

MY PLACE

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If you ask me about my home, I show you a place while I question myself about my intimacy, about my precious feeling of quiet, about my body and about my feeling of being there. I answer you that my home is this wooden hut, or the town library, the street of flowers, of bars, the car, the hill, another, it is just where I clearly feel my intimacy and my wholeness.

My home is this structure that I show you and which houses me; it is a construction raised around my own circumstances. So, if you ask me about my home, I reflect on myself, on such state.

What matters first is the emptiness of exploring inside. And of course the human ability to listen, to notice. If I walk, I investigate myself, I search for a direction. I know that one of those is the right place for me to stay; and here inside I certainly recognize their different possibilities. I mean: my body gives me the instructions, if I feel the world thoroughly with the body, I lightly won the guides for building. A home is a structure which rises around the absence and that's why it is always a transitory edification.

If I leave my home, a few meters, kilometers, perhaps many, if I get lost, I'll probably lose it, I'll find myself again where only remain the void and the quest, and I'll restart my works. Because now I know that a house is a (re)construction around my researches, it's the place where I find myself, but provisionally. Therefore, if you ask me about my home, I show you what I am today.