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DC's

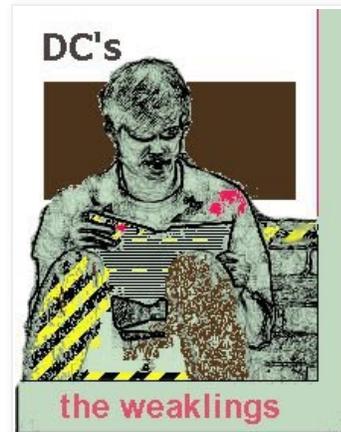
MONDAY, JUNE 14, 2010

Spotlight on ... Jean-Philippe Toussaint 'The Bathroom' (1985)



'The difficult thing is to manage both to renew your writing while always writing the same book, all at once. I like the idea of doing both all at once, all at once black and white, hot and cold, not gray or lukewarm, but both hot and cold. That's what makes literature what it is (unlike politics, for instance): the simultaneous possibility of two opposite things, instead of a middle ground (gray, lukewarm). Such a juxtaposition of opposed extremes creates ambivalence and ambiguity, and that's another essential literary quality.' -- Jean-Philippe Toussaint

'What are we to make of a man who wishes nothing more than to spend the rest of his life in his bathtub; a man who organizes imaginary international dart tournaments in his hotel room, playing out every contest in that solitary but nonetheless gripping struggle until valiant Belgium finally wins; a man who, recognizing that Venice is gradually sinking into the sea at the rate of thirty centimeters per century, complaisantly jumps up and down on the sidewalks of the city in order to accelerate that process; a man who tries to structure his life such that it resembles a Mondrian painting; a man who willingly confesses to any number of neuroses, obsessions, and personal quirks, but steadfastly refuses to tell us his name; a man who, though a native speaker of French, reads Pascal in English translation and attends a public reading of Proust in German. Such a man, most will agree, is an excellent candidate for confinement. And indeed, happily enough, he is confined—



logo by Shane Levene

THE NEWS AND EXTRAS AREA

Upcoming performances:

May 19 - July 3: Geneva, *Galerie HARDHAT*, *Last Spring, a Prequel*

June 10 - 26: London, *Five Years*, 'The Weaklings', an art exhibition curated by DC, featuring Bill Hsu, C.L. Martin, Alex Rose, OB De Alessi, Michael Salerno, Esther Planas, Marc Hulson, Emma Wolf Deraze, Joel Westendorf, Jonathan Mayhew, Steven Purtill, Math Tinder, Jared Pappas-Kelley, Daniel Portland, Kier Cooke Sandvik, JW Veldhoen

between the covers of Jean-Philippe Toussaint's first novel, *La Salle de bain* (The Bathroom). There, he plays the role of hero to the best of his dubious abilities.' -- Warren Motte, Context



- * [Jean-Philippe Toussaint Official Website](#)
- * [Jean-Philippe Toussaint Information in English](#)
- * [Jean-Philippe Toussaint's books @ Dalkey Archive](#)
- * 'Stabbing the Olive', Tom McCarthy on Jean-Philippe Toussaint @ LRB
- * Jean-Philippe Toussaint's 'Zidane's Melancholy', a meditation on the headbutt
- * 'About 5,000 Reasons to Read Jean-Philippe Toussaint'
- * [Jean-Philippe Toussaint interviewed @ WFTC](#)
- * [Jean-Philippe Toussaint @ Facebook](#)

Media asides

Excerpt: J-PT's 'Faire l'amour, une lecture japonaise' (2:10)

June 30, 7 pm: Brooklyn, *Book Court*, 'Horror Hospital Unplugged', publication event w/ Keith Mayerson

July 4 & 5: Poznan, Poland, *Maltafestival 2011*, [I Apologize](#)

July 7 & 8: Poznan, Poland, *Maltafestival 2011*, [Jerk](#)

NEW: September 16 - 17: Belgrade, *Festival BITEF*, [I Apologize](#)

NEW: September 30 - October 2: Mexico City, *Poesia en Voz Alta Festival*, [Jerk](#)

NEW: November 10 - 11: Leipzig, *Euro-scene*, [Jerk](#)

November 16, 7 pm: San Francisco, *City Lights Bookstore*, 'The Marbled Swarm' book tour event w/ DC

NEW: November 29 - December 1: Munich, *Festival Spielart*, [This Is How You Will Disappear](#)

NEW: January/February 2012: Tarbes, France, *Centre d'Art*, [Jerk](#)

NEW: January 11 - 13, 2012: Tarbes, France, *Le Parvis*, [Jerk](#)

NEW: February 2 - 3, 2012: Orleans, *Centre Dramatique National d'Orleans*, [This Is How You Will Disappear](#)

NEW: February 7, 2012: Brussels, *Beursschouwburg*, [Jerk](#)

NEW: February 9- 10, 2012, Brussels, *Kaaithheater*, [This Is How You Will Disappear](#)

NEW: February 13, 2012: Brugge, *Cultuurcentrum Brugge*, [Jerk](#)

NEW: February 16 - 17, 2012: Gent, *Vooruit*, [This Is How You Will Disappear](#)

NEW: March 2012: Goteberg, Sweden, *Goteberg Dans & Teater Festival*, [This Is How You Will Disappear](#)

NEW: March 27, 2012: Bergerac, France, *Festival TRAFIK Centre Culturel Bergerac*, [Jerk](#)

NEW: April 2012: Gent, *Koergietery*, [Jerk](#)

Upcoming releases:

July: Dennis Cooper & Keith Mayerson **Horror Hospital Unplugged** (*Harper Perennial*)

November: Dennis Cooper **The Marbled Swarm** (*Harper Perennial*)

NEW: February 2012: Gisele Vienne **40 Portraits** (*P.O.L., France*), w/ text by Dennis Cooper

NOW AVAILABLE

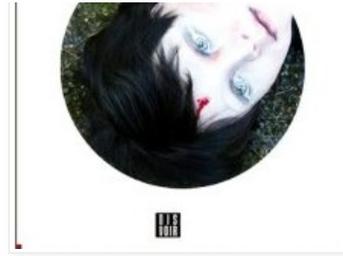


Excerpt: JP-T's 'La Sevillane' (3:39)

J-PT visits the University of Rhode Island (2:36)

