

–So, why a trialogue?
–I thought you said a fugue
–Yes, that too
–Fugues are simple
–Throughout the entire series we're never sure if you are in conversation with a friend, an art critic, or your editor. It keeps shifting
–Some voices are more obvious. The mother
–Yes. I heard you wrote 800 books?
–No books. More like 8000 pages
–Numéro Comique, the serial
–Mhmm
–Did you opt for a slow release?
–Non-drowsy formula
–How many voices are you working with
–Around thirty-six

–Three dozen?
–Give or take
–Nuts!
–There's the analyst, the hairdresser, the legal advisor, the seamstress
–I was hoping for a little drowsy
–Let me know if you get disoriented or confused
–There are only three characters in the room at any time. You'll be fine
–I see arches, windows, curtains, stairways. Looks like a De Chirico set
–De Chirico is from Turin but he was born Greek, *Kyriko*. He studied art in Athens. It makes sense
–I thought it was his German encounters that turned him into a symbolist
–It was
–Nietzsche said that the

Roman arcade has a voice that speaks in riddles
–Turin is the pivotal point of black and white magic triangles, you know
–Yes. Zeus hurled Phaeton into the river Po
–What? The river at the foot of the castle?
–Which Numéro talks about the castle in Italy?
–I'm beginning to feel it
–Have we started yet?
–I'm feeling it too, trippy
–Good. Can we start now?
–Shhhh . . .
–You are listening to Séjour Céleste radio
–We're moving into a land of both shadow and substance . . .
–We're extremely relaxed
–Of things and ideas . . .
–We do not have to make sense of everything

ÎLE PRIVÉE

art fair
by invitation



a mise-en-scène

Septembre 21, 2024

1154 Gilford St.



Laissez-Passer + 1



–That’s right, let it roll
 freely
 –Our hearts, as light as a
 feather
 –No assaults on anyone
 –All that life asks is to be
 treated delicately
 –My favourite part is with
 your financial advisor
 –Chats with your frenemy
 are priceless
 –We took out any traces of
 contempt
 –Do you have a method
 or do you let the voices
 shapeshift naturally
 –I hear you’ve got a new
 publisher for this
 –Yes, Pandora’s Nightclub
 –Do I sound like Dick
 Cavett ?
 –You *are* Dick Cavett
 –Is this an interview?
 –Let’s go back to where
 we left off last time. The
 coyote . . .
 –The bat, the hare, the
 spider, the skunk, the
 chickadee, the heron . . .
 –The golden egg scene is
 breathtaking. Overcast
 –Thanks
 –You said you’d have to be
 an idiot not to pay attention
 to animals in dreams
 –Not only in dreams
 –The windows are open.
 Curtains flutter. The
 furniture is officially
 floating
 –Everyday magic always
 comes as a surprise
 –The cabinet is wavy
 –You once said
 performance should never
 be announced
 –You dreamt of a cat who
 jumped all the way up into

your third-floor window
 –Are cats important in
 literature?
 –What about the three
 hummingbirds who came
 to knock
 –Is this literature?
 –That was not a dream
 –Dreaming of a grey cat
 means you should not listen
 to those who discourage
 you from taking bold steps
 –Let’s go back to the
 Oystercatchers
 –I don’t even like oysters
 –Angus used to serve the
 most incredible oysters on
 Sancerre snow
 –These birds have long
 translucent red beaks
 –Have you ever met a
 Hooded Merganser? Oh my
 gosh, their heads!
 –They find shells in
 between tides
 –We’re adding restaurant
 reviews now to the mix?
 –Oysters need to be served
 over a white tablecloth.
 It brings out their fresh,
 silvery opalescence.
 Makes the lemon pop
 –I agree oysters need a
 white background
 –I’m a sucker for a white
 tablecloth in a dining car
 under breakfast
 –I was told that if you do
 not pay attention to your
 guides they eventually
 leave
 –Nah. They come and go
 all the time
 –Let’s come back to Italy.
 Why another chateau
 –Castles are the true
 monuments of oppression
 and yet are part of our

collective unconscious, like
 a tarot card. Each chateau
 is a villager’s pride.
 Puzzling
 –You said chateaus are the
 clowns of architecture
 –Some small castles are
 nice. The gardens
 –What’s with the fake-real.
 I don’t get it
 –The fake-real is about
 liquifying the walls
 –The walls of institutions
 in general, yes. It was a
 fake-real art residency
 –Against the
 professionalization of art?
 –Do you suggest all
 chateaus should be given
 back?
 –They’re a burden for most
 families anyways. A public
 portion could easily be
 managed by the state
 –Tell us about the art that
 was produced for that
 project
 –Ditta Cairo von Bildhauer
 cast a concrete leg-fountain
 that was simply divine.
 It actually looked like a
 goddess’ leg. It was the
 perfect manifestation
 of ossification and
 liquefaction, of life and art.
 Fountains are exactly both
 –Let’s go deeper into your
 fear of petrification. You
 said water is the human
 condition, the thirst for
 light
 –It was a gentle assault on
 the monument. Breathing
 air into it as well, the music
 –I heard Nino Rota spent
 summers there
 –The place was gutted.
 Not a single piano in the

