

A pick at the end of the room

"I don't know if you can take this through the airport" – In fact, yes, I can't take an icepick through the airport. More precisely through Istanbul airport, Tbilisi International let me pass no questions asked. I got an icepick as a gift on a class trip. Prior to the flight I was contemplating the future of this gift. Do I try and hide it? Hide it from airport scanners? Do I try to negotiate? Negotiate a cold weapon on an aircraft? Do I treat it to a proper burial or leave it out on the street? How would that look, an icepick dug into the ground. Was it a crime scene. An act of fury. An unresolved friendship. More than friendship? Or a friend who didn't know you can't take a cold weapon through customs. A life of many years (judging by the date on the handle, at least 50) to be dumped in the airport. Perhaps it will never find a new owner. Or pick another ice. Why am I even mourning this ice pick?

I came back home and started to unpack: a bag of salt, a Lari coin, newspaper, some Georgian band aids, a receipt. I pinned the newspaper to my wall. The coin went on the coffee table. Then on the shelf. Then back to the table. Where does this even go now? I can't toss it. It's money, it's from Tbilisi, it's my trip! And there it went in the pile under my bed- a boneyard of currencies. Some of them don't operate anymore. Completely worthless. Can fill a wallet and still leave you penny less. But sometimes finding a Litas can feel like a jackpot.

*"The passage of time leaves behind a residue that accumulates photographs, drawings, the corpses of long since dried-up felt-pens, shirts, non-returnable glasses and returnable glasses, cigar wrappers, tins, erasers, postcards, books, dust and knickknacks: this is what I call my fortune."*¹

Messy fortune

Like a magpie bringing shiny things to its nest, though my criteria are much broader. I pick beautiful notes from strangers, keep every postcard, bring seashells from a day at the beach, go to thrift shops and come back home to one of my own. Not that I go for anything specific, most don't go together, but if you step back, form a cohesive mess in my room. Some nest in a designated box, some find a way under my bed, behind my bed, on the bed, on shelves, on the windowsill, in my pockets, stuck between books or stuck in a corner. Most of them don't have any use. Some things just lost their usability due to external shifts, like my big boots I wore at age thirteen, that simply don't fit anymore. Some are paralyzed out of use, because they are too precious to touch. Some have never been used and pose a question how they found a way to my room in the first place. Stuck in the grey zone of use and memory.

Grey socks. I've spent the night and had no fresh socks for the next day. I didn't have time to go home so I asked if he could lend me some, I promised to give them back. Never had to. Have not seen him since. Yet I still keep them as it's nice reminder he has never learned to wash whites separately.

Clutter, bibelot, belongings, knick-knacks, trinkets – small worthless objects, things of no material value or definite purpose. You can clean your table over and over, pushing your things from side to side, but you won't ever throw it away. So if you hold on to any of these: concert tickets, scrunched notes, old keys, bottle tops, coins, keychains, unfitting shoes, stones, ribbons, rings, stickers, stamps, wrapping paper, table game pieces, cards, old documents, pictures, slides, tapes, disks, watches, bracelets, single earrings, ripped out pages, old socks, empty pens, tiny statues, amulets, unsharpened pencils, seashells, boxes, magnets, matchboxes, origami, lighters, lucky charms, dried flowers, candy wrappers, out of date pills, unreadable books, underwear, hairclips, salt shakers, forks, knives, spoons, cups, dead bugs, old wallets, coasters, mittens, socks, underwear, pins, erasers, perfume bottles, bags, boxes, jars, cinema receipts – then you too have a pile at the end of you room.

Nothing deemed unimportant

There is a difference between two receipts. One can be a regular visit to the supermarket, the other could be your birthday dinner. The second never leaves the space, whereas the first one went to trash on an autopilot.

