

questions after her talk and slide show and made an effort to keep her audience laughing throughout.

SC likes to be contrary, especially in front of a large audience, knowing that audiences love contrariness, equating it with genius and the freedom that comes with fame.

SC dedicates her new book *Double Game* to Frank Gehry. I thought it ostentatious until she explained that she was thanking him publicly for helping her achieve public exposure in California. Now I think it's sweet, even quaintly well mannered and old fashioned.

SC could easily crop up in a cameo in a Hal Hartley movie -for instance- and much as I like both of them I sincerely hope she resists that kind of visibility -which is for fools. It's not that it costs much to do it, but think of the much greater value of not-doing it.

SC makes brilliantly potent art in pieces like Suite Venetienne, Blindness, The Hotel, Exquisite Pain and my favourite The Detective.

SC made a brilliant one liner in The Wardrobe which is only a pirouette but which exhibits the good karma in her work and approach that often goes unremarked.

SC can make work that is less condensed, natural and more obvious, like the work derived from Paul Auster's slightly reluctant instructions in Gotham Handbook and in fact some other pieces inspired by the link to Marie in Auster's novel, notably The Chromatic Diet in which she eats differently coloured food each day. it's not that these are not good and interesting but they lack the turning-of-herself-inside-out-with-simple-natural-necessary-conviction aspects contained in her best work.

SC made up the contents of one of the hotel rooms detailed in The Hotel. It is totally fake but in the way of fantasy; as she worked as a chambermaid she fantasised a room and then pretended it was real.

SC says she "could invent out of frustration but not out of imagination like a fiction writer."

SC would collect Nauman, Ryman - "that's already a lot"- and "Vermeer more than all" if she was a collector.

SC has a collection of artist's postcards which she has exchanged with other artists, most of whom she knows. It is an expression of her openness as an artist rather than of creative possessiveness, I think.

SC wanted to seduce her father -a well known art Collector- by making art, she says winkingly.

SC feels at home anywhere "easily" and has "lived for one year in different countries, when I arrive in New York after half an hour I feel at home there."

SC doesn't feel at home anywhere in the world -this is the definitive element in her work.

SC now strikes me as self contained, precise, deliberate, and probably would be awkward to live with because everyone lives with her through her work and she lives with everyone through it.

SC takes the anonymity of the people in her work very seriously, not wanting the identity to distract from the work, I suspect.

SC says that the person she followed in Venice, for example, is well known in Paris but that she "did the thing right in a way" by keeping his identity secret.

SC thinks she has feelings about the people in her work. I don't know why she told me this other than that the man whose address book she found and made into art revealed himself in public and became libellous.

SC is awaiting her next project and sifting through the suggestions she received at the end of her show at Camden Arts Centre last year having committed herself to picking one of them. This is the way she deploys a fondness for ritual in her work.

SC is close to her father with whom she selected a site in Montparnasse Cemetery to be buried together. Now her step-mother and even her own mother want to crowd them out but there is only room for three. This has provoked a serious dilemma for sc.

SC has an affluent background; the birthday presents from her parents -fridges and works of art- demonstrate this without requiring any probing.

SC's disembodied voice sounds much more serious, much more typically Parisian-intellectual, than when she is sitting in front of you.

SC is used to explaining her work but you feel that she'd rather be doing something else than talking about it one on one.

SC makes me think of Helen Chadwick -as well as the magnificent Louis Bourgeois- partly because all three have been enabling influences -and therefore not necessarily acknowledged- on the so-called Brit Art women artists.

SC has a ludic element to her work that the British often do not understand or even recognise. In British culture humour is used to make something serious palatable or is not serious at all. The ludic in French culture is almost an end in itself and ripples through the spectrum of cultural production.

SC plays games but they are full of meaning. They are all she can do against the void that exists without them. They are games invented against suffering, emptiness, and a certain kind of nothingness. They are the play things of a particular kind of optimist; the dirty utopian.

SC is a sentimental artist but the sentiment is of the same quality as that in Wong Kar-Wai's *Chungking Express* when Cop 663 irons his departed hostess-lover's shirt to warm it up. It is sentiment about the sentimental but still bubbles into laughter and cuts to tears.

SC is very nearly the same thing as her work.

SC is authentic.

SC is.

SC.