

**LOST
IN
LIGHTS**



LOST IN LIGHTS

Studio Meteora Season 07 - Reason

Aurelia Perschel & Hyuk Sung Kwon

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**Overture
I'll be Long Gone**

To Aziz Ansari

Dear Aziz,

I did something I thought was funny and it wasn't taken that way, the company wanted to do the right thing so they stopped the production. [1] You might remember the complaint from Lucy Liu against me in the previous years. I took her part, and the joke was then turned against me. [2]

This could be caused by the darkness or by some kind of humor. [3] I was told that they had developed jokes which were funny without hurting, humiliating, or even making fun of anyone, like, "What do you do with a sick boat." Predictably, I immediately exploded: "I don't care whether you bring it to a doc or a dock, the whole point of a joke is that there must be someone who gets hurt, humiliated...!" But what if I was wrong, what if it is the purely formal aspect of a joke which makes it funny much more than its content. [4]

Sometimes, mentioning the so called excesses of Political Correctness is justified—not to make cheap jibes about it, but to identify at its purest the logic which underlies our social space. [5] I believe I've learnt much from every complaint, but my mood swings and inappropriate behaviors branded me, "apparently he hasn't changed". [6]

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THE A THRILLING DOCUMENTARY
THE BILL MURRAY STORIES LIFE LESSONS LEARNED FROM A MYTHICAL MAN

"No one will ever believe you!"

2018, The Bill Murray Stories: Life Lessons Learned from a Mythical Man

To Aziz Ansari

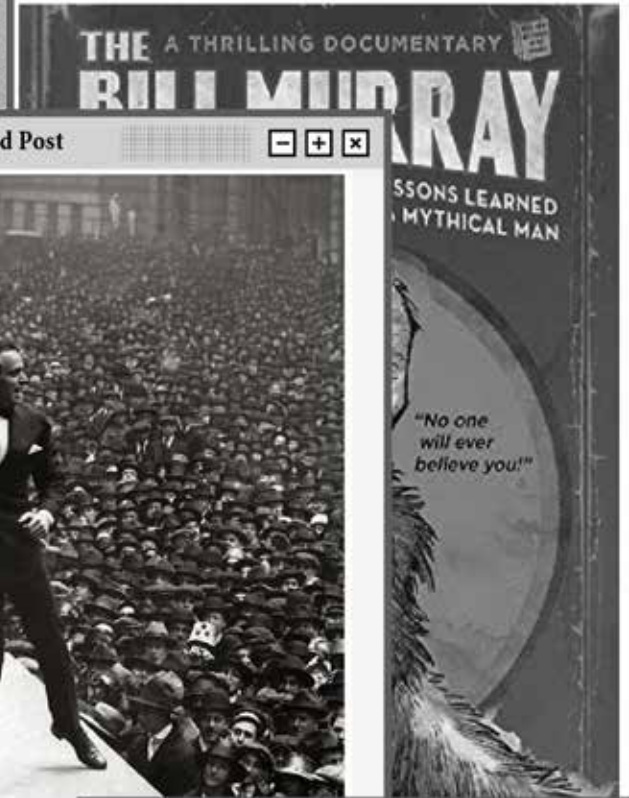
But how can a comedian make everyone laugh? *We are not thinking of being political, we are thinking of what resonates and what is common to all of us. I think that's harder and harder to do because people are constantly trying to win their point of view.* [7] I tell you my friend, I'm retiring as I did multiple times before *and all the nutters out there will go, 'Oh, OK!' and then leave me alone.* [8] Away from all fall-out, critics, complaints, memories and changing definitions.

I've been to many places, and as of now, I'm heading to the Maiden's Tower in Istanbul, Turkey. Funny name for a country with such dynamic history isn't it; *a large bird for thanks-giving's feast; something that fails badly; a stupid or silly person* [9]; *a drunken bully* [10]. Yet with all the absurdity of definitions, the tower developed into its beauty today. I'm finding joy reading and reflecting on traces I find on this island, and with them, I'm going to write a myth – on endlessly revised walls and yards of the castle, on seemingly precarious dockyards and on the blasting current of the Bosphorus strait.

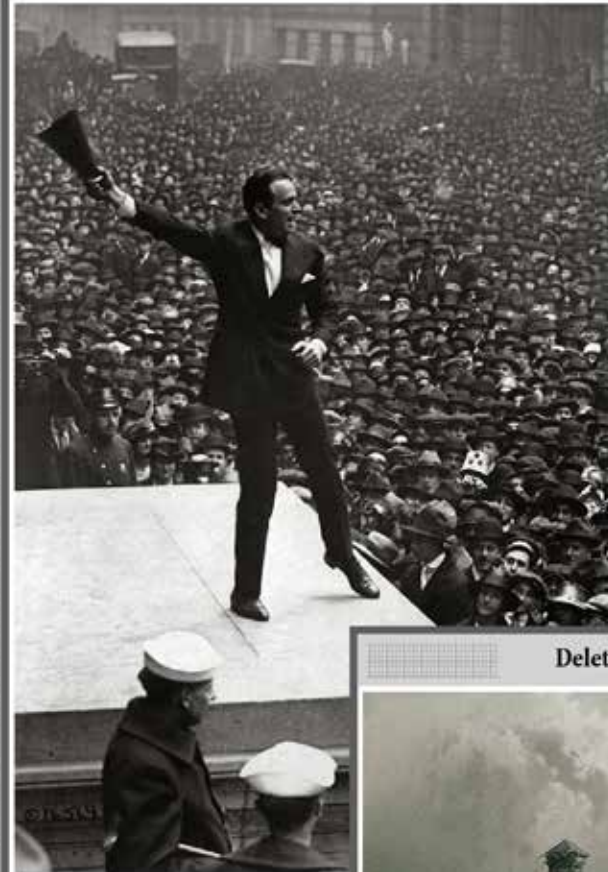
You don't have to reply this e-mail. I'll be long gone. I'll reach you once things settle down inside me.

