

# Home

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# Home

Finally you're home.  
You walk in,  
A familiar scent,  
Warm ambiance,  
Cosy lights.  
You lock out.

Our homes are hygge.  
Our homes are clean.  
Our homes are smart,  
Insulated.  
Our homes are islands in the sea of cold, heat, weather and life.

R-valued, heat-resisting, fire-retarding vapor-barriers keep us dry and safe.  
Our homes are made of defence, exclusion and expulsion.

In Ancient Greece, oikos is home,  
but it is also One who is entitled to own a home.  
A propertied one. Privileged one.  
Oikos, one who votes, one who owns.  
One who is  
white, educated, male,  
grown-up, human.

If allowed, being inside a home is a blessing,  
But being outside is a mark, a stigma.

Home is a giant ordering machine.  
Bugs - out.  
Family and familiar - in.  
Foreign and queer - out.  
Cookies - in.

Pets vs. animals.  
Cute vs. alien.  
Probiotics vs. germs.  
Friends vs. strangers.  
Home is on the better side of the dividing line.  
A beloved, controlled, trusted line.

We flush the toilet reassured that It will never cross the line back.  
We close the window trusting that the new technology will do a good job.  
We trash out the garbage expecting that the poorest will take care of it.  
We turn on the heater without thinking whose fossils will be burning tonight.

Keeping us homey  
Is an industry as big as any, as polluting as any, as oppressive as any.  
State monopolies burning coal,  
Mafia collecting garbage,  
Multinationals unearthing fuels to produce insulating blocks.  
Whatever it takes.

Because we are scared of beings without home.  
But not of homes without beings,  
Homes without people,  
without ants,  
without plants,  
without winds.

While properties are amassed,  
So many dwellings are no homes.  
For endless numbers of creatures,  
their dwelling is considered a temporary habitat,  
a senseless structure  
to be removed upon the arrival  
of a real home,  
of an oikos.

So, home is not a common.  
It is exactly what is taken away  
from the common.  
Common lands, private homes.  
Organized, aesthetised,  
Developed, planned, gated.

To make home a common,  
We need a different feeling of homeness.

Homes with open doors,  
Cities with bee hotels,  
Yards filled with meadows,  
Windows with no blinds,  
Nights with no streetlights.

Because common is not familiar  
It is wonder-full.  
It is strange, non-human.  
Common is coloured, feminine.

In the common,  
everyone is a guest, a migrant, a temporary occupant.  
Feeling of electricity, of currency.

Feeling of vulnerability.  
There is no inside,  
And no environment to protect it.  
You walk through,  
You lie beside,  
You dine with.

To make home a common,  
We need a different architecture.

Instead of architecture of protection,  
Commons are architectures of exposure.  
Instead of architecture of spectacle,  
Architectures of blending.  
Architectures without architects,  
Architectures of sharing.  
Commons are about proximity, rather than distance.

To make home a common,  
We need a different management.

Instead of managing out insecurity,  
Embracing the uncertainty.  
Instead of setting the goals,  
Getting abducted by the time.  
Blurriness rather than clarity.  
Curiosity rather than knowledge.

Commons are without authorship,  
without leadership,  
without entrepreneurship,  
without management.

Homes of common are self-othering.  
To other oneself,  
one starts by recognizing that one is always the other and that other is always  
the one.

Then you expose your internals as if it's a coat,  
You leave your hominess,  
And you head in the undisclosed direction.

So, homes of common don't stand still.  
But they don't move.  
They buzz. They fool around.  
They are always already changing,  
Reshuffling, spilling and  
Crossing the lines.  
Yet, they are lazy and unambitious.

No success story and no victory.  
Because they are undisciplined and uncharted.  
They are everyday.  
They are alive and wild.