

I meet Madeline and Arakawa at SUNY Buffalo. They see our architecture and feel our pain instantly. Madeline covers her face and screams and then buries her head on his shoulder but only for a second, they half-enact together the terror of prison architecture and the other half is really, genuinely saddened by it and worried for us. They stand to the left of me in the cold parking lot, clutching each other as if for dear life, looking up at the tall red brick olopolis. They look over at us with long sad faces and ask if we are ok here.

Madeline asserts her entire situation no matter what else happens and her situation is radically inclusive, it wants to know what everyone is really thinking. She looks straight at me, she says *what do you really think* and can I relate as well as she can any thing into how it relates to death and she means the end of it.

And so Madeline performs disruptions. She plans and plans to not follow the plan. Madeline embodies, Madeline enacts psychically, reversible destiny, the part where all the rooms are so everything blocks everything else? The design slows everything down, slow down individual, is it meditative or is it fascism the students ask. I take it seriously so I stop and it stops me from taking much for granted, everything is hard and you get tired or you figure something else out. And that is just like Madeline. Madeline is an ongoing performance as if something great might happen at any moment, an obstacle course where the obstacle is trying things to see if they work, to be ready but not prepared, Madeline swiftly drops off or digresses or moves on, I don't or shouldn't understand, that would be too comfortable of me, and I can hear her say *we can control for that*. She is always open and if anyone is open to it, just wait and see if anything great happens, focus on the moment, try new things, see and feel if anything is engaging,

And in that way Madeline is always absolutely modern.