Sophie Calle’s Double Game – “The Detective”
Thursday, April 16, 1981, 10 A.M.

I am getting ready to go out. Outside, in the street, a man is waiting for me. He is a private detective. He is paid to follow me. I hired him to follow me, but he does not know that.

At 10:20 a.m., I go out. In the mailbox, a postcard from Mont Saint-Michel. I read: "Sophie, I think of you often. Vacation... beautiful weather... vacation... Hugs and kisses. See you soon. Patricia." The weather is clear; sunny. It's cold. I am wearing gray suede breeches, black tights, black shoes, and a gray raincoat.

Over my shoulder a bright yellow bag, a garment. I take rue Cambronne and rue Saint-Denis for eight minutes at the newest shop. Enter Montparnasse cemetery and lay the flowers on Pierre V.'s grave, b. 1920 d. 1961. I continue through the cemetery. Every day, for years, whenever I was going to school, I took that same room. It pleased me to imagine that there was a man hidden in R's family vault, and that he survived only because of my love and the food I slowly left on his gravestone. At the cemetery exit, on boulevard Edgar-Quinet, I buy Le Monde and Pariscope.

At 10:45 a.m., I get to La Coupole, 162 boulevard du Montparnasse, where I have an appointment with Nathalie M. I do not sit at our usual table, but closer to the window, and order a cup of coffee. At 10:45 a.m., Nathalie M joins me. I've known her for years. She always seems so fragile. She is beautiful. I am superstitions, so I don't want to speak of "him", of the man who should be following me. I don't know if he is really here.

At 11:15 a.m., we leave La Coupole. Nathalie walks with me to a hairdresser on rue Désirée. It is for "him". I am getting my hair done. To please him.

At 11:25 a.m., I leave the hairdresser. My hair is electric; the young woman who handles me my raincoat is reassuring: "Outside, it will calm down." Then I walk towards Jardin du Luxembourg, I want to show "him" the streets, the places I love. I want "him" to be with me as I go through the Luxembourg, where I played as a child and where I received my first kiss in the spring of 1968. I keep my eyes lowered. I am afraid to see "him".

At 12:12 p.m., I am waiting for Eugene B, a publisher, beneath the statue of Danton at Place d'Italie. We're supposed to talk about a book I would like to get published: five minutes go by.
My eyes met, on the other side of the boulevard Saint-Germain, those of a man about twenty-two years old, five feet six inches tall, short straight light brown hair, who, having suddenly and accidentally met behind a car, said, "Hi!"

A stranger steps up to me and asks where I bought my newspaper. The paper is a 12.40 r.m. He kisses me and takes me to an outdoor cafe nearby. At 1:05 p.m. we say goodbyed. I head for the Panthéon. From a phone booth, I call Bernard F. whom I would very much like to see. When I was nine, I was curious. Bernard F was my father. Going through my mother's letters, I found and stole a letter he wrote which begins, "My darling, I hope you are seriously thinking of sending our Sophie to boarding school..." When he came to visit my mother, I would sit on his lap and more expectantly at him. Then Bernard F's visits became less frequent. I stopped sitting on his lap, especially when my mother, ever so telling me how much I looked like my father. By the age of twelve, I had forgotten this mistaken idea. I call him up. He tells me that he is not ready to cope with this idea.

12:30 p.m. I get to my studio, located at 36 rue d'Ulm in the former premises of the Convent de l'Adoration Réparatrice. A short stop to pick up some papers. At 1:30 p.m. I leave my studio, go to rue St-Claude, boulevard Saint-Michel and Saint-Germain. I'm afraid I've lost "him". Since our "meeting" at the Convent de l'Océan, not once did I feel his presence. I walk in the middle of the street.

Arriving in front of 34 rue de Seine, Galerie Eric Fabe, I try to push open the glass door. It does not budge. Further down the same street, in front of number 6, I wait for H. Roger-Viollet. 7:00 p.m. I go to see the exhibition "Photography: Paris 1900" at the Musée d'Orsay. I ask for a portrait of Detective Lepage. I raise my eyes through the window, sitting on a bench across the street, the same young man I spotted at the Convent de l'Océan. Now I trust him, I'm not afraid of losing him anymore. I become a part of the life of a private detective. I restructuring my work, Thursday, April 16, in the same way that he has influenced me.

At 2:12 p.m. I leave on, the Pont Royal and head for the Louvre. At 3:00 p.m., after walking quickly through the museum, I find myself in front of Titian's Mars with a Glaive. I have always liked this painting. The sad, vacant eyes. The painting itself. The face of a bearded man staring at a lasso. But above all, this hint of a mustache.

At 3:15 p.m. I leave the Louvre. In the garden of the Tuileries a photographer offers to take my picture with my camera. I accept. At 3:30 p.m. I stop at the Tuileries' outdoor café and order a beer. I take pleasure in watching "him" have his drink at the counter.

At 4:00 p.m. I leave the Tuileries, cross the Place de la Concorde. At 4:30 p.m. I enter the Palais de la Découverte (Discovery Exhibition center), which seemed so vast. I have an appointment with Jacques M., because he said he would like to see "here". I see him. I say goodbyed, and continue my walk alone. I decide to rest in a movie theater. I walk up on the Champs-Élysées and after hesitating between Fantasia's "Lilly The Fairy" and Lautner's "It's A Beautiful Day", I opt for the former and enter the Gaumont-Cabaret at 5:20 p.m. Inside, I only think of "him". I see him enjoying this scattered, diffuse, and ephemeral day. I have offered him — our date — half an hour later, at 6:00 p.m., I leave the theater, I walk toward Châtelet.

