

corrupting virtues

christa held

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text

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introduction

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore,[1] a body with “electric skin”, the feeling of being in perfect harmony with the rhythm of the city. [2] As the lights dims, the inside of my body is a fibrous and flexible mass that can spread itself through space in any direction.[3]

It used to be so quiet, peaceful, calm around here. But not anymore. There is something going on a new guest moved in. Mademoiselle Chanel as they call her, for me she is an accidental guest, a chance comer, *a stranger, a stranger in the world, alienated from the dawn, from the sky, from things. [4] The goddess with the bird, the girl and the unicorn or the wretched creature in her slippers.[5]* I followed her traces, her steps, I witnessed her little wonders and I felt the pen led by her hand whilst writing her love letters. Affectionate Love, Romantic Love, Obsessive Love. Warm pearls on cold concrete floor. Seemingly innocent, *the habit of acting in a way troublesome to oneself and useful to others.[6]*

The goddess, eternal, youthful, infinite, the brand an institution, an establishment a constitution, *an eternal circulation of production and consumption.[7]* Her latest creation a mystery, a well kept secret to the public. She only invited one journalist and the exhibition took place at what she calls her home. From the home to the body, *Isn't my politics yours; my house, my body, yours?[8] What can be safe or secure, if uncorrupted sanctity itself is corrupted?[9] Corrupted by habits, of unconscious desires and drives, of subtle incentives, forces that form and deform our selfhood. Imagine a room where floor becomes wall becomes ceiling becomes wall, and floor again... Room loops the loop.[10]*

We want neither clean hands nor beautiful souls, neither virtue nor terror. We want superior forms of corruption.[11] After she left, a cool vapor remains, like a memory of icy breath, the kiss of a snowwoman.[12]

- Maison Bordeaux

- [1] Thoreau, Solitude
- [2] Preciado, TESTO JUNKIE
- [3] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
- [4] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy
- [5] Serres, The Five Senses
- [6] Stendhal “de l'Amour,” 1822
- [7] Marx, Collected Works
- [8] Preciado, TESTO JUNKIE
- [9] Justinian, The Codex
- [10] Koolhaas, SMLXL
- [11] Cuboniks, Xenofeminism A Politics for Alienation
- [12] Preciado, TESTO JUNKIE

love letters

Between two actions, between two affections, between two perceptions,[1] the moment of becoming unconnected {...} a 'tiny tear in the fabric of being' in which 'each is more than one but less than two':[2] Yes, relation creates being.[3]

Misia

Two people know each other, but already knew each other and do not yet know each other.[4] You were a collector of geniuses, all of them in love with you. But you were also two-faced, conniving and manipulative, but this a small price to pay for manipulative perfection.[5] One could say that it is easy to help a beautiful diamond to shine. Still, it was my privilege to help it emerge from its rough state, and - in my heart - to be the first person dazzled by its brilliance, No decay is possible to the diamond.[6]

Boy

Your death was a terrible blow to me. I lost everything when I lost you. You left a void, a blank void in the place which was just bom of the sensible,[7] in me that the years have not filled. You polo-playing playboy, Are you tired of playing?[8] You had wit, tact, a charming disloyalty, a well-bred nonchalance, and an arrogance that is very specific, very caustic, always on the alert. You were my father, my brother, my entire family, a Family of words, children of paper.[9] You were one of the most important person in my life, the key to all the other becomings.[10]

Platinum Egoïste

I taste her sweetness,[11] not something complete, which turns toward the lost sweetness of life like a distant quotation.[12] Pulse in the fingertips, iron taste on the tongue.[13] That fleshy tongue at the back of the thorax, the fold of which was used for thermal equilibrium, becomes readdressed as a wing under conditions where flight gives decisive advantages.[14] Sweet, not sweet ; sweet in power, like water, sweet to the taste, like honey. [15] The taste indicates the effect.[16]

Evangelista

Your last kiss still on my lips, the taste was sharp and spicy, but [1] found it delightful and took a second almost at once,[17] top note of orange and bergamot, it is very refreshing, yet spicy, well suited to a [18] simple dessert. The sweet vortices of the physics of Venus.[19] The past is the only dead thing that smells sweet, the only sweet thing that is not also fleet.[20] In order to liberate myself from the past, I have to reconstruct it, make a statue out of it, and get rid of it. I am able to forget it afterwards, I have paid my debt to the past and I am liberated.[21]

Bel Respiro

You evoked the delicacy of spring with its green grass, fresh leafy green and a light breeze. The sky looks ever so deep when you lay down on your back in the moonshine; I never knowed it before.[22] Mercy falls from heaven like a gentle shower.[23] Fluctuating, soft multiplicities emerge.[24] Continuous creation.[25] Under their unblinking gaze, I became a water drop, an ink blot.[26] A blank paper found finally its purpose.

