

Sophie Calle

APPOINTMENT

with Sigmund Freud

James & Hudson

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Appointment with Sigmund

Freud

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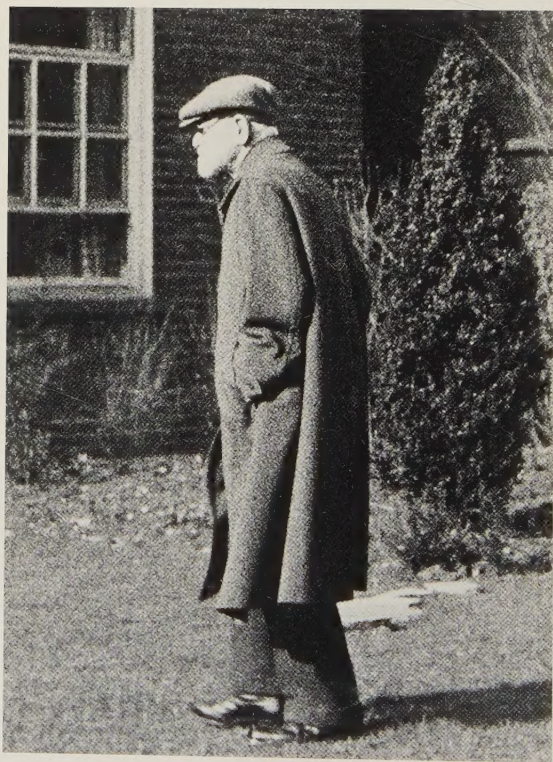
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Appointment



Dr. Sigmund Freud (1856–1939) in the gardens of his London home at 20 Maresfield Gardens, courtesy the Freud Museum



Sophie Calle wearing Sigmund Freud's overcoat

Sophie Calle

Appointment

with Sigmund Freud

Thames & Hudson

in association with

VIOLETTE EDITIONS

TO D. (9 OCTOBER 1953-)

I met a man who came into the world the same year as me—
the same month, the same day, the same time. We took a flight to Naples
to celebrate our birthday. On the aeroplane, the idea that we might
crash and die together flitted through my mind.

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APPOINTMENT

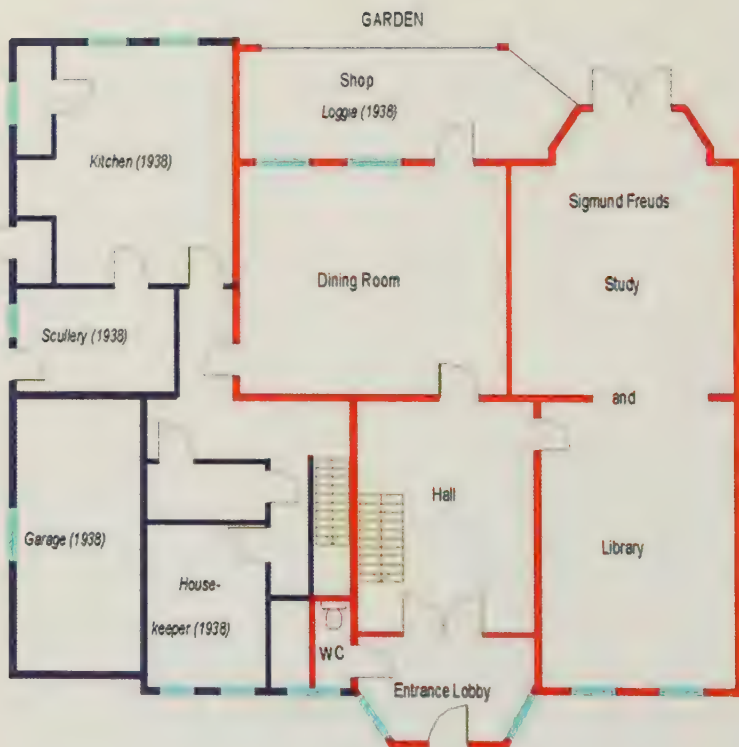
In February 1998, I was invited by James Putnam to create an exhibition in London at 20 Maresfield Gardens, where Dr. Sigmund Freud had lived, for a short time, and died. This house and its contents are preserved as the Freud Museum.

After having a vision of my wedding dress laid across Freud's couch, I accepted. I chose to display relics from my own life amongst the interior of Freud's home and also to select objects from his personal collection which relate to stories I wished to tell. My texts were printed on small pink cards placed next to these selected items. The exhibition, entitled "Appointment," took place from February 12 to April 25, 1999.

Apart from the interior photographs of Freud's house, the black-and-white images reproduced in this book are my original artworks. The color images document the installation.

THE FREUD HOUSE
20 MARESFIELD GARDENS
LONDON NW6





GROUND FLOOR

Red-marked area open to the public (blue-marked area caretaker's flat)



FIRST FLOOR

Red-marked area open to the public (blue-marked area offices)



Appointment

with Sigmund Freud

The Striptease





The blonde wig

I was six. I lived on a street named Rosa-Bonheur with my grandparents. A daily ritual obliged me every evening to undress completely in the elevator on my way up to the sixth floor, where I arrived without a stitch on. Then I would dash down the corridor at lightning speed, and as soon as I reached the apartment, I would jump into bed. Twenty years later I found myself repeating the same ceremony every night in public, on the stage of one of the strip joints that line the boulevard in Pigalle, wearing a blonde wig in case my grandparents, who lived in the neighborhood, should happen to pass by.