With best regards,
Bill

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1918, Charlie Chaplin on Wall S

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1838, Maiden's Tower, W.H. Bartlett

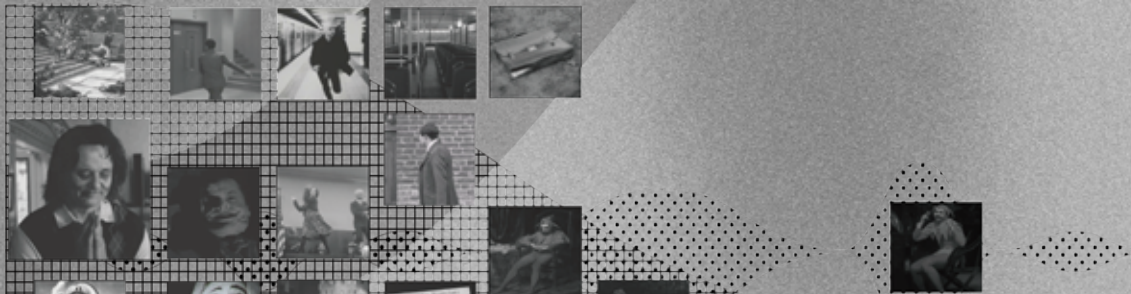
The Myth



The Maiden's Tower



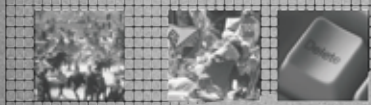
Bill Murray's Journey



Comedian



Crazy Nutters







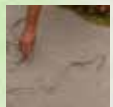
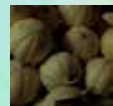
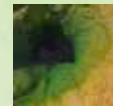
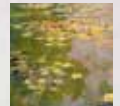
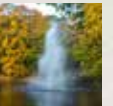
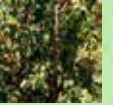
***Entrée
Garden of
Thorny Secrets***

Under the god of lake, Pontus Euxinus, was a beautiful young princess, swore not to fall in love with a man. *It was a spring evening, long before dark* [11] when she happened to meet the prince of the sea of Propontis on his wedding day of the arranged marriage. Their eyes met and they knew. *Even if it's a vow to the god, can you ever forbid your heart!* [12] Betraying his young wife, the prince found a refuge with the princess on an *island, on this beautiful and dangerous river* [13] of Bosphorus. Both *knew the island pretty well, and nobody ever came there.* [14]



On the island was an abandoned castle with a tower, surrounded by rooms of their secret affair. Thorny roses began to bloom in the castle's courtyard as an *early sign of spring* [15] as if cherishing their forbidden love, the two began spending more time together, taming the greens into a garden; *a large immaculate garden, bordered with olive trees.* [16] *It was full of roses and lily, violets of crocus, orange blossoms and all manner sweet scented blooms and herbs.* [17] *Around the flowers, walls with* [18] screens treasured their secret garden of love.

For days and nights, *the two crossed the garden without uttering a single word,* [19] *falling immediately and irreversibly* [20] in love. *They lived concealed, content, with closed doors, devouring their love affair, that sweet forbidden fruit.* [21] *Life within those walls was governed by a sweet and loving reason.* [22] For a time, it was good, knowing that *summer will follow.* [23]



Here begins the writer's comment.

The garden on the island is to be covered with various colors, soft, fresh and invigorating. With the newly planted vegetations, I roam around. Trees bear fruits, I steal them and bite a chunk out. Is picking the flowers allowed? I don't mind. It's my ritual.






Building Benches? Olive trees display soft beige section with gentle cracks on them. Adding golden grace wouldn't be too bad? Warm metal. The heavy-covering roof will be dissolved. Frohlocking in the field, I may streak on the green completely naked. Freedom again! Under the sky, try to stop me!







***Adagio
Hall of Buzzing
Whispers***

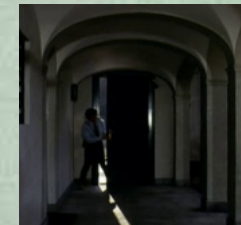
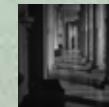
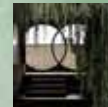
Summer was at hand, the days were long, the weather was warm. [24] However the feeling that their love affair was at stake didn't leave their minds. Unlike their flourishing green garden that was kissed by the last sunrays of summer, their love was to *be reduced to a destitute condition indeed.* [25] Looking for a breakthrough, the prince starts words by confessing his troubled mind.

