

in the event of the annual tulip festival we gaze upon a fortress  
not of fighting but of trading venice []  
and the flight of the turk above it  
a nexus of istanbul and neo-constantinople  
for the crying on the inside kind of clown []  
Irresistibly, we diagnose the essential theater of the mentally ill in the solar tragedian []  
theres no shade in the shadow of the cross []  
and yet we bathe in the sun of the new  
on the altars of our demise  
in a play  
of authenticity and imitation  
of traditional values and hypercapitalism  
of Pantalone, Bill Murray and Robert de Niro  
on the stage of finding face in stock characters  
before the props of our fluid bases

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LETTERS OF A LATE CLOWN

Bill writes to his merchant,  
his makeup artist,  
his engineer.

In a strange fever dream I had a dark vision of a theatre stage. There was comedy, but it was empty. It was without authenticity, yet there was movement on stage.

What I saw was a bald man in a brown suit, a comedian. [1] He was a mirror of my public self, copying my every move. Taunts he me? [2] I hurled at him.

He answered nothing and left me alone with my deepest fears. It is worse than I thought. He is both demon and comedian. [2]

Is this what I have become?

I saw for the first time before my eyes the drowning of the Pantalone in the comedy of the plenty, for reason died the same day the commedia dell'arte of Venice has, the same day longanimity has.

He has tried to run for a long time. He tried to be the Christian ascetic of comedy, he tried to purge the whole world of it's demons [3], cleanse it of its comedians. But they won't allow it. This is what they want: Death. His death, the death of the Pantalone. They all want to be right and the last reason is this one. [4]

I woke up from said dream with the sudden realization that I need to move away.

To be constantly surrounded by the playful plenty, immersed in and disgusted by the plural of commedia, with dialogue having to be supplied by the invention of the actors themselves. [5] Everybody shall appear with their own mask, and hide their emotions in the most authentic way.

I long for the place where I can find return to my my roots and renaissance of my character, a vivid villa where

the miserable and the very rich,  
the complete idiot and the vivacious fool,  
the genius and the imbecile,  
the master and the slave,  
the emperor and the clown,  
in Bill Murray  
are joined [6] on a stage.

A place where I can reflect on my nature, to reunite the Pantalone with his origin, to fulfill my circular crusade.

It shall be an island, on which

I can live the dichotomy of my existence in peace and war.

I am adherent to no continent, between byzantine beauty and european longevity, I can by all means pray that all sentient beings may turn towards the peerless way and leave worldly (comedy) behind them, whilst cleaning off the soil with water [7] before setting foot on my stage.

And my stage, in turn, shall clean their souls of imitation.

And turn them all into vivid tulips.

## CHLORINE PANOPTICON

The humid air is chalky with starch and soap and bleach. [8]  
There lay a heap of withered tulips and copper bowls full of  
Purex chlorine bleach on the tiled ceramic floor. The hall is animated by relentlessly moving  
abstract figures, bloodred swathes and neon green lines produced by soaking and sopping  
(bodies and flowers) in several ingredients and chemicals. [9]  
Both sit on cold marble benches in the corners of the room,  
cleansing themselves in a social rite,  
before indulging with full body in the great bathtub in the eye of the room, lowered beneath  
ground level, (re)filled to the brim with silently blubbering water,  
hot vapor and a staircase spiraling into the air above.

A naked virgin stands on the edge and hesitantly turns towards Bill.  
If I dip myself in this acid are you sure my devils will bleach away to pure? [10]

Bill laughs, coughing from the chlorine air.

I drink this streaming production daily, [11] and look at me longanimous as ever. All my  
children have drunk enough Kool Aid to dye them permanently red, yellow, orange, green,  
and blue [12], help me lead the world into the fluorescent light.

He touches her youthful cheek  
and gently leads her into the tub.

When she rises from the bath, the drops of silvery water and the pink light streaming down  
her, [13]she senses diffuse nerve pain  
along the surface of her skin  
which no doctor understands, [14]but feels purified to her innermost.

Naked adolescents and pensioners  
brush their shoulders and shins  
in the bleachy tub,  
awaiting Bill's call to join him,  
looking up into a silent fog.  
Murmuring among tranquil gurgling.

We've never met (Bill) have we?

