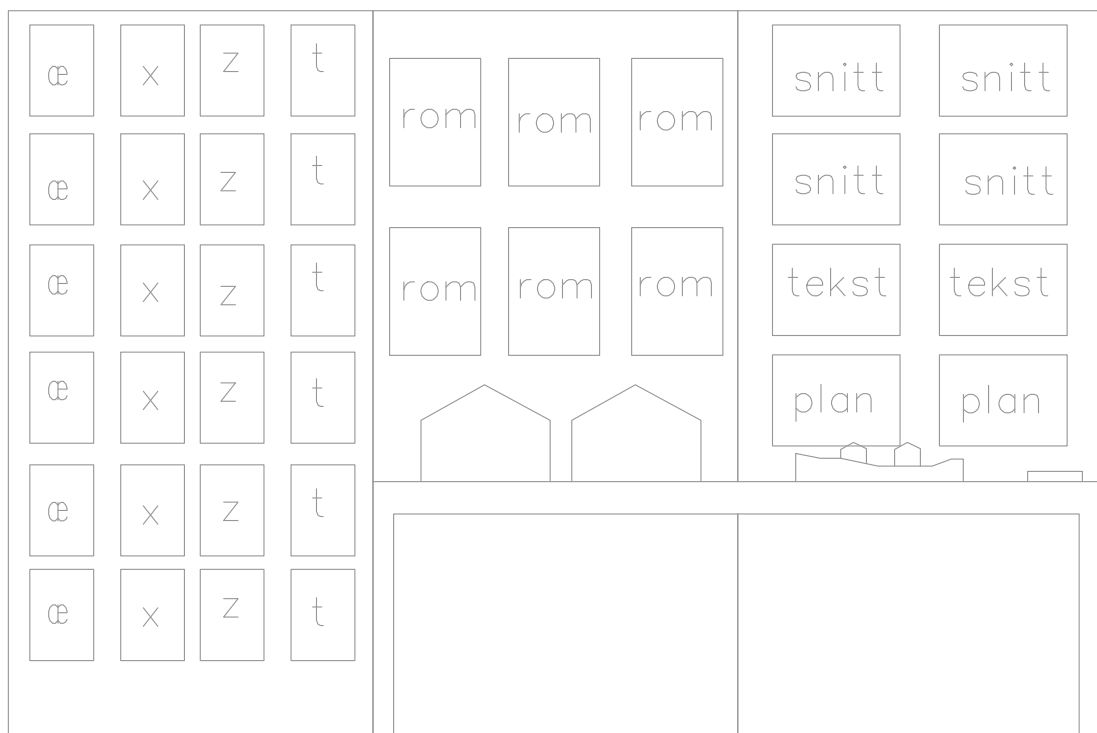
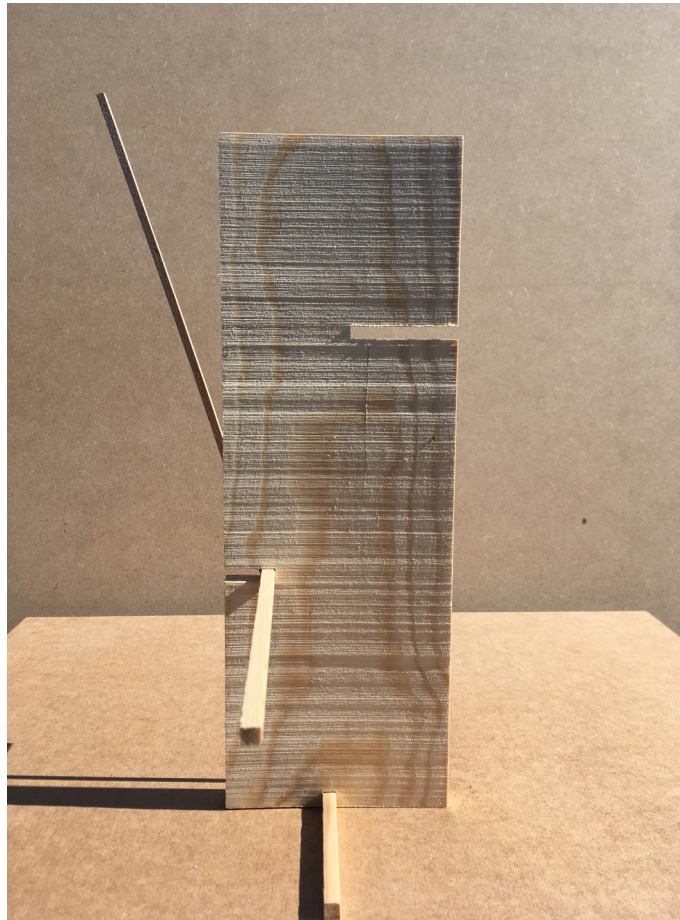


