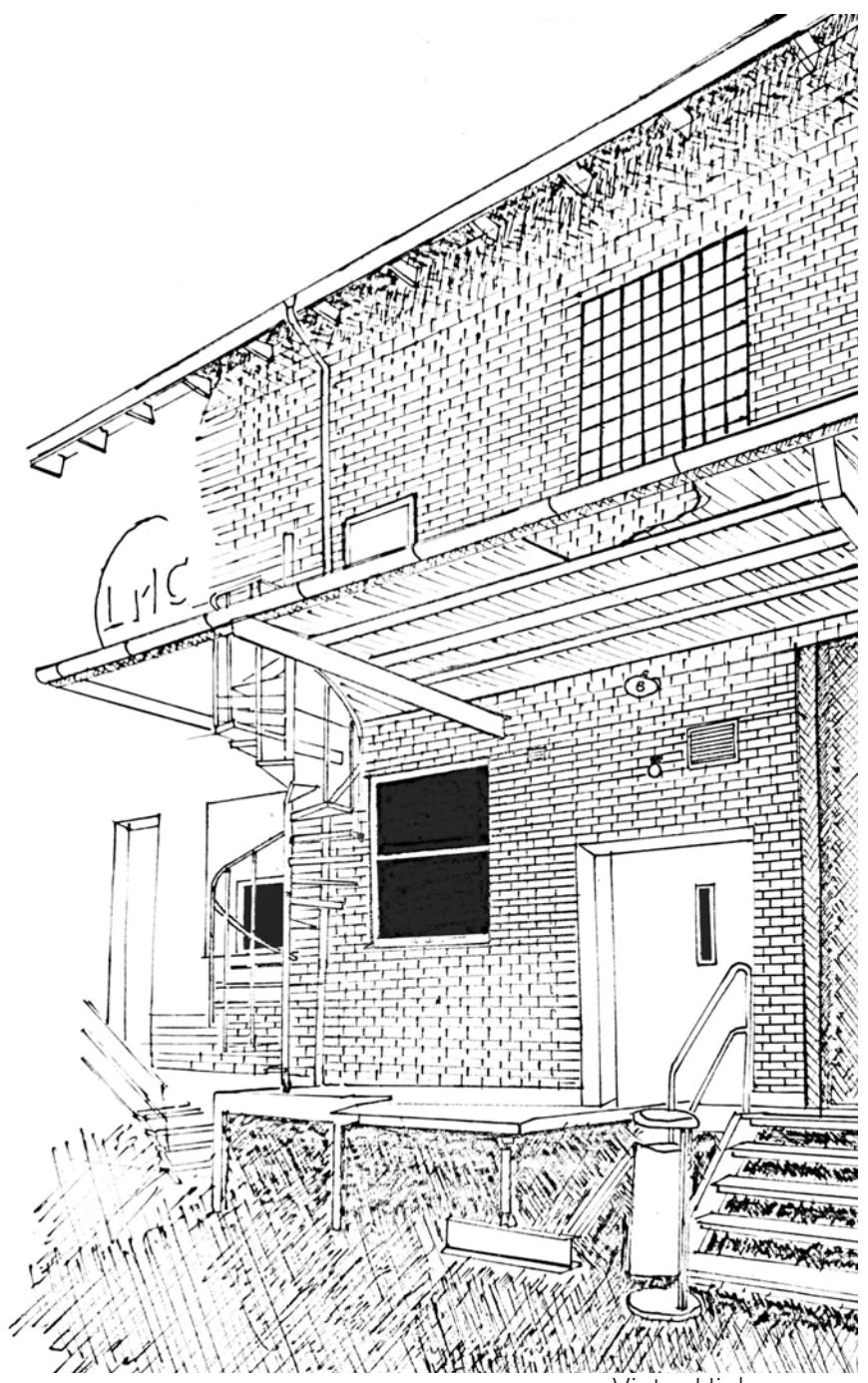


ARK626 - Architectural Transformation and Environmental care

Fall 2021 MPARC Chalmers
School of Architecture



Phenomenological study

Victor Hjalmarsson

Phenomenological study

The phenonomeological study was carried out individually through photographs, sketches and creative writing. The aim was to understand the charter of the space and surroundings as an experience.

Students:

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Andrea Eklund
Kajsa Engelbrektsson
Michael Gates Carlsson
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Clara Alexandersson Frick



Things. Things everywhere. In every little corner, there are things. Things on different scales. An old cigarette. Mud. A screw. A beer can. A lamp. A chair. Several chairs. A bicycle. Several bicycles. A window. Several windows. A metal bending machine. Pipes installed over the old concrete floors. Watch your step so you don't fall.

What used to be a dairy factory is now a second hand shop. A metal workshop. Car storage. A loom. An apartment. Storage. Lots of storage. Messy. Feeling disoriented. Overwhelmed.

Old signage is left on the windows. A solarium. It tells that the time has passed by. Has this been a dairy factory? Besides all the old tiles, the sloping floors and the electricity list of content, it is hard to understand.

Feeling the urge to empty the whole building. To understand the space without all the things everywhere. Is there logic to the plan? The doors that have been walled up. The plywood boards that close up the staircases. The walls that've been added to close up areas that aren't accessible anymore. The wall's that've been added that are crossing the significant concrete glass windows. They all make it hard to understand the original intention.

The new windows are modern in the colors red and blue and have mullions. The original windows have wooden frames without mullions, or they are made of concrete glass. The concrete glass windows don't even have window frames. Clean lines. Some are cloudy. Some are clear. Some are smashed. Bad shape, yes, but beautiful. Now, they are going away.

The chimney made of bricks, telling something about that the building once hosted a factory, is torn down. Feeling discouraged. Then I see the window placement in one of the staircases. The windows are placed exactly in the right spots to have a clear outlook over the surroundings. I see the hilly landscape. The fields of sunflowers. I understand that I have found a sweet spot. Looking more thoroughly - maybe you can find more?

Clara Alexandersson Frick

Landscape



Still life



Portrait



Skin



Meat



Bone

Ebba Barkfors



Hello house.
You are still standing.
But you tell me the obvious straight away. You tell me about time and, gosh, people have really used you.

You are showing me the span of your qualities and materials.
A roof that is leaking, a faced with cracks, removed walls exposes your concrete slab and windows that needs to be replaced. But also, about tiles that are still intact and shiny, wooden doors with a frosted glass that feels both heavy, solid, and light as a feather to open.

You are a whole, but also little pieces.
Rooms feel both connected and miles apart. It is possible to connect that feeling as a symbol of society. You are the shell and keeping everything together while also making it possible for the individual to be seen and heard.

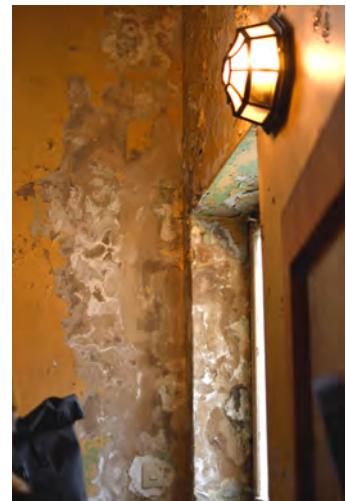
You are many things.
But two of them are definitely robust and durable. Starting as a dairy and moving on to providing premises for weaving to welding and to recycling. I think it is safe to say that you allow a lot.

You are the connection.
You have the potential to become a hub for all the people on this island, and the many more that lives here during the summer.

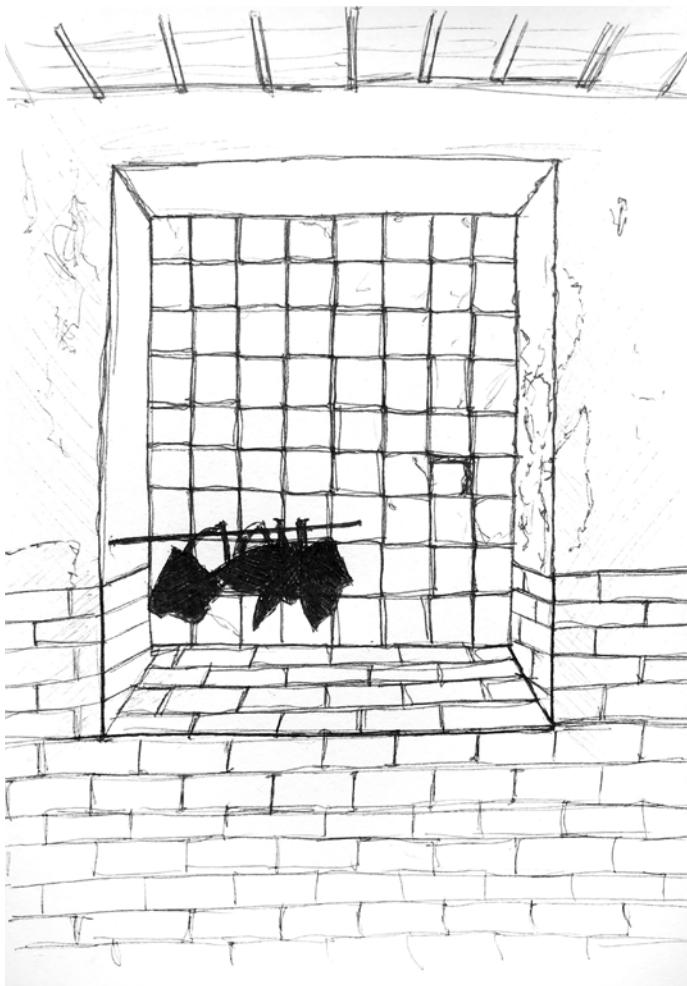
You are and you are not.
And all the traces and little details that you show me, the obvious that surrounds me, will together expose a reasonable future vision. Based on what is worth keeping and reasonable to leave behind in order to give you an obvious part to play in the future. You make me understand the width of it all.

You are kind of broken.
But one day you will not need me anymore, one day it will again be your job to hold everything up.