- [1] Deleuze, Cinema 2 The Time Image
- [2] Burrows, Fictioning
- [3] Serres, The Incandescent
- [4] Deleuze, Cinema 2 The Time Image
- [5] Ruskin, The Stones of Venice
- [6] Hugo, Les Miserables
- [7] Serres, The Five Senses
- [8] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works
- [9] Serres, The Parasite
- [10] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus
- [11] Weinstone, Avatar Bodies
- [12] Sloterdijk, Critique of Cynical Reason
- [13] Weinstone, Avatar Bodies
- [14] Serres, The Incandescent
- [15] Hippocrates of Kos, Complete Works
- [16] Seneca, Natural Questions
- [17] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [18] Roetzel, Gentleman A Timeless Fashion
- [19] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy
- [20] Thomas, from Early in the morning
- [21] Louise Bourgeois
- [22] Twain, Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
- [23] Derrida, Signature
- [24] Serres, Rome
- [25] Serres, History of Scientific Thought
- [26] Derrida, Signature

Harpers BAZAAR

review of Cocos latest creation

I was thrown into a state of intense excitement and curiosity[1] when I received the invitation for Mademoiselle Chanel's newest creation in her private apartment —her new residence.

Coco's latest creation is a mystery, a well kept secret and therefore it exerts a strong and mysterious physical attraction to which no one is immune.[2] But its nature remained mysterious and contradictory.[3] Coco Chanel, the queen of audacity, who until now had exalted the pure forms of classicism, allowed herself a moment of contrition. A woman of contrasts, a point, a straight line: the pole and its polar.[4] Imagine, if you can, walking into Chanel's private rooms— it was her home where she chose to present her first collection of artefacts.

Tonight, the gates will open for me. As the night came to designate, not the end of this particular day, but the period of darkness separating all sunsets from all dawns.[5] I found myself in front of the gates of Mademoiselle Chanel's residence. Now there is no hint in all of this of a chaotic white night or an undifferentiated black night.[6] I knocked softly, intimidated by the luxury displayed around me.[7] This luxury cannot stop at the garden gates.[8] The gate opened and the lantern revealed an incredibly young face that I had not seen before, with a gentle and melancholy expression. [9] Mademoiselle Chanel herself is standing in front of me.

The night is cool; I shiver[10] as I enter. The air is laden with the heavy smell of flowers and foliage.[11] The experience of walking through {...} the garden would be one of a repetitive sequence of enclosure and expansion, while the placement of the single trees would confuse any sense of what might lie ahead.[12] These trees owe their origin to a local spring, which binds the

powdery soil together, mastering and cementing the sand by its waters.[13] The liquids harden; the sowing forms a body.[14] The landscape is painted from nature; the moon, glittering through the trees, casts her beams on a pond.[15] Its surface was covered with a layer of a half concrete white matter, intermixed with a very soft black substance.[16] On the surface are birds and lotus flowers;[17] It was remarkable that a bird, in that season, and in calm weather, should fly so far.[18]

Shall I disturb such pure enjoyment?[19] without waiting for my replay Mademoiselle Chanel dips her hands into the substance and when she takes them out again, she is holding two crystal-clear glasses filled with a liquid. She puts a pearl in each of the glasses and the substance turns Glaucous, lined by a thin, smooth, equable membrane, pearl grey, and of a semi cartilaginous nature.[20] Coco drinks the water. [21] and offers me the other glas. I could almost say that water is naively water, and if it isn't, it is more like polished steel or crystal.[22] I'm greatly relieved; there's no fishy taste at all.[23] Bel Respiro she calls this brew.

The moon rose in cloudless majesty, and a number of stars twinkled near her.[24] As we continue our way upwards the hill an opening appears. Familiar yet elevated, this apparently ordinary entrance is materially present yet highly abstract.[25] The face, at least the concrete face, vaguely begins to take shape on the white wall.[26] The ramps create conscious bodies accepting resistance, and therefore existence: living as a permanent process of dealing with gravity the stress of going up, the relief of going down.[27] There's no mistake about that, repetition echoed in the figure and the form, the scene and the number, the same gesture to be made after the same gesture.[28]

The machine frightens the guests it is imposing.[29] The elevator and the air conditioner have taken on a monster life of their own, and together have 'launched the endless building', one which, because it is endless, 'is never closed'[30] Pseudo solid volumes in which implication is undone, whose resistance melts.[31] The machine hums.[32] The door opens.

