



**Ljubav kao u romanu:
o ljubavnim klišejima u
*Dvostrukoј igri Sophie Calle***

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**Love, By the Book:
On Affective Clichés in
Sophie Calle's *Double Game***

PRETHODNO PRIOPĆENJE

PREDANO: 8. 2. 2017.

PRIHVAĆENO: 28. 4. 2017.

UDK: [82-31+7.038]:177.6

SAŽETAK: U romanu *Leviathan* (Leviathan, 1992.) Paula Austera pojavljuje se izmišljeni lik (Maria) utemeljen na umjetnici Sophie Calle (r. 1953. u Parizu). Roman je to o čovjeku koji svoju poruku svijetu odluči prenositi djelima umjesto riječima, a Maria, umjetnica, njegova je ljubavnica. Kako bi potvrdila Austerovu tvrdnju da voli izdvojene avanture, odlučila je živjeti *kao u romanu*, utjelovljujući sve hiperbole i metafore koje ju opisuju. Takav njezin odgovor dokumentiran je i objavljen kao knjiga tekstova i fotografija pod naslovom *Dvostruka igra* (*Double Game*, 2000.). Kritičari često napominju da taj njezin projekt spaja faksiju i fikciju. Ovaj esej pokušava proniknuti dublje od ovog prilično očitog tumačenja Calleina rada kako bismo uvidjeli u koju svrhu Calle miješa faksiju i fikciju – jer su implikacije dalekosežne. Proživljavajući ljubav *kao u romanu*, Calle uobličuje pitanja o ljubavi koja je postavila Lauren Berlant, čiji koncept „hegemonističkih fantazija” propituje do koje mjere volimo zbog čistih i nagonskih emocija koje izviru duboko u nama, a do koje zbog društvenih konvencija. Smatram da su klišeji nužni za ljubavni zaplet te da je nemoguće proizvesti nešto fiktivno iz iskrene emocije, kako u *Dvostrukoj igri* tako i u stvarnom životu. Jer da ljubav nije društveno obilježena klišeima, ne bismo je mogli iskomicirati s drugima (ili je ne bismo znali osjećati da nam društvena pravila ne nalažu kako). Također, ljubav uvijek podrazumijeva i fantaziju kako bi se održala, pa je kao takva uvijek mješavina faksije i fikcije.

KLJUČNE RIJEČI: emocije, klišeji, ljubav, žudnja, feminizam, užitak, estetika, pravila, umjerenost

„Za nju [Mariju] je svako iskustvo bilo sistematizirano, predstavljalo je izdvojenu avanturu koja je za sobom povlačila vlastite rizike i ograničenja, a svaki je od njezinih projekata potpadao pod zasebnu kategoriju, odvojenu od svih ostalih.¹ Ja sam tako spadao u kategoriju seksa. Prve me noći odredila za svog partnera za krevet i tu sam funkciju nastavio obnašati sve do samoga kraja. U svijetu Marijinih poriva ja sam bio tek jedan od mnoštva obreda, no svidjela mi se uloga koju mi je dodijelila, pa se nisam imao razloga žaliti.”²

Maria, izmišljeni lik koji Paul Auster opisuje u navedenom citatu iz svojega romana *Leviathan* (1992.), utemeljen je na umjetnici Sophie Calle (r. 1953. u Parizu).³ Roman je to o čovjeku koji svoju poruku svijetu odluči prenositi djelima umjesto riječima, a Maria, umjetnica, njegova je ljubavnica. Maria je prikazana kao lijepa, privlačna i granično neurotična žena koja autora smatra „najzgodnijim čovjekom kojeg je ikad upoznala”.⁴ Kako bi potvrdila Austerovu tvrdnju da voli izdvojene avanture, odlučila je živjeti *kao u romanu*, utjelovljujući sve hiperbole i metafore koje ju opisuju. Takav njezin odgovor dokumentiran je i objavljen kao knjiga tekstova i fotografija pod naslovom *Dvostruka igra* (*Double Game*). Auster piše, naprimjer, da je Maria bila toliko disciplinirana da bi prehranu temeljila na jednoj boji dnevno – hiperbolično, naravno. No Calle je reagirala tako što je upravo to učinila. Gotovo svaka kritika u Calleinoj opsežnoj bibliografiji ističe da je njezin projekt spajanje faksije i fikcije. Štoviše, u bilješci uz

PRELIMINARY PAPER

RECEIVED: FEBRUARY 8, 2017

ACCEPTED: APRIL 28, 2017

UDC: [82-31+7.038]:177.6

SUMMARY: Paul Auster’s novel *Leviathan* (1992) features a fictional character (Maria) based on the artist Sophie Calle (b. 1953 Paris). The novel is about a man who decides to take actions over words to deliver his message to the world, and Maria is his love interest: an artist. Fulfilling Auster’s claim that Calle loves self-contained adventures, she decided she would live her life *by the book*, literalizing all the hyperboles and metaphors used to describe her. Her response was documented and published as a book of texts and photographs titled *Double Game* (2000). Critics often remark that Calle’s project is merging fact and fiction. This essay seeks to move beyond this rather obvious conception of Calle’s work so as to see to what ends Calle mingles fiction and fact—for the implications are far reaching. In living out a love story *by the book*, Calle gives form to questions about love posed by Lauren Berlant, whose concept of “hegemonic fantasies” asks to what extent we love because of a raw and visceral affect that originates from within, or because of social convention. I argue that clichés are necessary to the love plot, and that it is impossible to tease artificiality from genuine affect, both in *Double Game* and in life. For if love were not socially scripted with clichés, we could not communicate it with others (or is it that we could not feel love if social codes didn’t tell us how to?). And, love itself always requires fantasy projection to sustain itself, and is thus always a mingling of fiction and fact.

KEYWORDS: affect, clichés, love, desire, feminism, pleasure, aesthetics, rules, restraint

“Every experience was systematized for [Maria], a self-contained adventure that generated its own risks and limitations, and each one of her projects fell into a different category, separate from all the others.¹ In my case, I belonged to the category of sex. She appointed me as her bed partner on that first night, and that was the function I continued to serve until the end. In the universe of Maria’s compulsions, I was just one ritual among many, but I was fond of the role she had picked for me, and I never found any reason to complain.”²

Maria, the fictional character Paul Auster describes in the above quote from his novel *Leviathan* (1992), is based on the artist Sophie Calle (b. 1953 Paris).³ The novel is about a man who decides to take actions over words to deliver his message to the world, and Maria is his love interest: an artist. Maria is painted as a beautiful, alluring, and borderline-neurotic woman who finds the author to be “one of the handsomest men she had ever seen.”⁴ Fulfilling Auster’s claim that Calle loves self-contained adventures, she decided she would live her life *by the book*, literalizing all the hyperboles and metaphors used to describe her. Her response was documented and published in 2000 as a book of texts and photographs titled *Double Game*. Auster wrote, for instance that Maria was so regimented that she would constrict her diet to one color per day—hyperbolically, of course. But Calle responded by doing just that. Nearly every piece of criticism in Calle’s expansive bibliography

Levijatan jasno stoji da „autor posebno zahvaljuje Sophie Calle na dopuštenju da ispremiješa fankciju s fikcijom”, a u bilješci uz *Dvostruku igru* stoji zahvala Paulu Austeru za isto. Ovaj esej pokušava proniknuti dublje od ovog prilično očitog tumačenja Calleina rada kako bismo uvidjeli u koju svrhu Calle miješa fankciju i fikciju – jer su implikacije dalekosežne. Proživljavajući ljubav kao u romanu, Calle uobličuje pitanja o ljubavi koja je postavila Lauren Berlant, čiji koncept „hegemonističkih fantazija” propituje do koje mjere volimo zbog čistih i nagonskih emocija koje izviru duboko u nama, a do koje zbog društvenih konvencija.⁵ Jer čak i kada smo u dugotrajnim vezama, postoje trenuci u kojima ne osjećamo ljubav. *Dvostruka igra* ima sterilan ton, koristi se tekstem i fotografijama kako bi se proizveo emotivno nabijen narativ u kojem se isprepliču fankcija i fikcija. No budući da polazi od apsurdne pretpostavke, jer nas pokušava uvjeriti u svoju istinitost, taj sterilni ton kao da se sam sebi ruga. Prati prilično nelogičan projekt na logičan, sustavan način. Nemoguće je proizvesti fankciju iz fankcije, razlučiti što je klišej i performans u usporedbi s iskrenim osjećajem, kako u *Dvostrukoj igri* tako i u stvarnom životu. Jer da ljubav nije društveno obilježena klišejima, ne bismo je mogli iskomunicirati s drugima (ili je ne bismo znali osjećati da nam društvena pravila ne nalažu kako).

