

Baudrillard is wrong about something important.

**SC** is a fan of Georges Perec; "I'm aware in a jealous way of Georges Perec, many of his ideas I wish I had had them because they are definitive. So I feel close in that sense."

**SC** does not "observe a piece of Paris ... it's always people, or monuments or paintings. It's always more sentimental and through people" [compared to Perec's *l'infra-ordinaire* projects she means. I don't see the distinction]. She's only really conscious of herself and who she is in the city and works out from there.

**SC** says about Suite Venetienne; "I decide to follow a man and then the rest is part of the story."

**SC** makes work "always through people even when its about architecture and buildings. In Venice even, the work was about people, not Venice." She thinks that "Suite Venetienne is perfect for Venice." Later, I remember Harold Brodkey writing in his novel *Profane Friendship* [1994] that Venice was a city of human scales and focus, a city for lovers and the furtive as opposed to Emperors.

**SC** pauses when I ask her where her work *is* for her, when it's finished. Then she says that her work doesn't trail after her; "most of it is my life also ... it's fact and not fiction."

**SC** "likes to control things. If I don't control things, it's not *me* so I'm not possessive. It's ok with me." She instances the film of Suite Venetienne which she didn't like at all. She says that everybody follows people, "I don't own this obviously" and so she doesn't mind other people doing it. She claims not to mind people doing it to her either, though I sensed she found it idiotic.

**SC** is playful as well as precise.

**SC** likes to laugh, and her eyes sparkle with good humour. She has a lovely laugh.

**SC** would not, I think, take no for an answer.

**SC** makes art that is full of an objective analytical distance. It reveals a meaningless, hopeless world in which human interaction is impossible except by desperate means. She coldly presents the inner workings of her own life and others, spilling inside out intimacies and dissecting the private spheres of the hotel room, address book and propensity to give. This is how it and she is routinely described but when I say she is vulnerable it is this that I mean. All of these things reveal a very particular kind of vulnerability and optimism to me.

**SC** thinks that watching people sleeping is the most intimate thing because not even their partners have seen them like that whereas they know well what they think, eat and express. They're completely vulnerable. I tend to disagree but understand and believe her that this is meant and real to her: "for me this is intimate."

**SC** says she misses the sleepers in her bed. I don't believe this.

**SC** is sentimental, and is happy for me to describe her as such.

**SC** has her heart in her work in this sense, which means it is not

cold, analytical or clever.

**SC** needs the private detective in The Detective to be interested in her enough to keep following. It was "a deception" she says, because she forgot that he is obviously not interested in her, just somebody she has paid.

**SC** says that "if it was only to play and make rituals as it was before making art, I would be more lazy. You have to be more rigorous if you are going to show it."

**SC** says that half of her work is spontaneous and the other is the result of thinking of an idea as an artist. So, her ideas come from within and from without; other people, suggestions, or commissions. Her best work comes from within. I hope she continues to work in that way. The same applies to any artist because it is an activity that must exist despite everything not because of it.

**SC** says that unlike Maria in Paul Auster's brilliant novel *Leviathan*, she would never have an idea like eating different coloured food each day because "it's too cold."

**SC** says that making that piece [The Chromatic Diet] however remains "me, because I wanted to obey to something. The idea of eating green, red or yellow is not sentimental to me. It's aesthetic and so for me it's not full of promises. I was more interested in the letters of the alphabet. The letter C piece is an homage to Perec." [Days Under the Sign of B, C, & W. In W she refers to Perec's brilliant *W or the Memory of Childhood*.]

**SC** wants to understand and to explain.

**SC** didn't answer one question. I asked her spontaneously whether she was Jewish or not. She said, after a pause, "I won't answer this question" and laughs heartily and naughtily -like a Dadaist missionary. She asked me the same question. I answered it differently and therefore in the same spirit.

**SC** says the rules of the Torah and in particular the rules about the sacred notion of an Eruv [wire enclosure that allows the Orthodox to carry on the Sabbath] are "totally surrealistic."

**SC** thinks that the book she found in Israel -where she made a piece entitled Eruv- called *Sabbath and Electricity* is ridiculous, hypocritical and funny.

**SC** has no morality about making her work but values getting it right.

**SC** is unrepentant, unapologetic, rigorous and thoughtful.

**SC** is striking looking but I couldn't decide if I found her attractive or not. She has got great UnAmerican teeth and a big nose, which are not unattractive because the force of her personality converts into something physical in front of you. It's a highly attractive personality.

**SC** likes to tell anecdotal stories to illustrate her point. In *The Arcades Project* Walter Benjamin wrote that anecdotes contain the force of insurgency.

**SC** enjoys talking about her work and loves her audience and their pleasure and interest in her. She is a good public speaker and has notable charm. She strains very hard -visibly so- to hear