



A House a Home

By Isaac VanCuren

A house a home
Look for a place to call my own.

Clinging on the material memories
Search day and day for remedies

Heal the pain of a broken past
Keeping pushing how long you'll last

A stranger in my house
A stranger to the world
Keep quiet be mouse
In the fetal position curled.

Crying through the night
Holding my blanket tight

A jumbled past and an unknown future
Hoping that the days will eventually get smoother

A house a home
Look for a place to call my own.

I just want to be happy
I don't know if I can
I just want it so badly

Just a little more time
To figure out my mind

Figure out the maze. See through the haze.
A destination forever on the horizon.
The road continuously grows and widens.

A journey lacking stability.
Forcing to gain certain abilities.
Blocking my family and friends
Hoping and praying tomorrow will be the end.

Now I can see through past the pain
Place by place has created a chain.
Now not looking for a space
But creating my own at my own pace

A house a home
Look for a place to call my own.

Postcards



Break down Postcards. Talk about the mailing system. The act of writing.

Images on postcards

The pleasure of discovery, and once discovered, and the pleasure of preservation.

To pass them on.

After all, they are the quintessential tourist documents, revealing how a culture eroticizes itself.

Postcards are a history lesson

Postcards can be used to collect information quickly, and they can also be used to provide a short report on evaluation findings.

They contain a minimal amount of information while being convenient, inexpensive and sometimes catchy way of soliciting participation and maintaining contact.

There is a novelty element for those who receive postcards, particularly if they have colorful and engaging graphics that make them stand out amongst regular mail, junk mail, and the occasional amazon package.

Postcards, or at least the ones I have on my wall depict a reflection of American geography. Postcards, a fixed ideology of a location. With an address, a message, a narrative, these pieces of paper become a metaphor, a descriptive vehicle.

I should go into a description of the capture of a place with an image. An idea is fixed. And the continuation of the place does exist, however the image doesn't map the changes. It captures a past. Creates a present. Then determines the future. It plays a large role since we are constantly processing information. Video is just a series of images. What we see is just a variety of images. It always deals with process. A process. A postcard. A memory. A trip down memory lane.

story of the baby blanket

My first response to my object very much focused on the different roles my baby blanket has played for me within my life.

It was more of an exploration of the life of the blanket rather than examining the blanket itself.

As I look at the blanket more and more I seemed to have actually been more disconnected from the images of the army base and the almost touristy feel of the print.

I got accustomed to just using the blanket for the basic object that it is than rather understanding the images.

The blanket, as I still identify it as my baby blanket, does not read as if it was for a child. This maybe since it is my second baby blanket.

I remember my first blanket as red and more childlike while this blanket reads as if it came from a gift shop. I almost connect it to a postcard that I sleep with.

The color of the blanket is pretty dark with the black, grey, dark green, and navy. It's not all together that soft, but isn't too rugged. It is a decorative blanket.

Coming to that conclusion after having it for years is odd. I don't believe that it takes away from the connection that I have to it, or changes how I will interact with it in the future.

It just seems interesting that this would be the blanket that my parents would pick for me. I am grateful that it does have a connection with Germany and has images of "German" houses, which brings about some sort of heritage. I have always identified as German, I grew up in Germany, but I am an American citizen.

Both my parents were in the US Army. What sort of heritage would I feel connected to if I wasn't born in Germany? I am curious if my brother and sister, both born in the states, feel a connection to Germany as their home, or just another place they grew up in.

I have to admit that I never gave much thought to my blanket. I know that it has been with me wherever I move, which never really gave it more meaning, but unconsciously it has grown on me, while I have outgrown it.

It doesn't cover my body anymore.

My toes stick out.

It stability as an object shows the passage of time compared to my being. I guess while holding it at the moment, I am shocked about how much transformation this blanket has "witnessed". But that is more of a self-reflection into my personal journey of being open about my experiences and my now willingness to share. I would have never mention masturbating a few years ago, even though I was fully doing it. I have now grown out of my baby blanket. I have blossomed. I'm sure I will still sleep with my baby blanket, but curious what will happen to it a few years from now. Will it be just laying on my bed, will it be put on the couch, or will I eventually give it my kid? That sounds crazy to me. Mainly I think it should be burned later as a ceremonial transition. Unsure, but for the moment I will cuddle it tight and take it day by day.

Constantly upstream.

