

Objects of  
*Daydreaming*

Thesis body of work by Aaron Lorenz







Daydreaming offers time to detach and slow down, to stretch and move inwards. For a handful of seconds to minutes on end, I float between experiences and imaginings of once familiar ground. Within the open space of the daydream, fragments of memories rise to the surface which then become touchstones, full of potential for future work. Full of sensory detail, these memories whether from a walk pierced by a bird call, a meal with family, or a day at the beach control how new objects take shape. An atmospheric light, a deeply rooted dining table, and lounge chairs all invite idle reverie for others.

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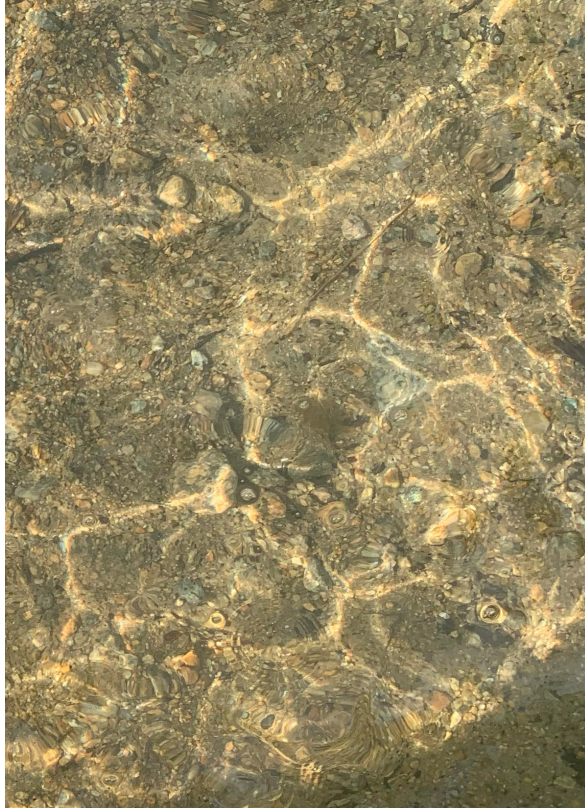




While daydreaming the freedom to lift off from the ground becomes a possibility. Leaving what we know to be true and spending time in another place: one where time is paused, expectations are forgotten, and the known converges with the unknown.

Letting go of the familiar can be nourishing. Embracing the unmapped, the unclear, the temporary, the inbetween, the flow, the hazy, the amber light, the waves, the lost, the discovery, the recalibrating, the dissolving, the rooting, the nourishing.

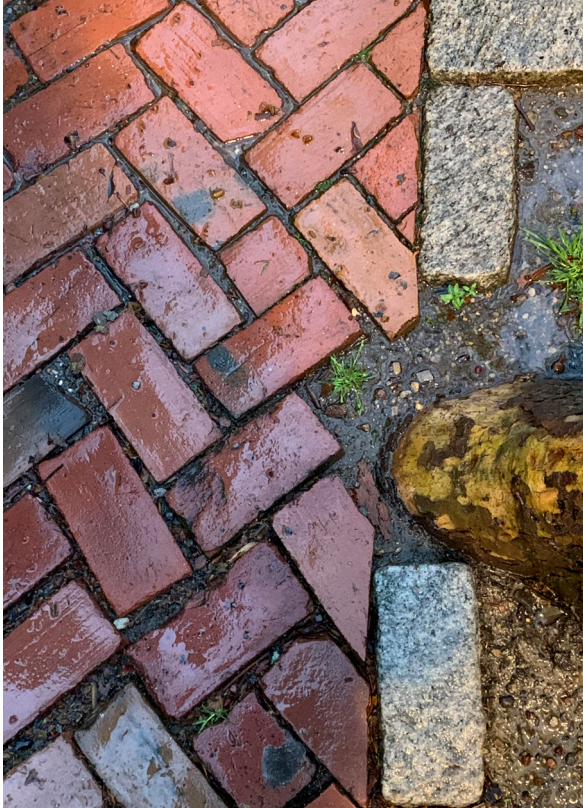
Daydreaming gives my mind the space to stretch and move: flowing between memories, experiences, and imaginings. I make objects that are the accumulations of my own experiences. Moments I want to capture are made manifest here. My pieces guide users through my world and how I make sense of it.













## Cloud Staircase



Raindrops are soaking my boots as I walk along the brick sidewalk. The forecast indicated rain for the evening, but I assumed that I'd be home before it started. Brick sidewalks always command my attention as they have a uniquely repetitive quality to them. Rain trails through the crevices and cracks; creating little rivers. The water glosses the surface giving a shimmer to the dry, hard clay. With each step I can track exactly the distance I cover: four bricks, now five, six, and back to four. Uneven earth combined with endlessly growing tree roots have distorted the once purely geometric tiles, mixing and creating a new organization that reads as a revolt. I wonder what that battle looked like, how long it took, and who thinks of themselves as the winner. Though steadied by the bricks, my mind begins to wander.

A large puddle, soaking my boots even further, serves as a reminder to not just think about bricks and roots while walking. How convenient would it be to just have a staircase rise up from the ground and lead me all the way home. The stairs go up past the dense layer of gray. If only I had been above the clouds. My feet would still be wet however, everyone knows that clouds are made of water. But I am willing to bet that walking on top of a cloud would be more like walking through dew and mist. Or maybe more similar to walking through fresh, wet snow. Trudging through, having to lift my feet up higher than normal just to be able to plunge back down into the thick, dense, ground.