A receipt with a note, in purple pen, on the back side, a poem longer than the purchase itself. Whatever it says doesn't matter to me – none of my business. So much so that it even hangs the printed side out. A regular receipt. Takes a space proudly in the middle of the wall, Mona Lisa of sorts, with the same smirk, a small little trinket hanging, silently occupying the whole space. No other garbage can compete. Even if the poem doesn't rhyme and you never intend to return those groceries, it is there to stay.²

The treasure behind trash is the story behind it. A story not of the object itself, like a history of its design or the way it developed through ages – a saltshaker wouldn't be cherished for its minimal looks and break-through design (if a saltshaker can do so) but could be a relic from the best dinner you ever had. but a personal anecdote

*"On October 17, 1961, at 3.47 in the afternoon, artist Daniel Spoerri traced all the objects gathered on the blue tabletop of his Parisian hotel room onto a large sheet of paper. Paper clips, wine stoppers, matchboxes, burnt matches, spice jars, cutlery, leftover bread, spilled salt – nothing was left out, nothing was deemed too unimportant."*³ 80 in total, these objects were all gathered, described and annotated in a mock encyclopedic way. Although we get quite a good look at the contents of the table, the most important thing is what happens behind it. Filled with personal stories, connecting anecdotes and the way they ended up on the table in the

2 - A trinket from Niam Madlani.

3 -Maria Torkilsen Horvei, " The Book as Archive: A study of Daniel Spoerri's "An Anecdoted Topography of Chance", Norway, 2016.

first place, further elaborating on the clutter with the help of his good friend Robert Filliou. The resulting collection was published as a small booklet in February 1962- "*An anecdoted topography of chance*". None of those were things of value: pins, cups, rulers, bottles of Tuborg beer, room locks, crews, boxes, bitten pieces of bread, crumbs. Most seemingly mundane things have a life of their own – in a trinket a world. Of course some fall under trash, like a bent nail with one brief annotation: "*I don't even know from what*"⁴ – yet a similar bent metal rod read: "*In the shape of a Z that Felix Leu twisted to hang on my wall an aquarium in which he wanted to exhibit as a work of art a beef heart Stanislaus Salm ot for him cheap at Les Halles. He thought he had sealed it hermetically, but after two days the odor was so strong, I had to throw it out. Afterwards, the aquarium sheltered my collection of five leeches, which died during my last absence.*"⁵ Visually there's not much difference, yet the second one falls under "birthday dinner receipt" category. Belongings or that kind of "special" clutter has all the physical attributes of rubbish but obtains an untraceable aura. Yet the two don't outweigh each other. Physicality is not what makes a belonging, but it's sacredness, without it it's just a memory. The two must meet somewhere in the middle, somewhere in the corner of graspable and unexplainable, a little pile of both. Memories develop form and the objects thus transform- "*so weighted with significance that they are no longer simply themselves.*"⁶ Its form, shape or original purpose is not valuable anymore, because the only reason it is kept – is the aura.

Three pairs of underwear displayed at the edge of the bed: speckled burgundy trunks size M of an unheard but seemingly boring brand, checkered boxers size M, grey H&M briefs size L and flannel shorts size XL. When she's usually a size S in a Brazilian slip. They never met each other but here they are, sitting on the edge of the bed. An XL might sound like a promising figure, yet that underwear is brought by his mother in bulk whenever she comes back from a trip home. He says he loves that underwear, even though it's baggy and no way comfortable under a pair of jeans. Yet it's obvious why it has been the choice for so many years. Huge tag sewn at the front of the package – Boxers XL. Grey H&M trunks are something your mom doesn't buy you. That underwear you get as the first pair post-nest. You moved and you deal with holes in the crotch yourself. Yet how did that hole get there is a mystery. Flannels are an unexplainable choice also, what is that all about? For the speckled ones, grab your buddy XL and ask your mothers to stop supplying- cut the cord. And even though the greys were cut to pieces, they're the ones she keeps on the top of the pile.⁷

The aura is the only thing holding it at the edge of the bin. Because other than that a trinket is mundane. "*For other people it can seem absolutely normal, or seem useless, but for me it's something special. I'm kind of hiding my feelings in a way. Because I could have a huge post-card my mom sent me and it would be a picture of me and her in the shape of a heart or a pillow saying I love you from my ex- it's then super obvious. But these objects are not as obvious. It's only me who knows. If you look at this, you just assume it's a jar of mushrooms. The meaning I keep to myself.*"⁸ It's unseen, it's boring, it's banal- like a souvenir. A souvenir is a great trinket, as long as it's your own personal memento. Sometimes you get souvenirs as gifts and that's just not classy. A souvenir can be cherished "*if only personal narrative is developed or is extend-*

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4,5 -Daniel Spoerri, *An anecdoted topography of chance*, Something Else Press, Inc. 1966, p. 88,92.