The apartment was as much a part of the exhibition as were the artefacts. *I let my gaze wander over the curious collection of objects,[33] so lifelike there was an eerie feel about them. Indeed a dramatic setting.*

COCO taking a key mysteriously from a drawer and moving towards a locked door in her room. She unlocks the door to the secret room that connects to her bedroom.[34] Her eyes began to sparkle, her cheeks to flame.[35]

There it was, the masterpiece, the artefact of the artefacts, the creation of Haut Joaillerie—divine tears. *Sweetest bond of the universe, midway between celestial and terrestrial[36] Its very existence challenges me.[37] I get so sentimental when I see how perfect perfection can be.[38] Moonshine, the Masterpiece bathed in this light.[39] Visibilities are not forms of objects, nor even forms that would show up under light, but rather forms of luminosity which are created by the light itself and allow a thing or object to exist only as a flash, sparkle or shimmer.[40] My eyes well with tears.[41] Coco takes a small flacon from one of the shelves and I feel the cold glass being pressed against my cheek. A tear, similar to a pearl slowly glides into the flacon. Mademoiselle Chanel carefully seals the vessel and labels it - No. 257 - then she puts it back on the shelf. She chose tears because they hold the greatest value within the smallest volume.*

In her long, dramatic career as a dressmaker, she has never been more elleChanel, or herself, than this curious exhibition of artefacts she had created. *What should we think of the status, the place and the function of these artefacts in a perfectly pure knowledge?[42] "We the seekers after knowledge"[43] Mademoiselle Chanel loves all those ambiguous treasures whose sparkle was simultaneously a blessing and a curse, bright colours that enclosed a fragment of night.[44]*

As I walked by her residence a couple of days later everything was gone. No more luxurious garden gate, no more smell of flowers and foliage in the air, no more Mademoiselle Chanel.

- [1] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
- [2] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
- [3] Serres, History of Scientific Thought
- [4] Serres, Statues
- [5] Foucault, The Order of Things
- [6] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus
- [7] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
- [8] Cuboniks, Xenofeminism A Politics for Alienations
- [9] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
- [10] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
- [11] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
- [12] Bergdoll Oechslin, Fragments Architecture and the Unfinished
- [13] Lucan, Civil War
- [14] Serres, Rome
- [15] Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648 1815
- [16] Laennec, A Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest and on Mediate Auscultation
- [17] Ruskin, The Stones of Venice
- [18] Humboldt, Equinoctial Regions of America
- [19] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
- [20] Laennec, A Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest and on Mediate Auscultation
- [21] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
- [22] Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648-1815

- [23] Kassinger, Slime
- [24] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works
- [25] Leatherbarrow Eisenschmidt, Twentieth Century Architecture
- [26] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture
- [27] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture
- [28] Serres, History of Scientific Thought
- [29] Serres, The Five Senses
- [30] Koolhaas, Junkspace with Running Room
- [31] Serres, The Birth of Physics
- [32] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
- [33] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
- [34] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
- [35] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
- [36] Castiglione, The Book of the Courtier
- [37] Haraway, Staying with the Trouble
- [38] Koolhaas, SMLXL
- [39] Koolhaas, Delirious New York
- [40] Deleuze, Foucault
- [41] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
- [42] Serres, History of Scientific Thought
- [43] Deleuze, Nietzsche and Philosophy
- [44] Foucault, History of Madness

/vices and virtues



Minerva expelling the vices from the garden of virtues
by Andrea Mantegna

On the left of the picture we have the Greek goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athena, (who was known to the Romans as Minerva), spear in hand, as she rushes towards and drives away the various malformed monstrous Vices in order to re-establish the reign and rule of Virtue, who we see imprisoned in the olive tree on the far left.

If you look at the far right of the painting you can see the Vices, Avarice and Ingratitude carrying off to the swamp-like pool the fat, stupid Ignorance, who is wearing a crown. The painting is full of bizarre and weird entities. Clouds with faces, talking trees and anthropomorphic monkeys are just some of the creepy items on display in this painting. In the sky on the right hand side we have the three theological virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity. They had been driven out previously by the depravities which had been occupying garden and now return.

