

+ HOLLY CHILDS & GEDIMINAS ŽYGUS +

# ACT LIKE YOU'VE JUST BLOWN IN FROM NOWHERE

“When we took the data, we had no idea if we were entangled or not,” Sillanpää says. “It turns out the answer was ‘yes.’”<sup>1</sup>

You Choose:

Your Own Adventure,

Or: Stub, Shard, Haunt Your Own Reality by Choosing nothing

Turn right for: Broken glass

Turn left for: Dropping soil on the path

Move north: Footprints dragging dirt into the hallway

Move south: Falling into your own footprint

Fall down to: Act like you've just blown in from nowhere

Nod your head to: Hear the rotor blades

Shake your head to: Paint a simple scene

Make your head spin counter-clockwise 1080°: to find your invitation to the orangerie

<sup>1</sup><https://www.sciencemag.org/news/2018/04/einstein-s-spooky-action-distance-spotted-objects-almost-big-enough-see>

Pluck the guitar strings to: accept  
Play two keys on the piano, a minor second interval to: decline  
The room is very misty, wiggle your ears  
Do you choose option A or option B?

When an owl hoots, you must be doing something right  
A white towel is wrapped around your head: your hair dries  
A green towel is wrapped around your hand: blood seeps  
through

Look out the window to your left to see: the helicopter  
overing above the tropical greenhouse  
Look out the window to your right to see: the rope dropped  
Choose option A to: analyse the clues  
Choose option B to: follow your instincts and sniff out the  
origin

Two sisters: Grass and Green Tumbleweed are chess pieces  
in rival teams. Ancient-looking graffiti through the grass. They  
enter the garden at night via a moat. Green mentions it to Grass,  
who'd also noticed it. She thought the graffiti probably had some  
weird "function," maybe council worker shorthand. Like it was  
a wormhole opening up, or something akin to desire lines which  
crush the flowers, compress the lawn. It didn't fit the vernacular  
of street art. A helicopter landing pad perhaps?

Wearing sneakers with no socks, the sisters' legs are  
glowing in the moonlight under bulky hoodies. "Roots, osmosis,  
chlorophyll, radiation, horror film," Green repeats in a sing-song.

"You Pick Out that One and Only Special Flower in the  
Landscape. You steal it... take it to the greenhouse," Green  
repeats over gardens in multiple countries. Lawn displacing  
what was there before. Villages razed to make a clean edge,  
landscapes populated with things stolen from elsewhere, it's  
not random. That's the escapist aspect of botanical spaces,  
that everyone and everything had to be removed to grow them

neat. Creating their own informational pathways, two cherub ornaments, one pointing toward a greenhouse →, the other pointing toward the Kurhaus ←.

“It’s not a flower it’s a flooooooower”<sup>2</sup> Green says, describing the appearance of a fasciated flower, falling down.

“Touch grass, Green,” Grass says.

Grass and Green shake their heads. They play Nim, the game repeated in the film *Last Year in Marienbad* (1961) — the spooky husband never loses, with rows of cards, or sticks, or photographs. Nim is a game played “*misère*,” each player betting on losing, being the last not to pick up, as the player unable to move wins. It’s a strategy game. “Take me” is an 1890s name for anti-chess, where both sides play to lose. Neither sister explicitly wins.

“What if we’re playing a game that offers no resistance between the two of us?” says Green.

“I won’t speak a language I don’t thinnyou’ll understand, but we might fall flat on our faces,” repeats Grass. They choose both A and B. Everyone wins.



<sup>2</sup>[https://www.reddit.com/r/mildlyinteresting/comments/cze360/flower\\_with\\_fasciation\\_i\\_think\\_i\\_used\\_the\\_word/eyxv9hq/](https://www.reddit.com/r/mildlyinteresting/comments/cze360/flower_with_fasciation_i_think_i_used_the_word/eyxv9hq/)

With such limited information, and sections of the park not talking to each other, Grass and Green wander through the spa building, their footsteps loud.

“Look up at the ceiling.”

“You mean the stars.”

They are outdoors again.

At forking pathways, the sisters explore the horror of making a choice: there’s a type of person, Grass, who finds decisions almost horrific to make. For another type of person, Green, not deciding, and taking all directions instead is horrific, entropy until you explode.

“You’re so far from being a unified entity.”

This inability to make decisions turns Grass into a spider, she’s so fragmented.

Green coaxes her back to human, “Keep things simple, don’t spiral toward a complex fantasy of what could be, because it’s not.”

Consider a possible entanglement of all colonial gardens. If they have the same format, then why not? One spa town quantum entangles with another spa town, and we roam across locations “because it’s all just salt.” “Spooky action at a distance,”<sup>3</sup> invisible and psychic borders.

The death of a star, spa towns and horror. Salon phone pictures, a big room in the centre. All rooms face the gardens, multiple doors let you pass from one room to the next, but you could also close them. There’s a balcony too, but you can’t really walk on it. It’s not a space where people could gather.

The two sisters chase each other around a tree. They try skipping a beat and can’t, they can’t complete the loop, one never catches up to the other. Green’s feet keep slipping off, and she just didn’t know why she couldn’t get the rope to clear her feet.

“A flywheel is a positive loop. Spiralling is a negative loop.”

“Like how in a floatation tank you might feel like you’re

<sup>3</sup>[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Action\\_at\\_a\\_distance](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Action_at_a_distance)

rotating?”

Grass: “huh?” The bear house, the spa house, the garden. It feels to her like everything is shared and entangled, but she can’t read the details.

Identical twins take separate routes in life. One double-tapping a cucamelon, the other wearing her netball goal defense position, standing on her toes and waving her hand, blocking the ball. Grass adds the strange atmosphere of tornadoes and tries again.

Helicopter sounds intensify, lights roam over the garden.

The walls were breathing, she said, “the plants breathe if you watch them over an inhuman period of time. They’re talking to each other.”

A helicopter comes into view, its lights roaming across the grounds. A rope that stretches back in time. Well, how did all of these tropical plants end up in the temperate botanical zone?

Green and Grass escape via rope to the helicopter, a rope which is dropped out of the aircraft once Green and Grass are in the chopper. The rope lands on the greenhouse floor displacing what was previously there.

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