

Benedetta Pomini

## "ON MY WAY HOME"

The series comes from a passionate two-months-long exploration of the theme "home". After a first step of personal disorientation, characterised by a sense of 'zero inspiration and no expectations'\* about the what I would create, what eventually drove and helped me to come out with the pictures I'm showing, was the process of reflections, introspections, reading and thoughts shared in our populated living room <http://homecl.wordpress.com/>. As in its purposes, the real successful point concerning my personal engagement, it has been the 'collective' and 'collaborative' character of the exhibition, which allowed me to collect and compare collateral impressions feeding my imaginary with new impulses and stimulus. Following here, directly from my notebook, a resume of the considerations that guided and inspired me the most for the shooting of the series "On My Way Home".

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\*"Don't blame yourself," I told to my self. Remember John Levett and his anecdote. In the collection of Morton Feldman's volume of essays is one relating to a seminar that he held in Frankfurt in February 1984. Here's one entry from that seminar: "There is this marvellous story about Duchamp and an art student in San Francisco many years ago. Duchamp goes to that art school and he sees this kind of tough, macho San Francisco painter and Duchamp looks at the picture he doesn't know. He says to the fellow, "What are you doing?" And the painter says, "I don't know what the fuck I'm doing." Duchamp pats him on the back and says, "Keep up the good work!"

- Who is at home if we are not there? (Judith Jones)
- We are. Still. (Nick Scammell)
- Do we leave home or take it with us? (Judith Jones)
- When we leave home does home no longer remain home without us? (Judith Jones)
- *Every time we leave we take home with us*
- Is home wherever I am? (Judith Jones)
- *We are our own home, considered as a complex of common intentions and feelings of belonging*
- Do I have to have my possessions to make a place home? (Judith Jones)
- As aides-memoires. Where I was. Who I knew. Why I left. How I arrived. (John Levett)
- I have my books and my poetry to protect me. (Simon & Garfunkel)
- Can I make home wherever I go? (Judith Jones)
- *Home is not just a place but it is first an idea(l) of what we are and from where we come. As something always different, home moves with us every time we do. This means home is and might be wherever*
- Is home in our head and mind? (Judith Jones)
- Is home a collection of everything both physical and metaphysical? (Judith Jones)



UNCANNY

From UNHEIMLIC = UNHOMELY

*Uncanny as something strictly connected with what is known as long familiar and foreign at the same time. How the familiar can*

become UNCANNY? Normally are new things that might be frightening. Ernst Jentsch ascribes the essential factor in the production of the feeling of "uncanniness" to intellectual uncertainty. The better orientated in his environments a person is, the readily he will get the impression of something uncanny.

UNCANNY = UNFAMILIAR ?



Locus Sospetus

Uncomfortable

Sinistre

Sospechoso

I come from there and I have memories (Mahmoud Darwis, I come from there)

Home is where the heart is, but what happens when the heart is ripped out of your home? Your home becomes your refuge but at the same time it is unrecognisable - it becomes a 'strange and unfamiliar place' (*uncanny?*) Absence haunts the house. Every room becomes a repository of memories, every object a reminder of happier times. Remembrance of times past lies in wait in every corner, ready to pounce as you pass by.  
(Ingrid Newton)

Feeling loss.

What loss is?

How I live with the world.

How I live away from the world. (John Levett)

Idea of a *returning cloud*

*Presence of an absence*

→ *Self portrait in your home while you disguise yourself with the environment*

→ *Doll house*

*And then, one day, suddenly it happens that you start feeling that you need to build your own home, find your place, take your time.*

*I'm 25 years old. I come from Italy but I live in London. I have three homes but no one is mine. Astey's Row. My parent's house. And my boyfriend's roof. Different places for different lives. Different homes for different memories. The feeling that every bed where you sleep is not yours for real. The impression to belong to something which doesn't belong to you anymore. And then the impetus to cross the street, looking for your own way home.*

'Belong' is a very interesting word:

1. (Of a thing): be rightly placed in a specified position  
"Learning to place the blame where it belongs"

2. Be rightly classified in or assigned to a specified category.

How long must you be somewhere before you be-long?  
(Nick Scammell)

Here in Italy on holiday the room I have stayed in many times cannot be home as it is not 'realistically mine'. As I do not own it. My husband pays to 'rent' the room out of his salary so I do not own the space I exist in whilst I'm here. In England is my home really, MY home, as I have never paid for it; I do not own the space. I am allowed to be there at the 'say-so' or permission of another. If we accept home as a right of ownership then I do not have a home as the spaces I exist in are borrowed from another. (Judith Jones)

*Or maybe, it is not just a question of ownership, feeling at home. I think it is more likely a state of a mind. Come back home and feeling in peace when you realize that the door you open is the right one not just because you've got the right keys to get in.*

Home as a negotiated place - YOUR PLACE, MY PLACE, OUR PLACE.

We like to think that our presence registers in the fabric of a building, that we leave some sort of trace, that our homes are constructed of the many layers of lives lived, thoughts and dreams experienced. Or does a metaphorical new broom sweep the building clean for the next occupants when we move on? (Ingrid Newton)

(From an email exchange with John Levett)

Dear John,

[...]

I don't know if you already had the chance to look at the pictures I've posted on to the home blog, but I want you to know that they are the first step of what I'm thinking to propose for the exhibition. Inspired by the others and meanwhile certain about the feelings that are affecting me in the last times, I would like to create a series of three self portraits in the three 'homes' I feel to have right now, camouflaging myself with the environment I'm in. Nevertheless, even if I'm not sure that among the pictures I posted there is already one of the three I would like to show, this is the route I'm following for now and the one I'll keep on following if you think it could match with the other's project. Please feel free to give me whatever kind of feedback and advise me if you think it might be better to 'adjust the shoot' considering the sharing ideal the lies behind the whole project.

Take care,

Benedetta

Here some points from John's answer:

- HOME/Home/home - so many possible configuration
- To put yourself physically in your home
- Physical evidence of you ---> vulnerability
- 'My home' -----> my - home - me
- Being into the pictures as subject and 'as subject'
- Three homes: three persons? Three disguises?

There is me in Milan, I'm in my bedroom at my parent's home.  
There is me in Milan, I'm in the living room of my boyfriend's roof. And then there is me in London, I'm in my bedroom behind the curtains that I used to open and close everyday, my filter with the external world. The feeling of being there and meanwhile somewhere else. Camouflage my self with the surrounding I'm in: I'm there but I'm not.

This (*might*) be the place

Home is where I want to be  
Pick me up and turn me round  
I feel numb - burn with a weak heart  
So I guess I must be having fun  
The less we say about it the better  
Make it up as we go along  
Feet on the ground  
Head in the sky  
It's ok I know nothing's wrong...nothing

Hi you I got plenty of time  
Hi you, you got light in your eyes  
And you're standing here beside me  
I love the passing of time  
Never for money  
Always for love  
Cover up and say goodnight...say goodnight

Home - is where I want to be  
But I guess I'm already there  
I come home - -she lifted up her wings  
Guess that this must be the place  
I can't tell one from another  
Did I find you, or you find me?  
There was a time before we were born  
If someone asks, this where I'll be...where I'll be

Hi you we drift in and out  
Hi you sing into my mouth  
Out of all those kinds of people  
You got a face with a view  
I'm just an animal looking for a home  
Share the same space for a minute or two  
And you love me till my heart stops  
Love me till I'm dead  
Eyes that light up, eyes look through you  
Cover up the blank spots  
Hit me on the head ah ooh

*I'm on my way home.*