

Marie Lund

*Face to Back*

7. 4. – 5. 5. 2018

There is a floor. Parquet. With inlays. Laid out years ago.  
It is valued. Cared for. But inevitably it will wear down.  
There is already a dip in the surface. Where most people walked.  
The downstairs neighbours hear the steps. Muffled by the floor.  
The supporting structure and their ornamented ceiling.  
There are walls. With layers of paint. Plaster. Insulation.  
Yesterday's newspaper. Old news. Stocks. Ups and downs.  
Cavity that allows for ventilation. Avoiding a cold-bridge.  
Then weather-proof cladding towards the outside.  
There are wooden panels. Along the edges. Covering the tricky joints.  
From window to wall. From wall to door opening.  
To prevent draught. Shaped strips of wood. Alternating planes.  
Light and dark shades. Style and taste. For your eyes to adjust.  
Between the soft light in the room and the brightness outside.  
There are windows. Two layers. Opening inwards and outwards.  
The gap between the two. Absorbs most of the noise from the street.