6 - Louisa Dunnigan, " Those Who Keep And Those Who Throw Away: On Hoarding In 'Grey Gardens', 'The Gleaners And I' And 'Tidying Up With Marie Kondo'", *Another Gaze*, 2020, <https://www.anothergaze.com/keep-throw-away-hoarding-grey-gardens-gleaners-tidying-marie-kondo/>

7 - My friend told me about her underwear collection.

8 -An extract from a research on archiving practices and personal collections. Held by Kristina Shancina with Anastasija Bajeva, where she described the valuable objects in her room. Here she is talking about a jar of mushrooms pickled by her grandma, that she has been keeping in her room for over four years and has no plans of eating them. Anastasija's grandmother unfortunately passed away at the start of the year; Berlin, 2023, audio material.

ed to include you with the owner." ⁹ A gift is a carrier of a special mana, you don't regift gifts and you don't throw them away.

I haven't used a shower sponge since teenagerhood. I've read that it's packed with germs. Germs never scared me too much but somehow; I took that advice seriously and only used my hands. Recently I got one for Christmas. When you realize that you are no longer a kid whose needs are recognized but became an adult whose desires have been minimized to bare necessities of keeping it clean. Shower gel, soap, sponge. Fresh new socks. Sometimes a towel. Sometimes a Hetty Numatic HET180-11 with a powerful 620-watt motor. Now every morning I roll out of bed and see her mischievous lassy look. I don't vacuum too much, but she stands there pretty, like all those loofas chucked in my bathroom.

Something that is charged with the presence of another, or more precisely- the presence of the relationship in-between. Makes gifts turn trinkets- turn trash, quick. "*I would say that every object is related to love. This one literally says I love you*" ¹⁰ – my friend Nastia was talking about a piece of cloth she got sent by her ex from the army. It was a cut out from a pillow, with the army division name printed in the center and penciled-in "*myliu*" ¹¹. But that same relationship is translated into the thing itself. Something happens in my medial prefrontal cortex when I pick my favorite cup for my morning coffee. A soup tastes better with a specific spoon. With objects of emotional value develop an almost human relationship. Like Yvonne Droge Wendel who married her cabinet- Wendel (hence the surname). This silver marriage started in 1992 when Yvonne was still a student: "*It seemed absurd to me that, even at the Rietveld Academy, the same sculptures created with love and spent so much time on, would end up in a garbage container at the end of the year (...)*This marriage is really a commitment I will stay with Wendel as long as I live." ¹² The ceremony was held by all rules of matrimony. An array of guests and objects, a veil, a promise and to that- doors of the cabinet swinging open to reveal a "yes." The relationship between objects and humans was not only taken literally by Yvonne but is also a topic she kept exploring later on. Not what you can do with the objects but what objects can actually do. Humans and non-humans exploring the world around, rather than use and toss the approach of recent times. Treating humans and objects as equals. Would you ever throw a friend when you're bored of him?

I have a heart-shaped rock on my bedside table. A rock brought to me from somewhere in the mountains. A solid mineral material, billion years in formation has taken shape of a heart – for me. At the side of my bed, growing dust, layer of a billion years in formation.

That cabinet was "*the one*." The singularity or the uniqueness is also very crucial for the essence of the bibelot. It cannot be replaced or copied. Even if you'd recreate the ceremony which makes it "*the thing*" it would be a mere impersonation.

I have had an Eeyore keychain since I was seven. I had lost my keys prior, so my mom bought it for me to not do it again. We walked in the store and took one of the Eeyore's sitting on the shelf. Nowadays I'm more pragmatic with my keys – I have a duplicate at my friend's house, but I'm

9 - Christian Jarrett, *The psychology of stuff and things*, The British Psychological Society, 2013, <https://www.bps.org.uk/psychologist/psychology-stuff-and-things>

10 - An extract from a research on archiving practices and personal collections by Kristina Shancina, Berlin, 2023, audio material.