# Digital Poster\_ *The Couple*

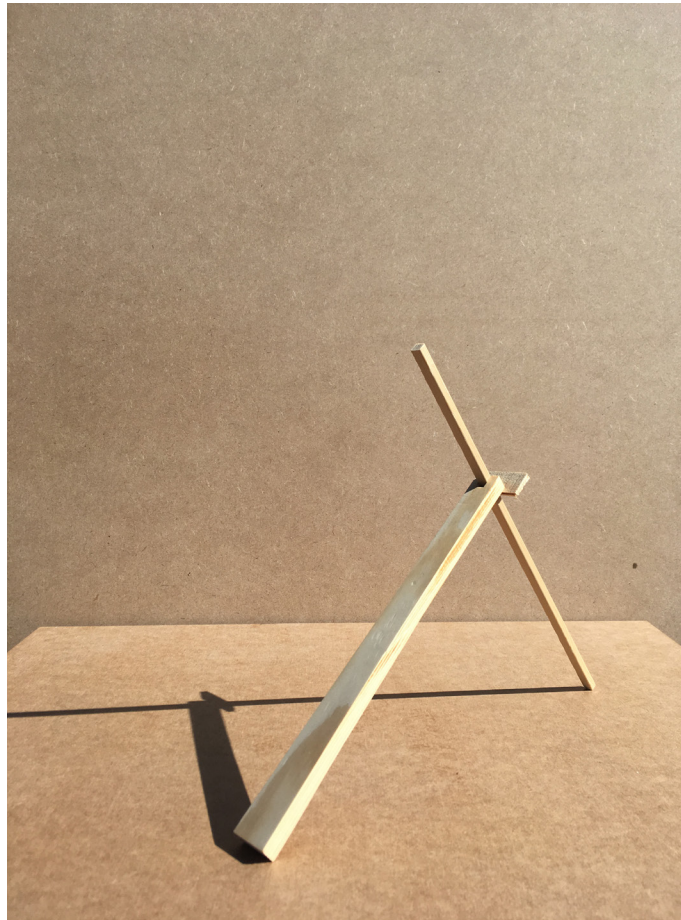
Marie Meulman



exhibition set-up



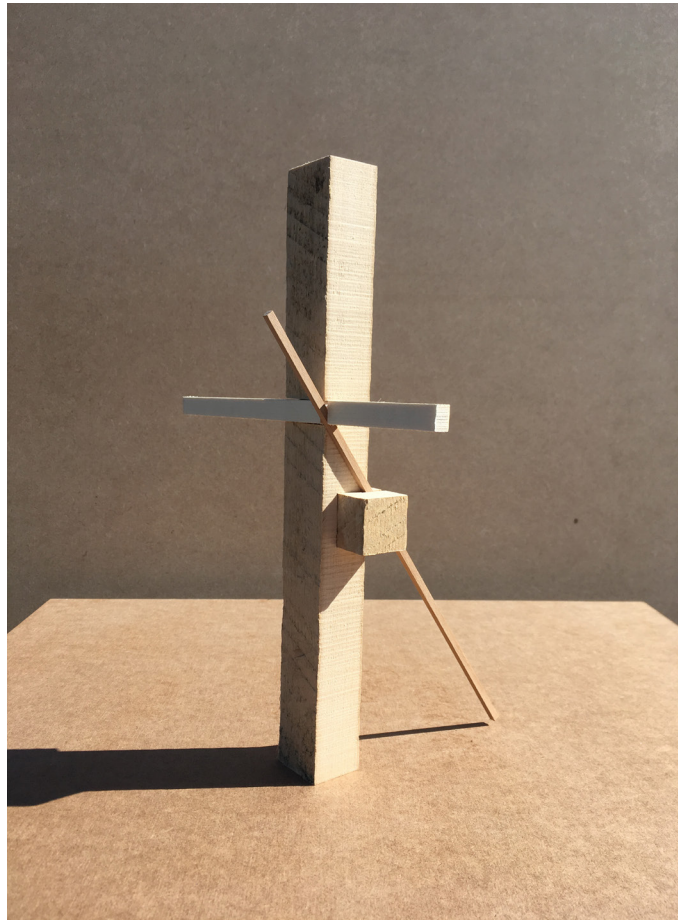
*Eyes in the back of  
the head*



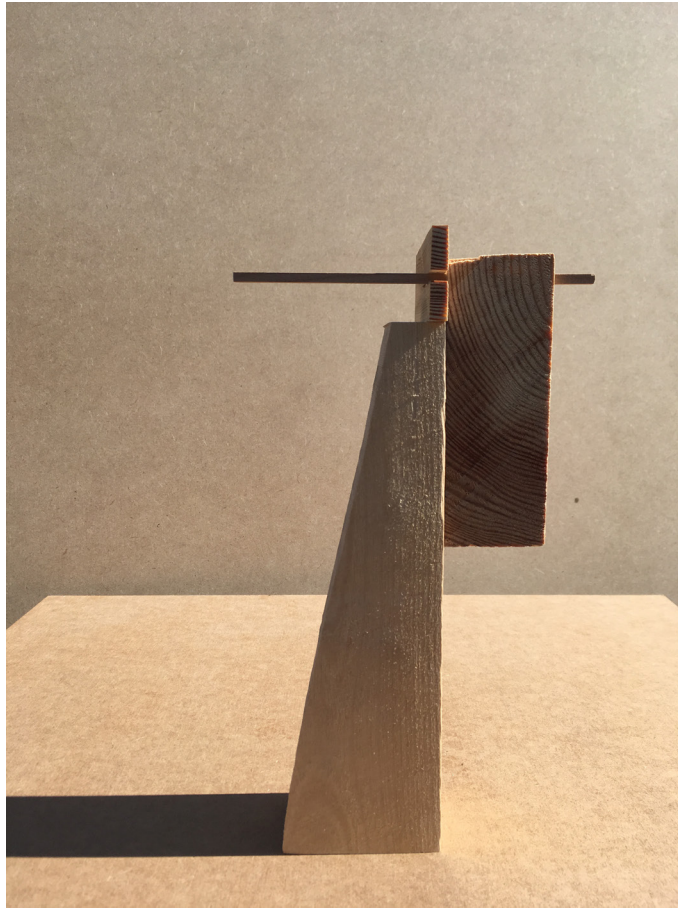
*Bone*



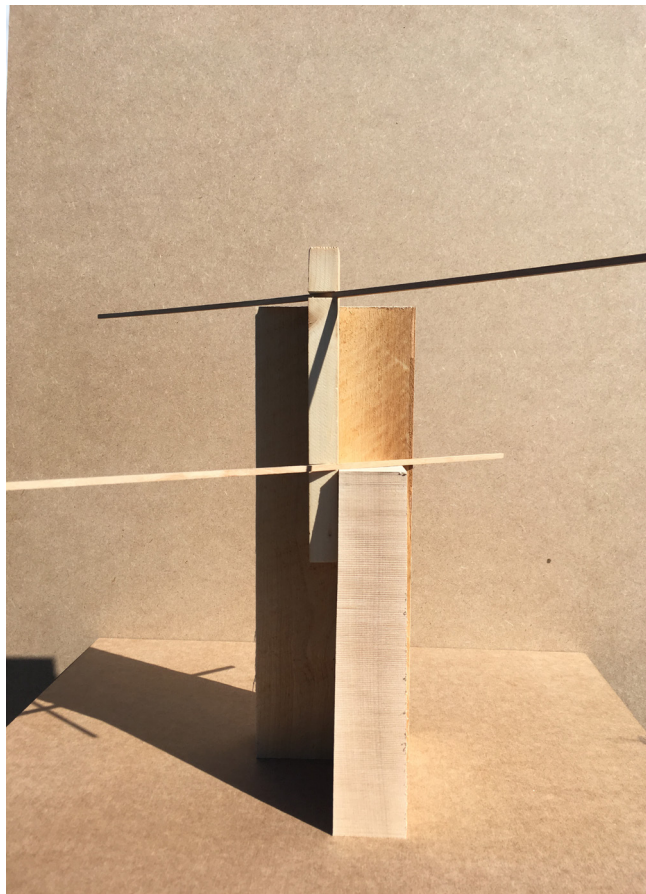
*Worms hole*



*Soldier*



*Knee*

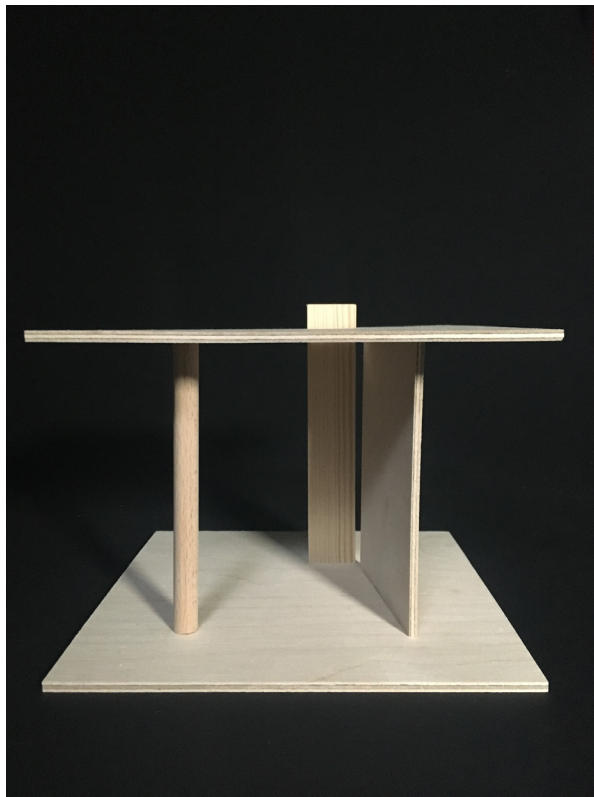


*Queen Bee*



*A room for two beds on each side of  