/concepts

pride

gluttony

wrath

sloth

jealousy

avarice

lust

vices



virtues

prudence

courage

temperance

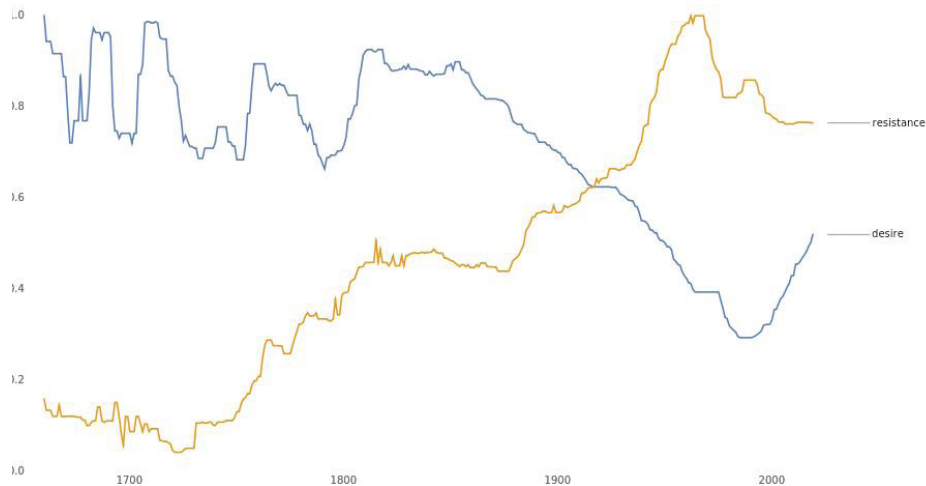
hope

justice

charity

faith

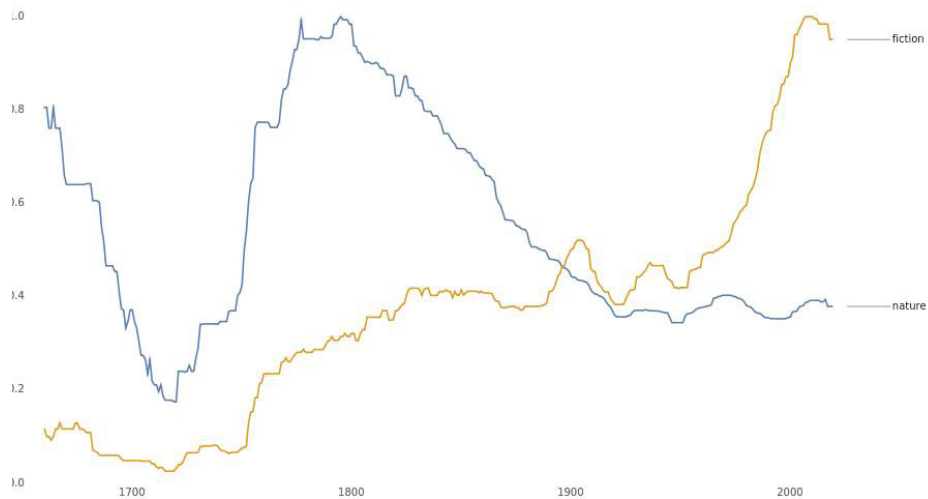




resistance (n.)

mid-14c., *resistance*, “moral or political opposition;” late 14c., “military or armed physical opposition by force; difficulty, trouble;” from Old French *resistance*, earlier *resistence*, and directly from Medieval Latin *resistentia*, from present-participle stem of Latin *resistere* “make a stand against, oppose” (see *resist*).

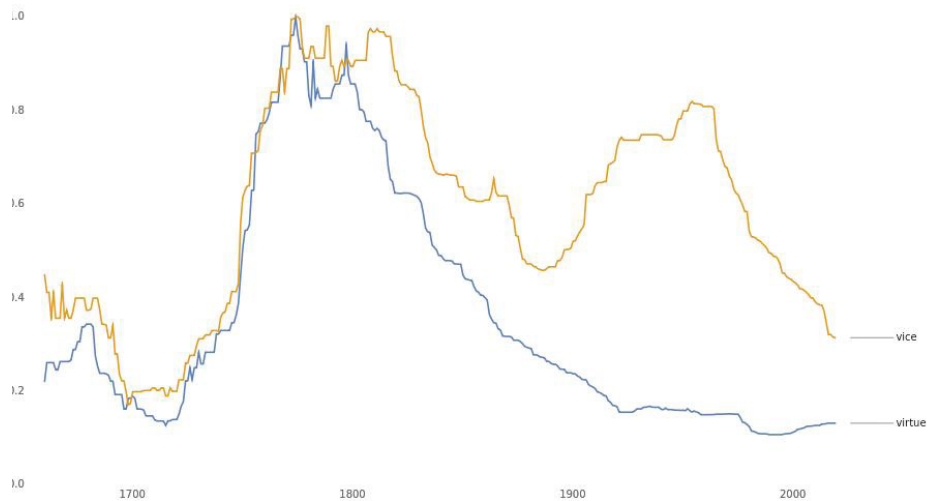
From 1580s as “power or capacity of resisting.” The meaning “organized covert opposition to an occupying or ruling power” [OED] is from 1939. The electromagnetic sense of “non-conductivity” is from 1760. Also used in science and engineering with a sense of “force exerted by a medium to retard motion through it;” hence the figurative phrase path of least resistance “easiest method or course” (1825), earlier a term in physical sciences and engineering.