I look ahead and see that my street is coming up. It is a bittersweet feeling, coming to the end of this journey. Having witnessed the aftermath of war, and having climbed up past the limit of the sky, there is a part of me that wants to walk forever. Where else will I go, what else will I see? I can only answer that with everywhere and everything, I am exploring my mind as if it is an uncharted land. No questions asked, no fact taken as absolute.



# Cloud Lounger

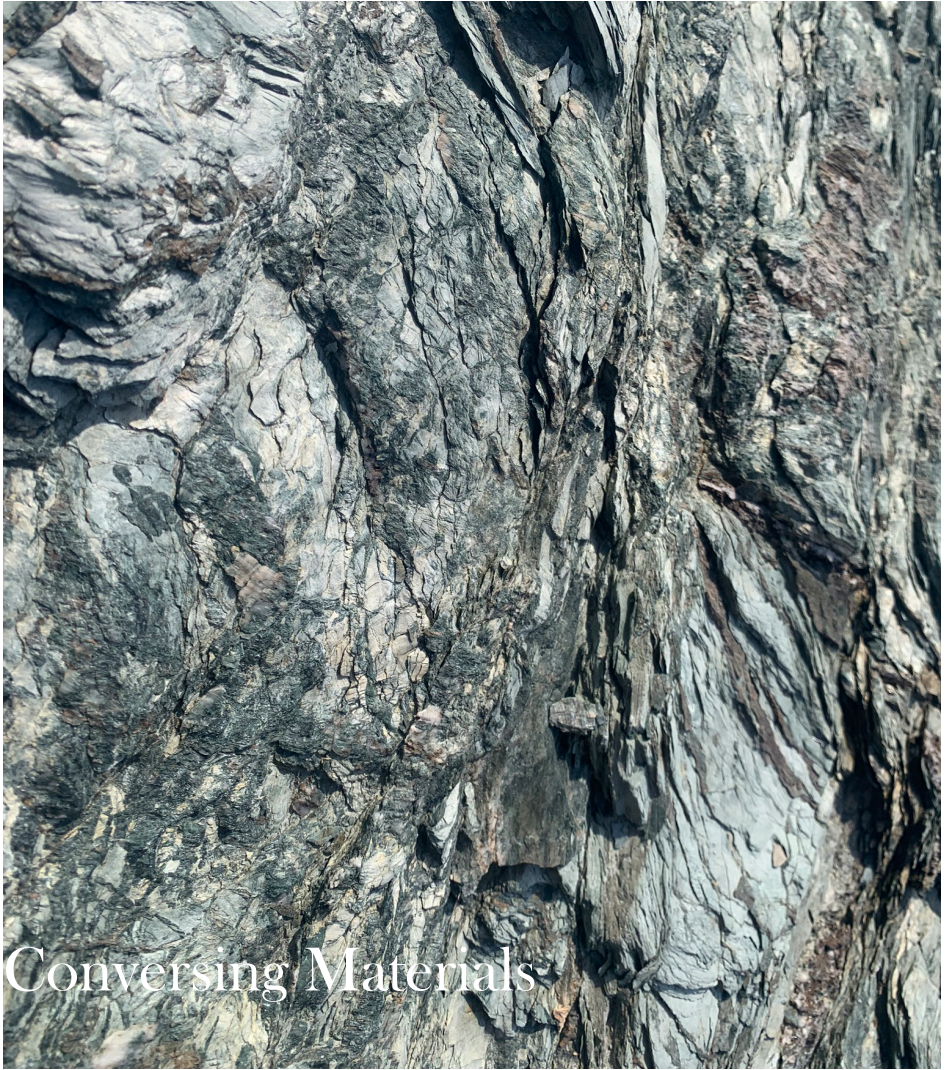
*Cherry, Ash, Cotton Twill*

A lounge chair is meant to support the body in a particular way. The sole purpose is to spend idle time while sitting in one. Take the opportunity to look around and absorb the world that surrounds it. The enticing curve of the back gives the chair an inviting gesture. One that beckons the viewer to sit and take a moment to unwind and let the mind wander.











To create a vessel is to create a sanctum. Placing an object inside of a vessel transforms it into something worth holding on to.

Pottery for me is a most nourishing practice. Each step is methodical, requiring a conversation with the materials and processes at hand.

Wedging clay is the first step of making. Kneading the air out of the clay is a very intimate process.

