

Conversion



You think you are in the room, but that's not true, You are looking at the room, you are not in the room, the world is never just one world, there are always at least two worlds.....

Julio Cortázar

THE MAGICK REALISM - THE STORAGE OG NATIVE

Based on the history of the emergence of **Magical Realism**, we draw parallels between war and peace, between fear and courage, between collective identity and self-misunderstanding, between the sharp and the smooth.

Turning to literary works, we want to create a space on the border of worlds – between the world of the living and the world of the dead – so that we can hear what has not yet been heard. **The truth that has not yet been uncovered.**

We call upon the first witnesses. We summon the spirits that inhabit this place. And we make our project not only for creatures of flesh – but also for the beings of the spiritual world.



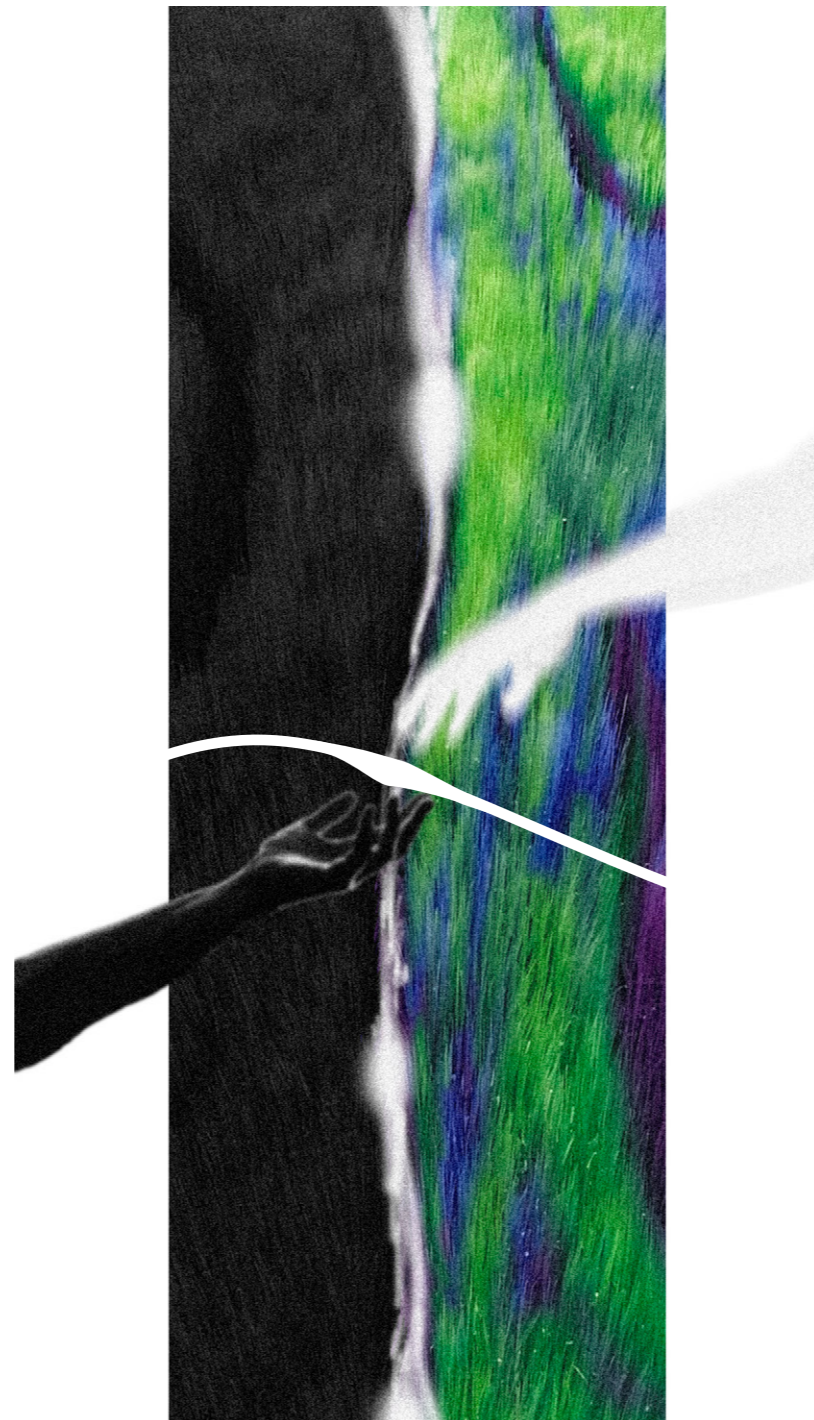
1976 1977 1978 1982 1983 1985 1986-1987 1980-1990 2003-2005





The Past

This place is memory grown through concrete. Stones breathe with screams. Air is heavy with unspoken names. The innocent fell faster than shadows. Their souls were made to forget their worth. Death became as ordinary as bitter mate in cold wind. Here, killers and victims have swapped voices. The dead whisper, 'Remember my fall?' The living answer with silence. Truth weighs more than lead



Conversion

Truth does not die. It is near: breathes on your neck, sits on an empty chair, watches from a crack in the wall. The spirits are among us. Their world is stitched into ours – like thread into a scar. They see every tear, remember every name. Even if the living wish to forget – they remember for them. As long as the world exists – truth exists. Not in books, not in archives. But in the air, in the silence that is heavier than a scream. **You are not alone.** They remember everything. And as long as they remember – truth lives



The Past

The future is a double light. There, the living and the dead breathe the same air. Souls and flesh are two halves of one key. Forgiveness is sewn into time itself. Purity demands no sacrifice – it simply exists, like mist over a river. Truth there is not a weapon, but an echo: it does not burn – it warms. **The darkness of ignorance has retreated – not by force,** but because in that world, it is shameful not to know, and impossible to forget. And even the dead finally exhale: "I was. I was seen. **Now I can move on**

PRINCIPES

Using the system of duality – the approach embedded in the very essence of our narrative – playing between two worlds, we create a landscape that simultaneously consists of ordinary materials, yet philosophically and spiritually sends us beyond that thin boundary which always permeates every millimetre of our existence.

We base our work on the principle of opposition between dark and light matters, which in turn help us create three typologies of landscape



