

FLAUNT

THE COCOON ISSUE



MARILYN MINTER, *TRUE BLUE*, 2022. DYE SUBLIMATION PRINT, 60 X 45 IN (152.4 X 114.3 CM).
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**AND THEY
SHALL
KNOW US
BY OUR
TRAIL OF
SETTEES,
CARPETS,
STYLISH
LAMPS
AND END
TABLES**

The Art of Objects, the Object of Art, as Considered by Some Near and Dear

When we are gone, it's often said, our life will be measured by what we leave behind — intangible memories or material manifestations. Our interiors — those of the spiritual, those of the physical — are uniquely shared with so few, yet define so much. Consider the objects we interact with at certain times of day, when our walls contain us and routine blurs the days into months into years. Ultimately, these items will be left to fade, like raindrops on concrete, waves retreating into the sea, a skin shed by the serpent. Homage, then, is necessary... in this season of respite, anchored by some of the more definitive interior choices out there, and the exceptional designers that guide them.



IT SHALL BE REVEALED BY SUNRISE

As a result of the tragic sleep schedule I've developed over the years, as well as the unfortunate man-made concept that is Daylight Savings, I tend to wake before the sun rises. The first movement I make involves a full-body stretch, relieving my back of the discomfort brought about by the cashew-like, fetal position I routinely sleep in. Did I mention I sleep on my right side? And that, actually, causes me quite a bit of anxiety, as I have heard it can cause facial asymmetry.

To my right is my poorly-assembled Ikea side table. Upon it I find an assemblage one could call a work of art. The objects that adorn that bedside table would send my mother into shock. Granted, it doesn't take much to shock her, and she doesn't read any of my writing anyway.

Alas, I see a crushed, two week old can of White Claw. Need I expand on this? Second, a biotin-based nail polish to aid my brittle, iron-deficient nails that break at the brush of an elevator button. Third, Melatonin, re: the aforementioned tragic sleep schedule. Fourth, a candle I more often than not forget to put out before leaving the house, gambling with the prospect of a home fire for the sake of a Patchouli-scented room. And lastly, a Tiger's Eye gemstone that permanently resides on my table, watching my nightly tragedy, glaring at my routine stillness.

—Tamara Jiji

César Giraldo is the Founder and Principal Designer of César Giraldo Design, based out of West Hollywood, CA. In addition to his interior design work, Giraldo works in furniture and product design, working on outdoor furniture with Tidelli and a rug collaboration with Mehraban.



