Re-HomeComing

Anthony Rosado reflects on returning home for the Visual AIDS June Web gallery

June 3, 2021 By Visual AIDS

Visual AIDS's 2021 "Artist Open Call" produces a thread bonding each artwork: Re-HomeComing. If our childhood homes were invincible, we would not experience hiraeth; longing for that which no longer—and will never again—exist.

Lo & behold, even if your home stands still today, youth is finite. Yes, couches were once mountains. But we blossomed. And our parents became people. And we learned that Black history commenced generations before 1492. We comprehended the colonial dictatorships presiding over our star-spangled livelihood. We, obscured in the wake of their faux flag waving a super-fucked "democracy," accept that home is wherever our body is.

So, many of us re-locate. Those who do, re-acclimate. Cliched as it may seem, repatriation is re-birth. Re-solace. Re-love. Re-breathe.

True, new cultures are work to adapt to, and wholistically respect. Also hella true, it is requisite for voyagers to sacrifice certain comforts to re-furnish home. The goal? At hand?

Sustainability ascending.

There are others who don't move. Instead, they re-navigate home to re-conjugate their unique mode of auto-neological creation. Both parties breed a novel version of their body, which is the only home we will ever own. Each artwork denotes a step in one's lifelong process to achieve repatriation. The procedure is distinctive to each living being. No two are alike. The impetus is not what self-education brews. Rather, the path that prioritizes persistence.

This requires trust in the process; self; God."Looking for Normal" by Luis Mario Tavales hums isolation. Yet, etched strokes of blue contrast a warm, horizontal expanse. All is not well, however there is ample space to breathe. Constructing home anew demands the first step of re-forming home: wash. Cleanse.

Heal. This realization motivates step two: think. "escaping" by Monique Gordon prompts viewers to visualize their ideal home. Once they decide what or where home is, step three: plan. "Two Chairs" by David Sipher elucidates the effect of projecting intent. Space to think unabated, buds.

Step four: executing said objective and self-educating enhances one's ability to assimilate sans

appropriation. “Just a Number” by Kurt Weston reminds you to freeze. Encounter life as it comes. Endure torrential waves so you may buoy with Iemanjá. Conflict can curate compromise.

Be like Stella. You will trip. Pero make sure to get your groove back. “Woman Smiling” by Joyce McDonald is proof that investment in yourself inspires you to viscerally eat the now. We know the world is wonderful when women smile autonomously. With wow we welcome the final step: re-live.

Art Harks. Ventilation releases. Home beckons.

Come hither. Go thither. Drown naught. Hover taught.

Butler taught. Octavia said, “God is Change. God exists to be Shaped. Shape God.”

Gather sand. Add água. Sculpt home. Fly there.

Adapt.

Reflect.

Ruminate.

Rise.

Phoenix.

Repatriate.

Escaping , 2018-21, Mixed Media on corrugated cardboard (wax, paint, singed paper, clippings)Courtesy of Visual AIDS/Monique Gordon

Click here to view the full web gallery on the Visual AIDS website.

Anthony Rosado graduated from Trinity College with a BA in Theater & Dance, and has performed for Anabella Lenzu, Scapegoat Garden, Dance Action and Dance Elixr. He developed performance theory practice via Hemispheric Institute's EMERGEnyc Performer's Program, Chez Bushwick's AiR,Issue Project Room, Eden's Expressway, Bronx Academy of Arts & Dance's Series, Gallatin Arts Festival, JACK, Center for Performance Research, The Moon Show, and Judson Church. He was Editor in Chief of OMIT Magazine for Issues I and II, Director of Operations for Mi Casa No Es Su Casa: Illumination Against Gentrification Project 2016-17, Co-Member of Arts in Bushwick 2015-17, and Director of Operations for META BALANCE 2018.

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