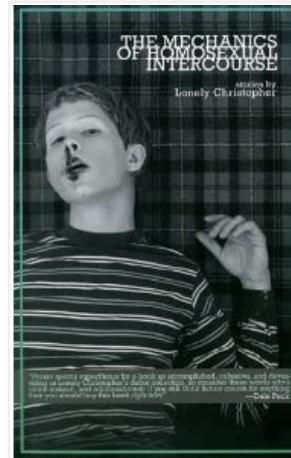
La cuisine de J-PT (4:39)

The book

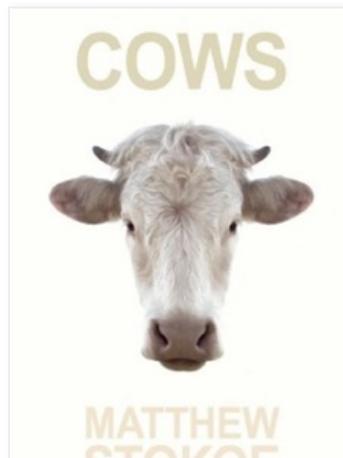


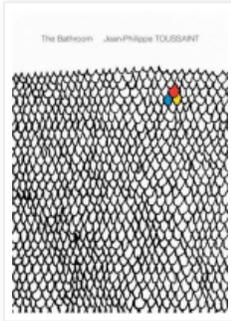
'Jerk/Through Their Tears' is a collaborative artist's book and audio recording by director Gisele Vienne, author Dennis Cooper, musician Peter Rehberg and performer Jonathan Capdevielle, which translates a previous collaborative theater work into a violent multimedia disquisition on puppetry, serial killing and homoeroticism.

AVAILABLE NOW FROM LITTLE HOUSE ON THE BOWERY



THE MECHANICS OF HOMOSEXUAL INTERCOURSE, a radical map of shortcomings in our daily experiences in the form of a debut story collection, presents thematically related windows into serious emotional trouble and monstrous love. Lonely Christopher combines a striking emotional grammar with an unyielding imagination in the lovely-ugly architecture of his stories.





'First published in France in 1985, *The Bathroom* was Jean-Philippe Toussaint's debut novel, and it heralded a new generation of innovative French literature. In this playful and perplexing book, we meet a young Parisian researcher who lives inside his bathroom. As he sits in his tub meditating on existence (and refusing to tell us his name), the people around him—his girlfriend, Edmondsson, the Polish painters in his kitchen—each in their own way further enables his peculiar lifestyle, supporting

his eccentric quest for immobility. But an invitation to the Austrian embassy shakes up his stable world, prompting him to take a risk and leave his bathroom . . .' -- Dalkey Archive

Excerpt

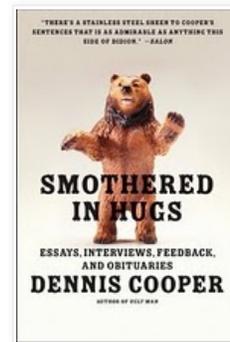
1. When I began to spend my afternoons in the bathroom I had no intention of moving into it; no, I would pass some pleasant hours there, meditating in the bathtub, sometimes dressed, other times naked. Edmondsson, who liked to be there with me, said it made me calmer: occasionally I would even say something funny, we would laugh. I would wave my arms as I spoke, explaining that the most practical bathtubs were those with parallel sides, a sloping back, and a straight front, which relieves the user of the need for a footrest.
2. Edmondsson thought there was something desiccating in my refusal to leave the bathroom, but this didn't stop her from making life easier for me, providing for the needs of the household by working part-time in an art gallery.
3. Around me were cupboards, towel racks, a bidet. The washbasin was white; a narrow shelf projected above it, and on the shelf lay toothbrushes and razors. The wall facing me, studded with lumps, showed cracks, and in places cavities pitted the lifeless paint. One crack seemed to be gaining ground. I spent hours staring at its extremities, vainly trying to surprise it in action. Sometimes I made other experiments. I would scrutinize the surface of my face in a pocket mirror and, at the same time, the movements of the hands on my watch. But my face let nothing show. Ever.
4. One morning I tore down the clothesline. I emptied all the cupboards and took everything off the shelves. After piling all the toilet articles into one large refuse bag, I began moving part of my library. When Edmondsson came home I greeted her book in hand, lying with my feet crossed up on the faucet.
5. Edmondsson finally alerted my parents.
6. Mom brought me pastries. Sitting on the bidet with the open box

STOKOE

"Stokoe's vision of Hell is a carnivore's nightmare. A powerful and all too possibly prophetic work."—Kathy Acker

COMRADES

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wedged between her legs, she arranged the pastries in a soup plate. I thought she seemed ill at ease, she'd been avoiding my eyes ever since she came in. She raised her head with a weary sadness, made as if to say something but didn't, picked out the éclair, and bit into it. You need some distraction, she told me, sports, I don't know. She wiped the corners of her mouth with her glove. There's something suspicious about the need to be diverted, I replied. When I added, almost smiling, that there was nothing I feared less than diversions, she saw there was no use arguing with me and, mechanically, held out a napoleon.

7. Twice a week I would listen to the radio broadcast of the day's play for the French soccer championship. The program lasted two hours. From a studio in Paris the announcer would orchestrate the voices of the reporters covering the matches in the different stadiums. Believing that soccer gains in the imagining, I never missed these dates. Lulled by warm human voices, I would listen to their reports with the lights off, sometimes with my eyes closed.

8. A friend of my parents was passing through Paris and came to see me. From him I learned it was raining. Stretching out an arm toward the washbasin, I suggested he take a towel. Best the yellow, the other one was dirty. He dried his hair carefully and at length. I didn't know what he wanted from me. When the silence had begun to seem permanent, he told me the latest about his professional activities, explaining that the difficulties he had to contend with were insurmountable since they were linked to incompatibilities of temperament among persons at the same hierarchical level. Fiddling nervously with my towel, he strode up and down alongside the bathtub and, fired by his words, became more and more intransigent. He began to threaten and vociferate. In the end he accused Lacour of irresponsibility. I am trying to do the impossible, he said, the impossible! And nobody gives a damn.

