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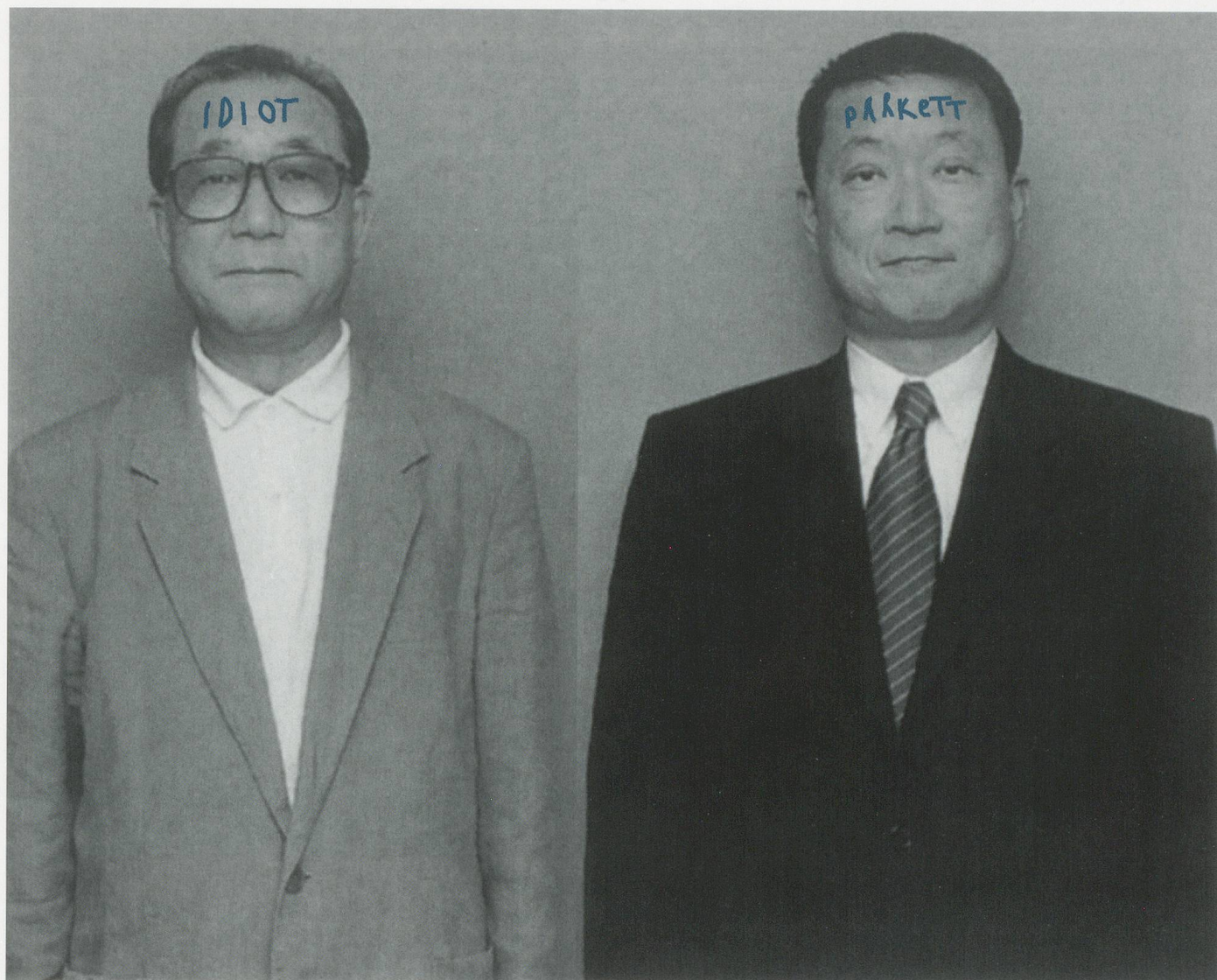
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MATTHEW BARNEY, 2004

The railroad he died in was nearly dead too. The big trains left town in the sixties, taking the neighborhood with them. The apartment looking out on the rusting gliders of the abandoned El, had taken it personally.



called 'the wheel' for its circular and endless motion, the case that had become an unsolvable trap, its stains forever fresh.

