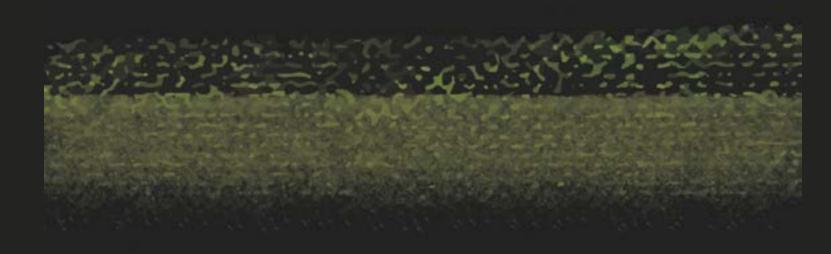
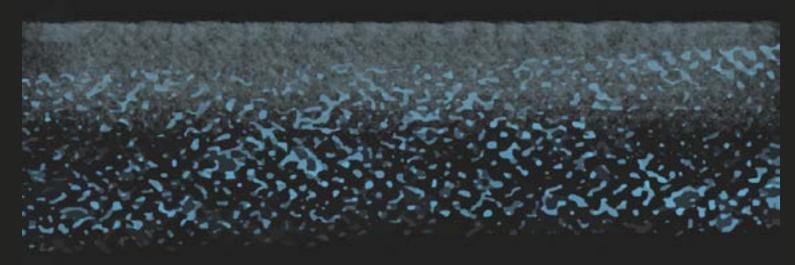
BURIAL RITES ARCH 4526 MELANIE VANCO

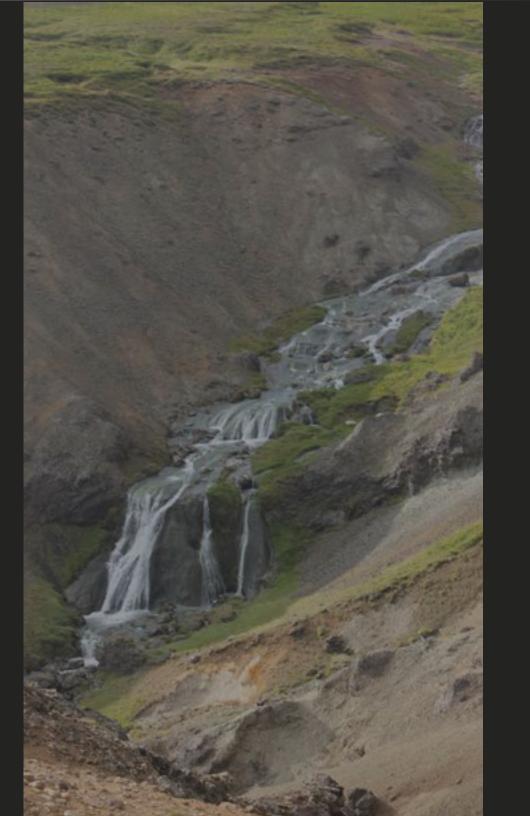




A TEMPLE BY THE FRIGID SEA, WHERE THE SWEET, DAMP SMELL OF GRASS IS HECKLED BY THE CAWS OF RAVENS. A SACRED PLACE, WHERE SPIRITS TURN TO SMOKE IN THE EARLY MORNING AND BY NIGHTFALL, JOIN THE POLAR LIGHTS IN THEIR DANCE ACROSS THE STARS.



