Beautiful, childish, expressive, tasteless, post-art, over simplistic, throw away, kid’s stuff, lacking in integrity, rotting, nothing but visual candy, celebrating, sensational, inarguably beautiful planning is over the top, 1999
In a sequence described in the next paragraphs, I remove the poorly insulated roof of Gustavsberg Porcelain Factory and make new use of its foundation. The monolith cement slab, once supporting heavy industrial machinery, is now the site of lakes and other movements:

The top floor area is split, and a new built volume, one story higher, overtakes the southern half resting on the factory’s basement, digging into it at its western and eastern ends. Striking horizontally, the fissure exposes a long central axis, taking advantage of the factory’s horizontality to articulate vastness. The new building formation allows for long views and makes possible, for instance, an unhindered 100 meter sprint across the lot. The original brick facade now defines a large outdoor plain, encircling two bodies of water, a lawn, a wooded park, and a grassy knoll.

The new clean facade built along the central fissure, through repetition of the domestic module triggers the illusion of a strangely familiar row of homes. The start of a new archetypal episode, a kidnapped residential street now rests on transient glass and water. Stripped of adornment, exposed utilitarianism, the transplanted row comes to resemble its new environment. Inside grow a series of production spaces and display sequences. The site’s industrial character now becomes a setting for creative inspiration and ensuing collaborative work, a resurrection of the spirit of the derelict factory.

A letter to the masses

The CIA took our home and wouldn’t tell us why. There were the theories, but lives melted into significance making history relevant.

It was a factory.

But there. Clearly that is our old dining room. They had made a sort of genetic reappraisal, stimulating a multiplicity of the spaces.

Suddenly our home was nothing: gone to the maggots, a fodder to the decay. And they wouldn’t tell us why. Notice:

When anyone explains anything, the lack of why,

The persistent denial in our increasing constructs.

Through this method to engage in a constant striving away from meaninglessness with the added conclusion that our artificially is somehow more.

Instead, submit to the memorizing and un-inspiring nihilism. The minimal past becomes obsolete and we no longer have anything to fear.

The coded narratives surrounding our lives

Repetition is monotonous.
Repetition is metonymy.
Repetition is metonymic.
Repetition is takeover.
Repetition is sound.
Sound is takeover.
Takeover is repetition.

An archive is finding patterns. Archives exist because there is something that cannot be articulated.