At 6:30 p.m. I arrive at Galerie Chaanet Gouraud, 80 rue Quincampoix, for the Galerie St-Georges opening. There, I meet my father and take him outside with me. I want "him" to meet my father. Both at the gallery, I think of "him". But at 8:00 p.m., my friends take me by car to a party for George and Gilbert at an apartment at 120 avenue de Wagram. At midnight I leave in the same car to Le Palais, where we have been invited, still in honor of Gilbert & Georges. I get to know Dan J., whom I met a few months earlier.

At 1:00 a.m. I take the bus back to my hotel, the Hotel Tiquand, where I have been staying until the present time. I drink and fall asleep. Before closing my eyes, I think of "him". I wonder if he liked me, if he will think of me tomorrow.
REPORT
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At 10:00 a.m. I take up position outside the home of the subject, 22 rue Lianeurt, Paris 14th.

At 10:20 the subject leaves home. She is dressed in a gray raincoat, gray trousers, and wears black shoes with stockings of the same color. She carries a yellow shoulder bag.

At 10:22 the subject buys some daffodils at the florist's on the corner of rue Froidevaux and rue Gassendi, then enters Montparnasse cemetery at 5 rue Emile-Richard. She lays the flowers on a tomb then leaves the cemetery on the boulevard Edgar-Quinet side.

At 10:37 the subject buys a newspaper from the stand at 202 boulevard Raspail.

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At 10:40 she enters 100 boulevard Montparnasse.

At 11:02 the subject comes out of the building in the company of a friend aged approximately twenty-seven, height 5'9", of very stout build, long brown hair, wearing light brown trousers and a black sweater.

At 11:38 the subject says goodbye to her friend outside 21 rue Delambre and enters the Jacques Gédeon hair salon.

At 12:08 the subject leaves the salon and crosses the Jardin du Luxembourg and appears to wait outside Odéon metro station.

At 12:40 a man of about sixty, 5'4", very stout, wearing a gray coat with a gray hat and spectacles with thick black frames, kisses the subject on the cheek.

At 12:43 the subject and the man sit down outside Le Condé, the café on the Carrefour de l'Odéon. They have something to drink and talk. The subject holds the man's arm.

At 1:02 the subject and the man part company.

At 1:18 the subject phones from a booth outside 13 rue d'Ulm. After making this call, she goes into the courtyard of 26 rue d'Ulm (church).

At 1:25 she comes out and walks down rue de Seine. She stops outside Galerie Chardin at number 36 but the gallery is closed. She comes back and goes into 9 rue de Seine, the shop "M. Roger-Viollet Documentation Photographique". She stays there for about eight minutes.
At 2:15 the subject enters the Louvre museum and walks to the Salle des Etats, stopping before the painting by Titian, “Man with a Glove”. She takes notes and also a photograph. She stays in front of the painting for about half an hour.

At 3:10 she leaves the Louvre and crosses the Tuileries. She has herself photographed by a street photographer.
At 3:20 the subject takes a drink at the outdoor café in the Tuileries gardens and writes.

At 3:35 the subject leaves the Café and heads for the Place de la Concorde.

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At 4:25 she enters the Palais de la Découverte and meets a man aged about fifty, 5’8”, slim, with metal-framed spectacles; he is wearing white trousers, a beige canvas jacket, and a gray hat. The subject and the man hold hands and walk around the museum.

At 5:10 the subject and the man leave the Palais de la Découverte and head toward rue Franklin-D-Roosevelt where, after kissing, they part outside number 1. The man gets behind the wheel of a white Range Rover, license number 383 BFX 79, and drives off.

At 5:25 the subject goes into the Gaumont-Colisee cinema at 36 avenue des Champs-Élysées to see the film “Lili Marleen”.

At 7:25 the subject leaves the cinema and goes into the Franklin-Roosevelt metro station where she boards a train bound for Port-de-Saâres. She changes at Trocadéro and takes the direction Nation.

At 7:55 the subject gets off the train at the station Denfert-Rochereau.

At 8:00 the subject returns home.

The surveillance ends.
I wanted to have a souvenir of the person who would be following me. I didn't know which day of the week the tailing would take place, so I asked François to be outside the Palais de la Découverte every day at 5 P.M. to photograph anyone who seemed to be tailing me.

I received the following report, accompanied by a set of photographs: “Thursday, April 16, 1985, at about 5:15 P.M.: Sophie Calle came out of the Palais de la Découverte. I immediately noticed that she was being followed by a young man aged about twenty-five, in a leather jacket, with a camera round his neck and a bag over his shoulder. He was walking about twenty meters behind her and photographed her at the first crossroads. In turn, photographed him. We entered avenue Franklin-Roosevelt and crossed the Champs-Élysées.

“At 5:25 Sophie Calle entered the Gaumont-Comique cinema. The man waited for a few moments, I think he was noting the times of the showings. Then he continued on his way up the stairs to the Lord Byron, where the poet had Emmanuelle and The Daughters of Madame D.

“At 5:30 the man went into the cinema and that was the last I saw of him.”