11 - Means "love" in Lithuanian

12 - An interview with Yvonne Droge Wendel in MacGuffin Magazine Issue N5 "The Cabinet", Netherlands, 2018, p.122-127.

still scared of losing them. Eeyore has no double, despite all those copies that were on the shelf. It's not about the keys, it's about when I hold them, I hold my seven-year-old self by the hand.

"In an intriguing study by Bruce Hood and Paul Bloom, the majority of three- to six-year-old children preferred to take home their original attachment object, as opposed to a duplicate made by a copying machine."¹³ Children were given an option to take either a duplicate of their treasures or the real deal. Some of course obeyed but burst into tears after. Some refused from the start. "It's as if the children believed their special object had a unique essence." And it did. Even if they look the same, feel the same and perhaps you wouldn't notice a difference, a copy just won't do it. "An original will always supplant the copy in a way that is not open to the products of mechanical reproduction,"¹⁴ the same way the last words did not feel like mine, and they weren't. Same way Chuck Noland wouldn't be satisfied with another Wilson ball.¹⁵ The aura isn't there. The warm touch, even if the object is cold, lingers on the surface.

A pile / th^o room.

Similar to how an "angst-ridden fifty-something finds solace in a new Porsche."¹⁶ I find in my cluttered room. Surrounded by them, a room functioning as one big shelf, I sit there, almost a knick-knack myself. But not all my clutter is on display. I disappear under the bed and drag out my memory box.

I have a notebook I made when I was fourteen. Maybe nearing fifteen. I could never keep a diary, but I would always try. This time I tried the same way as always – unsuccessful. Yet I still have it. I still use it, to write every few years in it. Like a Q&A I ask myself question to the future. How this person doing or how did that thing resolved. I asked once if my friend gave me back my headphones. Not something you ask when you have a chance to look into the future. But every time I get nervous of answering them, as if I face my younger self, yet sit there feeling for both. I am excited to answer and to hear the outcome. My method of precognition.

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"Unfortunately birthday happens only once a year."¹⁷ I open the box and read through cards I received on my birthday, same wishes over and over. What to do with them after I have no clue. Turns out that if you have accumulated postcards since you were five, you and Kim Kardashian have something in common. In her AD house tour she shows her treasure case. Other than every single post card she received, there's a Minnie Mouse dress, a knitted bunny pillow, baby shoes. Could never expect a house the equivalent of a water-polished stone to hide a box of trinkets. "Kim Kardashian's Home Filled with Wonderful Objects", yet when I overfill my house with wonderful objects it's messy according to my mother.

"According to Dodie Bellamy, you can never trust a person with a neat bedroom. The bedroom is a place fraught with conflicting emotions. It's where we go to feel safe and protected, to put our guard down, rest, and build ourselves back up. It's our innermost sanctuary, our last line of defense: when everything feels like it's falling apart, we can always just stay in bed. At the

13, 16 - Christian Jarrett, "The psychology of stuff and things", The British Psychological Society, 2013, <https://www.bps.org.uk/psychologist/psychology-stuff-and-things>

14 - Susan Stewart, *On Longing. Narratives of the Miniature, the Gigantic, the Souvenir, the Collection*, Duke University Press, 1993, p. 139

15 - "Cast away", United States, 2000, survival drama film. Main character gets deserted on an uninhabited island and finds solace in Wilson – a volleyball.

17 - "Gena the Crocodile", Soviet Union, 1969, animated movie. A song that Gena the Crocodile indulges on his birthday.

same time, the bedroom is where we go to expose ourselves to others, to test and experiment with what our bodies want and need from and can do to other bodies—which can be soft and sensual but can also get loud, sweaty, and even a bit rough." ¹⁸

I find that there are two types of people- dirt cleaners and clutter arrangers. When it comes to tidying your room, some are fixated on sweeping, rubbing, polishing surfaces- things have to be clean. Second- can keep it dirty, but things have to be placed in order. No receipts, no petals fallen, no hairpins or coins. Everything that's excess goes. My mother would never keep clutter. She only had one picture per child up- Marie Kondo type. ¹⁹ KonMari (always followed by a thick **TM**) is a method she invented to declutter. You go through your bibelot in groups: clothes, books, papers, komono ²⁰ and then sentimental items. You take the item, have a moment with him and ask the dreadful question. "*Does it spark joy?*" ²¹ Yes- keep, no – toss. Some things pass my mother's judgment.