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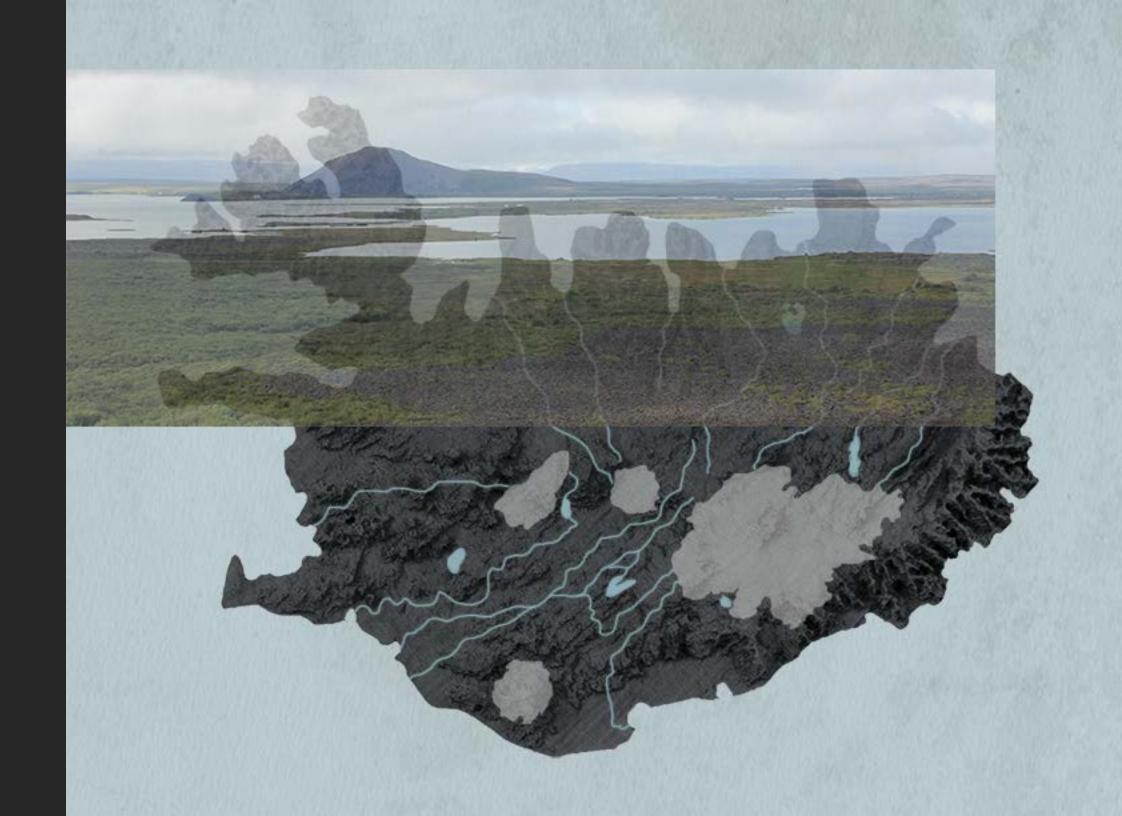
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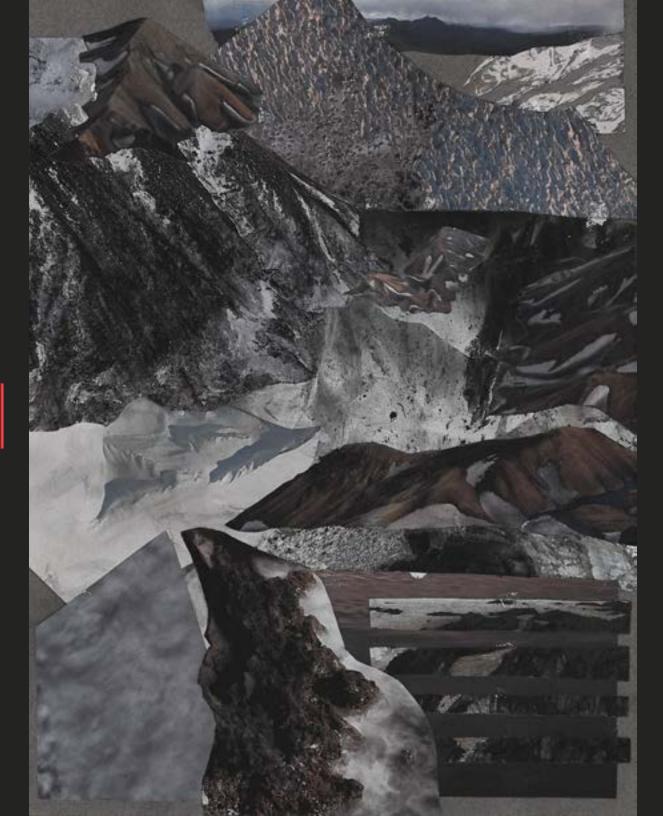