the diagonal wall.*





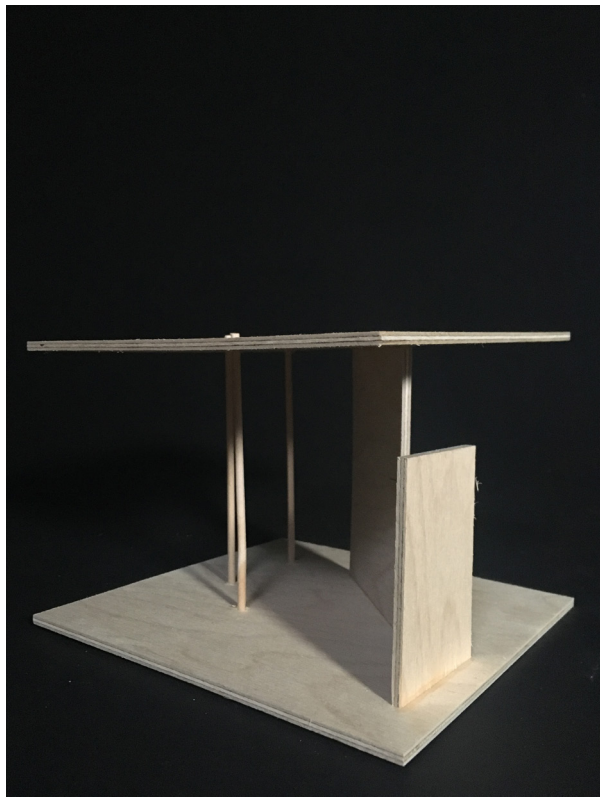
*A livingroom with a chimney, a wall  
and a big collumn.*



*A living room with a beam and a small wall. Creating a division of the space, in the same time creating several places.*



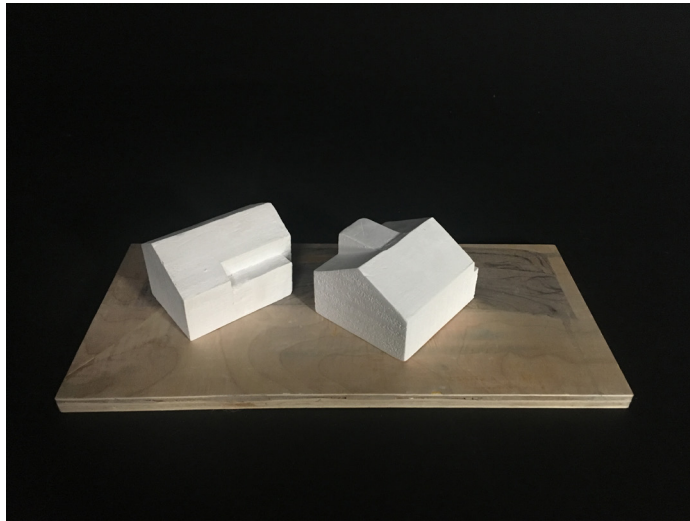
*A eating nook with a big beam and a small one. One loadbearing, and one probably a shelf.*



