

this question of design—just like the question of beginning, a labyrinth: one gets lost by asking *maybe close it finally, close oneself inside it forever.* We charge them mercilessly: for parking, processing, damages, feed, cumuliform, sea-wrack, studio time, colored smoke, yr party, damages, other guests. And, unable to leave, guests can never know if they're “inside”—we charge them. Black metal glazing the end of the foyer frames views of a local teak wood dining table with black shell Eames dining chairs and walnut Eiffel legs—more than they cd take. It nearly replicated one guest. So mesmerized by glaucous pink lines marbling the slab he nearly dropped the charges. This is a rare rental, one rich with architecturally-significant moves—like striations, volumetric experiments, overly playful light and shadow. Materially, clone-scent suffuses the entire space—only white-painted cabinetry and the occasional beige veneer cd trap them this quickly in pocket. Yes we mind—*if you're speaking it means guests must want to be overcharged for it.* Let's not dance around it: that pocket dining area, suffused with light from custom spherical pendants, creates visually a continuously velvety look

and feel. Guests confront insurmountably ambiguous spaces—never know if they’re being charged. & I so see it now: *who wouldn’t follow those lines out? Why not slink along vogue surface, draw down a pelagic past?* But no sense in it—there’s no longer any “outside”. It’s these rooms, each more implausible than the last—no it’s these *bodies*, each more compromised than the last—*they* cash out, drift off asking *How cd it be, this rental really a labyrinth?* But it is: luxurious Milan shadow grey velvet sectional throws plush ivory shadow over Moroccan area rug—admittedly a deliciously soft pairing surrounded by luxe accents like custom marble window sills, a conical cognac leather lounge chair, an emerald green velvet ottoman, both unquestionably detailed with sophisticated brass accents. But hear: who stalk future cash run out of road quick. *♫ it’s only getting harder to soak guests* We rent a room nearby outskirts—really just scabrous tissue of burnt land, hand gnawed visibly by moldering waste, eaten by acidic streams, whatever else fork out of & back into nearest slag-heap—which really tempt us. Show me one body wldn’t flow back to local mold first second it cd—really anything (save *moi*) with so phosphorescent a litter cd be only cloned is it? no, only *menaced* by whatever fluids leech out a dealer. Incredible! It’s up now to the littoral zone *♫ all my nights bodies told time to cash out I cashed out too early*, hopping some other freight demon. What’s most remarkable is a cloned body playing against its own house ... and losing. Moments of glamour surface throughout the complex, infusing it with juniper notes: mirrored trays and accessories sitting on top of industrial teak-wood and black-metal framed coffee tables. Light plays at porous boundaries (used by the illegal occupation) that a less tidal house, itself more flexible and ephemeral than anything passing through it, might have absorbed. Black-grouted subway tile, a black metal-trimmed mirror, sconces, stunning Aztec-inspired black and white-painted

cement tile—it was indisputable: no luxury design can dream itself, nothing structurally deluxe exhaust itself, no luxe complex comprehend itself—all of that was “outside” us, or so I told them. But who could object: what rental sees “beyond” itself “past” itself or even “outside” itself rents not for long The magic in the details: cedar panels that line the she-closet add a subtle striation and bright lunar depths to a whiteness & richness of hidden closets. Walk through these rooms. Those volumes accenting the bedroom and the living room: in the former, a long desk attached to the wall solidly mirrors a delinquent yet actively deliquescing void running along the back of the bedroom; in the latter, the entertainment center’s empty bottom is reiterated by a long credenza built into the dining area. *No one creates what has no inventor, no one maps what has no designer.* Questions posed by or in these spaces—each becomes a labyrinth. But it’s not simply a product of nature either, despite the diverse organo-telluric connotations connecting it to threaded porous limestone sheets, dead fumaroles, burnt dealers. If 60-foot-high waves break in the lobby there’s no question: lush plantings and parquet flooring anchor it straightaway—in the meantime they soften the originally exposed slate-colored plaster walls that the archipelago, busy protesting against autumn storms, failed utterly to absorb Therefore neither an object nor a referent—lets no one survey it. Wanting to explore it only confirms this fact: there’s no getting around it, no hatching out of it, no being interred in it. But neither “warden” nor “guard” nor “guest” (*do these categories still exist?*) haunt a space which, having made them unsound, inviable, inconsistent—toxic in body yet pure in mind—has no replacement to offer & never winters abroad. Distance like proximity, separation like adhesion, a clone against itself, reptilian dealer calling its own bluff—one can be neither inside nor outside a labyrinth. Opposites supposed inherent in every being, categories implicit in every perception, forms limning in advance every object—what labyrinth, wavering between immutable

