

Aphorisms on Air

Home is in the sensuous space. It belongs to the emotional spheres of individuals. It is not a physical space though it may have a physical embodiment. The physical embodiment can be a space surrounded by walls where notions of belonging (objects) are accumulated, or can be a habitat of civilisation where social encounters are in a continuum. Thus home can be a house where one resides or can be the street, the neighbourhood, the town, the city where one lives. Despite, home is in the sensuous space. The physical embodiment is the shell of the sensations of the person who assigns.

One is born into conditions. The conditions in which a physical environment accumulated with emotional sheltering, found the notion of home as well as the ontology of one's self. Idea of home grows hand in hand with the reception of one's arrival. It depends on how you are surrounded by the binaries of love and trust, fear and security, acceptance and rejection... A sense of belonging is first an emotional attachment (or commitment), which grows into the spatialisation of these emotions into the spaces of physical encounter. In very broad terms, they are the walls that one hits one's head. Before, one elucidates the idea of home, (s)he is confronted with the etymology of the wording. In other words, before the sensuous space has the possibility of emergence, the language of the sheltering defines the space of belonging. One hears the word 'home' before one knows what it means, though I reckon there must be a slight feeling of 'what it is', and beyond that: 'where it is'. While growing up within the sensuous space and with the feeling of living, one is already oriented with the attributions of places, thus the room one sleeps, or the street one has a house to live in.

Residing is the physical act of staying at some place for duration of time. Residents of a place are the ones with a certain past and implementation of their presence in a future. When residing is associated with a certain feeling, then it forms into the act of living. Though living can be very pragmatic, like living around that corner, on that street, in this house; as residing can. Residing in a place or living in an exact location does not necessarily imply that it is a home. If one lives somewhere and feels happy, this can be a home; if one feels secure, this can be a home; if one feels relaxed and calm, this can be a home; if one feels at ease with one's self this can be a home. It depends what one requires from being home and on the conditions in which these requirements are satisfied.

What if one is on a continuum of movement, from places to other locations, from locations to other streets, from streets to other cities and from cities to other countries and from countries to other continents, where could be home? Will home be wherever one travels to or will (s)he be homeless? What is the difference between living on streets as homeless and continuously living in different places as a person with a residence? Does one require a base to be on the move? Is there a prerequisite of an address of some sort, that one leaves and comes back to, in order to move between spaces, places, and venues and among encounters? What about the course of emotional attachments?

What would be the attachment to a place where one has lived for several years if it has become a mere abstraction? What happens to the place, to the home of one's own if only the reappearing images of past encounters occupy the space of present encounters? What if, when one allows (him)/her to imagine in a future associated with that place and cannot really do so, has (s)he lost (his)/her home?

What if it is still a home for the ones one values? What does one do with the notions that belong to others who one values, shall they be (his)/her too?

What if, one's grand dream was being on the road in a continuum for realising desires and (s)he has achieved to do so, where does the feeling of home reside? Can one be a home for one's self? Can home be somewhere (s)he has left for desired dreams? Is, then, home a place one will not return? If one has left a place for other places, will one ever go back again? If there are others left behind who look forward to one's return, can one return where (s)he left? Can one call a place home only because of the fact that (s)he is emotionally related to that place for the (valued) people living in are so?

Does home need to be a place where one can express one's self? / Is home communal rather than individual? / Is home a universal concept with differentiating particularities? / Can a person be home for another? – If so what happens when (s)he leaves? / Does one need to grow in a (mental, emotional, physical) place one calls home? / Does one root (him/)herself when at home? / Is home a place of orientation where one grows branches? / Is home a place one return? / Is home a place one has grown in and then out of, one has wished to leave and then left, where one will never come back though always refer to? / What about melancholia? Does one miss home? If so, is it the time spent or the feelings or the imagination of future encounters that are missed? / What does it mean to feel home in one's body? / Can one be home with the books one reads? / Can one be home with the music one listened to? / Can one be home with the smells one has grown up with? / Can family of friends be home? / What would be the proportion of resemblances for an imagined home? How much of the feeling of home is conditioned by the family of friends, how much of it is by the books, how much of it is by the relatives, how much of it is by the places you have seen, how much of it is the dreams you have built, how much of it is by the people of support in kind, how much of it is the space of imagination by one's allowance to one's self? / How much one needs home? / Can dreams be home?

How does one do what one does when one does not know what is home?

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