

bibliographie Exorcismes Ordinaires

Roland Barthe, Fragments du discours amoureux, Éditions du Seuil, 1977, 280 p.

Sophie Calle, Exquisite pain, Thames & Hudson, 2005, 281 p.

Rachel Cusk, A life's work: on becoming a mother, Picador, 2001, 224 p.

Ellen Fein et Sherrie Schneider, The Rules, Warner Books, 1995, 174 p.

Hervé Gilbert, À l'ami qui ne m'a pas sauvé la vie, Gallimard, 1990, 288 p. (en cours de re-lecture!)

Erving Goffman, The presentation of self in everyday life, Doubleday, 1956, 251p.

Sheila Heti, How should a person be?, Anansi, 2012, 320 p. ((en cours de re-lecture!)

Nick Hornby, High Fidelity, Riverhead, 1995, 324 p.

Maggie Nelson, The Argonauts, Gaywolf Press, 2016, 160 p.

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Goethe Johann Wolfgang von, The sorrows of young Werther, Penguin Books, 1989, 144p.

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Dictionary

Search for a word



es·trange·ment

/es'trān(d)ZHmənt/

noun

the fact of no longer being on friendly terms or part of a social group.

"the artist's paintings from this period reflect his growing estrangement from his family"

Similar: [alienation](#) [turning away](#) [antagonism](#) [antipathy](#) [disaffection](#) [hostility](#) [⌵](#)

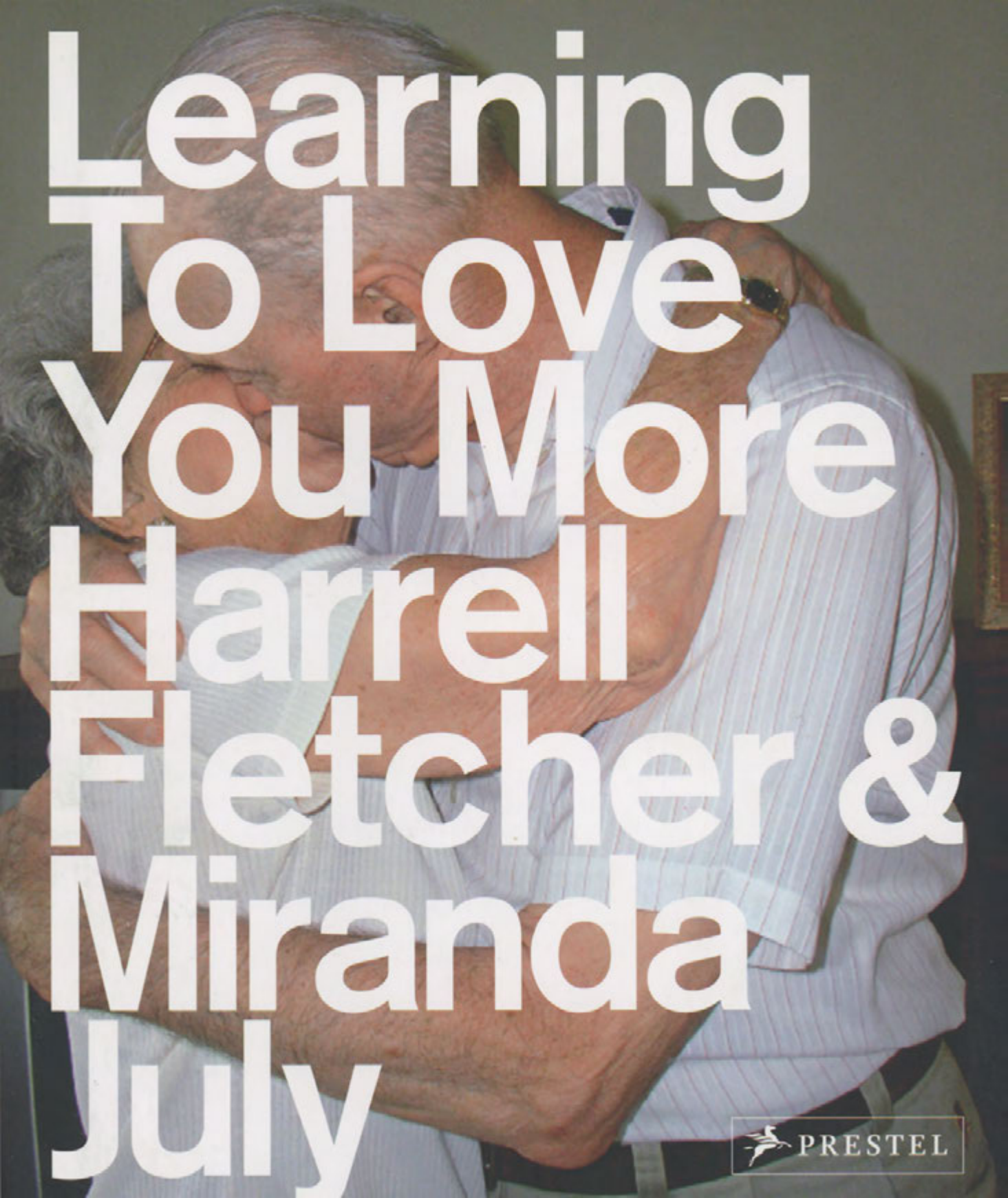
- the fact of no longer living with one's spouse; separation.
"a parent's rights in the event of divorce or estrangement"