Ebba Barkfors



Andrea Eklund



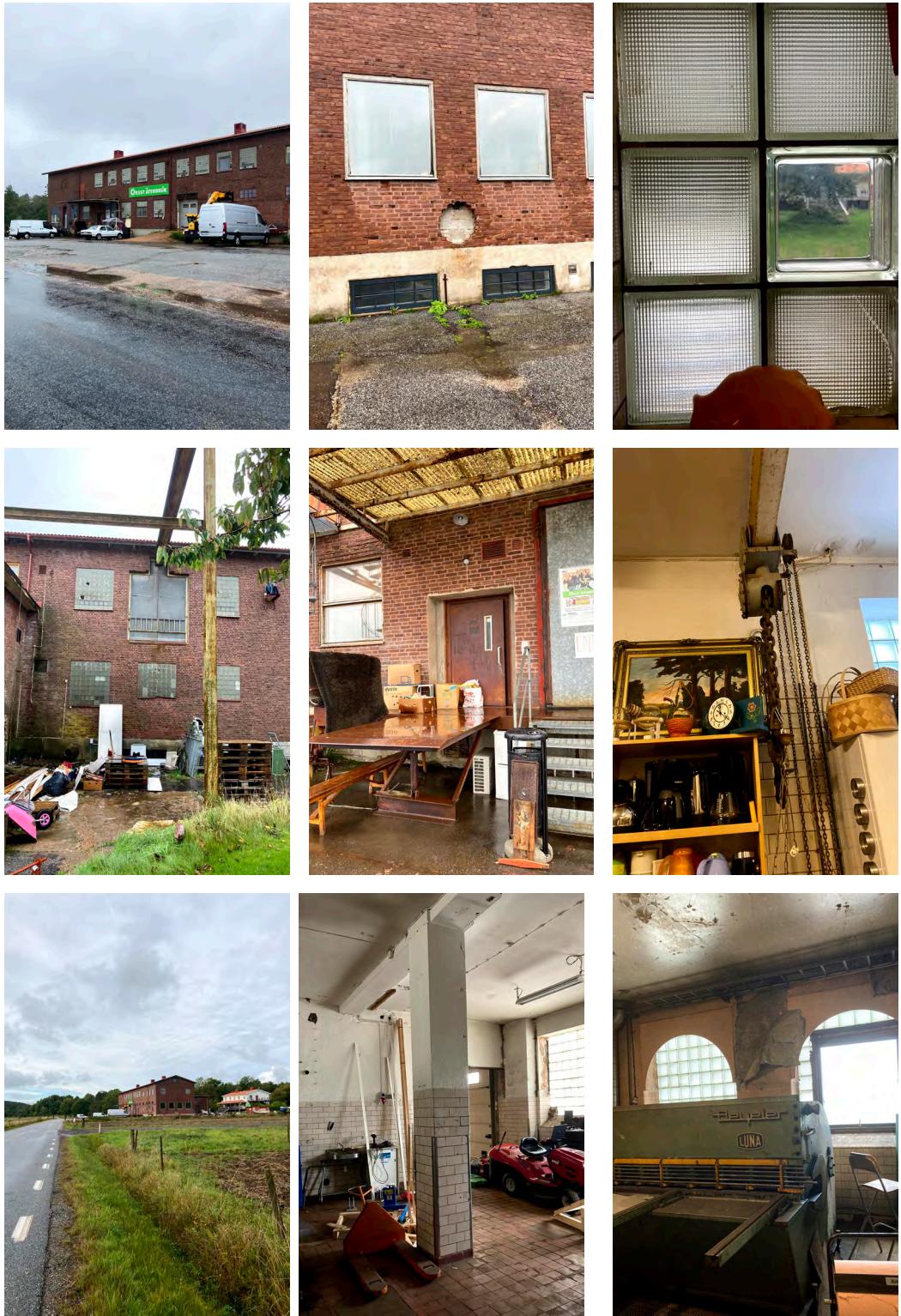
Hi, how are you?

You've been through a lot, haven't you? You've been worn and torn apart, patched up and broken again. You've submitted to the needs and wishes of anyone and everyone you let in. You've let them alter you best as they wish. You've let so many in, you bare the marks of so many wishes, desires, dreams and needs. And they all left, without a thought of the permanent marks they made on you. Did no one notice, as you fell apart in front of them? Did it hurt? When your walls cracked? When rain trickled in though your defense? When you felt yourself sinking through the earth? What did they do? Did they leave? Only for others to curse your inability to handle the harshness of weather. The unforgivingness of time. Did they understand that the fault was theirs, their carelessness, their blindness?

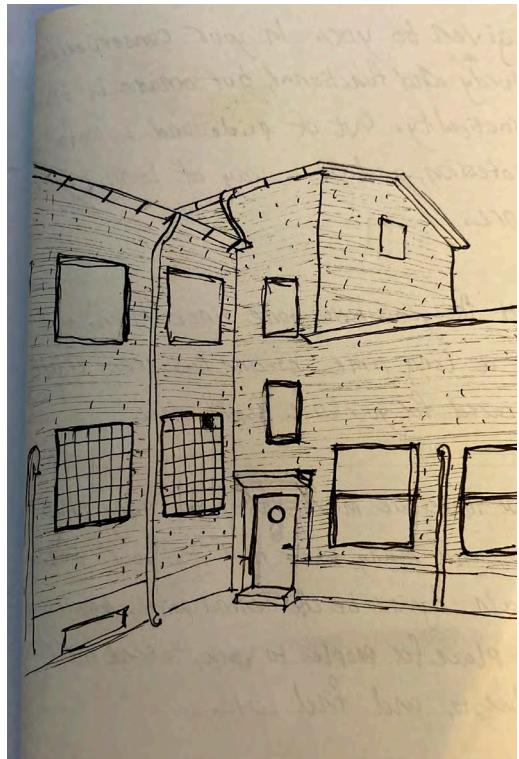
You did all you could. You stayed, stood still as you slowly fell apart. You still stand. You must be so tired. I know I would be. So for once, let someone else take care of you. Let me mend your tares and hollows. Your cracks and flaws. Let me help you to breathe again. To live.

Perhaps this feels alien to you. Meeting someone whose first concern is you, not the use of you. After all those who abandoned you, someone comes along, wanting to care for you. You must feel suspicious, why would I be any different really? I cannot force you to trust me. After all you trusted so many before me. You trusted them so immediately. Perhaps that's just why I trust you to believe in me, to put your trust in yet another stranger. Not because you trust per default, but because trust is in your identity. Because that is what you do, what you know. You trusted the dreams and wishes of all those before me. You bare the memories and the hopes of all those who passed through you. Your durability is a heritage on its own. Your willingness to help, to serve, to provide. Let me fall in love with you not despite your flaws, but because you carry them so gently, so proudly, so unquestionably. Let me fall in love with you because I trust you to trust me.

Andrea Eklund



Kajsa Engelbrektsson



The best type of *Love* is a *Love* that is shared. You've been a central point in your community since the 30's, and played a vital role in the life of so many people. From the workers that have spent each day with you, and brought up their families on those wages. Who've had their closest friends, and ever found *Love* within your space. To farmers that sent their precious produce to you, in good faith that you would care for it, and keep their farms prosperous.

How much *Love* you must have seen. Between friends, families, and humans to animals. And the *Love* and care that was

given to you. In your construction sturdy and functional, but ornate in its practicality. Out of pride and *Love* for a profession, and as a way of *Loving* you more.

But the years have gone since then, and for a long time no-one has seen, or felt, or cared for your *Love*. Until now.

Now there are many that care, many that see, and many that feel it's your time again. Again to be the central point. Again the place for people to work, to send their produce to, and find *Love*.

Kajsa Engelbrektsson



Michael Gates Carlsson

DEAR OLD DAIRY!

I feel sympathy for you, but I can't see this working out for us in the long term.

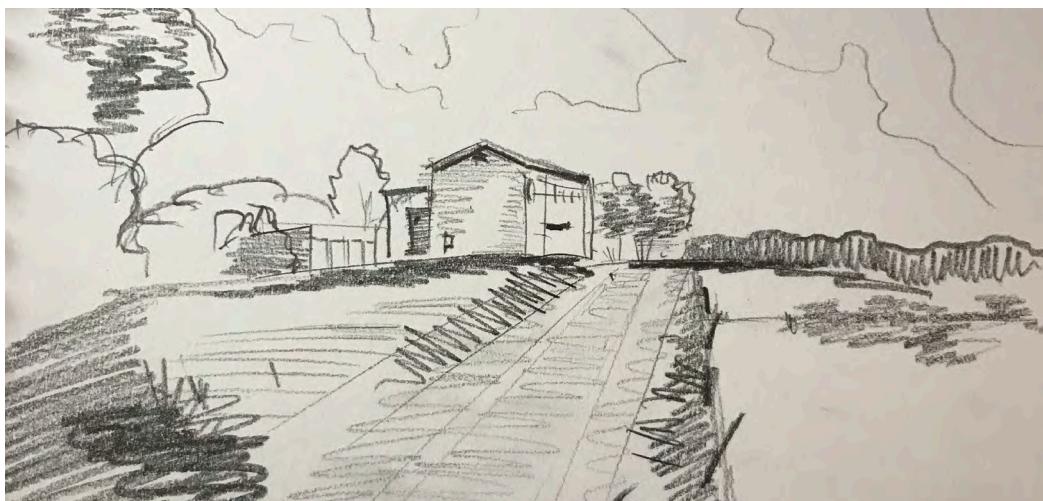
I liked what I saw when we first meet on the internet, a nice facade so to speak. Happy images from better days, a shiny surface was presented to me. To be honest your old time charm had me there for a while, you're tall end walls and subtle brickwork details. Elegant, soft handed and yet hardworking with integrity. At a glans you looked like a dream come true.

Rolling upp to your residence for the first time, I was not overwhelmed but I believed in you. What struck me was the absence of your former structured and ordered appearance. Time had not been gentle to you. Your old spotless appearance was gone, rusted ore knocked down. Your eyes (windows) where hanging gloomy with paint flaking. Nobody had spent time to maintain any wooden details in years. Now there was contorted frames and rusted nails hanging out of your sockets. In some cases there had been plastic surgery, a desperat move that left you with prostheses and spray foam in every crack. You where in bad shape when we met, but yet I liked you. Probably I wasn't seeing straight, I kind of feel you tricked me. You should have been honest with me. A basement full of water, and gables ready to fall right off, what where you thinking? This is no solid foundation for us, you're sinking and set on dragging me with you. We can never be together befor your structural problems are solved, and a basic foundation is in place. From now on it dose not matter how many nice textures ore details you show me, I have to look to my own best.

I will confess that I still love some things about you. You have a lovely profile, where your throne over your surroundings. You share the stature of other large structures like the milk barns that scatter your surroundings. But you are something entirely different, more noble even in decay. Brick and mortar from the bottom up, sharp looking glass brick, cast iron flooring, limestone stairs and tiles in beautiful colors. You kept me captivated trying to figure out from where and when your tiles where from, could they perhaps be from Höganäs or Upsala-Ekeby, 30s ore maybe even 50s? And let's not talk about your beautiful and delicate roof trusses, think what they could become if exposed through removing the 3rd floor.

You stil have the dignity that follow with age, even thou you're almost falling over. Dairy, your experience and the heritage you carry makes me wish you well, even thou you break my heart. I hope someone has the means and stamina to pull you out of that muddy hole you're standing in. Putting you on your feet again is no smal task, but somehow I feel you deserve it. I think that the greatest accomplishment in saving you would not be to help you specifically, there are more buildings like you out there. I would like to see you restored for the ones that know you. It would be a good deed for every one that ever invested a thought in you, worked in you ore died in you. Its what you have meant for Orust and what you can become for your island in the future that's at stake. So dear Dairy, I cannot save you but I hope someone can, So that we can meet each other again further down the line.

xoxo
Michael



Michael Gates Carlsson



VICTOR HJALMARSSON

You were clinically clean but now you're dirty.
You were the shining gathering place in the local area, but for too long you have only been a silent servant of temporary activities.