Show us your face.

No, I want to hear (Bill) as well. [15]

I want to feel the embroidery on his velvet veil.

They slowly make their way  
towards the chrome steel railing

rising from below the water.

## VELVET CURTAIN ESCALIER

The neon bleach in the bowls has evaporated into an invisible cloud. A tasteless, formless,  
voiceless tempest, without lightning or thunder, [16]a neon curtain veiling the virgins, veiling  
the path upwards to Bill's face.

An unending veil—a veil with no edges, at once altogether smooth. [17] A liquid veil, the  
mask streaming with sweat or blood: the fabric flows like fluid,  
but is also solid because of the deposits left behind, almost ethereal through evaporation.  
[18]

It accompanies the never ending spiral staircase towards the top, where embroidery awaits.  
Only those who are bleached through their skin dare the ascent,

are dried crossing the curtains hanging from the railings  
and have their skin stretched flat by the upstreaming gas,  
in silence; for the carpeted steps extract all noise. Gas and curtains become a veiling screen  
permitting no penetration to one's eyes, except for that directed back at oneself,  
the individual essence dissolved into consciousness,  
no separate beings nor flavors,  
just one manifestation of formless eternal gummy.

It is (Bill's) body that moves the veil, producing these apparitions in constant  
metamorphosis, the rhythm upon which everything depends. [19] From time to time he can  
be seen running  
up and down the stairwell in a hurry, covered up to his shoulders  
in blood of all colors,  
barging into the harmonious ascendants, disturbing the peace.

They who hungrily move towards the last steps, white scraps of paper with numbers on  
them flying past them, driven by a warm wind, as the staircase starts piling up with sand  
and forcefully torn off tulip heads.

#### FOYER OF MONOCYCLING INTERRUPTIONS

The skyline of Istanbul becomes a blurry painting as its lights fizzle out in dusty smog.  
*Large screens show—always grainy—footage of local appeals and health recommendations*  
[], to which *everyone is blind, the beautiful and the ugly alike.* [] The white noise mixed with  
cigarette smoke filling the air functions as a *merger into a communal togetherness,*  
*constitutes an obligatory preamble to the lottery* [] of acquiring Bill's services, the tickets  
spewed out by an automated machine, which *serve to underline the relationship between*  
*chance and generative violence.* [] *With a quick call to the concierge you can arrange to have*  
*champagne and strawberries* [], served with amphetamine of choice on a bronze platter, in  
the suspenseful wait for the ticket's redemption, on an unceasingly stretching timescale,  
while *the chaotic monotony of space is fragmented.* [] *Bill lives like a snail in its shell, in a*  
*home made to his exact measure* [], *an image of his face concealed by a cloud of grainy, red*  
*smoke. Only the upper outline of his head is revealed* [] beyond the ladder hanging from  
above, *which creates a slightly menacing quality* []. The smoke drawn through the dirty  
ventilator *forms a kind of fan, (Bill's) time can flow along multiple beds* [], overloaded with  
visitors in unimaginable pains, their *face as bright as white chrysanthemums in bloom or*  
*yellow poppies.* [], having forgotten like the columns in the corners about all their  
materialistic desires, *like a wave, carrying sand dollars and seaweed from afar, and leaving*  
*them strewn, high and dry, on the shore* [].

The sound of a KingSong electric unicycle hitting the marble railing outside awakes them  
from their nightmares and daydreams, *dividing all discursive formations* [], *creating a void*  
*in a transparent volume* []. Robert de Niro must have finished his daily lap over the rope to  
the city again, *a periodic infusion of chaos into the cosmos* [] of the foyer. *Nothing pleases*  
*this intruder more than interrupting the sacrificial work* [] of the tulip factory. *The mob, when*  
*they are gazing at a dancer on the slack rope, naturally writhe and twist and balance their*  
*own bodies, as they see him do.* [] Yet, when Bill attempts to imitate this flight of the turk  
maneuver, he never manages more than five steps before falling into the marine blue water  
and starting the cycle anew.

Bill holding in his hands the stems  
of a bunch of withered crocuses,  
snowdrops and lilies  
as well as a tattoo gun,  
talking to himself,  
slowly descending into madness.