9. I dressed very simply: tan cotton trousers, a blue shirt, and a solid tie. The fabric fit my body so becomingly that, fully dressed, I looked powerfully, elegantly muscular. I lay down, relaxed, eyes shut. I thought about a White Lady—the dessert—a scoop of vanilla ice cream with a coat of scalding chocolate poured over. I'd been thinking about it for some weeks. From a scientific point of view (I'm not a food enthusiast), I saw this combination as a glimpse of perfection. A Mondrian, Unctuous chocolate on iced vanilla, hot and cold, substance and fluidity. Imbalance and rigor, exactitude. Chicken, despite my deep affection for it, cannot compare. No. And I was just about to fall asleep when Edmondsson came into the bathroom, spun around, and held out two letters. One of them was from the Austrian embassy. I opened it with a comb. Edmondsson, who was reading over my shoulder, pointed to my name on the invitation. Knowing neither Austrians nor diplomats, I said it was probably a mistake.

10. Seated on the edge of the bathtub, I was explaining to Edmondsson that perhaps it was not very healthy, at age twenty-seven going on twenty-nine, to live more or less shut up in a bathtub. I ought to take some risk, I said, looking down and stroking the enamel of the bathtub, the risk of compromising the quietude of my abstract life for... I did not



"Derek McCormack has written a mini-masterpiece that keeps swelling with invention long after you've put it down." -- Guy Maddin

'WRITERS DAY': EXTENDED ENGAGEMENT

Part 1

Part 2

BLOG ARCHIVE

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RELEVANT PLACES

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- [Dennis Cooper Merchandise](#)
- [Dennis Cooper Official Website](#)
- [Distimuum's 'The Guide Thing'](#)
- [Gisele Vienne](#)
- [Grove Press](#)
- [Little House on the Bowery](#)
- [Marius Mangseth's and Sveinung Mikkelsen's 'Krybbedad,' a short film based on DC's 'Horror Hospital Unplugged'](#)
- [Peter Rehberg / Pita](#)
- [POL](#)
- [Rallo: the DC Blog Collective](#)
- [Short Swedish TV documentary about 'I Apologize'](#)
- [Stephen O'Malley](#)
- [The Distinguished Locals Shoppe](#)
- [The Filthy](#)
- [USERLANDS: Dave Hebb's short film 'Metaphase'](#)
- [USERLANDS: the theatrical trailer](#)
- [Video: DC wins the 2007 Prix Sade](#)
- [Video: DC wins the 2007 Prix Sade](#)
- [Void Books](#)

finish my sentence.

11. The next day I left the bathroom.

*

p.s. Hey. Monday's promise of newness is always kind of nice. ** 'Stoopid Slapped Puppies', You can be my WC advisor. In fact, presto-change-o ... you are. I'll try to say draw not tie. Football instead of soccer is hard given my American association of that word with the world's most boring, lunkheaded sport, but I'll try. I've tried saying foot like French people do, but it makes me feel like a wannabe. So, who's your team? England, Spain, or a surprise? I think I need to find a new one because mine (France, Holland) are going to wipe out, I guess. Most writers don't read their work very interestingly. Kathy Acker was great at it. Awesome about the readings and maybe zine through the Valencia bookshop, clearly. And, yeah, turn those skate shop events into a worldly or Parisian thing at least. Oh, I was going to say something about your post, but, hm, I suddenly realize I should do that on your blog and not way over here. Bad habit. Watch for it. Later, gator. ** David Ehrenstein, Your filling a FaBlog post with a wordless stack of Godard trailers was strangely or maybe not so strangely moving. Oh, I'm excited because the long awaited new film ('L'Illusionist') by Sylvain Chomet, who made the exquisite 'Triplets of Belleville', opens here on Wednesday, and its screenplay is a never filmed script by Jacques Tati, all of which just sounds so potentially amazing. ** Bernard Welt, Oh, well, there you go, or rather there I didn't go. The impossible meeting happened. I can't believe I never saw or don't remember that episode, having been a devotee of both series as a sprout. Film and sex theory ... like what? ** Stan_cz, Hey. Un-nice trip line up actually since all I want to do right now but hold up and finish my novel. But I shouldn't complain. Yeah, Compton-Burnett is a singular and far, far too scarcely read and discussed god. Mm, I'm not sure re: the medical advice. The Ear Clinic sounds about right. When I hear the word clinic, I think not that expensive, but I don't know. You don't have a phone, right? 'Cos I'd say call the clinic and see what their prices are, I guess? Sorry, I wish I knew more. ** Frank Jaffe, That Japanese joint does sound super special. I would basically just have to order dessert, I guess, unless they have vegetable tempura. That's my Japanese restaurant saving grace. You leave tomorrow, right? Are you taking a ton of luggage? ** Ken Baumann, Hey, Ken! Thanks re: the post. If only novels were as easy to sneak secret messages into and/or decode or rather over-decode as Subway ads. That's my dream. Okay, I'll try the Bansky doc with the widest eyes possible. Sorry about your cold. Summer colds are somehow the worst. My novel with the lowest word count would definitely be 'Period'. I don't remember the exact word count, but it was low, poetry book low. Why do you ask? ** Sypha, Tomorrow's 'Imperial Bedroom' day in the USA, eh? God knows when the France will get its and my chance. Its shortness just makes me more excited, but you know my appetite. You'll probably be the first d.l. to get through it. Do keep us in the loop. ** Oscar B, Dumbo's really sad, yeah. Sadder than Bambi, if you ask me. Nice day outside, eh? What are you up to? ** Dorna, Hey, pal. I think I'm just diligent and obsessive in some particular way, and,