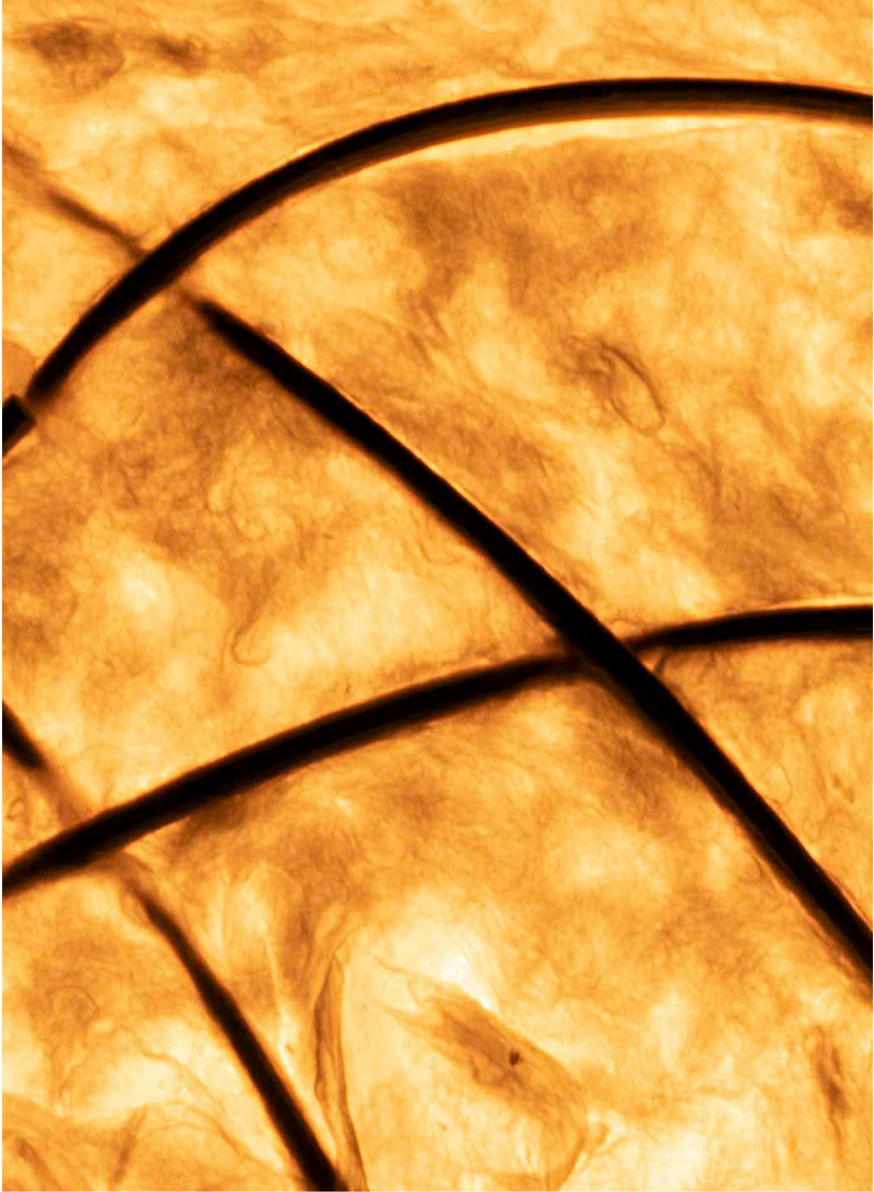
My hands experience the texture and consistency of the clay, while beckoning out the impurities of the mass. As familiarity grows with the heap, so too does the desire to shape it.

The form of the vessel is decided while spinning it on the wheel. Each rotation contributes to the final form of the piece. My hands are holding it the entire time, every gesture appearing on the surface of the clay.

With a material so malleable one must be careful not to over stress.

A calm mind and steady hands are required for this undertaking. To make successful work I have to give up control and assume the position of contributor.

My partner is the clay, I cannot force it into a form it does not want to be. The peace I find while working with clay nourishes me. The world disappears around me and all that matters is what my hands are doing. Every time I make a vessel I am renewed.

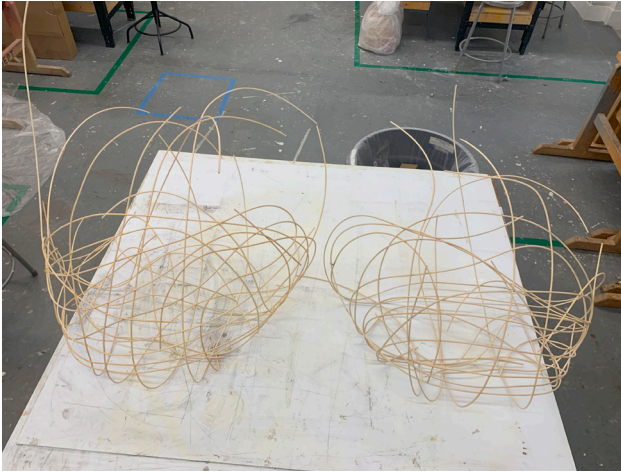


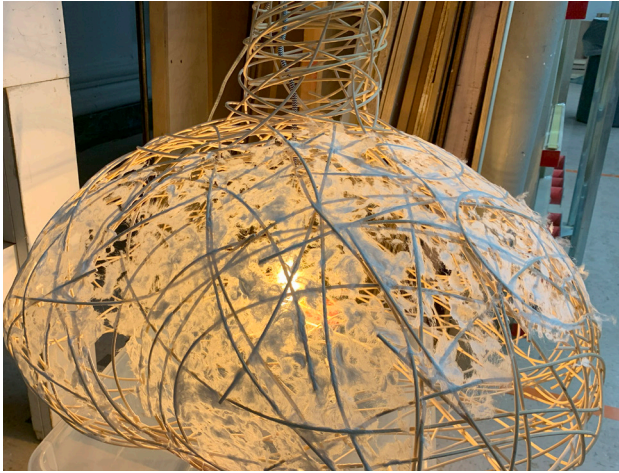
# Gathering Light

*wood cord and kozo paper; 1'x2'*

A light creates warmth and transforms a space.