transparent
opaque



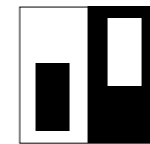
silence
loud



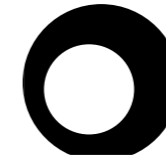
witness
accomplice



temple
barracks



presence
absence



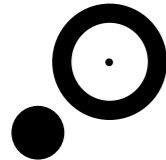
victim
executioner



other



norm
exception



prohibited
permitted



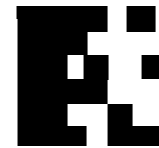
yes
not



difference
similarity



freedom
imprisonment



memory
oblivion



the summit
the abyss



true
lie



alive
dead



outside
inside



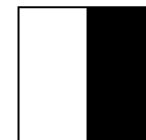
whole
fragment



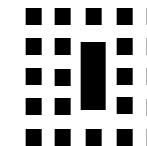
soul
flesh



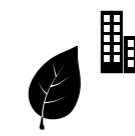
preservation
destruction



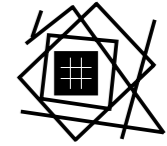
light
darkness



Dispersion
monolithicity



nature
artificial



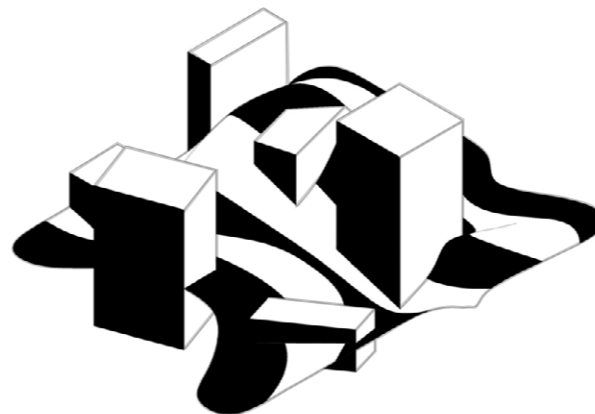
chaos
order

A



Duality like amplifies the meaning of the landscape

B



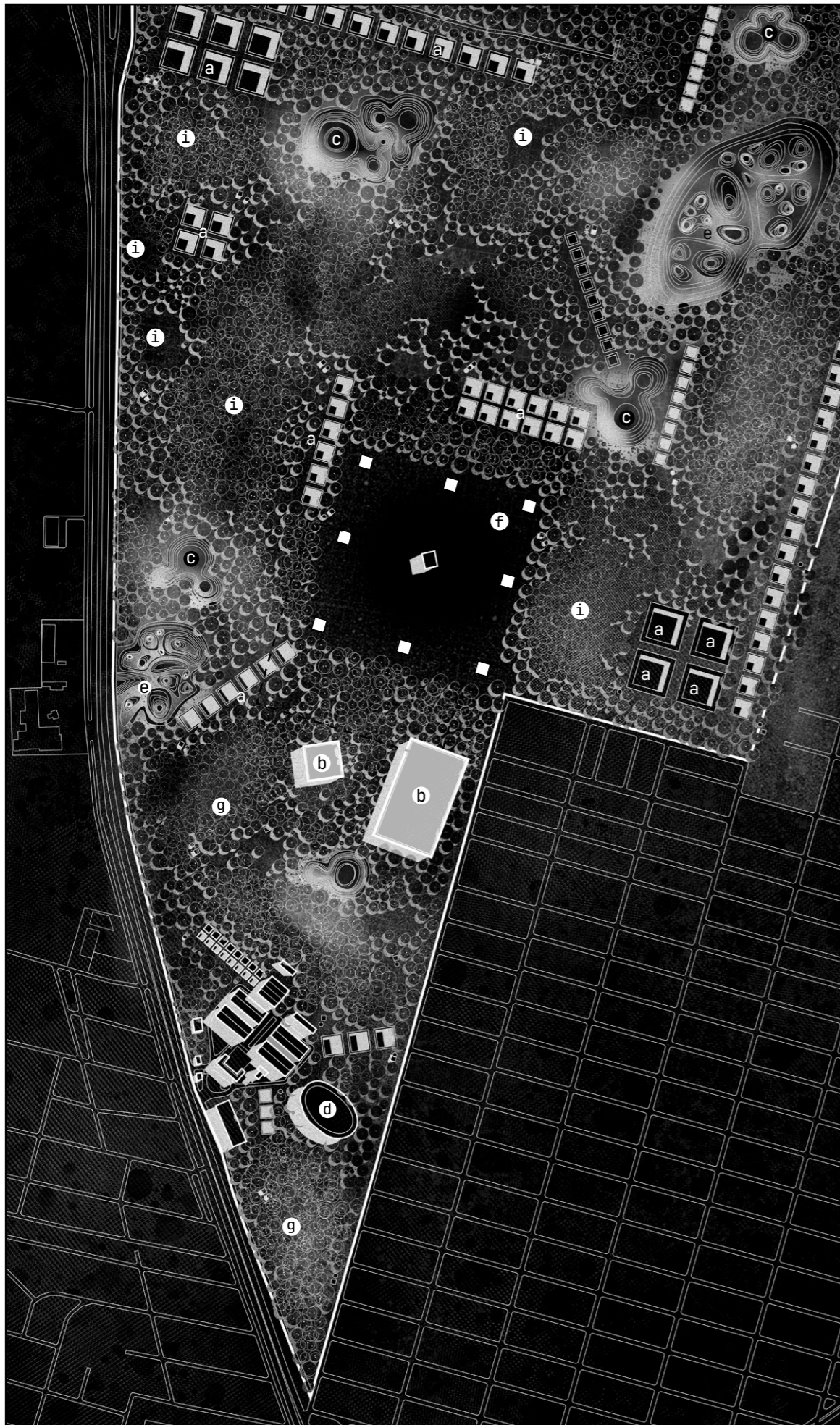
Duality like contrasts with the landscape

C



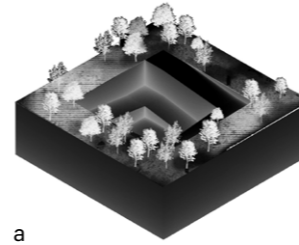
Duality like mirrors (repeats) the landscape

MASTERPLAN



FUNCTIONS

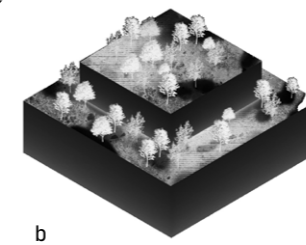
A ↓



a

Exhibition landscape – an underground gallery in the open air

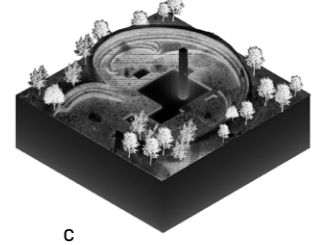
B ↓



b

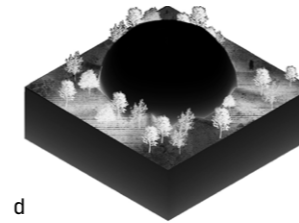
A theater hall – cut out of rock
Stone-born chamber for witnesses

C ↓



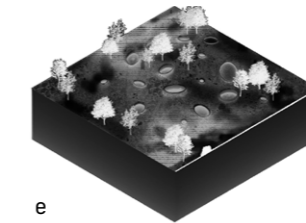
c

Flowing, floral landscape – a network of amphitheatres



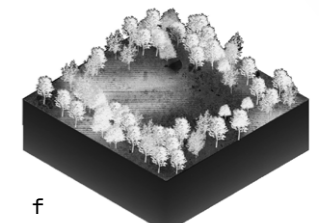
d

Exhibition hall – a chilled, stone-born terrain



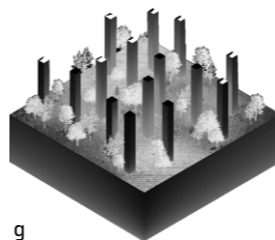
e

Educational landscape – a semi-underground school + playground



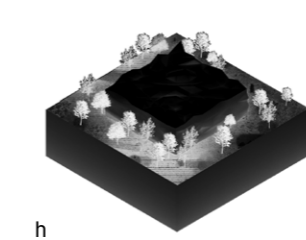
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Confined landscape – attention attraction territory