Hegemonistička fantazija: ljubavni zaplet

„U jednom od onih iznenadnih, glupavih bljeskova kakvi se svima nama događaju, Mariji se iznenada učinilo kako joj je suđeno da se zaljubi u [njega...]”⁶

Austerov prikaz Marijina bljeska sugerira da nitko ne može izbjeći iznenadne, nevjerojatne bljeskove koje opisuje jer sigurno o tome ne bi mogao pisati na taj način da ih i sam nije iskusio. Činjenica da su takvi bljeskovi istovremeno sveprisutni i nevjerojatni dokazuje Berlantin naizgled paradoksalni koncept hegemonističke fantazije. Postoji točno određeni scenarij za narative heteroseksualne monogamije – u romanima, filmovima ili životu. Poput knjige Sophie Calle, oni su banalni i rutinski, ali istovremeno i vrlo osobni i emocionalni. I tako utjelovljujući klišeiziran, kičen jezik tih narativa, Calle razotkriva izvještačenost njihova ustroja. Njezin je projekt subverzivna afirmacija koja ispituje i problematizira ljubavne zaplete citirajući ih i ponavljajući ih. Eileen Myles to opisuje kao „pribjegavanje izvještačenosti kako bismo izvještačenost lišili izvještačenosti”.⁷ Normativan kulturološki ljubavni scenarij kojemu se Calle izruguje u svakom je slučaju ispolitiziran. Ima svoju ulogu u centralizaciji nuklearne obiteljske jedinice, suzbijanju nenormativnih izraza ljubavi te, kao što ću kasnije detaljnije

SOPHIE CALLE, *DVOSTRUKA IGRA*, 2000.
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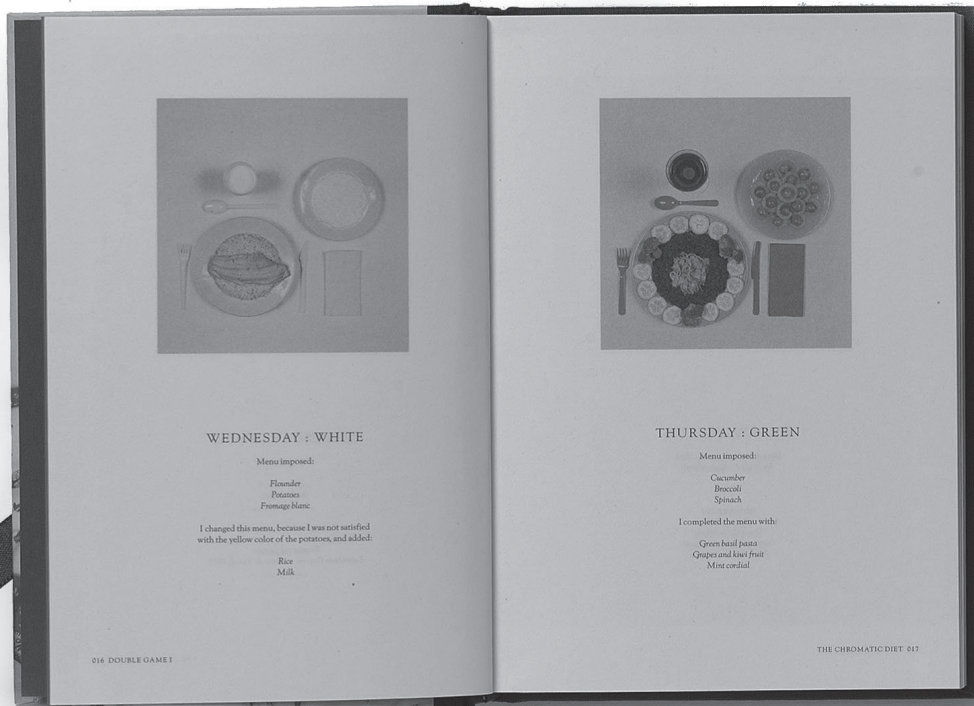
SOPHIE CALLE, *DOUBLE GAME*, 2000.
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remarks that Calle’s project is merging fact and fiction. Indeed, the colophon of *Leviathan* reads, “the author extends special thanks to Sophie Calle for permission to mingle fiction with fact,” and *Double Game*’s colophon thanks Paul Auster for the same. This essay moves beyond this rather obvious conception of Calle’s work so as to see to what ends Calle mingles fiction and fact—for the implications are far reaching. In living out a love story by the book, Calle gives form to questions about love posed by Lauren Berlant, whose concept of “hegemonic fantasies” asks to what extent we love because of a raw and visceral affect that originates from within, or because of social convention.⁵ For even when we partner with another for a long period of time, there are moments when we do not feel love. *Double Game* takes the tone of a sterile document, using text and photographs to produce an affectively-charged narrative that mingles fiction and fact. But because the premise it takes is absurd, because it tries so hard to convince us of its factuality, its sterile tone seems to mock itself. It follows a rather illogical project through in a logical, systematic way. It is impossible to tease fiction from fact, and by extension, to discern what is cliché and performative versus what is genuinely felt, both in *Double Game* and in life. For if love were not socially scripted with clichés, we could not communicate it with others (or is it that we could not feel love if social codes didn’t tell us how to?).

Hegemonic Fantasy: The Love Plot

“In one of those sudden, ridiculous flashes that everyone is prey to, she imagined that she was destined to fall in love with [him...]”⁶

Auster’s account of Maria’s flash suggests that indeed everyone is prey to the sudden, ridiculous flashes he describes, for it is doubtful he could write of it that way having not experienced it himself. That such flashes are both ubiquitous and ridiculous drives home Berlant’s seemingly-paradoxical concept of the hegemonic fantasy. There is a script for narratives of heterosexual monogamy—in novels, movies, and life. Like Calle’s book, they are both banal and routinized yet highly personal and affective. And so, in literalizing the clichéd florid language of such narratives, Calle exposes the artifice of their constitution. Her project is a subversive affirmation which questions and problematizes by quoting and repeating love plots. Eileen Myles describes this as “using artifice to strip artifice of artifice.”⁷ The normalizing cultural script of love that Calle mocks is, of course, a politicized one. It plays a role in the centrality of the nuclear family unit, the suppression of non-normative expressions of love, and, as I’ll later discuss in detail, the ways in which heterosexual women experience desire as objects of desire. While Calle indeed exposes the artifice of such narratives by



WEDNESDAY : WHITE

Menu imposed:

- Floander
- Peasover
- Fromage Blanc

I changed this menu, because I was not satisfied with the yellow color of the potatoes, and added:

- Rice
- Milk

016 DOUBLE GAME I

THURSDAY : GREEN

Menu imposed:

- Cucumber
- Boccoli
- Spinach

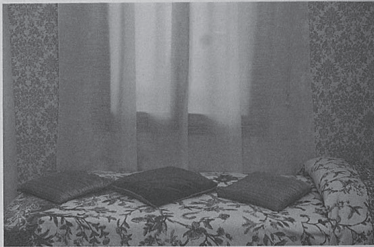
I completed the menu with:

- Green beef pasta
- Grapes and kiwi fruit
- Mint cordial

THE CHROMATIC DIET 017



ROOM 46



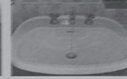
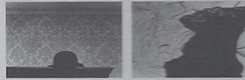
Monday, February 16, 11 A.M.
I hear a woman's laugh coming from Room 46. A quarter of an hour later, the bellboy knocks on the door, brings in breakfast for two and leaves. I go up to the room to listen.
She says, "Oh! That is lovely!"
He replies, "But anybody can make that."
She says, "This is chocolate the way like to." He laughs throatily.
My services are wanted elsewhere. When I come back ten minutes later, the subject of conversation is still the same. She says, "I really don't know how they make that."
12:30 A.M. The bellboy knocks on their door, takes the tray, and leaves.
She says, "Oh! Those Italians!" and "Oh! no, don't do that! I've got problems. I wear! You're too much!"