The High Heel



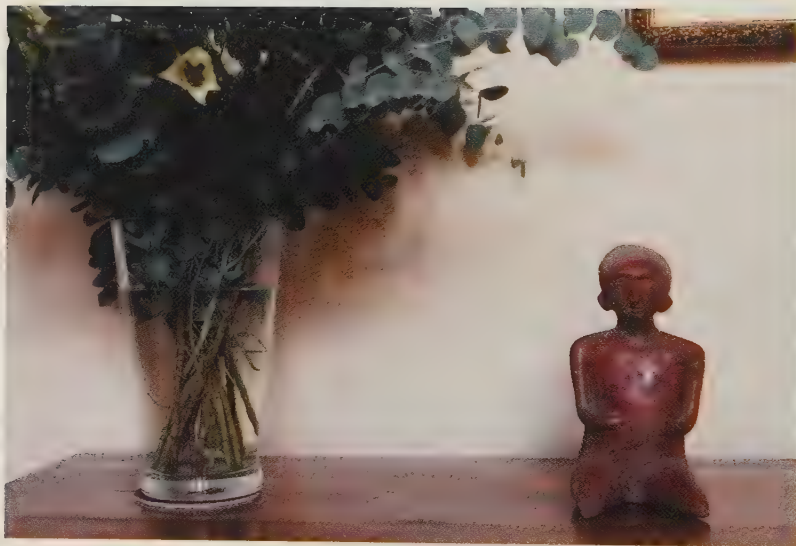


My high heel

I was 27 years old. I was hired as a striptease artist in a travelling carnival, which was set up for the Christmas holidays at the corner of boulevard de Clichy and rue des Martyrs. I was supposed to undress 18 times a day between 4pm and 1 am. On January 8, 1981, as I was sitting on the only chair in the trailer, one of my colleagues, to whom I refused to give my seat, tried to poke out my eyes with my high heel and ended up kicking me in the head. I lost consciousness. During the fight, she had, as the ultimate stage of stripping, torn off my blonde wig. This was to be my last performance in the profession.

The Breasts





Narayit kneeling figure, Mexico,
100 BC–AD 250, Freud Museum Collection

I was a flat-chested teenager. Still, wanting to be like my friends, I bought a bra, a soutien-gorge which, of course, I didn't need. My mother, who possessed a magnificent bosom and a sharp wit, called it my "soutien-rien"—my "support-nothing." I can still hear her words today. Over the years that followed my chest slowly pushed out. Nothing to write home about, though. Suddenly, in 1992, a transformation occurred. In the space of six months, spontaneously, I had proper tits: no treatments, no operations. A miracle. I swear. I was thrilled, but not really surprised. I put this feat down to 20 years of frustration, envy, dreams, and sighs.

The Dice





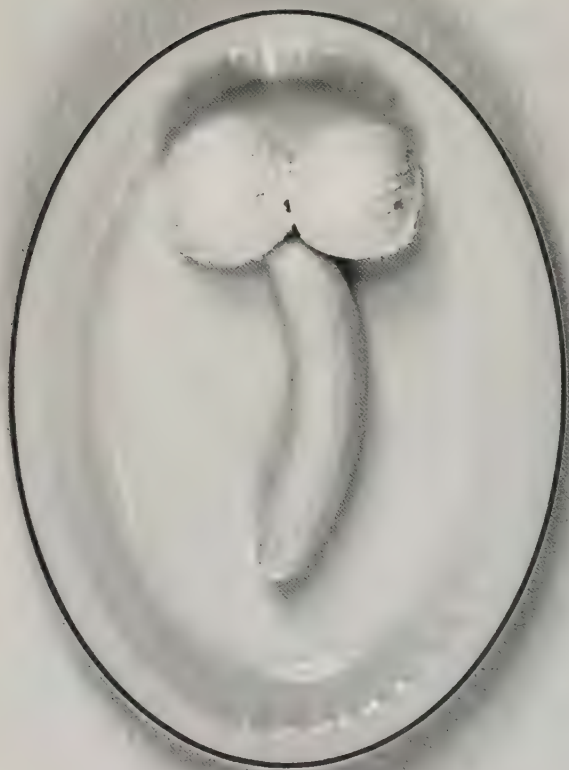
Plaster cast of Roman fragment, c. 200 BC, the dice,
and obsidian Egyptian cat, c. 1500 BC, Freud Museum Collection

I have always liked others to make decisions for me. B and I played a game: on even-numbered days he made the decisions, on odd-numbered days I did. When he left for the States he gave me a dice to replace him. One day, during an opening, a young man approached me and introduced himself. He had the same last name as B. I expressed my surprise at the similarity between the uncommon spelling of his name and that of my lover. His response was gallant: two men with identical names loved me. The next day, he invited me to share his bed. I entrusted my decision to the dice. Through the intermediary of his gift, B was approving his successor.

DINING ROOM



Young Girl's Dream





Dessert

When I was fifteen I was afraid of men. One day, in a restaurant, I chose a dessert because of its name: "Young Girl's Dream." I asked the waiter what it was, and he answered: "It's a surprise." A few minutes later he returned with a dish featuring two scoops of vanilla ice cream and a peeled banana. He said one word: "Enjoy." Then he laughed. I closed my eyes the same way I closed them years later when I saw my first naked man.