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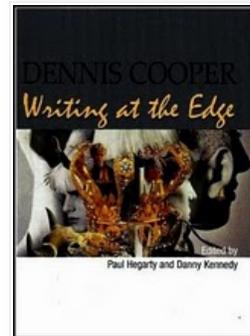
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as a consequence, all of us get a lucky break. My novel would beg to disagree. I watched a bit of that Guyotat interview -- thank you! --and French fluent Yury helpfully deigned to watch a bit of the bit with me, but he said that not knowing Guyotat's work, I probably understood it as well as he did. It stopped raining and the sky is sterling silver. I really miss LA. ** JW Veldhoen, Wowzer, am I glad I brought up your hand the other day. That was fruitful. I'm going to try to do things like that more often. My hands are just hands -- biggish, semi-piano fingered, chewed nails, obedient enough. ** Sisimao, Wait ... Sissy Mao! I get it! Nice one. ** Alan, Yeah, really great if the post comes together. I'll be happy. Wow, really gorgeous review of Kristina Born's novel. I wouldn't know how to tackle that book as a reviewer. Well, now I do. Love your thing about its slide from channel surfing to crisis. Key and brilliant. Also very cool to see you writing for The Rumpus. Yeah, very cool, very beautiful, Alan. *Everyone, writer/blog auteur/etc./d.l. Alan has reviewed Kristina Born's 'One Hour of Television', one of my very favorite novels of last year, on the Rumpus, and you should read what Alan wrote, 'cos it's very sharp and pretty, and read the novel itself too, actually. But, first things first, [here's the review](#).* ** Amccartney, Hey, Alistair. I really hope to get to LA this summer. That's a plan. I'm just trying to get my schedule figured out so I can. Like I said, we're going to apply for a tourist visa for Yury and, ha ha, come together during his work vacation, if possible. If not, I'll come solo. Yeah, I'm in the same state of knowing the basics of my novel by heart thanks in my case to relentless rereading and fiddling. I fall asleep every night to the turnings and tweakings of its narratives. I'd love to reread 'Catcher in the Rye' ere long. I agree that it's one of the truly unparalleled novels. Hey to Tim, and much love to you both, and I hope I'll get to finally see you before too, too long. ** Misanthrope, Oh, I think the subliminal messages and backmasking thing is just a lot of super fun poppycock. I definitely think you can hide things, and they can sneak into a viewer/reader/ listener, and my novels are packed with such things, but I don't think we unknowingly listen or read backwards and forwards at the same time or whatever. No, I'm not interested in writing my memoir. You know I wanted to write my autobiography with a ghost writer like Michael Jordan or whoever at one point, but no publisher was interested. I don't really think I could think of someone who could write my biography particularly well. I doubt I'd have a choice even if such an unlikely thing were to happen. I still want to write my book about George Miles. I think you know I applied for grant to do it, but I got turned down. I don't know how I'll ever be able to do it the way I want. It's not like there's any money or all that much interest out there in the idea. I will, though, someday and somehow. ** L@rstonovich, I had a sprained big toe once. That shit hurts and debilitates big time. It's not as comical as it sounds. Man, sorry, big guy. You don't have to smoke your stuff in public in Amsterdam if you don't want. You can just score. ** Syreearmwellion, Hey. That [Kindle thing](#) on your blog is awesome. *Everyone, that link is recommended.* I'll scroll down and read the new poems when my hands are more free than they are right now. You and I have the same 'kicks' sources except my cigarettes are just Camel Wide Lights. Manson was the musical advisor on 'Lost Highway'. Problem for me. I find his stuff superficial, samey, and too blatant. Plus, I could easily live happily and forever without ever looking at that make-up job and contac lens again. You'd think he had them tattooed on or something. ** Postitbreakup, If I weren't gay but rather just an ass- and floppy hair-fetishist, that would explain a lot. What to write about? Always the thing that's most fucking you up and scaring and fascinating

you at the time. That's my way anyway. Your shit story? Hm, I'm blanking out, sorry, The p.s. does that to me. Where was it, and how would I have read it? Your Lego bin, dang, I should have guessed! Well, should I take your sort of advice and skip your last two comments? Hm. It's hard to know what to say other than I'm so sorry that the situation is causing you such suffering. I mean, there's a perfect example of why it's so not a great idea to develop more than friendship feelings for someone who's straight. He wants the casual if close, sometimes flakey if inherently reliable friendship with you that he seeks and needs from guys, and the mixing and matching of priorities that come with his notion of friendship clash with his status as your top priority. You can't compete with his girlfriend no matter what you do, and if that Rich guy now seems like interesting or fun company to him, you can't force your dislike into Rich into his head and priorities. Friends go with the flow and roll with the punches, and that's what he wants from you, and I don't think there's much you can do about that, really. Yours is a really hard situation to be in, and, if you want to stay close with him, I think your only option is to come to peace with the fact that this is who he is now. I'm sorry, man. ** Paul Curran, As I'm sure I've mentioned here before. I had my name legally changed from SEX, BLOOD, DEATH, FUCK to Dennis Cooper when I was three years-old. Regrets, I've had a few. Painful for England, whoo hoo for the USA! Not that I'm rooting for the USA. Not that I'm not either. Any team but Germany. I hate the German team for some reason. And the Italian team too, those Zidane killing cry babies. ** Steevee, If only life were like a paranormal investigation TV show, sigh. ** Bill, Hey, or rather yeh. I don't foresee the 14th being overly frantic for me. What's done will be done by them. I'll just be doing whatever Avignonians do on Bastille Day, meaning not a whole lot, probably, so that should be A-okay. ** Oliver, Hey, Oliver! Great to see you. Yeah, totally, it's the minds of the messages' discoverers that's the truly interesting part. Deconstructing that need to search is where the really fun part begins, for me at least. You saw 'Trash Humpers', lucky you. I keep looking for it to open over here, but there's just no sign so far. You good? What's new? ** _Black_Acrylic, You mean you'd rather not create negative energy with a bad review? That's understandable, if so. I'm assuming it wasn't a dislikable enough event to be an affront to your sense of right and wrong or something so irksome that you feel it needs to be put in its proper low place or whatever. ** Steven Trull, Wouldn't you like to know. ** The Dreadful Flying Glove, Hey. That piece about Plaid is just wonderful. Due to my LA roommate/ best friend Joel's huge love of Plaid, I actually know the track 'Milh' by name and very well, well enough that I'm going to transfer it from my old iPod onto my iPhone and slap the headphones on myself not long after I dot this long paragraph's final i. Dude, that's a killer piece of writing and detective work there. I bow to you until my nose scrapes my keyboard. *Everyone, if you retain even a smidgen of childlike wonder and were even mildly charmed by the weekend's post, you really, really need to read [this post/piece of writing](#) by one of our resident geniuses The Dreadful Flying Glove. Seriously, make it so.* ** Inthemostpeculiarway, Well, one of the reasons the Water Wiggle died an early death was that, rather than flying magically and dangerously through air like in the commercials, it spent most of its time flopping around on the ground. Do Slip 'n' Slides still exist? They had their problems too, but none so fatal. Hopefully, the shower I will be taking just after I finish the p.s. will be my last shower taken in a cramped, flooding hell. But we'll see. Oh, that's kind of unnerving about everyone knowing about you and your guy but, I don't know, it's kind of nice in a