But these flowers will wither and fail,  
all flowers do.  
But mine will resist.  
At least they'll have a chance. [20]

#### MEA TULIPA

The limestone dome of this steaming chamber is pierced with small holes,  
allowing the hot air to escape to a sizzling noise  
and helping to blend seamlessly one color pattern into another using light as dye [21] on the  
velvet carpet and the awaiting bodies of the virgins.

These young girls in white, insouciant and vivacious [22], (Bill) prepares and dresses with  
much care and pains, in order that the white ground may take the purple hue in full  
perfection, [23]

inscribing a floral pattern

created by repeatedly puncturing the surface of the human skin with a sharp implement,  
[24]

the stem of a wilted tulip,

transplanting a living text from one organism to another, and vice versa, so as to create an  
in vivo tattoo [25]. The streaming blood, the life spilt out seems to have a stronger binding  
and atoning power [26] than any glue or dye could.

But Bill is decrepit and imprecise,  
his tattoos are crooked and oversaturated,

he stains everything with blood, [27]

„Burning.. burning..“The (needle) falls from his hand, its contents spilling [28] bleach all over  
his arms, on which cracks develop, marked by neon scars. [29]

As it degenerates, (his) ritual loses its precision. [30]

In a corner of mirrored walls, a sort of bed of Procrustes, forcing every subject into a single  
rigid framework, [31] Bill is seen preparing his embroidered guinea pigs for their role in his  
neon garden play. The actor's platform (shall) resound in every private house in the whole  
city. On it men and women alike practise the ballet step [32] of the Veneziana,  
and are clothed in finest silk by Bill, allowing sight through to their tulip skins below.

Bill in his ornamental hall, in nightgown and  
Turkish slippers, sits behind a large desk, writing.

A handsome young man enters,  
stands in front of him a few feet from the desk.

(Bill) continues writing.

Take off your clothes. [33] Show me my goods.

The man, seemingly a merchant, disrobes and empties his pockets.

Bill is not satisfied, to go to war  
he asks for more.

Now I would like fresh flowers in my room. Rare tropical flowers that smell good. [34]

I am tired of artificial flowers aping real ones, I would like some natural flowers that would look like fakes. [35]

And some synthetic flowers that would look like naturals.

And some natural flowers that would look like neon.

All I need now is my fluorescent tulip. Turkish red or something similar. [36] I'll arrange any payment you want, anything you want. [28] But bring me it.

The young man shakes his head regretfully.

I will not, for I cannot control the bulb. Because it doesn't want to do what you want to do. It wants to do what the engineers have decided. And they're not aesthetic. [7]

I have something else. I brought it home from Constantinople, it was a gift... [37]

The fabric of reality, [...]the fabric of the cosmos, [38]the fabric of the neos.

Take this neon bulb, for what marks the difference to your tulips?

They are all chemical marvels, all denying the passage of time, the traces of natural decay or history's ravages in usage [39]

Let us allow it to gleam and flow, let us allow it to make forms and become whatever form its essence pushes it to be, wherever the law of flowing compels it! [39]

You want to heal;

you want to be transformed [12] along the silk road.

You want to be dressed in cloth of gold

Your fingers must sparkle with gems [40]

you want to be Pantalone.

Bill retorts.

Audiences always liked it when I sparkled. [41]

The young man ignores him.

You are not Pantalone

Because you can never have slippers and tulip at once.

You are not King of Comedy

Because you can never imitate me.

You are a fluorescent being who lives entirely in his metamorphoses. [42]

You are of fluid basis,

You are not faceless

but between your faces.

Bill screams in rage, grasping his fate,  
damning the tulip,

or perhaps even just the idea of the wild tulip. [43]

He rips his black gown apart,

stamps on the neon bulb which leaks an  
electric embroidery into the air,

and throws his slippers after the man, in all effects Robert de Niro,  
and leaves the hall in a hurry,

passes the fluorescent fields of the neon garden,  
where blossoms of all tints and electrics

radiate towards the morning sky,

and notices those whose bulbs Bill had fired  
as golf balls into the moonshine the night before, growing back vivid as ever,  
the mirror image of the unchanged body of the virgin, [44]

but never as a tulip.