Bad Breath





Seated figure of Freud by Oscar Nemon, undated, Freud Museum Collection

I was thirty, and my father thought I had bad breath. He made an appointment for me with a doctor, whom he assumed was a general practitioner. However, when I arrived at his office, I immediately realized that he was a psycho-analyst. Given the hostility my father always expressed towards this profession, I was surprised. "There must be some mistake," I said. "My father is convinced I have bad breath and he sent me to a GP." The man replied: "Do you always do what your father tells you to do?" And so I became his patient.

LANDINGS



The Cats





Taxidermied cat

I had three cats. Felix died after having been accidentally locked in the fridge. Zoë was taken from me when my younger brother was born; I hated him from that moment on. Nina was strangled by a jealous man who had, some time before, given me the following ultimatum: to sleep either with the cat or with him. I opted for the cat.

The Coffee Cup





The cup

He was the most intelligent man I had ever known. One day he called to invite me to lunch, and proposed we meet the following week. Somehow the idea of the pleasure I would have from listening to him was countered by a malaise: The fear of not being up to it. So, to ready myself I asked him what we would talk about. It was an exercise that I knew was as silly as it was vain, but one that would comfort me. D chose a theme instantly: What makes you get up in the morning? I prepared myself all week, accumulating all kinds of answers. When the day came, I asked him for his opinion on the matter, and he said: "The smell of coffee." That was it. Then we changed the subject. Coffee was served. I stole the cup as a memory of our lunch together.

The Resolution

Resolution
for
the New Year

No Lying

No Biting



Framed letter from Freud to Ferdinand Schmutzer, 1926,
Freud Museum Collection, and Greg's resolution

I met him in a bar in December 1989. I was in New York for a couple of days. He offered to let me stay in his apartment and I accepted. He gave me the address, handed me the keys, and disappeared. I spent the night alone in his bed. The only thing I learned about him came from a piece of paper that I found under a cigarette box. It said: "Resolutions for the New Year: no lying, no biting." Later, I called him from Paris to thank him. We decided to meet and made a date for January 20, 1990. Orly airport at 9am. He never arrived, never called, and did not answer his telephone. On January 10, 1991, at 7pm, I received the following call: "It's Greg Shephard. I am at Orly airport, one year late. Would you like to see me?" This man knew how to talk to me.

The Hostage





The Love Letter, c.19th century, artist unknown,
oil on canvas, 44×54 cm

He was an unreliable man. For our first date he showed up one year late. Therefore, when he left, to make sure he would come back, I insisted that he leave something with me as a hostage. A week later, he sent me his most precious possession: a small French nineteenth-century painting, entitled The Love Letter, that portrays a young girl who bears an uncanny likeness to me. A year passed, and on January 18, 1992, after having rented two rings and a witness, I became his bride in a simple ceremony held at a 24-hour drive-up wedding window on Route 604 in Las Vegas. Later he gave me The Love Letter as a wedding gift. I had acquired a husband but in the process had lost my guarantee that he would always come back to me.

The Fake Wedding





The wedding photograph with Greg next to Freud's wedding photograph

Our improvised roadside marriage in Las Vegas didn't allow me the chance to fulfil the secret dream that I share with so many women: to one day wear a wedding dress. So, on Saturday, June 20, 1992, I decided to bring family and friends together on the steps of a church in Paris for a formal wedding picture. The photograph was followed by a mock civil ceremony performed by a real mayor and then a reception. The confetti, the white veil, the gloves — nothing was missing. I crowned, with a fake marriage, the truest story of my life.

The Break-up



EXPRES

EXPRES

Anything



Handwritten notes and scribbles.

Handwritten notes and scribbles.

Bijou





Greg's love letters (under a chair on Freud's upstairs landing)

He dreamed of making movies. I dreamed of crossing America with him. To get him to follow me, I suggested that during the trip we make a film about our life together. He agreed, and on January 3, 1992, we left New York in his silver Cadillac and headed for California. One day nine months later in San Francisco—we hadn't yet written the words "THE END" on our movie—I reached with my hand under the car-seat to slide it forward, and came across a black plastic bag. I opened it. It contained letters, 24 to be exact, in Greg's handwriting, all addressed to a certain H, and sent—as the postmarks showed—during the course of 1992. I didn't know why but they were back in his possession, and he had chosen to hide them there. I read them all, and stole two. One because in it he says: "I'll be free in October." The other, for this phrase: "... with Sophie I have this 'baby' that wouldn't have existed if I hadn't so much passion for you...". I had given Greg the chance to fulfil his deepest desire, and here he was thanking another woman. A few days later he handed me a letter: "Sophie, I always knew you would come into my life. I want you also to know that I love you, and that you became the most precious thing to me." Doubting this, I decided to prove his letter right: he would be free in October.

The Dutch Portrait





Luce de Montfort, Flemish School, 15th century, oil on panel, 39 × 28.7 cm

I was nine years old. While rummaging through my mother's letters I found one, addressed to her, which started like this: "Darling, I trust you are seriously thinking about a boarding school for our Sophie." The letter was signed by a friend of my mother. I assumed from this that he was my real father. Whenever he came to visit us, I would sit on his knee and, with my eyes deep in his, I would wait for a confession. But his total lack of response caused me at times to have doubts. Then I would re-read the stolen letter. I had hidden it behind the picture in the dining room, a fifteenth-century Flemish painting entitled Luce de Montfort, which portrays a young woman in a pink bodice, her face slightly turned to show her left profile while her eyes look straight at you, her features framed by a white, starched linen coif.

