

A DAY IN THE LIFE WITH COCO CHANEL

After fifteen years and fifteen groundbreaking shows, Rolling Stone Magazine got the first exclusive insight into Coco Chanel's mysterious home in Bordeaux. In this new episode of "Day in the Life" we will try to find out how Coco became the new Superstar of a generation. Exploring her rituals and habits, serving to amaze us yearly. David Fricke got to join her on the day of her annual show.

0700 I arrived early on a *crisp Sunday morning in high summer*. [1]

The Villa stood on a hill, away of the comotion of the city, overlooking the city of Bordeaux. She didn't want to be seen anytime other than in her show. Everything needed to look supreme for the public
Coco was : *An indefinite, decipherable, and undecipherable cipher, open and closed, social and discreet, accessible inaccessible, public and private, intimate and secretive*. [2]

There was always a schedule in Coco's life. [3] All year she prepared for the show. She wanted to be faultless for her fans. And today was the most important day of the year. Everyone was talking about it. So to get this first insight, even though it was only for the day of the show, was an honor to me.

As I drove into the driveway the Villa appeared through the trees. *It appeared brutally in drunkenness and ecstasy, both annihilations of the principle of individuation*. [4] *Tearing down melancholy and illusion; the unambitious and the non scaleable*. [5]

I already saw many people, but no Coco. I saw people cleaning the windows and people cutting the grass with scissors. Everything looked immaculate. There was a huge statue of a woman in front of the house. *It seemed to offer an unwelcome message*: [6] *Has it been shining, unchanged, for more than two thousand years, the sole example of durability?* [7]

MELLIFLUOUS SECLUSION



PERENNIAL TRYST

BODACIOUS TRANQUILITY

1000 A loud and dull noise come from outside.

Coco turned towards me. Her hair was full and long. Her skin was smooth. Her lips perfectly formed. I couldn't tell what was natural and what was not. But I was overwhelmed by her aura.

The ground started descending and suddenly, we were outside. *The smell was on me before I reached the trees—the scent of resin and wide western places. The clean smell of my childhood's only untouched days. The music of the trees, too, tuning the wind. [...] I fell into the smell, a devastating whiff of two hundred million years ago.* [14] As we were jogging through the garden, not one sunray touched our skin. *The shadows cast by trees on which the sun is shining are as dark as that of the centre of the tree.* [15] *The branches, wild with the brilliant glow of midday, seemed endeavoring to embrace.* [16]

The garden with its huge trees and soft lawn provided means to exercise. We did different cardiovascular activities, strength training, and flexibility exercises. *Organisms [...] mechanized, reduced to body, understood as resource of mind.* [17] *The body, inseparable from the spirit: the body, to discipline the spirit.* [18]

While we were talking I realised why she had moved here. In Bordeaux there are the perfect conditions for her. Perfect sun. Perfect air. Perfect water. Perfect plants. Perfect wine. All things to serve her obsession: staying young. Inside and outside. She wants to be loved by her fans. So she needs to stay fit for her shows.

While clouds drift over the rim of the mountain and spill down into the valley, giving the plain below the seething look of hell, and the pinnacles of rock the character of a refuge, an eyrie paradise. [19] *God Did Not Plant The Seeds Of This... She Did.* [20]

After the walk we went for a swim in the pool. Long and narrow, extended to infinity. Covered by trees, rimmed with deep crystals. *Water, tree, and man appear here as its synonyms.* [21]

Magical, glittering blue water with perfect temperature, perfect salt level and mixed with donkey milk for the skin, *stirred by regular movements of her inner feelings.* [22]

Coco swam for twenty minutes straight with a ten minutes break in between. This she did three times. *Movement and rest are joined in turbulence, constancy and variation, life and death.* [23]



PERENNIAL TRYST

SUMPTUOUS ALIMENT

1300 I heard a unique metallic noise from the house and was invited to join Coco for lunch.

So we headed inside, where everything was set up perfectly on a huge table. *Nothing could look more comfortable than this scene.* [24] *Long, full curtains hung from the ceiling, and formed great, broken folds that were very magnificent.* [25] *The house seemed to be held together not by structure but by skin, like a bubble.* [26]

Only dimmed light came from the outside. Everything was covered in baby cashmere, furs, shahtoosh and other precious materials.

