

Overnighting

Criteria: static tomographical inference via furniture and decor (i.e. tomo-decorativity); methodological reconnaissance; delimiting of “non-descript” (design target); correlative peaking; insomnia; megalopoli.

City limits ascribe incorporation. Within them, businesses are subject to a particular set of municipal laws and ordinances; otherwise, it's all scenery and discrete conglomerations, pockets of light and grease girding a wrested landscape. There's the usual lineup of chains (sometimes regional), a posted currency that brackets those wide swaths of land, and as much the remains of an ergonomics that accompanies any stay outside city bounds as ventilation or slats for distributional pathways. There's an upheld pretense, as well, of connection and dreaming, secluded premises not far away from these ensconced oases.

From a car seat into a lobby into an ersatz room, from a room to an ersatz city, the din is always there, always surfacing the overflow of the nearest populace. Motel rooms, as such, may be posited as individualized absorptive samplings of comprehensive filtration systems through which civilization airs its self-protection, and so lends to that the relief a bareness, a constancy. An aesthetic certainty belies this drifting neutrality, however— or at least when it comes to the objects and appliances that characterize it. And how are they similar? Do they share a lowest common denominator for demonstrable (American) comfort? As an ostensible tableau, are they a scheme for forgetting their own imminent rentability, such that one can more closely simulate or even clone a good night's sleep?

Motels have this egalitarian fantasy to them: they're stable enough, simple enough, cheap enough, and—best of all—inconspicuous enough. You find a decent room (two to three star range), the vacancy possible within that room, and the completeness of the city's range, even when unincorporated. That splay paradoxically serves as an attribute at once of a presupposed isolationism via compatibility (“Motel 6”) or excessiveness (“Best Western”) and an indemnified, brooding perpetuity they and we are committed to maintaining. You have to bring that with you, even if you're walking there: when you pull up, the motor runs—it's always already running. In this sense, “road” may intensify a noise channel to a populational or governmental unilaterality that projects itself via the allowance of a night hidden from view, free as one needs to dream away, to drift off sporadically, to soak it in.

In order to effect each of these compulsions, attenuated noise is recommended or proven by our criteria to permit sleep. It provides air regeneration, ultrashort echo time sequences available (tripwire) for the common overnighiter, and surrounding materials reradiating material as an infrasubjectivity that coalesces its customers. Drone (for instance), as aesthetic practice, is typically immured with similar questions of audience entrancement or disembodiment as a collective participation, in spite of its hedonic or expressivist pseudo-automatism. Yet where it construes that response as a kind of reward for concentration, motels represent a more insidious stopgap between similar applications of consciousness and unconsciousness. They shield an exhausted access to its foreclosed escapes, particularly as considered by their principals the competitive get—another tipsy person stumbling in, not unlike an office in that same rushing, hissing—signals generated by the onset of the office or apartment or home within one's eclipsing solitude, as it promises an ardent trafficking of physical needs and

restfulnesses, where you only have to know your neighbors enough (i.e. not at all) to get by. Air conditioning, for instance, belongs to the city without poroelasticity or other effects; motels belong to road maintenance.

I can't sleep, so I decide I'll play my sleep-game, which is more sheer ocular overlaying than a game, and I have to be up in five hours anyway. If I can keep an imprint of textured white paint on my retina (lamp's on) for a few seconds, or do it enough by the time the alarm clock next to the bed proceeds to the following minute, if that can impose itself enough times I'll drift off, likely enough. It's a little tomographic influx meant to advance satiation of decorativity, not unlike the way I spend most other nights in the city. One could measure suppression via obstructed "best practices" here in an attempt to affirm this method, or take recourse to the criteria specified at the outset as their necessary methodological reconnaissance, or ignore either.

A vantage onto a highway or a tree, the stem of a painted flower: their inertness, their itinerancy. There's an unsettlingly representationalist glean to the way these rooms seem to hover beyond the city, yet abet the city in becoming its ornaments, its buds, their (lengthier) passageways, the employed and unemployed drifting around them at all hours. It's starting to feel like it doesn't matter if or when you're indoors or outdoors. Is that luxury? Doesn't it appear to soften the surface, to leave anyone awake nonplussed enough?

Synthetic reducibility is the beloved trait of such networks. If or when it's determined by an affected, empirical-mode predictive filtering (falling) ordinance therein, one can foster or maintain (decomposingly) a habituation over the next few hours and espouse an appropriately emanationist dogma to one's fellow citizens and partake in it with them, once convinced. Or when I lose track of a special waterfall, the little nook in a watercolor mountain, I can only know it as this din, plastics and aluminum, and that there's only one way to bear them: driving. There's a meeting where either directly or via an interlocutor a person has to play up to discursive affordability or, finally, speak.

And what would that say? It's 1:04 a.m. Anywhere else, people sit around and are forced into considering a mass-produced blanket, or a comforter, as the haste their heterologies wear them down into—what style distinguishes them from the prior immersive reconstruction that can only be redeemed (in transit) by a self-same field of play and permanently wearying nights.

I can't tell if the cold fluorescence is the *a priori* division I'm getting with this room in particular—the in-double and indivisible (established chains) rendering of any other motel, logo reproducibility and containment an invasion into the game by its bitter glare. I can see from my window, and that fact has already smoothed out or laced my sleep-game. This really is becoming a comfort, tomo-decoratively speaking.

Still, there's a disturbing quality to this otherwise convenient arrangement: the more severe its isolation, the harsher its non-descriptness. What can't you put against a blank wall, a white shower curtain, a porcelain sink? Each point after this is as much a waystation for these highs or traumas—to fuck, to imbibe, recollect oneself. Nor would a sleeper evade those possibilities; it's ours to share, at once. The sleeper is always still an infrastructural investment of a motel. This sleep-game we're playing has stakes, after all. Especially if I lose. For now, I'm trying to settle into the whirl of a turbine, but I can find that anywhere. Whichever engine. I could just crash.