Born from a gentle choreography with malleable wooden cord and paper pulp, the shape and woven structure of this organic form evolved after hours of coaxing. Now, suspended, the concentrated force of this gathering becomes an atmospheric imprint on space.









# Measuring the World



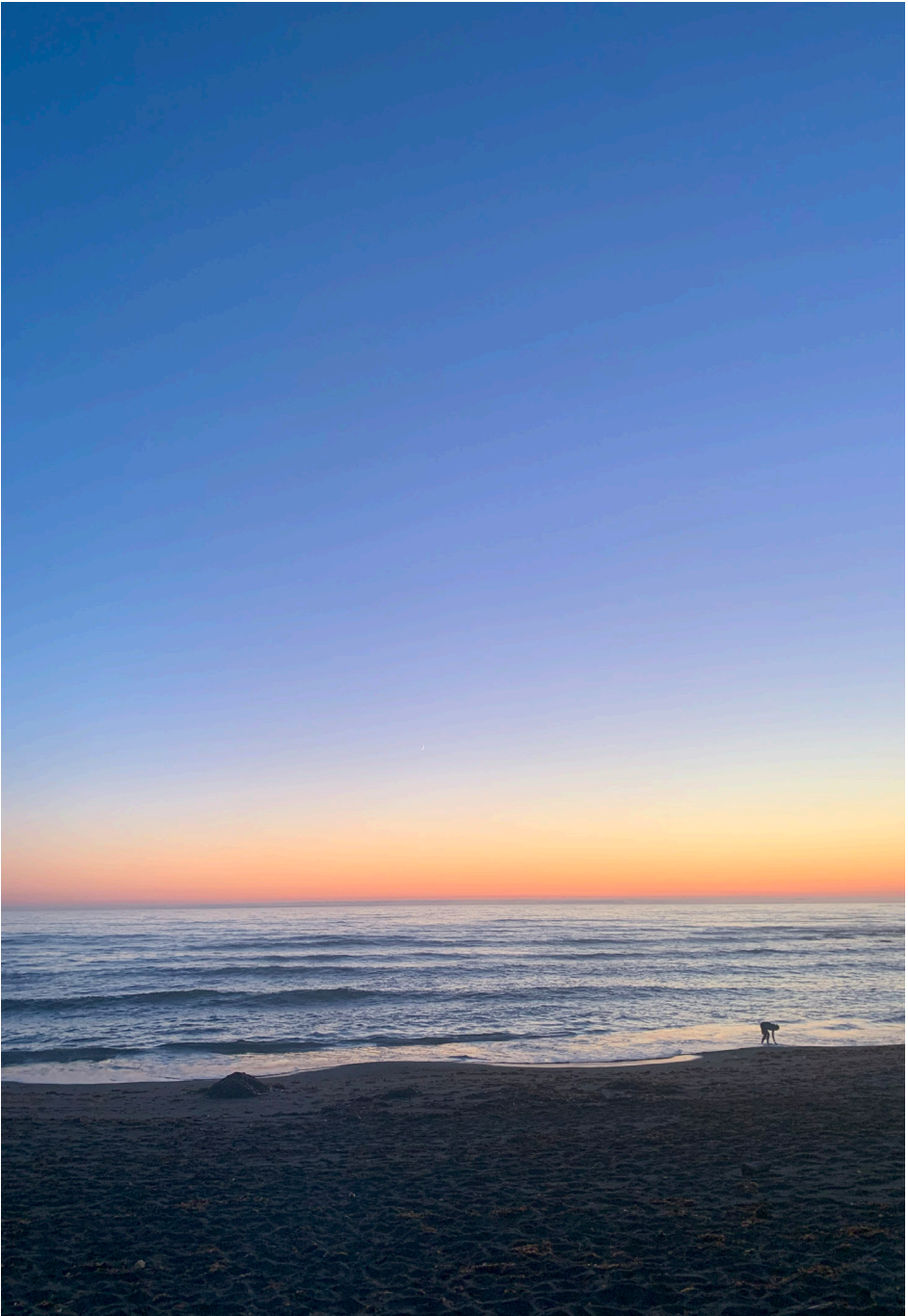


The grass beneath my legs scratches me. I keep adjusting, trying to get comfortable, wishing that I had brought a blanket. After what feels like an hour, I eventually find a soft spot.

Now comfortable, I try to start writing. I am not sure yet what I want to write about. Perhaps the ships in the distance, or crows flying overhead. Either way I try to string together words that sound elegant together, feigning a mastery over the English language.

I can only think about grass however. This grass beneath my legs in particular. Each blade is a different length. It sounds obvious, but I cannot stop thinking about what length really is.

The human practice of trying to understand our world in measurable and calculable amounts seems so funny to me as I sit here. If given the time and tools I could hold a ruler to each piece of grass and find its exact dimensions. I could measure the stones in the water, the trees and their rigid bark, I could find out how high the birds fly off the ground and how fast the wind is moving. I could tear up the grass and see its shallow roots, getting a full and accurate picture of how long the pieces of grass actually are. And to what end, though. Measuring the entire world to try to make concrete sense of it feels very controlling. The obsession to control matter and material wrings the magic and ambiguity from the world.