way, isn't it? Sweet or something? And him making a public choice of you over the girlfriend is sweet too. Am I seeing sweetness where there is less? What do you think? You're such a night owl. Yury is too. I'm such an early bird trying to swipe the worm kind of guy. But the dead of night has its worms too, I'm sure. I hope your ear stops this all ringing and clogging nonsense. What does it think it is, a brain or something? My weekend: A whole bunch of novel work, of course. It was relentless and too slow moving, but, yeah, same old. I guess I must have gone out and bought food and cigarettes 'cos that just seems logical. I talked to this friend of mine Laurence who's translating the 'TIHYWD' texts into French for the subtitles, and I tried to help her figure out how to change some lines that are heavily reliant on English language tricks and associations, and I think she decided on a solution, although I think it's going to ruin my little language tricks, which is sad, but can't be helped, I guess. On Sunday, Oscar and I walked to the Centre Pompidou to see this new show there called 'Dreamlands' about utopian architecture (theme parks, Las Vegas, Dubai, etc.) and it was the best art show I've seen in a long time, so that was cool. I'd forgotten to buy enough food for the weekend on Saturday so, on my way back, I tried the few supermarkets that are always open on Sunday, but none of them were open for some crazy weekend. So, I was fucked. Then I remembered that when Yury and I moved back to Recolets a year and a half ago, I'd used this microwavable pack of rice as packing material because it was like a little pillow, and I had just put it on a shelf here absentmindedly, and it was very dusty, but I ripped it open just in case, and the rice was still totally fine, which is creepy, so I microwaved it and dumped some cheese and vegieburger stuff in it, and I did not go hungry as I'd feared I would. Worked some more. Did some blog post-related stuff. Watched some World Cup on TV. Talked to a couple of friends, made plans to meet up this week. I got about five calls within the course of two hours from a blocked number, and I didn't answer them 'cos blocked numbers make me suspicious, and whoever called didn't leave a voice message, so I hope it wasn't Vincent Kartheiser or someone from the Nobel Prize committee or something. Oh, I think that's quite enough of my weekend. Everything else was even more trivial. How were your ear and day today? ** Joseph, You doing the World Cup experience? I'm mostly just doing it because everybody here can hardly talk about anything else right now. Congrats on the place to live! What a relief! DC's first straight friendly gay bar?! Wtf! First? The others have a no entering without flouncing policy? Never heard of such a thing. Weird. Here? Just work work work, mostly. When I'm working on a novel, my life becomes simultaneously less boring to think about and more boring to describe. Funny, that. ** Creative Massacre, Ah, you'll get to France before too, too long. I can feel it. Never seen 'Weeds', no. Know about it, wish I could watch it. The thing is, I hate watching things on my laptop because I basically live 90% of my life looking at it, and our TV is so primitive you can't even plug a DVD player into it. Sucks to be me when it comes to TV. Nice to see you, buddy. ** Justin, I did do a day on them before, but it was probably before most of the d.l.s around here were born. I mean before your d.l. parts were born. You sent me the story? Cool, I'll go find it. Thanks! I never saw 'Bruno'. It seemed meh. I've never watched 'True Blood'. Has it gotten better or something? I remember when it started everyone I know was saying it was watchable but meh. ** You-x, I'm okay at multi-tasking, it turns out. Yeah, I have friends/ couples who break up for fractions of a second all the time. I guess it's exciting or something. I usually don't break up with people until we do. I'll try the Beach House album again but loud. It sounded

kind of uninigorated, and maybe volume was the issue. Oh, I think the subliminal messages stuff is just a blast, basically. I suppose their effect is kind of transcendent of dumb thrilldom since I eat them up. They just seem like little magic tricks to me, or like magic tricks crossed with gag gifts. Plus, I'm sure they key into my big interest in writing encoded fiction. In that sense, they're utopian, I guess. If only encoding were that easy, or something. I don't know. Chuffed to see you, man. **

Changeling, Hey. Oh, I read your new piece, and I'll, like, leave a comment over there. I was going to do that here, but then I realized this morning that's kind of like an atheist praying. Wow, that made no sense at all. When I get to the bottom of the p.s., I sometimes get kind of loopy. Your tardiness is not a problem, rest assured. Worrying about that is like ... an atheist praying, ha ha. No, seriously, I'll just be pleased at whatever point you send it along. The doll clip: at the very end, it seems to speak an actual sentence. I can't hear what it is. That's the kick, if there is one, I guess. All right, I'll take my loopiness onwards now. **

David, You didn't miss the boat, but you did catch me after I became a space case. I only watched some clips from 'The Informers' movie, so I don't know, although the clips just seemed wrong wrong wrong to me. Completely wrong tone for something that was hoping to do Ellis' work justice. But I don't know. Ellis thought it was crap, if that means anything. ** Okay, I'm going to go find some outdoors. Today the blog has its sights on what I believe to be a most charming book. Up to you now. See you tomorrow.

Posted by Dennis Cooper at 12:59 AM

38 comments:

DavidEhrenstein said...

Ivy Compton-Burnett looks forward to both Pinter and Gaddis. Reading her reminds me of the excahng between a pair of exceptionally chic lesbians in the restaurant scen in *The Servant* (where the Mighty Harold himself plays a part.)

[June 14, 2010 6:22:00 AM PDT](#)



dooflow said...

J-P T's "Camera" from Dalkey is as amazing. They are doing an incredible service bringing all his work out in translation.

[June 14, 2010 8:16:00 AM PDT](#)



Sypha said...

Interestingly enough, Joe Mills linked me to an interview yesterday where Ellis said he might be done with writing novels. H'mm.

Aside from "Imperial Bedrooms" I have a lot of other stuff to read. Recently I ordered Guyotat's "Coma," Quentin Crisp's "Naked Civil Servant," "The Celestine Prophecy," and so on. I'm also trying to get through as many novels as I can this summer because in the Fall I want to devote all my reading energies to Crowley, Austin Spare, and Thelema in general. Mainly because in 2011 I plan on re-reading all of Kenneth Grant's occult books, this time in the order they were written, which I've never really done before. I've recently been thinking about applying to join the Typhonian Order, which is a rogue branch of the O.T.O. founded by Kenneth Grant.

June 14, 2010 8:58:00 AM PDT



alan said...

Ken Baumann, Paul Curran, Dennis: thanks

Dennis: This novel reminds me of Kobo Abe's "The Box Man" from the description. So you're following the World Cup? Do you follow other sports?

June 14, 2010 9:49:00 AM PDT



l@rstonovich said...

