

I often dream of coming back home. In dreams I had as a child, I was usually coming back from playing outside, while more recently I am getting back home from some sort of a trip, business or activity of any kind, but the important fact is I am arriving to my home, a place of biggest security. However, with every entrance made in to the building, I realize that not only I am at the wrong place but that my “place”, my “apartment” and some sort of security no longer exists. Instantly in myself I would encounter a feeling of discomfort accompanied with the sudden understanding: the peace felt in four walls acts as a construct, it’s just an illusion; a getaway place of very limiting surfaces and volumes. As if the security was made through acquired reflex, completed with smells, sounds and surfaces we got used to. Every little change makes us restless and becomes a turmoil that sparks and ignites the flames.

The fires are burning, for sure, but we don’t know who is starting them. While the sense of the fire comes from every direction, there is a feeling that adequate reaction to the burning issues is constantly missing. Whether it is about the social issues on bigger level, or intimate/inner conflicts, the feeling of security comes to us through a surrogate, as a commercial. Pseudo actions are an attempt, more of a cover-up, than a real solution to the problem. Like adding oil to a fire. Such attempts at resolution seem to lead only to chain reactions, attempts that settle only current emotional states.

When we set up a bed in an abandoned field not far from Belgrade, set it on fire and made it a temporary monument to the break with the security and comfort it seemed to provide, I couldn't help but see myself lying on such a burning bonfire many times and suffocating in the smoke I am the cause itself, and my passivity is fuel. Are we ready to let something burn to the end, go through the process of burning up close, do nothing but learn from the flames that devour everything in front of us, clean the incinerator and start again? If passivity is already an established model of doing of the majority, then how to gather courage and take that step forward? How to take advantage of the position of passivity we are in, learn from it and really take control of life from the hands of individuals?