However it is a monumental task to try to imagine a world in which measurement does not exist. It could be complete chaos, or it could be near utopic. Human understanding would be based on instinct and observation. We would build relationships with the matter of our world instead of commanding it, communicating with the animate and inanimate equally instead of creating a hierarchy of importance.

I'd love the chance to peek into that world, just for a taste of what could be.

I have stopped writing altogether. I have been fidgeting with a little stick in my hands that I picked up while running my fingers through the grass. It is no longer poking my legs at all. The ships are still there on the horizon, smaller than the stick in my hand. I find myself questioning what small means, but for now I should roll with what I know. It is time to start writing again.

# Reverie Lounge Chair

*white oak and cotton webbing, 18"x30"x22"*

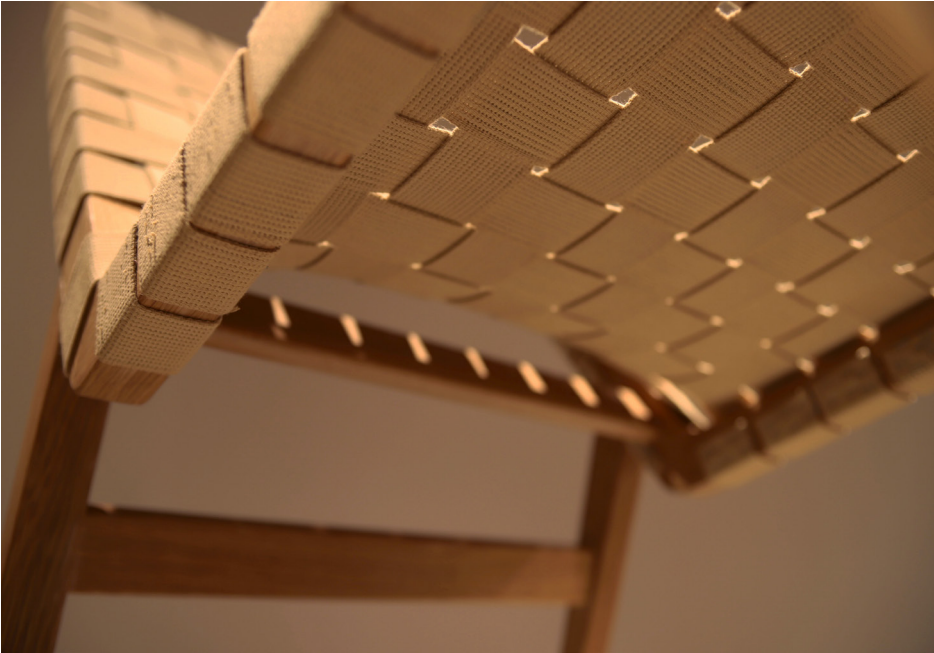
A lounge chair is meant to support the body in a position of ease. They are objects of relaxation by nature. Historically, images and depictions of daydreaming present the dreamer in positions of reclining and lounging, kicking back from the speed of normal life and allowing their body to unwind.

In making my lounge chair, I wanted to give the user a sensation of suspension. The use of a soft, woven material accomplishes this goal, offering a feeling of floating to those who sit.



















# My Mountain

“Find your mountain” Michael says as the class enters Tadasana. The mountain pose always comes after an involved flow sequence in our practice. It is a simple pose in execution: standing with both feet rooted into the ground, arms hanging at your sides with the palms slightly facing out, back straight, chin parallel with the floor and eyes slightly closed.

Standing on my mat, eyes closed, I imagine how far I can send my roots down into the earth. I crack through the floor, the foundation of the building, the ground itself. Digging further in, I am now connected to the world. My body loses its meaning now that I have found my mountain. I join the ranks of other mountains on the Earth. I know what it feels like to stand unshakeable. I know the sky and trees, and rivers and oceans, all the earth is part of my mountain.

\* \* \*

Savasana, corpse pose, is last. I lay back, close my eyes, and feel my body and mind separate.

“When I ring the bell three times, come back to your body.”

My arms and legs lose their worth, my torso only keeps air in my lungs. I begin to float off, knowing in the back of my mind that I will return shortly. I float off to the furthest reaches of my mind. It is blank and full all at once. Encountering thoughts one after another, not dwelling on a single thing longer than a second- corpse pose is about disconnecting from everything, offering freedom of movement through the mind itself. It is the feeling of flight, I am surging through the fogginess of the brain freely.

The bell rings once.

“Begin to return to your body.”

Twice.

“Let the feeling return to your toes and fingers.”

Three times.

“Slowly open your eyes and feel the weight of your body once”

With my body tethered to reality, I follow the signs back.



Visualization is a fundamental part of my meditation practice. My legs cross, my eyes close, and I begin to visualize the top of my head. As if getting scanned by an ethereal radar, I try to travel down my body. What sensations are in my neck? My shoulders? These are easy to feel. But what about my left thumb? Or behind my right knee? This requires more focus as I am less familiar with zooming in on more obscured body parts.