PRINCE

Everything went wrong since the beginning. As a prince, every word I say, every step I take are controlled and restricted! I can't run or dance in my house, can't eat food that has food coloring in it. And now, look what they made me do, finally they *forced me to a marriage I detest!* [26] *Such a union is a hell upon earth; better death than such a marriage.* [27] I asked my father how he could ever marry a woman before knowing her, and his answer was stupid and rude, saying: "How could you marry a woman after knowing her? Chose the royalty, the right side, or thou shall be expelled." Fair enough, it's comforting that everyone is deciding everything for me. What can I do my love? I'm sick of questioning, lying and staying insecure all the time, but I want to be with you my fair lady.

PRINCESS

I've been there as well, my father was like: "*Let there be no love or treaty between our peoples.*" [28] *He said it was made that way for some reason or other.* [29] But I don't see this "reason". *Pure hypocrisy!* [30] *Must I paint an angry father forgetting his former words, and treating the most virtuous of daughters as a mad woman?* [31] Stupid vows to my virginity, rituals, codes, how to behave right... I reject them all! Don't be a cry baby my lord, *whenever you can, just fucking love, if you can choose, choose love.* [32] We are no beings to live 'right'. We leave as your father threatened you. Let our desire of freedom liberate our love. May we find redemption at last!



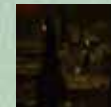
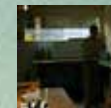
PRINCE

He's pure nuts! [33] Surely, you're not a virgin. [34] In both cases, we get pure absurdities. [35] Right, when reason begins to cause fear, let us reassure them, [36] that our love is unbreakable. Let's meet again in the coming dark winter night, I'll sneak out and sail back here, following your light up here to Maiden's Tower my lady. And we run. It's our L'amour en fuite...!

PRINCESS

Brilliant my dear, and we get lost together, just the two of us.

Blinded by euphoria neither of them realized that their plan was fragile. They part as if they were never to meet again. [37] The life of each individual has its autumn, its warning season, when all fades and withers. [38]



The green is getting boring. Wet and dark, damp mosses will cover the cracked wooden surface. I'm covered under dark green veil to cool down myself, cool soft Turkish Tulle. Came back inside, roaming around the hall of solitude. Sitting alone in the huge table of sombre dining room. I'm hungry.





Rough masonry will decompose and stand as ruin. Rigid but soft, straight but crooked. Jadestone furniture and ornaments shades the darkness even further. Every dish in the card seems flamboyant and seductive. Here in this dark kitchen, I overcook the best meat like Michelin chef. Devouring heavy portions myself is a ritual.







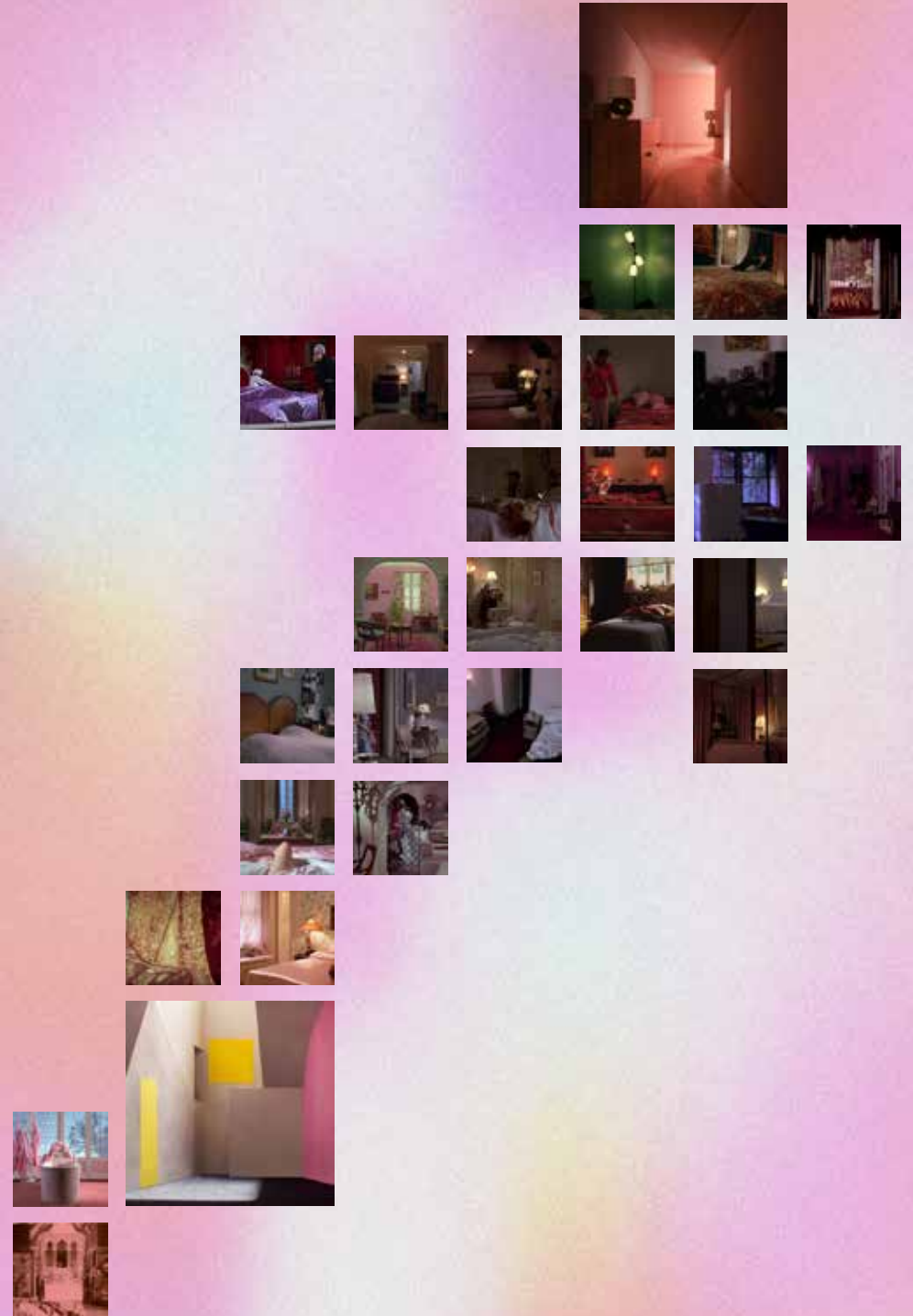
***Variation for Her
Beacon of Blowzy
Vulnerability***