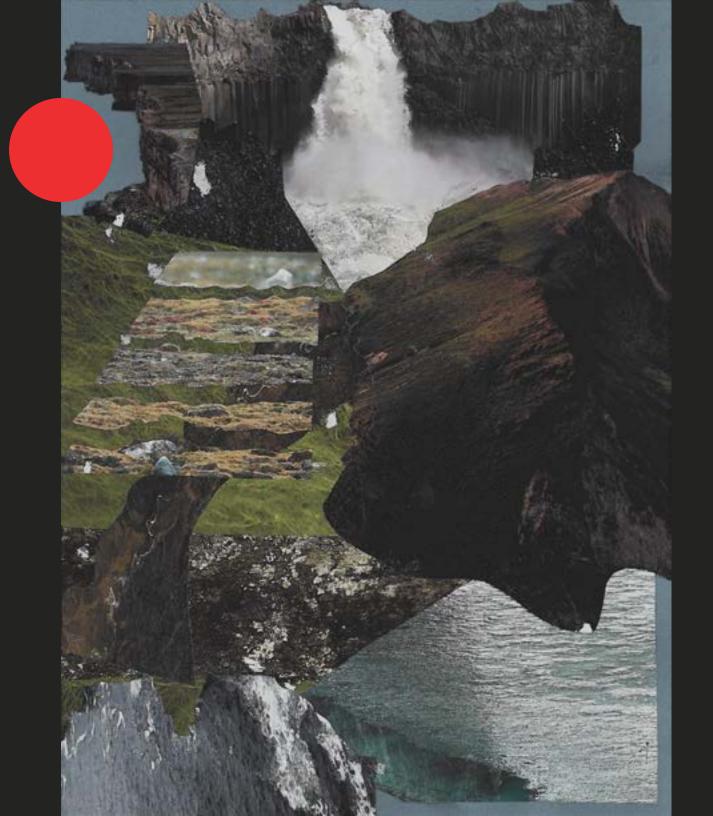
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Iceland is an ancient land made up of volcanic rock that piles high into the clouds down to the grains of sand that meet the shorelines. Throughout there are valleys and hills of soft grass and moss, amongst which sparkling rivers of fresh water cut their path, creating breathtaking waterfalls all throughout the ever changing landscape. Above all, It is a place of extreme contrasts. The difference between hot and cold after one steps out of a hidden hotspring deep in the mountains, out into the frigid cold stream that comes off the glaciers is a change between sensory extremes which evokes so many feelings that one can not simply put into words the chill that runs deep in the bones throughout the entire body. A feeling quite possibly close to death.

During its everlasting frozen winters, engulfed in darkness, it seems to be a place where only death will walk for many months. Yet for a short time of the year, life floods into the island and the sun warms the bones of the earth, creating a vegetated oasis where everything seems at peace. This cycle between life and death, light and dark, continues in this extreme fashion year after year. It seems only fitting that this island should act as a bridging point between the realms of the living and the dead. A place where life has all the more reason to be celebrated in a place so often frozen in a hell-ish state. But even during those times of eternal darkness, light still dances in the sky in a display of vibrant colours in a way that can only be described as spiritual.