Definitions from Oxford Languages

Feedback



Translations and more definitions



Learning To Love You More Harrell Fletcher & Miranda July



PRESTEL

Assignments

1: Make a child's outfit in an adult size.

Recreate this jumper in a size that fits you and wear it as much as possible. Try to use a very similar fabric, it should at least be pink. You will want to try very hard to make a precise enlargement, while not getting discouraged by mistakes, or daunted by lack of sewing skills.



2: Make a neighborhood field recording.

Go from door to door and ask at least four neighbors to sing a song or play one on an instrument. Record their song. Also take a photograph of each neighbor, sitting or standing in their home or yard, with their instrument, if they played one. Give each piece an audio caption: "Sam Looly, my neighbor to the right." You can add information that you think is pertinent, but never forget that you are a professional and do not steal the show with your own antics. Your job is to catalogue the songs of your neighbors.

3: Make a documentary video about a small child.

Locate a small child. Shoot a video about his or her life. The video can be as simple or complex as you want. It can be done all in camera or heavily edited. Make titles and credits even if they are just shot off of a piece of paper. Please limit the length of your movie to five minutes.

4: Start a lecture series.

Come up with a topic. Something you are interested in, could be art related or pretty much anything else. For instance a lecture series on your favorite artists. Get at least three people to lecture on the topic. You could assign the people an artist to research and then talk about. The lecture series should be held in an informal place that is easy to secure. Could be your living room, a park, anywhere.

5: Recreate an object from someone's past.

Find someone that you don't know very well. Ask them to describe in great detail a significant object from their past. Write down the description. You can have them draw the object or you can draw it with their direction. Recreate the object three-dimensionally as accurately as you can using only cardboard, paper and tape. Do not use colored paper, colored tissue paper or colored tape. Give it a title which includes the name of the person whose object you have recreated, such as "Nathaniel's Left Shoe."

6: Make a poster of shadows.

You may take pictures of the shadows or simply trace them. These solid shapes should then be drawn on paper and colored in with a single color. You are not interested in anything but the shadow itself, and you are most interested in shadows that don't look anything like the objects that created them; abstract shapes. Choose either brown, pink, light green, orange, or white. Use only one of these colors. If you would prefer, you may cut out the shapes from colored paper. The shadows should appear on the page in a grid formation, in rows. Treat this like an index of shadows rather than a work of abstract art. The finished report should include 10–20 shadows and should be pasted on (or drawn on) white paper of any size (even if, especially if, the color you chose for your shadows was white). Do not label this poster in any way, except to write your name and the date on the back. My god, these are going to be beautiful.

7: Recreate 3 minutes of a Fresh Air interview.

There is a show on National Public Radio called Fresh Air; it features interviews with celebrities. Only do this if you have listened to this show and remembered part of an interview. For some reason this part of the interview has stayed with you, even though you forgot almost everything else. Go to <http://freshair.npr.org/stationsFA.cfm>. Look through the archives and find the interview. Transcribe one or two minutes of it, focusing on the part you remembered. Using this script, recreate the excerpt of the show and record it. You and a friend (or you and yourself) will play the roles of interviewer Terry Gross and her guest. Stick to the actual dialogue, do not make up anything. Do not try very hard to sound like the actual people or to be funny; do not "ham it up." Don't worry about acting, these words are merely a vessel for the lovely sound of your natural voice.

8: Curate an artist's retrospective in a public place.

Select an artist whose work you really like and make black & white Xerox copies of their work from books and magazines. Find a public place, a bulletin board, a fence, or a wall, and post the Xerox retrospective. Write a curatorial

statement describing the artist and your feelings about the work and post that with the exhibition. (Don't make "art" from the artist's work—no collages. Just display the images as if you were a curator at a museum.)

9: Draw a constellation from someone's freckles.

Connect a series of freckles, moles, and/or birthmarks on someone's body using a ballpoint pen. The shape that is formed can be abstract or representational. Draw this on someone else, not yourself.

