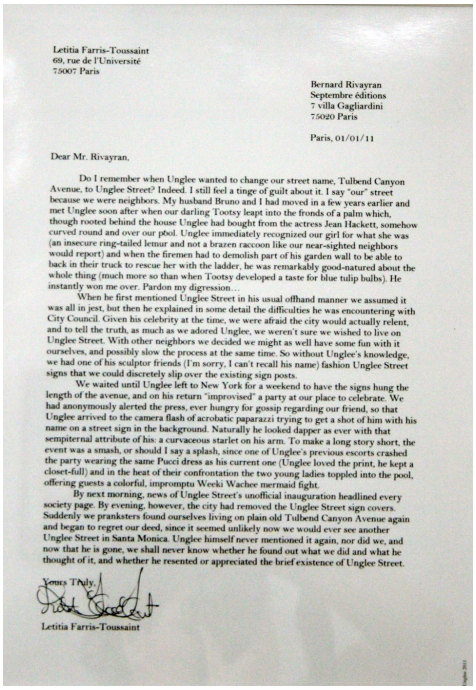
Lettre de Letitia Farris-Toussaint à Bernard Rivayran en date du 1er janvier 2011 , 2010-2011



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Septembre éditions
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Paris, 01/01/11

Dear Mr. Rivayran,

Do I remember when Unglee wanted to change our street name, Tulbend Canyon Avenue, to Unglee Street? Indeed. I still feel a tinge of guilt about it. I say "our" street because we were neighbors. My husband Bruno and I had moved in a few years earlier and met Unglee soon after when our darling Tootsy leapt into the fronds of a palm which, though rooted behind the house Unglee had bought from the actress Jean Hackett, somehow curved round and over our pool. Unglee immediately recognized our girl for what she was (an insecure ring-tailed lemur and not a brazen raccoon like our near-sighted neighbors would report) and when the firemen had to demolish part of his garden wall to be able to back in their truck to rescue her with the ladder, he was remarkably good-natured about the whole thing (much more so than when Tootsy developed a taste for blue tulip bulbs). He instantly won me over. Pardon my digression…

When he first mentioned Unglee Street in his usual offhand manner we assumed it was all in jest, but then he explained in some detail the difficulties he was encountering with City Council. Given his celebrity at the time, we were afraid the city would actually relent, and to tell the truth, as much as we adored Unglee, we weren't sure we wished to live on Unglee Street. With other neighbors we decided we might as well have some fun with it ourselves, and possibly slow the process at the same time. So without Unglee's knowledge, we had one of his sculptor friends (I'm sorry, I can't recall his name) fashion Unglee Street signs that we could discretely slip over the existing sign posts.

We waited until Unglee left to New York for a weekend to have the signs hung the length of the avenue, and on his return "improvised" a party at our place to celebrate. We had anonymously alerted the press, ever hungry for gossip regarding our friend, so that Unglee arrived to the camera flash of acrobatic paparazzi trying to get a shot of him with his name on a street sign in the background. Naturally he looked dapper as ever with that sempiternal attribute of his: a curvaceous starlet on his arm. To make a long story short, the event was a smash, or should I say a splash, since one of Unglee's previous escorts crashed the party wearing the same Pucci dress as his current one (Unglee loved the print, he kept a closet-full) and in the heat of their confrontation the two young ladies toppled into the pool, offering guests a colorful, impromptu Weeki Wachee mermaid fight.

By next morning, news of Unglee Street's unofficial inauguration headlined every society page. By evening, however, the city had removed the Unglee Street sign covers. Suddenly we pranksters found ourselves living on plain old Tulbend Canyon Avenue again and began to regret our deed, since it seemed unlikely now we would ever see another Unglee Street in Santa Monica. Unglee himself never mentioned it again, nor did we, and now that he is gone, we shall never know whether he found out what we did and what he thought of it, and whether he resented or appreciated the brief existence of Unglee Street.

Yours Truly,

Letitia Farris-Toussaint

Unglee
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barium print
40 x 30 cm
Unique artwork
courtesy Galerie Dix9 Hélène Lacharmoise