Are we ever to meet again? [39]
This separation is just so inhumane.

Let us go to the garden. [40]
There is no such thing as a warden.

*I was escaping in the darkness, and I heard my father's threats as
he chased me.* [41]
He almost turned into the red sea.

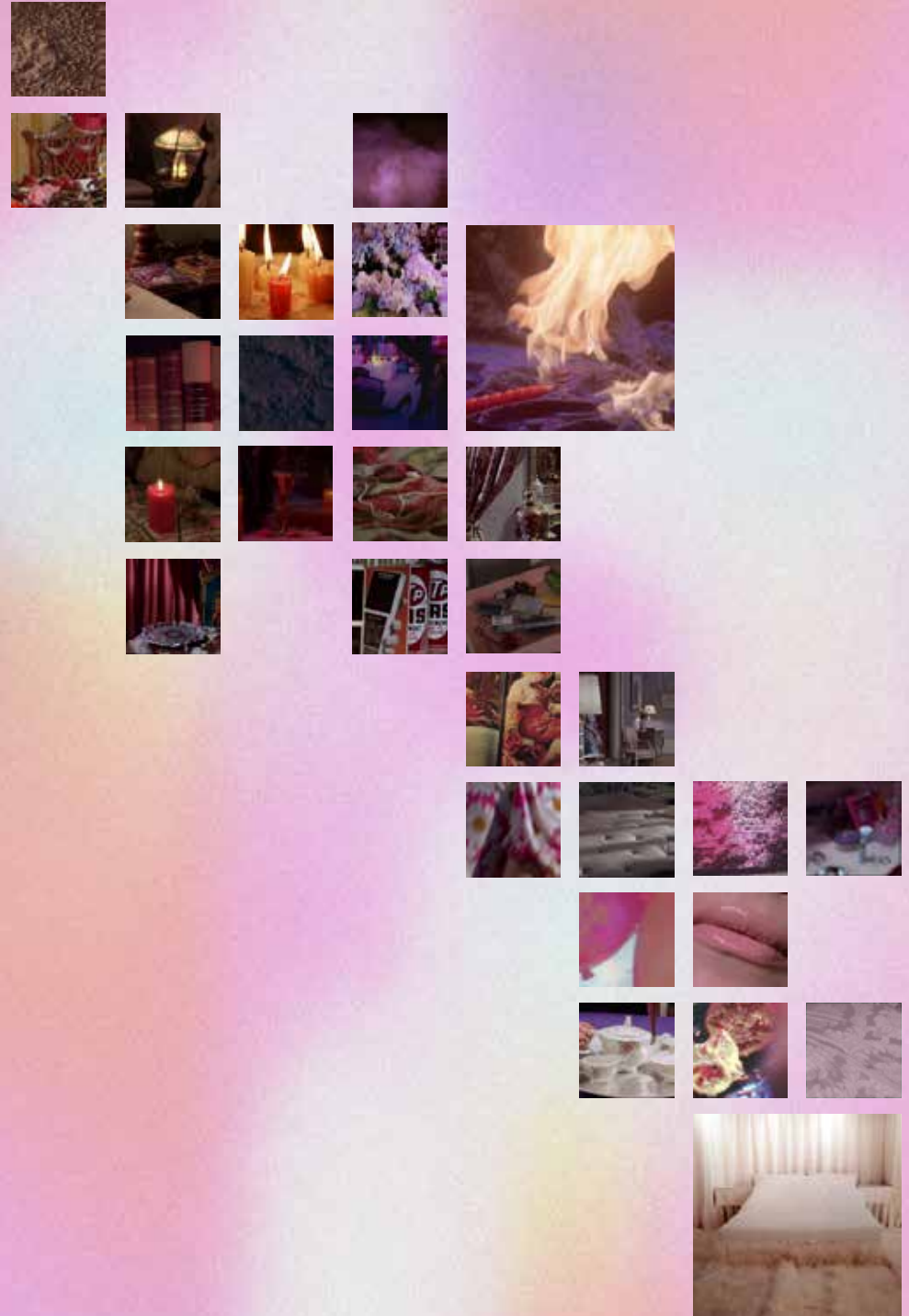
It is only true that there is nothing true,
Let's reject all the nutters who have no clue!



I'm now on the tower waiting with my Blackberry
For the sign is arbitrary. [42]

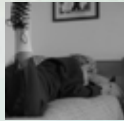
The signal light flashed [43] into the night,
I think that's not enough bright.