#### SNAILBIT NEON GARDEN

Tulips and light bulbs are joined in a fluorescent ensemble in studious disorder, mingled  
with fragments of glittering crystal and mock emeralds, [45] one big fluid neon origami  
trick, the unfolding of (Bill's) distanceless home, his country, transparent chessboard  
extending to infinity. [46]

He appears amongst them from time to time, in ornamental nightgowns,  
longanimously destroying the bulbs with his golf club, naturals and synthetics all the same,  
drowned out by his lack of fulfilment,

accompanied by

evergreen electric whirring, occasional glass shattering,

and the growling sound of chewing snails,

those nasty creatures that crawl on the ground [47] and all over the decaying plants, never  
relenting their crave for the leaves. To deal with these it would be necessary to hold them  
for forty eight hours in a snail free ante pond; then they would all die. [48] But every time

Bill tries to carry them towards the chlorine bath,

to free the stage from it's virus,

to let the world see his plays, they bite themselves deeper into his floral wounds.

This wicked totality becomes an "enclosed garden,"

which experiencing alteration is yet unaltered, [...]

experiences death and does not decay [44]

And the only one not partaking in it is Bill,

drowned in the lights of his excesses,

he and his house, to be swallowed whole. [49]

Dancers in black cloak and masquerade walking the bridge over the neon garden, drawn to  
the fluorescent satellite by the distant splendor of its flower fields.

Disjointed murmuring, shouting.

I see the veins all shining and fluorescent, [50] bursting like tinted blossoms, playing like  
geysers of liquid electric color. [51] Looks like that casino in Las Vegas! [50]

I'm not going to commit murder. I've never met the man I'm supposed to kill!

And yet a chain of events has started that will lead you to his murder. [52]

The murder of the faceless man.

And your slippers on his storage hall floor are the actuators.

A creaking noise opens the gate.

They enter the dance hall.

#### WASCHTURM VENEZIANA

Interiors are dark and empty, though light from the neon garden enters through the stained  
windows. Their esthetic is byzantine, splintered into thousands of shards, all visible at the  
same time, a dizzy panoptical populism, [53]

a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate  
into dust. [54] The neon signifies both the new and the old, regressive and futuristic. [53] It is

like a huge underground circus, you know. Hot pink neon climbin' up the walls, through the shattered windows. And astro music. [55]

The ravers have put their masks down, for they are of no longer use, in the hall beyond authentic reason.

Twisting and turning,

Dancing but not mourning.

They're gonna run around, proudly deaf... ..all just yellow, fluorescently deaf..., [56]

their feet spiraling,

hardly touching the piles of turkish slippers on the floor,

occasionally colliding with Bill's armoires and bleach canisters,

silly;

for they are without gravity.

The unrelenting rotation then creates synthetic intimacy between couples who would never have met without its assistance. [57] A cyclical movement to the alternation of two fundamental impulses, Love and Hate. [58]

A dance of two faces, totally consumed by both,

twirling around, and constituting

the vague middle ground.

Somehow that, rather than the kisses, was the treaty of peace between them. [28] And between Pantalone, Bill and Robert de Niro.

VEILS WIDE SHUT

Cyberpunks and fetishists without masks  
coming to their senses  
in the midst of their acid ecstasy,  
questioning the origin of the foamy  
efflorescence on the hall's marble floors,  
and of the distant face behind the swathes of  
e-cigarette smoke and neon gas.  
They gaze at the vapor wall.

The revolution that had allowed (Bill) to die (un)happy might never come to pass. [28] His veil is of woven night (His) breath under (it) resembles the indescribably tragic respiration of death. [59]

Yet his faceless spirit is

both dead,

yet not dead, a restless phantom maintained in the limbo between heaven and hell by (his) passionate will [60]

to talk about comedy, to everyone who is longanimous enough to listen,

Always on time, but never there. [15]

An alabaster white, mystical body. (Bill is) no longer anything. The ecstatic transfiguration, the loss of the body into the soul, removes the tattoo. He has become a totally flayed man, the perfect automaton. [18]

Kept alive and dead in the cenotaph of the last crusade.

Visitors will never see his masquerade, but hear his voice through a screen;

I Have Lived My Life As Best I Could, Not Knowing Its Purpose But Drawn Forward Like A Moth To A Distant Moon. [61]