A pair of tinniest shorts. In reminiscence of youth and hopes she will still fit them. A dress she was pregnant in. A memory of adulthood and hopes to never fully fit it again. And many many single hopeless earrings as a reminder that she is not.

6 I wish she'd talk to Steinbach. Yet Steinbach would not find it fun in our house. Color blocking between amber and beige. Rearranging the same three picture frames. A shelf as a relief. A sculpture. Objects communicating to each other. An object is worth more than just being tossed, but being observed, taken in. An object valued not by its practical need, but for its form and reaction to another. Steinbach brings a mundane object to the museum. Constructing, rearranging, composing. Acquisitive accumulation right there on the pedestal. Yet this is a different aura, an object or something special, but for what it is and not for what it conveys. A focus on the relationship objects and space. I wonder if Eeyore would do well there on one of his shelves. Is my heart shaped rock comparable to the stone tool found in the bottom layer of deposits in Olduvai Gorge Tanzania? ²² An although who knows how old my rock is, it will be paper next to 1.8-million-year-old fossil in the London Museum ²³. Some things are not for display, some stuff I haven't seen for years myself and haven't thought of for twice as long. Yet even the wrapping paper from a random gift is sometimes hard to throw away. All of this sits under the bed. On the table, Besides the fridge. Behind the couch.

A red cup with white dots and a saucer. I hid it high on my shelves in fears my subletter would break it by accident. The subletter moved out in September and by December I haven't checked if it's still there. I got it as a gift from a friend. It seemed quite random at first or a bit soviet fetishistic until I noticed my other friends unpacking the same cup. She had bought this set and divided the cups between us four. None of us live in the same country anymore, yet if the time is right, we all sit down behind our tea set.

Things I can't part with somehow have parted ways with me somewhere in my room. At one point we'll have to part ways.

18 - Anthony Huberman, *Dodie Bellamy is on our mind*, CCA Wattis Institute and Semiotext(e), 2020. (exact excerpt can be found here: <https://wattis.org/our-program/on-our-mind/dodie-bellamy-is-on-our-mind-2018-2019/introduction-by-anthony-huberman#:~:text=According%20to%20Dodie%20Bellamy%2C%20you,and%20build%20ourselves%20back%20up.>)

19 - Japanese organizing consultant, author of *The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying Up*, 2011.

20 - Miscellaneous items.

21 - The key method of decluttering by Kondo is asking if the object brings joy and if not – thanking it and parting ways.

22 - Fact taken from McGuffin Magazine IssueN1 "The bed", Netherlands, 2015.

23 - For some trinkets museum experience I recommend Rokin station, imagine you dropped your silly card in 2000s and now it's there on display, no need to race old rocks.

s^ho@box for ^ω hom[e]

I remember when we moved out from my childhood home, we had to go through heaps of things. We could take everything, but the amount was just too grotesque. Bags and bags of things flew to trash. We managed to have only tens of boxes. My mother promised she would never grow that much stuff ever again. I moved around five times one year and kept tugging along all my trinkets. I could take a radical KonMari day, but I just kept boxing everything and going.

*SO THIS BITCH AT OVIR*²⁴ says to me:

—*Everyone who leaves is allowed three suitcases. That's the quota. A special regulation of the ministry." No point in arguing. But of course I argued.*

—*Only three suitcases? What am I supposed to do with all my things?*

—*Like what?*

—*Like my collection of race cars.*

—*Sell them, – the clerk said, without lifting her head.*

Then, knitting her brows slightly, she added:

—*If you're dissatisfied with something, write a complaint.*

—*I'm satisfied, – I said.*

After prison, everything satisfied me.

—*Well, then, don't make trouble...*

A week later I was packing. As it turned out, I needed just a single suitcase.

*I almost wept with self-pity. After all, I was thirty-six years old. Had worked eighteen of them. I earned money, bought things with it. I owned a certain amount, it seemed to me. And still I only needed one suitcase – and of rather modest dimensions at that. Was I poor, then? How had that happened?*²⁵

Dovlatov could only take one suitcase. After a decision to move to the states, he konmarie'd he's way out. Furniture went to friends in need, books he owned were mostly illegal so he couldn't take them anyway and manuscripts went other clandestine paths. What he was left with was an Officer's Belt with a heavy metal buckle, that kissed his head and brought him to a hospi-

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24 - OVIR: The Russian Office of Visas and Registrations, which issued legal documents for those wishing either to enter or leave the Soviet Union.