I hear them kiss.
She says, "You shouldn't do that! I haven't been to the loo this morning," whereupon she shrieks, "Oh, I forgot to lock the door!" The key turns in the lock. It's 1 P.M. They're loudly making love and I go off my shift.
Tuesday 17, 11:20 A.M.
I pass by Room 46. I hear the woman say, "I told you when we left..." followed by silence.
By 12:40 P.M. they have gone out. I go in. The first thing to catch the eye is the mind-bogglingly huge pair of shoes, under the table, that blocks out everything else. I then find the following items scattered about the room: a carton of Camel cigarettes, a pair of Ray-Ban glasses, a Sony Walkman with two sets of earphones, tapes (Bernard

Lavilliers, The Doors), books (Eisenstein, *Rain or Blood* by Hubert Selby Jr, *Le complot du Caire* by Gerard de Villiers, *La grande chasse au requin* by Hunter S. Thompson, and three comic books: *Les Galéjques* and *Fables de Venise* by Hugo Pratt, and *A Sautre* special jobs Lennon issue. A knife and sheath, a book by M.V. Sturma on aerospace medicine, notes on the same subject, and stationary with the letterhead of Caracassone's City Hall. One of them wears striped pajamas at night, the other a black silk slip and pink bed jacket. All the clothes are hanging in the wardrobe. In the suitcase are two pairs of women's panties, tampons, a pair of men's underpants, a tube, and a jar of vaseline. The bathroom is a mess.

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Room 46, February 16-18



Wednesday 18, 10 A.M.
The room is empty. They have checked out. On a piece of paper in the wastebasket is the following text, scribbled in pencil:
"Cheto, Court of Malta and gilded mouth. Court of Malta, wooden staircase, street of love, of friends, the bridge of wonders.

On the way back, old ghetto. Crazy staircase. Talk-weaver cats. No longer exists. House bricked-up windows. Secret courtyard of mysteries. Cathedral, Heuresse. Arrow. Bow. Cow. Six-pointed stars. A circle. Naked young girl. Ground. Names of fallen angels. Samuel, Samuel, Amal, Marrow

passage of mortality. Hebrews' struggle. Five stars. But in all-water niche."
They have forgotten a pair of panties and so the floor are drying on the bathroom radiator. The towels are all over the place and the water is still running in the washbasin.

THE HOTEL 155

razložiti, načinima na koje žene kao objekti žudnje doživljavaju žudnju. I dok Calle razotkriva izvještačenost takvih narativa utjelovljujući ih, istovremeno u njima i svojevolumno uživa. U svojoj se samoreprezentaciji dosađuje, ali je i motivirana, slijedeći rutinski i fantastičan ljubavni zaplet. Kad Auster piše da Maria za svaki dan bira jedno slovo, ona bira b kao „blajhana barbika”. Nadalje kaže, „b kao belega i bestijarij, kao bat, beštija, barakuda, bik, kao bogomoljka, babun, beketati, blejati, kao bestijalni blesan, kao BB”. Ona se strogo pridržava pravila, no na zaigran, šašav i zabavan način, a Calle (barem performativno) uživa igrati po pravilima. Igrajući blajhanu barbiku, svojevolumno se pretvara u karikaturu od žene – šaljiv, pretjeran arhetip. Uživa u tome svojevolumno, možda zbog duboko usađenih društvenih normi, možda je to vrsta mazohizma ili možda zaista uživa u tome. No to je (dvostruka) igra i ona se zabavlja igrajući po pravilima.

Banalnost fantazije

„Potrajalo je to tek sekundu ili dvije, no u tom ga je trenutku doživjela kao svog čovjeka iz snova: lijep, inteligentan, topao; bolji od svih koje je do tada voljela. Vizija se raspršila, no već je bilo prekasno. Knjižica se za nju pretvorila u magičan predmet, u smočnicu strasti i nerazgovijetnih žudnji. Sreća je htjela da joj dospije u ruke, a sad kad je bio njezin, adresar je doživljavala kao instrument same sudbine.”⁸

SOPHIE CALLE, *DVOSTRUKA IGRA*, 2000.
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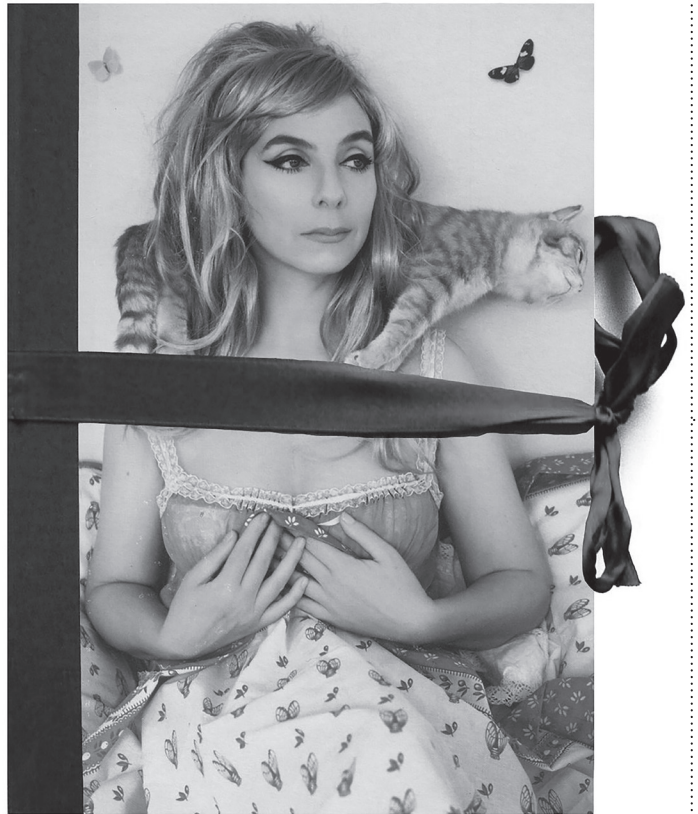
SOPHIE CALLE, *DOUBLE GAME*, 2000.
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literalizing them, she is also wilfully complacent in them. In her self-representation, she appears both bored and stimulated, abiding by the routinized and fantastic love plot. When Auster writes that Maria would spend entire days under the sign of one letter, she chooses “B” for “Big-Time Blonde Bimbo”. The page reads, “B for Beauty and the Bestiary, for Bat, Bantam, Boar, Bull, for Bug, Badger, Bray, Bellow, Bleat, Bark, for Beastly Birdbrain, for BB.” She abides by the rules, strictly, but in a manner that is playful, silly, and fun, and Calle (at least performatively) takes pleasure in playing by the rules of the game. Performing as a blonde bimbo, she wilfully becomes a caricature of a woman—a humorously, exaggeratedly flat archetype. She appears to take pleasure in doing so wilfully, perhaps because of deeply-engrained social norms, perhaps it’s a sort of masochism, or perhaps she genuinely enjoys it. But this is a (double) game, and she’s having fun playing by the rules.

The Banality of Fantasy

“It lasted only a second or two, but in that time she saw him as the man of her dreams: beautiful, intelligent, warm; a better man that she had ever loved before. The vision dispersed, but by then it was too late. The book had been transformed into a magical object for her, a storehouse of obscure passions and unarticulated desires. Chance had led her to it, but now that it was hers, she saw it as an instrument of fate.”⁸

Knjižica o kojoj Auster piše pripada strancu; adresar koji je Maria pronašla. Njezino magično iskustvo s banalnom knjižicom vrlo lako reflektira iskustvo promatrača *Dvostruke igre*; i knjiga i *Dvostruka igra* suhoparni su predmeti koji bilježe činjenice, no svejedno su nabijeni emocijama. Preobrazba knjižice u magičan predmet prikazuje fantastičnu, projekcijsku prirodu žudnje. Jer žudnja je uvijek usmjerena ka nekom objektu, no taj objekt nikad u potpunosti nije stvaran. Točnije, onaj koji žudi, svoje nade projicira na njega. Objekt žudnje nije ono što jest, već ono što se nadamo da jest. Jer kad žudimo za nečim, većemo se za mogućnost. Nadamo se da će naša žudnja biti



The book Auster writes of belongs to a stranger; it’s an address book Maria happened to find. Her magical experience of a banal book easily mirrors the experience of viewers of *Double Game*; both the address book and *Double Game* are dry objects that record facts yet are charged with affect. The transformation of the book into a magical object demonstrates the fantastic, projective nature of desire. For desire always takes an object, but its object is never totally objective. Rather, the desiring subject projects its hopes onto it. Desire’s object is not simply what it is, but what we hope it to be. For when we desire something, we form an attachment to it predicated on possibility. We hope for our desire’s fulfillment. But fulfillment is always fleeting, more desire always imminent—fulfillment robs

zadovoljena. No zadovoljenje je uvijek nepotpuno, a veća žudnja neizbježna – zadovoljenje nas lišava fantazije.⁹ Bez fantazije ne bi bilo ljubavi, tvrdi Belant, jer:

„Ne bismo se mogli kretati kroz grbavo područje naših ambivalentnih vezanosti za životne predmete koji nas posjeduju i time lišavaju sposobnosti da sami sebe ili njih idealiziramo kao dosljedne i dobroćudne jednostavnosti.”¹⁰

Ljubav je fantazija nadilaženja banalnosti – ili je ljubav hegemonistička i stoga banalna fantazija? Sophie Calle najpoznatija je po sljedećem: godine 1981. zamolila je majku da unajmi privatnog detektiva da je prati za potrebe djela *Suite Ventienne*, a njezin galerist učinio je to

SOPHIE CALLE, ADRESAR, 2012.
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SOPHIE CALLE, ADDRESS BOOK, 2012.
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us of fantasy.⁹ There would be no love without fantasy, argues Berlant, because,

“There would be no way to move through the uneven field of our ambivalent attachments to our sustaining objects, which possess us and thereby dispossess us of our capacity to idealize ourselves or them as consistent and benign simplicities.”¹⁰

Love is the fantasy of transcending banality, (or is love a hegemonic and thus banal fantasy?).

