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The Evening Interviews: Keren Cytter



Keren Cytter is many things: video artist; experimental choreographer; novelist. We're sort of in love with her. You can watch pretty much everything she's ever made for free on her Vimeo site, despite the fact that she's a big-time art star.

KEREN CYTTER: Who are your favorite all-time writers? Name three, and grade them.

UNI: We're always wary of speaking in inflexible terms such as 'favorite' or 'all-time.'

CHLOE: This is probably blowback from when we used to get totally jazzed over books by someone like Don DeLillo, who now, well, we'd rather be condemned to a life of that organic wet muck with peas and carrots than have to slog through *Underworld* again.

UNI: That said, Donald Barthelme, that's a good Donald. A lot of people love that Donald.

Ben Marcus, for instance, who maybe wishes he could walk around all day wearing a rubber Donald Barthelme mask.

CHLOE: We're eclectic, omnivorous. We just read Philip Roth's *The Professor of Desire* followed by Rachel Kushner's *The Flame Throwers*; the latter had a lot to do with entitled men just like Philip Roth sitting around talking humping and politics. But then we might vary the diet with something offbeat—a volume of your own journals, maybe, Keren; a semi-trashy Colin Harrison thriller; an old romp from Richard Brautigan. Deborah Kay Davies's *True Things About Me* nearly killed us; Steve Martin's *An Object of Beauty* made us want to die. It's a matter of mood and temperament and timing. We still don't 'get' Haruki Murakami. There's very few things we agree firmly on. Except Marie Calloway. We're totally anti-Marie Calloway.

KEREN CYTTER: Do you think about writing fiction in the future?

CHLOE: Definitely, 100%. It's tough though, to do both at the same time, reading and writing—a bit like attempting to simultaneously eat a stromboli and sing opera.

UNI: We've got some ideas though. One of them is a novella that's sort of a mash-up between the aforementioned Mr. Roth and that old episode of the *Twilight Zone*—where the misanthropic book-lover survives a nuclear holocaust and can finally spend all day reading, but then he sits on his glasses and smashes them. In our version, we have an overzealous sex addict who survives a nuclear holocaust that kills off the entire male population, except for him...

CHLOE: So you can imagine how all the women are now lining up, basically in heat, to be serviced by this lucky man-

UNI: Who suddenly finds himself rendered tragically and irrevocably impotent. We were going to call it *Twilight of the Tumescent*, but that's maybe pretentious.

CHLOE: Another option was *What A Cock-Up!* It's a work in progress.

KEREN CYTTER: What is the day to day life of a cat like? Don't describe it by human standards.

UNI: Long rolling plains of bliss time. The mysteries of the radiator; an eternal battle with wires, paper scraps, dust balls, all of them alive. What wafts through the window crack? A new thing to rest laurels on: Crinkled magazine, fluffed bedspread, cold linoleum. A poetry of brief moments; upholstered alcoves, uncut nails on a hardwood floor.

CHLOE: I prefer to quote the inimitable Kendrick Lamar, who somehow nails it: "Pour up, drank; head shot, drank; sit down, drank; stand up, drank; pass out, drank; wake up, drank;

faded, drank; faded, drank."

KEREN CYTTER: If you were a human, what kind of a human would you be? Please include gender, size, nationality, and occupation.

CHLOE: Female; petite, but with curves. Thin ankles. Smokey eyes. American, from New Jersey, out of solidarity with Scott. I'm a typist at a law firm but I'm secretly smarter than all of my superiors, and one day soon I will write a crushing *New Yorker* article about their sexual and professional inadequacies, and no one will ever see me there again.

UNI: Female, but one who admits that, sure, gender is a social construct. Japanese, of course. Tall, especially for a Japanese woman, and lithe. The kind of woman who enters a room like a cool breeze, changing the atmosphere. I'm a travel writer and a social media guru. I help develop iPhone apps but what I really want to do is find a suitcase of money and retire to a hammock somewhere dumb and idyllic with unlimited time and an endless library.

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UNI & CHLOE: Let's say the art world directly resembled the animal kingdom. What sort of animal would the following players be: Dealer/gallerist? Artist? Journalist? Collector?

KEREN CYTTER: Dealer: An octopus. In the positive way. They're intelligent creatures that are capable of recognizing their name and responding to it. They can live on land and in water (Superstorm Sandy.)

Artist: Bees. Hard to catch; they have the tendency to die after doing something meaningful.

Journalists: Catfish. Obsessed with cleaning. Growing bitterness for not getting the same attention as the Caribbean fish. Quite helpful yet missing a visual (sex?) appeal.

Collector: A pigeon or dove. An animal that sounds better than it looks. Living its own life by its own standards. Moving in groups and nesting individually. Often quite dirty. Friendly to people with bread. Sometimes missing a leg or feathers on the top of the head.

UNI & CHLOE: If you were a cat, what kind of cat would you be?

KEREN CYTTER: I would be a female cat that has spent part of her life on the street, yet mostly lived with random families, insignificant people. People that are comfortable to live with, like a good old couch. My size is average. Definitely not fat. I loooove mosquitos. Mice are a tough task. I'm definitely an urban cat. Eastern European: Maybe east Berlin, Poland or Bulgaria. Just a local rough cat. I will be a good mother; tough on the one hand, but a good

feeder.

UNI & CHLOE: Is it sad to love a pet in the same way you love a husband, a wife, a family member, a friend? Or is love just sad to begin with?

KEREN CYTTER: Love is awful. If I had a boyfriend, and a friend had a pet he loves just like a boyfriend, I would think his situation is sad. If I had a pet I love just like a boyfriend, and a friend had a boyfriend he loves as one should love a boyfriend, I would think *my* situation is sad.

UNI & CHLOE: If you had to choose a theme song for your life in its present state, what might it be?

KEREN CYTTER: "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself."

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