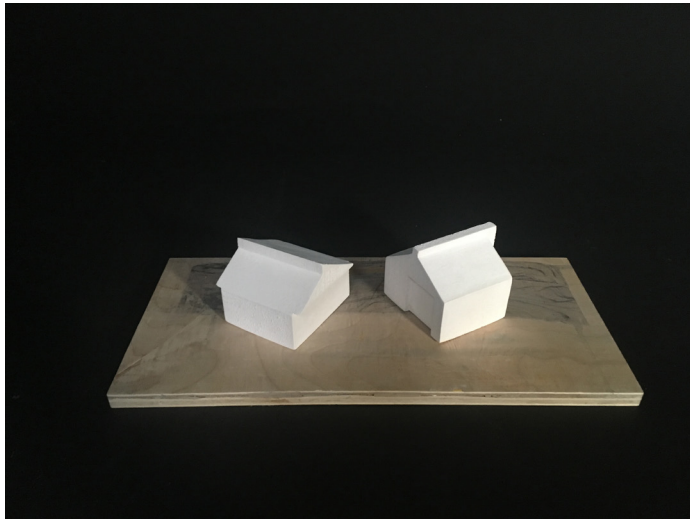
*A kitchen with two walls almost intersecting, creating an indoor window to the next room.*



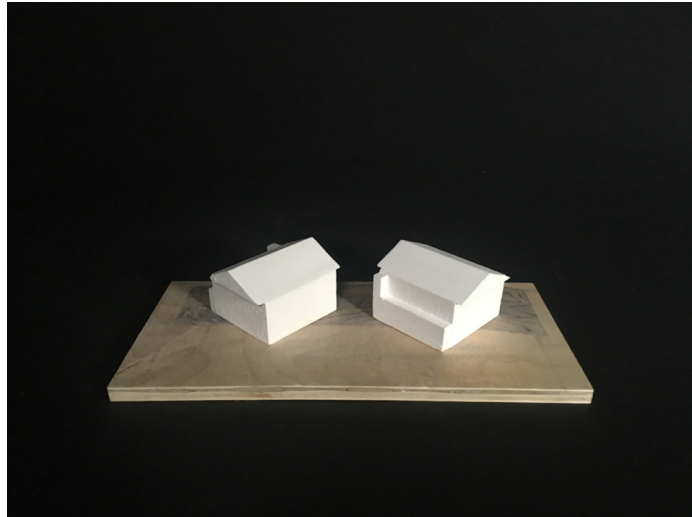
*A bathroom and wc with two overlapping, but not touching, walls.*



*week 47*

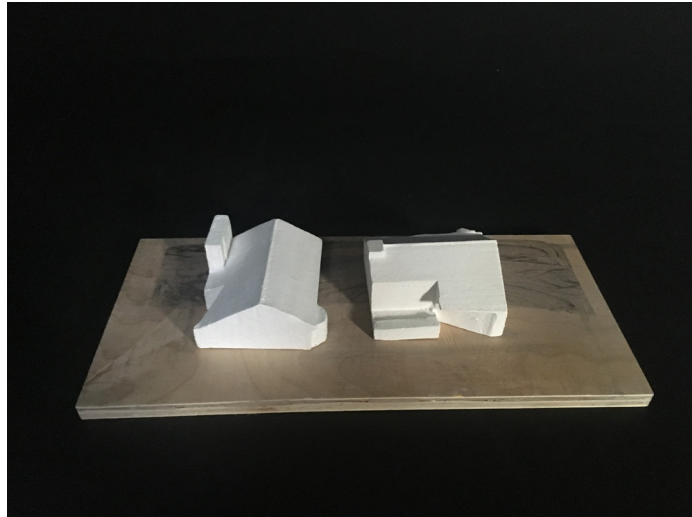


*week 40*

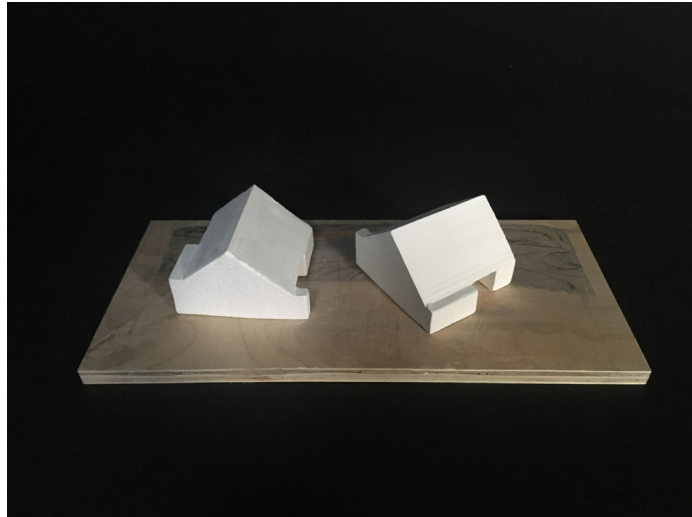


*week 45*

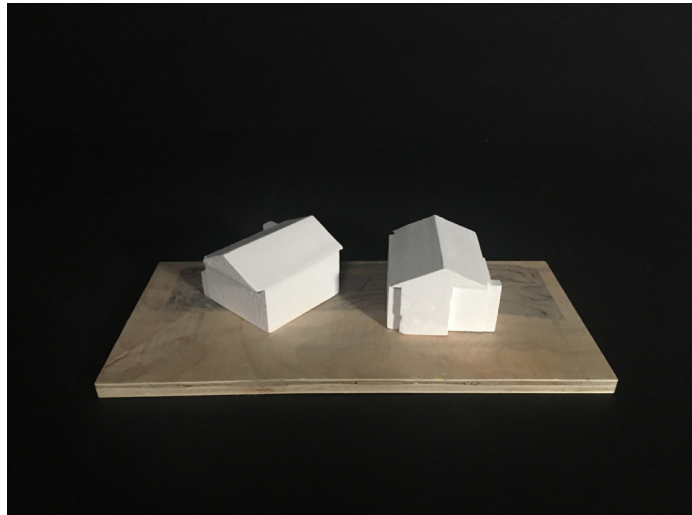




*week 46*



*week 44*



*week 45*

neighboring

*I often see objects and then I see in them a longing for something else. For me this obsession or act is about not wanting to be alone. It's about finding the balance between closeness and distance. That's also why this sentence from the writer Thomas Espedal "He loves to be alone, as long as she is in the room next to him" lingers close to my material acting and sensing.*

nooks

*“He loves to be alone, as long as she is in the room next to him.”*

*To me the intuitive answer to this was the nook. And the definition of the nook is this:  
a corner of a room, or a part of a room cut off from the main part*