The most prestigious fur was sable, reserved for royalty and aristocracy. [27]

Silence. Solitude. Darkness.

All the people were gone. Just faint light illuminated the silver plates where there were beautifully arranged small portions of meat, grains and vegetables that I had never seen before.

Coco explained that everything was freshly harvested either directly from the garden or flown in directly to the villa via helicopter. And that the meat was the youngest and freshest one could get.

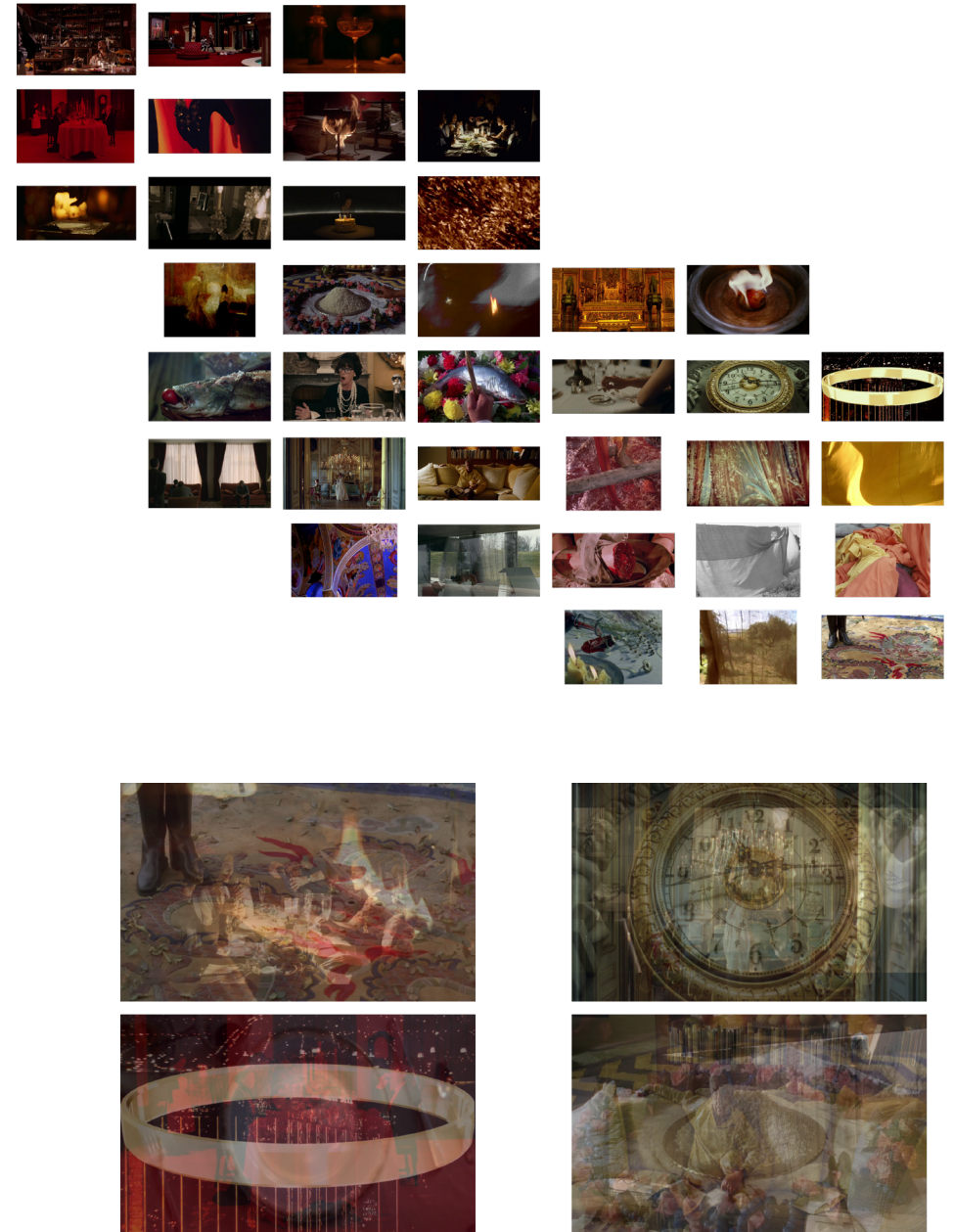
My nose slipped into [28] *the silver plate. It smelled like a revelation to me at that time. My self-confidence swung to new heights.* [29] *The pervasive smell may in that sense be regarded as the odour of progress.* [30]

