

**MEMORANDUM**  
**RE: CHAIRS. JUST... THE CHAIRS.**

To: The Décor Committee  
From: XXXX (Outgoing Council Member / Increasingly Unhinged)  
Re: Seven (7) Chairs and Various Rectangles of Art  
Priority: DEFCON 2 (one level below nuclear war; one level above a condo AGM)

**Dear Committee,**

I have only a couple of weeks left on Council, so I will be writing this memo with the calm serenity of someone who has absolutely nothing left to lose.

**THE CHAIRS**

You have had three months — approximately 90 days, 2,160 hours, or one entire season of a prestige television drama — to produce a proposal for replacing seven chairs. Seven. The number after six. One fewer than eight (which, intriguingly, appears in your own minutes despite no one being able to locate a mysterious eighth chair).

The criteria, bless its simple heart, is as follows:

1. Can a human sit in it comfortably?
2. Can that human get back OUT of it without assistance?

*That's it. That is the entire brief. I have seen hostage negotiations with more variables.*

The cane chairs, in case there was any ambiguity: No. They fail both criteria with impressive consistency. They are uncomfortable AND they are a hip replacement waiting to happen. Please dispose of them. Show them no mercy.

Now, five of the chairs need only be "decent chairs for sitting in briefly." Two chairs on the 6th floor need to be "nice chairs for sitting in while gazing wistfully at the sunrise like a poet." This is not a moon landing. This is furniture.

**THE ART**

The art has been sitting in the guest suite for two months. The Floor Captains — heroes, honestly — have already labelled every piece with its floor and location. It's like a jigsaw puzzle where someone has already sorted all the pieces and drawn a picture of what it should look like.

**And yet — AND YET — the committee is now discussing cataloguing everything and putting it in storage.**

*Storage. For the art. That already lived on the walls. That has little stickers on it saying where it goes.*

I don't want to be dramatic, but I am going to be: this is the bureaucratic equivalent of putting your keys in a safe because you aren't sure where to put them.

## **THE COMMUNICATIONS SITUATION (OR: WHAT I TELL PEOPLE IN THE ELEVATOR)**

Owners are asking me when the furniture and art will return. I have been smiling bravely and saying things like "the committee is working on it" and "great process underway!" I cannot keep this up. My face is getting tired.

Eleanor has offered to set up an owner survey through StrataPress. This was offered some time ago. The survey remains, as of writing, a dream deferred.

## **IN CONCLUSION**

The guest suite reopening deadline is approximately two months away. I am requesting — with great warmth and only a small amount of desperation — that Council set firm expectations for the committee. Specifically:

- Nothing goes into storage.
- Chairs are selected, priced, and ordered.
- Art is hung on the walls (its natural habitat).
- Owners are communicated with before I am asked about it one more time in the elevator.

*Thank you. I have enjoyed my time on Council. I would enjoy it more if there were somewhere to sit.*

Warmly (but also urgently),

**XXXX**

*Council Member (Emeritus, effective imminently)*