Calle’s most well-known work is about following: in 1981, her mother hired a private investigator to follow her in *Suite Ventienne*, and in 2001, her gallerist did the same for a piece titled *Twenty Years Later*. And so, it is no surprise that Auster’s

isto za potrebe djela *Twenty Years Later*. Tako da nije čudo da Austerova Maria slijedi muškarca – Henrija B., kojega naziva „strancem”, jer muškarac nije bitan. Ona ga ne poznaje, a roman je taj (*Leviathan*) koji preuzima ulogu hegemonističke fantazije koja joj nalaže da žudi za njime. „... ja žudim svoju žudnju, a ljubljeno joj je biće još samo podloga”, govori Barthes, koji se ujedno pita „Što, zar žudnja nije uvijek ista, bio ljubljeni objekt prisutan ili odsutan? Nije li objekt *uvijek* odsutan?”¹¹ Ili, kako to možda Julia Kristeva sugerira, objekt žudnje metafora je za subjekt; onaj koji žudi jest narcis s objektom.¹²

Prvi čin ljubavnog zapleta: žene žude kao objekti žudnje

„No toga je dana na ulicu i izašla s namjerom da je ljudi zamijete. Htjela je naglasiti stvarnost svoga tijela, da se ljudi za njom okreću, htjela je samoj sebi potvrditi da još uvijek postoji u očima drugih ljudi. Maria je bila zgodna, dugih nogu i privlačnih grudi, a zvižduci i lascivne primjedbe koje je toga dana čula pomogli su joj da iznova oživi duh.”¹³

Ovaj opis Marije postavlja pitanja do koje se mjere zabavljati pravilima – jer često zvižduci i lascivne primjedbe ne oživljavaju duh, već ponižavaju. Auster se, čini se, iskreno zanima za Marijin užitak, ali Maria ne predstavlja sve žene, a užitak svih žena ne poklapa se nužno s pravilima heteronormativne monogamije. John Berger sugerira da žene svijet doživljavaju

Maria follows a man—Henri B., whom he describes as “a stranger,” because the man doesn’t matter. She doesn’t know him, and it’s the book (*Leviathan*), which stands in for a hegemonic fantasy, that instructs her to desire him. “It is my desire I desire, and the loved being is no more than a tool,” says Barthes, who also asks “Isn’t desire always the same, whether the object is present or absent? Isn’t the object *always* absent?”¹¹ Or perhaps, as Julia Kristeva suggests, the object of desire is a metaphor for the subject; the desirer is a narcissist with an object.¹²

Act One of Love Plot: Women Desire as Objects of Desire

“She had gone out that day in order to be noticed. She wanted to affirm the reality of her body, to make heads turn, to prove to herself that she still existed in the eyes of others. Maria was well put together, with long legs and attractive breasts, and the whistles and lewd remarks she received that day helped to revive her spirits.”¹³

This description of Maria raises issues about having fun with the rules—for so often whistles and lewd remarks serve not to revive spirits but to degrade. Auster appears to take genuine interest in Maria’s pleasure, but Maria is not all women, and not all women’s pleasure so neatly dovetails with the rules of heteronormative monogamy. John Berger has suggested that

dvostruko: „Žena se neprestano mora paziti.“¹⁴ Berlant se nadovezala na ovo kako bi pokazala da, budući da su u heteroseksualnoj kulturi žene primarni objekti seksualizacije, o tome kako postati subjekt žudnje uče kao objekti žudnje.¹⁵ Ovo je samo jedan scenarij ljubavnog zapleta koji Calle provodi u skladu s doslovnim scenarijem koji nam pruža Auster. Jer, naravno, Austerov ljubavni zaplet počiva na konvenciji ljubavnih zapleta, na hegemonističkoj fantaziji. U tu svrhu bilo bi točnije reći da se lik Marije ne temelji na Calle *per se*, već na njezinoj ličnosti, a da njezina ličnost proizlazi iz karikatura žena koje su već prisutne u književnosti i kinematografiji, koje uvijek počivaju na društvenim pravilima iz „stvarnog“ života i tako dalje.¹⁶ Judith Butler piše: „Rod je vrsta imitacije kojoj ne prethodi original.“¹⁷ Calle u svojoj napomeni na Austerov opis Marije kao „zgodne, dugih nogu i privlačnih grudi“ kaže kako je „polaskana“. Drago joj je što ju se objektivizira, ili barem njezinoj ličnosti – jer kako Barthes kaže, „voljeti znači postati voljen“, a postati voljen znači postati objektom.¹⁸

Auster nadalje opisuje njezino djelo iz 1988. *Striptiz* (koje u izvedbi izmišljene Marije nosi naslov *Razgoličena gospa*). Calle piše sljedeće o izvorniku:

„Bilo mi je šest. Živjela sam u ulici naziva Rosa-Bonheur s djedom i bakom. Dnevni ritual sastojao se svake večeri od svlačenja u dizalu na putu do šestog kata, kamo bih stigla

bez ijedne krpice na sebi. Zatim bih pojurlala niz hodnik brzinom svjetlosti, i čim bih došla do stana, uskočila u krevet. Dvadeset godina kasnije, 1979. godine, ponavljala sam ovaj ritual svake večeri u javnosti, na sceni jednog od striptiz-barova u četvrti Pigalle, s plavom perikom na glavi u slučaju da naiđu djed i baka koji su živjeli u blizini.“¹⁹

Tekst je popraćen crno-bijelim fotografijama Calle s perikom na glavi kako izvodi striptiz. Austerov opis djela Calle pripisuje interiornost, dok je njezina sterilna, navodno činjenična, autobiografska priča samo nagovješćuje. U *Leviathanu* Maria je „promatrala muškarce koji su u nju zurili... Svjesno se pretvarala u objekt, u bezimenu figuru pohote...“²⁰ No tu dođazimo do ključnog pitanja: kada žena žudi za time da postane objekt žudnje, u trenutku kada to postane, postane li i subjekt žudnje? Ako je tako, što je njezin objekt – onaj koji za njome žudi, postajanje objektom žudnje ili sama žudnja? Auster u *Leviathanu* Calle pripisuje gotovo nagonske postupke i osobine, no kada je Calle kasnije pozvala Austera da joj propiše postupke za godinu dana unaprijed, on je to odbio, pribojavajući se odgovornosti.²¹ Time što je odabrala biti pasivni objekt Calle više nije bila uistinu pasivna, a Austera ta igra više nije zanimala. U svojoj knjizi *Seduction* (*Zavodjenje*), Baudrillard piše, „ja sam taj [zavodnik] koji će te natjerati na igru, i tako te lišiti tvoga užitka“; zavodjenje onemogućuje onoga koji je zaveden da djeluje.²²