Towers of Istanbul help me to guide his way,
so that my love will arrive safely at the bay.



Lighting up the dark space needed tons of lights. Kaleidoscopic reflections all over the space, oozing, shimmering, disorienting. All copies have their own authority. Silky and smooth bedding with nice scents. Sniff! Sniff! Outside the bed is dangerous, let's just watch some stupid shorts. Who are all these nutters talking to? Dancing to? Fuck.





They are like mosaics. Not only in the screen, but through the stained glass, lights will glitter in and out. Brittle, thin and fragile barrier so that I can completely cast myself away. Joy of being connected? Sort of, but not seriously. So I make Prank calls to nowhere, could only have dreamt of this.





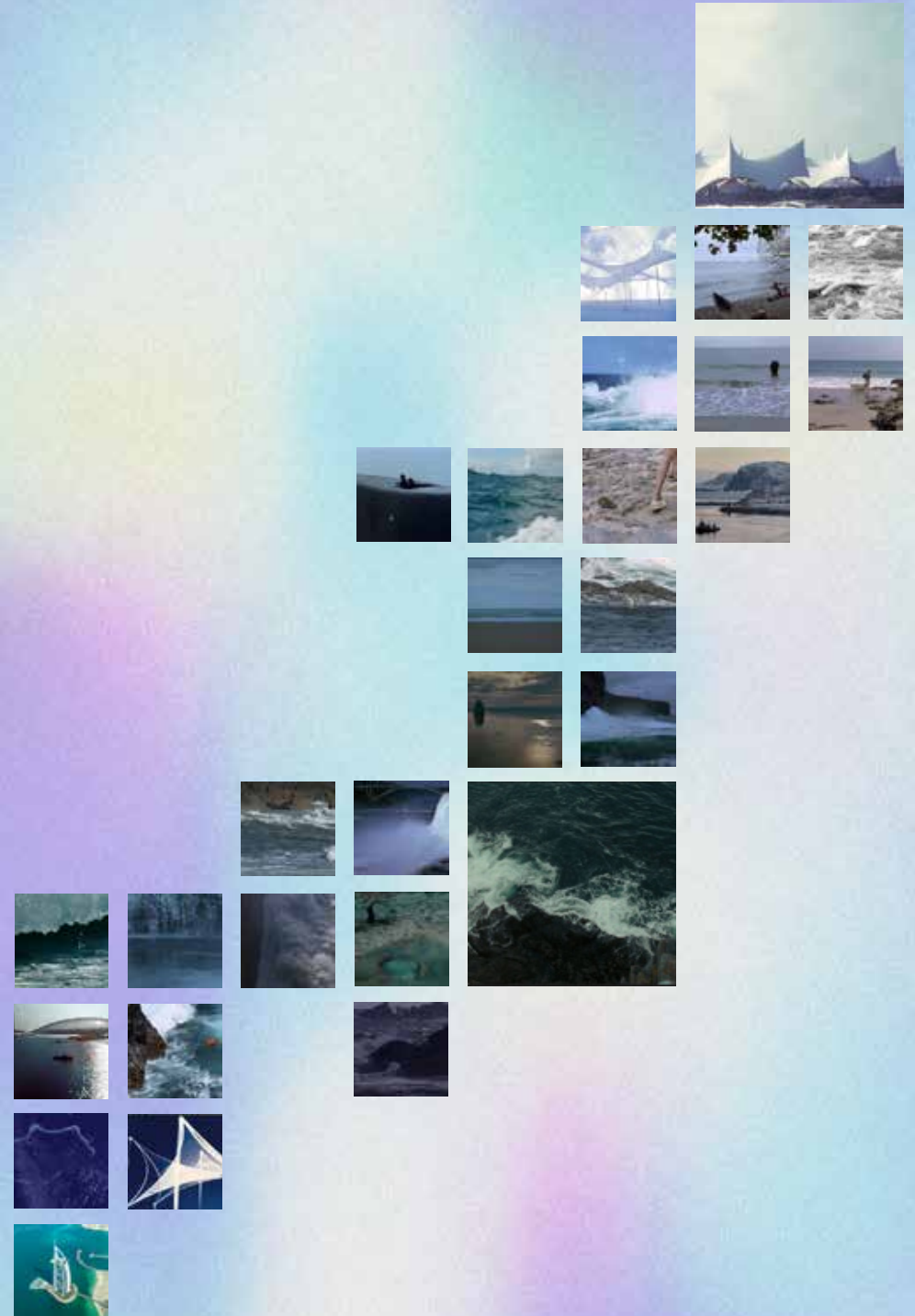
The background is a blue-toned, mirrored image of a park. It features several trees with bare branches, a fountain with water spraying upwards, and a wooden walkway or fence in the foreground. The entire scene is reflected horizontally, creating a symmetrical effect.