Hey D-

"Imaginary Dart tournaments in his hotel room" makes me want to read this book. Ever read The Universal Baseball Assoc. by Coover? I was never that big a baseball fan but that book was amazing, and it totally predicted "fantasy" leagues, and it had the best names ever. In fact I swiped the name "Ham Craft" for one of the few Lawn songs I wrote and sang.

A big "duh" on my part about amsterdam, scoring and smoking elsewhere. I always picture just getting gonzo high in some cafe and really wishing I was just drunk on suds and being totally paranoid.

I just watched that movie The Exiles last night about American Indians in LA, filmed in late 50's early 60's. Man that was awesome. Highly recommend it.

Gonna get the last Hummingbirds up today and prepare tomorrows show, seriously remiss, I have been, in my duties, so remiss I speak like yoda.

Toe is much better today, whew. That was a week of pain. Sucks cuz I just started playing Tennis and I think I'll have to hold off a spell. It's such a strange sport for me to get into, I think Infinite Jest is the culprit.

Oh yeah I knew I wanted to mention something. Yesterday's subliminal day. When I was like 10 we were traveling through CT and my parents stopped at a Howard Johnson's. I'd never been in one and immediately I asked my mom "do you think I'd like fried clams?" They were featured on the menu and I really wanted them. Later I came across the book Clam Plate orgy about subliminal ads. Apparently all the clams were in arranged as strange creatures fucking. I guess my subconscious really digs that, and I still love me some fried clams. I'm a sucker.

-L

June 14, 2010 9:53:00 AM PDT



alan said...

you-x, Oh, I just saw your comment, thanks a lot. Also wanted to mention that I liked your poem in Everyday Genius.

June 14, 2010 9:58:00 AM PDT



DavidEhrenstein said...

John Waters loves *Two Serious Ladies* AND Denton Welch AND Ivy Compton-Burnett.

June 14, 2010 10:02:00 AM PDT

 **DavidEhrenstein** said...

This post has been removed by the author.

June 14, 2010 10:02:00 AM PDT

 **stan_cz** said...

Hey Dennis,

wow, John Waters has the greatest taste in books of any celebrity I know. All my gods are there. That makes me very eager to read the Stead and Shriver novels he mentions, which I'm unfamiliar with. Is he the coolest guy in showbusiness? I think so.

My ear problem took care of itself, miraculously. What finally worked for me this morning was some more peroxide and a strong hot blast of water from an ear syringe. It's amazing how loud everything sounds, even the typing I'm doing now, after a week of mono-hearing.

I see about your reluctance of going on all these trips. I used the word nice in respect of you enduring such a busy schedule. So I know what you mean. Getting up early every day I'm writing novel from 8 to noon, have lunch and then fill every available minute with more writing, so I can see how why you don't want to leave your writing desk either.

June 14, 2010 10:42:00 AM PDT

 **'Stoopid Slapped Puppies'** said...

Finally an event happens where I become fused as one with the TV. My emotional state controls the World Cup games. Inept and bored I am and in that state I sit and around the world football fans consume my thoughts and emotions through their TV sets in the form of games.

I am bored, the games are boring

I am inept, and passes 'go astray'

I drop ketamine and the English 'keeper drops the ball'

I fall into a K hole and players fall and writhe on the ground

I smoke too much weed and get high and another shot goes over the bar.

Tomorrow I take acid -BEWARE SPAIN

That's it really...apart from a question, should I invest some time and money in the author Kenji Siratori. I came across him (not literally) on the internet (isn't that a wonderful thing) there's not too much info but he seems kinda interesting-any thoughts?

Anyway anyhow have some fun, about a big shopping bag full to the brim.

L&TR

Nick

June 14, 2010 11:07:00 AM PDT

e [postitbreakup said...](#)

Dennis,

ouch ouch ouch ouch ouch. Although of course you are right. You know how I always end up romanticizing/sexualizing what should be just a friendship. I've done it my whole life, even before I really understood what sex meant. It has even happened with a few of the close female friends I've had! I think that's why I have so few friends. I just get way too unhealthily interested in people. I guess that qualifies as the thing that's "fucking you up and scaring and fascinating you at the time," but every time I try to write about that I end up just writing a super thinly veiled account of the guy *du jour* and it fizzles after a few paragraphs.

The shit story, I think I emailed it, but I guess I might as well just post it on my blog. I used to be so paranoid about that since I read that it means you lose first publication rights and stuff, but it's unlikely this will be published anyway.

I'll let you know when I've posted it. Thanks for the advice as always.

[June 14, 2010 11:45:00 AM PDT](#)

Wolf said...

dear mr cooper,

just a quick note to let you know myself and mr Prey aka HulsonMan will be checking out that crazy play of yours on the 13th of july.

just booked the tickets this morning.

we'll drive there from my dad's i reckon, if he lets me borrow his car. he usually does but given how homicidal a driver i am maybe that's not the best idea. we might come on donkeyback.

so, uh, we should be available for hanging out activities in the daytime.

that's a moronic question, but i assume it's strictly forbidden to shoot the show right?

i hope you're ok dude. i've been really depressed lately so not too sociable sorry..

[June 14, 2010 12:13:00 PM PDT](#)

e [steevee said...](#)

GHOST HUNTERS has often had "celebrity" guests come along for the investigation, the oddest being Meat Loaf. I can picture you as a guest on GHOST HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL, which is based in Europe. There must be some good haunted locales in Paris you could check out.

[June 14, 2010 1:02:00 PM PDT](#)

e [postitbreakup said...](#)

[my failed story "Waste Management," now on Melanchallaleuia](#)

[June 14, 2010 2:27:00 PM PDT](#)

e [stan_cz said...](#)

Just saw the term sausage entrepreneur on the news. Is that the

best unintentional euphemism for male pornstar or what?

[June 14, 2010 3:24:00 PM PDT](#)

 **Justin said...**

Hmmm, this reminds me of those germaphobes who end up locking themselves in the bathroom, and Gwyneth Paltrow's character from the Royal Tenenbaums (sic). The bathroom seems like it would be the best room to seclude yourself in, it's generally the most private, and in natural disasters, safest room in the house. The message should be in your Facebook inbox, but there's always the chance I left the site before it sent.

Bruno is definitely one of those movies that should be caught on cable when nothing else is on, all the funny clips can easily be found online. True Blood started out very slow, but then picked up around the fourth or fifth episode, the second season was batshit insane but it managed to work.