DR. SIGMUND FREUD'S STUDY



The Wedding Dress

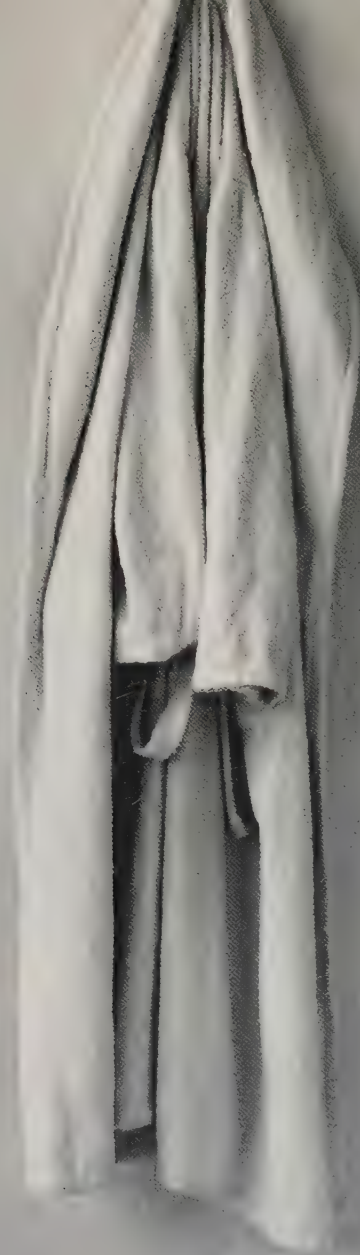




The wedding dress

*I had always admired him. Silently, since I was child.
On 8 November—I was 30 years old—he allowed me to pay
him a visit. He lived several hundred kilometers from Paris.
I had brought a wedding dress in my bag, white silk with a
short train. I wore it on our first night together.*

The Bathrobe





The bathrobe

I was 18 years old. I rang the bell. He opened the door. He was wearing the same bathrobe as my father. A long white terry towelling robe. He became my first love. For an entire year, he obeyed my request, and never let me see him naked from the front. Only from the back. And so, in the morning light, he would get up carefully, turning himself away, and gently hiding inside the white bathrobe. When it was all over he left the bathrobe behind with me.

Amnesia





Egyptian mummy mask with glass and obsidian eyes, date unknown,
Freud Museum Collection

No matter how hard I try, I never remember the color of a man's eyes or the shape and size of his sex. But I decided that a wife should know these things. So I made an effort to fight this amnesia. I now know he has green eyes.

The Erection





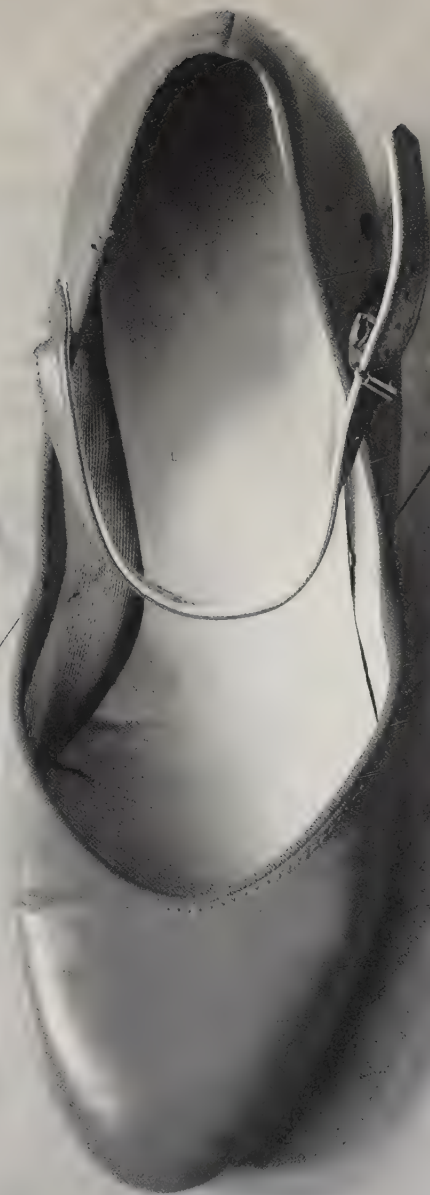
Phallic figures, Freud Museum Collection

We drove across America. Every morning, contemplating the bed we slept in, I would whisper the same refrain: "NO sex last night." This went on for 15 days until we arrived in Las Vegas. There I persuaded him to marry me. That night, the NO became YES. Later he confessed that his desire sprang from the fact that I was now his wife. An erection was the first thing marriage had given me.

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM'S STUDY



The Red Shoe





The red shoe inside a 19th century cupboard by Felix Augenfeld,
owned by Anna Freud, Freud Museum Collection

Amelie and I were eleven years old. We had a habit of stealing from department stores on Thursday afternoons. We did this for one year. When her mother began to suspect, in order to frighten us, she said that a policeman who had spotted us, and reported our activities to her. But because of our age, he was giving us a second chance. We would now be followed by him, and if we stop stealing, he would forget about the past. In the following weeks, we spent most of our time wondering who the policeman was hidden among all the people around us. In our attempts to lose him, we were now too busy to steal. Our last robbery had been a pair of red shoes too big for us to wear. Amelie kept the right shoe, and I kept the left.