We started eating.

The vegetables had an intense taste. *Some of them are sweet, others have pungent flavours of different kinds, among them salt, bitter, medicinal.* [31] *Bones and tendons inside the calves and thighs; the small of the back thrusts forward in a satisfying stretch; weightless food passes the solar plexus; a calm symmetry settles there.* [32]

Taste did not call reason into play. [33] *The skin was taut and crispy, while the meat was so tender that I've vowed to only eat baby animals for the rest of my life.* [34] To drink, we had fresh local spring water, nectar and a 2000 Petrus Pomerol Bordeaux.

It was the best meal I had ever had in my life. And apparently it was the healthiest, if Coco was eating it.



PERENNIAL TRYST

CELESTIAL SUSTENTATION

1430 A shrill noise came from the upper floor. It was time for the preparations of the body.

As we entered I was overwhelmed by the brightness. Illumination. Cleanliness. Sanitation.

Light, shadow, clamour, silence, fragrances, all sorts of waves impregnated and flooded my skin. [35] Those brilliant colors, those pearly and enamelled flashings, told at once of the past night and the thought of the dawning day. [36]

Coco underwent different procedures which I didn't quite understand.

Watching her wakening mind, and shielding from every rude blast her tender blossom, she recovered her spirits — she dreamed not of the frost— 'the killing frost,' to which she was destined to be exposed. [37] Biology as itself rightfully subject to change. [38] The body as a technology to be hacked. [39]

The preoccupations of human beings seem pathetic in comparison.' [40]

Afterwards she used a deep pore cleansing lotion and stepped into the shower. Everything was perfectly planned.

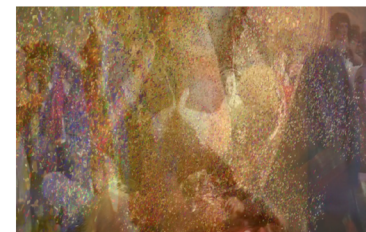
First she used a water-activated gel cleanser. Then a honey-almond body-scrub. And on the face, an exfoliating gel scrub. Then she applied an herb mint facial masque, which she left on for ten minutes while she prepared the rest of her routine.

It looked like *she wanted to saturate every atom.* [41]

The house seemed to watch over her - and she was watching over the house. Lotion, brushes and make-up for Coco. Polish, brooms and paint for the villa.

A woman suddenly appeared and they started doing her makeup. And when they were finished another one came and they started dressing Coco in an all white dress with wonderful details. Suddenly Coco told them to stop because the dress had a wrinkle in it. So they had to start again.

She seemed to transform *into a hero or into a godlike being, a superhuman entity.* [42] Coco: *one hundred percent nature, one hundred percent culture.* [43]



STELLAR UBIQUITY

1700 A wonderful, booming sound came from the sky.

It was time for the final soundcheck before the show, so we headed to the dome.

It was the first time I saw it in real life. It was not at all as I saw it on the live shows. Thousands of different lights were casting an ideal brilliance, saturating the environment. Hundreds of cameras installed from every angle. Dozens of different instruments. Speakers, enough to fill an entire stadium, Microphones, capturing every soundwave.