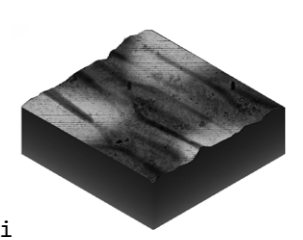
g

Needle-like landscape – contrast of life and death



h

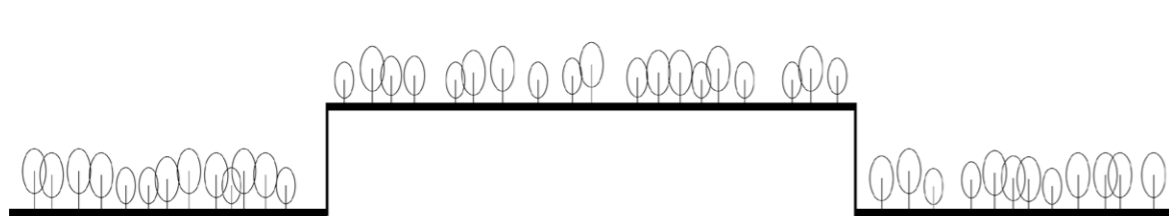
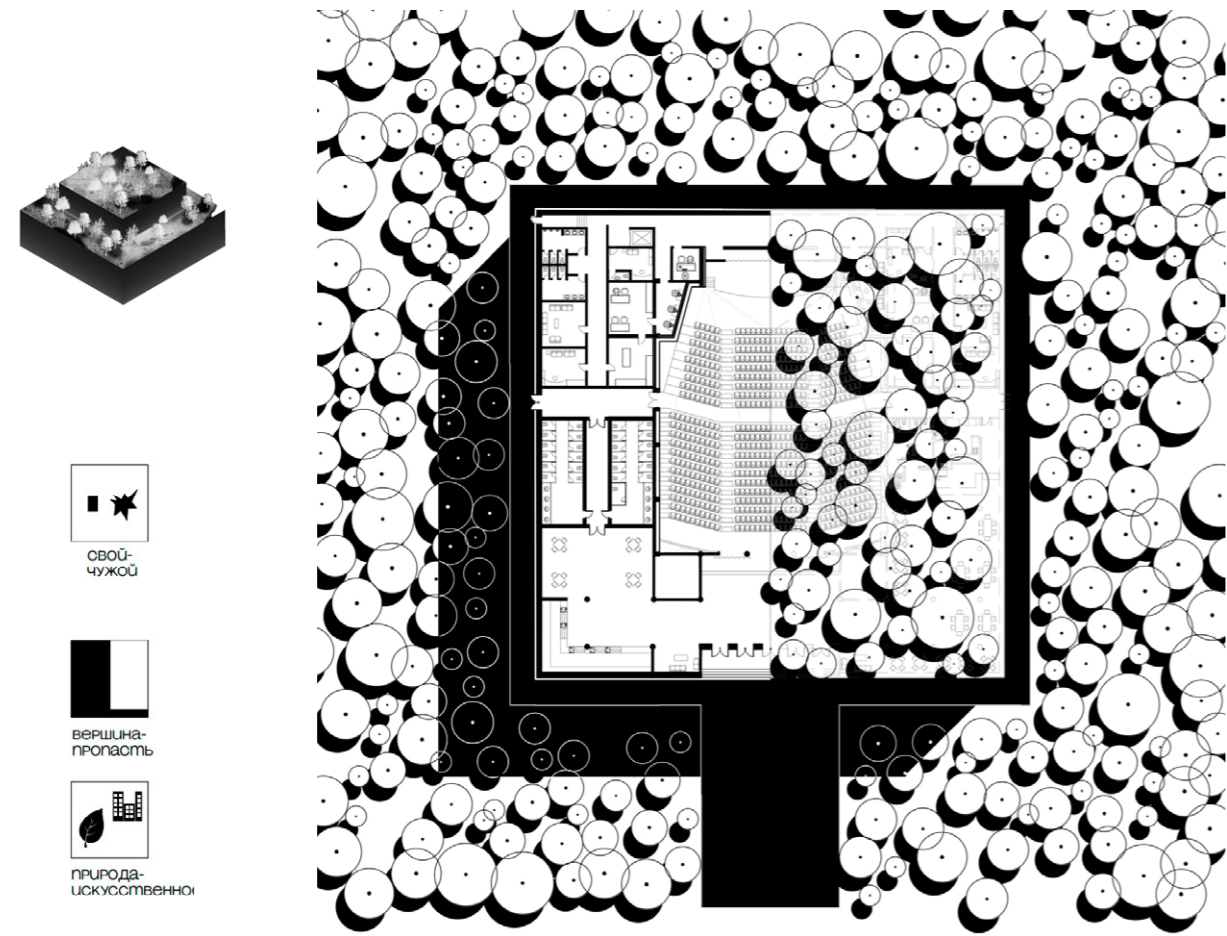
Exaggerated landscape – lavatories and auxiliary facilities



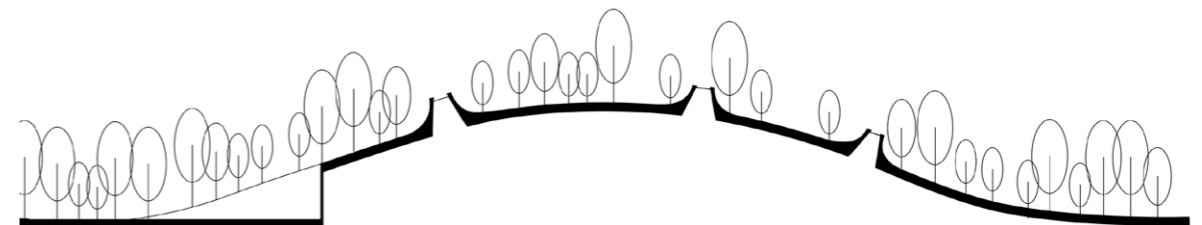
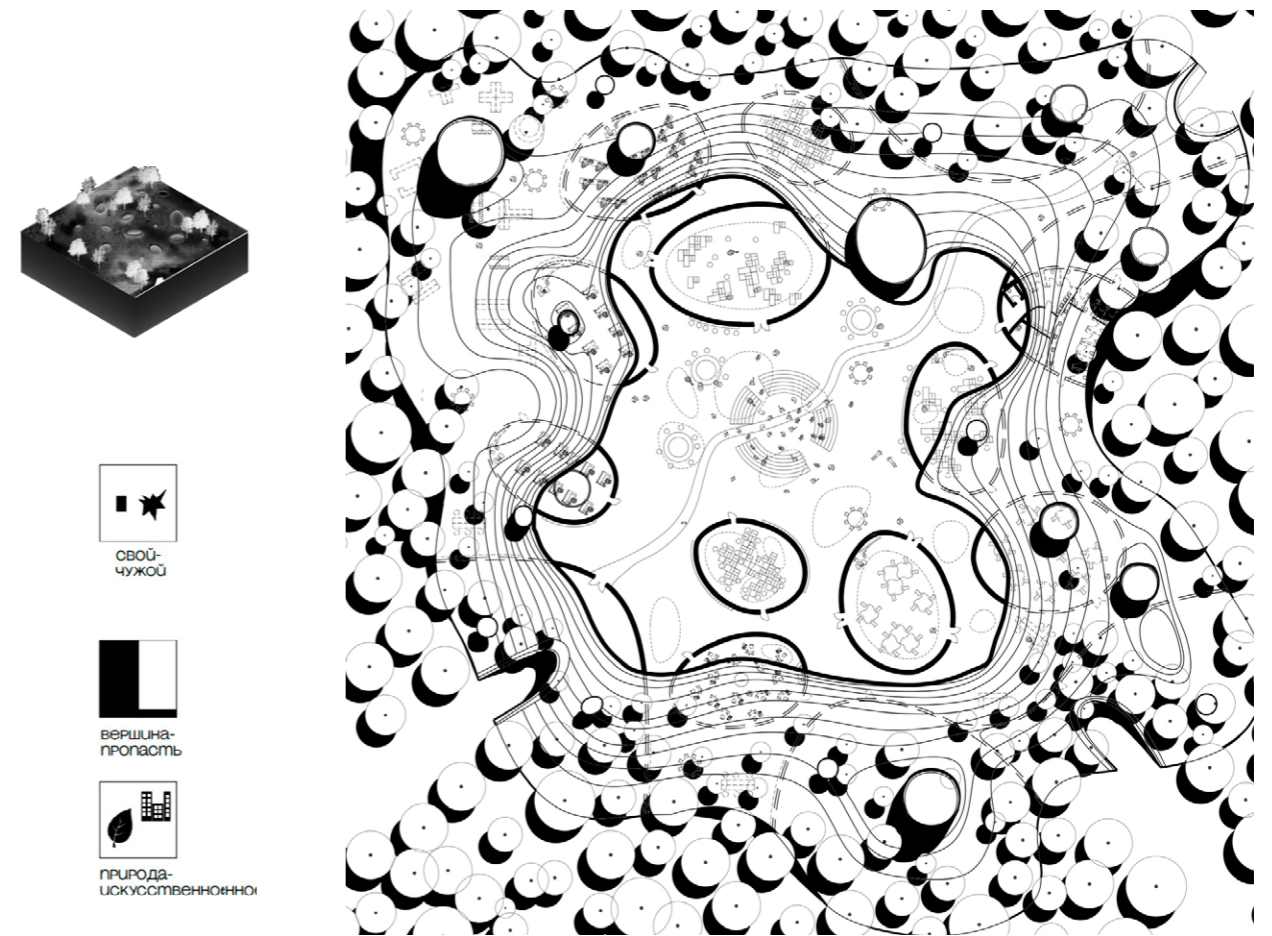
i