When the world changed, you remained. In a global world where manufacturing, sales and social gatherings were no longer limited by local boundaries, you have groped in your role as the obvious centre of life's basic needs for food, social interaction and togetherness.

But a new time has come. The world is moving backwards towards a society that is beginning to look in the roots for a more sustainable life. We are beginning to re-evaluate our life choices in the form of resource use of food, products and travel.

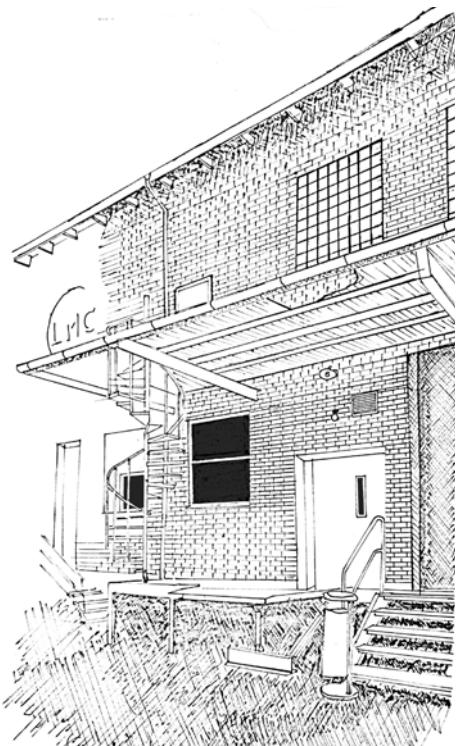
An idea of a society based on local food production, product cycles and a curiosity about local history, culture and resources is beginning to take shape. An idea that is as locally protective as it is inviting, where both the world and your local environment are your playground.

It is in this world that your new glory days will come. With a building that embodies these ideals and functions through the old dairy, there is already a solid foundation to build on. Maybe it was these qualities that made the new recycling organization, and you find each other. And it is you who will go hand in hand with the future and once again create a shining gathering point on the island. But the road will be long.... For far too long you have had to decay. For far too long, you have been groping between users that do not value your qualities.

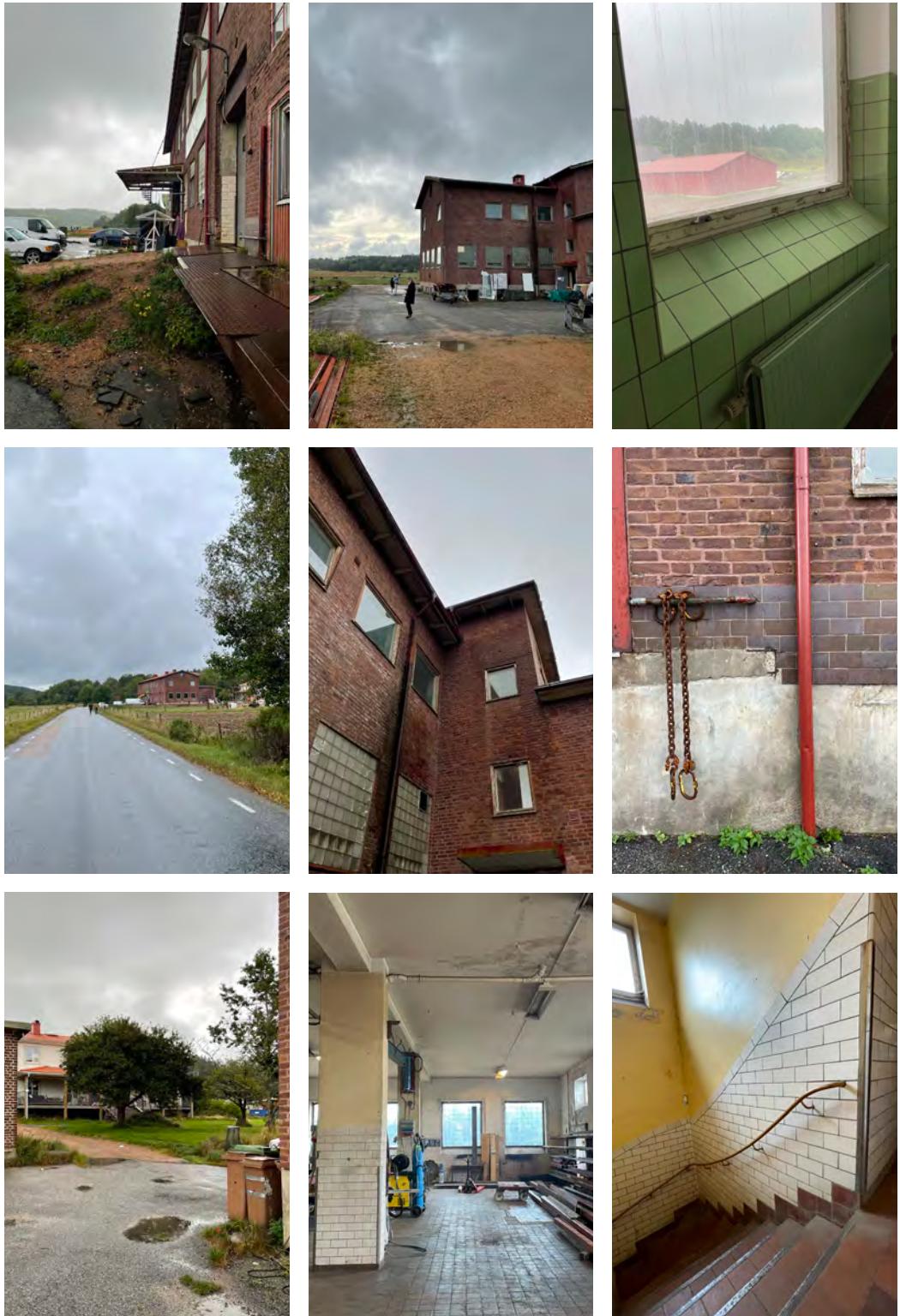
Your beautiful open spaces with both height and depth which gives a generosity of what activities that can take place. Your windows, which through their grid pattern of glass blocks completely harmonize with both the inside tiles and the outside bricks. Your large metal doors that create a generous entrance to the building and your extravagant traverses and platforms which testifies that the building were once part of a beautiful logistic system of production and sales.

When you were built there was a deep consideration for material choices and details which is rare to see in today's construction. That is why it cuts to the heart when you get to see all the cracks, unmaintained surfaces and clogged windows. But perhaps the absence from major renovations and changes has also protected you from ill-considered additions where only the price tag and simple maintenance play a role.

Therefore, it is of utmost importance that you meet the future with someone who has both respect, knowledge and the will to see both your historical qualities and future potential. With these ingredients, your future will look bright and again become a shining centre of the island making an attractive spot for social meetings, locally sustainable cycle of food and products embodied in a building that with some care is the obvious place for these ideas.



VICTOR HJALMARSSON

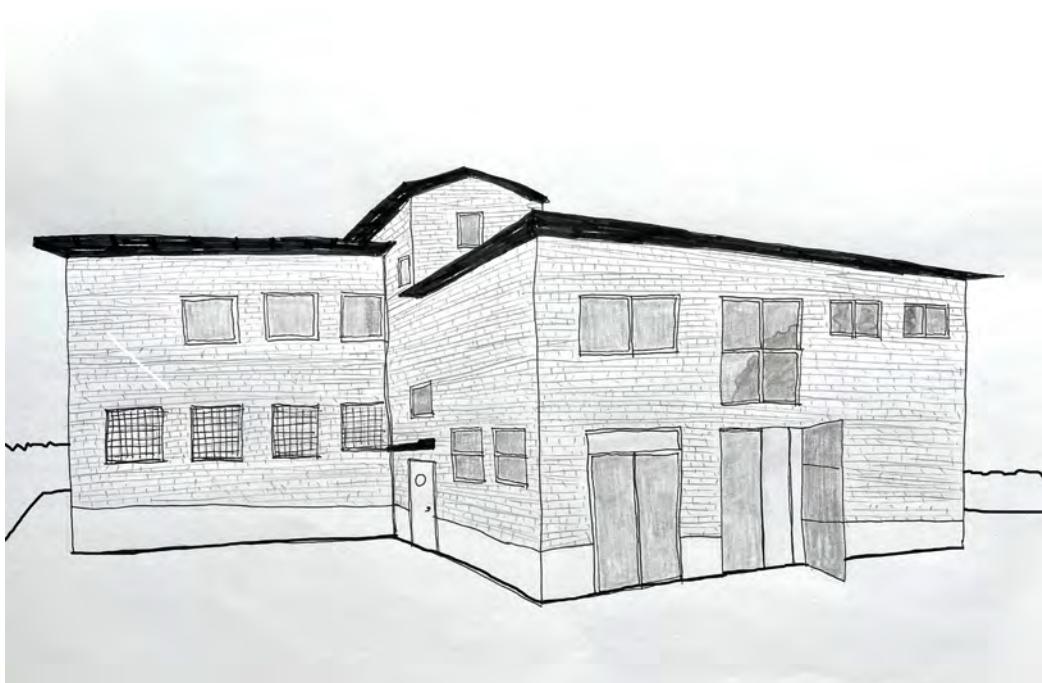


Lisa Johansson

Dear Building, you weren't very welcoming when I first met you. Based on your façade you seemed messy and timeworn. Your windows are broken, and you have a lot of cracks. It looked like you've been patched up during a long time and adapted to the current user. I like that you are practical and flexible to different kind of needs. But you also make me a bit confused since you have no clear entrance and walking around inside almost feels like a labyrinth. But on the other hand, it's also quite exciting to not know what to expect behind the next door. Some spaces are small, dark and almost scary. Some spaces are covered with a layer of dust. Some spaces are so cluttered that it is hard to see the surface underneath.

But when you dig deeper there's a lot of beauty under the dust and rough edges. I like the variety of spaces, large industrial rooms alongside smaller more human-scale areas. There's beautiful natural light in some rooms and others have smooth wall tiles with round edges. I like the joyful color palette with tones of pastel green and yellow and reddish brown. In some ways I also like the worn-down parts that indicates how long this building has been used and how much weight that's been put on the floors throughout the years. It gives a sense of history and heritage. A glimpse into the dairy-industry and the people who worked there.

There are constant reminders of the building's bad shape. There's no heating-system and it's freezing to walk around inside. That makes me feel tense and unwilling to stay longer than needed. Additional problems appear the more I discover, like cracks and water damage. I need to remind myself to see the potential in the building and make an effort to transform it into its new golden age.



