

Home

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OS24



8.

Images

Rib Cage. Tea Bag. Bird Nest. Ferris Wheel.
Coffee Stain. Birdcage. Bicycle. Typewriter.

I began my project by selecting eight **seemingly** unrelated objects.

Initially, I did not understand why I was drawn to these **images**. I just was.

As the project progressed I attempted to stray away from them, but found I kept **returning**.

Everything appears to be **connected** in some way; I just had to find the correlation.

Studying the images further, their **relationships** became apparent.

Their link manifested itself in the theme of **Home**.

What

Are The

ELEMENTS

That Define

Home?

1.

The Rib Cage

The bony frame formed by the ribs around the chest.

Home is where the heart is. The rib cage protects the heart.

But sometimes the heart itself can be a cage. It traps us if we love the wrong people, or refuse to open ourselves to the right ones. The rib cage is both an enclosure that keeps things out and a chest where we keep things in.

A house has walls and a roof and offers protection. But only when it is filled with people we love does it become a home.

2.

The Tea Bag

A small porous bag containing tea leaves or powdered tea, onto which boiling water is poured in order to make a drink of tea.

Tea warms the soul and provides a **comforting** sensation. The tea bag is a home for the leaves, and when combined with hot water allows the essence of the tea to **escape**.

A house that is unheated is hard to live in. But when we warm a house with people, their different personalities escape and blend and create the essence of family.

3.

The

Bird Nest

A structure or place made or chosen by a bird for laying eggs and sheltering its young.

A bird builds its nest out of natural materials, creating a **secure** environment in which to raise its young. Often built high up in a tree, the nest provides safety from predators below. No two nests are exactly alike; they reflect the **individuality** of the bird that built it.

A house is made from wood or bricks. But it is how we feather our houses that make them homes.

4.

The Ferris Wheel

An amusement park or fairground ride consisting of a giant vertical revolving wheel with passenger cars suspended on its outer edge.

The repetitive circular motion of a ferris wheel represents the course of life. On it one experiences a good share of **highs and lows**. Although the wheel contains an element of danger, in fact the rider is protected by the safety of an iron bar.

A house can be built without flaws, and yet as a home, it will sometimes fail us. It will grant us sanctuary; it will protect us from the elements. But one of these days, the hot water heater will blow.

5.

The Coffee Stain

A discoloration that can be clearly distinguished from the surface, material, or medium it is found upon.

A coffee stain is a moment of visual carelessness. Now the tablecloth has to be washed. Now the cup has to be refilled.

The coffee stain is a **memory**. A home is full of memories, which create the **history** of the house. A home is an anthology of stains.

6.

The Bird Cage

A structure of bars or wires in which birds are confined.

The open door of a birdcage represents opportunity, freedom and exploration. Flight is not only to fly, but to flee.

Houses have doors and windows to let air and light in and out. In a home, they open to possibility. They shut to keep out the cold and the dark. Home is safe. And it is freedom.

7.

The Bicycle

A vehicle composed of two wheels held in a frame one behind the other, propelled by pedals and steered with handlebars attached to the front wheel.

The bicycle is a vehicle that allows the rider to **break away**.
Riding a bicycle is a personal experience. The bond formed between the bicycle and the rider is one that **only** the two are able to share.

A house stays put, but a home can be mounted in a photo album, it can be remembered in a memory, it can be recorded through a story. A home is a shared experience.

8.

The

Typewriter

An electric, electronic, or manual machine with keys for producing print like characters one at a time on paper inserted around a roller.

Everybody has a distinctive story. The typewriter symbolizes creation. It provides boundless ways to express what life is. Using a typewriter, one can explain the **past**, record the **present**, or predict the **future**.

A house is Chapter One. A home is what happens by Chapter Eleven.