Dreamlike landscape – the second wave of landscaping / improvement

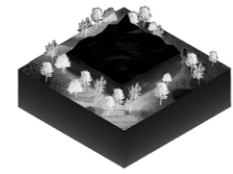
THEATER HALL



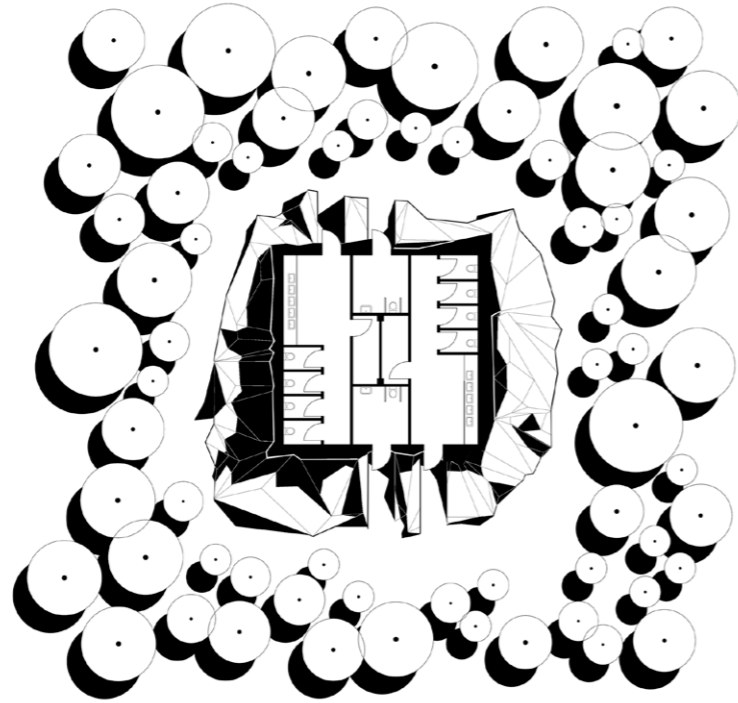
EDUCATIONAL LANDSCAPE



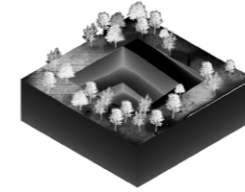
LAVATORIES AND AUXILIARY FACILITIES



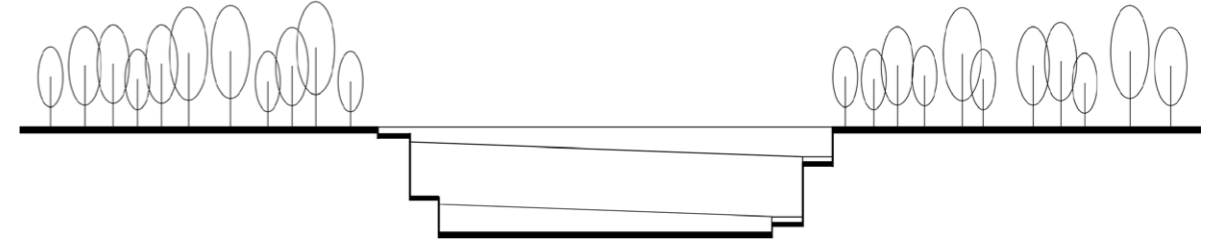
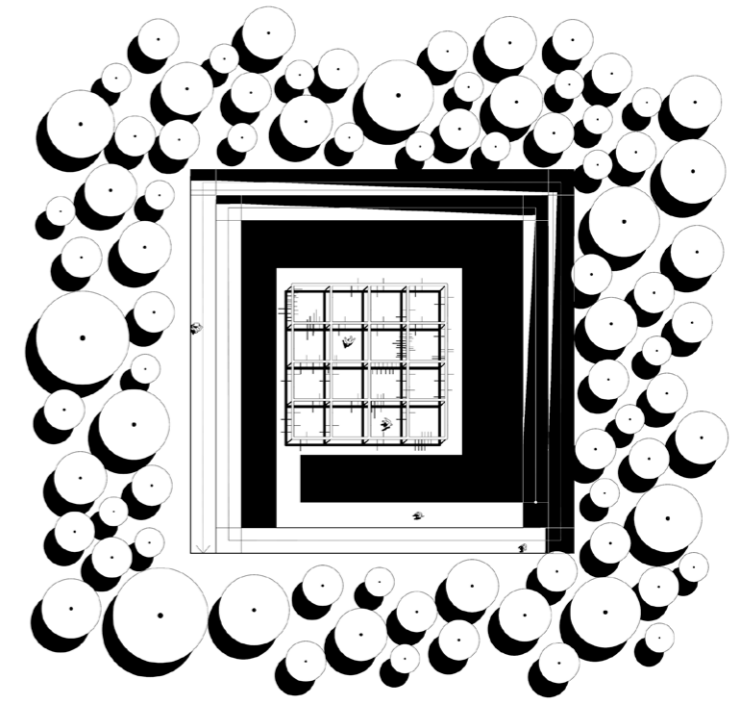
ПРИРОДА-ИСКУССТВЕННО



EXHIBITION LANDSCAPE

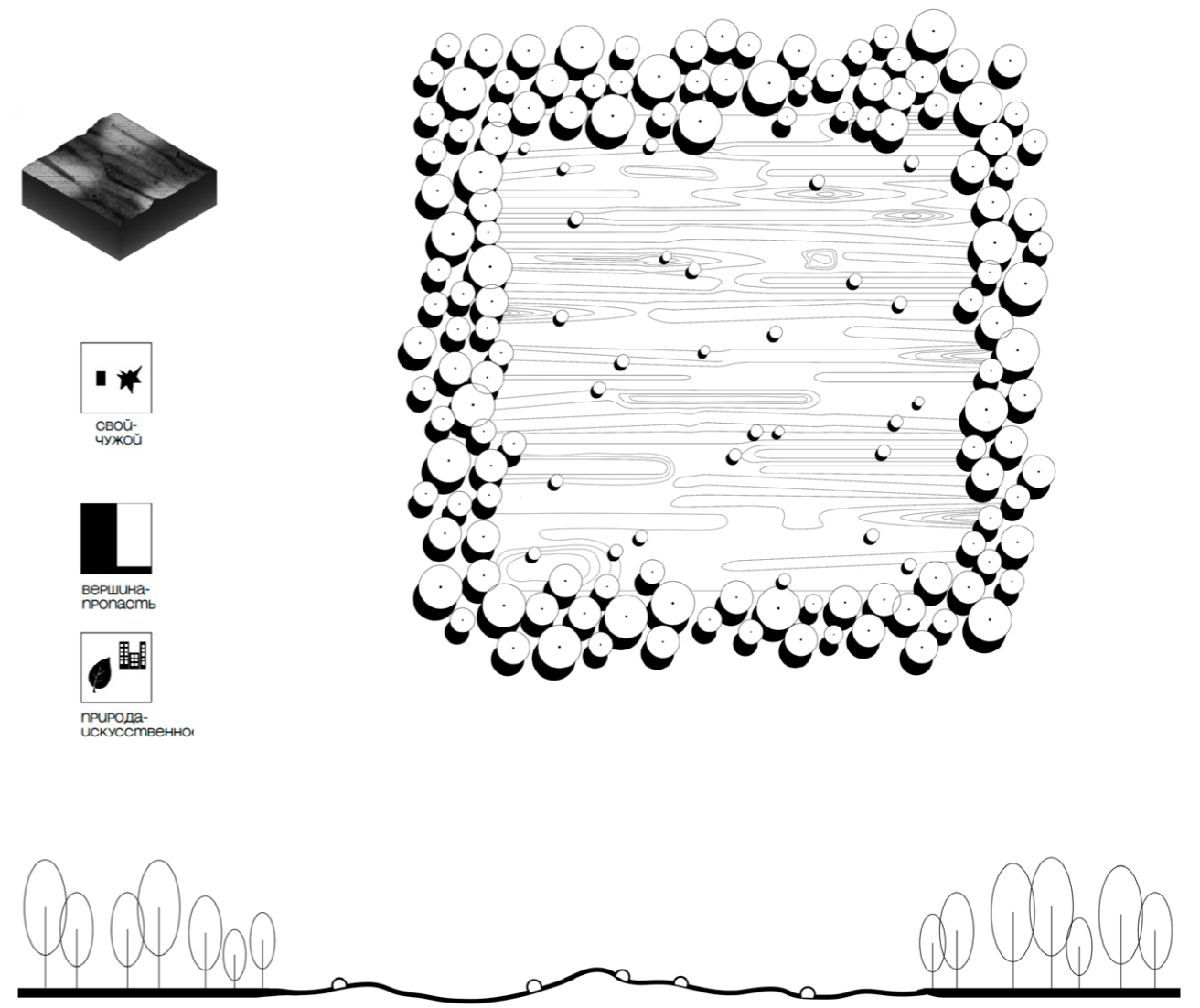
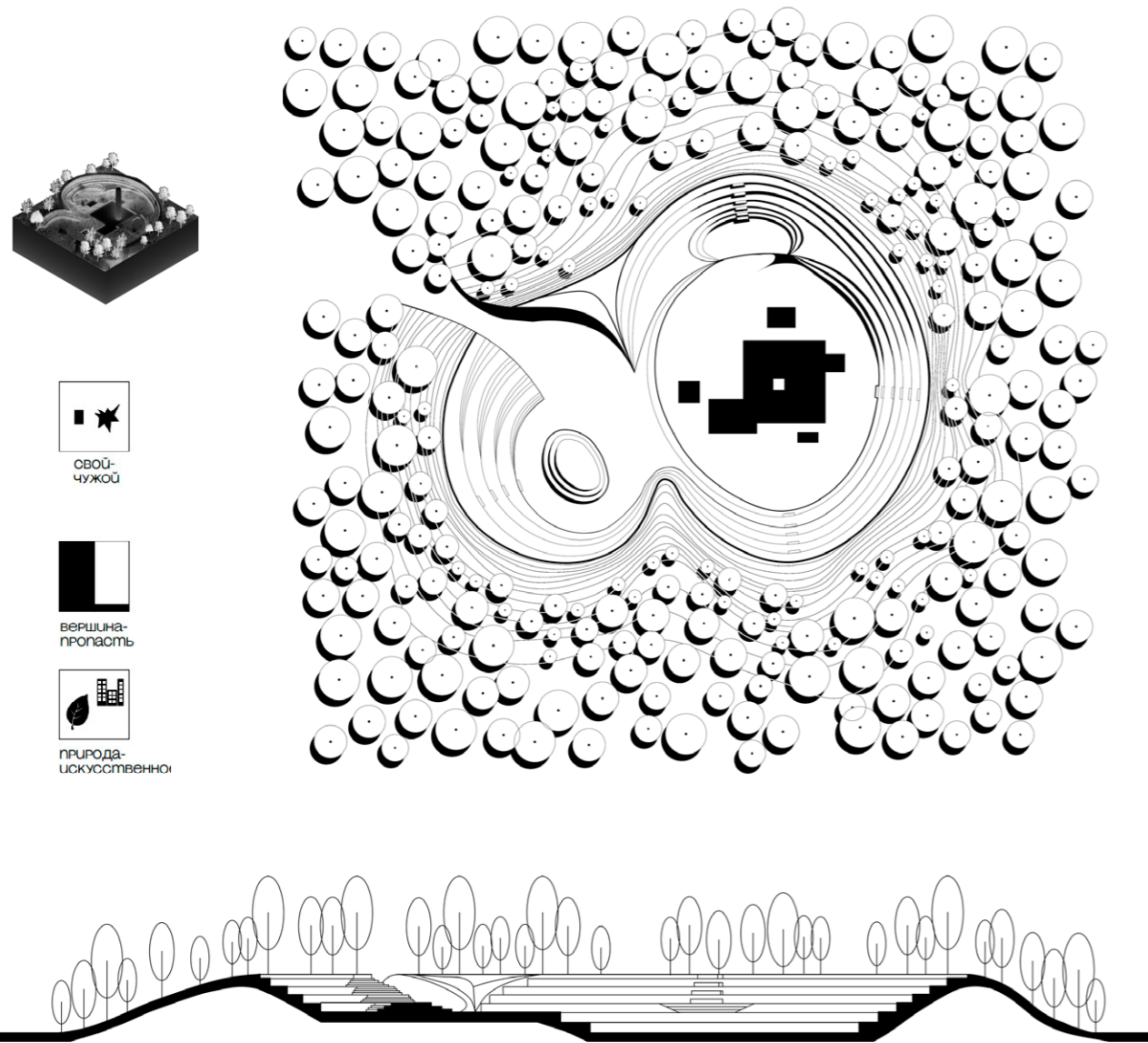