Lisa Johansson



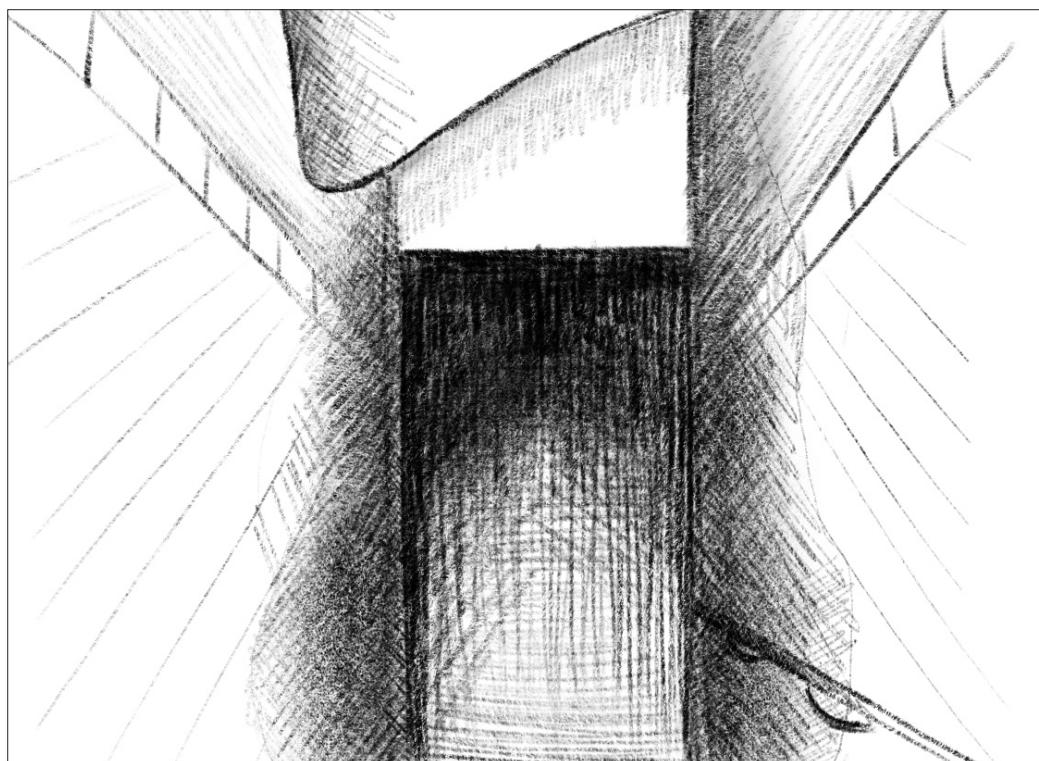
Michelle Jönsson

Hate poem

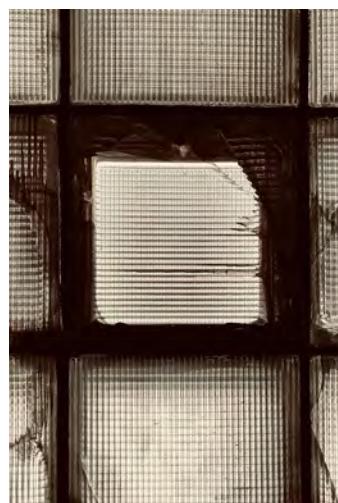
Cold Rain seeping through the building like tears.
Tears from loneliness and neglect.

Abandoned, but not lonely.
Basement.
Buried but room to grow and learn.
Inviting for new transformation.

Sketch of stair well leading up from basement



Michelle Jönsson

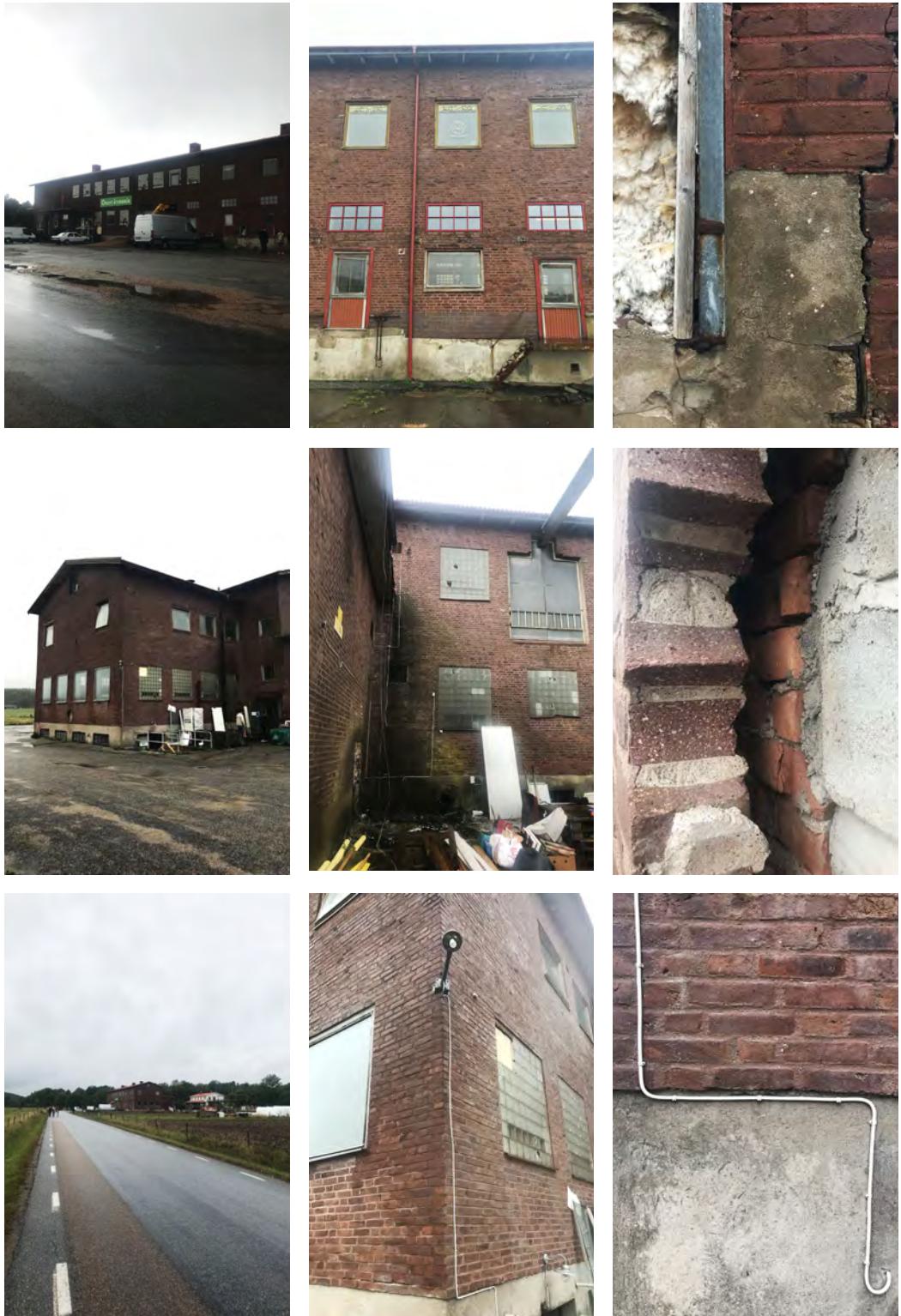


juusela erkka

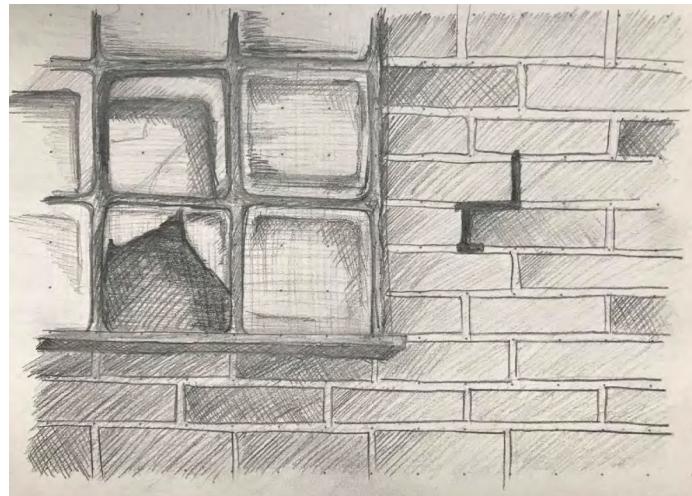


The building stands broken but pride. The state of despair is clear but so is its efforts. Neglect, misuse and abuse, the building has suffered. Neglect from its owner that has left it own it own, misuse from its tenants that have broken its bones and abuse from its users that even with good intentions have made it hurt more. A toxic relationship where one tries to help but ends up hurting because of lack of knowledge. But the building has a heartbeat. It shows though the dust with its rich history and material qualities. I believe this is what attracts it visitors, not the mix match of scarp objects and workshops. Its stands as something solid for the community, a peace in a confusing time. The building is a monument or a folly that has a value not monetary but cultural. Its use is not the ongoing function but it's atmosphere.

juusela erkka

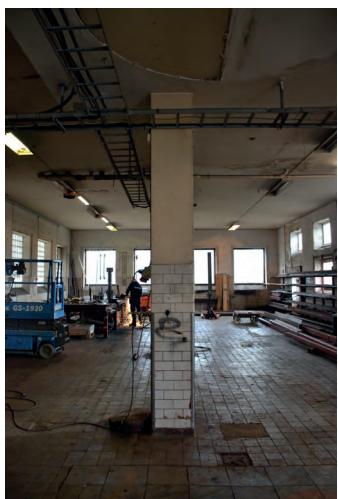


Barbara Kraus



Dear building,
seems like your life wasn't lately the best. I have
to say, you do look like a mess. It's a good think,
you're looking for some help.
At first glance I felt you might be fine. As I got
closer, I figured, it's just a lie. You got a lot of cracks
and holes, even some bricks seem to be wanting
to take off. Maybe try watching more after those.
Your roof isn't good and water gets everywhere.
Have you been thinking about some repairs? And
let's not get me started on your inside. What is
going on there? You know how they say: "It is not
important what is on the outside. It is the inside that
matters?" Well, seems like you don't.
You are unorganized and chaotic, it's easy to get
lost. And after a bit, it gets overwhelming. I think
that a little more simplicity would do you well.
You have so much stuff that you don't use any-
more. I know it's hard to let go but give it a try.
Let's find a way for your happy ending.

Barbara Kraus



saskia langbein

Dear Mejeri,

„You can close a book and put it down. You can turn off music, and no one is forced to hang up a picture they don't like. But you can't walk past a house or any other building without seeing it,“ said Johannes Rau. But you are not seen. When people drive past you, they overlook you. When people come towards you, they overlook you. When they get closer, they underestimate you. When people come to you, they recognise you, but only when they get to know your stories they get to know you. You are old, long forgotten and now found again. Neglected in nature and yet loved by the people around you. Without heating and yet full of warmth, strength and energy. Empty and yet filled with all the things you once were and are to become.