She had quit, cold turkey, transferred out to missing persons and accidentals but now here it was, right up in her fucking grill. If had sought her out and she could feel the warm and poisonous orchid of the bad need blossoming inside her. She needed to back out, now, and she needed some backup, some serious fucking backup.

But Mike was on his knees, tugging at the detaying linoleum.
"Just look at these floors, is that parquet?"

GUSTAVE CAILLEBOTTE (1818-1894)
PARQUET DE PARQUET 1875 MUSÉE D'ORSAY PARIS

MAURIZIO CATTELAN, 2004



GUSTAVE CAILLEBOTTE (1848–1894),
RABOTEURS DE PARQUET, 1875, MUSÉE D'ORSAY, PARIS.
(PHOTO: RMN / HERVÉ LEWANDOWSKI)

The railroad he died in was nearly dead too. The big trains left town in the sixties, taking the neighborhood with them. The apartment, looking out on the rusting girders of the abandoned EI, had taken it personally. Unfolding sullenly through a line of mean and tilting doorways, its essential emptiness was unredeemed by a scattered collection of small objects that seemed to have no common point of reference. Plastic flowers and Japanese dolls mingled with single gloves and castings of body parts in rooms whose crumbling crown moldings and sloping, splintered floors were coated in a gritty crust of chocolate brown paint. It had the exact emotional temperature of a bitterly resentful relative confined to a distant and unforgiving institution that you never visit.

The apartment didn't want to feel that way but it did. The feeling gave it a way to keep going, to protect a tiny, irrational flame of hope that someone would come and rescue it some day. And now one of the detectives was paying far more attention to the exposures and the number of rooms than to what looked like the residue of a hoarding disorder but wasn't.

"This could be fixed up nice...it's got good light," he muttered.

The apartment felt faint. Could it be Him?

"For Christ's sake, Mike, it's a dump. Can we pay a little less attention to your Bob Vila fantasies, somebody just died here."

The other detective snapped her notebook shut and walked a little further into the gloom.

The apartment did not like her.

"I've got to live somewhere," he mumbled, "So maybe it needs a little work. I've got a right to live somewhere, don't I? You don't see three exposures every day, I've been looking for four months, maybe I could get in on the ground floor here."

Now, the apartment thought, now is the time to show him something special.

And Mike said, "Holy shit, just look at that."


Hoping he might have noticed something related to actual police work, Anna turned her head. They had arrived in the kitchen. Never an underachiever, in its loneliness, the apartment had set a new benchmark for squalor there. It too was filled with the strange hodgepodge of esoteric artifacts. But there was one thing, right there on the grease stained wall that was all too familiar. A diagram, last witnessed in blood at the scene of several murders: each more grotesque, more 'artistic' than the last.

Suddenly her heart was pounding. She was sweating and surely the world itself was sinking and rising with her hopes, because this feeling was why she had become a detective and this feeling was why she had stopped being a homicide detective. It all flooded back. The spiraling logic and terror of her final case, the case they called 'the wheel', for its circular and endless motion, the case that had become an unsolvable trap, its stains forever fresh.

She had quit, cold turkey, transferred out to missing persons and accidentals but now here it was; right up in her fucking grill. It had sought her out and she could feel the warm and poisonous orchid of the bad need blossoming inside her. She needed to back out, now, and she needed some backup, some serious fucking backup.

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So when he was writing the essay for Parkett, Joe Klein called me : "What do you mean it felt like we were running the White House?" I replied: "Exactly that. I felt like people like us were running the White House. In retrospect, it was the end of a political era."

SARAH MORRIS, 2004