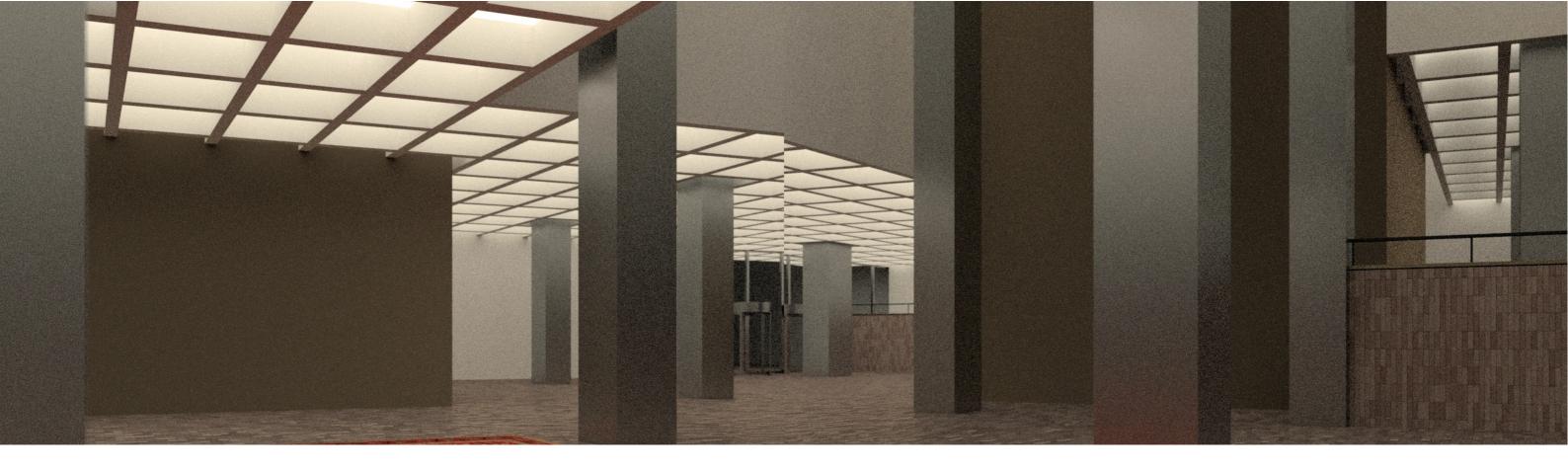


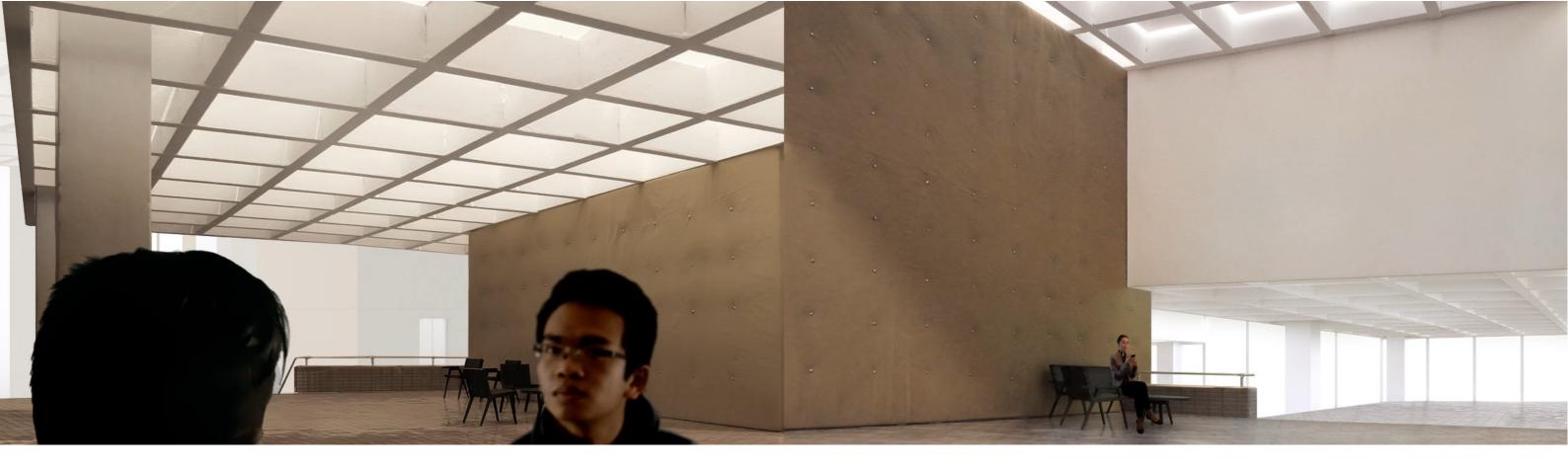
A Good Life will not be found in the discretion of your six squaremeter apartment when the NSA is on your webcam.



A Good Life will not be found in the public space of the corporate city, which has become a tunnel, or a plaza to piss in.



A Good Life will be found in the space between these two: the lobby, the clearing that defies the directive of these one-point perspectives.



We have all become lobbyists, internalizing the line between discretion and publicity. The frame—no longer the enclosure— is the spatial tool that sets boundaries within contemporary life.



In the city of spectacular foreground, the blasé background of the lobby is a luxury worth more than marble.