25 - Sergei Dovlatov, *Suitcase*, 1986, p. 8-10.

tal, a "decent double-breasted suit" he had to spy for and Fernand Léger's jacket among other things.

"The suitcase is on the table: a rectangular plywood box, covered with green fabric, with rusted reinforcements on the corners. My Soviet rags lie around it. The old-fashioned double-breasted suit with wide trouser cuffs. A poplin shirt the color of a faded nasturtium. Low shoes shaped like a boat. A corduroy jacket still redolent of someone else's tobacco. A winter hat of sealskin. Crêpe socks with an electric sheen. Gloves that are good if you need to cut a hungry Newfoundland hound's hair. A belt with a heavy buckle, slightly bigger than the scar on my forehead... So, what had I acquired in all those years in my homeland? What had I earned? This pile of rubbish? A suitcase of memories? ... I've been living in America for ten years. I have jeans, sneakers, moccasins, camouflage T-shirts from the Banana Republic. Enough clothing.

But the voyage isn't over. And at the end of my allotted time, I will appear at another gate. And I will have a cheap American suitcase in my hand. And I will hear: "What have you brought with you?" "Here," – I'll say, "Take a look."

And I'll also say: "There's a reason that every book, even one that isn't very serious, is shaped like a suitcase." ²⁷

8 What if I have to pack a suitcase like that. Not to go on a sunny vacation. Not to an Airbnb where a feeling of home is staged with inspirational quote plaques, fruit bowls and funny shaped pillows. But to leave. Leave for good. Leave in a rush. Leave with nothing for nothing. Leave everything behind as if it never happened. What would I take? Technically the first importance is a passport. But a passport sometimes feels like the furthest extension of self. Take one thing, that nothing that would mean everything. What is the thing I'm nothing without. What is home if home is not there?

It's only things.

"My voice is controlled and deliberate as I give information to the call center, "This is Karen Lollar." I state the address and problem, "Our house is on fire," ²⁸

Sometimes there's no time to pack. All that I accumulated, belovedly stacked could turn to ash. *"Pieces of insulation. Wires dangle from the ceiling. The oak hardwood floor is buckled and scarred. Every surface is layered with a thick covering of soot. The acrid smell continues to burn my eyes as I survey the scene. It looks like someone has spray painted everything in dull black. My favorite coffee cup, a German Shepherd cup, lays broken on the floor. My Yahtzee pad and five dice are stuck to the granite counter top in a bizarre artistic pose. The house feels cold and dead, and I feel the same way" – I read an article written by Karen Lollar whose house unexpectedly burned to the ground. Something she built up for 30 years. Everything she owned shriveled into unusual shapes, belongings blackened, people in pictures disappeared. In a split*

27 -Sergei Dovlatov, *Suitcase*, 1986, p, 96.

28 - Karen Lollar, "The Liminal Experience: Loss of Extended Self After the Fire", 2009.

second there's no spoon the soup would taste better with. "So tragic but you're so lucky ... it's only things." people tell her.- "I am blessed to be alive and I mean it, but it drains me to talk to them. Are they needing my assurance that it is no big deal? But they are not just things". If anything would do then any house would be home. "A house not merely a possession or a structure of unfeeling walls. It is an extension of my physical body and my sense of self that reflects who I was, am, and want to be." Now it's not there anymore. Fortunately, four walls weren't the issue, she had somewhere to stay, yet she would still reminisce about the things she owned. Because it was not just a magpie reflex, it was a reflection of self. Suddenly, her "self" had vanished. Her routine is gone and so feels like the days as well. Her safety blanket of things had burned with the house.

"Originally home meant the center of the world—not in a geographical, but in an ontological sense. Mircea Eliade has demonstrated how the home was the place from which the world could be founded. A home was established, as he says, "at the heart of the real." In traditional societies, everything that made sense of the world was real; the surrounding chaos existed and was threatening, but it was threatening because it was unreal. Without a home at the center of the real, one was not only shelterless but also lost in nonbeing, in unreality. Without a home everything was fragmentation.