[June 14, 2010 3:25:00 PM PDT](#)

 **_Black_Acrylic said...**

@ Nick / Stoopid Slapped Puppies, I smoked a bunch of weed round at a friend's house on Saturday during the England match. And there was me thinking that goalkeeping fuck-up was all *my* fault. Anyway I can't see this ending well but at least Argentina have made a decent start. Here's hoping that £20 bet proves to be a canny investment.

[June 14, 2010 3:39:00 PM PDT](#)

 **Frank Jaffe said...**

hey Dennis!

Yup today was the big day! I am currently at our hotel in gothic New Orleans. It was a pretty easy drive, only about 11 hours, GPS said it would take over 13 hours, so we shaved off a nice amount of time.... We only stopped once for some Waffle House, one of the better waffle houses i've been to. Super nice people and except for the bathroom (smelly!) it was pretty clean (by Waffle House standards)

Tonight is one of my favorite NoLa places, Stella! Amazing food, sooooo good!

I think me and my dad might get some drinks before dinnertime, I've gotta get dressed and get going. But I will keep you updated throughout the week about our adventures!! :)

xxfrank

[June 14, 2010 3:49:00 PM PDT](#)

 **Oliver said...**

I heard that Trash Humpers got picked up by Warp, so there should be a DVD at least. I might make a post about it, but I don't think I write about film very well. Worth a try, though.

[June 14, 2010 4:10:00 PM PDT](#)

 **DavidEhrenstein said...**

[Latest FaBlog: Son nom de venise dans calcutta desert](#)

June 14, 2010 4:35:00 PM PDT

 **Joseph said...**

Oh yeah, I thought that claim to fame for the bar was weird too. Seemed actually a lot more exclusory (not a word? I thought it was a word) than simply not saying anything about it at all. But hey, they're hiring and promised 500 bucks a week so whatever. I started packing my shit up today, which felt really good, I've been in Jacksonville for 5 years and really really don't care for it very much.

Oh yeah! I know how you feel about the life being so much more exciting in your head! When I was in that month long trance that was the manuscript of chicken coop I was in a lot better mood internally and when people asked me what I was up to i couldn't really say shit. Don't worry about not being able to describe what's going on, it'll make sense to all of us when we get to read'er.

June 14, 2010 4:51:00 PM PDT

 **steevee said...**

My apartment building had some drama today, although I'm still not sure what happened. I left my apartment around 5 to attend a press screening. As soon as I opened the door, the smell of wood smoke hit me. When I walked further down the hallway, the smell grew stronger. It was like I was 6 feet away from a roaring fireplace. I got worried and decided to go to the police station across the street from my building. They told me to call 911. I did and talked briefly to the fire dept. I had to go, so I don't know what the fire dept. did, but when I came home around 7:30, the smell was gone and all the windows in the hallways were open.

June 14, 2010 5:48:00 PM PDT

 **Chris said...**

no update as of yet - sent updated budget to this Ben guy. I'll let you know when I know something.

Listening to the new melvins for first time, hmmmmmmmmmm

Chris

June 14, 2010 7:08:00 PM PDT

 **Ken Baumann said...**

Hey Dennis!

Ahh, I know it. In both editing Solip and planning the next book, there's nothing that would be cooler than an INSERT SECRET MESSAGE button. But then there goes the fun.

I ask because I recently started editing Solip, and was staring at my document full of the stuff I think vital, and looking at the word count (~10k), and just sort of staring. But the insecurity/daunted feeling went away as I worked. Blake has also been helping & guiding. I'll be excited to show this one to you eventually.

I also look forward to chatting in person; I've only talked out the

increasingly elaborate concept of the planned book once, and it sounded open, exciting, challenging.

All the best,
yours,
Ken

June 14, 2010 7:34:00 PM PDT

 **Frank Jaffe said...**

Lol this just in. Gio black Peter (a good friend of mine and also a guy that I think does some great artwork and music) posted a late (I guess) response to something posted a while back by you and he just tweeted this:

GBP WILL NEVER BE A DENNIS COOPER SACRIFICE
http://denniscooper-theweaklings.blogspot.com/2010_05_26_archive.html

xxfrank

June 14, 2010 8:03:00 PM PDT

 **Chilly Jay Chill said...**

Hey Dennis
Been curious about 'The Bathroom' - it looks amazing from these excerpts. I read 'Camera' recently which I liked but this seems even more promising. You have a preference?
Currently reading the new John Waters which is beyond charming, as you'd expect. Great stuff on Cy Twombly and amateur porn.
Has your novel changed its title with all the work you've been doing on it? Do you think about those things when you're deep into it or rely on a eureka moment of clarity if a switch is going to be made?
Hope all's well

June 14, 2010 8:08:00 PM PDT

 **postitbreakup said...**

dennis,

i'd be happy to mail you, or anyone that wants it, the pdf i have of catcher in the rye. i'm not sure if it's 100% accurate but it looked to be at least 98%. a download i found

June 14, 2010 8:28:00 PM PDT

 **postitbreakup said...**

*email

June 14, 2010 8:29:00 PM PDT

 **inthemostpeculiarway said...**

I've always wanted to spend the rest of my life in the bathroom. Sometimes I sleep in the tub, just because I can. Some guy I know also sleeps in his bathroom, but on the floor. He takes blankets and a pillow and curls up underneath the sink.

Hey Dennis,

I think Slip N Slides are still around. Maybe not as prevalent, but I think they are. And those really hurt whenever it's not completely wet.

Everybody knowing just makes me feel like a complete dumbass, but other than that doesn't bother me really. Him choosing me was sweet, but that's the problem. I don't know how to deal with sweet. And plus, I'm not really over Bendy yet, or Valentine to be completely honest, so it'd be kind of dickish to dump all of that on him. Oh, I don't know. Like I said, later. Or maybe I just won't address it all.

I do enjoy the night. Gillian Flynn has a quote from Dark Places that describes how I feel about the night and daytime: "It was surprising that you could spend hours in the middle of the night pretending things were okay, and know in thirty seconds of daylight that that simply wasn't so."

And I hope there's a brain back there.

I'm sorry about your language tricks, but I'm sure everybody will still love it. So that's good.

Dreamlands does sound pretty cool. I'm glad you and Oscar had a good time. Any pictures?

That's not really creepy about the rice. Rice is delicious. That's lucky that you remembered it, though. And back to the Recollets? Where'd you live before?