10: Make a flier of your day.

Write a paragraph describing a typical day in your life. Make one hundred Xerox fliers of the description (you don't have to include your name) and post them all over your neighborhood.

11: Photograph a scar and write about it.

Photograph a scar on your body or on someone else's body. Make it a close-up shot so that it shows just the scar. Include a story (write it on a computer as a separate file, don't write it on the photograph) about how the scar happened. Please do not send images of wounds that are fresh and have not healed. Only images of scars will be accepted.

12: Get a temporary tattoo of one of Morgan Rozacky's neighbors. We really love Morgan Rozacky's project, completed for assignment 2: "Make a neighborhood field recording." We don't know who she is or anything about her, but we like to think about her neighbors and their songs. Lester Tyra, Byran (Dale) Pope, Hazel Sedita...these people are like movie stars to us. Go to 2, look at and listen to Morgan's project, choose a neighbor, and print out their picture. Then take this picture to a friend (or stranger) and ask them to draw a tattoo of the chosen neighbor on your body with a ballpoint pen. This will feel nice. Don't give them a lot of feedback, just encourage them to use their own drawing style. There should be a banner above the picture that says: "Learning to Love You More," and a banner below the picture that says the name of the neighbor.

13: Recreate the moment after a crime.

Many papers or online magazines have "crime blotters" or "save our streets" sections. Take a simple, one sentence description of a crime such as: "A woman from Hanham grabbed a handbag from a 73-year-old woman as she stood with her friend at a bus stop," and make a video title of this. Make the title in white lettering in Futura font on an orange background. The first words of the title should be the place where the crime happened, followed by the

one sentence description of the crime. This title should be up for as long as it takes to read it and should be immediately followed by a video that lasts no more than five seconds, or less than the length of the title. This video is a single shot of the person who was attacked (or robbed or yelled at, etc.), after the attack. The shot should have no zoom or camera movement. It is a personal moment, with no violent action in it. The person playing the role of the attacked should think of the times in their life when they have been very surprised and scared in order to help recreate the moment. There shouldn't be yelling or talking in the video, this is simply a stunned moment, that is all. The video should also not be silent; the natural sounds of the environment (traffic, birds, etc.) should be audible. You may use additional information from the article to help orient yourself in the scene, such as: "The victim felt her handbag, which contained \$45 in cash and various credit cards, being removed seconds before the car sped off, sending her sprawling." What you would be recreating in this case is the moment after the woman has been sending sprawling, in other words: the moment after the action. Do not include any of this information in your title. Do not dress up or use elaborate props; wear your own clothes. You are yourself, trying to recreate a feeling that someone else had.

14: Write your life story in less than a day.

In no less than one hour and no longer than 24 hours write your entire life story starting with your birth and ending with today. Try to get as many details in as possible; that will make it more interesting. Don't feel frustrated by the time limitation, it will make the task less daunting (besides you have the rest of your life to write a more complete version if you want to); at the same time, seriously try to remember everything you can from your life so far.

15: Hang a windchime on a tree in a parking lot.

Make or buy or find a windchime. Hang the windchime on a tree branch in a median strip at a largish shopping center parking lot. Leave the windchime there.

16: Make a paper replica of your bed.

Using paper, cardboard, colored pencils, glue, and/or tape, make replicas of your sheets, blankets, comforters, pillows, and anything else that comprises your bed. Then assemble them the way you assemble your bed. The completed bed should be roughly the length of a pencil. Take special care to reproduce the patterns on the fabric and any stains or other irregularities.

17: Record your own guided meditation.

Create and record an audio guided meditation for other people to use. Try to make it as positive and helpful as possible. Do not make a spoof version. Make the recording at least one minute and no more than ten minutes long. Anyone can do this assignment, you don't need any special yogi certification. Try to think of things to say that would really make you feel better and more relaxed.

18: Recreate a poster you had as a teenager.

Remember a poster you had on your wall as a teenager. If necessary, do a little research to help you remember exactly what it looked like. Then recreate it using colored pencils or pens or paint on white paper. Scale it down to make it fit on a regular piece of paper. Next, locate a piece of music that you would have listened to at the time when you had this poster. If you are currently a teenager, just use a poster and piece of music that you have right now.

19: Illustrate a scene or make an object from Paul Arensmeyer's life story.

