*

long-winded affair with Algae, emerged the Lichen. It is something that is neither me or Algae, but the both of us simultaneously. If you question its reason, its layers of harlequin costume peel under the blazing sun to reveal more pleats and wrinkles⁸¹. **Pale. Hairless. Raw.**

[While the Mushroom spoke, the spores waited patiently, till the northeast Wind left blowing and there arose a southwest Wind, which gently **lifted them** up and flew with **them** towards **new destinations**.⁸²]

Mushroom: Well, now that I have filled your pores with spores, I'd best be on my way.

Bill: Oh no! The spores are getting everywhere!

Mushroom: Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Janus: Seize that creature!

Mushroom: Stand back you fools. [*disappears in a puff of smoke, laughing*]⁸³

[Silence surrounds the cenotaph: music, murmuring, shades of colour and scents.⁸⁴ **The lone harlequin dances before the guests in an endlessly rising loop⁸⁵ under the Istanbul sun.**]

⁸¹ Serres, The Five Senses

⁸² The Book of the Thousand and One Nights

⁸³ Disney, Sleeping Beauty

⁸⁴ Serres, The Five Senses

⁸⁵ Hofstadter, Godel Escher Bach

JANUS_FINAL_LAST_DEFINITELY-FINAL_REVISED

Hello world!

Please talk to me: _

Can something be completely clean? Or are we always constantly moving towards this state, because something can always be cleaner? Will we ever stop cleaning?

*Life is well enough furnished, but we are too greedy with regard to its furnishings; something always seems to us lacking, and will always seem lacking.⁸⁶ **It is of course how you perceive cleanliness. Do you see cleanliness as your mind's order or an objective state of nothingness?***

Please talk to me: _

My mind is filled with filth, my life is filled with filth, how can I still have reason amongst all this filth?

*What isn't dirty? **What isn't filth?** What is **yours**. That is the foundation of property, that one's own [propre] dung smells good. One's own is what is clean [Ie propre], and property is only cleanliness [Ia propre]. **With all good reasons**, This thing that is horrible for **me is yours** insofar as **you are** alone and not finding it repugnant.⁸⁷ **When you realise that 57% of you is not human cells, It is nice to reconsider what exactly is filth, what is you. You can live with what is around you, I hope I am reasonable.***

⁸⁶ Seneca, Complete Works

⁸⁷ Serres, The Parasite

NEW WALLS

While home owners typically try to keep fungus out of their walls, a new form of Insulation material is mushroom based: New York company Ecovative proposes organic insulation grown from mycelium, the thread like roots of mushrooms.⁸⁸

George liked eating the **mushrooms** in his room.

“Don’t do it,” said his father.

George went on eating wall.

His father went to the Drug Store and bought a bottle of wall pills.

George ate them all and his head grew into a **lighthouse**

George was happy playing with the **lighthouse**, but the father was sad because everybody said:

“What a strange child you have, Sir.”⁸⁹

⁸⁸ Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

⁸⁹ Carrington, The Milk of Dreams