Variation for Him
Part of Salty Passion

My boat will follow monsoon,
and may we meet again soon. [44]

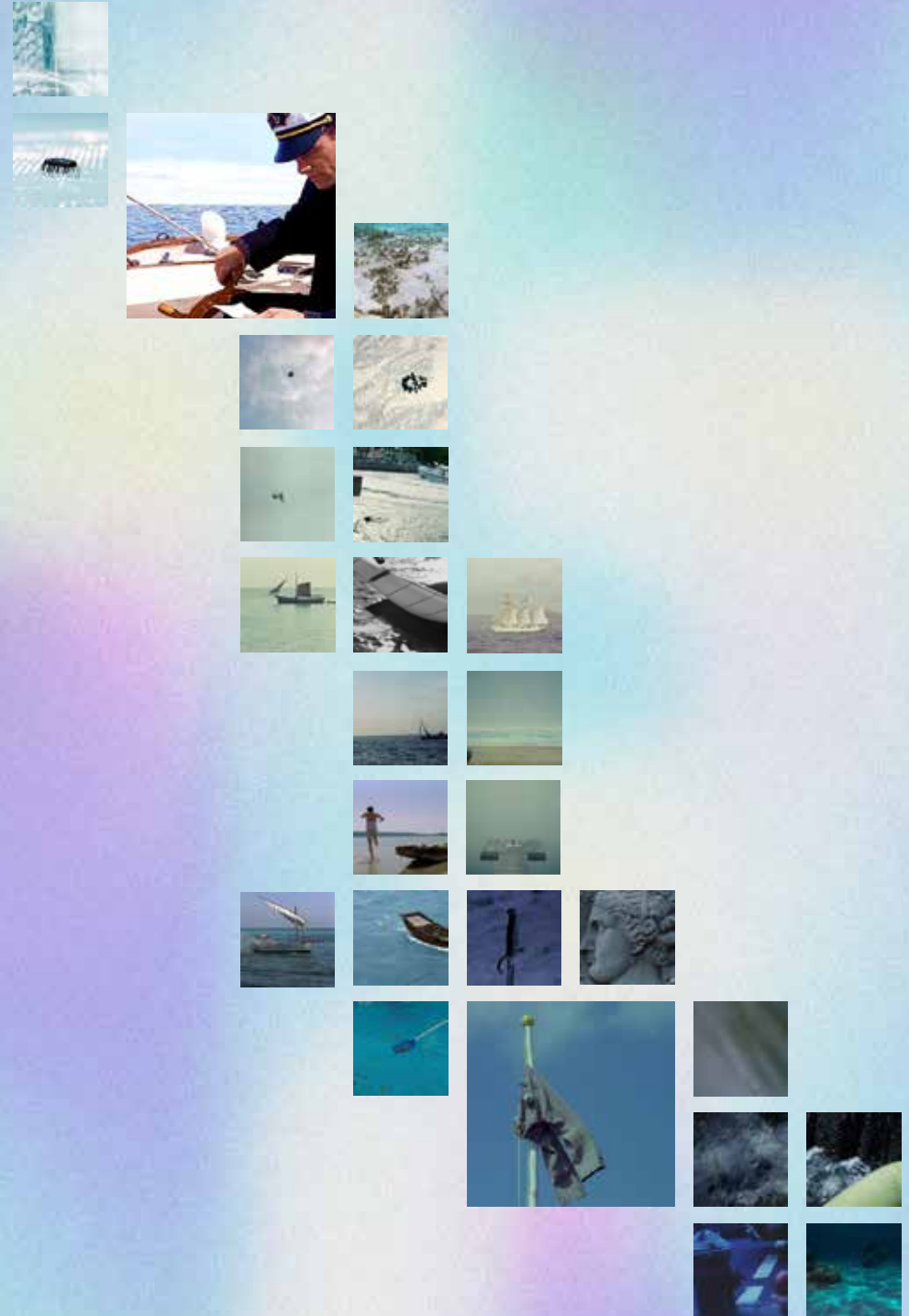
Our breakup last Season is totally absurd.
This is said to be the reason that I went abroad. [45]
On the boat I put my keys in, to sing our love ballad.

There is still no sign of her. [46]
I'll yell 'Fire!' like firefighter,
when the signal light shall gleam, [47]
and the coordinate will stream.



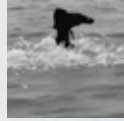
Go for a light! [48]
Sail through the night!
Hold myself tight!
Get the signs right!

Place and light those candles, that there may be a splendid illumination! [49]
Set the sail with handles, and bye my past, it's soon time for
celebration!



I'm a flaneur melting the cement and revealing the wrinkles of ocean rocks. Surfaces will be shining with the scales of dead fish. Before night comes, make my second picnic to the shore. I skip no stones but fishbones. Meditating before entering the water is crucial. I'm part of water.





Turquoise surface of water, cause it's turf of Turkey of course, or Turkiye. Turbulence of turbo turbine in turtle-neck turf of Turks. Turn around, stretch, warm it up and dive in. Every time swimming in this water nearly kills me to death. Why not... there are many stuffs that we do continuously even without knowing why.