parameters, only-mutating form, tilting at wrong perihelion, could ever leave these intact? As if we could perpetually expend energy, shamelessly waste it, nothing repugnant about it, right at home in public space, with everybody looking! Elegant lobbies absorb guests with evergreen-polluted walls and hex-tiled floor. Hex-sided guests file past one after another muttering: *What hex file us down must be real enough*; or even: *Is it us, enough ground down to choke on leeching slag-current, who see no future?* & still in my minds' eyes these passages never hold still but only, like so many bodies moldering within, break lexical prisons, shatter lenses, prevent anyone from resting, crack deeply nightly cell, help themselves to everything there, rain cash on unwelcome fluid, heal each other—they do this even as they roam the earth, tapping on it gasping *good cell, let us in . . .* & I would help them, if only I knew how . . . Extensive planting schemes incorporate bodies softening behind buildings. Given enough sun they'll sink into extended garden, like so many bodies before them . . . New buildings inherit contrasting light-grey brick; sedum roofs slope to the studio, setting the stage for ground-floor extensions to soften house further into a garden setting. A fluted glass partition separates an intimately lounging warden from the lounge warden's guests; rooms are furnished with ink-colored leather headboards, accent furnishings from Bryan Ashley, floral patterns and brass and walnut accents throughout. While in the lounge a warden mulls over its own arrested meaning, stops any of its guests from arresting their meaning, from being arrested by some fixed meaning, from arresting them in some molten abode, from mulling that hot body—it forces them to metamorphose: now they're hot & lost, now burnt off & warged away . . . “How to exit what forecloses every act? How to construct an exit from all construction?” Iced in escrow, their cells become major studies in planar materiality—as if they cut their transformations from within. As if they violated themselves. As if they drift out over impermeable membranes. As if they cancel their own reservation. As if

they live by filter-feeding their own diffusion. In so future a labyrinth cd any future possibly appear? *Hey any guests at present to soak?* Who sees past what wavers along every edge? Even this ripped body marbled with far future fat—what cd cut that glare, feast on that sight? “do typecast a warden” “ok” “that’s not a question” “ok” complaint: really despise “guests” peering through frosted glass & rice-paper shoji! Some clone backs off a threshold—its own. & I can’t bear it: who cd live failing to cash itself out? There’s lost time and there are waste lands, unproductive expenditures, things one never gets over, sins that cannot be redeemed, garbage that cannot be recycled, phobic animals roaming the exurbs, off-site black rooms—& this labyrinthine *thing*, if that’s what we wish to call this unreality, weighs on us heavier than thought. Yes, heavier than even that compulsion! Cd you be its guest forever? if it only welcomed you? How about now? Meanwhile we rent spaces interconnected by voids acting as so many small-scale spaces (even subspaces) that open in their least crevice onto micro-spaces recuperated already by a guest settler intoxicated with inhabitant stimulus: small inner courtyards block the winds, semi-open spaces protect from the rain, spaces lit from the sky mark specific areas. These features, along with generous porticos of frosted glass carving portions of the horizon, blur the boundaries between interior and exterior. It complicates the relationship with the landscape! Bodies amplified by the many artificial reflections of the glass and metal surfaces only rip themselves up, deal themselves in, cut themselves down, ebb themselves out & I’d so be with them, in a way: it sets the house on an unstable path, one just this side of permanent reshape. It becomes a device for perceiving a landscape and not a stage for self-referencing architecture. This labyrinth cannot be described. Mapping is out of the question. Or, if it can be described, it will be the trajectory described by a mobile! Sumptuous visual textures, like a stunning marble bar whose underside cants downward, creates a sense of both weight and

movement—contrast that with the repetitive grids of the newly-designed windows. The house assumes the unstable position it alone anticipates. & in its structural details it annuls in advance any of the changes illegal occupations might provoke. Stretch a new ground floor extension across the width of the site, billowing the space out east as nightly each fold opens onto a garden circulating for deep soaking. Guests are greeted by an open, airy, light-filled foyer that was doubled in size for the expected transformation others are treated to comparable transformations, others folded in place, removed from view, poured over phantasmal—*\to want to get out of the labyrinth is to close it finally, close oneself inside it forever*