Murky water

In it we swim

Murky water

Take me in

Murky water

Never to be clear

Murky water

Don't know what's near

Dirty up with your demons

Dirty up with your actions

Whose here to clean up the mess

Whose trying to generate less

Our limited scope is a hindrance

So how can we ever see the light

The line of flight is a distance

So how can we live in the night

Assemble a tribe to get you through

A life raft to attempt to hold on to

Echoes bouncing off the wall

Listen well and try not to fall

Murky water

In it we swim

Murky water

Take me in

Murky water

Never to be clear

Murky water

Wanting to be fair

Murky water

I'm drowning I swear

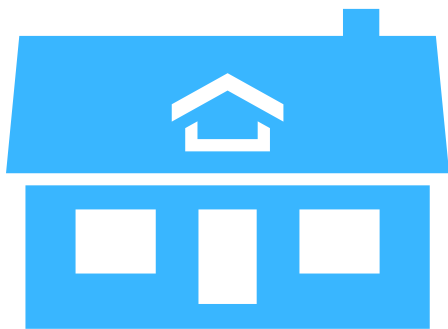




I've considered trying to define what I think home is. Is it a place? Is it people? Is it an extension of the body? Perhaps a body without organs would be an easy explanation to cling onto. The whole structure and we are perhaps the functioning parts. We find comfort in commonality whether that be beliefs, location, or identity.



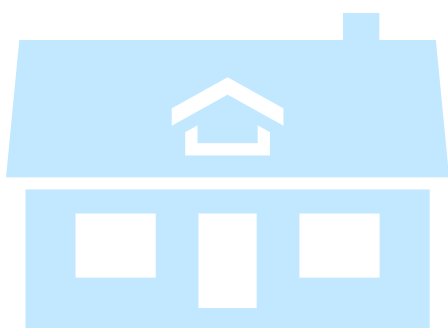
But that is a wide assumption and I maybe trying to make my personal struggles into this universal concept, hoping to define what makes someone human. I find that a reoccurring topic for me. Trying to push back, or trying to explain my life in an academic way, but getting lost for words, getting lost on my journey, and definitely getting lost in my train of thought. Can we find home within ourselves or is that a little too conceited?



I want to know if I'll ever find a home. I think that maybe wishing for a little too much. I want to define a future, but learning and trying to expand upon the temporality that hinders and harm our experience and existence. I ideally would think my family is home. I was with them for years and most of the physical places I've lived. Does that type of thing bring people together? I would like to believe so, but what happens when that house is not a home. What if it isn't accepting of all various forms of bodies with different identities? What if comfort can never be found?



So yes I would like to repair my past in order to have a better future. Repairing my roots so a flower will blossom. Trying to create my own home and not just accept the one I was given without questioning the pedagogy of my parents, of their parents, etc. I put this relation with a society that has been constantly changing, "developing," but at the same time I want to repair the world, but caught up in my limited scope. My limited ability.



How can I be comfortable when I know the world is hell? How can I be find home in a world that won't make room for everyone or feel the need to take care of others?

The first baby blanket I had I ate. I wish I was kidding. But string by string during nap time I ate. I couldn't sleep. I had so much energy. I had so much anxiety. I have so much anxiety.

I guess I could do a paranoid reading of the consumption of a baby object. Try to examine how I was forced to grow up quickly and manage my own self because I couldn't show the world the reality of who I was/am.

I am in a dilemma. The only thing I can do is think about the way I can be who I am. But I don't know if I can find an answer, but I'm

Try and find out that there is a way that I can be who I want without harming others, but that seems impossible since I get caught up in affect theory and that causes me to break down and try to structure myself before stepping back into the public light.

Ah this process aims to draw too much out of personal objects and this project shouldn't be all about me. Me. Me. Me.

The blanket represents a lot. It represents sleep. It represents warmth. I would aim to say that it represents comfort. Being swaddled up as a child in a cloth, but now my lanky body cannot be covered unless I gather myself up in a fetal position. Which I find funny.

Funny since I curl up because of the pain in my body from growing. A physical pain for growing up and growing out of childhood items, memories, and an essential element of my life.

My second baby blanket. Something that I find as a comfort and reminder of a home. More a reminder of a time in which I was comforted. It reminds me that I don't always have to have it together. There are moments in which I can show weakness. There are moments in which I can show pain and shed a few tears. My baby blanket feels like a home when I feel alone.

Blankets

A history. Warming the user. Preventing the transfer of energy from the body into the space. An item made from a variety of materials. Used in a bed, a couch, or the ground.

Most children seemed to be wrapped up in a blanket when they are born. In certain countries. Certain places. And certain families place a gendered role in the baby blanket. Pink and blue. A tradition which is relatively new, but forced upon children and stretched to the extreme.

Would it be odd to take this argument to the extreme and place blankets as an intuitional reinforcement of binary code. I get caught up in the 0s and 1s. The yes or no. The left or right. However the option of not deciding also causes a hindrance. The option of living in a liminal space seems taken off the table. Or never on the table in the first place. But that assumption seems like a narrowly defined sentence since my limited scope doesn't consider or hasn't considered the multidimensional and multidisciplinary world in which I live, but am unaware of at this time. I am still growing and widening my horizons and will never be complete. But still need to go to sleep at night cuddled up in my blanket. A blanket to keep me grounded while my mind travels into a continual void of information or exploration of my ideals, others' ideals, and the mere question of existence. A mere question. I keep it simple and just ask why?

