

BECOMING PLASTIC

I am used to seeing the house as a solid object. A monolith, firmly planted on the ground, hollowed out in order to create a safe and indestructible inside. In some moments this illusion falls apart – I see the separate parts that build up to the whole and understand the house as the collection of fragments that it is. I find this moment sitting in a garden, looking through a house. It has all its doors and windows open or slid to the side, opening its interior to the outside world. From my place under the trees I can see right through it.

Three steps leading up to the hallway;
The hallway, grubby tiles and a rough rug to wipe your feet;
A tall door, open, leading to the second hallway behind;
A flight of stairs on the right, someone running up;
A pair of glass doors on the left;
The long hallway, two doors on the right side, three on the left, two of them open;
The ground floor kitchen: drinks ready to be served on a long table, a handful of guests;
Through the window, a few smokers out in the garden;
The fence at the end of the garden, four meters high
The playground behind;
Tall walls surrounding the courtyard, white, no windows.

Seeing outside from outside, through the house, diminishes the idea of solidity. Its fragility becomes evident. No longer a monolith, instead clearly a composition of elements. Built up out of thin walls, forming a minimal interruption in the enormous world outside of it. A temporary and conditional inside, opposed to the eternal and unconditional outside. Only separated by a relatively flimsy shell.

This shell, consisting of planes, coming into contact in points and lines, forms a whole. Cutting one part of space from the other with borders and thresholds; separating the in from the out; creating an inside within the outside.

This shell does not have to be complete to create an inside. An inside can exist without a shell. A yellowed circle in the grass can form an inside – showing a border that once was. A roof on columns can form an inside – we imagine walls in between. A wall with openings but without a roof can form an inside – lacking a seemingly essential plane, but still creating an obvious in and ex by means of an entrance. We could even leave out the walls and keep only the openings; the walls are implied. An opening suggests a wall suggests a shell suggests an inside. An expectation of shell can be enough. A feeling of crossing can be a border, a plane of the shell.

The border can exist mentally, and can therefore be personal, flexible and temporary. Not rigid, but plastic. This means I don't need a lot to construct a shell and I don't need a lot to reshape a shell. I want to use this to my advantage. I want to use this knowledge to manipulate, to let the shell follow my wishes, to mirror my mood. To become plastic. I want to play with the shell as if with a sock, turning it inside out and outside in again. I want to find an in-between. I want to feel at home outside and create eternal interiors.