Read Paul Arensmeyer's life story. Either illustrate a scene or recreate an object from his story. If you select a scene, draw a picture illustrating it. Make the drawing on light-colored or white paper approximately 14 x 20 inches in size. Use only two colors to draw with, one black or dark-colored pen for the lines, and light green to fill things in here and there and for shading. Draw as accurately as you can, but don't worry about making it perfect. Don't try to interpret or add anything to the scene, just represent it as clearly as you can. You can use the example photographs of Paul at various stages of his life to help get an idea of what he looked like. Don't write any text on the illustration, but include the printed text from his life story that you are illustrating separately. If you elect to recreate an object, select an object mentioned in Paul's life story. Recreate the object as accurately as you can, but using very basic materials—paper, tape, cardboard, etc. Paint the object using only black, white, and light green regardless of what the original object's colors were. Make the objects life size.

20: Take a family portrait of two families.

Go to a park, beach, or other public place and locate two separate families who are having a picnic or barbeque. Ask the two families to join together so that you can take a group picture of them. Try to find two families who don't know each other and who look different from each other.

21: Sculpt a bust of Steve.

Recently while working on a project in Hartford, CT, I took a taxi and met Steve the taxi driver. I was headed to Real

Art Ways, the art center where I'm doing the project. Steve asked me where I was going and then concluded that I must be an artist. He told me that I should sculpt a bust of him. He gave me a picture of himself and told me he wanted it done that day, and then we would "party" that night. I said that I might have trouble getting it done so quickly, and then asked him how he would feel about various other people doing the bust instead of me. He said that would be fine.

The next time I went back to Hartford about a month later I took a train from NYC and missed my stop in Hartford. I got off at the next stop in a little town outside of Hartford. It was late at night, and there was no one at the station. I called a local taxi company, and they told me it would be about an hour before someone could pick me up. I sat down and read a book and waited. Eventually a cab pulled up, and the driver got out to help me with my bags. It was Steve. He immediately recognized me and asked me about the project. I was amazed. It wasn't even his taxi company that I had called. He drove me to the place I was staying at in Hartford, and along the way he told me about being a single parent. He told me that his philosophy on child rearing is to only love the child, never discipline them. He said his children were all perfect. I thought that was really nice.

So for this print out a copy of Steve's picture and sculpt a bust of him. Make it roughly life size out of papier-mache or some equivalently cheap material. Sculpt and paint it as accurately as you can. I suspect that Steve will like realism best.



22: Recreate a scene from Laura Lark's life story.

Go to assignment 14, and read the story of Laura Lark's life. It is an amazing story, a classic American tale. Now recreate a short scene from her life. Video this re-enactment. Do not worry about looking or sounding like Laura Lark, and speak in your native language. The video should

colored pencil or pen, draw the person in as much detail as you can, from at least the waist up. Do not do this unless you are in the mood to do a detailed drawing. If you need a drawing guide, look at photos of people who you think they might look like. Then show the drawing to your friend and ask to see the photograph of the actual person. Send us copies of both the drawing and the photograph.

50: Take a flash photo under your bed.

Don't vacuum or alter anything under your bed beforehand. Take a photo under there with a strong flash, preferably with the camera sitting on the ground. Make sure your photograph is in focus! We are looking for photos that depict the space between the bottom of the bed and the floor, please do not send us photos if your bed is flush against the floor.

51: Describe what to do with your body when you die.

Here is your chance to think about and describe what you would like done with your body after you die. Do you want to be buried in a cemetery, cremated and scattered in the ocean, composted beneath an apple tree? If you don't make some decisions now, someone else will make them for you later. Feel free to be creative, but try to make sure that what you describe for your final remains will be legal and really possible (not fantasy), so that your friends and family can actually carry out your wishes when the time comes. If there is a particular ceremony or activity that you would like to have accompany your final good-bye, describe that too.

52: Write the phone call you wish you could have.

Using a black pen, draw a picture of your cell phone. Be very precise and make your phone look as realistic as possible, you can trace the shape of the phone if you want. Please make your drawing by hand, not with a computer. In the window where the caller name appears, write the name of the person who you wish would call you. If you have to, use a fake name. Don't draw anything except the phone, leave the rest of the paper blank. In a separate email document, type the conversation you wish you could have with this person. Use dialogue format, for example:

Me: Hello?

Mark Adams: Hi, it's Mark. Mark Adams.

Me: Oh. God. It's you. I think about you every day.

53: Give advice to yourself in the past.

Choose a particular age you have been, perhaps a time when you were particularly lost. Write out a list of practical advice to yourself at that age. Begin the list with this header: "Advice to Michelle Cambell at Sixteen" (only use your name

and whatever age you want). You must specify the age of the you that you are giving advice to! Be very specific with your advice, for example, don't just say "Hold on to your heart," but instead say "Don't go out with Kevin, he will eventually cheat on you. Go out with Jake instead, he is actually cooler." If you need to use fake names go ahead. It is easy to say that everything happens for a reason, but take this opportunity to redirect yourself toward what you think might have been better. Sure everything turned out okay, but maybe you should have quit that job five years earlier, maybe you should have had children when you were 27, maybe you should have flossed, maybe you should have gone to the alternative high school, or not said that thing to your best friend. Tell yourself what to do in clear, specific language. Do not write an essay, make it in list form.

