

I had a dream about you last night. We were shopping together at a Comme des Garçons store and I was considering buying a bag when suddenly I was foggily waking up, and half the store was smoldering, like there had been an explosion and somehow you and I rationalized me just keeping the bag since no one knew anymore who bought what and then you handed me a Comme article that you already owned, a massive white doctor's bag that I opened up, and inside was a somewhat smaller white doctor's bag, and a bunch of those foam camping mats that you like to sleep on and it was clear, obviously, that there were many more smaller bags inside and you asked me to carry it for you while we fled the store by horse-drawn carriage.

The carriage speeds through the city to a huge park. As the trees change from evergreen to deciduous the horses slow and when only sycamore surround us, and then only leafless pruned sycamore, we jump off and the horses continue.

We walk deeper into the grove and the gnarled, leafless trees grow densely like a colonnade stirred by an earthquake. I put my bag on the ground and we start to unpack. You pull out the green bag you stole and sling it over a shoulder. Inside the second white bag are three identical upholstered lounge chairs and three proportionate wooden side tables. From the next bag we remove three lacquer cups, fill them with water, and place them on the tables next to the lounge chairs. You reach into the bag and pull out floor lamps for the corners and rugs for each side. You reach into the green bag and pull out a knife and some poles. I pick the bag up off the floor, turn it inside out and shake it. Then I unfold it and as it expands I add the poles to certain ridge lines until it stands freely over us and the lounge chairs. You cut a door flap and three windows with the knife.