The Plastic Surgery





The nose amongst photographs of Anna Freud, Freud Museum Collection

When I was 14 my grandparents suggested that I needed plastic surgery. They made an appointment with a famous cosmetic surgeon, and it was decided that my nose should be straightened, that a scar on my left leg should be covered up with a piece of skin taken from my ass, and that my ears should be pulled back. I had doubts, but they reassured me, I could change my mind up until the very last moment. In the end, though, it was Doctor F himself who put an end to my dilemma. Two days before the operation, he committed suicide.

The Razor Blade



I posed nude every day for a drawing class, from 9 am to 12 noon. And each day, a man who was always seated in the first row, on my far left, drew me for three hours. At noon he would take a razor blade out of his pocket and compulsively slash the drawing he had made. I would watch. Then he would leave the room. The drawing would remain on the table as evidence. This was repeated every day for 12 days. On the 13th day, I didn't go to work.

The Sheet



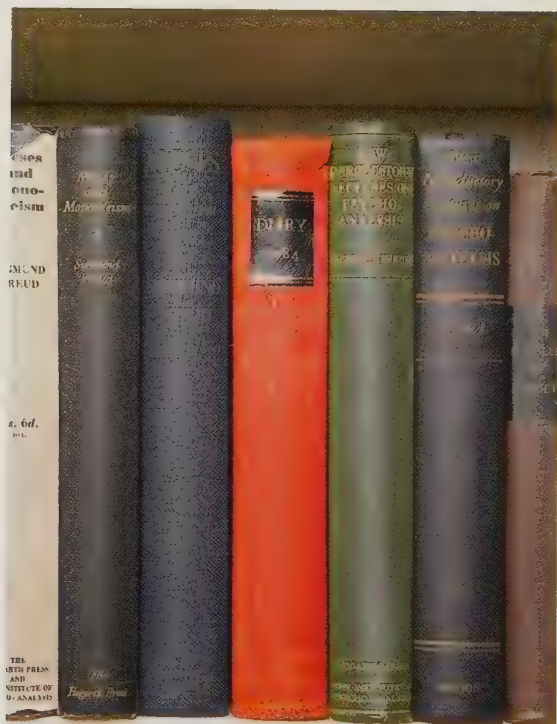


The sheet

My great aunt was named Valentine. She was born on the 4th of February 1888. At the age of 96 she grew tired of living. But she had set herself a goal: to live to be a hundred. Just before her hundredth birthday, while unconscious and near death in her bed, she momentarily revived and murmured: "How many days left?" There were six days left. "I'll last," she whispered, "I'll last." She died the 4th of February 1988. For her epitaph she had chosen a verse from the Bible: "She hath done what she could." Not long before her death, she had embroidered a sheet with my initials. I gave it to my friend, Hervé, who was seriously ill, in memory of that night long ago when he had refused to share my bed. It was my way of inviting him to sleep a little with me. And then, I also liked thinking that, having been embroidered by a woman who lived to be a hundred by sheer tenacity of will, this sheet, imbued with her faith, would give him her strength.

Saw Nothing — Nobody





The diary

Some time in 1984 I received a call from a stranger by the name of Mâkhi. She wanted me to go to the apartment where the two sisters who “adopted” her had lived and, within six months of each other, died, both aged 90. Mâkhi had inherited their possessions but for months had put off this first visit to a place haunted by their decrepitude, their death, and their ghosts. I went there for her sake. I photographed the abandoned house so I could give her the images of what she was frightened to see. I asked to keep the sisters’ portrait and some diaries. The entry for December 25, 1980, said: “Saw Nothing — Nobody.” And, for 1981: “Christmas — Nothing.”

The Love Letter

Modernos clee

[illegible]

C'est la guerre, la guerre...
C'est l'horreur et c'est au combat et c'est
les hommes et ce fut tout brutal
une l'âme de graviers tombèrent
le plant. Les hommes m'attendent - c'est
un air de guerre.

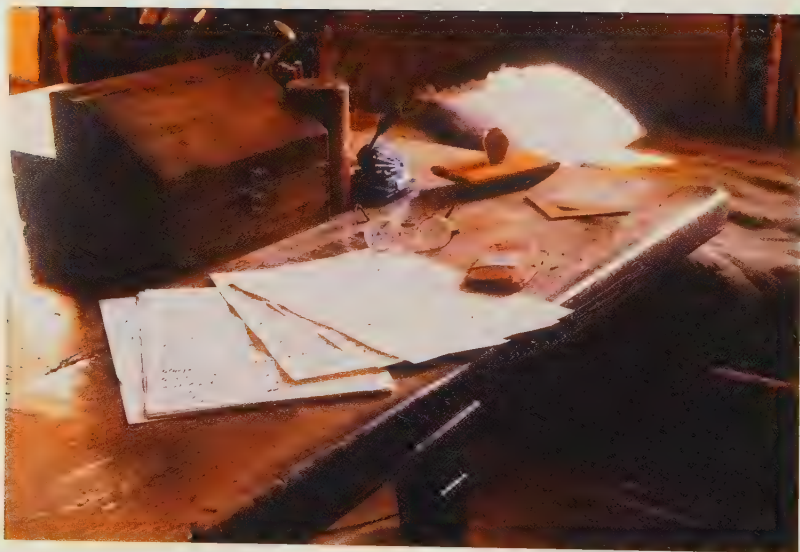
[illegible][illegible]