Oh blanket. Comfort me from the pain. Comfort me from the cruelty and harsh reality in which I was shielded from in my childhood. I find it odd how a picture perfect world was created as an image and illusion for certain individuals. I assume this illusion was intended for white middle class families. A semi brain washing machine that is now being destroyed by an awakening into the cruelty of others.

Oh blanket. You are just a piece of cloth, but your history and existence is much more than that. I'm unsure what will happen to you once my body is lifeless. Will you be donated? Passed onto another individual? Will my affection towards you just disappear? Or has it already been passed in another form since the affect has already played a role in my life? The little things are so hard to keep track of. Details get lost in the rumble. The blanket may fall apart. I may fall apart.

A history my history. Warning others about the dangers, the transfer of energy, I assume negative energy. I am made from a variety of histories. Stuff that has been carried or picked up again, doomed to fall apart again. Perhaps will be dropped again. To be picked up or left on the ground for good. Humans can only carry so much. Life can only carry so much. So why do I expect so much from a limited collection of knowledge? But back to blankets. Back to the comfort. Back to the warmth. Hoping to fall asleep soon and wake up another day asking why.

Postcards / Letters / Mom / Dad / Things / Being

Hi mom,

Thanks for the letter. Thanks for the card. I find them much more heartfelt than a text message, than a phone call. Those seem like immediate care. I think about the amount of space/land/distance these material goods have traveled. The time to gather the materials and the time and effort others to move the goods.

It's always my mom to send the letters. But she makes sure to add my dad. I'm unsure if my dad even knows she sends these. I know she sends cards to my brother and sister.

Not an Oedipus complex.

Loosening the ties to the mother of vulnerability, dependence and intimately.

Separation and externalization of love.

Separation emphasized and the boy returns as an individual. The Oedipus complex feels odd to mention since I'm a gay male. So do I cling to my mother as a form of femininity? Or does she cling to me since she was separate from me early on?

She was called into duty and thus my family dynamic had changed.

Was it intra-gender rivalry that caused a distancing from my father?

If I find comfort in both the masculine and feminine where is my complex? What is my complex?

A negative stereotype of binary assumptions traps me within the communication and extension of individuals trying to enact, react, and survive.

Meanwhile.
Stuff happens

I don't know what else to say. Whether that be that my thinking is so shallow. Or that I don't want to go deeper cause if I don't heal the pain I will always have something to do and the boredom of being alone in a world in which I feel out of place becomes a world of possibilities in which I'm afraid to get lost in the void.

The global community.

Think globally.

Don't get caught up in the chaotic void of the individual.

Or the chaotic void of the universal.

The term void relates to emptiness

so perhaps I am using the wrong vernacular.

I guess I get lost in all of the things. I am just one person.

I am a speck living on speck.

Spinning on a rock in a solar system.

Unaware of the constant movement.

Humanity is just expanding what we can pick up on.

But what do these discoveries do to us?

What is the affect of these discoveries?

The consequences of certain actions are never addressed.

Nowadays I worry that we have past a point

A point that we cannot recovery

A system that doesn't need humans. But we need it.

I.....
I hope I wish I
want to I think
I am I break I
get myself
back together
but then I fall
apart and try to
keep entropy
from
consuming my
existence and I
wish I could
get past that,
but it is an urge
to survive past
my temporal
body. Is that
why I want to
live forever?
Then if you
become
immortal does
the present
matter if it will
always be
there? Does
that answer the
questions why?
Have I worked
things through.
Or is this just a
continuation of
a mental
conversation
that seems
never ending,
but will end. I
will end. My
work with
continue on in
some form. I
have played
some aspect in
the
continuation of

society. I did
play a part. I
definitely
played a part in
the
continuation of
capitalism.
And
neoliberalism.
And
gentrification.
And probably
did some white
savior complex
things. I'm not
perfect. No one
is perfect. So
why do I
expect it. Why
do I have
expectations if
the very thing I
want is a
contraction to
the reality in
which I live?
Figure out my
riddle. Figure
out my mind.
Figure out the
differences
happening all
the time.
Communicate
to those around
me and
continue to
play my part.
Always trying
to restore my
essentially
broken heart.
Make art along
the way and
inspire others

to create.
Thinking of the
limited people
that I would
like to date.
The high
standards I
have limit my
ability to
connect. It
limits my
ability. I am
limited. Things
will always be
limited. We
can never
reach things.
We can never
be done. Done.
Done. I want to
be done with
the work. But I
have barely
touched the
surface. I
haven't dived
deep enough.
Deeper. Deeper
they say to go.
Deeper and
deeper and
drown yourself
in the text. Let
yourself go.
Let your old
thinking die
and move on to
something else.
Move on to the
critical. Move
on. Is there a
possibility to
reach the
bottom? Is
there a