ПРИРОДА-ИСКУССТВЕННО



FLOWING, FLORAL LANDSCAPE

DREAMLIKE LANDSCAPE



INTERPRITATION CENTRE

INTERPRITATION - VICTIM  GUARD



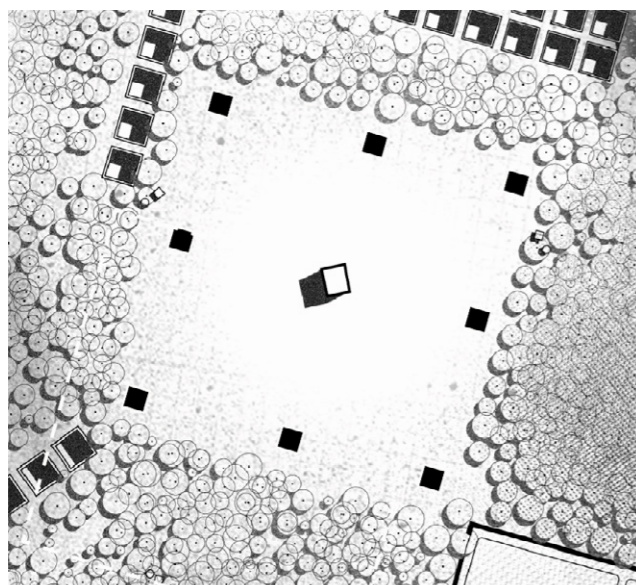
TOWER - IDEA  GUILT



FAITH - END  ENDLESS



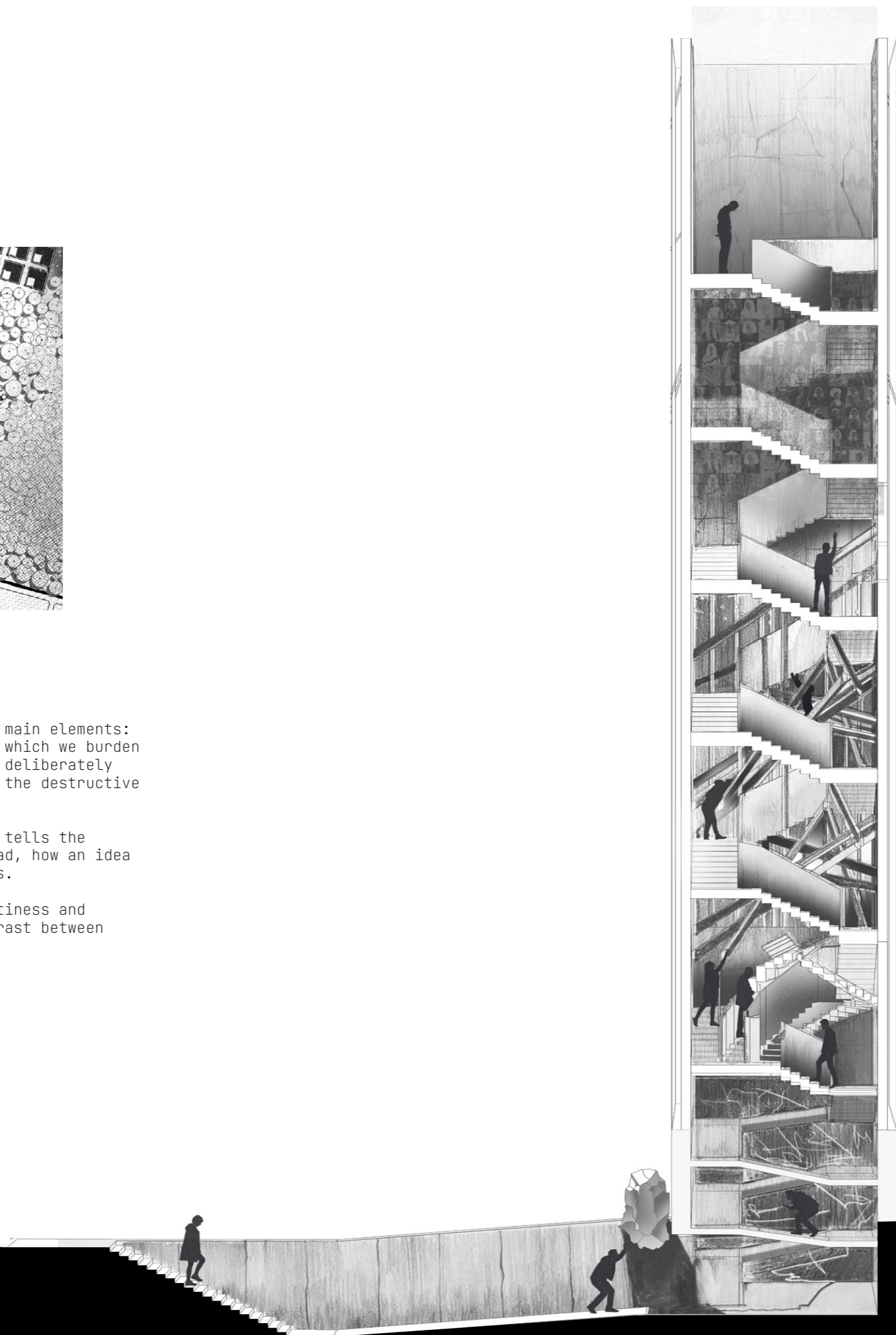
INTERPRITATION CENTRE 1.1 TOWERS



The interpretation centre consists of two main elements: the towers of ideas, and Gallipon itself, which we burden by cutting down all vegetation around it, deliberately creating a scorched space that emphasises the destructive power of the place.