The ground moves and you with it, like a dance, a movement with time and the older you get, the less you can afford to move. Stone by stone you lie in the valley, surrounded by fields, attacked by wind and rain. Your energy is fading and the people who live in and with you notice this, but they don't ever give up on you. But how much love do you need to stay alive? Can you still be saved? Maybe enough people love you to actually rebuild you and revive you. The hope is big, the money is tight, the ideas are there, but far too small.

All your life you have worked hard and given a lot. Now it's time to give it back to you, to make you beautiful, to revive and take care of you. When I walk through you, you offer me many opportunities to dream. Your windows offer not only light, but also a beautiful view (into the future). Your walls strength, security and a memory of the years I spent in the stables. Cold rooms with old furniture, but full of people who have created a place where they like to spend their free time.

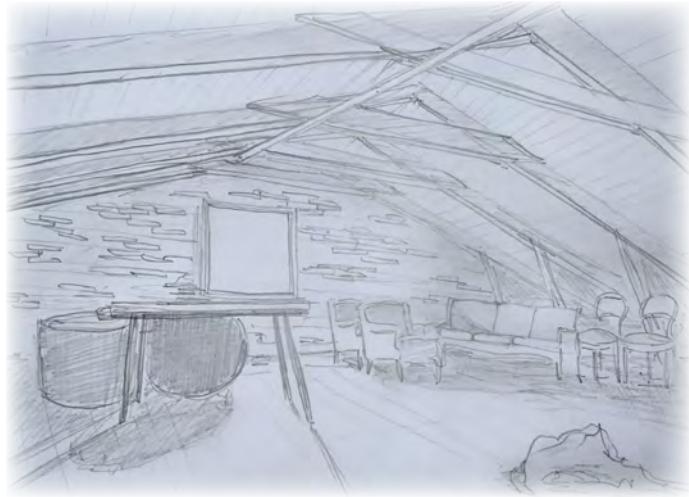
See you again soon,



saskia langbein



Emma Law-Bo-Kang



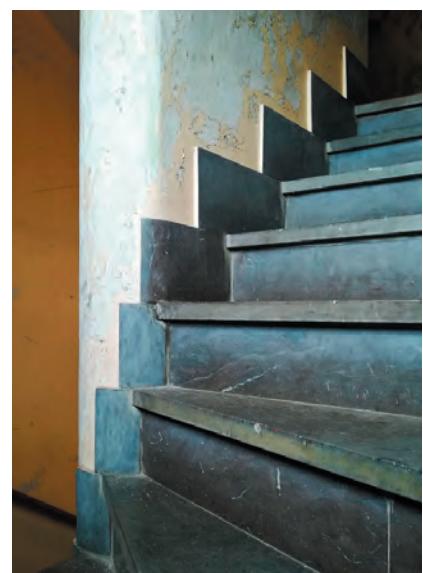
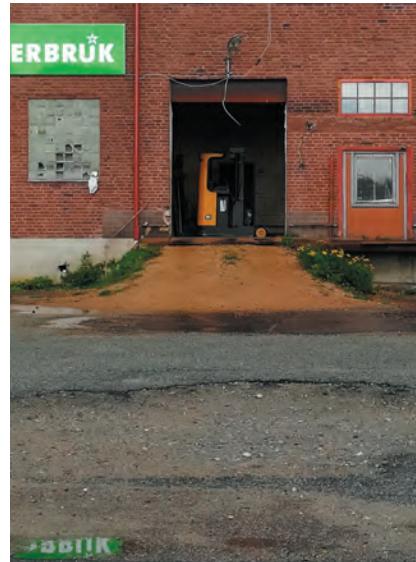
What can I say about it ? To be in that building. To go through it freely, and alone. To step over all the dirtiness, the history, the inheritance of the spot. It was as if a storm had blown everything away, leaving all the furniture in disarray. And then time stopped, raindrops halt, we are here : out of the time.

Welcome to urbex industry. Nobody else is here, you should be discreet. You're not allowed to be there. Pacing up and down the building, you lose your north. For an architect, you couldn't make it up! Everything is connected, it's like nothing makes sense there. Workshop, storage, bikes, toilets, fabric room, old and dirty screws, boat window, children's books, stack of tiles, lots of uninstalled doors, more toilets outside. You're definitely in an urbex spot. Just wait, the best is yet to come. The attic. Super creepy area. You can't do more urbex. The smallest possible light source, two dead birds on the floor, risking your life at every step with the unstable floor and the mess on the ground (I barely overstate). Stepping over the huge aluminium pipes, bending your back to avoid the ceiling -and the weird texture that you can find up there-. Out of time, again.

What can we expect about it right now? Should we revive the time? What if this building could live again? I can already dream up children through the different rooms, looking for a treasure in this place, people meandering to see the next painting of the current exhibition of the season. Or maybe students trying to find the rare gem of decorating in the renovated second hand shop, to put it afterwards in their new student place. Or also, that person seeking new experiences skimming random books. In the attic, visitors gather to watch the last scheduled screening of the day.

But before all, we surely need to transform this place, make it more accessible, clean every room, and think about new plans, new intentions for this building. It could become a, interaction place, where all the generations could meet and share with the others. We should decide the future that could correspond to it, according to the people working in it. And with communication and projects, maybe this labyrinthine building could become no longer the place where people get lost but where they can finally meet.

Emma Law-Bo-Kang





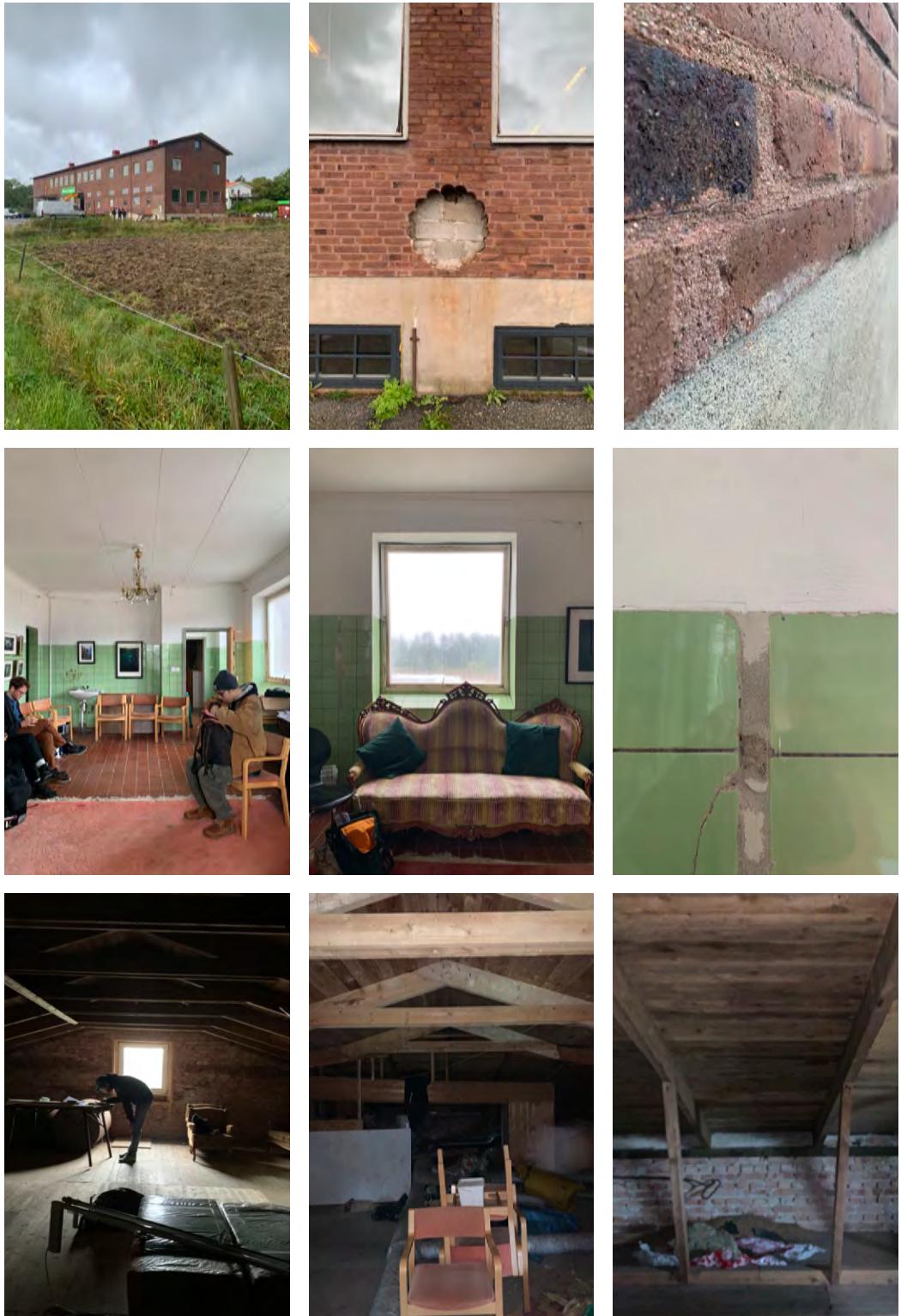
The water trickled down my forehead, seized by the cold. The spray, carried by the wind, seemed to push us further away from the city we had left long ago, too long ago. Our raft seemed to be sailing towards that infinite horizon, strictly held in that line between the sky and its reflection. In the lakes land, the sea was inviting itself. Everything seemed to yield to it when we saw it. The coast. It was not a city, it was not a forest, it was not even the northern black rocks plunging timidly into the cold water. It was a port, he real one, red of its bricks, grey of its soul. time seemed to be gradually getting the better of our friend and the untiring water was eating away at his skin. We tried to dock but this harbour, once used to big trawlers, had no longer place for us to go, despite our little boat. We had no choice stranded on this earth beach. the coldness of the building was equal to that which invaded our bodies, what had been the disappointment to not find the warm interior comfort that the humid landscape would have required. You are for me both the hope of shelter and the disillusionment of ruin. Both the grace of the strength with which you stand up to this immense landscape, and the fragility of your openness to it.

you attract me as I flee you,

I'm leaving you, by the same earth beach where I arrived.

But I will return,

and this beach, open to the infinite, almost touching the horizon, will shine with a thousand lights



larissa müller

Dear sweet Building,

I remember like it was only a few days ago...

It was another grey, cold and windy day in Sweden but I decided to go for an adventure anyway. I packed my things and kept on going. I didn't know that I was looking for something special till I saw you. It was a long, exhausting journey but it was worth every minute. Good things need their time.

At first sight you seemed so shy to me. You didn't feel the need to stand out. Instead, you adapt to your surroundings and become a small part of a whole. Still, there was something about you, a story that you had to tell that I was dying to get to know.