SOPHIE CALLE, *DVOSTRUKA IGRA*, 2000.
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SOPHIE CALLE, *DOUBLE GAME*, 2000.
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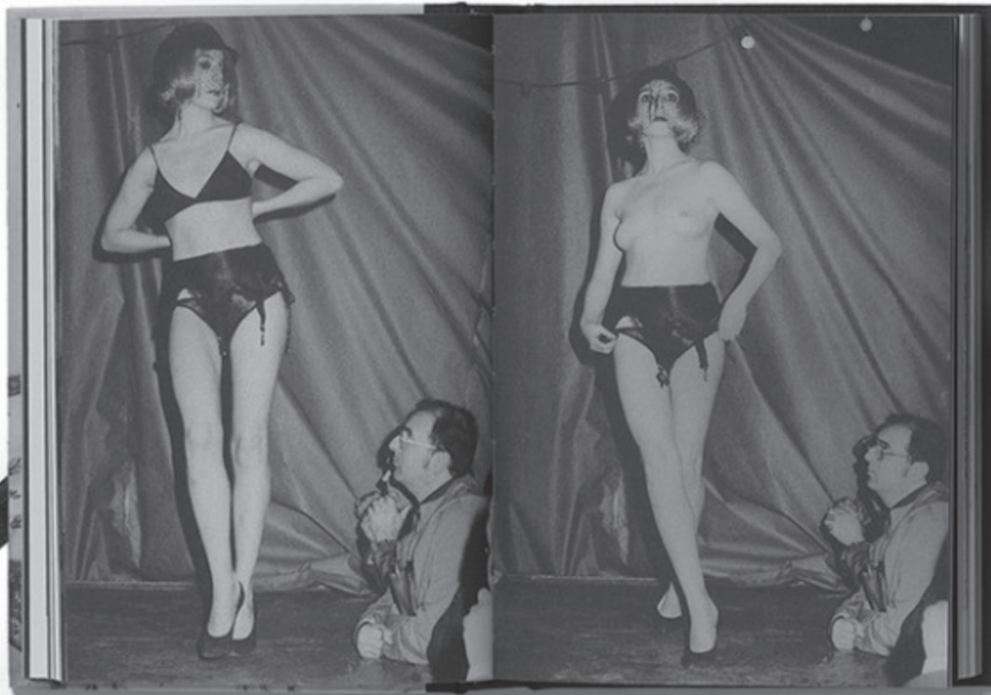
women experience the world split into two: “A woman must continually watch herself.”¹⁴ Berlant has built on this to show that, because women are the primary objects of sexualization in heterosexual culture, they learn to be subjects of desire as they are objects of desire.¹⁵ This is but one script of the love plot played out by Calle in accordance with the literal script provided by Auster. For of course, Auster’s love plot is based on the convention of love plots, on a hegemonic fantasy. To that end, it would be more accurate to say that Maria is not based on Calle *per se* but Calle’s persona, and that Calle’s persona is based on caricatures of women that always already originate in works of literature and cinema, which always already originate in social codes from “real” life, and so on.¹⁶ Writes Judith Butler, “gender is a kind of imitation for which there is no original.”¹⁷ In Calle’s annotation of Auster’s description of Maria as “well put together, with long legs and attractive breasts,” she comments that she is “flattered.” She is pleased to be objectified, or at least her persona is—for as Barthes notes, “to love is to what to be loved,” and to be loved is to become an object.¹⁸

Auster goes on to describe Calle’s 1988-piece *Striptease* (which, when performed by fictional Maria, is called *The Naked Lady*). Of the original piece, Calle wrote,

“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 would arrive without a stitch on. Then I would dash down the corridor at lightning speed, and as soon as I reached the apartment, jump into bed. Twenty years later, in 1979, I found myself repeating this ritual 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.”¹⁹

The text is supplemented with black and white photographs of Calle in a wig performing a striptease. Auster’s description of the piece ascribes Calle with an interiority, while Calle’s sterile, purportedly factual, autobiographical recount only hints at one. In *Leviathan*, Maria “watched men stare at her... She was consciously turning herself into an object, a nameless figure of desire...”²⁰ But this raises a key question: when a woman desires to be an object of desire, does she become a desiring subject as she becomes a desired object? And if so, what is her object—her desirer, becoming desired, or desire itself? Auster assigns Calle actions and attributes with reckless abandon in *Leviathan*, but when Calle later invited Auster to author her actions for up to a year, he refused, fearful of the responsibility.²¹ By electing to be a passive object, Calle was no longer truly passive, and Auster no longer interested in playing the game. In his book



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contacts), but as time went on I understood that she was merely eccentric, an unorthodox person who lived her life according to an elaborate set of bizarre, private rituals. Every experience was systematized for her, a self-contained adventure that generated its own risks and limitations, and each one of her projects fell into a different category, separate from all the others. In my case, I belonged to the category of sex. She appointed me as her bed partner on that first night, and that was the function I continued to serve until the end. In the universe of Maria's compulsions, I was just one ritual among many, but I was ^{not} part of the role she had picked for me, and I never found any reason to complain.

Maria was an artist, but the work she did had nothing to do with creating objects commonly defined as art. Some people called her a photographer, others referred to her as a conceptualist, still others considered her a writer, but none of these descriptions was accurate, and in the end I don't think she can be pigeonholed in any way. Her work was too nutty for that, too idiosyncratic, too personal to be thought of as belonging to any particular medium or discipline. Ideas would take hold of her, she would work on projects, there would be concrete results that could be shown in galleries, but this activity didn't stem from a desire to make art so much as from a need to indulge her obsessions, to live her life precisely as she wanted to live it. Living always came first, and a number of her most time-consuming projects were done strictly for herself and never shown to anyone.

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Since the age of ~~fourteen~~ she had saved all the birthday presents that had ever been given to her – still wrapped, neatly arranged on shelves according to the year. As an adult, she held an annual birthday dinner in her own honor, always inviting the same number of guests as her age. Some weeks, she would indulge in what she called 'the chromatic diet,' restricting herself to foods of a single color on any given day. Monday orange: carrots, cantaloupe, boiled shrimp. Tuesday red: tomatoes, persimmons, steak tartare. Wednesday white: flourider, potatoes, cottage cheese. Thursday green: cucumbers, broccoli, spinach –

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and so on, all the way through the last meal on Sunday. At other times, she would make similar divisions based on the letters of the alphabet. Whole days would be spent under the spell of *b, c, or w*, and then, just as suddenly as she had started it, she would abandon the game and go on to something else. These were no more than whims, I suppose, tiny experiments with the idea of classification and habit, but similar games were just as likely to go on for many years. There was the long-term project of dressing Mr L., for example, a stranger she had once met at a party. Maria found him to be one of the handsomest men she had ever seen, ^{excessive!} but his clothes were a disgrace, she thought, and so without announcing her intentions to anyone, she took it upon herself to improve his wardrobe. Every year at Christmas she would send him an anonymous gift – a tie, a sweater, an elegant shirt – and because Mr L. moved in roughly the same social circles that she did, she would run into him every now and again, noting with pleasure the ~~frank~~ ^{frank} changes in his sartorial appearance. For the fact was that Mr L. ^{always} wore the clothes that Maria sent him. She would even go up to him at these gatherings and compliment him on what he was wearing, but that was as far as it went, and he never caught on that she was the one responsible for those Christmas packages.

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^{Pa 1, 3}
She had grown up in Holyoke, Massachusetts, the only child of parents who divorced when she was ^{young}. After graduating from high school in 1970, she had gone down to New York with the idea of attending art school and becoming a painter, but she lost interest after one term and dropped out. She bought herself a secondhand Dodge van and took off on a tour of the world, ^{continuing, staying for nearly two weeks in each state finding temporary work along the way whenever possible – waitressing jobs, migrant farm jobs, factory jobs, earning just enough to keep her going from one place to the next. It was the first of her mad, compulsive projects, and in some sense it stands as the most excessive, extraordinary thing she ever did: a totally meaningless and arbitrary act to which she devoted almost two years of her life. Her only ambition was to spend fourteen days in every state, and}

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Kroćenje ekscesa i društvena prihvatljivost nagonskog

„... a u neku je ruku i ostao nešto najluđe što je ikad učinila: potpuno besmisleno i proizvoljno ponašanje...”²³

Reproducirajući *Levijatana u Dvostrukoj igri*, Calle navedeni citat označava riječju „Pretjerano!” Ostali komentari uključuju „Opet pretjerano!” ili „Preko svake mjere!”, što upućuje na potrebu da se ukrote nagonske emocije ne bi li postale društveno prihvatljive. Barthes kaže:

„Zaljubljeni subjekt se ne pita treba li ljubljenom biću izjaviti da ga ljubi (ovo nije figura priznanja), nego u kojoj mjeri mu treba sakriti ‚nemire’ (turbulencije) svoje strasti: svoje želje, strahove, ukratko, svoju neumjerenost...”²⁴

Tome je tako jer „Znakovi te strasti mogli bi ugušiti drugog.”²⁵ Primijetite da Barthes ne kaže da je strast ta koja prijete gušenjem, već njezini znakovi.