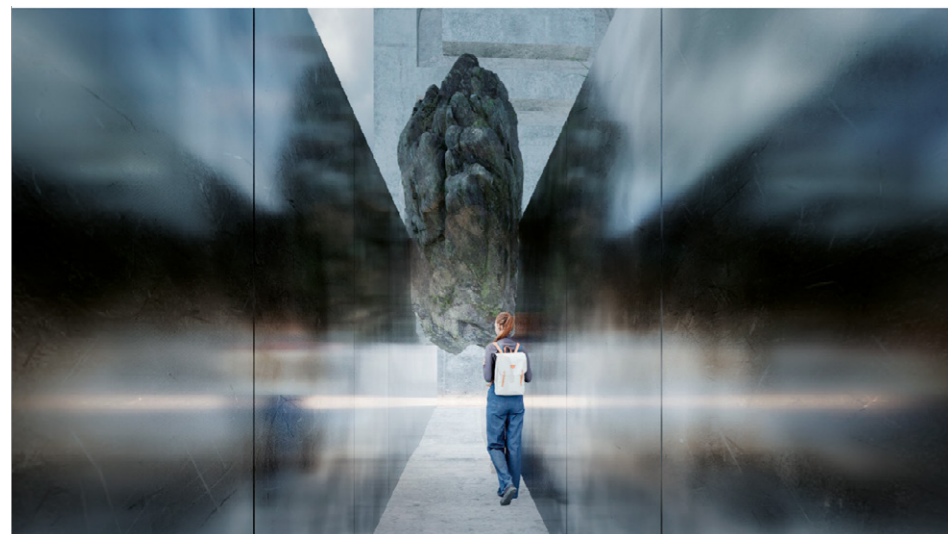
The towers become watchtowers. Each tower tells the story of how a person with an idea goes mad, how an idea becomes an obsession, and where that leads.

Thus, playing on the contrast between emptiness and pinpoint presence, as well as on the contrast between

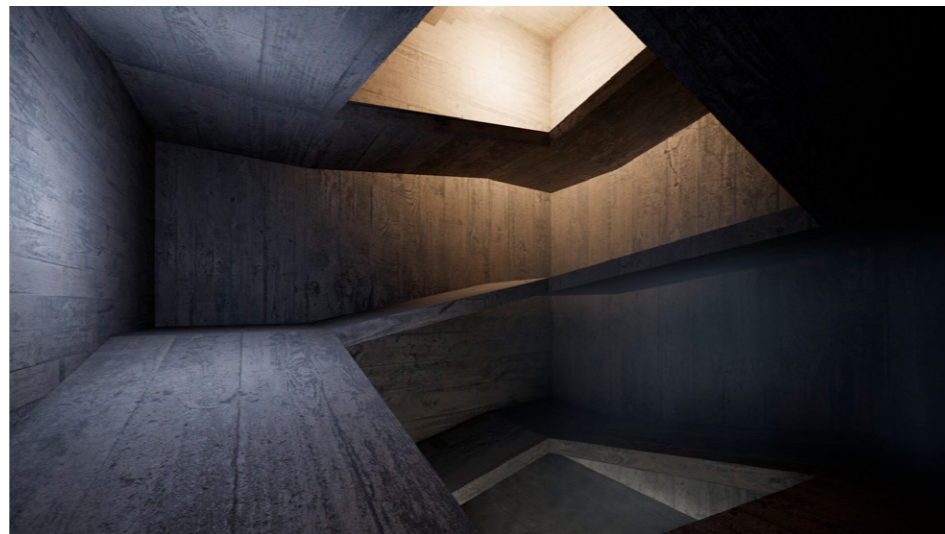


INTERPRITATION CENTRE 1.2 TOWERS INSIDE

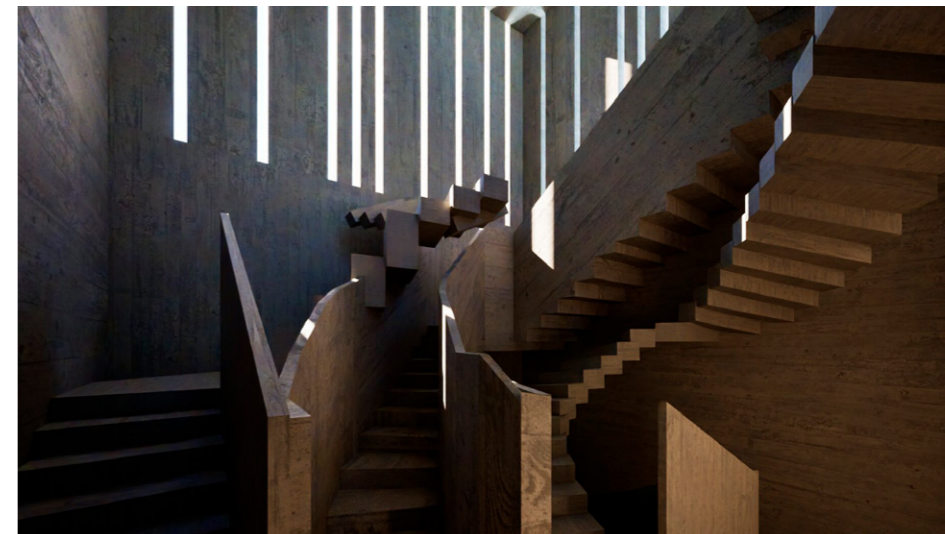
BOWED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE DECISION



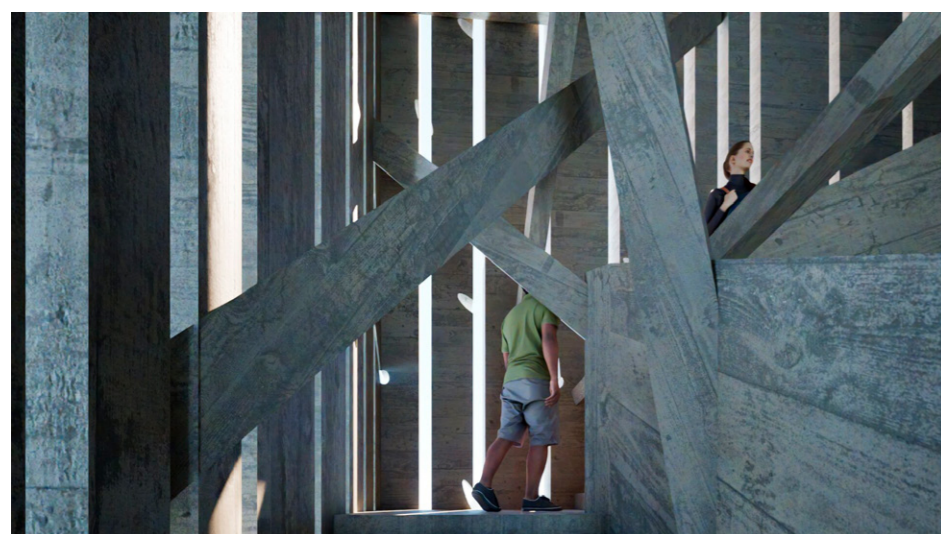
DON'T BREAK YOUR BACK WHILE PICKING UP SPEED



