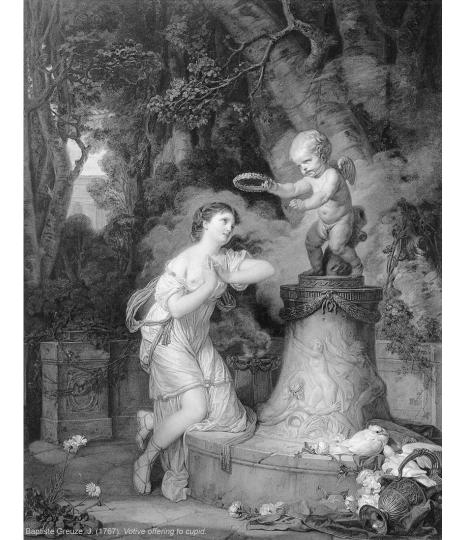
The Circle of Life

The role of Architecture in the Embodiment of Grief

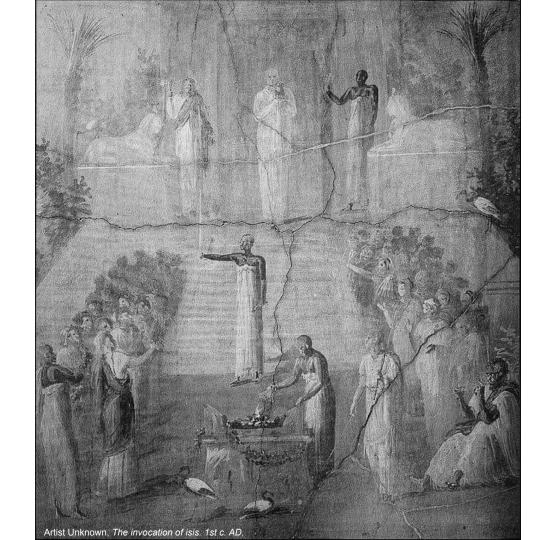


Considering the underrepresentation of death in modern cities, this thesis examines the role of architecture in the experience of the bereaved by opening a space for active remembrance; an effort to continue the life of one being inside the other through a continued presence of memory.

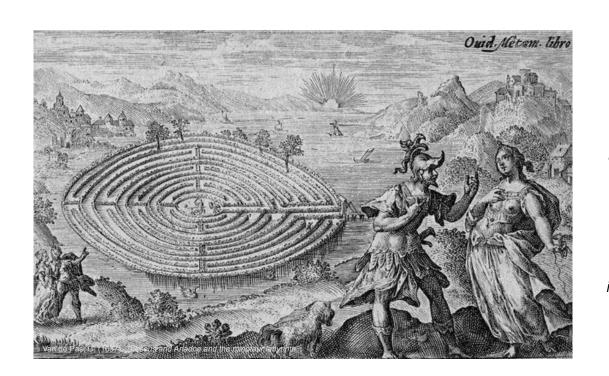




"One need only recall how earlier rites and cultic regulations granted death a ceremonial place in the life of society and how those who were left behind were helped through such rituals to continue their lives and be re-incorporated into the community" -Hans Georg Gadamer

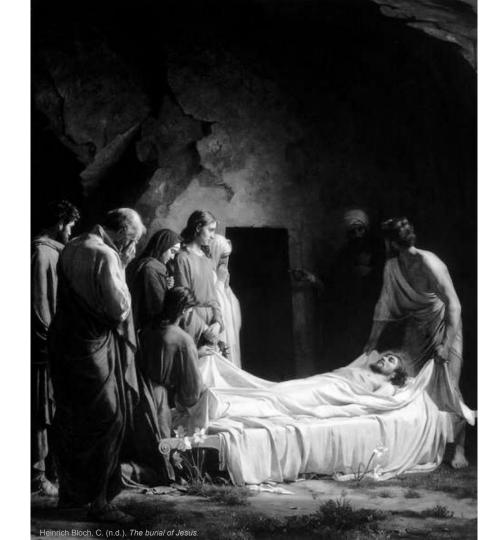






"Whatever is capable of affecting the mind, feeling, or will has thereby established its undoubted reality"... Therefore, " Just as there are no sharp distinctions among dreams, hallucinations, and ordinary vision, there was no sharp separation between the living and the dead. The survival of the dead and their continued relationship with man were assumed as a matter of course, for the dead were involved in the indubitable reality of man's own anguish, expectation, or resentment. "