nature (n.)

late 13c., "restorative powers of the body, bodily processes; powers of growth;" from Old French nature "nature, being, principle of life; character, essence," from Latin natura "course of things; natural character, constitution, quality; the universe," literally "birth," from natus "born," past participle of nasci "to be born," from PIE root *gene- "give birth, beget."

By mid-14c. as "the forces or processes of the material world; that which produces living things and maintains order." From late 14c. as "creation, the universe;" also "heredity, birth, hereditary circumstance; essential qualities, inherent constitution, innate disposition" (as in human nature); also "nature personified, Mother Nature." Nature and nurture have been paired and contrasted since Shakespeare's "Tempest."



virtue (n.)

c. 1200, vertu, "moral life and conduct; a particular moral excellence," from Anglo-French and Old French vertu "force, strength, vigor; moral strength; qualities, abilities" (10c. in Old French), from Latin virtutem (nominative virtus) "moral strength, high character, goodness; manliness; valor, bravery, courage (in war); excellence, worth," from vir "man" (from PIE root *wi-ro- "man").

For my part I honour with the name of virtue the habit of acting in a way troublesome to oneself and useful to others. [Stendhal "de l'Amour," 1822]

Especially (in women) "chastity, sexual purity" from 1590s. Phrase by virtue of (early 13c.) preserves alternative Middle English sense of "efficacy." Wyclif Bible has virtue where KJV uses power. The seven cardinal virtues (early 14c.) were divided into the natural (justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude) and the theological (hope, faith, charity). To make a virtue of a necessity (late 14c.) translates Latin *facere de necessitate virtutem* [Jerome].

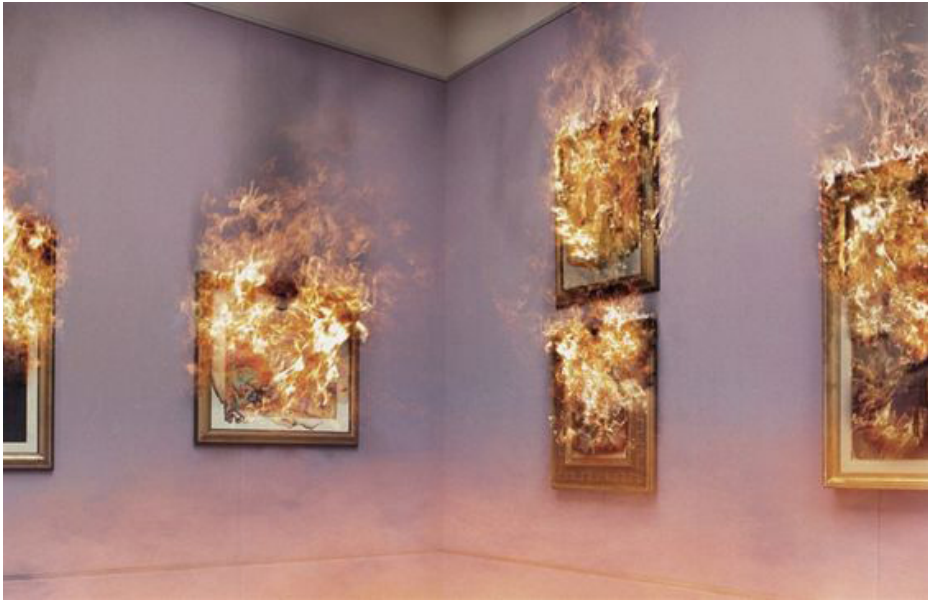
/house being corrupted



chamber of fallen skies



captured garden



liberated hallway



chamber of avarice