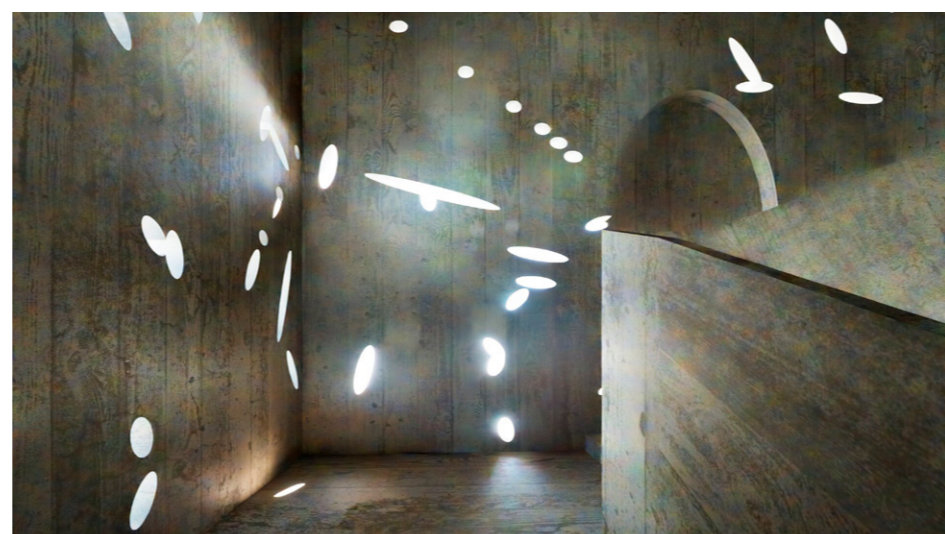
CROSSROADS, STRUGGLE FOR THE RIGHT STEP



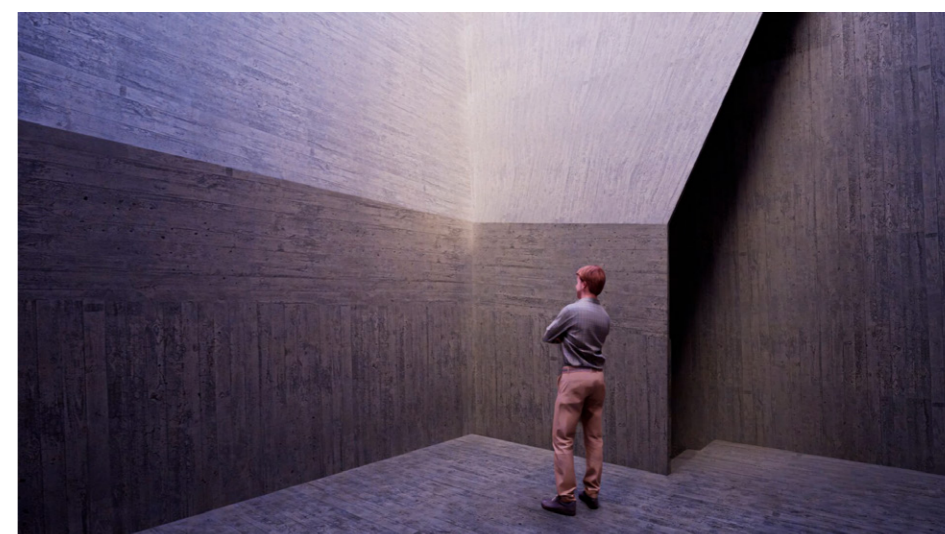
MAKING MY WAY THROUGH THE THORNS OF MY DELUSION



MADNESS



YOU AND UNIVERSE

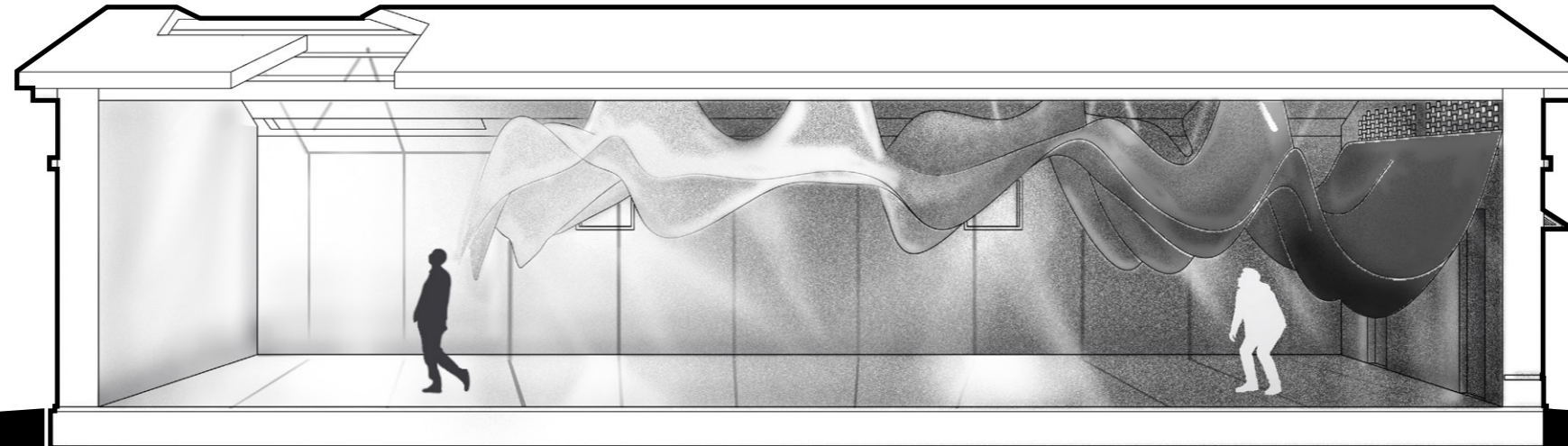




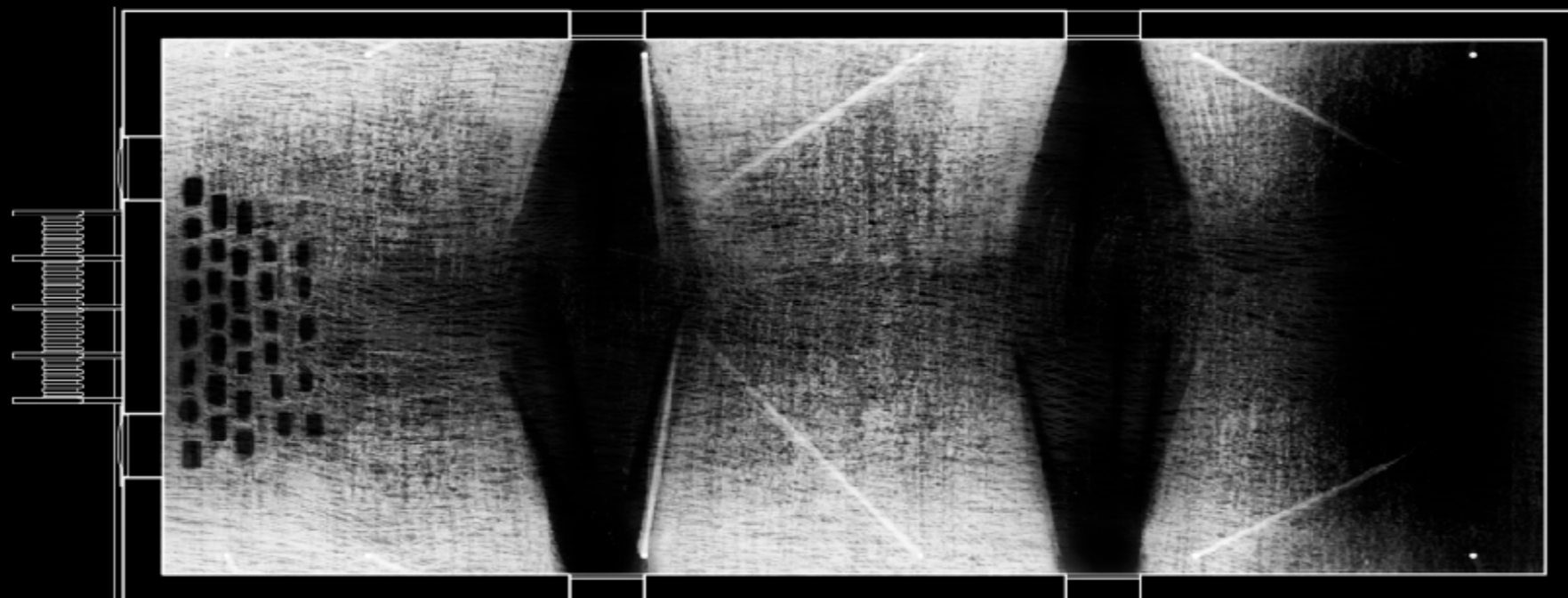
A pure idea in dirty, evil, ruling hands and an ignorant mind becomes a fatal obsession. It learns to kill. It forgets to love. And entire generations turn to ash - while the idea still calls itself innocent