P.S. Sophie est née sous, que j'ai mesuré
ainsi que la coiffure et arène
et se perdent des pennes.

mais je parle, je parle et le tout
tourne il est avec nous les autres
je n'ai plus de cela maintenant d'ailleurs
il faut les rétro de voler alors qu'il a
moins goûté à les raconter

avant que le conseil ne s'agisse, ne
de vous et moi. / On peut vous en dire
sans lui. de vous le ~~dit~~ me de
et ma sœur. On me verra.

quand l'homme, au bord inférieure
 le soleil est, après avoir une certaine
 de la nuit, au son de vent de flamme
 en faisant un et de je ne sais pas
 avec et ne se fait avec en fait, au
 les, les on ne fait avec et de fait se
 les et de fait de ne se fait pas
 le fait de ne se fait pas



The love letter

For years a love letter languished on my desk. I had never received a love letter, so I paid a public scribe to write one. Eight days later, I received seven beautiful pages of pure poetry penned in ink. It had cost me 100 francs and the man said: "... as for myself, without moving from my chair I was everywhere with you."

The Rival

~~1/2~~ S.

fri 1?30 a.m.

You're a phone number by a photo I have listed
in my head. ~~both are memories addressed to you.~~
you ^{are} ~~are~~ always for me a destination. ~~A place to~~
~~reach for every night.~~ ^{like the} ~~You are~~ a dream ~~that~~ sat
down next to me. ~~I feel like~~ a fragment on this
page. cut off from, ~~everything~~, and lost at the end
of the line. looking for the right words ~~to write~~
~~to you~~ ^{to reach} ~~to reach~~ a mark between here and you. I'm a
row of empty seats filled with strangers crowding
my head with their careful forecasts and concerns
. A smile from you would drive them away, or, one
of those falls you sometimes take into my eyes.
that would be enough.

You asked me ~~once~~ if I believed in love at first sight.
^{away to find you} Did I ever ~~answer you~~ /

i

My ^d fucking typewriter is blinking
green on line again.

my ^f ~~confession~~ ^N is ~~last~~ last night I kissed the
envelope with your letter and photo

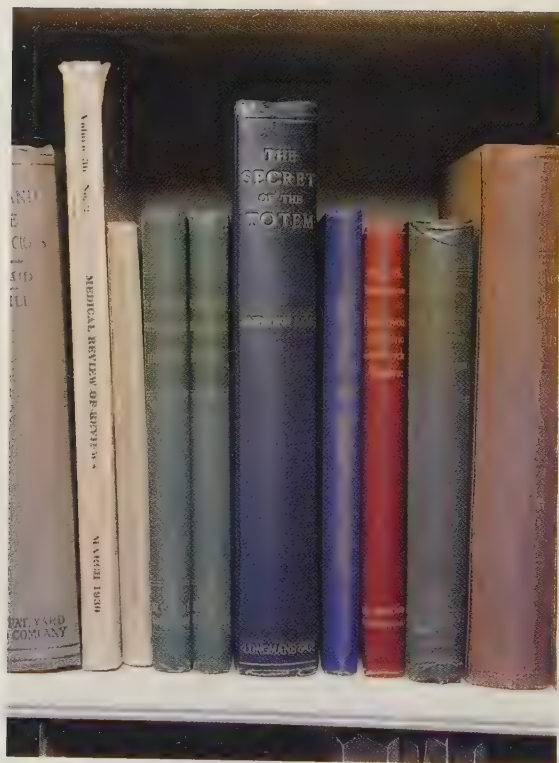


Greg's love letter to H

I wanted a love letter, but he would not write one to me. One day, I saw the word "Sophie" written at the top of a piece of stationery. This gave me hope. Two months after our wedding, I noticed the edge of a piece of paper sticking out from under his typewriter. I pulled it toward me. The last line of the letter appeared: "My confession is that last night I kissed the envelope with your letter and photo." I continued to read, in reverse: "You asked me once if I believed in love at first sight. Did I ever answer you?" At the top of the page I noticed these words were not addressed to me but to a letter "H." I crossed out the "H" and replaced it with an "S." This became the letter I had never received.

The Gift





Freud's copy of *The Secret of the Totem*

I was in love with him, but he had decided to leave me. To soften the break-up, he suggested a farewell trip of one week in Seville. I liked the idea, though it seemed painful. So I accepted and we went. On the last day, seeing my tears, H told me a secret. It was a terrible secret, which had poisoned his life. And he was confiding it to me. Only to me. At the very moment he was depriving me of his love, this man offered me, through his confession, the ultimate proof of our intimacy.