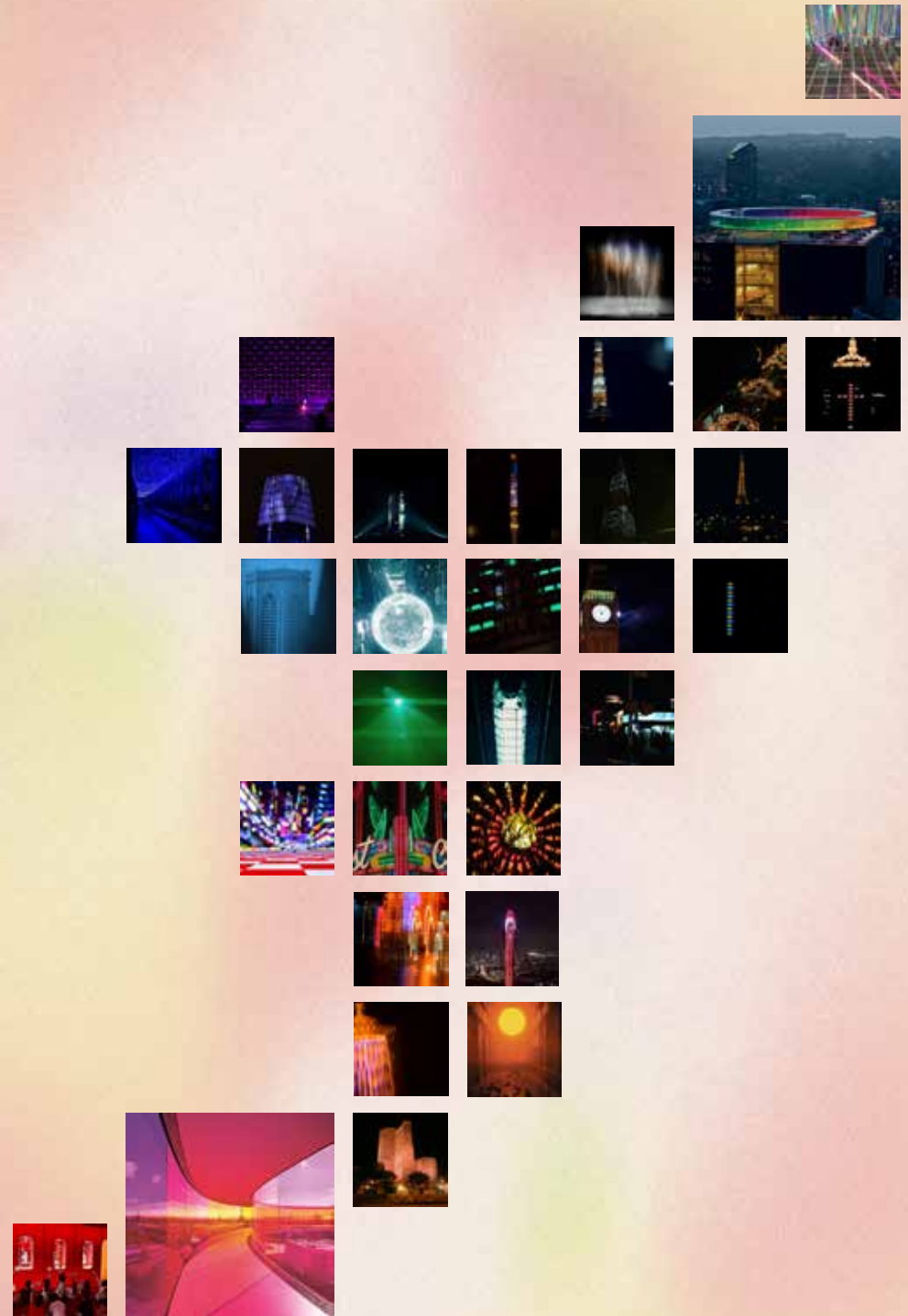




Coda
Cenotaph of
Redemption

Autumn was departing, the leaves falling, and the first cold weather [50] of a very hard winter came. [51] In the darkness, the prince sneaked out from his castle heading to the boat only to find out his wife standing next to it. "I knew it all along my lord," she continued, "I know your inner troubles and I wasn't the most ideal partner for you. But now I can and want to tell you that my love is to accept what you love. Go ahead and do what you want my lord." Partly proud and free but submerged in guilt and complete confusion, the prince silently started to sail off.

On top of the tower, the princess started sending off the light signal. *The first, prolonged and obscure; the second, short and clear. [52] But she wasn't aware of the dispute that went on between the towers of Istanbul. All the other towers from the land started to send off their own signals as well, in the hope of better guiding the prince in their own ways: "Go back, be a good son and husband, no follow your gut, turn right, follow the princess, go to the shore, just stay there", the signs of the light, subtle, vaporous, turbulent air, rhythmic, almost periodic, chaotic; mixture and carrier of mixtures, confused, the medium of every signal [53] coming from different towers obscured the fragile shimmering of the princess.*

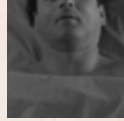


To make matters worse, the prince's boat drew Pontus Euxinus' attention at last. Feeling betrayed by the couple's mischief, Pontus Euxinus sent down violent currents that flooded through the Bosphorus into the Propontis. *"Could anything, in fact, swim amid such deluge and destruction?"* [54] cried out the Prince. *Presumably that was what one had to do, for in a moment a deluge of fine sprayed water struck him from every direction.* [55] What's now left in him was *only horror and fatigue,* [56] doomed to *overflow, drench, and to drown.* [57] It goes without saying, it was only his cold dead body that finally made it to the island. *His eternal spring turned to winter.* [58]

"I declare I cried like a child when I saw his dead body! [59] What have I done? All our freedom, love and liberation are gone and left me with nothing. *As for me, would I have been drowned with him!* [60] *We have spent our lives on the high seas; let us die in harbour,"* [61] wailed the princess out of despair. *She lost her reason.* [62] From the tower, *then she fell on her face on the ground, her forehead striking the floor with the sound of stone upon stone.* [63]