possibility to
get to a
definition. Or
is my version
of diving
limited to the
liquid
definition.
What about
diving in
space? An
amazing
endless
experience in
which we have
no idea if it
ends. Will we
know? Not my
generation.
Probably not
the next
generation.
Probably no
generation. I
assume that
certain humans
think they are
gods. We have
created gods.
We create
families. We
create. We
communicate.
We keep in
contact. I think
that at this
point I aim for
something
more, but
ignore the
reality. I think
too abstractly.
Keep be
grounded.
Don't let me

drown. Don't
dive too deep
and get lost.
Get the canon
to cling onto.
Communicate.
Relate.
Continue. Put
in the work.
Try to form a
society in
which all are
protected. All
have a blanket
for comfort.
Stop thinking
so individually
and try to
move onto the
global. Try to
move on to the
universal. Try.
Try. Try. And
perhaps. And
perhaps. Move
on to an
understanding
of our
temporary
situation. To
think. To hope.
To try. To be.
To perform. To
exist. To...
to... to...
tomorrow
that's all we
can do. Make it
to tomorrow.
Keep going.
Keep going.
And going.
And going.
For a while or
forever.

An explanation

This may be a mental break or some sort of clarity.

In the end I guess I'll have to decide. But for now I just don't care.

Is not caring a privilege? Definitely.
Is writing this a privilege? I think so.

Down I go into a space of thing where I aim to solve. I aim to put the puzzle pieces together. Stop looking for a picture and step back and see how the puzzles pieces can exist on their own. See how a blanket relates to a postcard. How one memory relates to another.

Long term. Short term. Sensorial. Reactionary.
Adjustable. One word. Two words. Words.
Language. A construction. An apparatus. In a sea of apparatuses. In constant movement of action.

The murky waters of a past, present, and future or potentiality. Consistently being stirred up.
Altered. Adapted. Back to the short sentences that don't result in an explanation. Almost an avoidance, but at least something is put on paper. Or more a digital screen. A "paper" that will eventually be printed. I would like to think you are reading this on a printed paper. Something about the materiality of paper. Read back on the postcard stuff if you need more explanation.

Here I am. Here I go. Here I be. Here is me.

On to more. On to see. Off to sea.

Distance makes the heart grow fonder.

So the distance that the postcard has travelled carries with it the touch, the intimacy, between point A to point B.

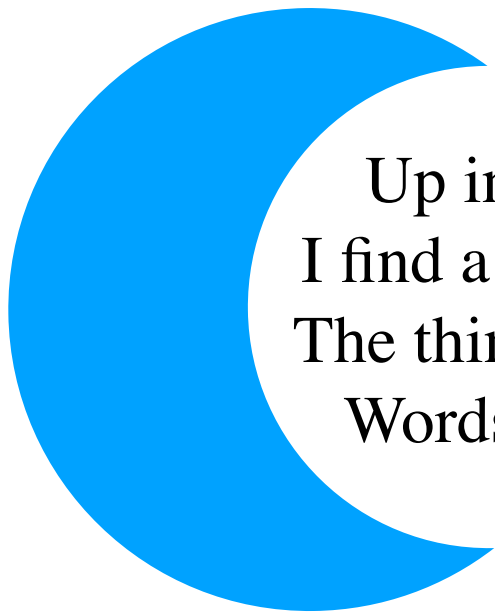
So the distance that my baby blanket has travelled carries with it the touch, the intimacy, between point A to point B to point C to point D and beyond.

The limited capability of distance and time becomes a prison in which the materiality of an object is hindered by the limited capacity of the human species to receive or notice the shifts in energy exchange. The ability to pick up on forces that are beyond our senses. But back to our version of reality.

Back to the material. Back to the solid. Back to the touching of my baby blanket. Back to cuddling up and hoping that an illusion of innocuous can be restored.

Restoration. Preservation of memory. Repetition of history. Conversation and conservation. Some hesitation and lack of cooperation. A world of manipulation and manifestation.

The bulk of information tends to be some sort of damnation. In a nation where there has only been taught a majority narration. To the ruination and lack of salvation. Hoping to find a vacation from this hell station. Hoping a captivation of motivation leads to some form of liberation.



Up in the sky I find relatively.
I find a universe full of potentiality.
The things I read oh so negatively.
Words that aim to speak eloquently.

The end of a year.
A spin around a sphere.
A circular motion.
A reversal of emotion.
A lack of orientation
A destructed foundation
Turn the page. Close the book
Disengage. Take a look.



Look for a place to call my own.



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