Kod Sartrea se neukročena strast, u svojem najgorem obliku, pretvara u potpuno posjedovanje Drugoga. Kad bi ljubav bila potpuno posjedovanje, bilo bi je lako dosegnuti. No za njega je to nedostižan ideal potpunog jedinstva s drugim, privajanje slobode drugoga bez njezina uništavanja, kroćenje ekscesa.²⁶ Ideja kroćenja pretjeranih emocija ima estetske implikacije.

„Kićenost je borbena riječ”, govori Eugenie Brinkema. „Ono što je pretjerano lijepo, pozlačeno, obrađeno, previše ukrašeno, pretjerano kićeno jest i ono što previše osjećamo...”²⁷ Calle pokazuje umjerenost na oba polja, svojom dokumentarističkom estetikom i suhoparnim jezikom te prokazivanjem Austerove ekscesivnosti. No, s druge strane, djelo se toliko trudi uvjeriti gledatelje da je forenzičko da postaje sumnjivo – njegova pretjerana umjerenost upućuje na to da nešto skriva. Njezin lik igra po pravilima, no u Austrovu prikazu dolazi gotovo do točke neuroze – u igricama koje igra sama sa sobom te u svojoj želji da bude svojevrijedno pasivna, njezino pretjerano pokoravanje pravilima uznemirava Austera.

Klišej: komuniciranje/bezvrjeđivanje emocija

Ako su ti znakovi izražavanja ljubavi (a samim time i njezina doživljavanja) društveno uvjetovani, jesu li onda u svojoj srži istinsko emotivno nagonski? Baudrillard kaže da se „svaki pokušaj zavodjenja, vabljenja – što je uvijek vrsta obreda – povlači pred prirodnim seksualnim imperativom”.²⁸ Ljubavni zapleti često vrve klišejima. Smatram da su klišej nužni za ljubavni zaplet, jer se izražavanje emocija mora odigrati u okviru pravila igre želimo li ih iskomunicirati, želimo li izbjeći gušenje Drugoga te želimo li izbjeći da ostanemo posramljeni zato što ne poštujemo normu –

Seduction, Baudrillard writes, “it is I [the seducer] who will make you play, and thereby rob you of your pleasure;” seduction disturbs the agency of the seduced.²²

Taming Excess and the Sociability of the Visceral

“In some sense it stands as the most extraordinary thing she ever did: a totally meaningless and arbitrary act...”²³

In the reproduction of *Leviathan* in *Double Game*, Calle annotates the above passage with the word “excessive!” Her other annotations read things like, “excessive again!” or “over the top !” Which points to the need to tame visceral affect in order to make it sociable. Says Barthes,

“The amorous subject wonders, not whether he should declare his love to the loved being... but to what degree he should conceal the turbulences of his passion: his desires, his distresses; in short, his excesses.”²⁴

This is because, “The signs of this passion run the risk of smothering the other.”²⁵ Note that Barthes does not say that passion *itself* risks smothering, but its signs.

For Sartre, uninhibited passion, at its worst, takes the form of total possession of the Other. If love were merely total possession, it would be easily attained. But instead, it is,

for him, the unrealizable ideal of total unity with the other, to appropriate the Other’s freedom without obliterating it, to tame the excess.²⁶

The notion of taming excess affection has aesthetic implications. “Florid is a fighting word,” notes Eugenie Brinkema. “What is excessively beautiful, what is gilded, overwrought, too decorated, excessively ornate, & is also what feels too much...”²⁷ Calle exhibits restraint on both accords, through her documentarian aesthetic and matter-of-fact language, and in calling out Auster’s excessiveness. And yet, in another sense, the work is trying so hard to convince its viewers it is forensic that one grows suspicious—its excessive restraint suggests it’s hiding something. Her character plays by the rules, but in Auster’s account, to the point of neurosis—in the games she plays with herself, and in her desire to be willfully passive, her excessive adherence to the rules disturbs Auster.

Clichés: Communicating/ Cheapening Affect

If these signs for expressing (and by extension, experiencing) love are heavily socially coded, are they also genuinely internally affectively visceral? Baudrillard writes that “all seduction, all manner of enticement—which is always a highly *ritualized* process—is effaced behind a *naturalized* sexual imperative.”²⁸

bilo u stvarnim bilo fiktivnim ljubavnim pričama. Klišeji se smatraju degradirajućima jer ne želimo da nas išta podsjeća da su naše fantazije hegemonističke, već želimo vjerovati da su nastale iz iskrene žudnje. To vrijedi i za stvarne i za fiktivne ljubavne zaplete (iako tvrdim da je za sve ljubavne zaplete potrebna fantazija te su stoga svi fiktivni).

Ljubavne priče ne izazivaju u nama osjećaje, već nas pozivaju da se osjećamo na određeni način ovisno o društveno uvjetovanim znakovima. Robert Sinnerbrink piše:

„Prihvaćajući poziv (priče) prihvaćamo i neka generička ‚pravila‘ ili konvencije – a time i emocionalne ili prototipske scenarije – koji u igru ulaze predstavljanjem filmskog narativa... [Jer] gledatelj, bili učeni ili ne, pokazuju zavidan stupanj ‚emocionalne konvergencije‘ kod sličnih scena, unatoč raznom pozadinskom poznavanju filma, njihovim psihološkim dispozicijama, kritičkim sposobnostima i estetskim ukusima.”²⁹

Ustvari, kada nas dirne priča za koju smo kao čitatelj ili gledatelj svjesni da je klišej, može doći do emotivne i kognitivne disonancije – prihvaćamo to kao klišej, no svejedno smo i dalje ganuti. Postoji još jedan emotivni registar gađenja spram klišeja, želimo ga na neki način nadmudriti i ići samo za onim što je autentično i oplemenjeno. To nas dovodi do pitanja – jesmo li ganuti zbog klišeja ili unatoč njima? Kritičari Callein rad odbacuju

zbog toga što vrvi klišejima – kao da ih ona upotrebljava slučajno, kao da o ljubavi možemo govoriti bez klišeja, kao da kritiziranje ljubavnog zapleta kao klišejiziranog nije klišej sam po sebi.³⁰ Calle izlaže svoje slike i tekstove u galerijama i muzejima, ali isto tako u dostupnim, masovno tiskanim knjigama. Njezin rad dostupan je i kao lijepa umjetnost i kao masovni medij – kao lijepu umjetnost povezuje ga se s čistim, autentičnim i profinjnim emocijama, a kao masovni medij s jeftinim trikovima i klišejima.

Ova nemogućnost da se iskaže ono emotivno govori o samoj prirodi emocije kao predlingvističkoj. Nikad je ne možemo izraziti a da je na neki način ne obezvrijedimo. Nikada je ne možemo izraziti na način koji bi bio posve „autentičan” jer su svi takvi izrazi dokinuti društvenim konvencijama, no upravo je zbog toga možemo podijeliti i upravo nas to sprječava da Drugoga ugušimo ekscesom. Barthes kaže:

„Moje želje za izražavanjem kolebaju se između vrlo mutnog haikua, koji sažima značenjem nabijenu situaciju, i velikog niza banalnosti. Istodobno sam prevelik i preslab za pisanje: stojim pokraj njega, uvijek zbijenog, snažnog, ravnodušnog prema djetinjem ja koje ga potiče. Ljubav je, dakako, povezana s mojim jezikom (koji je održava), ali se ne može smjestiti u moje pismo.”³¹

Prema Barthesu, izražavanje je ljubavi i nemoguće i neizbježno: „...strast [je], po svojoj biti, stvorena da bude viđena ...

Love plots are often mired with clichés. I argue that clichés are necessary to the love plot, for expressing affect must be done within the framework of the rules of the game if one wishes to communicate, to avoid smothering the Other, and to avoid being shamed for deviating from the norm—in love stories real and fictional. Clichés are thought to cheapen because we don’t want to be reminded that our fantasies are hegemonic, but rather to believe that they are constructed out of genuine desire. This is true in both experienced and fictionalized love plots (though what I’m suggesting is that all love plots require fantasy and are thus fictionalized).