I settle into a state of ease following my scan. The visualization becomes a river. I become a pebble on the riverbed. From my point of view I see fish around me, hovering above without any idea I am here. I see plants swaying effortlessly. Occasionally I am dislodged and shift down the river bed. I am not in control of when I move, where I go, or when I stop. I have no choice but to surrender agency to the water.

A stray leaf settles on the surface above me, taking me to a new body. Suddenly I am at the top of a tree. I see familiar streets beneath me. I have been here before.

The wind blows through me. There is a chill in the air. I am alone on this tree, my life line to the earth beneath.

The wind blows.

The base of my stem can only take so much but I do not fear letting go, this is only natural.

The wind blows.

My stem surrenders and I am cast off. Swirling in the air, I am swept away. I do not worry about where I will land, that is out of my control. I take comfort in the fact that I will land.

Once I land I take in my new surroundings.

Leaves

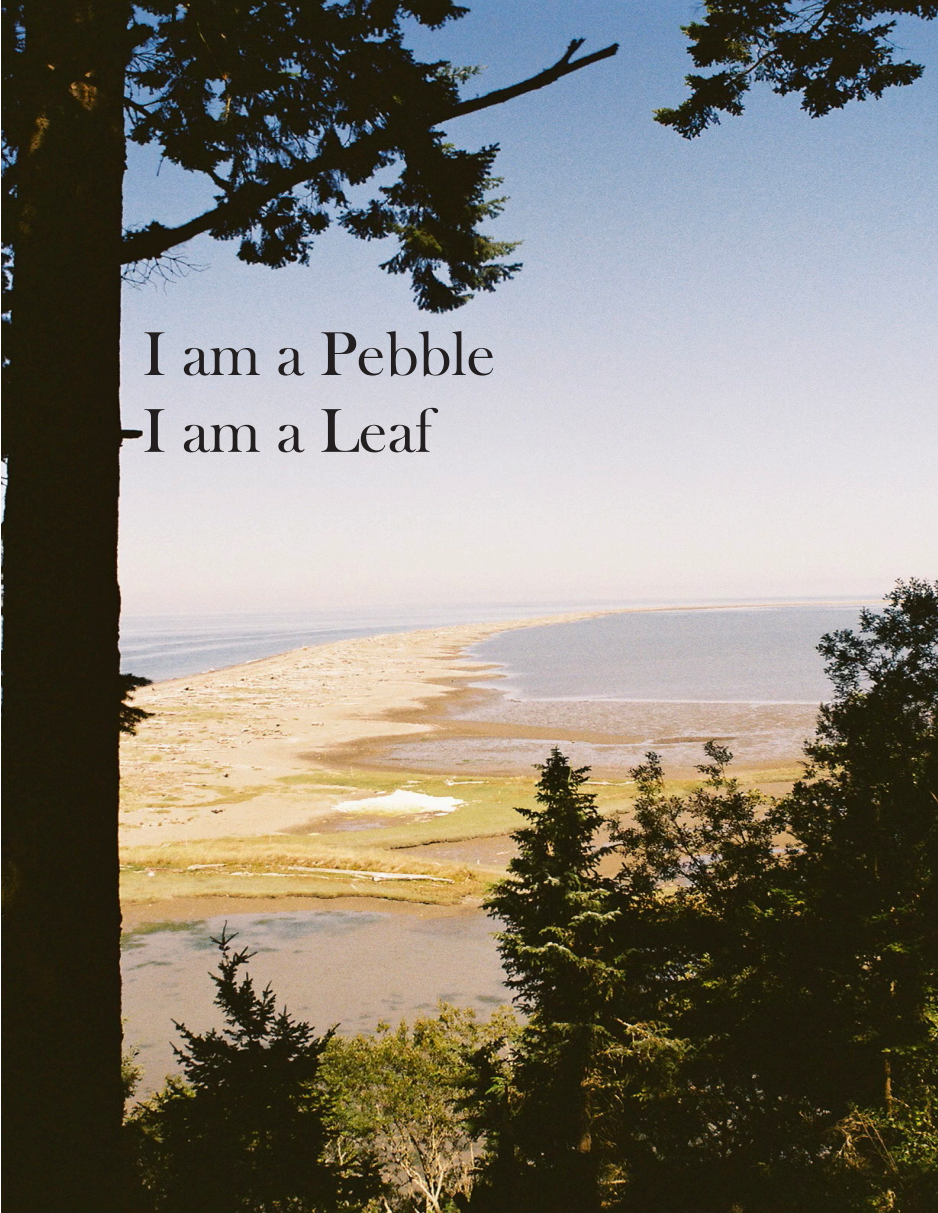
Pebbles

Grass

A bluejay

Once I hear its call I am suddenly back in my living room, the starting point of my journey.





I am a Pebble  
I am a Leaf







# Mental Flotsam

A humid summer afternoon. A cloudless sky. My shirt sticks to my skin, making the task of removing it cumbersome. I stand looking at the ocean. The horizon stretches across my view, the boundary between two blues. The sand is hot under my feet, adding an urgency to approach the water. I begin to walk straight in. The cool water shocks my body. My instincts tell me to take my time.

Yet I keep walking.

The water is up to my shoulders now, I feel the pressure all around me. My gait has slowed and my steps are heavier. I have to tiptoe now, I am losing my grip on the sand beneath.