54: Draw the news.

Click on an online daily news page such as Google or *The New York Times*. Pick a person from today's news; for example, I chose Interior Secretary Gale Norton, who resigned on the day this was written. Type the person's name into Google Image Search. Using a colored pencil (just one color) copy several images from Google Image Search, forming a loose medley. For example, I would draw a tiny picture of Gale Norton giving a speech, and a large close-up picture of Gale Norton looking down modestly, and one of her holding a plaque with a man, and there is another picture, one that does not feature Gale, but depicts environmentalists protesting her arrival. All these pictures together form a nice portrait of Gale. Use three or more pictures, and make sure they all pertain to your person, not someone with a similar name. Underneath the medley, draw a banner with your person's name in it and the day's date, for example, my banner would say:

Interior Secretary Gale Norton

March 10, 2006

55: Photograph a significant outfit.

Remember exactly what you were wearing during a recent significant moment. Maybe it was the day that your boyfriend broke up with you, or the day your nephew was born, or the day you decided to become a vegetarian. It should be something that happened in the last six months. Lay out what you were wearing on the floor, as if you are dressing an invisible, flat person. Tuck the shirt into the pants, the socks into the shoes, etc. Don't forget the other things that complete your outfit such as jewelry, purse, hat, etc. Do not add anything extra, like a wig or a mask—just the clothes you were wearing. Stand on a chair or table and photograph the clothes from directly above. Not from above at a slight angle, but so that the camera is pointing



GUEST CHECK

Over
Easy
by
Mimi Pond

MAY 23, 1978. MIDAFTERNOON. I AM THE ONLY CUSTOMER.



A BELL ON THE FRONT DOOR RINGS AS SOMEONE ENTERS.

A MAN NIMBLY TWIRLS HIMSELF BEHIND THE COUNTER AND OVER TO THE REGISTER.



THAT TURNED OUT TO BE A DISTINCTIVELY LAZLO-LIKE DIP AND TWIRL HE'D DO.

NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, HE WAS PROBABLY HIGH. DOES IT MATTER?



HE'S KIND OF CUTE FOR AN OLD GUY, WHICH, I FIND OUT LATER, IS THIRTY-SEVEN, ANCIENT.



WHEN HE SAYS THIS, HIS EYES TAKE ON A DECIDED SLANT AND HIS WISPY MUSTACHE SEEMS A BIT FU MANCHU-ISH.



MAKING HIMSELF LOOK CHINESE AT WILL, I FIND OUT LATER, IS JUST ONE OF HIS TALENTS.



I'D SCRAPED UP ENOUGH CHANGE
TO BUY A CUP OF COFFEE.



I'D WALKED THE SIX BLOCKS FROM SCHOOL.



IT FELT GOOD TO GET OUT OF THERE, AWAY FROM THE NEWS I'D
GOTTEN, AWAY FROM ART, OUT INTO THE FRESH AIR.

I'D DECIDED NOT TO GO TO DAVE'S, AN
UNTOUCHED MONUMENT OF A 1950S DINER.



I HAVE FILLED SKETCHBOOK AFTER SKETCHBOOK
WITH DRAWINGS OF THE CUSTOMERS THERE, THEIR FAT
BUTTS CRAWLING OVER THE EDGE OF THE STOOLS.
I HAVE DRAWN THE COFFEE POTS...



SECURE IN THEIR BUNNO-MATIC STATIONS...

I HAVE DRAWN THE
NAPKIN DISPENSERS...



AND I HAVE DRAWN
THE WAITRESSES.



I ADMIRE THE WAITRESSES AT
DAVE'S BECAUSE THEY ARE
NO-SHIT GALS WITH NAMES
LIKE BEA AND MYRNA, WOMEN
WHO KNOW ABOUT REAL LIFE,
NOT LIKE ME, A SNIVELING,
PRIVILEGED GIRL WHO HAS
DONE NOTHING BUT DRAW,
REPEATEDLY, MANY BUS
INTERIORS, NUMEROUS BUS DEPOTS,
AND COUNTLESS COFFEE SHOPS IN
ORDER TO TRY TO PIN DOWN
REAL LIFE.

I SHOULD ALSO ADD THAT I HAVE SPENT
TOO MUCH TIME ALONE IN MY ROOM
WITH TOM WAITS ALBUMS.