-Henri Frankfort











"We could not feel this way at allso hopelessly dispossessed or deprived, of a side of ourselves, of our own flesh and blood, unless we are [as Merleau Ponty supposed] existentially bound to significant others in the sensitive depths, the fabric, of our own embodied being"

-Maurice Merleau-Ponty

The Artefact

Reigniting Hart Island













The Design

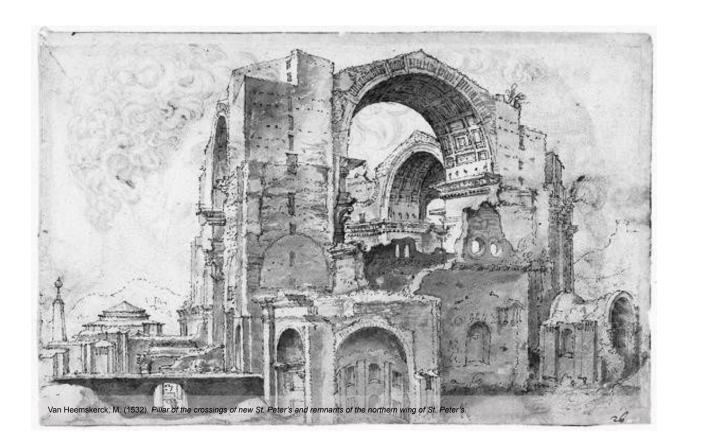
Resurrecting Hart Island



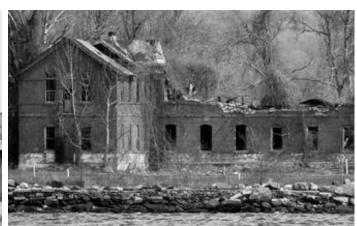
"[mnemic architecture is a] Place that is known and experienced time and again, generation after generation, producing always new memories which sediment and connect with previous ones, producing a proliferation of interconnected meanings and images of a place, which strengthen and construct memory over time"

Federica Goffi, Time Matter(s): Invention and Re-Imagination in Built Conservation