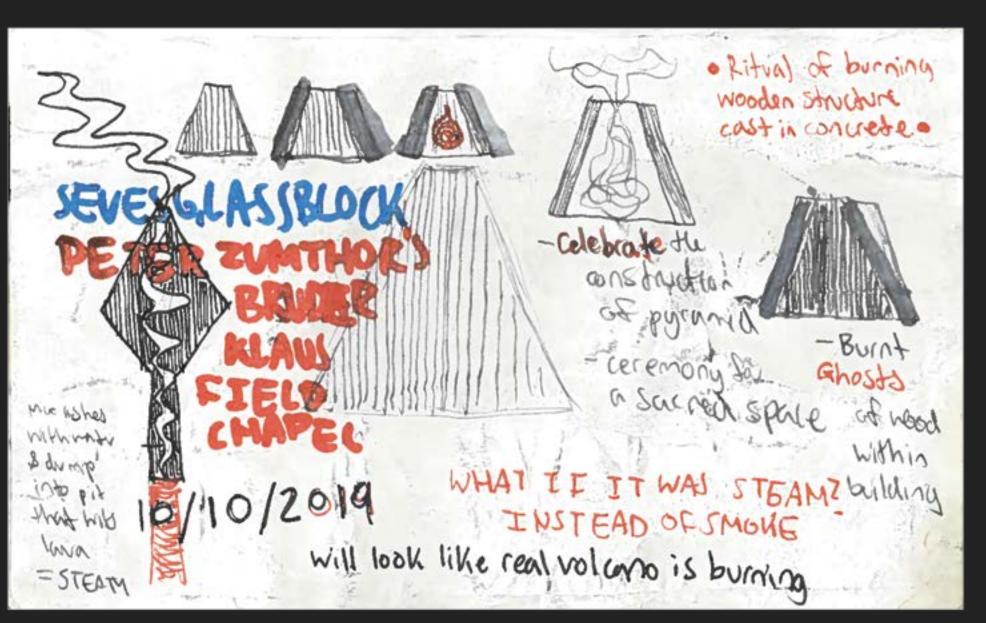






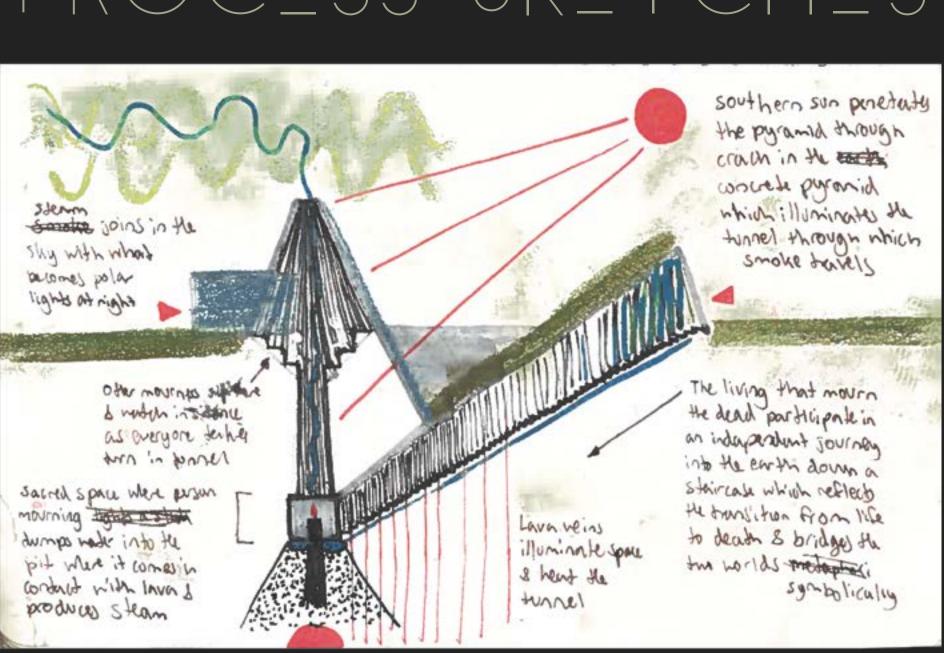
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PROCESS SKETCHES