SHE'S UP AGAINST THE REGISTER
WITH AN APRON AND
A SPATULA...

THESE WAITRESSES ARE NOT DISPOSED TO THINK KINDLY
OF ME. ART STUDENTS ARE NOT GOOD TIPPER.



I NEED SOMETHING NEW.

I GET TO THIS PLACE. I'D ASSUMED IT WAS AN ABANDONED
CHINESE RESTAURANT.



BUT THE SIGN SAYS "OPEN."



THE MINUTE I OPEN THE FRONT DOOR, THE SMELL OF COFFEE IS OVERWHELMING AND NARCOTIC.



HI, HON.

WANNA
SEE A
MENU?



UM...
JUST
COFFEE.

CREAM?

YEAH.

TO MY SURPRISE, INSTEAD OF A TINY,
FACTORY-SEALED PLASTIC CONTAINER
OF NON-DAIRY PRODUCT LIKE THEY
GIVE YOU AT DAVE'S...



SHE GIVES ME A TINY BEAKER OF REAL
CREAM ALONG WITH MY COFFEE.



THE FLAVOR IS RICH, ROUND, THREE-DIMENSIONAL, NOTHING LIKE THE USUAL THIN, GRAY COFFEESHOP FARE. IT HARDLY WASHES OVER MY TONGUE BEFORE I GET A TOLT OF THAT CAFFEINE OPTIMISM, A RAY OF SUNSHINE FLOODING THE INSIDE OF MY BRAIN. LIFE LOOKS GOOD, MY HEART IS BEATING FASTER.



EVEN THOUGH I TOLD MYSELF I WOULDN'T, I PULL MY SKETCHBOOK OUT OF MY BACKPACK AND GET OUT MY FOUNTAIN PEN. I BEGIN TO DRAW THE WHOLE TABLEAU HERE.

AND NOW THIS GUY WHO IS NOT CHINESE, WHO HAS TWIRLED IN WITH THE CHINESE PARSLEY, PLOPS DOWN ON THE SEAT NEXT TO ME.



I INSTANTLY RECOGNIZE THE COMIC, DRUGGY ALTER EGO. IT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS PEOPLE ANYWHERE FROM TWO TO TWENTY YEARS OLDER THAN ME LIKE TO DO—GIVE THEMSELVES SILLY ALIASES:



THE SUBTEXT IS THE CONCEPT THAT THEY ARE ACTUALLY SO SUBVERSIVE AND DANGEROUS (SOMETHING TO DO WITH DRUGS OR REVOLUTION) THAT THEY MUST TRAVEL UNDER ASSUMED NAMES. I MISSED THE COUNTERCULTURAL BOAT BY BEING JUST A LITTLE TOO YOUNG. I USED TO REGRET THAT. THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS, THOUGH, THE WHOLE HIPPIE THING HAS STARTED TO GET ON MY NERVES.

BUT LAZLO MERENGUE'S FACE IS WIDE AND OPEN. I CAN'T DISLIKE HIM.



I DECIDE TO TELL HIM MY SHIRLEY STORY.



Sure enough, Heti's book has a pleasingly (sometimes irritatingly) free, formless, and autobiographical atmosphere. Chunks of the novel are written in the style of a play; she includes e-mails, authorial thoughts, and essay-ettes, and there is a general absence of plot. The prose is what one might charitably call basic: simple, direct, sometimes ungainly. The conversation wanders rather than walks. Instead of "scenes" there are brief chapters, some with coolly quizzical titles: "What Is Empathy?" "What Is Freedom?" The characters appear not to be invented but to be drawn from Heti's own circle of friends in Toronto: they are a writer named Sheila (the Heti figure); an artist named Margaux (based on the Canadian artist Margaux Williamson, who has collaborated with Heti); Misha (based on the writer Misha Glouberman, who has also worked with Heti); and Sholem (based on Sholem Krishtalka, who appeared in a film made by Margaux Williamson).

"Reality hunger" is an unwittingly apt phrase, because among the difficulties of this kind of storytelling is that one can never get enough reality into it. Realism is perpetually hungry, and keeps on trying new ways—every fifty years or so—to break into the larder. The writer who is seeking "life," who is trying to write "from life," is always unappeased, because no bound manuscript can ever be "real" enough. And this hunger is shared by most writers, not just by those who are hostile to conventional fictionality. Heti may include real e-mails and recordings of actual conversations, but, of course, her book is shaped and plotted (however lightly), and uses fiction as well as autobiography. Since most readers do not know who Heti's friends are or how Heti herself lives, the characters will effectively appear invented—as Heti doubtless understands. Her book could always be more real; it could always be more directly "from life."