We spent only one day together but now I can't think about anything else anymore...and I will continue thinking about you for a long time! You seemed so calm, but as I got to know you, I realized your story and how the time and your story broke you. You are the most beautiful building I ever saw and I want to help you heal and find a new purpose that you can shine from the inside again. I want to stay by your side. I am looking forward to many challenges and adventures with you, my love!

xoxo



larissa müller



Mejeri i Vräland

Lu Yongting

Disappearance and Inheritance

Lu Yongting

Mejeriet i Väland stands in the center of Orust Island,
After reaching the site, comparing with the drawings, It change a lot.

Appearance

In appearance, there are many cracks on the brick wall because of the passage of time, The bricks used for connection between the two sides of the brick walls have long been broken, which makes us very distressed. And we are also worried about how long its structure will last.

More regrettably, After nearly a hundred years, the chimney on the drawing has also disappeared, Although we can still imagine what it used to look like through its present appearance, it is undeniable that many changes have taken place in its appearance.



Space

Moreover, some changes have taken place in the internal space, Because of the demand for use, the space has been separated and transformed. Some traces of pipelines have been erased from the reconstructed wall, Maybe it's unintentional, maybe it's no longer needed, It is still regrettable that the traces of history are so easily erased.



But of course, there are surprises here, Most of the holes drilled through the wall are preserved,

Although the pipeline is no longer needed. The opening in the wall connects the space. Through these openings, I can imagine the complex pipelines and busy work here.

What's more surprising is that it may be because of the demand for instruments, Many concrete pedestals have been inherited,

And it has been given new meaning by today's users.



Function

Of course, today it is no longer a dairy.

It becomes a house,

It becomes a workshop.

What's more gratifying is,

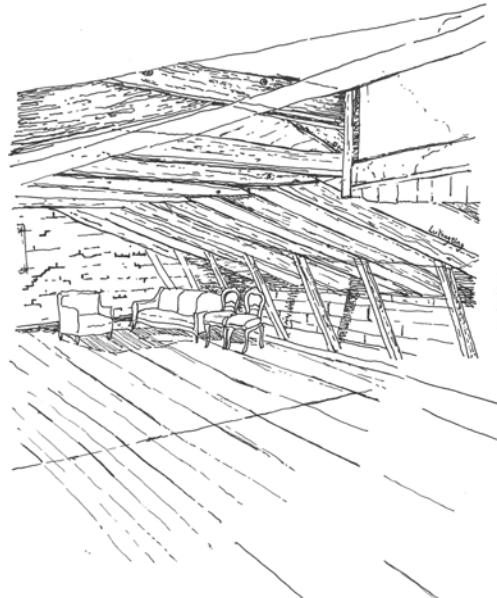
It is also a second-hand market.

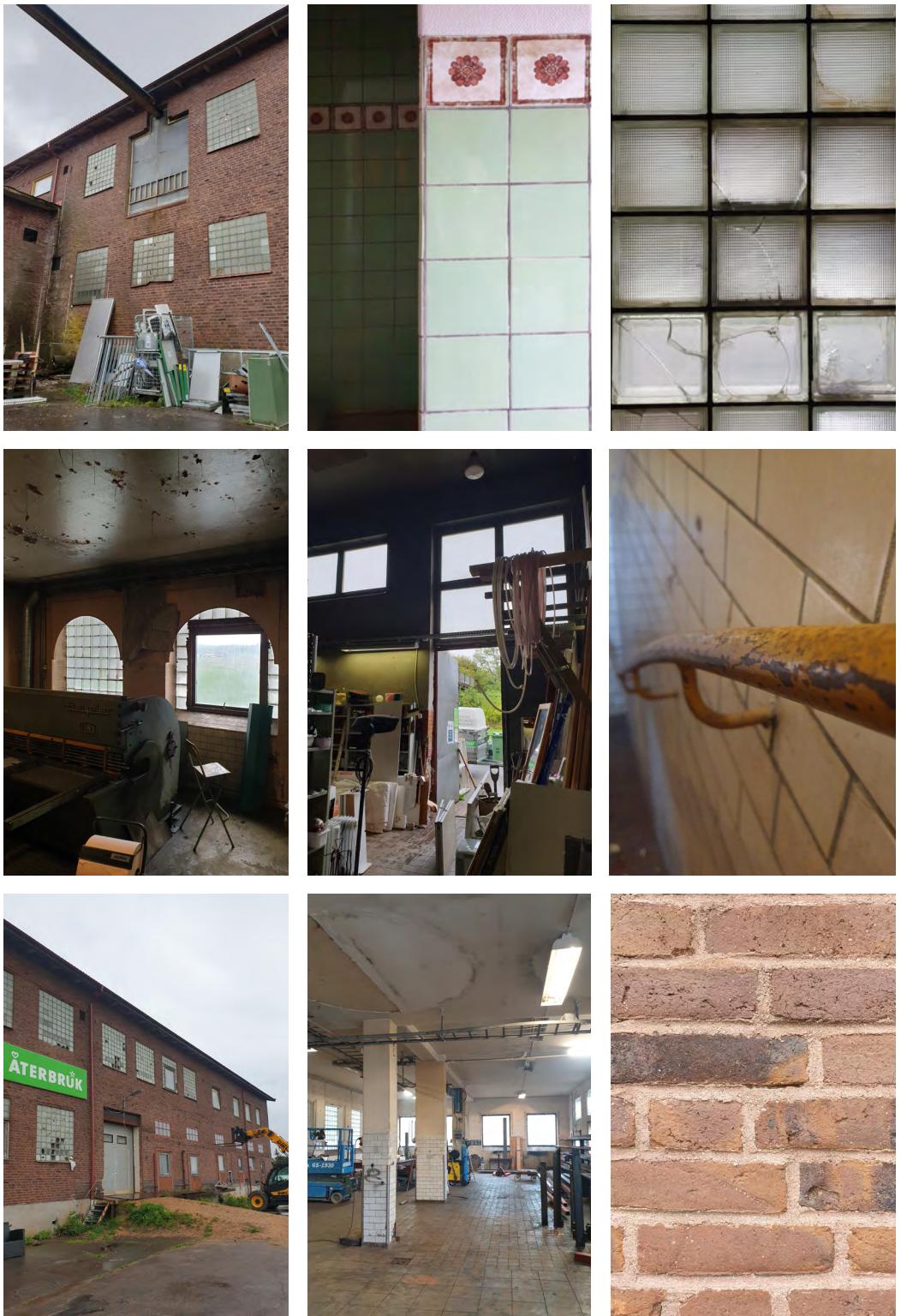
Just like some people send goods to the second-hand market,

And then be given new life by the new owners.

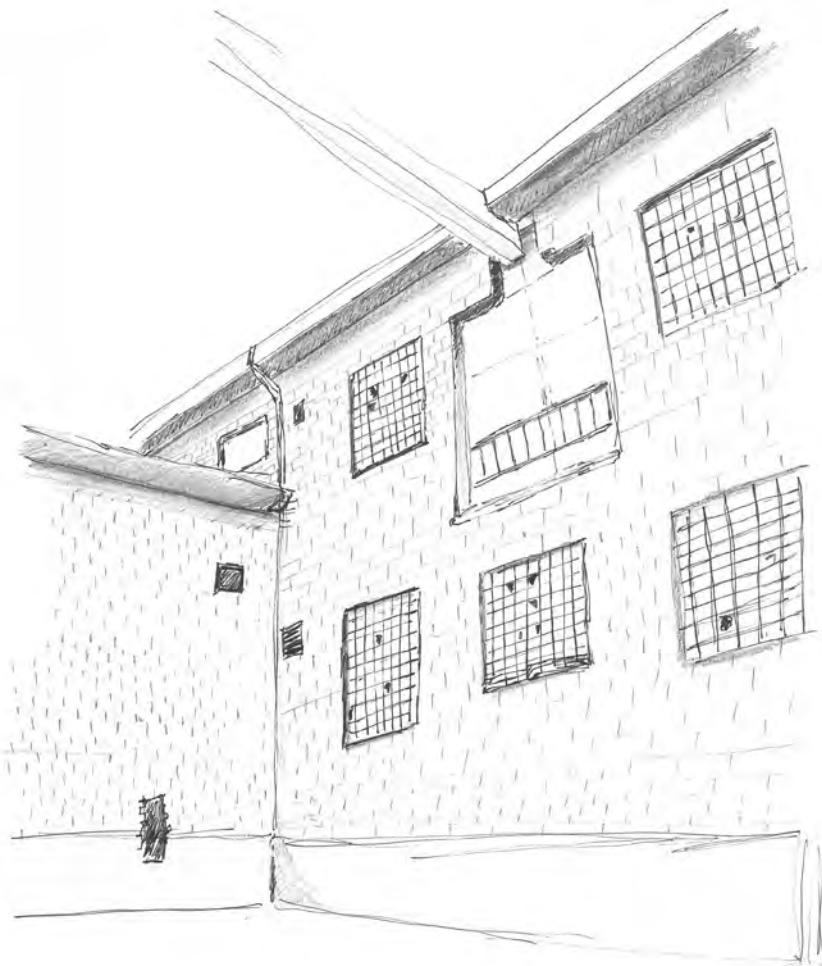
Different spaces and different functions also give new life to the dairy factory.

Let the dairy continue its life.





Ebrahim Rahmani



Dear Orust återbruk!

After all these years I still find you extraordinary and special.