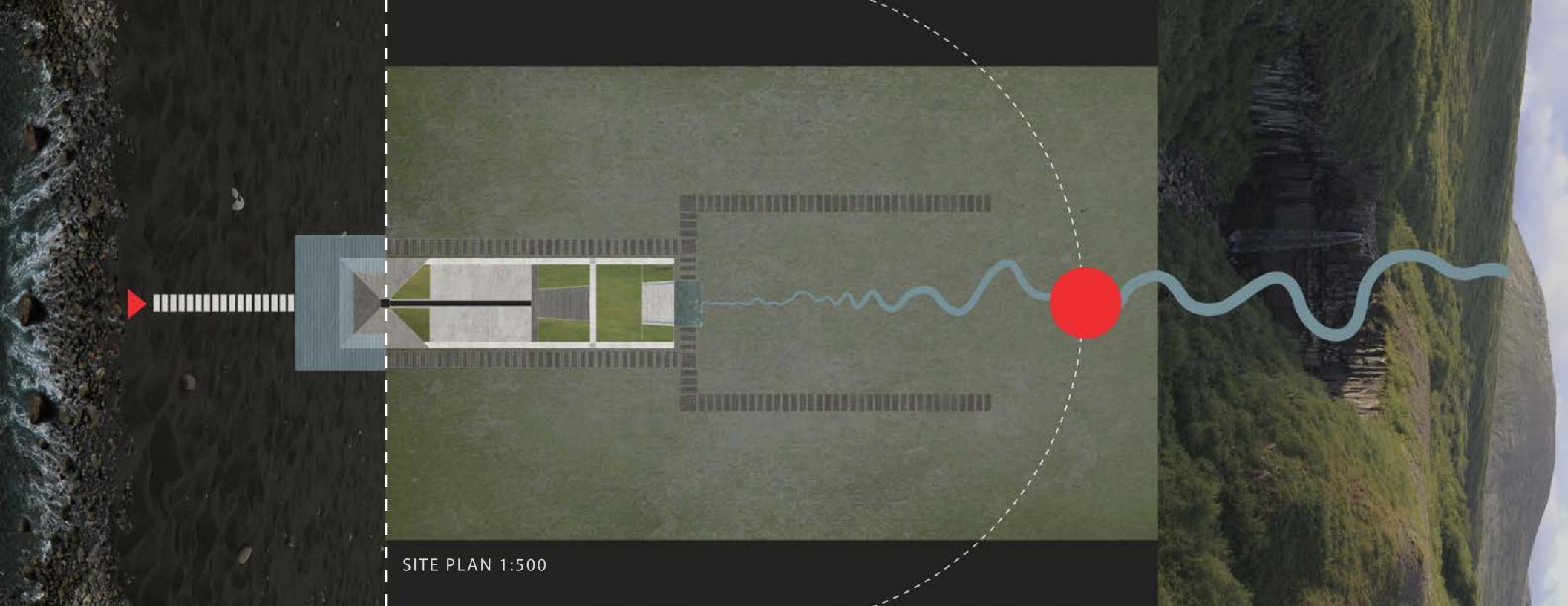


PROCESS SKETCHES









INTRODUCTION

This space is a bridging point between the worlds of the living and the dead. A place that connects to the spiritual without the influence of mainstream religion, where loved ones can mourn over their dearly departed in a unique way that celebrates their loved ones lives and their passing to the realm of the dead, wherever that may be. Void of all other forms of religion, this building brings new light upon the topic of burial rites with still a very ritualistic element to it unique to the landscape of Iceland.

The temple sits on the north shores of the island frozen in an endless winter, where the dark cold waters stretch on endlessly beyond the horizon, while the waves lapse upon the black volcanic sand. Looking to the south from the shores is a beautiful oasis of bright grass, luscious moss, and waterfalls, where the summer sun warms the bones of the earth and the lifting clouds reveal the height of the bright blue endless sky. A place where the dead may rest in peace.

BIRTH OF A SACRED STRUCTURE

PYRAMID STRUCTURE
BUILT FROM VALUABLE
IMPORTED TIMBER

POURED OVER WITH

CONCRETE MIXED WITH

LOCAL BLACK SAND

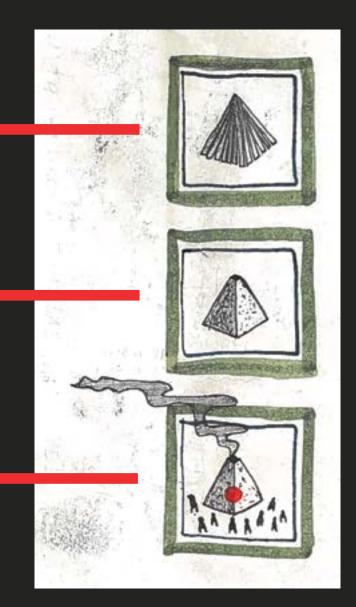
WOOD WITHIN IS SACRIFICED

TO FLAMES AS PEOPLE GATHER

TO CELEBRATE NEW LIFE OF

THE STRUCTURE WHILE IT

RUMBLES LIKE A LIVING VOLCANO





THE RITUAL

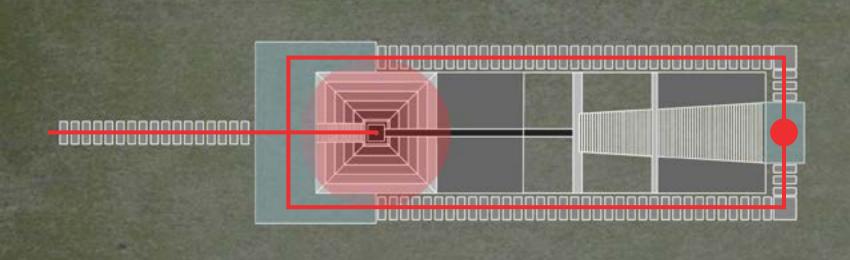




In the foreground of this beautiful land sits the temple that welcomes you with a bright space made of glass bricks filled with light that shelters you from the cold blows coming off the sea. A mediary space where family members can gather in an uplifting atmosphere before entering the dark concrete pyramid to begin the ritual of taking turns making the journey down the lonesome tunnel that brings the participants closer to the world of the dead underneath the earth.