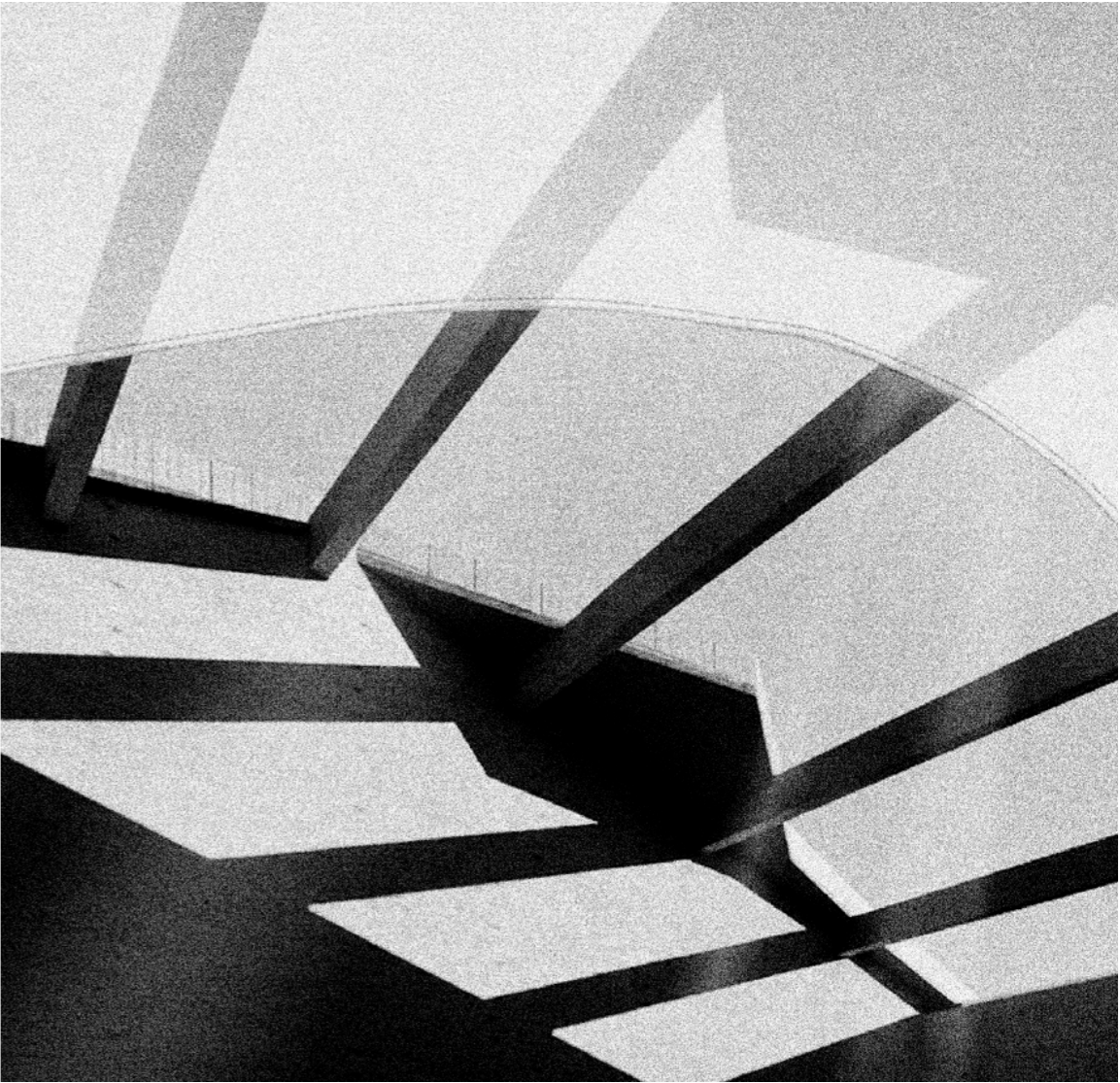


By cutting down all vegetation around Galpón 9, we emphasize the horror of this place. Like a scorched field – and it remains the only thing still standing. We strive to amplify the terror of what happened here. But what is inside? What do the walls hide, when outside nothing grows anymore? What breathes in the emptiness we ourselves created – to make it unbearable to look?

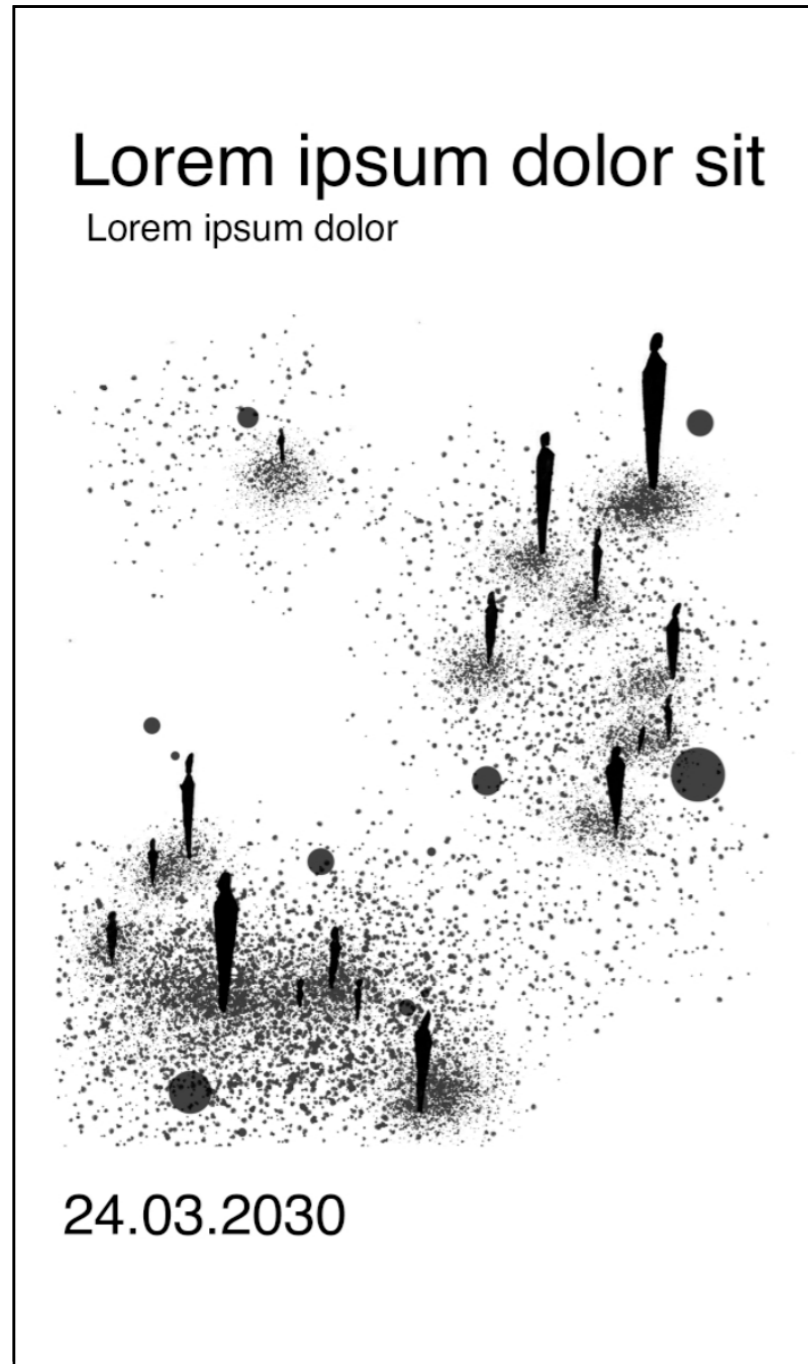


Inside - liberation. From the bent spine in the grounded space - to the light hovering above outstretched arms. Galpón 9 becomes a new chapel, a new sanctuary, a vessel of light





CONSTELACIÓN DE LOS AUSENTES (CONSTELLATION OF THE ABSENT)



At night, the forest lights up. One LED – one life. There is so much light that you cannot tell where the sky ends and the earth begins. This is Constelación de los Ausentes. These are those whom they dared not forget. Look. They are here again

DONDE PERMANECEN LAS VOCES (WHERE THE VOICES REMAIN)



Crystal bells hang from the trees. The wind touches them, and the air fills with voices. These are souls telling their stories. Don't rush. Every ringing is someone's «I'm here.» Listen. They speak only to those who are ready to hear.

DESPUÉS DE LA TORMENTA (AFTER THE STORM)



After the storm, the air smells of rain. We create this scent – moist, clean, real. In a world that has gone mad, this is the only thing still understandable without words. Breathe in. Breathe out. The storm has passed



DONDE PERMANECEN LAS VOCES