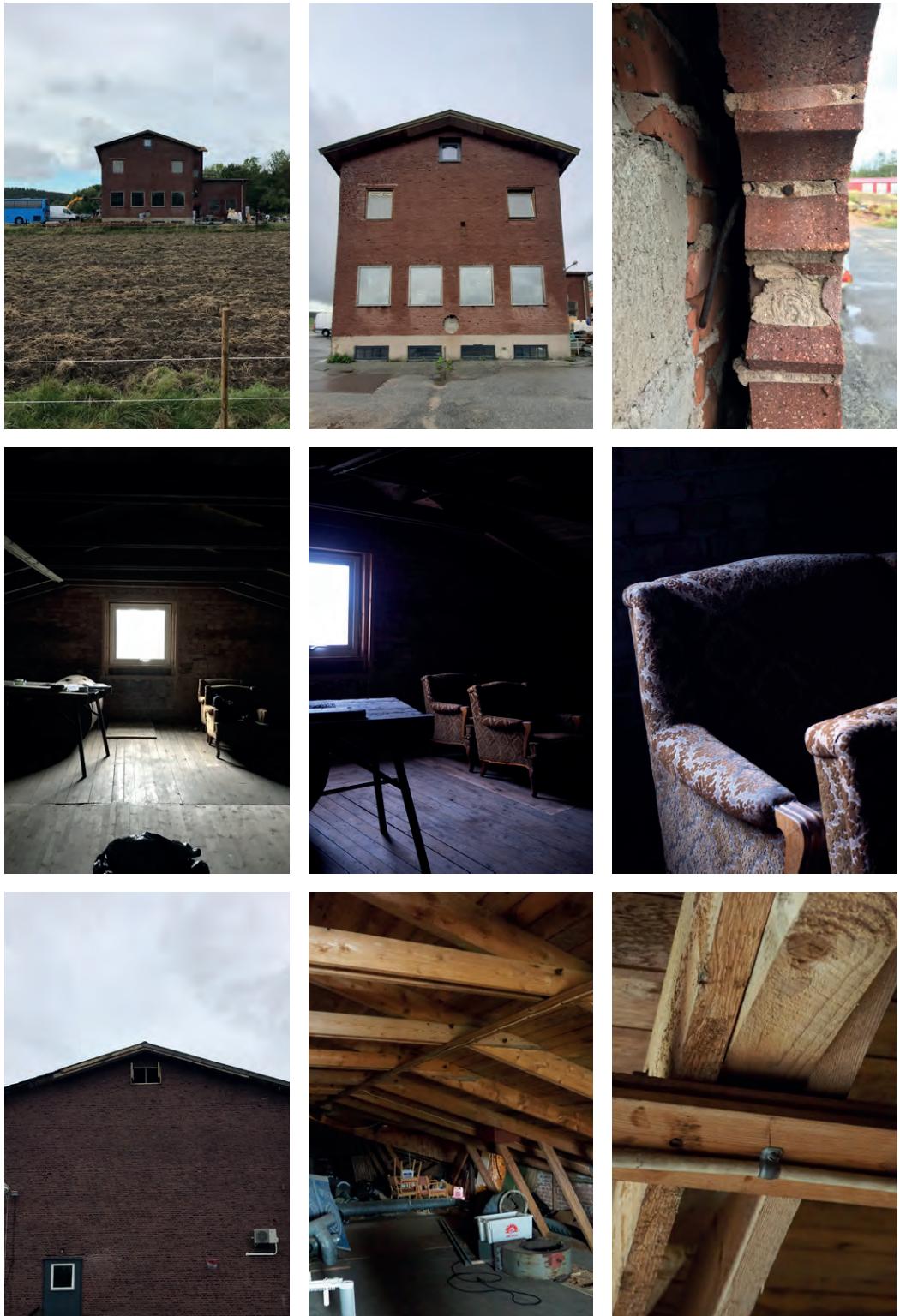
I still remember first time I saw you, like it was yesterday, love at first sight!

You were so young and beautiful. What I liked the most was the authentic texture of your skin, the sharp and brown bricks of yours. The composition of your homogenous metal grid and your textured glass preventing all sharp light and shameless eyes to look inside you.

But now you are in the verge of decay and time hasn't been kind to your skin, your flesh and your bones. You are not as beautiful as before. I won't let the tyranny of the time and nature to harm you anymore. I will take care of you.

May you once again shine for the people of the town, shine for me!

Ebrahim Rahmani



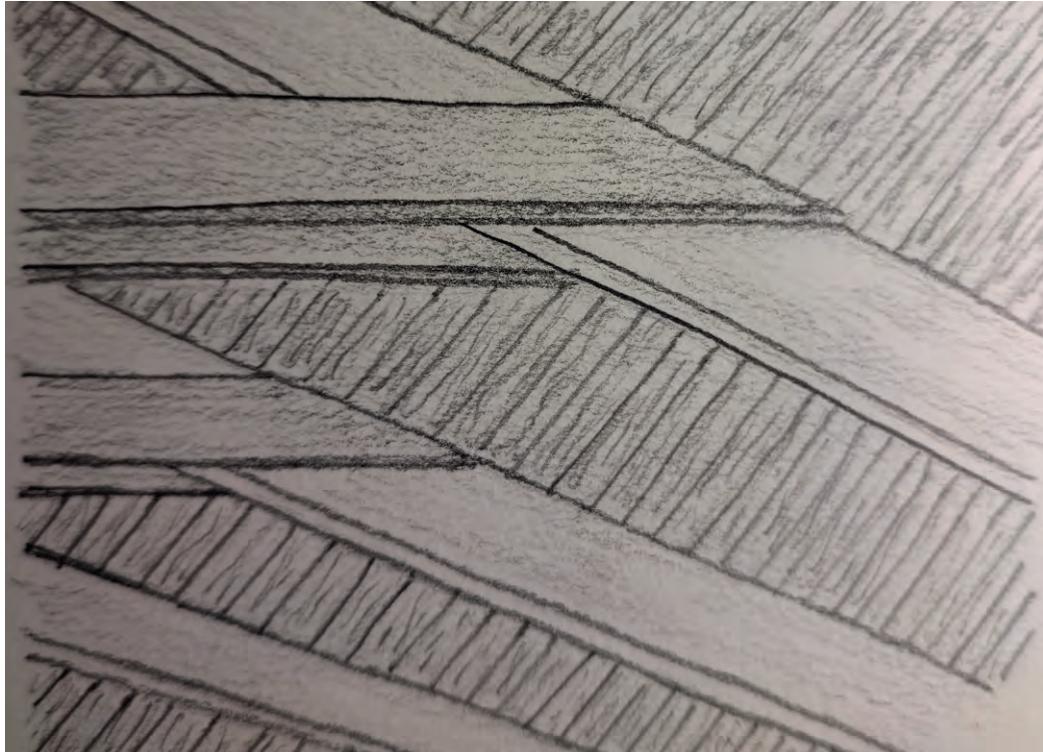
Jean-Luc Robbins

Dear building,

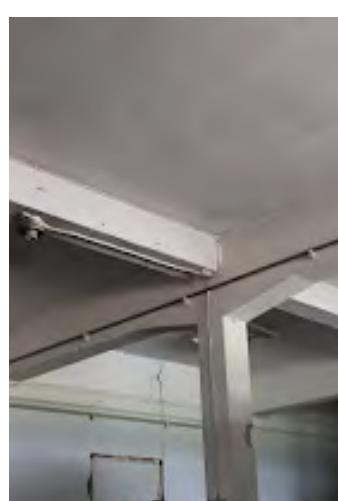
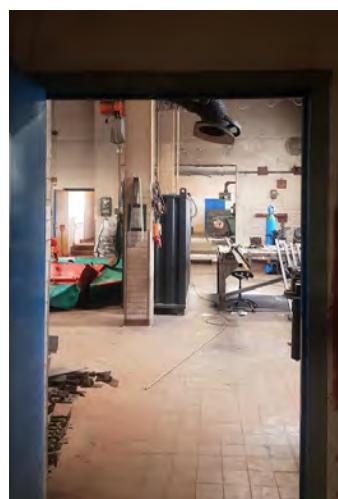
From the outside, you seem like you could withstand anything. But for those who get to know you better, they understand that on the inside, you're quite the troubled soul. If you would like, I could lend you a hand. I know I may seem too young and inexperienced, but I hope you'll give me a chance.

I don't care that you are falling apart in some places, that your very foundations are sinking into the ground. Your broken window tiles, cracking paint and leaking roof are all a tribute to your history. I can only imagine your large hallways, now laid bare, teeming with the life and energy of industry.

I love your roof and wooden frame, observable from the attic, still standing strong to this day. The woodwork is beautiful, and its' dark ambience feels natural and reconforting. I love the pattern of your brick skin and the texture of the wood. The intricate details and intersections of the timber skeleton show the care that was put into the articulation of your structure.



Jean-Luc Robbins



Kajsa Rosenlund Lindvall

~ To LMC ~
You were given milk, and you gave us cheese
It's about time that you get to taste some

It was the 21th of september, 2021, when I first saw you. You stood there in the gloomy weather, and quite frankly I thought you appeared gloomy too. You seemed difficult to reach, distant. You'd been bothered too much already and I don't condemn you for protecting yourself from what I could do to you. Your protective shell, broken yet stable, evoked mystique and interest.

I was told that there was a time when you thrived. You provided a decent livelihood for others and connected people to each other in an otherwise desolated environment. Through this you were also given a purpose.

Times changed and you were abandoned, in an once again desolated environment. To be left alone with no one to care for, and no one who cares for you, a process of slow decay commens and only faint memories remain. Sense of purpose is lost.

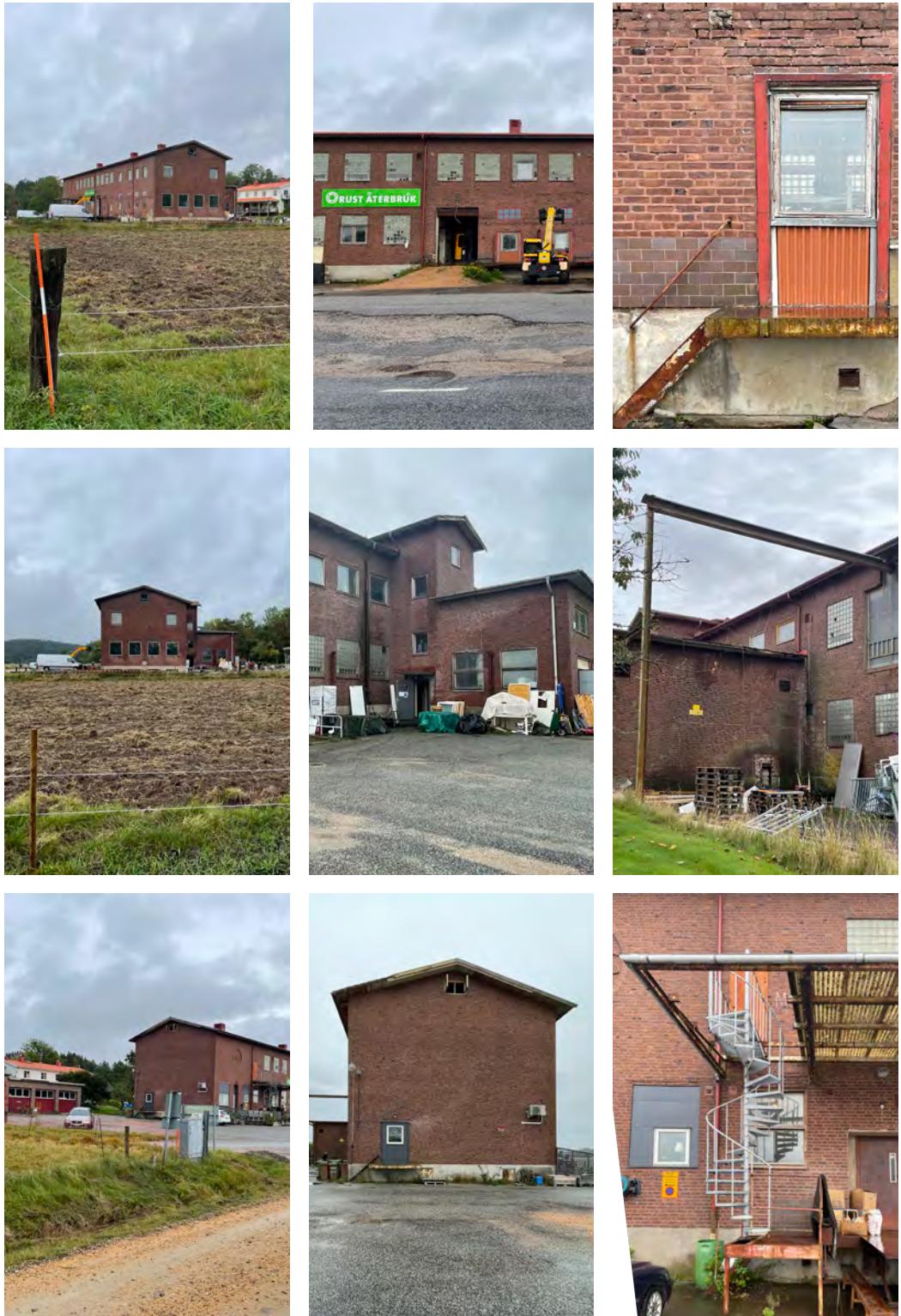
With a lost purpose and lost sense of self you were eager for help. It's second nature for you to be welcoming, adaptable and helpful. Eventually you gave yourself away and you were given a new purpose. With this new purpose you transformed, became fragmented and more complex. Adapting into fragments, behaving in multiple ways to satisfy different sometimes contradictory needs, a sense of continuity within you was lost.

