

From: <pw21@hermes.cam.ac.uk>
To: Shumon Basar <shumon91@hotmail.com>
Subject: loos, institutions
Date: 10 February 2000 09:35

posh

working on the tzara house, dealing with loos as artist and tzara as artist and house as art, came across tzara poem that is the pits of human finitude: it begins 'who will free us from the incumbrance of possessions and flesh', goes on to speak of "...the inconceivable curse of time...sad little life beaten at every step...what does a friend matter alone at night boredom i'm all soft bread inside death..." because of other imagery i've not quoted i think it can be regarded the suburban equivalent of mallarme's coup de des. pathetic. more interesting discussion around the much-touted laconic side of loos...what it has to do with his monumental, villa karma side. it is not a grid, like corb, therefore also not fruitfully distant. the ornament loos deploys has the feeling of a man in the sort of dark suit which he advocated for men - it is always saying tut tut, sit up straight. at the same time there is a moment of the sublime, where a field of wood-grain or marble-texture becomes an event in its own right. The combined effect is like a disciplinarian who goes weak at the knees. similarly, with respect to the whole, there is a basic groundedness in the prevailing decorum of every room - the sort of thing that is quite obscure in corb - but the overall arrangement of rooms is manic and convoluted, at once sheltering each distinction of comfort or propriety and folded over and around each other, generating the inordinate fascination with stairs that travel through leaks in the topography. like the tangled imagination of freud's id (red in tooth and claw) and superego (poe-faced supreme court judge), the intimacy wrestles with the propriety, the expression with the reason, the lust for art with the anonymity of artlessness. as usual, nothing is simple, there are always three selves involved.

love

bex

From: <pw21@hermes.cam.ac.uk>
To: Shumon Basar <shumon91@hotmail.com>
Subject: Re: dead things?
Date: 15th February 2000 08:05

posh

at the moment i'm supposed to be in two places after the talk - one in london and one back here. if the former, will have time for coffee, if latter, time for peck on the cheek only...sir alex has gone to the press and my ass is exposed...they tell me i'm going to be in milan or barcelona next year

is the talk about tombs? i thought it was about medici chapel. problem of living and dead...maybe i should do some body in its absence resurrected as institutional presence stuff for the home crowd
love

dave

From: <pw21@hermes.cam.ac.uk>
To: Shumon Basar <shumon91@hotmail.com>
Subject: Re: american ugly
Date: 19 February 2000 03:00

posh

they've done it - they've come out with sim-soap...called sims. have only heard about it, but have always thought it could be a winner...soaps so stereotyped no reason you couldn't simply drive them with little ai bits.

would be nice if you could do the architecture properly, but doubt that's poss. apparently you make a sim neighborhood...can have wallpaper* or run-down. david and posh go to sainsbury's. posh eats pasta. david has an affair. posh throws his diamond neck-ornament down the toilet. i wonder if you get a little menu of attributes - aggressive, sulky, craves food, easily bored, petulant, into knives. plays the electric violin on desolation row. or, as l'espresso describes kris and kris, two female teen-age tv presenters: "muscular biceps, flat tummies, casual dress molto street style, permanent tans, omnipresent smiles, contagious happiness and a predilection for extreme sports." my kinda girl. madonna and gwyneth. wonder if you could get mayans to invent the blood-letting ritual. get businessmen to come up with 'low-hanging fruit' as a metaphor for easy money. what fun. computers never good at primitive brain, only hi-end, calculative stuff, idiot savants...you'd have to invent metapho machine...programme called kircher...quantify it...highest value goes to most distant analogy...paradox of distance and affinity...run it like a chess-programme...lotsa wastage...checkmate=metaphor...posh sits on robbe-grillet's lap. have a student working back and forth between max klinger's beethoven statue and his 'glove' series (under heading of melancholy). he observed that beethoven is posed like prometheus, but with his legs crossed in the manner of a polite gentleman.

g'night posh. love bex