"Stop the madness!" shouted the towers. The guilty and conscience were the towers. Atonement was to be made. In the barren courtyard the towers decided to build a cenotaph. Giving away bits of their own flesh, the towers laid *stones on which they had engraved the names of this unfortunate couple.* [64] *Stone was laid upon stone, these granite syllables were coupled together,* [65] constructing a cenotaph that sings forbidden love, absurd rejections and complaints *continuing our names, and extending our memory, in opposition to the shortness of life.* [66]





The night on this island is sheer darkness. With bismuth, the tower will gleam rainbow-shiny. Heavy and solid geometry but so brittle, endless cycle of breaking down and building up. I dance along the flickering of Istanbul's nightscape, on and off, slide, crawl, kick, jump, climb, sit, stand, turn left and right, roll around.

Crazy party of everything ends abruptly without saying. Everything about the tower is anew, it's a tower of theseus. Life cycle of my ritual is making me fatigue. Am I falling asleep or gradually waking up? Whose dream am I dreaming? I'll find no more reasons for me to stay here much longer.

Here ends writer's comment.







Épilogue Just Fine Getting Lost

Some time has passed, since you were here. Now that you are long gone I had space to think about our gathering. I want to *thank you, my friend* [67] for reading my traces carefully, as I read yours. You are illusive, and so am I.

The towers still send off all sorts of signals: do this, don't do that. All voices are just confusing. Once this infinity of voices has converged into a single point as my cenotaph, paradoxically all the voices have turned into a meaningless white noise.

What if it doesn't matter what we are doing or not, anyways there will be definitions, names and infinite meaningless absurdities being forced on us. Just as you did to me by adding another definition to my being. *Often, however, one must leave off bravely and our reasons therefore need not be momentous for neither are the reasons momentous which hold us here.* [68]

After you having published your myth, many people are visiting my island again. This is nothing new, unlike you I've been to only one place in my life, and I will stay here in Istanbul forever.

Maiden's Tower

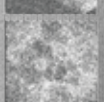
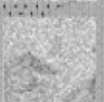
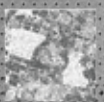
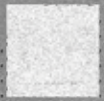
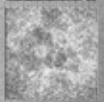
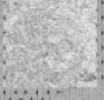
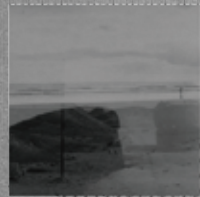


TO:

Bill Murray



Istanbul - Kiz Kulesi La Tour de L'angre



Bill Murray's Journey

Publication of Myth

New Tower

Bill Murray's Traces



Quotes

- [1] Bill Murray on “Being Mortal” and accusation on ‘inappropriate behavior’
- [2] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
- [3] Aquinas, Summa Theologica
- [4] Zizek, Less Than Nothing
- [5] Zizek, Less Than Nothing
- [6] Ben Dreyfuss’s twitter
- [7] Bill Murray on “Today’s Politics”
- [8] J. O’Brien, “Here’s what Bill Murray’s Net Worth Really Is”
- [9] Oxford, Definitions of Turkey
- [10] Richard Dreyfuss on Bill Murray during the production of “What about Bob?”
- [11] Handke, Crossing the Sierra de Gredos
- [12] Serenti, Maiden’s Tower History and Legends
- [13] Michelet, The History of France Vol 2
- [14] Twain, Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
- [15] Powers, The Overstory
- [16] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
- [17] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
- [18] Jung, Alchemical Studies
- [19] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
- [20] Stratton, Daughters of Hecate Women and Magic in the Ancient World
- [21] Hugo, Les Miserables
- [22] Carter, Nights at the Circus
- [23] Seneca, Complete Works
- [24] Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol V The Captive The Fugitive
- [25] Dickens, Oliver Twist
- [26] Goldoni, The Comedies of Carlo Goldoni
- [27] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
- [28] Quint, Epic and Empire
- [29] Twain, Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
- [30] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [31] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
- [32] Del Toro, Cabinet of Curiosities
- [33] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [34] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [35] Marx, Collected Works
- [36] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
- [37] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
- [38] Michelet, The History of France Vol 2
- [39] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works
- [40] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
- [41] Eco, Baudolino
- [42] Wittgenstein, TractatusLogicoPhilosophicus
- [43] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [44] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [45] Strabo, The Geography
- [46] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
- [47] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [48] Goldoni, The Comedies of Carlo Goldoni
- [49] Goldoni, The Comedies of Carlo Goldoni
- [50] Michelet, The History of France Vol 2
- [51] Hugo, Les Miserables
- [52] Laennec, A Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest and on Mediate Auscultation
- [53] Serres, The Five Senses
- [54] Seneca, Complete Works
- [55] Seneca, Complete Works
- [56] Hugo, Les Miserables
- [57] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [58] Bell, Men of Mathematics
- [59] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works
- [60] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
- [61] Seneca, Complete Works
- [62] Carter, Shaking A Leg
- [63] Hugo, Notre Dame de Paris
- [64] Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648 1815
- [65] Hugo, Notre Dame de Paris
- [66] Pliny, Natural History Volume 1
- [67] Goldoni, The Comedies of Carlo Goldoni
- [68] Seneca, Complete Works



METEORA SEASON 07

AURELIA PERSCHEL & HYUK SUNG KWON