g up from the bottom of the jar in brushes. For skin tone he just mixed the shadows he used blue. Though he there would be some salvageable qualities kept getting more and more disgusting to feel so awful that he finished it off with a thick brush in black paint, he wrote at the end, *The sun will come out tomorrow.* He looked at the result, and found it had to get it out of his studio, and left it to dry.

to get some groceries for dinner, but the one he felt nauseous. Returning home on the counter, he saw the painting. *I cannot see that thing every time I* so he took it to the basement and left it to dry.

ay just got worse. Making the painting really depressing and terrible thoughts, evening came, he was fully plunged in at home, and Sholem started following him, whining and complaining about her Jon had gone into the bathroom and left him, Sholem still stood on the other side what a failure he was, saying that nothing would happen to him, indeed that nothing would happen to him. *It's like you work so hard and it's good!* he called through the door. *And*

the dog

ness out

Jon g

Then

email to t

and self-loa

myself. How

Margau

my bed island

Fifteen years ago, there lived a painter in our town named Eli Langer. When he was twenty-six, an artist-run center presented his first show. The paintings were gorgeous and troubled, very masterful, all done in rich browns and reds. They were moody and shadowy with old men, girls, and plush chairs, windows, and naked laps. A sadness clouded the few faces, which were obscured by darkness and lit only by faint moonlight. The canvases were very large, and they seemed like the work of someone with great assurance and freedom.

After the show had been up for only a week, it was shut down by the police. People claimed that the pictures were child pornography. The canvases were confiscated, and they were sentenced to be destroyed by the court.

The story was reported in newspapers all across the country, and the trial played on TV for an entire year. Prominent artists and intellectuals became involved and spoke

• chapter 10 •

TWO DRESSES

A week back in Toronto, Sheila receives an email from Margaux . . .

1. i know i can be intense sometimes, and i know you have a lot going on, and this is not that big of a deal, but i wanted to say that it really startled me in miami when you bought the same yellow dress that i was buying.
2. after we looked at a thousand dresses for you—and the yellow dress being the first dress i was considering—i really was surprised when you said you were getting it too.
3. i suggested you try it on when i thought there was only one size, but when you said you were also getting it, i didn't know what to say or think.
4. i think it's pretty standard that you don't buy the

dress your friend is buying, but i was trying to convince myself that maybe it was okay to buy the same dress your friend is buying, you know, trying to think about it positively, hence the "we'll wear them in our music video" statement from me.

5. when you said that you'd only wear it out of town and never in toronto, it sort of seemed reasonable.
6. but not really, since of course we only exist in pictures.
7. i should have been clearer in the store about how it made me uncomfortable, or i just shouldn't have bought the dress.
8. i really do need some of my own identity, and this is pretty simple and good for the head.
9. i'm going to get rid of the dress now, cause it makes me a little sad to look at it.
10. you don't have to reply to this email.

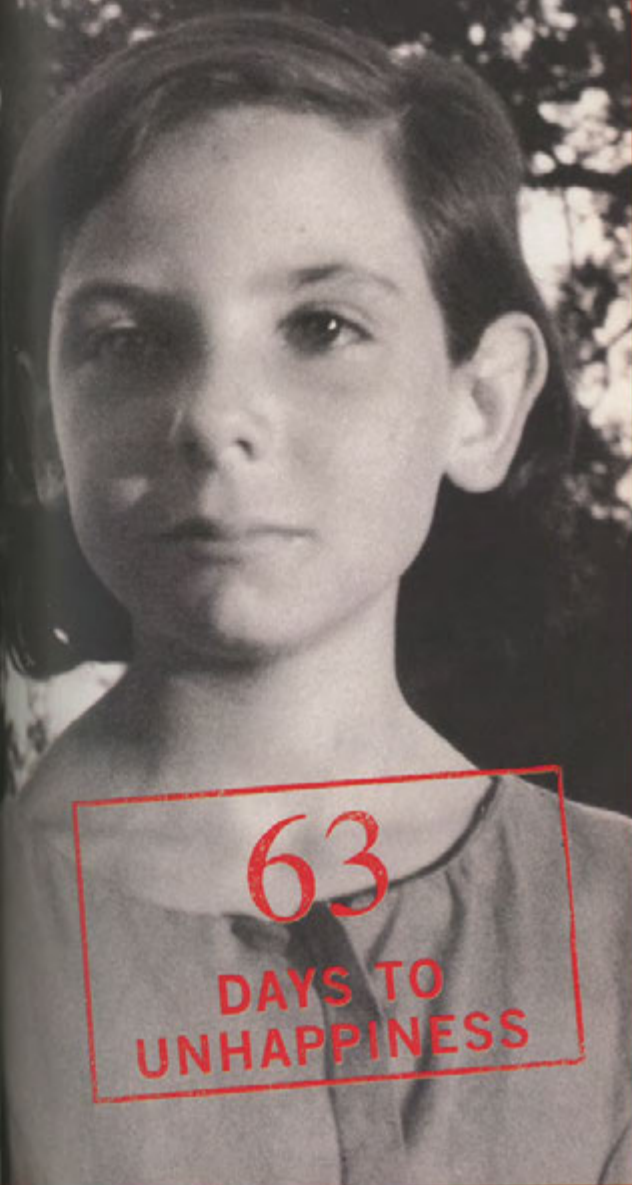
Hurt and shocked, I did not.

