

Sometimes we visit a great columnless room, painted black, large enough that the walls and ceilings disappear like empty space, in order to watch a film. The day before, we send a note to the property's manager, with the name of a film, and a brief, abstract description of a mood, usually with one or two key colors. The manager, who keeps a vast archive of props, flimsy construction materials, and a small crew, interprets our note, building a set surrounding a few enveloping lounge chairs, a bright screen, and materials for the preparation of tea.

The set is fragmented—even when it contains recognizable props, they're arranged irrationally and bathed in pools of colored light. The effect might be something like a post-modern restaging of an opera. We sit and watch the film, and then we leave.