I kick up onto my back, feeling the sun warm up my body as I rest on top of the waves. No longer encumbered by the water, it supports me as I float. My ears are submerged, the world around me melts into a dampened hum. I leave behind the world I arrived in. I am my conscious and nothing more as I rest on top of the waves.

After what seems like forever, I shift my weight and my toes graze the sand again, joining the world once more.



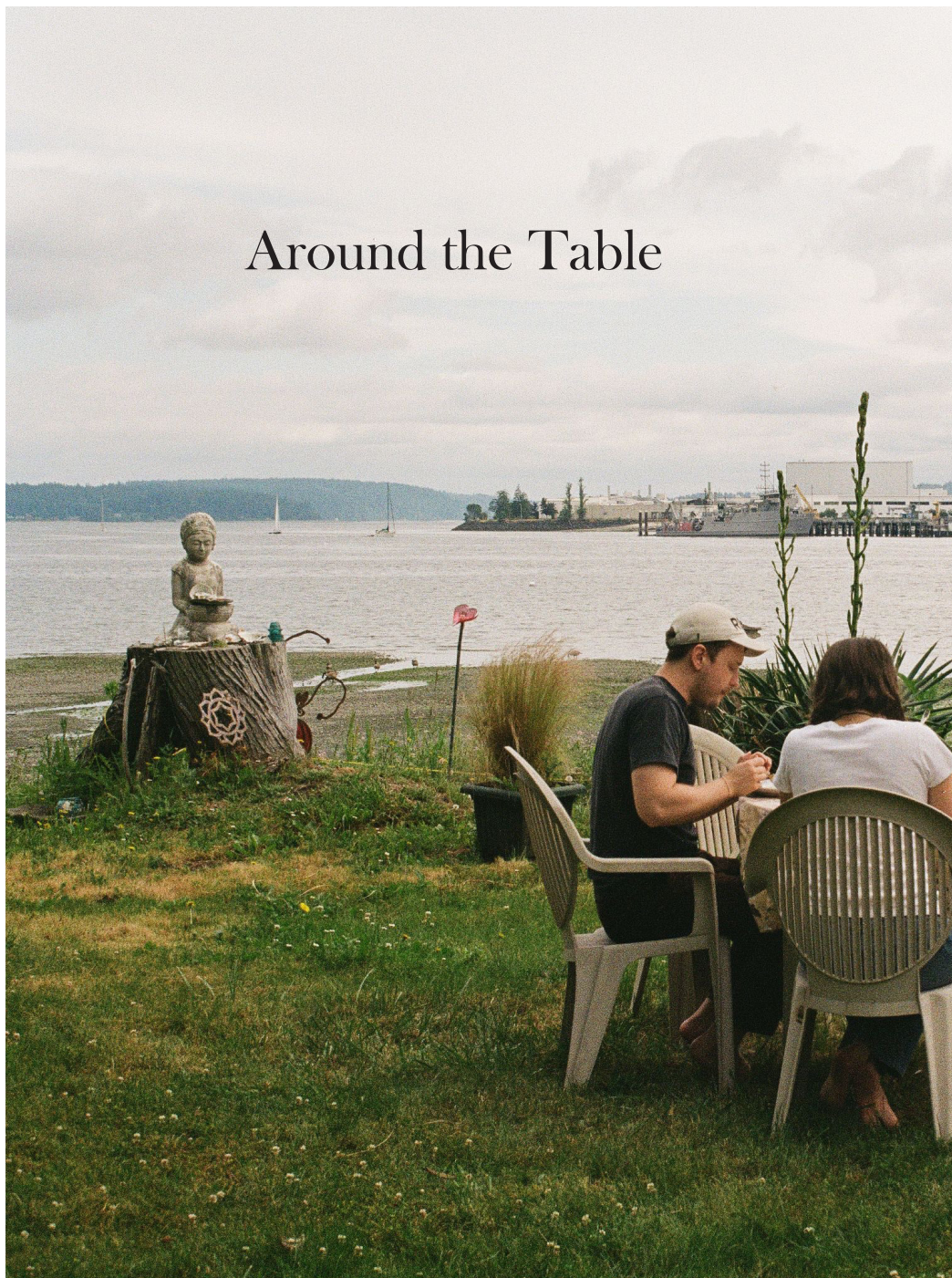








# Around the Table





The sun is setting, falling below the treeline and casting rays of orange and pink across the lake outside. I'm standing at the patio window, plates in hand, distracted by the colors. It is dinner time and I am preparing to set the table. Dinner is the last event of the day. A time to unwind and rejuvenate with those who will be seated around me. Working clockwise, the food is brought over plate by plate.

We begin to eat and conversation starts slowly. Little observations from the day and passing comments evolve into discussions and reminiscing. Each person present adds to the event, as forgotten details of old stories emerge. In this space around the table, the rest of the world fades into the background. Time is suspended here, yet no meal lasts forever. Each good one matters all the more, and becomes a placeholder for memory.

No one pays any mind to the fleeting phenomenon going on, it rarely gets a name because it feels so natural.

With each meal spent at the table, the richer the table becomes. It is a vessel for past experiences, and a placeholder for future events. An empty table extends an invitation for these experiences, welcoming those who want connection and belonging.