Home was the center of the world because it was the place where a vertical line crossed with a horizontal one. The vertical line was a path leading upwards to the sky and downwards to the underworld. The horizontal line represented the traffic of the world, all the possible roads leading across the earth to other places. Thus, at home, one was nearest to the gods in the sky and to the dead of the underworld. This nearness promised access to both. And at the same time, one was at the starting point and, hopefully, the returning point of all terrestrial journeys." ²⁹

A world of its own. A world found at the 0;0 coordinates. But what if there are no four walls to be called home? Is a Trinket somewhere there also, between those axes, in one of four corners?

In a rush you tend to grab by heart not by your hand. Many people forget their passports or misplace them with other documents but fill their suitcases with miscellaneous clutter. Seemingly clutter. When you are out of luck anything can be a lucky charm.

"I packed quickly and took these name tags for my newborn babies, for some reason." ^{30.1}

"When I was leaving, I packed just a few practical things. But I also wanted to take something fancy; something that I associated with peaceful times and home. These accessories are made by my friends, Kyiv jewelers. Half of my friends received these handmade jewels as a present from me. They were not expensive. Their only value is in the memories of holidays and presents that they evoke. During the last month, I wore nothing but an ear cuff. Everything seemed redundant, however, back in the day, I used to wear every piece of jewelry from the photo." ^{30.2}

"They were already shooting on the city... One night, dad came home and said, 'Tomorrow you

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29 - John Berger, "The Meaning of Home", originally published in *And Our Faces, My Heart, Brief as Photos*, Pantheon Books, 1984.

30 - Volodymyr Konoshevych, "Unnecessary Necessities: What Things Did Ukrainians Take with Them as They Fled Their Houses", *Bird In Flight*, 2022, <https://birdinflight.com/en/inspiration/experience/20220405-vazhlive-nevazhlive.html>

1- a story of Olena;

2 - story of Lyolia.

are going to the seaside!' I packed my suitcase: bathing suit, sandals, and diary. We are going to the seaside! In the morning my brother, mom, aunt, and I joined the convoy that was leaving the city. We are going to the seaside...Men in black masks stopped the convoy. They held us hostage for three days. Would I ever see the sea again? Two months later, I arrived in the Netherlands where I stayed to this day. All of my memories are in this suitcase."^{31.1}

"These are the keys to my house in Syria. I got them when I was five years old and I added some key chain ornaments to them. The keys opened the doors to the most beautiful house I had ever seen. My room had pink and green walls. Unfortunately, the house burned during the war so we don't have a house anymore. When we left for Lebanon, I could not bring anything, because everything was completely burned. I took these keys, some toys that didn't burn and some ash – the remains of our home."^{31.2}

Clutter can give body bigger things. A knitted pair of socks could outplay a comfortable sofa. A dusty book could be bigger than a bookshelf. A note written on a scrap of paper can give more support than a chair. A postcard nailed to a wall could be the best view. A home is safety and for those who lost one the story behind things gives agency in the process of creating one again. Finding serenity with a specific cup, when nothing around you feels familiar. You can never be sure how stable your four walls will be. I've never been displaced yet knowing a home is irreplaceable is not hard to imagine.

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Build a home, collect a home, scrap that home and build a new one. A house with a roof, without a roof, displaced, staying over, renting, owning. There are four walls, a bottom, a lid out of cardboard, a shoe box and this very place is my home. I keep on carrying from place to place, my mugs, my spoons, my plates, scraps, coins, rocks. Because a soup tastes better with a specific spoon and a house is not always a home. I might move but as long as my box is full, I'll have somewhere to stay.

31 - Aida Ibričević, "Personal Stories of Home, Belonging, and Refuge at the War Childhood Museum", 2020, <https://blogs.prio.org/2020/08/personal-stories-of-home-belonging-and-refuge-at-the-war-childhood-museum/>

1 - a story of Iva, 1981

2 - a story of Marwa, 2003



"A pile at the end of the room"

Anastasija Diukova

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Gerrit Rietveld Academie Graphic Design thesis