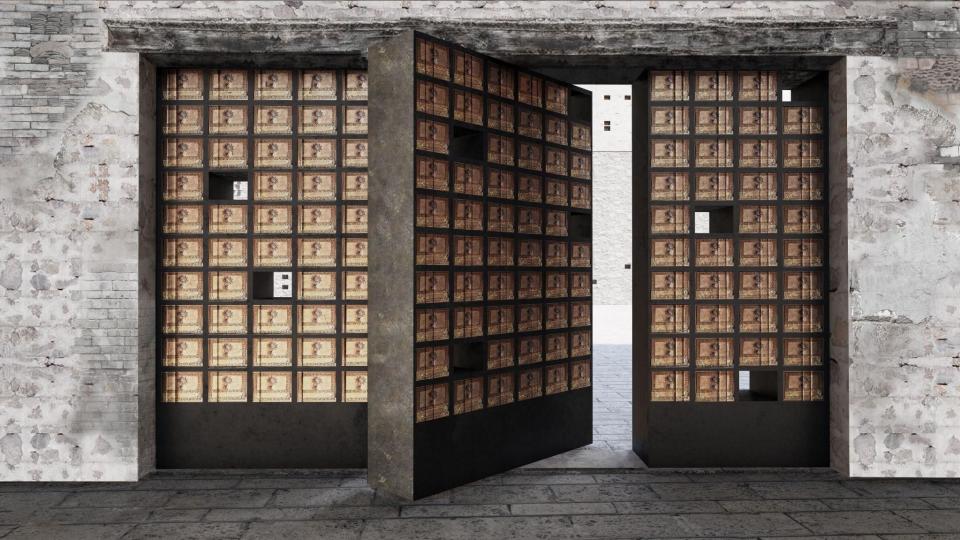














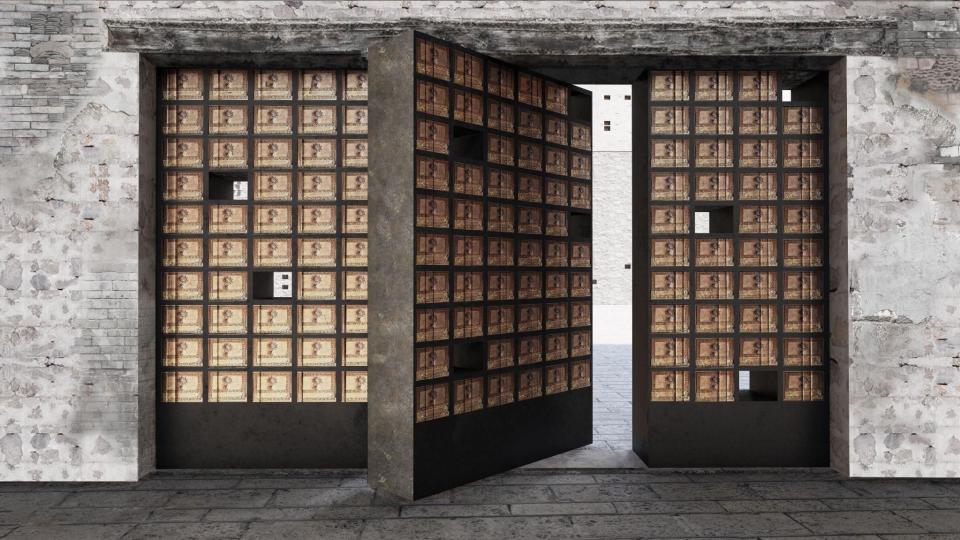


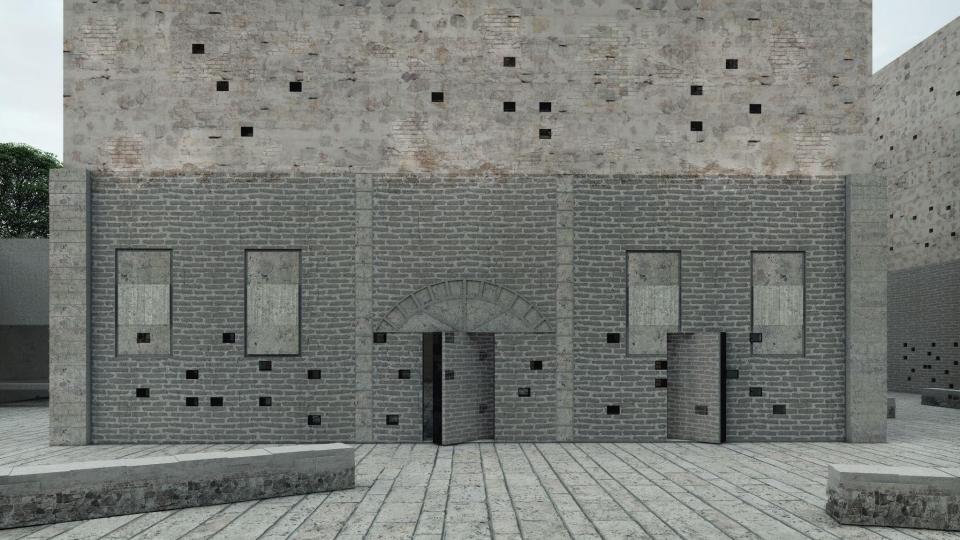












My life is not this steeply sloping hour Through which you see me hasten on. I am a tree standing before my background I am but one of my many mouths The one that closes before all of them.

I am the rest between two notes
That Harmonize only reluctantly:
For death wants to become the loudest tone –

But in the dark interval they reconcile Tremblingly, and get along.

And the beauty of the song goes on.

RILKE, The Book of Hours (1905)