That's smart not to trust blocked numbers. Somebody really wanted to get ahold of you, though. Did they call again?

My day:

Well yesterday after watching True Blood, which was good but one of those 'inbetween' episodes (still there was one very nice dream sequence involving half naked Stephen Moyer and Sam Trammell), my friend called me and asked when she could come over to watch it, and I had forgotten to record it so I said ten, I guess, so no sleep for me. She came over, watched it, loved it (she has a pretty big boner for the show). Then she helped me clean, got a little drunk, decided she wanted to buy the first season as she already had the second, so we went on a quest to find it. Unfortunately not many stores are open at 4 in the morning, and Walmart was charging 40 bucks for it when she could get it for 20 on Amazon so she just went with that. Or is going to.

Came back, went to sleep, woke up, realized the shirt I went out in hadn't been cleaned in a while and was therefore relatively funky. So that was unfortunate but really, it's Walmart at 4 in the morning, and the people at Walmart don't give a fuck about anything because they're working at Walmart, so it doesn't really matter.

Took a shower, put on clean clothes and went and bought some ear wax removal stuff from Walgreens that worked but didn't get rid of the ringing, so I had hot liquid ear wax running down my face and buzzing in my ear. So I guess the antibiotics had nothing to do with the ringing, which means I get to go back to the doctor and tell her, hey, fix this, again.

Read, talked to some people, drank orange juice out of a martini

glass, and that's about it. Shitty day. I'm tired, not physically but I'll probably just go to sleep anyway. But tomorrow is Imperial Bedrooms! Yay.

Your Monday?

[June 14, 2010 8:33:00 PM PDT](#)

 **nb said...**

Dennis, What's your take on "always writing the same book?" Also, what helped you to first write about what you really wanted to write, I mean not hold back, et cetera? Or, did it come easy? There is such a level of honesty in your writing that you don't see often. I'm trying to figure out how to do this instead of avoiding it. I should eat more tofu. Also, from the time you are reading this, it will be one month until I'm in LA! I'll mostly be hiking.

[June 14, 2010 9:40:00 PM PDT](#)

 **'Stoopid Slapped Puppies' said...**

Dennis
world cup update;
a Paraguian parrot flaps it's wings around my head, it's colours confuse, I flap my arms, next thing balls in the back of the net Italy 1 Paraguay 1; wow;
Thanks for the comments, they help as recently I have felt I have been writing from a diffrent place like inside myself. I think it took some raising of confidence to do that, I guess thats the point, it's just about having the confidence and trust in myself to do that. So smarts to you. Thanks
Love
Nick

Ben
No it's all me I am sure of that, I am thinking of going into hiding as there are Sun journalists asking questions about me down the college-they want blood and I fear its all mine
Nick

[June 14, 2010 11:14:00 PM PDT](#)

 **Misanthrope said...**

alan, Sorry I haven't gotten to your review yet, but I will very, very soon (like after I finish this here).

postit, I clicked over to your failed story and just read the first line, which, I have to say, is fucking killer.

Dennis, You know, I write a lot of things here to you and others that really put me up for ridicule. But I don't care. So I'll say this too: is it weird that it means tons to me that you get a chance to do that George Miles book someday? I don't know, I guess I just see how special it could be and what it would mean to you, so it means a lot to me too.

Hmm, I guess if someone wrote your biography after you were dead - don't worry, you're not gonna die (and neither am I) - you wouldn't have much choice in who does it, would you?

Interesting question from Mr. NB re: what happened/occurred that

made you start writing what you wanted fearlessly. Pretty much for me, it was reading you and Will Self. Though I think I've told you that before.

A whine: I've either got gout or arthritis in my left hand, and it is fucking killing me. I can hardly get to sleep because of it and when I do sleep, the pain keeps waking me up. Heavy doses of ibuprofen have been helpful but only for a couple hours at a time.

And tonight, I was walking through the house and thought my achilles was about to snap off because a sharp pain suddenly developed in that area. Fuck, sometimes I feel as if I'm literally falling apart.

[June 14, 2010 11:30:00 PM PDT](#)



Oscar B. said...

Oh, someone who lives inside his bathroom...that is kind of coherent with the art project I'm working on currently. Dennis, whatcha doing this afternoon? There's this friend of mine, Marcello, the one who's a scientific researcher, who's coming to Recollets about 4 pm coz he is interested in applying to get a place here, and he would very much like to meet you (two, you and Michael, if possible). So, I'll call you later, if you have a minute around 4: 30 ish?

Wolf, so you guys going to Avignon? Cool....Mr Kiddiepunk and I were wondering...where there any seats left on the 13th?

[June 15, 2010 12:26:00 AM PDT](#)



postitbreakup said...

thanks misanthrope, and i hope you feel better

it's still a drug, but have you tried naproxen instead of ibuprofen? helps my muscles a bit more

[June 15, 2010 12:36:00 AM PDT](#)



Misanthrope said...

Postit, I've found naproxen to be great for me for fevers. But pain not so much. Though I might try it if this pain persists and the ibuprofen's not any more effective than it has been. Thanks for the tip.

[June 15, 2010 1:34:00 AM PDT](#)



you-x said...

Dennis, very cool day. I really want to read this book. Today reminded me that I have Camera but have been saving it for some reason I can't recall. I remember really loving the first ten pages or so and then thinking it'd come in handy later. Thanks for taking the time to explain some of your interest in subliminals. I wish I could get that without the freak-out factor, not sure why my brain reacts that way.

Yeah, the Beach House loud and with the treble up a bit makes all the difference, I hope - heh.

Were you always good at multi-tasking?

About those fractional breakups, yeah I guess it could be exciting. I went through one, again, today though and it's more like a sort of misery than much else. I've done the break up, period, thing in the past. Eh. It's sort of like that Tear Garden song 'Romulus and Venus' if you've heard it. Or like how you can't get a lubricant off yourself, and maybe you don't entirely want to.

I like your description 'magic tricks crossed with gag gifts' a lot. Chuffed to be here.

[June 15, 2010 1:41:00 AM PDT](#)



you-x said...

Alan, thank you!

[June 15, 2010 1:43:00 AM PDT](#)



Malathi said...

Thank you for the info. It sounds pretty user friendly. I guess I'll pick one up for fun. Thank u.

[Bathroom Cabinets](#)

[October 22, 2010 6:59:00 AM PDT](#)

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