## wooden figures

*The material acting started in my pre-diploma with the making of wooden figures that in my mind was placed in the landscape of the island and the site. The figures were made by cutting big pieces of wood in smaller pieces, then I made cuts in them, and afterwards I put them together again with the help of a stick inside the cuts. The wooden figures made clear characters, and I named them. Then the urge to put them together in couples emerged. I had to see if they could give me more satisfaction, because I really liked them as individuals, but I had to see if they could and if I could be even more happier. I placed them together, and so many of them had one or two they connected with. When put together they seemed humbler then when they were standing alone.*

ritual

*I went to Italy in September. I found black stones in the sand and carried them with me to the sun bed. Then I placed them together in many different couples and took pictures of them. Some of the couples seemed to belong together. And I felt that the stones, because of their smooth surface and black color and welcoming shapes, always wanted to be with each other, wanted to meet the other stones with their concave into the other stones convex. Or the pointed sides against each other.*

*This continued when I came back. I started a ritual every Monday, I made one or two houses in gypsum in 1:100. Searching for the couple, the tension, searching for the facades, forms and objects in the landscape.*

searching

*I tried to leak the architecture of the wooden figures into more spatial structures. I made the structures of plywood, they contained a roof, a floor, beams, walls and columns. I was searching for the nooks and the interior mood of the houses. Working on the couple: the human body and space. Making personal memories and affinities to further leak into the acting and drawing of plans and sections.*