I want you to know that I see you. There is much that I don't know about you, that I want to know. I want to listen to you and I want to understand you. You might not realise it yourself, but I want you to know that what you've become through how you've been treated is not your final state, meaning that it's unsustainable and will possibly lead to an unnecessarily early end. I believe that there is more to you.

I don't mean to fundamentally change you, I just observe that this way you're living is doing more damage to yourself than it's helping others. In these means I want to offer my support and respect. Give you a sustainable foundation and structure forward. Help the healing of your wounds. Give back what is lost, and what you've given others. Possibly this relationship I propose we have won't be forever. But if the decision was mine to make it would be obvious that it doesn't have an end. We will develop, sometimes parallel to each other, but I think that our mutual care for each other is eternal.



Kajsa Rosenlund Lindvall



Karin Sahlin

I like the volumes on the backside of the building. I also like the volumes of the front of the building as they were before the renovation in 1951, but I dislike how the entrance volume is today.

I think the building is too big right now. It's too big to fill with activities, take care of and to be financially possible to renovate. It is also confusing to understand the building today.

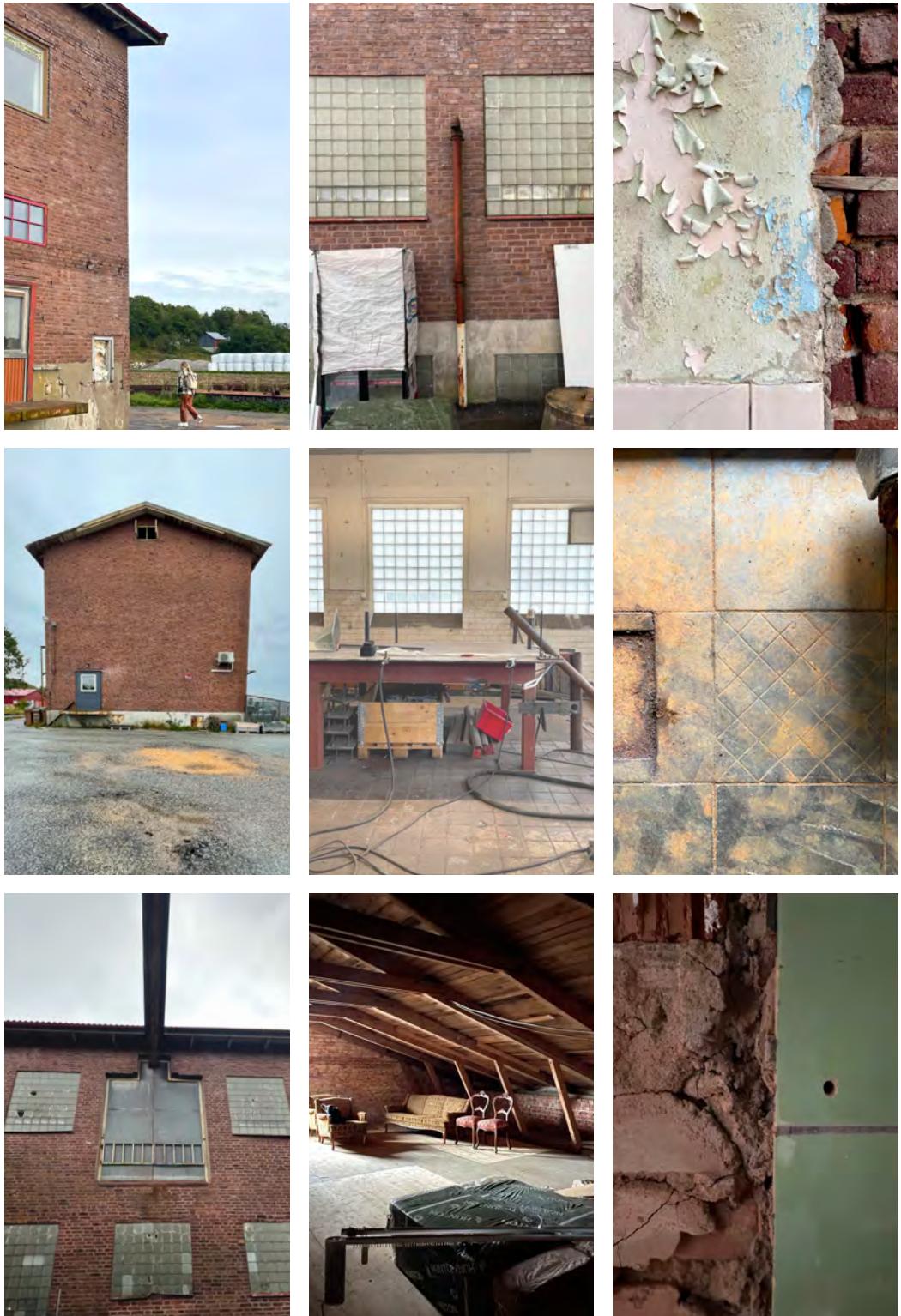
I like the old loading docks and holes in the fasad and I think it's a shame they are clogged/not in use. They would in the future be perfect loading docks for bigger recycled building parts such as doors and windows. The business with recycled building materials will hopefully be a bigger industry in the future and it feels like there is a lack of these places in Sweden.

When it comes to material I like the fact that the walls have no organic materials. I also like the tile walls/floors

I also like the overhanging roofs and “balconies” and how they are hanging from the building.



Karin Sahlin



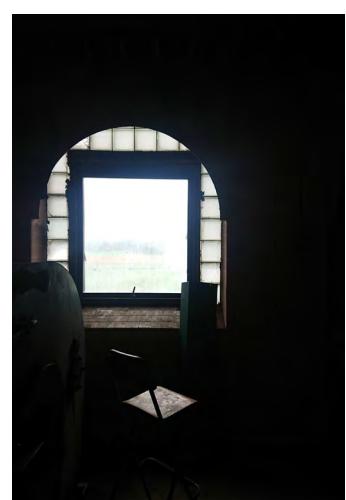
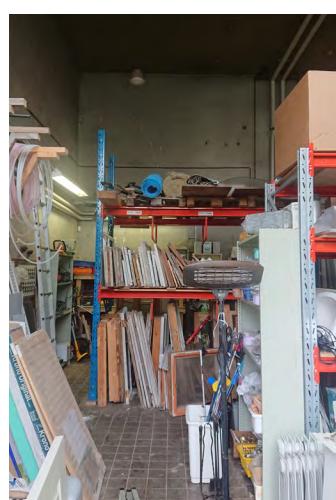
alida schultz



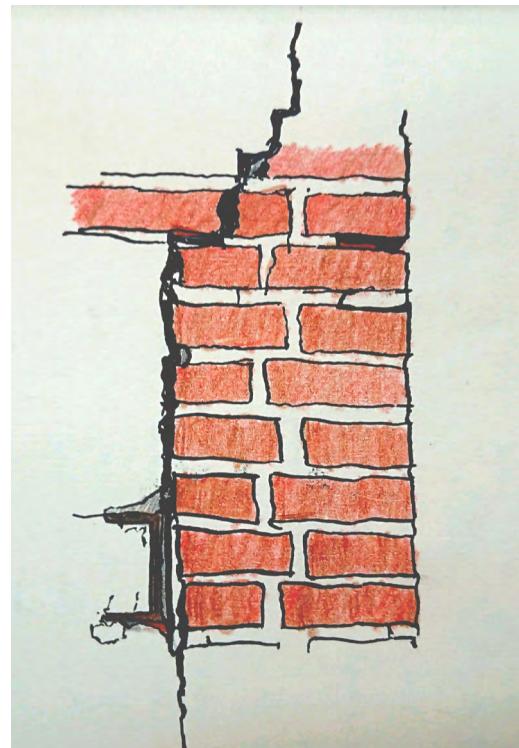
Time changes, and so my feelings for you. From being an important part of my daily life, time has passed. I stopped caring about you, and I'm sorry that I made you into a shell filled with chaos. You deserve someone who loves you and understand your value, adore you, gives you life, and at the same time lets your story speak. Only the future can tell what's to come, but I'm sure that the next one will take care of you, love you and turn you into the best version of yourself.

love

alida schultz



ondřej zgraja



In middle of an island,
just by the road
you lie there – in a right-hand turn.

You lie there, you sit there barely unnoticed;
people drive by, turn right and run away from you.
To the woods, that surround you;
the woods lie a bit further away, just behind the fields.
The fields - though - are just right there by your feet.

You lie there, you sink there:
deeper and deeper into the ground.
The ground is wet and meek,
so you push down, down towards the rock.

The place can be stark, the weather harsh;
it's raining outside,
the wind blows hard,
it's getting cold
and I am running inside.

it's cold here too, but I am safe – safe from the elements.
Mild light comes through
And I look out: into nature
on the fields
on cars running in distance
and rain hitting the ground.

It's like a maze in here, little dark.
Also, humid: I can almost smell the mold around.
Someone shall open the windows,
but outside the weather is still harsh.

I run through the rooms: big and small, low and tall.
I run up and down the stairs, here up and down there.

I love the windows, each of its kind;
glass bricked windows
and old bricked walls,
a bit of concrete
and a strange window there.
Metal doors everywhere
and a different window over there.

The atmosphere here I like,
it just gets lonely after a while.
What strikes me the most, thought:
the chimney is gone – I want it back.

ondřej zgraja