Diaspora of the Interior

Ole Bouman

Home: an unassailable institution, or so it seems. Home is the place where everything that really matters is to be found. Your nearest and dearest, your personal possessions, your deepest emotions, your tranquillity, your naked body, your refrigerator, your mementos of neverto-be-forgotten moments. Home is where the heart is. Home is the place for your personality, your integrity and your identity. Home has an address, too, and a door through which the outside world comes to you and you go to meet the outside world. People who want to reach you with truly important mail write to you at your home address. People who want to talk to you about existential matters, phone you at home in the evening. My home is my castle. Where would you be without your home? Outside...

To this almost biological meaning of home can be added a cultural one. Home is also the place that people have long used as a means of establishing their social identity. Home was once the setting for social visits during which other people took note of your status, your propriety and your respectability. Initially, these attributes were deduced from the correct, classically genteel interior, consisting of the correct accessories, in the correct style, with the correct functions embodying the correct lifestyle and the correct view of life. Later on this was succeeded by the modern genteel interior whose 'correctness' lay not so much in its representation of civilized life, but in its zealous up-todateness. Moral soundness was no longer the criterion of success, but the ability to display a modern world view.

The average individual will have any trouble recognizing themselves in both of these manifestations of home. Home is still a place for both intimacy and cultural correctness. But anyone who takes a longer look at the current status of these concepts will stumble across more and more anomalies in which home does not necessarily coincide with a home address but is liable to occur at odd times and in odd places. Home is turning into a coded agreement, a moment of recognition, an instant of temporary interior decoration, a fleeting convention. The interior, the place for being at home, domesticity, can theoretically be anywhere and everywhere; it is becoming more of a momentary stage setting than a static address. The contemporary interior is neither classic nor modern anymore. It has above all to be relevant. The relocatable home is wherever it is relevant, where it can be recognized and shared by the relevant people. Everything else is irrelevant.

If this brief history of home is true, there should also be a reverse history of the haunted house. Whereas the ghost was once an unseen and uninvited visitor from outside, capable of upsetting the home and impertinently disturbing its tranquillity with fears that should have remained on the other side of the door, it is now the home that is busy insinuating itself into all manner of places beyond its own door. Inside has become outside and one wonders whether in the long run that will not prove far more terrifying than visitations from outside. For if home has changed from a familiar setting to a familiar point in time that you always carry around with you, both mentally and in the form of various attributes from the design and security industries, there will come a moment when there is no inside anymore. When inside is everywhere. And one can't help wondering whether that might not conjure up far greater fears than the poltergeists of yesteryear.

This issue of *Archis* explores the universalization of inside. Home: it is indispensable. Inescapable. Ubiquitous. Terrifying. Imagine a world in which everything is inside...

Nail flyer





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Above Paris Plage, 2003 Photo Sophie Robichon / Mairie de Paris Below Nemo Beach, Amsterdam, 2002

Home = A Symbol

EASY RIDER



BULO

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Hans van Houwelingen, *The carpet*, Amerhof, Utrecht, 1992/1994 Inset Advertisement Bulo



Home = *All you have*





