Never decorative, it embodies a chair’s provisional character.

Utilitarian, never just there, called upon to serve.

Communal, egalitarian, leveling its occupants, gathered for an occasion.

Rarely will it hold the sitter captive. Its precariousness invites walkouts, even when the seat is secured by an admittance fee.

Repositionable, it favors assorted geometries of attention: the frontal and single-focused, the shifting and radial.

Irreverent, whether in an institutional setting or not, signaling reversible orders.

Possibly carnivalesque, displaying an upside-down world, as in:

- a projection of the high-desert landscape and transit surrounding an old ice plant in the desert requiring no other technology but a lens and a dark room; ironically inverted in this picture of a tiny fraction of the planet—
  - with no search engine logo and copyright date camouflaged to appear like a wisp of a stratus cloud—
  - is the electrical plant across the street grids reversed, as is the soundtrack, extemporaneously produced
    - by the cars and pickup trucks seen fleeting by from east to west though by the sound we know they’re going west to east, and vice versa;
  a projection within a projection
    - these are moving images to experience, but not keep.

Unsung, stacked, piled against a wall, or hidden in closets, folding chairs will be counted on again since, plastic palace people, they’re both transience and ritual.

Welcome into the fold. Who cares what the future brings.