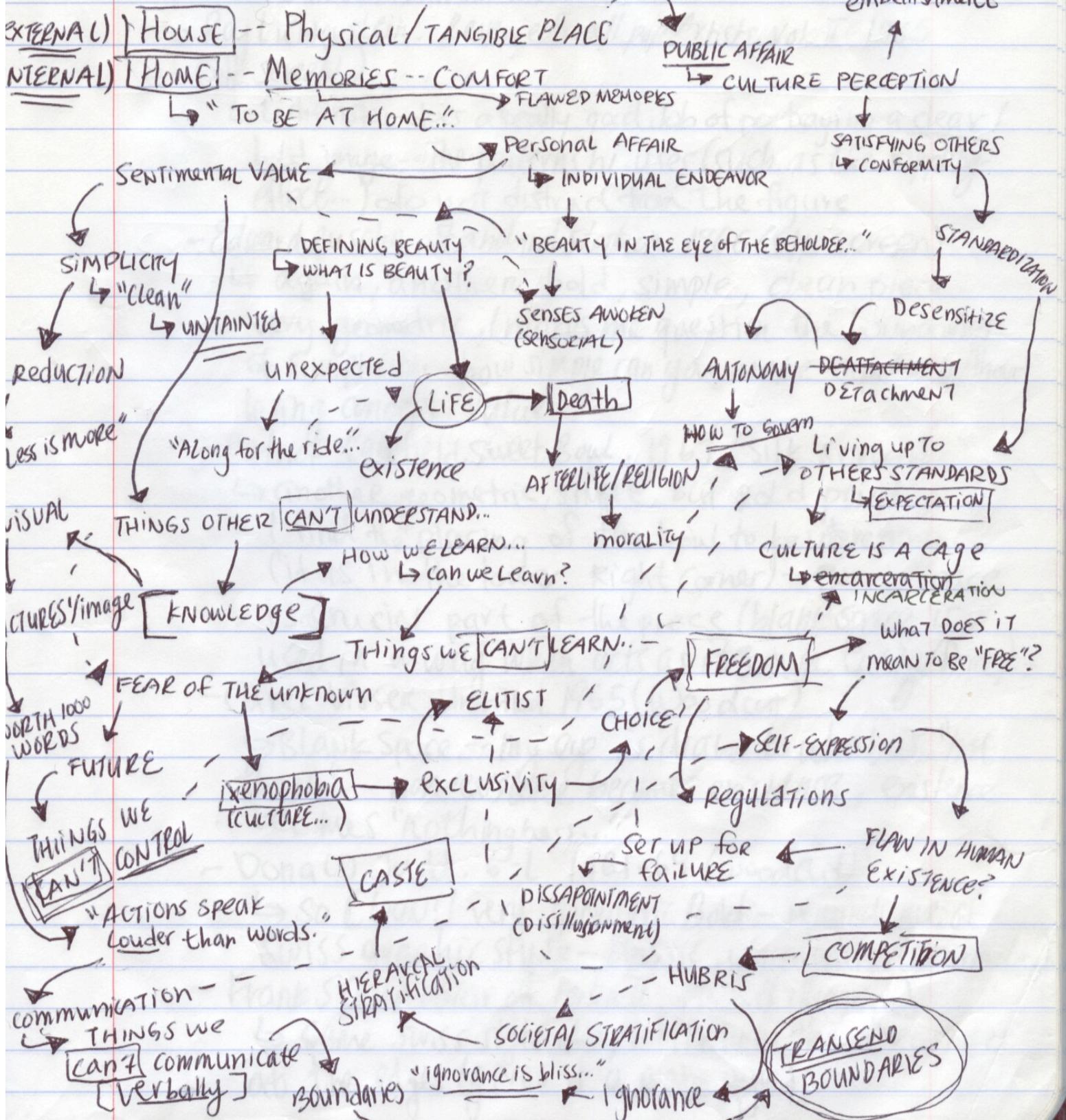
The

Process

* POLARS ARE INTERCONNECTED

APRIL TENTH FINAL PROJECT

→ THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HOUSE AND A HOME



We've known it was coming all along; the culmination of our Oxbow semester and it was apparent since day one, how we would conclude OS24 with a final project. **Whatever appealed to us.**

I started my research and quickly learned that the world is home to an **overwhelming** amount of information. An hour and a half into my research, my head was bloated with ideas. In my over-stimulated state, I decided to clear my mind, sit down, and carefully consolidate all the directions I seemed to want to move in. Doing this proved fruitful. I soon came to recognize a common theme in my readings, my thoughts and my images.

I found myself trying to figure out how a home differs from a house. This led to me a larger and much more basic question: **What is home?**

Perhaps my fixation on the idea of home wasn't a surprise. After all, I'd recently left my home in Seattle to come to Oxbow, and during my semester here, I received news from my parents that we might be transferred to Europe this summer. While moving to Europe sounded like an adventure, I felt **resistant** to leaving Seattle. Seattle is home. But the more I thought about leaving the home I know, the more I began to see that **home is not a tangible entity** or perhaps even a place. Yes, I'd be leaving my tangible house, but I would not be leaving my home.

I don't believe one can ever really leave home. Home is something we constantly create. For an example, Oxbow has, over the course of the semester, become my home. I've met people, made friends and formed memories. **Memories** make a home—not scaffolding, wood, or bricks.

I researched the definition of “home” and found that it is defined as ‘having the emotional connection of where one feels **comfortable.**’ This definition made me think about next year. I lived in fear of the unknown. In Europe, I would be the new kid. Not only would I not speak the language, I also

wouldn't know the territory or understand the customs. This is the very definition of 'discomfort.' So how could I make Europe my home?

In my drama queen state, I began to analyze what I feared most. I came to the conclusion that it was **confinement**, or rather, the *idea* of confinement—in other words, having restrictions or boundaries—that made me feel trapped and bound to my unknown future. That scared me the most.

This is when the idea of home became a **cage**. I played around with the concept of both a birdcage and a rib cage. To me, the rib cage signified being trapped within one's self. The birdcage, on the other hand, represented being incarcerated within "the bigger picture" of life or fate.

As I dove further into this concept, my overdramatic state helped to **fuel** these fears. I began to see that everyone is caged on some level. In terms of this project, I realized that art is a way to rethink, problem-solve, create remedies for, vent, and **cope** with everyday life. By turning my idea into art and making my situation a shared experience, I found a level of **solace**. But to achieve closure, I realized I needed not only to identify my fear, but also create a **solution**.

To clarify my fears and find my solutions, I turned to the idea of **mind maps**. At the center was my quest to find the true difference between house and home.

I began drawing my maps. It wasn't long before I noticed that everything connected to everything else. Complete opposites seemed to find roots in each other. For example, every home requires engineering. But every home also requires soul. Technical versus spiritual. Opposites.

As I continued to work, the map soon showed me that **life is an endless network of relationships**. Realizing that I could connect ideas indefinitely, I refocused my thoughts to the visual component of my final project.

I stopped letting research be my guide, and I asked myself: what do I want to make? How do I envision my piece? And how does this piece teach others the difference between house and home?

I was drawn to printmaking. I wanted to explore a new craft—**something that was unknown** to me. This led me to new questions: could I change the process of printmaking from something that followed the general principles of intaglio to something personalized? In other words, would I be able to change it from a house (a structure), into a home (a feeling)?

I chose eight images. Each one, in its own distinct way, represented an element of home. When combined, they represent the **transformation** of a house into a home.

