

THE SHUTTERS

Extract from :

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The shutters

There are loud noises that make the air vibrate so hard you can hear it shatter, bursts that break the light. Visually, it looks like a tear.

The shutters spend their time sleeping. It is as if they had never woken up, they are slow forms that hate excessive agitation. The shutters are homey. Protective guardians of the walls and the rest of the shelter, they are always snoring, but they snore with their eyes wide open. The shutters are scarecrows, objects of deterrence that scare away children concerned about the dark. They look a lot like doors, except that a door never sleeps.

The shutters are also afraid, they fear being seen by the rest of the world and this fear has made them shy. So shy that they are strongly suspected of being unpleasant. They are cold and distant, but it is not their fault that they are forced to be on the wrong side all the time. The shutters are movable partitions that live upside down. They are silently exhausted from churning air. They always look like remnants. Double

remnants, witnesses of the outside and of a rain that only half washes them, and guardians of an inside that always forgets to consider them as exploitable surfaces of intimacy. Yet shutters are constant forms, reliable and confidential surfaces. You can tell your shutters everything, but they will always remain as mute as graves.

Shutters are the most beautiful thresholds in the house. The threshold is a place that is neither really open nor really closed. It is one of the few spaces that is almost immaterial. It doesn't really have a shape, it doesn't look like anything else. In fact, it is often something completely empty. It is there all the time, but nobody sees it. It is a perfectly silent thing, the most silent space in the house, the only one that can never be altered. There are often several in the house: between the bedroom and the corridor, between the living room and the kitchen, between the entrance hall and the landing, but the threshold is above all a crack between the outside and the inside. It is always a midpoint, an in-between, a relatively vaporous limit, a thing in the middle of two others, a tiny piece of emptiness between two surfaces. It has the shape of the things around it, it is an outline, a doorframe, a black hole in the keyhole. It is a volume of choice, a volume that offers us to choose between inside and outside, an ambivalence of penetrable partition. It is the only space that can be both perfectly outside and perfectly inside. Like shutters, the threshold is an eternal indecision.

Shutters are hinged surfaces, they belong to two places at the same time and constantly move back and forth between the two. The shutters are never really in their place. Sad to be always left out, they turn their backs on us, spilling hollow tears in their sharp corners. Loneliness has made them morose, they yawn and stretch slowly, lulled by the storm that tears their

open eyes.

Silence on a weeping form.

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