The floor was treated with powder to make it easier to slide and spin with moves that defy gravity or deliberately upset the norms of polite comportment. [44] It is not a subjective distortion of objective reality, but a subjective distortion which is directly identical with the non All, the inconsistency/out of jointness, of reality itself. [45]

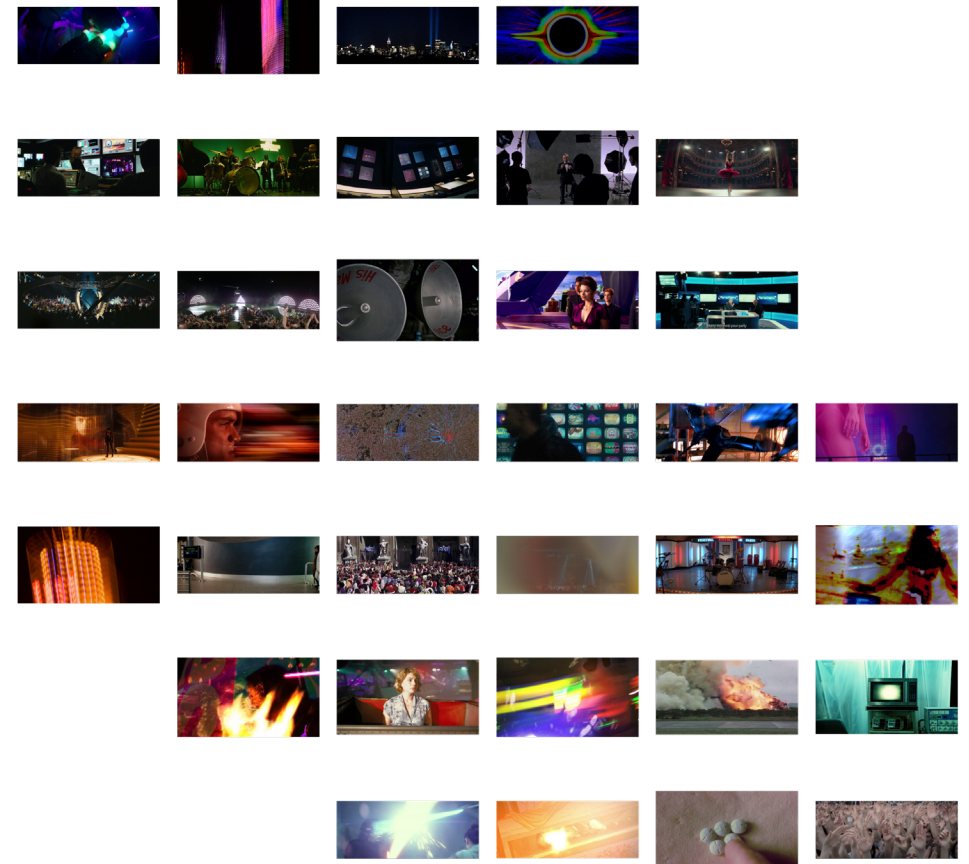
The live stream counter was rising every second, even though the show was still three hours away. Coco got into the middle of the room and started playing multiple instruments and began singing wonderfully. But she kept interrupting. The sound needed to change, the light needed to come from different angles, the cameras weren't set up correctly. After almost two hours she finally seemed happy.

Perspectives seemed to question one another. [46] Its neutrality records performance, event, flow, change, accumulation, deduction, disappearance, mutation, fluctuation, failure, oscillation, deformation. [47] And my attention was fixed; I couldn't look away. [48]

1900 The last moments before the show.

Coco warmed up. Got an oxygen treatment. And a team of cranial guides and physical therapists adjusted her body. Millions of people from all over the world had joined the stream to finally see Coco. Again she broke her own record of the biggest event in human history. People watched from stadiums filled with thousands, enjoyed it from their couch at home or sneakily watched it while at work. Nobody wanted to miss it.

The countdown started. And I knew in just a few hours, the preparations would start again.



PERENNIAL TRYST



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