

MMXX

Timothy Lee Standring

October 28, 2025 - January 8, 2026

	<p>Timothy Lee Standring Liberty, 2025 115x48x15cm</p>
	<p>Timothy Lee Standring Lloyd, 2025 110x37x28</p>
	<p>Timothy Lee Standring Soane, 2025 90x30x22cm</p>
	<p>Timothy Lee Standring Boots, 2025 40x100x23cm</p>

Garden Design Dos and Don'ts.

by Oliver Corino

My approach to garden design stems back to a garden I visited in my youth, which has become a paradigm for how I think about garden design and its relation to the interior. The story of which, if you'll permit me, I will tell to you now.

There was a secluded house on a mountain inhabited by two sisters who'd both had breakdowns of a spiritual nature. The first had interpreted a small amount of money her husband had won at a church lottery, as a sign from God that she should abandon her family and go live there alone. The second sister was a nun, who having contracted meningitis, had returned to the house after been thrown out of her convent

The first sister wanted to get a dog for company. The local vet knew a man, so she went to inquire about getting two western highland terriers. But on the walk down towards the house, in the meadowy grass beside the driveway, she spotted an orange dog attached to a pole by a chain. Inside, whilst telling the man what kind of dogs she wanted, she asked about this one. The man shook his head, raised his bandaged forearm, and explained that it was too dangerous to be passed on.

"Can I go see it?" she asked. They walked over, and the small dog set about choking itself on its collar, such was its desire to sink its teeth into their flesh.

"I'll take him off your hands," she said, "But I'll need a few days to prepare my garden."

To make arrangements for the new dog, half the garden was to be fenced off. So they got some workers in to install a two-meter high green plastic-covered chain-link fence, its metal posts sunk into concrete. The other sister was then tasked with filling the space between the fence and house, underneath a portico, which in any other situation would be the perfect spot for a nice table and chairs for al fresco dining, even if it rains.

But this wasn't that situation. The space needed blocking off, and it so happened that in a neighbour's barn there were plenty of old doors, all painted grey. The doors were of different sizes, which she cut up and layered to make a wooden wall. The end result was quite sculptural. A vortex of sawed-up grey doors, nailed together at irregular angles that swirled around one small and neat upright entrance with hinges and a bolt.

The dog arrived in a hessian sack, three sacks in fact, tied at the top with a rope. The furious bundle was dumped on a patch of land behind the green fence, and the man, after squeezing himself out of the enclosure, gave the sisters more sacks and suggested they wrap their arms and legs with them in order to protect themselves when they set the dog free. Then he left them to it.

The second sister helped tie sacks around the arms and legs of the first, before she struggled through the small entry to the new enclosure. The rope was cut, and she shook the end of the sack to encourage the dog to come out. For a moment the sack's entrance held its shape, like the entrance of a railway tunnel. Then, the fence and ground were madly leaping all around her, intercut by the sizzling midday sun.

Somehow she got out, covered in blood, and after bolting the door to the enclosure shut again, her sister helped her clean and dress a particularly nasty wound on her leg. The first sister and the dog's relationship continued like this from then on, but she no longer used the sacks, which she said traumatised the dog. Not that this stopped it from mauling her whenever she went in to give it food and water, which I witnessed many times. As well as how the principles of that garden continued to give form to her chosen way of life until the day she died.