

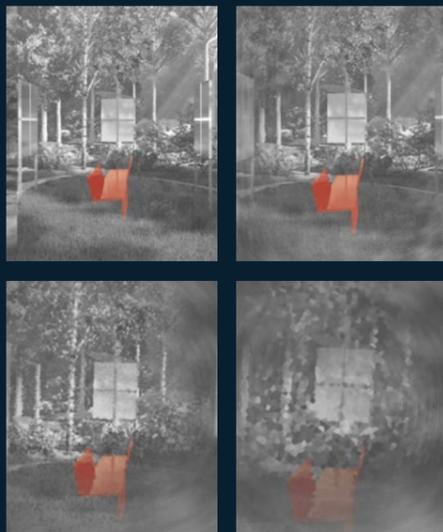
I AM SITTING IN A ROOM

surréalisme in the garden

Inspired by Alvin Lucier's conceptual composition *I Am Sitting in a Room* and surrealist generative techniques, this forest-edge garden creates an escapist journey through dream-like spaces. Employing a 'cadavre exquis' writing exercise written from our respective rooms at home, the path connects our collective imaginings, allowing our subconscious and the unknown to come to life.

Like the spaces we have been confined to, this journey begins in a room defined by domestic artifacts, framed by a red portal, where visitors pass through into this new realm. Guests are prompted to follow a meandering loop through three spaces: The Subterranean Zone, a magical Orb Garden, and again to the Between Room. Simple materials distort and reverberate the landscape, creating a magical, other-worldly experience.

Like Dorothy stepping into Oz or Tarkovsky's *Stalker* entering the Zone, the walk captures a disorienting, amplified experience after the unnatural solitude and deprivation that the pandemic has inured for us all, shifting our perception of the landscape. *Surréalisme in the garden* offers a reflection of our current reality, where we yearn for magic, and what we know is entirely undone.



A DISTORTION OF ECHOES: Each subsequent loop around the paths renders a further distorted experience of the garden

LOCATION: Forest
TOTAL AREA: 198 m²
PATH LENGTH: 50m
MATERIALS: Mirrors, red plexi, stone, sawdust, crushed stone, charred wood

3. THE ORB GARDEN
Angled colored and mirrored orbs in the forest canopy invite a magical perception of the landscape.

1. THE BETWEEN ROOM
Peering through the translucent red portal alters the perception of the forest landscape while mirrors expand and distort.

2. THE SUBTERRANEAN ZONE
A mix of red boulders and translucent rocks amplify this liminal, sunken space.

4. THE TEMPORAL PATH
A transition between crushed stone and sawdust paths alters the auditory experience. A clockwise direction maintains safety and considers temporality.

PORTAL
ENTRANCE

SCALE: 1/70



THE BETWEEN ROOM
SITTING IN A ROOM /
réalisme in the garden

Sitting in a room. I hear a voice from beyond
or – was that me? I unlock the door and
slowly, the hinges creaking. I feel the
in my face as the leaves rustle in the dis-
reminding me of the seasons changing.
alking along a path; the ground is a
of unfamiliar fragments surrounded by
ants. I follow the path toward
light object in the distance.
Step I take fresh sent of earth and plants
stronger and realize the presence of water
y. The smell of soil, pine needles, and de-
leaves is so strong it's as if my nose is
ed to the ground. The soft ground gives
and I am standing in the water, or is it
thing else? As I scramble for firmer foot-
re you alright?" echoes around me. I take
er step and look for a sign of where I've
er where I'm going. In the distance is a



I take a moment to sit and collect m
Behind the gnarly pine in the middl
I hear a voice. "Let it be!" I looked
room but nobody to be seen. "Let
alize the voice is coming from the
"What do you mean?" I asked. "Ma
came and ang go through my life of
years." I approach the pine t
put my ear to the rough, s
to listen closer, but the voice
Without the comforting presence i
harder, but I force one foot in fro
and will myself to keep journey
Leaving the room behind, I find my
shadows of the woods. The ground
any sign of a path is gone. Small
water emerge in front of me.
through them until I am in the fore
begins to appear again. At the wat
old stone reveals the definition of
stand firm and look up far distanc
signs of the light. I duck under twi
branches and step carefully over p

THE SUBTERRANEAN ZONE



Get lost in looping reflections in
the ORB GARDEN

Enter into a temporary realm
through THE BETWEEN ROOM.

Descend into a silent stream of consciousness
in the SUBTERRANEAN ZONE.