MARTHA & SIGMUND FREUD'S
BEDROOM



The Tie





A set of men's clothing

I saw him for the first time in December 1985, at a lecture he was giving. I found him attractive, but one thing bothered me: he was wearing an ugly tie. The next day I anonymously sent him a thin brown tie. Later, I saw him in a restaurant; he was wearing it. Unfortunately, it clashed with his shirt. It was then that I decided to take on the task of dressing him from head to toe: I would send him one article of clothing every year at Christmas. In 1986, he received a pair of silk grey socks; in 1987, a black alpaca sweater; in 1988, a white shirt; in 1989, a pair of gold-plated cufflinks; in 1990, a pair of boxer shorts with a Christmas-tree pattern; nothing in 1991; and in 1992, a pair of grey trousers. Someday, when he is fully dressed by me, I would like to be introduced to him.

The TV Guide

SAM
18 AOÛT

DIM
17 AOÛT

LUN
16 AOÛT

MAR
15 AOÛT

MER
30 AOÛT

JEU
21 AOÛT

VEN
27 AOÛT



2
20.33
Pierrel



3
20.33
Toto



5
20.33
Toto



6
20.33
Toto



7
20.33
Toto



8
20.33
Toto

20.33
COLOMBO
Quotient de banquer
avec
Pierrel
Rogier Maréchal
Pierrel Maréchal

20.33
LE GRAND RESTAURANT
avec
Léon de Fontis, Pato Laff
Véronique Vasselin
Nathalie Roussel

20.33
GASPARD DES MONTAGNES
Première partie:
Le seul héros
avec
Bernard Noël, Guy Audi
Christophe Jolibois

20.33
Vive le roman! L'ÉPIQUE DE LA RUE DE LOURCIN
LES BOULINGRIN
avec
Jean-Pierre Spitzer
Alain Daurès
Serge Marquand

20.33
TOUT EN BOITE
Bret Boileau, à Montreuil
réalisé par Charles Néron
avec
Jean-Pierre Spitzer
Alain Daurès
Serge Marquand

20.33
L'HOMME À POIGNE
réalisé par Michel
Lévy
cinquème épisode
avec
Gustave Kaulisch

20.33
MICHEL ROULEMAN À L'OUTRAGE
"Hooligans" de Roger Néri

20.33
TROUVEZ-POUR LUI
L'histoire de l'homme
avec
Jeanne Maréchal, de Carley
Léon de Fontis, Léo
Richard Dubé

20.33
Les enquêtes de commissaire Maigret
L'ÉPIQUE SAINT-FIACRE
avec
Jean-Pierre Spitzer
Jean-Pierre Spitzer
France Desroches

20.33
Tous de suite
MERC, AMPLUSE
avec
Annie Cordy, Guy Téra
Gérard Dourès

20.33
LE CHOIX DES ARMES
avec
Toto
Gérard Dourès
Catherine Desroches
Michel Gauthier

20.33
LE GRAND ÉCROQUIGNON
Raymond Deneuf
ou l'épave de la halle
avec
Jeanne Maréchal
Jean-Pierre Spitzer
Gustave Kaulisch

20.33
LES VIEUX DE LA VILLE
de Gilles Langeron
avec
Jean-Pierre Spitzer
Jean-Pierre Spitzer
Gustave Kaulisch

20.33
LE PRINCE
La leçon des plus avec
20.33
LA MÉMOIRE COURTE
d'Alain de Bono
avec
Nathalie Roussel

20.33
FESTIVAL INTERCÉLÉSTIQUE DE L'ÉCARTÉ
avec
Claude Lancelotti

20.33
LA MÉMOIRE DU PEUPLE NOIR
avec
Hélène L. L. L.

20.33
LE POINT DE MIRE
de Jean-Claude Lancelotti
avec
Anna Gironi
Jeanne Maréchal
Jean-Claude Lancelotti

20.33
LES ÉTRANGERS
de Jean-Pierre Desroches
avec
Michel Gauthier
Jeanne Maréchal
Jean-Claude Lancelotti

20.33
GALA MUSIC AWARDS
Première partie
présentée par Mary et Louis
avec
Cécile Robit, Simy, Paul
King

20.33
LA PEAU DOUCE
de François Desroches
avec
Jeanne Maréchal
Jeanne Maréchal
Daniel Caradec

20.33
CELEBRITY
réalisé par Jean-Pierre
Desroches
avec
Jeanne Maréchal
Jeanne Maréchal
Daniel Caradec

20.33
ROJAX
Crimes de lèse-majesté
avec
Telly Savalas, Dan Fraser
Kevin Dobson

20.33
À l'ond le relais
REPTON
Actes de violence
avec
Perry King, Joe Parris
Thom Bray

20.33
À l'ond le relais
SUPERCOPIER
Actes de violence
avec
Jean-Michel Vincent
Ernest Borgnine
Jean-Claude Lancelotti

20.33
À l'ond le relais
É 1900
L'œuvre d'art
avec
David Hasselhoff
Edward Mulhare
Patricia McPherson

20.33
STAR TREK
Héros multiraciaux
avec
TROPHEE JORD GARDNER
L'œuvre d'art
Cory & Bonavent

20.33
À l'ond le relais
CRIPS
Exploits dangereux
avec
Lenny Wilcox, Lili Estrada
Robert Pine

20.33
À l'ond le relais
2000
Vivre en paix
avec
David Hasselhoff
Edward Mulhare
Patricia McPherson

20.33
NRJ 6
avec
Catherine Laro

20.33
6 TONIC
avec
Piero Gualini à 18.00
Bryan Ferry à 20.30

20.33
SYSTEME 6
avec
NRJ 6
Zigues Zigues Spoutnik

20.33
SYSTEME 6
avec
Michel Laro

20.33
6 TONIC
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Jean-Michel Laro

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avec
Francis Laro

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NRJ 6
Medians



The TV guide

My grandmother lived for many years tête-a-tête with her television. One day she fell ill, and was taken to the hospital, where she remained several months until she died on December 26, 1986. When I went to her house to find a memento of her, I chose the TV guide that was still on a table by the television: her last issue of Tele Star. For my grandmother, life stopped during Number 29, in the week of August 16 to 22, 1986.