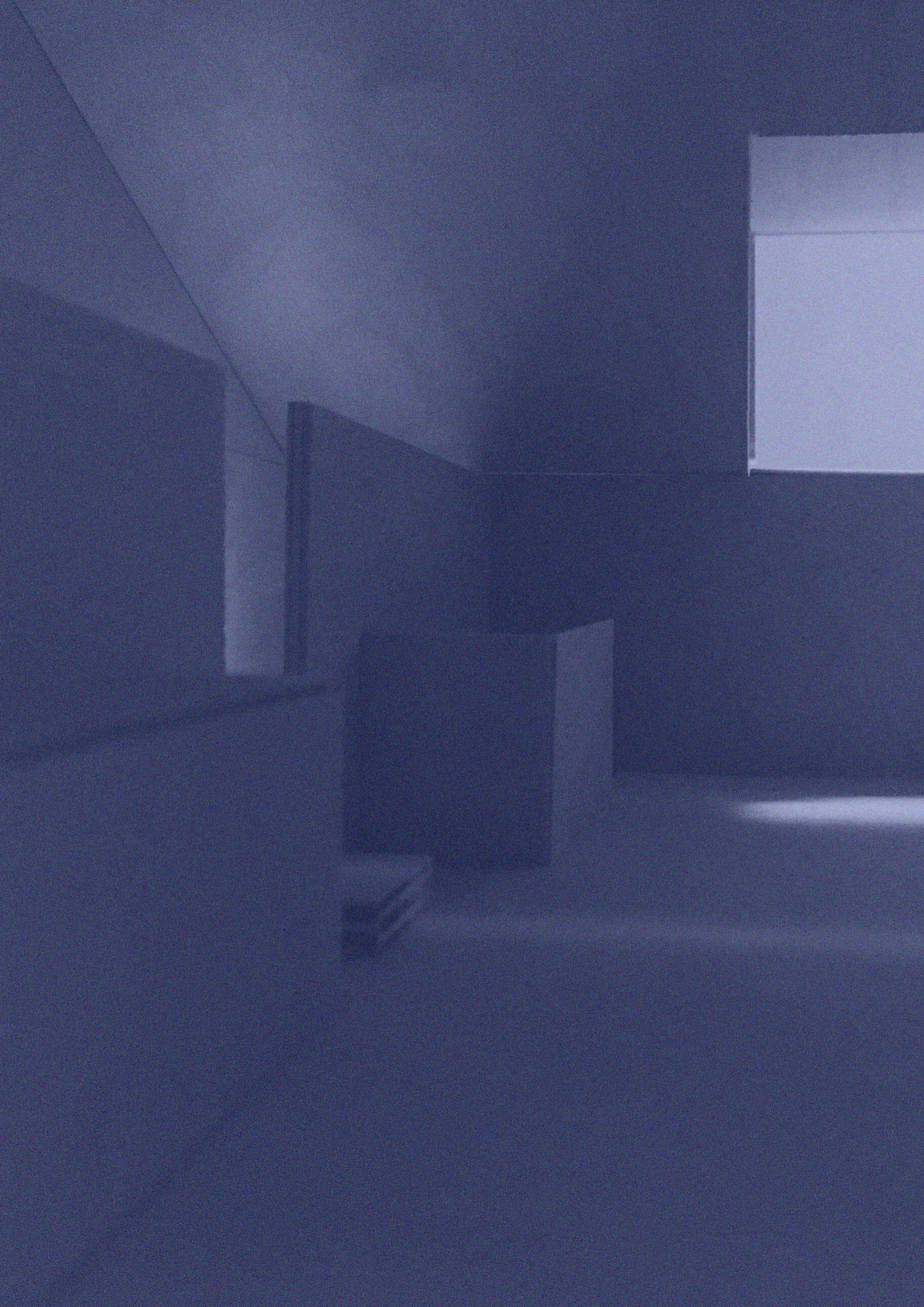
placing

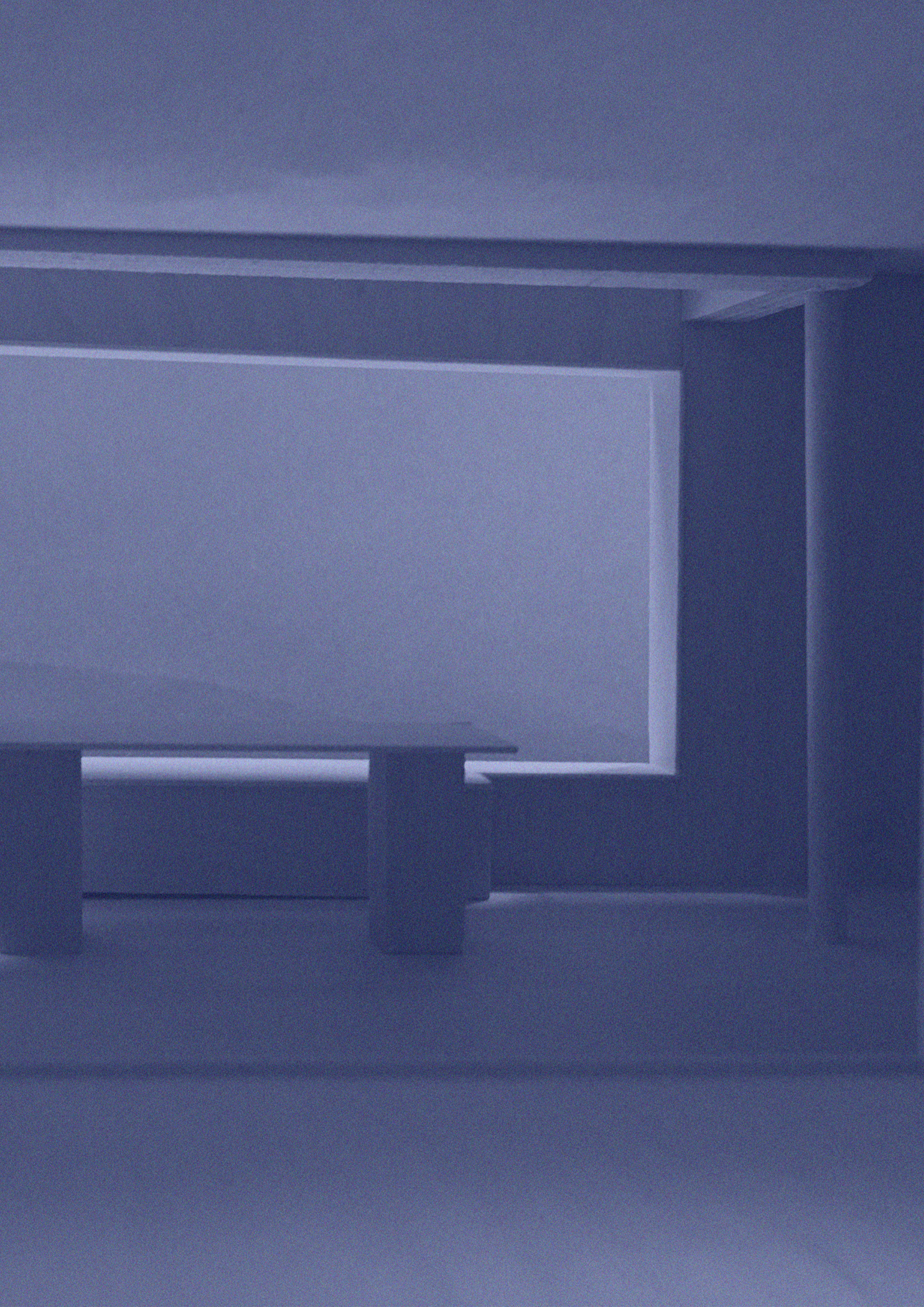
*The two houses are equal in volume. The facades have clear proportional similarities, a closeness, and also clear individual characters, a distance. They are placed next to each other in the hill facing east and the ocean. One house is placed longer up in the hill, two stairs are placed from the road and up to the houses. The human can walk up their stair, looking at their neighbor also going up their stair to their house. A distance and a closeness. The wooden houses are placed on concrete foundations that frames the houses, and makes terraces. The landscape around is not touched. It remains as I remember it.*