Scalero house. So bizarre
 –Even the gardens were starting to look suburban. I was actually depressed
 –Suburbanization of life is a form of petrification
 –I overheard you approached Zem for this project
 –It was a perfect idea to have Somali and Ethiopian DJs in a decolonial project in a chateau in Italy, being the two Italian colonies
 –Yes but Libby was on her way to NY for a gig. The dates overlapped. It was too forced to fly her into Milan for a day, I bailed out
 –I was told she was the mastermind behind BLM Vancouver
 –She had the brilliant idea to not only block both sides of the Georgia Viaduct, but to throw a mega daytime rave in the middle, which completely renewed protest strategies, resisting the usual dialectic of confrontation of bodies
 –Is it true they invited Stan Douglas to come play?
 –He has a lot to do with Hogan’s Alley. He also loves to DJ
 –It turned into a three-day BLM dance party and fundraiser
 –The City wants to use the viaduct and other historical hotspots for daytime public raves all summer now
 –Yes, like the afternoon rave in Queen Elizabeth park for the renaming ceremony
 –The Royal Sussex came in

for this, right?
 –Let’s come back to Île privée at the Sylvia and your festival simulation
 –I was told the entire show was bought in advance by an art dealer with bitcoin
 –Only the soundtrack
 –The whole production was sold to the Canada Council but very few private collectors show interest in your work
 –Some of your art is owned as a fraction of a JPEG
 –It’s mildly disturbing. Maybe artists should buy parts of their own art as an investment
 –Let’s talk about your retirement plan
 –The plan is to become immortal, and then die
 –The plan we drew for you here is casual teaching until you die
 –Ok. But only locally. Preferably walking distance. I don’t enjoy traveling for art anymore
 –The plan is to aim for honorific degrees from different art schools who rent your name for their catalogue to attract students. It’s a posh way to earn a living
 –I am so into Queer Daytime Internet TV. Do you know Tranna Vintour
 –The comedian? I love her
 –Great drag name
 –Tranna is not a drag queen, she’s trans
 –It’s still a drag name
 –My favourite drag name of all time is Marianne Toilette. So good. Rolls off

the tongue
 –She’s obsessed with Barbara Streisand
 –You should not have said that bulimia is a princess disease
 –Did I say that?
 –Did Lady Di really sleep with her bodyguard?
 –We’re all useless anorexic princesses
 –Koko’s equestrian number looked amazing, very Bertoluccian
 –I don’t want to be judgmental but it’s a very strange fantasy to want to be a dog in a cage
 –Desire is unpredictable and para-political
 –Cages are the human condition, the home, the mind, the office, the car, the pointy toe
 –How is Koko?
 –Last time I saw them in Paris we ended up in Jardin des plantes, twice, after drinking vodka with a woman named Araciela in André Breton’s hotel. Her name means “altar of the sky”
 –How perfect
 –The second time, we saw the kangaroos
 –A petting zoo?
 –They are part of the ménagerie
 –The Larousse says a ménagerie is a collection of wild animals, people, or things, kept in captivity for exhibition
 –That could describe all of literature
 –I love Aesop
 –Paris felt as though it

were covered with green
ashes everywhere, with a
proliferation of Proustian
characters, assis, debout,
leaning. Faux flâneurs.
International poseurs.
Everyone was trying so
hard to be French
–Where did you meet
Tranna for the interview
–At Café Cleopatra.
She interviewed Céline,
Mitsou, and Eileen Myles
–Tranna is Egyptian
–It’s Café Cléopâtre
–Cleopatra sounds better,
a notch less mummified
–Egypt, Greece, and Rome
are floating in our minds
–More like we soak in it
like a brine
–Imagine being the
architect who finds, by
chance, the boob of the
Victory of Samothrace
emerging from the ground
–I think “frenchiness” has
become ossified
–This ghormeh is
delicious. How many words
are we at now?
–Have you noticed that
the Persian boys from the
Med Grill are getting their
falafels from the Iraqis
next door?
–Their rivalry is over
–1545 word count
–Do you need to buy the
whole pass for Private
Island? Or can we get
tickets just for the Deep
and Light concert series?
–Zeitoon has the best
Koobideh on the mainland,
but don’t order their
Tahdig. It’s soft and
flavourless

–Take us back to the Sylvia
for a minute. I heard it’s
sold out
–I was told as a rule you
have to ask three times for
Tahdig. They always say
they’ve run out
–No. It’s invitation-only
–They do run out for real
–I definitely want tickets
for the Frisson Deluxe
part. Do you have extras?