The Argument





Recreation of the argument, in Freud's bedroom

Tuesday, March 10, 1992, at 11.50 am, he threw the following in my direction: an empty tea kettle, a butcher's block, a chair, two pillows, a monograph on Bruce Nauman, and a black telephone. When the telephone hit the wall, I understood it would be preferable to meet his request and listen. By 1.00 pm everything was back in order except for a hole left in the wall. I hid this last bit of evidence with our wedding picture.

The Divorce





Tarot cards, plastic bucket, and other items from Freud's desk, Freud Museum Collection

In my fantasies, I am a man. Greg was quick to notice this. Perhaps that's why he invited me one day to piss for him. It became a ritual: I would come up behind him, blindly undo his pants, take out his penis, and do my best to aim well. Then, after the customary shake, I would nonchalantly put it back and close his fly. Shortly after our separation, I asked Greg for a photo-souvenir of this ritual. He accepted. So, in a Brooklyn studio, I had him pee into a plastic bucket in front of a camera. This photograph was an excuse to put my hand on his sex one last time. That evening, I agreed to the divorce.

The Neck





Freud's camera, the Polaroid photograph, and photographs of Freud in Paris and London, 1938, Freud Museum Collection

He wanted to take my picture with his Polaroid. When the image appeared, a red line marking my neck was visible. I took the photograph away from him and for the next few days I remained rather mistrustful. Two weeks later, one night, a man tried to strangle me. He left me lying unconscious on the sidewalk. I recognized that same man, three days later, in a bar. He rushed over apologizing, insisting that it was all a mistake, and suggested that I become the godmother of the baby he was expecting imminently.

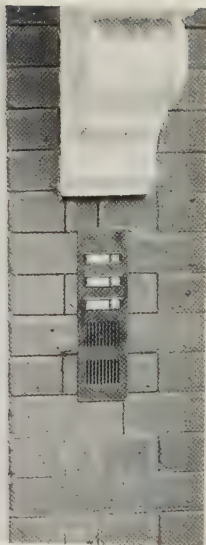
The Bed





The remains of the bed, Freud's wedding ring, a lock of Martha Freud's hair,
and other items from Freud's desk

It was my bed. The one in which I slept until I was 17 years old. Then my mother put it in a room she rented out. On October 7, 1979, the tenant lay down on it and set himself on fire. He died. The firemen threw the bed out the window. It was there, in the courtyard of the building, for nine days.



AFTERWORD

When I heard that Sophie Calle would be having an exhibition entitled “Double Game” at the Camden Arts Centre, I realized that this was situated only a short walk from Sigmund Freud’s house at 20 Maresfield Gardens, where I had recently been invited to curate a series of artist interventions. The convenient proximity and the nature of Sophie’s work provided an ideal opportunity to stage a concurrent exhibition, and I was certain that she would feel, as if by destiny, drawn to this house. She proposed installing her collection of personal objects with accompanying texts, and although I was aware that the work had been staged at a few previous venues, we both knew that this unique site would provide the definitive context for her *Histoires Vraies*. Freud came to London in 1938 in order to escape Nazi persecution, and when he moved into

20 Maresfield Gardens, he was determined to recreate the familiar working environment of his Vienna apartment. With the help of specially commissioned photographs, he arranged furniture and treasured possessions to reconstruct as faithfully as possible his original study. Freud's objects were charged with associations, and his cosy Hampstead home, crowded with his favourite things, is an intensely intimate space. Sophie's collection of personal keepsakes are her memory triggers, and they seem naturally to cohabit Freud's essentially masculine domain. Presented with 30 concise narratives printed on feminine pink cards, they entered into an immediate dialogue with the psychoanalyst's powerful aura.

Freud was a passionate collector and his house is crammed full of antiquities, which he equated with the mysteries of the past. He believed that unlocking the past was central to making sense

of the present and likened psychoanalysis to archaeology — uncovering hidden layers, interpreting, reconstructing. Yet Freud was also a collector of other people's emotions and memories, which he gathered during his consultations to inspire and substantiate his theories. Sophie's texts, which reveal her compulsive rituals, obsessions, and fantasies, have inevitable parallels with a psychoanalyst's case book, where memory, imagination, emotion, desire, and loss are interwoven. Her wedding dress, strewn across the sacred couch, becomes a phantom Sophie as Freud's patient, revealing her innermost secrets in an appointment with the father of psychoanalysis.

James Putnam, London, February 2001

Appointment is based on an exhibition of the same name held at the Freud Museum, 20 Maresfield Gardens, London NW6, from 12 February to 25 April 1999, and curated by James Putnam with assistance from Yukiko Kakuta

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In February 1998, the Freud Museum in London invited me to create an exhibition in Sigmund Freud's former home. I chose to display relics from my own life amongst objects from his personal collection that relate to my stories. This exhibition was entitled 'Appointment'.

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