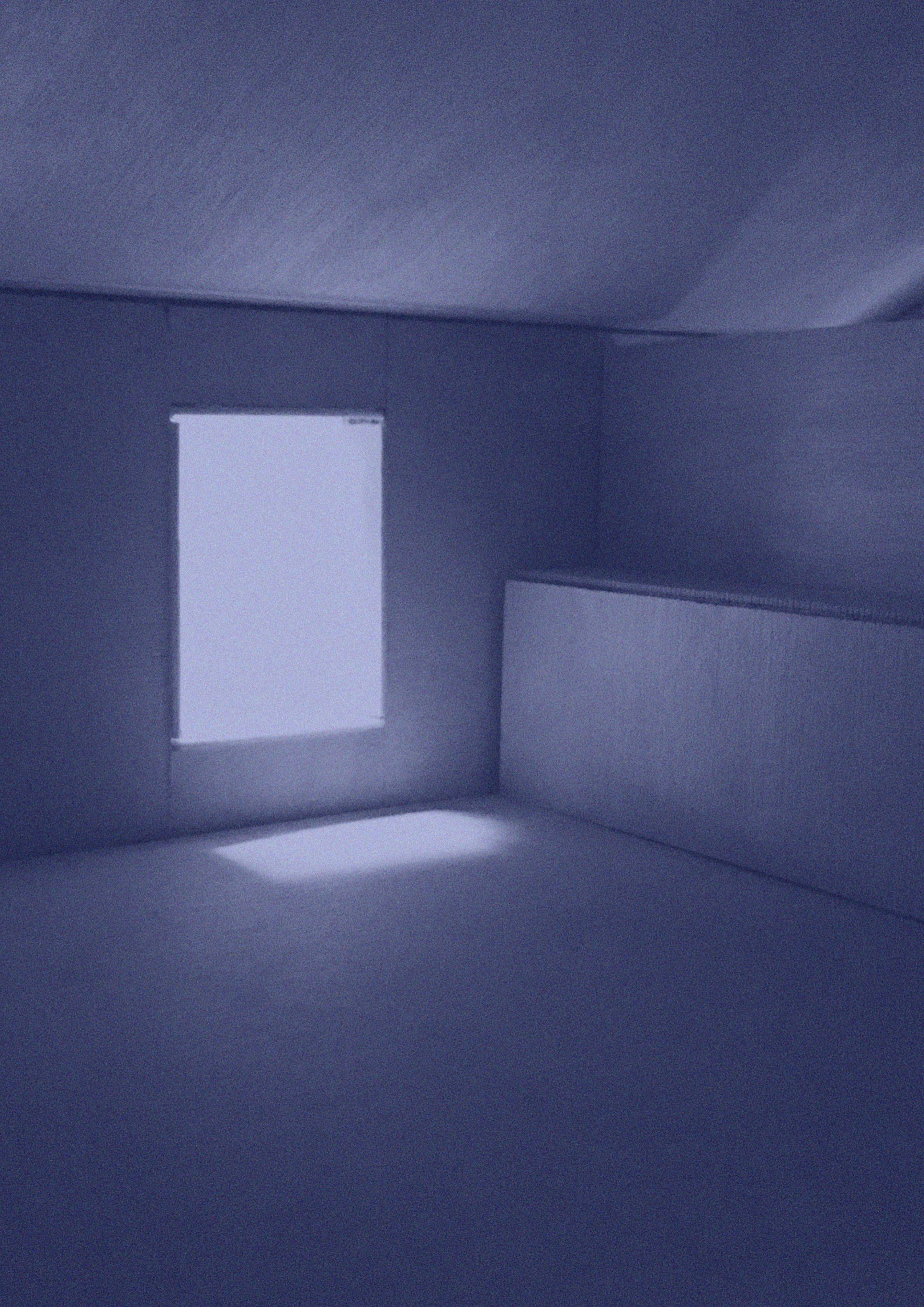


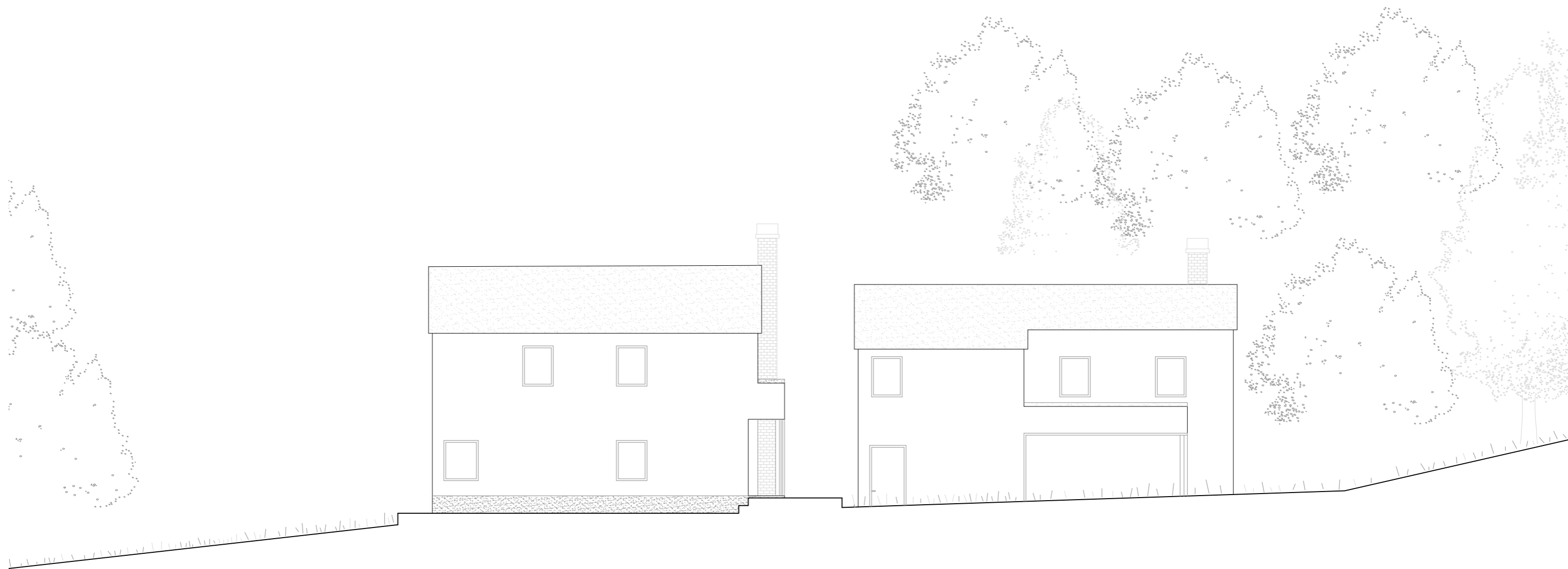












*West*  
*1:100*





*Section 1  
West  
1:100*

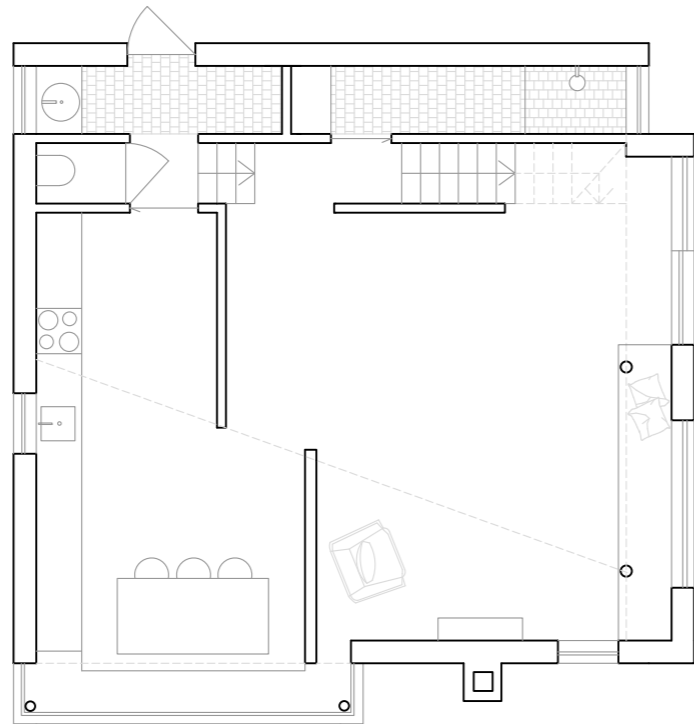


*South*  
*1:100*

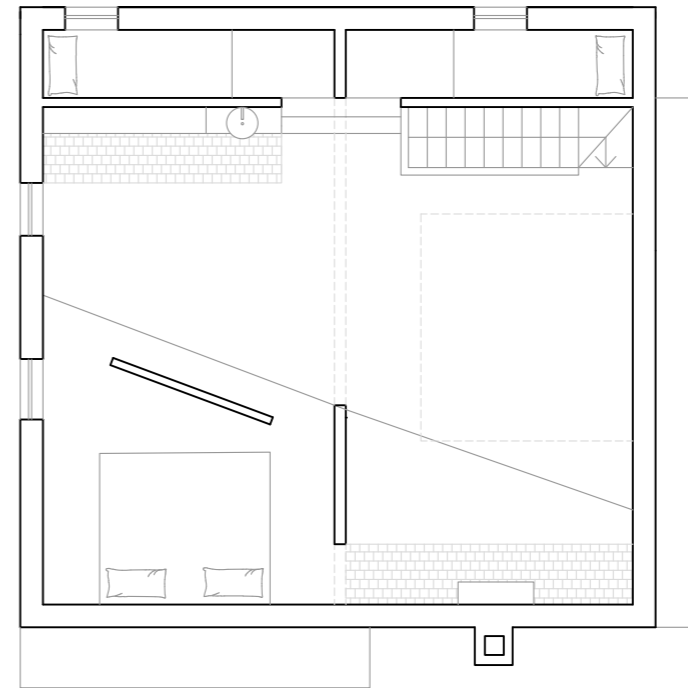


*Section 2  
South  
1:100*

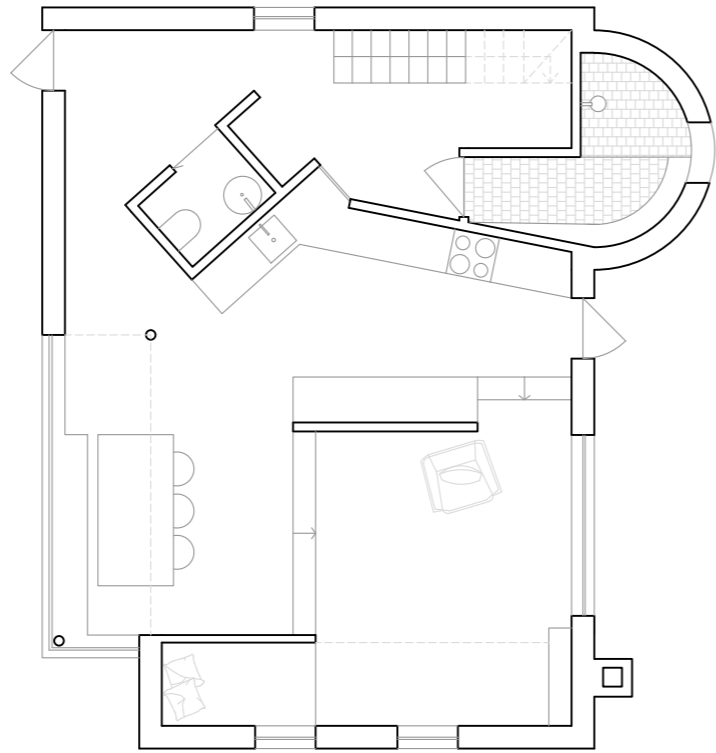
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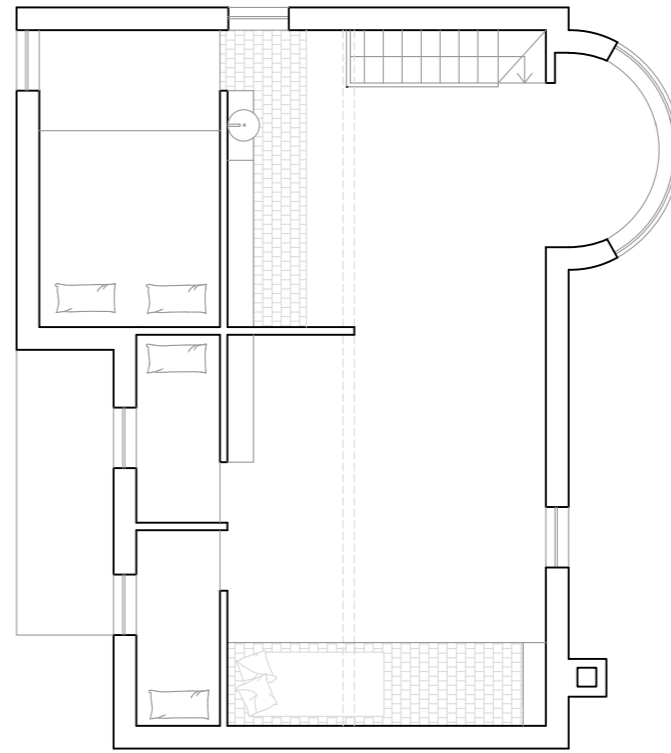
1 ↘



1  
2



2  
1



My grandmothers house had a gable roof. I liked to sleep in my mothers old room. The bed was placed against the oblique ceiling. Our house had a Mansard roof. My bed was also placed against the ceiling, but it wasn't as oblique. I't didn't feel as safe.

In my childhood house we had a big old wooden staircase up to the loft. I loved to play in this staircase, and to be at the gloomy attic with the small roofwindow. But then my parents tared the stair down in order to make a small office where it stood. And then we got a hatchway with a folding ladder. I still miss that staircase.

I decided on making two houses in the landscape where I grew up. On a site on a hill near the ocean where cows one time ate grass. I wanted to experience the place again, a place that is very present in my memories of childhood, through a new kind of acting with the place. As a child I dwelled a lot in this landscape through making wooden huts or caves in the tall grass, and now I wanted to dwell there by reliving the memories through the architecture of two houses. I wanted to make two objects and place them in this landscape.

Every winter the neighbors of the farm went ice skating on the little water at the bottom of the hill, now in front of The Couple. And in summer the same people walked on a path in the landscape to get down to the ocean for a bath.