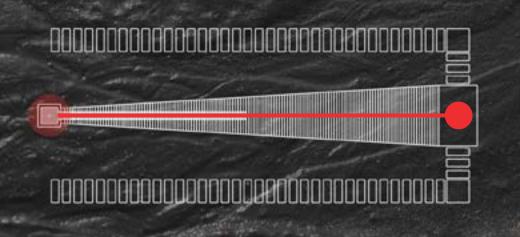


LAND OF LIVING ABOVE GROUND

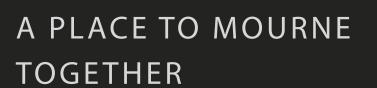


LAND OF DEAD

BELLOW GROUND



FLOOR PLANS1:500



A PLACE TO MOURNE IN SOLITUDE

The journey from above to bellow is to be taken barefoot to enhance the connection with the earth bellow and land above. Before entering the tunnel itself, participants step into a pool of water connected to the stream coming from the distant waterfall. This minor shock prepares the participant for the solitary journey to the bottom of the tunnel where eventually the heat of the earth will warm their feet and bring them to a comfortable silence and darkness.



THE JOURNEY FROM LIFE

The head of the tunnel is open to the beautiful water-fall behind and light streams in from the opening and the skylight above. The rugged stone walls are spaced wide appart and are alive with veggitation and mosses as water trickles down the sides. A cold yet refreshing atmosphere remenicent of springtime and new life. Ahead of you lies darkness yet in the distance you see a glimmer of hope, a light.





As one decends further down the tunnel, the walls begin to narrow and the space begins to darken as the participant leaves the light of the living world above behind him. Instead the space is illuminated by cracks in the walls that immitate the soft glow of molten lave and warmth from the geothermal activity in the earth surrounds you with warmth. along the sides water still follows you on this journey and provides a comforting sound as you make your way towards the faint light ahead.



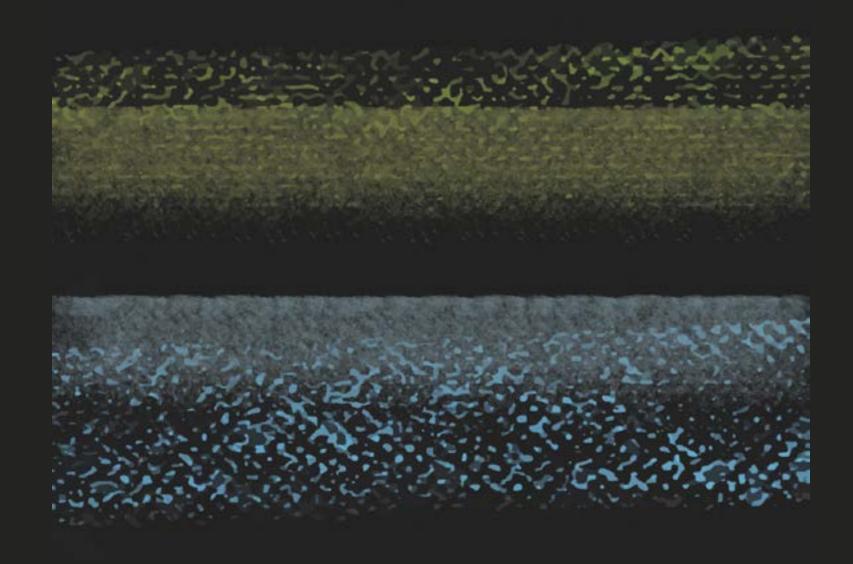




At the end of the tunnel is a small room equipt with a stand and some matches for the purpose of lighting the spirit stick that the preson grieving brings with them upon their journey. Here they place and light the stick and take a moment to themselves in silence as the stick burns. The smoke rises through the chimney which is illuminated by a crack in the earth above. The spiritual smoke continues to rise through the dark pyramid structure where other friend and family members gather in silence as they watch the smoke escape through the opening in the roof and into the sky.







AT THE END OF THE DAY WHEN THE NIGHT FALLS, FRIENDS AND FAMILY MEMBERS CAN GATHER TOGETHER OUTSIDE OF THE STRUCTURE TO CELEBRATE THE PASSING OF THEIR LOVED ONE'S SPIRIT ONTO THE SKY AND WATHC THE BEAUTIFUL POLAR LIGHTS TOGETHER.