It’s not the case that love stories *make* us feel, but rather that they extend invitations to us to feel in particular ways based on socially-constructed cues. Writes Robert Sinnerbrink,

“Accepting a [story’s] invitation is to accept some of the generic ‘rules’ or conventions—and emotional scripts or prototypical scenarios—that comes into play in presentation of film narrative... [For] viewers, whether educated or not, show a remarkable degree of ‘emotional convergence’ around similar scenes, despite the variable background knowledge of film, their psychological dispositions, critical faculties and aesthetic tastes.”²⁹

In fact, sometimes when being moved by a story that the reader or viewer knows is cliché, there can be affective and cognitive

dissonance—we can understand it as cliché and continue to be moved by it. There may be another affective register of resenting the power of the cliché, of wanting somehow to outsmart it and pursue only the genuine and refined. This begs the question, are we moved *because of* or *in spite of* clichés? Calle’s work has been dismissed by critics as mired with clichés—as if she is not intentionally employing them to make a point, as if one could talk about love without clichés, as if critiquing a love plot as cliché were not itself cliché.³⁰ Calle exhibits her images and texts in galleries and museums but also as affordable, mass-produced books. Her work, then, circulates as both fine art and mass-media—the former associated with raw, genuine, and sophisticated affect, the latter with cheap tricks and clichés.

This inability to represent the affective speaks to affect’s very nature as *pre-linguistic*. We can never express it without cheapening it in some way. We can never express it a manner that is truly “genuine” because all such expressions are sanitized by social convention, but that is precisely how we are able to share it, and precisely what keeps us from smothering the Other with excess. Writes Barthes,

“My expressive needs oscillate between the mild little haiku summarizing a huge situation, and a great flood of banalities. I am both too big and too weak for writing: I am

Svaka strast ima na kraju svojeg gledatelja ... nema ljubavne žrtve bez završne predstave: znak je uvijek pobjednik.³²
Ako strast „mora biti viđena” kroz znakove, tada se klišeji i nagonske emocije međusobno izgrađuju.

Zaključak

„Bila je to posve umjetna vježba, no Maria je ipak bila slno uzbuđena što joj netko posvećuje toliku pozornost.”³³

Užitak usprkos činjenici da je igra namještena i pitanja o projekcijskoj prirodi žudnje egzistencijalna su pitanja, isto kao i pitanja koja Calle postavlja svojim opusom, pitanja o miješanju fikcije i faksije te njezina djelovanja kao autorice i kao subjekta vlastitog rada. Da ponovimo, ta pitanja nisu samo emocionalne naravi nego i estetske. (Jer što o emociji možemo znati, a da je izvan njezina izraza?) Za delezijance emocija je stvarnost kojom je umjetničko djelo protkano, dok egzistencijalni fenomenolozi smatraju da emociju u umjetničko djelo unosi promatrač.³⁴ Berlant postavlja pitanje emocije negdje u sredinu, što, prema meni, odražava Calleino zanimanje za ljubav koja je sama po sebi miješanje fikcije i faksije:

„Tko može reći je li ljubavni odnos stvaran ili je nešto drugo, prolazna zaljubljenost ili trik kojim netko (sebe, ili

drugoga) želi zadržati u fantaziji? To je psihološko pitanje o pouzdanosti emocionalnog znanja, no istovremeno je i političko pitanje o tome kako norme stvaraju vezanost za život u određenoj fantaziji. Što o ljubavi znači da su njezini izrazi tako konvencionalni, vezani za institucije kao što su brak i obitelj, vlasnički odnosi i gotove fraze i zapleti?”³⁵

Pitanje je li ljubav stvarnost ili projekcija egzistencijalno je. Nietzsche kaže da su dva moguća odgovora na spoznaju da život nema neko pravo značenje: oslobođenje ili očaj; da je nepostojanje značenja prilika za stvaranje.³⁶ Dakle: Calle je stvorila igru, rugajući se onome što je umjetno. Njezin cilj nije, međutim, samo razotkriti tu izvještačenost, već uživati u apsurd. Pa igra po svim pravilima. Kristeva se pita, „obmana – preduvjet za radost?”³⁷

Prevela Željka Gorički

¹ Ovaj rad primio je nagradu Vera List Writing Prize for Visual Arts za 2017. i izvorno je napisan tijekom seminara Eugenie Brinkema „Strong Sensations” na MIT-u. Neizmerno sam joj zahvalna, kao i Bradu Bolmanu, Gabrielu Ciru, Elyahu Kelleru, Lucy Liu i anonimnim evaluatorima za njihove obazrive primjedbe. Verzije ovog rada predstavljene su 3. ožujka 2017. na konferenciji

alongside it, for writing is always dense, violent, indifferent to the infantile ego which solicits it. Love has of course a complicity with my language (which maintains it), but it cannot be lodged in my writing.”³¹

For Barthes, expressing love is both impossible and inevitable:

“Passion in its essence is made to be seen... every passion, ultimately, has its spectator... no amorous oblation without a final theater: the sign is always victorious.”³²

If passion is “made to be seen,” through signs, then clichés and visceral affect mutually construct one another.

Conclusion

“It was a completely artificial exercise, and yet Maria found it thrilling that anyone should take such an active interest in her.”³³

Taking pleasure despite the fact that the game is artificial, and the issues I’ve raised about the projective nature of desire, are existential concerns, as are the questions Calle’s oeuvre poses about mingling of fiction and fact, and about her own agency as both the author and subject of her work. And once again, these concerns are not only affective but aesthetic (for what can we know about affect beyond its expression?). For Deleuzians,

affect is a real thing lodged into a work of art, whereas for existential phenomenologists it is projected onto art by its viewer.³⁴ Berlant asks a question about affect situated somewhere in between, which, I argue, reflects Calle’s interest in love as itself a mingling of fact and fiction:

“Who is to say whether a love relation is real or is really something else, a passing fancy or a trick someone plays (on herself, on another) in order to sustain a fantasy? This is a psychological question about the reliability of emotional knowledge, but it is also a political question about the ways norms produce attachments to living through certain fantasies. What does it mean about love that its expressions tend to be so *conventional*, so bound up in institutions like marriage and family, property relations, and stock phrases and plots?”³⁵

This question about whether love is real or projected is, again, an existential one. Nietzsche tells us that the two possible responses to acknowledging that life has no inherent meaning are: liberation, or despair; that meaninglessness is an opportunity to *create*.³⁶ And so: Calle has created a game, mocking that which is artificial. Her aim, though, is not to simply to expose artificiality, but rather to take pleasure in absurdity. And so, she plays by the rules of the game. Asks Kristeva, “deception—a requirement for *jouissance*?”³⁷

„Sincerest form of Flattery” te 24. ožujka 2017. na konferenciji „Fabrications of Reality”. Zahvaljujem tamošnjoj publici za njihova mišljenja, kao i Anthonyju Allenu i Lauri Hunt iz Galerije Paula Cooper na pomoći pri istraživanju.

² Paul Auster, *Leviathan*. Viking, New York, 1992., 66. U ovom tekstu korišten je prijevod na hrvatski jezik iz: Paul Auster, *Levijatan*, VBZ, Zagreb, 2008., 52; prijevod: Ivana Šojat-Kuči.

³ U *Levijatanu* nigdje eksplicitno ne stoji da je lik Marije utemeljen na Calle, iako čitatelji upoznati s Calleinim radom mogu prepoznati fiktivne verzije njezinih projekata. A i u bilješci stoji zahvala Calle što mu je dopustila da ispriježi fikciju i faksiju.

⁴ Paul Auster, 53.

⁵ Lauren Berlant, *Desire/Love*, Dead Letter Office, BABEL Working Group an imprint of Punctum Books, Brooklyn, New York, 2012.

⁶ Paul Auster, 57.

⁷ Eileen Myles i Chris Kraus, *I Love Dick*, Los Angeles, CA: Semiotext(e), 2006., 13. Ovdje Myles navodno citira režisera Carla Dryera, iako ja, kao ni drugi, nisam uspjela pronaći izvorni citat. Nisam jedina koja smatra da je citat možda izmišljen.

⁸ Paul Auster, 57.

⁹ Izvorno sam ovo iznijela u: Emily Watlington, *An Index of Intimacy. An Inventory of Shimmers: Objects of Intimacy in Contemporary Art*, DelMonico/Prestel, New York, NY, 2017., 84–87.

¹⁰ Lauren Berlant, 69.

¹¹ Roland Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*, Hill and Wang, New York, 1978. [U tekstu su korišteni odlomci iz: Roland Barthes, *Fragments ljubavnog diskursa*, Pelago, Zagreb, 2007.; prijevod na hrvatski jezik: Bosiljka Brečić; op. ur.] 40, 27. Bilo bi zanimljivo razviti ovo dalje s obzirom na povijesnoumjetničku literaturu o Calleinim radovima o odsutnosti, temi o kojoj Barthes ima mnogo za reći, posebice što se tiče fotografije.