SOPHIE CALLE

Exquisite pain

My Love,

You remember Hervé Guibert? I had never met him before. He came round to see me. He wanted to do a profile of me for *Le Monde*. He made himself comfortable and began by asking my date of birth. I replied that I was born on October 9, 1953. Period. "Well, go on." So I decided to play the game. He wanted me to tell him all about my life, starting at the beginning. All right then. I spoke for five hours non-stop. He smiled and took notes. He had spotted a photograph on the wall, a portrait of me taken by my father when I was eleven. Before he left he asked me to lend it to him to illustrate the article. I refused. I loved that photograph and the negative had been mislaid. I didn't want to lose it and certainly didn't trust the newspaper to look after it. Hervé promised he would never let it out of his sight. I was reluctant, but I had to give in. Soon afterwards, on August 9 and 16 that same year, the articles came out. They began as follows: "Sophie Calle was born on October 9, 1953..." It was magnificent. Everyone was wondering if I hadn't had to sleep with the journalist to get two pages in *Le Monde*. I called Hervé Guibert to thank him and to get my photo back. He told me it was lost. He didn't seem particularly bothered. I hung up. I knew his address, so I dashed round to his place and rang the bell. When he opened up and saw my expression he blocked the door, promptly slamming it in my face when I started remonstrating. And that was that. Still, before setting off for Japan I phoned *Le Monde* to leave my number in Tokyo, just in case they had some good news for me. Well, today Yvonne B. called. She said she had a surprise for me and asked me to meet her at the Imperial Hotel. We were sitting in the lobby when Hervé walked in. Coldly, without a word, he held out the photograph. I realized there and then that he would make me pay for this.



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DAYS TO
UNHAPPINESS

Paris le 10 janvier 1985

Chère Sophie

Je suis justement où je trouva votre carte dans



l'air attendue. Que vous deviez être de ce pas avec
de mes nouvelles. Et que surtout l'instant où je vous

à l'inie dévoté dans cette eau chaude est
déjà insupportable. J'ai envie de ne refuser jamais
à vous - J'aimerais que vous rendiez votre corps à
Kyoto et qu'avec l'argent vous ne regardiez tout
les petits, pierres précieuses, bric-à-brac que nous avons
si longuement contemplés -

Je vous embrasse bien affectueusement :
Hervé

7

DAYS TO UNHAPPINESS

Paris January 10, 1985

Dear Sophie,

What do you know! The evening I found your card in my letter-box I had just come home from seeing Danièle Dubroux who, you might have thought, I saw for supposedly professional reasons only to ask her with false spontaneity - and mendaciously telling her someone mentioned that you two knew each other - if she had heard from you. I watched with satisfaction for that little moment of surprise when she looked up and her skin went pale, as if to hide her blushes. She mentioned a postcard, another letter that you apparently sent to a mutual friend (not to me, anyway,

I thought). That night my friend Claire and I both dreamed about you in our different ways. I think of you, too, and just the way you think of me: tenderly. But I don't feel like writing. I feel like lying low. Making myself wanted. Driving you mad for lack of news. So that the moment I took your place in that hot water is already an unforgettable memory. I want to keep resisting you. I want you to sell your body in Kyoto and with the money to bring me back all those little faceted stones that we looked at for so long.
Much love,
Hervé

ROLAND
BARTHES

*A Lover's
Discourse*

FRAGMENTS

Translated by Richard Howard

Suis-je amoureux? - Oui, puisque j'attends." L'autre, lui, n'attend jamais. Parfois, je veux jouer à celui qui n'attend pas; j'essaye de m'occuper ailleurs, d'arriver en retard; mais, à ce jeu, je perds toujours: quoi que je fasse, je me retrouve désœuvré, exact, voire en avance. L'identité fatale de l'amoureux n'est rien d'autre que: je suis celui qui attend.

Roland Barthes

Fragments d'un discours amoureux

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