

## Homezone

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### Interactive Documentation/Performance Lecture/ Experimental Cartography

Homezone is a walk around the perimeters of my 'Homezone', an area in which I can make cheaper telephone calls, defined by the German O2 mobile telephone network and based on my residential address. On the course of this journey I have been documenting what lies directly outside and inside my Homezone, the familiarities and the foreign.

I have been collecting objects, thoughts and images from the people and the places that are encroaching into my territory or sitting on my doorstep, piecing together a (sometimes irrational) narrative that documents this journey and the way in which we perceive our neighbouring environments. This experience has been placed alongside theoretical research, and a variety of interviews with architects, historians and politicians that address the socio-cultural and political implications that surround the project.

At times I have been letting the site interfere and inform my own perceptions, at other times I have interfered with the site, initiating a series of interactive interventions along this invisible boundary. I have asked pedestrians entering my Homezone if they would like to join me for a cup of tea, or to brush their feet on a doormat, I have physically marked out the perimeters of my territory onto the streets using oranges and garlic, or chalked out the questions that asylum seekers are expected to answer if they would like to live in Germany. And so on.

This narrative or scrapbook of evidence is then performed, or presented, as a low-tech response to a web of technological infrastructures.

Homezone has been presented at the Arena Festival in Erlangen, at a variety of locations in Stuttgart, and at the Hidden Cities Symposium in Plymouth (UK).

They would like you to leave by 10 o'clock  
If you have children they might ask you if you have public liability insurance  
They want to show you the pearls  
They know that you are coming with high expectations  
It's an open house  
They believe strangers are friends you don't know

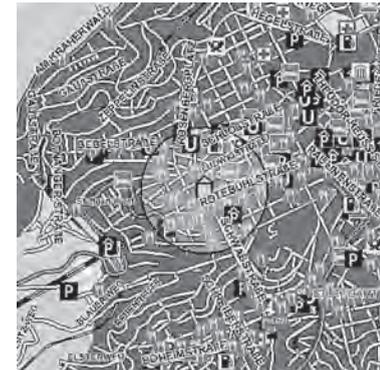


Fig. 1: The O2 Map of my Homezone in Stuttgart

They are not a hotel  
They expect you to feel at home  
They don't have any expectations, they are just happy that you are there  
They will treat you like queens  
They couldn't do this all the time, as that would be too stressful  
There are just the same rules that always exist  
That you leave the place as you find it  
That you are not too loud  
That you behave like a normal person  
They don't actually like having to get everything ready for you  
They hope that you will not dominate  
They have thought carefully about whom you might like to meet  
They will try to be open and relaxed  
They would like to keep a bit of distance  
You shouldn't feel at home but you should be yourself  
They will make themselves feel good in order that you feel good  
They will try to show you that they are happy that you are there  
They rarely have guests  
They hope you can keep the conversation going  
They hope that you feel good, and expect you to return the compliment  
They will be assessing your sex, social standing and age  
They will not invest a lot of time building friendships, unless you are an astronaut

#### CIRCLE No.1

This circle has a diameter of 2,3km. The topography of this circle, if you cut it out, might resemble a failed sponge cake, or the side of a crater. The hedges, fences and gates around the outside of this circle are noticeably higher. Over 25% of the people living in this circle are classified as foreigners. A large proportion of these live next to the four main roads.

I say hello to an old lady and she calls me a 'Schmüserle' (flirt).



Fig. 2: Collage

#### **CIRCLE No.4**

Greeting you as you enter this circle is a group of people, mostly older men, seated around a small dried-up fountain. They sit here for 7-8 hours a day, and will happily point you in the right direction. Each person has an allocated space on one of the benches, a Stammplatz. One of the benches is always empty.

A few metres away, just outside this circle, somebody leans out of the window and spits down onto the street.

In the Maultaschenfabrik they are still hiding the meat from God.

#### **CIRCLE No.6**

There are 13 pubs, and one public drinking fountain.

There is one gay brothel.

There are as many empty shops as there are tax advisers.

As many butchers as there are banks.

There are 19 hair and beauty salons, one of which is for dogs.

If you want to live in this circle you will be given a map and free bus travel for a month.

Somebody has marked this circle with a humming hole. I stick my head into the hole that has been cut into the stone and hum. My body vibrates, like a glass of water having a finger run around and around the rim.