¹² Julia Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, Columbia University Press, New York, 1987., 30, 33. Kristeva zapravo upotrebljava riječ *ljubav*, a ne *žudnja*. S obzirom na to da Berlant razlikuje to dvoje (ljubav kao održavanje optimizma žudnje), žudnja je primjerenija u ovom kontekstu. Više o narcizmu ljubavi: Giuseppe Merlino, Sophie Calle: A lover's monologue. *Aperture* no. 191 (n.d.): 22–29. Pomnije sam se pozabavila objektima žudnje u: Emily Watlington, *The Love Object at Team Gallery*. *Mousse Magazine*, veljača 2017. <http://moussomagazine.it/love-object-team-gallery/>

¹³ Auster, *Levijatan*, 55.

¹⁴ John Berger, *Ways of Seeing*, British Broadcasting Corporation, London; Penguin Books, New York, 1977., 46.

¹⁵ Lauren Berlant, 74.

¹⁶ Autori ovakvih prikaza povijesno gledano prvenstveno su bili muškarci, što Calleinoj samoreprezentaciji pridodaje na važnosti, a istovremeno postavlja pitanje može li ženska samoreprezentacija prekinuti dugu povijest takvih prikaza.

¹⁷ Judith Butler i Sara Salih. *The Judith Butler Reader*. Blackwell Pub., Malden, MA, 2003., 127.

¹⁸ Mislim da je i ovdje žudnja bolja riječ od ljubavi (vidi bilješku 12). Zrela ljubav može oscilirati između promatranja Sebe i Drugoga kao subjekta i objekta kroz uzajamnu recipročnost i razmjene moći.

¹⁹ Sophie Calle i Paul Auster, *Double game*, Violette, London, 1999., 45.

²⁰ Paul Auster, 56.

²¹ „Izazvala sam Paula Austera da sa mnom čini što ga volja, u razdoblju do godine dana. Auster je odbio jer nije želio prihvatiti odgovornost za ono što bi se moglo dogoditi ako igram sve po scenariju”, govori Calle u *Dvostrukoj igri*. Poslao joj je, doduše, upute koje je slijedila: „Kako unaprijediti život u New Yorku”, koje su se sastojale od raznih dobrih djela. Nalaze se u poglavlju „Gotham Handbook”, na kraju *Dvostruke igre*.

¹ This paper received the 2017 Vera List Writing Prize for Visual Arts and was originally written during Eugenie Brinkema's seminar “Strong Sensations” at MIT. I am most grateful to her, as well as to Brad Bolman, Gabriel Cira, Eliyahu Keller, Lucy Liu, and the anonymous peer reviewers for their thoughtful insights. Versions were presented on 3 March 2017 at the “Sincerest form of Flattery” conference held at Concordia University, and on 24 March 2017 at the “Fabrications of Reality” conference held at the CUNY Graduate Center. I thank my audiences there for their thoughts, and also Anthony Allen and Laura Hunt at Paula Cooper Gallery for aiding my research.

² Auster, Paul. 1992. *Leviathan*. New York: Viking. 66.

³ Reading *Leviathan*, it is not explicitly stated that Maria is based on Calle, though readers familiar with Calle's work may recognize fictionalized versions of her projects. And, the colophon thanks Calle for permission to mingle fiction with fact.

⁴ Auster, Paul. 67.

⁵ Berlant, Lauren. 2012. *Desire/Love*. Brooklyn, New York: Dead Letter Office, BABEL Working Group an imprint of Punctum Books.

⁶ Auster, Paul. 73-74.

⁷ Myles, Eileen in Kraus, Chris. 2006. *I Love Dick*. Los Angeles, CA: Semiotext(e), 2006. 13. Here, Myles claims to be quoting director Carl Dryer, though I, like others, have been unable to track the original quote. I am not alone in speculating that perhaps the quote itself is artificial.

⁸ Auster, Paul. 74.

⁹ I originally argued this in: Watlington, Emily. “An Index of Intimacy”. In: *An Inventory of Shimmers: Objects of Intimacy in Contemporary Art*, 84-87. New York, NY: DelMonico/Prestel, 2017.

¹⁰ Berlant, Lauren. 69.

¹¹ Barthes, Roland. 1978. *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*. New York: Hill and Wang. 31, 15. This would be interesting to unpack in regards to the body of art historical literature on Calle's work about absence, a topic about which Barthes has much to say, particularly regarding photography.

¹² Kristeva, Julia. 1987. *Tales of Love*. New York: Columbia University Press. 30, 33. Kristeva actually uses the word *love* instead of *desire*. Building on Berlant's distinction of the two (love as the sustainment of desire's optimism), desire is more appropriate in this context. For a consideration of Calle that riffs Barthes to talk about the narcissism of love, see: Merlino, Giuseppe. “Sophie Calle: a lover's monologue.” *Aperture* no. 191 (n.d.): 22-29. I dealt more specifically with objects of desire in: Watlington, Emily. “The Love Object at Team Gallery.” *Mousse Magazine*, February 2017. <http://moussomagazine.it/love-object-team-gallery/>

¹³ Auster, Paul. 1992. *Leviathan*. New York: Viking. 71.

¹⁴ Berger, John. *Ways of Seeing*. London: British Broadcasting Corporation; New York: Penguin Books. 1977. 46.

¹⁵ Berlant, Lauren. 74.

¹⁶ These representations have historically been authored primarily by men, giving Calle's self-representation added importance, and yet asks questions about whether women's self-representation can ever shake this long history of representation.

¹⁷ Butler, Judith, and Sara Salih. 2003. *The Judith Butler Reader*. Malden, MA: Blackwell Pub. 127.

¹⁸ Although I think here, too, desire is a better word than love (see no. 12). Mature love can oscillate between seeing the Self and the Other as subject and object through mutual reciprocity and exchanges of power.

¹⁹ Calle, Sophie, Paul Auster, 1999. *Double game*. London: Violette. 45.

²² Jean Baudrillard, *Seduction*. St. Martin's Press, New York, 2009., 22.

²³ Paul Auster, 53.

²⁴ Roland Barthes, 48.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ Jean-Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness: An Essay on Phenomenological Ontology*, Philosophical Library, New York, 1956., 39.

²⁷ Eugenie Brinkema, On No Longer Being Loved: 11 Formal Problems Related to Method, *The Cine-files*, no. 10 (proljeće 2016.).

²⁸ Jean Baudrillard, 38.

²⁹ Robert Sinnerbrink, Stimmung: Exploring the Aesthetics of Mood. *Screen* 53, no. 2 (ljetno 2012.): 149.

³⁰ Vidi npr.: Nadav Kander, I Think Therefore I'm Art. *T Magazine*, 19. 10. 2008.; Roberta Smith, Sophie Calle. *The New York Times*, 7. 5. 2009.

³¹ Roland Barthes, 94.

³² Roland Barthes, 49.

³³ Paul Auster, 54.

³⁴ Vidi: Gilles Deleuze, *Francis Bacon: The Logic of Sensation*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 2003.

³⁵ Lauren Berlant, 7.

³⁶ Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, Walter Arnold Kaufmann. *The Gay Science; with a Prelude in Rhymes and an Appendix of Songs*, Vintage Books, New York, 1974.

³⁷ Julia Kristeva, 8.

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²⁰ Auster, Paul. 72.

²¹ "I was, in effect, inviting Paul Auster to do what he wanted with me, for a period of up to a year at most. Auster objected that he did not want to take responsibility for what might happen when I acted out the script." Calle in *Double Game* n.p. He did, however, send her a set of instructions which she completed: "How to Improve Life in New York City," which comprised various good deeds. These are reproduced in "Gotham Handbook," at the end of *Double Game*.

²² Baudrillard, Jean. 2007. *Seduction*. New York: St. Martin's Press. 22.

²³ Auster, Paul. 68.

²⁴ Barthes, Roland. 41.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ Sartre, Jean-Paul. 1956. *Being and Nothingness: An Essay on Phenomenological Ontology*. New York: Philosophical Library. 39.

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²⁹ Sinnerbrink, Robert. "Stimmung: Exploring the Aesthetics of Mood." *Screen* 53, no. 2 (Summer 2012): 149.

³⁰ See, for example: Kander, Nadav. "I Think Therefore I'm Art." *T Magazine*, October 19, 2008. Smith, Roberta. "Sophie Calle." *The New York Times*, May 7, 2009.

³¹ Barthes, Roland. 98.

³² Barthes, Roland. 42–43.

³³ Auster, Paul. 70.

³⁴ See: Deleuze, Gilles. *Francis Bacon: The Logic of Sensation*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 2003.

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