# Ambient Table and Stools

*cherry, 42"x30", 14"x16"*

This table is inspired by moments of grounding, centering, feeling the earth under you while sitting outside, and roots going into the earth. While sharing a meal with family or friends I feel part of something deeper. I feel like my place at the table is a fixed place on the earth, where connections are strengthened, stories unfold, and memories are made. Tables invite us to spend time with them and to explore what can happen when one takes a pause.











# Through the Glass



Looking at the world through a window gives a perfect frame for the landscapes that pass by my view. A new picture every minute. When hundreds of miles separate one from their desired destination, time becomes an obstacle to overcome.

I cast my gaze out looking for something, hoping for anything.

Hours melt away; landscapes come and go.

Snow capped mountains become grassy hills, towering trees become shrubs.

Time continues on.

Clouds form and diffuse during this trip. Blue skies become hidden behind a wall of gray.

The distant grass looks like a green ocean. Gusts of wind play through the fields, splaying the blades in every direction.





Why did I walk into this room again? I must have been distracted listening to the bluejay outside.

I swear I came in here for something important, but for the life of me I can't remember now.

The sound of bluejays always reminds me of being a kid.

I can see it now, walking along the main road at the campground my dad brought us to every summer to see his family.

It was a cloudy, gray morning.

I had just unzipped the tent as silently as possible to try and not wake my dad or sister.

I noticed that not many people were outside, it was still early. As I was walking I kept hearing a loud bird call. It was the only loud sound that morning and I kept trying to see what bird could be producing it.

I remember the trees being enormous, unimaginable in height. I could hardly see where the sound was coming from. But as I was walking a bird continued to dart around the branches so I knew that if I was patient enough, I would find out soon enough.

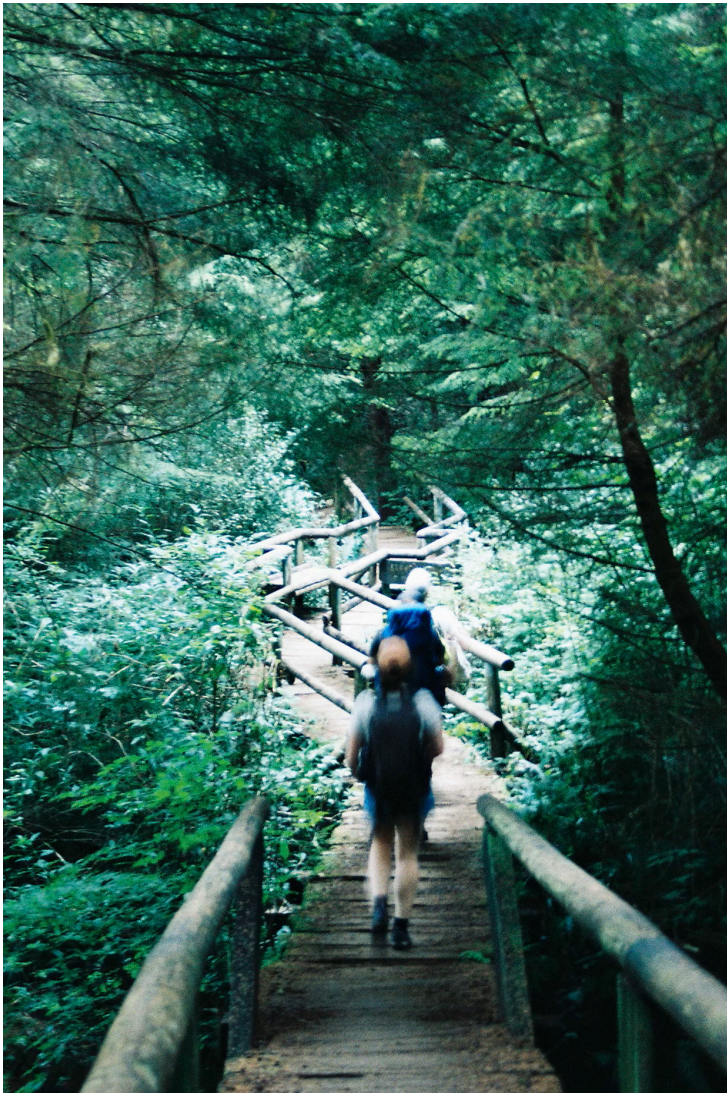
Low and behold, a bluejay finally revealed itself as it perched low enough to the ground for me to connect the sound to the bird.

An unmistakable sound to me now, sharp and loud. I listen to it fondly, and always take a moment to remember my walk when I hear the call.



# Blue Jay Calls







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# Acknowledgements

As I am sitting here writing this and thinking about the journey to get to this point, there are many names popping into my head.

My loved ones first of all, for always being so excited to see what I am working on. To them, each piece I make is the best one they have seen and I really appreciate that positivity.

My friends of course too, for our calls and our trips. There still exists a world outside of campus and it is of the utmost importance to remind yourself of that. The hours of laughter we have shared for the last two years have definitely helped me through some trenches.

My classmates too, for the constant stream of inspiration they are. Being around everyone is an absolutely electric feeling, and I am so happy to see everyone's pieces. Never have I been around such creative and skilled group of designers, and I cannot wait to see where you all end up.